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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1870.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WHAT is Political Economy? What are the sphere, scope, and limits of the science? Is it defined and described by its kind and difference from all other departments of knowledge, with all that belongs to it included, and all that does not belong to it excluded?

The received authorities differ widely in their definitions; and in their differences there is something more important than merely verbal disagreements: they have results in the conduct of affairs that follow the conflicts of theory.

For our present purpose these theorists may be roughly divided into two grand classes. One set, or sect, holds (with formal variations, but in substantial agreement) that material wealth—tangible subjects of property—are the only things that fall within the province of their studies. To this idea the titles of the works of the founder of the school, of its standard expositor, and of its latest classic writer, conform. Adam Smith entitled his work "An inquiry into the nature and causes of the *wealth* of Nations." J. B. Say, in the treatise with which we are most familiar, limits the scope of the science to "the production, distribution, and consumption of *wealth*;" and John Stuart Mill, intending only an extension and emendation of the system of Smith, announces that "the laws of Production and Distribution, (of *wealth*,) and some of the practical consequences deducible from them, are the subjects of his treatise." Several of the distinguished disciples of this school sum up the practical bearings of its teachings by defining it in substance as a "Science of *Values*." Archbishop Whately, who was not only well-read, but an author also, calls it a science of *exchanges*. All these authorities intend differences speculative and dialectical, but the current and drift and

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issue of all alike are in the one direction of trade, in the meaning and rank which they assign to it.

Diametrically opposed to these are such as Storch, a Russian author, and one of the highest rank that the continent of Europe has produced. He says, "Until now, (1815,) political economy has been regarded as the science of the *wealth* of nations; I have attempted to embrace their *prosperity*, as equally essential to the objects of the science." Sismondi, an Italian by birth, but a citizen of Geneva, taught that the physical well-being of man, so far as it can be the work of government or society, is the object of political economy; and satirizing the system of Smith and Say, asks: "Is wealth then every thing, and is man absolutely nothing?"

Count Rossi, another Italian, and refugee in early life, and in 1833 the successor of J. B. Say in the chair of Political Economy in Paris, quotes Say's surrender of the doctrine of that treatise which we have in translation in all our libraries, and agrees with his reformed opinion. The recantation is in these words: "The object of political economy seems hitherto to have been confined to a knowledge of the laws which regulate the production, consumption, and distribution of riches, but it may be seen in this work" (his latest, entitled "*A complete course of Political Economy*") "that this science pertains to every thing in society; that it embraces the entire social system." Is it any wonder that Rossi should say, "in a general review of their writings, it would be difficult to find any two men eminent in the science, who agree as to its nature and limits," when he finds Say himself thus going back upon the whole school of his own disciples!

Joseph Droz, who published in 1829, and who won, even from J. R. McCulloch, the praise of being one of the best elementary writers in the French language, says: "Political Economy is a science the object of which is to render comfort as general as possible." He adds, severely: "The study may dry up narrow minds and reduce their vision on earth to goods and sales and profits, but we must not take riches for an end; they are a means. Some economists speak as if they believed men were made for products, not products for men!"

But we have authorities of our own, home-bred philosophers, who are not mere annotators or cobblers of dislocated and mislocated systems, but men of the time and place, and to the

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manner born. As something the earlier in date, we claim the naturalized Professor List, who lived many years, studied and published in the United States; though his work was more effective in Germany,—that Germany which shows the fruits of his philosophy in the wonderful things it has achieved within the last five years, and for which it was prepared by the economic policy which he founded in Prussia and the States of the Zollverein more than a quarter of a century before. List, in short, sharp, business style, conforming to the whole drift of his mind, says: "Political Economy is not a science of values; it is a science of the *productive power* of a people."

We claim List for America, because when he came here he left his books behind him, believing, as he says, that they would only lead him astray. He declares, moreover, that "the best book of political economy in that new country is the volume of life." Here in the space of a few years he saw the transitions from savage life, through all the intermediate stages, up to the most complex and the most advanced states of society. The out-cropping strata of the ages lay before him in contemporaneous display; and from the facts of personal observation he drew all that he cared to teach as a system.

But we have at least two others, qualified by birth and breeding, under the conditions required, to give us an American economy. These are Mr. Colwell and Mr. Carey, whose works, like Lord Bacon's, are so strangely new that their general acceptance may be postponed, but will certainly survive them.

Mr. Colwell defines Political Economy: "The science of human *well-being*, as it relates to the production and distribution of wealth," and this apprehension rules all his doctrines in principle and tone.

Mr. Carey's system, in generalities and particulars alike, makes man the centre, and his development into constantly higher and better conditions the proper aim of all science and practice relating to him, and especially the proper object of social science and political economy. He inquires of all principles and policies what they propose, and what they can accomplish for the welfare of the human race; and judges their truth and work by this supreme test. He regards "Social Science as treating of the laws which govern man in his efforts toward the maintenance and improvement of his condition, and Political Economy as

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concerned with the measures required to enable those laws to take effect.

Alexander Hamilton cannot be classed with the authors of formal treatises in this department of science, but he is entitled to a distinguished position in the rank of both elementary and practical expositors of its principles; just as Shakspeare is not in the list of technical metaphysicians or moralists, though in a most effective way he compasses all that they endeavor to teach.

Apprehending some surprise that any thing of advantage is claimed for the birthplace of a speciality of science, I take leave to suggest that, while the abstract sciences are universal, unconditional, and invariable, systems of business affairs, of policies, variant according to national conditions, will be born and bred to the manner of the respective communities. This is what List means by entitling his work "A *National* system of Political Economy," and we think the idea good against the cosmopolitans of the science. This point, if well taken, allows us to say, further, that the system of principles and policy growing out of the best conditions of things will not only be best adapted to its native territory, but be entitled to the place of a standard for those communities which afford a less favorable origin and inspiration to their system-makers.

The word "science" has done mischief enough in political economy to deserve repudiation. At best, the term is vaguely defined, and loosely used. It is properly applied to anatomy, chemistry, astronomy, and geology, however immature, or inaccurate they may be, because their subjects are constant and orderly, and are under the rule of general and permanent laws; but there are no such conditions in the subjects of therapeutics, civil government, or political economy. These are essentially remedial and regulative; their subjects being disordered, inconsistent, and irregular, and in practice subject not to the absolute and invariable, but to the expedient in treatment. Even Mr. Carey, who does not accept this conclusion, opens the way for it by distinguishing in the range of his inquiries between what he calls social science and political economy. The broad generalities which can fairly claim to be truly scientific may be stowed away in a division for use in the Millennium, if then they shall be required either for indoctrination or practice; but it would be mischievous to allow them to interfere in the incongruities

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which they must necessarily ignore and cannot regulate. Economists ought at least to postpone universality until they can achieve some tolerable agreement concerning the fundamentals of their doctrine.

A science of political economy might incarnate itself in a communism or in a despotism of production and trade, but it is alien and hostile to a republicanism of business affairs; an opinion which we think is well supported by the fact that the writers who make this claim for it are really the advocates and promoters of industrial domination for the most advanced commercial nations and hopeless subserviency for all others.

We can understand how the Esquimaux can have an invariable public law or rule of conduct in their commerce with other peoples. Their productive industry differs in nothing with which political economy is concerned from that of the polar bears and walrusses. Even somewhat nearer the borders of civilization barter in furs and fish-bones can be just as well conducted with foreigners under a science or system of trade as without one. Again, in the tropical, and in great degree in the semi-tropical, regions of the earth, there is such constancy or fixity of conditions, and such limitations of industrial productiveness, and their communities are so far removed from the class of progressive nations, that the primal laws of nature, which are capable of a scientific construction, need very little, if any, modification for the direction of their industrial and commercial relations. To these kinds of communities a theory of their interests is just what a work on botany is to the vegetable world—descriptive, but not in any sense directory. It is just as far from a code of economical laws as a zoological treatise is from a system of jurisprudence for the wild beasts of the forests; or, as concerns our argument, they can have a scientific and invariable doctrine of economic affairs, for the simple but sufficient reason that they need none whatever.

There is yet another state of things to which a universal law of labor and trade very properly conforms—a condition of labor, force, skill, and capital, which in unrestricted play can assert supremacy and hold the monopoly of all the highest rewards of industry and enterprise. Among such a people we may look for the dogmas of universality, cosmopolitanism, and whatever secures and extends the domination of the strongest. These are

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anxious to find and to propagate a science of the nature of things as they exist. Sturdily they deny the existence of original sin in the nature of the world's business affairs, refuse every thing like remedial, defensive, or corroborative treatment, and only cultivate a know-every-thing philosophy for the purpose of establishing a do-nothing policy among the sufferers by disparity of national conditions. Being well satisfied with the results of the doctrine, they give it a name with an admonition in it—the *let-alone* system, and turn over the discontented to the law of unlimited competition, in which game they hold the winning cards. Arriving at universal supremacy, they are in need of a universal law, and so they call their policy a science—a capital device for making dupes to be turned into slaves.

But we beg that we shall not be understood as impeaching the moral motives of the school of do-nothing philosophers. They are only another instance of the nationality and conditionality of economical systems, and thus they reinforce our general objections to the scientific pretensions of any public or national economy, and warrants the resistance of national interests and instincts to the rule of any particular community, which would make itself the workshop of the world and the common carrier of all the seas.

Admitting that the tribes of men whom we call savage, and the nations who hold the supremacy in industry and commerce, get along at their best without an economical system, of any kind, which, being nothing and doing nothing, is honestly without a name in the Arctic circle and the heart of Africa, but is styled a science in Western Europe—the science of *Laissez-faire* —we nevertheless may, all the more, believe that those nations of the temperate climates, as yet inferior in the acts and forces of industrial production, but well provided for progress, and capable of large and beneficent relations with all races and kindreds of men, with a future before them and a destiny to achieve, have their fortunes to make or mar by their own management. Their destiny is not determined by a vertical sun in the heavens, or a continent of ice on the earth. They occupy a position that confers freedom, requires direction, and imposes responsibility. Moreover, they are specially exposed to the interested hostility of all of their own class and kindred among the older nations that are, by virtue of greater age and advancement, in the situa-

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tion of masters in free and open combat. They must be self-governed if they would be free and safe and successful in the specialities of their situation.

We refuse the title of science to any system of political economy on account of the logical confusion such an application produces, but mainly because of the practical mischief there is in extending any of its dogmas to all varieties and all stages of national development. In the loose sense that intends no more than a formula of the most general facts, called principles, deducible from any particular set of circumstances, it is unsafe, but allowable to common usage, under the proper caution; and I must not be understood to deny that sound and wise systems of conduct are properly under the government of principles which, though special, are quite as authoritative and as amenable to logic as if they were in fact universal. Principles which rule the case in hand are the laws of that case, however inapplicable to any or all other cases. Empirical philosophy is as well warranted within its proper domain as absolute science, resting upon first principles, is in its unlimited sweep.

The ground of quarrel with the systems which endeavor to work themselves into the formula of a science is that of necessity, as, in fact, they are cosmopolitan in character and bearing; that they regard the whole world as one great commonwealth, in a state of perpetual peace, and forbid the policy of defence to any nation against any other; and all this on the ground that governments are not wise enough or good enough to interfere usefully in the business affairs of men. Adam Smith expressly declares that light taxes, a good administration of distributive justice, and peace, foreign and domestic, are all that are necessary to raise a state from the lowest degree of barbarism to the highest prosperity of which it is capable; and J. B. Say, distinguishing between *political* and *public* economy—intending by the former that of all nations, or of the whole human race, considered as one great partnership of mutual and harmonious relations in trade and production—does not treat of public or national economy at all; yet his disciples insist that his system is a manual and a directory for statesmen! I anticipate the objection that this school of writers do talk about domestic industry and commerce, and their necessary incidents; but the charge here made is that all these things are considered only as

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they are subservient to foreign exchanges. It is under this influence that the law and the prophets of this economic sect are all summed up substantially in such great commandments as these:

The first and chiefest of them is, "Buy where you can buy cheapest, (in money price,) and sell where you can sell dearest." And the second is like unto it, "Every man has a natural right to exchange the products of his labor wherever he can obtain the most for it; and he should be free from all governmental restrictions or interferences in seeking a market for his labor and its products."

Here, natural rights and natural liberty are invoked for the charm there is in the words, and the ready and unreflecting acceptance expected; and the school refuses, as absolutely unnecessary, to inquire into the use, service or benefit of this abstract right and liberty, which abstract right and liberty nobody disputes and no opponent need dispute; for they are nothing to the purpose. The question is not at all about the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or of any special right and liberty, but about the *means* of defending, maintaining and promoting all that is attainable of them.

A good policy of exchange is worthy of all consideration in its place, but, if you must catch your salmon before you cook it, a good policy for the production of commodities must not only have precedence, but must also control that of their exchanges; and further, if man is the principal object in the business, and his enjoyment of things under his dominion is the end and aim of the whole endeavor, then a policy most favorable to *consumption* must be held absolutely supreme. A system, therefore, that turns on the pivot of cheap buying and dear selling, must be postponed for that which best promotes the production of things to be bought and sold; nay, even this, though an essential condition, does not yet assure the highest and best results in consumption, which is the true end and sum of the whole round of the process. Prices are nothing in the system of labor and living, except as they affect consumption. Market values, therefore, cannot be the basis, continent, and firmament of public economy. Trade cannot be the starting-point of its philosophy.

Another fundamental proposition which this school derives from Smith, Say, Ricardo, McCulloch, Bastiat, and other apostles

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of this faith, carries a *prima facie* plausibility, even an axiomatic conclusiveness in its statement; but is invariably applied and employed to ends as unsound as the notion that market values are the basis for economic theory and practice. Mark its terms: "Every country has its peculiar natural advantages, and to produce what can be most easily produced in it, and to exchange such products for what is more easily produced elsewhere, is the most profitable exertion of its industry."

Now, if this dogma were meant only to affirm that all international commerce should be strictly complementary—that, for instances, the West Indies should exchange their sugar-cane for Massachusetts ice, and Canada should buy with its special products the tea, coffee and ivory of tropical countries; the proposition would be one of the simplest of truisms, though it could hardly take rank as a working principle of political economy. It would rise to a directory position if it went further and affirmed that different climates and kindreds of the earth should trade *only* in the things in which they are, of necessity, respectively deficient. It might be allowed to go further in explanation, and say that the younger and poorer of two peoples of the same lineage, and equal in natural resources and genius, may, during its period of pupillage and necessary infirmity, trade advantageously with the older and richer, as in the case of colonies and their mother country, provided such trade be limited to the point where it begins to restrain their own growth in the arts and in the resulting prosperity, and is about to pass from service and helpfulness into a repressive dependency.

But the aphorism means nothing of all this. It appears that a country, every country, in all circumstances alike, should exchange such products as are its *easiest*, for such as are *more easily* produced elsewhere. This word, easiest, as here used, means, at the less labor cost; and here lies the mischief. It means labor of a lower grade, by labor of less cost. Is this the end of the natural right to the products of labor, and of the freedom to buy and sell where the producer pleases!

After all it appears that an operative force does lurk in the platitudes which the traders call principles. The meaning for us is, that as we have a practically boundless territory, where millions of acres can be had at the expense of preparing them for the plough, farming, planting and lumbering should be as

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nearly as possible our exclusive pursuits, to the neglect of all production more easy to other nations than to ourselves—that, when we shall have annexed all that remains of the western hemisphere, we should confine ourselves to the upper twelve inches of our soil until competition shall reduce labor cost with us down to the point of underworking all rivalry. But we have learned and seen that in all countries and ages skilled industry is the spring and source of social and political improvement on the masses of men—that no simple, pastoral or agricultural people ever organized or maintained a progressive society—that chemistry and mechanics are indispensable to societary advancement —that a thoroughly diversified industry is required for the political security, the commercial prosperity, and the general welfare of every people, and we refuse to limit our liberty of pursuits to an enormous job of clearing, ploughing, lumbering, fishing and hunting, until these easiest producing occupations are exhausted; and we refuse even to postpone the best for the easiest forms of productive industry, for the additional reason that agriculture cannot become even a remunerative art until the aids of all the associate industries give it the power and opportunity of mastering its own special province. History and current observation teach us that the division and special appropriation of labor, under the system of the traders, is pushed to the disintegration of humanity, that the fragments of the man may be the better applied to the productions with which an exaggerated foreign commerce is concerned; and that whole nations have been confined, and others brought down, to barbarous industries to give others, more advanced in the arts, the advantage of their earnest productions—that in the process of cheapening commodities with the sole view to trade, men are cheapened, and nations are industrially colonized and enslaved. We choose rather a system of public economy that deserves to be defined a system of self-preservation and of national progress; knowing well that natural equality in a conflict between unequal forces is inevitable defeat to the weaker party, that the freedom of foreign trade is the restriction of domestic industry, and that the free competition of the free-traders is nothing but the allotment of the lowest forms of labor with the lowest rate of compensation to all that happen to be inferior in the great strife of an open world market.

WILLIAM ELDER.

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SARPEDON.

[From "Warp and Woof," a forthcoming volume of poems.]

. . . . "Ubi ingens
Sarpedon." . . . .

DEAD, on the plain before the walls of Troy;
Dead, in the shadows of the setting sun;
Stripped of his royal armor—desolate—
No more the stay of Priam and his house—
He lies alone, among the fallen Greeks.

Him, in his pride, well-greaved Patroclus slew,
And sent his soul to Hades, with the throng
Of valiant Argives conquered by his hand.
Alas, Sarpedon! whom we called the Great—
Mighty of spirit, mightier in strength,
And mightiest in birth from Zeus supreme—
Had I but died with thee!
O gallant heart,
That gave thyself to save a ruined race!
O victor through defeat!—may it be well
Among Elysian fields by Lethe's bank!

. . . .

The golden horses of the sun had passed
Beyond the red horizon's dimmest edge;
And Phœbus, bending from the chariot,
Majestic, robed in light, with naked arm
Pointed toward the East, and motioned still
As if to give command.
And then there came
Between the glory of the setting sun
And us, the shadow of an awful dark;
And in it were two forms—one pale and wan,
With sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes, and hands
That grasped beyond it, clutching at the air;
The other dim and dusky, indistinct,
Shrouded in mystery, yet friendlier
In all that might be viewed of mien and look
Than that first dreadful figure.
Hovering
Along the borders of the lower air,
They sank to Earth where great Sarpedon lay
Still in the trampled dust; and then one said,
"To Lycia!" and pointed with his hand
As did Apollo—and they took him up
Between them, and I knew that awful shape
Whom men call Death, and dread to look upon;
And that mysterious one, dim, dusky Sleep,
His own twin brother.
Swifter than the speed
Of Hermes, messenger of Zeus, they flew;
Yet tenderly, as one would a sick child,
They bore the great Sarpedon to his rest
Among the Lycians, by the tideless sea.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

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A CHAPTER FROM OUR NOVEL OF THE NILE.

THAT novel of ours was a rare performance; as full of fun and nonsense as seven boys and girls, out on the tallest kind of a lark, could write it. And it made a great deal of laugh at the time. In fact, it was about the topmost amusement we had, through the whole voyage, which lasted just thirty-five days, from the time we left Cairo for the first cataract, to the time we ran the nose of our steamer, again, into the mud bank of the levee, just above the great square tower at the corner of the custom-house yard of Boulaq.

There never was such a merry party got up. There never was such a prosperously fitted out, conducted, and completed excursion. The viceroy had lent us one of his own steam-yachts, to make ourselves at home in, in the princeliest manner. We had the Prince of Wales's own cook; and what he didn't know in the matters of Egyptian cookery wasn't worth knowing. Orders came from the palace to stow away in the store-room all the fruits of the Levant, all the wine of Europe, including that made in the London breweries. A great silver eight-branched candlestick stood on the table on deck, and in every branch shone a spermaceti candle. When the air was in motion, awnings were let down to the bulwarks, and closed across the decks; and there we sat, and smoked, and sewed, and played picquet, and entertained friends from passing boats, told stories, or promenaded, far into the night. Our regimen was invariable. At six in the morning the steamer would cast off from a landing-place, and at six in the evening was again tied up, and all hands at dinner. It was in Ramadan, the lent of the Moslem world. We had seventeen men in our crew: good, kind, quiet, respectable, intelligent Arabs, who never committed a breach of decorum or gave us an uneasiness, excepting that they let no drop of water nor morsel of food pass their lips from sunrise to sunset. And you see, that was not kind to us; the contrast was too exacting of uncomfortable sentiments.

We in the cabin rose at seven or eight, and came on deck to

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get our coffee and cakes, each one at his or her own sweet liberty. At eleven a superb lunch was ready, and this was the jolly meal of the day. When the game had been despatched, and the wine drunk, and the fruits tasted, and the nuts were in finger, then the cry arose, "Now for the novel. Whose turn is it?" Then what speculation as to the direction of the current of the story! What unexpected denouements! What a bouleversement, by the author of the day, of the whole plan of those who had preceded him! What embarrassments for the writer of to-morrow, who had mentally blocked out his chapter from the materials already afforded, and now saw that he must devise, and invent, and adjust every thing afresh! What peals of laughter at trifles, absurdities, allusions to the conversations of the voyage, and travesties of its adventures! "My Novel" never afforded the Caxton family half the pleasure, certainly not a tithe of the fun, that ours contributed to the close of every day's lunch.

Every alternate day's lunch, I ought to say, for there were interruptions in the course of the work: donkey-rides to Beni Hassan and Abydos; dejeuners on the roof of the temple of Dendereh, and in the royal hall at Karnak; consular business in the office of good old Mustapha Aga at Luxor; midnight feasts at the consular agents' houses in Minyeh and Syout. In fact, we had but nineteen chapters to read at our thirty-five lunches; the story went round but three times.

After lunch came the business of the day, and at five o'clock dinner was served.

Our adventures I shall say nothing about; our party I shall not describe; my subject is simply one chapter of our Novel of the Nile. But to understand it, I must sketch the plot.

Imogen sat on the deck of a dahabeeah in silence, watching the pyramids. This was the first chapter. It contained nothing in particular, but described the young lady as a very extraordinary personage, learned in all the languages and in the Egyptian hieroglyphics; and very silent and sad.

The novelist of the next day put three letters into her hand, and accounted for her silence and sadness by revealing their contents. They were from three of the most distant and opposite sides of the globe; and one was from an old lover, Mr. Robert Robertson, who had sailed for China to make his fortune in the tea trade.

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That was all well enough for a beginning. But what was the horror of novelist No. 2, when chapter three was read next day, to find Mr. Robert Robertson converted into Mr. Bob Bobson; to learn that his hero had landed at Suez on his return to England; had found a copy of the *Times* in the cars on his way to Cairo, and had seen in its columns a notice of the departure of the Honorable Herbert Bruce for the Nile, with dark intimations that he was in pursuit of a fair hieroglyphist, well known in fashionable circles.

Of course novelist No. 4 had to abandon all his preconceived ideas, and describe Bob's fury, and adventures in Cairo, his vain endeavors to get a sight of Imogen's dahabeeah from the battlements of the Citadel, (which, by the by, gave the said novelist a capital shy at the picturesque and topographical lay of the land,) and his misfortunes by railroad, up the west bank of the river, for a hundred miles, until he overtook the Nile Company's steamboat, bound for the first cataract.

Novelist No. 5 gave us (in French) a very neat scene of Bob's rencounter with his rival on board this steamboat, and a very laughable account of the chase; the overhauling of the dahabeeah of the fair Imogen, and the breaking of the main crank just at the critical moment.

Of course the prey had escaped. Bob and his rival was to wait two days for repairs. Meanwhile a party was organized to visit the ruins of Abydos. Then each resolved to come a dodge over the other; both secured camels, and started cross-lots for Thebes. The one first off was overhauled by the other. Explanations ensued and a friendship struck up, based on a convention that the lady should decide the question in dispute.

Then followed the absurd scene at the tomb in the Valley of the Kings, and the arrival at Luxor.

But this was only half the current of the story. Other chapters were interpolated by the other novelists, giving Imogen's adventures on her dahabeeah, and the history of the steamer after her repairs had been perfected. There was the episode of the Coptic Convent; the episode of the inscription of the young lady's name in a cartouche in one of the tombs of Beni Hassan, and underneath it, in good French, *Imogene bien aimee*, at the sight of which, of course, the young lady fainted, as in duty bound; the episode of her very soft letter to her friend Nazrallah

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Lukka about said cartouche; and above all the grand and complicated episode of the poor, dear, old crazy General Babcock, concealed in the back cabin of Imogen's boat, under the assiduous surveillance of his "widow," Mrs. Babcock.

All the threads of the tapestry having been brought together into a dead ground, at Luxor, the next novelist was at his wit's end to know how to introduce a new pattern. This was accomplished by a masterly stroke of the pen. The General was sent by Mrs. Babcock to a native doctor in the village of Edfon; Bob and his noble rival were made to gallop up the Theban plain; the American party (ah, we have forgotten to mention *that* episode) were got to the vicinity of the same spot on the same evening; a great light was seen by both parties, and also by the party of the young lady,.at that moment perched on the propylon of the temple, a mile back from the river. All hurried in the direction of the light. The dahabeeah was burned to the water's edge;—confusion, recognition, reconciliation, appearance of the General, *cured in three days*, (the velocity of the story and our re-descent upon Cairo wouldn't allow a day more for his recovery,) and borne by a crowd of Arabs; sudden approach of a down-river steamer—the government tax boat; old Herr Hermann picked up at Luxor; descent of the river; marriage at Cairo before the British Consul. The story rushes to its catastrophe, as if its last scene was laid at the first cataract—as it ought to have been.

But we were in sight of Boulaq when the last writer read the last chapter to us, at our last hurried lunch before landing; and, would you believe it? the unconscionable wag left us to conjecture, after all, whether Imogen married Bob, or Bruce, or their German rival, her earliest friend and schoolmate in Germany. And so ended Our Novel of the Nile.

Some day the world will be excited by its appearance, when all the actors shall have left the scene forever, and when the Babcocks and the lovers will be as real as the seven boys and girls who jested their unsubstantial pictures into literary existence. Even now we look back to that dream voyage, and feel half sure that we passed Imogen's boat becalmed before the pyramids, and received the whoop of the American party from the deck of the Azaziah Company's Steamer, lying up for repairs in front of Girgeh. We seem to have received from the very mouths of the

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Edfools their report that the burning of Imogen's boat was due to spontaneous combustion; and are half inclined to insert in the next issue of the New York *Tribune* a strong recommendation of the native doctor who cured so deftly the benighted General.

But enough of the novel. Our readers will take more interest in its promised chapter, which gives an authentic account of the way the Nile is done, now that steam has invaded the nomes of Egypt, and what was once the journey of a whole winter is made within the compass of a single month. It is too late to start for Thebes this season; but, so little change can be expected in that slow moving land, our account will be of service to those who plan the tour next year.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Azaziah Company's published schedule of its stopping places, these are certainly not as numerous as they might be; and the length of time granted to temple visitors, cartouche readers, underground gallery explorers, and scarabæi purchasers, male and female, of English, French, German, Russian or American persuasion, at each stopping place, is not by any means extravagant.

It is necessary, however, in all compromises of taste, sentiment, convenience, and ability, to draw the line somewhere; and as every steamboat load of human beings going up or down the Nile includes all sorts—both those who shoot ducks and those who fear a gun; both those who adore hieroglyphics, and could live like Lady Duff Gordon in a floating home upon the River, and those who vote the whole thing a bore, and only do it for the sake of the eclat of the thing, or because they are no more unhappy in themselves and uncomfortable to others in Egypt than anywhere else—perhaps the Azaziah Company's schedule is, on the whole, about as good as it could be made. It is only a pity that a branch railroad, with locomotive ready fired up, and an American saloon car or two upon the track, couldn't lead from each stopping place to the ruins which the stop is made to visit. Perhaps a better plan still—we only suggest it, in passing, for the consideration of the consul general of the United States, in his diplomatic relations with the viceroy—would be, to have each set of visitable ruins moved down to the landing place nearest to

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it, to be so displayed upon the river bank that passengers might judge beforehand whether or not it were worth their while to go ashore. This plan would have an advantage over the former, in that it would save a good deal of contemptuous expression, in the original places where the venerable old deities of Egypt were worshipped, with sublime ceremonies; although it is a great relief to the sensitive mind to suppose that the different languages, in which the ill humor of every traveller is nowadays expressed, can hardly be very perfectly comprehended by said deities, however familiar with them have become their descendants, the donkey boys. It might have been different in Plato's days. While, therefore, we would be exceedingly lenient towards the faults of our countrymen and cotemporaries in this respect, we would overwhelm with posthumous reprobation that morose old gentleman, as Mr. Wilkinson justly designates him, Epiphanius, who has left his inscription on Memnon's tomb at Thebes—an inscription which Mrs. Babcock did *not* see; for had she seen it, and been able to read it, she would have as heartily applauded it, we fear, as we ourselves are disposed to condemn and despise it—to the effect that he saw nothing to admire in all those chambers of imagery except the natural rock out of which they were cut.

Egypt is no place for the *doctrinaires* of the *nil admirari* school wherein to disport and enjoy themselves. They should all therefore join themselves together into a joint stock company, chartered by the British Lion and the American Eagle, to move the Egyptian ruins down to the river's banks. The title of the company might perhaps be something like this: "Antiquarian Transportation Company, Unlimited;" or, if in French: "Compagnie Pharaon Mobile." We think, moreover—and this opens a new vista of reflection too extensive for a morning walk before lunch—that such an undertaking might have the good effect of preserving these precious ruins from farther destruction, by placing them under greater facilities of guard; establishing, as it were, little colonies about them of hotel-keepers, antiquity-manufacturers, and others interested in their welfare; while it would afford still greater facilities for the Egyptologists to copy faithfully a thousand inestimable records, now necessarily overlooked from the difficulty of illuminating their dark places, and the weariness of those who can only reach them after miles of donkeying under a semi-tropical sun.

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Abandoning then our suggestion to those whom it may concern, we proceed to give the Azaziah's Company's schedule. It reads thus:

"A steamer will leave for Upper Egypt on the 28th November, 1864, and every following year corresponding to the 20th of Jemida Sani, 1281, and to the 12th of Hatoor, 1281; and another on the 10th December, 1864, corresponding to the 2d day of Kehack, 1281, and to the 11th Rajab, 1281. Every one of these steamers will leave Cairo twenty days after the departure of the first one until the expiration of the travelling season. Extra departure will take place every time that a number of twenty-five passengers can be got. The steamer will stop at the places where the antiquities and ancient ruins exist, viz.:

At Benisuef, ... 2 hours.
At Minnyeh, ... 2 hours.
The captain will ask the governor to order animals to be ready at Beni Hassan.
At Beni Hassan, ... 3 hours.
At Sioot, ... 5 hours.
At Girgeh, ... 2 hours.
At Kineh and Dendera, ... 8 hours.
At Luxor and Thebes. . . . . . 3 days.
At Esna, ... 3 hours.
At Edfoo, ... 5 hours.
At Kommi Amboo and the mountains of Silsila, . 2 hours.
At Assouan, ... 2 days.

"Returning, the steamers will stop only one hour at Kommi Amboo, Edfoo, Esna, Luxor, Kineh, and Sioot. The whole journey from Cairo to Assouan, and *vice versa*, will be done in twenty days. Every passenger must pay before, at Cairo, forty Egyptian pounds for his boarding and berth; children from four to ten, half price; servants, forty pounds. Baggage, two hundred pounds; overweight one sovereign the hundred pounds."

Upon what principles this schedule could have been established it is somewhat difficult to see, unless the stack heaps of coal, and files of little boys and girls, who consume two or three hours in toting it down on their heads to each of the places mentioned, are to be considered as the before-mentioned "antiquities and ancient ruins." At Benisuef there is nothing ancient to see; and to reach the pyramids of the Labyrinth, the remains of Lake

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Mœris, the ruins of Crocodilopolis, and other ancient cities of that remarkable valley of depression in the heart of the western desert, would be matter of three or four days work. Even to see the ruins of Heracliopolis, which lie ten miles back from the river, would more than fill up the two hours stop laid down in the schedule.

But in fact there is nothing to compel the ordinary traveller, impatient to reach Thebes, to arrest his steps before he reaches the tombs of Beni Hassan, about eight o'clock, on the morning of the third day. Nor will the intermediate time hang heavy on his hands; for the river scenery will be fresh to his eyes, and the life upon its banks will feed his curiosity with rich reflections, every hour of the day. Nor will a ride or walk through the bazaars of Benisuef and Minyeh contrast unfavorably even with a stroll through the Morusky of Cairo itself.

But the Turkish stolidity, which determined that the time for visiting the grottos of Beni Hassan should be limited to three hours, is simply incomprehensible. Here, at one bound, the student of history finds himself projected, beyond all the intermediate ages, into the early antiquity of Egypt. The letters, the manners, the whole life of five thousand years ago, are spread out for our instruction on the walls of these sepulchral caves of the Eleventh Dynasty. They are two miles distant from the village on the shore, in the bend above, where the steamer finds it most convenient to land its passengers, although it passes near enough to them, in coming up, to shoot a rifle ball into their openings. It is nearly an hour's ride and climb to reach the nearest one; and there is a range of them, thirty or forty in number, stretching, say, a quarter of a mile along a ledge, or narrow platform, or terrace, half way between the base and the summit of the cliffs. The most interesting are at the far end of the range; and when the flurried visitor has been driven and dogged from one to the other by a crowd of Arabs, old and young, dressed and undressed, but all vociferous to act as keepers of the museum, and begins to feel he is getting the hang of the thing a little, and could begin (if only let alone) to elicit ideas from the marred and dimmed delineations, he discovers that the whole party is on its way back, having received information that there is just enough time left yet to do the Stabl Antar or Speios Artemidos, a beautiful and curious rock-shrine of the goddess Pasht, built

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by a king of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and standing in a range of sepulchral caves on the southern side of a deep ravine, a mile or so back of the village. The reader can judge for himself how much of all these ruins of curious archæology can be exploited by passengers arriving and departing on a boat which is permitted by its schedule to stop but three hours at Beni Hassan.

No notice is taken in the schedule of the ruins of Antinoe, twelve miles higher up the river, nor of the interesting caves of E' Dayr, little further on; but at the next stopping place, Sioot, five hours are allowed in which to promenade the bazaars; to see a grand caravan of the Sahara desert, if one happens to be arriving or departing at the time; to ascend the spur of the desert which projects itself into the valley, just back of the town, but four miles distant from the steamboat landing; to enjoy the lovely view where desert sands contrast with emerald verdure, and the broad and many islanded Nile; and to examine, if one may, the tiers of catacombs which penetrate this spur, at different elevations, between its base and top.

In the course of the sixth day, if every thing goes well, the steamboat reaches Girgeh, and stays there, by schedule, two hours. Now, back of Girgeh eleven miles, (or seven miles in a straight line from the river bank, at the bend, eight miles above,) are the first grand ruins which the traveller has a chance to see. Some say, since M. Mariette's recent exhumations of them, that they are the most impressive in the valley of the Nile. As they are certainly situated near the site of the most ancient of all the capitals of Egypt, This, the seat of Menes, first king of the first dynasty, they are probably the ruins of the famous Abydos, rival and mother of Thebes.

But the next day the traveller has eight hours afforded him to see one temple. True, it is the beautiful temple of Dendera, the harbinger of the glories, the key to the mysteries of the architecture of Thebes. One can eat a Christmas dinner on its roof. Its porticos are superb, its columns more beautiful than the Corinthian Greek; and it stands only a mile or so back from the river bank. But, eight hours, divided between visiting the temple of Dendera and coaling at Kineh, are a small allowance, when one could so well pass whole days within the halls and courts, and secret chambers and corridors, every square foot of surface crowded with pictures and stories of the earliest mythology of

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mankind, devoted to the glory of the latest age of Greece, the age of the Ptolemaic kings.

At Thebes the boat stops three days; six is not more than enough to give a rapid glance. Qurneh, the Ramesseum, Medinet Haboo, are three great temples on the western edge of the bottom land, each worthy of a day, each separated from the other by a distance of about two miles, and from the river bank about as much. The temple of Luxor is near the landing place on the east bank; and Karnak is a mile behind it, to the east; each well deserves a day. Then there remain the very numerous, ancient, and splendid private catacombs of the front cliffs of the western mountain; and finally the seventeen royal sepulchres in the ravine behind it, the valley of the kings, where one could spend a day in Belzoni's tomb alone, another in Bruce's, and another in the so-called tomb of Memnon, where the Greek inscriptions are. Then, seven miles up the western bank of the river is the temple of Arment. Three hours at Esneh, half a day's steaming above Thebes, is quite enough to see the portico of this temple of Ptolemaic and Roman times, (as beautiful as that at Dendera,) because it stands within three hundred yards of the landing place.

But six hours at Edfou, another half day's steaming above Esneh, is not too much to wander through the splendid halls and courts and chambers of its Ptolemaic temple, and to climb to the summit of its lofty propylea, (especially by moonlight, if the moon be full,) although the temple stands but a single mile from the landing place.

No opportunity, however, is afforded for visiting the three small temples and curious tombs of very ancient date, at El Kab or Elythuias, between Esneh and Edfou, upon the eastern side. The temples are in a valley, from one to three miles distant from the bank.

The boat, however, stops an hour beneath the fine fragmentary temple fortress of Ombos (Kommi Ombu) of Ptolemaic age, upon a hill that overhangs the water side; and another hour at Silsillis, half a day's steaming above Edfou, where sandstone strata of enormous thickness slowly rise from beneath the river, and a vast quarry with perpendicular walls of sixty to seventy feet opens upon the east bank; while curious ancient grottos of the Middle Empire penetrate the rock wall of the western shore,

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twenty or thirty feet above the water level. Half a day may be well spent in this strange gate of the Nile, before entering the next and last stretch of open country before reaching the head of navigation, Assuan.

Here the traveller who means to go no higher may enjoy himself indefinitely long and well. Two days will only let him taste the loveliness of the climate, the wild and varied beauties of the scenery. He has the great red granite quarries to visit, a mile back of the town; the Saracenic ruins on the hilltops; the fragments of early Egyptian age on Elephantine opposite. One day must be given to a seven-mile donkey-ride, over the great caravan camel road, southward, beside the ruined wall of the Pharaohs, between the water-worn, fantastic cliffs of the inshore hills; to a boat-ride between the upper islands cut into fantastic shapes by the same agency, which is still at work; to wandering among the corridors of Philae and lunching in the roofless four square Maioon beside the temple; and to shooting the cataract, surrounded by Arabs on logs, and deafened by the screams and shouts of the boatmen; back to Assuan.

Such is, in brief, an analysis of the merits of the published schedule of the Azaziah steamboat company, in strong contrast with the liberty of motion and of stoppages to be enjoyed upon a dahabeeah.

But as the traveller descends the river weary with excitement, yet hungry to see more, he may meet with friends in dahabeeahs, whose tales of ennui will make him better satisfied with the schedule of the Azaziah Company. He will perhaps pass Silsilis and Edfou, and Esneh and Thebes, and even Dendera, before descrying the flags and names of boats, which he, on his way up, had passed and left at Benisuef, at Minyeh, or even at Sioot. If he succeed in communicating with any of them at any landing place, perhaps they may tell him that they have as yet seen nothing. That head-winds and calms have baffled them, until their patience was again and again exhausted. That they have made precisely eighteen miles per day, since leaving Cairo, or one and a half miles per hour. That they have been afraid to go on shore at interesting places, lest they should lose a chance favorable breeze. That they should not even stop at Thebes, on their way up, because they had resolved to push on steadily to the second Cataract; and then, being sure of the assistance of

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the current, while the river was still high enough, they should see every thing as they came down. And the traveller might ask himself, what amount of enthusiasm, or even of gentle curiosity, these Dahabites would be likely to preserve alive, after a whole month's wishing and waiting, expecting and watching, and being disappointed in their longings every hour of the day, surrounded by a noisy crew, under the glare of a sultry sky, reflected from a breezeless flood, and deprived of all society.

We cannot therefore end this chapter on the schedule of the Azaziah Company's steamboat line, without the suggestion that it will be found to illustrate the benefits of living in the nineteenth century, about as well as many other things.

J. P. LESLEY.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

BY UHLAND.

(Translated by Rev. W. H. FURNESS.)

There, on his bier, the minstrel's lying,
  From those pale lips no songs resound;
That brow, no more its fancies plying,
  By Daphne's faded hair is crowned.

They place beside him, folded neatly,
  The songs that were the last he sung;
The lyre that once he touched so sweetly
  Lies in his arms, but all unstrung.

The sleep profound he thus is sleeping,
  His song still rings in every ear,
The sorrow fresh and bitter keeping,
  That he, so loved, no more is here.

And months and years—they vanish duly;
  Around his grave the cypress grows,
And all who mourn his death so truly,
  In death at last they too repose.

Yet as the spring is yearly showing
  Its pomp again and fresh array,
So now, all young again and glowing,
  The minstrel walks the earth to-day.

Back to the living hath he turned him,
  And all of death has passed away;
The age that thought him dead and mourned him
  Lives now itself but in his lay.

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MICHEL ANGELO'S SNOW STATUE.

"I do believe, divinest Angelo,
That winter-hour in Via Larga, when
They bid thee build a statue up in snow,
And straight that marvel of thine art again
Dissolved beneath the sun's Italian glow,

* * * * *

I think thy soul said then:
"The thought I threw into this snow shall stir
This gazing people when their gaze is done;
And the tradition of your act and mine,
When all the snow is melted in the sun,
Shall gather up, for unborn men, a sign
Of what is the true Princedom :—"

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS, Pt. i.

A WILD gale from the Apennines swept through the valley of the Arno. The tramontana drove before it thick whirls of snow. The sparkling crystals flew through the apertures of Giotto's Campanile, and danced around the spire of Santa Croce, and lurked in the old bell of the Palazzo Vecchio. The great white dome of Santa Maria del Fiore rose as "phantom-fair," as Monte Rosa. The city of Florence gleamed in this blanched purity, like a vision of that fair celestial city whose lilies are graven on her scutcheon. Hour after hour the swift snow-dance went on, *allegro vivace*. In the Piazza di gran Duca, the snow covered the old lions, and drifted high under the arches of the Loggia de Lanzi, where the Roman grasps the Sabine, where Ajax dies, and Perseus forever slays Medusa. Snow lay in one dense mass on the Ponte alle Grazie, and even found its way into that quaint Rialto of Florence, the Ponte Vecchio. It was piled high in the streets, and in some places reached the ponderous bossages of the houses. So extraordinary was this storm, that it has been chronicled in history as "the great snow of January twenty-second, 1494."

Within the Palazzo de Medici, on the Via Larga, feasting and merriment seemed to bid the storm defiance. The Palazzo was gay with lights, resounding with the vague stir, and redolent

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with the goodly scent of a great feast. Piero de Medici had assembled around him many who had been distinguished in his father's time, as patrons of art and letters. Foremost among these was Angelo Politiano, the poet, the philosopher, the philologist, who, with Lorenzo and kindred scholars, had often conjured the brightest of Plato's visions, under the laurels of Careggi. There were the representatives of the proudest Florentine families; the Pucci, the Strozzi, the Rucellai, the Tornabuoni, and others.

Piero presided with that courtly grace which distinguished the Medici family. The supper was faultless, the wines were delicate; for Piero had especially provided those dainty caprices that touch the sympathetic nerves which carry the objective cheer to the subjective faculties most exquisitely, and produce that inspired complacency so peculiarly favorable to sound judgment and clear opinion. For the handsome Piero had his own plans to accomplish. There were men to be cajoled, to be manipulated to the shape of his personal desire; so he had entreated the presence of his crafty uncle Giulio, and of his accomplished brother, the Cardinal Giovanni. He wished to be Grand Duke of Florence—*Gran Duca di Firenze.* The splendor of a princely name blinded him to a nobler power which he might have wielded. The royal affluence of his father's house, the magnificence of his own marriage at Naples in 1487, the homage offered to the dazzling brilliancy of his appearance at Milan in 1488, had fatally inflamed his ambition for a title. His mother and his wife constantly fed his desire; they were both of the house of Orsini, and possessed the imperious nature, the haughty pride, which had led so many of their race to deluge the streets of Rome with blood.

Piero had chosen evil days for his scheme. The wise policy of Lorenzo had held Florence in a position of such dignity and advantage that it had compelled the respect of the other Italian States. "Never forget, my son," had been his express command to Piero, "that you are only a citizen of Florence." But now, the moment Piero chose for forgetting, was one when Florence most needed tried skill to steer her safely. In the North, Ludovico Sforza was ruling Milan and Genoa by virtue of usurped power, and this wily *Il Moro* had fixed his desires upon Pisa, upon Lucca, Livorno, and Tuscany, and already in his ambitious hopes ruled in Florence. In the South another rapacious wolf was ready to

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spring upon Fierenze la bella Grand. Cæsar Borgia, stronger, fiercer, and more cruel than the six wild bulls which he had slain before the Vatican, wished to be himself Duke of Florence. His gracious parent, Alexander VI, was ready to aid him by fair means or foul; allied to the Pontiff was Naples, with Ferdinand of Spain behind. Sforza could not hope to cope with the Pope and the Arragonese powers alone, and was inciting Charles VIII of France to assert his claims as heir of Anjou, and march into Italy.

But these political perils did not arouse Piero de Medici from his dreams. He listened only to the siren song, *Duca di Firenze!* In Florence there was much threatening discontent. One wonderful mind ruled the emotions of the people, that of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, who thundered from the pulpit of the Duomo of the dangers about to descend on Florence. Piero especially dreaded this man: he remembered how his father Lorenzo had trembled before his regal will. Great natures wither shallow ones.

No vision of future danger, however, disturbed the flow of festivities. While the snow-flakes were falling swiftly without the Palazzo, the guests within were quaffing the delicate dews of wit; the last wines of a sumptuous repast owe their flavor to an infusion of the airy nothings, the brilliant trifles of the time. There were elegant flatteries, suited to the mind of their host, flexile strokes of humor at the six-toed Charlemagne, who *Il Frate* declared was to descend from the Alps like a scourge upon Florence; hints of the last horror of the Borgia at Rome; words of pity flung out like crumbs for that poor starving Gian Galeazzo at Milan; comments on the Bentivogli of Bologna; and so the conversation flowed on in sparkling ripples of art and letters, till Piero starting up, cried:

"Where are our minstrels? Let us chase these hours to fleeter measures."

"Thou art thyself the best beloved of the celestial Nine, Piero," returned young Tornabuoni. "Thou hast thy fill of Helicon; give us the key-note, Apollino."

A lute was handed to de Medici, and running his fingers capriciously over its strings, he sung one stanza of his father's carnival song:

> "Quant e bella giovinezza,
> Che si fugge tutta via!
> Chi vuol esser lieto sia
> Di doman non c'e certezza."

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"There, Cardiere! pass on the strain," and he handed the instrument as he spoke. The accomplished lute-player, who had been famous in Lorenzo's time, touched the strings lightly, and sang *all' improvista*. His fancy swept through swift *arias*, gay *cadenzas*, arrowy runs, as he celebrated the glories of the Medici. Then he led the merry chorus. Time flew on melodious wings, till a movement of separation was made.

As the guests poured out of the brilliant rooms there was a universal exclamation of surprise at the quantity of snow which had fallen. The Via Larga was filled by a snowy sea.

"Look at those Odyssean ghosts," cried one, pointing to the statues of the gardens.

"Piero mio," said another, "thou hast a noble quarry. Send for the students of San Marco, and order a new Colossus."

"Well thought of, Francesco," returned Piero de Medici. "We will have a statue before our door, a prophet to foretell the greatness of our Florence."

"Or to melt like its hopes," muttered Rucellai.

"Luigi," said Piero, beckoning to his favorite page. "Where is the scultore Angelo? Let him be called. He shall have the honor of our statue. Messeri, meet me here to-morrow: I bid you all to inaugurate our wonder, a Piagnone statue to prophecy a vision to Fra Girolamo. As the bell strikes high noon, we will have grand sport that shall please our Florence's heart."

An attendant here reported that Messer Angelo could not be found, and was supposed to have gone to his studio in the Piazza Novella.

"He should not have left here," interposed Piero, "for he cannot have finished arranging those new casts. Luigi, go and tell him our pleasure: that he make us a snow statue before our door for all Florence to worship at meridian to-morrow."

"But surely this is a wild idea," interposed the stately Rucellai. "Young Angelo's talents were worth more at Carrara." Other dissuasive voices were heard. "A snow statue! why an hour's sun would destroy it!" But others clamored eagerly, "It is good practice for him; he can have the marble afterward. It will be rare sport to see the Frate look upon it."

"Cardiere shall give us a new chorus," continued Piero; "and our clever Spaniard, our swift Mercury, shall run a race for us."

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Other plans were proposed, and a scenic feast arranged before they separated.

The scultore Angelo had not left the Palazzo and had been speedily informed of Piero's commands. At a late hour, the improvisatore Cardiere sought him in his own apartment and throughout the now deserted rooms. Nowhere could he find him, until as he crossed the threshold a servant told him that Messer Buonarotti had passed out at the gate. Pushing by the sleeping portiere he peered out, and venturing farther into the street discovered Angelo engaged in a series of beatings and shapings of snow masses.

"What, Angelo mio!" he cried. "At work so soon? This is cold sport for so sharp a night. Come in, come in: begin thy work by Phœbus' rays."

"Nay, Messer Cardiere," returned the young sculptor, scornfully. "I love best to work in solitude; it is my native air. The sooner the command of his Eccellenza is obeyed, the speedier its end."

"Ah! it touches thy proud spirit, good Angelo. But Piero meant to do thee honor in making a new exhibition of thy skill."

"He chose durable material truly. But it matters little. Thou wilt see me as gay to-morrow as my companion in glory, the foot-racer. But it is too cold for thee. The tramontana is rising."

"So much the better for me. The wind will bring me inspiration, thoughts fresh from the mountain heights. My Zeus shall front the morning sun with his blind eyes turned towards Vallombrosa."

He turned his back upon the lute-player, and went on vigorously with his work.

Cardiere was forced to leave him and re-enter the Palazzo, where he soon lost himself in luxurious repose.

Michel Angelo worked on steadily, and by degrees grew calmer.

> "From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
>   His spirit drank repose,
> The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
>   From those deep fountains flows."

Not a breath of human care or toil rose from the city. There is something mysterious in the hush of slumber fallen upon a

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great metropolis; and to-night, the gleaming purity of the snow made Florence seem fair as a dream of that Celestial City coming down out of Heaven. The great dome of Brunelleschi rose above the white stillness. How often, as a boy, his blood had kindled as he stood on the spot where Dante was wont to

> "Pour alone
> The lava of his spirit when it burned."

"Sasso di Dante!"

The unfulfilled aspirations of Dante thrilled through the younger hopes of Angelo. For the longing of the passionate Ghibelline, for the renovation of his Florence, for liberal power concentrated for the social good, did not differ in spirit from the longing of the Guelf, for the freedom of the Republic. It was the same noble ambition that has thrilled so many hearts in all lands and ages for the Ideal Republic holier than Plato's;

> "Where the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

There come moments in each life when something long struggling secretly for utterance is set free, and leaps out from the portal of Being, full-armed and powerful, exultant to claim its place in the world's profound of thought.

Such a crisis was this night for Angelo Buonarotti.

Night, to natures deep enough to feel the grand rhythm of its stately silence, stirs a sense of the Infinite. It opens the possibilities of the Beyond, and seems to make the enigma of life less perplexing. A strange uplifting of the spirit blends with a sweet prevision of the Ultimate Perfection, and a heavenly influence, confluent with the spirit's own indwelling fire, discloses some longed-for Ideal.

And thus young Angelo, as he turned the snow masses and shaped them into form, experienced this rare exaltation, this apocalypse of purity and power. Sweet cold touches, from the under-springs of Thought, flowings from the winds, meltings from the blue above, were blended in one artistic passion. Enthusiasm, that golden oracle of life, foretold the eloquent opulence of his future works. And so the statue grew, as the

> "Starlight mingled with the stars."

And when the bright morning sun lighted up the white Val

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d'Arno the mighty Zeus sat fronting it, calm, imperial, with a Great Thought stamped on the colossal grandeur of its brow.

"Simple, erect, austere, severe, sublime."

As soon as life was astir in the streets, curious gazers looked on it, and its fame spread through the city. The strada was crowded with eager citizens, and by degrees all Florence poured forth.

Long before the great bell had tolled the hour of noon, Piero de Medici had welcomed the haughtiest and gayest of the noble Florentine youths. Many curious glances from the crowds of the Via Larga were directed towards the central window of the Palazzo. Of the brilliant group there assembled, some faces yet glow for us on the canvas of the Prince of Colorists: Cardinal Giovanni de Medici, afterwards the polished Pope Leo X,—his uncle Giulio, afterwards Pope Clement VII, who gave the final stab to Florentine liberty in 1530,—the Chancellor Bibbiena, afterwards Cardinal, who betrothed his niece, Maria Bibbiena, to Raphael,—Messer Ange Doni, whose sinister face, in its setting of long dark hair, looks down upon us from the Pitti walls. Conspicuous in the centre of this circle stood the handsome and haughty Piero, wrapped in a costly fur mantle, and by his side, at his express command, stood Michel Angelo.

But the sport they had expected was wanting. The enforced jests died away before the calm supernatural colossus. Its outstretched arm, its warning hand, had something commanding, even terrible. It was a moment of triumph for the artist, not yet twenty. He had been ordered to make sport for a careless crowd, and he had compelled the admiration of all Florence. He felt that Piero trembled as he gazed upon it. For to the dreamer of princely rule, all the former greatness of his house seemed to frown from that regal head upon his shallow selfishness.

The crowd surged on in the street below. "That is the blessed Monsignore San Michele himself," cried a superstitious contadina.

"The blessed San Michele has lighted down, with a goodly panoply of flesh and blood, as you may see, if you look at him as he stands in the window there," retorted her neighbor.

"Our Brunelleschi lives again," said a white-haired artisan, as he looked at the statue.

"*Ca porte une grande caractere,*" said a Frenchman.

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"A new sign from the Frate's heaven, which always rains wonders," said another.

A group of artists paused long before it; among them were Ghirlandajo, the old master of Michel Angelo, and Granacci, and Baccio della Porta, whose late fresco at San Marco rendered him an object of interest, and who was destined in after years, as Fra Bartolomeo, to produce the grandest picture of St. Mark. With them was an artist from Urbino, a traveller through Florence, with his son, and a young contadina, whose bold and brilliant beauty seemed to fascinate the boy's delicate sense of color.

"Who is that with thy son?" asked Granacci of the artist Sanzio.

"That is the pretty Isola la Fornarina," was the answer.

"Look, Raffaello mio," he continued, addressing his son. "Look, there is the scultore himself at the window."

"Oh, where? Which is Messer Angelo?" cried the eager youth. "I long to see him."

"He is at the left, *figlio mio*. That is Messer Piero in the centre, and at his left is the scultore. Thou canst say now thou hast seen the new Donatello, *come alcuni credono*."

"He carries the Torrigiani mark yet," said Granacci.

"Aye, and always will," returned Ghirlandajo.

The boy, a slender youth of ten summers, with delicate features, and large almond-shaped eyes of a wondrous softness, gazed earnestly at Michel Angelo, who at that moment returned his glance, attracted by the uncommon beauty of the sensitive bright face. There was the same striking difference between those faces then which one may note to-day who gazes at their portraits, which form the richest treasures of the *salle des portraits des peintres* of the Uffizii; the one, stern, massive, grand, with a concentrated power, a noble simplicity,—the other, a face of pensive seraph-haunted sweetness. The profound admiration, perhaps also the noble emulation which stirred the boy's heart, as he gazed on the white grandeur of the statue of the Via Larga, never left him, and at the height of his renown he was heard to thank God that Michel Angelo thought him worthy to be a rival. In their maturity, there was still the same difference, only intensified: the one, full of the sweetest personal graces, attracting by their inexhaustible affluence, followed for love by his train of fifty artists, and dazzling all by the happy lustre of his rare perfections; the other, cold in his lonely Doric grandeur,

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nobly devoted to a high ideal of truth and art, which lifted him above the ordinary level,—towering above common minds, as his own mighty dome towers over the seven-hilled city.

But suddenly the crowd in the Via Larga parted, and a company of Dominican monks was seen advancing.

"It is Il Frate," whispered the Chancellor Bibbiena to Cardinal Giovanni. "Now for a burst to singe our eyelids."

And it was indeed the celebrated prior of San Marco, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, who with a rare, almost unparalleled power controlled the Florentine thought and belief. This was the monk, who in an age of dazzling corruption, "the splendid masquerade of dignities sacred and secular," dared to preach of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, who rebuked the wickedness of the church in words as scathing as those which Bernard de Morlas had used two hundred and fifty years before. There was a breathless pause among the people, for many expected to hear a sudden burst of words from Il Frate, like that fiery torrent of indignant appeal for truth and right which so often flashed from the pulpit of the Duomo. But Savonarola fixed his dark penetrating eyes—those eyes, whose lightnings of rebuke had warned so many hearts—intently upon the colossal figure. What did he feel? Did his prophet-soul read the Great Thought?

His face lighted suddenly as if from an inward flame, and his glance turned full on Piero, and on the artist who stood by his side. Michel Angelo read in that glance a soul-recognition, a fraternity of greatness. But Piero trembled under that look—even as his father the Magnificent had quailed upon his death-bed.

The breathless crowd waited in vain. Fra Girolamo gazed in silence. What wonder if, with his fervid nature, his ever-dominant hatred of wrongs and injustice, his faith in the Christ of Love blended with his vision of the Christ of Wrath descending to take vengeance on princes and rulers, to reclaim His church and to cleanse His temple again with a scourge—what wonder if he saw in this Snow-angel a herald of that advent!

He bowed his head, and his cowl fell over his face, so that its expression was concealed as he passed on; only the monks at his side had heard him repeat,

> "*Quantus tremor est futurus,*
> *Quando Judex est venturus,*
> *Cuncta stricte discussurus.*"

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But as the hours went on, the increasing warmth of the sun began to touch the glory of the great statue; and by degrees its terrors faded. The Olympian wrath of the brow dissolved; the frowning grandeur melted from the broad overhanging eye-brows; the sternness thawed from the square massive lips; the outstretched right hand fell powerless. It was only when it stood a mighty Torso that Piero de Medici felt the weight lifted from his spirits: then, smiles of derision were seen, and jests and sports made the Palazzo gay again.

So the great snow-statue of the Via Larga passed away.

In December of that same year Charles of France ruled in the Palazzo de Medici, and Piero was a fugitive. Ten years after, the waters of the Garigliano closed over the fears and the hopes of his miserable exile.

In May, 1504, all the citizens of Florence were assembled to do honor to another statue of Michel Angelo's, chiselled from the snows of Carrara. The colossal statue of David was drawn for three days through the city, and placed with public rejoicings before the stately Palazzo Vecchio. There it has stood these three hundred and sixty-five years, a kingly conqueror over criticism. And he who gazes on it to-day is forced to respect the Florentine superstition that, if it were removed, signal misfortunes to the city would follow.

The statue of the Via Larga was prophetic. It revealed that unrivalled power, which Angelo alone possessed, of giving colossal expression to a colossal idea. He had "the true spirit of architecture, which is to give form to the vast." Early in life, he conceived of a scheme "for transforming the rocky mountain rising on the shore at Carrara into a statue which might be seen by sailors far out at sea." Although this was never realized, yet the longing had vent in those structural and ornamental improvements which make up so much of the grandeur of Rome.

For forty years he labored on one great statue which perhaps most embodies his lofty Ideal; and he, whose fortunate steps ascend the height of the Esquiline, and enter the church of San Pietro in Vincula, may surely be pardoned if he fancies that he reads in the regal presence of the majestic Moses the Great Thought which held the admiration of the multitude in the Via Larga.

Michel Angelo's whole life was like his youthful snow-statue,

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cold, pure, shaped to a lofty Ideal, and devoid of color; a contrast to Raphael's life, which was as full of glow and color as the summer roses of a valley that smiles in sunshine.

But from the deeps of this Alpine isolation sprang what noble thoughts! what sacred consecration! The dome of the world's grandest temple is the monument of the unpaid toil, the voluntary devotion of the great heart of Michel Angelo.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN PHILADELPHIA.

On an ever memorable Tuesday, in the year of grace 1709, Dick Steele, the father of periodical literature, issued the first number of *The Tatler*. That venturesome Irishman found himself out of office and out of work, since his Whig patrons had lost the favor of their patron Queen Anne, and so set himself to devise some new way to a livelihood. Pamphleteering was overstocked; book writing was slow work and uncertain; the newspaper furnished no work that would repay the trouble of a man of parts and wit. The busy brain that schemed him into and out of several fortunes was set to work, and in a propitious hour there occurred to him the idea of a *literary* periodical, fresh as the *Post-Boy*, sprightly as a pamphlet, polished as a quarto. The plan met a great need, and took the public fancy. His *Tatlers*, at first published anonymously, won such fame that their author avowed their paternity. Swift, Addison, and the other literary wits of the time placed their pens at his disposal. Public taste modified his plan and encouraged him to bolder flights. When, after an existence of years, *The Tatler* ceased to appear, *The Spectator* took its place; that in turn had its successors, nor did the succession fail until long after the modern magazine had been established as a power in the literary world. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, still in existence, began to be published in 1731.

Something approaching to our idea of a literary periodical had long preceded Steele's venture. The *Acta Eruditorum*, and the *Œuvres des Savans* on the continent, as well as the "*Weekly Memorials for Ingenious*" in England, had given reviews of new

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works and the last literary intelligence. The published *Transactions* of learned societies had also been of earlier date. But all these were distinguished by their technical character, and the limited range of their interest, from the periodicals of which *The Tatler* was the great forerunner. They were addressed to the aristocratic few, not to the democratic many of the Republic of Letters. They did not aim to make literature a direct and immediate power in life and society.

How soon the influence of this democratic movement was felt in our young commonwealth may be seen from our earliest journals. Andrew Bradford's *American Weekly Mercury* (1719–42) devotes a far larger proportion of its space to literature, and less to local news and gossip, than is the case with its modern successors. *The Pennsylvania Gazette* (1729–76) gave as one of its titles *The Universal Educator in All Arts and Sciences.* To judge from the contents of those old journals, our fathers felt as much interest in moral and political essays, fancy sketches of life and character, and descriptions of natural objects, as in the last news from the Spanish Main, or the Providence Plantations. There were reasons for this. The Quakers who gave tone to society were in their earliest days the most literary of the sects, so far as quantity went. The number of their writers and publications is surprising. They first conceive the idea of spreading their doctrines by gratuitous distribution of tracts and books, and with that view, often literally scattered their tractates along the highways in England.

It is to the second publisher of *The Gazette*, a young "carpetbagger" from New England, that we owe the first attempt at an American monthly magazine. *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for the British Plantations in America* was begun by Benjamin Franklin in 1741, and lasted five months. It seems to have been modelled after the English *Gentleman's Magazine*, at which young Sam Johnson was hard at work for very meagre pay in those days.

Franklin's *Magazine* was largely occupied in recording current affairs in the Colonies. The proceedings of their Assemblies, the quarrels and dead-locks of affairs arising under a free legislation and an irresponsible executive, are reported in some detail in its closely and neatly printed duodecimo pages. Recent publications—once fresh and sprightly, now dead to all human in-

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terest—are noticed with copious extracts. The "Poet's Corner" is amply furnished with effusions in the style characteristic of the time. We notice several pieces eulogistic of the preacher of the day, Rev. Gilbert Tennant. Considerable space is given to the excited discussion that followed the visits paid to the colonies by Whitfield; and from the freedom with which Franklin opens his pages to all the Anti-Methodists—from High Calvinists to High Churchmen—we might infer that he was no friend to the theological agitator.

Franklin's *Magazine* seems to have failed through the imperfect intercommunication between the colonies, each of which was too weak of itself to make such an undertaking remunerative. The same result was reached by a Boston Magazine, published some years later, and by *The American Magazine*, which lasted through thirteen months of 1767–8 in our own city. More to the troubles of the times we must ascribe the failure of *The Pennsylvania Magazine* (1775–6) and *The United States Magazine* (1778). The former bridges over the transition from peace and dependence to war and nationality; the great Declaration being in the News Chronicle of the last number. The latter was started (the Preface tells us) with the patriotic view of refuting the British scoff, that were the colonies cut off from the Mother Country, they would speedily degenerate into a set of illiterate ourang-outangs. It probably owed its decease to the disordered financial condition of the United Colonies, a subject which occupies many pages of its single volume.

The Columbian Magazine, (1786–92,) a very miscellaneous monthly of considerable merit, in which some of Franklin's Essays first appeared, must have been conducted with a fair degree of public approval. Its management seems to have been directed by no general policy. The change in literary taste has rendered its lighter articles very heavy reading, while its description of current inventions and plans of agricultural advancement are still more obsolete.

In 1787 appeared the first number of a magazine which must be reckoned as the first thoroughly successful literary undertaking of this kind in our country. *The American Museum* deserves the words in which General Washington characterizes it. "No more useful literary plan has ever been undertaken in America." Its editor and publisher—Matthew Carey—was an

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adopted citizen of Irish birth and Roman Catholic belief. He was already known as an enterprising newspaper publisher and author; his memory is still preserved by his name on the title-page of venerable volumes, some of which he wrote, all of which he published. His public spirit and his devotion to the financial and commercial interests of his adopted country were unbounded. He may be regarded as having laid the foundation of that American System of Social Science which his more illustrious son, Henry C. Carey, has elaborated, systematized, and justified; and he ranks among the earlier and most judicious opponents of the system of American Slavery. When he started *The Museum*, the best talent of the land was at his disposal. Governor Franklin furnished the opening article, a consolatory review of the existing financial and political difficulties of the Confederation of the Colonies. It was a time, like our own, of depression and distress. The glow of patriotic fervor was chilled, the taxes which followed the war were levied upon a people whose estates had been impoverished by the current expenses and lawless outrages of the struggle. The government was weak; the bonds of social order weaker still. If the close of the century found the nation united under a strong government, its financial soundness established, and mercantile prosperity returning on every side, no small share of the credit is due to Carey and the staff of able writers who supported his efforts. The spirit with which it was conducted was such that it is still moderately readable. Benezet on Slavery found welcome to its pages. Trumbull's "McFingall," "The Battle of the Kegs," and Philip Freneau's odes, graced its "Poet's Corner." The literary and scientific articles are such as were usual at the period. The last number appeared in 1792. An attempt to revive it in 1798, in the form of an *Annual Register*, did not, it seems, meet with such success as to cause the issue of more than a single volume.

The last years of the eighteenth century were years of literary beginning in our city. In three years, at least five periodicals* were started, all of them short-lived. These, and the years that succeeded them, were characterized by a literary activity in Philadelphia which was without precedent in the history of

* *Philadelphia Monthly Magazine*, 1798; *The Desert to The True American*, 1798–9; *The Weekly Magazine*, by J. Watters, 1798; *The Philadelphia Minerva*, 1798; *The Ladies' Museum*, 1800.

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America. The book trade revived along with our other interests, and our city—still the national capital—became the literary metropolis of the country. An extensive republication of the British classics was carried out, and did much to cultivate the literary tastes of the country, by presenting the best models of just, thinking, and effective writing. The best English books were largely reprinted, and it is worthy of notice that the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which for a time fell dead in England but proved the precursors of a new era in English poetry, were at once republished (1796) in Philadelphia.

With the first year of the present century began the issue of *The Portfolio*, a monthly periodical, which through the three volumes of its first or quarto series, and the forty-two of its second or octavo series, held the first rank among the literary magazines of America. Even the literati of Boston confessed its pre-eminence, and sought access to its passages. It depended less upon the contributions of volunteers than its predecessors, and encouraged our writers to expect fair play for fair work. Its management was spirited, enterprising, and patriotic; its expenditure must have been, for that time, lavish. Its range of topics was large; it brought the people *en rapport* with the literary movements of foreign nations; its standing marks a decided advance in the public taste. Not that its bulky volumes, which still adorn not a few Philadelphia libraries, will prove lively and entertaining to a modern magazine reader. Young America would vote it "slow," but impartial criticism must pronounce it to have done good service in its day and generation. Of its cotemporaries, we notice *The Literary Magazine*, (1803–8,) edited by Charles Brown, more exclusive and less spirited than its popular rival; and *Le Hemisphere*, (1810–11,) a French periodical issued by a M. Negrin.*

It is hardly too much to say that from the discontinuance of *The Portfolio* almost down to our own times, our city had no popular magazine of character, standing, and ability. *The*

* We have omitted to mention several religious periodicals, such as *The Methodist Magazine*, (1797–8,) published by the now gigantic M. E. Book Concern, which began its work in this city in 1795; *The General Assembly's Magazine*, (1805–7,) and Dr. Ezra Stiles' *Quarterly Theological Review*, (1818,) both of the latter Presbyterian.

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American Quarterly Review (1827–37) was too high, and *The Casket* (1827–31) was too low, in literary style to fill the place. The eclectic periodicals* were composed exclusively of articles from the foreign periodicals. The longest-lived and best known of the series—Littell's *Museum*—may be still counted among the living, though since its transfer to Boston, in 1844, it has taken the name of *Littell's Living Age*.

Since the great rebellion has made our city more of a centre in national affairs and interests, there have been encouraging signs of a literary revival among us. Old publishing firms have extended their operations; new ones have sprung up; the productions of our native authors have increased in number, and have met with encouraging success. The literature of certain professions has always been largely monopolized by our city; but it is the growth of general literature and the growing appreciation of liberal culture by the people that characterizes our time. Old institutions of learning and science are shaking off the dust of ages, and making themselves felt and appreciated. The reproach that we care only for the bread-and-butter sciences is passing away. The largest single gift ever made to any literary institution in America has just been made to our venerable Philadelphia Library; our oldest educational institution has been successful in urging its claims upon the municipality and our wealthier citizens.

In periodical literature a beginning has been made. The light "magazines" which floated out monthly for so many years past upon the current of popular favor, with a fashion-plate spread for sail, are no longer our only representatives in the republic of letters. We have had, for two years past, an actual literary magazine, and it is in the conviction that there is room for more than one that THE PENN MONTHLY is started. Our city has grown to a size and is growing at a rate that few even of her own citizens realize. She has a distinctive character and a native culture which call for literary expression. She has topics of special interest which call for local discussion. She has a history which she can forget only to her own loss and injury.

* *Bronson's Select Reviews and Spirit of the Magazines*, (1809 *et seq.*;) *The Analectic Magazine*, (1814 *et seq.*, 16 *vols.*;) *The Literary Gazette*, (1821;) *Museum of Foreign Literature*, (1823, *et seq.*, 28 *vols.*,) and its consort, *The Religious Magazine*.

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She has views of social and national policy which call for fitting statement, illustration, and defence. She has deeply seated abuses and prejudices which demand exposure, agitation, and reform. She has a great population to be educated to a higher and truer appreciation of the nobler ends of life. Is she to have no literature but "those teachers of disjointed thinking—the daily newspapers?" Is her intellectual character to be the dull, dead, prairie level of half-taught, uncultivated uniformity? Is she to have no general culture but that of the lyceum and the public school? These are questions which are intimately associated with the highest prosperity and happiness of our common weal. But who can estimate how closely her material interests are bound up with these higher interests? We are on the eve of a great change in national politics. A great revolution has finished its course, and secured a final answer to the "questions of the day." The questions of to-morrow will be largely questions of financial policy, and no city or commonwealth has more depending on the answer to them than our own. The literary press is exerting an influence upon the public mind far beyond that of past experience. The cities from which our most popular periodicals originate, and toward which the talent of the nation tends to centre, are imbued with views which we regard as hostile to our own and the nation's best interests. To combat them our city has but one literary organ of national reputation, while Pittsburg and Cincinnati—our sisters in community of interest —have not one. If our merchants and manufacturers choose to remain indifferent to native merit and talent, and to seat literature and art "below the shadow of the salt;" if they will not help in the effort to make our venerable University a centre of sound teaching on social and national questions; if they extend no support to periodicals "set for the defence" of Pennsylvania interests—then let them not complain when the laborious dissemination of specious fallacies shall have sapped the foundations of our prosperity, and remanded us once more to the second rank among American cities.

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

They are far from right who suppose that student life in Germany differs from student life in America, by the mere fact that the one class of young men are Germans and the other Americans. The status of the two are different. In our own country a student is amenable to all the laws and regulations of other citizens. Though subjected to the rule of the faculty of his college, this is a jurisdiction superadded to his ordinary responsibilities, and in no way restricts or modifies them. The *civil* authorities have cognizance of his behavior so far as it respects the community at large. But in Germany all this is different. There the officers of the *university* are responsible for the administration of law so far as it concerns the *students*. There is a university police, and these alone can apprehend a student for any misdemeanor whatsoever. Should one of the town authorities by mistake seize a member of the university, it is only necessary for the young man to show his matriculation card, and he is instantly released. The officer may not even detain him until the proper policeman arrives; and in the meantime the lucky scapegrace may, by a discreet use of leg-bail, escape unscathed. Should he, however, be overtaken, he is not locked up in the common watchhouse, but is taken to the university prison, and is summoned before the university court, and if sentenced to imprisonment by the university judge, he is confined in the university jail. When one enters the university, he thus passes into a new sphere of life. Even in travelling, during vacation, he does not, until he has taken his degree, lose his status as

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student. He may travel more cheaply than others; sometimes, as on the Rhine, for half the price charged to other passengers in the same conveyance.

The universities of Germany are royal institutions, and a university education is the essential prerequisite to any advancement in political or professional life. Almost every office of importance, legal, political, clerical, of the university, or of the army, is in the hands of the king to bestow it upon whom he will. He will have educated men around him: he therefore provides the means of education for all. He endows professorships, establishes a free table for the poorer students; and hence the universities and their members assume about the same relative position there as the West Point Military Academy holds among us. While all *high* appointments in church and state are thus dependent on a liberal education, the lower offices of the learned and scientific professions are not exempt from the same demand. No one can be an engineer, an apothecary, a teacher—in fact, enter any calling which is founded on a liberal mental culture—without giving evidence, by means of a vigorous examination before the officers appointed for that purpose, that such culture has not been neglected. To graduate at the university, therefore, is essential even to entrance upon, and much more to success in, the higher walks of life; and all who are hereafter to take part in the spheres of politics, learning, science, art, theology, jurisprudence, medicine, are to be found gathered in the various lecture-rooms of the university; and, as the chief offices in all these professions are in the gift of the crown, the students, as a class, are naturally regarded as a separate order, having high and distinct aims of their own; including all that is best in the nation, its future ministers, ambassadors, clergymen, instructors, savans, officers; and hence, of right, possessing peculiar privileges and immunities.

As might be naturally inferred from this state of things, there is immense esprit du corps among the students as a body. The princes of the royal house even, unlike the members of the English royal family, attend upon this *public* instruction. The Prince Frederick I, of Prussia, who espoused the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, might have been seen a few years ago seated in the auditorium at Rome, writing with commendable diligence his notes of the lectures, like the poorest student in the place.

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And one young prince, less eminent and more supercilious, who a few years ago sent to a distinguished professor to come and instruct him in his room, received for an answer, that the professor lectured on that subject at such an hour, in such a hall, where he would be happy to receive his royal highness, but if his royal highness could not find it convenient to attend, he (the professor) could not have the honor of instructing his royal highness in that department.

The esprit du corps is intensely strong among the students. They have a hearty contempt for the Philisterei, as they call all artisans, shopkeepers, bankers, and in fact persons of any calling which does not demand a university education. Not that they behave in a supercilious manner towards them. This is not called for, since the higher position of the student is acknowledged by all and deferred to. A Philister is nevertheless looked down upon in every way. But the prevailing idea of a merchant, now, is that of a petty trader; for the country, save at some extreme points, affords facilities for only such. One may imagine, therefore, how the young and enthusiastic student, who belongs, as it were, to a sort of royal battalion, should look down upon what he terms so expressively the Philisterei, (a Philistine or outside barbarian,) persons of narrow views and scanty intelligence. Another reason for this contempt doubtless is, that the trade of the country is conducted on so comparatively small a scale. It was different in the olden time. Then Germany was the centre of a vast commercial activity. The skill and thrift of the Netherlands which gave to them so extensive a commerce could not but react upon Germany, for her possessions lay directly across the path of the destined route of transportation. Before the discovery of the passage to India around Cape Horn, when India was yet in the possession of the Dutch, the direct route thither was across the German provinces to the Mediterranean. Then Nuremberg was the central depot for all the productions of human ingenuity, as well as the home of most curious and costly manufactures of its own, so that it gained for its vast and various fabrics the epigram which may now apply to its toys.

Nuremberg's Hand
Goes through every land.

Then it was that merchant princes truly held sway, so that

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Charles V, for all his wide extended empire, was glad enough to conciliate them, that he might lay his hand upon their hard cash.

But now since the star of empire has moved so steadily westward, since the passage to the Indies around the southern point of Africa has been discovered, and the Dutch have been replaced by the English at Bombay and Calcutta, Germany is filled with but petty traders, and so far as its mercantile community is concerned is more emphatically, than any other people, a nation of shopkeepers.

In Augsburg there may be seen to-day the magnificent apartment in the palatial residence of Anthony Fugger, the great merchant of that day, where he, tradesman as he was, received a friendly visit from the Emperor of Spain, the Netherlands, and Austria. The fireplace is still preserved, into which the over-delighted merchant, proud of the honor conferred upon him by the royal visit, thrust the bond of the, we are sure, equally delighted monarch, and allowed it to consume in the blaze of a fire of cinnamon logs. Then merchants held an honorable place in Germany.

Whatever the causes, none can dispute the effects of this esprit du corps. It makes of the students a body corporate, and invests them with importance and position. Their mettle has been tried in the political revolutions, and they were almost to a man on the popular side. Their societies have repeatedly been suppressed in troublous times, as possessing too much power of political agitation.

Let us glance a moment at the student as he appears on entering this body. He is usually about eighteen years of age—seldom younger, oftener older. He has been carefully trained in one of the numerous gymnasia or preparatory schools for about ten years, and subjected to a strict discipline, from which he emerges only through the gate of a severe examination. In the earlier stages of the instruction he is grounded in the *elements* of knowledge; then he is taught with great thoroughness the *facts*. He enters the university to be instructed in the *principles* which bind the facts together and elucidate them. Thus, in ancient languages, he is thoroughly prepared for advanced philological criticism. The vocabulary of the Greek and Latin tongues he is supposed to be familiar with, and he is able to translate a classical author without difficulty. Latin he must

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be able to speak, since many of the exercises are carried on wholly in that tongue. He has also mastered the vocabulary of the Hebrew tongue, if he is to study theology. He comes, in fine, thoroughly imbued with the elements and facts of classical knowledge; and seeks for the scientific culture based upon these at the university. The foundation is thoroughly laid; the superstructure which must continue through life is now begun under the instruction and supervision of the corps of professors. In the accurate knowledge of the rudiments he is more skilled at his entrance of the university than most of the graduates of our colleges, though he has by no means so wide a range of thought or so varied an intelligence. He is more of a scholar, but less of a man. The root has struck down deep, and taken firm hold. It now begins to shoot up into the future tree. The fruit has literally been kept under ground; he has had his hours appointed for him; has been subject to strict rule; must have recited well, and been punctual and accurate and studious. He has not only been in leading-strings but under harness, and that with a strong curb, too. No social societies are allowed to students of the gymnasium; no voluntary selection of studies. They are looked upon as children, and are treated as such; not, indeed, as the men and women children of our more enlightened community, where at twelve and fourteen they have already to a great extent thrown off the restraints of parental and all other authority, who choose whether they shall go to college and school, or no, who spring from the nursery into the ball-room or the counting-house at a bound; but they are regarded as children were in the good old apostolic times, as under tutors and governors, and under tutors and governors they stay until the time of their entrance into the university.

When once that entrance is opened to them, how great the change! There is a narrow and sinuous walk in the grounds of Rydal Mount, the residence of the late poet Wordsworth. It winds along a steep hillside, and under overhanging trees, while thickly planted shrubbery shuts it out from passers' observation, and excludes from it the wonderful and extended scenery of the lake country which lies just beneath. It brings one at length to a rustic summer-house, built by the poet's own hands out of bark and twigs, at the further side of which hangs a rough deal door. A leather latchet hangs down invitingly, and you take

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hold and pull open the door to continue your sequestered walk. But as the old boards swing quickly back, what a scene of enchantment lies before you! Instead of the quiet soberness which every thing up to this moment has enhanced, a new emotion of enthusiasm and delight is suddenly awakened. You look from out the rustic arbor, which encircles it as with a frame, upon a wide extended landscape of most exquisite beauty. The lovely valley of Grasmere stretches before you, in whose placid bosom lie the Grasmere and Rydal lakes, laughing in sunny brightness. The spire of the village church, where Wordsworth's grave is made, shoots up from among the overshadowing clouds. The Scaur Fell, some two or three thousand feet high, is just opposite, standing higher than the noble hills around—the sentinel guard of what would seem to be the happy valley; and the valley itself is lost in indistinctness way off among the purpling hills to the North, which enclose as with an amethystine girdle the enchanting lake of Derwent Water. The emotion of the beholder is completely changed; he stands lifted as it were out of himself, and he further proceeds to enjoy what heretofore has lain wholly beyond the scope of his vision. So with the German student who, having long followed the secluded path of quiet gymnasium life, suddenly finds the portal of the university opening to his touch. A new life bursts upon him: he breathes no longer a secluded atmosphere, but as with a bound leaps into a wider balm of life, and inhales the exhilarating air of conscious freedom.

The first view, in fact, is apt to be so fascinating that sober reflection takes wings to itself and wholly vanishes. The long discipline of school has not crushed the wild longing of youth: it has only suppressed it. The pressure at last removed, it gushes forth, and like volcanic fire streams out in fantastic blaze, often dislodging in its first fitful and excessive glare the more solid elements of real culture, and scattering them hither and thither like the stones among the lava, to be gathered and replaced when the intense heat of enthusiasm shall have cooled a little. Let us in examining the student's university life follow the course he ordinarily pursues, and direct our attention first of all to the amusements into which he at first so incontinently plunges.

That he is enabled thus to satiate himself with pleasure at

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first, is due to the fact that discipline by the faculty, as is customary in our colleges, is a thing almost unknown. A youth's habits may be idle or vicious; unless they are sufficiently loose to bring him to the notice of the university police, the professors know nothing of it. It is indeed a law that no one shall receive a degree without standing a strict examination, and also showing the professor's certificate that he has attended such and such courses of lectures. But the professor's certificate is given when the fee for the lectures is paid, and little or no attention is bestowed upon whether the student frequents the lecture-room or not. If, by getting others to take notes of the lectures for him, he can post himself on the requisite number of subjects assigned at the final examination, he is passed. Results rather than the means by which these are gained are the criterion of good standing. There being no recitation or daily examination, but only instruction by means of lectures, it is evident how completely the student has his time at his own disposal. If he chooses to regularly attend upon the instruction afforded, so much the better; but if he prefer to run the risk of a year or two of idleness and amusement, depending on a year's diligent cramming at the end to prepare for his final examination, there is nothing to prevent. The young student usually takes care that nothing shall prevent the free and full enjoyment of at least the first months of the university course. He pays his fees, and then, instead of the lecture-room, he is off to his corps or verbindung to join in the social intercourse of his fellow-students. These corps form an essential part of German student life; unlike most of the societies in our colleges, they are not founded upon an intellectual basis or for the purpose of fostering intellectual aims, but are strictly social in their character.

They meet as often as suits them during the week in rooms of their own, and spend the evening in smoking, drinking lager beer and talking. They always meet at night, and around the social board exchange their views of politics, philosophy, and, as young men even in Germany occasionally will, of the young ladies. It is a perfectly free and easy meeting. The President sits at the head of the table to call the members to order when they get too noisy, and to call for a song when he desires it. For singing is the great delight of the German student, the never-failing accompaniment of all his occupations: he sings at home; at church

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he maketh a loud noise, and he evidently thinks not only that every thing which hath breath should praise the Lord, but that it should praise Him with all the breath it has; he sings in his festal processions; he chants a requiem at the grave of his fellow-student. He sings in the street and in the market-place. Like Luther at Magdeburg, he may as a boy have gained his living by singing from house to house, in a great beaver stove-pipe hat and long surtout coat, (which the bands of urchins still wear.) When he assumes the velvet jerkin and jaunty corps cap of many colors he still sings on, and thunders in your ear, if you venture to suggest a little moderation, the couplet of Luther:

> "Who does not love wife, wine and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long."

Clouds of smoke they wreathe about them, until it is as dense as a London fog. Puff, puff, puff, ceaselessly on the pipe, save in the intervals of imbibing the favorite lager, which is drunk from pint mugs with a metallic top, which is flipped incontinently when empty, until some fox, as they call the newest comers, refills it from the foaming cask. It is wonderful how much of this beverage they can manage to swallow. I once asked a student what constituted the difference between the theological and other corps. "Oh," said he, "a great difference. No member of a theological society would ever drink more than twenty leidle of beer in an evening, while in the others they take thirty, sometimes forty." Now the beer in Germany has but two or three per cent. of alcohol, and of course does not produce drunkenness. But one cannot help thinking that a little less quantity, say a moderate gallon or two, would answer all the demands.

One of the most interesting of the corps meetings is the *Commerce*, a general meeting of all the corps at the end of the term. Then the noise of the ordinary kneip is as the solitary chirp of the cricket to the incessant and mighty hubbub of five hundred lusty throats. The commerce is ended by a torchlight procession, and there are few finer effects, even in the Old World, than that of the five or six hundred young men, each bearing a lighted torch, as they move two by two in the long and winding line, singing in mighty chorus some of the grandest of their songs. At the end, all the torches are thrown into one pile, and the sur-

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rounding crowd join in the mighty chorus of *Gaudeamus Igiter*, as the fitful flame leaps up and then goes out in darkness, emblem of the joyous student life of those who shall return to the university no more. But the most tragico-comic scene is that of the celebration of the Laudesrater, as it is called. This ceremonial is only enacted once a year, and it is viewed as a consecration of the student world to the Fatherland. This, together with the fact that it admits the fox, the first degree, and the fox with the burnt tail, the second degree, to the full standing and privilege of Bursch, invests the service with the greatest interest, and prepares all to participate in it with the utmost zest and earnestness. On this occasion all appear in full costume. This, for the ordinary members, is only a small cap shaped very much like the saucer of a flower-pot, made of the colors of the cups, red, white, and yellow; green, white, and brown; blue, silver, and gold; or whatever they may have chosen as their badge of distinction, which is worn jauntily on one side of the head. A watch ribbon of similar colors crosses the breast, and a pair of high-top boots completes the costume. But the officers are gotten up much more elaborately. In addition to these insignia of the common members, they wear a velvet doublet of the fashion of the Middle Age, covered with braid of a fantastic pattern, enormous leather gauntlets, and a cap, or rather Scottish bonnet, of velvet, with a plume of very high and waving white and black ostrich feathers set in front. The service begins precisely at midnight. The band placed at one end of the room commences to play; instantly every one is in his place at the long tables, and awaits in silence the signal of the officers, two of whom are seated opposite each other at the upper end of the table. At a rap of the rapier the officers begin and sing a verse of the consecration song together, which is repeated with the chorus by all present. The melody is solemn yet joyous in tone, and the words run something on this wise. I use the excellent translation of Bayard Taylor.

Silent bending, each one lending
  To the solemn tones his ear.
Hark! the song of songs is sounding
Back from joyful choir resounding.
  Hear it, German brothers, hear.

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German, proudly raise it, loudly
 Singing of your Fatherland.
Fatherland, thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
 Consecrate us, sword in hand.

Take the beaker, pleasure-seeker,
 With thy country's drink brimmed o'er,
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through thy cap while drinking,
 To thy Fatherland once more.

While the chorus is repeating this stanza, the officers rise, and, leaning over the table, clank their beer-mugs together, and, thrusting their arms the one through the other, drink to Fatherland. Then grasping their swords in their left hands, they strike them together over the table, keeping time to the music, while they sing the following verse:

In left hand gleaming, thou art bearing
 Sword from all dishonor free;
Thus I pierce the cap while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
 I a valiant Bursch will be.

At the third line they take off their caps, run the sword through the crown, and press them down to the hilt. Leaving the caps on the swords, the officers, sword in hand, move to the back of the next students, and, as they rise to sing the same stanza, stand on the same chairs they have just left, and hand them their swords at the proper moment. This ceremony goes on at all the tables until every cap is strung. The officers then exchange swords, while all sing:

Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
 Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it solemnly and slowly,
 Heavy with pierced caps, to me.
  From its burden now divest it,
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
  Hallowed and unspotted rest it.

The caps are then one by one taken off, while an appropriate

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verse is sung; and when all is completed, with caps on, all rise and sing:

Rest, the Burschen feast is over,
  Hallowed sword, and thou art free.
Each one strive a valiant lover
  Of his Fatherland to be.
Hail to him who, glory-haunted,
  Follows still his fathers bold,
  And the sword may no man hold
But the noble and undaunted.

These corps festivities are the chief sources of delight to the neophyte heretofore deprived of all such social pleasures.

Duelling is the mode in which all disputes, personal or partisan, are settled among the students. But it is not a very bloody business, and has the merit of being chivalric plus the merit of being safe. The duels are fought with rapiers, or long thin swords sharpened on both edges. So far they are very terrific. But a cap with a large visor is worn which protects the forehead. A large breastwork of padded buckskin, extending from the throat and reaching nearly to the knees, protects the front. The hands are covered with huge padded gauntlets reaching beyond the elbow, which protects the arms. Besides these numerous defences, a second is appointed to each combatant, who, with sword in hand, helps parry the severer thrusts of the opponent. Like David going to fight Goliath, they are encumbered with their armor, but, unlike David, they do not lay it aside till the fight is done. Thus the only point of attack is the face, and this they try to cut up and scratch. The fighting must last fifteen minutes, but these are not continuous. They are interrupted every moment or two by the seconds, who cry halt when a blow or two has been exchanged, and if any damage has been done staunch the wound, and refresh the wounded, and help him to rest his armor-laden arms, by holding them up for him. Some very severe scratches are occasionally given. In personal quarrels the cap is not worn, and sometimes, though very rarely, an eye has been lost. But not unfrequently a long gash from eye to mouth is given, and some students are disfigured for life by the scars on their faces. It is a truly disgusting custom, but is defended by many of the professors even, on the ground that young men will have quarrels; that some authorized mode of

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settling them is better than lawless revenge, and swords are more gentlemanly than fisticuffs. But if young men will fight, even fisticuffs is better, for it is too real to be oft repeated. Besides this, duelling does not develop valor, for the combatants are pale and shaky, and, as we may here appropriately say, when it comes to the scratch look as though they wished they were well out of it. But there is a passion for this thing among the frisky foxes just from school, who think a sword creates a knight at once, and but for them this custom, growing in disrepute, would soon pass away.

C. C. Tiffany.

[To be continued.]

THE OLD EDUCATION.

Education is one of those valuable topics of popular interest which may be discussed without any study of the subject or any intimate knowledge of its ramifications. It is enough that we have had some measure of it, and in some one of its thousand shapes, and we can then take up its discussion freely. The number of popular oracles on the subject, and the variety of their utterances, is more oppressive to the human intellect than encouraging as to its future. The people might well exclaim with Jean Paul: "That the age writes so much on education shows at once its absence and the feeling of its importance. Only lost things are cried about the streets." Wise men, however, banish the word "hopeless" out of their vocabulary, and trust that the Babel of half-wisdom and unwisdom will yet grow into a harmony of wisdom and beneficent activity.

The advocates of both "the *new* education," and of the *old*, have made themselves heard in our days to some purpose. The presiding officer of our oldest University has presented himself as the advocate of change and "reform," through the pages of our most widely circulated monthly, and in his recent inaugural oration. The College over which he presides has made fundamental alterations in its discipline and course of study, which are expected to lead to similar measures in younger institutions.

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On the other hand, Drs. Charles J. Stille and James McCosh, in their inaugural orations in taking the Presidency of the oldest Colleges in our own and a neighboring Commonwealth, have presented themselves as advocates of essentially the *old* education, with such unessential but not unimportant modifications as may largely adapt it to popular views without surrendering any of its well-established principles and methods. Dr. Elliott, on the one hand, it is true, does not present himself as the advocate of the reckless and radical subversion of the things that have been accepted as right, nor do Drs. McCosh and Stille place themselves on the platform of unreasoning conservatism. Neither are ultra in their views, but each represents clear and well-defined differences of opinion, making the issue presented in our caption.

The methods of the old education represented by the latter school are two in number, viz., linguistic and mathematical studies. Other things have always been associated with these, but in a subordinate place, as for immediate use rather than mental discipline. Whatever else might be thought desirable, the close and thorough study of the Latin and Greek languages, and of the pure mathematics, has been deemed essential to a truly liberal education. Two questions are suggested by this statement, to which we shall endeavor to give some answer, not in the order of their importance.

I. Were the Greek and Latin languages well chosen as the basis of linguistic training, and was the choice so excellent that we should still persist in the use of these, to the exclusion of all others except in a subordinate position? The choice of these two languages was not based upon any abstract theory of their superlative excellence: it was rather forced upon the educators of Christendom by circumstances. During the long period of the Middle Ages, the Latin Church was the depositary of the sciences. She taught in her own Œcumenical language, used it in her churches and her schools, and valued it as a bond to bind the nations to each other and to the Pontifical Chair. Almost all science, philosophy and general literature was in Latin; even the Greek authors were known only through Latin translations, made often from Arabic versions.

The Revival of Letters, which began about four centuries ago, made no essential change in this respect. If one series of Latin writers—the scholastics—lost favor, another—the classic series—succeeded to it. Cicero and Horace occupied the niches from

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which Peter Lombard and Thomas Aquinas were banished. But still another classic language and literature was brought to light, when long-bearded Greeks came flying before the Ottoman invasions to Italy, and brought the precious MSS. of Plato and Homer, to find a warm welcome and eager students. From that day to our own the two classic languages have stood side by side in the Republic of Letters, and occupied places of equal honor in the curriculum of school and university.

It was not of design and purpose that these two languages were at first elevated to the place which they have held for four hundred years. There was simply nothing to compete with them for that place. The nations of western Europe had all made a beginning in popular and native literature; but they had no great host of authors to rival those then spread before the public by the newly invented printing press. The great models of just philosophic thought, of impassioned and vivid poetry, of brilliant and graphic narrative, and of careful scientific investigation, were nearly all of the past. A Dante in Italy, a Chaucer in England, a Froissart in France, and a Tauler in Germany, were but promises of the glorious future; for as yet Greece and Rome held a peerless place. The men who laid the foundation of the old education were shut up to the adoption of these two, and there is no ground to censure them for so doing.

Since their times, however, other literatures have arisen, of even greater importance and value than those of Greece and Rome, in so far as a comparison in this respect is possible. Other languages have attained to grace, flexibility and power, and have been the instruments of wise thinkers, inspired poets and noble orators, whose thoughts and words are more germane to our thoughts and our words than are those of the classic authors. Ought we not to pass by the latter, and adopt some one or more of the former, as equally excellent for mental discipline, and more valuable in the practical uses of life?

We think not, (1.) Because the Greek and Latin languages hold an historic place, and correspond to a stage in mental development, which no other languages do. There is a wonderful analogy between history and biography—between the growth of a man from childhood to manhood and the progress of Man from historic childhood to historic manhood. The latter begins down among the syllable-chattering, grammarless babies of the Celestial Empire; and comes up, step by step, through childhood, as of

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Tartary; first school-days, as of Egypt; boyhood, as of Greece; and incipient manhood, as of Rome. These periods may be roughly described as successively the Chinese, of simple trust and obedience; the Tartar, of wild imagination and recklessness; the Egyptian, of deep and mysterious wonder; the Greek, of boyish spirit and delight in grace and beauty; the Roman, of the growing sense of law and order. Greek and Latin, therefore, stand in a close and intimate relation to the mental growth of the very ages which are spent in their study.* It might, indeed, be profitable to reverse the order in which they have generally been acquired, and to preface them with the study of Hebrew at a still earlier age, when the powers of memory, especially called for in the learners of that language, exist in greater measure; and when the charming simplicity of its inspired literature would be keenly relished. From Hebrew to Greek, from Greek to Latin, would be a course of linguistic study in full harmony with what history reveals to us of the education of the race. It would be a method accordant with that of the Great Teacher, whose onward steps in the training of humanity may be traced in the "historic deposits" on our globe's surface, as clearly as the great outlines of geological development are written in the strata of its crust.

2. The apparatus for linguistic training in the Greek and Latin languages is unrivalled in its completeness. The languages themselves are the most complete types of human speech—the

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* Dr. Whewell (Elements of Morality, Vol. I, § 463) says: "The intellectual progress of individuals follows nearly the same course as that of nations; although the steps of the progress may succeed each other with far greater rapidity. In consequence of the influence of the opinions of past generations upon the views of the present, through the working of literature. language, institutions, and traditions, each man's mind may pass, in a short time, through successive modes of thought which, in the course of history, have been slowly unfolded one out of another. The intellectual revolutions of centuries are compressed into a few years of a man's youth; a man's moral conceptions, as they are in our time, are affected by those of the Greeks, of the Latins, and of the earlier times of our own country; not to speak here of the influence of Religion, greater than all the rest."

In Dr. Chancy Giles' discourse at the opening of the Swedenborgian University at Urbana, O., views somewhat similar to these were enunciated as those of the "New Church." We presume that they grow out of Swedenborg's realistic conception of the solidarity of humanity.

Pereant (says St. Austin) *qui ante nos, nostra dixerint.*

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Greek being the most perfect example of the living force and power of words, the Latin of the rules of their government. For four centuries the keenest intellects of Europe have been employed in their study. They have been perfectly analyzed, and the grammatical and lexicographical works in regard to them are among the ablest productions of the human mind. Above all, they are dead languages, and therefore capable of complete analysis. Vivisection of languages is as impossible as that of brutes is cruel. Hence the difficulties experienced in imparting a thorough knowledge of a living tongue. Nearly all teachers have been compelled to fall back on the method of Herr Ollendorff, and to teach purely by synthesis or example. The scholar picks up French or German, word by word; rules and declensions are impressed on his ear by repeated instances. To-day he learns "bread;" to-morrow, "a piece of bread;" the day after, "a piece of good bread." Latin and Greek may be studied, not after this empirical fashion, but in a truly scientific method; first, by thorough grammatical analysis, then by equally thorough synthesis. Scientific method and accuracy are thus incidentally taught in the thorough study of either of these languages. Above all, thoroughness is secured, and a beginning made of deliverance from that lazy, illogical, intuitional habit of guess-work, into which an age of invention and discovery so readily falls.

3. The contents of these languages and their literatures make their acquisition desirable to every one who wishes to understand the surroundings and the speech of modern Europe. Rome has given law to languages and nations. Latin is the basis of half our dictionary, and nearly all our syntax, as Roman law underlies our legal systems. A closer study of even the Anglo-Saxon institutions shows that these primary elements of the English constitution are as purely Roman as are those Norman additions to it that are more usually reckoned of that origin. The student of the Latin language has the same advantage as the student of Latin (or civil) law. He knows far more of the origin and first force of our English words and rules, and can write his own language with greater accuracy and certainty. Even in such a simple matter as spelling, he has an immense advantage over one who cannot trace etymologies.

The Greek language, if less important in a verbal and legal point of view, is of much greater importance to the man of

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letters or of science. The original models of literature—or nearly all of them, at least—are found here: the first history, the first epic, the first tragedy, the first comedy, the first elegies, the first odes, the first works on mathematics, the first metaphysical treatises, the first scientific treatises, the first political treatises, the first biographies, the first orations, and the first geographies, are all Greek. Every science traces its course back to the countrymen of Aristotle; every modern form of poetry to the men who spoke in the speech of Homer; every lofty speculation in philosophy to the school of Socrates. These original models of literary style are still as unsurpassed as the Belvidere Apollo among works of art. Progress has never carried us beyond the literature of Greece—considered simply as a literature—and every pilgrim, whose steps are led back to this *fons et origo artium atque literarum*, finds his pilgrimage well rewarded. *Vos exemplaria Graeca nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Above all—and we are glad that President Elliott admits the force of the argument—our New Testaments are Greek, or else imperfect translations from it. The prophecy of the old Pagan, that if God came to earth he would speak the language of Plato, has been fulfilled. They who would most closely search into the words of Christ and His Apostles—words which have changed the face of society, words which have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and given hope to the despairing, words which roused men to the nobleness of life and restrained from its wickedness, words which have been, as He described them, "spirit and life" to the nations—must draw near to these words through the Greek.

II. Do linguistic and mathematical studies furnish a sufficient basis of education, and the means of thorough mental discipline?

We hear much talk of "teaching things" from our Gradgrinds of society—talk which makes us drop all questions of *means* and drives us back on the first question, What is the *end* of education? We are asked, "What is the *good*, the *use*, the *practical benefit*" of this or that study, or course of studies? We ask in reply, What is *good*, *use*, and *practical benefit*? What do these words mean? All the answers given resolve themselves into two: one is "bread and butter," the other is "man." Now with those who accept the first answer, we have nothing more to do than to bid them good-morning. No logic will move the man who believes that the acquisition of the "good things" of this

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world is the end for which the young are to be trained through all the most plastic years of life. The man who sees in education and in man himself only a means to these things, needs to be refuted on much deeper ground than we can enter upon here.

But we will assume that these questions have a nobler meaning in the mind of our readers, that they mean by "good, use, practical benefit," some accession of real strength and mental insight to the man himself, by which he grows more truly man—a man of a higher grade. With this understanding, we think we can answer the question in some measure. The intellect of man is described by the best ancient and modern writers on mental science as possessed of a twofold activity, by which it deals with the two great aspects of human life—certainty and probability. The REASON deals with what is certain, absolute, and necessary—what cannot be otherwise. It begins with innate truths or axioms known by intuition, and proceeds by the severest logic to assured convictions. Its province embraces those primary moral beliefs which lie at the foundation of all morality. It is to every man the ultimate tribunal of appeal on all questions, even in the act of accepting some external authority as infallible.

The UNDERSTANDING, on the other hand, which often goes by the name of reason, but is more frequently called the judgment, deals with the probable and the uncertain, in its every degree of probability, from that of the sun's rise to-morrow, down to that of New York not cheating us in the next census. The man who has this in large degree steers his way cleverly through the circumstances of life, and shows tact in dealing with his fellow-men. He may not be a man of very lofty ideals, or pure convictions, but he has good judgment and discrimination about temporal and worldly things. He can guess cleverly as to men's purposes and pretensions: he is a man of experience.

This division of the intellectual powers is made on high authority, and commends itself to every one as essentially correct. The mental discipline which aims to bring these two powers into the highest harmonious action and co-operation has therefore much that may be said in its favor. Such a system is "the old education." In mathematical study it finds the highest and severest discipline of the pure reason, as this science begins with axiomatic truth, and proceeds by the strictest logic to necessary conclusions. Here nothing is probable; all things

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are certain: they cannot be otherwise than they are, and we *know* that they cannot. The man whose mind has been disciplined by this science, need never fall into that slough of scepticism which finds truth but relative to the thinker, nothing absolute, nothing certain. Hence Plato wrote over the portal of that school, in which the loftiest speculative truths were taught—μηδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω. "Let no one unskilled in geometry enter."

On the other hand, the study of language is the finest discipline of the judgment. "Put yourself in his place" is the maxim of every good translator. It is impossible to correctly render a page of Latin or Greek into English, without exercising the judgment at every step of the process. The meaning of every word is uncertain, though some are so highly probable that we jump to our conclusions in regard to them at once. Others are not so clear, and their precise force must be inferred from the context. Perhaps the dictionary is resorted to, and then the most probable meaning may have to be chosen out from a dozen. After this analysis comes the synthesis—the accurate arrangement of the words in English order, and the choice of the best words in our own language to express the exact shade of the author's meaning. All this time a thousand circumstances must be kept in mind—the date of the book, the author's peculiarity of style and opinion, his prejudices and surroundings—all casting light on his words and increasing our certainty as to his exact meaning. What is all this but a most valuable training for actual life, and for understanding our fellow-men? What could better fit us for playing a useful and creditable part in society, and acting with discretion and judgment in all the relations of life? Would any amount of "knowledge of things"—useful as that may be in its place—compensate for a lack of this discipline of the understanding?

We close with the words of Dr. Wiese, a Professor in the Royal Prussian School of Joachimsthal: "The acquisition of knowledge is but the secondary object of education, and one for which opportunity is continually offering through life; but to enable a young man to seize upon this opportunity and avail himself of it, the first object of education, *viz.*, formation of character, must be obtained early; for the deficiency in this respect is not so easily supplied in after life." On this ground he asserts "that what the English schools and universities have

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neglected and do neglect is amply compensated by that which they have done and are still doing." "In knowledge our higher [German] schools are far in advance of the English, but their education is more effective, because it imparts a better preparation for life."

ROBT. ELLIS THOMPSON.

"GATES AJAR."

"Splendor! Immensity! Rapture! grand words, great things: a little definite happiness would be more to the purpose."—MADAME DE GASPARIN.

OH! sometimes I ask myself can it be true,
All this faith which we cling to and trust in
With courage and joy? Shall I tremblingly rue
In the future unknown, this strong certainty
Bolstering my hopes up on earth? For I, I'm so small,
In the sweep of God's planets; so fearfully lone,
In the rush of the torrents of souls! Amid all
That I know not, nor care for, nor trust in, shall I,
Just myself as I am, press in at the door
That sweeps open at death and admits me to
"Splendor, Immensity, Rapture," and more
Than my mind can conceive of? But shall this
Be I? This new wonderful creature? Methinks I had rather
Be less of the marvel-effulgent in glittering bliss,
And more of the man who in Heaven could gather
His human ones round him and live without sin as he was!
For how can I love these grand princes and angels,
And all the great creatures who surge out and in
From the worlds that I never have dreamed of?
Oh! God, is it thus? Shall I lose myself there
In the soul dust of lives which are numberless, depths
Which I never can enter? My Father, oh! where
Shall I rest myself, wearied and staggered
With all this sublimity? Oh! is there not by
Thy throne, in which centre the lines of
Creation's far-reaching expanse, the form and the eye
Of the human one, tinging eternity's colorless blank
With the blood drops of time, and making in space
Unsubstantial and airy with cloud-fleece, a firm
And unchanging reality, where I can place
My poor wandering feet close by His feet! Oh! God,
I shall see thee through Christ! I shall cling to that hand
Which was pierced for my sins, and though awed
By the sunburst of infinite light, still my soul
Shall be knit to the human in Jesus! I shall stand
Where the sinning men saved stand: the roll
Of the world's ever moving around me: the flight
Of the surging attendants of spirits, the life of
Eternity dreaded, unknown, shall awake to my sight,
As the feverish dreams turn to joys when the sufferer wakes to the light.

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

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THE KEY TO FAIRYLAND.

THE recent notable progress of our race in geographical knowledge is, at best, but a very partial and one-sided sort of advance. The geographical consciousness of our times is extended and cleared up as regards the prosaic regions that we find on the maps. Kanes and Livingstones are opening the gates of the North and the South, to the ruin of our old imaginations and dreams; but many very important regions are wholly neglected. The last news from Eldorado is as old as Sir Walter Raleigh; the last from Atlantis is recorded by Plato. No one has visited Nephelococcygia since Lucian, and the regions visited and explored by Saint Brandan are wholly neglected. We shall say nothing of Lilliput and Brobdignag, and of the wonderful subterranean regions described by Holberg as visited by Nils Kleim, nor of the Geral Milco, discovered by our own countryman, nor of the wonderful kingdom discovered in Central Africa by Bishop Berkeley's Gaudentia di Lucca, nor of those described by Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. Fairyland is not so utterly neglected, but still it has just reason to complain. The reports of its early explorers have indeed been somewhat numerous, and, in the main, faithfully recorded; but the worst sins of the old geographers were trifles compared with the wrongs done to it by modern books of professed veracity. The orthodox and reliable accounts of travellers thither have been overwhelmed with a deluge of absurd superstitions. The fanciful Pagan mythology of *sylphs* and *gnomes*, the grotesque Oriental demonology of *djinns* and *ghouls*, the absurdities of the Rosicrucians, and the heavy pleasantries of the French philosophers,* have all been transferred to Fairyland. Every ancient landmark in its geography has been removed; every venerable tradition of its history has been discarded. In their place a whole farrago of phantasms and nightmares, borrowed from all nations, or from no nation, has been palmed off upon the unsuspecting public of the nursery. The French *contes des fees* are especially blameworthy; but

* Such books as "Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton," &c., are cases in point.

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for the whole period, from the publication of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" to that of Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends," scarcely an orthodox and veracious work on the subject can be pointed out. The productions of this dark age must be reckoned among the Apocryphal Books, or placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of Fairyland, if such there be in that region of shadows.

One single point will enable the unlearned reader to judge infallibly between what is orthodox and what is unsound in these books. The "unhistorical" writers speak of good fairies and of bad fairies—the former as the watchful guardians of infant virtue, and the latter as permitted to bring idle or mischievous youngsters to sorrow. Now, in truth, there is neither good nor bad in Fairyland—that great and eternal line that runs through all human life stops at its frontier. A "good fairy" or a "bad fairy" is a contradiction in terms. There is neither black nor white in that whole region—all is a shifting gray. They are no more amenable to the Ten Commandments than are the squirrels or the grasshoppers. "Too good for banning, too bad for blessing," is the ancient and exact canon of sound judgment in regard to them.

Miss Yonge* has justly praised Mr. Croker as the first to bring about a healthier state of public opinion on this subject. Much, however, still remains to be done, and the public have a right to know by what authority any one speaks, who seeks to supplement work of such eminent excellence and authority. The present writer's introduction to Fairyland was at an early age, and of the most orthodox kind. The "good people," as we euphemistically called them when we *had* to name them, were as firmly fixed in our childish belief as were the angels themselves. The places that they frequented, the times and modes of their appearance, the acts that would offend them, the charms or "freets" that would keep them off, were all as well ascertained in that Ulster nursery as were the facts of the story of Joseph in Egypt or of Daniel in the den of lions. More than one belated neighbor had heard, in crossing a neighboring hill,

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* See Miss Yonge's recent article on "Children's Story-Books of the Last Century," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, (republished in Littell's *Living Age*, and in *Every Saturday*.)

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their weird and fantastic music as they danced within the magic circle of an old Danish fort; and early visitors to the spot had found the fairy ring, where the grass had darkened under the patter of their tiny feet.* Woe to the luckless urchin who did despite to any leaf of fern, as these were under their especial protection. Let him be sure to say *all* his prayers that night, and put a bit of the rowan-tree (or mountain ash) into the bed-room keyhole, or it would be worse for him. Our elders, of course, were skeptics and mockers, or pretended to be; but those of them who had not been well educated hardly ever succeeded in eradicating the faiths of childhood. The servants would check us for speaking of fairies; but in the long winter evenings, which begin in Ulster soon after three o'clock, their own tongues would be unloosed. They would tell how this venerable dame had been startled at seeing a neat, trim little fairy step into her kitchen, and politely request her not to throw her "slops" on a certain stone before the door, "as it all comes down about my family, ma'am;" or, how that staid but "drouthie" farm-laborer had loaned Mr. Fairy his "plow-paddle" (or plow-scraper) to turn loaves in the oven with, and how the tiny, hot loaf he had received in payment had turned to clay when kept past midnight.

The orthodox doctrine of Fairyland, in which we were thus faithfully trained, is that they are a race of beings intermediate between man and the lower orders of animal life. They possess quick intellectual perceptions, but are devoid alike of fixety of purpose, seriousness of thought, and moral character. Their disposition is fickle to the utmost; their power quite sufficient to make it worth while to gain their good-will, or at least to avoid giving them needless offence. They are only persevering in their sprightly malice: he who injures them will be sure to rue it. As the old proverb, already quoted, pithily says: They are "too good for banning, too bad for blessing."

As for Fairyland itself, it lies just below the earth's surface, in the British Islands, a piece of correct information which we herewith offer to the publishers of the next edition of Mitchell's School Geography. We trust that, since the discovery of subterranean communities in Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and

* These fairy rings are actually found, but there is a scientific explanation of them.

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Southern Africa,* the statement will not be rejected as improbable. The dwellers in the land live in the unseen caves and hollows of the earth, from which they only occasionally sally forth to "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon," and then only when that meddlesome creature, man—whose advances they repel and resent—is safely out of the way and asleep. In politics, they are absolute monarchists, some Oberon or Titania being always found at their head; but of the political and social subdivisions of their territory, nothing definite is known. More might have been known by this time had not all our modern travellers been verifying the proverb of the Jewish king: "A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth."

Ulster is not as rich in kinds and sorts of them as are the other provinces of Ireland, where *leprauchan*, and many other names, belong to different species of the genus. In the North, one single class stands out distinct from the great mass. Attached to some of the native and older colonial families is a *banshee*, whose mournful wail gives notice when Death is sweeping down to carry off some member of the family circle. That which performed this friendly office for our family usually appeared in the form of a woman in white.

While thus interested in the departure of human beings to a higher sphere, they have no such hope for themselves. Their lives, indeed, are measured by centuries. Possibly Oberon and Titania may still be lording their midnight revels, and could cast some valuable light on the text of Shakspeare. But at last they die, and death is the cessation of their very existence. Of all that man possesses they covet only the gift of immortality, which they attribute to the grace conferred in Christian baptism. That rite would number them with men, by pronouncing upon them the name of God the Father, and of the Son of God and of man. To win this great gift for their children, they seek to carry off the new-born "unchristened" human child, and to leave a "fairy changeling" in its place—a mischance against which old gossips take many a precaution, but, tradition says, not always with success. The fate of a child thus spirited off into Fairyland is not an enviable one. He lives, hopeless and godless, in a restless round of sport and amusement, with no immortal life

* The strange report recently received from Dr. Livingstone is referred to.

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to which he can look forward. Worst of all, he lives under an unbroken delusion. The *glamour* has been cast upon his senses, so that, while he sees riches and splendor, dainties and luxuries all around him, all is in truth but earth and clay, and would be seen to be such if he and his fairy comrades could see things as they are. This *glamour* may be cast over the eyes of the dwellers on the upper earth, but the sign of the cross, or the name of God,* will break it in an instant, and scatter the fairy host to the four winds. While it lasts, "each man walks in a vain show." Some wise moralists have suggested that spiritual powers of a higher order, but a viler character, have the power of casting this *glamour* over the eyes of men generally; but this we doubt.

If any skeptic should say that these popular beliefs rest on nothing but the vivid imaginations of the Celts of Ireland and the Western Highlands, he is welcome to his opinion. But let him not forget that creative imagination is not a characteristic of the Celtic race in any land,† a fact embodied in the popular saying that the English invented shirts and the French added collars. The power to conceive of a new class of existences, which shall differ from all others in their very inmost nature, does not belong to the Celt. No Celt ever could have written "Undine," neither could any such have devised the fairies. If they are not real, they are foreign to Ireland and to the Celtic parts of Great Britain.

Now even in Ireland itself there are evident traces of a belief that the fairies are foreigners. The residents on the northeast coast (Antrim and Downshire) break up egg-shells before throwing them out, "lest the good people should sail away in them." The chosen habitat of the race is within any of the old Danish forts that still mark the inroads of the stranger in the days of Alfred and of Brian Boirhoime, and which stud the island so closely that signals could be passed from one to another through the length and breadth of Ireland. The plants and trees especially associated with them in the popular belief are not all native

* See, for an instance, the exquisite "Fairy Tale" which Philip James Bailey appends to his tiresome "Mystic and other Poems." His Fairy-lore is not *quite* accurate.

† The metaphysics of the subject will be found in Coleridge's "Friend," Part II.

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to Ireland. The "rowan-tree," (or mountain ash,) their especial aversion, is an exotic, although it often gets the name "Irish ash."

All these facts indicate that the fairies, or rather the myths and folklore in regard to them, came westward to the Green Isle with her old enemies, the Danes or Norsemen, who for centuries kept maritime Europe in terror, until a part of them—the Normans—became civilized, and held the rest in check. The Irish were divided up into septs or clans of the most quarrelsome kind, so that no united and persistent opposition to invaders was possible; and at the same time their territories, in the days of their early and rapid advance in Christian civilization, were unusually well worth plundering. The memory of these terrible Danish invasions has never died out, although centuries of anarchy and of bloodshed have rolled over the graves, the camps and the battle-fields that they left behind them. At Clontarf they defeated King Brian Boirhoime at the head of the national forces. At Dublin they established the capital of a Danish kingdom,* embracing Wexford and Waterford (Danish names) on the south-eastern coast, and extending to the Isle of Man and the Hebrides.

When we go back to the land from which they came—to the two great peninsulas which shut in the Baltic sea, and form the home of the Norse race—we find the true key to Fairyland. The ballads of Denmark repeat many a story familiar in nurseries farther to the west. The "good people" are here too. They are the same, with a difference. Their character and bearing is more solid and less spiritual: they approximate more closely to the *genus homo*. The old hopelessness of immortality, the old longing for the baptism of their children, their wonted caprice and malice, the old dwellings in the secret places of the earth, are here; but with more of stolidity and gloom—more of a sense of wrong and outrage.

To what class of beings, mortal or immortal, do these indications point us? To the first settlers and occupants of Scandinavia, if not of all Northern Europe—to the race still known to us as the Finns and Lapps of Sweden and Norway—the worshippers of Thor. The Norse race dispossessed them of their lands with characteristic violence; but they came to dread them with characteristic superstition. These diminutive "Ugrians," as philologists call them, were driven to the dens and caves of the

* See John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland," (London, 1866,) vol. I.

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earth, and there eked out a living by working in metals, which were then accessible only in caves or in surface croppings. Their power of transmuting the dull ore into bright shining metal, which might again relapse into dull dead rust, probably gave rise to the superstition of the *glamour*. In heathen times their god Thor was admitted into the mythology of their conqueror, as second only to Odin; and their charms and enchantments were sought out as all-powerful. A "Lapland witch" was a European proverb. Their actual shortness of stature, exaggerated by the remarkable height and bulk of the Norsefolk, added to the awe and suspicion which was felt towards them; while the reserve and dislike with which they regarded their neighbors probably contributed to the same result.

When the Norsefolk became Christians, the Fairyfolk remained in heathenrie. The gospel was not carried to their secluded dwellings; they seem to have been either neglected as inferiors, or despaired of as given over to superstition and to dealings with the devil.* Of the new faith, they knew only by vague report—as that it promised an endless life, of which their own belief knew nothing, and that Christians were made such by baptism. They would naturally associate the sacrament of initiation with the promise of immortality, as their Christian neighbors probably did. Hence their eagerness to secure, by fair means or foul, the baptism of their own children.

These quaint, strange people, I am persuaded, are the originals of the favorite mythology of our nurseries—of the darling superstition of childhood and of the Celtic race. They are the "nucleus of fact" around which the "myths" of Fairyland cluster. Philology finds in them one branch of the Ugrian family, which stretches from the North Atlantic far into Siberia. The Basques of Northern Spain and the extinct Lake-Dwellers of Switzerland are named as their possible brethren, and as indications that they once occupied nearly all Europe. But next to their possession of our common humanity, their first claim upon the attention of mankind must be the fact that they were the original dwellers in Fairyland.

JOHN DYER.

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* Not until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were any persistent and successful efforts made to carry the gospel to the Fairyfolk of Sweden. Even now they are by no means free from Pagan superstition. See Hartwig's Polar World, (Harper & Brothers, 1869,) Chapter XV.

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VERSES.

Translated by Rev. W. H. Furness, from the German of Dr. Hering.

Father, dearest, let me be
  Here beneath the open sky,
For the flowers are fair to see,
  And they smell so pleasantly:
Could I stay till day shall fade,
I would find how they are made.

Hearken, child, to what I say,
  Not at night are these things made,
In the clear broad light of day
  Are the flowers in robes arrayed,
By the sun with beauty dyed,
And with all sweet scents supplied.

The flower in the morning early,
  Silently bethinks her then,
"Shall I bloom to-day right cheerly?"
  And then turns her to the sun.
On the flow'r looks down the sun,
And lo! before we think, 'tis done.

Look upon this little flower,
  Ere its leaves but half unfold,
There as in a secret bower,
  Its small heart thou mayst behold.
Be that heart all sound within,
Right joyfully the sun shines in,

Gives to ev'ry part its hue,
  Helps the tender leaves to spread,
There within, too, thou mayst view
  Where the fragrant sweets are laid.
Who, my child, could e'er have thought,
Light alone all this hath wrought!

Mark me now, the simple light
  Never could all this have done,
Never made these flowers so bright,
  Had they turn'd not to the sun.
To him their hearts they first expose,
And in the living glory flows.

And so be it, child, with thee,
  So thine heart wide open throw,
And the light shall instantly
  All its secret depths o'erflow:
Light, that both by day and night,
Makes the heart all pure and bright.

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A MUNICIPAL CHARACTERISTIC.

PHILADELPHIA has a good many municipal characteristics that strike the eye of a visitor. Her long ranges of residences, all made after one fashion; her complete system of city railroads, their slow speed, and their extravagant charges; her square set streets, and the shade trees that line them, with a thousand other things, all mark her as a city by herself. She is, too, the greatest manufacturing city on this continent, and the second in the world; London alone taking precedence of her in this respect, and New York ranking second on this continent. Withal she is, over head, the cleanest of cities, a fact which hides her great manufacturing business from the eyes of careless observers, who have been accustomed to associate factories with smoke and grime. The bituminous coal, which does so much gratuitous advertising for smoky Pittsburgh, is here supplanted by the hard, smokeless, ashless anthracite, so that of her, at least, it cannot be said, as of most manufacturing places, that "the smoke of her torment goeth up forever and ever."

But the most notable municipal characteristic, and one which has come down from the earliest period, is the general ownership of houses by those who live in them. When William Penn laid out our city, it was with a view to this very thing. That every man might sit under his own vine and fig tree, was the object with which he laid out the city, and negotiated with its first settlers. Not a house only, but a garden, did the good old friendly statesman desire to see every Philadelphian in possession of. The model of old Babylon was before his eye, in which the squares, as stiff and angular as our own, were hollow, the houses opening upon beautiful gardens of flowers and fruit trees. The good Quaker's ideal has been, of necessity, abandoned, so far as the gardens were concerned. The demands of business have concentrated the mass of dwellings as closely as in other cities; but, on the other hand, the happy choice of our site has rendered the freest expansion in all directions possible and easy; and that expansion has gone on at an ever-increasing rate in our history, and was never so notable as during the past year.

The distribution of real estate among small owners has also

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kept pace with our growth, so that Henry Ward Beecher was justified in his avowed preference for Philadelphia on the ground that there a greater proportion of houses was owned by those who lived in them, than in any other city of the world. This is due to many causes, besides that *genius loci* inherited from Penn. In a city so well placed as ours is for growth, real estate can never rise to the extravagant price that it commands in cities placed as are New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Paul:

> "No pent-up Utica confines our powers,
> But a whole boundless continent is ours."

Building material will never be wanting while the best clay-beds of the continent lie within the city limits, furnishing brick of a quality so excellent, that it is carried as far as Cincinnati in fact, and imitated in red paint all over the continent; and while our Pennsylvania lime continues in its abundance to fertilize our fields and furnish the bond of unity to our material homes. Then, too, money is more equally distributed in a manufacturing than in a purely commercial community, as Henry C. Carey has well shown, so that a far greater proportion of our people are able to secure dwellings of their own. Our city is not as Baltimore is, and as New York is fast coming to be, the city of the very rich and of the very poor, but a city of all classes, the preponderating one being neither that which "lives from hand to mouth," nor that which is independent of its own exertions for support. We have few millionaires, but much wealth generally distributed. Great estates like that of Astor, and huge tenement-houses like those of lower New York, are equally foreign to our Philadelphia ways. This fact gives our people a stronger interest in the municipal management than it would otherwise have. New York is misgoverned, because one-half the community has no direct interest in securing economy, and nearly all the other half can better afford to be robbed than to waste their time in looking after local politics and politicians.

This general distribution of real estate has been greatly furthered in later days by the establishment of building societies on the co-operative principle. The profits of capitalists and contractors, and the interest expended in borrowing money, are saved by this ingenious method of uniting the common contri-

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butions paid in monthly, and expended under the control of those immediately concerned. To this arrangement we must largely ascribe the recent wholesale growth of the city to the North, South and West. Whole districts, as Camac's woods, which once lay outside the city, are now built over, and where regiments encamped on their way to the Potomac, built-up streets are now open and inhabited. The workingman finds easy access to his place of business in the city, by the city railroads, at a cost of less than forty dollars a year at the outside, a cost more than made up in the absence of house-rent, and the presence of free pure air in his suburban home.

Few have any conception of what will be the ultimate extent of our city, as the century rolls on. When the late Dr. Samuel B. Wylie, Vice-Provost of our University in later years, landed at Chester, a young lad, in 1799, and wended his way on foot to our city, he asked at the place now known as Broad and Market streets, how far it was to Philadelphia, and was told "about half a mile." In 1857, a venerable lady was living who remembered gathering blackberries off bushes at Eighth and Market. The city stretches miles in every direction beyond either of the points designated, and at the same rate of growth for the next seventy years, the Schuylkill will run through the centre of the city. Not unwisely, therefore, has the University of Pennsylvania secured a site high on the west bank of the Schuylkill, at Thirty-fifth and Spruce streets, a situation as central to Philadelphia as it will be, as was their present site to the Philadelphia of thirty years past.

"LOOK ALOFT!"

The first number of Littell's Living Age for January contains a valuable article on "University Education in Germany," translated from *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*. The editor of *The Living Age*, in a prefatory note, says that his attention was called to it by an American University, and that it suggests to him the story of a heroic life, which came under his personal notice:

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Dr. John D. Godman, when a young lad, tried the experiment of going to sea before the mast. One windy day he was helping to take in sail, when the rope on which he stood slipped from under his straggling feet, and he clung to the boom or spar, while looking down for it. Frightened and giddy he was about to fall, when the trumpet voice of the mate on deck thundered out to him, with an imprecation—*Look aloft!* He obeyed, the rope fell to its place under his feet, and he was saved. When he got upon land again he carried with him the mate's words as the motto for his life-conduct. While studying for his profession, he determined that as its end he would be Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. When he thought himself competent, he collected a class of the medical students whose zeal was sufficient for this overwork, and gave instruction in dissection, lecturing with the subject before him. As his class grew to seventy, we hoped that it would yield him a good income, but he said that the price of his tickets—ten dollars—barely sufficed to pay for the subjects and other expenses. At all events he gained a fast growing reputation—not unaccompanied by the ill-will of some who waited for fame and fortune to come to them unsought. When expressions of this were repeated to him, they were unnoticed till he heard that Dr. Physick, the Professor of Surgery, supposed he had a hostile feeling toward the University. Then he waited upon this dignitary, whose solemn and almost stern presence will be recollected by a few of our contemporaries, and after arguing his right to get up a school of instruction outside the University, closed by denying all desire to injure it, and as a proof of his sincerity frankly said: "The whole object of my life—my final aim, sir—is to succeed you in your chair." Dr. Physick started to his feet, and holding out both hands, said, "Nothing can prevent your success!"

Some years afterward we met him in New York, where he had just accepted the Professorship of Surgery, and asked if he had given up his former goal. "Never," he said; "this is a stepping-stone."

But it was not to be. In a few months his health gave way; and after a voyage in vain hope, he returned to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, to die.

His motto, with a larger interpretation, may well be taken by all of us.

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NOTABLE LETTERS TO PHILADELPHIANS.

Among the literary societies of our city is one of some ability, though of very unostentatious character, which bears the name of the poet laureate. Its secretary recently wrote to Mr. Tennyson, asking him to suggest a motto for their society. The answer received is so gracefully courteous, and so characteristic, that we think it may interest the admirers of the poet, apart from its local interest. Mr. Tennyson writes:

September 9, 1869.

Dear Sir:—You have done me honor in associating my name with your institution, and you have my hearty good wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in incrusted tiles on the pavement of my entrance hall: *Y Gwyr yn erbyn y byd*—"The truth against the world"—a very old British apothegm, and I think a noble one, and which may serve your purpose either in Welsh or in English. Your letter arrived when I was away from England, or would have received an earlier answer. Believe me, yours truly,

A. Tennyson.

Less courteous, but not less characteristic, is the recent letter of Mr. Thomas Carlyle to Mr. William Donovan, the author of a poem entitled "The Temple of Isis," in which the subject of "spiritualism" was touched on. Mr. Carlyle writes:

Chelsea, London, *Jan.* 19, 1869.

Dear Sir:—At last I receive your pamphlet; and have read it with what attention and appreciation I could bestow.

Considerable faculties of mind are manifested in it; powers of intellect, of imagination; a serious, earnest character; here and there a tone of sombre eloquence, and vestiges of real literary skill.

But my constant regret was, and is, to see such powers ope-

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rating in a field palpably *chaotic*, and lying beyond the limits of man's intelligence! These are not thoughts which you give; they are huge, gaunt, vacant dreams—forever incapable, *by nature*, of being either affirmed or denied.

My clear advice, therefore, would be to give up all that; refuse to employ your intellect on things where no intellect *can* avail; refuse to sow good seed on realms of mere cloud and shadow. The highest intellect which issues in no *certainty* has completely *failed*. The world of practice and fact is the true arena for *its* inhabitants; wide enough for any or for all intellects of men; and it never lay more encumbered with sordid darkness and pernicious delusions than even now.

Real intellect might write with advantage on such things; better still, perhaps, it might remain *silent*, and bend its whole force on illuminating one's own poor path in such a wilderness; or more and more clearly ascertaining, for at least one earnest man, *what* to do, and *how* to do it.

Probably you will not adopt this advice, almost certainly not at once; nor shall that disaffect me at all. Your Tract I found throughout to be rather pleasant reading, and to have a certain interest: nothing in it, except one small section, treating a thing I never mention unless when compelled—the thing which calls itself "Spiritualism" (which might fitly be called "*Ultra*-brutalism," and "liturgy of *Dead Sea* Apes")—was disagreeable to me.

Yours, with many good wishes,

T. CARLYLE.

The expression "liturgy of Dead Sea Apes" has caused much more surprise and wonderment than if the letter had appeared twenty-five years ago, when Carlyle's "Past and Present" was still fresh in people's minds. Even the well-informed writer of the "Gossip" in *Lippincott's Magazine* suggests (or, rather, asserts) that Mr. Carlyle wrote "liturgy of Dead Sea apples," referring to the old mediæval fiction, that apples grew on the bank of that strange lake that turned to dust on the lips, while they looked toothsome and delicious to the eye. (Mr. Tennyson, in his "Quest of the Holy Grail," makes a beautiful use of this conceit in describing the adventures of Sir Bevidere.) However,

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on pages 152–3 of "Past and Present," (Emerson's Boston edition, 1843,) we read:

"Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake; and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions—verging, indeed, towards a certain far deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet species always does in heroes and prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses—that probably he was a humbug; that certainly he was a bore.

"Moses withdrew; but nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into Apes,' (Sale's Koran—*Introduction;*) sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *un*affected manner; gibbering and chattering *complete* nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one! There they sit and chatter, to this hour; only, I think, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizened, smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may, looking through those blinking, smoke-bleared eyes of theirs into the wonderfulest universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dark of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and, for commenting thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew:—truest, tragicalest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape. They made no use of their souls, and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half-remember that they had souls. Didst thou never, O Travel-

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ler, fall in with parties of this tribe? Meseems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day."

As is usual with Mr. Carlyle, the illustration or parable is alluded to again and again throughout the rest of the book, until it finally becomes a stock phrase with him.

Mr. Carlyle's slashing description of the "spiritualistic" faith seems to have elicited some questions as to his actual acquaintance with the subject. In reply to a letter of inquiry whether he had ever investigated the phenomena of modern spiritualism, replied as follows: "By volitn., or except passively, and by accidt., I never did; nor have the least intentn. of ever doing. T. C."

An extract from a very much older letter may not be out of season at the present time and in a magazine of our name. It is from the pen of WILLIAM PENN, and of the date 1682:

"And as for you who are likely to be concerned in the Government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especiallie the first, I do charge you before the Lord and his holie Angels that you be lowlie, diligent and tender, fearing God, loving the People, and hating Covetousnesse. Let Justice have its impartiall Course, and the law free Passage. Though to your Losse, protect no Man against it; for you are not above the Law, but the Law above you. Live, therefore, the Lives yourselves you would have the People live, and then you have Right and Boldnesse to punish the Transgressour. Keep upon the Square, for God sees you; therefore do your Dutie, and be sure you see with your own eyes and hear with your own eares. Entertain no Lurches, cherish no Informers for Gain or Revenge; use no Trickes; flie to no Devices to support or cover Injustice; but let your Hearts be upright before the Lord, trusteing in Him above the Contrivances of Men, and none shall be able to hurte or supplante."

We conclude with the following extract from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin, while in England in 1771, to Humphry Marshall, Esq., which may prove of interest to our readers, as affording additional evidence as to the view which was taken of

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the protection of home industry by one of Pennsylvania's leading citizens.

The part omitted is of merely private interest.

LONDON, *April* 22, 1771.

SIR,

I duly received your Favours of the 4th of October and the 17th of November. It gave me Pleasure to hear that tho' the Merchants had departed from their Agreement of Non-Importation, the Spirit of Industry and Frugality was likely to continue among the People. I am obliged to you for your Concern on my Account. The letters you mention gave great Offence here; but that was not attended with the immediate ill Consequences to my Interest that seem to have been hoped for by those that sent Copies of them hither.

If our Country People would well consider, that all they save in refusing to purchase foreign Gewgaws, & in making their own Apparel, being apply'd to the Improvement of their Plantations, would render those more profitable, as yielding a greater Produce, I should hope they would persist resolutely in their present commendable Industry and Frugality. And there is still a farther Consideration. The Colonies that produce Provisions grow very fast: But of the Countries that take off those Provisions, some do not increase at all, as the European Nations; and others, as the West India Colonies, not in the same proportion. So that tho' the Demand at present may be sufficient, it cannot long continue so. Every Manufacturer encouraged in our Country, makes part of a Market for Provisions within ourselves, and saves so much Money to the Country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the Manufactures he supplies. Here in England it is well known and understood, that wherever a Manufacture is established which employs a Number of Hands, it raises the Value of Lands in the neighboring Country all around it; partly by the greater Demand near at hand for the Produce of the Land, and partly from the Plenty of Money drawn by the Manufacturers to that Part of the Country. It seems therefore the interest of all our Farmers and Owners of Lands, to encourage our young Manufactures in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant countries.

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I was the more pleas'd to see in your Letter the Improvement of our Paper, having had a principal Share in establishing that Manufacture among us many Years ago, by the Encouragement I gave it.

If in anything I can serve you here, it will be a pleasure to

Your obliged Friend
and humble Servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

MR. HUMPHRY MARSHALL.

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1870.

"THE LET-ALONE PRINCIPLE."

THE boldest speculators in every department of knowledge are its sceptics, or utter unbelievers. The theorists of negation have an unlimited range of discussion, and a very broad charter of privilege. They start from the absolute, travel by the unconditioned, circumnavigate the possible, and return full freighted with demonstration to the point of departure, coming in triumphantly at the hole they went out at. A do-nothing policy of human affairs has immense advantages in dispute; having nothing to support or defend, it needs do nothing but crowd on its complaints, and then let the antagonist who has any thing to take care of, take care of himself. The let-alone principle carries no weight in the race, and needs no defensive armor in combat. It is not burdened with the study of history, the labor of inquiry, the bother of expediency, or the adaptations of management. It holds all the advantages of the assailant, and whatever opposes is kept in the uneasy attitude of defence. Like the *outs* against the *ins* of party politics, it is responsible for nothing; and, according to its own terms, freed from all responsibility, it holds the actual management to answer alike for all that it does do, for all that it does not do, and for all that it cannot do. Against all that has happened in the past there is ground for complaint; much in the present goes against the credit of the system of things; and the immediate future is by no means insured against accident. There certainly is something wrong in the management of the world's affairs. In the judgment of the let-alone

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party of political economists, the root of the evil is in the control which, under color of protection, governments assume in undertaking to provide for the general welfare. They hold that every individual in the community knows better how to apply his own labor or capital, and how to provide the conditions of success in their employment, than any other man, or body of men, can do; that is, he is every way qualified for self-government in economic affairs, but his legislative representatives, no matter how chosen, are not; or, those who are in the position to be better informed are necessarily the least informed, which must mean that while in all other matters things are better managed by those who are specially qualified, in matters of industry and commerce everybody is a born expert, except those men who are chosen for their expertness by the experts themselves.

But, if it were captious in us to object that men in great numbers are not so successful in the management of their affairs as they might be—that laborers of every kind do work to less advantage than they might, and that employers are often caught by turns in business affairs for which they are not provided, and that, generally, men are as liable to mistake in the conduct of their business interests as in the things for which they provide professional direction—we might still be allowed to think that, with respect to those more remote and indirect causes which hold the general control of a nation's industrial welfare, some other men might be better governors and care-takers, especially when trained and dedicated to the business, than the masses of the community can be. Legislation by such specially qualified persons, limited to such general subjects as individuals cannot master for themselves, and authorized by the majority of the individuals, may indeed make mistakes, but it is too much to say that their assistance is always an invasion of the rights and liberties of the minority.

Free-traders, however, choose rather to rest their cause upon abstract principles than to grapple with the facts and details of the affairs that are at stake. In the January number of *The North American Review* we have a fair sample and an average fair presentment of the manner of philosophizing that characterizes the party for whom the writer speaks. Sufficient acquaintance with the system and system-builders of the school authorizes us to say that this review article is at least a com-

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pendium of the free-trade doctrines, and closely follows the established method of its accredited expositors. With some consciousness that they are taking the world's experience to pieces and discountenancing its history, they all begin with the beginning of things—like Knickerbocker's History of New York—from the creation down to the downfall of the dynasty, whose absurdities it is their business to expose, and like that pattern author, too, they all charge themselves with the trouble of showing how the system is said to have been created, how it was probably created, and how they would have created it if they had created it themselves.

Mr. Simon Newcomb, whose name is affixed, begins with the "social compact," which he settles by stating that it is on all hands an acknowledged fiction, and he accordingly repudiates the "compact;" but he has none the less a pressing necessity for the basis upon which the fiction has been raised by the advocates of prerogative and the apologists of tyranny. He does not believe in the surrender of natural rights by contract, either express or implied; but he plants himself resolutely upon the rights of man in a state of nature, or the natural rights of man, and insists that they are primarily absolute, inviolable and inalienable, and that they are justly limited or restricted only in three ways: first, as to exclusive property in natural objects—such as lands, minerals, trees, water-courses, &c.; second, by voluntary contracts with other men; and, third—here he must be quoted—"the third limitation of rights which arises from the existence of society may be comprehended in the single phrase, subjection to taxation;" and adds, by way of emphasis, "this is the only respect in which the individual can be said to surrender any of his natural rights to society." Of this subjection to taxation he is careful to say that, "strictly speaking, it is an infringement upon natural rights," and that it is justified only by *necessity*, which, it seems, somehow necessarily conflicts with right.

What a confounded lot of logical rubbish these natural rights, or rights of the state of nature, are, when one set of them must be got rid of as inconsistent with those of other people who have the very same rights, another set by voluntary contracts with other people, and a third and last set, that are in the way of the social system, by sheer necessity, which must be allowed, for the sake of the theory of natural rights, to smash such of them

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as are impracticable in human society! If it had never been invented, Blackstone would not have had to worry his way from the chaos of pre-adamite freedom to the conclusion that the king can do no wrong, do what he will, and Mr. Newcomb would have lacked the necessary support for his conclusion, that governments can do no right, except upon the plea of necessity, when they may, "strictly speaking, infringe upon natural right," without doing wrong. Blackstone, we may suppose, welcomed the trouble of his demonstration for the sake of its issue in his management of the premises; but if Mr. Newcomb has not a similar interest of his own in the acknowledged fiction, we would suggest a contrary theory, which does not work at cross-purposes with itself, and does not oblige people to talk nonsense about rights that are wrongs, and necessities that overrule rights in civil society.

Our notion is, that men were not born, made or endowed for solitary individual existence, any more than were the birds that go in flocks, or the beasts which live in herds; that society, to gregarious birds, beasts and men, is not a compact, express or implied, but the truly natural state of all alike; that they therefore have not, never had, and cannot have any rights, or duties either, but such as consist with and promote the social systems of their respective races. Rights, "strictly speaking," are nothing else than the necessary relations arising out of the constitution of their subjects, and men can have no more, no less, no other, than those which fit them for their place and functions in creation; and consequently they can have none to surrender, and are never required to surrender any for the good of society or for that of the individual, simply because the good of both is one, and is provided for by the natural constitution of the individual and of society. These rights, we may add, imply their respective reciprocal duties—aye, duties, a branch of ethics which we hear nothing of in the whole course of the article which we are now annotating. Rights, rights, natural rights, the violation of rights, rumble along through every paragraph; but duties are never mentioned. If the let-alone argument ventured into that division of the subject, it might get involved in the duty of protection by society, answering to the duty of allegiance upon the part of the subject, though that subject be a limb or member of the complex sovereignty.

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Mr. Newcomb, like the marksmen that mean death to the game, shuts one eye in taking sight, that he may be the surer of *his* aim. The let-alone principle under his direction runs as near to no government as it can do without sinking the whole cargo of its exceptions outright. In his three classes of restrictions upon natural rights, we find no provision made for offensive or defensive war, carried on by the government, with its necessary incidents of enlistment, conscription and taxation; or if this exigency can be squeezed in under a necessity to support the government, we cannot find any place left for government rights or duties in the matter of education, pauperism, lunacy, matrimony, distribution of intestates' estates, patent right, copy right, corporations with their privileges and exemptions, international treaties, and many another familiar instance of intervention, prohibition, fostering care and necessary benefaction, which show no respect for the supposed residuum of natural rights after deduction of Mr. Newcomb's three classes of restrictions or limitations. All of these are protective in their spirit and in their operation upon the general interests of the people, and are expressly designed to be promotive of the general welfare, over and above all care that the individual can exercise in his own particular concerns.

The article before us, and the theory which it illustrates, have so much to say for individual and natural rights, which must never for any reason of public policy be infringed, that we must be allowed to bake the other side of the cake. There is such a thing as society as well and as absolutely existing as the individual man. St. Paul, for instance, holds that the church, or a divinely ordered society, consists of many members, that they are all members one of another, and that all the members constitute *one* new man. French authorities have given us the word *solidarity* to express the order, relations, and collective unity of men in the social system; and to the same purpose we have the idea of the national entity in the motto "*E Pluribus Unum.*" In civil law, a bank, a railroad company, a county, a State, is a person that can sue and be sued, and has perpetual identity under all changes of constituents. There is a State charged with the care of, and authorized to govern its members, just as the whole human body presides over, directs and provides for each several limb, member or organ in the complex unity of the individual.

This natural-rights absurdity plunges our author into another

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philosophical muddle. That and the fear of protection in the offing obliges him to make "a broad distinction between *mandatory* and *prohibitive* legislation." The mandatory is all right, because it only enforces contracts which do not infringe upon reserved rights, but the prohibitive might, by some chance, invade the sacred residuum; it might interfere in a bargain or modify its terms, and must be tabooed. This is unfortunate for the inventor. In the first place, there is no real difference between the mandatory and the prohibitive in legislation, if both the first and second table of the decalogue are made up of mandatory ordinances or commandments; but it is especially unfortunate if there be any thing either verbal or real in the difference; for those of the second table, like the criminal laws of all countries, all take the form of the prohibitive, proclaiming, "thou shalt not, thou shalt not;" and these are the only commandments that human laws can effectively and fully execute. When the laws that rule the civil relations of men are cast into the mandatory form, they are just in the shape that human authority cannot enforce; thus, "thou *shalt* love thy neighbor," which covers all the prohibitives of the decalogue, loses all the sanctions of operative legislation. So it turns out, to the confusion of the broad distinction of Mr. Newcomb, that the laws which restrain "natural liberty" are just those which fall within the province of civil government. We would not press a point like this merely to weaken the authority of a writer whose whole strength is laid out upón his logic, but he makes a pivot of the proposition, and it is perfectly legitimate to turn his guns upon his own works. It is in prohibitive or preventive legislation that protection is embedded, and its rightfulness requires defence against a classification invented to destroy it. There is in the whole argument, in keeping with its basis principle, a decided no-government leaning. Not content with the general admission that "the world is governed too much," the writer finds it necessary, for the security of the let-alone principle, in the breadth of sweep that he gives it, to deny the right of the majority to govern, and he attacks it in the usual way of his class of reformers, with weapons from that abundant magazine of logical missiles, the everlasting generalities of "first principles." Two highwaymen robbing a single traveler is an instance of the majority rule pushed to ultimates; and this is classed with despotism,

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aristocracy, and republican majorities, that the right to do a *wrong*, by virtue of superior force or numbers, may be shown to be a revolting fallacy. In this strain of reasoning, and with the borrowed force of such demonstrations, we are forthwith told that "the act of *forcing* the individual into the social compact can be justified only on the ground of necessity." The social compact turns up whenever it is wanted. It is a pure fiction, indeed, but it is a fact, nevertheless, when the adversary can be made to answer for its faults; and it is reproduced in this connection only to declare that because it is an involuntary compact it has no rightful authority over individuals or minorities, except in cases of necessity, such necessity as justifies homicide in particular cases, and has the general bad character of knowing no law and regarding none. Such necessary corrections of the system of society imply either a very bad system of natural rights, or a very bad mistake in the theory grounded upon them. But the common sense of civilized men has a very different apprehension of the whole subject of civil government. They understand that civil society is a corporation of mutual insurance, and a partnership of productive industry and commerce; that it is charged with the administration of the general interests of the community; that, much as it leaves to the individual of his private affairs, its general powers extend to every one of them so far as to foster and defend them without interfering with their legitimate liberty; and that it is bound to defend its subjects in all their interests by all its laws as well as by its armies, against injury from foreign and domestic enemies. So absolute and actual is the correspondence between the individual man and the grand or collective man, which is called society, or the community, that there is a State alms-giving, answering to individual benevolence; a State justice, reflecting individual conscience; a State education, representing philanthropy; a State economy, serving in the acquisition of wealth; and, as a necessary incident of all these duties, it has the proper power to effectuate them. The machinery of a democratic government, in fact, answers to every duty, as well as to every necessity of the individual, and the State being the embodiment of its constituent members, has all the rights, powers and duties required for the fulfilment of its intention, which, in general terms, is the promotion of the general welfare. Mr. Newcomb denies

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all this; he says, "This idea, though supported by the propositions found in our Constitutional Declarations of Rights, is, we conceive, a pure fiction." He thus takes issue with the preamble to the Federal Constitution and with its authors, and so far as the theoretical basis of our republicanism goes, we are content to leave Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Madison to his mercy; but for the benefits and blessings resulting from government, with the whole scope of authority which we claim for it, some defence may be made against the assaults of the let-alone doctrine. Briefly, we would put our position thus: Men are born to get good and do good in the world; individual and social welfare are the proper aims of earthly existence, and the best things in us must have some organization and some instrumentalities adapted to the best ends; and if the wild liberties of the state of nature will not serve so well, there must be wisdom and justice, and fitness, in spite of all "natural rights," in resorting to such organisms of effort as will give freedom and force to our relative duties, and to the proper charities of humanity; some machinery by which the strong can help the weak, the wise guide the ignorant, the rich aid the poor; in a word, or in the holiest words, some system of agencies by which the "elder may serve the younger," as "the angels minister unto them that are the heirs of salvation." To this point we are bold to affirm that the State and National governments of this Union have done more good for the millions of its present population, and for the coming millions in expectancy, than all the instances of associated effort made in all time by philanthropists working by the purely voluntary principle which the original "natural rights" of man allow and rely upon. The very religion of progress and reform is in our civil polity, and there are as large resources of beneficence in it as humanity can ever employ to purpose. There is that in the organic structure of our system which is capable of giving force and effect to all the best intentions of wisdom and goodness for the common benefit. It provides place, protection and opportunity for the man as an individual and as a social being; it separates the family from the neighborhood, guards its privileges and cherishes its influences; it incorporates the school district, the township, the county, the State, and the Union, sphere within sphere, and gives play and impulse to their utmost possibilities of good, as

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harmoniously as the planets roll in their respective orbits. The individual man, and all the combinations of which he is capable, fall within its purview for protection, encouragement, and help, and it secures to him every possibility in him, and fitting channels of action.

The powers necessary and proper to so grand a scope of duties as devolve upon civil government cannot be the mere residuum of natural rights after the deductions made by the necessities of an artificial organization, into which the individual "is forced," or of an "involuntary compact" that, "strictly speaking, is an infringement of natural rights." Law is perfectly consistent with liberty, and grudged obedience or compulsory submission to authority need not be invented for the purpose of reconciling men to the necessary surrender of any right. That is a better philosophy that denies rights which would be wrongs, in the only possible conditions of a true society of men; for this theory leaves no capital sum of independence to claim against the duties which the individual owes to society, and the powers required by the social system. The only question, in any given case, would be, Is the mandatory or prohibitive decree fitted to promote the general welfare in all respects which it touches? and the result of the inquiry, obedience to the powers that be, in case of individual dissent, or the other alternative, revolution, when that would best "provide for the common defence, and best promote the general welfare."

Our author having thus spread a firmament of logical abstractions, which impress our judgment, as we have shown, proceeds to sun and moon it with subordinate abstractions, and to star it with specialties of demonstration, for the more particular illumination of the subject of protection of home industry and commerce by duties imposed with that intent upon foreign imports which compete with domestic products for the home market. He begins with "two propositions, on which the let-alone policy, in its most general application, is founded:" "1st. In the long run, each individual is a better judge of what is the most advantageous employment of his labor or his capital than any other man or set of men can be;" and he thinks that "this proposition will not be disputed if once clearly understood." Now our understanding of it is, that it clearly means the same thing as the resolution offered in Tammany Hall by a fresh-made

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citizen from the Emerald Isle: "Resolved, that every man is as good as any other man, and a great deal better." We do not stop to dispute such a proposition, but we answer the expectation of the writer by saying that we deny it, both in the long and the short run, in the trust that upon reflection our readers will agree with us that if there is a profession or special branch of human knowledge demanding the deepest insight and the most commanding attainments of mind and of experience, it is just that which must preside over the industrial and commercial interests of a nation; and that, consequently, statesmanship, in which some men are ahead of others, is demanded for the welfare of individuals and for the community in this very thing, above all others, and that this is the reason that Political Economy is cultivated by the best abilities of men in modern times.

The second and finishing proposition propounded, fearless of disputation, is: "The advantage of the community is the sum of the advantages of its component members; and, therefore, to prove that a community is prosperous, it is necessary to show that its individual members prosper, or at least that the gains of those who prosper exceed the losses of those whose condition is made worse." This is plain enough, and may pass for indisputable. We admit that the whole is equal to its parts, and that the converse proposition, that the sum of all the parts is equal to the whole, is also true; but if it is fundamental to the let-alone argument, why do we never hear of it again? Why is it never applied, even by the remotest hint or allusion? Or how could any ingenuity make any use of it in this dispute? We, however, accept the proposition as we would accept a coin, head or tail up, having the privilege of turning it from the reverse to the obverse presentment. Preferring the face to the back view, we read it thus: The advantages of the several constituent members of a community are their distributive shares of the common advantage of the community; and, therefore, to prove that the individual members prosper, it is necessary to show that the community prospers, or at least to show that the common gains of the aggregate community exceed the general loss. Certainly, the individual is a partner in loss and gain in the common stock of the partnership, and the care of the entirety is the only way to provide for the prosperity of the severalties.

Fond as the writer is of the ideal, he feels the necessity of

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dealing with the actual, and so he brings his let-alone philosophy down from the skies, under a feeling that, after all, "it is by its good or bad results that it will actually stand or fall;" and he begins by grappling the notion of the protectionists, that "if free trade in foreign commodities be allowed, we shall import more than we can pay for without injury to our interests." He meets this trouble by showing that nobody can suffer from such incapacity to pay but those who buy the goods—either the dealers or the consumers. If the dealers, "they suffer justly for overestimating the demand;" if the consumers, "they suffer simply from buying what they find it very hard to pay for." That's all! This answer, or solution, or evasion, or whatever it is, when the logic is eliminated, and the substance is left, fairly matches Tony Lumpkin's reply to the lost travellers who asked him for direction. "Well, gentlemen," said Tony, "you admit that you don't know which way you came, nor which way to go, nor where you are, and all that I have to tell you is, that you have lost your way." People in this predicament are to be let alone, for the reason that under the natural-rights system "man is able to take care of himself better than any governing power can take care of him." Mr. Newcomb and Squire Lumpkin agree exactly as to the assistance, or guidance, or protection, that the unfortunates ask for, only Mr. Newcomb has the philosophical way of telling them that it serves them right. If they grumble, as men will do when they are lost on crack-skull common or bankrupt in free-trade markets, let them read the January number of *The North American Review*, and they will there see that a coachman, acquainted with the road, or a congress, however qualified, would be an infringement of natural rights, and are a part of that system of absolutism which nobody can bear, except protectionists, who are the subjects of "a curious aberration of intellect," such as severely affected the intellects of Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and John Quincy Adams, as their cases are now regarded by "the wisest and most far-sighted of the human race."

To the argument that "foreign goods by their cheapness injure our domestic industries," it is admitted "that the policy proposed by the protectionists tends to increase this supposed good." But the writer meets "the whole argument by denying the truth of the proposition that industry is in itself a good."

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It is not the good, we are told, but the goods that we want. "Under the protection system" we get them with a great deal of digging, hammering, and combustion of coal; under free trade we get them, the protectionists say, "without any industry at all worth speaking of," and ehew! "which is the better way?"

Of course the protectionists say no such thing; their "aberrations of intellect" are not quite so far gone; but it is not what the protectionists say, or what free traders say for them, but what they say for themselves, that we are now concerned with; and we answer them that, if industry itself is not a good, it is at least a necessity for men to earn their bread in the sweat of their face under the old law, and they must have it, and ought to have opportunity for industry provided, defended, and secured, just because they cannot well live or live well without it.

"To many, the denial of the doctrine that industry and manufactures are in themselves just objects of national desire will appear absurd," says Mr. Newcomb, and then he borrows from Bastiat his *reductio ad absurdum* in its support, and not contented with the gas-light of the illustration or the sun-stroke of the original witticism, he explains or enforces the joker's points by quizzing the sufferings of tailors if trees should be discovered bearing ready-made clothes instead of fruit, and he likens the effect to the cheapness that results from the use of labor-saving machinery. Now if there be any argument in this sort of reasoning for preferring the cheaper methods of production, it will land in something worse than absurdity if its full sweep is given to it at any time before communism or the millennium is established in the earth. The doctrine in it is such a leveller that it would hold the cost of production and the wages of labor down to the rates that are the very lowest in the scale of industrial rewards; and be it observed that such an issue does not depend upon the notion that industry in itself is an evil to be got rid of; it follows just as necessarily from Bastiat's notion that "competition is democratic in its essence; the most progressive, the most equalizing, and the most *communistic* of all the provisions to which Providence has confided the direction of human progress," for the idea that a cut-throat competition is the agency intrusted with the harmonizing of conflicting interests is the very essence of free-trade theory.

We can allow the improvements in production which diminish

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the labor cost of commodities, for these are benefits which distribute themselves over all mankind; but we cannot consent to the cheap-labor system that crushes the laborer to impoverish all others who must live by their industry. We see a difference between labor-saving machinery and labor-cheapening systems of industry; the difference is here: labor-saving machines do the world's *drudgery*, they are made of blind brute matter, and they do the world's brute work, which remits men to that kind of industry which requires and, while it requires, educates and rewards the higher faculties and forces of the rational and moral nature of men. We like the substitution of artificial for human labor, because it increases the quantity of commodities immensely; and, mark the other reason, because wages rise and laborers rise in character and condition in direct proportion to such substitution. Machinery does not, like pauper labor, underwork their fellow-laborers, leaving them nothing or something always less remunerative to do; but it puts them higher in the scale of producers and nobler in the rank of men. This may sound like a paradox to the "wisest and most far-sighted of the human race," and so would the assertion that horses are improved in condition, in numbers and value, by the substitution of the railroad train for the wagons which they formerly dragged along our highways. But the facts are, that men and horses have advanced in value both to themselves and to those for whom they work, step by step, with the improvements that relieved them from the drudgeries which require neither sense nor soul for their performance. The power loom has clothed the multitude which was left to perish before it was introduced, and the printing machine has fertilized the previously barren waste of the common mind. The improvements in the apparatus of production give men their proper mastery of matter; to them the world is indebted for the change in human industry which now works mind into muscle and provides a market for all that is available in intellect and morals; but the free-trade competition of man with man tends to bring the maximum of wages down to the minimum of subsistence, and makes pauperism the rule wherever pauperism is admitted to the contest between capital and wages. "Let alone" says to the industrials when they are under-worked: "Turn to something else and find that something else for yourselves; you are more competent to choose than anybody else

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can be for you." But the displaced artisan replies: "You narrow our choice; you bar us out from the higher and highest; your action is always in restraint of our opportunity of choice; you leave us with one or two or more things less to choose from, and all the chances of choice that are left us are invariably lower in the scale of art, and necessarily lower in the rate of remuneration. You might, like labor-saving machines, take away whatever brute matter can do as well, but you do take away only what the higher forms of industry supply; we will welcome the competition which sends us upward, but you propose that which must cast us downward." They might go further and reply to Mr. Newcomb, "We don't understand any thing in your let-alone philosophy that we like; we, who must labor, don't want to be told that industry is an evil to be avoided; that, when we visit such an exposition as that of Paris, we should be glad that somebody else than ourselves or our children are the producers of its wonderful works; and especially do we dislike your system for its tendency to break up the diversification of industries, which provides for every sort of skill and strength that nature distributes among us. We are unwilling to be made a level mass of bread-and-meat growers, with no customers but those that can be found in a single foreign market. He is a slave that can deal with only one man, for that man is his master. We want commerce with our equals in commerce, with those who depend upon us as we depend upon them; and, generally, we would be nationally independent and self-supporting in industry, rather, if we must choose, than in civil and political relations."

The other fundamental proposition of the protection doctrine which is fabricated for us by the writer of this article is, that "foreign goods cost us more than if we made them for ourselves," and of course he rejoices over the complaint that they take our markets by their cheapness, and are yet charged with the fault of their excessive cost. Might not both these charges be true? Are labor cost and money cost precisely the same thing? To avoid a strain of the intellect of the wisest of the human race, we will not here enter upon definitions of terms of art, but content ourselves with a mere business view of the point in question.

In modern industry, capital in cash, in buildings, machinery, and material, are simply indispensable; together they average near two-thirds of the apparatus of production, and labor con-

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stitutes not more than one-third of the principal to be provided. An inundation of foreign fabrics, by their cheapness, stops the work which it supplies and supplants. That proposition will stand on its own feet. Next, the monopoly of the market thus secured allows the foreign invader to raise the price of his goods to the highest figure that they will sell at; and they may then, as they have often done in our experience, cost more to the consumer in market price than they did before the home competition was removed. This is possible in theory, and it is true as a fact in our history. Thus the one limb of the proposition does not trip up the other. But there is another way in which cheapness becomes dearness. Agricultural products having lost their home-market to the extent that the manufacturers afforded it, are cheapened, and every man engaged in industrial pursuits earns less than before, and the labor cost of the foreign goods is thus increased. Here are two ways in which cheapness that disturbs the order of domestic industry turns out to be dearness in fact and effect. That is all the fun that there is in the question; if it affords any other or more, it is due to the free-trader's wit, not to its subject.

But enough space has been given to this discussion, and we are left with only enough to call attention to the striking fact that, as appears by the article in hand, and in all the reasonings of free-traders as well, they concern themselves solely with trade; that their whole science is merely a system of huckstering; and that they never concern themselves with the products of industry till they come into the field of distribution. They know nothing of political economy as a system of productive power. Catallactics, or exchanges, as proposed by Archbishop Whately, is its proper designation. Its common name would be exactly true if another word were inserted—free *foreign* trade; for this is all that it means, and all that it fights for. Take care of this, and, whether it would leave home-trade free or bound, let *it* alone. Open the arena for the strife of the strongest against the weakest, the eldest against the youngest, and leave them to their natural rights for the issue. This is the law of brutes and savage men; this is the issue of the natural rights of all men; force nobody into the social compact; enforce nothing but the voluntary contracts of individuals. If society cannot even exist, much less prosper, under the logical system, why, then, splice and

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patch it with some of the hardest necessities; always remembering that free-trade philosophy is an exact science, and that not one of its principles may be thwarted, or inflected, or delayed, or abated of its logical force by time, place or circumstances, except in the exigencies where it will not work at all; and as soon as such difficulties are dodged return to the theory again, and push it to its consequences, or the brink of the worst of them, and jump them, if they cannot be otherwise evaded.

The *North American Review* has been read by those of our readers whom we are specially addressing. They will judge whether we have done its leading contributor justice, recollecting that we have confined ourselves to his presentment of his party theory, and have had no place for an adequate presentment of our own. WILLIAM ELDER.

SECULAR TRANSFORMATIONS OF PREVALENT BELIEFS—SPIRITUALISM vs. CHRISTIANITY.

> Alter erit tum Typhys, et altera quæ venat Argo
> Dilectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella;
> Atqu' iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

THE movement in the history of human thought, if conceived as progress, must be conceived in relation to some end or goal, and that goal must be truth; and, if capable of verification as progress towards such a goal, there must be some means of distinguishing this movement from that in another or contrary direction. The truth must be assumed, therefore, as not only really existent, but in some degree cognizable. Absolute skepticism annuls all idea of progress, as thoroughly as does absolute ignorance or idiocy; the goal of all knowledge is, in that case, to know nothing at all. We know at least enough of truth to know when we approximate it. But how slow, how unsteady, how insecure are our approximations! How blindly we grope! How often we have to turn upon our steps! As we trace the movement of thought through the past, what a chaos of complications and collisions, aberrations and rectifications! What a constant eddying, and whirling, and surging, and effervescence!

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What a perpetual flux and reflux! Now a sudden and mighty advance with a grand flourish of trumpets towards an assured victory, and now a slow and sad and silent retreat. And, amidst all these commingled revolutions and transformations, the most striking feature of the movement is, this ever-recurring *oscillation*, whereby exploded theories and beliefs return from the past, and the theories and beliefs which had replaced them are exploded and disappear, only to return and replace them again. Yet, properly speaking, this movement is not an oscillation, for, in that case, there would be no progress: it is rather a spiral revolution; progressive thought returns to the same side, but never to the same point as before; it is in another and a higher plane.

Only two or three centuries ago, the belief in necromancy and witchcraft was a part of the common faith of Christendom. Against them Draconian laws were enacted, papal bulls were issued, ecclesiastical anathemas were fulminated. Thousands in Europe perished under the charge of dealing in such alleged infernal practices. In England and Scotland the victims reached many hundreds. About the year 1688 some twenty were added to the list in New England; the executions especially centring in the neighborhood of the villages of Salem and Danvers—the very birthplace and the final resting-place of the philanthropist Peabody. This is the tale of witchcraft so inseparably connected in the popular mind with those village names. The delusion, or rather the bigotry and savagery with which it was assailed, are often charged upon New England as a most damning blot upon her escutcheon. They are a foul blot, it is true; but the very charge, and the persistency with which it is urged, are an unwitting but most striking tribute to her honor. For why should the charge be made and reiterated, and become a proverb, precisely and especially against New England? When witches were burnt and hung by the score in France, and Spain, and Germany, and Great Britain, why should the participation of a little New England village in the sad infatuation be alone remembered?* Many corrupt judges have been left to rot in

* The hanging of witches had been re-enacted as the law of England in 1603. Their torture and execution were not abolished as the law of Scotland until 1709. In one year, 1656, twenty women were executed for

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oblivion, but Bacon's corruption will remain a by-word to all generations. Many murderers and adulterers of old time will never be known or named any more until the day of doom, but David's crimes are written as with the point of a diamond in the records of the past. So, "Calvin burnt Servetus," "Calvin burnt Servetus," we hear repeated on all sides; though thousands and tens of thousands of men as good as Servetus were burnt in Italy, in Spain, in the Low Countries, only a few of whose names are known at all, and then only to half a dozen book-worms and antiquaries. Why, then, is the cry against Calvin so special and emphatic? Will it be said that, in these cases, the charges against the guilty parties have their particular point, because those parties *pretended* to be especially good? But this can hardly be the reason; for, whatever were their pretences, we have yet to learn that such men as the Cavaliers were remarkable for their humility, or acknowledged themselves to be one whit inferior to the Puritans; or that the Catholics of Spain, Torquemada and his Inquisitors, Philip II. and his ministers, ever acknowledged themselves inferior, morally or

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witchcraft in the French province of Bretagne. Not long before, "one judge, in a treatise on the subject, boasted of his zeal and experience in having despatched within his single district nine hundred wretches for this crime, in the space of fifteen years; and another trustworthy authority relates with pride that in the diocese of Como alone as many as a thousand had been burnt in a twelvemonth, while the annual average was over a hundred." James I. briefly dismisses the question of the punishment of witches with the appropriate remark: "Passim obtinuit ut crementur." Even in the enlightenment of the seventeenth century, in the Augustan age of French literature, in the centre of European civilization, under the immediate eye and direction of Cardinal Richelieu, an unfortunate wretch was hurried through torture to the stake for no other crime than this. Nay, a hundred years later, in the middle of the eighteenth century, Muratori, in his Antiquities of Italy, declares that he had known women suspected of witchcraft to be burnt in several parts of Christendom. In 1729 a witch was burned at Wurzburg; and it was not until 1776 that trials for witchcraft were at length abolished in Germany. In 1815 Belgium was disgraced by the trial of an unfortunate person suspected of witchcraft; and in 1836 the populace of Hela, near Dantzic, twice plunged into the sea, in the way of ordeal, an old woman reputed to be a sorceress, and as the miserable creature persisted in rising to the surface, she was pronounced guilty, and beaten to death.

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religiously, to such as Calvin and his followers at Geneva. On the contrary, they undoubtedly and constantly claimed and boasted that they were more than equal in every character of real goodness to their vulgar and fanatical opponents.

But let this pass. A reaction followed. Witchcraft and the burning of witches disappeared together. The delusion that had persuaded the mind of Christendom passed away. Superstition was supplanted by skepticism. Men had believed too much; they could now scarcely believe any thing. They had presumed to commune with the disembodied spirits of another world; they now began to deny their own conscious spiritual being; they would believe in no spirits at all, embodied or disembodied. The visible, the sensible, the external, was recognized as the only conceivable substance and reality. A materialistic rationalism dethroned philosophy and almost strangled religion. Every thing spiritual was deemed the illusion of weak and credulous minds; and such extravagances as the belief in necromancy and witchcraft were regarded with ineffable derision and contempt. Men actually wondered how their ancestors could have been such unconscionable dolts and donkies. The oscillation was complete; the antipodes were reached; and the man would have been universally pronounced stark-mad who should have predicted that, before the close of the nineteenth century, the popular belief and the prevailing philosophy would swing around to the old bearings again. Yet, so it is. Time has its revenges. The spiral movement is rapid in its revolution, though almost imperceptibly slow in its climbing upward. Not only is a rational spiritualism returning again to the higher seats of philosophy, to do final battle with the positivist form of ultra materialism or phenomenal nihilism, but a vulgar and superstitious spiritualism is also coming largely into vogue among the masses; and most readily prevails precisely among those who have joined most loudly, and, of course, least intelligently, in the scornful condemnation of the spiritual beliefs of the past. This modern spiritualism of both the higher and the lower grade differs in many respects from the old spiritualism, having been largely modified and shaped by the rational philosophizing and the physical and scientific training through which it has passed in its last gyration.

It is a remarkable phenomenon of modern times that every

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new turn of human thoughts, whether in physics or metaphysics, seems at first to place itself instinctively in declared antagonism to Christianity; and it is only after further inquiry and investigation that an adjustment is made; when, by a modification of views on the one side or on the other, it almost uniformly results that what at first seemed inimical to Revelation is found, if true, to be friendly and confirmatory. At one time the cry is: "All men cannot have descended from one pair, therefore the Bible is false." Then it is: "Men, monkeys, and all animals and vegetables alike have been developed from one common primordial germ, and therefore the Bible is false." Now, "miracles are impossible, and therefore the Bible is false;" then, "miracles are common, and therefore the Bible is false." Now, "materialism is demonstrated, and therefore the Bible is false;" then, "spiritualism is established, and therefore the Bible is false." Meanwhile Christianity rests quietly on its ancient rock.

The older spiritualistic philosophy was essentially Christian. Even the old vulgar spiritualism was in harmony with the Christian belief, though practically anti-Christian; its antagonism recognized the truth of its opposite. The materialism which followed and supplanted both the philosophy and the superstition was theoretically, and practically, and thoroughly anti-Christian. Modern philosophy, as it grows more spiritual, is adjusting itself to Christianity more and more; and the modern vulgar spiritualism, though it very generally assumes an attitude of hostility—which arises, however, not so much from the new faith of those who adopt it as from their former mental condition and habits—may accomplish among the masses a service to Christianity, whose importance can scarcely be estimated, in helping to eradicate the materialistic prejudice, and in restoring to the common mind a practical faith in the reality of that which is spiritual. On this common ground Christianity has nothing to fear, in the long run, from the hostility or the rivalry of modern spiritualism.

Nor has she much to fear in any event. Man naturally believes in something more than the material. The reign of a doctrine of materialism must, therefore, of necessity be restricted and ephemeral. Man is also naturally a religious being. Nature is too strong for any skeptical or irreligious philosophy,

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however plausible to the philosopher. Man will still believe; man will still worship. Even the Positivist must have his temple and his ritual. Religion is safe. And when the question is reduced to this: Shall it be the Christian religion, or some other which has been or may be invented, or dug up, or revealed, whether Mahometan or Mormon, Spiritualist or Positivist, who can doubt what must be the candid decision of the intelligent inquirer, or the instinctive choice of the simple-minded many, who will be satisfied with the guidance of their own and others' experience? Among impartial and earnest men Christianity will be rejected only by those whose minds have been perverted by that little learning which is a dangerous thing, or by the illusions either of an artificial philosophy or of science falsely so called.

Once believe in a real spiritual world, whose powers and agencies may be manifested in this; and there are no other revelations from that world which, in the minds of considerate men, in the minds of the generality of men, will bear the test of time and thorough examination, as opposed to and contrasted with those of Christianity.

The case is sometimes put thus: "Christianity relies upon its miraculous evidence; but there is the same kind of evidence for the modern spiritual manifestations as for the Christian revelation, with the advantage of being more recent—in fact, being ready upon call every day—and vastly more abundant. Therefore, if Christianity can be proved true, spiritualism is proved true *a fortiori;* but if spiritualism is true, Christianity is false, because spiritualism declares it to be; and so, either Christianity cannot be proved at all, or it is proved false: its own witnesses prove too much for it."

But, in answer, it is, in the first place, denied that there is the same evidence for spiritualism as for Christianity. The alleged miracles of Christianity were wrought in the open day, publicly, in the face of enemies, as occasion offered, subjected to the cross-questioning of all the senses of multitudes of observers, not under tables, in the dark, before private circles, with mummeries or incantations, at certain appointed places, and on prepared occasions.

In the second place, the subject-matter and the results, the moral character and influence of Christianity, its historical connections precedent as well as consequent, give an antecedent

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credibility to the supernatural character of its alleged miracles, which spiritualism cannot claim. In other words, spiritualism wants the internal and historical evidences which support Christianity, and authenticate its miraculous claims.

In the third place, even if the sensible phenomena alleged by spiritualism in support of its supernatural or hyperphysical or spiritual claims were admitted to be well established and free from all suspicion of trick and jugglery, its conclusion would still fail to be established by those phenomena, for two reasons: (1.) It is by no means clear that they are not all explicable by mere physical causes: the spiritualists have never raised the dead nor restored sight to one born blind; (2.) If there be a residuum which is not thus explicable either actually or by hypothesis, then there must indeed be presumed some super-sensible or spiritual cause, but it by no means follows that that cause is precisely the agency of departed spirits, much less that it is the result of divine inspiration; it may all proceed from the agency of evil spirits, whose existence is just as certain and just as doubtful as the existence of the disembodied spirits of departed men. There neither is nor can be, except in the way of internal moral and historical evidence, (which does not exist,) any sufficient guarantee that the information of the *soi-disant* spirits, their revelations in regard to spiritual and supra-mundane things, are not utterly false. The devil is the father of lies; and, if he may change himself into an angel of light, surely he may personate a departed spirit. Those revelations may, for ought we know and for ought anybody can know or prove, be the suggestions and manifestations of malicious and wicked spirits, permitted by Divine Providence in these times of rationalism and philosophic pride and unbelief, in order to test and prove our faith and the steadfastness of our adherence to the truth and doctrines of the religion which God has condescended to reveal to us, (Deut. xiii. 1–5.) It is alleged by St. Paul, as a just judgment upon the heathen, that when, with all the overwhelming evidence for the being and attributes of God within them and around them, they would not glorify him as God, they became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creep-

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ing things." If they would not believe in God, they should believe in beasts, or at best in deified heroes. If they would not worship God, they should worship idols. And so, if men will reject the noble spiritual truths and realities which Christianity reveals, they may be left to embrace the vulgar and grovelling spiritualism of the somnambulistic dreamer and the juggling necromancer. It must surely be strange if unprejudiced and considerate men shall reject Christianity in view of phenomena, the probable existence of which Christianity fully recognizes and alone explains.

There is one curious aspect of the case with which we conclude; it is this: if the laws for punishing necromancers were right and proper, and if our modern necromancers are really dealing with the spirits of the dead—or with spirits at all—then have the innocent probably been punished long ago, while those who are really guilty now escape. For ourselves, we do not suppose that either of the premises is true.

D. R. Goodwin.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

[Continued.]

To a student of at all thoughtful mind, amusement soon loses its excessive relish, and he turns to the more legitimate occupations of his station. Here he may well be bewildered by the vast opportunities afforded him of cultivation in every department of sound and elegant learning. The Faculty or Board of Instruction is divided into four corps, containing the three faculties, as among us, of Theology, Medicine and Law, and the Ordo Philosophorum or Philosophical Faculty, which is almost unknown on this side the Atlantic. Let us devote a few moments attention to this department. The Philosophical Faculty instruct in all those branches of learning which cultivate and develop man's powers irrespective of any particular use to which he may apply them. In the admirable language of Sir William Hamilton, the department of Philosophy or Art is "the fundamental one in which the individual, as an end unto himself, is educated to the

general development of his various capacities as *man* and *gentleman*, and not, as in the others, viewed as a means towards an end ulterior to himself, and trained to certain special dexterities as a *professional man.*" Not only philosophy, as we technically use the word, either mental, moral or physical, is included within the scope of this wide-encircling department; but all those subjects which are capable of being treated philosophically—be they history, philology, poetry, mathematics, botany or physics, as well as ethics, logic and psychology—are embraced in it. Let me mention some of the topics treated under this head in the University of Berlin, to give a clear idea of it. Carl Ritter, the great geographer, lately deceased, belonged to this faculty, and lectured upon the history of geography from its earliest times until the present, showing the connection between physical and national geography. Professor Haagen lectures on the history of art, and traces its development from the crude beginnings in Egypt and India, through the Etruscan and Grecian and Roman periods, and then shows the influence of Christianity in elevating it, and stimulating its progress from its early beginning to the times of Michael Angelo and Raphael; explaining the meaning and causes of its various phases, and pointing out the relation of one school to another. Professor Lepsius, who is, we may say, to Egypt what Niebuhr was to Rome, lectures upon the history and monuments of Egypt, unfolding the meaning of those unintelligible inscriptions which, nevertheless, he has learned to run and read. Professor Bopp lectured on comparative philology, explaining the relation of the classical languages and their derivatives, and the Indo-Germanic languages of modern Europe, to the mother tongue, the Sanskrit. Professor Trendlenburg carries you along through the old systems of philosophy, showing how one developed into the other; and Professor Michelet, the Hegelian, will endeavor to convince you that each philosophy was but the scientific expression of the spirit of the time in which it was evolved. These are of course but illustrations of the subjects treated, and the manner of treating them; but it is not too much to say that every branch of polite learning finds here its exponent in a thoroughly educated scholar.

Every student hears more or less the lectures of the Philosophical Faculty, while some study only in this department. No theologian would deem his course complete, did he not under-

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stand the history of philosophy at least. The medical student must hear the lectures of the sciences kindred to his own. The student of law, even for his professional purposes, will dip into the history of the past as it is philosophically explained. The German believes that the culture of the man—as well as of the clergyman, the medical man and the lawyer—must be included in a liberal education. What conduces very essentially to the very highest culture of the student is the great number of professors, and the peculiar mode of their appointment. The office of teacher in the university is as distinct a department of civil life in Germany as the diplomatic service is of the political life. We have no two professions answering to them. As our foreign ministers and secretaries of government are selected from able men of all vocations, diplomacy as such being no separate arm of the service, so our professors are taken from the learned men of all professions. Most of our theological seminaries demand that theological professors shall have been active clergymen. In fact, most of the professors in our colleges have at some time been parish ministers. But in Germany, men are specially educated to be professors. Professorial life constitutes a profession, as much as diplomacy, and men of promise entering the university set out to prepare for it, as much as for law or divinity. The rewards are as good as in most other professions, for the government takes care that its universities, the pride and hope of the country, shall not die of starvation. It offers rewards in the form of good salaries, and the less solid but not less attractive orders of knighthood, state counsellors, etc., which give rank and title, and adorn the coat with shining insignia, though they do not fill the stomach with substantial food. The Germans delight in these things as much as our neighbors of Virginia do in the appellations of captain, colonel and major; or our friends of New England in the more solemn title of deacon. Woe to the social reputation of him who, addressing a Geheim Rath or privy counsellor, does not let this bestowed title take precedence of the hard-earned one of doctor and professor; and not only so, but who fails to bestow it upon his affectionate spouse, faithful ever to his titles, and address her as the Frau Räthin, or madam privy counsellor*ess*.

These awards do not suffer the profession to lack for applicants. Every student, on passing certain examinations, is admitted to

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the degree of doctor of philosophy. Every one taking his degree can, on writing a Latin essay, which he will defend in Latin disputation with three opponents appointed by the university, be admitted to teach in the university. This discussion, though not so important as the severe examination which has preceded it, is celebrated with much pomp. It is held in the Aula of the university. The dean of the faculty presides, clad in his university robes, and covered with a rich purple velvet mantle heavy with golden embroidery. The various professors are seated on either side; the law faculty clad in purple, the medical faculty in crimson, the philosophical faculty in scarlet, and the theologians in black. The dean of each faculty is adorned besides with an ermine-trimmed and gold-embroidered velvet cloak or mantle, of the color proper to his department of instruction. The young candidate sits directly in front of the presiding officer in full evening citizen's dress, with white cravat and gloves. The three disputants sit directly in front facing him. At the proper moment the candidate rises, and, addressing his opponents in Latin, declares himself ready to defend the thesis announced in his published essay. He is then answered in turn by the three disputants, who hurl their Latin objections against him with a vehemence rivalling that of Cicero against Cataline. After an hour or two of this satisfactory discussion, the young candidate rises to receive admission to the liberty of teaching in the university. A Latin address is made by the dean, during which he presents the young scholar with a shut book, the symbol of study, and an open book, the symbol of the teacher. A ring is put on his finger, his hand is clasped, and after being embraced and kissed on either cheek, he descends from the Bema to receive the congratulations of the faculty in the character of *Privat Docent.*

This grade of instruction is the lowest. To them is merely awarded the privilege to teach. A lecture-room in the university building is granted, which is lighted and warmed free of expense, and the young embryo professor publishes in the catalogue on what subjects he will lecture, and awaits with intense interest to see how many honor him with their presence; for upon the fees of those who attend his lectures his entire support depends, the government allowing no compensation to those of his class. If he gives promise, his lecture-room soon fills. When

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his ability is manifested by the issue of a book, (for a book is the experimentum crucis of German ability,) he is soon raised to the next grade, and becomes an inferior member of the faculty under the title of Professor Extraordinary. Now he receives some compensation from the government, not, perhaps, sufficient for his support, which must yet in part depend upon the fees of his students. Every student who attends regularly has to pay his four or five dollars for the course of lectures, the professor giving one lecture a week publicly, *i. e.*, free of charge, as an acknowledgment of the government compensation. If the professor is popular, his income is nevertheless quite large, as some have an attendance of from three to five hundred hearers. The professor may read as many courses of lectures as he pleases, though they seldom exceed three a day. When any special eminence in his department is attained—eminence attested by published works—the extraordinary professor is made ordinary professor, the highest grade, when his salary is made quite large, and, of course, he having attained his position by his worth and distinction, the attendance on his lectures is comparatively large as well. Thus Tholuck, who is Ordinary Professor of Theology at Halle, has often four or five hundred hearers. Thus the student has a large number of instructors to chose from, and those, too, who have gained by merit the right to teach.

In the University of Berlin there are in the theological faculty five ordinary professors, five extraordinary, and four private docents. When we recollect that in our theological seminaries five professors is considered a large complement, it is evident that fourteen instructors in this department gives ample opportunity of thorough culture. In the law faculty there are nine ordinary and four extraordinary professors, with three licentiates. In the medical faculty there are eleven ordinary professors, eight extraordinary, and twenty licensed teachers. The extended philosophical faculty is composed of twenty-six ordinary professors, four privileged readers, twenty-five extraordinary professors, and thirty-six private docents; besides eight persons who either give private instruction in languages or are connected with the gymnasia and riding-schools. In the one University of Berlin, therefore, there are altogether in the various departments fifty-one ordinary professors, forty-two

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extraordinary professors, and sixty-three private docents, or altogether one hundred and sixty-eight instructors.

I have selected the University of Berlin as an illustration purposely, because it is the largest and most eminent institution in Germany, and because almost every student, though he may study elsewhere, passes some time at it and enjoys its advantages. But he is not shut up to this one, nor is his choice limited to its one hundred and sixty-eight teachers. There are in Germany (including Austria, Prussia, and the smaller kingdoms and duchies, which are represented at Frankfort) twenty-six full-manned universities, besides some more colleges or theological seminaries. Six of these belong to Prussia alone, and are by no means insignificant. Halle, for instance, has been the most noted of all for its theological department, and it contains sixty-three instructors of various grades. Among these may be found such names as Tholuck, Julius Müller, and Hupfeld in theology; Leo, the great historian; Erdmann, the philosopher; Roediger, the great Arabic scholar; Ulrici, the celebrated commentator on Shakspeare in its philosophical faculty—all men of world-wide reputation. It is necessary only to mention the Universities of Gottingen, Leipsic, Munich, Vienna, Heidelberg, Bonn, Jena, to show how varied a choice among the pre-eminently excellent the German student has. One would gain a very imperfect idea of his advantages, however, if he confined his attention merely to the distinguished men who speak to him. He has access to the most extensive libraries, the richest museums, the most celebrated picture-galleries, in order to confirm by the eye what he has learned by the ear. Taking again Berlin as our point of observation, we find a library of six hundred thousand volumes open to his inspection; the great museum, or gallery of painting and sculpture, where the works of art are arranged in schools, and chronologically, to assist him in his study, is before him. The wonders of the new museum, which contains the finest Egyptian museum in the world, besides galleries illustrative of the history of plastic art, sculpture, and architecture, among all nations, are freely open to him. He finds here not merely casts of the most famous statues and temples of classic times, but to assist his imagination still further, frescoes are painted on the walls of the apartments which contain them, in which the mutilated remains of ancient Greece and Rome are restored to their original splendor, not merely accord-

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ing to the uninstructed fancy of the artist, but under the guidance of the celebrated classical scholars, who, from their accurate acquaintance with authors cotemporary with the works portrayed, have been enabled to reconstruct to the eye the crumbling structures of to-day in all their pristine glory; and all these collections are open free of charge. If the student, after hearing a lecture on the age of Pericles, wishes to gain a clearer idea of it, he has only to walk to the rooms of the new museum, wherein, cast from the original remains, and in the gorgeous frescoes of the scenes as they actually existed, he has it reproduced before his eyes.

If he will study Roman art, he passes on to where the architecture of the rooms changes from the plain straight wall and broad cornice of Greece, to the round arch resting on the Grecian column, which proclaims the civilization of Rome. To gain it, he has passed from the earlier to the later periods of Grecian art as illustrated by the most celebrated works, all chronologically arrayed, so as to show the progress from the perfection of one age to that of the other. Once in the rooms, whose architecture shows their nationality, he finds repeated for Rome what he had before learned of Greece. And if he passes on, he comes to the specimens of early Saxon art, enshrined beneath the deep vault and massive column of the earlier or Norman gothic; and moving on yet further, he enters the room supported by the pointed arch and clustered column of the genuine Gothic, where all around are lying casts of the most celebrated carvings, and other works of the devout middle age. In the Egyptian rooms, he sees not only a crude collection of curiosities, but the walls are formed into the models of temples, which once existed on the banks of the Nile. Inscriptions are blazoned upon them. The huge pillars support the roof, and in panels on the sides you look upon frescoes of the pyramids and other Egyptian marvels, painted with such masterly skill in the marvellous sunny glow of the golden climate, that you seem to be gazing out of a window upon the scenes themselves. The great coffins and statues and tombs are arranged just as they were found before they were transported from the country which produced them; and mummies lie in some of them just as they were laid away to rest, with their charms about them, thousands of years ago. One can never forget the mythology of the Northmen, after he has once

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seen exquisitely painted on the walls of the apartment of Saxon antiquities the legends of Thor and Woden, and their other divinities. Every look around is a lesson from which one cannot help but learn.

It is unnecessary to refer to the culture one must unconsciously receive from all these refining influences. Manuscripts, illuminated missals, black letter type, become realities to the student, and he grows familiar of necessity with the objects of other days and the influences wrought upon them. He breathes a cultivated atmosphere, and, thoroughly prepared by his long preparatory training to appreciate his surroundings, acquires the scholarly habit and tone as naturally as a person thrown into good society acquires good manners.

The student turning from his mere social pleasures would thus seem to be amply provided for. He is to be taught only by lectures, and preparing his paper, which is used stitched together and which he calls his heft, on which to take notes, he gets a wrapper or leathern case to keep it smooth in carrying to and from lecture; buys a horn inkstand with a sharp point on the end, and sets off on the road to learning, which is as nearly royal as royal munificence can make it.

[To be continued.]

PROF. MAURICE ON "SOCIAL MORALITY."

During the times of the Chartist agitation in England, in the years which followed the Continental Revolution of 1848, when the workingmen, goaded into rebellion by social misery and want, were threatening the overthrow of every national institution—during those years, we say, (but exactly in which year we know not,) a memorable meeting was held in a London tavern. A clergyman of the Church of England, known to all classes through his fearless speaking of the truth and his sacrifice for conviction, had invited a group of the leaders of the working class to meet him and explain their plans of national and social reform. Repeated sessions were held, in which one after another

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divulged his projects for the common good. All found a patient hearing, found their views elicited to the best advantage by apt leading questions, and even more strongly stated at the close of the conference by their cultivated host than they themselves were capable of doing. And then their friend went over their proposals in kindly and respectful review, in which they were clearly and carefully analyzed, and the elements of truth which they contained justly appreciated. But the critic did not pause here; he showed them why their crudely conceived social Utopias must fail and their plans of reform come to naught or worse than naught, not because they were too radical, but because they were not radical enough—because they reached down to no root of the evil, but only assailed the evil branches and ramifications which would grow forth again as speedily as they were cut down. The mere charlatans of his audience, who found agitation a profitable profession, soon fell off and ceased to attend the conferences, but the men who had the good of their class and of their country at heart stayed. With the practical conclusion which their friend reached, they found themselves thoroughly in sympathy, and aided him in carrying out his project. The workingman, he urged, needed education; learning and working, too long divorced in theory and the practice of Christendom, must become yoke-fellows, and the workingman must aspire to a real and thorough education; not that he might be fitted to rise above his own class and gain admission to some other, but that he might stay in it and bring wisdom to its counsels, make it feel that it was a part of a nation whose well-being was bound up with that of all classes. The words "national education" must come to mean more than "juvenile instruction;" to mean what they did in the earlier days of the German, French, and English monarchies, when schools were regarded as confined to no age; what they did when the English Continental Universities were thronged with myriads of scholars, many of them grown men, many of them "workingmen," in the limited sense in which we use that term.

The measure which Rev. F. D. Maurice proposed to his friends was the establishment of a Workingmen's College in London, in which members of that class might obtain the mathematical, literary and scientific training hitherto regarded as beyond their reach. The workingmen were not the only persons who hailed with

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satisfaction the proposal; no less than twenty-three graduates of the two National Universities are or have been associated as teachers with Principal Maurice in the execution of his plan, which continues to advance and to grow in popularity. Look at a few of the names on the list of teachers: Rev. J. Ll. Davies, Barrister J. M. Ludlow; J. Westlake, Dante G. Rossetti, and John Ruskin, the painters; Thomas Woolner and Alexander Munro, the sculptors; Thomas Hughes, M. P., author of "Tom Brown," Vernon Lushington, D. C. L., and John Hullah, the great musical scholar. We pass by many other names of equal eminence, less familiar to ears on our side of the Atlantic. The curriculum of studies is remarkable for its combination of the practical and the thorough; the cost of tuition is at the smallest possible rate, all but a few teachers being entirely unpaid. Its success may be judged from the rise of similar institutions in various parts of London and elsewhere in England, where the old Mechanics' Institutes, started by Lord Brougham and his Whig associates of the "Useful Knowledge Society," have nearly all died out. The number of students at the original College has grown from one hundred and forty-five to five hundred and nine, indicating the esteem with which it is regarded by the class it was intended to benefit.

The original plan of its founder has been faithfully adhered to, with such unessential modifications as experience has suggested, and the results aimed at have not been missed. The graduates have not pressed up into the middle class, but have been largely a power for good in their own. They have been trained to feel that they were members of a nation bound by ties, not of their own creation, to every fellow-citizen. Their caste, prejudices, and exclusiveness—feelings which are just as strong in the lowest as in the highest class—have been softened without the attempt to crush out the convictions of right and justice, which, when unwisely and uncharitably directed, had set them against other classes.

We have taken these facts to introduce to our readers one of the most remarkable thinkers, writers, and educators of our own times—Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Principal of Working-men's College, London, and Professor of Casuistry and Morality in the University of Cambridge. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and the son still adhered to that belief when he left col-

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lege; and not until some years later could he conscientiously assent to the XXXIX Articles and take a University degree. The change in his views seems to be largely attributable to the philosophic impulses received from the writings and conversations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was, as readers of Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling" know, associated with that unhappy genius in the early management of *The Athenæum*, and their wives were sisters. His Platonic interpretation of the scriptural word "eternal" lost him his chair in King's College, a low-church institution in London; and that, together with the exceedingly able character of his theological writings, seems to have brought him to the front as the leader of the Old* Broad Church Party, after the death of Arnold and of the brothers Hare. In later times he has been looked up to by this group of the ablest men in the established and even in the dissenting churches of England, and even in Scotland, with the respect inspired by his character, his learning, and his years. Such men as Kingsley and Hughes, Strachey and Seelye, Robertson and Davies, Ludlow and Tennyson, A. K. H. Boyd and Norman MacLeod, Lynch and Baldwin Brown, may be named among his friends, not as slavishly accepting his opinions, or as regarding him as an oracle, but as striving with him to find the ground of unity, the common fixed truths, which underlie the clashing convictions of our controversial age. "The end of philosophy," says Bacon, "is the contemplation of unity;" and the maxim might be regarded as the motto of Mr. Maurice and his friends. In the closing words of his lectures on the "Education and Representation of the People" he says:

"All the various convictions of the land have succeeded in getting themselves represented [in the House of Commons]; no one has been able to stifle the other. I thank God that it is so. If interests were represented and convictions silent, I should think the hour of our dissolution was at hand. May they all be heard; may the utterance make them more genuine and vital! It may be true—perhaps it is—that they will not be genuine, not vital, unless there is something to bind them together; that they

*We use this designation to distinguish them from the later school of Broad Churchmen, who have given way to the one-sided Rationalist current of our times, of whom Voysey and Colenso are the worst, and Dean Stanley the best, specimens. The distinction is pointed out by Miss F. P. Cobbe, in her "Broken Lights."

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will become merely negative and destructive of each other. If so, the education of the workmen should be directed, not to extinguish any one of the convictions which are stirring among us now, but to find some centre for them all. As a clergyman I might venture to say that I should seek that centre where President Lincoln sought it; that I should have no hope for the education of Englishmen if I did not believe that God had been educating them."

A man with that sort of a social and political creed may be expected to take a deep interest in current movements of society. And such has been the attitude of Mr. Maurice for nearly forty years. No important discussion for years past has escaped his notice, or his pen. His writings would make a small library of themselves, and reflect the current of events as clearly as would the file of a daily newspaper for the same period—more clearly, indeed, since the cardinal and critical facts are divested of their accidental appendages, and viewed in the dry light of eternal and immutable truth. An ordinary man who has lived so vividly in the present might be expected to have little time for investigation of the past, but Mr. Maurice's interest in humanity is universal. Take, for instance, his "History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," a history of human thought from Confucius to Kant, and which he is now rewriting. It is a long series of full and laborious, loving and conscientious, discussions of all the leading thinkers. Time would fail to specify even a respectable moiety of his works,* but we warn our readers not to suppose too hastily that the man who has written so much has written carelessly. No man can weigh his words or balance his judgments more carefully than this man, or seek more earnestly to get to the very heart of his subject, or search more widely after any ray of light that any previous writer has cast on it. Of the extent of his reading we can only say that it casts into the shade

* We specify such as have been republished in America: "The Kingdom of Christ, [New York, Appletons;] "The Religions of the World," [Boston, Gould & Lincoln;] "Theological Essays," [New York, Middletons;] "The Word 'Eternal,'" [New York, Miller;] "The Lord's Prayer," [Philadelphia, Hooker;] "The Ground of Hope for Mankind," [Boston, Spencer;] "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament," [Boston, Nichols & Noyes;] also the Preface to "Kingsley's Poems," [Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co.;] and essays in "Tracts for Priests and People," [Boston, Walker, Wise & Co.]

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even that of Sir William Hamilton, of whom De Quincey declared that he must have read a book for every five minutes of his life. And it is as varied as it is extensive. If intellectual growth is to be measured by the number of topics in which a man takes intelligent interest, then we would say that Professor Maurice stands peerless among the sons of men. *Nihil humanum a se alienum putat.*

His style has been complained of, yet such a judge as James Martineau declares it among the clearest he knows. Its very simplicity seems to be the difficulty. It is so simple, so central to the reality of things, that it requires thought at every step. Readers who are accustomed to books which impress their meaning by a superficial emphasis, turn away from Maurice as "misty," "ambiguous," &c., &c. In doing so they remind us of the old toper who boasted that his palate was still so good that he could distinguish liquor from liquor by the taste, even if blindfolded. He verified his boast until he was given a taste of pump water. He smacked his lips, knitted his brows in perplexed thought, and gravely remarked, "You have foiled me now, gentlemen; that's a liquor I'm not used to." So with the jaded palates of modern readers; they can understand every thing but simplicity: that puzzles them.

Let us not be understood to mean that Professor Maurice's style is insipid. Far from it. There is a ceaseless play of a quiet, lambent humor over his pages, and a deep sympathy with all humanity that wins us on step by step. Above all, there is a profound reverence, not for God only, but for all His works, and especially for man, his chiefest work, and for the thoughts of men, which can neither be feigned nor imitated, and which is at once a source of the deepest insight and a provocative to the heartiest esteem and affection. Other men may be as warmly admired, but no man of our day has excited such profound personal regard in the breasts even of men who never saw him, who lived at the distance of thousands of miles from him, who know him only through his works. Almost alone of our day, he possesses the peculiar and indescribable power which makes the pages of Leighton, Fenelon and St. Austin glow with strange warmth, the power which old writers called "unction." His choice of words is simple enough; he has his peculiar words, but they are mostly gathered from the English Bible or from English homes.

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Since his election, a few years ago, to a Professorship in Cambridge University, he has delivered two series of lectures on the subjects of the chair, both of which he has published. The first is on the Conscience. *Vidimus tantum.* The second course, on Social Morality, is before us, a handsome volume of five hundred octavo pages; and we propose not so much to review it, as to briefly indicate its general scope, and extract a few of the many paragraphs which have a special interest to the American reader. We may premise that Professor Maurice was the outspoken and unflinching advocate of the American people during the late rebellion, and has earned a right to speak to friendly ears on this side of the Atlantic.

In the opening lecture he defines his subject by examples and divides it into (1.) Domestic Morality; (2.) National Morality: (3.) Universal Morality; pointing out the way in which each grows out of the other, and how the first has risen in importance since Rosseau and the French Revolution. One illustration of this new interest he draws from popular fiction. "The strictly domestic story has become characteristic of our times, not in this country only, but, as far as I can make out, in all countries of Europe. The morality may be of one kind or another. The family may be merely a ground-plot for the display of sensational incidents. Still these incidents are found to be the most startling, and therefore most agreeable to those who wish to be startled, when they are associated outrages upon the Family order." Domestic Morality comprehends the relations of *parents and children*, *husbands and wives*, *brothers and sisters*, *masters and servants*, and *family worship*. In regard to the first he notes that the filial relation modifies all social facts; that men have had fathers, and have been born into a society already existing, is a fundamental fact of life. The parental authority was the idea which made Rome great and still keeps her great; its exaggeration in the legal form of brute force in the *patria potestas* was her ruin. Equally fatal is the notion of subjection to force in the marriage relation, and not less so is the exaltation of either sex at the expense of the other:

"The relation of the man and woman which is expressed in marriage, the dependence of each upon the other, is lost in the attempt to exalt either at the expense of the other. Separate them that you may glorify the strength of the man, or the ten-

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derness of the woman; the strength and the tenderness depart, either because the strength becomes brutal and the tenderness imbecility, or because the strength apes the tenderness, and the tenderness the strength. Their union, not as the result of any system but as involved in the order of the universe, is implicitly confessed by every society which has not been given over to brutality. There are some who tremble when they hear of the attempts made to found a new polygamy in the West, under the shadow of Christian civilization. I apprehend such a spectacle may be of the greatest service to Christian civilization, if rightly turned to right account. Let the polygamy of the Mormons be presented to us in the most favorable light by the most impartial observer; . . . still there is no question that the position of the woman is one of servitude. If the civilized Christians have understood that to be the position of the one wife—if they have no higher conception of the marriage relation—it is good for them to behold the full development of their own principle, to see how much more perfectly it may be realized, if the form which they have deemed sacred be abandoned. It may shake all their surface morality, but it may drive them to ask for the ground on which their morality rests. Clearly the [United] States, by mere force, have not been able to put down Mormonism. Most thankful should we be that they have not. By giving up slavery, by overthrowing the horrors which it introduced into the marriage relation, they have borne the true witness against Mormonism. Reforming their own civilization, they have taken the true course for protecting themselves against any attempt, organic or inorganic, to graft the oriental civilization upon it. . . . . . They have done what they could to vindicate the true Scripture idea, that the man cannot be without the woman, nor the woman without the man, if there is a Lord in whom they are one."

His discussion of slavery, in the lecture on *Masters and Servants*, is masterly. Negro slavery "belongs to the trade age. Men of high intelligence may plagiarize from the Greeks, and apply their doctrine of the dominion of intellect over brute force in the case of the white and the negro. But they know that the white stooped to the brutality of the negro in the act of capturing him; increased his brutality in the process of holding him; found his interest in warring against intellect in those whom he possessed; therefore gradually lost all feeling of the difference between intellect and mere force in himself." Like Carlyle, however, he agrees with the slaveholder in holding that mere wages cannot be the basis of any healthy relation between master and servant. In the next lecture, the family relations are

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shown to be the first and strongest evidence of religion, forcing men to theological explanations of life and its relations. This imparts their universal and unceasing interest to the Homeric poems, and its vitality to the Roman commonwealth. Referring to Comte's theory that the theological age was in the infancy of the race, he says: "I do not know when the theological age terminated; I believe it will terminate whenever men set at naught the authority of fathers and the obedience of sons, the trust of husbands and wives, the respect of brothers and sisters for each other, and the mutual honor of master and servant."

In regard to *national morality*, the first question is the limits and lawfulness of patriot feeling. His main position is: "If I, being an Englishman, desire to be thoroughly an Englishman, I must respect every Frenchman who desires to be thoroughly a Frenchman, every German who strives to be thoroughly a German. I must learn more of the grandeur and worth of his position, the more I estimate the worth and grandeur of my own." He proceeds to show how the two opposite facts of individuality and nationality depend upon each other, finely contrasting the strength of free Germany, whose representative philosopher is the egotist Fichte, with the weakness of Spain, whose only philosophy is mystic self-annihilation, and where the State has crushed the individual conscience. Next is the power of national *Law* and its mysterious power to coerce and restrain, taking the recent history of California as a palmary instance. Then the sacredness of the national *language* is discussed, and the idea of the English becoming a universal language strongly deprecated. The creators of national languages—Dante, Wickliffe, Huss and Luther—and the influence which the Hebrew Word—just because of its nationality—exercised in and through each, is dwelt on. The national *government* is shown to rest on deeper ground than popular consent, or social contracts. The duty of loyalty to the law, whether associated with a Person, an Order, or a Right, is asserted, and the perils of loyalty in a democracy explained. The late war in our country is held up as an example of the way that these difficulties may be overcome, and an institution anomalous to the national order removed at the impulse of loyalty to the land and its form of government. "A great republic has held forth for us a spectacle to wonder at, and an example [of loyalty] to make us ashamed." He expresses

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the hope that the loyalty of Americans to their form of government rests on deeper grounds than a "mere intellectual persuasion that democracy, as such, has proved itself to be the only tolerable form of government for the universe. Loyalty, I am persuaded, is deeper in them than any judgments of the understanding, which are liable to continual shocks and vicissitudes." National *wars*, not for trade or empire, but for the national independence, the national unity, the national power, are warmly defended, and the popular respect for soldiers vindicated as right, but national armament rejected as wrong. National *worship* is urged as due to the King of Nations, and therefore of each nation, and illustrated by the tenor of the Book of Psalms.

The lectures on Universal Morality are a History of Europe in the light of first principles, from the days of Julius Cæsar to our own. The universal *Empire* of Rome, the universal *Family* of the Church, are presented, first in opposition, then in union. The Latin family covers the mediæval period, while the reformation and counter-reformation of Luther and Loyola explain the present attitude of western Christendom. The whole closes with a review of recent writers on social morality, and the demands made for a morality which shall rest on a divine ground. His conclusion of the whole matter is:

"We want for the establishment and rectification of our social morality, not to dream ourselves into some imaginary past, or some imaginary future, but to use that which we have, to live as if all we uttered when we seem to be most in earnest were not a lie. Then we may find that the principle and habit of self-sacrifice which is expressed in the most comprehensive human worship, supplies the underground for national equity, freedom, courage; for the courtesies of common intercourse, the homely virtues and graces which can be brought under no rule, but which constitute the chief charm of life, and tend most to abate its miseries. . . So there will be discovered beneath the politics of the earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a City which has foundations whose builder and maker is God."

John Dyer.

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TWO BITS OF CRITICISM.

THE *Galaxy* for March has an extremely amusing paragraph in its "Nebulæ" department, which our readers will the better appreciate after reading the last article in our last month's issue. The writer—Mr. Richard Grant White, we suppose—says:

> Everybody has been "sold," it would seem, about Carlyle's "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes" as applied to spiritualism. People exploded with admiration over the phrase, and it ran a wild round of the newspapers. An inquiring creature here and there did perhaps ask of his own soul what "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes" meant; what species of ape was peculiar to the Dead Sea, and what was their liturgy. But even these inquirers were too timid to put the question openly, and so it passed into a public law that Carlyle had said something wonderfully clever when he spoke of a Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes. But behold it now turns out that Carlyle never said any such thing. He wrote "Dead Sea Apples," and a bewildered printer made it "Dead Sea Apes!" Well, a Liturgy of Dead Sea Apples is intelligible [!] at least, if not remarkable for any great novelty of idea. But we are for sticking to the Dead Sea Apes, as far finer and more truly Carlylean. Nobody can understand it, and this is a merit which to the devotees of Carlyle must be simply inestimable.

The only excuse for such a line of criticism is the Nebulist's manifest and immeasurable superiority to Mr. Thomas Carlyle in all the elements of strength of thought and clearness of expression. But we really regret that he has not added to his literary superiority some slight acquaintance with Mr. Carlyle's works, or even with such a very common book as Sale's Translation of the Koran. By ingenuously giving *Lippincott's Magazine* credit for the suggestion that Mr. Carlyle did *not* write what was printed, he might have escaped responsibility for the blunder. Copying blunders and giving no credit is certainly a species of literary effort which does our gentlemanly critic no credit. His stolen Apples will certainly prove to be Apples of Sodom to him, fair and specious, but juiceless and dusty, if he will take the trouble to refer to "Past and Present," pp. 152–3, (Emerson's Boston edition, 1843.) We are much mistaken if he and critics of his class will not find that that apologue is susceptible of a very near and personal application. So much for *The Galaxy*.

The number of *Littell's Living Age* for January 29 contains an extract from an article in which *The Saturday Review* discusses

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Mr. Henry C. Carey's work on International Copyright. The merits of the question at stake we do not mean to discuss, save to say that Mr. Carey's opponents use arguments which are open to a *reductio ad absurdum.* If literary property be of the absolute and indefeasible character they claim for it, then no lapse of time can justly destroy that right, and to limit copyright, by the space of ten, or fourteen, or twenty, or even fifty years, is as gross an outrage upon the author's rights as to limit it by geographic lines and boundaries. The children and later descendants of Sir Walter Scott are as lawfully entitled to a perpetual percentage of what his books sell for in England to-day, as is Mr. Dickens to a percentage of what his books sell for in America. That pauper descendant of Milton whom the curious in genealogies discovered the other day in Dover has a just claim for a fortune upon the living publishers of Milton's works.

Lord Macaulay, we are told, looked with anxiety to the way in which his History would be received on the Continent and in America, on the ground that foreigners stood in the same relation to an author that posterity does. So in this matter of copyright. We are bound to deal with Mr. Dickens just as the Englishman of to-day does with Sir Walter Scott, the copyright to whose novels has recently expired, or is now expiring. Time can make no more difference in this case than space does.

The principle of the case seems to be, that such protection should be given to authors in the matter of copyright as will stimulate literary activity and secure it a decent reward for its toils. Now the English books which are republished in America are precisely those which have had a large sale in England, and whose authors—or at least their publishers—have been fully compensated already. And the multitude of these works and of books in unsuccessful competition with them shows that the end aimed at by copyright laws has been already reached without International Copyright.

As regards the interests of our home literature, the question is more open to discussion. It is questionable whether a tariff should not be imposed upon the republication of foreign works, so as to make it quite as cheap for a publisher to bring out a new American book as to reprint an English book of equal merit. The funds raised by such a tax, however, should rather

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be expended in pensioning superannuated literary men at home, than in increasing the revenues of well-paid authors abroad.

But, to come back to the main point, we were rather surprised to find that *The Living Age* copied the disrespectful and scurrilous article in question from the "Paper of the Period." We know that its editors are decidedly opposed to the Protectionist policy of the Republican party, and that they agree with *The Evening Post* of New York in preferring Free Trade. We may infer that they have no love for Henry C. Carey, and are not averse to letting their readers see any contemptuous opinion which Englishmen may express of his works. On the other hand, although the editors are eagle-eyed as regards the popularity and reception of American books in Europe, we do not remember to have seen in their columns any notice of the fact that Mr. Carey's main work has been rendered into Russian, Hungarian, German, (twice,) Swedish, French, and Spanish, and that it is the text-book on Political Economics in several European Universities.

But we are surprised to see that our friends of *The Living Age* did not see how closely personal an application might be made of the Englishman's abuse to themselves. Their weekly is mainly an excellent selection of *Foreign* Literature, for which they make no compensation to any of its European authors. Now and then a Free-Trade article or essay from an American source is found in their pages, but in the main English magazines and weeklies furnish the materials for every issue. The very article which abuses Mr. Carey for justifying the taking of Foreign Literature without paying for it was itself taken without payment. Messrs. Littell and Gay are surely "hoist with their own petard." Mr. Carey's worst offence is an attempt to justify the conduct of *Littell's Living Age*. Since the days when the republishers of *Blackwood's Magazine* used to reprint in their advertisements the abuse which the Scotch editor heaped upon them for thievery, nothing so cool has been perpetrated as this republication of an article denouncing the opponents of International Copyright by a weekly which lives on the fat things of Foreign Literature just because there is no International Copyright.

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THE PENN MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1870.

A CURRENT REVOLUTION.

THE wide sweep and limitless power of the silent forces of the universe are among the most modern discoveries made by the students of nature. The earthquake and the storm, the convulsions of an hour, are seen to be comparatively feeble in their effects; while the sunshine and the rain, the dew by night and the breeze by day, are recognized as the mightier powers. The old Hebrew lawgiver seems to have had an insight into this, when he spoke of the truths of God "as the dew, the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." When we speak therefore of a revolution at present in progress, we do not necessarily refer to present and threatened social convulsions or disasters. History is but a series of revolutions, not mainly of the French sort, which last are of an abnormal and exceptional character. There is no such thing as permanency in the state of society; there must always be a ceaseless change for the better or—through human folly and sin—for the worse. A closer study of the internal history of any given nation—say of the Roman Republic by Niebuhr, Arnold and Mommsen—shows that the conditions and characteristics of national life pass away with every generation and are succeeded by others. Even when the form remains the same, it is like that of cloud, which retains the same shape while every particle of its composition is momentarily removed and replaced by the currents of the air.

The social revolution which we speak of as now in progress is in the relations of labor to capital, of employer to employed.

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The old state of things has in many places become utterly unendurable. The picture given in Charles Reade's last novel of an English manufacturing town—while greatly exaggerated by that imaginative author—has truth enough, and is sufficiently substantiated by sworn evidence procured by the English parliament, to show that a change must come very speedily or society itself will go to ruin. Here in the very midst of a highly refined society, and among the very appliances by which its luxury and ease are ministered to, we have an anarchy as utter as any thing recorded of pagan barbarism, mediæval lawlessness, or the camps of piratical free-booters. Law is set aside as powerless to defend or punish, blood is shed like water, and rights are held or contested by the strong hand of violence. In our own country this state of things has not come upon us, but the very same causes have led to results disastrous enough. Our strikes and lockouts, if not characterized by open violence and destruction of life, have yet inflicted no small amount of misery on the laboring class, no small injury on our financial interests. They have also developed a bitter hostility in many quarters between the employers and their employees, which bodes no good for the future of the republic. Above all, they secure—as we hope to show—no actual relief to either class from the exactions of the other. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few continues, and the world-old problem—"a fair day's wages for a fair day's work"—is as far from solution as ever it was. No satisfactory arrangement has been reached in regard to any of the points of dispute, while every inch of the ground is as hotly contested as ever.

Easy solutions enough of those difficulties are offered, but very few have much faith in them. The old political economists urge the "let-alone" doctrines, of which Wilhelm Humboldt has given the best exposition. They urge that nothing positive can be done except at the cost of upturning the very foundations of society. Carlyle gravely urges the re-establishment of the feudal relations toward the "captains of industry," by which they may be held responsible for the well-being of their submissive serfs of the loom, as "the wages theory" of work has fallen through and proves impracticable.

A few of the bolder spirits of our time accept the conclusion that our present social system is so radically wrong that its

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overthrow is inevitable. Their arguments are not devoid of a speciousness which wins the ear of those whose enthusiasm outruns their prudence. They say that since society is constructed on a principle of selfishness it must be reconstructed. Since the social power represented by accumulated capital continues to collect in the hands of individual men, and to be used for individual and selfish ends to the ignoring of the common good, then this capital must be redistributed, and laws must be passed to enforce the continuance of the equal distribution thus effected. To this end society must be made the sole owner, and each man must be contented to employ all his powers for the public good, and to receive from the common treasury that share of the common wealth which is adjudged necessary to his well-being. This theory has been proclaimed in *France* in many forms as the great panacea for all social evils. It has been called Socialism, St. Simonism, Fourierism, Phalanxism, Communism, &c. Its rapid spread among the French workmen in 1848 forced the mass of the French people to accept the empire as the only alternative. It is still the most popular theory among the *ouvriers* of Paris, and therefore still a source of profound alarm to timid spirits. In *England*, when the same theory was broached by Robert Owen, of Lanark, it was caught up with a wild avidity by persons of all classes, and it was gravely proposed to place the princess Victoria, then heir-apparent to the throne, under Owen's care, that she might learn the true principles of social organization. At an earlier date and under the names of pantisocracy, it had entranced the imaginations of that wonderful trio of comrades—Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey. In their hot days of youthful radicalism, they seriously proposed to establish a model community on the banks of our own Susquehanna. In the disorderly era of 1848, the theory was reimported from France, and found no small number of adherents among the Chartists. What hold it has at present on the same class we have no means of knowing, though we know that it is widely and emphatically preached by a few vagabond lecturers. In *America*, we have seen both what the plan can do and what it is incompetent to do, though we have by no means seen the end of the experiments. In small religious communities like the Shakers, the Oneida Perfectionists, T. L. Harris's community, &c., held together by some overmastering religious creed, it has

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been a success so far as the accumulation of wealth goes. But when we come to examine the other results of the plan, we see that it brings no commensurate advantages to repay the sacrifice of personal liberty and free growth. Mind, literature, art, character itself, suffer, while comfort and prosperity are secured. In communities formed on other bases—and we have had dozens of experiments of every form and grade—the method has failed. Hawthorne has shown with admirable skill in his "Blithedale Romance" how the Brook Farm community came to nought, though once numbering among its members such names as his own and those of Emerson and Margaret Fuller. And Brook Farm is but a higher type of others too numerous to mention, extending from Massachusetts to Kansas, and founded on every theory heretofore devised. The ideas of Owen, of St. Simon, of Fourier, of Proudhon, and of other European and native socialists, have all had their *reductio ad absurdum* on the free soil of the republic. Mr. J. H. Noyes, in his recent work on "American Socialisms," gives full and curious details of these experiments; and concedes that the socialist plan is a failure unless combined with the religious principle, as in the Oneida community of which he is the head.

The persistence of these socialist schemers, in spite of repeated and disheartening failures, inclines people who value convictions more than success as a guide in life to inquire what element of truth underlay their theories. Nor can they forget what is recorded of a certain society in a certain Eastern city, to which they have been taught to look back with reverence, whose members "dwelt together and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and divided them among all as any one had need." Even while they regard the revival of that state of things as neither possible nor desirable, much less as morally incumbent upon all later Christian societies, they shrink from applying words of scorn and reproach to men of our own times, for doing what was done by men of that time without our reproach. Intelligent people, indeed, can see how fatal such a reorganization of society in our times would be to its finer and higher interests. We would that they could also see how plausible the scheme appears to those who hope for little more than daily bread from our present system, who have given no hostages to society, who think they can lose nothing and *may* gain some-

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thing by the most sweeping change. It is equally desirable that the farther seeing classes of the community should know what are the possible economic reforms by which the blind sense of injustice and wrong which rankles in the breasts of the laboring class may be removed without shaking society to its foundations.

The particular form which the solution of present difficulties in the world of labor must take may (we think) be best understood in the light of historical analogy. The present difficulties are, in general, not unlike those which existed towards the close of the feudal age. At that period political power (like monetary power in our own time) was in the hands of a few, and was exercised for the benefit of the few. Those who had the power preached obedience, submission, non-interference, with the same unction as our political economists preach "Let Alone." The disturbances and turmoils which showed with how much of painful friction the political machine was working were ascribed to the depravity and malice of the governed; and any plan of relief was scouted as either impracticable or revolutionary. Just so the strikes, and lock-outs, and trades-unions of our days, are stigmatized as wicked and foolish; and when our gallant money-mounted and money-armed chivalry charge down our poor *jacquerie* of the loom and the spade, society cries "Served them right!" Then, as now, there are ominous signs of social revolution—nay, of social destruction. The cry of "that much misunderstood politician, Mr. John Cade,"

> "When Adam dug and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?"

was a text for profitable meditation to the blind of heart in his days. Proudhon's cry, "*Propriete c'est le vol*, ("Property is robbery,") is hardly less ominous in our own.

Jack Cade and Proudhon alike threatened the overthrow of society by the abolition of all distinctions in power, political and monetary. What Jack wanted has been attained, but not by the means he proposed. When his plan was tried, as by the Anabaptist fanatics of Munster, it failed ignominiously. None the less did the people, by wiser measures, attain to their ends, and rob knight and baron of their despotic sway; not by the abolition of all government, but by identifying the governors and the governed; in a word, by Democracy. And while De-

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mocracy, in a sense, has superseded feudalism, it has not, of necessity, destroyed it. It has taken up the old forms and used them to a new and a better purpose. In some cases it has taken the form of an emperor. Allison calls Napoleon "the armed soldier of Democracy," whose throne rested on the popular faith that he was the embodiment of the national will. In others, the old forms of despotism are made the tools of the national will by securing to the people the control of the purse. The aristocracy of England dare not interfere with the life, liberty, or property of any subject of the realm; yet they elect the majority of the householders' parliament, and are allowed to govern the nation so long as their will does not clash with that of the people. In still other cases, the institutions which have grown up are directly planned to give a free expression to the will of the people. In all cases, Democracy is the life and ultimate moving power, and the same great end—the execution of the popular will—is directly or indirectly secured. The old problem has been solved; not by the destruction of government and the establishment of anarchy, nor yet necessarily by forcible wrong or hardship to those who had been the monopolists of political power; but by the identification of the governing wills with the governed. This is *Democracy*, δημοκρατὶα, the actual exercise of the political force, κρατος, by the people, δημος. The greater or less direct adaptation of political machinery to this end only makes a difference of time. In the long run, what the people think best is done. The change has been very slight in a formal point of view. The grand social revolution, which the Jack Cades of ante-Democratic times looked for as the beginning of their Millennium, has never taken place. The seven vials of woe and ruin which they hoped to see poured out upon their oppressors have reached only a small and that the most worthless part of the established powers. The real grievances, however, have been removed, and the power of the nation has been, on the whole, exercised by the nation and for the national good. Where the Mediæval revolutionists hoped to see government itself abolished, it has simply changed hands, and is now a chief protection to those to whom it was once a chief oppressor and enemy.

As it was with government, so we believe will it be with property. (1.) There *are* measures of relief for our present diffi-

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culty. (2.) Those measures are not the measures proposed by our modern Jack Cades—Owen, St. Simon, Fourier, and Proudhon. (3.) These measures will, by milder and peaceable means, secure the great end aimed at by the revolutionists. (4.) The difficulties which distract society will be removed by establishing a real identity of interest, by placing the monetary (as formerly the political) power in the hands of the many.

These measures of relief we believe to be measures not of social destruction, but of social CO-OPERATION, in its two-fold aspect: co-operation of workman with workman to secure the possession of capital to the working classes; co-operation of buyer with buyer to free them from dependence on middle-men.* The non-productive classes may be regarded as, in our present system, the masters of the situation. They control the rate at which the workman shall be paid for his labor; and the rate at which he shall receive the products of other men's labor in exchange for his own. The interest of the capitalists and merchants is exactly the opposite of those of the workingman. The capitalist wishes to give as little pay as possible; the merchant wishes to give as little as possible in exchange for the pay.

Trades Unions offer an apparent relief for this state of dependency, but it is at best only temporary. One class of workingmen, for instance, combine to secure a higher rate of wages, and are successful in their effort. Their employers increase the price of their goods at the same rate, making their customers, *i. e.*, workingmen and employers of all classes, pay the actual amount of the increase. At once the rise in prices causes a series of strikes among workmen of other classes, if they have not been already led to strike by the fact that other men are getting more wages per day for spinning cotton than they are getting for rolling iron or moulding bricks. Raise the wages of one class, and wages of all classes rise in proportion; consequently prices will rise to just the same extent. The workman has now three dollars and a-half *per diem*, perhaps, when once he had two dollars; but his new wages buy no more in the market, for the support of his family, than his old wages did; and if he is

* The subjects of co-operative stores and building societies, though hardly less important than any other application of the method, are not in the line of the present discussion.

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saving to buy or build a house, it is just as long and as hard to save enough money as it was before. He cannot really raise his wages, unless he can keep prices down, as well as wages up. Or more accurately, his wages are only raised when he receives in wages a larger proportion of the market value of his day's work. If he gets three-fourths, when the product of a day's work is worth two dollars, he is better paid than if he gets two-thirds, when the product of a day's work is worth three dollars, because he can buy more with the former than with the latter.

The co-operative method identifies labor and capital as democracy does the people and the government, making the workman his own paymaster. John Smith joins his savings and perhaps his tools with those of thirty other John Smiths, and, after a while of hardship and pinching, finds himself master of the situation. Their workshop is not grand, their tools not the best for all varieties of the business, their capital not very extensive, although "mony mickles mak' a muckle;" but they put their hearts into the business, for it is their own business, and they are fighting for independence and competence. They waste nothing, they render no eye-service, they pull hard to get over the rough places, and in ten years time they are dependent on no man. They are now their own paymasters, and tolerate no drones in the hive, while they get as "fair day's wages for a fair day's work" as the market permits. The picture is not an ideal one. We have seen it realized in more than one Western town, and especially in Cincinnati, where the business of manufacturing furniture for the area drained by the Mississippi is largely in the hands of co-operative factories.

But what of the capitalist? Is his occupation gone? By no means. He has always held that the rate of wages ought to be fixed by free competition, without terrorism or illegal combination. He can now test his own sincerity and consistency in competing with co-operation. If he is wise, he will do as a great number of English firms have done, and we are glad to know that a number of our iron men have followed their example. He will combine co-operation with capital, by distributing all the surplus profits above a certain fixed percentage among his employees. Some of these English firms had rarely gained this percentage (say fifteen) in previous years, but when they adopted this system they found that they always had a large surplus to

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distribute among their workmen. Waste and eye-service, two great leaks in our manufactories, were abolished by giving men a personal interest in their work; hence the increase of the profits. But if our capitalist is not wise to discern the signs of the times, he will find that the best workmen, those who are capable of self-denial and perseverance, will not work for less wages nor for more hours than their neighbors in the co-operative factory have fixed for themselves. The workingmen now settle all these questions for themselves, simply on the ground of what the work will afford.

Objections to the co-operative system will at once occur to most minds; but experience shows that they are not insurmountable. It might be supposed, for instance, that the need of a large capital at the start would be fatal to the plan; but in northern England, where the workmen had no friends to help them to money, co-operation has been a splendid success, as may be seen from the columns of *The Co-operator*, published for years past in Manchester, by Ben Pitman, the phonographer. In the south, especially in London, the movement failed at first, just because it was fostered and patronized by benevolent capitalists. Its beginning was at Rochedale, in Lancashire, in 1848. Who shall say what its end will be, at the rate at which it has developed the workingmen's power of accumulation? In France and Germany, *in spite of the bitter opposition of the Socialists*, it is decidedly gaining ground. Several Parisian trades are now largely conducted on this plan, and it has been virtually introduced into the management of at least one extensive railroad. The answer, therefore, to this objection is the actual success of the plan. *Solvitur ambulando.*

Another objection which might be met by the same answer is in regard to the organization of the human material in co-operation. How are drones to be kept out? how are competent men to be put in places of trust? how are dishonest hands to be kept out of the treasury? how are the terms of admission and withdrawal to be equitably adjusted? That the working classes possess great power of adaptation and organization no one will deny who knows any thing of trades unions. Experience shows that they do not lose their heads when they essay co-operation; that they are at least as shrewd as other men to see who can lead and who cannot; who can be trusted and who cannot. They have

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as good an eye for detail and for fair dealing as any class. They do manage to make the method succeed, in spite of difficulties which are not greater than those which every private firm must encounter in the same line of work.

The subject has another aspect in which it concerns the future of the Republic. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has given it as his opinion that the growth of giant corporations is among the great dangers that threaten the national peace and prosperity. The spectacle displayed in the courts and marts of a sister commonwealth adds emphasis to his warning. Hitherto these corporations have been always composed of capitalists; and to this fact they owe much of their dangerous character. The growth of co-operation will, we trust, furnish a corrective force to preserve the social balance. It will render the rapid accumulation of wealth less easy on the one hand, and by raising the whole average and level of the wealth of the masses, will deprive any egregious peaks of their threatening prominence. It will, on the other hand, extend to all classes the power that comes with the organized control of great capital. Great corporations whose interests are those of the people at large will arise to exert the same sort of influence as belonged to the great guilds of craftsmen in the middle ages. May we not hope that in the future the two great social forces—numbers and wealth—will work together in harmony and with a true identity of interest in all things, as the Jachin and the Boaz of the social fabric.

ROBT. E. THOMPSON.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATION yourself in the baggage-room, if any, of our great railway depots; and you shall read strange stories of travel and adventure in the innumerable labels pasted on the innumerable trunks which are about to be checked once more—somewhere. This burly trunk, which, supplied with apertures for the admission of air, would comfortably house a whole barnyard of poultry, bears unmistakable signs of maltreatment at the hands of Miss Flora McFlimsey, who has more than once banged down its lid

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violently on discovering that it contained "nothing to wear." This trim old wooden box, browned with age, and bound with stout cords, appears to have been more generous, judging from its excellent preservation; for it is a sailor's sea-chest, and the wardrobe of a sailor is not elaborate. But this small and well-worn leather trunk has rattled, and rolled, and slid over thousands of miles of land and ocean; for you can see the checks of the Schweizerhof of Luzerne, the Bohemian customs-mark at Aussig, where it was inspected on passing to or from the North German Confederation, the Grande Vitesse direction of the Chemin de fer du Nord, the red label of the Paris and Folkestone Express, besides Adams Express and Wells, Fargo & Co. Should we amuse ourselves longer with such matters, we might find Turkish crescents, Prussian eagles, and local express cards, jostling each other on the sides and lids of the trunks with the charming confusion of an advertising drop-curtain; but the whistle has sounded, and it is time we take our places in the car to accompany the baggage we have seen westward.

He who travels from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, per Pennsylvania Central railroad, makes the trip across the continent in miniature. Our majestic Delaware supplies the place of the Atlantic; the rich counties of Chester, Delaware and Lancaster play the part of the fertile States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the Susquehanna represents not unworthily the noble Mississippi, and the Juniata the Missouri; the Blue mountains the Alleghanies, the gradual ascent to the base of which finds its counterpart in the broad prairies of Nebraska and Wyoming, which rise five thousand feet in five hundred miles. The Alleghanies are the Pennsylvania Rocky mountains, and the little valleys on their summit prepare us for those of Laramie and Utah; and, finally, we descend into the valley of confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela, just as we descend the Sierra Nevada to the valley of confluence of the American and Sacramento rivers; and then we must stretch our imagination to the uttermost to see in the rolling tide of the Ohio the gorgeous surf of the Pacific ocean.

My gentle reader may object to such a simile as that. I have associated the Laramie plains and the Utah basin and the Nevada desert together in comparing them to the little valleys on the summit of the Alleghanies; whereas our geographies teach

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us that they are separated by chains of mountains bearing different names. In answer, I would say that over the entire length of twelve hundred miles west of the first chain of the Rocky mountains there is such a constant succession of ranges that it is difficult, if not impossible, to say where the boundaries of the separate systems of mountains should be placed, if we do not consider all these ranges as parts of one great system. The Laramie plains lie at an elevation above tide water of about seven thousand feet; those of Utah at about four thousand feet; the Nevada plains about the same, (the lowest point traversed by the railroad being 3,921 feet;) while Omaha, the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific railroad, on the Missouri river, has an altitude of not quite a thousand feet, and Sacramento, the western terminus of the Central Pacific railway, of but fifty-six feet. It may therefore be granted (to poetic license, if you will) to consider all that country intermediate between Cheyenne, in Wyoming Territory, and Colfax, in California, rockily mountainous.

Having thus cast a glance at the Pennsylvania model of our continent, we hurry on to see the reality. We Philadelphians are amongst the most incredulous, of the immense enterprise and success of our fellow-countrymen in the far west, of all "Easterners;" in proof of which fact, one has only to witness how insignificant a part our fellow-citizens play in the development of the great West. True, some of the most prosperous of the early pioneers hail from our city; and there are always plenty of townsfolk to grasp you by the hand and ask you whether Welsh's National circus and theatre is as popular now as ever, and whether Jones' hotel is still the fashionable place of the city; but where you see or hear the name Philadelphia once, you hear New York, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago—yes, Baltimore and Providence—thrust at you twenty times. "From Philadelphia, eh?" said a hardy mountaineer to whom I had just mentioned the place of my nativity. "Oh, yes! I know where that is: in Pennsylvany, isn't it?" and delighted at having at the same time paid my birthplace a graceful compliment and given a proof of his thorough acquaintance with geography, he resumed the pipe he was smoking with great self-complacency. Your bona fide Philadelphian, who has never journeyed towards the setting sun, will unfailingly be astonished at the cosy and civil-

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ized appearance of things even in Indiana and Illinois, whose names have even yet a dash of remoteness and savagedour in them; but what will he think of the grassy plains of Iowa, of the neat farm-houses, the lowing herds, the dainty dairymaids and robust country swains, and of the beauty and business activity of the cities of Davenport, Des Moines and Dubuque? But his surprise will have but just begun should he continue his journey further westward from Council Bluffs, (named from a grand pow-wow held there with the principal tribes of Indians roaming this region, some years ago,) across the broad and muddy Missouri. The first point he would reach is Omaha, the chief city of the State of Nebraska. From whichever side you regard Omaha, it gives you the impression of a very large town, and is, of course, a city, according to the western use of terms. It lies on a narrow strip of land between the Missouri river and a line of hills which all but enclose it in a semicircle. Every thing you see in Omaha speaks of its future growth and greatness, even to the large brewery, which has already obtained celebrity for the excellent quality of its beer. Far back, on a hill to the west of the town, in the centre of quite extensive grounds, stands the State House, crowned with a large and imposing dome. The Solons and Lycurguses of the State, however, are assembled at Lincoln, the capital.

Omaha boasts at least fifty hotels and boarding-houses, a Tivoli Garden and a Turn Halle, devoted to the Germans; an academy of music, (up one flight of stairs;) a theatre comique, and the largest billiard-saloon in the United States. The Eastern man will see Keno here for the first time, and if he be of an investigating turn of mind he may amuse himself for an hour or so at this desperate gambling game, without losing more than a dollar or two. The principle of the game is this: A hundred or more cards are printed, certain numbers arranged in five lines on each, five numbers in a line; the numbers are between one and two hundred, or three hundred, and the cards are made as unlike each other as possible; the proprietor has a hollow globe with a narrow neck, closed by a spring-slide, just large enough to admit of the introduction or exit of a small ivory ball on which a number is painted. The globe is filled with balls, each bearing a different number. As you enter the gambling-room you see twenty or thirty men seated at various tables, each with his card

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and a small pile of coffee grains in front of him. You are handed a card, and after providing yourself with coffee beans and taking a seat, you pay the assistant twenty-five cents or fifty cents, as the case may be. The urn is now revolved, and a ball having been extracted, its number is called out and it is placed in some convenient receptacle. Perhaps two or three persons find the indicated number on their cards and cover it with a coffee bean. The next ball is drawn and called until the cry "*Ke-e-no*" announces to you that some one of the gentry has found three of the numbers called on the same horizontal line on his card. After examination and verification, the proceeds of the pool are paid over to him, ten per cent. being deducted by the proprietor, and the game begins again.

A street railway transports passengers dry-footed through streets that may be said to be the *ne plus ultra* of sticky, slimy mud; but even this mud does not appear to clog the wheels of business. Omaha is a large and growing place, and will one day become one of the great commercial centres of America. But in spite of this fact, and its active, hospitable people, one is not sorry to leave it behind; though the poet who, in describing it, concludes—

"For God's sake, go around it,"

goes farther than there is any reason for, and does the great mudopolis injustice.

Eight or nine miles up the river is a little place called Florence, whither parties frequently resort for a drive.

The banks of the Missouri have perhaps an average height through the year of three or four feet; but they are not bordered by a beach, as are the banks of most rivers, nor do they shelve off gradually into the water, but present the appearance of having been cut smooth and vertical by some sharp instrument. The same slimy mud which defies the door-mat and scraper here confines the river in its bed, and is interwoven (probably to the depth of fifty feet or more) with branches, twigs, and vegetable filaments of all kinds, which give it all the strength of an adobe wall. But the immense wash of that impatient tide is continually undermining the banks all along its course, and you can often see a great block of bank tumble into the river with a dull

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splash, and, in disintegrating, add to the thick mud brew which characterizes the waters of the Missouri.

We of course take a Pullman palace drawing-room car, and, having ensconced ourselves in its luxurious cushions, we start out of Omaha at 4 P. M., first southwardly, then southwestwardly, and finally the locomotive, as if having satisfied itself by an abstruse astronomical computation in which direction it wanted to go, bounds off after the sun, and sends the waves of sound from its rumbling wheels scores of miles over the fertile prairies of Nebraska.

We are now fairly on the eastern portion of what used to be called the Great American Desert. Our ascent is to be continuous for five hundred miles to Sherman, on the Black Hills, (8,250 feet above tide-water.) These Pullman cars are exceedingly comfortable, and neatly kept, and are of twofold advantage to passengers: 1st, Should there be a collision, they are too stoutly built to telescope; and 2d, Their great weight makes their running very smooth, and one feels less fatigued after forty-eight hours ride in one of them than is usually the case after six or seven hours in the ordinary passenger cars.

The broad prairies to the right and left resemble an ocean suddenly congealed, the ground-swell and cross waves replaced by mould, and decked with a thousand prairie grasses and flowers. We miss the trees, which are nowhere to be seen, except in two scraggy lines along the banks of the streams. The settlers have done their best to remedy this want, and wherever in Nebraska there is a ranch there are trees "set out" on it.

Should the trip be undertaken in September or October, or just after the July and August sun has dried the vegetation almost to tinder, you will probably see a prairie on fire. It is not likely that you will recognize, out here on the "plains," any of those harrowing details so popular with painter and poet in treating this subject. You will not see any tigers and lions to your right, nor any buffalo nor deer to your left, nor any huge snakes, nor Mr. nor Mrs. Lo—(the poor Indian.) Buffalo never cross the line of the railroad, and Indians are not often caught in graceful postures, pressing their offspring to their manly bosoms, a meek expression of "Save! oh, save me che-ild!" on their upturned, painted mugs. Fires on the prairies come regularly with the fall, and serve a good purpose in destroying the stubble of the pre-

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vious year's grass, and preparing the ground for a new crop. If we would sketch out a skeleton of our westward journey, including only the salient points of the scenery between Omaha and Sacramento, we should give the following: Five hundred miles of prairie, civilization declining, and all vestiges dying out. Fifty miles west of Omaha the South Platte crossed; Fremont, a town of a few high houses; Grand Island; Cheyenne, a place of some magnitude—large railroad depot, machine shops and sidings, French's warehouse, Ford's hotel, sixteen streets, two schools, innumerable "Hurdy Gurdys," (dance-houses,) and gambling and drinking saloons; Camp Carling, Long's Peak in the distance; ascent to Sherman, the highest point between sea and sea, and still no sign of mountains. View from cars at Sherman presents the same peculiarity as those points on the Pennsylvania Central railroad where the road winding over the Alleghanies appears to be shut in by a misty horizon lower than itself. Laramie plains, Fort Sanders, and the town of Laramie, also a thriving-looking place. Union Pacific Railroad hospital, depot, round-houses, Laramie plains, Medicine Bow mountains. All mountains seen appear to be far off and to run in all directions. The Laramie plains give the impression of a huge flat oval dish, sloping up to a crest of hills on all sides, its greatest diameter north and south. North Platte river, and Fort Shele, a pretty site, and the key-position to guard against Indian incursions north and south. More plains; Rawling's Springs, a small settlement, where many houses are large hospital tents with wooden door-sills and frame-work. Green river, Evanston, (region of celebrated coal-mines and scene of accident on the railroad last fall, by which four persons were killed,) Wahsatch, Red Desert. Scenery changes. Instead of the mountains running away from you they appear to crowd in on the road, and you run through deep cuts, in high sandstone hills, which loom threateningly a thousand feet over your head.

This point divides the scenery of the Pacific railroad into two separate parts. The one part is distinguished for the absence of high mountains near the line of the road; the latter half, on the contrary, appears to woo their steep sides and threatening eminences.

Though the Utah and Nevada plains seem to indicate a return to the scenery of the Great and the Laramie plains, yet the

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mountain chains are nearer and the scenery continually changes. Weber and Echo canons are passed, and we glide into Utah, where civilization and cultivation again begin to appear. We skirt the Great Salt Lake for thirty miles and reach Promontory, the ancient middle terminus and junction of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. The color of the cars changes: from brown we step into bright yellow, and rattle through the mountain passes of the Humboldt ranges, from which we do not free ourselves entirely for twenty-four hours. Then we have reached the western border of Nevada and begin the ascent of the far-famed Sierra Nevada; from which, after a most exciting run along the abyss of Blue Canon and the American river, we descend into the valley of the Sacramento, and leaving the thriving and industrious towns of Dutch Flat and Colfax, and innumerable settlements of John Pigtail, behind us, we swoop into Sacramento, the largest city we have seen the other side of Chicago.

But it is dark, and our train from Omaha has stopped for its evening meal. Away off into the golden glare of the setting sun stretches our iron road—two parallel black rails, whose polished surfaces catch the changing sunset tints and reflect them for many a mile.

Not very far from Cheyenne, at a point where the Union Pacific railroad makes a bend like a kink in a cable, is the site of the former town of Julesburg, said by many persons to have been, at the time the road was constructed to this point, the wickedest town in the United States. It is a curious fact that the building of the Pacific railroad drew together, from all parts of America, the most lawless and dangerous of the desperadoes, assassins, and cut-throats. Wherever the temporary terminus of the road was, there was sure to be a continuous scene of violence, riot, and crime. The most shameless and abandoned of both sexes caroused from dawn to dewy eve, and from eve to dawn again. There was never any intermission to the fiddling, swearing, dancing, and drinking. A man's life was thought no more of than that of a dog, and every day or two some new victim was added to the long list. Usually, as soon as the light was strong enough to illuminate objects, the murdered man was found lying in the street, or on the threshold of some tent of ill-repute, with a blue bullet-hole in the skull or breast,

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or a severed jugular. Instances of brutal and deliberate murder without provocation are too numerous to mention. Every species of vice and debauchery, every way that the ingenious mind of man has revealed to him of debasing and degrading himself, was here put in practice, as if the very fiends of hell were let loose on these wide plains.

Many such towns as Julesburg have nothing now to mark the spot where they stood but the rude burying-grounds which, during their existence, formed the only respectable institution patronized by the inhabitants. Some of these grave-yards (which differ only from Potters-fields in having a few rude wooden head-boards and a few enclosures, seven feet by three, fenced round with ordinary garden palings) contain curious inscriptions, such as the following: "Bill ——, shot by Charley L., February 13, 1868." "Here lies that sneaking ——, Long Tom. Daylight let through him by ——. Date." "Jacko called the Infant a liar. Date." For some reason or other, Julesburg maintained its enviable pre-eminence for some time, as if the bend in the railroad, like the bend in some river, collected the drifting scum and filth which would otherwise have floated on. But the hand of vengeance was already uplifted, and one night, in the midst of a scene of more than ordinary turbulence and fighting, the Sioux swept down upon them and razed the town to the ground.

Before you reach Cheyenne you see the Rocky mountains, but they do not fulfill your expectations. They are not covered with snow; they do not loom up majestically like the Alps; in fact, they look no more imposing than the Kittatinny or Blue mountains of our own State. The first line which you see is the Black Hills, and far behind these you catch occasional glimpses of the "Snowy Range," though usually in places where there is no snow. To the south is Long's Peak, one of the highest peaks in America, and the brother to Pike's Peak, further south.

The first range does not appear more than a few miles from you, so hard is it to judge of distance in that diamond-clear atmosphere; but, in point of fact, twenty miles will not bring you to the base. It is like the appearance of the Mont en Vert to the stranger in Chamounix, or the Jungfrau to the sojourner in Interlaken. It seems as if a good morning's walk ought to

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bring you to the Snowy Range, but the iron horse will be required to get there in that time.

Long's Peak is about 14,500 feet above the sea. Mont Blanc is but little more than 15,000 feet, and the Jungfrau but 12,870 feet. Monte Rosa is 14,220. All these Alpine peaks are immeasurably more imposing and beautiful than these equally high peaks of the Rocky mountains; and the reason is, that the Alps are viewed from valleys but fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the sea, and the Rocky mountains are seen from the plains which have an elevation of five thousand to six thousand feet, or are as high as many of the celebrated Swiss passes. The Rigi opposite Luzerne, from which such an enchanting view of the Lake-of-the-four-Cantons, Mount Pilatus, and the country and lakes towards Zurich is obtained, is but 5,355 feet, while Cheyenne lies 5,931 feet above the tide. The highest peak on the Thur Alps, between the Lake-of-the-four-Cantons and Zurich, is 7,670 feet, while the Union Pacific railway crosses the easternmost range of the Rocky mountains at Sherman at 8,235 feet. So that we do in this country all the climbing—which is performed by Swiss enthusiasts (not members of the Alpine Club)—in the comfortable palace-cars of Mr. Pullman, and at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. But what we gain in convenience let it be candidly confessed that we lose in the scenery's grandeur and beauty. A view of the mountain chain from Denver is enchantingly beautiful, especially when taken early in a bright summer's morning, just as the sun, yet under the far eastward stretching plains, touches the tops of Long's and Pike's Peaks and a few of his favorites in the Snowy Range with a ray of his light, which their white summits modify to a beautiful rose-color and fling off hundreds of miles in all directions. But the awful majesty and sublimity of the Alps are wanting. On these latter the snow lies like a vast white mantle on the broad shoulders of a Knight Templar; on the former it sets jauntily like the white feather in the cap of his page. There is another circumstance which tends to detract from the grandeur of the Rocky mountains, and that is, the different extent in these and the Alps over which vegetation is distributed. In the Alps the highest point of tree growth is five thousand five hundred feet, and the limit of eternal snow is only eight thousand five hundred feet. In the Rocky mountains the

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former limit is at least over eight thousand feet, and the latter two or three thousand feet higher. In running across the Laramie, Utah, and Nevada plains, there is a certain amount of monotony which, in the first of these, may now and then be relieved by the sight of a herd of antelopes bounding away from the locomotive as it approaches. When a large herd is feeding along the line of the road, a very curious effect is produced as the locomotive startles them. They bound off on both sides directly away from the road, but check their speed as they get farther from the origin of their fear, so that they seem to be one great wave-line of little deer thrown from the front of the engine as from a prow; and could an instantaneous photograph be taken of them at any time from above, they would appear in the form of a hyperbola, of which the locomotive was one focus and the railway the transverse axis.

All through Utah one sees the effects of Mormonism in the sinister Jesuitical appearance of the ignorant-looking men and the dejected bearing of the women. Still prosperity reigns there. The roads near the railroad are lined with carts and wagons, (in some cases a Mormon family occupies three or four such vehicles;) the towns are large and busy-looking, and the ground well cultivated. Utah is as yet in striking contrast with the adjoining State of Nevada and Territory of Wyoming in this respect. The ascent of the Sierra Nevada, on entering California, and the run through the sixty miles of snow-sheds, are very interesting features of the trip across the continent. How the train gets to the top of these mountains you do not understand; but if you are of a sympathetic nature you feel for the poor, laboring locomotive, and are relieved when the roar of the train passing through the first snow-shed meets your car, for this promises you sixty miles only to cross this difficult range, and an easy run into Sacramento over the most smiling and beautiful golden and green fields of California. Just as the descent is commenced, the train rushes down along the upper edge of the Blue Canon, which finally merges itself into the American River Canon, and forms at the junction a point called Cape Horn, around which you glide easily, lulled to a sense of sweet security by the consciousness that if the outer rail broke you would be precipitated down an abyss of two thousand feet, into the bed of the American river. As you

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run on you see miles of the road zig-zagging down below you, and miles of "acequias" or ditches built along the sides of the hills, and following their contour; never crossing by a short aqueduct the mouth of a deep ravine, but following it entirely around at the same level; and acres of clay near Dutch Flat and elsewhere, which have been cut down by hydraulic mining. You run through groves of large trees, not like the stunted pines of the mountains, but firm, noble green trees, like those of the Atlantic seaboard; and a certain something whispers to you that the ocean is not far distant. The flat country between you and Sacramento (and indeed San Francisco) is only the level beach from which the waters receded when they ceased to wash the base of the Sierra Nevada. At last you enter that busy, Philadelphia-like capital, Sacramento, and embarking on a steamer, at the head of one of the most beautiful bays in the world, make the remaining one hundred and fifty miles which separate you from the metropolis of the Pacific.

Seven days and seven nights of travel bring you from Philadelphia to San Francisco, and the pleasantest as well as the longest trip it is for which one can buy a ticket.

P. F., Jr.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

[Concluded.]

A German university building contains no dormitories, for the students find their lodgings scattered through the town. The lecture-rooms are very plainly furnished; an unpainted wooden desk is placed on a platform for the professor, in front of which long rows of wooden desks and benches of the very hardest material are arranged for the hearers. The student on entering goes to his place, which he secures by an early attendance at the first lecture of the course, sticks his inkstand into the desk by means of the sharp prong attached, and sits expectant until at the sound of the clock the professor walks in, and taking his place, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, immediately begins his lecture.

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The lecture-room presents a lively spectacle. Students flock there from all parts of the world. From beyond the Pyrenees and Apennines of the South, from the regions of Mount Parnassus and Mount Blanc, from across the Rhine, the Straits of Dover, the Atlantic—the Russian, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Greek, the Swiss, the Hungarian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the American, come and sit down together, drawn from their far distant homes by a spiritual force as potent as the attraction of the magnet to iron. As the native Prussian must serve at least one year in the army, the future theologian often enters in military costume, and unbuckling his sword takes up the pen which is mightier, in the polemics of dogmatism as well as in literary warfare.

The first course which the beginner takes is one called Encyclopedie, which is an encyclopedic view of the department to which he will devote himself. This course of lectures aims at giving a bird's-eye view of the whole subject; marks its divisions; shows their mutual relations; describes their chief features, and enumerates with short comments the chief books written on the various subjects, so that the topic is well mapped out in its general features by the time the more minute investigation of its several parts is begun. The great feature of the lectures is their thoroughness, or grundlichkeit, of which the Germans are so fond. They not only run the subject into the ground, but they keep it there long enough to examine every root and fibre which contribute to its substance in all its ramifications. I well recollect the despair with which I marked the course of a certain professor whose lectures on "the History of Theology since Schleiermacher" I attended. He of course must describe Schleiermacher's system in order to show its influence on his successors. To do this thoroughly he must note what preceded Schleiermacher, and so we had the various systems of philosophy and theology since the middle ages described, until the end of the term found us nearly at the end of Schleiermacher's own system, not having yet begun on his successors who were to have formed the substance of the course. But this grundlichkeit though extreme is of great value, and in no respect more so than in this that it leads the instructor to present every subject in its historical connections. Philosophy, art, geography, theology, every subject treated, is treated historically, and thus placed it is

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treated genetically in its laws of development. So that it is not only fixed in the mind, but its connection with all that has gone before is made known, and the influence of this over what we now possess revealed.

It is in a round of lectures like these that the student is expected to pass three years. Of course numbers spend their time idly, and crowd into the feverish overstrained cramming of one year what should have been gradually received and assimilated during three. It is narrated that one of these young bolting students having just before examination lost the trunk containing his lectures, had to return to the university and take the three years over again, so innocent was his brain of the least idea of what he had heard.

But the life of the real student is something very different from all this. You will see him punctually at the auditorium, as they call the lecture-room, taking careful notes of what is said. If you follow him home you will find him most often in humble quarters, but you will discover in his narrow and smoky room a veritable workshop. Here he digests his lectures, and reads up on the subjects of which they treat; here at early dawn and late at night he pours over his books, often twelve or fourteen hours a day, year in and year out, and accumulates with constant labor that vast storehouse of information which astounds us so in the works of German scholars. Every thing prompts him to this. His hopes rest on achievement in the walks which the great scholars have trod before him. In his daily tasks he gains the incitement, for in his instructors he meets with minds profoundly thoughtful, and of most varied culture.

To select one of many instances: if he hear Professor Muller's lectures on dogmatic theology, he will find that his venerated teacher has not presumed to approach his subject without gathering for its elucidation the treasures from all departments of literature. Now he will listen to words of profoundest philosophy, and find the view confirmed, not only by quotations from the fathers, the schoolmen, the reformers, and all modern theologians, but illustrated as well from Homer and the classical writers of antiquity, from the Vedas of India, the Zendè Vesta of Persia, and the Targums of the Jews; the poetry of Dante and Milton, of Goethe and Schiller, of Shakspeare and Racine; the writings of Edmund Burke, the philosophy of Plato and Aris-

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totle, the speculations of Schelling and Hegel, the severe reasoning of Kant, the wit of Cervantes and Le Sage, are all brought to bear upon the subject in hand. To be a peer with such scholars is his aim; for this hope he is content to plod on for years, mining for the treasures of knowledge far away from the sight of the world, until at last he too shall ascend the rostrum, and be a guide and inspiration in his turn. Almost without exception, he cherishes in his heart of hearts the hope some day to see standing on the shelves of his university library a long row of ponderous tomes, bearing his own name, in which he shall unfold the mysteries of the universe to every reader. He devotes his early days patiently to digging; at forty he will show you such a huge mass of knowledge ingots as to convince you that he is a Briareus and Hercules combined. He is not usually very comely to look upon; he is pallid with smoke and study; like, in the smallness of his quarters and the neglect of appearances, to Diogenes of old, he is wholly unlike him in this, that he emphatically does not live in a tub. In fact, he often looks as though he seldom saw one.

One does not often share his private hospitality; but if, during some high moment of enthusiasm for knowledge, he ventures in to supper, he will find a cup of good coffee, or more likely a seidle of lager beer, a loaf of black bread, and a mysteriously covered dish, in which, the cover being removed, he will discover, curled in its sinuous length, that daintiest of German luxuries, that "linked sweetness, long drawn out," the boiled sausage.

But our retiring and studious friend is not wholly unsusceptible to gentler influences. Many a sonnet to a mistress's eyebrow has been penned by such as he. He often indulges a passion for some fair vision which has crossed his path, all unmindful of the effect which his tawny and dishevelled locks must have upon her. Then follows despondency and more study. If his passion cannot be forgotten, his experience rivals that of the professor who complained that on his wedding-day he found time for only twelve hours study; but rejoiced that he had been able to make up the deficiency by sixteen hours diligence on the day following.

Canning has so humorously portrayed the misfortunes of one of these ardent and ideal lovers that I will quote his description. His hero had proved too liberal in his political views, and too

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ardent in his aspirations for *Freiheit und Vaterland.* Languishing in prison, his mistress married another, and he thus soliloquizes:

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
    This prison that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
    Which once my love sat knotting in,
Alas! Matilda then was true—
At least I thought so at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,
    Her neat post-wagon trotting in;
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
    This blood my veins is clotting in;
My days are many; they were few
When first I entered at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
    Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen—
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
    That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
    niversity of Gottingen.

We have seen the student, in term-time, in the frequent foot-journeys of his vacations; he treads on classic ground. One cannot, on the continent, turn in any direction without finding stimulus for thought and facts for the memory. Near Leipsic, and not far from Halle, lies the great battle-ground where Napoleon succumbed to the allies. A little further is the field of Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus fell, purchasing with his life-

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blood immunity for the Protestants. The whole country is teeming with historical associations. Taking his knapsack on his back, with one or two boon companions, the student sallies forth, staff in hand, to explore some picturesque or historically interesting region. He may wander among the beauties of the Hartz Mountains, and visit scenes which Goethe has made immortal by locating there the witch scenes of the Walpurgis-Nacht of his great poem Faust. If he journeys westward, a day's travel will bring him to Weimar, where poetry and art held high festival in the bloom period of German literature, so recently passed, when Goethe, Schiller, and Herder were the master-spirits of the place. A little further on lies Eisleben, with its neighboring castle crowning the Wartburg, forever memorable in German annals and in the history of Christendom, as the place of Luther's retirement, of his translation of the Scriptures into the German vernacular, and of his contest with the devil. One does not look at that dent in the wall, and the ink-stains made by the inkstand hurled at Satan's image, unmoved by the brave daring which would fight the devil bodily if he came in the way of his righteous plans. And how easy is the descent into the enchanting valley, where

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns on the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the wine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine.

"And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise.
Above the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.

Wonderfully beautiful as it is, as one wanders along its banks, he shall not only find his soul filled with delight, but he will insensibly learn to realize what the feudal life of the middle ages

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was. As he sees the remains of the castles of the robber knights crowning every pinnacle, he will learn, amid all this romantic beauty, rightly to estimate the nature of that kind of rule which led these strong men to place their castles so picturesquely; not for any love of the beautiful or tender sentiments for nature, but that with ravenous eye they might spy out far down the river the ascending vessels, and arm in time to despoil them of their load; and that, high up on the craggy precipice, with bridge withdrawn and portcullis down, they might despise the threats of those whom they had robbed of the honest gains of industry. With every step the student takes, *history* unfolds her ample page before him. Or, having learned these lessons, should he betake himself to Switzerland to wander among her cloud-capped towers, fresh from the hand of the Almighty architect, what elevation of soul, what inspiration is his, which makes him feel as though all nature were sounding forth a mighty psalm of Asaph, when, sparkling in sunny brightness,

Above him are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity. Where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven and leave vain man below.

We will not further trace the varied scenes in which his vacation may be spent. All that is most grand in nature, captivating in history, or wonderful in art, lies within easy reach of him. It is his own fault if he do not return in term-time to his studies refreshed in spirit, invigorated in body, and instructed and braced in intellect.

To estimate aright the effect of such educational advantages upon the civilization of our age, we have but to look at the results; and at first glance we are dazzled by the blaze of intellectual splendor which shines full upon us. We meet with names in all departments of literature and science, which are a power in the world. Only to mention a few, which will suggest others, in the branches of physical science, these universities have educated men who stand in the foremost rank, such as Hum-

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boldt, master of all sciences; Liebig, Wohler, Bunsen, Rose, in chemistry; Gauss and Encke and Hausen, in astronomy. In the department of history, we find Niebuhr, Ranke, Bunsen, Von Raumer, Schlosser, Gervinus, Leo. In philosophy, the immortal names of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Herbert, Jacobi; besides the present eminent teachers of these systems, Trendlenberg, Ritter, Schuller, Erdmann, and others. The science of philology was born in the universities of Germany, and claims as its bright ornaments amongst others, Becker, the great grammarian; Herrman, the best Latin scholar; Boeck and Becker, the celebrated Greek scholars; Roediger, the most eminent in Arabic; Bopp, the most profound Sanskrit scholar. In *theology*, we find *Schleiermacher*, "unquestionably," says Professor Schaff, "the most gifted divine of modern Protestantism;" Neander, the modern father of church history, and most learned of church historians; Hase, Giesler, Moschiem; and in other departments of this divine science, such names as Tholuck, Nitzsch, Rothe, Muller, Dorner, Meyer, DeWette, Lucke, Ullmann, Bleek, with a host of others. In the other and more general departments, Carl Ritter, the founder of historical and philosophical geography; Lepsius, the Egyptian scholar; the brothers Schlegler and the brothers Grimm. Nor may we forget the gifts to this country in a Lieber, an Agassiz, and a Schaff. All departments of learning have been developed into new life in Germany. She is the home and source of modern science in all its ramifications. She has quickened the men of other nations, and those who are eminent in any of the branches of human knowledge in England and America to-day will point to her as the source of their inspiration. The very farmers on our hill-sides are familiar with the name of Liebig, and rejoice in more abundant harvests as the fruit of his labors in agricultural chemistry. Scholarship throughout the world would be stricken as with a palsy, were the results of German study swept from the earth. If in some instances this intellectual activity has been on the wrong side—if a Baur and a Strauss have aimed to overthrow the faith they have professed to teach—yet others, with learning as profound and acumen as sharp, have arisen to vindicate the truth from their powerful assault; and religion, the world over, stands to-day more secure for her threatened overthrow. The cradle of the Reformation in the sixteenth

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century, the universities have proved the nurseries of true Christian science in the nineteenth.

While, however, we regard with the profoundest admiration the achievements of German students in literature and science, we cannot deny that the culture of man as man, as distinct from man as scholar, has not been brought to its perfection in Germany. Dr. Arnold has said, "the German scholars present us many examples of a one-sided literary industry, which transcends the proper limits, without real universality and thorough training to a truly manly, national and Christian character;" and he has said truly. In all those circumstances which call for manly energy, for the exercise and judgment of what is human as distinguished from what is cultivated and refined, the Germans as contrasted with the Anglo-Saxons are deficient.

Statesmanship is at a great discount in Germany, notwithstanding their enthusiasm for Freiheit und Vaterland. The melancholy spectacle of the Frankfort Parliament, in '48, called together by the enthusiasm of a whole people, sitting day after day discussing and wrangling over theories of government, instead of concerting for vigorous action, while the King's soldiers were steadily advancing to put them to flight, shows that there is a manly fibre which needs yet more development than all their schools of learning afford. We can hardly restrain our indignation as we contemplate the spectacle of men learned in the history and politics of all ages, wasting the glorious hour for decisive action in idle and tiresome discussions, risking the chance of all permanent advance from absolutism, rather than not have reform according to their own particular theory. It is perhaps unfair to charge the universities with this fault, for it is rather the fault of the government. But German universities must be judged by their fruits, and the defect is manifest. The result shows the utter impossibility of the highest culture and development of the faculties and character of man, how great so ever his intellectual advantages, without true political freedom as a basis on which to rest it. This the Germans have not. Political questions are not discussed by the people or students: they are not allowed to be. A student's corps would soon be, as they often have been, disbanded, if politics were known to form the staple of conversation. And liberal-minded professors, inclining to prefer republicanism to monarchy, are silenced as Gervinus

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was, and dismissed from their post, or tried as Ewald so recently was, though he was acquitted, if they give utterance to these views in the lecture-room. This condition of things arises from the fact that the people do not govern but are governed. This fact acknowledged for a few generations, as it has always been in Prussia, interest in public affairs dies out and an enlightened public opinion is impossible. The sense of responsibility for the conduct of the government being wholly removed, the conviction of utter want of power to change it fixed, all ability to conduct affairs is soon wanting; and men grow up, so far as the state is concerned, rather as the inmates of a political nursery than the responsible citizens of a great commonwealth. Politics become merely a matter of curious speculation, or learned criticism; and the whole side of man's nature, which in England and America is so quickened and invigorated by free discussion and political responsibility, is left to utter neglect. But God's law written in our nature cannot be trampled down with impunity. The effects of this attempt to crush the soul in one of its loftiest aspirations—the aspiration of self-government—is seen in German scholars, notwithstanding all the treasures of knowledge which are liberally opened for their use. Kings may construct galleries and line them with the noblest productions of human genius of every clime; construct libraries and fill them with the wisdom of every age; open wide the gates of knowledge and invite men to enter and gather the rich prizes awarded to wisdom and learning; but if they will banish them from the conduct of affairs—if they ward off every approach to the sacred seat of law and authority, where man assumes the exercise of that rule which is the function nearest to the godlike within him—then their essential humanity is kept down. Men may be learned, cultivated, refined; but they will not be men, in the noblest signification of that noble word.

It is in this aspect of his circumstances that an American youth may be said to have an educator of more value than the princely universities of Germany afford, in the responsibilities of his station and the unrestricted field for the free exercise of his powers. As a general rule he certainly is more crude and rough in comparison with the polished specimens of European culture. It behooves him especially to imbibe the thorough and extended culture of his kinsmen across the sea, and to emulate

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their diligence and zeal in every department of profound and useful learning. With this, trained in their discipline and enriched by the spoils they have won, he may by reason of his free estate apply it to higher problems, and achieve greater ends for our common humanity. And perchance in the coming generations, men shall find on American soil the best ripened product and the noblest results of German student life.

C. C. Tiffany.

THE PASCAL FORGERIES IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Our age of reconstruction seems bent on a rereading of all history, a rehabilitation of all the scamps of antiquity, and the dragging of honored forms down from the niches and pedestals which Clio has assigned. Mr. Carlyle has much to answer for, and his chief disciple, Mr. Froude, has closely followed the example set by the eulogist of Mirabeau, Marat and Frederick. Small men have done worse, misled by the petty instinct of indiscriminate contradiction, and have gravely asked us to accept kings John and Richard III as examples of all that is noble and excellent. One of the most amusing and curious scenes of this drama of historic reconstruction was enacted in the French Academy of Sciences during the past three years; M. Chasles, a member of the Academy, being the magician who, at a sweep of his wand, was to transfer the laurel crown from the head of Sir Isaac Newton to that (not bare) of the great theologian and metaphysician Pascal.

On the 8th day of July, 1867, M. Chasles, at the request of President Chevreul, promised to anticipate his forthcoming book on "The Discovery of the Laws of Attraction by Pascal," and to lay before the Academy the letters on which his views were based. At the next meeting (July 15) he read two letters and four scientific memoranda addressed by Pascal to Sir Robert Boyle, in the year 1652, in which the law of gravitation was fully stated. The date at which Sir Isaac Newton was alleged to have discovered the same law is 1689. We quote from one of these letters of Pascal to Boyle:

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"In the movements of the heavenly bodies, the force acting in the direct ratio of the mass, and in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance, suffices for every thing, and furnishes reasons for explaining all the great revolutions which animate the universe."

In the latter part of the letter he illustrates the action of the same force on the surface of the earth by speaking of "the foam which floats on a cup of coffee, and which moves with a very sensible impetus towards the sides of the cup." In one of the memoranda, Pascal gives, for proportional values of the masses of the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn and the Earth, the following numbers, as derived by induction from the general law of gravitation: 1, $\frac{1}{1067}$, $\frac{1}{3021}$, $\frac{1}{169282}$.

He gives no proof of the accuracy of these figures, nor does he indicate the method by which he arrived at them.

We may here anticipate M. Chasles' subsequent statements (September 13, 1869) by saying that he had obtained these letters and memoranda from a person calling himself a palaeographic archivist, who furnished them during the six preceding years, together with some thousands of others, professing to come from the pens of Galileo, La Bruyere, Moliere, Montesquieu, Copernicus, Christopher Columbus, Calvin, Melancthon, Luther, Machiavelli, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Shakspeare, Montaigne, Cervantes, Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio, and a host of others. This marvellous collection extends back to the first centuries of our era, including epistles from the Apostles, St. Jerome and St. Augustin. This precious and rare assemblage of documents, the archivist assured him, had been carried to America in 1791, from which country their present possessor had brought them, and he was now perusing them at his leisure, so that he would only dispose of them to M. Chasles piece by piece; and that gentleman felt a great delicacy about mentioning his name at the meetings of the Academy, as it might cut off posterity and the public from the rest of the documents, and inflict an irreparable loss upon literature.

During the two years between M. Chasles' first statement and this last disclosure a warm controversy agitated the Academy, and extended to England and Italy. In the Academy only a few members, and those the least distinguished as men of science, took ground in favor of the genuineness of the pre-

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tended discoveries. One after another of the great *savans* came forward to impugn the letters as forgeries. It is not the least notable fact in the discussion that as fast as any point of M. Chasles' story was impugned, new documents were forthcoming to substantiate his statements, all of which, he solemnly averred, were in his possession from the commencement. For instance, M. Faye (July 22, 1867) objected that the calculations necessary to reach the conclusions given in the letters were impossible until Newton had invented the calculus of fluxions, which was not until long after the date of the supposititious letters to Boyle. Thereupon a letter appears in which Pascal acknowledged to Boyle the receipt from Newton (then eleven years old) of "a treatise on *the* calculus of the infinite," and other papers of an equally profoundly scientific nature. At the same meeting M. Duhamel had objected that even if these letters were genuine, Newton would still have the glory of establishing the great law of universal gravitation.

At the next meeting (July 29) M. Chasles produced a dozen letters of a character to show that Newton had been in direct communication with Pascal in regard to these very questions. The first, addressed to "the young Newton, studying at Grantham," in May, 1654, must have reached the author of the "Principia" in his twelfth year, and must have been read by that not very precocious youth in the intervals of "hound and hare," or top-whipping, or their equivalents in the middle of the seventeenth century. The following is an extract:

"My Young Friend:—I have learnt with what care you seek to initiate yourself into the mathematical sciences and geometry, and that you desire to thoroughly master in a scientific way the works of the late M. Descartes. I send you several of his papers, which were given to me by a person who was one of his most intimate friends. I send you also several problems which were formerly the objects of my study, concerning the laws of attraction, in order to exercise your genius. I pray you to tell me your opinion of them."

Others of this batch of the letters are from Newton to Pascal and to Robault, and must have been written in his eighteenth, twentieth and twenty-sixth years. They are written in beautiful French, while Sir Isaac never possessed the ability to compose fluently in that language. They also, as English critics pointed out, contain anachronisms in regard to the name of Newton's

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mother, and many small inaccuracies which a critical eye would at once detect. It is notable, as M. Benard pointed out, that Pascal's letters to Newton are full of English idioms rendered into French words. Others of the blunders were pointed out by Sir David Brewster, in a letter to President Chevreul, which was read August 12. He had re-examined all the correspondence and papers of Newton preserved at Hurtsbourne Park; he declares that no paper or letter to or from Pascal to Newton, nor any piece containing the name of Pascal, exists in that collection.

M. Faugere (August 26) called attention to the instance given by the pseudo Pascal in 1652 to illustrate the law of attraction—namely, the attraction of foam on the surface of a cup of coffee to the sides of the cup. The way in which coffee is spoken of implied its common use in 1652, while not till 1669 did Soliman Aga, the Turkish ambassador to the Court of Louis XIV, teach the French the use of that beverage.

The second letter from England was from Robert Grant, of the Glasgow Observatory, who took up the numbers of the pseudo Pascal, which we have given as expressing the relative masses of the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn and the Earth. M. Benard had already pointed out that the necessary data for the calculation as regards Saturn could not have been in Pascal's possession at the date of the letter, (January 2, 1655,) as the satellite from whose revolutions they are derived was not discovered until March 25 of the same year, and the first tables of those revolutions, by Huyghens, were not published until 1659. Mr. Grant followed up this blow by pointing out that the numbers of the pseudo Pascal were more accurate than any that Newton himself could reach until near the close of his life. The editions of the "Principia" of 1687 and 1713 give a different and a less accurate set of numbers; but in the last edition published during his own life, that of 1726, the numbers contained in M. Chasles' documents were inserted. These numbers were based upon observations made by Pound and Bradley with a telescope of new construction and unexampled power. The elder of these associate astronomers was born in 1669, or seven years after Pascal's death. To this M. Chasles gravely replied by charging Newton with changing Pascal's correct figures in his earlier editions of the "Principia," to prevent the detection of his plagiarism, and then returning to the exact figures in his third edition, after a

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lapse of forty years; or else, he suggests, Newton had not Pascal's accurate data, and did not like to adopt his results without verification, which he did attain to before publishing the edition of 1726.

In the meantime the palæographical archivist had heard of Huyghens and his importance to the controversy; so at the same session of the Academy letters were forthcoming from Mynheer Huyghens to Pascal, Newton and Boyle, showing that Pascal had communicated his discoveries to that great savan, with whom they met with but a cold reception, as being likely to overthrow all branches of physics as then received and taught. M. Duhamel keenly retorted that these additional letters show that if the Chasles documents were genuine, then the alleged discoveries of Pascal had been made a subject of discussion and gossip in the scientific circles of Europe, without ever finding their way into print until 1867, a fact only to be accounted for on the supposition that they had never obtained a recognized place or standing by a rigorous proof of their truth. In any case the glory of the discovery remains with Newton. The clumsiest inventions of the Chasles documents were those presented at this meeting as written by the exiled James II to Newton, and from Newton to Louis XIV. The exiled king writes from St. Germain, in the new *role* of patron of science and of the whig Newton, whom his successor made Master of the Mint. In the midst of his preparations for an armed expedition to Ireland he finds time to busy himself with a Pascal-Newton controversy elsewhere unrecorded, which had sprung up in France, provoked by some offensive expressions used by Newton in regard to Pascal. He urges him, by his memory of old kindnesses—also unrecorded elsewhere—to retract his words and acknowledge his indebtedness to Pascal, of which abundant documentary evidence had been discovered. Newton complies, and in a letter to *le Grand Monarque* eats his own words with edifying gravity. The first letter is dated 1689, the second 1685, at a date when James was still Duke of York and a loyal subject of his brother, Charles II, little expecting to be an exiled king at St. Germain. Later in the controversy a whole host of these royal letters appear, all in regard to the interest which these much misunderstood monarchs took in the history of scientific discovery and the claims of Pascal. The archivist, it is evident, thought that he had made a good point here.

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At the session of October 7 another illustrious astronomer comes on the scene. M. Huyghen's Saturnian discoveries proving too late in their date for the basis of Pascal's calculations, the archivist brings forward the great Italian, Galileo, as the first discoverer of the satellite which bears the name of Huyghens. He speaks, in autograph letters dated 1641, of a treatise received from Pascal, in which the numbers quoted above were demonstrated from astronomical data furnished by Galileo himself. These numbers, be it remembered, could only be reached by the calculus of fluxions, which even the pseudo Pascal first heard of in 1654, when Newton, then eleven years old, invented and communicated that mathematical process. In 1639, we may also note, a Roman inquisitor certified that Galileo had gone stone-blind, and all his authentic letters after that date are written by his disciples, and so signed, while those of M. Chasles are in autograph. At the next meeting a letter was read from M. Faugere, asking a formal investigation of the genuineness of these documents, by comparison with others from the same pens, preserved in the Bibliotheque Imperiale, and of undisputed genuineness. To this M. Chasles gave his cordial assent.

As a first step to this, we presume, he laid before the Academy, at its next meeting, (October 28,) a list of documents received through the archivist from the unknown collector, which have a bearing on the controversy. Although covering, as was afterwards ascertained, but a small part of the whole mass of documents, this list astonishes one by its extent and its audacity.

Sir David Brewster, appealed to by M. Chasles in regard to the genuine papers and correspondence of Newton, declared that none of them contained the name of Pascal. He had previously pointed out the entire dissimilarity of the handwriting of the pseudo Newton to that of the genuine letters of Sir Isaac. He conjectured that Des Maizeaux, one of M. Chasles' authorities, as a correspondent of Liebnitz, was the real forger of these documents, in which he assigned to them a much more ancient origin than they could really claim. The correspondence is largely traced by its latest possessors to Des Maizeaux, who must have had it in 1734–40, when he aided in the compilation of the "General Dictionary." This work contains elaborate biographies of the men whose letters are now produced, but in no place does he record a single one of the startling facts revealed in them. Of the nine volumes of his correspondence

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preserved in the British Museum, not a single letter contains the name of Pascal.

Mr. Robert Grant, of the Glasgow Observatory, whose previous letter had necessitated the Galileo forgeries, now came forward to demolish the hypothesis based upon them, showing that even if Galileo had given Pascal data for the discovery of the mass of Saturn, still that would not account for the accuracy of his other figures, as no data possessed by Galileo would have enabled him to arrive at the numbers given in regard to the mass of the Sun, Jupiter and the Earth. M. Chasles' reply to these hard knocks from *perfide Albion* is very amusing. His method has an attempt at logic, but logic is not his main reliance. As Mahomet used to get a special revelation to lift him out of any little difficulty with his public, so M. Chasles is always succored by his archivist. Dividing up one of Mr. Grant's arguments into three parts, he responds by presenting three series of letters, one of them especially designed to overthrow the argument derived from Galileo's blindness for three years before he wrote to Pascal. His faithful disciples are made to testify that his blindness was only by fits, and partial, so that he could write with some difficulty. In the meantime the letters of the pseudo Galileo had been noticed in Turin, and Signor Govi writes to sustain Mr. Grant. He shows that Galileo never wrote in French, the language of the pseudo Galileo. His MSS. in the National Library at Florence contain not a line of French, and when a French name appears in them it is generally "disfigured." When Frenchmen wrote, it was, with the single exception of the Comte de Noailles, in Italian or Latin, and his answers are always in the same languages. His disciples do not ascribe to him any knowledge of French, and mention no correspondence with Pascal, through themselves, according to the Chasles manuscripts. His blindness began in 1632, and the Inquisitor reported in 1639, "*Io l'ho ritrovato totalmente privo di vista, e cieco affatto;*" *i. e.*, "I have found him entirely deprived of sight and completely blind;" a statement confirmed by his correspondence and by other reports of the Inquisitor. After 1637 he wrote nothing, except once or twice his signature. These statements are confirmed by a letter from the Padre Secchi, of the Roman Observatory, read at the session of December 16, who also points out minor inaccuracies. He especially notes that Galileo confined his studies to mechanics in his years of blindness, abandoning

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that of astronomy. M. Chasles' answer to these Italian opponents is amusingly inconsequent. At this point of the discussion M. Balard moved that the documents so liberally furnished by M. Chasles be no longer published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy. This led to a discussion, participated in by a large number of the members. Although the general sense of the Academy was decidedly against the genuineness of the documents, yet the desire for fair play prevailed, and the motion was rejected; so that M. Chasles continued to hold the lists against all comers.

[To be continued.]

A NEW BEARING OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

One of the most interesting of Dr. McIlvaine's series of lectures in the Hall of the University, delivered at the instance of our new Social Science Association, was on the growing productiveness of the earth. The original English political economists—Adam Smith, Ricardo and Malthus—died before any thing was known of the science of agricultural chemistry. The later writers of the English school have done nothing but copy and imitate those three thinkers, John Stuart Mill being an eminent example of this species of plagiarism. The founders of the school supposed, as did every one in their times, that the substance and sustenance of trees and plants were derived wholly, or almost so, from the earth, and that the continual cropping of any soil necessarily caused its gradual exhaustion, thereby diminishing year by year the capacity of the earth to sustain human life.

Liebig and his school of agricultural chemists have utterly exploded this theory, although Mr. Mill and others go on copying it. They have shown that only a very small part of the substance of any plant or tree comes from the soil, and that its main bulk is derived from the air and from rain. At the beginning, the world possessed no soil at all, *i. e.*, no mixture of inorganic matter with decayed tissues. The lower orders of

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plants, such as lichens and mosses, which can live on inorganic matter, first appeared, and by their decay formed an inferior kind of soil, in which plants of orders just above them could find sustenance. These again decayed, and formed soil of a higher grade; and so the process went on through long ages, until a soil adequate to the support of the cereals was produced. The same process is going on still, so that the soil of the earth is increasing every year, and her power of supporting human life is increasing with the growth of the race. The Western prairie, when left unbroken and covered with wild grass, rose perceptibly year by year, through the growth and decay of the mere grass, showing the method in which the prairie itself had been formed in the lapse of the geologic ages. The process is going on in the valley of the Amazon at such a prodigious rate, through the immense amount of heat and moisture available, that man is, as yet, unable to master the processes of nature in that region, and make them subserve his own uses. But it is not to be supposed that he will always be defeated in that quarter, and the prospect that he will become master of that vast and immensely fertile region must be taken into account in estimating the prospects of our race in the ages to come.

The main sustenance of vegetable life, then, comes from the air and from water, sources which may be safely counted on as inexhaustible. The proportion is so great that even deducting for the return of part of the decayed plant to the air, it is safe to say that nine-tenths of its bulk is clear gain to the soil. Curious instances of this were given, as where a willow tree weighing sixty-five pounds was found to have taken but a very few ounces from the soil in which it was planted. [A stranger case is, where a tree has been found growing in the cleft of a rock, subsisting on air and rain, without any soil at all.] The element taken from the air is mainly carbonic acid, with which our atmosphere was, at the first, so thoroughly charged that human beings and animals could not have lived by breathing it in the earlier geological ages. There is probably still an excess of it in our atmosphere, and its diminution by the increase of the vegetable kingdom, and of the soil on which they live, will therefore increase the external means of human health and happiness. The absorption of it by plants was especially great in the carboniferous periods, and nature has stored away the results in our coal-mines, our limestone rocks, and in other vast

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granaries. From this man is bringing it forth for the benefit of the vegetable world, as well as for the direct uses for which he employed it. Every pound of coal burned gives off four pounds of carbonic acid, which is mainly absorbed by the plants, becomes vegetable tissue, and then decays into soil.

On the other hand, while there is this great natural increase of soil, there is no necessary diminution of it by the use of the fruits of the soil for food. Not an atom of food is destroyed or lost by its being used as food; with wise management it goes back to the soil with increase. Thus, in Belgium, cattle are kept in stall simply for the sake of their manure, that being worth much more than is their food.

That there is actually an unnecessary waste in this matter is undeniable. The decreased fertility of several wheat regions in the Middle and Western States shows this—shows that when man carries off the fruits of the soil and makes no return to it, the soil *is* impoverished. For instance, when an agricultural nation exports vast quantities of food, and imports in exchange manufactured articles of much less bulk and of almost no agricultural value, then the soil must grow poorer, year by year. Such a policy is literally selling one's country to the stranger. On the other hand, when the sewage of great cities is poured into the seas and rivers in reckless waste, the same result is reached. Thus did the *Cloacoe* of Rome, and the Tiber into which they emptied, drain the fertile district around that city of all its agricultural wealth, and largely reduce it to a desert. Thus, too, have the cities of England and France been acting until quite recently, when the opposite policy has been adopted, and the sewage of Paris and London is now mostly saved for the farmer. It is our duty to adopt the same policy as a part of our American municipal system.

Our attention has been called to a misstatement in our March number, in that we speak of Mr. Richard Grant White as editor of *The Galaxy*, and hold him responsible in some degree for a criticism on Carlyle which appeared in its March number. Mr. White is not, and never was, connected with *The Galaxy's* management. The animus of our comment was based purely on the character of the criticism in question, and had no personal aim.

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

MAY, 1870.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

OURS is probably the most complex system of government that has ever existed; but this, so far from being a sign of defect, is among the highest proofs of its excellence. Science seeks simplifications; but nature rejoices in manifold variety. Her highest organisms are always marked by the greatest intricacy, diversity and interdependence of parts.

In the historical development of political systems, the monarchical element makes its appearance first, as being the simplest and, in that sense, the most natural; then the aristocratic element is joined with it, to limit and modify, or even control it; and lastly the democratic element, after many struggles, comes gradually to a real share in the political power, and eventually to its rightful preponderance. Our government unites all these elements, combining them in the order and proportion which must characterize the last and highest form of development—first and chief, the democratic, and then the aristocratic and monarchical. Its democracy is not a simple democracy, but takes the more complex representative form, which is essential to the preponderance of the democratic element in the government of any thing more than a single town or city. And, finally, it adds the further complication of the federal system, which is equally essential to the successful working of a democratic government in a country of a vast and indefinite extent.

The sovereignty is divided between the Federal and the State governments, each being, by express constitutional provision, re-

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stricted to, but left supreme in, its appropriate limits. The control of matters of general and national interest is confided to the former, and the management of those of a more domestic character is reserved to the latter; while, again, a great part of the details of practical administration is left to the various municipal organizations. Nowhere, perhaps, has the municipal system a fuller and freer development than in this country. Indeed, this system remains one of the most marked characteristics of our American republican institutions, and one of the most important means of our practical political education.

Our Federal and our State governments are all organized on a similar model. First, they are distributed into the three co-ordinate departments, legislative, executive and judicial; and then the legislative power is exercised by two co-ordinate branches or Houses. The democratic element, with its frequent elections and its constitution-making power, underlies the whole, but has its special expression in the popular branch of the Legislature. The monarchical element is feebly represented by the Executive. The Judiciary and the Senate represent still more feebly an aristocratic element. Indeed, the aristocratic element has, among us, a social rather than a political existence.

If now we inquire which of the three departments is the highest, or represents the *Sovereignty* of the State, we shall find it a difficult question to answer. In some respects, and especially toward foreign nations, it is the Executive; but, in fact, his powers are exceedingly limited and mostly subordinate: he cannot make the laws, but is bound to execute them; he cannot conclude treaties, but must submit them to the Senate for ratification; he can appoint officers only by the authority of Congress, or with the advice and consent of the Senate; and he is liable to impeachment and removal from office by the action of the two branches of the Legislature. In many respects the legislative department seems to challenge the best claim to the function of Sovereignty. It makes the laws, which all citizens and all magistrates alike are bound to obey. But even here it is checked, on the one hand by the veto of the Executive, and, on the other, by the power of the Judiciary to declare its acts unconstitutional and void. Thus the Judiciary seems, after all, to be placed at the apex of the political pyramid; but then the sphere of its action is limited to cases in which the rights of persons or property may be so affected as to

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furnish ground for seeking a legal or equitable remedy; its original jurisdiction secured to it by the Constitution is restricted to a very small segment even of this sphere, and its appellate jurisdiction is subject to congressional control; and the judges, like the Executive, are liable to impeachment and removal from office. On the whole, in this matter of the supreme power, the people are at the bottom of it, and the Constitution is at the top of it, and between them each department is supreme in its own sphere; while, in processes of impeachment, the two branches of the Legislature are not performing any ordinary or proper governmental function, but represent the whole body of the people acting in extraordinary emergencies as a grand inquest and high court of justice.

In so complicate a machine, or rather in so delicate an organism, not only is it essential that every part should duly perform its own functions, but it is almost equally essential that there should be no interference of the several parts with one another; but that all the members should confine themselves strictly, each to his appropriate function. On this mutual respect and comity the successful working of the whole system must largely depend. Collisions between the Federal government and the State governments, between Federal officials and State officials, as well as between the different departments within the several governments themselves, should be most watchfully and religiously avoided.

In collisions between Federal and State legislation, the United States Supreme Court is the final umpire, beyond which there is no appeal but to the arbitrament of arms. Collisions between Federal and State courts and officials must run up ultimately to the same means of adjudication and adjustment.

As to the danger of one of the three departments of the Federal government encroaching upon the others, and engrossing the whole or an undue share of the supreme power, our fears were first directed towards the Executive; attempts have been made of late to excite them rather against the Legislative, as being the strongest department; but they will ultimately be fixed upon the Judiciary, unless the Supreme Court shall continue to imitate the reserve and caution, and the severely judicial impartiality and impersonality which so honorably characterized its early history. If there is danger of the assumption and exercise of unconstitutional, irresponsible, arbitrary power, by any department of our government, that danger is from the Supreme Court. This proposition will

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undoubtedly sound paradoxical and worse than paradoxical to almost all our readers. And precisely herein lies one element of the danger. This is the side where we are not on our guard, where we are resting in perfect confidence and security, and where for that very reason the exposure is the greatest. If an ambitious Executive aims to destroy the balance of the government by encroaching upon the rights of co-ordinate branches, he has scarcely time to become warm in his seat before the question of his longer continuance in office is referred to the people at a presidential election. Four years must end his reign, unless the people approve his course by their electoral suffrages. Should the Legislative branch attempt similar encroachments, or indulge itself in the enactment of unwise, unjust or oppressive laws, the Senate can be revolutionized by the popular will in four years, and the House of Representatives in two. On the other hand, the Judges of the Supreme Court hold their places for life. They are the real aristocracy, if we have any, in our government; theirs is the irresponsible, arbitrary power, if any such exists among us. Both the Executive and the Legislative are directly and swiftly amenable to the people; and it is not so much the question whether they can be trusted to govern the people, as whether the people can be trusted to govern themselves. So far as we look to the Supreme Court as a refuge from the popular will, we adopt a monarchical or aristocratic instead of the democratic principle of government. We thus admit that the people are not to be trusted to govern themselves, but need to be governed. Such a revisory tribunal may be very useful and highly desirable to correct incidental errors, to check temporary excesses, to protect the rights of minorities, to act as the national conscience; and if the Supreme Court keeps itself cautiously within these limits—as for the most part it has hitherto done—avoiding alike political subservience and political dictation, it may continue to be respected as the national conscience, and supported by the people themselves as a precious part of their own chosen democratic system.

Still "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and we do well to remember that Supreme Judges are men of like passions as other men are; that they are liable to errors and prejudices, to fixed partizan dogmas and ideas, and above all to love of power, as well as presidents and senators and representatives. If Congress can make unconstitutional laws, the Supreme Court can

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make unconstitutional decisions; and in the latter case the worst of it is, there is no appeal and no remedy. Impeachment is no remedy, for nobody would think of impeaching a whole court, and that, too, when the judges might be just as honest in their opinions as the House or the Senate in theirs. And to pack the Supreme Court with additional judges would be to transform it openly into a mere engine of party politics, to destroy its peculiar credit and authority, and utterly to abolish it as a co-ordinate branch of the national government.

The Supreme Court is in its own keeping,—not in that of Congress or of the President. It can preserve its high character and its immense influence and usefulness in our complex system of government, or it can compromise and lose them all. It must be more jealous in its purity and more modest in its reserve than the coyest maiden; it must avoid even the garment spotted with the sordid stain of political partizanship and political ambition.

The most delicate function of the Supreme Court by far is that of deciding upon the constitutionality of a law of Congress. In this direction lies its greatest temptation to the exercise of arbitrary power, because it here takes the position of political sovereignty, here it stands at the very summit of governmental sway, and thus its love of power—which it shares with the rest of mankind—is most likely here to seek its gratification. No popular prejudice is more common among us than the belief that this power to decide laws of Congress unconstitutional is expressly conferred on the Supreme Court by the Constitution itself. Now it is a curious fact that of such a power there is not a syllable contained in that instrument: it is itself purely inferential and constructive. The Constitution contains no hint that any law of Congress may be unconstitutional; it rather presumes the contrary. And this is the natural presumption; for every act of Congress must have had the deliberate approval either of two-thirds of both Houses, or of a majority of both Houses concurring and of the President,—all elected by the people, and all solemnly sworn to support the Constitution. The presumption, therefore, is immense in favor of the validity of every law duly enacted. Whence comes then the constitutional power of the Supreme Court to pronounce such a law unconstitutional and void? It may happen that in the legislation of Congress (and the same is true of the British Parliament) two laws should have been enacted inconsistent with each

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other, and a case might arise in which the Supreme Court would be required to decide which should prevail and which should be avoided. In the same way, and only in the same way, may the Supreme Court decide a law to be unconstitutional and void; for if the law of Congress and the law of the Constitution (and here British legislation has no exact parallel) be in conflict, there can be no question which should prevail and which be annulled. The question, then, is, Can the law go into effect without a violation of the Constitution? In order to furnish ground for annulling the law, there must be a positive conflict between the two, so that absolutely one or the other must yield. It is a question not of loose construction or of vague opinion upon public expediency or general political theories, but *stricti juris*, and the burden of proof is on the oppugners of the law.

Suppose we apply these principles for a moment to a question now much agitated in the country—that of the constitutionality of the "Legal Tender Act," so-called.

As to the *expediency* of having this law now declared void in respect to contracts made before its enactment—a question which ought not to be judicially raised at all—it may be freely admitted that it would probably be highly expedient, as tending to hasten the return to "specie payments" in the general business of the country. But, on the other hand, to establish it as an ultimate dictum of constitutional law that, in case the country should ever be placed again in the situation in which it had to contend for its very existence against the late rebellion, Congress would have no constitutional right to pass such an act as the Legal Tender act, is something more than a question of expediency; it is a question of life and death; it is a question whether the government, whether the country, has a constitutional right of self-preservation.

But, setting aside those aspects of the question, the arguments against the constitutionality of the law may be reduced to four heads:

First: It is alleged that this law, in its retrospective action, "impairs the obligation of contracts," and is therefore void. To the popular mind this is the simplest and most convincing argument, and is very generally thought decisive of the whole question; probably because people remember the familiar words of the Constitution, "shall make no law impairing the obligation of contracts," and forthwith to their minds the Legal Tender act is

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settled to be unconstitutional, of course. But if they would look a little further, they would find that it is not Congress that is prohibited from making such a law, but only the States. In Section 9, of the first Article of the Constitution, which contains the express limitations of the powers of the Federal government, we read, among other prohibitions, "no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed," and "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States." In Section 10, containing the restrictions upon the States, we find the following: "No State shall emit bills of credit, make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility." Thus both Congress and the States are prohibited from "passing any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or granting any title of nobility;" but only the States are forbidden to make laws "impairing the obligation of contracts;" a distinction which must have been intended, and must have its meaning; and that is, the implication, of course, that Congress has a right to make such laws. Moreover, to the Congress is expressly granted the exclusive power of making general laws on the subject of bankruptcies, that they may be uniform for the whole country; which of course involves the power to make laws impairing the obligation of contracts. Indeed, there is no danger that any court will pronounce the law unconstitutional on this ground; and the argument has been adverted to here chiefly because, though utterly baseless in fact, it probably has more practical weight with the mass of men than any other.

Second: The law is alleged to be inconsistent with that provision of the fifth amendment to the Constitution which declares that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation." A general and sufficient answer to this argument is, that the provision cited has no relevancy to the case in hand. It was intended for cases, and only for cases, of an entirely different character. If urged literally and strictly, it might be understood to forbid all taxation. Such a construction surely will not be insisted on. If it is alleged that Congress is thus forbidden to pass any law diminishing the value of any private property, the answer is that then it could neither make nor alter any tariff laws, for all such laws are likely to diminish the value of property in the hands of some parties. If it is alleged that

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debts are property, and that to require creditors to relinquish a half, or two-thirds, or any part of their lawful dues, is to deprive them of their property, it is answered that even then the government simply deprives the creditor of his legal remedy for the recovery of such portion of the debt, but it does not "take" his property; not a cent of it is transferred to the public treasury, or comes for one moment under the control of the government. Moreover, if "taken," in some sense, by the "Legal Tender law," it is not "taken for public use;" or, if it be insisted that, in an indirect and general way, it is so taken, because it is taken for the public good, then the answer is that it is not taken "without just compensation," also *in an indirect and general way*, unless all taxation is taking private property without just compensation. If, finally, it be alleged that this case cannot properly be brought under the analogy of taxation, because taxation should be uniform and impartial, and this is a special levy on pre-existing debts, the answer is, that Congress can lay a special tax on whatever kind of commodity or property it may judge fit; it can lay a special tax on debts, and has so done. If, when I receive payment of a debt, Congress can constitutionally require me by law to affix a two-cent government stamp to my receipt, the same Congress could constitutionally require me to affix a government stamp equivalent to ten, or twenty, or fifty, or any per cent. of my debt, or in varying proportions, according to any sliding scale which it might prescribe; and thereby just so much of my property, represented by that debt, would be effectually taken from me for the public use. Are, therefore, all stamp laws unconstitutional with respect to receipts for pre-existing debts? Whether a stamp duty is an imposition of two cents or of two hundred thousand dollars does not alter the principle or the constitutionality of the thing. The simple fact is, that if the Legal Tender act, in its relation to pre-existing debts, can be said at all to be "taking private property for public use," it is thus properly brought under the analogy of taxation. It was substantially a levy of a tax on those debts for the public good; *i. e.*, in order to give an additional element of value to the treasury notes of the United States, so that the government might meet its extraordinary war-expenses with fewer dollars than would otherwise have been required.

Third: It is alleged that the power to make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts" is not expressly

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granted to Congress by the Constitution, and therefore is not possessed by the Federal government. But, as we have already seen, this is one of those powers the exercise of which is, by the Constitution, expressly prohibited to the States, but not to the United States, while, in the same connection, the exercise of certain other powers is expressly prohibited to both; thus assuming, by implication, that this power is included under the general powers of the United States government. This is among the natural and inherent powers of sovereignty. It certainly is not one of those which, not being invested by the Constitution in the government of the Union, is reserved to the States respectively, for to them its exercise is expressly inhibited. Either, therefore, it exists nowhere among us, although, while expressly inhibited to the States, it has not been forbidden to the national government, or it is implied that that government possesses it as a matter of course.

Moreover, the Constitution not only grants to Congress certain powers specifically enumerated, but it closes the enumeration with the following general provision: "And to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department thereof." The question, then, is this, Was the Legal Tender law necessary and proper for carrying into execution the power of Congress "to raise and support armies," "to provide and maintain a navy," "to call forth, arm and discipline the militia," for the "suppression" of the gigantic "insurrection" which was then threatening the total destruction of the nation itself, its union, government, constitution and all? And under this lies another question, viz., *Who is to judge of this necessity and fitness?* Now, from the nature of legislation, this right of judgment must precede the exercise of the power, otherwise the power is nugatory. It would seem, therefore, that but one answer could be given to this question: that Congress itself must be the judge. But we are not here left to the mere appeal to common sense; we have the solemn judgment of the Supreme Court itself to the same effect, pronounced long since by Chief Justice Marshall. It was decided that Congress was sole judge of the necessity and fitness in question, and that the Supreme Court would not presume to revise or reverse that judgment, at least unless it were palpably and beyond

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all reasonable doubt erroneous and wrong. Indeed, is it not plain that for the Supreme Court to undertake to revise such a judgment is entering upon the arena of politics, assuming a share in the function of legislation, and claiming to be, to all intents and purposes, a third House of Congress? Here would be a whole branch of legislation—and legislation which, from its very nature, would be likely to involve the most important questions of general policy —in which no act of Congress, though regularly passed by both Houses and approved by the President, could be even probably presumed to have legal validity until it had been passed upon by the Supreme Court. It may be said that to leave to Congress the right of judging in this case is to make Congress practically omnipotent, and to override all the limitations and reservations of the Constitution; so that, under cover of this general provision, the rest of the Constitution would be practically abolished, and Congress could, without check, or restraint, or remedy, make any laws, however oppressive, unjust or revolutionary. But this is to forget that the members of Congress are the chosen representatives of the people, and are acting under the sanction of a solemn oath to support the Constitution of their country; it presumes them to be either knaves or fools. And even if this last were true, the people still have their remedy at the polls, which they can make effectual in two, or four, or six years at the furthest. But this Legal Tender law has been approved or acquiesced in by Presidents, Congresses and people for eight years, and solemnly pronounced constitutional by the highest judicial tribunals of all but one of more than a dozen of the principal States of the Union. It would seem that such a law could not be in palpable and unquestionable conflict with the Federal Constitution. Besides, the exposure to oppressive, unjust, unconstitutional and revolutionary laws, alleged by the objector, must remain under any possible arrangement, except so far as the people can remedy it in the way just referred to. For if the immediate representatives of the people may pass such laws, and they may be concurred in by the Senate and approved by the President, so might they be concurred in by a *third House* also, call it a Supreme Court or what you please. Somewhere or other we must reach the end of our tether in legislation—a point beyond which there is no remedy but in the people; and, while the people can in a few years change their President and both Houses of Congress, they cannot so change this

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third House, except by a process which would itself be revolutionary.

Fourth: It is alleged that the Legal Tender act is unconstitutional because it is unjust, and the preamble to the Constitution expressly declares that the instrument was framed, among other things, "to establish justice."

This is the strangest argument of all; this is turning the tables upon the old loose constructionists with a vengeance. They had endeavored to construe out of the preamble to the Constitution a positive grant of powers to the Federal government; this interpretation uses the same preamble for the negative purpose of limiting its powers. The argument is probably about as good one way as the other. The preamble is intended neither to confer nor to restrain powers, but merely to set forth certain general purposes and ideas, with a view to which the powers which are given are given, and the powers which are restrained are restrained.

But the Constitution—so the argument runs—was designed "to establish justice:" this law is unjust; *ergo* it is unconstitutional. Well, let us take a parallel case. The Constitution was established "to promote the general welfare:" a given law is not adapted to this end, but is inexpedient; *ergo* it is unconstitutional!

But if the Supreme Court may assume to judge what laws are unjust, and what laws are inexpedient, and may thereupon declare them unconstitutional, does it not utterly break down again the distinction between legislative and judicial functions? And how, then, can the Constitution declare, in its very first words, "All legislative power herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States?"

The case is patent. Congress can pass laws ever so unjust, ever so inexpedient, ever so ill-adapted to promote union, or to provide for the common defence, or to secure the blessings of liberty; and yet those laws cannot be pronounced, by the Supreme Court, unconstitutional or void, unless they are in conflict with the express provisions of the Constitution itself; and they must be submitted to as laws until the people can come to the rescue at the polls. Congress may impose taxes, for example, ever so exorbitant, ever so oppressive, ever so unwise, and the Supreme Court has no right therefore to pronounce such laws unconstitutional; but if Congress lays a capitation or other direct tax otherwise than in proportion to the census, such a law may forthwith be declared unconstitu-

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tional. But for the Supreme Court to annul laws of Congress on such general grounds as are above referred to is to absorb into itself the proper functions of Congress, and to claim a veto upon all the legislation of the country;—it is to revolutionize the government,—a revolution which could only be met, and which certainly would be met, by revolutionizing the Supreme Court.

The traditional veneration of the American people for the Supreme Court of the United States is of the very last importance to the character and permanency of our republican institutions, to the consistency and stability of our whole fabric of government. Whether that veneration is to continue or not will depend, not so much upon parties, or people, or politics, as upon the Supreme Court itself. Let it go out of its way a few more times to pronounce "Missouri compromises" unconstitutional; let it utter a few more Dred Scott decisions; and the illusion will soon be dispelled, and that veneration will remain only among the glorious memories of the past. *Absit, absit.* G.

MACBETH.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

Shakspeare, in the character of Macbeth, seems to have had in his mind a man the principal feature of whose mental fabric was a limitless imagination. A man, proud, daring, and ambitious; a man, ready and willing with a ruthless hand to sweep every obstacle from before his path which might interfere with the success of his plans, but who was continually hampered, when action was most necessary, by the fearful pictures of an overwrought brain of the dangerous results to himself of his wicked plans.

Hamlet is also slow to action, and chance, at last, brings about the catastrophe, the performance of which had been imposed upon him in the beginning of the play by the spirit of his murdered father. This hesitation, however, is produced by a widely different cause. Hamlet is the representative of the human intellect;

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his powers of comprehension are so broad that it is impossible for him to follow out a single line of thought; he is not deterred from action by any fear of the consequences to himself, but because he is continually lost in a sea of doubt and metaphysical argument brought about by the very act he is about to perform.

Macbeth is first presented to us under the most favorable auspices: the soldier returning from the battle-field, and passing on his way, the king is loud in his praises of the valor and bearing of the mighty warrior; it is, according to his report, owing to Macbeth's great exertions and invincible bravery, nobly seconded by Banquo, that armed treason is put down, and the king once more securely seated upon his throne. These praises are more than confirmed by Rosse, who is sent to greet Macbeth with the forfeited title of the Thane of Cawdor.

Up to the time of his meeting with the weird sisters, Macbeth seems to have stood high in the regard and confidence of his royal cousin, who looked upon him as one of his nearest friends and the chief supporter of his throne. That before that time a baleful ambition had taken possession of his breast, and that he was only deterred by fear of the consequences from seeking his own aggrandizement, at the expense of the life of his gracious sovereign, abundantly appears from the taunting words of Lady Macbeth, who, when provoked by the vacillating and cowardly shrinking of her husband from his purposed treachery, reproaches him with a former similar intention.

> "Nor time, nor place,
> Did then adhere, and yet you would make both."
> [*Act* I, *Scene* 7.]

It is of the utmost importance in the study of all of Shakspeare's characters thoroughly to search for and understand any hints or foreshadowings he may vouchsafe of their surroundings, and also the manner and nature of their first appearance. As, therefore, we first hear of Macbeth in the plan which the weird sisters devise to meet him on the heath, when he returns from the battle-field, we may be sure that they are to be important agents in, and among the chief forces that are to work out, the development of the plot.

The meeting of Macbeth with the weird sisters on the heath was the turning-point of his life; here the great opportunity for the choice of good or evil was presented to him; and he, having a

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chord within him respondent to the opportunity for gratifying his evil designs, grasps the chance, and from that moment begins his downward career in the path of crime. As our natures and characters, so are also our immunity or liability to succumb to opportunities for good or evil, which may be thrown in our path; we are surrounded by a moral atmosphere of our own creation, which is formed by the sum total of our desires and aspirations. One man may pass unscathed through many an ordeal, simply because the temptation found no response in his bosom; whereas another, weak in respect to that wherein the former was unassailable, might be strong as adamant where the first would ignominiously yield.

As, then, the meeting of Macbeth with the weird sisters was the cause of his change of conduct, it becomes necessary to arrive at a thorough comprehension of the relation which they bear to him, and to understand the influence which the few but momentous words spoken by them have upon his mind; we must also gain some insight into his character, and understand why he grasped the opportunity presented by them.

That Macbeth was endowed with no small share of physical courage has already been sufficiently shown, but that he is as signally deficient in that higher grade of manhood—moral courage—as he outranks other men in mere animal nerve, is evident from his conduct throughout the play, wherein he allows the fears caused by the phantasies of his glorious imagination to check him in the moment when immediate action is most necessary. Being, therefore, a moral coward, just in proportion to the immensity of his imaginative faculty, he is withheld from the execution of his murderous designs by the fears, which his imagination calls up, of the retribution which awaits him in this world if he carries out his horrid intentions.

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly: If the assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
> With his surcease, success; that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
> But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
> We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
> We still have judgment here; that we but teach
> Bloody instruction, which being taught, returns
> To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips." [*Act* I, *Scene* 7.]

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He is also restrained from the commission of the crime, not by any principles of honor or loyalty, but rather on account of a slavish regard of the opinion of the world.

> "And I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon."

With this view of Macbeth's character before us, let us now investigate his interview with the weird sisters and its effect upon his conduct.

The weird sisters are entirely a creation of Shakspeare, given as a part of the *dramatis personæ.* Their nature and its exposition has been studiously avoided by all Shakspearian critics, and for the present purpose it will be sufficient to accept them with the few commentaries upon their mission which Shakspeare has seen fit to give us. They would seem to have an intimate connection with the struggles and evil passions of man; their delight is to be present

> "When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won."

They seem to be deficient of all moral sense, or at least that in them it has become utterly perverted. To them

> "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,"

and the chiefest pleasure in which they delight is to surround themselves with an atmosphere of moral darkness, to

> "Hover through the fog and filthy air."

Their power, or rather their influence, over mankind is indeed limited; they can worry man and attempt to thwart his plans by placing obstacles in his path.

> "Though his bark cannot be lost,
> Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd."

They can read the thoughts of man, and herein consists the connecting link between them and Macbeth. In Act IV, Scene 1, Macbeth, having executed his foul design upon the life of the gracious Duncan, and, urged on by the awful visions of his horror-struck imagination, has heaped crime upon crime, is induced to seek the weird sisters, in order to obtain from them freedom

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from the crushing weight of the counterplots by which he thinks himself surrounded, or at least to hear the certainty of his doom. They forbid him to question the infernal power raised by their devilish incantations:

> "He knows thy thought;
> Hear his speech, but say thou naught."

The manifest conclusion to be drawn from all these points is evidently this: when Macbeth met the weird sisters upon the heath, the desire to attain the crown by stepping over the body of his confiding king was ripe within his breast, but the fear of punishment consequent upon his crime deterred him from the fruition of his treasonable desires. When, therefore, the weird sisters, knowing what was passing in his mind, hailed him as Thane of Glamis, they gained his confidence, as he was already aware that, by the death of his father Sind, he had inherited that dignity. The further promise that he should be Thane of Cawdor was confirmed by the message from the king, brought by the Thane of Rosse. The third promise opened out to Macbeth the opportunity of crowning a heretofore well-spent life by resisting a temptation levelled at his weak point, namely, his desire to reign; or, if on the other hand he now succumbed, he knew that he forfeited all claim to the respect and veneration of his fellow-men in the treasonable attempt upon the life and crown of a sovereign who had bestowed upon him every dignity and emolument a loyal subject could expect.

The weird sisters had well planned their attack upon him; they knew that this was his vulnerable point, and that once satisfied of the success attending his undertaking, and urged on by his ambitious desires, he would not fail to hasten the fulfilment of their prophesy by all the means, foul or fair, at his disposal.

Instead of now, as formerly, continuing in the simple performance of his duties, whereby he had gained an honored name, and allowing future events to fulfil, if such advancement were in store for him, the prophesy, he casts aside all scruples; and the fear of punishment in this world being gone, there is no longer any curb upon his ambitious projects. He determines

> "To jump the life to come,"

and grasp the crown which so long has been the goal of his far-reaching dreams.

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A companion picture, and at the same time a pleasant relief to the dark character of Macbeth, is the beautiful delineation of the noble Banquo, of whom Macbeth himself is compelled to say—

> "In his royalty of nature
> Reigns that which would be feared;
> . . . . There is none but he
> Whose being I do fear: and under him
> My genius is rebuked; as it is said,
> Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."

Banquo, as well as Macbeth, had distinguished himself in the service of his sovereign, and the king recognizes his prowess as fully as he did that of Macbeth; yet how different is the moral condition of the two! In Banquo's upright, honorable mind, accustomed ever to perform duty for duty's sake, and to find his reward in the consciousness of right, no hope or desire of supplanting his lawful liege can find an abiding place; and although the weird sisters promise him but little less than has been vouchsafed Macbeth, the temptation finds no response in his rectitude of purpose; crooked ways are not his ways, and when Macbeth in the beginning of the second Act, on his way to the chamber of the king, there to perpetrate a crime doubly treacherous, as being against both lord and guest, would sound Banquo to see if he would connive or aid him in his plans, Banquo, having possibly an inkling of that which is passing through the mind of Macbeth, repulses any attack upon himself which might involve his fair name and honor, and answers him,

> "So I lose none,
> In seeking to augment it, but still keep
> My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
> I shall be counsell'd."

Banquo, with the fate common to much that is noble and good in our present state of existence, seems overwhelmed by the surrounding evil, and falls a victim to the successful machinations of the tyrant. We are not left however to mourn the lasting triumph of injustice and oppression; the belief implanted in every human soul that right is might, and must eventually be objectively demonstrated to the eyes of men, is vindicated in the fall of the usurper and the restoration to the throne of the rightful claimant.

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Lady Macbeth.

Two more opposite and less congenial characters than those of Macbeth and his wife could scarcely be conceived. Every trait in Macbeth is met and contradicted in his companion, by that which is most opposed and incompatible. Compare Macbeth's constant habit of peering into the future, there to find obstacles which, possibly, may only arise in consequence of his preparing the way for them, with Lady Macbeth's stern matter-of-fact manner of looking all present issues full in the face, resolutely setting to work to perform that which the present would seem to demand, and building a firm foundation for the future in the perfect consummation of her present plans.

To Lady Macbeth, therefore, the possibility of failure never once presents itself; she is quick to contrive and bold in carrying out her designs, never swerving to the right or to the left, or rendered timid by any compunctious visitings of conscience. She scorns her husband's weak, vacillating purpose, and seeks to infuse into him a measure of her own indomitable spirit; and yet, in order not to shock us with the representation of a woman entirely bereft of human sympathy, Shakspeare contrives to admit a ray of light into the darkening gloom.

> "Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept I had don 't."

The royal pair have never understood each other; their lines of life and modes of thought are diagonal, not parallel; crossing each other on that awful night, they wander ever farther apart, each bearing in him or herself, according to their peculiar mental organizations, the punishment due their transgression. From that time they are severally impelled on a separate path to the precipice which is the natural consequence of their crime, and their punishment is by so much the greater from the impossibility, though linked by a common tie, of affording any mutual support or consolation.

The fearful retribution measured out to the guilty pair is in wonderful harmony and unison with their respective natures. Macbeth, to whom the word fear is unknown when surrounded on all sides by tangible dangers, which might well affright the boldest,

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is weak and timid as a woman when revolving in his mind the phantasies of a guilty conscience; to him, indeed,

> "Present fears
> Are less than horrible imaginings."

He sees in all who approach him his bitterest enemies; every face, however smiling, is but the mask covering a plot to work his downfall. How terrible must have been his mental condition, when, as he himself tells us,

> "There's not a one of them, but in his house
> I keep a servant feed !"

This constant worry and harassing care at last brings about its natural result. His last hope and stay being taken from him by the too literal fulfilment of the prophesy of the infernal powers, in a manner little expected by him, he falls back with dogged resolution upon his dauntless mettle, and meets, in his conflict with Macduff, the penalty of his career of crime.

How different, and yet how consistent, is the fate of Lady Macbeth! Intensely realistic, and hoping, after the execution of their bloody purpose, to be securely seated upon the throne and reap a full harvest of sovereign sway and royal masterdom as the recompense for all she has bartered of innocence of soul and mind, she finds the cup dashed from her lips in the very moment of the fruition of their plans.

> "Naught's had, all's spent,
> Where our desire is got without content."

This is the bitter disappointment which is to work out the punishment of the deluded queen; no rest, no peace of mind in this world for the wearied, baffled woman. In vain does she endeavor to soothe the mind of her distracted husband: the ever-recurring scenes in which he portrays with all the force of his majestic language their "great quell," and the blood-freezing episode of the banquet, react upon him with tenfold power. Were he, indeed, composed of such stuff as she is made of—could he but feel as she, that

> "Things without all remedy
> Should be without regard: what's done is done"—

then might she hope for some return for the sacrifices she has made in seeking to sustain him in the purpose which he of himself never could have perfected. But all is in vain: his vigorous

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imagination has received an impulse no earthly means may restrain: an indelible impression of the fearful scene has been stamped upon his mind—a scene, whose horror no one can describe with half the potency or life-like reality with which he clothes it:

"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?"

Little wonder that, at such words, at such a forcible presentation to her mind of the horrid deed, her dormant woman's nature should reassert itself, and that her almost indomitable spirit should quail before the awful truth. It is the constant recurrence of such fearful scenes which at last deprives her of her reason, and she fulfils, in her own person, the warning she gave her husband:

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways, so, it will make us mad."

THOMPSON LENNIG.

CEREVIS.

Studio auf einer Reis'
Juchheidi—Juchheida
Ganz famos zu leben weiss
Juchheidi, heida,
Immer fort durch Dick und Duenn,
Schleudert er durchs Dasein hin.
Chorus. . . . Juchheidi—heidi—heida, &c.

(*Urbummellied.*)

IN the very interesting article in your last number, some idea is given of student life in Germany. It is true, that in some unimportant matters the author of "Student Life in Germany" appears to be misinformed, still it is not my purpose here to criticise but to endeavor to give a short account of what may be called a scientific *bummel*. "Bummel" is not to be found in any dictionary,

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though perhaps "bummelei" and "bummler" may be. But it is all one: we shall come out badly indeed if, in our hours with the jolly German students, we confine ourselves to the dictionary. It is restraint enough upon the dear fellows to be obliged to acknowledge the supremacy of the grammar. "Bummel" is an example of those roots which seem to have formed slang words with nearly a parallel meaning in both languages. This is a very interesting branch of philology, but cannot be discussed just now. Our slang word *bummer* would have been utterly unintelligible to ears polite even unto the present day, had it not been for Sherman's bummers, who did such execution among the chicken roosts along the route "towards the sea," that even refined persons who hate to say "leg" and "pig" were forced to admit their existence in spite of the very vulgar name by which they were known. Names always represent things, and there is no use in attempting to discard the articulate sound which stands for a thing, until you have driven out of existence that thing for which it stands. *To bum* is human, and we must acknowledge that bummers have always existed, and will always exist. A "bummler" is then a *bummer*, and a "bummel" (noun substantive, and ought to be masculine) is a *bum* in its abstract definition.

The words at the head of this article are from one of the eldest of bummel songs, and cannot be repeated by any one who has ever been a student in Germany without causing him to thrill with delight at the associations they call up. The scene was in the heart of Saxony, in lecture-room No. III. of one of the old and famous institutions of learning. Time, afternoon at 5 P. M., after the lectures for the day had been all delivered, and the shades of the early evening of the Erzgebirge were beginning to settle over the old, old town. We were all ears. Thirty students awaited eagerly the arrival of a favorite professor to learn what arrangements we were to make for a trip to be begun next day. Don't fancy, gentle reader, that such highly scientific individuals as we were would have wasted our valuable time by attending the appearance of a professor who wished simply to announce to us the time of starting, direction and length of our journey, if our enthusiasm had not been enlisted in the subject. He had characterized this trip at the close of his last lecture as a "durch Wissenschaft stark gefärbte Vergnügungsreise," (or a strongly scientifically colored pleasure-trip,) at which remark a joyous buzz attested our approval of this sentiment. He

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told us that he would meet us here at this time, and inform us succinctly of the direction he proposed to take, the time to be consumed, the points visited, &c., &c., and to-morrow we were to be off. So here we were: quiet, intelligent-looking Germans, wild and haughty Turks, melancholy and sweet-voiced Swedes and Norwegians, jolly, cheesy Hollanders, unimpressionable, *blasé*, scrupulously neat Britishers, and indescribable Yankees, calkilatin' to take our turn at seeing things as well as the rest. One might have supposed that the old and honored auditorium No. III. was some student's ante-room, and not a sanctuary from which some of the greatest lights in modern science had sent forth their rays. All was rough laughter, boisterous conversation and confusion, as, seated upon the desks or with arms thrown carelessly over each other's shoulders, hats on their heads, and cigars fuming from every corner, the expectant students debated the prospect of fine weather, or arranged their little plans for the march. For the gentle reader must understand that it *was* a march. No pic-nic party on a train of cars, the engine decorated with gay streamers; no procession of carriages; but a good old Teutonic scholastic foot-expedition, such as have been indulged in by students—partly from the minor expense attending such tours, and partly from a manly desire to struggle with distance and weather single-handed, to set the warm blood coursing through the veins, and to bring the healthy bronze to the cheeks—ever since the inception of student life in Germany. Of a sudden all was still; hats and cigars disappeared by magic, the figures reclining in various positions on the rude wooden desks glided down noiselessly upon the backless benches, and as the professor reached the cathedra, nothing would have distinguished the class before him from the most respectful and orderly assemblage in any other part of the world, except perhaps the few thin columns of smoke arising in different parts of the room from secreted but yet burning pipes and cigars. I may be excused for remarking here that the habit of bringing lighted cigars and pipes into the lecture-room of a professor, and only laying them aside when he makes his appearance, is the only one in which the Germans do not surpass all other students in the respect outwardly exhibited and really felt towards their instructors.

The plan of operations was quickly disclosed; the whole week of Pfingsten or Whitsuntide being set apart for the journey, and the next morning bright and early being set apart for the meet-

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ing. Our party was composed of the jolliest elements to be found in the old institution. There was old Rowdy, brother of a flourishing banker, and Von Kool, both admirable examples of the salutary effects of beer, and jolly good fellows; then there was Stick, a sturdy Swede, much given to walking and making speeches, who looked, to judge from his large limbs and resolute bearing, like the advance guard of another Swedish army of invasion; then Yonker and Van Scaly, two as perfect Dutchmen as ever were swamped in the Zuyder Zee, or paid out their silver for tulips. The latter especially will often be mentioned hereafter in connection with his adventurous deeds and his imperturbable good humor. Like the late lamented Mr. Lincoln, something always was reminding him of a little story, which happened to himself in Holland or Egypt, (for he had already been in the land of Cheops.) Then Alex. Von Layonhard, the third of the nobility who honored us. He was a strong, well-built fellow, possessed of fine talents, a melodious voice, great oratorical ability, and great joviality of disposition—facts which endeared him much to his comrades, but being joined to good looks, and a sublime impudence, rendered him irresistible to the fair sex. His flow of language and immovable gravity in ludicrous situations won for him the distinction of one of the representative men of the party. Then there was Fritz, Franz, Flyaway, Freiwilliger and Freiherr Von Higgins, as he was familiarly called by his best friends. He was just completing the one year's military service as private which is required by the North German government at the hands of each and every sound-bodied male in the country. Although his family ranked very high amongst the Saxon nobility, and his title would have secured him a few years ago great homage from the unhappy untitled *few* in his native land, yet his manner was the soul of frankness, and a more unpretentious man than he was not among us. He carried logarithms, cosines, formulæ and physics generally about with him wherever he went, and never could view a dog wagging his tail without mentally computing the area described by that useful appendage considered as a radius vector. But in spite of this idiosyncrasy, he was the jolliest, merriest and most unaffectedly delighted of the whole party, and seldom allowed a moment to go by without signalling it by some absurdity or other.

Such, with some six or seven Yankees, and the professor himself, was our party, assembled with canteens, knapsacks, hammers and

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canes, early on Sunday morning, in the good old town, to greet each other with song and shouts. Of course we finally organized all this independent vociferation into a song. Was there ever a party of German students which did not give vent to its animal spirits under all circumstances in this way? I doubt it. And well they may in the exuberance of youth troll out their praise of every thing from a mug of beer to their sweethearts, for they do it with a soul, and feel what they sing, and they have the most various songs and the most beautiful melodies in the world to choose from.

We are fairly started; and we march along before, behind, and alongside of our professor, who has left all his superfluous dignity with his superfluous linen at home, and who trudges stoutly ahead and joins heartily in our choruses, and thinks himself lucky to thus live his old student days over again. We have reached Altenberg, in Saxony, famous for its tin mine, (the only locality on the continent, I think, where there is one,) and for its Pinge or huge hole, to which the incautious working of this mine, and the subsequent caving in of a large part of the surface, gave rise. Our advanced guard has already taken possession of the largest of the tables in the best hotel; our skirmishers are briskly engaged with the stupid stable-boy, landlord and chambermaids, all of whom, with more lager-beer glasses in each hand than most men could carry in both, are hurrying away to the cellar to anticipate our wants.

Altenberg is a little town of one or two streets, and looks very picturesque; its houses, as is so common in Germany, being solid structures, in whose walls large beams are let in various shapes, making them look like geometrical diagrams. The roofs are high and peaked, and contain from one to five rows of windows, each window presenting the appearance of having been made by cutting a slit horizontally in the roof and prying the upper part upwards, so as to form a curve not unlike the lid of the eye. We drink our beer and enjoy butterbrod and kase, and knackwürstchen or little spiced sausages, which are often to be found in the smaller towns, and have a delicious taste.

The Pinge is a large crater with steep sloping sides, covered with huge rocks, blocks and boulders, which give it a look of desolation. The hole is about one hundred and fifty feet deep in the centre, and two hundred feet wide in its greatest hori-

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zontal diameter. In one of the walls of bare rock which form its sides are to be seen holes innumerable, leading into passages and galleries once used for getting out the ore. It is interesting to see how much the work of man, with all his science and appliances, resembles the work of the ants and borers when viewed on a grand scale.

Our bread and cheese consumed, our beer drained and paid for, and the rosy-cheeked barmaid kissed all around, we lock arms and plunge again into the bright May sunshine, leaving the good old Geistlichen behind us, droning out orthodox Lutheran truths to that small percentage of the villagers which was not restrained by toothache, headache, housework or any thing else from going to church. Before us we see over a broad valley to the summit of a line of hills, around whose bristling pines a sort of halo of fleecy clouds was lazily moving, indication of the cool and beautiful Bohemian valleys and forests beyond. Our road meanders across this valley, and, passing through Zinnwald, where the Saxon and Austrian toll-houses are, runs straight for the cliff over which we are to see one of the finest views in Germany. These toll-houses are queer affairs. The first was a little house above whose front door was nailed the Royal Saxon ermine and motto, "God bless Saxony." The pillars supporting the bar and the bar itself were striped green and white, like a chameleon barber's pole. Between this little house and that belonging to Austria was a space of a hundred yards or so, and then appeared another little house adorned with the well-known double-headed eagle of Austria, and a yellow and black pole. The officials who have charge of these responsible toll-houses are commanded to inspect carefully all passports of those passing through their gates; and the amount of dignity and self-importance, the contracted eyebrows and sly looks, the tone of legal cross-examination, and air of concealed power with which they receive the straightforward story of some poor peasant in the neighborhood whom they know very well, would draw laughter from a stone. With students, they come down to their bearings on penalty of being "roughed," for though the German student no less than the mature Philister has an exaggerated idea of the majesty of authority and rank, still he is the freest of his countrymen, and his knightly blood boils over at the least approach to incivility on the part of the officer of the

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law. The latter is sure to get the worst of it, and as no posse comitatus is immediately available, much less one capable of coping with a lot of "Studios auf einer Reis," the magnate usually swallows his dignity and expends his efforts in trying not to laugh nor grow angry at any fun which may be poked at him. This expedition of ours was undertaken shortly after the achievement of Prussia's late colossal victory, so that we had a fair chance at the green and white, and black and yellow, which had been allies. "Hullo! Alter!" sings out one of the Germans, "is this the way to Koniggrätz?" "Your passes, gentlemen," replied the imperturbable guardian of the frontier. "Did you get passes from the Saxon cavalry when they went through?" said a German subject of Russia. This provoked a general laugh, for the Saxons had abandoned Saxony, the King in the middle, on the advance of Prussia, without firing a shot. "Oh, no," said a Yankee; "they had the King to give 'em passes, but they say he was too much in a hurry to write 'em." "Passed 'em in as dead-heads," suggested our cheesy friend Van Sealy.

During this conversation, at which the Saxon officer grew very red, our professor explained to him the nature of our expedition; and here, as so often throughout dear old Germany, to the touch of science and education the bars fall, the doors fly open, and the investigator is sped on his way by prince and people. Our yellow and black friend probably surmised from the roars and shouts, the hilarity and confused mingling of a dozen different songs, the nature of our party, for he did not make his appearance, and therefore could not appreciate a suggestion made by a Yankee, in English, that the bird of Austria appeared to have been so smashed that it was looking two ways for Sunday.

On we run, down a gentle declivity, along a winding road, through a high and murmuring pine forest—the first of the series of large tracts of land held by Bohemian counts, which one strikes when passing out of Saxony to the east. There was a delicious fragrance about the air, and a stillness in the forest on this Sunday afternoon, (the latter, of course, nowhere near our main body, and only enjoyable by our advance guard.) From spots of deep shadow, where one was reminded of the Grimms, Schwarzes and Rauber Moors of past times, to lakes of beaming sunshine whence one could watch the flight of the birds across the clear patch of sky. The few pedestrians we meet are scantily clad; and though we are not

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yet half an hour, (German Wegstunde is about two and one-half of our miles,) we remark some important changes in the appearance of the people and country. For the former, there is not the look of intelligence, the blue eye, the open, frank German face, impatient of ambiguity, and scorning treachery. The people we meet resemble more the Italians. They have, universally, black eyes, dark complexions, long black hair, and a shabby, shiftless apparel, all of which things combine to make them less honest-looking, though the women are far handsomer than their German neighbors. The far-famed Bohemian rat-catcher will not be long wanting to complete the picture. Tramps of all kinds, with and without rats, (but in the absence of this, usually plentifully supplied with other vermin,) are continually going and coming. Then the language is as different from German as Choctaw is from English, though, when well spoken, it is on the whole more melodious, from the fact that it is a *vowel* language, something like Italian in sound, though utterly unlike it in root. As an example of the sound of the language, take the following sentence, (which I will not pretend is properly spelled:)

Bohemian.—Heska Holka date mi hubiska.

German.—Schönes mädchen gieb mir (einen) kuss.

English.—Pretty girl, give me (a) kiss.

(The writer chooses this sentence because it is the longest one in the Bohemian language with which he is familiar. It is unnecessary to state that it was learned solely in a spirit of philological inquiry.) All placards and public notices are printed in Austria in three languages, viz.: German, Hungarian. and Bohemian. It is very often supposed that the Bohemian and Hungarian languages were in some degree related to each other, but this is an entire mistake. They are as radically different from each other as they are from German; but Polish, Russian and Bohemian are related to each other. As we cross the boundary line, the crucifixes and shrines appear. In Saxony there was not one to be seen, but now, just over the line, they begin, and we find them everywhere.

On our way to Teplitz, we come to the Mückenthürmchen, which is built just on the edge of the crest of the mountains enclosing the Teplitz valley on the west. To form an idea of the extent and beauty of this valley, you must recall to your mind the Wyoming valley and suppose yourself standing on

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the summit of the range just west of Kingston. This marked difference, however, is in favor of our Pennsylvania view: that the noble Susquehanna flows through Campbell's Gap on the left, zigzags lazily through the smiling valley, cuts Wilkesbarré, flows by you, and disappears in the south, on its journey to Harrisburg and the Atlantic. In the Teplitz valley we have all the beauty of breadth and fertility, with perhaps more of picturesqueness in the rugged and disconnected basaltic mountains, but none of that loveliness which is derived from a river. Mückenthürmchen means "Midge's little castle." When there is no fog, you get a noble view from here. The valley is, perhaps, between five and ten miles in breadth and very long. Here and there are mounds and mountains rising abruptly out of the soil, and breaking the monotony of the almost prairie glade. The sinuosities of the road by which we descend can be seen for miles ahead and traced out on the plain beneath, till lost in the distance behind intervening objects.

Four hours' walking brought us from the Mückenthürmchen to Teplitz, which we entered, hot and dusty, on the evening of the first day. Teplitz is one of the prettiest of German watering-places. A couple of first-class hotels, fine grounds, a delicious band in the afternoon, and baths of the natural hot waters of the place. Hither resort many of the invalids of the Imperial Austrian army, and many heroes of the short campaign of '66 were recuperating their energies and recovering from their wounds, at the time of our visit. The town is a large and thriving one. The women are so much prettier than the German women that, in excess of joy at the wondrous works of Providence, one finds oneself winking and smiling right and left: entirely, however, from inward delight at viewing the beautiful works of creation. The baths are of two classes. The first class costs fifteen groschen, or fifty cents. You are ushered into a small room with all the most modern conveniences for bathing. The floor is of tiles, and the bath, which is about eight feet by five, is a hole in the floor, into which you descend by two or three short marble steps running across the least breadth of the bath. As caloric costs nothing, you are at liberty to use as much water as you please. The sensation is delightful when, after a long and dusty walk, foot-sore and uncomfortable, you enter one of these marble baths and lay yourself at full length

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beneath the water, your head resting on one of the marble steps, and your nose just far enough out to enable you to breathe. Von Higgins and I reached Teplitz first, and, after our bath, our supper, and a walk through the town, we retired to discuss Kant and high metaphysics generally, from our respective corners in a common sleeping-apartment. A true German student is always ready to discuss the resolvability of our universe into matter and force, and most of them take ultra materialistic ground. Next to Teplitz, and indeed part of it, is the mound on which the Schlackenburg is built. This is a large pleasure-house, built in the style of a castle out of scoriæ or slags from smelting furnaces. Its general appearance is very fine, the porous, dark slags giving it an air of age and decay, which corresponds well with its form and name.

Four good hours' walk north, up the Teplitz valley, is a mountain called the Millischauer. This mountain it takes an hour or two to ascend, but as it stands alone, overlooking the Bohemian Switzerland, and the valley of the Elbe, as well as that of Teplitz, the view well repays the pedestrian for his trouble. On top there is a level place of a few acres, bounded on two sides by abrupt precipices, and on the remaining two by steep slopes, over which we have ascended. On the highest point there is a platform erected, and a flag-pole marks one of the triangulation points of the great European survey, to determine the length of a degree of latitude on one of the meridians. There are excavations in the ground, roofed over and covered with thatch and moss, while the beds are but shelves in the banks, thickly covered by the same material. Accommodations of this kind can be given to thirty or more, but there are only two beds on the premises. A large, open space, which has served as a sort of dancing-lawn, uncovered save by the dome of Heaven, and a small house in one corner, in which are the wine and refreshments, and where the proprietor lives, completes the picture of the top of the Millischauer. Of course, Von Higgins and I were first on the ground again, and secured the only two beds for ourselves. The others came up afterward and disposed of themselves, as best they could, on the banks of the thatched rabbit-holes. But, to the dismay of Higgins and myself, just as we were congratulating ourselves on our superior accommodations, a stranger arrived with two ladies. A storm was rapidly coming up, and evening

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was already upon us, so that escape was impossible, and we offered them our two beds and rather more civilized apartment. Our spirits were not to be dashed by rain and wind—not they. By acclammation, one of us was hailed as punch-maker, and a wine Kneipe, of large dimensions, was organized at once. A large bowl was procured and plenty of red wine, sugar and lemons. Our beloved professor was installed in the seat of honor, to the right of our Präses, and a large cane taking the place of the sword of ordinary Kneipes. Three raps brought us to order, and in a trice we were off at full gallop on that old song of Goethe:

> "Hier sind wir versammelt zu lœblichem Thun,
> Drum Bruederchen ergo bibamus."

We sent a deputation to wait upon the two strange gentlemen, and invite them to join our revels, which they gladly did. Then Stick, the Swede, made a speech so filled with "in consequence of which," that we thought the punch had got to his head and roared vociferously at every repetition of it. Then our professor made a comic speech, as German men of science so well know how to do, proving that we honored Archimedes in the corkscrew, and the medical faculty as well as Bacchus and Gambrinus in the bottle. Heartily applauded. Then one of our new guests arose, and, in a few of those ringing sentences which bring out the noble strength of the German language, and which can only come from a man of education, he thanked us, recalled his own student years, and concluded with a song, to which we all sang the chorus, standing up. Then we gave the old song:

> "Ach so wollen wir noch e mal, wollen wir noch e mal heirasasa.
> Lustig sein, frœhlich sein heirasasa."

Rising at the first verse to our feet, each placing one foot on his chair at the repetition, mounting the chair at the second repetition, one foot on the table at the third repetition, all standing on the table at the fourth repetition. Then we dispersed and retired, or rather those of us who were not sentimental enough to try star-gazing.

[To be continued.]

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THE PASCAL FORGERIES ON THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

[Concluded.]

The Chasles controversy spreads itself over four volumes of the Reports of the Academy, each volume representing a period of six months. The first period, which we have already chronicled, and in which the supposititious documents were first brought to light, shares with the last of the four in the depth of interest excited, and the number of the combatants who come forward, while the year that lies between them is rather deficient in both respects. The controversy had found its way into literary journals and books—a fact which rather diminished the importance of its discussion in the Academy itself. The most patent objections to the authenticity of the MSS. had been urged and answered, and the savans had begun to grow impatient of each other's stupidity in regard to the force of the objections, or of the answers to them. Sharp words begin to be heard instead of the suave and courteous periphrases in which, at an earlier stage, one side had insinuated that the documents were unhistorical, and the other had politely rejoined that excessive scepticism was unworthy of unprejudiced men of science. The self-love of the contestants had been enlisted, and nothing so freely excites the tongues, of even learned men, as does that deepest infirmity of the human character.

If the first six months was the period of Newton and Pascal, the second was that of Galileo Galilei, the Florentine astronomer and the inventor of the telescope. It will be remembered that the discoveries necessary as the basis of the calculations ascribed to Pascal were described in autograph letters, ascribed to Galileo, and dated at a period in which history describes "the Tuscan artist" as completely blind, incapable of writing the letters, much less of making the observations in question in regard to the satellites of Saturn. On this single point the whole controversy for the time being now turns, the position of Chasles being defended by himself, and his Palæographical Archivist, and by Signor Volpicelli, but assailed by Padre Secchi, of Rome, Signor Govi, of Turin, and M. Th. H. Martin, of Rheims. It was conceded by the former that the language used by the Roman inquisitor, and by

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Galileo himself, in regard to the state of his sight, was, if strictly truthful, not consistent with their own theory. But they urged: What more likely than that he and his friends exaggerated the facts, with a double aim: to secure his liberation from the custody of the Inquisition, and to excuse him from an extensive correspondence, which would be inconsistent with the pursuit of his special studies. Quite an ingenious defence of this theory was made by collating undisputed letters of different dates. Thus, in a letter bearing the date, January 30, 1637, Galileo speaks of himself as dreaming in darkness, now upon one effect of nature, now another, and as unable to make calculations, because he could not trace figures and reason upon them. His sight was not, indeed, gone entirely, but "a perpetual rain of tears" prevented his engaging in his accustomed work. Yet, in a later letter, (April, 1637,) he speaks of his right eye alone being inflamed, and of his fears that he must lose it. Unless his disease was of an intermittent type, (M. Chasles reasoned,) the language of the first letter must be interpreted by that of the later one, showing that for *some* reason the Italian did exaggerate. If it was intermittent, then there may have been periods of relief and partial recovery at a still later date, at which the alleged discovery of the satellites of Saturn was made, and the letters to Pascal were written. This ingenious argument he followed up with a long string of documents from the never-failing repertory of the Archivist, from which it would appear that half Europe was agitated and concerned at the state of Galileo's eyes, "the royal caste" being especially forward in anxious and sympathetic interest. Urban VIII., Charles I., of England, Queen Christine, of Sweden, Richelieu, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, and the Cardinal Bentivoglio, vie with Elzevir and Vouet in their concern for the physical welfare of this republican enemy to orthodox science. The Archivist evidently felt that there was much at stake here, and hurried forward his heaviest artillery to defend an imperilled position.

At one blow, Signor Govi demolished the authentic basis on which the whole argument had rested. The letter in question, he conceded, was indeed dated *January* 30, 1637, and did describe Galileo as almost entirely blind, while it is admitted that his blindness was but very partial until the beginning of the following year. But then, the true date of the letter was *January* 30, 1638. Galileo was writing in answer to a letter dated

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January, 1638, which is still preserved in his correspondence, and wrote 1637 because he retained the old Florentine style, in which the year began with the 25th of March. Even M. Chasles was obliged to admit the force of the answer, and we can hardly conceive of any one more impervious to the force of logic than this would-be reconstructor of the history of science. The observation of Govi cleared away all objections to the legitimate force of Galileo's own words in regard to his blindness. He says, (January, 1638,) that "he can see no more with his eyes open than with his eyes shut," and that "the entire light of his eyes is extinct," (*oculorum meorum lux omnis est extincta.*) He speaks, indeed, of writing briefly, but either because the pain forbade the protracted use of an amanuensis, or because he could write a short letter—as any one could—in the dark. To Deodati, the Italian reformer, he writes, (January 2, 1638,) that he is irreparably blind, and that the world, which he has aggrandized so much, is for him reduced to his own body, and that he had especially lost the right eye, with which he had made his great discoveries. In a less careful letter of the following July, he seems, indeed, to say that he is not totally blind, and that he had lost the left eye only. But the whole genuine and undisputed correspondence of Galileo tells an utterly different story from that contained in these supposititious documents. Nor is his biography, by Viviani—his chosen disciple and the companion of his later years of darkness—less explicit, as he speaks of him as totally blind from 1637. Signor Volpicelli brings forward letters of the Padre Battista Borghi (February, 1638) which show that Italian surgeons had promised to restore the sight of the astronomer; and, again, Borghi speaks of some actual amelioration by the use of sugar candy, but the testimony of Viviani must be taken as final as to the failure of the powerful and recondite medicament to work the change anticipated.

Passing from the blindness to the studies of Galileo, we find the Chasles theory equally untenable. Signor Volpicelli indeed managed to find a statement in the *Allgemeine Encyclopædie*, (Leipsic, 1846,) to the effect that a letter from Galileo to Fermat contains "the germs of Newton's discoveries." M. Chasles adduced a passage from the astronomer's works to show that in 1640 he was occupied with the study of Saturn, and in defending the Copernican theory of our system; also an undisputed letter of Descartes,

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saying that Gassendi claimed to have Galileo's telescope, and expresses wonder whether its excellence is as great as the Tuscan had claimed. The story of the supposititious letters, that Galileo had sent his telescope to Pascal, with an account of the discovery of the satellite of Saturn, was not therefore improbable.

Secchi in turn demanded the proof from his acknowledged works and letters, that Galileo had ever busied himself with the subject of gravitation as implied in the letters of the pseudo-Galileo. His later works are occupied entirely with mechanics, although he speaks of many other subjects in letters. He writes to Castelli, in 1640, that he has not seen Saturn for three years. As to what Descartes wrote of Galileo's telescope, it is well ascertained that Italian opticians of that day sent telescopes to all parts of Europe, calling them Galileo's telescopes, although he had never looked through them, much less made or used them. We find him in his period of blindness sending back an objective to its maker, because unable to use it. His own telescope he declared he reserved for his friend and patron, the Duke of Tuscany, as a souvenir of the great discoveries of which it had been the instrument. Equally futile was the objection that Copernicus had already discovered the law of gravitation; the passage appealed to proved nothing of the sort. M. H. Martin pointed out a genuine letter of 1639, in which Galileo enumerates the discoveries made by himself and his disciples in regard to Saturn; he repeatedly mentions the planet's ring, but never its satellites.

We pass by some minor details of this curious controversy, which involved the whole circumstances of the Tuscan astronomer's declining years. His personal relations—rather of the old Italian sort—were dragged into the arena, when the Archivist, finding that he had made a blunder of some thirty years or so, at once rushes to the rescue with a deluge of letters, as if to carry his point by a *tour de force.* Another blunder was the representing the Cardinal Bentivoglio—one of Galileo's enemies and judges—as profoundly interested in his well-being and in the progress of his revolutionary discoveries. The keen French eye—in another instance—detected the Archivist in putting a slipshod phrase of modern French into the mouth of a king of France, of the seventeenth century. In another case the Archivist made Bentivoglio write when Galileo had been some months dead, as if he were still alive.

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Little else than the Galileo side of the controversy was touched on during this year. The exceptions were a masterly paper by M. Pontécoulant, showing that Pascal could not have reached the conclusions arrived at in the letters ascribed to him, and that the writer of those letters must have had before him the rigorous proofs of Newton. The Academy evinced their satisfaction with this paper, by voting to print it, although its size exceeded the limits fixed for admission to their report. M. Chasles' documents are handled without gloves, and finally pronounced "apocryphal" and "unworthy of examination." M. Faugère followed up his previous attacks on Chasles with an extensive pamphlet, reviewing the whole discussion, attacking every part of the new "discoveries," and giving his readers a humorous dialogue between M. Chasles and the Roman Inquisitor, who had certified to the total blindness of Galileo. The title of his pamphlet was admirably chosen: A Defence of Pascal and Incidentally of Newton and Others, Against the False Documents of M. Chasles. M. Chasles' reply appears in the reports, but exhibits nothing new in fact or argument, not even a batch of new letters. M. le Baron Dupin—at a later session—had the honor of being the first French savan who avowed his faith in the new documents, calling upon their custodian to publish them all and entire, as the best proof of their genuineness—a proof which must highly "conduce to our national glory." M. Chasles' feelings seem to have overpowered him as he rose to reply, and he at once rewarded his confiding adherent with a gush of documents on the Galileo question, mostly from the pens of the royal caste of Europe.

The last period of the controversy, and that in which the *coup de grace* was given to M. Chasles' discoveries, opens with a prolongation of the Galileo controversy. Signor Volpicelli published a work (in reply to a pamphlet of Padre Secchi) in which he maintained that the Tuscan did not become totally blind until after the middle of 1638. Signor Govi retorted by producing a nuncupative will of Galileo, dated August 21, 1638, in which the notary describes Galileo as deprived entirely of eyesight, (*privo in tutto della luce degli occhi,*) giving this a reason for the nuncupative character of the instrument, as the testator was unable to write. M. Chasles replied by reiterating his theory that Galileo was saying all this for effect, and in order to

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secure his own discharge from custody. At this Signor Govi waxed wroth, and retorted a month later that it was no use to produce documentary evidence where it was at once set aside as containing false statements, and he might have added the proverb about people who live in glass houses. M. Chasles' Archivist had now had time for another batch of fiction, so his principal at once defended his position by presenting a new series of documents, in which, among other things, Galileo writes to Louis XIII., confessing that he is not entirely blind, but is shamming to secure his freedom. He speaks of his pretence as "the sweet illusion which is the ægis of his liberty."

The next blow to M. Chasles' pretences was the first of a fatal series. M. Breton de Champ (April 12, 1869) called attention to the source upon which the Archivist had drawn in his Pascal forgeries. Saverien's "History of Modern Philosophers," pub. 1761–7, (vol. iv., p. 14,) contains a statement in regard to the theory of gravitation which corresponds almost word for word with that put into the mouth of the pseudo-Pascal, in that letter to Fermat which contains the famous comparative magnitudes of the sun and three of its planets. The same volume, which is mainly devoted to Newton's "Principia," contains the letter of the pseudo-Galileo to the pseudo-Pascal referring to the same figures. These letters had been manufactured out of the philosophical discussions of Saverien. The Archivist was almost equal to even this critical occasion, and at the next session M. Chasles was furnished with a series of documents to prove that Saverien had drawn upon the letters of the pseudo-Pascal and Galileo. One of the new letters is from Saverien to that illustrious and excellent blue-stocking, Madame de Pompadour, thanking her for the use of two hundred letters of Pascal, Newton, Galileo, &c., and returning them to her custody. But the daring inventor neglected to find some explanation of the fact that Saverien, with all these documents before him, still ascribed to Newton the honor of discoveries which he must have known were first made by his countryman Pascal.

The final explosion of the pretensions represented by M. Chasles, and defended by Signor Volpicelli and le Baron Dupin, began June 21, with the reading of the report of a commission which the Academy had appointed in 1867 to take cognizance of the whole matter. The eminent astronomer, Le Verrier, on

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behalf of the commission, read their report, which occupied part of almost every session until July 26. It reviewed the whole course of the controversy, which had now lasted for nearly two years, and then proceeded to the merits of the case. It pronounced that there was no authentic evidence that Pascal had ever corresponded with Galileo or with Newton; that the documents of M. Chasles had been proved devoid of authenticity by a comparison of the handwriting and the style with those of the undisputed letters of the same persons. [As to the paper and ink used, some discussion took place in the Academy, the conclusion reached being that they possibly were old, but most probably had been made to appear yellow and faded by chemical processes.] As to the origin of these documents, the commission note that M. Chasles had hitherto refused to say from whom he obtained them, and then prove by printing the passages in parallel columns that the forger drew on Saverien's work for a large number of the letters and scientific memoranda ascribed to Pascal, Galileo, &c. They had been copied almost word for word, the third person being changed to the first, and a few connecting words left out, so as to make of the disconnected letters and memoranda a connected argument. Still others of these pseudo-Pascal MSS. had been taken in the same way from a "Dissertation on Attraction," by Father Gerdil, (Paris, 1754,) and from the "Universal Dictionary," (Paris, 1810.) A few others of the Chasle letters are then taken up and individually exploded. As to the much mooted question of Galileo's blindness, it is decided that by all authentic documents it was total from 1638. As to the main issue presented by M. Chasles, the claim of Newton to the great discoveries associated with his name and that of Huyghens to the discovery of the satellites of Saturn are fully vindicated. The commission thus sum up the case: "The letters produced by M. Chasles have no internal evidence of authenticity; they contradict each other; they do not agree in any particular with other documents, whose veracity does not admit of the least question. . . . The documents attributed to Galileo, Pascal, Huyghens, Newton and their cotemporaries, whose object is to overthrow the authentic history of astronomy, are the work of a culpable speculation. Science and the Academy have a right to know who are the authors of this speculation."

At the session of September 13, 1869, M. Chasles made his

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answer to this last demand, an answer which we have partly anticipated. His reluctance to say how he came by the MSS. was purely in the interests of science. The Archivist had begun to bring them to him in 1861, and had assured him that they were at present in the possession of a gentleman who wished to read them carefully before disposing of them. To have told M. Le Verrier this when he asked it, in 1867, would have been to incur the blame of all the world for compromising the fate of the rest of the collection. He called the Academy to witness how freely he had submitted the MSS. for inspection to all who took any interest in them, and declared that he had never visited the house of the Archivist, nor sent any one thither, for any document. The latter had visited him, at noon or in the evening, bringing his wares. For himself, M. Chasles had had full confidence in their authenticity, until the report of the Florentine commission on one of Galileo's letters made him uneasy, and then he had asked the aid of the police in investigating the matter. The house of the Archivist was visited, in the hope of finding the mass of documents, of which he had palmed off mere copies on M. Chasles, as well as other documents due to that gentleman but not yet delivered. The Archivist himself was arrested, but only some blank papers, registers, pens and a flask of ink was discovered, where the valuable documents were looked for. The audacious scamp confessed that he had forged every one of the letters, etc., which he had sold to M. Chasles—some 20,000 in number; and that he had been engaged in the business since 1861. M. Chasles still persisted in his credulity. "Had not the Archivist obtained valuable papers from le Comte de Menou, in 1861?" "Yes, but only some sixty." But (says Chasles) a note found among his papers shows that he had received at least 1,020 valuable documents from the papers of that nobleman. That a single man could have forged a mass of documents so extensive and so technical in their contents he declined to believe. To give the Academy some notion of their contents, he specifies a number of the authors of these supposititious papers, (beginning with Julius Cæsar and the Apostles,) and proceeds to track the possible history and growth of the collection, beginning with Alcuin and the Abbey of Tours, and coming down through Rabelais and Foucault. The inventor, if they were forged, must have been a wonderful man. "Such as they are, it

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is certain that their composition, if they are not genuine, must have required long labor and numerous materials; and if one considers how they harmonize with others of every period down to the last century, and of what various subjects they treat, one cannot believe that they are the work of a single individual, a single forger, who, for one thing, knew neither Italian nor Latin, nor any thing of the sciences which are treated in a large number of them. There is a mystery to be penetrated, and until this is done no certain conclusion can be reached."

This paper of M. Chasles gave so much dissatisfaction to his colleagues, that M. Dumas, the Secretary, urged him to withdraw it from the reports, and substitute a simple declaration on the state of the question; warning him that, if he did not, the next session would witness an emphatic protest against his conduct. M. Chasles insisted on its publication as it stood; so, at the next session, MM. Dumas and Chevreul, in behalf of a considerable number of the members of the Academy, protested against the conduct of M. Chasles in declining to explicitly retract the slanders which he had promulgated against Newton and Huyghens, on the authority of documents which had been proved false to the satisfaction of all the world. Justice to these philosophers and the dignity of the Academy had been outraged by the halting language with which M. Chasles had closed his communication.

M. Chasles replied briefly. His closing words had been misunderstood. They meant that the origin of the documents was still hid in mystery. As regards the matters discussed in them, he had no assurance as to the authenticity of any one of the 20,000 which would justify his impugning the glory of Newton or of Huyghens. With this session the discussion closed.

Such is this latest chapter in the "Curiosities of Literature." Seldom has a great literary forgery been so daringly conceived, or so cleverly executed, but once again has it been seen that only omniscience could render such an undertaking successful. No keenest insight into the circumstances and events of any age can suffice to render historical fiction perfect in its versimilitude. Some point will be missed; some Achilles' heel will always be vulnerable. A lie cannot consist with the truth, and reality will always vindicate itself. It was fortunate that the interest excited by the Chasles MSS. led to a thorough and immediate

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investigation; and the scientific world may well be proud of the acuteness, the unselfishness and the simple love of truth and fact, so publicly exhibited by savans, where mean motives would have made mean men—Dupins and such—eager to detract from the honor of foreigners and to add undeserved laurels to the brows of their compatriots.

THEY who think that the former times were better than these should read Thaddeus Brown's "PHILADELPHIA REFORMED OR DESTROYED, a Sad Address in Christian Love to the Inhabitants of Philadelphia, on the Aweful Dispensation of the Yellow Fever in 1798." The author tells us that "he has constantly resided in the city during the calamity of 1793, 1797 and the present year; and has seen, felt, and suffered much therein," and adds that he "professes unity, in religious sentiments, with Friends; though he is not an acknowledged member of their Society." His sketch of the moral history of the city from "the 10th of 10th month, 1793," when "the report was, 'The plague has broken out in Water street,'" is by no means complimentary. He borrows the vigorous language of Jeremiah to portray her desolation: "Does not the city sit solitary that was full of people? Is she not become a widow, she that was great among the States, and Princess among the Provinces?" But he is not a mere Jeremiah. In the midst of the long catalogue of sins—"pride, idleness, covetousness, intemperance, profaneness, injustice," etc., he thankfully remembers "that such numbers of distinguished characters remained at their posts; that so many illustrious citizens were found endued with wisdom; armed with fortitude, and blest with perseverance to undertake, and carry on, and finally complete, the most hazardous services in the cause of suffering humanity." He prophesies of "the long list of Philadelphian worthies," that "their grateful remembrance will descend to succeeding generations."

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1870.

ULSTER IN AMERICA.

At the era when English cavaliers and Puritans were colonizing our Southern and Eastern States respectively, another work of colonization and settlement was going on within the British Islands themselves. The northern part of Ireland, by the defeat of the O'Neills, had largely fallen, as the spoils of war, to the British government, and King James was granting and bestowing its lands upon his favorites and his troublesome friends. His own countrymen and first subjects (as might be expected) were favored with large slices, as the first taste of the delights of the union of the two crowns. "The Plantation of Ulster" is the name which the transaction bears in history, a name which indicates its general likeness to cotemporary proceedings in America. Such plantations of Ireland were no new thing. For centuries, colonies of Normans and other Englishmen had been planting in Ireland: some, as in the Pale around Dublin, remaining faithful and serviceable to the mother country; others in the farther west being cut off by civil troubles, and becoming assimilated to the pure Irish in self-defence, or, as an old act of Parliament expressed it in a Latin phrase now proverbial, becoming "*Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis.*" To so great an extent was the colonizing process carried on in the west, that it has been disputed whether fully one-half or only one-third of the people of Connaught are of Norman blood. Many families that now bear euphonious Irish names were founded by Normans who translated their family names into Irish: thus, the McMahons were founded by that Fitzurse who assisted at the slaughter of Thomas á Beckett. What little distinction continued

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between these southern plantations and their Irish neighbors was finally obliterated at the Reformation, when they both repudiated the Protestantism of England and of the Dublin "Pale," and held fast to the old faith.

The Protestant and largely Scotch colony of Ulster, however, approximated but little to Irish customs and ways. The native Irish were not, indeed, wholly driven from their lands in Ulster, although the possessions obtained by conquest were increased by peaceable purchase. The new colony was on a large scale, extending over whole counties and enlisting the services of the corporation of London in its erection. Its growth and history—civil, ecclesiastical and economical—it is not our present purpose to trace, but only its indirect influence upon the settlement and character of the American nation. Two points in its constitution we would especially note. It *was a colony*, and it was, in the main, *a Scotch colony*. The great body of its members had torn themselves from home and old association to go forth into a land of strangers, for whose past they had no regard, whose future they were to create. They were among the boldest and most venturesome of the Scottish nation, a people of strong will and decided convictions. These facts have impressed themselves on every page of the history of Ulster, and, since their advent to this country, upon the history of America. They, of all classes in the British Islands, stand in a position most analogous to that of the American people, being least overawed by traditional associations and historical memories, least slow to adapt themselves to the genius of a new land and a new people.

The emigration from Ulster to America began at a very early date. In 1635, we find Rev. Robert Blair sailing for the new world with a shipload of his people, and although he was driven back by contrary winds, and became a prominent man in the civil troubles which followed in Scotland, yet, probably, others were more successful voyagers. The first settlers of New Hampshire, and the ancestors of her Greeleys and Websters, were from Ulster, and brought with them the linen manufacture of their native province. In the following century the movement westward became more general, and the immigrants covered the whole western interior of Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, which were at that time frontier districts, till then unoccupied. In this region, which might be called the Ulster of America, almost the entire

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population is of this sturdy stock. From above Pittsburg, down through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, a part of South Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, Northern Georgia and Alabama, from above Pittsburg, we say, to Huntsville, the region is settled from the northern and least Irish province of Ireland. Farther east and farther west, from Boston to the Pacific shore, this element appears in sporadic groups, marked by its own idiosyncrasies and exerting its special influence, but in this great mountain region of the Appalachian chain it predominates over all others.

The first appearance of these Ulster Protestants in American history is not so creditable. They were the first to break our Pennsylvania treaties with the Indians, insisting that, as Pagans could have no rights which Christians are bound to respect, it was sheer waste to leave so much good land in the hands of the aborigines, while they themselves were in need of farms. The very Quakers took arms to put down these originators of our later Indian policy, who were too much in advance of their time to be appreciated.

The Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence was published by the Ulstermen of North Carolina in convention assembled at Mecklenburgh, in 1756, anticipating thus the action of the Continental Congress by several years, and evincing the sturdy independence and forwardness which has always belonged to the class from which it originated. So manifestly has Jefferson borrowed from it in the preparation of the later and more national Declaration, that several of his partizans have cast doubt upon the genuineness and priority of the Mecklenburgh document; but investigations made at the instance of the State of North Carolina fully vindicate these. The record thus opened in the struggle for Independence by the Ulster colonists was worthily sustained, in so far as their peculiar and dangerous position, for the most part, on the frontier, permitted. An Ulsterman, General Montgomery, led the Continental troops against Canada, and only his death at the storming of Quebec prevented its complete success. In North Carolina, they were the strength and staple of the State which never allowed the British forces any permanent resting-place within its borders. The battle of King's Mountain in that State was a specimen of the style in which these border settlers waged impromptu warfare. Several of the signers of the Declaration

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of Independence were of the Ulster stock, as was Charles Thompson, the Clerk of the Continental Congress.

The first group of statesmen who directed the affairs of the new Republic after the Revolution were mostly of English stock and aristocratic training. Washington, their highest type and noblest representative, was not the style of man that Republican institutions are likely to foster. During this period, American Ulster appears only in the miserable Whiskey Rebellion, which was suppressed as well as begun by men of this stock.

When, however, the Federalists passed away and a more characteristically American class of statesmen took their places, we find, at once, Ulster strongly represented. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe are all from the region of the Ulster colonization, and two of them, at least, represent the intensity and fervor of the stock. New England furnished the President who followed them, but Ulster again appears in its best and most characteristic representative, Andrew Jackson, of East Tennessee, who stood forward in all the force and vigor of the Ulster character, to represent and embody the growing conviction of national unity. His great antagonist, however, and the great embodiment of the "States Rights" idea, was also of the Ulster stock. John C. Calhoun (originally spelled Colquohoun and always pronounced Ca'hoon) was the antagonist who stood forward prominently through the same imperious qualities as were possessed by General Jackson. When, again, we find Calhoun fighting the same battle in the United States Senate, then, too, his opponent, and the great popular representative of the idea of unity, is Daniel Webster, who bears an Ulster name and comes from New Hampshire, the New England colony of Ulster.

Among the late Presidents, three at least are branches of this wide-spread Ulster tree. Polk, Buchanan, and Johnson are not her proudest representatives, but they all three evince the quality of the rock whence they were hewn, especially the last. The tenacity with which General Grant's predecessor clung to an opinion, the unbending firmness and decision of his whole political course after he had taken the bearings of his position as President, the perfection of his indifference to hostile logic or hostile opinion, are all merely the impracticability of an Ulsterman when in the wrong. Those who knew the stuff whereof the man was made knew that no election results would alter his course

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one jot, and that he would go out of office with the conviction that he was a wise statesman who had vainly striven to hold back a blind nation from rushing to its ruin. Put General Jackson in the same place, and with the same views he would have adopted the same course and policy.

During the late Rebellion, all parts and sections were so cordially and heartily one in the support of the common cause, that it may seem invidious to emphasize the share of any. If New England, however, may boast of her sons, and the West of her soldiers, let us not forget what yeoman service the men of the Ulster stock rendered. Theirs was the first blood shed during the war, for General Crawford, who was wounded in the defence of Fort Sumter, is one of them by descent. Their sturdy arms drove the bayonets of the Pittsburg Roundheads to the front, and Stonewall Jackson, who fell lamented by North as well as South, was as truly an Ulsterman in character as in blood. Most notable, however, was their influence in the loyal and semi-loyal districts of the South, which lay—one and all—in the region settled from Ulster. Their West Virginia cut loose from the Confederate Old Dominion. Their Western North Carolina was always a thorn in the side of the Confederate government, an unfailing refuge to our escaped prisoners. Who shall write the story of East Tennessee, when stubborn Andrew Johnson was the right man in the right place, and when the whole region was proscribed as hostile to the Southern cause! With it stand Northern Alabama and Georgia, also loyal in secret, and, as far as they dare, openly. The Ulster settlers of the South were saved by their comparative poverty and the hilly character of their country from the temptations and corruptions of the slave-holding and plantation districts. They were consequently the only middle class of the South, standing far above the poor whites, and thus coming at once into sympathy with the great middle class of the North. As the want of such a middle class was the South's greatest need, the loyalty of the inhabitants of the Appalachian chain was most fortunate for the North. They held, too, the key of the whole military position, as Fremont saw at the very opening of the struggle; and when the Union forces had seized Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, they found themselves intrenched among friends in a secure and commanding position, with the whole South lying open before their gigantic mountain base. The

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significance of this central mountain region, and of its loyalty, were well pointed out by Mr. Morse, of New York, at the opening of the war.

This is but a slight sketch of the political influence and prominence of the Ulster stock in the history of the nation.

In these days, when we hear so much of the weight and influence of other elements in the constitution of the national life, it is well to remember this among the rest, and to duly appreciate it as a force in moulding the national history and character.

The character of this Ulster influence has been as notable as its extent. In its mental constitution the will predominates over every other special faculty. Decision, energy, steadfastness, firmness, and combativeness are always prominent, while quickness of sympathy, fineness of taste, and all the more debonair qualities are thrown into the background. Every opinion is a conviction, for which it would be more easy to die, than it would be to modify it. Sturdy grasp of old principles rather than quick apprehension of what is new—a sovereign contempt of public opinion—a restless, fervid energy in the execution of every purpose, these are the idiosyncrasies of the true Ulsterman. One of them—a venerable Presbyterian elder—once prayed, "Grant, O Lord, that I may be always right, for Thou knowest that I am unco' hard to turn." Here lies the secret of their excellencies and their failings. Like the earth, they are "unco' hard to turn." This made Andrew Johnson a blessing in East Tennessee, and something else in the White House. This made Jackson the champion and Calhoun the life-long opponent of the idea of national unity. The men of their stock, like the mountain region of their choice, have formed the backbone of the national life, as that stubborn, persistent House of Aaron did of the Jewish nation.

It would be untrue, were we to describe them as a force only in the political life of the nation. They have been in many respects its foremost and ablest educators. The New Englander has had too much credit here; hardly a college or academy can be found in the Middle or Southern Atlantic States, which Ulstermen have not founded—which they have not impressed with their own character. From these their intellectual influence has gone over the length and breadth of the land, an influence none the less real and deserved for being so persistently conservative. Stuart Mill has well said that the ablest minds of any age are

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always found either in the foremost van or in the uttermost rear of the march of progress. Their firmness in the grasp of convictions has largely compensated the national want of historical associations and venerated traditions as a check upon the impatience of popular radicalism. Their churches are the churches of conservative intelligence, teaching churches that are not over-anxious to have the last edition of the theological spelling-book. Their ministries are educated, for they have never found out "how much ignorance it takes to make a saint." The Presbyterian Church, to which they mostly incline, although largely represented in several other bodies, is fair type—when taken as a whole—of the general strength and weakness of the stock. The division of 1837—now happily healed—sprung out of a conflict with a progressive minority of New Englanders, who were fonder of the new ideas of Yankeeland than of the old ideas of Ulster. The Reunion is an attempt to combine the two elements in harmonious action, and secure the co-operation of van and rear as in the same army, a co-operation found to be quite practicable in the sphere of politics. But the Ulsterman has a ceaseless tendency to segregation. His combativeness, his zeal and energy in matters of conviction, and his disregard of the force of any opinion but his own, make it hard for him to keep in the unity of co-operation. There are some sixteen kinds of Presbyterians in these United States, and the present decade has seen three new divisions among them.

As might be expected from the Ulster character, they have taken a large share in reclaiming and cultivating the national farm, and developing the national resources. They have not left in the Old World personal qualities at whose impulse they have made the barrenest province of Ireland an utter contrast to its more favored sisters in the beauty and fertility of its rolling hill-sides. In America they have again taken the hill country, and the traveller who passes over the Appalachian chain to the prairies of the interior, sees their handiwork on every side: mines, farms, furnaces, glass works, railroads, all the paraphernalia and appliances of our material civilization. The wealth and prosperity of smoky Pittsburg are their work, and that ill-favored city is as truly a representation of their serviceable qualities as of their general disregard of what cannot be weighed in the practical scale. In the farthest east and the farthest west, as well as

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in this middle region, their persistence and staunch determination has been rewarded with the highest prizes that the sphere of material prosperity can furnish. The richest merchant of our wealthiest city—Alexander T. Stewart—owes his prosperity to his Ulster qualities, more than to any other cause. With him we may put the editor-in-chief of our ablest daily newspaper, who traces his descent from the Ulster settlers of New Hampshire; and also the editor and proprietor of the most widely circulated of our weekly papers. Mr. Greeley at every step—and not least in his course at the trial of Jefferson Davis—has vindicated his claim to be a true intellectual kinsman of the Jacksons and Johnsons of another part of the land, and Mr. Bonner must claim the same qualities as the explanation of his gigantic success. Nor do these three stand alone; they are but types of a host of lesser or greater magnitude, whose steadfastness, enterprise, and solidity have built up and conserved our financial system, in our own city and in others. We might refer to one of our merchants, whose efforts in behalf of our suffering soldiers brought him into prominence during the war, and whose persistence and enthusiasm carried on to a gigantic success the great plan of Christian benevolence which his heart conceived in the hour of our peril. We cannot stop here to specify others, not unworthy to take rank with the Franklins and Careys, Hoppers and Morrisses—the men of business and of principle, of success and of public spirit, whose long and ample succession has been one of the main ornaments of our city's history.

The purpose which led to the writing of this paper was to gather into one whole for a minute the scattered threads of the same material which have entered so largely into the historic web of the Nation's past, and to point out how largely a generally unrecognized element has shared in its composition. Mr. E. Mulford only reflects a popular view when he says, in his recent scholarly work on the "NATION," that "the historical forces with which no other may compare in their influence on the (American) people have been the Puritan and the Quaker." Our purpose will have been amply accomplished, if we shall have shown that another force, separate and distinct from each of these two, has moulded the actual character of the American people in almost, if not quite, an equal degree—a force often partly confounded with others, but always wrongly. If New England has repre-

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sented the originative intellect of the Nation, and the Quaker its morally sympathetic course, then this other element has been the strong unyielding spine of its efficiency and unity. Standing often in antagonism to the intellectual progressiveness of the New Englander, and to the philanthropic tenderness of the Quaker, it has furnished a valuable correction to each of these one-sided tendencies, temporarily opposing to them the strong rock of intellectual and moral conservatism, but equally strong to will and execute the high purpose of reform when the time for it is come. One-sided it may be, but the partial is demanded by the partial, and all, through working together, arrive at harmony.

The full and complete American character must be the result of a slow growth and development which, as yet, has hardly more than begun. We have Westerners and Easterners, Northerners and Southerners, Quakers and Puritans, but who is the American? These local distinctions will, indeed, continue under all changes, but only as modifications of the one national ideal, being themselves also modified by that ideal more fully than hitherto. The process of this internal American growth is still advancing: new forces, German, Norse, &c., are exerting an unconscious influence upon it.

"Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come—
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

"A slow-developed strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New majesties of mighty States.

"The warden of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark:
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

"Of many changes, aptly joined,
Is bodied forth the [coming] whole."

Whatever that coming whole, that national consciousness of the national self may be, no wise and impartial analysis of its elements will fail to give a prominent place to the influence of "Ulster in America."

ROBERT E. THOMPSON.

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CEREVIS.

[Concluded.]

NEXT morning early we sailed down the mountain like a "wolf on the fold," and reached the Elbe, at Aussig, whence we embarked for Salesel. At Salesel we divided, some of us swimming across the Elbe and back for exercise, and the rest making a little journey into the country to see some natural curiosity. Then we pursued our journey, in the cool of the evening, along the placid and beautiful Elbe, past Stolzenberg, to Bodenbach, Von Higgins and I still inseparable. I had started out with a white vest, for some inexplicable reason, and the whiteness thereof had been replaced by a griminess and neutral tint which it were idle to attempt to reproduce. Straw hat also somewhat dilapidated. In consequence, my good-humored companion was much amused, as we trudged along towards Bodenbach, by some kind-hearted workmen, who told us where we could probably find work in that famous town. Some of us had had clean linen sent to Bodenbach, and those who indulged in the luxury distinguished themselves from their less fortunate brethren by parading up and down in groups and asking, with an affectation of superiority, who those other fellows were. The next morning we started from Tetschen, after a good square meal, and set our course for Bohemian Kamnitz.

On the road between Tetschen and Böhmisches Kamnitz, far away from any human habitation, there stands a very unprepossessing-looking inn with yard attached, but famed far and near for the excellence and cheapness of its wines. You must know that wines which come up from Hungary and cost but very little in Bohemia are taxed heavily on entering Saxony, so that wine is an every-day drink on one side of the line and a luxury on the other. Here we entered in and took possession. Our host had two pretty daughters and a pleasant-looking Frau, all of that dignity and respectability which prevented them from being kissed—in public. The wine was drawn in pitchers and furnished us by gallons, and as fast as the pitchers were replenished they were emptied again. This led to more singing, and when our really very small bill was paid we pushed on, making the welkin ring with the praises of the jolly Wirth, his pretty daughters and the smooth red wine.

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Von Higgins, who, as I said, had almost completed his year of service in the army in the capacity of private, was called upon to drill us, and drill us he did. His "vor-r-r-r-r-wär-rts *marsch!*" reminded some of us Yanks of a rattlesnake imitation in the key of G. Our squad, under the command of Generalissimo Von Higgins, and consisting of Stick, the Swede, Yonker, the Dutchman, Van Scaly, ditto, and humble servant, after a long chase, during which our velocity was somewhat checked through the intricacies of V. H.'s orders and the phlegmatic disregard of them by Van Scaly and Yonker, overtook, fell upon and routed two quiet Americans, named Alick and Lily-of-the-Valley, taking them prisoners when they had been routed enough, and marching them along with increased speed to the next halting-place. In the midst of these proceedings a heavy thunder-storm burst upon us. We were at once drenched to the skin, and pelted mercilessly with rain and hail. The sky was darkened. Lamentings were heard in the air and the poor cockchafers, of which the trees were full, were wafted off by the cruel wind by hundreds of thousands. We all started to run the last two miles, and naturally reached Böhmisch Kamnitz by twos and threes. Von Higgins, Van Scaly and I made a bee-line for the first light that we saw; it proved to be from the window of a third-class tavern, in the best room of which were seated many peasants. They all "thee and thou'd" us at once; one young man taking especial delight in recounting the details of the battle of Königgrätz from an Austrian private's point of view. Finally the weather moderated, the guests left, and we were alone in the rather sour atmosphere of the little "Schenke." "Where are we to sleep, Mein Herr?" I asked. He brought a tolerably large wisp of straw, and threw it down on the sanded floor. The Von and the Van seized it, divided it and were soon asleep, while the most inconsiderable of our trio, disdaining such accommodation, executed a flank movement into the pantry, through a small window, the host having disappeared and taken the keys with him. Next morning we were waited upon by a deputation from a larger and better hostel, where most of our fellows had passed the night, and were informed of their adventures. It seems that our professor, being sturdy of limb and of sound wind, was among the first to reach the larger hotel. Wishing to assemble us all there, and fearing (what really happened) that in our anxiety to get under cover we would separate

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and go to different inns, our professor proceeded to the main door of the hotel, and shouted, in herald notes: "Immer heran! Im—mer her-r-r-an!!" a cry which brought all the good peasant citizens, in great alarm, with buckets, axes, and what not, to the hotel. This causing our professor to laugh, one of the indignant, dripping peasants gave him—*our* professor—a box on the ear. Thunder and guns! pistols and swords! "*our* professor?" "a box on the ear?" It was even so, and as faithful historians we simply have to record the additional fact that our professor's respect for law and order was too great to permit him to return it.

Next morning, better counsels having prevailed, and our insulted professor having abandoned his intention of summoning the North German Bund to redress his grievance, we pushed on to another town—one of those from which issue those marvels of beauty in the shape of Bohemian glass. There are perhaps twenty small towns in Bohemia whose chief business is the production of small articles of glass. These towns divide the labor between them. To some of them the pure quartz crystals, collected by thousands of men all over the country, are sent; and, after being mixed with the proper proportions of soda, lime, lead, copper, iron, and what not, are melted, run out into rough moulds, packed up, and sent to some one of the towns where the finishing is done. Here many hands are employed in polishing, etching, &c., and from these the articles are sent off to the depositories everywhere. An idea of the price of these objects in the places where they are prepared for the market may be obtained from the following list: a large punch-bowl, of a capacity of seven bottles, a beautiful carmine red, with glass ladle, thirteen punch glasses, and a large glass waiter, on which bowl and glasses stood, all decorated with gold leaves and vines, cost eight thalers, (about eight dollars in our currency.) A very handsome beer-glass, of very old pattern, and beautifully etched, with cover on hinge, cost one thaler twenty groschens, (one dollar sixty-seven cents.) Paper weights in that translucent "Bohemian glass," representing a woman reclining on her left arm on a jet black glass base, one thaler, &c.

In leaving this town we proceeded a few hours by stage, and here our friend Lay-on-hard had a chance to air his eloquence. A young and unsophisticated country lass was the only lady in the stage; and L., after calling her attention, in a most insinuating undertone, to the "pulchritude of the sinuosities of the

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streams," the "supreme beauty of irridescence flung back from those glorious mist-mountains now hovering in the empyrean, when kissed by the eager rays of the departing god of day," and a lot more of such nonsense, got the young woman into such a state of bewilderment that she really would have jumped out of the window had he requested her to do so in a few sounding sentences. When we alighted, near the old town of Zittau, L. offered his arm in a most gallant way, curling his moustaches upwards, and bending over her with the tender solicitude displayed by Mephistophiles to Bertha. We followed behind, by twos, each pair giving its parody of L. and his charmer, to the great delight of the rest. The young woman's head was as completely turned as if it had been subjected to a severe blow from Grimm's Completed Dictionary. In Zittau we learned the unwelcome news of the death of one of our fellow-students. We had left him hale and hearty a few days before, and he had lost his life by attempting to swim through some long grass on the margin of a pond. The lily stalks had entwined themselves about his limbs, and his violent struggles only bound them tighter around him, till at length he sank. Moral: swim on your back through weeds and water lilies. This news cast a gloom over our party, and we separated, after singing respectfully to his memory the fifth and sixth verses of the twelfth selection of Commers-songs:

"Ist einer unsrer Brueder einst geschieden,
Vom blassen Tod gefordert ab,
Dann weinen wir und wuenschen Ruh' und Frieden
In unsres Freundes stilles Grab.
CHORUS, *very softly*—Wir weinen und wuenschen Ruhe hinab
In unsres Brueders stilles Grab."

Next morning the reaction had set in, and we set out to visit the Nonnenklunzen and the Oybin. Zittau is in Saxony, and very near the boundary line. It is a well-to-do, thriving town, and exhibits many marks of modern improvement, which are rare in the small German towns. Near Zittau there are two large blocks of sandstone, weathered into that shape which is called "meal-sack." These gigantic blocks stand near each other, so that at a distance there appears to be only a narrow cleft between them. The figures can be transformed by a strong imagination into two nuns arrayed in gowns like those worn by our sisters of

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Charity; this place is therefore called the Nonnenklunzen, or Nun's Gap. These blocks stand on quite a high hill, and there is a restaurant in their vicinity. Besides these, there are other natural towers and blocks of sandstone, so curiously weathered that, with the assistance of here and there a step, one can clamber all over them. The scene was not unlike the last in Fra Diavolo, even to the bell which was gracefully swung in a little natural belfry to our left, as we approached. As the Assyrians came down, so we poured up, and in a moment were scattered all over the rocks, swinging our legs over the abrupt walls, making speeches, drinking beer, and dancing ballets everywhere. Finally this noise resolved itself into an extemporaneous opera—Fra Diavolo. Von Higgins tugged at the bell; our professor, with a cane, mustered Kool and a couple of more as the lieutenants; Stick, the Swede, was Zerlina; one of the Yankees Fra Diavolo, and the rest were the chorus of peasants. Then such acting ensued as Habelman never attempted; the soldiery was armed with pieces of sandstone; Higgins rang the bell as lustily as our State House bell was pealed on that famous Fourth of July. A grand swell fol-de-rol. Fra appears stalking down the rocks as he remembered to have seen Habelman. Soldiers secrete themselves. Plot thickens. Fra advances to the edge of precipice, and addresses himself to innumerable hundred square miles of auditorium. Soldiers creep up around him. He sings his last romanza, "Bairisch Bier und Leberwurst," &c. He is seized. He breaks away. Musketry represented by thumping on the green tables with sticks. Stones fly around him. He totters and falls behind a rock, his legs being supplicatingly extended heavenwards. The actors applaud themselves. Higgins takes a turn or two more at the bell, as a signal for the curtain to fall, and all resuscitate. A slight diversion is now made by Higgins, who mounts a rock behind the party, in the character of showman, and harangues an imaginary audience on the excellence of his menagerie, and a number of good hits at members of the party are made. This is comparatively easy to do in German, for there are so many animals the bare mention of whose names excite merriment that a collection of them ensures success. Thus, not only are the donkey and the goose types of stupidity, but the camel, the ox, and a few others. When somebody, on visiting the great natural Kuhstall, (cow stable,) which is nothing but an enormous natural

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arch of sandstone, inscribed on the wall, in a moment of transport at the beauty of the place:

> Ich hab' es gesehen! ich hab' es gesehen!
> Ich habe den herrlichen Kuhstall gesehen!

("I have seen it! I have seen it! I have seen the magnificent 'cow stable!'") Some later comer wrote underneath:

> Ich hab' es gelesen! ich hab' es gelesen!
> Ein Ochse ist wieder im Kuhstall gewesen!

("I have read it! I have read it! An *ox* has again been in the *cow stable!*")

So that capital cynicism of Heine's: "When Archimedes discovered the great truth underlying specific gravity, he sacrificed a hecatomb, and since that time, on the discovery of any great truth, all *oxen* tremble."

But to return: when Von Higgins' speech had been listened to long enough, he was sent for and brought down, by the collar, and placed at the table around which we were sitting. The host brought out the visitors' book, and Shearer, an obscure poet, arose and suggested that each man should write one line in the book; that the lines be as nearly of the same metre as possible; and that he who wrote the second of a pair, or all even numbers, must find some rhyme with the one above. The professor set it going:

> "Hier sind wir auf den Nonnenklunzen."

Stick, the Swede, came next, and with an effrontery truly sublime continued:

> "Und denken an Professor Bunsen."

Rowdy came next, but he tried to "*mogel*" (*i. e.*, cheat) by sneaking off and taking his seat above. Caught and brought back. After scratching his copious locks and looking upward, he wrote:

> "Wir kommen ihm ein Halbes vor."

(Students' expression, "We drink a half glass to him,") and, suiting the action to the word, he quaffed off a half glass and we followed his example.

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Jimmy Gouge, of Miss., came next and wished to add—

"And hope to pledge him many more."

But it would not do. We all cried shame, it being the unpardonable sin to speak any thing but German at an entertainment of this kind. Jimmy counted over on his fingers all the words ending in "or" of which he could think. "Mohr," a Moor, wouldn't do. "Rohr," a tube, he could do nothing with. At last, he thought of a line in the Landesvater, and added—

"Wir sind ein very froher Chor."

So the thing went on, making the most perfect salamagundi you can imagine, Shearer, the obscure poet, keeping himself till the last. Old Guy, one of the steadiest of us, was dubbed "papa-gei," (a parrot,) at which we all laughed heartily. Jimmy Gouge was named Milk-James, from the quantities of that fluid in which he indulged. Lay-on-hard was known as the "beggar," from a feat which he performed when near Zittau. He ran after a carriage, holding out his hand for alms and beseeching in the choicest and most scholastic language. The occupant gave him two and a half groschen, which he expended in beer. Von Higgins was known as the "ape," from his frequent efforts to learn to pronounce that syllable in English. I was called "him of the white vest," or "three straws," the first in derision, the second in commemoration of my bed in the inn at Kamnitz. All of us received nick-names, which, among ourselves, will last as long as we live. Our way led us through the central part of the Saxon Switzerland, close under the beetling Hochstein, on the other side of which is the Wolfgang, celebrated as the principal scene in Der Freischutz, along a rippling stream and through a smiling valley, to Schandau, where, from the best hotel, we admired the Elbe, the twin hills Königstein and Lilienstein, and the many picturesque mountains which make the scenery so delightful.

Thus broke up shortly one of those parties, of which thousands traverse Germany every year, and whose adventures no participant ever forgets. I wish I could show you the photograph of us, which is now lying before me. A set of intelligent and jolly faces, exhaling "Gemüthlichkeit," (untranslatable,) to a degree of which only students' faces, in dear old Germany, are capable.

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THE NEW NOVELIST.

PROFESSOR MAURICE, of Cambridge, in the opening chapters of his treatise on Social Morality, touches on the history and development of novel writing as a ready indication of the drift of men's thoughts on social relations at different periods. In "the very able and elaborate novels which were produced in the eighteenth century," as in much of cotemporary literature, the interest turned upon the distinctions and contrasts of the various classes of society, the antagonism of their standards of what was right and becoming, and the artificial relations of men. In the era introduced by Jean Jacques Rousseau, the novelist abandons what is artificial and conventional to return to what is natural and universal. "A man's a man for a' that" is the underlying conviction of the writer, to whatever class he belongs, if he is indeed to win the ear of the public, by helping men "to understand the forms of society which are found under different conditions in all classes." Especially has a new interest in the family sprung up. "Historical novels have a certain attraction; but in general the portion of such books which is domestic produces by far the most powerful effect. The strictly domestic story has become characteristic in all Europe. The morality may be of one kind or another; the family may be merely the ground-plot for the display of sensational incident: still these are found to be most startling, and therefore most agreeable to those who wish to be startled, when they are associated with outrages of one kind or another upon family order. Those who do not want such stimulants to their own feelings and fancies, and do not hold it an honest trade to mix them for others, have found in the quietest home-life material for art. All social harmonies and social contradictions (they see) may come forth in the relations of father and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, masters and servants."

If it be true that light literature reflects in this broad way the changing tones and shades of public opinion, it must be true, also, in lesser matters and in the lapse of shorter eras. Straws show the direction of breezes as readily as of gales. The novelist's profession has never been so prolific as during the last twenty-five years; every single human interest, with a few exceptions, has found expression through this ready, forcible, yet irre-

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sponsible medium. No religious, no political, no philosophic party of our controversial age, but has here caricatured its opponents and been caricatured in turn. In the novel, controversy is easy work: all the objectionable and odious features of the rascals and fools who cannot see as you do may be nicely separated from what gives their claim to a common humanity; and then, when he has been pummelled from title-page to "Finis," his logic exploded, his manners travestied, and his morals brought into question, what redress has he? He may write another novel, and thus return the favor; but we and "our set" won't read it, and of course have no need to reply to it. The old delights of writing a scathing review, after which the patriarch Job sighed in that famous passage, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" are nothing to the new delights of sending forth into the Republic of Letters a novel of the true critical style—a novel with a purpose—"smooth as honey, [to borrow further from Job,] but sharper than drawn swords."

Mr. Charles Dickens owes much of his success to the underlying current of controversial matter in his works. We do not undervalue his wonderful powers of grotesque description, nor his skill in reproducing in his pages the husk and outer shell of the men and women he has met; but we do claim much for the purposes of his novels—purposes which largely reflect the current of men's thoughts in the time in which his books appeared. He is generally a reformer and a disciple of Brougham. The political contests and the law courts are abused in "Pickwick;" the Court of Chancery and coroners' juries in "Bleak House;" imprisonment for debt and the Patent Office in "Little Dorrit;" prison reform and the Doctors' Commons in "David Copperfield." At our distance in time and place, we can hardly realize with what gusto these clever political caricatures were received by the reforming party in England; but a perusal of Martin Chuzzlewit will enable us to understand how some other people liked them. That marvellous picture of American life is just as true in regard to the United States as are Mr. Dickens's pictures of English life in his other novels; that is, all are gross and unscrupulous caricatures of the grotesque order.

"Dickens has become a classic," we are told; and the words are true to the fullest extent, and in its double sense. His best works have won their place in the literature of England; and,

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also, (for this, too, is implied in the term classic,) he is a thing of the past. He will never again stir the blood of England and America by the gall of his pen, nor terrify venerable and respectable "barnacles" by his weekly numbers, as Anthony Trollope portrays him in that cleverest of counter-caricatures, "The Warden."

"Untimely lags the veteran on the stage,"

and as work after work comes from his pen, the new public look on in stupid wonder as if Addison were arisen from the dead to continue the Spectator. Grotesque wit, clever caricatures, keen mimicry, are here as of old, but the life is not here. The generation has passed out of living sympathy with the writer, and we only regard him with a faint antiquarian interest. It has been stirred by new thoughts which he has not felt; it is agitated by contending purposes and desires which find no reflection in his breast. Let him read us "Copperfield" and "Paul Dombey," if he will; but as for his "Great Expectations," "Mutual Friend," and "Edwin Drood"—faugh! they are a weariness to the flesh.

The age is no longer merely a politico-reforming nor a socialistic age. Its "sensations" are not of the Henry Brougham sort, and not an idea above Brougham's has Mr. Dickens ever given utterance to. It is especially a theological age. Its Trollopes and Oliphants must tell us of the Church and her influence upon society—upon her own servants at the altar. Colenso, Darwin, Ecce Homo, and essays and reviews have taken the place of Brougham and Macaulay, as the circulating libraries can testify. Even science and politics must bend in this same direction. Never since the close of the Thirty Years' War have the politics of Europe been so largely mixed up with questions of religion. Never since the days of Paracelsus have the contacts and antagonisms of science and theology been so keenly felt. The generation has been permeated by the thought of Carlyle, Hare, Arnold, Ruskin; it has learned in some measure the lesson of earnestness; the subjects of the dinner-table and the reception-room are those that their fathers tabooed as necessarily confined to the church and the convocation. Mr. Dickens knows nothing of all this; cares nothing for it; is not even able to caricature it with his wonted cleverness. The keenest criticism of this generation upon his writings was the expression of the wish that some one

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would introduce him to a decent clergyman. We do not charge Mr. Dickens with irreligion; if we did, many passages in his works (in "Little Dorrit" and his "Christmas Stories" especially) would refute the charge; but, in regard to the whole topic, he stands on a level with a generation that is past, and the general tenor of his stories is of a sort to deprive us of that trust in man which helps us to a true trust in God. From the Christian point of view, his "Oliver Twist" is simply abominable.

In contrast to all this, take the novels of "George Eliot," (Mrs. Lewes,) a follower of Comte, the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach. She has no faith in any religion save as a purely human product of the mind and the affections, which properly belongs to an age less advanced than our own age of science. Yet she has written "Tales of Clerical Life;" her "Adam Bede" is a study of Methodism in its beginnings, the Dinah Morris who preaches on the green and marries Adam Bede being a direct ancestor of George Eliot herself. Only from her "Romola" can the English reader obtain a fair estimate of Savonarola, the great Dominican prophet of Florence, and of his influence on the times. Even the worldliness of the farmers and the farmers' wives in the "Mill on the Floss" is to her "a Variation of Protestantism unknown to Bossuet." Few will forget the sturdy little preacher of "Felix Holt," or that passage of a sermon (on the text, "And all the people said 'Amen'") whose composition Mrs. Holt interrupted:

> "My brethren, do you think that great shout was raised by Israel by each man's waiting to say 'Amen' till his neighbors had said 'Amen?' Do you think there will ever be a great shout for the right—the shout of a nation as of one man, rounded and whole, like the voice of an archangel, that bound together all the listeners of earth and heaven—if every Christian of you peeps round to see what his neighbors in good coats are doing, or else puts his hat up before his face that he may shout and never be heard? But this is what you do: when the servant of God stands up to deliver his message, do you lay your souls beneath the word as you set out your plants beneath the falling rain? No; one of you sends his eyes to all corners; he smothers his soul with small questions, 'What does Brother Y think?' 'Is this doctrine high enough for Brother Z?' 'Will the church members be pleased?' And another—"

Here Mrs. Holt interrupted the sermon. Of this scene there is no likeness in all that Charles Dickens has written: it belongs to our generation, not to his.

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One of the best types of the novelists of this new class is George Macdonald, A.M., a writer who is rapidly growing in popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and who has even proved to be the first of a new school of fiction. He was born in Scotland, of parents who belonged to one of the few Congregationalist churches of that country, and trained up for the ministry. The influence of the English Broad Church—especially of Professor Maurice—seems to have greatly modified his theological opinions. Of late years he has laid aside the "Rev.," and preaches but seldom. A writer in a London paper describes his appearance as an occasional preacher, tall and shaggy of beard, pouring forth with strong voice and powerful delivery a stream of thought and devoutness, and holding an audience entranced for nearly an hour. His audience is wider, however, than any dissenting chapel can contain, and one might read his books through without being able to form a guess as to his own denominational preferences or connections.

When we speak of him as a theological novelist, let us not be understood to imply that he has any fondness for loading his books with technicalities of that or of any kind. No man is freer from that. Humanity in its most universal aspects—man as the son of a Father in heaven, prospering in his life while he respects that relation and the other human and divine relations which grow out of it, ruining his life and its good by living as under the restraints of no spiritual household, of no filial and fraternal love—this is his great theme. He may excite lively dissent by his particular views, but hardly any reader can close his books without feeling that God is real to this man, and human life illuminated by His presence. If he is "preachy," that is excusable in a preacher, especially when, as in two of his works, he is portraying a preacher. His preachy passages, even, are bright and thoughtful studies of human life, not devout platitudes. The publisher of "good books" will not take hold of his in a hurry; they are too full of individuality and life to serve the purposes of any of our parties.

Mr. Macdonald's genius is characterized by great dramatic power so far as the discernment of mental peculiarity goes; and in scenes of still life, as we may call them, he is inimitable. Since Sir Walter Scott, no Scotchman has so well portrayed his countrymen. His Alec Forbes of Howglen contains groups and

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characters that even the Wizard of the North would have envied. The *perfervidum ingenium* of Alec himself, the sweet, thoughtful, long-suffering little girl who is the heroine, the rascally meanness of her uncle, the shrewd old librarian of the university—Cosmo Cupples—who will ever forget them? As this is undoubtedly the best of his stories that has ever been republished in America, we shall take it as the type and representative of his books. Annie Anderson, a farmer's child, is left an orphan in charge of a close-fisted shopkeeper uncle, Robert Bruce, who grinds her down by ceaseless small oppressions and annoyances, sending her to sleep in a garret haunted by rats, of whom she lives in utter terror, until some one suggested that they were probably devils, to which she replied, "Gin I thocht they were only de'ils I wadna care a buckie for them." The growth of an unsophisticated but naturally clear womanly intellect in the sphere of this Scotch village, the influence of rude and boisterous but chivalrous companions of the opposite sex, whose pranks are narrated with great unction, and of her elders of every class, forms the central picture of the story. The library of the old parish minister lets her into the world of classic literature and folk-lore, doing what the murderous old schoolmaster—whose portrait, we can testify, is no exaggeration—could not do for her. The crisis of her mental and spiritual history is when she hears the Congregationalist or "Missionar'" minister preach a grim Calvinistic sermon of the old Edwardian kind, which harrows her soul with a consciousness of personal guilt, and of the danger of her eternal salvation. The good old "Moderate" parish minister has no answer for her, when she poses him with her theological difficulties about election, and, reversing the experience of Peter, ("Silver and gold have I none," &c.,) can only offer her sixpence, which the author thinks had more of bread in it than any theology he could have given, being to her the symbol of love, the heart of all theology. She reluctantly accepts, and then finds a shilling in her palm, with the comment added, "Maybe when God offers us a saxpence, it may turn out to be twa." But her true spiritual director is Thomas Crann, a stone-mason, and the strongest and best-drawn personage in the whole book. The man stands up like a rock in clouds, full of tenderness and mildness at heart, though gruff of speech and quick of temper at ordinary times. He is a Calvinist of the old stern Puritan type, but his creed is

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but a part of him. He has hard thoughts of himself and of other men; terribly hard though utterly reverential thoughts of God also. But the real tenderness and kindness of his nature is deeper than all his thoughts and theories. In early life he had been drawn to the Missionar' folk by the kindness and brotherly feeling evinced in their churches, but was obliged to own that that first love had grown cold among them; that scamps, like Robert Bruce, had won their way into the society of the "elect" by "siller," while "a full body that wanted sair to sit doon wi's" was not received "because we cudna ken whether he had savin' grace or no, for the body cudna speak that a body cud unnerstan' him." At the time "he grat;" but "whan the crater was deein', the string o' his tongue, whether that string lay in his mou' or in his brain, was lousened, and he spak plain and praised God."* Among the Missionar' folk, Thomas had grown up, respected and feared, tormenting his own soul, and judging his neighbors, yet thoughtful and kind of heart. The contrast between the two sides of his character was well put by a plain man among his neighbors, to whom he had been uttering his fearful forebodings of the wrath of God: "Hoot, hoot, Thamas! dinna speyk sic aweful things. They're dreadfu' to hearken till. I'se warren' He's as kin'-heartit as yersel'."†

To this spiritual adviser Anne carries her doubts and fears, and he, too, would fain turn her thoughts from that hard matter of her election, but when brought to terms by the home-thrust, "Could ye let it alane, Thomas?" his only answer is to "hand at it" in prayer, comparing his Maker to the unjust judge of the Parable. His own experience had been terrible; for days he had eaten nothing, and men glowered at his awe-struck face and chil-

* The comment of Cosmo Cupples is: "Weel, I can *not* see that your plan can be an impruvement upon the auld fashin o' settin' a man to judge himsel', and take the wyte o' the jeedgment upo' 's ain shouthers."

† This simple and touching sentence, full of infinite wit in one point of view and of an infinite tenderness in another, embraces much of Mr. Macdonald's theology. It corresponds to that grewsome and ancient epitaph in his David Elginbrod, which sounds almost blasphemous at first, reading:

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Hae mercy on my saul, Lord God,
As I would hae were I Lord God,
And thou wert Martin Elginbrodde."

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dren fled from him. Whole nights he had spent on the bare ground in a peat-moss praying for a sight of God's face, as evidence of his election, and at last he had risen up in gladness more than human, and in the assurance that he was a chosen vessel. His practical conclusion was, "Git a sicht o' the face o' God, that no man can get a glimp o' but ane o' the chosen. Whan ye see it ye'll ken it and be at peace. There's no fear o' mistakin' that."

The plot of the story is in the main but commonplace, and of slight interest. Alec's college adventures, his wavering in allegiance to Anne when a more showy face and form leads him away, his rushing away to the whale-fisheries in a boyish petulance of despair, are but the skeleton of a series of delightful studies of human nature mainly in its brighter aspects. Mr. Macdonald is the very antithesis of the cynic and misanthropist. The old drunken librarian of the Scotch University has for him and his readers a history, and a true grandeur of character also. The heart of the talented old toper had been trifled with when he was librarian in a Grand Ducal castle in the North. The fair sinner was a daughter of the house—"a wee body wi' muckle black een, an' a body gimp an' sma' but roun' and weel proportioned," with a "hand and fit jist past expression bonny—her features a' sma' but none o' them ower sma'"—"the queen o' white-skinned leddies." After leading the young librarian on a merry fool's dance, she answered him by a door shut in his face and a light careless laugh. That laugh had gone with him through life, blasting his enjoyment and his usefulness by driving him to drink, and thus drying up the vein of poetic talent in his mind. He had not dared to stand up and face his misery, to have the brightness and color taken out of his life, so he had recourse to the whiskey-bottle to relieve his wretchedness. The relief was, as it always is, only temporary, and by-and-by a great doubt took possession of him—"It's a' fause. *The gray luik o' life's* the true ane' and the only aspec' ye hae a richt to see." When, however, Alec goes astray and takes to drink and dissipation, Cupples stands him between him and destruction, bears his abuse, his blows even, and, above all, finally breaks off from the whiskey forever as the only means left to reform his young friend. The struggle was, as it is always, a fearful one, but the two come out triumphant, having undergone, as Cupples said of Alec, "a pairt o' the edication o' the human individual, frae the time o' Adam

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and Eve doonwith, to learn to refuse the evil and chowse the guid. This doesna' aye come o' eatin' butter and honey, but whiles o' eatin' ashes and dirt."

These sketches are no more than tastes of the quality of George Macdonald's books, which overflow in the portrayal of human character, in suggestive thought and quiet humor. There is enough of any of these great qualities in any one of his novels to make the fortune of any modern school* of fiction writers. He does not, indeed, possess all the qualities which fit him for the work of depicting human life. Excitement and great passion he does not comprehend. Terrible and fearful things do happen in the course of his stories, but he is far below much weaker writers in conveying an impression of their true character. The shipwreck in "Guild Court," the storm and flood in "Alec Forbes," the ghost horrors in "David Elginbrod," are told without producing upon the reader any impression at all commensurate with their true character. Individual passion he can moderately portray, but with the tense excitement of a great multitude he fails. Dickens does better, as in the latter part of "Bleak House," and of "David Copperfield," but generally by a free use of what Ruskin calls "the pathetic fallacy," *i. e.*, by describing outward nature and human surroundings as clothed and shrouded in aspects reflected from the thoughts and minds of men.

Mr. Macdonald's other works, that are generally accessible to the American reader, are by no means the whole of his writings. "Guild Court" is a story of London life, with a wonderful child as its central figure. "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," with its continuation, "The Annals of a Sea-side Parish," depicts the life and doings of an English country rector in youth and in old age, and how he made himself a centre of light and warmth to his people and his household. "David Elginbrod" is largely occupied with the biological phenomena of spiritualism. But "Alec Forbes of Howglen," in spite of its broad Scotch dialogue, is the book which will reach the hearts of the largest circle of readers, moving them perhaps to tears, certainly to mirth and thought.

* Mr. Macdonald himself has evidently founded a school, to judge from "Edward Garrett," "Recollections of a Quiet Life," "The Crust and the Cake," and other books from other pens.

JOHN DYER.

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THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.

Blush not to confess that you don't know exactly where Cheyenne is.

The belt of States and Territories along which it is most convenient to reach the Pacific, from this vicinity, consists of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming Territory, Utah Territory, Nevada and California. Chicago is about nine hundred miles from here; Omaha, on the eastern boundary of Nebraska, is 492 miles west of Chicago; and Cheyenne is five hundred miles west of Omaha, not very far from the eastern boundary of that part of old Dakota which is now called Wyoming. It is the last place of any importance where the Union Pacific railway trains stop before commencing the ascent of the first range of mountains west of our own Alleghanies. It may be said to lie almost on the dividing line between the gently sloping plains and the more abrupt side of the easternmost range of the Rocky mountains.

Sherman, the highest point on the railway system between the Atlantic and Pacific, is but twenty-two miles west of Cheyenne, the capital of the Territory of Wyoming. It is regularly laid out into blocks, rejoices in a Sixteenth street, and altogether shows a creditable state of business activity for so young a town and one so far removed from those great centres of growth in the west, the mines. Two daily papers are in operation here, and to these has been lately added a "Weekly Tribune." The government post, Fort Russell, and the depot of quartermaster's supplies at Camp Carling, are but a short distance from the town, and a branch track leads from the main road to the latter place. The officers' and soldiers' quarters are so constructed as to form a diamond-shaped enclosure, to which access is had through one of the angles left open and commanded by a few pieces of light artillery, and, as in all these forts in the Indian country, this constitutes the defence.

Cheyenne contains two schools, several churches and a theatre, lately graced by no less distinguished a person than *our* Brignoli. The herd of government horses and mules is probably the largest and finest in the West.

We must supply ourselves with riding animals, and have a

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choice between three kinds of horses, the American, Indian pony and Bronco. The first is a larger horse than the others, gentle, stout of limb, and, if grain fed, will do heavier work than they. The Indian pony is small, lithe and active, tough as India rubber, and possesses the great advantage over the American horse that he will improve on hard work and what grass he can pick up from the prairie during a few hours' halt. There is a great difference of opinion as to what a Bronco is. Some persons use the term indiscriminately of Mexican horses and Indian ponies, but this is clearly wrong. A Bronco is, strictly speaking, any horse which is "*wild*," (that being the definition of the word,) but it is used out here more frequently of a particular breed of horse which is a cross between the Indian pony and the Mexican, American or some other breed. As a rule, they are the most vicious and intractable horses in the world, and they have made their natural masters, the Mexicans, (or "Greasers," in the language of the country,) the best riders in the world. These Broncos have that charming accomplishment of "bucking" or leaping into the air and alighting on all four feet at once, having stretched their limbs into perfect rigidity, the effect of which proceeding upon the occupant of the saddle may be easily conceived. Innumerable instances have occurred where a horse, by this means, has killed his rider, the latter being seldom willing to dismount, no matter how profusely he bled at the nose, eyes and ears. They are caught with the lariat, (pronounced "*lariette*,") in a corral, (pronounced "*correl*,") when a dozen or a hundred of them may be shut in together. The Greaser who performs this feat takes his lariat (a thin rope made of four bull-hide thongs neatly plaited together, tapering off at one end like the tail of a snake, and provided at the other with an eye-splice and a running-noose) and coils it with the left hand into the right, just as you have seen wharfmen and sailors do when a vessel is about to land. He will then, perhaps, ask you, more especially if he see that you are from the "States," by which foot he shall throw the animal, or whether you prefer seeing it thrown by the two forefeet, the two hindfeet, or the neck. You having chosen, he will start deliberately towards the horses, which, not being possessed of the philosophy of which Davy Crockett's coon gave such a brilliant example, will toss up their heads and start off on a run. A second our Mexican friend poises the coil above his head, then

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off it goes, and, as you sée, strikes the legs of the designated horse; this is finely done, but the real art is yet to come. You have, perhaps, wished the horse to be captured by one of the feet opposite to you, and the problem is to get the noose around this limb and no other. This is done by giving the lariat a series of stout shakes, which throw it into long waves throughout its whole length, and in some mysterious manner keep the noose well up on the leg. The thing has been so neatly done that the horse being in the act of lifting his legs out of the noose then lying on the ground, one of these shakes threw the noose above one knee just as the other hoof had cleared itself. All this occurs in an instant. If the direction of the horse's flight, or any other accidental circumstance, renders it unadvisable to throw him at once, the Mexican runs with the lariat in his hand, still keeping the noose in place, until the auspicious moment arrives. He takes a turn quickly around his hand, stops and braces himself. The horse has reached the end of his tether; the lariat comes up taut; the Mexican takes a step forward to recover his equilibrium, and the horse rolls on the ground with one or two legs tightly bound in the slip-noose. If he be very refractory, a cinch (or broad girth of horse hair) is tightly drawn around his belly over a blanket, his eyes are bandaged and the bit put in his mouth. This being done, a Mexican, with enormous spurs, straddles him as he lies; and the bandage removed, the animal springs up like a flash and first proceeds to buck. But our friend, the Greaser, has driven the large wheels of his spurs through the cinch and has thus bolted himself on and rendered it impossible for the horse to throw him. As soon as the first ebullition of rage and pain and deviltry is over, our mounted friend takes *his* turn. The gates of the corral are thrown wide open; the rider dashes the rowels into the flanks of his steed, and with a heavy cowhide whip lays on the quarters of his horse with no gentle hand. The Bronco, crazy with pain, thinks of nothing but flight, and we may follow him, if the plain be level, for many a mile, his inexorable master renewing the goring and flagellation whenever he makes any approach to slackening his speed. It is finally impressed upon his equine mind that in his moments of anger he does not frighten his master, who appears to be the better pleased the more of his mighty strength he puts forth; whereas, on the contrary, when he shows a disposition to come to terms, his master con-

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temptuously castigates him and demands nothing short of an unconditional surrender. How hard this treatment is to bear many a human being knows, and, also, how certain it is to subjugate the flagellated: provided, that he who holds the reins have power to keep his seat. The result usually is, that our Bronco comes back in an hour or two with bleeding flanks and steaming sides, a wiser if not a better horse. With some of them, however, this treatment has to be renewed for days or weeks, sometimes forever, when they are to be ridden: a circumstance tending to show the analogies between the equine and human character.

For a journey of the kind we intend, over hills and rocks and loose stones, as well as over prairie hillocks and prairie dog-houses, the Indian pony is the best, unless you are a very good rider indeed, or have a life-insurance policy and wish to enrich your friends. Apropos of life-insurance policies, an old pioneer said a good thing the other day. A travelling agent of one of our eastern life-insurance companies had represented to him, as usual, the immense advantages accruing to the insurer: how "by a small investment" his "family and relatives" might, in case any thing happened to "him," secure quite a competence. Pathfinder mused a moment in grave silence. "Look here, Mister," said he, finally, "I have lived out in this country now twenty-five year, and I have bucked agin most all the games they have started, but darn me if I want to play a game where you hev to die to beat the bank."

Let us suppose that we are all well mounted, and, as we are only going to travel on paper, we needn't be particular about our numbers, though, sooth to say, in the reality, a very weak party, especially of eastern men, might suffer from inflammation of the scalp caused either by the rude surgical method employed by our red brethren in removing that superfluous luxury, or, at least, by anxiety as to its safety. We start out to ride, then, from Cheyenne to Denver, along the eastern flank of the eastern range of the Rocky mountains. A bright, warm sun cheers us; a slight breeze from those old white-capped fellows cools us, and as we ride along, between and over the houses of the prairie dogs, which chirp to us in a note something between a meadow lark and a cricket, we feel a pleasure which is indescribable and is nothing but the intense enjoyment of our own existence. At our feet are clusters of the most exquisite prairie flowers, purple, golden, pink, white and scarlet. The little prairie dogs, which

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look like great brown-coated rats and squat on their haunches like the squirrel or the kangaroo, keep up an uninterrupted barking. In one prairie-dog house live often together a couple of owls and a rattlesnake, besides the owner. The lark, which differs, in some few particulars, from our eastern bird, has a very sweet note, which he trills, with beautiful variations, in those rich bird throat-notes which cannot be imitated.

We are making our way directly to the Rockies, and when we reach the town of Laporte, on the Cache-à-la-poudre, we will be but six or seven miles distant from them.

From Cheyenne to Laporte is forty miles, and the intermediate country is destitute of human habitations or ranches, except at Natural Fort and the two stage stations at Box Elder and Spottswood Springs. All these places are exposed to Indian incursions, and have been visited by bands of prowling warriors at intervals ever since they were established. Laporte, even, hardly considered itself out of danger a year ago; and the Sioux sent a messenger to the town but four or five months ago, announcing their intention of razing it to the ground, but they are not likely to fulfil this threat. Of course these Sioux, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Navajoes and Apaches will cease to be so naughty when our Quaker friends shall have preached to them forbearance and the decalogue.

The prairies and plains are destitute of trees, except on the margins of considerable bodies of water, or where the ranchmen have "set them out" to adorn their houses. Along the banks of a stream like the Cache-à-la-poudre, however, you can usually see two long black lines of stunted pines, which look from the distance like two lead-pencil lines ruled across the landscape. The Cache-à-la-poudre, whose feeders trickle from the frosts of the Snowy Range, bursts through the foot-hills and flankers, and

> "By thirty hills is hurrying down,
> Or slips between the ridges,"

and, roaring through its last ravine, it ripples merrily over the prairies on its way to join the Platte, presenting a good specimen of all those rivers and creeks which have their head waters in the same line of mountains, and empty into the Platte and the Arkansas.

It would be well, before going further south, to pay a flying

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visit up the bed of this stream to its parent hills, and thereby see what these outlying flankers are, and what the old backbone in the interior looks like. To one not conversant with geology there is, perhaps, no more favorable spot in the world than here to observe the marks of successive ages and understand the train of reasoning which induces the geologist to believe that some of these rocks are older, others more recent; that these have been altered from what they were, and those remain as they were originally formed. Aside from this, this mountain region of Laporte is getting rapidly famous from rumors which state its mineral wealth as equal to the Central City and Sweetwater Districts.

We have been travelling heretofore over the prairie, and we have seen loose earth, numbers of little flesh-red crystals, broken pieces of quartz and pebbles of various sizes and materials, heaped together with, apparently, no regard to any law of arrangement except that, generally, the larger pieces are found near and the smaller pieces preponderate at a distance from them. But the soil has been of that aggregated and mixed kind in which one recognizes the debris brought down by the rains from the hills, mud and sand spread out by the creeks in their overflows, and, in short, a piece of every thing within a circuit of a hundred miles. This omnium-gatherum is *alluvial*, and the sandstone which we find cropping out of the ground, and forming a low fence, behind which the Rocky mountains are on exhibition, is tertiary—that is to say, it is the most recent of the three grand divisions into which, for convenience, geologists have separated the rocks.

We may as well, too, familiarize ourselves with a few of the constantly recurring terms of this country. "Cañon" is a ravine or narrow valley through a hill or succession of hills. It usually is applied to such ravines as are narrow, long, and have abrupt sides, though it is also employed in a much wider sense. "Gulch" is one of those huge furrows in the side of a mountain which catch the water rolling from the top, and direct it into one channel. Hence the term "gulch mining," which is the same as "placer mining," or "gold washing."

This outer wall or stone fence of tertiary sandstone to which I referred above crops out sometimes in the form of a nearly vertical slab, and sometimes it is merely shown in a slight elevation

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of the ground—an incipient "hog-back," in the language of the inhabitants. A "hog-back," in the parlance of the people of Colorado, is a hill gently sloping on one side and precipitate on the other; and has a relation to the mountain system which I shall explain presently. In order to understand the general conformation of the country, let us take a pen-rack, which we will suppose represents the nucleus, or axis, or back-bone, or central part of the mountain range. Now we lay Mitchell's Atlas on one side of it, just a little below the top, and some other children's picture-book on the other. Then upon this we lay two other books, one on each side, and a little further from the pen-rack; then two other books still further from it, until we have as many books on each side as there are ridges between the great plains and the first granite mountains. It will be seen that these books slope up gradually towards the pen-rack, but that their upper edges are quite steep. The lowest books on both sides should (for the sake of the simile) be the same, the next higher also the same on both sides, &c.; because each pair stands for the same layer or formation which has been broken through by the mountain range in the middle. This will serve to illustrate our hypothesis of the formation of these "hog-backs." Originally, they lay horizontally; along a certain line (which runs here about northwest by southeast) a force elevated these huge layers or strata; the uppermost was the first to break in two along that line, and the gap filled by the rising crest of the next lower stratum widened the higher the latter became. In this manner, a number of thick layers were so successively turned up that their upper edges were made the crests of long lines of hills, the innermost of which abut squarely on the mass which by its elevation has caused all this commotion.

The gold and silver, as also the copper and lead minerals, occur generally in the central rock, which is here indicated by the pen-rack; salt springs, and occasionally salt, are found in the next layer above in this region, and far out from the central region, where the tertiary disputes the ground with the cretacious, occur large seams of a coal which is peculiar to this country and promises to be most valuable in its development.

Now it is clear to see that, supposing this hypothesis to be true, we would have just such a series of hills as is in reality to be seen here. The more remote these layers from the line of

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upheaval the more gradual would be their ascent; and again, the slope upwards towards the mountains would never be so steep as the slope upwards from the mountains. Or, to refer to our simile: the broad side of the book slopes more gradually towards the pen-rack than the narrow edge slopes away from it. In nature, this would appear in following up the course of any stream in the form of a succession of parallel hills, the central chain of which would be the original disturber at last thrust out through the surface. A ride of fifteen miles along the banks of the Cache-à-la-poudre would reveal to us the character I havé mentioned quite strikingly. Rocks of many colors and forms, red, yellow and gray, succeed each other with a kind of regularity; and in one case we see a jutting promontory, perhaps two hundred feet high, formed of a mixture of flesh-red feldspar and milk-white quartz. These valleys which lie between the "hog-backs" are often very fertile, and always very inviting; their beautiful waving grass sweeps away for many leagues oftentimes, and now and then, as we ride along, we discover some little gulch or glen which looks so cosy and so smiling that if you are of a sanguine or poetic temperament you will believe that, with a nice little cottage, &c., &c., you would be perfectly happy. The chances are, however, that you would not; for the Indians, if not quite so regular, are much more exacting than the tax-collector, and after having burnt your cottage, and taken possession of your etceteras, they would be apt to give your hair a dressing au trepan.

Let us get on to Denver. After leaving the Cache-à-la-poudre, and skirting the eastern flank of the mountains on our journey southwards, we come in sight of Long's Peak, one of the highest in Colorado and even in the United States. Its height is about fourteen thousand five hundred feet. From Denver, Long's Peak is about forty-five miles northwest, and Pike's Peak about one hundred miles due south; while the Snowy Range lies further west than either of them.

Twenty or twenty-five miles due west from Denver, you reach the rich mineral region of Colorado, which has given the Territory such a forward start and such a world-wide reputation; and as the most striking natural object in the landscape for scores of leagues was Pike's Peak, the immigrants (and especially those who came up the Arkansas river) gave the name to the whole region.

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At the crossing of the Big Thompson we will say "buenos dias" to old Mariana, a Mexican, who lives here with a Sioux squaw, and keeps a store for the accommodation of wayfarers, in which every thing from a Henry rifle to a Balmoral petticoat may be had. Mariana has a daughter of whom he is very proud, and should you see the young lady mounted on her favorite horse, both decked out with an infinity of beads, glittering trinkets, and jingling ornaments, you would be reminded (if your nursery education has not been thrown away upon you) of the lady who rode to Banbury Cross, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

We have now crossed the Big Thompson, Little Thompson, St. Vrain's, Left Hand, and Boulder, all mountain streams, varying in size between a hundred feet and a hundred yards in their width, which come tumbling over rocks and stones, crystal clear and icy cold, out of the "hog-backs" from the Snowy Range. Should you be rash enough to fancy that you can ford one of these streams where you hear it roaring and rolling the great boulders in its bed along, dispossess yourself at once of the hallucination. Two of our party went in quest of fire-wood for our camp across Boulder creek, and being knocked down when half way across, they only succeeded in reaching the further shore at different distances down the stream by their utmost exertions. In coming back, an engineering principle was invoked to secure safe and ready transit. An end of a lariat was thrown across the stream and secured. The heavier of the two then braced himself to hold fast to his end while two other members of our expedition made suspension piers of themselves on the opposite side; the least heavy then pulled himself across after the manner of the boatmen on the old rope-ferries. He who remained on the further side now made the rope fast about his waist, and committing himself to the turgid waves, floated over like the bob to an immense pendulum, or rather like a pontoon bridge which has been loosed at one end from the bank.

We can now see the city of Denver before us—"the city of the plains"—one of the most remarkable monuments to the industry and energy of the nation which exist on this continent. The South Platte river runs by it in three channels, and is joined by Clear creek with the latest news from the mining districts, whither we must immediately direct our steps.

Approaching the mountains in a line due west from Denver

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you enter the foot-hills by the cañon through which Clear creek escapes, which is called the Golden Gate, pass through Golden City which lies behind the gate, and, as you find a second impassable wall or hog-back behind the city, you must go to the right or to the left and penetrate the interior foot-hills above or below. If you go to the right and pass by the first canon above, you come to Black Hawk and Central City; if you turn to the left and take the first canon below the Golden Gate, you reach Idaho City and Georgetown. This Golden Gate offers a scene of rare beauty to one looking out through it on to those great plains which run up from the Missouri and culminate in the mountains.

You see in the two ponderous pillars of the "Gate" good types of the "Mesas" which occur so frequently further south. Mesa, or table, is a name given to those table mountains which, seen from a short distance, appear to be covered with a huge slab, resembling in its general form, and in its position in reference to the mountain, the marble slab of an ornamental table. The slab and the body of the hill are evidently of different materials. Thus, where a furrow stretches itself down the side of the hill, it invariably pierces the slab or Mesa top. This top, when examined more closely, proves to stand more nearly vertically than the subjacent rock, to be generally harder, darker, and clearly of igneous origin. It is as if a vast sheet of lava had been poured out over this region before these canons and valleys were ploughed out, and remained after the erosion, covering the hills as the icing covers a cut wedding-cake. Unless you have some experience in climbing, either here or in Switzerland, you may be rash enough to fancy that fifteen minutes will bring you to the higher of these Mesas, where some one has erected a pole and rag, but a trial will satisfy you of your error.

Golden City has its brewery, its daily paper, its hostel, and what is better than all, in these days when there are but landlords à la mode, a jolly, hospitable, rubicund, old-fashioned host, who is among the settlers a pioneer, and, in the above-mentioned class, one of the Last of the Mohicans. Just outside the municipal limits, and close together, occur seams of a very pure clay, and thin seams of coal. A pottery has been built a mile from the town, and its proprietor produces a very excellent earthenware. He believes that he can manufacture an article equal to the celebrated English white ware, but confines his attention for

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the time to earthenware. The clay above alluded to is peculiarly adaptable to the manufacture of earthenware from its freedom from iron.

After passing up the ravine some distance, we cannot help admiring the fine condition in which the roads are kept. Roads in this mountain country, as one can easily see, neither make themselves nor keep themselves in order when made, and yet the population hereabouts is too sparse to be saddled with a heavy road-tax. Your wonder ceases as you ride up and strike Clear creek seven miles from Idaho City, where you see a toll-house placard, whereon are recounted the various penalties with which more or less aggravated John Gilpinism will be visited, and the "gentlemanly and obliging" agent of the Road Company will appear and trouble you for seventy-five cents per animal (man and horse count as one) over the Company's seven miles of road.

Between here and the "Mammoth Hot Soda Swimming Bath" at Idaho City, there are six or seven sluices for washing the gold which has been deposited in the bed of the creek, some of which are yet in operation, and will afford the tyro in those matters (provided he ask no questions of the gentlemen engaged in the work) some opportunity of learning the means by which gold is extracted at the diggings. This gold is found as a wash in the loose gravel and sand which lie upon the bed rock. To obtain it, a channel is dug elsewhere for the creek, whose water is then *flumed* away from its former bed. This being done, a sluice or wooden trough is constructed, ending at its lower extremity in a box, which may contain various appliances to catch the fine gold floating off with the lighter materials. The loose gravel and sand are shovelled into the trough and carried down by the force of the current of water. At the end of a day they "clean up" the rifle (pronounced riffle) and find whatever gold they may get there. Amongst other articles of mining machinery, one may see the arastra, which is a revolving vertical rod carrying two arms, to each of which a large block of granite is attached by means of a rope or chain. Ore, which is to be pulverized, is shovelled into the receptacle, in which these stones are dragged round and round and is reduced to a very fine state.

The Mammoth Swimming Bath is the great feature of Idaho City. A hot spring of apparently very pure water bubbles up in a ravine leading out to the left as we ascend Clear creek, and its

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water has been made to fill a large swimming bath erected on the spot with commendable energy and foresight by the proprietor. A stream of cold water from a tributary of Clear creek is used to moderate the temperature of the warm spring, and few things are more agreeable than a swim in this pure tepid water. The price of a bath is one dollar, or fifty cents where a number of tickets are purchased at once.

Fifteen miles further on, and up the first ravine to the left, we reach Georgetown. About the same distance, straight up this ravine, we arrive at Empire City. By turning square to the right, when just clear of the town, we can go over a miniature Furka and come upon Nevada City, Central City and Black Hawk, (all of which adjoin and may be considered the same town.) As we approach Georgetown, the mountains become much sharper and higher, and we are shut in by two low ranges which would be worthy of inspection by Gustav Doré when next he wishes to illustrate a "Wandering Jew" or any other book of travel. When about four miles from the town, the picturesqueness can be seen to its best advantage. You are coming up on the south bank of South Clear creek, (or the right fork of the Vasques;) to your left and right you see the huge twisted and contorted gneiss, everywhere presenting a rugged face and daring you to scale it. Timber is distributed scantily along these adamant walls and rugged slopes, but enough is there to soften the hard outline and prepare the horseman, who gazes delightedly at this scene, for the sudden appearance of Georgetown, which bursts upon his view just after he has crossed the creek and mounted the hill on the left bank. First, we pass by Stuart's mill, where the greater part of the silver ores (for Georgetown is essentially a silver district) are treated. Right, left and before us are puffs of Jones' stables, Smith's hotel, Drake's plantation bitters, Boggs's hardware and Scroggs's Union clothing establishment, &c., painted on falling tree, jutting cliff and quarried rock. These signs give evidence of a prosperity which can well afford to smile at your astonishment in passing a large velocipede rink on the outskirts of the town.

This town, which, like all the mining towns, consists principally of wooden houses, lies at the junction of two ravines or canons, known as East and West Argentine. West Argentine runs toward Middle Park, from which it is separated by a col, similar to that separating the valleys of Chamounix and the Rhone. Mount

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McClellan is near this col, in whose side there occurs, above the snow line, a seam of never-melting ice, which lies, in every respect, like a vein of mineral and looks not unlike fluor spar.

You have observed the striking grandeur of that valley below Georgetown and how deep it lies between the two ridges. Let us ascend this one to the left, and, as I want to give you a pleasant surprise, I shall not tell you where we are going. You will be forced to acknowledge, in this trip, the superior merits of the Indian pony over the American horse, because the path is almost inaccessible. Threatening precipices are to be avoided; a steep of three feet to be jumped up; and a way to be found through stunted pines on the crest of the ridge. But I *do* think you will agree with me that the view you get is worth the trouble of the ascent. Far down, before you, on the side you have just ascended, you trace the creek which looks like a slender thread of that molten precious metal, the production of which has built up and sustains Georgetown, escaped from some of the furnaces in Argentine and seeking its way to the east. Georgetown on the one hand; the Idaho City canon, into which this one merges, bounding the view to the left. But look on the other side of this hill which we have climbed. Here is a beautiful, cosy, smiling, verdant little valley, two hundred feet higher than the one we have just left. We are looking down along its greater axis towards Empire City, and we observe that every thing which man needs for his comforts and his industries are here on a small scale. Here are groves of pine and fir, delicious waving grass, at sight of which our ponies whinny with delight, a crystal-clear stream threading its way slowly through the middle of the pasture, a gentle slope from its either bank up towards the tiny ranges to the right and left and towards us, a dozen little nooks everywhere, in which one could construct one's abode and live entirely shut out from the vulgar gaze in a sort of enchanted world.

At the upper extremity of this valley is the *town* of Empire City, which sprang up in 1861 or 1862, during the gold and silver excitement, but the mines not proving to be the rich pay and easy work which the original proprietors had hoped, the population diminished to almost no one, and it has only been, comparatively, recently that affairs have taken another favorable turn. The mines produce ore containing both silver and gold. They are all situated

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four miles from here, near the town of Upper Empire in Silver mountain.

Last July, an enthusiast in mining matters descended a shaft of fifty or sixty feet, candle and note-book in hand. When four-fifths of the descent had been safely made, the round on which the gentleman was standing broke, and he travelled the remaining distance with uniformly accelerated motion, (as any scientific man would have done under the circumstances.) But what was his astonishment to find himself lying at a most uncomfortable angle in a mass of snow ten to fifteen feet deep. The air out of the mine was warm, and the heat of the sun as great as in this latitude and longitude at that time of year. The explanation of this phenomenon is easy: This mine had been abandoned the previous winter and the shaft had been closed over apparently after a snow storm had had access to it. The thick walls of rock had protected the snow from the heat of the sun, and the boards covering the shaft had prevented the warm air from entering it and melting the snow.

This little north and south valley runs into an east and west valley by Empire City. Next six or seven miles it leads you to the mountain wall of the Middle Park, to enter which latter you cross at Berthond's Pass. But following this larger valley in an easterly direction it will conduct you to the Idaho City ravine, which we left to ascend to Georgetown. The sixteen miles or so northeast to Central City offer nothing of particular interest and may be omitted.

You cross up Virginia gulch to the Divide and over into Nevada gulch, which you descend, following a line dotted with thundering quartz mills and dressing works which make night and day hideous with their pounding. At the extremity of this settlement Central City begins, and continues the line of houses till it reaches a point where a ravine joins it on the left, and here it merges itself with Black Hawk. Every one in this extensive settlement is busy, and there is an air of permanence and stability about it which is rare in these mining towns.

The Gregory lode is one of the best paying, and was the first discovered. Two or three daily papers are published here, and all the comforts and delicacies of the east may be had for money. So we leave Central City with its banks, hotels and mechanics' reading-room, (an enterprise deserving of and attended with a success which may well repay the public-spirited gentlemen who

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originated it,) and gird up our loins for an expedition southwards. But before proceeding further, let me say that this mechanics' reading-room is one of the best conducted and arranged libraries and museums I have ever seen. It is true that the collections of books, magazines and mineral specimens are, as yet, small, but the institution is yet in its infancy. The idea is to have a depôt for stowing away mineral and geological specimens characteristic of the country; a place where the current literature of the day and the standard works on mining and smelting may be obtained and studied by all interested in those branches.

From Denver to Colorado City is some sixty miles. After passing Bear creek and Plum creek we reach the south slope of the Divide, which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansas. This slope is well wooded and abounds with deer, antelope, prairie chickens, cayotes, bears, (cinnamon and black,) lynxes and foxes. After passing the summit of the Divide, where it always rains if it rains anywhere in Colorado, we come to the head waters of Monument creek, which we follow down to the base of the glorious old Pike's Peak, where nestles the flourishing little Colorado City. The banks of this creek are lined for miles with blocks of sandstone, standing erect and chiselled out by the weather into the most extraordinary shapes. In many cases they were truncated cones supporting great broad slabs of the same rock; sometimes they were rounded off above and below, like the products of far eastern art. One of these singular natural monuments is shaped so much like a large tomb surmounted by an urn, that from a certain position and distance the deception is complete.

Hortus Deorum. Similarly weathered sandstones, consisting in great part of gigantic slabs and blocks projecting nearly vertically from the ground to a distance of three to four hundred feet, and weathered into a series of curves and curious figures, have suggested the name—Garden of the Gods—for a little enclosed valley close by. An imagination capable of understanding Tennyson might possibly see the awful Thunderer of Olympus and the ox-eyed Juno in the rusty sandstones that assume there such strange shapes; but any one less gifted will most probably fail in the attempt. Nevertheless, the scenery is strikingly beautiful and entirely novel.

[To be continued.]

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

JULY, 1870.

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN LATER ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE tenor of early English history differs much more from the later in the narrative of her annalists than in fact. We hear much in the times of Ælfred and Knut—and indeed from the withdrawal of the Romans—of the conflict of races that secured possession of various parts of the Island by expelling first the Celtic aborigines and then each other; but later historians would have us under stand that all these diverse elements were fully assimilated into one homogeneous whole called English; that the Norman Conquest finds a nation of a single marked type of character bearing that name; that a new race antagonism breaks out between Norman and Saxon, which is again absorbed in a higher national unity and forgotten. The distinction of races represented by Ælfred and Knut, however, is one that runs through all English history down to the present hour, and is a key to much in her later annals which would else be meaningless. Before proceeding to point out its bearings, especially on English literature, a few popular mistakes in regard to the whole matter of the settlement of England may well be pointed out:

1. The so-called Anglo-Saxon settlement of England began before the withdrawal of the Romans. A Roman official document, still preserved, speaks of part of the east coast as *Littus Saxonicum*, showing that Hengist and Horsa were not the first to adventure a settlement.

2. The Celtic race was by no means utterly destroyed in or banished from the Saxon parts of the Island. The undertaking

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would have been utterly beyond the strength of the invaders. Few people seem to have any conception of the comparative impossibility of rooting out a settled race from the land of their habitation. We speak of the Babylonish captivity of Israel and Judea as if the Assyrians deported the whole population of Palestine into countries farther east. But in fact only the chief people, or at most the residents of walled cities, were carried captive. Ezekiel speaks of a great multitude dwelling in the open places of the wilderness whom even the absolute despotism of Assyria could not reach. The leading men, the princes and elders of the people, with their families, probably constituted the bulk of those who were carried captive.

So with the Celtic population of England. The leading men and the most patriotic spirits probably fled westward before the tide of invasion which they had no hope of resisting. They rallied around Arthur Pendragon and Uther in the west, aiding in their passionate, despairing resistance, and animated by the great Druidic revival dimly imaged to us by the traditions of the Round Table. But the great bulk of the nation had lost all sense of patriotism; Rome had given them a superficial civilization and an elaborate system of government; but she had taken away their old national religion without being able to give them any thing in its place; she had made them Romans at the cost of all that was British in them. She left behind her an effeminate, superficial, sensual people, who had forgotten their old faith and had learnt no new one. A few of them were Christians, but not enough to give a new tone or character to the nation. The mass of them, who remained among the Saxons, were absorbed into the stronger race, adopting its language and customs with little resistance.

3. The Saxons learnt from the Celts much that these had learnt from the Romans. Earlier writers on the English Constitution spoke of its Anglo-Saxon substratum as purely derived from German sources. A closer study shows that these so-called Anglo-Saxon institutions are largely adaptations of the Roman models which they found still in existence among the Celts in the Island. The Witanagemote and even Trial by Jury were derived from the Roman or civil law.

But to return to the antagonism of Saxon and Norse: these two races were not scattered promiscuously over the Island. Each had its appropriate districts. The southern and most of the

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middle parts of the Island were settled by the so-called Anglo-Saxons, including tribes of Angles and Saxons, Jutes and Frisians. The Fen country on the eastern coast, around Lincoln, and Devonshire on the west, are the only districts in which they do not predominate, from the Isle of Wight in the south to Nottingham in the north. The Fens and Devonshire fell to the Danes. From Nottingham to the Frith of Forth the Norse race predominates, covering Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Scottish lowlands. Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland (proper) are rather miscellaneous in their composition—the two former with the Scottish Galloway, just to the north of them, being a last stronghold of the Celts, and for a long time the seat of an independent Cymric nation.

The two races differ very decidedly in mental character. The Saxon is the typical John Bull—a man with a keen eye to what he calls "the main chance,"—cold of blood, but frank and hearty in his way. He has "fight" in him, but needs to be stirred up to it. "He is as mild as he's game, and as game as he's mild." The quality he most respects is "good, practical common sense," the steady working faculty. His respect for reality and detestation of all shams and pretences is a much higher quality, but he sets less value on it. He delights in half cynical maxims, which are his only popular philosophy: "Many men, many minds;" "Your ox and my bull;" "Short reckonings make long friends," &c., &c. His heart is better than these, for he is no sneering disbeliever at bottom. There is a good, warm heart in him, but it lies under a good many coats of flesh and skin. He takes the world as he finds it, and with difficulty can be brought to realize his duty to make it better than he found it. He tends to broad views of life, accepting men's baseness and grossness as an ultimate fact to be endured, rather than a perversion worthy of his indignation. He knows that "it takes a great many people to make up the world," so he is not especially intolerant towards any variety that will tolerate him. Yet he is not without a high estimate of himself and his surroundings; under his practical tolerance lies a huge vanity; he quietly accepts himself as the standard of things—a sin which people who cherish ideals can never forgive in him. He has no ideals; he would rather study men as they are, and generalize from experience as to what they might be, than evolve any innate idea as to man in the abstract.

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His societary weakness is a tendency to utter gross materialism, to the creed that "ginger is hot in the mouth," as Carlyle puts it. Let him alone, free from a religious or philosophic impulse, and he will lose all the sense of brotherhood and the desire of helpfulness that otherwise redeem his character. This was why the Saxon people, under Edward the Confessor and his predecessors, had been falling to pieces by slow degrees, until a Norman conquest hooped them up again. Ælfred, who laid the foundation of their national unity, understood them well. He saw that the government must be a living present impulse throughout the whole land, and yet must not interfere with their jealously guarded individual freedom; so he adopted the system of organization in tens, hundreds and thousands, by which every man was made responsible for his neighbor, (frank-pledge,) and was assigned a place in the national system. The Saxon's nationality was thus brought home to his every-day life without any undue "paternal" interference, and he was never allowed to forget that he was a citizen. A similar reorganization of the English nation might not be the worst solution of its present difficulties.

The Norse is a man of ideals—a man of the hills, as the Saxon of the plains. He values enthusiasm more than common sense; intense convictions more than broad views. His face is long; the Saxon's is round. His blood is hot, while the Saxon's is cold. He values other things more than what the Saxon calls "the main chance." He is especially open to religious influences; they take fast hold of him, and possess his whole soul. He can love and hate as the Saxon cannot. "The Yorkshireman will carry a stone in his pocket for seven years; then he will turn it over and carry it seven years more; but he will throw it at the man he meant it for at last." The Saxon's societary deity is Mrs. Grundy; the Norse cares but little for her, or for respectability and propriety. His standard is inward, not outward and conventional, if he has any at all. In politics, he cares less for law and method than for direct results. His king may be a tyrant if he be a tyrant of the right kind. He is not afraid of setting precedents, or of ignoring them. He has not the Saxon's regard for traditional use and wont. He is a Hero-worshipper; not a Law-worshipper. If a Cromwell will take him right, he is willing to be put right. Huxley speaks for him when he professes his willingness to sign away his "freedom to do wrong." If he is religious, then the "will of

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God" is the main thing—the *one* thing. He looks to ends; while the Saxon sharply watches the means, and will not accept a favor unless done in an orthodox way.

Two elements so distinct in their character as these must exert very different influences and play very different parts when united in the same nation. We cannot trace it so clearly at an earlier period, simply because the antagonism was too great. They can hardly be regarded as united at all until after the Norman conquest. Ælfred and Knut stand out, indeed, as the representative of the best qualities in each; the former, by wise methods, organizing into life a people prone to sloth, indifference and selfish divisions; the latter, by the force of his personal character, ruling and directing the most contrary wills and binding them into obedience and unity. For a long time after the conquest both elements are so subordinate to the Normans—the schoolmasters and drill-sergeants of the nation and of Western Europe—that they cannot be distinguished from each other. It is notable that the Norse race kept up the fiercest and most prolonged struggle with the Norman invader, repeatedly breaking off his yoke in the North and in the Fen country. A careful study of the undercurrents in that great weltering chaos—the wars of the Roses—might reveal some curious facts in regard to the parts played by Norse and Saxon, respectively. The great poet of the mediæval period—Chaucer—represents the latter, while the fervid, bitter Skelton of a later date probably belongs to the Norsemen. Wiclif, the great religious champion of the people and of the English nationality, comes from the Norse district of Northern England.

In the period of the Reformation the Norsemen of Devonshire—Raleigh,* Drake, Gilbert, &c.—were the popular leaders and gallant soldiers and sailors who carried St. George's Cross "beyond the Line" and upheld England against the Spaniard. Beautiful Devonshire was the Lancashire of that day, overflowing with manufactures and business enterprise; its ships were on every sea. The Saxon intellect had its noblest embodiment in this period, in the person of William Shakspeare, who, both in what he is not and in what he is, best represents its method and

* Family names ending in *-leigh*, *-ley*, *-ly*, *-field*, *-son* and *-ton*, are, as a rule, of Norse origin. Those that end in *-son* [Danish, *-sen*] are always such. Only the Norse languages form patronymics by adding this word; the Saxon and German always prefix "*son of.*"

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tone. Few men have described human act, passion and character with so little of subjective feeling; few have ever so thoroughly taken the world as they found it. He sees worth and unworthiness with the same clear, dispassionate eyes; no tremor of the heart ever shakes his hand in their portrayal. He analyzes every thing with the same coolness of the blood. His "common sense" is infinite, and has led multitudes of people to regard him as being as broad as life itself. Yet, see how imperfect his picture of even his own time! Who could infer, from his writings, that he lived in a time when the civilized world was convulsed by a great religious struggle? His study is man as "under the sun;" he is as indifferent as Comte to man in his relation to any thing higher or greater. The Norse Ben Johnson, far his inferior in intellectual force, stands much nearer to the truth here, and this probably accounts for the high esteem with which his cotemporaries regarded him—an esteem scarcely, if at all, inferior to their regard for Shakspeare.

The greatest poet of the next generation—John Milton—is utterly distinct in character from the Shakspeare whom he was the first to justly appreciate, if even he appreciated him justly. The fervor and fire of Milton's poetry, and of his not less eloquent prose, are the fire and fervor of a Norse intellect. This man is by no means content to take the world as he finds it; he is the Reformer in every nerve. He stands thus in close and intimate intellectual fellowship with his great master, the Oliver Cromwell, who has come up from the Fen country of the old Danes to put England to rights. Cromwell is not the only Norseman from the Fens; Col. Hutchinson, who holds Nottingham, and others, are worthy chips of the same block. True Puritanism, in its religious earnestness, its devotion to high abstract ends, its zeal for righteousness at any cost—not the incipient whiggery (called Puritanism) of London—could have no better or nobler leaders than these children of the old Vikings. And George Fox, when he went out to preach a gospel that had no respect of persons, found no warmer welcome than in Norse Lancashire and Celtic Westmoreland and Cornwall.

The Saxon view of life and duty got the upper hand in England, and zealous Puritanism in 1660 retired into the background. The Whiggery of 1688, even, was not the Puritanism of 1648, and knew nothing of its zeal. For about a century Whiggery

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ruled England after the light of its own eyes, despising convictions and enthusiasms. John Locke was its prophet, as the apostle of "Common Sense," and the reign of that great potentate seemed likely to be perpetual. There were rebels, but they were exceptional. Bishop Berkeley justified his Norse name in carrying out Locke's premises to their legitimate conclusion—that the physical world has no real existence—and let his fervor carry him into a great many strange projects which the wisdom of common sense laughed at. Yet he won no common measure of popular esteem—

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Wits who set themselves to quiz him found themselves set on fire by his zeal, and jumped up crying "Let us go with him!" to America, namely, on his mission to convert the aborigines. Samuel Johnson bore another Norse name, and justified it in his contempt and antagonism for the crowd of fluttering busybodies who made up the polite and literary world of his day, and by the strange flashes of energy and enthusiasm that once and again broke through his sad constitutional indolence. He was a man of political convictions, when convictions were obsolete and politics were a game of mercenary personalities. The grossness of his manners, the unattractiveness of his personal appearance, might repel the worshippers of respectability and gentility; but those who saw below the surface recognized the sterling worth of the man, and the true fire of genius and principle that had kept him pure and upright through a long course of temptation and starvation. Not until the French Revolution were his services and their value properly appreciated. Burke was his disciple, and a worthy expositor of his views.

In the meantime a great religious revolution had been going on in England,—one which did more to save England from the fate of France than any political leader could. Methodism had sprung up in various forms, within and without the Establishment. The Norse spirit was asserting itself against the Saxon,—the spirit that realizes the awful reality of the unseen world, against that which ignores it or theorizes about it. The Gospel according to Locke had ended in a general polite indifference to all spiritual concerns. The whole subject was (in the main) properly tabooed by even the genteel and respectable parsons of the Establishment, save when they were in their pulpits, and often

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even there. Various pretty and ingenious explanations of old doctrines and usages had come into vogue. Even the Church was becoming content to take the world as she found it, while the masses of the population were sinking into savagery and bestiality. Three men felt their spirits stirred within them, and went forth to preach a Gospel very different from the fashionable one. The masses were roused and elevated; their word was with power. All three—John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield—bear names as Norse as their characters. Once again the children of the Viking rendered good service as leaders. That great movement of the last century has not ceased to affect all parties and all our churches. Its fruits are not the only organized bodies who took their name from it. Its leaders claimed connection with none of those bodies. All the modern religious movements may be traced to the same impulse—the Free Church of Scotland, for instance, or the Oxford Movement in England.

In later days, England has had able leaders from the Norse stock in the field of arms, of industry, and of letters. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was originally of the same family as the Wesleys, the latter having contracted the name. Rajah Brooke of Borneo, who built up an empire in the midst of savages, was a Devonshire man. Sir Henry Havelock, who bore the English flag through hostile millions to the relief of Lucknow, and to whom chiefly belongs the honor of suppressing the Sepoys' Rebellion, bears the very name of the old Viking—"Havelok the Dane." Hosts of others might be mentioned.

In literature the best representatives of the same stock are Charles Kingsley and Thomas Carlyle—the former from Devonshire, the latter from the Scottish Lowlands. Each of them are men of lyric fire as writers, of enthusiasm as thinkers, judging a cold-hearted generation. Carlyle's "Past and Present"—his most genuine book—is a Norseman's review of Saxon policy and management from 1660 to 1843. He singles out as a model for our times an Abbot Samson, whose Norse name [not Scriptural, but Sam's son] bespeaks his origin as does his character. He puts the turning point of English history at 1660, when poor old godly Puritanism—like Cromwell's corpse—was thrown out to the dunghill, and men began to rule by policy, no longer by principle. He has the Norse contempt for "use and wont;" despises all questions about means in comparison with ends; cares nothing for liberty even, if the tyrant will direct him aright. The readers

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of Mr. Kingsley's histories and stories will see that he stands much nearer to Carlyle in all these things than any mere imitator could do.

In this connection two lady novelists deserve mention for their truthful portraiture of local character in two Norse counties—Mrs. Gaskell in Lancashire, and Charlotte Brontë in Yorkshire. "Who does not feel," says *The Saturday Review*, "that half the deep interest of *Jane Eyre* is due to the faithful pictures it contains of the stern, earnest Yorkshire folk, strong alike in their virtues and their crimes? *Mary Barton*, in the same way, owed at least as much to the Lancashire peculiarities, and the new, strange revelations of factory life and factory miseries, as to its thrilling story. . . . . It would be well if more of our living novelists would turn their attention to local tales."

In the field of industry England owes much of her pre-eminence, and has always owed it, to the Norse race. Her Watts and Stephensons gave their whole energy to the making of her steam-engines and locomotives; the factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire, as of old those of Devonshire, as well as those of the western Lowlands and of Ulster, have been manned by the stock that Charlotte Brontë describes in *Shirley* and *Jane Eyre*. Where the Saxon stock predominates, as in Dorsetshire and Kent, the people are capable of little else than agriculture. Much as may be said of the wretchedness of English factory life, it still remains true that the cotton spinner stands many grades above the mere clod-hopper of the South—he has more independence, more thoughtfulness. He has his own political and religious creed, while the clod-hopper takes his from "the quality." He may be misled by such fanatics as Murphy, into such folly as the Orange-work of the last general election in Lancashire, but his very blunders bespeak his independence. Nor should Americans forget that the workmen of Northern England and Lancashire, when brought to the very verge of starvation by the cutting off the cotton supply, refused to join the cotton lords of Liverpool in agitating to force the English government to raise "the paper blockade" of the Confederate ports. They sat with folded hands and closed lips, in dismal, hopeless suffering, rather than utter a word that might help to rivet the chains on their fellow-men. They remembered Buxton and his Northern associates in the great cause of Negro Emancipation, and were not faithless to his memory.

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We close with a reference to the field of science. We have referred to Prof. Huxley as a type of the Norse character. He is one of the most interesting and curious figures in the scientific world of to-day—a savan with the fire and spirit of an old crusader—at once the most eloquent and the most incautious of his class. Old Sam Johnson was not more dogmatic; Tom Carlyle is not more contemptuous, nor Kingsley more enthusiastic. He fights for science with all the zeal that a controversialist of the old school could have fought for a theological distinction. Conclusions that other men have reached in cold blood he defends in hot. He is Darwin set on fire. It is well that he is the most incautious of men; he thus gives a fair chance to those who think that the legitimate conclusions of his opinions would be the abandoning of much that is true and valuable in our birthright as Christian nations. But, however they may dissent or protest, they must regard with respect the whole-hearted sincerity of the champion who gives no quarter and asks none.

Such are the two great factors which have worked together in the long course of English history, as we are able very imperfectly to trace them. A fuller history of them might be the work of years in surveying the field of their settlements and tracing them step by step through century after century of English history, showing where the two have worked together in strength and harmony, where they have been weak by their antagonisms. The assimilation of the entire mass of the inhabitants of the fast-anchored isle into one homogeneous whole has never been entire; in all probability, never will be so. The strength of England has not been in intermarriage and the blending of races. Miscegenation is not a law of nature, nor a source of social strength. Where different races work together in harmony, each supplies the defects of the other, and contributes to the common strength and stability of the whole, even when no bond of marriage unites them, and their habitats within the same national boundaries are totally distinct. Michelet has grandly traced this truth in one of the opening chapters of his "History of France." So in the American nation. It is not the promiscuous commingling, but the harmonious union of distinct national and race elements, which will develop in the highest degree the strength of each for the common benefit of all.

R. E. THOMPSON.

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THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.

[Continued.]

Not far from the Gate to this Garden of the Gods and under the shadow of the King Peak of the chain, near a sunny, grassy upland, rise some springs, on both banks of the "Fontaine-qui-bouille." The largest of these boils up into its semi-circular basin with a violence which raises the water in the middle six inches above the general level. Another spring near this is almost as large in area, but is neither so deep nor so active as the bathing spring. The smaller spring on the other bank of the creek has the strongest water, and tastes like the Congress at Saratoga and the Rakotsky in Kissingen. The exhilarating effects of a bath in the Bathing Spring, when taken just before sunrise, just as the little patch of snow, far up the side of old Pike, begins to reflect in rosy light the growing glory of the god of day, to be appreciated must be ascertained by personal experiment.

During the summer months, and even into the fall, there are usually some persons encamped near the springs, who believe in the virtue of their waters, and who leave the place of their sojourn, where they have enjoyed the pure air, the delicious climate and the healthful hardships of camping out, quite as much benefited as the more fashionable guests of Saratoga and Sharon. Parties, too, intending to ascend old Pike, usually camp here for the first night, and on the timber line for the second, returning to this second camp on the evening of the same day that they reach the summit.

We take the first road to the right in pursuing our way further south, which leads us through the first line of hills covered with verdure, which have here taken the places of the customary "hog-backs." The valleys between these hills are so narrow that they may be considered cañons, and the sandstone, which here and there appears, is very much eroded and worn.

The country, from here to Canon City, is an inextricable confusion of low hills, which rise and terminate suddenly and run in all directions.

We are now fairly in the region which the Indians make very hot for the ranchmen.

Canon City is a very small town, whose houses can be counted

on the fingers of two pairs of hands, but it possesses a church, where divine service is held and well attended every Sunday. There is a small spring of delicious mineral water just outside the town.

Canon City rests on the Arkansas river, which breaks through the hills of the Arkansas River Park, not very far from here, and continues it course over the great plains to the sea. Some eight or ten miles from Canon City, up Four Mile creek, there occur some oil springs, from which burning fluid of good quality is made, but, unfortunately, the supply is limited to a few gallons a day.

In this whole region the sunsets and sunrises are surpassingly beautiful, and the effect produced by the pale light of the moon on the sombre landscapes is weird-like. In riding out of the Arkansas canon we cross a prairie furrowed by deep chasms with vertical sides, and passing through a small but beautiful grove of cottonwood we have an opportunity to observe the industry of the beaver on a large dam which crosses Hard Scrabble creek. From "Hard Scrabble" we pursue our way south to the St. Charles, through scenery varied and beautiful in the extreme.

To the right, the rugged Snowy Range, brown at the base, peeps out now and then through the canon of some small stream; under, in front of and around you are sandstone tables and benches and mounds. Line after line of these level flat-topped hills stretch out from the flanks of the mountains far into the mist-exhaling prairies.

At the Cuchara, we find the outpost of the Mexicans in their northern progress. A ranchero has located himself on the crest of one of these long, low hills bordering the stream, and, though he is almost surrounded by Anglo-Saxons true to the Latin speaking races, neither he nor any of his numerous family profess or try to speak English. He raises sheep, and you may get of him a nice little carnero for $2.50, by allowing him to keep the fleece and fat. If we pay the old gentleman a visit, we are sure to be hospitably entreated to come in.

As we approach the open door of the adobe hut we find it occupied by two women and three men. The elder woman (of, perhaps, forty-five years) is attired in a loose-fitting jacket, a shabby skirt, and a pair of well-worn slippers. In one of her plump hands she holds some culinary implement of curious shape, while with the

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other she stirs something in a saucepan on the fire. She would outweigh any two of the remaining occupants of the hut; but, in complexion, they all closely resemble each other, having that dark olive complexion with resinous lustre, which has given to the Moorish-Spanish Indians the name of "Greasers," (though each of them is less greas-er than greas-y.) The younger woman is small, hardly more than seventeen, and would have some small claim to beauty could one substitute for her mouth a less disagreeable hiatus. She holds an infant in her arms and looks at you in a half-coquettish way as you enter the hut. An old man is seated in one corner on a pile of sheepskins, whose costume may be said to be composed of a pair of pantaloons which have been worn from below *up*wards, and a loose shirt which *may* possibly have been once white and clean, whose arms were worn out from the extremities *in*wards. In fact, this gentleman appears to have been possessed of limbs which exercised a corroding influence on his clothing, whose intensity was directly proportional to the distance from his nerve centres. His seat is so low that his knees are brought to a level with his chin. All smoke cigarettes. "Buenos dias," he exclaims as we approach, "entre, siente." But we feel naturally somewhat distrustful of the sheepskins, and stand hesitating till forced to comply with his request, which we do feeling our flesh to creep.

Further south, the character of the country changes. In place of the sandstone hills we have the lava-capped Mesas; seams of hard glassy basalt (called dykes) intersect the country occasionally; the vegetation grows gradually less green and luxuriant, and the streams grow fewer in number than further north. From this point we obtain one of the finest views to be had from the plains. To the north, Pike's Peak is still discernible above the horizon; to the southwest, the twin Spanish peaks and the Snowies, obscured for a part of their length by the Wet Mountain Range, span the horizon from north to south. The sandstone hills which we see, of which the hard basalt forms the icing, and somewhat similar rocks the plums and citron. Skirting the Spanish peaks, we arrive at Trinidad, a little insignificant Mexican town of but one street, containing none but adobe houses.

This adobe is nothing but mud mixed with grass and twigs, and dried in the sun. From the bricks thus formed, which are frequently ten times as large as one of our bricks, the houses are built and then thatched over.

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Trinidad contains a fouda, (hotel,) two blacksmiths' shops and stores, and houses enough to make a street of a quarter of a mile in length. A fandango or baile is given every Sunday evening, which the girls, greasers and travellers, for miles around, attend. A red flannel shirt, trousers tucked in your boots, a sombrero and a revolver compose a full-dress costume for the ordinary baile.

To the south of Trinidad is the Raton Pass. The mountains through which the road leads look like a pair of enormous steps of rocks; the highest of them is called Fisher's peak. The pass is pretty, but offers no salient point for general description. We pass the Canadian river, the Vamejo, and three ranches of Mr. Maxwell, including his large possessions in the Moreno mining district, and riding between the high Mesas of the Rayada we come to Fort Union.

Fort Union, the largest military depot of the southwest, is built much after the plan of Fort Russell and all the other Indian forts. The whole settlement contains, perhaps, five hundred souls, of whom one hundred and fifty wear the blue. A little creek—the "Sapio"—flows past the fort at a distance of half a mile, but, as yet, it is supplied with that necessary fluid by water-carts. There are two extinct volcanoes near this fort, which, as matters of geological interest, can only be duly appreciated when visited with charming ladies and the assistance of a commissary department to smooth off the ruggedness of their sides into something like pic-nic shape.

But eighteen miles within the mountains there nestles one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys on this mundane footstool, and a little Mexican town called Mora. Here and in Taos (which lies directly some eighty miles west of here) are congregated some of the oldest pioneers in the country, the trappers and hunters who have spent their lives in this part of the range, (Col. St. Vrain and many of Kit Carson's friends and associates.) The old church in this town is a model of adobe architecture, an edifice of dried mud, with buttresses and belfry of the same material.

Eighteen miles south of Fort Union we come to Las Vegas, another Mexican village, to which the officers of Fort Union resort for change of scene and recreation when they have had enough of the latter place. One of these Mexican towns resembles another so completely that it is hardly necessary to describe

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each one. Each has its central plaza, its church, its blacksmith-shop, (the blacksmiths are generally absent,) its stores, and its lines of little squalid adobe huts, its scantily clad men and women and squalling infants of olive color, and that is all.

The common Mexicans plough with implements which the Romans would have regarded as antiquated, sow little and reap correspondingly. They all smoke cigarettes, ejaculate carrajo, and hate the Anglo-Saxons of the United States. Their women are ugly, slovenly and coquettish; they are all natural beggars, and their mendicity is only exceeded by their mendacity.

There is a hot spring near Vegas, which bears a high reputation among the natives for its medicinal virtues, (probably because there is so little impurity in its waters.)

As an example of the Mexican way of doing things, instance their threshing, which is done by preparing a floor of clay, pounded hard and circular in form, upon which the wheat is cast. A herd of goats is driven round and round upon the wheat, the neighbors being employed to seat themselves in such positions as to prevent the escape of the animals. Thus threshed, the wheat, with much else that one does not particularly desire to have in one's bread, is shovelled into sacks.

On through San José, past the Payaritos Springs, we reach the Rio Pecos, on which is the ranche of a Pole named Karischlachocosky, (pronounced Kaslosky by those professing Christianity.) The Rio Pecos has given its name to a church not far distant, which is said by some to be the oldest building in the United States, with what truth I am unable to say. Its ruins still exhibit many traces of early art. The rafters and wood work are all carved and ornamented with implements of stone, (chiefly agate and chalcedony,) many of which are to be found in the rubbish covering the remains of an old settlement near the church. Whether this was the work of the Aztecs, and whether this singular race ever fed the perpetual fire within those hallowed precincts, which was to last till Montezuma came again, are questions which we cannot answer.

The road from here to Sante Fe takes us through Apache Canon, in which a battle, fought between the rebels and Union forces, was terminated by a brilliant movement of a couple of Union companies which fell upon the rebel rear, destroyed all their baggage and camp equipage and completely routed them.

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Following the stage route we swoop round a spur of the Rocky mountains and dash at full gallop into the capital of New Mexico. A broad valley, intersected by the Salasteo, which cuts it into two plains of sixteen miles each in breadth. A short, low, jagged chain of mountains, called the Corillos, lies rather nearer Santa Fe than the opposite side of the plain, which rests on the San Lazaro mountains. To the south the mountains disappear. Nowhere are to be seen the Rockies, but only two very insignificant and low chains which run out at both ends almost within the scope of view.

Santa Fe is a pretty town for a Mexican country. Its central square is adorned with old and shade-giving trees. In the centre is a monument on which are engraved the names of the officers and men who have lost their lives either in the rebellion or during some Indian trouble. Some of the stores are quite extensive, but the majority of the houses present the usual Mexican characteristics, squalor, slovenliness, sloth, and smoke. A Government fort keeps the people not born here from utter stagnation. *Bailes* are given on all occasions, and frequently the Sunday afternoon amusement of cock-fighting.

The "palace" of Sante Fe is a fine mud structure, but the jail, which has been begun in limestone, will at once be the most appropriate and substantial architectural adornment of the town. There are, perhaps, one to two thousand souls here, most of whom are Mexicans; but the floating population of soldiers, sutlers, travellers, Government agents, and appointees, temporarily established business men and Pueblo Indians, swell this number very much.

Santa Fe is at present the battle-ground between American enterprise and Mexican lethargy, and although the latter seems to have obtained a temporary advantage, and rather to have assimilated the new comers than to have been assimilated by them, there is no room for doubt that its career is nearly run, not only here but also in the whole of the territory ceded to us by Mexico; and when the birthright of these foolish men who have hidden their talent in the ground shall have been transferred to them that use and multiply their own, not only will the country itself feel the improvement, but thousands of fortunes will be made from the proper development of its great resources.

P. F., Jr.

[To be continued.]

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THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE Bank of England was organized in the year 1694, under a charter obtained by William Patterson, in the sixth year of the reign of William and Mary. The idea of forming a bank did not originate with him, the subject having been much discussed for several years, being first urged by one Samuel Lambe, in the times of Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Samuel Lambe addressed the Protector in the year 1655 upon the subject, setting forth the benefits people received from banks in other countries, and praying that a bank should be organized in England. He says of Holland: "By the help thereof they have raised themselves (the Dutch) from poor, distressed, to high and mighty States. They have increased the general stock of their own country so much, that they can, when they please, ingross the particular commodity of one country and sell it again at their own price in the same, or another that wants it; they furnish many facilities, as well as profits, in time of war; they have thus grown so strong that they make peace with other nations on their own terms." Again he says: "The good we may do ourselves by banks, if settled in England, are many; for no nation ever yet made use of them but they flourished and thrived exceedingly; they will by well ordering of them bring back the gold and silver drained out of this land by the Hollanders' bank; they will increase the stock of this land; they will increase the fisheries, navigation and shipping; they will increase the revenues and customs; they will wonderfully employ the poor and increase manufactures and foreign trade." As the bank proposed by Lambe was only a system of credits without any capital paid in, it was never incorporated, and we only use his address to show that the want was much felt forty years before the Bank of England was chartered.

The project at first met with a great deal of opposition; it was opposed by the political party not in power, on the ground that it would aid the Government, and it was opposed by the Jews, the private bankers and goldsmiths, because it would reduce the rate of interest and destroy their business. Lastly, it was opposed by the conservative portion of the people, by those who can never see any advantage in change, and who look upon all reform as hurtful.

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The Government's extreme need of money to carry on the war then waged, and the enormous rates of interest charged by the usurers, had much to do with the organization of the bank. Mr. Patterson, knowing of the high rates paid by the Government for short loans, proposed to offer to the administration a sum equal to five million eight hundred and twenty thousand dollars at eight per cent. interest, as an inducement to Parliament to grant the charter. This part of the project alone carried it through; five-twelfths of the proposed loan was subscribed before the bill passed the Houses of Parliament, and the balance within ten days. Although the bank was chartered, it was opposed at every turn, on the ground that it was a great monopoly intended to enrich those interested in it at the expense of the nation at large; that it would withdraw money from regular business, foster every kind of wild speculation, and produce a troop of harpies ever preying upon the people. This opposition has continued almost to this day, growing less with each year, until at last the Bank of England is thoroughly and absolutely incorporated with the financial system of the nation. The wreck of its credit would destroy that of the people and of their stock companies, and, as a consequence, would carry ruin into every household and desolation into every heart.

The Bank of England went into operation January 1, 1695, and the whole capital was immediately lent to the Government, the interest on the loan being secured by a special tax. A commission of £4,000 per annum was given the bank, in addition to the eight per cent. interest. Under the charter the bank had power to borrow money, to deal in bills of exchange, gold, silver, and bullion; to sell any security left as collateral for loans, within three months after the expiration of the time agreed upon. Nothing is said in the act of incorporation in regard to the issue of bank-notes, yet bank-notes were issued, and in large amounts, for in the year 1696, only one year after the establishment of the bank, came the first suspension of payments, on account of the national recoinage. In that year the bank issued notes, bearing six per cent. interest, to redeem the certificates of deposit bearing no interest, but payable on demand. In the same year, according to a report made to the House of Commons, there was outstanding of notes not bearing interest and of the six per cent. notes the enormous sum of £1,657,996; while at the same time

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the bank held only £35,664 in money. Of the advances made by the bank, only about one-seventh were to individuals, all the rest being to the Government. The Government, being the principal debtor, was forced to protect the bank; therefore power was given to water the stock to the extent of £1,000,000. The people, not being able to get coin for their certificates of deposit, and not being willing to exchange them for six per cent. notes, the time of payment of which was not stated, were forced to subscribe to the stock of the bank or hold on to the notes, which soon fell to twenty per cent. discount. In this way nearly two-thirds of the debt was absorbed at once. This, in connection with aid given by an act of Parliament, soon restored the credit of the bank, and the market price of the stock rose to one hundred and twelve per cent. The operations of the bank consisted mainly in dealing in commercial paper and bills of exchange, although by the charter it was permitted to advance money upon merchandise and personal property.

The capital being all loaned to the Government, the bank could only discount paper with the funds of the depositors, and as the deposits were payable on demand, discounts were limited. The poor credit of the private bankers and the daily increasing credit of the bank, caused a strong demand for the interest-bearing notes as an investment, which put funds into the hands of the cashiers with which to buy commercial paper and private bills of exchange.

The use of certificates of deposit as money suggested the expediency of paying out the notes of the bank instead of coin, when the drawer was willing, an operation which greatly increased the business and profits of the bank. What we now know as bank-notes were not known in Great Britain before this time, as the use of paper money requires either an act of the law-making power, as in our own country, to declare the Government issue legal-tender, or else a very general belief in the ability of the party putting it out to redeem it.

So great was the credit of the Bank of England throughout the country, that the people much preferred to accept the notes of the bank in payment of all debts, to receiving the clipped coin, which frequently could not again be passed.

But if we would understand the use of bank-notes towards the end of the seventeenth century, we must look at them from the

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point of view taken by the bank when they were first issued. We have seen that the bank by charter was permitted, among other things, to deal in bills of exchange, and as bills of exchange, both foreign and domestic, were much used in all trade, they were soon offered to the bank. As the amount of bills far exceeded the amount of coin in the country, it was easily seen by the cashiers of the bank that if they could trade their own notes for the bills of exchange, the business of the bank would be greatly increased. But in what way the bank could trade in these bills, which were little different from promissory notes, was a question not easily decided. Nearly all the bills were drawn at ninety days time, and were therefore of little use for three months, unless they could be used in the payment of debts, and this could scarcely happen, as the amounts would seldom be the same; then, again, the standing of the party issuing the bills could not always be ascertained. The bank having peculiar facilities for learning the standing of the parties making the bills, concluded to deal in them far beyond the amount of coin it could obtain, and at first proposed to exchange its own bills, payable in three months, for the individual bills; earning the discount and commission. The seller of the bill was amply repaid by the use of the bank credit, which so readily paid debts and bought merchandise. This system was perfectly safe for the bank, and offered sufficient inducement to the public to insure its continuance.

"But the Bank of England," says Mr. Colwell, "on the suggestions of certain bold and ingenious financiers of that day, decided to go a long step further, and so to increase the inducements on its side as to insure a large business and great favor with the people. It was urged upon the bank, that it might not only issue its notes in small denominations, in exchange for individual commercial paper having some time to run, but that such notes might safely be made payable to the holders, or whoever might present them, on demand. It was alleged, in justification of this bold idea, that these small notes issued by the bank would pass into circulation like money, and thus be dispersed over the kingdom; that they would furnish an immense facility in business, and become almost indispensable in the transactions of domestic trade; that they could not and would not therefore be returned suddenly and in large quantities upon the bank. It was further urged that it would be a very great convenience to the holders of

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these, if an occasional want of money or coin could be supplied at once by presentation of these notes at the bank; that it would be easy for the bank to supply these occasional wants, and that the doing so would give the notes a currency like money and a favor with the public far beyond any previous anticipations."

Upon these considerations, the bank undertook to issue demand notes in exchange for individual promissory notes and bills of exchange, believing that in no financial revulsion or money pressure would a sufficient amount of them be presented for payment to embarrass the bank. In this the bank was greatly mistaken. It was, without doubt, right to make the bank-notes payable in gold and silver, but the bank should have adhered to the plan first adopted, which made the bank-notes payable on the same day the private bills came due, as the bank then would have received the same amount of coin that it had to pay to redeem its own notes, commission added. Had the first plan been decided upon, the bank would never have suspended specie payments, and it could always have discounted any and all the bills that offered, thus giving real aid to the nation.

It will be of interest to consider the manner of doing the business done by the bank by means of its credits, a business growing out of the branches already discussed. The great increase of the deposits, not only of coin, but also of bank-notes, subject to transfer or payment by draft, soon proved that a larger amount of settlement of debt was thus accomplished than by the use either of coin or bank-notes. This mode of payments was very popular, as the risk was taken away from the individual, the bank taking all upon itself. This transfer of funds in bank from one account to another suggested to the cashiers of the bank that they might greatly increase the business if, instead of issuing notes in exchange for bills or promissory notes discounted, they should simply open a credit on the books of the bank. In this way the deposits of the bank soon amounted to a sum far in excess of the bank-notes and coin held by the bank; at the same time the risk was greatly increased, since the credits, as soon as made, were subject to the same rule as a deposit of coin, bullion or bank-notes. The danger from the credit, given in exchange for time paper, was far greater than from the bank-notes exchanged in much the same way, as the depositors might draw all their balances at once, whereas a run upon the bank for payment

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of its notes must be limited, as the notes were always widely circulated. Mr. Stephen Colwell says: "This was not a necessary risk. The credit account should have been purely a credit account, only payable by the bank in money when the paper matured for which the credit was granted. The credit granted by the bank answered every needful purpose, without being payable on demand. The actual and legitimate operation, whether the bank issued its notes or credits, was, that the payment of the discounted paper by the drawers or acceptors should absorb the bank-notes or credits, and return them, or something that would redeem them, to the bank. This routine of operation would end the transactions in each case. The bank, in receiving a promissory note at ninety days, received but a security for a credit granted by one individual to another; for this it exchanged its own credit, which, to make the transaction correspond, should also, so far as it concerned payment in money or coin, have been at ninety days. Nothing more should have been attempted, where nothing more could be accomplished, than to make business or commercial paper available for the purpose of adjustment, payment of debts, or set-off of mutual claims. The bank could spread all a man's credits on its books, and make them available for the payment of his debts. It could render him no greater service; it could neither convert his paper into money, nor lend him the amount in money, nor could it safely agree to pay on demand the credits granted on its books. The promissory notes and acceptances issued in the course of business on time should not have been, by any attempted device of banking, changed into notes or debts payable on demand; it was too hazardous a measure; there was no need for it." This making time paper payable on demand was the great error of the Bank of England, as it has been of all banks based on this system, and the one that led to the troubles of later days. Of course all went well in times of confidence and prosperity; but as soon as a money pressure or want of faith in the bank came, all the seeming advantage vanished. The most remarkable suspension of payments was that in the year 1797, which lasted for more than twenty-five years. It was, like the suspension of 1696, caused by the enormous advances made to the Government. In the year 1797, the specie was drawn from the bank so rapidly that the officers became anxious, and laid the matter before the Government. On the 25th of February, 1797,

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the Privy Council decided that, for the public good, it was necessary the Bank of England should suspend specie payments, and ordered the Directors to make no more payments in coin. In obedience to this order, the bank suspended on the 27th of February. On the 3d of May, Parliament passed the Bank Restriction Act, which extended the time of suspension until the 24th of June. On the 22d of June, an act was passed by which the suspension was continued until one month after the commencement of the next session of Parliament. A third act, continuing the suspension until six months after the close of the war, was passed in the autumn of the same year. There were numerous other acts passed by Parliament, extending the time of suspension until 1820, when the bank resumed specie payments.

The capital of the bank has been increased several times, at the discretion of Parliament, and by the same authority the charter has been extended from time to time. The circulation of bank-notes has been about as follows: In

1718	£1,829,930	1815	£27,254,000
1778	7,030,680	1817	28,470,000
1790	10,217,000	1835	18,215,220
1800	15,946,000	1840	17,231,000
1810	22,906,000		

To insure a good business to the bank, it was enacted, in the year 1707, "that no other banking company should consist of more than six persons." There are, however, branches of the bank in all the large cities of the Kingdom. The funding system in England began with the commencement of the Bank of England. The three per cent. annuities were created in 1726, and the three per cent. consols in 1731. A very full and interesting account of the Bank of England can be found in Mr. Stephen Colwell's book, "The Ways and Means of Payment."

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PARIS, WITH AMERICAN EYES.

When we consider that we have news from Paris daily in all the seaboard cities of the United States in five hours less than no time—that our newspapers at each issue give us one or more items of information under the heading of French news—that thirty to fifty individuals each week arrive and depart on the short thirteen days passage from New York to Paris—that Mr. John Drummer, Col. Jefferson Brick, the Hon. Elijah Pogram, the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, Miss Flora McFlimsey, Mr. John P. Smith and lady, Miss Smith, and the Misses Petrolia and Porcina Smith, were amongst those individuals—that all these have visited Paris to see—that they did see—that each and all, as well as our own correspondent, have written out what they did see—when we consider all this, it does seem presumption to commence this paper with the assertion that we know very little of real Paris, or of actual French life. The American visitor leaves his home with preconceived ideas of both men and things outside of the Republic, and in nine cases out of ten he brings back with him the same opinions, having supported his views by observation of every thing which would corroborate them, and of nothing that would disturb his convictions.

From the authority of his clergyman, the American learns with his earliest childhood that the French people are Infidel or Papistical, and that either condition of belief is equally immoral and unchristian. From the verbum of his political guides he learns that the French Government is a barbarous, absolute monarchy, where the life, liberty, or property of the subject is at the mercy of and suffering from the tyrannical autocrat who rules France.

From the newspapers he gets daily reports of the instability of the Government; of the want, misery, and distress of the poor people; of the unexampled sufferings of those martyrs to freedom who have questioned the high-handed despotism under which a nation groans.

From Mr. Smith he learns that extravagance and wasteful luxury reach such an acme in this city of folly that the whole proceeds of a forty-barrel well were absorbed in three months. From Mr. Drummer (after he has taken his fourth *straight*) he obtains information of haunts of wickedness, debauchery, and

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vice, that makes any ordinary Christian's hair stand on end with horror and amazement.

Besides these ideas, upon matters of opinion, the American is often as ill-prepared and as prejudiced upon subjects of observation. Boston State House, New York City Hall, Philadelphia Independence Hall, but surmounting and surpassing all things, the United States Capitol at Washington, have so far filled the mind of the American, that he goes not only to Paris, but all over Europe, and he sees nothing comparable. Or, if art and beauty of architecture are the especial objects of admiration presented to the eyes, he compares at once with some natural grandeur which had impressed him at home, and decides with great inward satisfaction that the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde cannot be compared with Niagara Falls. The worst of the matter is, that our travelling American makes no secret of these crude and unjust views, and he brings them out before the polite and affable Frenchman who kindly acts as his translator when in difficulties with a perfect disregard of all feelings, beliefs, or sympathies.

Although most Americans who attempt to make up for themselves opinions as to the Parisians and the French will not dwell very strongly on the religious aspect, the Rev. Melchisedec already deplores the stonyness of the ground as regards *his* seed; and *such* Americans have felt some doubts as to the perfection of the elective democracy as developed in parts of New York city or of Philadelphia.

But then they have a decided bias from the newspaper reports as to the condition of affairs now existing in this metropolis of the world.

We all know what degree of accuracy the *Times* report of affairs in America has attained; how carefully suited to the English market those shrewd correspondents collect or omit to collect information. Nothing can be more admirable than the skill with which a misconception of every thing American is imparted to English readers without lying outright. An old friend once laid down a proposition that one particular person was so afraid of telling a lie that he would not tell the truth. The skill of these English correspondents is just the reverse.

Now this kind of information, as relates to France, is exceedingly satisfactory to English readers. They need reports that poverty and pauperism are rife in the city of Paris; that mal-

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administration of justice, that oppression and official arrogance, are the characteristics of the present Government; that the liberty of the press and of speech is curtailed, if not denied, to all well-thinking Frenchmen; that the city of Paris is bankrupt; that the Government is at its last recourse for money, and especially that Baron Haussman is hopelessly disgraced for his extravagance and dishonesty—and they get just the reports they desire. Not in the bold assertions we make above, but by insinuations, long and intricate calculations, statistics, or plausibly written descriptions.

We have never been able to make out from the English press whether the Emperor Napoleon III murdered the Pantin family, or the Pantin family murdered the Emperor Napoleon III, owing to the maladministration of Pantin or the Emperor, whereby life was made insecure in France.

In the manufacture of newspapers for the United States, the scissors form a liberal and prolific source of that mess of daily food which the ravenous public breakfast upon, and this English-derived account of France is that which is readiest adapted to follow the indispensable heading of French news. In some of the papers (we do not speak from knowledge, but from assertions of rival cotemporary prints) *our own correspondent* digests the English information into an *original* letter, on the principle of the enterprising critic in Pickwick, who wrote on Chinese metaphysics by reading up Metaphysics and China in the Encyclopedia. In other papers our own correspondent is a real person: when the chances are that he is one of the reddest of the red, that he drinks his wine in the Quartier Latin, and takes his soup somewhere near the Place du Trône—not that it is a sin to take wine with the students, or soup with the workmen, but that privy conspiracy and rebellion, assassination and plunder, are not so laudable and innocent—or else he is a brother of the quill in good standing and affiliation with his English brothers, to maintain which position he must see just what they see, think just what think, and as a reward, he can send in manuscript their news at the same time the English papers get it, and with the spice of American scandal he can produce a readable article occasionally.

We do not know if any regular full report of French matters is now provided, weekly or monthly, to any American paper, as the cost of rehashing English news is far less and equally satis-

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factory to readers. American papers being based on mass, not on mind at this time. But the public mind is certainly governed in its views of the social and political condition of affairs in France by the newspapers, and, as a consequence, when some event which has long been indicated as approaching in France finally reaches its fulfilment, the American public cries out, How versatile are the French people! they change in a day!

Having thus far endeavored to unsettle the mind of the American as to all he is to expect to see in Paris, we will go with him into the city.

He may be supposed to have a little French at command, possibly to read it through a running or free translation with some facility when he takes a French book or paper into his hand; but his pronunciation is a dread to himself and a mystery to his hearers: still it brings him to his hotel. All good Americans go to the best hotel. The grand hotel, the Grand Hotel de Louvre, the Hotel Splendide, vie in extravagance, the latter surpassing, and all good Americans must go to one or the other, or lose caste, and be thought by the good ones to be poor ones, which is next door to being bad ones. As to going to a French hotel and resolutely taking a look at Paris, without the bias of constant American companions, not one in forty does it. The good American goes out to buy a guide-book and an American newspaper at once, and he finds a little shop where is "English spoken here," containing dictionaries in two languages, and prints with double meaning or worse. It may be scandal to say that both the dictionaries and the prints are made for the foreign market, (for we must include the Englishman with the American in this word foreign,) and that neither are elsewhere publicly exhibited in the city.

The good American finds a Commissionaire, and *he* knows at once what the American desires to see. Clergyman or laity, all Americans must visit the most doubtful places, and be gratified in their belief that Paris is the most immoral city in the world. The polite Commissionaire points out a savage pompeur with a brass helmet, or designates a particularly gorgeous fellow got up regardless of cost upon a varnished black horse in the person of a mounted gensdarme, as aggravated developments of aristocratic power. And the American who has just voted for forty-seven officers on seven-separate tickets, for president, governor,

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judge, senator, representative, congressman, councilman, inspector, school committee, constable, and alderman, with the express or implied mental reservation that no one of them shall wear red, or blue, or gold, or brass, on any terms, is at once impressed with the heinousness of the Imperial, and the happiness of the Federal Government. A suggestion that some respect for the decencies of habiliment might at times give an outside gloss of respectability to some of our minor, or even major officials, or that a distinctive clothing might be suitable for a president as it is for a general, is so much in retrograde of our stage of enlightenment, that it is wonderful it was not revealed to St. John at Patmos, as one of the future events, certainly when the Pope of Rome was so clearly indicated.

In this matter of clothing, as in the matter of government, we are unquestionably in the right. We are forty millions of people and have had nearly ninety years existence, while the world has eight thousand millions of people and has three thousand years of historical existence; in all these respects we are justified in saying that a Republic, on the American basis, is the only free and independent, peaceable and satisfactory form of government we know, and we can appeal to the last ten years for triumphant reply to all cavillers.

Seriously, there are grounds enough from which to support the American theory of a federative representative government; merits enough in the Constitution of the United States; experience enough in the working of our laws to allow us to admit our deficiencies, not to boast of them.

The Commissionaire has some regard for the religious prejudices of his countrymen, and a keen knowledge of those of his visitors. He knows it to be improper to stroll about a church with a guide book in one's hand during service; to gape at monuments when a thousand eyes are vailed in reverence and awe; to comment with audible voice upon antiquities or decorative art, whilst a thousand ears are listening to the music of the worship or the voice of the teacher, and he finds a recreation for the dull Sunday of Paris (dull to the visitor only) by a walk in the gardens or flower markets, or in those thoroughfares where, in the multitude of persons at all times, and all hours of all days, the crowd of pedestrians and of carriages gives the air of business and of disregard to religious obligation, and enables the willing visitor to conclude that

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Paris is as irreligious as it is immoral. Then, each day of haste and drive, when the people have become monotonous poppets that wander in intricate paths on a sidewalk for the astonishment of the visitor; when interminable lines of magnificent dwellings and shops have become stone walls for a potato patch; when galleries of paintings have become splotches of red, and blue, and green; when the legs are weary with walking, the body with riding, the ears with hearing, the eyes with seeing, and when our American has got back to his American hotel and met his fellow-Americans around the congenial spittoon, has established the superiority of our religion, our education, our government, our manners, our customs; *then*, a few hours of sleep enable the course to be run again, and in a fortnight of such days he has seen Paris.

We have thus far followed one train of thought in an endeavor to show the main disqualifications of an American to be a dispassionate judge, or able to make a proper estimate of the society, habits, or life in Paris, and will now try to give some of the conclusions which have been impressed upon us. Obviously, the most important aspect of a large city is its religious one, and from this point of inquiry it may be safely regarded that Paris (perhaps it would be proper to except Brussels) has the devotional elements of Christianity more conspicuously exhibited than any other city known. From early morning of each Sunday until noon, hourly service is held, with crowds of worshippers, in each and all the great churches of the city. The evidence of a Christianity that does not hide its light under a bushel is in every print shop, on every street, within and without the houses. It serves no good end that the American clergyman, deacon, or elder should ignore the fact that more of the rich and more of the poor attend a service, where devotion, piety and faith is offered to the God of the Christian, than in any city of our own, or of any other Protestant country.

The churches of Paris grow in beauty as one looks upon them. Notre Dame is a queen of beauty. The art of man has offered its best fruits in homage and adoration. There are many examples of details of good Gothic remaining amongst the restorations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but Notre Dame alone has preserved in its integrity the beauties of Christian architecture. Next to Notre Dame, St. Eustache is probably the most satisfactory building in Paris. St. Genevieve and the Mad-

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elaine follow next, to our ideas. The magnitude of St. Sulpice relieves it of some defects of construction. St. Roch, internally, is grand, in the English meaning of the word. Many other churches of magnitude and of beauty exceeding that of any Protestant houses of worship in the United States are needed to hold the population of Paris in weekly congregations. As the eye is filled with the beauty of the Lord's house, so is the ear with the votive and instrumental offering. We suppose that St. Roch, the Madelaine, St. Sulpice and Notre Dame are the order of merit in music. The sermons may not have the brilliancy of Brooklyn pyrotechnics; may not be as logical or conclusive as would satisfy those who look upon argument as the only means of instruction, of praise, or of prayer. But we may be assured that the recognition of the sinfulness and faithlessness of mankind, and of redeeming love, is as fully preached as from the pulpits of our native land. Beside the attendance at the churches, there is one noteworthy condition to French Christianity, which is, that, a few infidels and extremists excepted, there are none of the population, man, or woman, or lisping child, who do not consider themselves members of the great Church, and partakers in the hope of the world present and to come.

As it does not do to ignore the outward observance and the admission of the people, so it will not answer to attribute to hypocrisy, or to want of knowledge, or to defects in reasoning, the hold that the beliefs of the Romish church has on the people of Paris or of other nations where this church holds sway.

Those who are willing to discuss, (which but few are, as they admit a lifetime of study will hardly make the best-read priest a competent controversialist,) could retort that your Protestantism is hydra-headed, until no concession (were it possible) would satisfy any considerable portion of those who claim to be Protestants. The primary idea was to correct certain errors in the practice, or even doctrines, of the church; but to-day all practices and all doctrines fall under the reformer's hand.

It is a basis of argument which we Protestants are not prepared to meet, when we are told that the church is older than the books of the New Testament; that these books were about coeval with the fall of the temple; that, for fifty to seventy years, the apostles and their successors or substitutes were without the record upon which the doctrines of the church is now based; that after the

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destruction of the temple, when the final entire independence of Christianity from the Jewish forms of worship was accomplished, then, for one hundred to two hundred years more, the New Testament was not recognized as the source of the organization of the church.

It is not well to say "in all Catholic countries the priesthood are immoral and often ignorant, the people are superstitious, ignorant and poverty-stricken," because this is notably erroneous—at Paris, or in France, or in Belgium. And the New England saying—that all deacons are good, but there are odds in deacons—will apply to priests, or even bishops.

Next after the religious condition, in importance, is the measure of poverty under which the lower orders of the population suffer; and in this aspect of Parisian life, no American, of whatever bias of views, can fail to be surprised and astonished. Out of the luxurious public gardens, away from the palaces of the nation, aside from the splendid exhibition of wealth which can be seen in the architecture, the display of merchandise for sale, the equipages of pleasure, and the crowds of well-dressed people of the Boulevards, one rambles into narrow thoroughfares or wanders away to the outskirts, amongst the habitations of the children of toil. Less showy dwellings, less scrupulous cleanliness, less expensive dresses, fewer carriages, may be found; but go where you will, the squalid misery, the unclad or drunken woman, child or man, the evidently idle and dissipated, always to be found somewhere in our American cities, and so conspicuous in English or more than conspicuous in Scotch cities, are hidden from the closest inspector. In truth, French political economy is neither English nor American, nor has it yet found voice or advocate in the English tongue. That government should protect the weak is neither in Adam Smith's greatest productiveness nor in the modern free trade "D—l take the hindermost" doctrine. The New York Tribune's *cheap* government, where the rich are to be permitted to grasp the wealth of the nation and all the gratifications and pleasures of life, and the poor are to protect such ownership and enjoyment, is not the French solution of the commonwealth.

The necessity of artificial wants, of luxuries, of pleasurable idleness to prevent over-production, is fully recognized in France. All the officers of government—executive, legislative, judicial, administrative; the Emperor and his family, ministers, senators,

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judges, officers of the law; all the soldiery, from generals to privates; all the learned men, from professors to students, doctors to victims, clergymen and penitents; and the host of others—actors, editors, writers, *thieves*, traders; many, if not most, of those who are engaged in handicraft of all kinds; all women, sick persons and young children;—must look for their support to artificial, not natural, productiveness. The proposition reduces itself to this: given a nation with land enough to raise food, fuel, textile material, mineral products, and building material for a certain number of inhabitants; then it is a mal-administration of government when it is not provided to apportion the natural productions amongst them. And this should be done, without borrowing money or products from other nations, to be repaid for by future generations; famine or war alone justifying a departure from this rule. The application of this proposition to American affairs at this moment might be made, as well as to the condition of labor in France. It perhaps may seem an imprudent statement, but we think that about one person only in sixty is really occupied in producing the living necessities of civilized human existence. Be the theory propounded as it may, this one thing is certain: that for fifteen years the poor laboring man has not, whilst the granaries of France were full, suffered for want of bread in Paris because his labor could not be exchanged therefor. In London, overflowing with wealth, many hundreds starved to death the past winter; and in the United States, with the absorption of our lands, the evil day is upon us. Even now, in New York or any of our large cities, there is far more destitution than in Paris.

The social view of Paris is that to which, in the minds of most of our American readers, a precedence over the poverty question should be given. We have described the visiting American in Paris and his hotel life already. Not one in ten of the male visitors ever see the inside of a French family; nor would their general outspoken disbelief in all that a French father or mother holds sacred in religious tenets make them at all intimate if they did. We may even go further, and say that not even one in ten of the American families who are transiently in Paris are admitted to share French hospitality. There are many Americans who reside in Paris—quite a colony, in fact—forming a society of their own, generally more or less intimate with the public men of France, and their families, generally well informed; and although, in repu-

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tation at least, rather given to overrate their own importance upon the basis of wealth, still they are creditable and ardent representatives of their native land. *Their* impressions of French life are derived from one set or condition of people with whom they associate; and they do not add much to the popular knowledge of the French, as neither student, editor nor writer has ever joined or separated from this Arcadian community.

We remember, as a small boy of ten or twelve years of age, our Geography lesson on France—somewhat thus: "The inhabitants (of France) are very polite and fashionable, are lax in the conjugal relation, and much given to dancing." It was a great trouble to us at the time, and even now we would like a fair chance to kick the fellow who wrote it.

That the French family is as sacred as any in the known world, is a proposition we feel competent to advance. No one who has seen a French household, who has met the father, the mother and the children, who has witnessed the demonstration of affection of parent and child, who has seen or heard of the circumstantial and ceremonial marriage, can doubt the falsity of such a general accusation. Dependence of child to parent, of parent to child, of husband to wife and of wife to husband, is a French characteristic which our American independence cannot imagine. The guardianship of the daughter is four-fold more strict in France than in England or America; and it is a gratuitous and unwarranted assumption that her affection is not constant as a wife. Above all things, the great affection which French fathers of all grades and ranks of life show for their children is an evident reply to this slander.

We will try to touch lightly upon the next phase of city life in all countries. One is sick at heart who walks along the Boulevart des Italiens at ten to twelve P. M. The knowledge that to them especially the Saviour gave commiseration and comfort, while to those who pretended to be good he gave bitter condemnation, should make us lenient and lead us to hope that a happier world may be for these daughters of misery. But the brazen impudence and the evident wo of these poor creatures is not so marked as at Regent's quadrant or Leicester square; and even that wretchedness is less than that of Church street. Even in its vice, Paris is less miserable than London or New York. It is not for us to judge the punishment to be meted here or in paradise. On the

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line of those great Boulevarts, la Madelaine stands with open doors, in testimony of the hope of such as these.

French politics are a mystery to many Americans, yet the real condition is a simple one. As with us, the division of ins and outs, and of individual or nominal attachments, is nearly equal, while in the same way, whenever the question arises likely to affect the stability of the government, (we do not mean the Ministry,) then the party lines disappear and great majorities for the Emperor are given.

It is impossible to convey in adequate language the enormities of the red; the ingenuity with which assassination and revolution are inculcated. A few hundred disaffected men and boys are clubbed together in secret conspiracy, stimulating each other by violent harangues to the point of desperate action. Liberty and equality, communism and re-division of property, freedom, and death to all tyrants, are the eggs in the nest. All the thieves, all the outlaws, all the desperate, some of the fools as well, can be found in this company. Each little while an egg is hatched in some murderous act; but, fortunately, there are so many knaves in this society of republicans that the conspirators are sure to be betrayed.

To these desperadoes are joined some two or three thousand honest enough men, to whom a Republic is the evident solution of the government question; some few of these have the American idea that government does not mean obedience, and that the commonwealth means freedom for each person to do what seems good in his own eyes. The honest men do not partake in the plots, nor in the violent exhibitions of word, print or action, but their countenance forms the strength of the so-called Republican party of France. Grumblers and faultfinders are abundant in all countries; and peace and happiness, abundance and prosperity are relative in Paris, as in the United States. In the meantime, under the government of the Emperor, not only Paris, but all France, has prospered beyond conception. Trade, industry, religion and education have thriven. The cities have been rebuilt; the country new cultivated. An unseen hand has guided and directed changes and improvements wonderful even to our own American boastful growth. And all France, especially all Paris, knows from whom this proceeds. The self-abnegation of the Emperor is surprising. No considerable proportion of his

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great expenditures have been upon his amusements, luxuries or personal aggrandizement. He seems not to have that vulnerable point for flatterers, the love of personal display and pageantry which was a weakness of the first Emperor. Those occasions of state where display is proper he judiciously uses it, but there is no obtrusiveness in his dignity at other times. Whatever might have been the feeling of a portion of the people with regard to him fifteen years ago, to-day love and reverence predominate. The abuse of the Rochefort writers is, in its intemperance and absurdity of falsehood, their tribute to the blameless public and private life of the Emperor. To them his worst tyranny is that he will not be tyrannical.

Meantime, the French government is the terror of wrong-doers and the protector of the weak or the wealthy. Its officers of all classes or ranks stand higher in public estimation than persons holding similar positions do in America or England. Election or legitimate hereditary authority cannot yet be said to be the infallible safeguards against corruption and malversation. Laboulaye's Paris in America was an ingenious Utopian idea of a government without restraint, but he left out the murderers and the thieves, the vicious and the knavish, the weak and the wrong-headed, and the book is simply a companion for Rasselas. Unfortunately for France, discontent with the administration on matters of small import, even personal dislike to minor officials, seeks relief in the overthrow of the government. Under Charles X the nation labored for the personal welfare of the aristocracy. Under Louis Phillippe official corruption and peculation grew to be unbearable, the elected officers proving more corrupt than the appointed ones. Under the republic, after the momentary discomfiture of the old vultures, the young ones swarmed to the carcass. Under the empire prosperity has reigned and the welfare of all classes been protected, but restraint has been imposed on all, and property has had to bear the burden of the costs. Now, let us have a government without restraint and without taxes! We have only to assassinate the Emperor, send the Empress and Prince to England, and it is done! Vive Rochefort, President of a pure democracy, with no authority whatever, [except a bitter tongue and a long pen.]

The year 1830 witnessed the introduction of a new element into the civilized world, destined to affect a complete change in

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the arrangement and construction of the buildings of the metropolitan cities. The railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened. Twelve years later, 1842, and the principal lines of communication in Europe were planned or opened, and ocean steam navigation became an established possibility. With these changes in travelling facilities, the demand for the entertainment and comfort of travellers, for increased attractions in business or amusement, became evident, and about the year 1852 the first steps in filling these demands were taken in the improvement of Paris.

The Paris of one hundred and fifty years ago, which we read of in history, must have resembled the untouched parts of Rouen, where half-timbered houses of three or four stories in height overhung narrow lanes suited, not for vehicles, but only for foot or horsemen. In the dim-lighted, roughly-flagged depths, the traveller wandered on the dry sides of a filthy gutter, sheltered only by the overhanging stories from occasional outpourings from above. Small churches, with carved stone-work as delicate as lace, were each few hundred feet. One or two immense churches or cathedrals overshadowed the nests of mansions, and a few palatial residences showed blank walls with a single court-yard door to the outside view. This Paris, prior to 1815, was outgrown first, and had disappeared. Paris has always been a fortified city; always has outgrown the limits of its fortifications, and whenever a new suburb has been included within the walls, the ground occupied by the embankments and moats has been levelled and thrown into a public ornamental road; from this source the name boulevards, now applied to most of the wide thoroughfares, is derived. It resulted that the city possessed, in 1852, numerous wide streets which made circuits, (sometimes branching off and returning upon the older lines,) enclosing a maze of narrow streets of twenty-five to fifty feet in width, which, like a snarl of tangled threads, formed the general means of communication. One project of the first Napoleon laid out the Champs Elysees, with the Place de l'Etoile and its branching avenues, upon the vacant lands at the west end of the city, but, except the planting of the trees and the erection of the finest monument of modern times, (the Arc de Triomphe,) the scheme remained incomplete, beyond the growth of the city until the last ten years past. The Place Vendôme and its column, and the Rues de la Paix, Castigleone and Rivoli were completed during

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the first empire. Until the recent improvement, the Place Vendôme was the finest square in the world. Architecturally, these buildings may be considered the type of the more modern street edifices.

It may not be amiss to say here that the plan of our federal city, Washington, was based upon the theory of civic commemorations which was adopted about the Place de l'Etoile, having originally been established by a French engineer whose name has not come down to us.

The same leading ideas have been extended in the improvements of Paris. From central objects of importance—public buildings, churches or monuments—the main avenues radiate; while these again intersect and cross the minor streets, and the combination affords great facility of intercourse to frequented spots.

As we have stated, this era of improvement commenced with novel requirements in metropolitan cities. The number of travellers and visitors was surprisingly increased. Where one was to be entertained in 1830, fifty must have luxurious accommodation in 1870. Hotels for these have been erected in Paris. More numerous and more large have the hotels been constructed, but they all are full. More convenient and more luxurious has each year made new ones, but the guests overflow the most extravagant. Many visitors desire to make Paris a place of brief residence, and the ratio of increase of such persons the last forty years is certainly ten to twenty fold. Beside this, Paris has increased in wealth of its citizens far more rapidly than it has in number, and the number of inhabitants who desire and can afford to support separate households in a style which would not have been exceeded by fifty princely families in all France one hundred years ago, is exceedingly great. Especially has the increase of inhabitants of this condition in life been far greater than the increase of population the past forty years. For all these visitors and wealthy citizens houses have been required, and they have been built; dwellings with which the most fastidious are satisfied and the most fashionable gratified.

The interchange of commodities is one of the purposes of all cities, and the sale of the minor articles of merchandise one of the principal sources of emolument to the citizens. Economy and convenience call for at most three stories of the combined shop and warehouse—that is, a ground or street level floor, a

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cellar beneath, and sometimes a story above; and it is further desirable that the location should be on a main thoroughfare, in proximity to the habitation of the merchant, his clerks and servants, and easy of access by the visitor or customer. It has been a further requisite that there should be ample width of street and foot-walk, for the carriage of the travellers with rapidity, and the transportation of heavy loads of commodities. To meet these requirements, splendid avenues or boulevarts stretch mile after mile in length in Paris, and show how completely the question of building the city of the nineteenth century has been met—how nearly it has been solved.

At the risk of boring our readers with statistics, we will give some account of a first-class "maison" in Paris. The location is the corner of the Rue Scribe, the Boulevart Hausmann, and the Rue Neuve des Maturins. The corner on the Boulevart Hausmann and the Rue Scribe is an obtuse angle, while none of the angles are square; but the frontage on the Rue Scribe is about 85 feet, and the rear width about 100 feet, the average depth about 90 to 100 feet. The ground floor is cut up into shops, twelve to fourteen in number, but so connected that six or seven could be occupied together; the window frontage on all sides being 200 feet. With the shops is a right of occupation of cellars of equal extent. The shops separately have each a floor surface of about 20 by 25 feet. In the centre of the frontage on the Rue Scribe is the main entrance, "porte-cochère," of 12 feet width; a passage of the same width leads (passing the main stairway on one side and the rooms of the housekeeper—conciergé—on the other side) into the court yard, an area of about 40 by 15 feet. In the rear of the court yard, on the lower floor, are two coach houses and two stables, each for three or four horses. Another passage and another porte-cochère (this time for carriages only) is made to the Rue Neuve des Maturins, so that a carriage drives through the yard without turning. There are four stories of dwellings, and two separate dwellings on each story—eight dwellings in all. Each story has two suites of rooms opening from the one great stairway, with separate ante-rooms about 15 feet square to each suite. The stairs are about six feet in width, with ample tread and easy rises; and the staircase and landings are palatial, all in stone work, with statues for decorations and mosaic floors to the wider landings.

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The latter are about 15 feet square on each story. One door formed the entrance from the landing to the ante-room; another, from the ante-room, entered the great saloon, about 23 by 18; another the lesser saloon, about 18 by 16; another the dining room, about 16 by 22; and the fifth the passage to the chambers and kitchen. There are four chambers, (we think two have alcoves for beds,) each about 14 by 16, and one kitchen, (with a funny French cooking range and 10 or 12 little fire-places or holes,) about 14 by 16. There is a pantry, two bath-rooms, closets also open out of the passage, and there is a vault in the cellar for fuel and wines; and three bedrooms, about 10 by 14, with a communicating closet and wash-room in the roof, for servants. A flight of fire-proof back stairs is provided for each half of the house. Each story is arranged like the other. The entre-sol or half story on the ground floor has about 13 feet clear height. The première ètage (third floor with us, but architecturally the first above a basement) has 15 feet. The deuxieme ètage has 14 feet, and the troisième ètage, which is architecturally a superstructure above the cornice, has 13 feet. For value of rentals, the première ranks highest, the entre-sol and deuxieme at about 20 per cent. less, and the troisième at about 40 per cent. less than the première.

The entire building is fire-proof. The floors are iron beams, with bar iron net-work or lathing to hold the plaster, and the floors are covered with parquetted wooden flooring laid upon the smooth plaster surface. The main partitions are stone walls. Where cross partitions, like closets or passages, are made, they are solid in plaster of four-inch thickness; not hollow on light wooden laths, as with us. Each room has a fire-place, with independent chimney-flue, (for wood fires, as the climate of Paris does not require our American quantities of heat,) and the main staircase and the ante-rooms are heated by a "calorifère" in the cellar. The heating of these and the lighting of all the stairways, and the cleaning of the stairways, court-yard and passage, is done by the lessee of the house. The internal finish of the rooms, decorations, mirrors in the walls, have a completeness of taste and execution which is unattainable out of France. The external architecture is a plain pilastered basement of two stories, with an effective but plain cornice, above which a fair example of the Roman Corinthian order in well-relieved pilasters forms the first and second "stages," and above the Corinthian

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cornice the third "stage" has been superimposed without impairing the proper effect of the "order" as the leading feature. The roof, chimneys and dormer windows are treated so as to produce a well-broken, unmonotonous sky-line. The material of which this exterior work is made is a light yellowish stone; in texture and appearance like chalk, but in hardness about half way between that and ordinary sandstone. It can be cut with a knife; in fact, it is planed with a plane and sawn with a saw, all the decorations being erected in rough blocks built into the walls and shaped afterwards. Even statues, caryatides and atlantides, in full relief, are thus made component parts of the building. With all this softness and ease of working, the condition of the monuments of antiquity shows that a thousand years does not materially impair the delicate carvings in this stone.

Ferguson says, "The modern Parisian houses cannot of course vie with the hôtels of the older nobility in dignity and grandeur; but it is just because they do not attempt this, that they succeed. They pretend to nothing but being the residences of a rich and luxurious community; and every house bears on its face marks of what it is, and of the rank or position of its occupiers."

The house described is one story less in height than the usual house on the new boulevarts, having been built in strict external conformity with over two thousand feet of frontage around the avenues to the new opera-house. And the general location on the boulevarts gives deeper lots and often two court-yards, the first court-yard forming the frontage of a second set of dwellings, so that four dwellings or suites of rooms are obtained on each floor; in which instance there are *three* main staircases. And as the general location gives but one frontage on the boulevart, but two shops are attached to each house. Consequently it can be stated that this arrangement of houses gives, for each shop of 30 to 35 feet of frontage on a boulevart, four first-class dwellings, in any of which the shopkeeper (American merchant) would be willing to reside, whatever be the extent of his business; and about four second-class dwellings of equal rank to the New York Fifteenth, Sixteenth or Seventeenth street houses. With the gradation of boulevarts and of shops, the gradation of dwellings follow; but always the merchant and his customer, the shop and the dwelling, are near each other.

(To be continued.)

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1870.

HARBAUGH'S HARFE.*

THE action and reaction of the Saxon and Anglo-Saxon elements of our population upon each other, from the earliest period and in the years to come, might furnish a curious topic for historic investigation and for philosophical speculation. That the German influence upon national manners, modes of thought and types of character is to utterly die out and be forgotten, through the entire assimilation of the Saxon element by the Anglo-Saxon, it is impossible to believe. The American of the future will have learnt much from the German of the present. He will still

> Speak the language Shakspeare spoke,
> And hold the morals Milton held,

yet with a difference. He will have something, we trust, of the breadth of view, the patience in research, the *geist* of the country-men of Schiller and Luther. There is a vitality and a persistence in the German element which assures us that its influence, in the long run, will not be lost. The republication of German classics in American editions, the agitation (in some quarters the successful agitation) to secure the introduction of the German language into the public schools, the rapid extension and vigorous life of the German churches, the wide extension of German societies, and the hearty cultivation of the music of the *Vaterland*, all assure us that whatever Fritz may have learnt in the New World, he has not forgotten and does not mean to forget what he learnt in the

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* HARBAUGH'S HARFE. *Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch-Deutscher Mundart von H. Harbaugh, D. D.* Herausgeben von B. Bausman. Pp. 117. Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia.

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Old. The existence of a "Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch" dialect is an evidence of the fact. Here, for nearly a century past, there has existed at our very doors a community which has held fast to the traditions of its native land, with such modifications as necessity compelled. Surrounded by an English-speaking community, suing and being sued in English-speaking courts and according to laws printed only in English, it has not been able to resist all change. New things have compelled the use of new words; foreign things have compelled the adoption of foreign words; and yet the speech of this people is essentially German, both in its syntax and in its vocabulary. The admixture of English is, indeed, large enough to render the resultant compound quite a curious one, and to sorely puzzle those who know only the purer and more classic speech of the *Vaterland.*

Of the many attempts to produce something of independent literary excellence in this dialect, only the poems of the late Dr. Harbaugh, of the German Reformed Church, can claim positive merit. The pages of many country newspapers, indeed, have been for years past graced and adorned with a column or so much in "*Pennsylvanisch Deutsch,*" and now and then a small collection of poetry or prose has been printed in pamphlet form. The comparative popularity of these feebler attempts has evinced the popular interest felt in many parts of the Commonwealth, but Harbaugh's *Harfe* stands on quite another plane. Dr. H. was "to the manor born." He grew up in surroundings which endeared the old Eastern Pennsylvanian dialect and those who spoke it to his warm German heart. He spent his life ministering to their spiritual wants. Not long before his death their united voices called him to a position of honor and responsibility in his own church. He was one of the best English writers in his denomination; he was also—and this is saying much more than many readers will suppose—one of its most learned men. His popular works of edification, his hymns and poems, his theological treatises, all mark him as a man of very unusual ability. His Pennsylvania German poems first appeared in the pages of the *Guardian*, a monthly magazine of which he was editor. Their great merit was at once recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, both in regard to their intrinsic value and as specimens of the dialect. When he died, their collection and republication

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was urged by scholars of the Old and New World,—not least by those who spoke the dialect in which they were composed. Rev. Benjamin Bausman has undertaken the work on behalf of his church's Board of Publication, prefixing some introductory and supplementary matter in German, and including all the English translations of the poems by their author that he was able to find. He prefixes a slight sketch of Dr. Harbaugh's life, and appends to the work a vocabulary of words peculiar to the dialect, with their equivalents in classical German, and the English words from which most of them have been derived. We could wish that this list were very much longer; it ought at least to cover all the words in the poems; but we have noticed one word at least—*owwe*, *Anglice* away—which is not given. Should a second edition be called for, we also hope that the English and the original will be printed on opposite pages; and when no translation by Dr. Harbaugh can be found, that one will be given from some other pen.

The two longest poems in the collection are both accompanied by English translations. "*Heimweh*," or "Home-Sickness," expresses the feelings of an old pilgrim who longs to be away from earth, and who sits and looks across the fields towards the church-yard, where his body will find its resting-place. "*Der Schulhaus an der Krick*" (The School-House on the Creek") on the contrary looks back to youth. The wanderer, who has been away '*xactly zwanzig johr*, (exactly twenty years,) comes back to look at the old temple of learning, as it stands as in old times *just neekscht an's Dady's haus*, (hard by father's house.) He has seen many a grand house in his travels, (*hunnert Hauser van Mærbel-stee und Brick*,) but his heart clings to the old domain still; those others he would exchange any time (*verschwappe einig zeit*) for the old school-house. The oaks, the babbling stream, the birds on the wing, their cunning nests, all recall old times; and as he muses, the companions of his school-boy days pass before him, busied in the toils and the frolics they had shared with him. The variously filled benches, the grim master and his rod, which was laid on with such zest and so impartially, the times and seasons of school-life and the dry routine of old-fashioned studies, all pass before him. We quote the account of the recess for dinner as a specimen of the poem, adding the translation:

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Wann's Dinner war, un Schul war aus
Nor'd hot mer gut gefiehlt;
Dheel is 'n Balle-Gehm gelunge
Dheel hen mitnanner Rehs g'schprunge
Un Dheel hen sold'scher g'schpielt.

At noon-day when the school let out
We had of sport our fill;
Some play the race, some houses wall,
Some love a stirring game of ball,
Some choose the soldier drill.

Die grose Maed hen ausgekehrt—
Die Buwe nausgeschtaabt!
Zu helfe hen en Dheel pretend
Der Meeschter hot sie naus gesendt:
Die Ruhls hen's net erlaabt.

The large girls sweep, the larger boys—
What mischief are they at!
They teaze, they laugh, they hang about
Until the master turns them out—
The rules were strict in that.

Die Kleene Maed hen Ring geschpielt
Uf sellem Waasum da;
Wan grose Maed sin in der Ring—
'S is doch en wunnervolles Ding!—
Sin grose Buwe ah!

The little girls, of "ring" most fond,
Their giggling circle drew;
When larger girls join in the ring—
Now is it not a curious thing?—
The large boys did it too.

Die Grose hen die Grose taggt,
Die Kleene all vermisst!
Wie sin se g'schprunge ab un uf,
Wer g'wunne hot, verloss dich druf,
Hot dichdiglich gekisst.

The large ones always tagged the large—
The small ones always missed!
Then for the prize began the race;
The one that's caught has now to face
The music and be kissed.

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Am Chrischdag wer die rechte zeit—
Oh wan ich juscht dra' denk!
Der Meeschter hen mer naus geschperrt,
Die Dhier un Fenschter fescht gebærrt—
"Nau Meeschter, en Geschenk!"

Old Christmas brought a glorious time—
Its mem'ry still is sweet!
We barred the master firmly out,
With bolts, and nails, and timbers stout—
The blockade was complete!

Nor'd hot er awwer vart browirt
Mit Forz zu kumme nei' !
Und mir hen, wie er hot gekloppt,
'N Schreiwes unne naus geschtoppt,
Wann's seinscht, dan kannscht du rei!

Then came the struggle fierce and long!
The fun was very fine,
And when he thumped and pried about,
We thrust the terms of treaty out,
Demanding him to sign.

Nau hot der Meeschter raus gelænst,
Gar Kreislich schiepisch 'gukt!
Eppel un Keschte un noch meh',
'S war juschtement in fæct recht schee',
Mir hen's mit Luschte g'schluckt.

The treaty signed, the conflict o'er,
Once master now were we!
Then chestnuts, apples, and such store
Were spread our joyous eyes before—
We shared the feast with glee.

It will be observed that the English rendering is not so close as could be desired, but the English reader who knows even a little German will be able to translate the original for himself, with the help Dr. Harbaugh gives him.

Our space and purpose alike forbid further quotations, although several poems in the volume surpass this first in their interest as studies of German life in East Pennsylvania. The poem on Law-Business, (*Lah Bisness,*) relating the legal adventures of two German farmers, (*zwei Deitsche Baure, brav un gut,*) is one of these, and touches on the anomalies of social life where people

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speak one language and are governed by laws written in another. So "Going to Church in the Olden Time," (*Der Kerchegang in Alter Zeit*,) which is illustrated by a life-like picture of an old country church where the people are singing with all their heart—

> *In's Leid hot alles ei' geschtimmt*
> *Sell Singe war in Freed.*

The illustrations of this well-printed volume, six in number, are partly drawn from the life. The old Harbaugh mansion in Franklin county forms the frontispiece. "The Old School-House on the Creek" and "The Old Mill" are taken from actual nature. "The Old Fire Hearth," "Singing at Church" and "Home Sickness" are imaginative pictures, closely conformed to life.

As a monument of the language and life of a large and valuable part of the population of our Commonwealth, the *Harfe* of Dr. Harbaugh possesses an interest for all her people. It worthily reflects the old-fashioned ways of life and modes of thought, which have kept their freshness and simplicity in a fast age and in the midst of alien associations. R. E. Thompson.

PARIS, WITH AMERICAN EYES.

[Concluded.]

Upon the new boulevarts and rues of Paris the frontage of each house or separate edifice is from 50 to 80 feet in width, with five or six tiers of window openings in the masonry, and one or two more in the roof. The height of the stone work is consequently 65 to 85 feet, and the entire height of facade from level of street to ridge is 90 to 110 feet. Some control over the plans is exercised, so that the startling diversities from extravagance to meanness, or from two to five stories, seen in our American cities are avoided, and the eaves or the sky lines are either in uniformity or broken by groupings with a view to architectural effect, but at the same time great latitude of design in ornamentation has been admitted.

It is possible by the clustering of window openings, by judicious and studied differences of dimensions of their features, or by the use of orders or arcades as surface decoration, to obtain a unity of structural effect whenever the height of the masonry of the facade

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bears a relation to the width of about one and a half times. The appearance of repose and stability of the structure is then much improved by a cornice of considerable massiveness or weight as in the Italian example, or by a superstructure of pyramidal or roof-like character as in the French roof. The roof supplies the effect of the cornice; for although possessing considerable height, yet in a close front view its recession from the eye narrows it down to a band whose elevation does not materially affect the relation of width to height before stated. The proportions and the dimensions of street edifices are not arbitrary, but have their basis on a visual law. It is painful to the eye to view as a whole when a width is much less than one-third or much more than two-thirds the width of street upon which the structure is placed, while the eye tolerates a height above the angular vision because it is bounded by the ground below and the sky above, neither of which form *objects* to distract the mind when by a slight motion of the eye the visual angle is supplemented to take in the whole as a whole.

The Place Vendome* is a case in point of this rule. As seen from one of the corners, when the visitor enters, the eye embraces a diagonal view of one side as a whole, and of the other side as individual structures. The details, or the order, are too large for close examination, but the width of the square admits room enough to command them. As in a Gothic church, the distances and magnitudes are all obvious. One measures the dimensions of the distant parts by those which he stands beside, so that the remoteness of the further extent is evident, and the effect is magnificent. There are many buildings in Paris in better taste or in better architecture, many more elaborate, many larger, but none of the palatial displays are so impressive or so long remembered.

It is indispensable for the perception of beauty in a building that it should at some point of view fill the eye in all directions. Even a spire of the most exquisite proportions is not satisfactory to look upon without its being taken as an adjunct to some other

* The statement ascribing the building of this place to the era of the first empire in the first part of this article was erroneous, as it was the work of the architect Mansard, as remote as the last of the seventeenth century. The great approaches, the Rues Castigleone and de la Paix, which permit the palatial effect to be exhibited, were, however, amongst the improvements of the times of the first Napoleon.

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construction, to give the picture the necessary width. The Italian separate campaniles are evidence of the justice of this remark.

To return to the construction of houses. The roof is in Paris treated as a feature of the building, taking place of the cornice in the species of the Italian style, which has become the acknowledged basis of street architecture. But it by no means follows that the roof should have the monotony of the cornice, even when the latter is surmounted by a balustrade with piers or statues, (like permanent chimney sweepers,) to break the tedious line. On the contrary, many of the most graceful productions of French taste are exhibited in the disposition and ornament of windows, pinnacles or domical forms or outlines of the roofs; and the distance views, as the vision is extended up or down the long streets, are much relieved from monotony by the bold projections which have been arranged to give diversity and not irregularity.

The ways of Paris are so wide and long that a man becomes small upon them. The passer-by stops involuntarily to admire many separate and marked individual houses, for, although evidently but dwellings, all have that grandeur which largeness gives, and many the beauty of tasteful decoration and good proportion. A half mile—a mile—to three miles of continuous houses, form a boulevart, or avenue, or rue: the farthest distance being relieved and distinguished by some marked object of monumental importance; but so well managed have been the proportions of width of street to height of houses, of the distinguishable details to the stature of mankind, that the distances appear to be what they are, and the remote houses preserve their appearance of magnitude. Before this example, it could be said that no city could be structurally elegant with straight streets. The general attempt took the form of three or four storied buildings, in long colonnades or rows of arches. Although some improvement upon the plain, undecorated fronts of uniform height, and with regular rows of windows, there was still left a dismal monotony suggestive of imprisonment on the gregarious confinement principle. Beside, in all smaller cities, the continuous street presents in easy range of vision all the changes from the palatial shop or hotel, the showy church or public hall, to the plainer store or residence, the shanty and the vacant lot. Unless, therefore, a city has the magnitude of Paris, present or prospective, it is in winding streets that it must develop itself, where salient angles will give relief

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and prominence to the objects worthy of exhibition, and opportune curvatures will hide from view the outlaying yards and prospective improvements.

With all these long straight streets there is in Paris one relief our American examples have denied us. Not many of the corners made by intersecting streets are right angles. Frequently three or four diagonal streets cross or meet one of the new avenues, and form what in English is denominated a square. Some of these angles have met with the happiest treatment in the construction of the "Pavillons," which form the head of buildings. Especially have the roofs been treated successfully. The four corners formed by the Boulevart des Capucines, the Rues de la Paix, the new Boulevart Napoleon 3d, and the new Rue de dix Decembre, on the "square" in front of the new opera house, are exquisitely beautiful beside any thing public or private in Paris.

The private architecture of Paris has been purposely dwelt upon, because there is little which could not with propriety, and even with economy, be followed in two or three cities of our Union. It has been previously remarked that the general demands of commerce are for but two-story houses. At London or New York, in some ramshackle old building insubstantially supported (apparently) by plate glass windows, one is assured that merchandise of untold value is stored and sold. In the latter city particularly, the wealthy merchant builds as a sign, of cast-iron, an imitation of stone, a tall edifice which only looks more mean in its sham than the houses it overlooks do in their dilapidation. These cast-iron *un*deceptions are not to be utterly derided, if they cry out to the passer-by, "Don't look at me, for I can hardly stand it;" they represent what the public mind thinks ought to be built on a principal thoroughfare; and the unwashed windows and untidy appearance of the upper stories are a standing answer to any question at economical use of them as dwellings of the first class. While one merchant builds such a sign, his next-door neighbor, more sensible, does not follow his example, for he knows that fashion to-day is erecting all the hotels and dwellings two miles away, and he must soon move up to his customers. The time is rapidly approaching when the purchaser in New York will refuse to pay the heavy percentage which it costs to insure against the thief and the incendiary, and to transport a community daily an average distance of three miles to the isolated mile-square of stores. Both

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London and New York have on their business streets, as the architectural features, two-thirds crows'-nests and one-third signboards. They undertook to improve London six years ago, and in the heart of the business portion great vacant lots have existed ever since with the staring notices, "To lease for eighty years," and no one will take the ground because the lessee will be required to build high houses in conformity with some defined plan, while the upper stories are worse than valueless. The railways, steam navigation, and the introduction of machinery for manufacturing purposes, have made marked distinctions in the organization of cities. Cities classify (to use an American word) themselves to a wonderful extent. In the absence of wars, with the progress of civilization all nations are but repeating the examples of the East, where the gregarious nature of man has been more markedly developed than yet in Europe, with one essential difference.

The modern manufacturing cities, with their dense population of *operatives*, present but few attractions to any but the special dealer in its productions, and no attractions whatever to the pleasure-seeking visitor. The commercial cities, on the other hand, offer inducements to a greater number of purchasers, and afford amusements and entertainments for not only them, but also for pleasure travellers. The metropolitan cities, again, do not thrive upon commerce further than the supply and demand of the citizens and visitors. The great moneyed transactions generally centre in them. Governmental officers or departments occupy them. People whose wealth is accumulated elsewhere—in the fields—in the mines—in the black country forges—in the manufactories—and, more than all, in the hovels of the purlieus of the cities—all places where men and women and children live and toil almost hopelessly for the benefit of an hereditary owner,—these people spend their money and their lives in the happier ease of such cities. With the increase of attractions to visitors and inhabitants more visitors and more inhabitants follow, and Paris is as legitimate an instance of demand and supply as the bread upon our tables, the piano in the house, the opera in our cities, the church in the community.

Here in the United States there has grown up another order of cities yet more Eastern in its type than any we have described. The marked phenomena of the great western movement of people has been the transformation of the rural population of Ireland

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and Germany into a civic one here. The hardships and isolation of the settler's life induce any sacrifice of prospective gains for the comforts and society of the cities. Great villages, which are neither centres of commerce, nor of manufacture, nor of government, presenting little attraction to the visitor or wealthy resident, have come into sudden existence. In these minor cities the separate domicils may be maintained; small shops scattered throughout them will supply local wants; on the unfrequented highways the street railway carriage may drag its slow length, to the accommodation of those who must permeate its extended distances. In these cities, great economy of taste or constructive skill will be insured by straight roads and rectangular crossings. And peace and happiness, dulness and contentment, will pervade, to the infinite satisfaction of the Chinese mind. It must be a great relief to some people to occasionally think when they are buried it will be where there is hill and vale, winding road and diversity of scenery. Only think of burying a suicide at the crossing of 261st street with Green Bay street, with a stake to show that wasn't the way to heaven.

There has been opened in Paris, since 1853, nearly twenty-five miles of roads; nearly half of them being cuts through the built-up, older parts of the city. Nearly twenty miles of street frontage of the character described has been completed and put in occupancy. Besides this, the extensions of the city have nearly equalled the same quantity.

These improvements have, of course, entailed great expenditure. The interruptions of business, the unwillingness to part with land, and—not least—the cupidity of owners, have much enhanced this cost. But, after all, it can be shown that the increased accommodations and rentals are ample to give an adequate return of interest on the capital invested. There have been localities where the cost has been excessive. The opening or square constructed at the intersection of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevart des Capucins must have been done at immense expenditure. The completion of the Boulevart Hausmann and of the Boulevart Napoleon III. have been deferred from the evident cost of the property needed. In fact, a year since there was a suspension of new enterprises until at least those in progress were completed. Within this year last past *one and a half* miles of shops, about 250 in number, in the best localities in Paris,

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with dwellings for 2,000 families, have been offered for rental. The policy of improving a city by the aid of borrowed money, whilst the unimproved and vacant lands or any lands are advancing in value more rapidly than the tax rate upon them, is questionable; but the question extends beyond Paris, across the water. There was another reason for the suspension of the demolitions and improvements. The demand for workmen in the growth of the city was beyond the supply; and unless the public work was stopped, the private work would suffer, while the cost of both would have been unreasonably enhanced. Of permanent structures, possessing architectural merit, there have been more erections at private cost in Paris alone, the past seventeen years, than in all our Atlantic cities, even including sham iron fronts in the category; while the growth of cities in France has more than excelled their growth in America in the same time.

It is not to be assumed, from the tenor of this article, that Parisian architecture and street arrangement will bear transporting literally across the waters. The French roof is almost intolerable as a residence in our summer climate, (as is any roof, as for that matter,) and the shelter of the Italian cornice affords much relief from the rays of the sun. The straight streets also become glaringly oppressive at some time in every day. The great beauties of varying light and shade are lost; and, as it has been once before remarked, the opportunities for effect in a small way and the secretion of the imperfections of new cities are best afforded by curves and angles. If straight streets are to be tolerated at all, they should not be in the line of the cardinal points, in order to insure some equality of exposure to the sun's rays. But in the lesson of relation of shop to dwellings, the French example is the evident one for following by the cities for the visitor—the modern metropolis—all over the world. The streets of Paris are scrupulously neat and well ordered, as well as ample—even majestic in widths or lengths. A smooth McAdam pavement is the most frequently employed for the roadway, which is picked up and remade upon any sign of rutting. One-half a road is broken up one afternoon, and the next morning there is no trace of novelty or defect. A steam-roller during the night has laid it down to a solid bed. Dirt or loose stones are gathered at all times. Frequent watering and sweeping keeps them neat. As a consequence, the public carriage service is cheap, expeditious,

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and in general use. The charge is thirty cents the ride, or forty cents per hour, and a "pour boire" of four to ten cents each time. The speed is rapid, and the attendance polite. The omnibus service is more pleasant than anywhere else. Seats are provided for all passengers, and a "correspondance" enables one to make connections all over Paris. The fares are but six cents inside and three cents upon the top. The six cents entitles one to a "correspondance," either inside or on top. There is a little formality in procuring a seat on one of these popular vehicles which strikes a stranger as novel. As no more passengers are taken than can be seated, (fourteen inside and ten on top,) it would at first appear impossible to obtain a passage at any desirable time. But one goes at once to the bureaux where the omnibus makes regular stops for the purpose of exchanging passengers with one or more other lines, and when there demands a number. He finds one to twenty passengers before him, two-thirds of whom are waiting with "correspondances" from other lines. When the selected omnibus arrives, there descend some two or three or more persons who wish to take one or other of the crossing routes, and their vacated seats are allotted by the numbers. One rarely has to wait fifteen minutes, and ten minutes is the excess of average detention. Politeness, patience and urbanity mark all French conducteurs. Most curiously, an Englishman cannot avoid laughing at any one who makes a mistake in his English; but it does not appear laughable to a Frenchman that one cannot speak French properly.

The public amusements of Paris have been organized and directed with the same providence for the wants of the community of visitors and citizens that is shown in the other matters here adverted to. The daily ride at the Bois de Boulogne, and the procession of carriages and people in the Champs-Elysées, the races at Long Champs, fète days at the several palaces and parks, and many other occasional exhibitions, processions or holiday times, are fully entered into and enjoyed by the people. No one ever forgets the view from the Place de la Concorde up the Avenue des Champs-Elysées upon any, and especially on a Sunday afternoon. The view, as a display of the beauties of art and of nature upon either side, culminating in the grand portal of the Arch of Triumph, is unequalled; but with its hundreds of carriages and thousands of pedestrians it presents to the mind

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an overflowing idea of human happiness and enjoyment. The social enjoyments of the French and Germans are infinitely more gratifying to look upon than those of the general Anglo-Saxon race. There is an abandon, a zest in their pleasures, and yet a propriety and gentleness in their demonstrative amusement, which is worthy of being learned, practised, and above all enjoyed. Where the Americans elect a president, four vice-presidents and a dozen secretaries, pass a set of resolutions, and invite a discussion or demand at least a speech, by way of passing a happy time, the Frenchmen start a song, and the crowd join in the chorus. Temperance in drinking, in eating, in enjoyment, in language and in deportment, is the characteristic of the nation. On a great holiday the workman will indulge and be merry on "le bon vin de Suresnes a 40 centimes per litre," (the good Suresnes wine at eight cents for three pints;) and it is a nice, mild wine, with a minimum of intoxicating quality to a maximum of exhilarating effect; but nothing stronger is tolerated or wished for, as a general thing. It disturbs an American's ideas of manliness when a six-foot, black-bearded fellow demands that intoxicating liquor l'eau sucre, and drinks his sweetened water with the air of one who likes it. [The caroff with the ball of ice in it, as frozen by the ice machine, is not so bad an idea, however.] But for a strong drink, cinnamon water, slightly sweet, lukewarm, with anise seeds floating in it, nearly rivals the Marchioness's orange peel and water. "If you make believe very much, it is quite nice." The *gentleman* of Paris indulges in stronger drinks, but it is a matter of fashion more than of habit or taste. Bordeaux wine, at twenty cents per half bottle, is no very intemperate accompaniment to breakfast at twelve or one; nor is Chablis or Mâcon, at thirty cents for the same quantity, an excessive indulgence at the six o'clock dinner.

In eating—it was the dictum of some gourmand that no man could eat a dinner until he was past forty-five years of age, for until that time he is apt to be hungry—the American does not have a fair chance to taste French cooking, and to have it served properly, at the hotels or restaurants. There has been a descent to suit the English taste and American haste. Still our countrymen have all to learn as to what to eat and how to eat it. It is a heroic operation to mix on the same plate a seasoned meat, potatoes, gravy, delicate peas, well-flavored tomatoes, turnips and

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cabbage, and swallow the mixture; and it bespeaks a very hungry man. Old fellows begin to find that all good food has a taste of its own, which by itself, or as a flavor to other food, is worth having in the mouth. The order of rotation of courses at meals is much better arranged in France than elsewhere. After a hearty dinner the cantelope or peach is absurd, and the perception of nicety is greatly enhanced by the arrangement of the courses, so that the higher or stronger-flavored or tasting articles of food shall not impair the relish of delicate or lighter ones. For example, with slight intermission of time, the finer fruits follow or precede the more delicate fish.

There are people in this world who go through their lives happy in the consciousness that no one about them ever enjoyed themselves, and particularly ecstatic in the belief that they themselves were never guilty of irrational amusement. Puncheneillo in the Champs Elyseés wags his solemn head, Marrietta kicks up her impossible legs, the dog and monkey undergo their metamorphosis from soldiers, generals, horsemen, fiddlers, to brutes again; children scream with delight on the merry-go-rounds; happy faces abound, and the pageant goes on; but the Rev. Melchisedec sees only vanity and vexation of spirit. He takes home with him his impressions, and they form the basis (on the text we have quoted) of next ten sermons after the happy recovery of his voice. The writer of this article, on the other hand, has a great predilection for all raree shows, is an especial admirer of harlequin and columbine, and has had some idea of a private merry-go-round, so that the children might admire him as he has admired them. But he has a wholesome fear of the excitable boys. The amusements of a French crowd are very social, and at the same time quiet and general. The quarrel, which is the uniform termination of the Anglo-Saxon in his public amusement, is unknown with them, and the excitement rarely becomes indecorous or even noisy.

The most painful remembrance of his countrymen which an American carries always with him in Paris is that of the American disregard for the decencies of habiliment and of language displayed by men in some occupations at home. The assertion of independence in uncleaned boots, turned-up trowsers, unbuttoned waistcoat, dirty clothing or a tattered hat which seems to pervade the drivers, public porters, brakemen and some other workmen, is certainly neither ornamental nor satisfactory. The

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use of loud, coarse or profane language may impress some hearers as the evidence of manliness, which the users take it to be; but other hearers turn away with disgust, and wonder that Dickens did not see a Siksey as quickly as he did a Hannibal Chollop. And it is not only in recollection that the American in Paris sometimes feels mortified. The independent citizen, with a long beard, half full of whiskey, who soils the walk with splotches of tobacco juice, and offends even the imperturbable garcon by his want of knowledge of how to make a request—such a personage has been seen on the Boulevart Italiens.

It was not intended originally that this article should overrun the one number of the Magazine, and it was purposed only to give some few statements out of concord with general opinion; but as it is easier to write at length than with brevity, and to omit than to state the essential things, the slip of the pen has prolonged it to an unconscionable length. The sights which everybody sees and everybody describes in Paris are left uncommented upon. Not a few Americans spend their time in Europe in two laudable pursuits: the seeing of picture galleries and the purchase of articles of clothing to get in free of duty. Of course a paper like this is in the main most interesting to those who have tarried at home. At the Louvre are some pictures—it is well to assert the fact, that the sequel may not be doubted—and on some fine morning about eleven o'clock a voiture with two lady and two gentlemen Americans and a commissionaire appears before the door. One or two lists of paintings, a thick 12mo. book of 150 to 200 pages, are bought at the door, and the party commence No. 1. Where is number one? And after much search number one is found in the fifth hall or room near the top, its title, its painter, its age, its cost, its explanation—for number one is an allegory representing Lucifer or Apollo or somebody or other doing something or other. Then comes No. 2. About No. 20 things get mixed; besides, they are to go to the Luxembourg at one, and to Longchamps at three, and have not yet breakfasted. The impressions of art attained under such circumstances are never forgotten. But the party slept soundly that night.

Then there are collections besides those of paintings, some of technical interest, others of curiosity or virtu. Beyond seeing the buildings, and these *halls* of paintings or works of art, no person can be said to have examined the most noteworthy only

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in less than three months' time. A lover or an appreciator of paintings would avoid the Louvre after the walk through the galleries, unless he had at least ten days to give to it.

Since this paper was commenced, startling news has come from Paris, but it cannot be said to be altogether unexpected. That the standing aggression of Prussia must at an early day result in a general war has been evident to all. That the seizure of Hanover and Saxony, the humiliation of Bavaria and of Denmark, the defeat of Austria and the interference at Luxembourg, would call upon France to defend herself at some early time, was certain. The new German empire has had its birth in rapine and violence, and with the first defeat of the Prussians it will fall to pieces. It required the utmost skill of Napoleon to prevent the French nation from revolting into war on the Luxembourg question; but this time, on the question of further Prussian aggrandizement and a contemptuous unwillingness to treat, he only rules France who leads it. R. B.

A CALIFORNIAN HUMORIST.

THE best analysis of the peculiarities of American humor shows that its most characteristic element is gross and intentional exaggeration, just as that of Irish wit is intentional blundering. As Irish wit grew out of national misfortunes and ill-luck, so that of America is a quiet satire upon the national tendency to boastfulness. An English critic says that the representative American joke is President Lincoln's assurance that the gunboats of the Mississippi flotilla were so light in draft that "they could run wherever the ground was a little damp." Better still, however, as a type, was the Kentuckian's definition of the national boundaries: "North, by the Aurora Borealis; south, by the Precession of the Equinoxes; east, by the Rising Sun; and west, by the Day of Judgment." American jokes grow out of American "tall stories" and "monstrous big yarns."

California seems to have been peculiarly prolific in this sort of humor, the wild and reckless life of its earlier days having drawn a very large proportion of such frolicsome spirits to the Pacific

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coast. Here poor "Dow, Jr.," ground out his "Patent Sermons" and drank himself to death; here John Phœnix wrote that absurdly notable volume of "Phœnixiana." Here, too, "Mark Twain," the head and front of the whole tribe of exaggerators, graduated in a newspaper office, as the court jester of the sovereign people. Mark is completely Californian, and confesses the fact, regarding the "yarns" which originate in that lively State as being as much superior in their audacity and sublimity to those produced in other States as are the earthquakes and trees of that highly favored region to any known elsewhere in the bounds of the Union. He recognized at once, as Californian, that doleful history which recently went the rounds of the papers, which tells of the terrible results which followed the administration of corporeal punishment, when the youthful sinner had got his clothes smeared with nitro-glycerine by inadvertently sitting on a leaking cask of that explosive compound. No other soil could have produced any thing half so exciting in its interest as a domestic tragedy.

There is another Californian humorist of great brilliancy, who is far less known, because he has been hiding his light under a bushel, writing but seldom, and that anonymously. The butts of his fun are the scientific men of the State, who have a passion for the geologic researches which its peculiar formations and relations to the rest of the continent suggest. Prof. Whitney, of the State University, in 1868, laid before the National Scientific Association, in session at Chicago, a human skull, which made a greater sensation than did any of the wise heads which were wagged over it. He had received it from a storekeeper in Los Angelos, who said that it had been dug from beneath certain strata in Calaveras county by miners, who brought it into town. If their story was correct, then the human race must have existed on this planet at a much earlier period than was indicated by any other evidence whatever. In fact, he must then have come into existence in a geological period hitherto regarded as unfitted for human existence. The skull caused no small stir, both in and outside of the Association, especially in the secular and religious press. *The Californian* published a squib from our *incognito* humorist, which was certainly the cleverest of its kind, and displays equally humor in its style and knowledge of the subject:

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TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the "cene" was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

Or has the professor slightly antedated,
By some thousand years, thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest,
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Vailed with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea—

When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

Tell us of thy food—those half marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachiopods *au nature!*—
Cuttle-fish, to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence—
Speak, thou oldest primate!

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Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration :

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras county,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

We may add, that further investigation by the editor of *The Pacific*, a shrewd old Californian and a perfectly trustworthy gentleman, confirmed the impression that Prof. Whitney was badly hoaxed. The skull—if such it be—was tossed about Los Angelos for nearly a year, from hand to hand and from foot to foot, before Prof. Whitney was presented with it. One of the three gentlemen who intervened between the miner who discovered it and the Professor who made it public, is a notorious wag. The hole from which it was taken is still pointed out, but is full of water and has been so for a year past, so that further investigation is not possible.

To the same sarcastic pen that wrote the Geological Address we would trace another squib, at the expense of California geologists:

THE THROES OF SCIENCE.

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaus.

But first I would remark, that it's not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society;
Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within the tunnel, near the tenement of Jones.

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Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.
He was the most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angels, raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Then, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger, was a sin,
And the skull of an old monarch caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaus.

The literal truth of this story is guaranteed by several persons who were acquainted with the facts. Some one suggests that "our Society upon the Stanislaus" was organized on the principle of our Art Unions, viz.: the free and unreserved distribution of the Society's collections among the membership. It is certainly matter for congratulation that, whatever little jealousies may exist among the members of our more eastern Scientific Societies, they do not adjourn *sine die* in this extremely Californian style.

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WIELAND'S OBERON.

On account of the present neglect of German poetry in this country, it would at first sight appear as if Germany had given to the world two poets, and two only, who were worthy of our study and attention; and as if, in addition to the works of Schiller and Göthe, there were no poem in the German tongue to which we should give serious consideration. This, perhaps, is not a just cause of wonder; two such luminaries as Schiller and Göthe would naturally, under any circumstances, by their superior brilliancy shut out from view lesser stars; and yet the unseen stars may be radiant indeed, could the eye but contemplate them by themselves. In addition, extraneous causes have co-operated to elevate these two great writers to an even higher pedestal in our estimation than that to which their unassisted merits would have entitled them. Thus the wildness of Schiller's early efforts, in the strong love of freedom which they manifest and the knowledge that they were written in defiance of the orders of a monarch, commend their author at the outset to the good opinion of the enthusiastic lovers of freedom, which it is the boast of the American and English people that they are. The *life* of Göthe, the peculiar struggles of mind, of conscience, to which he was subjected in the early part of his career, the great age to which he attained, and the empire he exercised over the world of letters during the latter part of his dwelling amongst us, all bore their part in conjunction with his genius in raising him so high, that some of his admirers have come boldly forward and pronounced him one of the great unequalled trio of writers before whom Milton, Dante and Tasso must bow in respectful adoration. Nor have they been content with so pronouncing their hero, but have so proudly borne themselves as to regard as a heretic any one who should presume to dissent from this opinion, and to immediately call for bell, book and candle to excommunicate the unfortunate wretch. This opinion has, nevertheless, been met by able men with strenuous objections, and upheld by men no less able. If Carlyle worships Göthe, DeQuincy considers him as one who "must sink for two or three generations until he attains his proper level." Which party is right, we presume not to say. If the reader will resolve himself into a court, hear the pleadings, ex-

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amine the witnesses, listen to the arguments of the learned counsel on both sides, (for each party has retained some of the ablest men of the profession,) and ask the person on trial what he has to say that sentence should not be passed according to law, (of the critics, which, unlike that of the Medes and Persians, alters day by day,) he will unquestionably be greatly benefited and more competent to pronounce judgment than we are at present.

But whichever way the question may be settled, no one can deny that Göthe and Schiller are the two leading names of German poetry; and yet we maintain there are other writers well worthy of fame, other poems than those of Schiller and Göthe well worthy of study. To one of these writers, and especially to one of his poems, we intend to devote a few pages. The writer is Wieland, the poem Oberon.

While we are not prepared to endorse in its full extent the idea advanced by Mr. Spectator and hold that a reader is necessarily anxious to learn all about the *personnel* of an author, we will concede this much: that the more intelligent of the reading public have a desire, of greater or less strength in different persons, to learn something of a writer's history; to see how his genius was fostered, or how repressed; and, if possible, to look behind the scenes of his performances into the green-room of his cogitations. Of course in the limits of this article we can hardly pretend to do this, even were we capable of acting as guide through so great and intricate a theatre, and must content ourselves with a mere outline of the poet's life.

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND was born in Biberbach, in Suabia, on the 5th of September, 1733. He received from his father, a clergyman, an excellent education, and seems to have been exempt from that general stupidity which, according to common report, (that infallible authority,) rules over all Suabia, and to have given early proof of his talents, which latter circumstance might seem to shake the authority of Rumor; but then we should recollect that Epaminondas was a Bœotian, and not overthrow tradition too rashly. Between the ages of twelve and seventeen Wieland composed Latin and German verse, read Addison and Steele, (in translation,) Shaftesbury, Voltaire and D'Argens, and—perhaps as an agreeable relaxation—fell in love. In 1750, he began at the University of Tübingen the study of law, for which, like Göthe at Leipsic and Schiller at Wurtemberg, he

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manifested neither liking nor talent. In 1752, he abandoned the study of the Pandects and returned to his native town, which he shortly after again left and went to Zurich as literary companion to Bodmer, whom he left in 1754. Up to this time his works had been very unimportant and trifling; in 1756, however, he began an epic entitled Cyrus, of which five cantos appeared in 1757, but which was never completed. He attempted dramatic poetry, but was unsuccessful. In 1760, he returned to Biberbach, but he found his early love, Sophia von Gütterman, whom he loved dearly, fondly, the bride of another. Who can estimate the effect of such a discovery upon a warm, poetic temperament like Wieland's! she whom ten years before he had loved, and who had then probably returned his passion, in the possession of another! probably looking back upon the early love which had existed as a childish fancy, while he loved ardently, warmly still. How it affected him internally, what effect it produced upon his genius, we can only conjecture; but its outward results were quite marked. He could no longer endure his home, Biberbach. Between 1762–68 he translated some of Shakspeare's plays, and shortly after found a home in the house of Count Stadion, a former counsellor of the Elector of Mayence, and who appears to have been a man of distinguished liberality and erudition. From about this time Wieland's compositions were of the romantic and Greek schools, in the latter of which he had begun to write before becoming an inmate of Count Stadion's house; he did not, however, exclusively devote himself to these schools, for in 1769 he was appointed professor of philosophy at Erfurt, where he became acquainted with Anna Amelia, Dowager Duchess of Weimar, upon whose invitation he in 1772 removed to Weimar, where he received the appointment of tutor to the princes Charles Augustus and Constantine. To Weimar in 1773 came Göthe, hither in 1787 Schiller, so that at one time little obscure Weimar was the most truly brilliant court in Europe, for it embraced among its courtiers simultaneously Schiller, Göthe, Herder and Wieland.* At Weimar, Wieland devoted himself to composition with assiduity, and rose rapidly in public esteem. He attained the height of his popularity in 1780–1, when his reputation was second to none in Germany except that of Klopstock. The day was yet to come when

* This fact is adverted to by, I think, Carlyle; if *not*, by Bulwer.

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this latter idol should be cast down from his pedestal, and when Coleridge, hearing a remark that Klopstock was the German Milton, should mutter to himself, "Yes, a *very German* Milton."

The rest of Wieland's life seems to have passed in a tranquil repose. Although the political atmosphere flashed lightnings round about, none were allowed to strike him. After the battle of Jena he was protected by an especial order of the Emperor Napoleon, who had in 1808 sent to him the cross of the Legion of Honor. He died in 1813.

It is pleasant to remember that, although his fortune was never very large, he was nevertheless always willing to extend a helping hand to young aspirants struggling up the ladder of life. His principal works, from 1762 until his death, were Nadine, Don Sylvio of Rosalva, Agathon, Musarion, the Graces, the New Amadis, Cupid Accused, Diogenes of Sinope, Contributions to the Secret History of the Human Understanding and Heart, the Golden Mirror, the Choice of Hercules, Alceste, the History of the Abderites, and Oberon. In addition he translated Horace, Lucian and the letters of Cicero.

Of Wieland's poems our subject, Oberon, is in all probability the most popular. It was introduced to English readers, we believe, in 1798, through a translation by William Sotheby, and reached a second edition in 1805. It is a tale breathing throughout the sentiment of the old romance, with, however, a strong infusion of the Grecian spirit. The story is that of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, a knight of the realm of Charlemagne, but not one of those enjoying the favor of that great prince, who, in the legend, is not represented as the magnanimous spirit we have been accustomed to esteem him, but as vindictive and tyrannical. Sir Huon has resided peaceably on his paternal estates until the king, instigated by Amory, an enemy of Huon, summons him to court. While passing through a wood in the execution of his lord's command, Huon is attacked by the Lord of Hoenblat and by Scharlot, the second son of Charles, who announces himself as Dietrich, Duke of Ardenne; a combat ensues, and Huon, unconscious that he is contending with the blood royal, slays his antagonist. He then proceeds to court, where, upon his arrival, Amory accuses him of murder; and Charlemagne, made furious by rage and grief at the loss of his son, listens not to Huon's defence, but, forgetful of the royal dignity, rushes at the slayer sword in hand.

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Before he can strike, however, he is fortunately restrained by his paladins; and a tumult ensues, which is with difficulty quelled by a holy abbot, who pleads Huon's cause with the king, but without effect. Charles still cries out for Huon's death. Huon then speaks, proclaims his princely lineage, demands his privilege as a peer, and having first branded Amory as a liar and a traitor, flings down his glove, which is taken up by Hoenblat, and after much persuasion the combat is allowed by the emperor. In the combat Huon is victorious; but as Hoenblat dies without confessing his infamy, Charlemagne refuses to believe Huon innocent, and orders him to be banished forever; which sentence is afterwards mitigated to banishment until he shall have performed the following tasks, viz.: Proceed to Bagdad, and on a high festal day, when the caliph sits at banquet, kill the man upon his right hand, kiss his daughter, and then, amidst the astonishment caused by these actions, request from the caliph as a gift to the Frankish monarch "four of his grinders" and a lock of gray hair from his beard. Huon accepts the adventure, and starts upon his journey. In the course of his travel he reaches a wood in which he finds Sherasmin, an old retainer of his father, who gladly joins the son of Segeuin, his much-loved master. Thus ends Canto I.

Cantos II and III are filled with the account of the journey of Huon and Sherasmin towards Bagdad, at the outset of which they are encountered by Oberon, the king of the spirits, who is intensely feared by the honest Sherasmin, and who is represented as a boy drawn in a car by leopards. On his appearance Sherasmin takes to his heels, followed by Huon. Their career is arrested by the winning accents of the fairy, who dispels Sir Huon's fear and displays his power by an amusing experiment upon the inhabitants of a nunnery and a monastery, whom he forces to dance until well-nigh exhausted, as he also does Sherasmin, to punish him for his want of confidence. Oberon informs Huon that he has always been an object of especial care to him, promises him his protection for the future, and presents him with two valuable gifts: first, a golden bowl ever flowing with the wine of Gascony; second, an ivory horn, whose power is thus described:

"Does but its snail-like, spiral hollow sing
 A lovely note, soft swelled with gentle breath,
 Though thousand warriors threaten instant death,
And with advancing weapons round enring,

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> Then, as thou late hast seen, in restless dance
> All, all must spin, and every sword and lance
> Fall with th' exhausted warriors to the ground;
> But if thou peal it with impatient sound,
> I at that call appear, more swift than lightning's glance."

He, however, warns the young knight that should he forfeit his chastity he must expect the aid of the dwarf no longer. The knight and his squire then continue their journey towards Bagdad; on the way Huon jousts with an eastern prince, overcomes him, and afterwards delivers the inamorata of the prince from the power of a giant, Angulaffer, from whose hand he takes a ring which will fit any finger, and possesses the extremely desirable quality of preserving the wearer's life. Reposing after his exploits, Huon beholds in a dream the lovely Reiza whom he is to win. On awakening he presses on towards Bagdad, his arrival at which place, after delivering Prince Babekan, the lover of Reiza, from a wild beast, is narrated towards the end of Canto IV. At Bagdad he is informed by an old crone, whose daughter Fatma is Reiza's nurse, that the princess is about to be wedded against her will to Prince Babekan, whom she detests; but that aid had been promised her in a dream by Oberon, who showed to her—

> "A strange young gentleman of graceful frame.
> Sweet, beauteous as a god! his eye of blue,
> And long, long locks that beam'd of golden hue.
> Betrayed that Asia boasted not his birth;
> Yet sure, where'er that blissful spot on earth,
> At once his glance of love her charméd spirit drew."

Of course this knight is Huon, who is counselled by Sherasmin to elope with the Princess immediately, which suggestion is repelled sternly by Huon, who calls upon Sherasmin to remember the promise given to the king.

No time is to be lost, for the next day is the wedding morn, the early part of which poor Reiza spends in lamentation, until consoled by her nurse with the intelligence that the stranger youth is found, is at hand. Revived by these tidings Rezia allows herself to be arrayed, and presents herself at the court, to which place comes also Huon, clad in Eastern costume, his flowing locks hidden by his turban. Huon, mindful of his task, looks to the left of the caliph, and there beholds Babekan, the destined bridegroom of his love, and the man whom yesterday he had delivered,

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but who had repaid his rescuer with fell insult. Quick as thought Huon's sword flashes from his sheath, and

> "Off at the instant flies the heathen's head,
> And, o'er the caliph and the banquet shed,
> Up spirts his boiling blood by dreadful vengeance spilt."

Such an occurrence, as may be well supposed, rather mars the harmony of the feast; the guests start up, their swords are drawn, but they stand as if they were petrified. Huon's turban falls off, and makes known to Reiza this is her knight, the stranger of her dream; he strides forward, presses upon her lips a kiss, and upon the spot weds her with Angulaffer's ring. By this time the stupefaction which had held the Moslems has passed off, and they rush upon the bold intruder; Reiza interposes, begs Huon's life of her father, her father's of Huon; the latter has no bloody intention, but sounds his horn, and all, save the bride and her paladin, dance. After quiet has been restored, Huon presents to the caliph the request of Charlemagne, and begs the "grinders" and the hair, giving him, however, the alternative of embracing Christianity; both his demand and its alternative are met with savage rage, and another tumult ensues, which is only quelled when Sherasmin (who has joined his master, and to whose care, jointly with that of Fatma, Reiza has been committed) summons Oberon. Then,

> "Loud rings the castle with rebellowing shocks,
> Night, tenfold midnight, swallows up the day;
> Ghosts to and fro like gleams of lightning play,
> The stony basis of the turret rocks!
> Clap after clap, and peals on peals resound,
> Terrors unknown the heathen race confound!
> Sight, hearing lost, they stagger, drunk with fear;
> Drops from each reveller's hand the sword and spear,
> And stiff upon the spot all lie in groups around."

After this signal deliverance Oberon carries off the lovers in his chariot, presents Huon with a box containing the desired trophies of the caliph, and warns Huon that he hold Reiza sacred as a sister until their marriage is confirmed at Rome. After the fairy leaves them, the adventurers and their attendants embark for Lepanto, which they reach in safety. There they find two ships; one bound for Naples, the other for Marseilles. By this time Huon has grown tired of the restraint imposed by Sherasmin's presence, and tired, doubtless, also, of the old man's tongue. He

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accordingly bids his liegeman repair to the court of France to announce his master's success, while he with his bride proceeds first to Rome. Sherasmin, sorely against his will, obeys. Huon departs for Naples. A storm arises; the safety of the ship is threatened; lots are cast to discover the guilty being who has called forth the anger of the elements; the lot falls upon Huon, from whom the fairy's gifts, the bowl and horn, have departed. Amidst the execration of the crew the knight prepares himself for death, and the next moment is struggling in the waves, but to him is clinging Reiza, now converted to Christianity, and known as Amanda. The fairy's gifts are gone, but still there remains upon Amanda's finger Angulaffer's ring; that saves their lives. They are thrown upon an island, and here, after first suffering great privations, they settle down into a state of tolerable comfort; here is born to them a child, and Huon, laying aside sword and lance, tills the earth. The account of the island life fills up the latter part of the seventh, the eighth, and part of the ninth canto. But a change comes over their happy life; a band of pirates invade the island's shores, capture Amanda, bear her away to Tunis to grace the harem of Almanzor, and leave Huon bound to a tree to perish by a slow death.

Oberon, seeing the sad plight into which his former protégé has come, at last relents, and despatches a messenger with orders to convey Sir Huon to Tunis, to the house of one Ibrahim, a gardener. At the door of this house Huon awakes, and the first person beheld by him is his trusty squire, Sherasmin, who, in the course of his wandering in search of his master, has at length become servant to Ibrahim; and, by a marvellous chance, Fatma, whom we left upon the Neapolitan ship, is also slave to the same man. Huon is introduced as Hassan, nephew to Sherasmin, and is admitted to the house of the gardener. Here he learns from Fatma that Amanda has been carried to the harem. By the connivance of Ibrahim, Huon is allowed to enter the harem grounds as one of the gardeners, and there he awaits anxiously a sight of his love. Three days pass, but no Amanda. On the fourth appears to him the former queen of the harem, the beauteous Almanseris. Smitten by the youth's beauty, she falls violently in love with him, but subdues her passion until some token of a co-existent feeling shall have been manifested by him. Seven days have now passed, but still no Amanda.

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Huon now resolves to communicate with her by a bouquet, into which he works the initials A and H. The bouquet is seized by the maid of Almanseris and carried to her mistress, who rejoices in her conquest and prepares to complete it. When Huon enters the harem, in the fond expectation of meeting his wife, he is led to a bower decorated with all the splendor of the East, and in the midst of it is seated the still more splendid Almanseris. At sight of her Huon recoils, but Almanseris attributes that action to the effect of the gorgeousness of the scene upon him, and tries to lure him with her charms. She sings, in vain! Huon, after a moment of apparent yielding, recovers himself at the thought of his Amanda, and ere long the mist breaks away from before the eyes of the enchantress, and, overcome with mortification and rage, she flies. Huon hastily retires. His troubles are not yet over, for Almanseris, her wile set at nought, determines to be revenged, and accuses Huon to the sultan. He is arrested, but disdains to save himself by a counter-accusation of the lady. He is thrown into prison and sentenced to the stake. In prison Almanseris visits him and offers to him liberty, which he scorns, remaining faithful to his Amanda. Again foiled, Almanseris, after indulging in a burst of triumph at Huon's abject condition, retires and abandons him to his fate.

"Ill news flies apace," consequently Huon's friends at the house of Ibrahim soon hear of his misfortunes. Fatma contrives to bear the tidings to Amanda, who thus for the first time learns of the proximity of her lord; maddened she flies to Almansor, begs for Huon's pardon, and proclaims herself his wife. The petition is denied, except upon condition that Amanda renounce Huon and become the bride of the sultan. She indignantly refuses, and a storm of words arises which ends in Amanda's being sentenced to suffer with her husband.

The next morning the faithful pair ascend the pyre, the guards surround it, the spectators are assembled, the executioners ready to perform their office, the light is about to be applied, when—

> "Loud from the welkin sudden thunders ring,
> Earth totters, lightnings flash with fiery wing,
> Quenched are the tort'ring flames like singed hair,
> And lo! round Huon's neck the horn is seen to swing!"

Oberon has relented. The horn is sounded; and, amidst the disorder, the lovers and their faithful attendants are carried off by the instrumentality of the fairy.

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Upon arriving in France they learn that a tournament has been proclaimed by Charlemagne, and that the reward of valor is to be the estate of Sir Huon of Bordeaux. The lists have been open for three days; no time is to be lost. The knight arms himself, proceeds to the place of combat, where, concealing his name but swearing he is a Frank, he is permitted to contest. He meets the champion, lays him in the dust, and then leads his bride to the Emperor and presents his trophies.

> "The Emperor clasps him with paternal hand,
> 'And ne'er,' he cries, 'be wanting to our land
> A prince like thee, to win high virtue's heavenly meed.'"

Thus ends Oberon. The story is well sustained, and the poem abounds in passages of beauty which I have not permitted myself to quote. If this article should have the effect of causing any reader to seek the fountain-head from whence it had its origin, it will not have been written in vain. H. B., Jr.

FLEUR DE LIS.

Flower of renown, behind whose bannered splendor
  Strode the great host exultant to the fray;
Thine are the legends—brave, perchance, or tender—
  Filled with the romance of an elder day.

Lilies of France! whose stainless bosoms shiver
  Over the field where armèd men go down;
Strewn are ye all, as by some lavish giver,
  Broadcast on robes to him who wears the crown.

Scentless, and stately as the warrior maiden
  Born in old time—too grand to be a queen—
Thoughts come with thee of her whose soul was laden,
  Striking and striving where her king was seen.

Dwell thou with her, serene to future ages,
  Taken at last from banners of thy land,
Where no renown is as those purer pages
  Written by men who wrought with cleaner hand.

Maid of Orleans! and lily, even fairer,
  Lasting through years which bring the truth to light,
Ye shall abide more lovely than the wearer,
  Under whose robes the heart is black as night.

Samuel W. Duffield.

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MYTHICAL AND MYSTICAL PHILADELPHIA.

Before the freedom of the press became a recognized political right among free nations, and the wisdom of the grand arguments first urged by Milton was recognized by the rulers of Continental Europe, the poor book-makers had an exceedingly hard time of it. Politics and religion were prohibited topics of discussion, save by the pens of the teachers recognized in Church and State, and in accordance with the methods and principles laid down by them as no longer open to discussion. For a German printer to issue a treatise or pamphlet in contravention of these, was to lay himself open, in time of peace, to severe legal punishment, including fines, confiscations and imprisonment. In time of war, when the cities of the Empire were successively occupied by the armies of the contending parties, the printing offices which made themselves obnoxious to the victors were among the first to feel the weight of their hand. The code of international responsibility, too, in those days was an exceedingly broad one. To allow a hostile publication to be openly printed in a neighboring State was an act which called for diplomatic interference and complaint. The powers that be must have had their hands full for three centuries in suppressing libellous and heretical publications at home and in watching against those from abroad. Neighboring States and the domestic theologians were only too ready to help on the work of suppression and constraint.

As might be expected, the reaction against these measures made the bookmakers and pamphleteers all the bitterer in their invectives and more severe in their style. The Rocheforts of that day show that they felt the weight of literary oppression in the scathing irony and wholesale abuse of their diatribes. Hunted often from place to place, protected only by the booksellers and by outlaws like themselves, their tempers were soured by their experience until they were ready to believe any thing evil, and to speak it, against the powers that be,—a traditional disposition not yet obsolete in some parts of the periodical press.

In theology, the dissenters from the tolerated confessions (Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Reformed) were in the same way embittered and driven to fanaticism. The established

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churches became "*Babel*" in the eyes of the separatists; these were the "Abomination of Desolation," (*Greuel der Verwustung*,) and the Mystery of Iniquity, (*das Geheimnis der Bösheit*,) as we learn from more than one title-page. The overthrow of the "Unchristian Christendom" they prophesied with exultation. In opposition to the orthodox ecclesiastics, they secretly organized for mutual comfort, defence and support. Save in the little Principality of Berleburg-Witgenstein in Westphalia, they were tolerated by no other class of Protestants. Lutheran and Reformed, who practically united in almost nothing else, and accused each other of holding all the heresies of the Koran, united in denouncing these poor embittered *Schwarmerer* and *Neu-geister*.

In such a state of public legislation and practice, the printers of Germany were driven to many a strange device to protect themselves from the operation of the Imperial and local laws. Holland, which recognized freedom of the press, became the great mart for the printing of German, and even French, literature. During the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth century, probably more German books were printed in Amsterdam than in any two German cities, and nearly half as many French books as in Paris itself. When the Amsterdam imprint came into bad odor with the German and French authorities, then the name of some German free city was substituted, and the book went out from Holland with the imprint of Cologne, Frankfort or Hamburg. The shrewd Dutch Republicans made money by their toleration, and the mere mercantile competition between themselves and the publishers of other places had probably much to do with the establishment of virtual freedom of the press in other countries.

The printers of Germany itself were compelled to use false imprints, some of which are sufficiently amusing. To put on the title-page the name of another German city than that in which the book was actually published, was a simple device and commonly resorted to. To specify some foreign capital was often safer; sometimes more humorous. *Upsal in Schweden*, *Edimbourg*, *Roschelle*, *Londen*, *Cap de Bonne Esperance*, (Cape of Good Hope,) *Copenhagen*, and *Constantinople*, were credited with a good many spicy pamphlets of which they possibly never saw a copy. Any unusually sharp Protestant pamphlet would be likely

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to claim Rome (*zu Rom*) as its place of paternity, several that appeared in Wittemberg during the life of Luther being so dated; others of this class had the assurance to be specific, announcing that they were printed "Behind St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's Ring," or "On the Palatine," or "In the Capitol," or "At the Papal Printing Office," or even "In the Vatican." An equally good joke was the announcement, "printed at the expense of the Holy Inquisition." One printer evinces either his wit or his geographical knowledge by letting us know that his pamphlet was printed "at Padua, half an hour from Rome."

Many of these surreptitious printers seem to have been influenced by the old maxim: "The sin of a lie is in the pinching o't." One worthy locates his printing place "in Noah's Ark;" another "On the Peak of Teneriffe," while various others date from the summit of inaccessible mountains in Germany. One announces "at Constantinople, at the expense of the Grand Sultan's Seraglio;" another says a notable history of Mrs. Pilate was printed "at Jerusalem, in the Court Printing Office of King Herod." Many claim "Helicon," and others "Athens," or "Parnassus," as their location, and a *Parnassische Druckerei* (really located at Prague) did a notable business during the Thirty Years' War. Patmos and Mesopotamia, Nineveh and Babel, Cairo and Alexandria, are not without claimants. In the progress of geographical knowledge Otaheite, Tobolsk, and Khamskatka were all colonized with imaginary printing offices. Imaginary German cities were invented—Freystadt, Christlingen, Newenstadt—as places of publication, and mythical firms as the publishers—"the heirs of Aristotle," "the heirs of William Tell," &c. Others, especially the poets, indulged in poetical colophons of a satyrical sort. One rhyming "Sermon by Dr. Fanatic," is "printed in the new year when gold, love and good faith were scarce, and good wives few, in the land over and under, before and behind." A defence of Luther is dated from "a City which has many Mass-Smiths." A satire on a Spanish ambassador was printed "at Schweppelbach, under the buckler of the Cyclops, by the labor and at the expense of Proserpine." A pamphlet of the Thirty Years' War sorrowfully dates from a place "where many dear people long for peace." We find a "Beautiful new song by Zy Zy Zy, Bock Bock Bock, Meck Meck Meck, printed on Goat mountain by Lentz Geyser, in Taylor street," (circ. 1,600.) At

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the close of the same century a caricature of the Leipzig University's Faculty in the form of a comic "Disputation on Athenian Law," reported "by Coccius Tappius Schlingschlangschlorum," claims to be printed at Athens itself at the expense of the Professors, and "in the Dog Days." This last expression was often the only indication of place or time to be found on a title-page, and many others were equally indefinite. "Printed under the press," "Under the old world," "in Utopia," "in Sirius," "in Where-you-will" (*Woduwillst*) are very common. Salzman, in 1792, bore off the palm in the invention of his words. His Scarriophlebasophibalsamoidon was printed at Uchusahoanchitito-malakitopolis.

Our special reason for touching on this subject is, that the name of our own city was so frequently used by continental printers of France, Holland, and Germany on the title-page of books, and especially of certain classes of them. A very considerable library and a very curious one might be made up entirely of books which profess to be printed at *Philadelphia*, but were not printed here, and some of our Philadelphian collectors of literary curiosities might find this a field well worthy of cultivation. The list is probably far greater than the most industrious Bibliographer has been able to record, but some idea of the whole matter may be formed from the work of Dr. Emil Weller on this class of literature.*

The practice of dating books from Philadelphia began early in the sixteenth century, and continued into the nineteenth. In or about 1602, nearly a century before Penn came up the Delaware, the "Adventures of Ahashuerus, the Wandering Jew," were sent out with our city's name on the title-page. Our name was again used (twice in 1626, once in 1629) by Morsius, of Hamburgh, who seems to have been a sort of learned alchemist, cultivating at once forbidden arts and classical learning and wandering over all Europe. Others still appear in 1631 and 1668, (circ.,) before our own city came into existence. During the closing years of the seventeenth century, and those that began the eighteenth, Philadelphia is found quite frequently on the

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* Die Falschen und Fingirten Druckorte. *Repertorium der seit Erfindung der Druckerkunst unter Falscher Firma erscheinen Deutschen, Lateinischen und Französischen Schriften.* (2 Auflage.) Leipzig, 1864.

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title-pages of books of a certain class published mainly in Amsterdam and Hamburgh. These were books written by the mystics and separatists who especially abounded at that time in Northern Germany and in Holland, and were writing and publishing with unwonted energy. Never did they seem so likely to secure a foothold for their principles in the Churches of Western Europe, and to permanently modify the character of European Christianity. Bourignon, Malaval, Fenelon, Guyon, Molinos, La Combe, and many others in the Roman Catholic Church were exactly parallel and cotemporary with Poiret, the early Quakers, and the host of Jacob Böhme's followers in the Protestant Churches. The Protestant mystics of the continent nearly all stood in a position of hostility to their native Churches, for reasons already stated. They were mostly separatists, as well as mystics and perfectionists. They had formed the ideal of a perfectly pure and spiritual Church, a community without spot or blemish, and filled with perfect love to God and man, in which the credentials of every member should be countersigned, as it were, by the very Spirit of God. To secure this they latterly formed communities among themselves, which they called by the name of that one of the seven churches of Asia which had been singled out for especial commendation in the Apocalypse—Philadelphia. As early as 1624, we find "the Congregation of God in the Spirit at Philadelphia" designated on an old mystical title-page as the company to whom certain instructions are directed. The most extensive organization of this kind was the "Philadelphia Society," organized in England by Dr. Pordge and Jane Leade about 1692; branches in communion with it were organized at Amsterdam, the Hague, and other places of Holland; at Hamburgh, Altona, Berlin, and other cities of Germany. With some interruptions and modifications it seems to have perpetuated its existence, both in England and Germany, until about 1730. The *Philadelphianer* of this period were as well known to orthodox critics by this name as by any other. From this mystical and mythical city they, on the one hand, prophesied of "the Fall of the so-called Christendom," of "the Babel of the Parsons," and, on the other, pleaded for the "reunion of all Christians" on what they thought a broader and more spiritual basis. From this Conrad Dippel, the Christian Democritus, sent out his *Spiritual News*, (*Geistliche Fama*,) and waged unceasing warfare

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with the letter-learned Doctors, (*schrift-gelehrten.*) After 1740, this religious party seem to have largely died out, and the name of our city no longer appears on *their* title-pages.

About the same time the Moravian Count Zinzendorf returned to Germany from his visit to our commonwealth, and it is notable that his publications in regard to his visit, though printed in Germany—probably at Gorlitz, in Silesia—bears the imprint of Philadelphia, as an answer to his reports bears the name of Germantown. Two or three other religious publications relating to or designed for the German Churches of our State at this period bear the name of one or other of these places, while really printed in the Fatherland.

In the second half of the century Philadelphia was largely thus used by the Philanthropic Rationalists of Germany, but especially by the Masons. The former, in times when they had not yet won full toleration, found it convenient to use various assumed names of places in their political and religious pamphlets, and this was one of their favorites. They had, *negatively*, much in common with mystics of the Dippel type, more than one of whom (Dan. Muller and Endelman) became sheer rationalists toward the close of their life. The Rationalists also seem to have organized Philadelphia Societies, as we find Bahrdt, in 1784, publishing a song book for the use of such. One of their publications (printed at Berne, in 1795) was, "Sermons in the new Lutheran Church, at Philadelphia," which may be genuine, but, in view of the character of the real publisher, is more probably an impudent Rationalist forgery. To the same category of doubt we may also refer the "Sermon by a Boston Clergyman," which was printed at Berne and published in a mythical Boston, in 1776.

With the Masons the mythical Philadelphia was second in favor only to the mythical Jerusalem as a place of publication. The adhesion of Frederick the Great to their order had given them a certain standing and respectability in Germany; the air of mystery thrown around their proceedings and the philanthropic character of their professions chimed well with the feelings of that age of transition; it was the period when they especially indulged in those lofty pretensions to antiquity which their own hands have wisely shattered to pieces in our day. Their chronicles and their manuals were not safe publications in

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any but a very few cities, for the governments feared them as a secret political brotherhood, so most of these were dated at Jerusalem, in indication of the high and sacred antiquity of the craft, while many others bore on their title-page the name of Philadelphia, as describing the benevolent character of the fraternity.*

As this was the age of Mesmer and of Cagliostro, of the superstition which goes hand in hand with scepticism—

Where Gods are not, Spectres rule—NOVALIS—

so the literature of the period abounded in works on magic, alchemy and sympathetic medicine, whose publishers—they are mostly such trash that it is hard to conceive they had *authors*—thought to add to their mystery by putting mysterious places in their title-pages. Of course, our city came in for what we would consider more than her fair share.

Even in light literature quite a number of works—poems, satirical sketch-books, novels and plays—were credited to our city. We should suppose, from the continual publication of novels at mythical places, that that species of literature was considered rather disreputable before the time of Goldsmith. Possibly the character of the first modern attempts were not very creditable in moral character.† One mythically Philadelphian drama is worth mention, "The Negro Slaves," by Reitgenstein, really published at Vienna, in 1793.

Towards the close of the century German literature came into such close contact with that of France that it is not worth while to consider them separately. In France, Philadelphia had been used a few times by deceptive printers, even in the seventeenth century, and came to be a standard myth after 1750. In earlier times the standing rule was to print a dangerous book at Amsterdam and date it at Cologne, but as the printers of Holland declined, the business was pursued more boldly at Paris,

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* The genuine Masonic order, we believe, did not exist in this city until about or after the time of the Revolution, as the White Masons, to which Benjamin Franklin belonged, were a spurious imitation of the true craft.

† A very few German publishers, especially one rascal at Altona, still continue to credit American and European cities with literature of a kind that their own cities are not very proud of, but they show their judgment in ascribing it rather to New York and Boston than our own city.

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and a greater variety of mythical dates were used. Even Beccaria's treatise on "Punishments"—still a standard—was dated at Philadelphia, though printed at Paris and Lausanne. The popular interest in the course of the American Revolution, after the arrival of Franklin and Adams at Paris, led to the publication of several pamphlets by Beaumarchais and others, nearly all of which were dated at Philadelphia so long as the court had not declared openly in favor of America. Thus the constitutions of the colonies went through two editions in 1778. In 1777, appeared "*La Science du Bonhomme Richard, on Moyen facile de payer les Impôts*," translated by Mm. Quetant and Lecuy. The French seem hardly to have appreciated poor Richard's frugal maxims, as next year out came a caricature by Barbeur du Bourg, which went through three editions, "*Calendrie de Philadelphie ou Constitutions de Sancho Panza et du Bonhomme Richard de Pennsylvanie.*"

In France, even more than in Germany, the Free Masons adopted mythical Philadelphia as their place of publication, from which issued their Manuals, Defences and Histories. Even one of their opponents dated his "Anti-Mason" (1791) from our city.

The flood of political pamphlets which preceded and lasted through the French Revolution and its consequent wars, was a source of prosperity to the surreptitious printers, some of whom, however, lost their lives for their share in political libels. Quite a number, in both France and Germany, are dated from our city, which had become a synonym for freedom and political wisdom in the eyes of those who had known Franklin, and who looked to the American Republic as an example of patient revolution and of free organization. Two of these productions profess to give the views of American citizens upon the situation in 1788. It is worthy of note, that even the German edition of Washington's "Farewell Address," though printed at Leipzig, was dated at Amsterdam, so jealous were the tottering European powers of the intrusion of hostile opinions.

Since the close of the French Revolution surreptitious printing has declined greatly, in both Germany and France. Dr. Weller's list for successive years "grows small by degrees and beautifully less," until, by 1860, it has dwindled away to almost nothing. Greater freedom of the press and free communication by mail renders the old subterfuges needless. We have come to hap-

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pier days. During the present century, when the genuine literature of our city has grown larger, the literature of mythical Philadelphia has grown smaller. A few political pamphlets, a few sensational religious publications, like the Marburg German edition of Lammenais' "Words of a Believer," are all that are falsely accredited to us out of the great mass of valuable or worthless books that pour from the presses of the Eastern continent. But the story of Mythical and Mystical Philadelphia will always form a curious chapter in the annals of literature, of religion, and (indirectly) of our own city.

In conclusion, we may say that no other American city has ever enjoyed this curious and often dubious prominence in the annals of surreptitious literature. Boston comes next—*cum magno intervallo sequitur*—as some dozen books and pamphlets (including Müller's standard "History of the Swiss") were accredited to her after the events of 1775 brought her into prominence before Europe. But she soon fell back into oblivion, and in later days mythical Boston has been only associated with mythical New York in the annals of the literature of the *canaille*. A mythical Reading and a mythical Lancaster are not unknown in the history of German literature. Mexico has been credited with a few books, with as much truth as California was credited with Frederick the Great's pamphlet against the Poles, "The Ourang-Outang in Europe," Berlin, 1780. A German satire on France, of the year 1720, was announced as "printed in the Mississippi State Printing Office," for reasons well known to the students of History; and Jamestown, Va., is credited, in 1784, with a drama, based on the story of Pocahontas, which really appeared at Ansbach. But the whole mass of books falsely ascribed to other American cities or towns form but a small number as compared with the issues of mythical Philadelphia.

JOHN DYER.

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE THREE ARCHES.

All life tends to the expression of itself in appropriate and expressive forms. This expression is art in the broadest sense of the word. All men are artists in their several spheres and their various ways—not those only who have devoted themselves to the service of the beautiful.

To a philosopher's eye the human body is itself the greatest work of art. It is merely the soul or spirit of man making itself visible—expressing itself. Hence its close and intimate dependence upon the states of the spirit as modifying its own states. Medicine finds itself at every step confronted by this fact—the body is incurable except through the mind. Your indigestion is chronic unless you get rid of that black anxiety; your bile will never be in order until your melancholy disappears. "Take no thought for the morrow," is the first prescription of the most successful of all physicians.

Observe, again, the wonderful adaptation of the parts of the body to the expression alike of the temporary moods and the permanent qualities of the mind. The human face speaks the only universal language—the speech of all people. The tongue may lie, but the eye cannot; what is said in secret in the corner of the heart, it will proclaim in the high places of the streets Unless it bids welcome, no grasp of hand or word of mouth will put the visitor at ease. A Lavater runs over your face, your hands, your gait,—the whole statue that you have spent your life in carving, and tells your history. The outline and proportion of your face tells him whether you are an enthusiast or a

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philosopher. The lips and teeth tell of your taste for good living, or the reverse,—of your pride and vanity. The chin betrays weakness or promises strength of will. The cheeks tell of mental alertness or slowness; the lower frontal formation discloses your taste for music or the mathematics; while the height, breadth, and proportion of the forehead disclose your general mental cast. The corners of the eyes and mouth reveal your active and passive sense of humor; and the nose—Napoleon's chosen index of character—tells of nobility, positiveness and emphasis, or their absence. "There is nothing hidden that shall not be manifested." Nature hides your thought that you may amend it, but not your thoughts—your life. She writes your annals in your face, or rather the soul itself, by the force of this artistic instinct, acts as the scribe of this most impartial of all records. Nor is the face the only place of record; hand and foot, proportion and gait, are all eloquent to such as have ears to hear, and, indeed, unconsciously to all men.

Nearly as universal is artistic expression of life in religious forms. Mystics may declaim against rites and ceremonies as unnecessary to religion, and as no element of our ground of our acceptance with God. Be it so; they are none the less necessary to man. This artistic instinct of expression demands free play in regard to matters where the profounder relations of our life are concerned; the veriest Quaker will rise and uncover his head while his brother kneels and prays at his side. The great majority of Christian sects go farther in the indulgence of this instinct; they express the praises of God in metrical forms and musical tones, not that God is better pleased thereby than with plain prose and conversational tones, but because they feel this to be the most becoming expression of feelings attuned to the harmony of the divine order. Even those who abhor genuflections and other postures, associated in their minds with what they dislike or dread, do yet, by other postures and gestures, confess the correctness of what we may call the artistico-ritualistic principle—that men may as truly and as lawfully confess and proclaim their opinions and feelings by gesture of body as by word of mouth or pen. Their Ritualism may be graceful or rude, expressive or awkward,—but, in greater or less degree, it is found in every body of Christian or Unchristian religionists, a few individuals of the ultra-Quietist type alone excepted.

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Intimately connected with ritualistic art is architectural art. The religious home expresses the religious thought of the worshippers. The awe and mystery of the religious spirit of Egypt, her childish delight in animal pets and entangled puzzles, are still reflected in the Sphynx, the Hieroglyphs, and the Pyramids. The latter are but copies in cut stone of the earthen burrows or mounds which served for monuments at a still earlier date, and like these, reflect the same half-intelligent constructive instinct as do the mud-pies and sand-heaps of childhood. The counterpart of the hieroglyphs may be found in the puzzle pages of our modern children's magazines.

The Greek temple was at the first a *temenos*, or enclosure, only —fenced in with posts and cords. The place within was an *anathema*, a place set apart for divine service and possessed of a sacredness not shared by other places of earth. Here the gods were localized, dwelling in temples made with hands. The temples were places of sacrifice—not of assembly. The god dwelt in the *place*—not in the midst of an assembled people. Yet the religious services at the opening of popular Grecian assemblies were an approximation to the Christian idea of a worshipping congregation. In the course of time the *temenos* was roofed over; a piece of trouble which seems to have been regarded as of special merit in the worshipper. When the insulted priest, Chryses, prays to Apollo, (Iliad I., 39,) he makes this the special ground of his plea. Later still, an inner space, or *naos*, was further enclosed by walls reaching up to the roof. When, in the progress of Grecian art, stone was substituted for lighter material, the whole arrangement was petrified into the Greek temple as we know it—the old wooden posts becoming the stately and massive pillars of marble. Hence *the square arch*, the first in order of the three.

The Christian church called for yet other systems of architecture for reasons already indicated. The congregations at first worshipped mainly in private houses, but when greater numbers demanded larger buildings, and when public toleration permitted their erection, *basilicas* were modelled after the prevailing system of architecture, and the Roman semi-circular arch, devised for the erection of roads and aqueducts, and pillars with conventional ornamentation, were the architectural alphabet employed. The first step beyond this was the Byzantine or Constantinopolitan

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style, which modified the proportions of the arch and added ornamentation imitated more closely from nature. The Roman arch was just a semi-circle; the Byzantine prolonged the ends into something nearer the form of a horseshoe. The capitals were massive; the ornamentation convex; in both respects following the Doric style.

The Normans, in their day, were the adventurous sailors of Europe, and the most churchly sons of Mother Church. They copied in their churches the Byzantine style—whether as they found it in their wanderings at Constantinople, or as they saw it imitated in Western Europe. Their modification of the Byzantine is the style that still bears their name—the name of the priestly teachers and military drill-sergeants of Western Europe.

In a fortunate hour, when the Norman was declining, they began to overlap the two series of arches. Some German workman, with a true eye for beauty and a true feeling for nature, observed that the combination arch, made by the parts of two Norman arches, far exceeded the round arch in gracefulness and nobility of outline. He saw that it corresponded more closely to natural forms than the Norman did—for nature abhors circles. If you carve a bank into any close approximation to a circular outline, she sets all her forces to destroy your work. But when two branches of neighboring trees curve out freely and upward from the parent stem and cross in the air, something very like the Gothic arch's form is the frequent result. With the same eye for beauty and "keeping," they adopted the slender pillars and concave ornamentation of the Corinthian style, another fundamental variation from the Norman. The new style seems to have flashed into favor all over Europe; churches begun in the Norman style were actually completed as Gothic. It was the period when Norman feudalism was giving place to the free burgher spirit of the cities of Western Europe, by a process literally of *civil*-ization. It was also the era of great united popular efforts in architecture. Not the nobles of Europe, but the municipalities erected her great cathedrals—St. Omer, Strasburgh, Cologne, and a host of others. The Free Masons of Europe grew into a brotherhood of the foremost rank among craftsmen, and Erwin of Steinbach formed them into an order or Trade's Union around the rising foundations of the cathedral of Strasburgh. The huts or "lodges," the ranks or "degrees," the pass-words and secret

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signs of the original organization, are still preserved in the ritual of "speculative Masonry."

Gothic architecture rose, flourished and fell. At first man hid himself and his work in the unadorned simplicity and grandeur of natural and graceful form; then he covered it with ornament and elaborate tracery; at last, he made it but an elaborate, unnatural, and grotesque system of lines and puzzles. Some one has well compared its history with that of a great modern school of English poetry. First comes the natural simplicity of Wordsworth; then the elaborate ornamentation of Tennyson; lastly, the grotesque weirdness of fancy of Robert Browning. The Renaissance found the art dead, and launched us on the architectural chaos of modern times.

THE THREE ARCHES are thus the characteristic of three great systems of architecture, originating under three very diverse conditions of human life and activity. That any other system will ever rise to take their place is extremely improbable. There is no great social necessity for it; no really new phase and aspect of life demanding its peculiar expression. The varied elements of the modern world have grown out of the ancient, and correspond most closely to the pit out of which they were digged. Greece, Rome, Byzantium and Mediæval Europe represent all the positive elements of modern civilization.

To be more specific: the three arches represent and express the three modes in which human beings sustain the relations of life. The square arch, originating in a time when free individuality was most highly prized, corresponds to the fact. The supporting pillars rise in isolation and independence; they are in no way inwardly related to each other, even while there is an outward correspondence. To unite them, a third and extraneous element must be introduced to bind them together in an external and artificial way. There is a sturdy, upright independence about them which half compensates for the stiffness of the whole combination. They symbolize a loveless, unimpassioned integrity of character, but no enthusiasm. They are the architecture of that popular quality—common sense. That "there is no nonsense about them" would probably be the warmest eulogy of their most devoted admirers. And people who have "no nonsense about them"—the *square arches* of mankind—form a very considerable proportion of society. They are eminently proper and respecta-

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ble, and need stand in no fears of Mrs. Grundy. Whether through a naturally chilly disposition or the results of a severely repressive education, they enter into all life's relations in the same constrained and artificial way. There is no spontaneity in them; no fervor in their friendships, no devotion in their faith, no fire in their patriotism, no romance in their attachments. All life's relations are something external and artificial to them—a *tertium quid* to unite them to their fellows. "Enlightened self-interest" is their philosophy of life; "common sense" the idol of their devotions. They are a *nehushtan* to devotees; a terror to ardent admirers. *Nil admirari* is their golden rule. Life with them is not only self centred, but repressed. It calls for the minimum of artistic expression; it can even dispense with it altogether, and feel no loss. Bare houses, chill manners, undemonstrative affection, are quite enough for their need. All beyond these, they think, are probably empty affectation, certainly useless luxury. They have no nonsense about them; they are eminently sensible.

At the distance of the poles from these are the *round arches* of mankind. In the latter the pillars not only meet, but are absorbed in each other; they lose their very identity each in the other. The stiffness of the square arch is gone, but something is gone also of its sturdy independence and individuality; and the loss is a real one. The form attained in both is an unnatural one, for nature generally abhors rigid geometry, and draws neither circles nor squares. The analogous class in society are very clearly suggested in these points. An American adjective well describes them—*gushing*. They are always and in all relations ecstatic in their fervor, profound in love or in hate, unbounded in admiration or dislike, unmeasured in phrase. Their adjectives are all superlatives; their friendships are all as of Damon and Pythias; their devotion the most utter; their subjection to authority or their resistance to it is of the most unqualified kind. In religion they are atheists or devotees; in art they abhor eclecticism, and scout all schools but their own. They cherish the romances of life, or mourn with Byronic bitterness over the desolation of its waste places. They slavishly lose themselves, and sink their personal identity and responsibility in the eagerness with which they throw themselves into life's relations and surroundings. They sink the man in the churchman, the politician, the mer-

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chant, or the artist. With the first class they keep up a perpetual warfare, always at long range. Neither party ever try to understand or make the best of the other. They cannot even come to close quarters in reasoning, and ascertain exactly where they agree and where they separate. Temperament overmasters logic.

Between the two, yet not by virtue of any compromise or combination, comes the pointed arch. Here the pillars rise, sweep up firmly and independently, yet towards each other. They meet each other, but not to the destruction or absorption of either. In their closest union there are still independence and freedom, though without constraint or stiffness. Here is the emblem of the truest freedom, which is neither self-assertion and lawlessness nor slavish submission and prostration. It is liberty and loyalty in the noblest and closest union. The pointed arch, therefore, symbolizes the noblest and freest type of human character, freed alike from the weakness of selfishness and the weakness of slavishness,—sustaining life's relations with a graceful spontaneity as well as a sturdy independence—the Teutonic idea of a Christian freeman. Here lies the golden mean which philosophy—from Confucius down—has aimed at, but which no philosophic maxims or moralizings can ever lead us to, but only an inward integrity and simplicity of mind. Here the great antitheses of nature meet in fruitful union—knowledge and reverence, forethought and afterthought, caution and daring, meditation and energy, science and art, firmness and gentleness, wisdom and hopefulness, breadth of view and loftiness of purpose, ideal yet practical, the patriot and the cosmopolite. The man loves his work, but is master of it, not mastered by it; honors enthusiasm, yet does no dishonor to judgment; fulfils life's duties from the heart, yet is himself in them all. Tennyson reaches something of what the pointed arch suggests in his idealized, yet not untruthful portrait of Prince Albert:

> "We know him now; all narrow jealousies
> Are silent: and we see him as he moved,
> How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
> With what sublime repression of himself,
> And in what limits and how tenderly;
> Not swaying to this faction and to that;
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
> For pleasure: but through all this tract of years

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> Wearing the white flowers of a blameless life,
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
> And blackens every blot."

But the arch's promise has its true fulfilment in Another—in whom (Pascal has said) "all contradictories are reconciled." How fitting this form for buildings in which His presence is to be welcomed, whether they are cottages or cathedrals! How essentially unfitted either of the rival styles, with their one-sided and opposite symbolism! The Christian consciousness of our times begins to faintly realize the fact, though as yet but in a partial and ecclesiastical way. We trust that a discriminative and clearer knowledge of the period in which it originated, and of the people who first adopted it, will make it yet more universal in its application to the uses of business and of the family.

But if we are to have a true and really great architecture of this style, we must first have a revival of that great Masonic Brotherhood, of which the outer shell still survives in "speculative masonry," so called. True art we never will have, while the intelligence requisite to its design is confined to a single brain, and the great mass of workmen are but unthinking hands to carry out its behests. We cannot build Gothic churches while the human material is managed in purely Norman style. We will have them when—in the words of Cardinal Wiseman—"every artisan is raised to the rank of an artist, working with free intelligence and artistic feeling in due subordination to the general design of the building." Most modern attempts at Gothic architecture are slavishly mechanical imitations of old buildings, and are about as worthy of the name of architecture as rough copies from pictures are of the name of art. When the brotherhood of the Mediæval "guild" is restored—a brotherhood of intelligence and co-operation—then we may expect the great alphabet of the Gothic to furnish new and beautiful combinations adapted to the needs of modern life and society. Then in the mode of its erection, no less than in the symbolism of its forms and the variety of its uses, we shall own as our brethren, the burghers and freemen of Christian Europe in the eras of its birth and of its grandeur.

No one who has thought of the reflex influence of outward forms in confirming and strengthening mental habits and moods will reckon these matters of small import. There may be mental

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constitutions so vigorous as to be unaffected in any perceptible degree for evil by their surroundings, as there are physical constitutions so vigorous as to pass unharmed through plague and miasma. But these are exceptional,—possibly only apparently so. The paths we walk in, the houses and trees that line them, the skies that are stretched above them, all have their unconscious influence upon us. Only a very weak head or a very strong one will carry bright and pleasant views of life through Bedford and St. Mary streets, or will gaze on Niagara unmoved. The Maker of our world has not been wanting in the work of gathering around us forms and tones and shades of grace and beauty, of purifying influence. Has man done much more than mar His primal work? What shall we say of the great cities of our continent—of the varied ugliness of New York and Chicago—of the inartistic monotony of Philadelphia and St. Louis—of the half-art of Cincinnati and Toronto? Are these the noblest and the most ennobling surroundings that we can gather around the great hosts of our inhabitants, who have no choice but to see, whose eyes are at the mercy of every builder? Our own city seems to be entering on a new era. The decennial "numbering of the people" again places her in her old position as the most populous metropolis of the continent. If she were "wise to know the signs of the times," a new era would begin with her resumption of that place. Literature and art would no longer be seated "below the salt," or driven off by an obscurantist hauteur to find a welcome in cities of wider enterprise in this direction. That such has been the fate of her literary men and artists for thirty years past, seems undeniable. Some of the most distinguished men in the literary and artistic circles of New York and Boston are natives of our city; how many have we drawn from them? It was not always so; we cannot lay the blame on the Quakerly *genius loci;* and we need not despair of the future. There are signs of a growing love of art for its own sake; the reflex of a true feeling for nature seems to be gaining ground with the growth of wealth and comfort. Let us hope that it may minister to human enjoyment among us, helping to take away the reproach uttered by one of the warmest friends of the nation: "There is less misery and less enjoyment in America than in any country in the world."

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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RECENT POPULAR ENGLISH POLITICO-ECONOMIC LITERATURE.*

NOT for two decades has there been in England such an awakening in regard to the questions of industry, trade, pauperism, emigration, and all kindred subjects, including the ever-present one of Ireland, as within the past year. The lesson which this phase of English thought teaches is a most instructive one, and especially is it so to the people of this country. Too much stress cannot be laid upon it, or too much attention paid to it. Every American of intelligence, whatever be his position or condition, should inform himself in regard to this movement, and carefully study the literature which is at once the outcrop and the permanent record of its existence.

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* "Protection to Native Industry." By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. 8vo. London. Edw. Stanford, Chicago: Bureau Printing Co. For sale by H. C. Baird, 406 Walnut Street, Philad'a. Price, $1.50. Mail prepaid.

"Home Politics; or the Growth of Trade considered in relation to Labor, Pauperism and Emigration." By Daniel Grant. 8vo. London, 1870.

"Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined." By A Barrister. 9th Edition. Published by the Manchester Reciprocity Association. Manchester, 1870.

"The Present and Long-continued Stagnation of Trade. Its Causes, Effects and Cure." By a Manchester Man. Manchester.

"Free Trade a Gigantic Mistake." By James Roberts. London.

"Depression of Trade. A Letter to the English Calico-Printers and Dyers on the French Treaty and Hostile Tariffs of other Countries." By a Calico-Printer. Manchester.

"Free Trade, Reciprocity and the Revivers. An Inquiry into the Effects of the Free Trade Policy upon Trade, Manufactures and Employment." By John Noble. Manchester.

"The State, the Poor and the Country, including Suggestions on the Irish Question." By R. H. Patterson. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1870.

"The Political Economy and the Politics of the Manchester School Reviewed and Reconsidered." By Frederick Cortazzi. 8vo. London, 1870.

"Social Politics in Great Britain and Ireland." By Professor Kirk. 12mo. Edinburgh, London and Glasgow. 1870.

"Pauperism and the Poor Laws." The Lectures delivered in Edinburgh under the auspices of the Chalmers' Association in 1869–70, with kindred papers. Edited by Thomas Ivory. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1870.

"Ireland—Industrial, Political and Social." By John Nicholas Murphy. 8vo. London.

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It is now nearly a quarter of a century since England, under the nominal leadership of Sir Robert Peel, adopted what its friends have been pleased to call the "free trade" policy in regard to the importation of foreign corn, and the people of that country became so fascinated with the apparently marvellous results of its workings, that nearly all duties on foreign imports have within that time been abolished. Thus was instituted the policy of discrimination against native and in favor of foreign producers, by taxing the former in one shape or form, to the extent of probably fifteen per cent. upon the value of their productions, while in most instances granting to the latter free access to the markets of Great Britain and her colonies, the institutions of which were maintained at such immense cost to their own people. Strange to say, it was boldly maintained by men claiming to be philosophers and the friends of mankind, that this one-sided and unrighteous system was based upon great and immutable principles of justice, and must be maintained at every hazard because it was right.

All English political economy, generally recognized as such by the schools, bearing about the same relation to a true system as does the Ptolomœan theory of the universe to the laws actually governing the movements of the heavenly bodies, the English people have been entirely misled in regard to the causes at work in producing the effects which were manifested, as well as the ultimate and inevitable consequences. Almost from the moment of the practical application of "free trade" in England, her foreign trade increased with giant strides, and in the face of this increase it would have been impossible had "one risen from the dead," and that one been Adam Smith, for him to have been listened to, had he opposed the new and favorite policy. The apparent success of this movement was owing to the government of the United States having abandoned protection in 1846, the discovery of gold in California in 1848, and in Australia in 1850, which stimulated the commerce of the world, while the lion's share of what America and Australia squandered, England gathered. It was not until 1857 that we broke down, or until 1861 that we reversed our policy. But England, to the superficial observer, seemed long beyond this period to flourish and grow rich, and it was not until 1866 that a crisis in her business affairs arrived, the end of which has not yet been seen, we having

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the assurance of a respectable authority as lately as July 1, 1870, that the past four years have been "the period of gloom which has been more deep and intense than any seen for forty years." These four years of trouble have not been without their effect in directing public attention to its causes, and hence the literature to which we have referred, which indicates at least a willingness on the part of a considerable body of Englishmen to reopen and re-examine the questions arising out of the antagonistic doctrines of protection and free trade. To the mind of an American protectionist this is a grand result. The appearance of the 9th edition of Sir John Barnard Byles' "Sophisms of Free Trade," after a neglect of twenty years, illustrates this more fully than any words of ours can do.

Sir Edward Sullivan's "Protection to Native Industry," the most elaborate and the ablest of the new volumes which the recent movement has called forth, consists of twelve chapters, on the following subjects: Growth of Trade; Free Trade and Free Ports; Corn; Special Interests; Producer and Consumer; Unfair Competition; Labor; Cotton; French Treaty; Board of Trade Statistics; Reciprocity; Causes and Remedies: with an appendix on the Worsted Trade and the French Treaty, Intoxicating Liquors the National Curse.

Sir Edward, in his opening chapter, accounts for the growth of the trade of England within the past twenty years by the impulse given to it by the gold of California and Australia; but asserts, what is true, that the same results have been reached in the protective countries of France, Belgium, Germany, etc. He goes on to show that England does not really enjoy "Free Trade;" but while she has made herself one grand free port, she has free access to scarcely any market in the world of any value or importance. He declares that the agriculture of England has not in the least suffered by the abolition of the Corn Laws, but on the contrary was never more prosperous than now. He considers that the special interests which have suffered most by ruinous foreign competition are the small industries and labor itself; that large capitalists engaged in manufacturing have not felt it to any great degree; that the admission of foreign manufactures into England has been a great convenience to the upper and middle classes, to the rich and those who enjoy fixed or professional incomes, but to the poor and the working classes it has been an incalculable injury.

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He states that there are now few articles of English manufacture which cannot be produced cheaper in some one or other country than in England, and he shows to what extent the high rate of taxation in that country influences that result. In one of his best chapters, " Unfair Competition," he exhibits in a graphic manner the vast advantages which highly protected countries have over England in the fact that, by means of that protection, they are proof against the power of English competition, and are at the same time able to drive the English out of their home markets and the markets of the world.

The price of labor and the laborer's expenses, he finds, are far greater in England than in any country on the continent of Europe, and this he illustrates by a table of German and Swiss wages, &c. The unsatisfactory state of cotton manufacturing in England is then exhibited.

The French Treaty, its absurdity and disastrous consequences, are well shown in a chapter from which we make the following extracts:—

" The objects and intentions and anticipations of Mr. Cobden, and those who supported his policy in negotiating the French treaty, were perfectly honest; he believed it was another step towards Free Trade; he found that all his prophecies and anticipation of universal reciprocity had failed, and he naturally grasped at this idea of negotiating a commercial treaty with France, as promising some small opening for the realization of his hopes.

" Individually, I never could understand the policy or the sense of the Commercial treaty; it always appeared to me absurd to go through the form of negotiating a treaty when we had it in our power to do all we have done in the matter just as easily without it; there could be no earthly object in placing ourselves under an obligation to the French for no reason at all.

" If it had been a case of reciprocity, of removing corresponding duties on certain articles of manufacture on both sides, there would have been some reason in it, but this was not the case at all; we removed the Customs' duties absolutely, entirely from forty-three articles, most of them articles of French industry; they, on the contrary, did not remove the duties from one single article of English industry. Now, there was no necessity for having a treaty to enable us to do this; we could have done it just as well without one. When you know it is a case of heads

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you win, tails I lose, surely it is hardly worth the trouble of tossing!

"We gave them bread, whilst they returned our kindness by handing us a stone; but still they gave it to us in such a grand style, and we accepted it so humbly and so thankfully, that most of us believed we really had got a Roland for our Oliver. Of course, for decency sake, they were obliged to go through the form of an exchange, and this they did in their own way; they did not abolish the duty on any single article of English manufacture; they contented themselves with reducing the duties on a certain number. In some cases they lowered the 50 or 60 per cent. *ad valorem* Customs' duty to 30 or 15 per cent.; in some cases they actually substituted for total prohibition a 30 per cent. *ad valorem* duty.

"They followed a very intelligible and I believe a very sound principle; they admitted at low rates all raw materials required for manufactures: coal, iron, cotton, wool, &c., with the machinery necessary to turn them into manufactured products; and continued to impose *ad valorem* duties that were actually prohibitory, on all our manufactured goods: they did not in one single case lower their Customs' duties to a point that would allow any article of English manufacture to be sold in their markets at a profit, that was not already in that position; there have always been a few articles we produce, and they do not, or not so cheap and so good as we do, and these they must buy from us under any conditions, to prohibit them would be absurd: these continue, but they have not been added to in one single case.

"Now, if it was only a question of the English treaty, French manufacturers would be quite safe, and we should hear no sound of grumbling: the advantages are all on their side: they have taken care to fix a rate of duty that excludes English manufactured goods from their market; but unfortunately the favored nation clause admits into France Belgian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swiss articles of manufacture at the same *ad valorem* duty that is imposed on British goods of the same kind; the duty that is sufficient to exclude in the latter case is not sufficient in the former: and consequently many French industries find themselves galled by foreign manufactured produce admitted under the wing of the English treaty, but having nothing to do with English industries.

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"The French were merely throwing dirt in our eyes when they reduced their *ad valorem* duties from 50 or 30 to 15 per cent. on articles that would be equally as well prohibited by an *ad valorem* duty of 5 per cent.: or in changing total prohibition for a 30 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on articles that could not be sold at a profit, even if admitted without any duty at all: yet this is actually what was done!

"Of the forty-three articles on which the French reduced their tariff from total prohibition, or from 50 or 60 per cent. *ad valorem* to 30 or 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, there are not five articles of English manufacture that would not be excluded by an *ad valorem* duty of 5 per cent. Never, I believe, since the world was made, has such a ridiculous fiasco of what is called a commercial treaty been negotiated. To call that a treaty where one side gives every thing, the other nothing, is absurd: call it a cession, if you like, not a treaty.

"When one considers its original conditions and examines its results, it is wonderful its authors had the face to propose it, and that the country should have entertained it without shouts of laughter. In admitting every article of French manufacture into this country free of duty, without in any way securing a corresponding advantage from France, wé bargained away the manufacturing birthright of our producing class for a mess of pottage; we bartered the prosperity, even the existence, of a number of our industries, with the hundreds of thousands of workers depending on them, for nothing—actually nothing! It will be asked, Is cheap claret nothing? or cheap silks nothing? But we could have reduced the duties on wine or silks at any moment we liked: there was no necessity to consult the French, or negotiate a commercial treaty for that."

* * * * * * * *

"Take an example. English manufacturers may send gray goods to France under bond, and have them printed there and returned to England duty free. But if gray goods are brought from France to England, printed here and returned, they are not readmitted into France without the payment of an *ad valorem* duty of 15 per cent.

"Several calico printers of Manchester wrote to the French Government pointing out the palpable injustice of this law; but the Minister of Commerce refused to modify the existing order

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of things, and was candid enough to tell the reason why. 'As to the reduction which you solicit in the name of several English firms, I regret it is not possible to meet your views, for I cannot find any legal motive to consent to such a reduction. If our laws admit in certain cases a temporary admission of foreign goods in order to procure work for French hands, they do not allow any such facility to a temporary exportation, the result of which would be, on the contrary, to carry work to foreign countries, to the direct prejudice of our own manufactures.' This is the sort of reciprocity and friendly feeling that has resulted from the French treaty.

" It is certainly marvellous to our ears to hear a public Minister openly deciding in favor of a preferential market for native industries, instead of devising every possible means for encouraging and giving advantage to foreign rivals."

* * * * * * * *

" In 1865, the total exports from England to France amounted to $25\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling; the exports from France to England amounted to 53 millions, of which over 40 millions were French products and manufactures.

" The relative value of this international trade is shown more by its nature than by its amount; it was nearly as follows: 72 *per cent.* of our exports to France were raw materials, ($\frac{7}{8}$ths of which were Foreign and Colonial produce, merely passing through the country, and $\frac{1}{8}$th coal and iron.) 16 *per cent.* were half raw materials, chiefly yarns of different descriptions, on which most of the labor remained to be done in France. 12 *per cent.* only were fully manufactured articles, a very large proportion of which consisted in the machinery of all kinds required to manufacture the raw and half raw materials we supplied them with."

* * * * * * * *

" It is thus a fact that 88 per cent. of the articles exported from England to France, in 1865, consisted of Foreign and Colonial raw produce, on which no labor had been expended in this country, and of half raw materials on which comparatively little had been employed, and of the coal and iron necessary to manufacture them, whilst of the remaining 12 per cent. a very considerable portion consisted of spinning and weaving, and other machinery necessary to extend the manufacturing industries of the country.

"This was in 1865. Take a later date. In the debate in the

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French Chambers, January 18, 1870, Monsieur Johnstone said: 'Our exports to England are four times as large as our importations from that country: we have exported goods to the value of 400 millions of francs more than we have imported.' And still in the face of statements and facts such as these, we find Free Trade orators and Free Trade penny-a-liners calling on the producing class to be thankful for the blessings they derive from Free Trade. According to this statement of the exchange of the manufactured products of the two countries in 1865, the French exported to us seven times the value of manufactured goods we exported to them; to do this, they must have expended seven times as much in wages, and found occupation for seven times as many hands."

* * * * * * * *

"The French treaty has stimulated no new industry in England; but it has ruined many: no manufactured goods whatever are admitted into France that we did not sell equally well before the treaty, and we should sell just as much if it was abolished to-morrow. Since 1857 we have increased our exports to Greece, China, Egypt, Hanse Towns, Turkey, British India, Denmark, Prussia, Belgium, in a larger relative degree, without the assistance of any commercial treaty, than we have to France with one. Holland is the only country of any importance in Europe that has not increased her import trade with us to a greater extent than France; this particular treaty, therefore, instead of stimulating the exports of our manufactured products, appears almost to have hampered it."

Sir Edward Sullivan proposes the following remedies for England's present troubles:

1. To admit, duty free, all articles of food whatever, of every kind and description, and all raw materials used in manufactures or agriculture.

2. To impose an *ad valorem* duty of from 7 to 15 per cent. on all foreign manufactured articles.

3. To double the excise and customs duties on wines and spirits, on spirit licenses, and on intoxicating drinks of all kinds.

"Home Politics," by Daniel Grant, while it does not distinctly advocate protection, shows the growing difficulties of England, the prostration of her industry, and the increase of pauperism and discontent among her people. The author believes that the

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emigration of her people and the increase of her foreign trade are absolutely necessary to the salvation of England. It does not seem to occur to him, that by improving the condition of her people a domestic market may be built up, which will render this grasping for distant ones unnecessary.

Sir John Barnard Byles' "Sophisms" is a very valuable book, which attracted great attention upon its first appearance in 1849, and ran through eight editions in twelve months; but it has been almost entirely forgotten and lost sight of until within the past year. No more able, acute, or logical treatise on any politico-economic subject has ever emanated from an English mind.

"The Present and Long-Continued Stagnation of Trade" is a bold and vigorous protest against free trade, and a plea for the revival of British industry. It has attracted great attention in Manchester as well as in this country.

Mr. Noble's pamphlet is intended as an answer to "the Manchester Man" and others, and is in opposition to the Revivalists.

Mr. Patterson's volume is a humane and scholarly production, and by one who, while he does not advocate protection, has evidently no sympathy with "the political economy, falsely so called," to use his own expression, "which is the idolatry of English politicians."

Mr. Cortazzi boldly attacks the so-called "free trade" policy of the past twenty-five years, and deals it some blows which it is hard to parry.

Professor Kirk has contributed a volume which is full of genuine feeling for and sympathy with the people. He has some sensible chapters upon the disastrous consequences of the emigration of the strongest, best, and most vigorous of the working-men of Great Britain, and shows how it not only saps the productive power of that country, but increases that power in the United States. His facts and figures in regard to land monopoly are interesting, valuable, and instructive. The land reform movement just organized in England will doubtless find in Professor Kirk a firm and ardent supporter.

The volume of the Chalmers' Association contains many particulars in regard to the condition of paupers in Scotland which are valuable, and the essays, which of course present various shades of opinion, are written with much earnestness.

Mr. Murphy's book on Ireland is a candid, dispassionate, and

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thorough view of that unhappy country and her condition, and will present to any one who desires to learn how and why she is pauperized, cursed, and distracted, a vast array of facts, to which, if he will apply the philosophy of the American school, he will soon have a complete solution of that question which can never be solved by the aid of any philosophy which English political economy can shed upon it.

This is a subject full of interest, and one upon which we would with pleasure enlarge were we not aware that we had already gone beyond the space which has been appropriated to us.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD.

TOO TAXED SALT.

"SALT," said a German schoolmaster to his pupils, "is an herb which spoils meat by not being put upon it." In like manner, some of our legislators think taxes not imposed have an injurious tendency. Mr. Brooks, in his anti-tariff oration delivered in March, 1870, said that there exists in the Gulf of California an island called Carmen, formed entirely of salt.

CARMINIS CARMEN.

Cur sal anglicum, carinis transvehimus sal?
Cur tam absurde, infestum patimur vectigal?
Cur Patres protervum Conscripti effudere sal?
Cur evasi, infecto negotio, liquere tribunal?
Est prope Californiæ, magn' insula salis Carmen.
Venusta, speciosa, "Splendidior vitro"
(Ait ut Quintus, poeta, de fonte meditans Carmen.)
Salubrior' ad consilia animos vertamus Eamus Carmen.
Asiaticos citemus, iis committamus Carmen.
Dolebras, ligones, emamus, et cultros. Fodiatur sal.
Tributis amissis, domesticum edimus Carminis sal.
Dum et devoramus, dum ingurgitamus
Lætemur, saltemus, jucundum que canamus salis Carmen.

A. F.

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ANCIENT WELSH POETRY.

As comparatively few persons have any acquaintance with the ancient lore of "wild Wales," I have selected from a mass of much that is uninteresting, some of it mystical, and scarcely intelligible, a few "disjecta membra," of a nature to enlist the attention of the general reader. War is, of course, the favorite topic, the best remembered occasions, such as that of the battle of Ardderydd, for example, fought in the year 573, where we learn:

> "Seven score generous ones became ghosts,
> In the wood of Celyddon they fell."

And at another epoch:

> "On Tuesday, they put on their dark brown clothes,
> On Wednesday, they polished their armor,
> On Thursday, their destruction was certain,
> On Friday, was brought carnage all round,
> On Saturday, their joint labors did no execution,
> On Sunday, their blades assumed a ruddy hue,
> On Monday, was seen a pool knee-deep of blood,
> Only one man in a hundred came back."

The Song of the Graves, commemorative of the place of sepulture of about two hundred warriors, connected with the early history of Britain, exhibits a sad pathos:

The graves which the rain bedews?
Men that were not accustomed to afflict me:
Cerwyd, and Cywryd, and Caw.

The graves which the thicket covers?
They would not succumb without avenging themselves:
Gwryen, Morien, and Morial.

After wearing dark brown clothes, and red, and splendid,
And riding magnificent steeds with sharp spears,
In Llan Heledd is the grave of Owain.

After wounds and bloody plains,
After wearing harness and riding white horses,
This, even this, is the grave of Cynddylan.

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Narrow is the grave and long,
With respect to many, long every way:
The grave of Meigen, the ruler of right.

The long graves in Gwanas—
Their history is not had,
Whose they are, and what their deeds.

The grave of Llew Llawgyffes, under the protection of the sea,
With which he was familiar;
He was a man that "*never gave the truth to any one.*"

Who owns this grave? and this grave? and this? Ask me, I know it;
The grave of Ew, the grave of Eddew was this,
And the grave of Eidal, with the lofty mien.

Whose is this grave? It is the grave of Bruno the tall,
Bold were his men in his region.
Where he would be, there would be no flight.

Who owns this grave? . . not another?
Gwythwch the vehement in the conflict,
While he would kill thee, he would at thee laugh.

The grave of a stately warrior; many a carcase was usual from his hand,
Before he became silent, beneath the stones;
Llachar, the son of Run, is in the valley of the Cain.

And much more to the same effect. From the book of Hergest I take a few verses from the song of the "Wooden Crook," being an old man's address to his staff:

I was formerly fair of limb, I was comely;
Throbbing was concomitant with my spear:
My back (now) curved was first in vigor.
I am heavy, I am wretched.

Wooden crook! is it not the time of harvest,
When the fern is brown and the leaves are yellow?
Have I not once disliked what I now love?

Wooden crook! is not this winter,
When men are noisy over the beverage?
Is not my bedside void of greeting visits?

Wooden crook! is it not the spring,
When the cuckoos are brownish, when the foam is bright?
I am destitute of a maiden's love.

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Wooden Crook! is it not the beginning of summer?
Are not the furrows brown? Are not the corn blades curled?
It is refreshing to me to look at thy beak!

Wooden Crook! thou hardy branch,
That bearest with me—God protect thee!
Thou art justly called the tree of wandering.

Wooden Crook! be thou steady,
So that thou mayest support me the better—
Am I not Llywarch, known to many far away?

What I loved when a youth, are hateful to me now.
A stranger's daughter and a grey steed.
Am I not for them unmeet?

I am sought by neither sleep nor gladness.
After the slaughter of Llawr and Gwen
I am outrageous, and loathsome—I am old.

* * * * * * * *

Ah! Death that he does not seek me!

We read of "Rys the one-toothed," of Maredudd, (Meredith,) who will "not be scared, will not skulk," of "Caradawg, the bull of conflict," of "three warriors, and three score, and three hundred," according to the Welsh mode of enumerating, "who rushed forth to battle after the excess of revelling, and but three escaped." Of Cynon, of whom it is said significantly, "those whom he pierced, were not pierced again."

But "slaughter-gleaming" swords and "carnage in two heaps" are not all we find. Not always, as says Ancurin, did

"The reapers sing of war,
War with the shining wing.
The minstrels sing of war,
Of harnessed war, of winged war."

There is many a graceful allusion to the "mutabile semper."

"I love her who is like in hue to the fair dawn in the evening time."
Owain.

"For the gentle maid of the hue of early dawn
I feel my heart broken, like a conflagration."—*Moch.*

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Again—

> "In stepping over a rush, scarce but she falls,
> The tiny little fair one, weak her gait."

> "Is there not the gloom of mourning for the maid?
> Fair her form, of the hue of upland snow."

The ocean, dyke-destroying foe as it was to the Cymri, in so much that one of their bards says,

> "Though I love the strand, I hate the sea,"

Yet affords them many a graceful image.

> "A goddess, high her destiny, of the hue of the fair foam spray before the ninth wave."—*Anon.*

> "If I would have my wound, from the one of the hue of the wave by the oar,
> Easily I should not recover,
> Since I have loved incessantly."—*Tuydr.*

> "The nymph of the hue of the wave of the torrent,
> She has gone with my soul. I am become weak.
> Have I not, from love, become second to Garwy the tall?"—*Owain.*

> "Dreaming of a nymph of the passing hue of the hoary vapor drop."
> *Anon.*

> "Fair and sprightly is she, of equal hue to the ebb of the wave, when of conspicuous bosom, and pleasing her sound."—*Tuydr.*

Another says:

> "Truly, I should love to go to visit the beauty of the hue of the wave of the torrent."

The ancient Welsh poems abound in names familiar to us in the City of Penn. We may begin with Penn itself, and proceed to enumerate Howel and Meredith, Morgan, Davids, Neff, Cynan and Cadwalader, Madox, Owen, Tudor, and many more. The old saying,

> "By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
> You may know the Cornish men,"

May be the truth, but it is by no means the whole truth.

A. F.

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THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.

[Continued.]

SANTA FE presents to the eye of the tourist but few features of interest for a trip, on account of the barren and deserted country in which it is situated.

The Apache Indians have ever been the relentless foes of the Mexican, and no efforts to subdue them or civilize them have been attended with the least success. Their home is that desolate region stretching from the provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua north through nearly the whole of Arizona and the western part of New Mexico. From the accounts of those who have been through this country, its sterility and almost total want of water must make it but an indifferent hunting ground for an Indian. But these savages are not like other men—not even like other red men; and their character resembles that of the country whose rugged walls of rock and arid plains of sand are their domain;—sombre, forbidding, dangerous, and wild. They make periodic incursions into the regions in the immediate vicinity of this their native heath, killing without mercy and stealing without scruple whatever falls in their way. The Pueblo Indians, a peaceable and industrious folk, partly civilized, and nominally converted to Catholicism, are objects of their most bitter animosity, and feel their heavy hand very often. In fact, the wild Indian looks upon his brother who lives in friendship with the whites, just as he always has done from Logan's time to the present, with contempt and hatred. It seems to him that it is treason to his race, to his immemorial customs, and the shades of his forefathers, to stoop to imitate the habits of peace and thrift of an effeminate and foreign nation. This feeling is, in great measure, the cause of acts of hostility committed apparently wantonly, but there is another cause equally potent. The present war between France and Germany proves how impossible it is to keep large bodies of men, trained to nothing but war, in proximity to each other, for any length of time, without precipitating a struggle on the first and flimsiest pretext. Now these Indians are taught from youth up that the only honorable employment for able-bodied males is war and the chase, and that both of these are necessary to invest the aspirant with the true dignity of manhood. So it happens that,

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while the chief priests and elders are making a treaty with the government officers, the young men steal away, unauthorized, and seek adventure and glory elsewhere by paths none the less desirable because forbidden. In this way the plains around Santa Fe, and the passes and mountains for hundreds of miles west and south, are subject to Indian massacres.

A ride of twenty miles southwest from Santa Fe to the San Lazaro mountains will bring to notice many peculiarities of scenery which give to this region an entirely typical character. Imagine to yourself a dry, arid country, covered with small hills, whose sand is but partially concealed by a growth of pine and piñon and sage brush, and across which, occasionally, hard lines of basalt run like the wrinkles of care. A trail conducts you through this growth of sage brush, pinon and elk-horn cactus around the sandy hills fifteen miles or more to the Galisteo bed. Here the road commences a steep descent of a wall of rock, and after two or three turns emerges on a plateau of perhaps a mile in width, where are variegated sandstones, and innumerable specimens of fossil wood. This fossil wood is perhaps not familiar to all who read these pages. The material known locally as "fossil wood" by the inhabitants of this wild region is a mass of silex, resembling in texture and fibre, and sometimes even in color, real wood, and has been formed by the gradual decay of the organic material, and its replacement, particle by particle, and atom by atom, by silex. In one place there is a tree transformed in this way from wood to glass, which is two feet six inches in diameter, and a hollow log so perfectly imitated, that were it not for the vitreous lustre any one would be deceived by it. After climbing up the abrupt sides of the western boundary of the Galisteo valley, and riding up to the spur of the first component of the San Lazaro, you come upon the Real Dolores. Real means "royal," and a "royal" lead or lode is a quartz lead or lode in some other rock, bearing the ores of silver, gold, &c. From this the town or camp takes its name, and is called Real so and so. In this case, perhaps, the more common name is the "old Placer mines," in contradistinction to the "new Placer mines," or Real de San Francisco, worked contiguous to this tract. Placer or gulch mining is the washing out of ore from the accompanying dirt by means of water. Six miles or more above the route described is a high knob, known as the Apache's lookout, where the hostile

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Indians spy their prey and swoop upon it. Of course, whenever a man is found lying murdered, (a phenomenon not so uncommon as it ought to be in the neighborhood of wicked Santa Fe,) he is said to have been murdered by the Indians, and advantage is taken of this circumstance by Mexicans to divert suspicion from themselves. A few arrows are distributed near the corpse, as if they had been shot from a bow and fallen there, and often the scalp is removed to aid the deception.

You may observe, at intervals of ten miles or so, poor woe-begone-looking Mexicans tending their flocks of sheep, and having a quiver and bow for their defence, for the reason that they never have had money enough to purchase a rifle. The sensation is very novel and exciting to ride mile after mile along a lonely trail where you have been warned hostile Indians are lurking and waiting for your scalp. Every unusual movement of a bush is noted by you with painful accuracy, every noise attracts your attention and demands an explanation ere you can dismiss it from your mind. Your horse even—usually so good-natured and indifferent to trifles—is continually putting you on your guard against nothing by pricking his ears, reminding you of the fine instinct of the brutes, which leads them to detect the least approach of danger which is hidden from the perception of the higher creatures. And here excuse a few remarks on the subject of being prepared for the worst, which are suggested by the course of a certain gentleman in the western country, where he has been surrounded by Indians a great many times, but has heretofore escaped with a whole scalp. It is not bravery but folly to expose yourself to the danger of attack by the most inhuman beings in the world, without having the means of defending your life. An Indian is not chivalrous, nor magnanimous, nor merciful. It will not save you to prove to him effectually that your objects in coming into his power have been peaceful and legitimate. If he can kill you when you have arms in your hands, of course he will do it; but the fact of your being able to resist weighs strongly in the Indian mind against the policy of attacking you. If it be brave to go to sea without small boats and life-preservers; or to Greenland without warm clothing; or out into the rain without an umbrella; or into July sunshine without a hat, then it may be called brave to seek the Apache lair without a good revolver, but the oldest and bravest men on the plains and mountains—

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those old fellows who have grown up and decayed amidst a constant Indian war—will tell you that even when there are no Indians in sight and every thing is apparently secure, not one of them would venture one hundred yards from home without his rifle or revolver.

The ride across this desert is fatiguing to both horse and man, and the reader can easily imagine that the sight of the Real Dolores stamp-mill, half way up the nearest mountain, is no unpleasant one. We dismounted before dusk, giving our jaded animals in charge of some of the men, and inspected the mill under the guidance of Colonel Anderson. This gentleman had been a long time in the United States army, and at the period of our visit was Superintendent of the New Mexico Mining Company, which owned a tract of mineral land ten miles square, and called the Real Dolores. The appearance of the rocks here is most peculiar. The whole range of the Tuerto mountains, as seen from the eastern side, have a gray, sombre appearance, usually an indication of volcanic rocks. The vegetation is scanty, and scattered over the scene like a scrubby beard over the livid cheeks of a corpse. Cayotes are amongst the only frequenters of the desolate valleys and canons leading into the little range, and they trot by with the same indifference that the red man displays. These animals have beautiful bushy tails, and large white teeth, which latter they are fond of showing, but they resemble the fox more than the wolf. Here there are no lofty ranges to break the horizon.

To the southward, the place where Albuquerque lies, is pointed out, Santa Fe to the east; though lying free on the open plain, it is completely hidden from view, nor does the wanderer ever again get a sight of it till he has galloped his panting steed right into the main street of the town. Some coal veins in the outlying flankers of the Tuerto mountains deserve attention from the lesson they teach us of the formation and alteration of other coals. Here you see different veins resembling in all respects those found along the line of the Rocky mountains, and in the parks, but in one place there is a bed of very different-looking material. The traveller who has been in Wyoming valley is reminded of the anthracite lustre and fracture, and is tempted to call it anthracite; and so in fact it is, but only for a comparatively short distance from the trap dyke, which you cannot help noticing in its vicinity, and the heat from which, when it was a molten mass, transformed

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this gaseous fuel into a hard, dry anthracite, in the same manner (though over a much smaller area) that the igneous agencies in the eastern part of our own State converted the Pennsylvania coal more or less into anthracite, in proportion to the distance of the different beds from this eastern-lying source of heat. Leaving Apache Lookout and the stamp-mill, and gold-impregnated soil of the Real Dolores, the grim Cayotes and the hospitable colonel, we returned to Santa Fe in quicker time than it took us to come, and having witnessed a cock fight on Sunday, and a baile, and glanced at one of the faro banks, and viewed the pretty bronze-cheeked maidens and matrons (and those who are neither) lounging in the doorways of their adobe dwellings, or passing coquettishly by with the inevitable shawl thrown over their heads—having grasped the numerous friends by the hand and thrown leg over saddle—we resume our tramp; this time over an entirely different kind of country. Heretofore our course has been *along*, it is now veritably *over* the Rocky mountains, and northerly.

Mention is frequently made of parks, and it is well to know that the idea conveyed by this term to a Rocky mountaineer is of an elevated valley—that is to say, of a table land bounded by mountains, and extending along the axis of a mountain range. The noble Rio Grande del Norte flows through and out of such a park before it strikes against the Mexican shore, and the Arkansas gives name to another of those elevated valleys which lie between the San Luis and the South Park, from which latter the South Platte bursts forth from the all but impenetrable walls, to see who is dangling by the neck over its turbid waters in Denver.

After leaving Santa Fe, and pursuing a northerly route, you have all that remains of the eastern range on the right hand, and make Taos (pronounced Taus) your objective point. The little village of San Juan, inhabited exclusively by the Pueblo Indians, is the first point of interest. These Indians differ from the more nomadic tribes in the fact that they have always built villages and lived in them, whereas it is characteristic of most of the Indians that they dwell only in tents. Their houses are of very peculiar construction. In no one of the four sides is there any aperture either for door or window. They are like smaller cubes placed upon larger cubes, and some attain four, five and even nine stories in height. The entrance to the hut is always through a hole in the top, by means of a ladder. On hot nights they sleep on the roofs of

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the various stories of these buildings, always taking care to draw up the ladder by which they have ascended. The women brush the hair down on all sides of the head, and cut it off short about the middle of the forehead. Both sexes dress in the usual Indian costume—i. e., leggings, moccasins, and blankets; and show the same distaste as other Indians for any sort of head-covering. It makes a strange and striking group to see a dozen or more Indians in their peculiar costume, crowding around the camp-fire and warming themselves while conversing in low, guttural sounds, not without a certain rhythm and music. By close observation, you can always detect the chief amongst them. He is usually rather more intelligent-looking than the rest, more silent, and seeks to make himself as little conspicuous as possible. He converses affably with the others whenever addressed, and his words are listened to with marked attention. If he wishes a log cast on the fire, or any other little "chore" attended to, he generally follows the good farmer's motto of taking the heavier end himself. Here, in such a group at San Juan, the reader might have stretched himself at length in the shadow, and learned much of character by silently studying the countenances and movements of these Pueblos. Apparently they have their Coleridges and Sam Johnsons, their Rogers of New Jersey and Thersites, as well as their Artemus Wards and Mark Twains. One of them never opens his lips but the movement is instantly followed by a burst of laughter, chiefly from the younger men and women of the party. Another seems to give vent only to wise saws and serious observations; but it was interesting, in a psychological point of view, to note that the voice and manner of the funny man were really mirth-provoking, although of course the nature of his observations was not understood. These Pueblos sometimes venture out into the plains and chase the buffalo, but only at their own imminent peril, for every red man's hand is against them except a part of the Navajoes and Utes. The chief of the village has a large bell suspended on a post near his house, and when he wishes to perform divine service or assemble his people for any other purpose, the bell is tolled for a few minutes, after which the patriarch makes his appearance on top of one of the two or three stories of his house and harangues his people. The Pueblos have imbibed the Spanish taste for cigaritas, and enjoy their tobacco usually in this form, using instead of rice paper the dried husk of the corn.

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For some distance around this village to the banks of the Rio Grande the land is under fair cultivation by them, and plentifully intersected by ditches and acequias.

Our road from San Juan towards Taos led us for twelve miles along the course of the Rio Grande past L'alcalde, to a point where a high ridge coming from the east strikes that river. At this point we turned to the right, and passed over a succession of high sandy hills parched hot by the tropical sun, and rendered almost impassable by the debris of loose sand from the hillsides. There was no indication of the existence of water for miles around here, and this made the choice of a route an important consideration; for it may safely be assumed that no horse could be ridden in a temperature like this more than an hour or two without water. After two or three miles of this sort of travelling, and a short rest, during which we practised with an Indian bow and arrows, C. and I concluded to ride on ahead of the rest and rendezvous at the camp at night.

It is hard to give an idea to the Eastern man of the desolation and loneliness of one of these canons lying among the Sierra Madres. All is sand, rock and sage-brush, with a plentiful sprinkling of the pinon or gnarled, stunted pine growing like our laurel in the Alleghanies, only not half so green and pretty. Mirages are no uncommon accompaniments to such a scene, and we were the victims of one such deception. After following this large canon from the river up, vainly seeking water, and when it was too late to retrace our steps before night closed upon us, our chase became exciting in the extreme. Around us the arid hills and barren rocks, the tangled pinon, and the never-ending sage. Above us a clear sky just beginning to grow variegated with the approach of sunset, and that oppressive silence, unbroken by twitter of bird or croak of frog, which proclaims a grave-yard of nature. There was no chance for us to see our companions for a day or two at least; for we knew by their not appearing that they must have altered their course, so that, instead of returning, our only chance was to push onwards to the first ranch and meet them at Taos. Picking our way up the centre of the canon, which here partook more of the character of a ravine filled with water, perhaps in the melting of the winter snows, over and around us huge rocks and logs, our journey became more difficult with every step. But while this circumstance was an argument against this being a trail

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of any kind or leading to any habitation, the character which the ravine had assumed in the last mile or two, and the increasing freshness and greenness of the vegetation, gave us reason to hope for that boon to the weary and exhausted—water. At all events, now it was neck or nothing. Returning were not only as hard but harder than to go on. Even now, as we rode along, the ground grew spongy in places, moss appeared on the stones, and at last we descried a small pool of water about as large as a horse's hoof. This secured us against the lingering pangs of excessive thirst, so that, leaving this swamp in our rear as a *dernier resort* where we could obtain enough water by a little digging in case no more convenient place offered, we pushed rapidly on. A short distance further on, our road passed to the left of the narrow nose of a steep hill, and here to our delight we saw a herd of bulls and found that they were being driven by a small Mexican boy. Upon our interrogating him as to the nearest ranch, in *our* Castilian, he replied in his tongue that the village of Las Truchas was but a few miles distant; and with this information, we ascended the steep nose of the hill in the midst of the herd. Here two young bulls, disregarding the scriptural commandments and every dictum of propriety and good breeding, indulged in a fierce encounter just above my horse. Whether it was an affair of honor, the settlement of which had been agreed upon between the parties, or whether a sudden ebullition of rage, I don't know; but one plunged down madly on the other, and, missing him, came with head down and nostrils snorting, directly at my horse's left side. There was no time, no room to avoid him, and just when I expected to see my faithful steed gored to death, and to receive an impetus myself towards heaven, the beast wheeled and plunged down hill, leaving not one foot of room between his horns and my leg. At the summit of the hill we came upon a fine cultivated table-land, a good stream and a prettily situated Mexican village, (*Las Truchas*, The Trout.) There appeared to be no road leading into it, so we let down the bars and trotted over the stubble, along an acequia from which we and our horses drank plentifully, towards the proprietor of a copper-colored face, snowy hair and beard stubble, white shirt, and very broad trunk pantaloons extending half-way below the knee, whence the connection with two large shoes was made by a pair of stout brown legs. This gentleman, as we afterwards learned, was Senor Dominicio Dominquez,

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the store-keeper and great man of the little town where we proposed to pass the night. One of us advanced courteously, and, lifting his sombrero, inquired if a night's lodging for horse and man could be obtained in the vicinity. He replied, after a searching glance at our arms and persons, that there was no Fonda in Las Truchas, but that he would provide for us himself.

We entered the little village by a narrow alley between the high walls of two adobe houses and came upon the plaza, of which one side was formed by the front of the never-absent church, his little store being nearly opposite. After unsaddling and giving our horses in charge of Senor Dominicio's son, we strolled about to observe the town. This, like all the little Mexican villages remote from civilization, is built with a view to safety from Indian attacks. The only entrance to it is by the little narrow alley through which we had entered, all the other sides being closed by the back walls of the houses. This system probably suggested the idea for the construction of our Indian forts to the government engineers, for they are all built on the same plan. Senora Dominquez was evidently not so well pleased at our appearance as her husband, and any one who travels much will find this to be universally the case where the lady of the house has to take all the trouble, while the lord and master does the inviting. However, the meal, consisting of half a dozen or more of fresh-boiled eggs and a kind of passover bread, was heartily enjoyed, in spite of the decoction of chickory which the good people were pleased to call coffee. Like the village itself, no house has more than one entrance, unless one may consider the aperture in the roof for a chimney an entrance. Where two rooms are united together by a door, (there is but one story to these houses,) the main door is the only means of light and ventilation for both. After our meal, we lit our pipes and ascended to the roof to enjoy the view.

The sun was now just sinking beneath the horizon, and the gorgeous purples and goldens of the west were rudely broken here and there by the conical top of some mountain higher than the rest. For miles and miles around us we could see table-lands of about the height of that on which we stood, separated from each other by dark bands indicating ravines like the one we had ascended, and terminated in many places by abrupt hills and

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lesser chains of mountains. Far away, one hundred miles or more, we could trace the chief peaks of the Hemas and Sierra Madre, and lying between us and them the broad valley along which the noble Rio Grande proceeds to the ocean. For sixty miles of its course, this magnificent stream, though only a couple of hundred yards in width, is impassable, from the fact that it has cut out its channel one thousand feet down into the glassy basalt of the plains, leaving sides too precipitous to scale, while the loud roar from the bottom of this fearful chasm warns the listener of the tumultuous tide below, which would dash any living being to atoms against the rocks lying in its bed.

Close to the back wall of our own house, which forms, like all the back walls of the houses, part of the common defence against the red marauder, the hill plumps precipitously into a narrow gulch, lined with the vegetation so often referred to, and this little ravine broadens out towards the setting sun, the individual objects becoming less and less distinct, till it merges into one of the broad bands which cut up the landscape as if a huge irregularly meshed net had been laid over it.

Senor Dominicio Dominquez had a wife, a daughter, and a son in his house, and under ordinary circumstances these four sought repose on the same couch, which was made by spreading a few blankets on the floor of the first room. This preliminary having been accomplished, and each member of the family having provided him or herself with whatever he or she thought desirable as a pillow, the four deposited themselves in a row, after closing the door and thus shutting the only channel of ventilation. In the present case, the hospitality of our host was too great to permit him to make this disposition, which would have compelled us to seek the kitchen floor without a blanket. The mother and daughter accordingly composed themselves to slumber in the next room, and the head of the house, his son, my companion and myself took possession of the blankets. The slumbers of the latter two were somewhat disturbed by the closeness of the atmosphere, which, besides nearly suffocating us, was redolent of the odor of all that had been cooked for us, and much that was unfamiliar. It was no privation, therefore, to take an early start in the morning, after giving the Senor all the United States currency we had, (which wasn't much,) and agreeing to pay the

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balance to a friend of Dominicio Dominquez in Taos, a certain Antonio Sintas.

The first little village lying in our road to Taos was Las Trampas, (the "Traps,") then Chamisal, ("Sage Brush,") then Vadito y Penasco, ("high bluffs or rocks,") and lastly the Rio Pueblo. All these little towns resembled each other in their architecture and inhabitants, but the country in which they were situated differed widely from that through which we had ridden on the preceding day. Each settlement reared its head out of some charming little valley, fertile even with the lazy industry bestowed on it by the Mexicans, and watered by some little laughing rivulet, which seemed to send its life-inspiring moisture far up into the leaves and branches of the trees on the summit of its slippery banks.

Beyond the Rio del Pueblo we halted to rest the horses, and then, after following a steep and rocky trail for half a dozen miles, we emerged into one of the loveliest valleys imaginable, which appeared to be bounded in the direction we were pursuing by a gently rising plain. A beautiful stream flows through it, but it is deserted, a few adobe chimneys being all that remains of the former settlement. Seven or eight miles further on we passed a mill, which assured us of our near approach to a large settlement; and after threading a narrow and deep canon for a mile or two we emerged upon the plain we had been admiring, and saw right in front of us the large village of El Rancho.

Taos, the haven of our desires, lay four miles or more to the north, the road making curious and apparently needless deflections from a straight line on account of abandoned acequias, which divide up the plain, and as completely separate its parts as if they were large rivers. Taos is one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, town in New Mexico, or indeed in the United States. It is larger than most of the other towns, but does not differ from them otherwise. It contains several streets, a couple of fondas, stores and corrals, and a population of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give even an idea.

It is here that all the old pioneers and scouts (Colonel St. Vrain, Kit Carson and the rest) had their headquarters. Here, in this remote town, lying just where the great San Luis Park debouches into a wide plain, connected with Moro and the

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great prairies by a mountain trail of about eighty miles in length, and with Santa Fe by the route we have just come, these congenial spirits, recluses from the society of their white brethren, trappers and hunters, pioneers and mountaineers in a land where only their own prudence, pluck and readiness kept the scalps on their heads, and food in their game pouches, used to meet once or twice a year to lay in their supplies of ammunition, and recount their several experiences since their last re-union. Those times have passed away. The inevitable consequence of the march of improvement has been to destroy this class of men, while it builds up the prosperity of the less adventurous trader and farmer. Many of these old Indian fighters are here yet—more, perhaps, than in any other settlement in the United States—some who volunteered in the Mexican war from far Eastern States, that they have never revisited since, and were left here like the drift of that tide of unholy rapine and conquest which wrested this territory from our neighboring republic. Here in Taos you find the true state of feeling between the conquered, the conquerors and the Indians, who cannot be said to belong to either class. The hatred of the Mexicans for the Americanos is here neither disguised nor denied, and on more than one occasion but an accident has preserved the latter from massacre at the hands of the former. Four or five miles from Taos is an old Pueblo village, celebrated as the centre of a revolt of the Pueblo Indians against the authority of the United States government, in the course of which they assassinated the governor (Benton?)

One of these remnants of the good old times, which are spoken of in the numerous novels of border life, is Mr. Maxwell, brother of the gentleman who owns a tract of sixty miles square, including the Moreno mines, which are amongst the most valuable gold and silver mines in the United States. These brothers were natives of Illinois whilst that State was yet a part of Virginia, and were among the very first who emigrated from it to make their fortune in the far West. The one whose headquarters are in Taos, and who assisted Kit Carson when the latter was the government agent for the Indians of this district, is fond of relating anecdotes of his old friend, who, as most of my readers are aware, died and was buried here a few years ago. One of these anecdotes may not be out of place here, and will serve to illustrate the way in

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which Indian attacks are conducted, from the lips of an old hunter well acquainted with their nature.

"Kit was always mighty prudent," began my informant, while knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it. "Some people think that Kit Carson was as reckless of danger as he was successful on a trail; but, that kind of thing is impossible, as any one knows, who knows any thing of Indians at all. Indians are brave enough; but they won't attack you till they think they've got the drop on you—and when they think so, they're likely to be right, you bet. Well, one time I was carrying the mail and government stores over to Salt Lake City from Santa Fe, and expected to have to proceed on further, to San Francisco, after leaving most of the stock at Salt Lake. Kit, he wanted to go there, too, and joined our party, along with a navy officer, Captain ———, who was to join his ship on the Pacific. Now, as Kit was a colonel in the army, and we had a small escort of soldiers, and he was well known as an experienced hunter, of course he took command of the party as far as he went. He always was careful to choose his camp on a high piece of ground, or somewhere where the Indians had no chance to sneak up on us under cover. One evening we came to a little stream which flowed through a beautiful fertile meadow, where the buffalo grass was thick and sweet, and I wanted to camp here; but Kit, he said no, and we pushed on a little further to the abrupt side of a mountain, where there were two steep and inaccessible spurs running off in the direction we had come. 'This is our place,' said Kit. We lariated the horses between the wagons and the larger mountain side and kept a good watch all night, for we knew that the Apaches and Navajoes were lively around those parts.

"Early in the morning, say at 4 A. M., we got breakfast, and as it was just before sunrise, so that objects could be distinctly seen for some distance, we picketed the stock (about sixty horses and mules) further down the slope where the grass was more nutritious, and from fifty to sixty yards from us. This done, we sat down to a hasty meal, each man with his rifle thrown across his lap. We were not in the least afraid of an Indian attack, because it was quite light and we thought no living thing as large as a man could move across the little stream, where I had proposed to camp the night before, without being seen. Then

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we thought, that if they did attack us, we could easily reach our stock and drive them into our last night's corral, leaving a few experienced mountaineers to hold the Indians in check till they were all safe. We didn't neglect the precaution of keeping a sharp lookout over that sloping plain, either, I can promise you, but not a hunter of us all saw any thing to excite the least suspicion. Suddenly there arose a terrific yell, and at the same moment a half-dozen Indians leaped upon the backs of the animals nearest to us, whose lariats had been previously cut, and rode like demons, yelling and whooping, towards the rest of the stock, which, of course, broke their lariats and stampeded with the Indians, over the hills and far away, long before one of us had time to bring his rifle to his shoulder and take aim. Only one, of all those horses and mules, was recovered, and that was a big black mule, belonging to me, which was as wild as a wolf and which no living man but his master could straddle. I saw one big buck Indian leap upon him, but he went off like an arrow from a bow over the mule's head, and the latter, leaving the herd, ran back to our camp. The rest of our journey was made on foot. So you see the Indians were too cunning for Kit once."

Twelve miles from Taos, on the northern trail leading to Fort Garland, there is a dry ravine known as the Arroyo Honda, where some mining operations have been commenced. After a look into this and the Arroyo Secca, which it was said no one had ever penetrated up to the mountain from whose side it proceeds, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way, up and down over spurs of the mountain range overlooking the vast plain into which the San Luis Park widens, until we reached the Rio Colorado, or Red river, and the insignificant little adobe Mexican village of the same name, which presented the appearance of some old Hebrew or Egyptian walled city. Here, by the banks of the Rio Colorado, (not Colorado river, be it understood,) which takes its name from a reddish sandstone with which its bed is strewn and its banks are lined, we pitched our camp, and the nights being now (September 20th) pretty cold, we built a roaring fire of forest trees. The blaze from our fire made a cheery roar and illumined the scenery, with its fitful light, for a mile around.

Broke camp early and started for Castilla. The road followed up the broad valley alluded to above. The ease with which roads

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are made and kept in this country was here illustrated in a striking degree. Instead of the miserable little thoroughfares common in our eastern country, on which two vehicles can with difficulty pass, here is a magnificent avenue as broad as the Champs Elysées, and made by the tracks of the few wagons which pass between Rio Colorado and Castilla. On the pools and small ponds left by the rains are myriads of wild ducks and geese, which start up at your approach and fly in a thick black cloud to remoter feeding-grounds.

It was the intention of our party to pass on from Castilla to Fort Garland, a distance of about thirty-six miles, between sun and sun, but this plan was changed after I had left Culebra, and was coursing over the intermediate country alone. The mountains here, which enclose the San Luis Park, run closer together, and "Old Baldy" looks like a veritable Mount Pilatus rearing its head from behind Fort Garland.

All this time we had been leaving the Rio Grande a long distance on our left, or westward. The soil is covered with a kind of sand, on which sage thrives and blooms. This is where the celebrated Sangre de Cristo Grant, belonging to our fellow-townsman, Governor Gilpin, is situated.

If you question the Governor about it, you will receive one of the finest rhetorical repasts you can desire. With one finger through the button-hole of your coat, and the index digit of the right hand extended to point to imaginary mountain tops or down into fancied bottomless depths, he will begin, in golden tones, a speech in which all the researches of geographers, all the written lore of historians, and the sciences of geology, biology, politics, sociology and ethnology, will be poured out upon you with a volubility closely resembling eloquence, to convince you that the original Architect in framing this universe had Colorado, and especially the Sangre de Cristo Grant, for a centre. You will find, to your surprise, that the breaking out of the California and subsequently of the Pike's Peak gold fevers was not due to the natural excitement of finding the precious metals in regions where they were not previously known to exist, and around which that mystic halo of the *Unknown* was cast, but that this was part of a preconceived plan of the Governor's, matured when all others were calling the Great West an uninhabitable desert, and carried out with a devotion and enthusiasm on his part to which the Ameri-

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can people can ascribe its development. True to this really wonderful and gigantic plan, and for a reason which shall presently appear, settlers must first be attracted to our Pacific shores, and must be allowed to found and build up great cities and great industries, to become powerful states, and attract emigration from China; until, in fact, there is a surplus population seeking new fields to conquer, just like the surplus population of the Eastern States. Accordingly, he spoke the word, and the news flew over the country (not by telegraph, for by some inadvertence that had not been invented by him) as fast as the mail facilities permitted. North and South, East and West, over the Atlantic, over Europe, to Asia, Africa, Siberia and Sweden—everywhere people rushed into each other's arms, and breathlessly inquired: "Are you going to California?" From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West, back over the Atlantic, across Europe, from Asia, Africa, Siberia, Sweden—from everywhere, flowed the tide of gold-seekers, while the shrewd Governor held his peace and said nothing. Great cities and industries were founded. Millions upon millions of dollars poured into the United States mint, and out again upon the markets of the world. A powerful State was founded. Immigration started and increased from China, South America and the North British possessions, San Francisco acting as a magnet to attract whatever was not firmly fastened to the countries of the Pacific Ocean. A *surplus* population was obtained, (that was the thing he was gunning after,) and now, his plans having been brilliantly realized, the time was ripe for the sequel. He bought the Sangre de Cristo Grant. For Colorado lies in the temperate zone, half-way across the greatest continent in the world, half-way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and directly in the road of immigration and trade from West to East and from East to West; half-way from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and directly in the line of communication North and South, therefore really at the cross-roads of civilization, where the crowded and oppressed mechanic of the Eastern States and the surplus labor of California and those effete governments on the Pacific, whose overflow finds it way to San Francisco, join hands with the Mexican, seeking also new lands and a higher civilization for his poverty-stricken family; join hands in the erection of a temple to industry and thrift, which shall be

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the most colossal manifestation of human skill and the most enduring monument to liberty and free institutions that the world has ever seen.

Fort Garland lies on the east side of the great San Luis Park, in a niche made by a sudden widening of that valley past the south base of Old Baldy. The scenery around this Sangre de Cristo is enchanting. Just south of its limits, and between Culebra and the fort, one has a perfect view of the whole San Luis Park, which appears to be oval in form and narrowing up to the north into the Rincon, (pronounce Ring-cone;) the east boundary is made of the Huerfano and Wet mountain ranges; to the southward it narrows up in the neighborhood of Castilla, while its western side is formed of the Sierra Madre range. The many snow-covered summits to the west heighten the effect of the prospect greatly, and the long green grass near the quickening Rio Grande delights the eye, now getting tired of the endless grayish green of sage brush.

Old Baldy himself is a character. His bare pate is elevated to a very great height, and his gray and jagged crest stands out in the clear air with the striking distinctness of a stereoscopic picture.

The especial reason for a post at Fort Garland is to hold the Ute or Mountain Indians in check, and prevent their moving north and south along the chain of these great mountain valleys. The garrison is small, but the officers and their wives exhibited to us a kindness surpassing any we experienced on the whole trip, (and more it would be hard to say.) Dr. Eli McClellan and his wife, of Philadelphia, outdid the genius of hospitality itself in unceasing kindnesses, great and small. The fort is of quite respectable size, with a garrison of only a few men. It looks from a distance like a meeting-house shed with the stars and stripes hoisted over it. Just outside is the sutler's store, and inside the officers' quarters, commissary and other store-houses.

P. F., Jr.

[To be continued.]

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THE

PENN MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1870.

WEALTH: OF WHAT DOES IT CONSIST?

1. WRITING of the *wealth of nations*, Adam Smith clearly showed his high appreciation of the importance of the moral and mental elements. Rejecting the views thus presented, his Ricardo-Malthusian successors have assured their readers that their—so-called—science limited itself, and necessarily, to an exhibition of the causes affecting the production, distribution, and consumption of *material wealth alone*, the economist allowing "neither sympathy with indigence nor disgust at profusion or avarice—neither reverence for existing institutions nor detestation of existing abuses—to deter him from stating what he believed to be the facts, or from drawing from them what appeared to him to be the legitimate conclusions." Mean and narrow as is the pretended science thus described by one of the most distinguished of British economists, we find it still further narrowed by Mr. J. S. Mill when advising his readers that "the greater part in value of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the past twelve months," thus excluding from consideration not only the moral and mental elements, but also the accumulated wealth of ages now existing in the form of farms, parks, roads, canals, viaducts, bridges, mines, mills, galleries, museums, and buildings, public and private, the money value of such accumulations counting by thousands of millions of pounds! Following closely in his footsteps, journalists—foreign and domestic—fondly speak of raisers of corn and cotton, miners of coal and smelters of ores, spinners and weavers of wool and cotton, tailors, shoemakers, and the like, as being *the* "producers of wealth," thus

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wholly rejecting the claims to consideration of men like Watt and Stephenson, Morse and Henry, Liebig, Farraday, and thousands of others to whom the world stands most of all indebted for the wonderful growth of wealth and power that marks the period in which we live.

Of all economical terms there is none that is just now more frequently both used and abused than is the apparently very simple one to which the reader's attention has here been called. Of all, there is none of greater real breadth; yet, of all, there is none that has been so much narrowed and belittled; that, too, having been done by men who, while claiming to be disciples in his school, have carefully repudiated the most essential portion of the teachings of Adam Smith.

Of what, now, does wealth really consist? Let us see!

Robinson Crusoe having made a bow had thus acquired wealth; that wealth exhibiting itself in the power obtained over the natural properties of wood and muscular fibre, thereby enabling him to secure increased supplies of food with greatly diminished expenditure of labor. Having made a canoe he found his wealth much increased, his new machine enabling him to obtain still further increase of food, and of the raw materials of clothing, at still decreased cost of personal effort. Erecting a pole on his canoe he now commands the services of wind, and with each and every step in this direction finds himself advancing, with constantly accelerated rapidity, toward becoming master of nature, and a being of real wealth and power.

The picture here presented of the doings of an isolated individual is being now reproduced on a scale of wonderful magnificence by men engaged in erecting the poles, and stretching the wires, by means of which the thousand millions of the world's people are being enabled, on the instant, to communicate with each other, time and distance being in this manner almost annihilated. We have here a growth of wealth and power the value, moral and material, of which is almost beyond calculation; and yet, if we are to believe Mr. Mill and his fellow-economists of the British school, no wealth has thus been created except so far as is made manifest in certain poles and wires distributed over the earth's surface, or in certain other wires submerged beneath the ocean.

But recently a British army was saved from ruin by the fortu-

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nate presence of a little machine of American invention by means of which the services of water, then greatly needed, had been almost at once obtained. Here, as a consequence of growing power over nature, we have *wealth* of almost inestimable money value, yet does it find no place in the eyes of British economists beyond the mere commercial estimate of the little machine itself. Still further, the great men to whose successive discoveries we have been indebted for knowledge that has led to the production of such a machine, must, according to Mr. Mill, be classed as *non-producers of wealth*, for the reason that, however beneficial their labors, "an increase of material products forms no part of that benefit."

The landholder sinks a shaft upon his property by means of which there are brought to light large deposits of that material a single ton of which, during the period of its combustion, does the work of thousands of men. Having thus obtained control of a vast reservoir of force he parcels it out among his neighbors, claiming of them a royalty utterly trivial when compared with the labor that, by his aid, is now economized, thereby adding largely to the wealth of all. Furnaces and mills next taking their places in the neighborhood of the fuel thus developed other natural forces are brought to the aid of man, and now the farmer more and more obtains power for diversifying his cultivation, substituting the smaller products which yield so largely and pay so well, for the exhaustive wheat crop by means of which his land had been so much impoverished.* Released thus from all dependence on distant markets, his emancipation from the tax of transportation exhibits itself in great increase of the exchangeable value of his land, and here it is that we find the most important element of that rapidly growing wealth which now exhibits itself in a duplication of the money value of our material property in the last decade. How such power of accumulation as is thus exhibited can be made to accord with the assertion of Mr. Mill that nearly all the wealth of such a country as Britain had been "the product of human hands in the last

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* So great, under the protective system established in 1861, has been the growth in the quantity and money value of those minor products whose market is necessarily close at home—and especially of fruits—that they already far exceed the wheat crop in their money value.

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twelve months," it is for that gentleman, or his disciples among ourselves, to explain.

The extent to which time and labor have been economized by the use of steam employed in transferring, by land and water, both men and things, can scarcely here be estimated; yet does the growth of wealth thus exhibited find no recognition at the hands of British economists except so far as represented by the mere machinery by means of which the saving is effected.

2. *Wealth consists in the power to command the services of the always gratuitous forces of nature.* That power grows as men are more and more enabled to combine their efforts for nature's subjugation. That such combination may be effected there must be that diversification in the demands for human power which results from variety in the modes of employment. The more thorough that diversification the greater is the tendency towards production of men like Fulton, Morse, Davy, Farraday, Bessemer, Scott, and Dickens, greatest of all the "producers of wealth," although wholly excluded from consideration by men who restrict the domain of economical science to material wealth alone.

The object of protection to domestic industry is that of bringing about the diversification of employment above described. Without it, men cannot combine together. Without it, they must remain slaves to nature, and the societies of which they are a part must exhibit the same weakness that is now so clearly obvious in all those communities which, like Ireland, India, Portugal, Turkey, and Carolina, find themselves limited to the work of exhausting the soil in raising rice, corn and cotton, for the supply of foreign markets. With it, there must be daily increasing economy of muscular force, attended with growing development of that brain power to which we stand now indebted for the fact, that each individual in these Northern States may claim to command the services of many willing slaves engaged in supplying him with food, clothing and shelter, while themselves consuming nothing whatsoever beyond a trivial proportion of the fuel that they themselves had brought to light. Southern men, throughout the war, could, on the contrary, command little beyond the services of negro slaves for whose maintenance there was required a large proportion of the things produced; and hence the weakness that throughout the South was manifested.

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The more thoroughly the great natural forces are subjected to human control, and the more numerous these unconsuming slaves, the greater becomes the power of production, and the greater is the tendency towards that accumulation of wealth which manifests itself in the physical, mental, moral, and political improvement of a people.

3. Looking now, however, across the Atlantic, we find in the British islands a people counting less than 30,000,000, controlling those great forces to the extent, as we are assured, of the power that would be furnished by 600,000,000 men, giving no less than twenty non-consuming slaves to each person, young and old, male and female, of the total population. We have here an amount of wealth the like of which has never until now been known; and yet, so far has it been from giving such improvement as is above described that Ireland presents a condition of things disgraceful to the age; that Scotland exhibits great districts now in a state of almost entire wilderness which half a century since were occupied by a people of high intelligence; that English agricultural labor, as stated by the *Edinburgh Review*, a most uncompromising advocate of the existing system, has before it no future but the poor-house; and that even Mr. J. S. Mill, British free trade advocate as he is, finds himself compelled to assure his readers of his belief, that "it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have," as he continues, "enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes;" such, in his view, being the sole result thus far attained as a consequence of discoveries in science, and improvements in their modes of application, which enable English writers to assure the world that British wealth is now accumulating at the extraordinary rate of more than $500,000,000 a year!

The view thus presented by the most distinguished of British economists is, however, that of an Englishman writing of man only as he is found existing in Great Britain, or in countries subjected to its, so called, free trade system. That it is wholly incorrect in reference to those which have protected themselves against that destructive and immoral system, cannot, even for a moment, be questioned by those who have studied the course of affairs in Northern Germany, and in these United States.

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That so far as regards the writer's own country there is in it a very near approach to truth, is proved by successive reports in reference to the sad condition of laborers generally, but more especially those engaged in agriculture, thus condensed by Mr. Ruskin in a recent lecture:

"*Though England is deafened with spinning-wheels, her people have not clothes; though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold; and, though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger.*"

Seeking to understand the causes of the existence of such a state of things in a country of so rapidly growing wealth, the reader may now advantageously study a paragraph from a Report to Parliament made shortly previous to the commencement of our rebellion, as follows:

"The laboring classes generally, in the manufacturing districts of the kingdom, and especially in the iron and coal districts, are very little aware of the extent to which they are often indebted for their being employed at all to the immense *losses* which their employers voluntarily incur in bad times, in order *to destroy foreign competition, and to gain and keep possession of foreign markets.* Authentic instances are well known of employers having in such times carried on their works at a loss amounting in the aggregate to three or four hundred thousand pounds in the course of three or four years. If the efforts of those who encourage the combinations to restrict the amount of labor and to produce strikes were to be successful for any length of time, the great accumulations of capital could no longer be made *which enable a few of the most wealthy capitalists to overwhelm all foreign competition in times of great depression*, and thus to clear the way for the *whole trade* to step in when prices revive, and to carry a great business before *foreign* capital can again accumulate to such an extent as to be able to establish a competition in prices with any chance of success. *The large capitals of this country are the great instruments of warfare against the competing capitals of foreign countries*, and are *the most essential* instruments now remaining by which our manufacturing supremacy can be maintained; the other elements—cheap labor, abundance of raw materials, means of communication, and skilled labor—being rapidly in process of being equalized."

The picture here presented is thoroughly accurate, and exhibits

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as well the course of British operations in relation to wool and cotton as in regard to iron, the essential object of the "wealthy capitalists" of England being that of annihilating everywhere competition for control of those great natural forces which they themselves have to so great an extent subjected to their service. Hence it is that in all the countries subjected to the British system there is so trivial a growth of wealth and power, even where there is not a diminution of both. What, however, under these circumstances, is the course of things *at home?* What, when war rages as above described—when "wealthy capitalists" are filling all markets, foreign and domestic, with goods to be sold at less than cost—becomes of Englishmen of moderate fortunes who find themselves unable to meet the terrific domestic competition thus established? Are they then not driven to the wall? Assuredly they are, each successive crisis witnessing the bankruptcy of thousands of the most useful men, with corresponding increase of the control of those great "capitalists" over both labor and its products. Wealth grows, but the tendency is, and under such circumstances must necessarily be, towards its centralization in fewer hands, the rich becoming daily richer; the *Times* meanwhile assuring us that it seems beyond the wit of man to devise any means of arresting the flood of pauperism which has now set in, and which rises higher with each successive tide.*

Of the 200,000 English landholders of the days of Adam Smith there now remain less than 30,000; and of the whole land of England more than half, according to Mr. Bright, is owned by one hundred and fifty persons. Half of Scotland is now held by

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* "The feudalization going on in our manufacturing social economy is very conspicuous in some of the great cotton factories. The master-manufacturer in some districts, who employs eight hundred or a thousand hands, deals in reality only with fifty or sixty sub-vassals, or operative cotton-spinners, as they are technically called, who undertake the working of so many looms, or spinning-jennies. They hire and pay the men, women and children, who are the real operatives, grinding their wages down to the lowest rate, and getting the highest they can out of the master-manufacturer. A strike is often the operation of these middle-men, and productive of little benefit to, and even against the will of, the actual workmen. They are, in the little imperium of the factory, the equivalent to the feudal barons."—LAING: *Notes of a Traveller*, p. 177.

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less than a dozen proprietors, a third of the Scottish population meanwhile living, or trying to live, in houses consisting of but a single room. Wealthy bankers and manufacturers become cabinet ministers and peers of the realm, the men to whose labors they stand indebted for their fortunes meantime finding it daily more and more difficult to obtain proper food, proper clothing, or decent shelter for their wives, their children, and themselves.

The gulf dividing the non-workers from the workers becomes thus daily wider, doing this as a necessary consequence of that system which looks to making of Britain the one and only workshop of the world, and of which Mr. Mill is now one of the most distinguished advocates. Could that gentleman but be persuaded to study the facts of the world at large, instead of limiting himself to those of Britain alone, he would soon arrive at an understanding of the causes why he had found himself led to the strange conclusion, that "all the mechanical inventions yet made" had failed to "lighten the day's toil of any single human being."

The British system is a war of capital against labor, both domestic and foreign, and hence it is that the *Times* finds it necessary to advise its readers to be careful that, "in advocating the 'rights of labor,' they are not digging a grave for free trade." It is a war for the annihilation of all such rights, abroad and at home.

4. Against this system, the most adverse to the growth of general wealth, power, and human happiness, of any that has ever been devised, the laborers of the world seek protection, and in every case the advance, or retrogression, of the various communities is seen to be in the direct ratio of their success or failure in securing the adoption of measures needed for its maintenance. Ireland, Portugal, Turkey, Mexico, and the States of South America, decline from year to year in both wealth and power. Dazzled by a supposed success of the British system Louis Napoleon was led to efforts at building up a great foreign commerce at the cost of the domestic one, the result now exhibiting itself in an almost entire disappearance of French wealth and power. Prussia, wiser far, has looked for wealth to the promotion of domestic commerce, protecting her labor, and thereby developing the intellectual powers of her people, until at length she has created—and that in the short space of five and thirty years—

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the most powerful empire of Europe, if not even of the world at large. Among ourselves, the protective periods of the last half century, commencing as they did in 1824, 1842, and 1861, have exhibited a wonderful growth of wealth and power—the British free trade periods, those commencing in 1817, 1835, and 1847, having, on the contrary, closed with bankruptcy, private and public, so universal as to have caused the transfer, under the sheriff's hammer, of a large portion of the property of our countrymen.

Of all tests of the growth of wealth the most certain is that which is found in the comparative power of a people for the production and consumption of iron. Subjecting now to this test these several periods we obtain the following results, to wit:

In the free trade period which closed in 1824, the consumption of foreign and domestic iron was, per head, pounds, .	25
Under protection it rose, in 1835, to	48
Under British free trade it fell, in 1842, to	38
Under protection it rose, in 1847–8, to	98
Under British free trade it fell, in 1858–60, to	80
Under the moderate protection of the tariff of 1861, it has now risen to more than	140
And promises soon to reach	200

To those who shall now reflect upon the fact, that our present consumption exceeds a ton to every sixteen of our total population, and that nearly the whole of this is given to the creation of machinery to be used in enabling our people to obtain that increased control over the great forces of nature which constitutes wealth, it will scarcely appear surprising that the *growth* of material wealth of the past decade, despite the waste resulting from a gigantic war, should now be estimated at a sum *equal to the whole accumulation of the centuries by which that war had been preceded*, the fifteen thousand millions of 1860 being now represented by an estimated thirty thousand millions for 1870.

Wealth grows with the growth of man's power over nature. The more that growth the more feeble becomes nature's resistance, and the greater is the tendency towards acceleration of progress in the further growth of wealth.

H. C. CAREY.

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LILY.

"Where a rainbow toucheth, there breatheth forth a sweet smell."
BACON: SYLVA SYLVARUM.

I MARKED thy heart-throb daily fail,
But when the rose was past,
The Lily, heavenly pure and pale,
Breathed sweetness to the last.

Six years our babe alone had lain:
Six years ago she died—
The darling that we lost, again
Sleeps by her mother's side.

How wearily life lingers on,
Since thou, its light, art fled;
The hours which with thy glory shone
Lie with thee mid the dead.

How agonizing memory tracks
The words and acts of years,
And from forgotten hours awakes
A thousand thoughts for tears.

As beams the conscious eye with day,
Glad in the power to see,
I knew I was not all of clay,
Because I treasured thee.

Yet, fond as I believed my love,
I loved thee not enough;
Dear one, thou never wouldst reprove—
Ah! this is my reproof.

Leaf, flower and fruit were mirrored on
Our joy's unbroken flow;
Spring freshness, summer gladness, shone
With autumn's mellow glow.

But when the thought that we must part
Came troubling all my dreams,
A dimness spread upon my heart,
Like mist on wintry streams;

Hope trembled like the leafless wood
When midnight tempests blow,
And Sorrow deep in sorrow stood,
Like grave-stones in the snow.

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In meekness didst thou fade from earth;
  Soft was thy parting breath;
O! better than the day of birth,
  To thee the day of death!

Immortal calmness seemed thy sleep;
  Yet, all thy fetters riven,
Thy pure, seraphic pinions sweep
  The cloudless light of Heaven.

In beauty, free from beauty's pride,
  Thou stoodst in maiden bloom;
Love will not think of years—my bride,
  I laid thee in the tomb.

Light was thy step where sorrow bled,
  Thy presence staunched the wound,
And like a rainbow's touch, would shed
  Fragrance on all around.

Thou wast my strength in every good,
  My stay in every ill;
Bless thee! though thou hast passed the flood,
  Thine accents cheer me still.

Thy low, sweet words yet fill my ear,
  Thy hand yet rests in mine;
And with my children, bowed in prayer,
  I feel they yet are thine.

Mid tropic flowers, thy swimming eye
  Still spake thine inward peace;
Thy soul was brighter than the sky,
  And clearer than the seas.

The Southern Cross, that goes not down,
  Blazed trembling in the sea;
But, O, the Cross that won thy Crown
  Was brighter far to thee.

Yet to the Isles, with beauty thronged,
  In sky, on shore and wave,
Thou spakest Peace; then breath prolonged
  The life it could not save.

Vainly their constellations burned,
  Balmy their breezes sighed;
Thy prayer to Heaven for home was turned;
  Thy prayer was not denied.

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Yes, mid the scenes thou lovedst so well,
With dear ones gathering 'round,
When chimed the noon's dividing bell
Thy form was lifeless found.

A pallid brightness beamed on thee,
All Heaven around thee shone;
Thy last faint gasp was Victory,
Thy dying couch a throne.

Thy sufferings hallow many a spot,
A murmur clouds not one;
In anguish closed thy course, but not
Impatient was it run.

Saviour, be piteous and forgive,
If, in the first despair,
The joy of Heaven, for which I live,
Is that my wife is there.

O, Grave! how sacred is thy power,
Though strewn with buds thou art;
Poor are they to the spotless flower
Thou hidest in thy heart.

1853. C. P. K.

THE BURDEN OF OUR ANXIETIES.

"THERE is less misery and less happiness in America than in any country that I know of." We reckon this epigram of Lord Morpeth's among the things so well worth quoting that they are worth requoting. A Pittsburgh artist of our acquaintance confirms the nobleman's remark by the result of his study of human faces in the two hemispheres. The faces of even the poorest and the busiest men in European cities indicate an enjoyment and satisfaction in life which is wanting in that of an average American. There is a look of care-worn anxiety about most of the frequenters of our cities' thoroughfares which is deeply melancholy. The present writer has stood for a good while in an open doorway, close to Chestnut street, without being able to see one exception to the general rule. Nor is it worst with us; we are about medium between the best and the worst. The Bostonians have such a look of preoccupation and concern stamped on their faces

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that their ladies have grown too keen in expression to be beautiful. In New York and its western suburb—Chicago—things are worse; in Baltimore and Cincinnati not so bad. An English traveller says that in Chicago every one looked to him as if they were going to some place; in Cincinnati, as if they had been there and were coming back. Were our great cities to become mere marts of commerce, according to the ideal of some of our social philosophers, New York would give tone to them all in this respect. The comparative quietness of our manufacturing cities is one of the subsidiary advantages of a financial system built up in conformity to the laws of social science.

Very few people realize the importance of the true and wholesome enjoyment of life. Mrs. Jamieson notices that "Dante placed in his lowest hell those who in life were melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine; and in some of the ancient systems of vices and virtues, melancholy is unholy and a vice; cheerfulness is holy and a virtue. Lord Bacon also makes one of the characteristics of moral health and goodness to consist in 'a constant quick sense of felicity and a noble satisfaction.'" The old Hebrew prophet, describing a state of national desolation, says:

> The elders have ceased from the city gate,
> The young men from their music:
> The joy of our heart is ceased:
> Our dancing is turned into mourning.

Life is not worth having on such gloomy terms as Americans have it. It is useless to heap up what we call the good things of this life if we fail to "get the good of them." To vex one's soul with cankering care and wearisome anxiety in the pursuit of "a living," is *causâ vivendi perdere causas.*

One great drawback to an American's enjoyment of life is his real indifference to his own work and its uses. It seems strange to say this of such a busy generation, but it is the truth. Very few Americans make much of their peculiar work. They do not call themselves successful in so far as they have done it well and usefully. They always estimate success by a standard outside of it. A merchant may have fed great cities, or adorned and beautified daily life by the elegance and taste of his wares, yet he will not be held successful unless he has made money also.

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Success in his business goes for nothing, even in his own thoughts, unless he has a good balance at the banker's. A lawyer may have hindered great injustices by wide learning and eloquent pleading; he may be able to boast, with the old Edomite sheik—

> I delivered the poor that cried;
> And the fatherless, and him that had no helper;
> The blessing of the perishing man came upon me,
> And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
> I put on righteousness as a robe,
> And judgment as a turban.
> I was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame;
> I was a father to the poor;
> The cause which I knew not I searched out,
> And I broke the teeth of rascals

—but neither society nor even his professional brethren will reckon him a successful man, unless he has so done all these things as to earn and save money in the doing of them. It once was different in this profession; it is still different in others. A physician will hardly be respected who uses his own profession simply as a means to be rich—who reckons an operation brilliant or creditable in proportion to the fee that it brings him. The ministry of the gospel also owns another standard.

Worldliness, then, which is but one form of selfishness—the living for gain, and not for use—is a great drawback to the enjoyment of life. The remedy for it is not to make less of our daily work, but to make more of it,—to magnify our office by reckoning our daily work to be something in itself, and not merely a means to make money. In the simpler, more child-like, and therefore less worldlike, ages of the world, men honored and adorned their daily work after a different fashion from ours. They lived close to their shops and workshops, beautified them with ornament, and in various ways showed their attachment to them. They organized their crafts into guilds and brotherhoods, and boasted of the use and social service of even menial occupations—"bestowing more abundant honour upon the uncomely parts." They loved their work, and were its masters, not its slaves; they enjoyed life in it.

But nowadays, work is a curse, because men do not love it; a wearying care and anxiety, because they put their heart not into it, but into the money it brings them or fails to bring. And, by

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consequence, their amusements are equally burdensome. Every part of life reacts upon every other. Men cannot, if they will, divide up their lives into distinct halves, and keep the two separate. If they do not enjoy their work they will not enjoy their rest, or the pastimes with which they try to fill it up. These latter become heavy and artificial, wearisome attempts at being amused. Our national holidays are such in no sense of the term, except the formal one. Failing in every thing but noise and glare, we have at last adopted these as the proper way of celebrating the nation's birthday. We are not sure of other methods. Processions are laborious failures; orations are out of date; spectacles we have not the artistic taste for. But as long as gunpowder holds out we can certainly make a din and a glare, so we stick to them. The means invented by the childish idolators of China to drive away the evil spirits, we adopt to express our gratitude and joy for the providential events which made us an independent part of Christendom.

Perhaps the fact that there is "less misery" in America than elsewhere has something to do with the fact that there is "less happiness" here. We do not reap the benefits of the great law of compensation as others do. We are never quite hungry enough to enjoy our food to the full; never quite naked enough to know the full glory of a new coat. We live on a dead prairie level of moderate, and therefore unappreciated, comfort. We do not enjoy the summer as keenly as did the old Greeks and Romans, who crouched shivering over a weak, smoky fire, or tramped up and down a sheltered colonnade to warm themselves; nor even as did our mediæval and more immediate forefathers, whose doors and windows were so poorly fitted to their frames that their houses were nearly as open to every draught as if built in imitation of a bird-cage.* They had nothing but cold and abusive words for dreary winter; but then they revelled in the glories of summer as we do not. The Greeks shrunk back in horror and dread from the grandeurs of mountain scenery; but then they relished "sunny spots of greenery" all the more keenly for the contrast. Since the darkness has lost its population of ghouls and fairies,

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* Thomson is said to have written much of his poem on "Winter" in bed, with his hand stuck through a hole in the blanket, in the vain effort to keep warm.

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ghosts and demons, we care less for the light and its pleasures. If the reader wishes to know what sunshine and peace are, let him find a sheltered and sunshiny spot behind a high wall on a blustering March day. He will see how contrast heightens enjoyment, and will begin to learn why it is that masses of people in Europe, who have had but a scanty breakfast and are not sure of their dinner, have yet more real pleasure and delight in life than our "well-to-do and comfortable" citizens.

One remedy for this state of things must be the multiplication of objects of popular interest and the emphatic assertion of their importance as paramount to that of money. Music and the arts, literature and culture, must go hand in hand with the growth of wealth and prosperity, unless the whole national life is to be a gloomy, mammon-worshipping, worldly vulgarity. It is not the church solely, nor even mainly, that is crying out against the money-worshipping tendency of our times. Artists and men of letters are equally, nay, more, emphatic in their protests, in so far as they have their own work and the good of their country at heart. They, too, are forced to confess that the worldliness of society, its lack of simplicity and the absence of noble motives, are fatal to the higher interests of society, without at all subserving the lower. All thoughtful men must confess that society is verifying the words of an old Jewish writer, who had seen as much of the world as Ulysses himself, and was a man of practical business instincts: "They that haste to be rich . . . . . . pierce themselves through with many sorrows."

JOHN DYER.

THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.

[Concluded.]

FROM Fort Garland to the Rincon or northern extremity of the San Luis Park there are two roads, the one along the sandy base of the Cristonis and the other along the magnificent old Rio Grande del Norte. The latter, though the longer, is far the more interesting. You are to bear in mind that you are now on the eastern side and near the northern end of the great

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valley above mentioned, and that the Rio Grande flows through its middle, some thirty miles west of you, and just before reaching the neck of the Park it makes an abrupt bend to the west, cutting through the Sierra Madre and bringing the waters of the extreme western part of Colorado, and almost the eastern part of Utah, down in its magnificent tide. Here the Sahwatch river joins it from the north, but the Sahwatch also breaks through the mountain chain from the west, and our course was due north through the Poncha Pass. It was a beautiful, clear morning, the temperature a little low for non-active people, but delightful for riding, and the atmosphere diamond clear, when we took a reluctant leave of our kind hosts at the fort and rode out directly west. New beauties of the Park came to view with every mile we travelled, till at last, just as the softened outline of rugged "Old Baldy," just behind the place where the fort lay, marked our distance from the latter place, we began to travel over a new soil. Perhaps nothing is so striking to the traveller over arid sands and dry wastes as the commencement of green vegetation. It is the rainbow in the sky to one who has lost his way, and promises life and strength for days to come. After the hundreds of miles of dry sage brush, which looked as dusty and gray as Phil Sheridan's coat in Buchanan's celebrated picture in illustration of his still more celebrated form, this green was to our eyes like the music of lutes and the sight of a long-abandoned home. Our horses, too, were invigorated by it, responding cheerfully to the encouraging voices of their masters, and we galloped over the remaining half-dozen of miles which lay between us and the Rio Grande in a very short time. We were prepared for almost any thing in the shape of running water except what we saw. We had expected to find a sluggish, shallow stream, margined by rank vegetation and discolored by the decomposing mud which contained it. We found a superb, comparatively rapid current, crystal clear, and, to our parched lips, cold as ice, deeper than any river we had as yet met with, and as pure as it looked. The birds were thick above and beside it, and fish disported themselves in numbers in its waters, and this circumstance gave us the cue. In a few moments we were all Izaak Waltons, and to such purpose that in less than an hour we had caught some sixty beautiful, rose-tinted, speckle-backed trout, weighing from one to three pounds. Such trout were certainly never before seen, at least we

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thought so as, after our rapid march and exhausting camp duties, we squatted on the ground and enjoyed the repast which had just been removed from the fire. Noble river, we shall never forget you and the paradise you make of Governor Gilpin's Sangre de Cristo Grant. This, then, is the Great American Desert—luxuriant trees, fine green grass and millions of acres of the most arable land. This is the "Unknown" marked in our school geographies and dedicated to races of beings who can live without food or water, but evidently not unknown to our friends, the ducks, the pheasants and the fish, who, in spite of their ignorance of school geography, have dared to show the good taste of coming here to abide. This, then, is the part of the United States indicated by ranges of mountains running everywhere and nowhere, and looking (as Mr. Lesley once said) like great centipedes crawling over the map. Well, that will change before long, and we can afford to endure Governor Gilpin for finding the hole where the leg of the compass used by the original architect of creation rested, when he sketched out the boundaries of the universe on his own beautiful Sangre de Cristo Grant. "What are you going to do with all this sand, Governor?" once said an objector to our friend's theories. The Governor turned upon him a withering look, and slowly nodding his head to emphasize each word, replied: "Make bottles of it to hold the wine which will be made in this region." The reply to this is not recorded.

But we must now hasten, in a few words, over the remainder of our route. Passing up into the northernmost point of the San Luis Park, through the neck called the Rincon, and along Homan's creek, which heads up, on the divide between this and the Arkansas River Park, we pass a beautiful little nook just purchased by another fellow-townsman of ours, Mr. J. Comegys Paul, one of the most favorably known lawyers in Colorado.

The Poncha Pass is a notch like almost all of the passes through these mountains; but the cutting is so deep and sharp, and has so evidently been accomplished at one time by water, that the scenery as you ride through is wild and beautiful in the extreme. Here a small herd of deer was browsing on a high cliff, as I rode down—the so-called black-tailed deer of these mountains; but not showing any disposition either to be shot or to surrender, they left the pass to "Mineral" (my horse) and to me. We passed a well-to-do farmer from New York who had

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located in the Arkansas River Park, just beyond the mouth of the pass on the opposite side; and crossing the Arkansas river at a very deep ford, which the least approach of a freshet makes impassable, we directed our steps to Trout Creek Pass, another notch separating this intermediate park and water shed from South Park.

While hastening on to our destination, I must not omit to mention that the "jack-rabbit," an animal resembling more a kangaroo in its motions, is very common throughout this country, and furnishes an endless source of amusement and exercise to those who like hunting. The Rocky Mountain sheep, the badger and the black-tail deer are game of a higher order, and, the hunters say, are quite abundant; but, as a disappointed broker remarked, after an unsuccessful expedition after them, "the game in a country is too much like fancy stocks: it has a fictitious and nominal value; but when you want to realize it, it isn't there."

Through the Trout Creek Pass along the south corner (somewhat like the Rincon of San Luis) of South Park, over the alkali white plains, down into the valley of and across the South Platte, up again on to a high bluff to the north, and you rein your steed in the streets of the promising little town of Fairplay. Here are some fifty or sixty houses arranged to form three streets, and a population of farmers and miners. Recently the discovery of rich lodes in the bordering mountains of this park have given this town a great impetus; and if it have what its name imports, it may yet be a flourishing city. Twenty miles to the south of the town are the salt works of Rawlings & Hall, where from a salt spring they produce a very good article, and find their demand in the wants of the farmers and the smelters up in Central City and Denver. From here we pushed on along the course of the Platte river, through its gorge in the Eastern hills, stopping at the Cenotia House on the summit of the divide—the Tip Top House of the Rocky mountains—with one stop to look at the view to the westward. In the Capitol at Washington is a picture in the rotunda, called "Westward Ho," and this picture is familiar to all who look upon bank notes as works of art, or interest themselves in any thing more than the figures indicating dollars upon their faces, for this picture has been reproduced upon some of our bank notes ($5.00 or $10.00, or perhaps $20.00.) It rep-

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resents an emigrant's wagon slowly threading its way through a magnificent valley surrounded by high mountains. This picture is a reproduction of the view to which I referred, and falls far short of the beauty of the original.

The rest of the journey, fifty miles or so to Denver, is hardly worth noticing, except the magnificent descent of the road on the eastern flank of the Eastern Flankers, a thousand feet above the valley of the Platte, and along the edge of a beetling precipice. Any thing grander than this it would be difficult to find; and with this last glance, we leave one of the finest vertebræ of the Backbone of America. P. F., Jr.

THE GERMAN WORKINGMAN.*

The German workman is a notable person in these days of sudden and sweeping changes in the political world of Europe, worthy of study as one of the elements of the strength of the great military nation of our days, and also—if we may credit recent despatches in regard to Democratico-Socialist movements—one of the elements of her weakness also. Mr. James Samuelson, an Englishman of the Manchester school and a sharer of its unsentimental kind of philanthropy, made a trip through Germany into Switzerland, before the present war broke out, with a view to learn something of their condition and prospects, and to see what light their experience would furnish for the solution of similar problems at home. Mr. Samuelson is what Carlyle would call a "credible person with eyes;" so his book, containing what he saw and learnt on his trip, is not without its value.

One notable point in it is the persistency with which he assails what he regards as English prejudices, or at least as the prejudices of certain classes of Englishmen. He declares himself decidedly opposed to the substitution of a continental Sunday for the English one, yet he asserts that German and Swiss law

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* The German Workingman: His Institutions for Self-Culture and His Unions for Material Progress. By James Samuelson, Editor of *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, and President of the Liverpool Operatives Trades' Hall. London: Longmans, 1869.

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allows and encourages the working classes to make a better use of the weekly rest-day than the English do. The German has open to him beer gardens in the suburbs, where he and his family go to spend the hours quietly in the open air listening to music, sacred and secular. The Englishman, unless he be a church or chapel-goer, stays in his close, unwholesome room, or leaves his wife and children there and betakes himself to the gin shop to get drunk. Yet a test recently applied in one town shows that quite a large proportion of German workingmen are members or adherents of the various churches. As to the *best* use of Sunday, Mr. Samuelson says little; while he hints that he would like to compromise between English sense of propriety and reverence for the day, and German freedom. All of which may pass for what it is worth.

Mr. Samuelson is as little likely to please strict teetotalers as strict Sabbath-keepers. He thinks that the beer of Germany does her workmen no harm; while the heavy ale and beer of England, to say nothing of her still more potent compounds, are decidedly injurious. Wherever he went he found the workmen were beer-drinkers, and saw it freely sold at every Workingmen's Institute, not excepting those that are under strictly religious influence. He found more drunkenness in Switzerland, and ascribes it to the free use of wine and foreign ales, while the Germans cling to lager beer.

Mr. Samuelson's journey divides itself into three stages, which correspond exactly to three types of the organization of labor. I. On his way to Switzerland he found capital and labor working together, in Elberfeld, Cologne and Munich, under a system of arbitration. Fritz of East Germany leads a very different life from the sadly neglected and unfortunate "Ginx's Baby" of recent English fiction. While he is still in early years, a paternal government takes him by the hand and leads him to school, for she will have no street Arabs playing round her doors. From school he goes to the work for which schooling has designedly fitted him, and in which his superior intelligence makes him more than a match for the heavier muscle of the Anglo-Saxon. He joins an Institute, where classes for technical and literary, musical and artistic study enable him to continue the work of his education. When his time comes he enters the army, and is made to feel that he is a unit for the defence of a great nation.

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He comes back to work none the less a citizen for having been a soldier. Its profits clothe him and his kids decently, feed them passably but not abundantly, and leave him enough to pay the expenses of his membership at the Institute, which keeps him in society and reading. The technological journals of his own business which he finds there discuss his work with German thoroughness and artistic suggestiveness. He joins their choral and orchestral society, if his tastes lead him; otherwise he enjoys the benefit of their music. If he quarrel with his employer, a joint court of arbitration decides the right and wrong of the matter, without driving him to the desperate remedy of a strike. Such is labor in its old form of organization, but with its relations to capital tempered by justice, and under the rule of a government bent on the elevation of the people. The picture varies little, whether the scene be laid in Protestant Elberfeld, Roman Catholic Cologne, or South Germany.

Mr. Samuelson notices one un-English feature of their Institutes, that most of them are wholly originated and controlled by the workingmen themselves, differing in this from the Mechanics' Institute of Great Britain, which originated with Lord Brougham and his aristocratic Whig friends.

II. In Germanic Switzerland, Mr. Samuelson found the influence for evil of socialist ideas, the trades unions being connected with an international socialist organization whose headquarters is in London, but whose influence is chiefly continental. As usual, socialism has sown distrust and dissatisfaction without leading to any positive measures of reform. The prices of food, clothing and lodging are higher than along the Rhine; drunkenness common; strikes not unknown. The only point of comparison (that he notes) in favor of the Swiss was the superior artistic taste displayed in the adornment of their rooms. The most extravagant notions of social reconstruction are disseminated by the organ of the socialist league, until they have come to be accepted by the working classes as truisms. The philosophy of Victor Hugo and his compeers of the Peace Congress is the current ideas of the workingmen in this part of the Republic. The *Internationale Verein*, while it helps members out of work and promotes self-improvement by classes, is wholly committed to socialist views. The practical results of the theory seem to be

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to lead men to deprecate the erection of actual homesteads in the interest of possible castles in the air.

In view of what is told us by other authorities, we cannot regard Mr. Samuelson's picture of Switzerland as a fair one. Victor Hugo and his confreres are not the only ones who have exerted an influence on the Swiss working classes. Schultze-Delitsch, the great German coöperative philosopher, seems to be a power for good in this little republic, as well as in France and Germany. The Handwerks-Burschen or travelling mechanics, for instance, have an extensively patronized "Coöperative Store and Kitchen System," which is at the same time a lodging-house. It has been in operation some ten years, and does a very large business. It keeps prices of dinners, groceries and bread down to the lowest possible point. The finest branch, that at Lausanne, has some 1,350 members, and furnishes 216,000 meals a year. The *Konsum-Verein*, of Zurich, with twelve branches, is a vast coöperative store, whose receipts average 1,407,264 francs yearly, and supplies one-fifth of the people of the place with the necessaries of life. It has a library and reading-room, and is about to establish a school. One of its objects as an organization is, to restore the old Swiss democratic views of social organization, which still hold their ground in the mountain cantons, and it therefore shows some fastidiousness in the election of members. It has already succeeded in effecting, by agitation, a peaceable revolution in several cantons of the lowlands.

III. Mr. Samuelson, on his return to England, seems to have stayed in only a single locality where the organization presented features of interest; but we shall not confine our remarks to his book. In Breslau he found the views of the great coöperative economist, Schultze-Delitsch, in very successful operation. The loan bank (*Vorsuchs Verein*) of this place is one of the largest in Germany, and its 3,500 stockholders are all workingmen, but the joint capital is over $1,000,000, and earns nearly ten per cent. dividend yearly. It is one of a confederacy of 1,500 similar banks, which have a united capital of $100,000,000, and represent 300,000 stockholders, and whose loans last year were over $169,000,000. Its loans are secured by mortgages, which it rarely forecloses, as it encourages members by aid and counsel when they are in difficulties. The Breslau workman borrows his capital from the bank, that he may become his own employer; when his yarn has been

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spun into cloth, or his timber converted into furniture, he carries it to a vast coöperative bazar, which makes him an advance upon it in proportion to the kind and quality of his work, enabling him to partly discharge his debt at the bank and to support himself until his work has been disposed of and he has a new batch for sale. He thus, by a little self-denial and patience, works himself into a position of independence, and becomes a capitalist and a holder of bank stock. The system is admirably contrived, with the view of reducing to a minimum the annoyance and difficulty which accompany all beginnings in coöperation, and of throwing every workman on his own resources. Large banks upon this plan exist in Heidelberg, Stuttgardt and Ulm; but the largest in South Germany is that at Constance, which has a capital of 2,000,000 florins and 900 members, and is reckoned the safest banking institution in all Southwestern Germany. All these are based on the plans of Schultze-Delitsch, who is next to Bismarck in the popular estimate of ability.

The profits of middle-men and brokers, upon the small quantity of raw material which a single workman may need, is again saved by the formation of a *Roh-Stoff Verein*, in connection with a coöperative store, which supply not only the members of the *Verein* but others of the same grade with both raw material and provisions. Some 300 of these Raw-Stock Unions are in coöperation, the largest being one in Berlin, which purchased $35,500 last year, and cost, in all, $946.

Coöperative Insurance, or rather Endowment, Societies have become a feature of Dresden, to which workmen contribute weekly in proportion to the number of their children. The net results of these deposits are available when the children are come of age, furnishing Gretchen's marriage portion, or paying Fritz's passage to America. Often, however, the joint endowments are employed to set up the family as farmers or manufacturers at home.

The coöperative stores of Germany have only begun to be organized; they numbered 199 in 1866, 316 in 1867, 555 in 1868. Seventy-five report 36,656 members, and receipts of $1,465,657. For a while they were arrested in their development by an attempt to deviate from the English system of dividing the profits of their sales among the purchasers, but experience has shown them the wisdom of the plan.

The farmers of Germany are organizing to coöperate in the

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purchase of seed and implements. A system of land banks, similar to those now devised for the working classes, was the means of dividing up the great estates of Prussia among the mass of her agriculturists. Mr. Gladstone has borrowed largely from their system in the preparation of his Irish tenant right bill, which is yet to remove the greatest of Irish grievances.

The poverty of the German nation for centuries has been one of the great obstacles to her internal development and European influence. There is therefore a deeper interest than the financial one attaching itself to every measure designed to put her people upon a better footing of comfort and prosperity. Nor can we fail to rejoice in the growing wealth of the only Teutonic nation which has shown itself free from the taint of financial corruption, and has cherished patriotic ideas more eagerly than others have hoarded gold.

NOT OF OUR WORLD.

All around you, my dear brother,
Lies a world you never enter,
And I think you scarcely see it
Though it spreads before your eyes.
You belong to quite another,
And your bright home is its centre:
Little wonder that you flee it,
When your own is Paradise.

It is early chilly morning
When the sun seems sick of rising,
Though it fall through crimson curtain
On your slumber-laden eyes,
While with many a lazy yawning
At the daylight so surprising,
You lie dreamily uncertain,
Really dreading to arise.

Hark! the factory bells are ringing,
The mill-whistle shrill is blowing,
There is bustle in the hovel
With the tramp of hurried feet.
To the mother babes are clinging,
She must go though it be snowing,
While the men with weary faces
Must invade the silent street.

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Yes, and children, young and tender,
Answer to the iron summons,
And steal shivering through the snowflakes,
Or before the pelting rain.
Girlhood, pale, unkempt and slender,
Through the lanes and o'er the commons
Must be going as the morn breaks,
Life's hard struggle to maintain.

Oh, my brother, are you better
Than these toiling men and women,
In aught else except the chances
That have fixed your lot and theirs?
Have they sinned, that God should fetter
Them from childhood to their toil, when
He on you in favor glances
And your finer nature spares?

Have you never, in your wandering,
Lit upon some lovely picture
Of a far-off land of pleasure,
Where the softly gleaming sun
Rests on rivulets meandering
Through green fields, where quiet Nature
Sleepeth to a murmured measure
Of her own till day is done?

Have you never sighed, contrasting
That ideal scene of beauty
With the rugged world about you,
And the hard, real look of things?
Felt a nameless sorrow blasting
Every joy and every duty,
That the world could move without you,
And a longing for the wings

Of the dove, to soar forever
To the land within the picture,
To the land you knew in childhood,
To the fields you've seen in dreams,
From the reach of the stern *never*
That so galls the human creature,
To the rustle of the greenwood,
To the murmur of the streams?

So to these born heirs of sorrow
You and yours are but a vision,
Caught gas-lighted, through some window,
They, without in the dark street,

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Piercing like a barbed arrow,
Though the lip may speak derision,
As they gaze in on the warm glow
Of your fireside-picture sweet.

To whom gentle Spring returning,
And the soft green grasses growing,
And the daisy on the smooth lawn
Bring no pleasure—only pain;
And a deep and bitter yearning,
While the years are onward going,
Each night longing for the sundawn,
And at morn for eve again.

In whose heart the song birds trilling;
And the deep blue sky above them,
And the scented breezes o'er them,
And the flickering shadows cast,
Bring no pleasure, but a thrilling,
Hopeless wish for some to love them,
As they see but toil before them
And dead hopes throughout the past.

In whose eyes the smiles of beauty,
And the light of loving glances,
And the sheen of golden tresses,
And the sound of dancing feet,
Nerve them only for stern duty,
While unloving age advances,
And no love the lone heart blesses,
No kind eyes their sad eyes meet.

And the wedding bell but mocks them
With its merry, merry pealing,
As the bridal train sweeps by them
With its scent of flashing flowers;
And the plumèd hearse scarce shocks them,
Though their life away is stealing;
Does not cruel life deny them
Happy homes and blessed hours?

So, my brother, sometimes ponder,
Since you have all earthly treasure
That you need, yet feel unsated,
Wanting, still, more shining gold,
On the ones who homeless wander,
Or who toil without a pleasure,
To a life of sorrow fated,
And who are not of your world.

E. W. Watson.

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THE ITALIAN ELEMENT IN MILTON.

It is worthy of note that as soon as the Church attained social and political power she used it to suppress the ancient drama, then in its degeneracy, on account of its opposition to her teachings. Her converts were required to renounce the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world;" words which the puritan opponents of the stage, with historical propriety, have quoted and still quote as the renunciation of the drama.

After a long series of years, during which such a thing as a play had not been seen or heard of, the Church herself revived the old "pomps" under the forms of "Miracle plays" and "Mysteries," for the better instruction of the masses in the historical truths of the Bible, particularly those in reference to Christ.

In time these "Miracle plays" and "Mysteries" became more and more common and perverted from their original design, and gradually fell into disrepute, and certainly into disuse, though there is one example of them which has been performed for many years at Ober Ammergan.

These "Miracles" and "Mysteries" were probably the root from which sprang not only the Elizabethan drama but also Milton's divine epics; the one adopting the human and social, and the other the religious elements. There is certain evidence that his first intention was to write his Paradise Lost as a play, and there is still in existence in the collections of the British Museum a rough draught of his poem in that form.

Shakspeare, it is well known, was an universal copyist, and every year of criticism reveals the fact more and more; but as Emerson well says of him, (and *mutato nomine* it applies equally well to Milton:)

"Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. . . . The greatest genius is the most indebted man. . . . Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labors. . . . At the time when he left Stratford, and went up to London, a great body of stage-plays, of all dates and writers, existed in manuscript, and were in turn produced on the boards. . . . Shakspeare, in common with his comrades, esteemed the mass of old plays waste stock, in which any experiment could be freely tried. . . .

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The amount of indebtedness may be inferred from Malone's laborious computations in regard to the First, Second and Third parts of Henry VI, in which, 'out of 6,043 lines, 1,771 were written by some author preceding Shakspeare; 2,373 by him, on the foundation laid by his predecessors, and 1,899 were entirely his own.' . . . Every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment, it is his fine office to bring to his people; and he comes to value his memory equally with his invention."

Indeed, Milton himself takes the same view, as in his answer to "Eikon Basilike," (Works, vol. I, p. 526,) he says: "He borrows David's Psalms; . . . had he borrowed David's heart, it had been much the holier theft. For such kind of borrowing as this, *if it be not bettered by the borrower*, among good authors is counted plagiary."

In Milton's days Italy was the only country whose literature was complete and rounded. Petrarch, the poet of love—Tasso, of the Crusades—Alfieri, of Fairy Land—and Dante, of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory—had all lived, written and passed away, leaving their works behind them as their noblest monument. What wonder, then, that Milton, who was at all times, from his earliest youth, a scholar, should be influenced by them not only in style and imagery but in language and matter? Especially when it is considered that at thirty years of age he went to Italy, and spent nearly fifteen months there in close intimacy with learned Italians of his day; among whom were Carlo and William Dati and Bonmatthaei, on the death of the former of whom he wrote his "Epitaphium Damonis." While in Tuscany he visited the blind astronomer Galileo at Arcetri, and refers to him in the course of his great poem, as also to the leafy shades of Vallombrosa. We infer that he did not visit the country of the Waldenses, as his famous sonnets contain none of those local allusions which Milton delights in. The learned of Italy seem to have received him with favor. He says in his "Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelaty:"

"But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort, . . . some trifles which I had in memory, composed under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there,) were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps."

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Paradise Lost, the greatest of Milton's works, is at the same time the one in which there is the strongest evidence of the influence of Italian literature. From quite early in life he had a vague idea in his mind of writing a great poem, for we find him, in a letter written shortly after he went to Italy, saying: "And not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study, . . . joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die." And towards the end of his first Ecclesiastical Treatise of Reformation (Prose Works, vol. I, p. 34) he gives a hint of his great but still unsettled poetical designs, shrouded in a very striking mixture of moral, political and religious enthusiasm: "Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering at high strains, *in new and lofty measures*, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages." And in his subsequent work on the Reason of Church Government he gives us an enlarged view of his literary projects, not yet entirely formed, but in a state of chaos in his mind. To quote this passage in full would make the article too long. At first his idea was to take Arthur for a hero, as he says in a Latin poem addressed to Manso, Marquis of Villa, a learned Neapolitan nobleman:

> "O might so true a friend to me belong,
> So skilled to grace the votaries of song,
> Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
> The kings and heroes of my native clime,
> Arthur the chief, who even now prepares
> In subterraneous being future wars,
> With all his martial knights to be restored,
> Each to his seat around the fed'ral board;
> And, oh! if spirit fail me not, disperse
> Our Saxon plund'rers in triumphant verse.*
>
> COWPER.

> * O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum,
> Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
> Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
> Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
> Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
> Magnanimos heroas; et O modo spiritus adsit,
> Frangum Saxonicas Britonum sub marte phalanges.

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And in the "Epitaphium Damonis" a similar purpose is announced.

In the prose work last quoted, published in 1641, we find Milton considering "what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero." But later, Arthur gave place to Adam, and England to Paradise. There are many conjectures as to the origin of this change of plan. Dr. Johnson observes, in his life of Milton: "Whence he drew the original design has been variously conjectured by men who cannot bear to think themselves ignorant of that which, at last, neither diligence nor sagacity can discover. Some find the hint in an Italian tragedy. Voltaire tells a wild, unauthorized story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy, which opened thus: 'Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of the heavens.'" Let us see what Voltaire himself says of it in his "Essay on Epic Poetry," written in English:

"Milton, as he was travelling through Italy, in his youth, saw at Florence a comedy called Adamo, writ by one Andreini, a player, and dedicated to Mary de Medicis, queen of France. The subject of the play was the Fall of Man; the actors, God, the devils, the angels, Adam, Eve, the Serpent, Death and the seven mortal sins; that topic, so improper for a drama, but so suitable to the absurd genius of the Italian stage, (as it was at that time,) was handled in a manner entirely conformable to the extravagance of the design. The scene opens with a chorus of angels, and a cherubim thus speaks for the rest: 'Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of the heavens! let the planets be the notes of our music! let time beat carefully the measure, and the winds make the sharps,' &c. Thus the play begins, and every scene rises above the last in profusion of impertinence.

"Milton pierced through the absurdity of that performance to the hidden majesty of the subject, which, being altogether unfit for the stage, yet might be (for the genius of Milton, and for his only) the foundation of an epic poem.

"He took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which human imagination has ever attempted, and which he executed more than twenty years after.

"In the like manner, Pythagoras owed the invention of music to the noise of the hammer of a blacksmith; and thus, in our days, Sir Isaac Newton, walking in his garden, had the first

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thought of his system of gravitation upon seeing an apple falling from a tree."

It has been frequently remarked that accident and genius generally conspire in the origin of great works, both physical and mental, and if, as Milton told Elwood, his question, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast to say of Paradise found?" was the germ in the poet's mind of "Paradise Regained," is it unreasonable to conjecture that his seeing the play of Adamo, in Italy, was the planting of the seed in his mind, the rich fruit of which was "Paradise Lost?" If, as it is highly probable, the drama of Andreini turned Milton's thoughts from Arthur to Adam, it is quite possible that another Italian poem ("*La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva, Estratta dai primi tre capi della Sacra Genesi, e ridotta a significato Morale da Troilo Lancetta, Benacense: Venitia*, 1644") first suggested to him the idea of making Adam an epic personage.

In his address to the reader he has this very remarkable passage:

"One night I dreamt that Moses explained to me the mystery, almost in these words:

"God reveals himself to man by the intervention of reason, and thus infallibly ordains that reason, while she supports her sovereignty over the sensual inclinations in man, and preserves the apple of his heart from licentious appetites, in reward of his just obedience transforms the world into Paradise—of this were I to speak, assuredly I might form an heroic poem worthy of demigods."

Whatever Italian work may have given Milton the main idea, the whole range of Italian literature furnished him with material, while the stores of Greek and Latin literature were not left neglected. He seems to have regarded the whole mass of poets previous to himself as the quarry for his materials, but he always appropriates so as to improve, as will be seen by the quotations we are about to make. As Emerson says of Chaucer: "He steals by this apology—that what he takes has no worth when he finds it, and the greatest when he leaves it."

Let us now proceed to an examination of the poem, book by book, to see what passages we can find which bear upon their faces the impress of an Italian stamp.

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In the very opening of the first book, line 16, we find him saying what Ariosto says in the opening of his *Orlando Furioso:*

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

Again, we find close resemblance between the speeches of Satan, from line 94 to line 124, and line 315 to line 330, and that which Tasso puts into the mouth of the fallen angel, in his "Jerusalem Delivered." B. IV, stanzas 9–18.

In line 203 we have Milton's description of the Arch-fiend, comparing him to a sea monster:

"Him haply sleeping on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished-for morn delays."

So in Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato," B. II, can. 13, st. 60:

"His back alone he showed, of which the length
Was greater than eleven paces, and
The height still more; . . . .
And truly, to the one who looks at it,
'T appears a little island in the sea."

Milton, speaking of the infernal armies, line 545, says:

"Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With Orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears."

And Tasso, describing the preparation of the Christian and Saracenic armies for battle—Jer. Del., B. XX, st. 28 and 29:

"Flung to the wind, their Orient banners waved,
Each camp appeared a lofty wood of oaks,
So many spears there were."

We will content ourselves with giving a very few examples from each book, as to make a complete list of them would require too much time and space. Let us go on, therefore, to Book II.

One of the most marked instances of the influence of Italian literature in this book, or, indeed, in the whole poem, is the description of Belial and Moloch, and their respective speeches, which so greatly resemble those of Argantes and Alethes, in Tasso's Jer. Del., that we are tempted to quote them at length.

In line 43, Milton says:

"And next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit

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That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair;
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not."

And, describing Belial, Milton says:

"On th' other side uprose
Belial, in act more peaceful and human,
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear."

And Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," B. II, st. 59, describing Argantes, says:

"Argantes called is that other knight;
. . . .
And there advanced was to honor's height;
For he was stout of courage, strong of hand;
Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,
Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharpened brand:
Scorner of God, scant to himself a friend,
He placed his reason on his weapon's end."

And in st. 58, of Alethes:

"The first Alethes, ...
. . . .
No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher:
With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,
A flatterer, a pick-thank, and a liar."

Was there room to quote their speeches, you would see how close the difference of character of Moloch and Belial is to that of Argantes and Alethes.

In line 432 of this book our author says:

"Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light."

So Dante, speaking of the way up from hell, Inferno, 34, 95:

"The way is long, and evil is the road."

Milton's magnificent description of the contest between Satan

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and Death is full of material for us, but we will select but one passage, in line 708, speaking of Satan:

> "And like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophincus huge,
> In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

So Tasso, Book VII, st. 52, thus describes a Pagan warrior:

> "Just as a comet, with its bristling hair,
> All bloody, glitters through the parchèd air,
> Which changes rulers, and upon the earth
> Gives fevers and all such diseases birth."

In Book III, line 56, we have:

> "Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
> From the pure empyréan, where he sits
> High throned above all heighth, bent down his eye,
> His own works and their works at once to view."

And Tasso, Book I, st. 7:

> "When th' Eternal Father, from his throne,
> Which in the purest part of heaven is placed,
> As high above the highest star of all
> As are the stars above th' abyss of hell;
> His eyes turned down, and in one single glance
> Had seen the world, and all its works and ways."

In B. IV, l. 20, Milton says of Satan:

> "For within him hell
> He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
> One step no more than from himself can fly
> By change of place."

So Tasso, B. XII, st. 77, makes Tancred say, after he has slain Armida:

> "Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,
> Yet still my Hell within myself I bear."

At line 140, Milton begins that beautiful description of the Garden of Eden, very closely imitated from Ariosto's description of Paradise in his "Orlando Furioso," Tasso's of the Garden of Armida in the "Jerusalem Delivered," and Marino's of the Garden of Venus in his "Adonis." A close comparison of the four would well repay the trouble, but we will adduce but one passage. In line 156, Milton says:

> "Now gentle gales
> Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils."

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So Ariosto, Orl. Fur., c. 34, st. 51, says of the "*dolce aura*:"

> "Which, from the flowers, and fruits, and verdant fields
> Their various odors stealing as it goes,
> Compounds of all a mixture passing sweet,
> That nourishes the soul of him who breathes."

Also Marino, "Adonis," c. 1, st. 13:

> "Confusion sweet of thousand odors sweet,
> The thieving wind strews, stealing as it goes."

Let any one, who is curious to see how good a copyist Milton was, compare his apostrophe to wedded love, beginning in line 750 of this book, with one of Tasso's letters to his relation Signor Hercole Tasso, (vol. 2, p. 150, Venice, 1552,) which begins, "O, sweet conjunction of hearts," &c.

Not to extend this article to too great length, we will make but one quotation from Book V.

In line 310 we have:

> "Seems another morn
> Ris'n on mid-noon."

Plainly taken from Marino's "Adonis," c. 11, st. 7:

> "And when a light shines out from far within,
> Which sun to sun does add, and day to day."

Book VI, line 275, Michael says to Satan:

> "Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
> Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
> Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils."

Which is very similar to Tasso, c. 6, st. 64, where Michael rebukes the infernal spirits who warred with the Christians:

> "Go hence, ye cursed, to your appointed realms,
> The land of woes, and of perpetual death,
> And, in that lake's infernal depths profound,
> Your fiendish battles fight, and triumphs have."

In l. 482 Satan, in the course of a council of the infernal deities, thus describes a cannon:

> "These in their dark nativity the deep
> Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
> Which into hollow engines long and round
> Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
> Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
> From far with thundering noise among our foes
> Such implements of mischief as shall dash
> To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
> Adverse."

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This ascription of the invention of cannon to the evil spirits had been made by several before Milton: by Erasmo Valvasone, in his "Angeleida," (Venice, 1590,) a portion of whose lines we insert:

> "Of sulphur and saltpetre the dark dust
> Is packed in hollow iron, then 'tis touched
> Behind with fire, and all in flame rolls out;
> And is shot off with sudden thund'rous noise
> With lightning-flash, and smoke in volumes tost,
> And burns and overthrows whate'er it meets."*

Also, by Ariosto, in his "Orlando Furioso," c. 9, sts. 28, 29 and 91, to quote which would make too long an addition to the article.

Dr. Taylor, in his "Historic Survey of German Poetry," vol. I, p. 175, mentions a play by John Claius, of Nuremberg, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, entitled "The Angel and Dragon Strife," in which Taylor says: "A stronger resemblance to Milton occurs, when the devils invent artillery, and direct it against the angels:

> 'Let no one fear no death,
> Bring hither the new founded ordnance,
> Hither the balls, the powder and the tow,
> We'll break a spine or two, be sure, above stairs;
> Fresh forwards, comrades, fall upon them bravely.
> *Some load, others fire.*'"

With this let us pass on to Book VIII; for although there are

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* For the benefit of those so inclined we append the full passage in the original:

> Di salnitro, e di zolfo oscura polve
> Chiude altro in ferro cavo; e poi la tocca
> Dietro col foco, e in foco la risolve:
> Onde fragoso tuon subito scocca:
> Scocca e lampeggia, e una palla volve,
> Al cui scontro ogni duro arde e trabocca:
> Crud' è 'l saetta, ch' imitar s' attenta
> L' arme che 'l sommo Dio dal Cielo aventa.
>
> L' Angelo rio, quando a concorrer sorse
> Di saper, di bellezza, e di possanza
> Con l' eterno fattor, perchè s' accorse
> Quell' arme non aver, ch' ogni arme avanza,
> L' empio ordigno a compor l' animo torse,
> Che ferir puo del folgore a sembianza:
> E con questo a' di nostri horrido in terra
> Tiranno, arma di folgori ogni guerra.

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many examples in Book VII, they are all of a less important character.

The first thing noticed in this book is a lovely thought in line 46. Speaking of Eve and the flowers:

> "They at her coming sprung,
> And touched by her fair tendence gladlier grew."

So Marino, "Adonis," c. 3, st. 65, of Venus:

> "The herbs made pale and yellow by the sun,
> All bloom anew and all the flowers expand."

And in c. 6, st. 146, of Adonis:

> "And when he came the garden seemed to smile
> Again in freshened colors clothed."

One more passage from this book; in line 471, Adam, describing Eve, says:

> "So lovely fair,
> That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
> Mean; or in her summed up, in her contained
> And in her looks"—

which is very similar to what Marino makes Venus say to Paris of the picture of Helen; Adonis, c. 2, st. 173:

> "See how the beauty of her face unites
> The heap summed up of beauty in itself,
> And all perfections that have e'er been seen
> On earth are mirrored in her perfect form."

The early part of the 9th Book contains no passages of importance, so we make our first extract from l. 457. Our poet is here describing the temptation of Eve by the serpent, and the scene is in many respects similar to Tasso's treatment of the temptation of the Italian Virgin Sophronia by the fierce Saracen king, Aladin.

Milton says:

> "Her graceful innocence, her every air
> Of gesture or least action overaw'd
> His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
> His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought."

And Tasso, B. II, Jer. Del., st. 20:

> "The modest warmth, the unexpected light
> Of high and holy beauty, for a space
> O'erpowered him—conquered of his fell despite
> He stood, and of all fierceness lost the trace."

Not to multiply extracts to too great an extent, let us leave Book IX, and passing over Books X, XI and XII, glance for a

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few moments at Milton's other poetical works, particularly the "Paradise Regained."

In B. I, l. 499, we have

> "For now began
> Night with her sullen wings to double shade
> The desert,"

Which is very closely imitated from Tasso, Jer. Del., B. III, st. 71:

> "But now the sable shade
> Icleped night had thick enveloped
> The sun in vail of double darkness made."

In B. II, l. 339, Milton says of the banquet spread by Satan for our Saviour:

> "In ample space under the broadest shade
> A table richly spread, in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savor, beasts of chace, and fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
> Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
> And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
> Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
> . . . .
> Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades.

So plainly imitated from and yet so superior to Tasso's description of Armida's banquet to her lovers, Jer. Del., B. X, st. 64:

> "Under the curtain of the greenwood shade,
> Beside the brook, upon the velvet grass,
> In massy vessel of pure silver made,
> A banquet rich and costly furnished was;
> All beasts, all birds beguiled by fowler's trade,
> All fish were there, in floods or seas that pass,
> All dainties made by art; and at the table
> An hundred virgins serv'd, for husbands able."

Passing over Book III, we will make one more extract from "Paradise Regained," from Book IV, line 409, where Milton describes a storm raised by the evil spirits, and which very closely resembles a similar storm in Tasso, Jer. Del., B. VII, st. 114:

Milton says:

> "And either tropic now
> 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven; the clouds,
> From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd
> Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
> In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds
> Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad

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From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer."

And Tasso:

——"Had not the Devils, who saw the sure decay
Of their false kingdom by this bloody war,
At once made heaven and earth with darkness blind,
And stirr'd up tempests, storms, and blustering wind.

Heaven's glorious lamp wrapp'd in an ugly veil
Of shadows dark was hid from mortal eye,
And hell's grim blackness the bright skies assail;
On every side the fiery lightnings fly;
The thunders roar; the streaming rain and hail
Pour down, and make that sea which erst was dry:
The tempests rend the oaks, and cedars brake,
And make not trees but rocks and mountains quake."

In the "Samson Agonistes" there are very few examples of our subject, and those obscure and not important; but there is one imitation of the Latin which is so prominent not only in matter but in manner that we must notice it. From line 667 to 705 the chorus has a very fine passage which is entirely too long to quote, but which resembles very closely the chorus at the end of Act IV of Seneca's "Hyppolitus," where they are lamenting the immature and undeserved fate of that young hero. The chorus begins—

"Sed cur idem
Qui tanta regis," &c.

From the examples given above, we think it will appear what a *great* copyist Milton was—great not only in the sense of extensive, but also in that of grand.

It is generally thought that in Physics and the Exact Sciences each successive man builds on the foundation laid by those before him, but that in Literature, and in Poetry particularly, the opposite is the rule, and that in order to be great a man must be independent of the labors of others, must be original; but there is need of a great change in our standard of originality: however much a man borrows, so "it be bettered by him," it should not be "counted plagiarism," for the "bettering" makes it, to a certain extent at least, original.

Otis H. Kendall.

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THE

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THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

THE friends of the University have, no doubt, learned from the newspapers that the Trustees have finally adopted a plan for a new building; that they have selected as architect, a young man of great merit in his profession, Mr. T. W. Richards; and that there is a fair prospect that work will be commenced upon the building in the coming spring, and pushed forward vigorously. A good deal of time has been spent in perfecting the details of the plan; but that time has not been lost, for it has been spent in a thorough study of all the needs which the new building is intended to supply, and hence we are likely to have a building more attractive in its architectural features, and more worthy in every way of the new life upon which the University proposes to enter, from the extreme care with which all the details have been considered. The committee who have the matter in charge is composed of Messrs. William Sellers, *chairman;* Messrs. Fraley, Cresson, Henry, Browne, Merrick and Colwell; and it can hardly be necessary to say in this community that with such men the work will be carried on not only wisely, faithfully and with energy, but also with some just conception of what is required for the purposes of that enlarged system of instruction which they, in common with all the friends of the University, are so anxious to promote.

It will be remembered that a portion of the ground purchased by the University from the city for the erection of its buildings forms an oblong square, bounded on the north and south by Locust and by Spruce streets, on the east by Thirty-fourth street,

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and on the west partly by Thirty-sixth street and partly by the Darby road. This square contains about six acres, which it is intended sooner or later to appropriate wholly to the erection of buildings for the use of the different Faculties of the University, and to the grounds surrounding them. The building now in contemplation is, therefore, only one of several which it is proposed to erect when the increasing means of the University may permit the outlay. Its principal front will be on the south side of Locust street, extending eastwardly along that street from a point near its junction with the Darby road. It will be composed of a central building and two wings, and present a front of about two hundred and sixty feet, with an average width of nearly one hundred feet. The architecture is of the style known as College Gothic. The material of construction is to be the Serpentine stone, with Ohio stone facings and ornaments. No one, it seems to us, who has seen the plans, can fail to be struck with the general good effect of the mass of the building as an architectural work, and the excellent taste which characterizes its details. It is gratifying to all who feel an interest in the future of the University to find that the Trustees, in their efforts to enlarge its sphere, have not neglected that important element of success in their undertaking, the adoption of a plan for a building imposing in its architectural features, and worthy of the place which the University claims to hold among our public institutions. It is intended that the proposed building shall accommodate not merely the under-graduate students in the Faculty of Arts, but that it shall contain within its walls the rooms and all the varied means and appliances of instruction of a school of science, such as the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, or the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard.

The changes which it is thus proposed to make in the outward aspect of the University are typical of the still greater and far more important modifications and improvements which have been recently made in the system of instruction pursued within its walls. Indeed, the new building has value and significance only because its erection has become necessary for providing more enlarged accommodations for an increasing number of students, and for their varied and increasing needs. For a long time the Trustees have felt that the University was not doing all that it might do, and all that it ought to do for the cause of

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liberal education in this city. With a view of enlarging its sphere, during the last three years especially, changes more radical in its organization and in its system of instruction have been made than at any previous period of its history. These changes, adopted after great deliberation, can be considered only as experimental, but thus far the result has been highly encouraging. They were made in obedience to what seemed to be the irresistible pressure of a general demand, and in the same direction as that marked by the recent progress of some of our foremost educational institutions. They consisted:

First. In the partial adoption of a system of elective studies. It was provided that the student, at the close of the Sophomore year, having pursued the old classical course up to that time, might elect whether, during the two remaining years of his college life, he would continue his studies in Latin, Greek, and the higher Mathematics, or substitute for them the Modern Languages, additional work in Physics, and advanced studies in History and English Literature; proficiency in either course securing the same degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Second. In the establishment of a School of Science, intended for those who, after passing two years in preparatory studies of a general nature, wished to devote the last two to studies of a technical or professional nature, qualifying them to be civil or mining engineers, metallurgists, chemists or machinists.

Third. In the enlargement of the field of study hitherto open to partial or special course students. For various reasons, in a large city like this, this class of students must always be a numerous one. Their position, in a fixed and orderly system of instruction, must always be a somewhat embarrassing one. An attempt has been made to render their work less desultory, and more productive of a permanent good result than heretofore.

A glance at this outline of the changes which have been made will render it apparent, not only that the University has sought to enlarge its sphere, but also that it has to a certain extent forsaken that ideal conception of liberal education which, for more than a century, it sought to realize, viz., the symmetrical development of all the faculties, by a uniform system of training, of which a four years' study of the ancient languages and the mathematics formed the essential basis. There ought to be weighty reasons for so radical a change; and we propose to explain, with special refer-

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ence to our own position, (which is in many respects an exceptional one,) why the authorities of the University were induced to try the experiment which is now in progress. It is a remarkable fact that, for some reason, there has been a great decline of public confidence in college education for the last thirty years. This has been manifested in a variety of ways, but is proved beyond question by the very small increase in the whole number of students in attendance, as compared with the vast increase of the population of the country. Such, we know, is not the general impression. We hear of the multiplication of colleges, and we of course infer that this signifies that a proportionate number of young men are receiving a liberal education; but it would appear that this is a mistaken inference. Dr. Barnard, the President of Columbia College, has recently made a thorough examination of the statistics of this subject, and has thus reached some very curious and remarkable results. The tables framed by him from an examination of college catalogues for the last thirty years prove, among other things, that the number of students from all New England, attendant on colleges anywhere throughout the country, was not materially greater in 1869 than it was in 1838; while the population of that part of the country has in the meanwhile increased more than fifty per cent. The population of New England, in 1838, was 2,174,650, and the number of students 1,680; the population in 1869 (estimated) was 3,380,510, and the number of students 1,754. In other words, in 1838, there was one student to every thirteen of the population, while in 1869 there was one to every nineteen. Such is the condition of things in New England, the region in which, of all others, college education has always been most in favor, but in the other parts of the country it is vastly worse. There are supposed to be, in the whole country, about two hundred and twenty-four institutions of learning which may be properly called colleges. These colleges were attended, in the year 1869, by 14,141 students. Of course, the number of colleges, thirty years ago, was much smaller than it now is; but observe the ratio of the increase of students, as compared with that of the population:

	1840.	1860.	1869.
Population,	14,582,029	27,490,266	36,000,000
Students,	9,416	13,661	14,141
Ratio,	1 : 1549	1 : 2012	1 : 2546

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If we consider that the number of male persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty years forms, as can be easily shown by the census, almost exactly one twenty-fourth part of the population, we may state these results in a different way, and show that only one person out of the number stated below capable of receiving a collegiate education was actually receiving it during the following years, viz.:

In 1840, one out of........................ 67
In 1860, one out of........................ 71
In 1868, one out of........................ 79
In 1869, one out of........................ 77

In New England, it is computed that one young man out of ninety-three of their population, of a proper age, is at college; while in Philadelphia, by the same rule, supposing the number of students whose families reside in this city educated at college here, or sent to other colleges, to be 350, and the population to be 800,000, it follows that here one out of ninety-five of those of an age suitable for receiving a liberal education is actually now enjoying its advantages.

It is clear, then, from these data, that the ratio between the college population and the general population, notwithstanding our boastful professions, has been really, of late, steadily declining. The cause of this lamentable state of things seems to us very clear and simple—one which is likely to be permanent, for it is the outgrowth of our social condition, and it seems probable that it will gain greater intensity and force every year. However sad may be the confession, it cannot be disguised any longer that it is *the modern spirit*, especially in the form in which it has been developed in this country, which is now the open enemy of the old system of college education. There is clearly no lack of interest in the higher forms of culture, but a distrust of and discontent with the sort of culture, as specially inapplicable to many of our needs, which the old system was designed to promote. It may, indeed, be said with truth that there never was a more general zeal and earnestness in the cause of higher education than at present; and although many may consider this zeal ill-informed and ill-directed, it cannot be denied that nearly all the vitality and energy which has been manifested on this subject during the last thirty years, especially where it has taken the shape of large money endowments, has been directed towards

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the establishment of special professional schools, and in enlarging the basis of instruction under the old system. Nor is evidence of this general tendency confined to this country. In France and Germany, where the traditions in favor of classical education are of course vastly more deeply rooted than they can be here, and where the governments, which legally have complete control over the whole subject, strive in every way to keep alive those traditions, we are told by Mr. Matthew Arnold "that the set of the modern spirit is so decisively in favor of the new instruction that, whatever reasons may be given why it should not succeed, it will probably in the end succeed in some shape or other." "This current of opinion on the continent," he goes on to say, "is so wide and strong as to be fast growing irresistible, and it is not the work of authority. In the body of society there spreads a growing disbelief in Greek and Latin, at any rate as at present taught; a growing disposition to make modern languages and the natural sciences take their place. This is the case in Germany as well as in France; and in Germany, too, as in France, the movement is nowise due to the school authorities, but is rather in their despite and against their advice and testimony." In this country the question, whether for good or for ill, has been irreversibly settled. We might as well introduce into our college system the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the mediæval universities as to strive to win back the affection of the American people to the system in which former generations were trained. "It is not now the question," as Dr. Barnard truly says, "whether new machinery can accomplish the true ends of education better than the old, but rather whether colleges should attempt to furnish any machinery at all for the use of those to whom the old is unacceptable, who, in any event, will reject it, and who, if nothing else is offered, will remain unprovided for at all."

The authorities of our University could not, of course, but feel the power of the popular wave; indeed there were reasons, owing to their representing the interests of higher education at the great centre of the mechanical industry of the country, which added peculiar intensity and force to the arguments of the reformers. One thing was certain: the number of their undergraduate students had not materially increased in the last generation, while the population of Philadelphia had grown nearly

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four-fold. The fault must be either in the system itself, or in the manner in which that system was administered. As it was very apparent that there was no college in the country where the classics and the mathematics had been more thoroughly and successfully taught, and where, therefore, the old system had had a fairer trial, it was natural to seek the cause of a want of public confidence in some real inapplicability of the course of instruction to the needs of the community.

Three years ago, the Trustees, with the full consent of the Faculty of Arts, began the experiment of a change by adopting a plan of *elective studies*, under certain restrictions. By this plan, during the first two years the studies of the old course (to which instruction in French in the Freshman and in German in the Sophomore class was added) were made obligatory on all the regular students. At the beginning of the Junior year, the student was allowed to choose whether, so far as three subjects were concerned, during the remainder of his course he would take Greek or German, Latin or French, the higher Mathematics or advanced studies in English literature and history. The result has not been, as many persons feared it would be, that the mass of the students have availed themselves of the election to forsake the old subjects, gladly taking up the new as likely to give them less work. It is too soon to pronounce confidently upon all the results of the experiment; but if we are to take the choice of the members of the present Junior class as an index, we should infer that the classical course has not lost its attractions for the student, whatever may be the case in the world at large. In that class, now containing forty-two members, twenty-eight have preferred Greek to German, thirty-four have taken Latin rather than French, and seventeen have taken the higher Mathematics rather than history and English literature. At the same time there has been shown much zeal in the new studies, and plenty of hard work has been done, especially in the department of history. But the great benefit which has been derived from this liberty of choice has been the inexpressible relief given to those (and their number is not small) who, really desirous of strengthening and cultivating their minds, were utterly disheartened by the wearisome pressure of the old, unyielding *curriculum* of study. It may be said that this last class cannot be as thoroughly trained as the other; but not only is such an assertion a begging of the

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question, but it is also to be considered that nearly all of these young men, if not trained in this way, would not be trained at college at all.

Another innovation, of a good deal of practical importance to a large number of young men, has been rendered possible by the addition, to the old corps of professors, of instructors in modern languages, and in drawing. There are many, as has been said, who, either from ill-health or from want of means or time, or from other various circumstances, are unable to take the full course of four years either in letters or the school of science. To such students (called *partial*, or *special*) an opportunity is now offered of selecting from a large field of study those subjects in the pursuit of which their limited time or special aptitudes may be best utilized.

Another great change has been the establishment of a School of Science, designed to train its pupils not as mere handicraftsmen, but with a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which their real success in life as practical scientific men must depend. To effect this object, it has been thought best here, in conformity with the experience of such institutions elsewhere, that during the first two years preliminary studies should be made, based on the mathematics, the modern languages, and mechanical drawing. Such an arrangement is regarded as essential to a proper reception of the technical and professional instruction which the pupil is to receive in the last two years of his course. While the grand object in this, as in all the other departments of the University, is to train young men to be good citizens and enlightened gentlemen, no effort will be spared to provide the fullest means of professional instruction for those preparing to apply the principles of science to the practical development of the industrial and mechanic arts. There is no man who thinks at all on this subject who must not share the anxiety of the Trustees to establish this school upon a solid basis, or who does not feel that the absence of a great school of science in a city like this is a standing reproach to our intelligence and public spirit.

Whether the Trustees can carry out all these plans of improvement is a very serious question, and its favorable solution depends upon the manner in which their efforts are seconded by the liberality of our wealthy capitalists. It is most certain that, without

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a liberal endowment, many of the large schemes of reform of which we have spoken must fail. The expenses of keeping up a thoroughly equipped and efficient school of science are especially very great. Ten or twelve competent professors, who must all be paid living salaries, will be required fully to man all its departments when the new building is completed. To maintain even the present staff of professors and instructors causes a severe strain upon the resources of the University. The increase which has been made in their number during the last four years has caused an additional outlay of more than ten thousand dollars *per annum.* It is true that the number of students has nearly doubled during the same period; but when it is remembered that the expense to the University of educating a young man is more than double the amount of his tuition-fees, it will be seen that the income from this source can only partly reimburse the additional outlay.

The whole matter resolves itself into this: The Trustees of the University are no longer merely *talking* about a large and liberal scheme of education. They have organized such a scheme, and it is now in active operation. So far the experiment has proved successful; the further it is carried out, the greater the honor and advantage to the community. Shall it be sustained?

CHAS. J. STILLÉ.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.*

ONE of the practical questions taken in charge by this Association is that of a reform in our civil service. Dr. Eliot, the President, printed in the first volume of our Transactions a brief but very pregnant paper on the subject; and what he said then can only now be repeated with the additional experience of a few more years. As he said then, so it can only be said now: this is a question as between the people and the politicians; and that peculiar people, the men inside politics, have boldly declared in

* Read before the American Social Science Association, at its ninth general meeting, held in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania, October 25, 1870.

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Congress and out of it that the government, and particularly the civil service, must be one of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians. What have we to say in our turn? Arguments and statements in support of the proposed reform have been exhausted in the debates in Congress, in the reports made by Mr. Jenckes, the father of the scheme, and by the Senators who have also had charge of the various projects for laws on the subject. The mischiefs of the service as it now stands; the general consent of all men who are desirous of good government; the universal feeling of the necessity of a change, lest the evils that now afflict us may yet do more and lasting injury; the example of just such reform in other countries; the success of the systems introduced in Germany and in England;—these are matters that are common to all of us; and I do not believe that any member of our Association, or any one sufficiently interested in its objects to be present at its meetings, doubts the necessity and wisdom of reform in the civil service. The curious fact, however, remains that though all the world seems agreed on it, there still is left a sufficient number of congressmen to prevent the legislation which is necessary to effect any reform. If the people could be polled on this subject, I do not for a moment doubt that an overwhelming majority would be on the side of the reform; but how is that majority to be heard, and how can we make its voice potential? Agitation and discussion are the more difficult because it is so hard to find anybody who differs from us, either as to the necessity of the change at home or of its efficacy abroad. It is true, cabinet officers have indorsed it, and in the treasury, the coast survey, the patent office and the census bureau, appointments have been made upon the test of examination; one congressman, at least, declared that he would not be elected again unless civil service reform was accepted by his constituents, as far as he was concerned; and these solitary instances show that even among the politicians themselves there are men in favor of our reform. But how shall there be enough secured to overcome that worst resistance, the inert mass who need only do nothing to perpetuate existing evils? It is, indeed, with a sense of hopelessness that the task is again undertaken, for it is hardly likely that any thing said here will be effective in the quarter where conviction must be brought home; yet, if we can only stir up the people at large to insist on this reform, they

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must in the end succeed. And unless there is a clear and strong expression of the popular will, and sooner or later submission to its behest, we may as well confess that in this, at least, the politicians are stronger than the people.

Now the question of civil service reform is really not an open one. The experience of France, of Germany, of England, is all before us, to show that mere patronage, the appointment to office for party purposes and as the reward of political success, must in the end vitiate the government or be reformed away altogether. Curiously enough, while we have been now for nearly five years turning the subject over and over, as if it were some strange thing quite unsafe to handle familiarly, England has passed promptly from the experimental to the practical. After testing the matter in its vast Indian establishment and in some of its home offices, a recent order in council has determined that hereafter all appointments shall be made for merit only, to be tested by examination, and that the reward of excellence shall be promotion and permanent employment in the civil service. Mr. Low, the chancellor of the exchequer, claims for his government the credit of having swept away a large system of patronage and of corruption, and placed the public offices in the hands of the people as a reward for fair and honest exertion. The English press find the impetus in this sudden extension of reform largely due to the discussion of the same subject in our own Congress and in the usual channels of public opinion; and I have a vague hope that in turn the action of Congress will be hastened by the example set them across the water.

It is certainly not necessary for me to enlarge here on the growing danger and mischief of our own system of purely partisan appointment to office and removal from it; the story has been told in the reports made to Congress by Mr. Jenckes, and has been published far and wide. But it hardly needed such official affirmation; for we all know it, to our sorrow, pain, mortification, discredit and cost. The mischiefs are known, the reform has been attempted: is it adequate, and is it practicable? is it really wanted by the country, and is it likely to be got?

What is the history of the reform in other countries? In Prussia, the old system was swept away along with the old system of military and civil government, when the country had been subjugated by Napoleon. What Scharnhorst and Gneisenau

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did for it in making the new army, Stein did for it in the reorganization of the civil service; and from that time to this, the day of its culminating triumph, the work so well begun has gone on, approving itself by success to be all that we need. In England, the reform began in India, when the great rebellion brought about, at the cost of much misery, a reorganization which has now spread throughout the empire; the extension of suffrage, the reform in education, and the opening of the civil service to all classes, have been the result; and they are necessary to one another to secure final success.

Here we have had our trial, too, and we have come out of it more than ever impressed with a firm faith in the power of the people to govern; but with the good results have come other evils that, for the future of the country, must be cured, or we shall soon fall back into a worse state of slavery than that from which we have freed ourselves at such a cost of blood and treasure. The general government, which was before the war almost a stranger to the individual citizen, now comes home to each of us, and we find it represented by an army of officials numbering lately not far short of a hundred thousand men. The duties of these officers require knowledge, honesty and capacity; the laws they have to administer are not only new to them and to the citizen, but they are among the most delicate and difficult to administer that can be imagined; yet all the trouble they take and give must be heightened by the fact that the system of appointment to office is one of the very worst in the world—one which makes it almost impossible for good men to get office, quite impossible for them to retain it; and the effort to reform it is met by the cry of the politicians, a cry that puts all good government past hope.

But England and Germany have overcome the difficulty of worse situations than ours: the one was weighted down with a foreign invasion, the other with a domestic rebellion, when the remedy of a civil service reform was attempted. We have no other enemy than one of our own making, and yet the great American politician is the only man who stands up for the existing state of things, and prefers to keep it rather than risk the loss of power by yielding to the pressure of reform for reform's sake. How long the country can stand the loss and injury inflicted on it, no man can tell; how long Congress can

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resist the growing demand of the country for at least a partial measure of reform, no man can tell; but while matters stand as they do, it is useless, worse than useless, to recount the theories of writers on government, to show how many forms and kinds of appointment to office there are, to cite the efforts in France and Germany to establish civil service schools, and to hope to make the education for political employment just as thorough as that for the army, the navy, the judiciary, or any other of the technical branches of government. The various processes and changes, the well-considered reforms, and the minute and nicely adjusted schemes of civil service appointments in Germany and France, are all parts of a system so foreign to our own and to our wants, that there is little to be found in it likely to be of any practical use here. The continental system is one of most governing; ours of the least. There, every step a man takes, from his birth to his death, is the business of the government, and there is an officer appointed to control and direct it: here, we want to keep to the fullest extent our power of self-government, of free and unlimited and uncontrolled action; and the officers of the civil service, numerous as they are, have duties which are altogether unlike those of their foreign brethren, and their relations to the government are necessarily ruled by entirely other principles. Then, too, must be borne in mind the fact that our present scheme of civil service reform is confined to the officers of the general government—that of the United States; but we have, besides, a whole other army of officers belonging to our State, county and city offices, to the various ramifications of our local self-government—that powerful arm of our system, so utterly unlike the centralized power of French and German, of Italian and Russian nationalities, where all life seems to come from one source. Here, the stream of national life rises in a thousand sources, and from these flow the powerful currents that together form the national body. If, by dint of pressure, we can succeed in getting the system of examination and test for appointment, and of probation and promotion, once adopted by the general government, we may fairly hope to see it gradually take the place of the present annual or biennial scramble for office, with which every town and every county is cursed in the intervals of the great Egyptian plague of a presidential election with its consequent upturning in every nook and cranny of office. When

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one looks at the practical results of the existing state of affairs, and at the small prospect of any change at the hands of the men who now control it, there is such a hopeless blank in the future that it seems almost wicked to theorize on what might be, when every effort ought to be made to bring about such a feeling in and through the people as will compel legislation on the subject. Yet how can I ask you to stop and discuss the question of whether or not such legislation is needed, or whether the particular bill of Mr. Jenckes or Mr. Schurz is the best? The principle once adopted, we shall soon work out the best way to secure its successful enforcement; and I confess that, growing tired of the windmills which have to be fought to secure civil service reform, I am impatient to go on to quicken the efforts made elsewhere to bring to the civil service the best ability of the country, and to retain it, too. Each nation, like each individual, thinks that the home method of doing any thing is necessarily the best, and often the only one—certainly the easiest to practice. In this way a system, or a want of system, like our own, goes on uncontradicted and unquestioned for years; and it is only when the evils and mischief produced by it have grown to be dangerous to the common weal, as they are here, that the need of reform teaches us to look elsewhere for instruction and the means of improvement.

There are three different methods of appointment to office exhibited in foreign countries: thus, in France, there is an arbitrary selection made by the head of each branch of the government; and although there is no legal right of permanent employment, the fact is that removal without cause is almost unknown. There have been various endeavors to bring about a change in this system. When M. V. Cousin was minister under M. Guizot, he sent M. Laboulaye to Germany to study the German method of appointment to office; but, in spite of his capital report on the subject, very little has been done in the way of legislation. Still, custom is so powerful abroad that, even in the midst of all the violence of the overthrow of the empire, we hear nothing of any changes in the rank and file of the employés of the government, and the republic finds that its tax-gatherers, its post-office messengers, its police, and its thousand other busy hands, all do their work the better for being safe in their places; indeed, one of the things that accounts for the easy transfer of power in France is

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this immovability of the subordinates, and the result is that government goes on in its regular course, no matter who is at the head of it. In England, the crown appoints directly; and, as part of our inheritance, we transfer to the President the same duty. The law, as we all know, has been recently changed abroad; while at home, after half of our national existence had been spent in a good working system, under which appointments were carefully made for merit, and changes only for cause, there was a revolution, which has gone on from bad to worse, until now it is hard to say who is responsible for any appointment. This we do know, that there is a loud cry for a reform. Now, where are we to look for the kind of reform that is to do us any good? In Germany, the old system of personal patronage was swept away, and in its stead there grew up the method of making appointments to office depend on examination. The business has grown so greatly that it has undoubtedly led to abuses; indeed, there is, perhaps, no body of men so much abused as the German Beamtenthum—the officeholders in Prussia especially. And even the system of examination has been roundly abused; it is said that one-half of Germany is always examining the other half; that men are so busy getting ready to be examined, they never get any thing else done. But, after all, the fruits of the system are now being tested by that crucial experiment, a great war; and apparently, while France is in a sea of distraction, Germany at home goes on quietly, all the real business of the government being done by competent men, and the thousand ties that bind up the civil and the military administration woven together in a stronger web than ever before. As the German system of the art of war is likely to be adopted by all the world now in admiration of its success, so too the German system of civil service examination may well come in for a share of our admiration, and the field for reform here is a clear one, in which there is room enough to test all its merits fairly.

Now, how far will a system of examination-tests tend to secure us a reform in the civil service? Examinations, of themselves, teach nothing, but they ascertain what has already been learned; and as men do learn on account of their desire to submit to this test, it is a means of securing instruction, and it becomes a factor in education. If in the medical, the legal, the military, the naval branches of government, there are certain prescribed requisites

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which are found useful, why should there not be something of the kind set up for the great body of officials who constitute the civil service? The promise of universal suffrage and universal education fades away when we find that petty offices are not the reward of merit, or the result of good service even, but merely the prizes of success at the polls, and just as much the exclusive property of the senator or representative of the locality as his hat or coat. The test of permanence is not that of excellence in office, but of devotion to the successful fortunes of a leading politician.

If we can secure the proposed reform, we shall take away from our representatives in Congress the most tempting and the most dangerous weapon in their hands; but apart from this, and the good effect on the government and its employés, there will be a vast good done in showing that education is of itself a matter of real value, of such high importance that on its result, as tested by examination, will turn the question of appointment to office. Show that good government means a government in which even the lowest office requires a fair standard of instruction, and you at once begin to elevate that standard, until education becomes really an important element in the government, and not merely a means of imparting a certain amount of instruction for any use that it may be put to.

It has already been made a source of complaint by competent observers, that what we call a system of education is in fact only a system of instruction, and the distinction is one well worth noting. In the one case there is a supply of learning, principally of a technical kind only, which meets the immediate wants of the time; in the other, the real business of education, there must be a thorough training of the mind, an intellectual discipline such as will enable the man who receives it to work with more than mere mechanical skill, and to apply it to whatever pursuit he makes his own. If the government, through its legislation in Congress, says that it wants to fill all its offices with men competent to the duties to be done, to test that competency by examination, and then retain all who do their work well and promote those who do it best, that will be an authoritative promise on the part of the government that it means to encourage education for its own sake; and the impetus and advantage thus given will secure, in return, an increased measure of instruction and education in the particular direction necessary

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for the training of good officers of the civil service. It is not necessary to undertake the special education of men for office, as has been attempted with small success elsewhere, because the technical knowledge which is wanted can easily be had, or be added to the existing schools, and this is the method that has grown into a working system in England. The time spent now on subjects of doubtful importance would soon be devoted to the matters prescribed for examination, so that there could be a steady advance in the standard of attainment necessary for admission to the civil service; and the schools and colleges would soon supply the demand thus created for a larger and better course of instruction, and by so much add to the general stock of higher education throughout the country.

The question of reform in the civil service has been discussed from so many standpoints that it is difficult to find any objection to it which has not already been met. Merely as an economical measure, and this I look on as its least important side, it has been estimated by competent authority that there will be a saving anywhere from fifty to a hundred millions in the annual income. But even if not a dollar is to be saved, there is still a hope that by it we shall be saved from the evident depreciation in our political morality. The whole business of government is now made to turn on the question of who is to get the control of the offices; and elections are lost or won, not on the merit of the candidates, but on the power of professional politicians to gain votes by the promise of office. Even when the question is decided, the country is kept in a turmoil, and its business all upset, until the unfortunate man in power has chosen from the scrambling mass before him the still more unlucky men who give up honest and secured livelihood for the dangerous game of public service. High and low, great and small, from the tide-waiter at the custom-house to the officer most needing technical skill and responsible character, there is no certainty, because there is no requisite, of qualification. Instead of complaining that we are so badly off for our public service, the wonder is that we get even the men we do find for it; and we ought rather to be thankful for that peculiarity of the American mind which enables it to do pretty much any thing, and to turn out good work with bad tools. Perhaps there has been an unconscious benefit in it, for the men who approved themselves competent often found much better employment in private

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pursuits, and the great corporations have drained the government of its good officers, even faster than rotation in office or the elections could do it.

What are the means of bringing home to Congressmen, and to the people who make them, the strong popular faith in civil service reform? What do they care for glittering generalities? No matter how true and how old the adage that the best government is that which is best administered, there is little hope of securing a return to the good old practice of making appointments for merit, unless some pressure is brought to bear that will secure by legislation the reform that we want. It is this first step which costs so much, and without it there is no use in preparing for a further advance. I confess I feel sick at heart when I see the utter indifference of the politicians to this question. The people at large are, as they almost always are sure to be, right in the main; and if there could be a vote taken on the question, I am sure the result would be all that the most sanguine friends of civil service reform ask. Unfortunately, the division of power is so complete here that in this case the initiative rests almost entirely with the legislature. We can only repeat over and over again, that there must be a reform in our civil service. We must stop making it a mere appanage of party politics; we must make some test by examination for those who want office, and when they get it they must be rewarded for good conduct by being retained and promoted. These are truths, but truths so commonplace that I am almost ashamed to be repeating them here; yet you know that they have been stated over and over again in Congress, and so far with success very little proportioned to the necessity of the case. The task we must undertake is to put all our best energy at work, both as individuals and as members of this Association, to secure such a measure of popular support and pressure as will most effectually enforce the passage of a good civil service bill.

But I have spoken of the question of appointment to office as if it were all that we wanted to change: it is the first step only, and that once taken, the others are sure to follow. The almost necessary result of appointment for merit is, of course, removal for cause; in other words, the office once got, it is to be kept during good behavior. Such was, as we all know, the whole course of the government from the administration of Washington to that of Jackson; and yet the change then effected has become so much

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a part of our system, that people as well as politicians are inclined to look on it as one of the necessary results of our form of government. It really requires a moment's reflection to think of what would be the state of affairs, if we could rid ourselves once and forever of this fearful incubus, and return to the practice of better days. Who would be left to cheat at elections, to gerrymander in legislatures, to secure nominations at conventions, to do all the dirty work that has made party the curse, instead of the blessing of the country, if elections did not make and unmake party slates, and fill our civil service with men who are not so much incompetent as indifferent? In England the suffrage has been enormously extended, but I believe the civil service there has no vote; and yet, with almost unanimous approval, the final seal has been set upon the reform in the civil service by opening every branch of it to competitive examination. In France a revolution and a foreign war are at work in their worst forms, yet we have not heard of any changes in the civil service made with any thing like the violence that accompanies one of our elections, in which the business of the country is made to suffer for the gain or loss of a horde of petty places.

It is hardly worth while, at this stage of the game, to stop and discuss the objections made to a permanent civil service; still some of them are so readily answered that it may be well to state them, for the sake of such an easy victory. In Germany, for instance, the Beamtenthum, the civil service is charged with being filled with men who never change their career, and are spoiled alike for active employment in their own interest and for fair treatment of the outside world. Now, apart from the triumphant answer of the splendid service done by these very men in that hardest test, foreign war, it is safe to say that the men in this country who will shut themselves out of other careers for a lifetime, to devote their lives to the small reward of office here, must be a very insignificant minority, and there will be a large body always passing from the service of the government to that of other great employers, just as there already has been. No sooner does a man approve himself a good officer, than more quickly even than the changes of party or of mere partisan interest can drive him out, some watchful man takes him to the more grateful task of private enterprise. And as to the indifference of the lifelong officeholder to the interests of the government or of the people

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who have to deal with him, I think I am safe in saying that we are all ready to exchange the intolerant ignorance of the mere political appointment for the experience of an old official, and to take his manner as we find it. Even the Tite Barnacles of English offices have been swept away by that great machine, civil service examination; and as it has levelled down in England, so we may be sure that it will elevate in this country, if we can only get it. Who knows but that what it is doing in the census bureau, for instance, may bring about the legislation which we asked for five years ago, and are asking for to-day?

In Germany, the offices that constitute our civil service were largely the property of feudal lords and great landowners; and, curiously enough, at the same time that the great reform in land tenures was made, and the predial slavery of the peasants was abolished, the civil service was reformed too. It was not until the final establishment of the existing German empire that the post-office ceased to be the private property of the Prince of Taxis, and even now his family draw a handsome salary from the revenues of the office. In France, on the other hand, part of the work of the revolution was a reform in the sale of offices, and still to this day many places are bought and sold as a matter of legal right; even the judicial offices were made at one time a source of revenue; and, as if to show how incongruous are the results of various systems, it is a well-established historical fact that the families of the robe, the owners of these legal estates, were the best and strongest opponents of royal tyranny and abuse. In England, the distribution of offices of a subordinate kind was one of the well-recognized means of parliamentary government, and it is nearly certain that among the reasons why Burke never became a great man in the government, was his energetic and successful effort to make a reform in this matter. It was under the influence of his earnest eloquence that our own first beginnings in a national government took the right direction; and from the days of Washington to those of the younger Adams our civil service was permanent, and good, and useful in its sphere; now it is the prey of men more unscrupulous than the followers of Walpole or Bute, it is the property of men more grasping than the French dealers in office, it is the stronghold of men more difficult to overcome than were the robber knights of mediæval Germany in their last defences.

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But, surely, if in other countries such a change was effected, we need not despair of success and reform here in the same direction. The German nobleman who used to control the local offices near his estates is very glad to get one of them now from the government, after thorough examination, and he knows that he holds it subject to the same test; indeed, his relation to the government is not unlike the old feudal relation of lord and serf; he gives up his life to the service, and in return he gets his own living, or, if he outlives active work, he gets his pension, and his family are provided for in case of his death. In France, the families which owned some of the best places are now quite willing, nay anxious, to sink all political differences, and secure appointments in the administration. There is, too, a distinction between "government," that is, the thinking, guiding and directing head, and "administration," the civil service, the acting hand; this is never political, and therefore the representatives of all the various parties in French politics, Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Republicans, get and keep office, no matter who is at the head of affairs. In England, so thorough and effective is the change, that civil service training is part of the course now at the universities and at the public schools; indeed, while French and German theoretical legislators have been painfully discussing the best means of establishing special schools for civil service instruction, the good common sense of the English working politician has brought about the same result, by securing it as a part of the regular work of the great educational establishments, and in it we see just another proof of the old truth that the supply and demand question settles itself.

De Tocqueville still remains, in spite of many endeavors to displace him, the most philosophical observer of our system of government, and his two volumes are full of remarks on the crying errors in our civil service. What would he not say, if he could measure the fearful growth of this mischief in the period that has elapsed since his visit? One of his best aphorisms, perhaps, is this: "L'etat gouverne et n'administre pas;" and another phrase is almost equally true: "Les assemblèes legislatives engloutissent chaque jour quelques dèbris des pouvoirs gouvermentaux; elles tendent à les reunir tous en elles mêmes." His prophetic eye told with truth the story of the decay of our civil service: "L'instabilité administrative a commencé par pén-

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étrer dans les habitudes; je pourrais presque dire qu'aujourdhui chacun a fini par en contracter le goût. Nul ne s'inquiète de ce qu'on a fait avant lui. On n'adopte point de méthode; on ne compose point de collection; on ne réunit pas de documents; la société semble vivre au jour le jour, comme une armée en campagne. Cependant, l'art d'administrer est à coup sûr une science, et toutes les sciences, pour faire des progres, ont besoin de lier ensemble les decouvertes par differentes générations, à mesure qu'elles se succédent; un homme remarque un fait, un autre conçoit une idée; celui-ci invente un moyen, celui-là trouve une formule; l'humanité receuille en passant ces fruits divers de l'expérience individuelle, et forme les sciences. Il est très difficile que les administrateurs Américains apprennent rien les uns des autres. Ainsi ils apportent à la conduite de la societé les lumières qu'ils trouvent répandues dans son sein, et non des connaissances qui leur soient propres. La dèmocratie, poussée dans ses dernières limites, nuit donc au progrès de l'art de gouverner." The reason why, even if bad men are found in office, they do less harm here than abroad, he says is because their interest is and must be that of the majority; but unfortunately we have discovered that the majority is not always right. One of the most effective things in the book is the chapter on "L'industrie des places;" and office-seeking never reached nor received more truthful and dignified treatment than is given it here. The description of the mischiefs that accompany it in a monarchy is exactly that which we have found to be so destructive of good government and political morality here, yet the French philosopher seemed to think that we were in little risk of ever getting to such a condition; and what he wrote, as the warning and result no doubt of his own experience in France, has shown itself in its worst shapes as the natural consequence and outgrowth of our indifference to the teachings of old nations and of governments that have passed through the same trials: where there has been reform, they have survived; without it, there has been revolution, often ending in destruction, always in lasting and self-inflicted loss of power and strength.

Now, what do we need to secure reform here? Simply enough pressure upon Congress to get a good law regulating admission to the civil service. Mr. Jenckes has the merit of having first broached the subject in the House, and he has followed it up

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year after year, each session showing a gain both in the number and quality of its supporters. Mr. Patterson and Mr. Schurz in the Senate have also proposed projects of laws; the one going over the same ground as that of Mr. Jenckes, the other limited to the diplomatic and consular appointments. In the hurry and pressure of other business, no final action has as yet been taken; but while legislation is still incomplete and inchoate, the partial solution of the question is being made. In the census bureau and in the treasury, admission was regulated by examination, and the result has been eminently satisfactory; in the coast survey and in the patent-office, the same rule has long been applied and with equal effect.* A very active and popular member of Congress from this city, Judge Kelley, accepted the nomination for another term, in a capital letter, on the condition of being free from the bother of applications for office, and on the ground of his anxiety to assist in securing civil service reform. He has been elected again, as he well deserved to be, by a large majority; and he now goes to Congress, with the indorsement of one of the largest and most intelligent constituencies, fully up to the requirements of the case. In him, therefore, we may fairly count on a strong ally and support to secure prompt legislation. This is slow progress, perhaps, if every representative and every senator is to be gained to the cause in the same way; but still it is progress, and in the right direction, too.

After all, however, we must not forget that this proposed legislation is only a means of returning to the original condition of things; no such legislation was needed down to Jackson's time, because no such abuse existed to be corrected. In England, the initiative was taken by the government, and it was not until the effort was found successful that it asked and received the sanction of Parliament. The last and largest measure of reform, opening all the civil service to competitive examination, is the act of the government,—that is, of the administration, as we should call it,

* The appointments to the legal offices and to the medical offices always require technical knowledge, which is tested by examination for admission to the bar, and for the degree of M. D. Everybody, even congressmen, must see that this is right and proper. Why, then, should the proposition to extend the rule and make it universal and not exceptional, for all appointments under government, be so difficult to adopt by suitable legislation?

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as distinguished from Congress; and here, too, the same remedy might be applied, in the same way. If, to-morrow, General Grant should order the examination of all the officers within the scope of the proposed reform; or if he should say, by circular to the head of each department, that every vacancy should be filled only upon the report of an examination, and that the examination was free to all who chose to present themselves, half the battle would be won. He would, of course, have to meet the hostility of all the working politicians, who live on the trade in offices; but on an appeal to the people, with all the advantages of full information on the subject, he would be secure of a renomination and a reëlection by a strength of numbers that would forever set the seal of condemnation on the evil system against which we are fighting. It would be fighting the politicians with their own weapons; and, powerful as they are, how much more strength there would be in them, when office is put to a good use, made the reward of honest merit, fairly tested, and secured by probation and promotion, so that there would be a career for all who enter the civil service, and that civil service is redeemed and restored.

Henry Taylor, one of the most thoughtful members of that excellent body, the permanent English civil service, thus spoke of it before it was reformed: "This, then, is the great evil and want: that there is not within the pale of our government any adequately numerous body of efficient [*men in office*,] some to be more externally active and answer the demands of the day, others to be somewhat more retired and meditative, in order that they may take thought for the morrow. How great the evil of this want is, it may require peculiar opportunities of observation fully to understand and feel; but one who, with competent knowledge, should consider well the number and magnitude of those measures which are postponed for years or totally pretermitted, not for want of practicability, but for want of time and thought; one who should proceed with such knowledge to consider the great means and appliances of wisdom which lie scattered through this intellectual country,—squandered upon individual purposes, not for want of applicability to national ones, but for want of being brought together and directed; one who, surveying these things, should duly estimate the abundant means unemployed, the exalted ends unaccomplished, could not choose,

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I think, but say within himself that there must be something fatally amiss in the very idea of statesmanship on which our system of administration is based, or that there must be some moral apathy at what should be the very centre and seat of life in a country like ours. How this state of things is to be amended it may be hard to teach—at least to minds which are fluttering in the perpetual agitation of current politics, or to those which have stiffened in established customs. Till the government of the country shall become a nucleus, at which the best wisdom contained shall be perpetually forming itself in deposit, it will be, except as regards the shuffling of power from hand to hand and class to class, little better than a government of fetches, shifts, and hand-to-mouth expedients. Till a wise and constant instrumentality at work upon administrative measures (distinguished, as they might be, from measures of political parties) shall be understood to be essential to the government of a country, that country can be considered to enjoy nothing more than the embryo of a government,—a means towards producing, through constant changes in its own structure and constitution and in the political elements acting upon it, something worthy to be called a government at some future time. For governing a country is a very different thing from upholding a government. *Alia res sceptrum, alia plectrum.* Of the two classes of political questions—those concerning forms of government and those concerning its administration—there are seasons for both. Pope's couplet has obtained singular celebrity:

> 'For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whiche'er is best administered is best;'

yet no rational man did ever dispute that a good administration of government is the *summum bonum* of political science, and now is the time to make an effort to divert the attention of thoughtful men from questions of government to the business of governing."

In Mr. Maurice's lectures on Social Morality, there is one on National Morality, in which he analyzes and comments on Pope's distich. "That couplet," (he says,) "like many others in the Essay on Man, contains a mixture of the poet's admirable common-sense with the philosophical strut and political ambition of Bolingbroke, who inspired his song; and there is something in it by

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which we may profit, something of which we must beware. It is true that there are very foolish contests about forms of government; it is not true that we can settle all questions between them by saying that any one of them will answer if it is well administered. Most citizens of the United States who have the means of travelling visit the different cities of Europe. They must hear in them many arguments in favor of monarchy and aristocracy. They may possibly, sometimes, be struck with points in which the administration of States on the continent—even of our island—have a superiority to their own. Suppose an inhabitant of Boston or New York returning with the impression of these arguments or of these observations strong upon him; suppose some particular weakness, either in his institutions or in those who administer them, to be brought strongly home to him on his arrival: he may reflect, I think, with great advantage on Pope's first line. He may say to himself, 'Well, whether I see or not at this moment the force of the arguments for a republic, which I learnt by heart in my childhood, whether or not they have been shaken by what I have heard elsewhere, this land is my land, these institutions are the institutions which I received from my fathers. "For forms of government let fools contest:" I will not be troubled by wise saws or modern instances. My life, my education has been moulded in this form; whatever it may be for others, it is good for me.' If the second line should occur to him, if he should be tempted to say, 'Yes, but I see many faults in the administration of my country: is it not a safe rule, that that which is best administered is best?'—he will be bound to answer himself again: 'On that point, too, I can decide nothing. I have not the faculty of comparing administrations. But, certainly, this land of mine will not be rightly administered upon some other principle than its own. There must be some compass to steer the vessel by. If we lose the compass, I may talk about the management of it as I please. It will drift away I know not whither.' As the result of which consideration he would, I hope, resolve to labor that he might understand the form of his government better than he had ever done; that he might struggle for it steadfastly; that so he might correct whatever he saw was faulty and inconsistent in the administration of it. Such a man I should deem a loyal man; loyal to something better than the conclusions of his intellect, which are always liable to fluctuations; loyal to

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what he perceived to be the principles of his nation's existence, and therefore those with which the life and thoughts of an American citizen ought to be in harmony.

"What I am saying is no imagination. It is on this principle that the most admirable citizens of the United States have been recently acting. They found an institution among them which did not exist among us, their progenitors, or in the other States of Europe. We taunted them with it. We made it an excuse for denouncing their form of government. They listened sometimes with displeasure, sometimes in silence. But they did not abandon their form because they found a practicable anomaly among them from which other countries might be exempt. They declared that it *was* an anomaly; that loyalty to their land, to its form of government, demanded the removal of it. Amidst all difficulties, against all oppositions of interests in one part of the land and another, they maintained their doctrine. The will of the multitude gave way before the convictions of a few; the worship of the dollar before the willingness of men and women, of young and old, to sacrifice their money and their lives and lives which were dearer than their own, to purify their land from an abomination. They did purify it, and a great republic has held forth a spectacle for us to wonder at, an example to make us ashamed.

"I dwell with more interest and satisfaction upon this instance of true loyalty to the form of government established in a land because the youth of the American States might be so easily pleaded, has been so often pleaded, as a reason why they need not be faithful to the lessons of their fathers, to the order which they have inherited—why they may consider all questions about governments as open questions to be settled by the balance of authority or reasoning in favor of one or the other. I hold it a high honor to Americans that they had not been misled by these plausible suggestions. Some of them may, no doubt, be convinced that Democracy, as such, has proved itself to be the only tolerable form of government for the universe. But I hope and believe that they who hold this intellectual persuasion most strongly do not rely wholly or chiefly upon it. If they do, I fear they will after all be poor citizens, not ready, like those who shed their blood in the war, to give themselves up for their country. Loyalty, I am persuaded, is deeper in them, as it should be in all

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of us, than any judgments of the understanding which are liable to continual shocks and vicissitudes. Loyalty may bring them into fellowship with the commonest dwellers on their soil. Suppose they had the information or the faculty for applying it which would enable them honestly to accept the proofs and conclusions of learned men: would that do them as much good, would it as much elevate their hearts as the thought, 'Here we were born; here are the graves of those who went before us; they won this order for us; we will not let it perish or be corrupted.'"

And in other parts of his book he uses language so apposite to my present purpose, that I make it my own as the best way of speaking strongly:

"Our government should be what it professes to be: it should faithfully represent the mind of the people; to do this, there must be a mind to represent; every one of us may be helping to form that mind; if we have any function here, that is our function; our business is not to set our own above other countries, to foster any national conceit; but since this is the form of government under which we have been nurtured, which has moulded the thoughts of us and our fathers, our loyalty to it will be the best security that we honor its institutions and desire its growth in every good way. Our own soil, our own language, our own laws, our own government are given to us and are beyond all measure precious to us; we must be true defenders and earnestly cherish them because they are our own, and I cannot set much store by the man who is indifferent about the land of his fathers. At all times and in every land the call in some way to fight for it and for the nation is addressed to old and young, to rich and poor, to man and woman. We may all, by grovelling habits, by low thoughts, by vanity and insolence, be working for its downfall; each one, struggling with these in himself, strengthening his neighbor against them, may be, as much as any soldier or sailor, its champion."

Unfortunately for all our hopes and wishes, almost at the moment of preparing this paper, in which I have but embodied the views of all who are here, and by that presence testify to their interest in good government, the very latest action of the Executive of the nation has been to displace that one of his Secretaries who has labored most diligently to make a practical application of the proposed reform in the civil service. Of the causes

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of this removal we as yet know nothing; but it is enough to know that the prospect of any such reform is now further off than ever, and the duty of laboring to bring it about is more than ever one that comes nearest home to all who believe that there is still hope for civil service reform: it is of such only that this Association can be made up, and for them I have spoken.

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.

THE WISE MEN OF EDOM.

THERE is one book which stands out in strong distinction from all the other books of the Hebréw Bible, through its entire want of relation to the Israelitish people. The book of Job is almost the only literary monument which we possess of the children of Esau, descended from the same Father of the Faithful as the Jews and through the same son of promise, yet not through the same grandson. How and at what period this Edomite book took its place among the Hebrew Scriptures is a mystery. Some suppose that Moses met with it during the period of his sojourn in Midian, before his return to Egypt, and translated it into Hebrew; if he did not himself compose it from traditional materials found in that country. Froude, the historian, in a very beautiful and ingenious essay, ascribes it to some Hebrew Odysseus or Homer, who had wandered over all the East, and had seen many lands and cities, and returned to his own people to spend his declining years. His dissatisfaction with the popular theology of his own nation had led him away from home, and now, in his old age, he wrote this great poem to refute the popular doctrine that happiness and misery are assigned in this world according to the good or evil desert of every man. It is a little unfortunate that the distinctive teaching of the book on this subject is set forth with equal clearness in several of the Hebrew Psalms, while the truth which stands in something of contrast to it is nowhere more emphatically asserted than by Job himself. Froude, indeed, tries to save the case by conjecturing that these Psalms themselves proceeded from the same skeptical school, and that the words ascribed to Job are really the third speech of

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Zophar the Naamathite, which is otherwise wanting. By such criticism any thing could be proved.

Canon Plumptre seems to come nearest the truth when he points out the period of Solomon as the age in which the wisdom of Edom and of Judea came into friendly contact, and a peaceful interchange of ideas took place. The Queen of Sheba, descended from Abraham's son Jokshan, came from this same south country to propose knotty questions to the Wise King for his solution. She would naturally wish to make the best possible appearance at the court of the sage, who to this day is a proverb for magic and wisdom over all the East. Not only the book of Job, but the proverbs of Agur and Lemuel, which form the closing chapters of the Proverbs of Solomon, seem to have been brought northward by her. The influence of these books appears in the literature of the period of Solomon and of those that follow. But at any later period the hostility which existed between Edom and Israel would, humanly speaking, have prevented the adoption of the book of Job as part of the national Scriptures. One of the Rabbis of the Talmud expressly denies the real existence of Job and the reality of his story, rather than admit that a son of Edom had so far transcended the Hebrew saints in piety and wisdom.

That the book of Job ever was translated out of any other Shemitic language into Hebrew is now rendered improbable by the recent discovery of the Moabite stone. The Moabite king Chemosh, descended from Lot, was less closely related to the Hebrews than were the children of Edom, yet we find the former recording his exploits in substantially pure Hebrew on this now famous monument. Yet the language of Job has a much stronger affinity for the Arabic than any other part of the Old Testament. It is full of strange words that occur nowhere else, and of which only the Arabic furnishes an explanation. The form of the poem also marks its southern origin and its relation to Arabic literature. The old national poems of ante-Mohammedan times always began with a narrative, proceeded with a dialogue or discussion, and closed with a narrative. The second part always contained one or more descriptions of a natural object, the horse being a favorite theme. In all these respects the book of Job conforms strictly to Arabic models and rules of criticism. It does so mainly because it springs out of a similar state of life and

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society. The conference around the camp-fire of the Arab tribe comes between the activity of to-day and to-morrow. The poet in each case adopts the poetic form which best reflects the life of his people. It is, therefore, impossible to classify it under any of the literary forms known in the East. It is not a tragedy, for it does not progress in incident, while it contains narrative as well as dialogue; nor is it an epic, for it does not plunge *in medias res*, but tells the story *ab ovo* right at the start. Yet it contains very much of a real dramatic element. The Edomite sheik and his three friends are not described, but developed by their words in the poet's presentation of their characters. The intense sincerity and honesty, and the real faith of the main character, wins on us. Suffering hurts him, and he affects no stoic indifference on religious or any other ground. Pain is pain and an evil with him, beyond all controversy. Yet no pious reasoning will force him to let his good be evil spoken of; he puts their arguments past him. He has not sinned above other men, though suffers above other men. There is a mystery in it somewhere, though he can't discover it. He breaks out into hot and passionate appeals to God to solve the difficulty. Froude well notes that his opening speeches are the most passionate, but that towards the close he grows cooler, clearer and more dignified. With his friends it is the reverse. They grow hotter and fiercer as they go on, until at last the wrath of the bitterest and most uncharitable becomes too full for utterance. Job is, in his eyes, "past redemption," and he is silent when the other two have spoken for the third time.

All three are noble men, in spite of their prejudices. Eliphaz, the Temanite, is a grave and stately sheik, a gentleman of the old school, not given overmuch to original investigation or independent reflection, yet a good man and a well-meaning, withal. Bildad, the Shuhite, is a rigidly orthodox adherent of tradition, who does not know what the world would come to if Job had his way, and were allowed to upset the sayings of the fathers. Zophar shows more narrowness of moral judgment, and less charity. He passes from conjecture to accusation and condemnation. With him Job *must* be a gross and heinous sinner, and is only adding to his wickedness by denying it, and concealing his offence. When Elihu, the Buzite, comes forward, the author of

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the book evidently speaks through him, and enforces the lesson he designs to convey. The youth speaks in character, using not the classic and stately semi-Arabic* Hebrew of his elders, but the conversational semi-Aramaic* Hebrew of one who had had less experience as a public disputer and counsellor. He will not justify all Job's passionate and hot speeches, but much less will he indorse all the unsympathetic and uncharitable utterances of his three counsellors. Both are wrong: God is not arbitrary in the infliction of suffering, neither does He send excessive suffering always in requital of extraordinary wickedness. On the contrary, while He is always just and righteous, He often lets the heaviest calamities fall on the best as a merciful discipline for their further purification. The best have evil enough in them, however, to deserve the heaviest chastisement. When, therefore, it is sent upon such, there is no immediate injustice in it, while there is much ultimate mercy and goodness. To them, *via crucis, via lucis.* Here God takes up the discourse, rebuking and humbling Job, and then justifying him to the condemnation of his three accusers. Then comes the restoration of his prosperity and happiness, with the narrative of which the book closes.

The chapters which contain these colloquies have a threefold interest to the student of literature. They embody the traditions, philosophy and science of a very ancient and interesting people. They portray their life and manners, which would be otherwise unknown to us. They rank among the grandest and most sublime poems in all literature.

The opinions expressed or incidentally referred to by Job and his friends show that monotheism was still traditional in other branches of the Shemitic stock than the Hebrew one. Shamaism, or the worship of the sun and other heavenly bodies, had indeed begun to creep in, but was an offence punished by the civil law. Jehovah is recognized as the Creator of the earth and the heavens; and the Mosaic narratives of the creation of man out of the dust of the earth, and of the fall of man, are clearly referred to as the received tradition. A notable point is the appearance of Satan as the accuser and enemy of the good, showing that the Jews did

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* These words express rather more than the truth, but there is a difference in this direction.

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not (as has been alleged) pick up their doctrine of an Evil Spirit during their intercourse with the Zoroastrians of Persia. The Satan of Job is the Satan of the New Testament, and not the Ahriman of the Zend-Avesta. He is not a vast uncreated power of darkness contending on equal terms with a spirit of light, but a subordinate and finite spirit, acting by divine permission, yet full of malice and scorn. His appearance here is more clear and distinct than in any purely Hebrew book, although they also recognize the existence of spiritual enemies. Layard found a Shemitic people not far from this same region, who not only believe in Satan but actually worship him to deprecate his ill offices. Their scriptures, or book of ritual, they keep in careful concealment.

The land of Uz was not a mere desert region, according to the local coloring of the poem. There is, indeed, much of the desert in it: precipitous paths, wet and slippery with rains; mountain torrents, to-day swollen with the snow-thaw, and to-morrow dried up in the sun; faintly traced paths across the sands, over which the caravans crawl from oasis to oasis; pits of deceit dug for expected enemies; the savage onslaughts of tribe upon tribe, and the wholesale slaughter of the ambuscade; the degradation and ruin of famous clans, and the rise of others around the person of some robber chieftain; the destructive winds and simoons of the open wilderness, sweeping all before them; the camels and wild asses grazing on the open uplands; the watchman on the lookout for the incursions of predatory bands. This is half the landscape, and that which has attracted most attention, because it best harmonizes with our modern conception of Edom.

But there is another side to the picture of this land of Uz, and a very different one. Seir (says Isaiah) was given to Edom as the fatness of the earth, and was far less barren and desert in those days than in ours. We hear, in Job, of fenced cities, where the city guards relieved each other on the watch; of the well-built houses and enclosed gardens of their citizens; of the spacious gates in which the nobles and elders of the people met in council, or to hold their law courts; of the pleading of eloquent advocates and the written bills of indictment; of the legal quibbles by which rapacious men plundered the poor, unless a just judge came to the rescue; of the varied music of their feast-days and times of

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rejoicing in the dance; of the exact and carefully defined limits of social precedence; of the broad and open square in which the dwellers in tents rested when they passed through the city; of the running post, who carried intelligence from city to city, and of the caravans which brought not only the wares of Egypt and Phœnicia, precious stones, fine linen and mirrors of bronze, but also the knowledge of far-off lands, of the behemoth, the crocodile, the swift reed-boats, and the pyramids of Egypt, the mines of the North, and the waves of the Great Sea. Beyond the city walls lay fenced fields hedged in with thorny acacias, ploughed, sown, and reaped by the servants of the owners; pasture lands lay between, affording the materials for the labors of the dairy; higher up in the hills the aboriginal Horites, or mountaineers, crouched in caves and dens of the earth, living on roots and garbage, utterly despised by the Edomites, who had dispossessed them of the land. Marks of antiquity are noticed; rock inscriptions, which recorded some memorable event or some great chieftain's name; ruins so ancient that the oldest trees had bound them about with their roots; traditions of wisdom handed down from an august antiquity; memories of great tribal disasters and revolutions, and of great convulsions of nature. No Arcadian picture of rural quiet and peace lies spread before us as allusion after allusion adds trait upon trait to the complete picture. Man is here with all his littleness and all his greatness; sometimes standing face to face with his Maker in the night solitudes and the lonely places of a desert land; sometimes compassing the overthrow and destruction of his fellow-man. The local coloring of the picture shows us a country somewhat like that of the Wahabees of Central Arabia, as depicted by Mr. Palgrave; much more like that than like our ordinary conceptions of Arabia, which are derived from the country of the Bedouins. Uz was a border land lying on the boundary where the great waves of the desert were stayed, and the fertile land stretched down to their very sands.

Of the literary merit of the poem there can be but one opinion. In ancient literature, its only rivals in the true sublime are the Old Testament Scriptures, and it certainly falls behind none of the inspired Hebrew prophets. In point of style it most resembles the prophecies of the Moabite Balaam, as these are recorded in the Book of Numbers. Some, indeed, have supposed that

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Balaam himself was the author of the book, with no better proof than this internal evidence. The book of Proverbs also closely resembles Job in many places, and seems to have borrowed from it. We have already referred to the supposed Edomite origin of the last chapters of this book. No part of the Hebrew Bible has given rise to so much controversy, or has been the subject of so many learned commentaries. We can only indicate the main subjects of the disputes in regard to it, to which we have the most varied answers:—Was Job a real person? Where was Uz? When did he live? Is the book, as we have it, in its first form? Or has it been translated? or has it been worked up by a Hebrew author from traditional materials? Was it written before the law was given at Sinai, or in the time of the Judges? or in the days of David or Solomon, or of their successors? or by Ezra, at the time of the return from captivity? Does it teach the doctrine of a future state? If not, is its theodicy complete with this grave omission? Is it all of equal authenticity? Or are the historical introduction and conclusion, or the speech of Elihu, additions by a later hand? Is the latter a wise reader of riddles, or does he only darken counsel by words without knowledge?

We have indicated our opinion on a few of these points; the rest are mostly not fit themes for discussion in these pages. In conclusion, we may say that no part of the Old Testament will be so largely benefited by a thorough revision of the standard English version. None needs so much the retouching, by a strong and delicate hand, to bring it into harmony with the letter and spirit of the grand original. None come home more closely to the hearts and affections of plain men, who are puzzled and perplexed by the moral anomalies of life and providence; none describe in grander words the majesty of the Most High; none—except, perhaps, the Psalms—display the workings of the human heart with so much of dramatic power. None embody more clearly the longings and strivings of men after a fuller and broader light upon their daily paths and their conceptions of duty. All classes of critics and scholars—Gregory the Great and Renan, Schultens and Froude, De Wette and Hengstenberg—unite in testifying to its wondrous beauty and charm, its fulness of meaning and its grandeur of expression.

JOHN DYER.

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THE PROTECTIVE QUESTION ABROAD.*

ABOUT a third of a century ago the English Whigs began their great return to the official power from which they had been driven by their unnational policy during the wars of the French Revolution. They came back pledged to movement and reform, sworn to wipe anomalies from the national statute-book, and to sweeten the social atmosphere by legislation conciliatory of the laboring classes. They carried on a literary crusade in advocacy of these ideas, as well as a political one. The Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, with its *Penny Magazine* and its *Penny Encyclopedia*, and its multifarious books, were to sow Whig ideas over all the land, and their London University was to train up athletes for the future who should take the place of the great Whig writers of that day. These latter were neither few nor contemptible. Essayists like Macaulay, Sidney Smith and Jeffrey; philosophers and economists like Brougham and the elder Mill; novelists without number, but not without merit; even blue-stockings, such as Harriet Martineau and Miss Cornwallis, fought together under the blue-and-buff banner of Whiggism. It was a brilliant literary period, if not a profound one.

One of the new Whig ideas was Free Trade, especially with reference to the abolition of the British Corn Laws, and the new idea was very plausibly advocated before the people. Miss Martineau put forth volume after volume of clever stories illustrative of political economy, in advocacy of the Let Alone principle. The Whig ideal was of an England smoking from sea to sea with chimney stacks, and underselling all the earth, covering the ocean with ships bound away from England with manufactured goods or homeward with raw material, gold and breadstuffs. In some measure it has been realized, and not found to be paradise; it has come to be seen that there are other questions still preliminary to an English millennium.

One of the cleverest and brightest books of this Whiggish period in literature was "John Hopkins' Notions on Political

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* JOHN HOPKINS' NOTIONS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. By the Author of "*Conversations on Chemistry.*" London. 1833.

THE PROTECTIVE QUESTION ABROAD, AND REMARKS AT THE INDIANAPOLIS EXPOSITION. By John L. Hayes. Cambridge, (Mass.) 1870.

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Economy," published by an unknown author resident in Glamorganshire. Seldom has so much of literary brilliancy and fertility been enlisted in the advocacy of the dismal science. Even Miss Martineau's well-told stories are heavy in comparison. Its fairy tales—it contains several—are quite as interesting to children as those of any author, and are still favorite themes in British school books, while their ingenuity as apologues interest children of a larger growth. Its best story, THE THREE GIANTS, is also the longest. The scene is in a desert island, where some English families have been wrecked while on their way to one of the colonies. At first every thing has to be done by the strength of human muscles, but presently three giants are successively found by three of the colonists to the great enrichment of them all. Water, wind and steam are the three powers whose discovery represents the advances made in the use of machinery as a substitute for manual labor. The fulness of the author's invention has strung a beautiful story on this thread of a plot, with a skill which should give it a place in the list of the British classics. Fiction, too, is not a bad medium for the inculcation of the views of the British school of economists, from the facility with which disagreeable facts may be excluded from consideration.

The old apologue of our childhood has been recalled by much that we find in Mr. John Hayes' book on "The Protective Question Abroad." The three giants have been hard at work in the little fast-anchored isle; the last discovered of them has been turning English mills and factories for over a century, doing the work of 76,000,000 workmen, being the equivalent of fifteen unwearied iron slaves to every English family, rich or poor. Money has been pouring into English coffers by hundreds of millions of net profit every year; and yet the people who were to be so greatly benefited by legislation have grown none the richer for the toils of the giants, but rather the poorer. For popular content and comfort the England of to-day is not to be compared with the England of the period between the close of the American Revolution and the commencement of war with France. Nor is there any immediate prospect of amendment. Every year that the Manchester ideal—England as the factory house of the nations—prevails as the standard of national policy, the social state grows worse. The number of her paupers, in 1866, was 920,344; in 1869, it was 1,039,549. Whole branches of industry have been

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ruined at home by the Free Trade policy which England has adopted as the bait to secure similar advantages for her Manchester cotton spinners and "Brummagem" iron men. House carpenters are flocking from London to this country, because the Protectionists of Belgium and Norway are flooding the home market with ready-made doors and windows at prices with which they cannot compete.* Abroad the customers of England are finding their profits in heavy tariffs, her own ungrateful colonies not excepted. (Hence the Whig indifference to Canada, Australia and New Zealand.) France, under Napoleon, adopted a nominally Free Trade treaty to conciliate these Manchester men, and thereby prop his own throne. Its workings prove it to be just Free Trade enough to ruin several hitherto flourishing branches of business in both countries, and Protectionist enough to keep the balance of trade on the side of France. In Australia and New Zealand British goods are nearly unsalable, unless dishonestly labelled "Warranted colonial make," and "the antipodean doctrine of Free Trade" is scouted. The very colonies (Sir W. Dilke tells us) say "that a nation cannot be called independent if it has to cry out to another for supplies of necessaries; that true national existence is first attained when the country becomes capable of supplying to its own citizens those goods without which they cannot exist in the state of comfort which they have already reached. Political is apt to follow commercial dependency." "A digger at Ballarat defended a protective tariff to me in this way: he said he knew that under a protective tariff he had to pay dearer than would otherwise be the case for his jacket and moleskin trousers, but that he preferred to do this, as, by so doing, he aided in building up in the colony such trades as the making of clothes, in which his brother, and other men, physically too weak to be diggers, could gain an honest living. . . . . 'We know we lose, but men live,' they say."

Mr. Hayes' pages are very provocative of quotation. His theme is a review of sundry foreign publications, and is in the same line with an article in our September number. Extracts from Sir Edward Sullivan's book, there largely quoted, occupy over half his space. The rest is taken up with "Thiers and France," and "Sir Wentworth Dilke and the Colonies." The former is of less

* This we know from having met with them.

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immediate interest to us; the second is an extract from "Greater Britain," and is one of the very few attempts at candor that we have seen from the pen of Free Trade writers. He says, for instance:

"It would seem as though we Free Traders had become nearly as bigoted in favor of Free Trade as our former [English and Tory] opponents were in favor of Protection. . . . . In the face of the support of Protection by all the greatest minds of America, all the first statesmen of the Australians, we tell the New England and the Australian politicians that we will not discuss Protection with them, because there can be no two minds about it among men of intelligence and education. We will hear of no defence of 'national lunacy' we say."

"'Encourage native industry' the colonial shopkeeper writes up; 'Show your patriotism and buy colonial goods' is painted in huge letters on a shop front in Castlemaine. In Victoria I found that in the Lower House, the Free Traders formed but three-elevenths of the Assembly; and in New South Wales the pastoral tenants of the Crown may be said to stand alone in their advocacy of Free Trade."

"The Western farmers in America . . . . admit that Free Trade would conduce to the most rapid possible peopling of their country with foreign immigrants, but this they say is an eminently undesirable conclusion. They prefer [a high Tariff] rather than see their country demoralized by a rush of Irish or Germans, or their political institutions endangered by a still further increase in the size and power of New York. One old fellow said to me: 'I don't want the Americans in 1900 to be 200,000,000, but I want them to be happy.' . . . . Their manufactures are beginning to stand alone; but hitherto, without Protection, the Americans would have had no cities but sea-ports. In short, the tendency, according to the Western farmers, of Free Trade, in the early stages of a country's existence, is to promote universal centralization, to destroy local centres and the commerce they create, to so tax the farmer with the cost of transport to distant markets that he must grow corn and wheat continuously, and cannot but exhaust the soil. With markets so distant, the richest forest lands are not worth clearing; and settlements sweep over the country, occupying the poorer lands, and then abandoning them once more."

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"Time after time, I have heard the Western farmers draw imaginary pictures of the state of America, if Free Trade should gain the day, and ask of what avail it is to say that Free Trade and free circulation of people are available to the pocket, if they destroy the national existence of America; what good to point out the gain of weight to their purses, in the face of the destruction of their religion, their language, and their Saxon institutions. One of the greatest thinkers of America [told him]:—'The national mind is manifold; and if you do not keep up every branch of employment, in every district, you waste the national force. If we were to remain a purely agricultural people, land would fall into fewer and fewer hands, and our people become more and more brutalized as the years rolled on.'"

We might requote whole pages to the same or a similar effect, all directly in the teeth of English prejudices, and in sharp contradiction to loose statements circulated nearer home. Sir W. Dilke may be profitably perused and inwardly digested by some of our theorists, who set up themselves as *the* leading minds of America, and who count with excessive confidence on the support of our Western farmers.

ROBT. ELLIS THOMPSON.

THE RELATIONS OF BUSINESS MEN TO THE NATIONAL LEGISLATION.*

WHILE the spirit of class, like the spirit of sectionalism, in certain of its manifestations, ought always to be discouraged and condemned, there can be no question that every class in a nation, like every section of a country, has peculiar interests of its own, which, unless it shall concern itself about them, will probably fail to receive proper consideration, and that it has also duties to perform to the state, growing out of its own conditions and relations, which cannot be misunderstood or neglected by it without public loss.

For the purposes of the present discussion, the people of the United States may be divided into four classes: the professional,

* Read before the American Social Science Association, Philadelphia.

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the agricultural, the mechanical and the commercial. We have no non-industrial class among us; we are all workers, either of necessity or by choice, and almost every man may be appropriately assigned to one or another of the groups mentioned. In the professional class we should include all those who study, practise or teach in the departments of divinity, medicine or law, or in the arts and sciences, also all other literary men and educators, and all who belong to the army or navy; in the agricultural class, those who devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil; in the mechanical class, all artisans and artificers; and in the commercial class, all who are engaged in the manufacture, transportation or distribution of commodities, or in the regulation and control of money and credit, which lie at the foundation of all mercantile exchange. It is to the last of these that we propose to invite attention in this paper, and an inquiry will be raised as to the relations which the commercial class sustain to the community as a whole, the extent of the dependence under which it rests, on national legislation, and the degree to which it ought to participate, first in its own interest, but secondly and especially in the interest of the nation, in framing this legislation. In inviting the American Social Science Association to engage in such a discussion as is thus indicated, it may be opportune to recall the circumstance that the Association of Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, comprising within its membership nearly all the influential commercial bodies of that country, was brought into existence as the consequence of a suggestion made by the presiding officer of the Social Science Congress at its Bradford meeting ten or eleven years ago. It may safely be affirmed that if any suggestions shall emanate from the American Social Science Association, which may serve to quicken the activity or to widen the influence of the business men of the United States, and of their local and national chambers, they will be cordially welcomed and carefully considered.

Let us inquire more particularly concerning the commercial class, as we have designated it. It embraces all manufacturers, miners, importers, wholesale and retail dealers, ship-owners, managers of transportation lines by land or by water, railroad proprietors and officials, capitalists, bankers and brokers, and all employed by them. Its importance, numerically, should not be overlooked. The present population of the United States is about

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forty millions of souls; it is estimated that of this number thirty-three per cent., or upwards of thirteen millions, are in receipt of an income, and eleven millions add directly by their labor to the wealth of the country. These eleven millions may be subdivided with approximate accuracy, as follows: Agriculturists, six and one-half millions; mechanics, one million; laborers, one million and a-half; and the commercial class, as already defined, two millions, or eighteen per cent. of the whole. But this statement falls far short of illustrating the relative importance of the class under consideration, as we shall see if we glance at the nature and scope of its operations. It keeps afloat four millions of tons of shipping under the American flag, employed on the inland waters of the country, along the coasts and upon the ocean. It has built fifty thousand miles of railway, over which forty-eight millions of tons of merchandise pass annually, not including coal. It controls the export and import of merchandise, valued for the last year at nine hundred millions of dollars. It produces from the spindles, looms, forges and benches of our numberless manufacturing establishments, the value of from five to six hundred millions of dollars a year. It directs the operations of sixteen hundred banks scattered all over the country, the paid-up capital of which is four hundred millions of dollars, and the resources of which amount to a billion and a-half. But this is not all. The industry of the mechanic and laboring classes relies largely, if not mainly, on our merchants, manufacturers and capitalists; while the entire product of our national agriculture, valued at more than three billions of dollars, enters the domain of commerce almost immediately after its ingathering, and is altogether dependent on the commercial class for the money which enables it to be brought to the home market or shipped abroad, no less than for the vessels or railways by which it is conveyed, or for the elevators or warehouses in which it is stored. In a word, the total product of the industry of the people of the United States, estimated for last year at six billions eight hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, does no more than measure the scope and extent of the influence exerted by business men, in one way or another, directly or remotely, sooner or later, on the material prosperity and development of the nation. "The merchants of a country," says Lord Bacon, "are *vena porta;* and if they flourish not, a kingdom may have good limbs, but will have empty veins,

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and nourish little." Is not this emphatically true among ourselves in the United States?

We need hardly stop to explain how closely dependent these commercial and other related interests are upon the national legislation for their welfare and security. It is true, that no legislation, however hostile, could annihilate the vast annual product of our industry. Our business men have often prospered in the past in spite of Acts of Congress, and they will probably do the same in frequent instances in the future. Legislation has not made this nation what it is, commercially or otherwise; and legislation will never unmake it. At the same time it may do, and, as we know, has at various periods done, much to quicken or to retard commercial progress; to encourage or to embarrass the efforts of business men; to give confidence to or to frighten capital. Sometimes it is negative, sometimes positive in its character, but in all cases it will be potential in its effect for good or for evil. If, under given circumstances, no legislation is what is required, as when the merchants of France, in reply to a question from Louis XIV, as to what he could do for them, said: Let me alone: then, any interference whatever will only work mischief. On the other hand, if the fostering care of the government is needed, permanently or temporarily, by a particular branch of industry, then, to fail to legislate in its behalf will prove mischievous; and to fail to legislate intelligently and judiciously may be hardly less hurtful. If, also, in the progress of affairs, it become necessary to change a long-established policy in relation to some one or more branches of commercial enterprise, then, to adhere tenaciously to legislation once justifiable but now obsolete, is sure to be injurious, and, in particular instances, may prove fatal.

Who can estimate the extent to which our domestic exchanges are influenced by the action of Congress, from time to time, on the subject of the currency? The exchangable value of the billions of our annual products may be determined in one direction or the other by the adoption of a particular policy of expansion or contraction. The consequences of a serious error in finance at Washington will, in the process of time, be felt in every bank, every warehouse and every village store, and in every farmhouse in the United States; and this being so, how many of our population will escape from them? Upon our tariff legislation,

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whether, in its provisions, it be stable or fluctuating, simple or complex, moderate or prohibitory, depend, for both the method and the extent of their increase, our multiform manufactures in leather, iron, cotton, wool, wood and other materials. Our established position as a competing maritime power upon the oceans of the globe, the traffic on which is regulated by unchanging and universal principles, and not by municipal rules, must always be decided, in the long run, by the degree of harmony which we succeed in securing between what we call our navigation laws and those principles. Questions are arising in reference to internal improvements; the relation of the general government to them; their amenability to national control, and their right to claim the aid of the national treasury; and upon the manner in which these questions are answered the permanent efficiency of the transportation service of the country hinges.

There can be no doubt that from this time forward it will be incumbent upon Congress to devote its time and thought chiefly to the material interests of the nation. Fortunately, we are so completely isolated from the other great powers by our geographical position that we need not involve ourselves in their misunderstandings, jealousies and quarrels. Still more fortunately, our own internal dissensions, upon subjects purely political and governmental, have so far abated that we may hope soon to see substantial and practical accord upon them among all intelligent and patriotic citizens. What remains for us then but to set ourselves diligently to the solution of the problems bearing upon the development of the national resources? This is now the duty of the people, and it is especially the duty to which Congress is called, in order that this national wealth may be increased in every direction and to the utmost possible extent. Nor is this an unworthy or sordid end, if properly understood. What is a rich nation? Assuredly, not of necessity, a nation in which there are numerous instances of large personal accumulation or acquisition. A nation may contain many very wealthy men and yet be poor; it may contain very few and yet be rich. To entitle it to be called rich it must possess large aggregated wealth, and the more equally this is diffused among all classes of its population the greater its prosperity. We want to raise the general standard among ourselves of comfort, of intelligence and of morality to

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the highest practicable point, and to secure for the millions of our fellow-citizens, native or adopted, now dwelling on this continent, and for the millions more who will inevitably come hither, whether we desire it or not, (perhaps in greater crowds than ever before,) opportunity for labor, according to individual fitness or preference, adequate remuneration and the possibilities of home. Who shall say that this purpose is not worthy of the choice and devotion of every American citizen, whether he be in private or in public life? Grander than any epitaph carved on the tomb of military conqueror or hero is the inscription on a monument raised to commemorate the public services of one of England's greatest statesmen, He gave the people bread.

We have endeavored to show the extent and value of the material interests represented by what we have termed the commercial class of our country, the importance of these interests to the entire population and to the national prosperity, and the manner in which they may be affected, favorably or adversely, by legislation. We have said also that it has become the duty of Congress to direct its thought and attention chiefly to their protection and promotion. It is proper now to inquire concerning the adaptation of Congress, as at present constituted, for sustaining the responsibilities, and for performing the services which all this implies.

At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it seems to have been anticipated that the representative body would be composed of "landholders, merchants, and men of the learned professions," and the opinion was expressed that "there was no danger that the interests and feelings of the different classes of citizens would not be understood and attended to by these three descriptions of men." But it could hardly have been foreseen that a branch of one of these classes, a single one of the learned professions, would attain to so large a preponderance in numbers and influence over all others, as we find that it has done. We refer of course to the profession of the law. In the Senate of the United States at the present time, out of seventy-two members, forty-four, or sixty-one per cent., are members of the bar, while nine only, or twelve and one-half per cent., are connected with trade, transportation, or finance. The proportion is precisely the same in the House of Representatives, in which, out of two hundred and thirty-eight members, one hundred and forty-six are lawyers, and thirty-one are members of the commercial

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class in its broadest definition. It would be a liberal estimate to state the number of lawyers in the country in 1870 at forty thousand; the number, according to the census in 1860, was thirty-three thousand one hundred and ninety-three. Assuming it to be forty thousand now, the profession of the law contains one-tenth of one per cent. of the population, while its representation in the national legislature equals, as we have seen, sixty-one per cent. At the same time the commercial class, comprising within itself eighteen per cent. of all those who add directly to the wealth of the country by their industry, and five per cent. of the entire population, has a representation in Congress of only thirteen per cent. De Tocqueville said, thirty or forty years ago:

"If I were asked where I placed the American aristocracy, I should reply without hesitation, that it is not composed of the rich, who are united together by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and the bar."

And again:

"The lawyers of the United States form a party which is but little feared and scarcely perceived, which has no badge peculiar to itself, which adapts itself with great flexibility to the exigencies of the time, and accommodates itself to all the movements of the social body: but this party extends over the whole community, and it penetrates into all classes of society; it acts upon the country imperceptibly, but it finally fashions it to suit its purposes."

We will not pause to consider the statement of the distinguished writer from whose work on Democracy in America we have quoted, that the influence exerted by members of the legal profession is the most powerful existing security against the excesses of democracy; for we are now inquiring concerning them as a legislating rather than as a ruling class. The considerations presented by this author, however, to account for their social and political influence, will illustrate with slight modifications the reason why they have become the dominant class in legislation:

"Men who have more especially devoted themselves to legal pursuits, derive from those occupations certain habits of order, a taste for formalities, and a kind of instinctive regard for the regular connection of ideas, which naturally render them very hostile to the revolutionary spirit and the unreflecting passions of the multitude.

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"The special information which lawyers derive from their studies insures them a separate station in society; and they constitute a sort of privileged body in the scale of intelligence. This notion of their superiority perpetually recurs to them in the practice of their profession: they are the masters of a science which is necessary but which is not very generally known: they serve as arbiters between the citizens; and the habit of directing the blind passions of parties in litigation to their purpose inspires them with a certain contempt for the judgment of the multitude. To this it may be added, that they naturally constitute *a body;* not by any previous understanding, or by an agreement which directs them to a common end; but the analogy of their studies and the uniformity of their proceedings connect their minds together, as much as a common interest would combine their endeavors."

We have no disposition to call in question the peculiar fitness of able and experienced practitioners at the bar, in view of the special training received by them, during preparation for and in the practice of their profession, for participation in the duties of legislative bodies. Nor will we raise an issue as to the relative rank, among their legal brethren, of members of Congress who are lawyers; although we have sometimes heard from that source sharp criticisms in reference to both their professional and their general standing. Carefully avoiding all personal allusions and reflections in the course of what we have to say, we will admit that these men, as a whole, fairly represent the average respectability and learning of their class. But we cannot concede that legal studies and attainments are the sole or chief qualification for legislative service, or that any sound argument can be deduced from their possession to prove that it is desirable that lawyers should be so largely in the majority in Congress, as for many years past they have been, and as they now are.

However well qualified lawyers may be by training and experience to deal with general principles, they must often lack that practical knowledge of affairs which is essential to the right and opportune application of principles, and to the working out of details in commercial legislation. They are obliged, therefore, to rely upon others for much of the information which they require; and if they have to go for this beyond the limits of their own body, they obtain their knowledge under many disadvantages.

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Hence, in part, the reason why Congress has been so slow to deal with some of the problems growing out of the war of the rebellion. Few of its members, comparatively, possessing any practical knowledge of business, they have been compelled in various ways to solicit expressions of opinion promiscuously from individuals or corporations in their constituencies; and these expressions have been so various and so contradictory, given from so many different view-points and prompted by such conflicting motives, that Congress, having no convictions of its own, well defined and matured, intelligently formed and confidently held, has been unable to unite upon a commercial or financial policy calculated to meet the approval of the country, or to relieve the embarrassments under which various interests are now suffering.

We cannot, however, treat our subject properly without looking at Congress, as at present constituted, in another aspect. We have spoken of it as containing lawyers and men of business in certain proportions to the entire membership. Another class is represented in it, which we shall find to be still more numerous and more all-controlling, even, than the legal profession; we mean the politicians. The census returns do not indicate how many politicians there are in the United States, but it may safely be assumed that the number would not vary very widely from the given total of all the male population who have come to years of understanding, *plus* an unknown quantity representing a number undetermined, but evidently on the increase, among the other sex. If all who talk politics and who feel personally interested in them ought to be represented in that capacity at Washington, perhaps in one view Congress may be said to be properly constituted. But there is a difference of opinion among our people as to what politics are, and wherein political duties consist. There are some who define politics as consisting in the knowledge or the practice of conducting the various affairs of a State or Nation—as the science of government; and, as patriotic men and women, they feel that they ought to concern themselves about every question relating to the management of public affairs, and bearing upon the safety, honor and prosperity of the nation. Nothing could be more noble than this, and it is greatly to be regretted that the word politics should have come to signify among us any thing different or less worthy. HAMILTON A. HILL.

[To be continued.]

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THE

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THE RELATIONS OF BUSINESS MEN TO THE NATIONAL LEGISLATION.*

[Concluded.]

UNFORTUNATELY, there are those who understand by politics the views, the measures and the policies of political parties, and who confound political intelligence and activity with partisan shrewdness and zeal. We will not undertake to say precisely how many of the three hundred and ten senators and representatives at Washington are politicians in this latter sense; but there are altogether too many such, rightly to represent the people at large, and too many for the public good. We believe that our citizens generally, certainly the more intelligent and pure minded, regard party organization as machinery which it is convenient to employ in carrying forward national affairs, but which after all is machinery only, and therefore of subordinate and subsidiary value. As man is worth more than all institutions, so the government is worth more than any or all parties. This is too apt to be forgotten by those who have in charge the regulation of party affairs, and the promotion of party ends; and we greatly fear that it is forgotten by many of our public men, members of Congress not excepted. In this, as we judge, the most alarming element in the character of Congress, as it exists to-day, is to be seen. We have more to apprehend from the predominance there of the

* Read before the American Social Science Association, at its ninth general meeting, held in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania, October 25, 1870.

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politicians than of the lawyers. Were the two Houses composed entirely of lawyers, supposing them to be men of ideas and convictions, men of high personal character and of repute in their profession, men of pure motives and unselfish aims, thoughtful not so much of themselves or of their party as of their country; undesirable as this would be, we hesitate not to say, that the general interests of trade and commerce would be immeasurably safer than if Congress were filled with business men, chosen, not as such, but as party politicians to promote party interests, and to struggle only for party supremacy. The most dangerous men among us are those office-holders, whether lawyers or merchants, who are politicians in the worst use of the word, because all such lower the standard of qualification for public service, and generally misapprehend and undervalue the true interests of the people. Such men too, are often, if not necessarily, corrupt; and if in an official capacity they are brought at length to take up questions of pressing commercial importance, they are likely to do this from unworthy motives, and, feeling no deep sympathy for the cause in behalf of which they are called to legislate, they will probably content themselves with temporary, superficial and half-way measures. Hence, perhaps, the chief reason why there is so much difficulty in securing wise legislation in behalf of interests which are vital to the best and broadest prosperity of the country, but which do not appear to be demanded by party considerations or to be necessary to party success. It is true, they may affect more or less directly two millions of people, and indirectly the entire population; but their importance being unappreciated by those who control the party organizations, and their requirements being matters of business rather than of sentiment, they fail to awaken any wide-spread enthusiasm, they suggest no popular watchwords or party cries, and they are therefore laid aside or hurried over for subjects out of which more political capital may be made, and upon which more exciting harangues may be delivered.

It is to a Congress thus comprising professional men not versed in the practical details of business, and politicians too often indifferent to these subjects, that the merchants of the country are obliged to have recourse for legislation in reference to our material interests. As has been intimated, the late civil war disturbed in various ways the course of our domestic and our foreign com-

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merce. Political reconstruction having been secured, our business men now desire a careful review and readjustment of all the legislation of the last ten years relating to general business and finance, in order that the conditions of trade may be restored as fully and as rapidly as practicable to the *status quo ante bellum*. They desire also a thorough examination of our navigation laws and other commercial statutes enacted in years long past, for the purpose of ascertaining whether in any essential particulars modifications are needed to make them conformable to changes which have taken place in our own circumstances, or in those of other nations. More than this, they ask that a commercial policy be devised and adopted, which shall be broad, flexible, liberal and comprehensive, free from all suspicion of sectionalism, recognized in its essential principles by both political parties, and worthy of transmission from one administration to another. But how shall Congress be brought to understand and to sympathize with the commercial class in these desires? Our merchants cannot explain all their views by correspondence; and if they visit Washington for the purpose, they find themselves in corridors crowded with office-seekers, with men having personal and selfish schemes to promote, and with professed lobbyists, or they chafe in ante-rooms as did Dr. Johnson when waiting to see Lord Chesterfield. If they obtain admission to the committee-rooms, they find the members pre-occupied and pressed for time, and they have to explain themselves briefly and hurriedly; their motives are liable to misconception; and they are often treated with indifference, sometimes with positive rudeness. Is it strange, then, that they decline to place themselves in a position at once so thankless and so unpleasant?

For this state of things what remedy shall we propose? How shall Congress as a body be brought rightly to understand the financial and commercial wants of the nation, and wisely and adequately to legislate in view of these wants? Answering this question generally, we should say that we must be more rigid and exacting in the selection of candidates, putting forward only men of recognized character, ability and experience, and choosing only those who are both competent and willing to be the leaders of public opinion, and who will have sufficient confidence in themselves and sufficient independence to initiate measures of reform, instead of waiting until the nation, after a long and patient

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endurance of evils, can be aroused to unite in demanding their removal. Our subject, however, requires us to be more explicit than this, and it suggests the nature of the specific fitness which must be insisted on certainly in a fair proportion of those who are to constitute the Houses of Congress. It teaches us that we must send a larger number of thoroughly-trained, first-class business men to Congress, and especially to the lower branch, than we have of late been in the habit of doing. If it be true, as has been stated, that from henceforth the paramount duty of Congress will largely be to pass upon questions relating to finance, the tariff, ocean commerce, railway transportation and kindred topics, the most natural course to pursue to insure proper action thereupon would seem to be to elect to seats in Congress, bankers, manufacturers, merchants and railroad officials. Far better to introduce the practical knowledge and experience of such men into the body itself, than to attempt to infuse into it any information by means of written communications or hearings before committees. If the condition of a bank, or a factory, or a railway become embarrassed, it is customary in the commercial world to select some man especially skilled in the banking, manufacturing or railway business, as the case may be, to retrieve if possible the position of the failing institution, or, if there must be disaster, to make this as light as possible. Under such circumstances no one would think of selecting a man to stand at the head of a corporation who could bring no practical knowledge to the performance of his duties, and whose only claim to such a position was based on a legal education or good standing in a political party. And yet we are in a measure intrusting the welfare of sixteen hundred banks to men to whom we would not confide the management of any one of them. We are placing the well-being of our whole manufacturing system in the hands of men whom we would not put in charge of a single mill. We are sending men to frame our navigation policy, whose advice we would not accept in reference to the model of a ship, or the merits of a sea captain or mate. We are charging men with the transportation interests of a continent, who would be utterly incompetent to manage one of our shortest railway lines. Of course we shall not be understood as urging that every legislator should possess in himself the requisite qualifications for each one of the positions to which we have referred; that would be absurd. Nor can any thing we have said

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be construed as intimating that every legislator should be competent to fill some one or other of them. We do not desirė to see the halls of Congress occupied exclusively by the commercial class; we would simply recur to the original idea of the framers of the Constitution, which was, as we have said, that the representative body should consist in the right proportions of members of the learned professions, business men and landholders or agriculturists. We expect that in Congress, as well as in other legislative assemblies, there will always be a large number of lawyers, and we shall be content to have it so, if only the best men at the bar are chosen; but we claim that side by side with them should sit merchants and other members of the commercial class, and in about equal numbers. There ought to be not less than one hundred of these men in the House of Representatives to-day. All the large cities of the Union should, in part at least, be represented by them. They should be selected not because they are party politicians, and are therefore available, their occupation as business men being the accident or incident; but, distinctly for the reason that they are business men and not partisans at all. The influence for good of such a body of men in rightly moulding and shaping our commercial legislation, it would be impossible to estimate.

Since the passage of the English Reform Bill in 1832, the House of Commons has been the true governing power in Great Britain; and the governing power in the House of Commons, in every thing relating especially to trade and commerce, but by no means to these subjects alone, is just such a body of practical men as we have alluded to—bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, who sit for London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Huddersfield, and other large manufacturing and commercial towns, and who, differing more or less on political matters, are substantially agreed among themselves in reference to the general commercial policy of the nation. Before the passage of the Reform Bill, these important communities were altogether overshadowed in the government by the landed interest and by the "great families." Many of them—Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and others—were not represented in the House of Commons at all.* But, as soon as the representation

* Manchester and Leeds were represented in Parliament for a short time under the Protectorate.

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was enlarged, the electors of the places referred to sagaciously returned prominent and successful business men to look after their interests and the interests of the country, in Parliament, and they, in connection with many honored members of the legal profession and of the aristocracy, have carried through all the reforms of the last thirty years, and have contributed more than any others in modern times to make England what it is. For the Reform Bill was simply the key to all the great measures which, subsequently to its passage, have triumphed in Great Britain. In the language of the Historian of the Peace, the people made up their minds "that the shortest and only safe way of procuring all reforms and all good government was by making the representation as true as it could be made." This rendered it possible for Richard Cobden, and others like him, to enter the House of Commons, and for John Bright to occupy a seat in the cabinet. And now, as we are informed, from one-third to one-half of the present members of the House of Commons are directly connected with trade, and the number is constantly increasing. The same element is beginning to enter into the composition of the House of Peers. Lord Belper, better known perhaps as Mr. Strutt, is a great manufacturer at Derby; Lord Overstone is Mr. Jones Lloyd the banker; Lord Dudley is one of the largest iron masters in the country, and the Marquis of Salisbury is surpassed by few in his practical knowledge of railways. Nearly one-half the members of the present government are connected with business, either personally or by descent. Mr. Gladstone, the premier, is the son of a merchant; Mr. Forster is a manufacturer of stuff goods; Mr. Bright of carpets, and Mr. Baxter of coarse linens; Mr. Goschen is a banker, and Mr. Bruce a proprietor of mines. The Duke of Argyll, also a cabinet minister, has placed two of his sons in clerkships—one in a banking-house, and the other with a mercantile firm in the China trade; and, if it be true, as reported in the papers, that his eldest son and heir is about to marry one of the princesses of the royal family, it is not impossible that a few years hence a sister of the King of England will have one or more brothers-in-law participating actively in business affairs. All this illustrates the controlling influence which the commercial classes have already attained, and of which we see practical results, in the perfection which has been reached in the administration of the post-office, the occupancy of every ocean in the two hemispheres

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with steamship lines, the efficiency of the railway service, the extension of telegraphic facilities, and other advantages which have proved of incalculable advantage to all classes of the people of Great Britain, and have so greatly stimulated both their home and their foreign trade. We might go further, if our limits permitted, and speak of the power which these business men wield in the solution of the social problems of the day in ecclesiastical reform and in foreign affairs. Certain English writers, accomplished and fastidious, schoolmen rather than men of the world, effect to lament this state of things, and speak almost as if England were going to ruin under this domination of the commercial class; but we who from this side of the Atlantic watch passing events there, can hardly fail to estimate the value of the influence exerted and of the service performed by its representatives, and we anticipate, still more marked and beneficent results from their common-sense method of investigating, and their practical way of handling almost every question upon which they are called to legislate, whether of political economy, social science, or diplomacy.

We have a condition of affairs in the United States somewhat analogous to that existing in Great Britain before the passage of the Reform Bill; and if what has been stated in this paper is correct, there is something seriously defective in our system of representation, not indeed because there is anything wrong in the Constitution, but as the result of long usage and repeated default. For the landed aristocracy, we have the legal profession and party politicians; for the rotten borough—Gatton or Old Sarum—we have the caucus* and the ring; for personal and family nomination, we have nomination by irreponsible committees and by cliques. Is it not true that our leading commercial communities are exerting little if any more influence at the Federal Capital, than did Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds in the House of Commons forty years ago? Lord Grey said, "representation, not nomination, is the principle of the Reform Bill," and this we think illustrates the

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*If to any one, we should seem to speak with undue disrespect of this institution of our country, we would shelter ourselves behind a name which is its own sufficient authority wherever it is known. Whittier in his poem entitled *The Panorama*, describes a slave auctioneer in part as follows:

> A Squire or Colonel, in his pride of place,
> Known at free fights, *the caucas* and the race.

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precise character of the change which we in our turn shall be required to make. We must secure a fair and proper representation of all the great national interests in the halls of Congress, and, as a means to this, a wise selection of truly representative men to serve us there. Our brethren in England have reached their present parliamentary position through a conflict which, during its continuance, shook their government fabric to its foundation. "With a great price" obtained they their freedom; but we are "freeborn." It is not our Constitution, but ourselves, that we need to reform; it is not our laws, but our method of procedure under them, which we must amend. If the object to be attained be worthy, we can hardly shrink from the effort which will place it within our reach.

Three inquiries present themselves here, suggesting some of the difficulties to be overcome; and, in replying to them, we shall endeavor to develop the course, which in our judgment should be taken to reform our Congressional representation: How can we secure the election of a proper number of commercial men of the right kind? How can we obtain the consent of such men to serve? How shall we guard against the choice of men who being actively engaged in business, will yield to the temptation to use their legislative position to promote their personal gain?

How can we secure the election to Congress of a proper number of commercial men of the right kind? We have said in our opinion there ought to be one hundred of them in the House of Representatives to-day, sitting for the great commercial constituencies. How can they be placed there? This is a matter in reference to which the business men of these constituencies must bestir themselves; they may not be really more deeply interested in the character of the legislation enacted at Washington on subjects relating to the material welfare of the country, than are men in other walks of life, but they are so apparently, and the majority of their fellow-citizens believe them to be so in fact. With them therefore rests the responsibility of taking the first steps in the direction of reform. That they have the power to carry the point there can be little doubt, if they will use proper means. Numerically, as we have seen, they are not weak. We have estimated the commercial class in the United States—employers and employed inclusive—to be eighteen per cent. of the total of real producers; it is of course the strongest proportionately, in the

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communities in which it is proposed that its influence for reform shall be exerted. But it possesses another element of strength, it holds the purse-strings which it is necessary to untie at the commencement of every political canvass. Nearly all the money raised in the cities for party purposes is contributed by business men and capitalists, and it would be quite legitimate for them not only to insist, when making their subscriptions, upon a due recognition of their class in the nominations to be presented to the people, but also, if their just claims and reasonable expectations fail to be met, to quietly allow those who thus overrule their preferences, with their supporters, to pay all the election bills. Their moral power, however, would be their greatest source of strength; they would be heartily sustained by the best men in the learned professions, and by thoughtful citizens of every class. A movement to obtain proper representation in Congress for the monetary, manufacturing, importing and transportation interests, would be seen to be so just in itself, and so desirable for the country at large, that it would receive prompt and hearty approval and coöperation on every hand.

The local Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce are educating business men for legislative service, and they are beginning to create a public sentiment which will sustain them in this service when they shall enter upon it. They cannot be safely used in their character of commercial organizations, for making nominations or carrying elections, but they will be found to be of much use indirectly. The individual members know each other, understand each other, and estimate each other, generally at about the right value. Their acquaintanceship, and their habit heretofore of consulting and working together, have prepared the way for further concert of action, so that outside of their organizations, but closely related to them, they are in a situation to form in every large business community a nucleus for a movement in favor of representative reform, which, with proper effort, will rapidly grow and finally prevail. The present time is favorable for commencing such a movement. The issues between the two political parties are less sharply defined than they have been for many years, and there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of moderate men on both sides to work together. If, therefore, the members of the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce will informally meet each other for consultation, mani-

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festing a conciliatory and unselfish spirit, and subordinating all personal and party preferences to the public good, if they will agree among themselves in reference to the man or men who are best fitted to act upon commercial questions in Congress, and if they will firmly insist upon the nominations of such, and of such only, it will not be long before their expressed wishes will be regarded, and they will have the satisfaction of seeing themselves, their class and the enterprise and industry of the country fairly represented and properly cared for. They will not accomplish their purpose all at once; it will be less difficult to succeed in some constituencies than in others, but every additional commercial man sent to Washington will make it the more easy to elect others.

This brings us to the second inquiry: How can we obtain the consent of the men whom we wish to nominate and elect? We admit that this is a more serious difficulty than that which we have just been treating; for with the acceptance of a nomination by an unexceptionable candidate in any commercial constituency in which the business men are earnest and united, the battle will be more than half won. But the trouble is, the men upon whom we should all be likely to agree, would generally be those who would most hesitate to enter Congress. In the first place, with many of them going there would involve some pecuniary sacrifice; they would have to leave their business affairs altogether for months at a time, and they would have to divide their attention between their public and private duties, even when at home. Still, we think, that under certain circumstances, enough of such men could be induced to forego personal advantage, at the solicitation of their brother merchants supported by their fellow-citizens generally, to represent the more important constituencies. There is such a thing as disinterestedness in the world, and there is a proper ambition in the heart of many a high-toned man which will prompt him to serve his country when called to do so by the unsought suffrages of his associates, and when there seems to be a probability that his efforts will be appreciated, and in a measure successful; one or both of these considerations might be expected to influence favorably those whom we should ask to represent the commercial class in the national councils. We know that our most experienced and successful business men are constantly induced to accept new responsibilities, from which they would gladly

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excuse themselves, were it not for what they conceive to be their duty to their friends or to the public. It is hard to have to believe that convictions of what the necessities of the country require, confirmed by a knowledge of what is desirable for local interests also, will not induce men to make a temporary sacrifice for the sake of the results which they may hope thereby to achieve. But there is a lower ground on which an argument might be based, and it ought to be mentioned, although let us hope that it would not be necessary to make use of it in urging upon business men their duty to take part in legislative affairs. They have a very direct personal and pecuniary concern in the character of the legislation of the country; the value of their property, the nature of their operations, the extent of their profits, all depend upon the laws which are passed relating to internal taxation, the tariff and the currency. They may suppose that by their own prudence they can protect themselves personally, no matter how widely the course of legislation may be at variance with the general welfare, but in this they will find themselves mistaken sooner or later, for they cannot permanently escape from the effect of embarrassments and disabilities, involving both the class of which they are members and the country of which they are citizens.

There are other reasons, however, why many of our best merchants would at the present time refuse to allow their names to be used as candidates for Congress. They would not feel at their ease in an assembly composed mainly of professional men, or of politicians. To obtain their consent, it would be necessary to assure them that they would not stand alone, that they would not be in a hopeless minority, and that the subjects especially represented by them would not be treated as of secondary importance. Above all, they would have to be relieved from the annoyances connected with the distribution of patronage, and from the drudgery of party work. Even professed politicians begin to find this a burden too heavy to be borne; and merchants, of the character indispensable to such a representation as we now plead for, will never willingly assume it. If some comprehensive measure of civil service reform shall be enacted, the most serious impediment will be removed to our obtaining the consent of just such men as the country now needs, to serve not as party leaders but as legislators and practical statesmen.

A third inquiry awaits our reply: How can we guard against

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the use of their position in Congress by business men, to promote their personal gain? This question might as well be proposed whenever a man is to be chosen to take the presidency of a bank, or to be placed at the head of a railway or manufacturing corporation. There is always danger in connection with every important appointment; and how is it avoided? By electing to these offices men of probity, standing and long-tried character, who value their good name and their high standing on 'Change as worth more than bags of gold. There are hundreds of such men in the United States, administering large trusts honestly and well; and having proved faithful in that which is less, they would not probably be false in that which is greater. Moreover it is usually considered a pledge and guarantee of good administration, when the head of a corporation is pecuniarily interested in its success; and every thing else being equal, the soundest and safest legislation on commercial and financial questions might be expected from those who themselves have the most at stake in the prosperity of the country. It is true that a man sometimes enriches himself at the expense of a company in which he is a large stockholder, and a legislator may make a corrupt use of his place for the benefit of himself or of his associates; but cases like these must be left to be dealt with as they arise. We do not know that a respectable merchant would be more likely to yield to this kind of temptation than a lawyer or a politician; but whenever a commercial member of Congress shall be found to devote himself to his own interests, or too exclusively to the interests of the district where he lives, or the branch of business to which he belongs, forgetting that while sent to Congress to represent his own constituency, he is sent there to legislate for the whole people, the public sentiment of the country will not tolerate him for any length of time, and a moral pressure will be brought to bear which will compel the electors of his locality to choose a purer and a better man.

Believing, in the words of Miss Martineau, already quoted, that the shortest way to reform and to all good government is to make the representation as true as possible, we have endeavored in the foregoing pages to show that an essential change is called for in the composition of our national legislature, and to suggest how this change may be brought to pass. Our object has been

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not so much to secure justice for a class, the claims of which have been too long neglected, although such a purpose would call for no apology; nor exclusively to advance the material wealth of the nation by appropriate legislation, although the desirableness of this it would be difficult to over-estimate. But such a body of business men as we desire to see upon the floor of Congress would do more than shape financial and commercial legislation; they would prove themselves competent to deal with the various social and political questions which would come before them, and especially they would give powerful support to every wise measure of reform. They would closely scrutinize the expenses of the government, and they would be unsparing in their treatment of all abuses. They would be as unwilling to accept perquisites as to wield patronage; they would therefore speedily abolish the franking privilege, and they would seek to redeem the civil service from the contaminating contact of party politics. Under their influence also, it might be anticipated that a change for the better would be introduced into the method of conducting congressional business. They would legislate not altogether on theory, but in view of the pressing necessities of the time; they would frame fewer laws, perhaps, but this might be no calamity, seeing that often it is the duty of the legislator not so much to make laws as to bring to light those which inhere in the nature of things. Fewer long speeches would be made than at present, and fewer still would be printed; but more work would be done, and in a shorter time. In a word, these men would insist upon an honest, economical, intelligent and faithful administration of the government in all its branches; and they would infuse into all, somewhat of the vitality and efficiency which characterize their own warehouses and counting-rooms.

We have confined our remarks to legislation, and have refrained from saying any thing in reference to the influence which our business men should exert in the direct administration of the government. This latter logically comes after the former, for laws must be first made and then executed; but this is a distinct subject, and should be separately treated. It may be said, however, that when the commercial class shall exercise its proper influence in Congress, it will soon begin to participate in the management of governmental affairs. It was after Richard Cobden had won his spurs in many a hotly contested debate in

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the House of Commons, that he was offered a baronetcy and a seat in the Privy Council. At the time referred to, we shall have a Department of Commerce presided over by a cabinet minister, who will be a merchant; and it will be the rule to select the Secretary of the Treasury, and perhaps other heads of departments, from among prominent members of the commercial class.

In the United States we are favored with a good government; but we cannot safely rest contented with the excellence of the fundamental law on which it is based. We should be satisfied with nothing less than a good government, well conducted. There is no occasion for our adopting the fallacy of Pope's couplet:

> "For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

Having a form which is theoretically sound, we should seek for the best administration possible under it, for the wisest application of the principles to which we are attached, and for the equitable and universal enforcement of statutes which shall doubly commend themselves to every citizen, because they are in harmony with his own enlightened convictions, as well as with the spirit of the Federal Constitution. To this end, the intelligence, the industry and the property of the country should have fair and full representation in both branches—the legislative and the executive—of the National Government.

HAMILTON A. HILL.

GRAY'S HYMN AT THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

(Written in the Album of the Fathers.)

O! Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine, non leve
  Nativa nam certè fluenta
    Numen habet, veteresque silvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
    Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem:
Quâm si, repostus sub trabe citreâ,
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu,

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Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
At si invidendis sedibus, et frui,
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus,
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas,
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

T. GRAY, ANGLUS.

Oh! Pow'r Eternal and Divine
That own'st this awful wild,
Whatever hallowed name be Thine,
Oh hear Thy suppliant child.
No slight divinity surrounds
These roaring streams, these tangled grounds,
And ancient woods' majestic shade;
Where human foot has never trod,
We nearer feel the present God,
And holier thoughts invade.

Where broken rocks access deny,
And lofty ridges frown,
Tremendous precipices lie,
And sounding waters groan,
The night of woods is more divine
Than where our glitt'ring temples shine,
And gold and sculpture grace the dome.
All hail! each due observance paid,
And deign a weary youth Thy aid
To find a quiet home.

But if, exil'd from peace his soul,
And silence' envied reign,
Involving waves of fortune roll,
And drag him back to pain,
At least, Oh Father! Thou consign
To some lone shade his life's decline,
Safe from the boiling tempest's rage;
And grant him, 'scap'd the long turmoil
Of mortal cares and mortal coil,
To wear his peaceful age.

B. H. C.

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A QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The law of Congress in regard to the naturalization of aliens requires United States judges to ascertain to their satisfaction that every applicant "is a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order of the same." The plain meaning of the last two clauses is that the United States refuse to accept as adopted citizens any applicants for naturalization who are not, at the same time, theoretical republicans. However excellent the alien's character; however thorough his acquiescence in things as they are; however sincere his purpose to uphold all the powers that be, he cannot have voice or vote unless the existing system so far coincides with his ideal of what it ought to be, that he prefers it to any other—to monarchy or aristocracy, or to any combination of these with each other or with democracy.

This is the interpretation put upon the law by those who are charged with its administration. The judges of our United States Courts may be seen and heard daily in election times, questioning aliens as to their abstract political preferences, before issuing certificates of naturalization. Some of these worthies show by their answers that they have not half an idea of any kind in regard to politics, and are accepted on merely negative grounds. Let us suppose that another candidate for civic responsibilities comes before them, saying: "Your worships, I think your American system a good one, but not the best possible. I look on your quadriennial scramble for the national helm as an unqualified nuisance. I believe with the aristocrat that there are two elements (and not one only) that go to make up a man's public weight and worth; that he is not merely (as you say) what he is trained to be, but also (as they say) what he is born to be; and that the government which lays hold of this principle finds it a pillar of strength. I also believe that the best highest and highest embodiment of the national unity and sovereignty of any people—however free—is a king and not a flag. But withal, as wishing to spend the rest of my days in this country, I wish to become a citizen of it. I harbor no treasonable designs against the good order of your Constitution. If I take this oath to sup-

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port it, I will resist to the death any attempt to overthrow it, or even to alter it in any other way than that which is prescribed in the document itself." The judges would only answer: "Sir, we are bound by law to reject your application. We have no reason to suppose that you would not make a good citizen—a better one, perhaps, than many to whom we have no objection to offer. They are theoretical republicans here as they would have been (before Sedan) theoretical imperialists in France, because that is the dominant creed. No government has more need of conscientious thoughtfulness in her citizens than has a republic. But when it takes this form of political dissent from the general outline of our national system, we are constrained to dispense with it."

Such a law as this would have excluded from citizenship many of those whom Americans revere and honor as ornaments of the national history, had they been obliged to apply in this way for their civic rights. Fisher Ames goes so far as to say that the greater part of the authors of the Constitution were not republicans in theory, but were constrained to make the best of the material at hand. He was a member of the convention, and his own opinions may be estimated from his famous epigram: "A monarchy is a taught and trim vessel, which may strike a rock and sink, but which on the whole sails well. A democracy is a raft; you can't sink it, but your feet are always under water." (I quote from memory.) Nor were these old Blue Light Federalists the only political dissenters. James Louis Petigru, whom the North reveres as the great Unionist in seceding South Carolina, was still more open in his avowal of monarchist views. Even Horace Greeley, in his speech to the Canadians about a year ago, congratulated them that they lived under a system of government in which the supreme magistrate was not chosen by popular vote, and in which their public men were therefore not under such temptations to demagogy as on the south side of their border.

Every one who has mingled in miscellaneous American society knows that a very considerable part of the voters are not "attached to the [distinctive] principles of the Constitution of the United States." I need say little or nothing of the T. C. I. O., (*Triumviri Consulesque Impĕrii Occidentalis,*) a secret Imperialist organization, whose members, chiefly Southerners, are numbered by tens of thousands, and whose weekly organ had attained a circulation of twenty thousand copies, when it was suppressed as inex-

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pedient. It is not the adherents of such histrionic affairs that have much weight with practical men. I refer rather to the scattered knots and groups of political dissenters which are to be found in all parts of the land, very many of them men who perilled life in defence of the nation's unity in 1861–5, and would do so again if need were. To them the nation seems to be something higher and grander than any mere system or Constitution; these may pass away but the nation survives; they are not bound up with its being. They thus unite the most unqualified patriotism with a very decided dissent from that theoretical republicanism which Congress and the majority think indispensable to good citizenship. I cannot exactly assent to the way and form in which their views are generally expressed; they seem to fall into the same fundamental error as Congress itself. They often make their political dissent a reason for abstaining from the exercise of political rights and duties, weighing their abstract preferences as higher in importance than the system of national order and government inherited from their fathers. They forget that our world is not Utopia, where all is done according to the best and highest ideas of propriety, but a grand training school where the imperfections as well as the excellencies of human institutions are made useful —just as Latin may be best learned with the aid of a *bad* dictionary. The American system may not be the best, abstractedly; may have no right to claim recognition as such from its own citizens, but it is the American system, and no ideal system can compete with it on this ground. It is part of the divine plan for the education of this nation, and has a propriety and order in itself, though it may not be a necessary and perpetual order of things. The very fact that so many of its authors were dissenters from the system but confirms this view—

> "There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

—a conviction well expressed from the English point of view by the Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge University:

"Most [?] citizens of the United States who have the means of travelling visit the different cities of Europe. They must hear in them many arguments in favor of monarchy and aristocracy. They may sometimes possibly be struck with points in which the administration of States on the Continent—even of our Island—

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have a superiority to their own. Suppose an inhabitant of Boston or New York returning with the impression of these arguments or of these observations strong upon him; suppose some particular weakness, either in his institutions or in those who administer them, to be strongly brought home to him on his arrival, he may reflect and think with great advantage on Pope's line:

'For forms of government, let fools contest.'

"He may say to himself: 'Well, whether I see or not at this moment the force of the arguments for a republic which I learnt by heart in my childhood—whether or not they have been shaken by what I have heard elsewhere—this land is my land, these institutions are the institutions which I have received from my fathers. I will not be troubled by wise saws or modern instances. My life, my education, has been moulded into this form. Whatever it may be for others, it is good for me.' If then should occur to him, Pope's other line—

'That which is best administered is best,'

If he should be tempted to say: 'Yes, but I see many faults in the administration of my country. Is it not a safe rule, that that which is best administered is best?' He will again be found to answer himself again: 'On that point, too, I can decide nothing. I have not the faculty of comparing administrations. But certainly this land of mine will not be rightly administered upon some other principle than its own. There must be some compass to steer the vessel by. If we lose the compass I may talk about the management of it as I please. It will drift away, I know not whither.' As the result of which consideration, he would, I hope, resolve to labor, that he might understand the form of his government better than he had ever done; that he might struggle for it more steadfastly; that so he might correct whatever he saw was faulty and inconsistent in the administration of it. Such a man I would deem a loyal man—loyal to something better than the conclusions of his intellect, which are always liable to fluctuations; loyal to what he perceives to be the principles of his nation's existence and therefore those with which the life and thoughts of an American citizen ought to be in harmony.

"What I am saying is no imagination. It is on this principle that the most admirable citizens of the United States have been

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recently acting. They found an institution among them which did not exist among us, their progenitors, or in the other States of Europe. We taunted them with it. We made it an excuse for denouncing their form of government. They listened, sometimes with displeasure, sometimes in silence. But they did not abandon their form because they found a practical anomaly among them from which other countries might be exempt. They declared that it *was* an anomaly—that loyalty to their land, to its form of government, demanded the removal of it. Amidst all difficulties, against all oppositions of interests in one part of the land and another, they maintained their doctrine. The will of the multitude gave way before the convictions of a few; the worship of the dollar before the willingness of men and women, of young and old to sacrifice their lives, and lives which were dearer than their own, to purify the land from an abomination. They did purify it, and a great republic has held forth a spectacle for us to wonder at, an example to make us ashamed.

"I dwell with more interest and satisfaction upon this instance of loyalty to the form of government established in a land, because the youth of the American States might be so easily pleaded, has been so often pleaded, as a reason why they need not be faithful to the lessons of their fathers, to the order which they have inherited—why they may consider all questions about governments as open questions, to be settled by the balance of reasoning or authority in favor of one or the other. I hold it a high honor to Americans that they have not been misled by these plausible suggestions. Some of them may, no doubt, be convinced that democracy, as such, has proved itself to be the only tolerable form of government for the universe. But I hope and believe that those who hold this intellectual persuasion most strongly do not rely wholly or chiefly upon it. If they do, I fear they will after all be poor citizens. Loyalty, I am persuaded, is deeper in them, as it should be in all of us, than any judgments of the understanding which are liable to continual shocks and vicissitudes. Loyalty may bring them into fellowship with the commonest dwellers on their soil. Suppose these latter had the information or the faculty for applying it, which would enable them honestly to accept the proofs and conclusions of learned men, would that do them as much good—would it as much elevate their hearts as the thought: 'Here we were born; here

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are the graves of those who went before us; they won this order for us; we will not let it perish or be corrupted.'"

Which brings me back to the starting point—the expediency of totally severing abstract opinions from practical duties in the sphere of politics. Loyalty and not theory is the standard by which a great nation should test all men, whatever a petty sect may do. To foster the notion that the two must go together, is to encourage and justify the political indifference of a great number of intelligent citizens, and the naturalization law does at present tend to foster that opinion.

AN ALIEN.

SENTIMENTALITY VERSUS HUMANITY.

"Your kindness to my dog is cruelty to me."—*Old Comedy.*

Of cruelty to creatures must I sing.
The Animal Creation now's the thing;
No matter what affairs distract the nation,
Say! are you friendly to the brute creation?
There is a little misery, we know,
Among the human beings here below.
A few are overworked, crushed, ground to dust;
But crushed they must be, grind them hard we must.
The laws of social science for us prove
That to Reform, is e'en to mountains move.
The many *must* be poor, the few have all
That we worth having, valuable, call.
The many must work hard, live low, and strive
With bitter poverty, while they *will* live.
Must breathe foul air, in narrow courts reside,
Be wretched, while the few in comfort glide
Over life's ruts. The many must *just* live,
Take thankfully the wages masters give,
Derive from labor just enough to eat,
Some bread—and sometimes, as a dainty—meat;
Work hard—live low—leave nothing when they die,
That money for the few in Banks may lie:
In stocks, in lands, in store for waiting heirs,
Who get it without toil or pain or cares.
Why should the gain be all for those who fold
Their hands in idleness, while they who hold

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The plough and hammer live, and *only* live,
And take the pittance that their betters give.
Free men? Where in the world are freemen found?
The vote-sop cast to still the muttered sound
That will break out anon fiercely and loud
From many a gaunt and angry, dangerous crowd?
What kindness shows a master to his men?
Would I could write his name with golden pen!
But the man—merciful, so says the Book—
The greatest care of his dumb creatures took.
He may have had his laborers, serfs and slaves,
Driven them like cattle, lashed them to their graves;
But he was *merciful* if he took care
Of his Prize Alderney—his trotting pair;
In fact he took the reasonable view
That may perhaps have oft occurred to you:
Your artisan, your digger in the ditch
Is plenty. Should you lose him you can pitch
Upon an hundred eager for his place,
Glad he is gone, and in a little space
The world goes on as bravely as before,
The place that knew him knoweth him no more.
The animal costs money—use him well;
For, should he die, who loses?—you can tell.
He leaves no widow to bewail his loss,
The owner only mourns his dying horse.
The owner is the loser—he has care
Lest he too often heavy burdens bear,
Lest he go supperless, or shelter need,
Or drink too little, or have damaged feed.
This kindness to the brute is very beautiful,
But still to man we should at least be dutiful.
They say that Charity begins at home—
How comes she, then, so far away to roam?
Has she her house in order, trim and neat,
That to such distant paths she turns her feet?
Or have our race become so civilized
That, as we walk abroad, we are surprised
If we chance meet some deed of cruelty,
Or fellow-man in suffering chance to see?
Oh, no; 'tis only an old trick of nature,
Which we may daily see in many a creature,
When we are sensible that we are going
Along the wrong road, willingly, though knowing

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Where it is leading us, to still our mentor
We but look solemn—place us in the centre,
Call all to witness well our deeds of kindness,
Hoping thereby to cast judicial blindness
Over the eyes that, seeing all, would chide us,
But seeing not, walk, praising us, beside us.
Thus the old sinner, when the week is over—
The week through which he has been high in clover,
Been grinding down the faces of the poor,
Driving hard bargains, to make all secure—
On Sunday, solemn, sober, clad in black,
That he no outward adjuvant may lack,
Stalks to the Church, prays with a voice devout,
In the thumbed hymn-book looks the places out,
Lifts high his vocal powers and praises loud,
The saintliest saint in all the saintly crowd.
For why? He thus his busy conscience stills,
And with fine dust his neighbors' eyesight fills.
They seeing him—the simple, guileless souls!—
Think that he must be pious—stupid moles!
While his own sort look on with satisfaction,
And imitate in many a virtuous action.
The plate comes round—see what a goodly sum
He holds betwixt his finger and his thumb.
"This to the Lord," to whom, he says, he "lendeth"—
This, borrowed from the poor, and there it endeth.
How many has he robbed in the week past
To *lend* a tithe unto the Lord at last?
So we who live 'mid cruelty and wrong,
To whom the tasks of righting it belong,
Finding how hard it is to mend the world—
Its ways so crooked, threads so twined and twirled—
Give o'er our task, and, to keep up the show,
To ostentatious kindness straightway go.
Leave the poor beggar at our gate to die
Of hunger, while we seek the dogs who lie,
Full-fed and happy, on some distant spot,
And serve them lordly dinners smoking hot.
Oh, Brother, and oh, Sister, are there none
Of our own race to whom the crust and bone
Your full-fed animals in scorn disdain
Might start the current of a life again?
Are there no wrongs unrighted, that you choose
In other fields your energies to lose?

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Do not men die upon the gallows tree,
Strangled, or oft long tortured, it may be,
That you should set your powers to devise
Some painless death for dogs? yea, offer prize
For some quick method to despatch their lives?
Are there no children, no abused wives—
No wrongs in law, justice and equity—
No sinks of shame, no dens of infamy—
No snares for innocence and tender helplessness,
Which, broken, would your dying moments bless?
Are there no homeless wanderers in the street—
No aching bodies, torn and tired feet—
Belonging to your own humanity,
That you should waste your moments in this vanity?
Why rear a home for animals, while men
And children, huddled in some filthy den
That is no home, breathe in the deadly air
Or roam beneath the stars homeless and bare?
Why interdict the student at his task,
Who of the brute creation would but ask
Some secrets of their living or their death
That might prolong a fellow-creature's breath?
Why meddle with him while the helpless poor
Unnumbered wrongs and cruelties endure?
Yea, further, since the subject we have met,
Let us pursue it somewhat closer yet.

The child impaling on the point of pin
The gaudy butterfly, committeth sin;
The beetle crushed beneath the human heel
Feels as the giants crushed and dying feel;
So say, or said, the wise society,
Which striveth to prevent all cruelty.
Stop! Did it ever occupy your mind—
Have you the matter in its depth divined—
What is the injury that little one
In maiming thus the gaudy fly has done?
Not to the fly, for who its suffering
Can show or any real proof can bring?
It has no intellect—thoughts unexpressed
Welling within its little frame distressed,
Made to give life there. By the Maker's will
Its fate destruction, though *our* hand be still.
Prey of the stronger, food for flying bird,
Drowned by the rainfall—how has it occurred,

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Since its destruction is such cruelty,
That the good Lord in suffering lets it die?
And see the little lines we strongly draw,
Making ourselves the judges—ours the law!
Let but the insect, grasshopper or bee
Intrude on man, and quite a change we see.
How the mosquito falls beneath the slap
Of ruthless vengeance if he break our nap!
But *sin*—is it committed? where's the wrong?
And here I beg you, if my words be strong,
Ponder them carefully; I deem them true,
Though they may come as idle words to you.
When *you* have taught the infant to believe
That he is giving pain—perchance to grieve
Over the insect lying helpless there—
Its feathered wings quick fluttering to the air,
Its little limbs moving so aimlessly—
When you have *taught* him this so shamelessly,
Then have you *made a sin* if he should e'er
Try the experiment again, or dare
Descend to lower depths of infamy,
And pluck the wings from off the buzzing fly,
Pull strings from bees, or stamp the busy ants,
Who flee the rude invader of their haunts—
Then is the injury done whose shadow you
Mistook for substance.
Here you find the sin,
Which you yourselves create, yourselves begin.
There are enough of sins discovered now,
Without your taking trouble more to know.
The weeds are thick within the garden bed—
Sow no more thistles where the lambs are fed.
The man who steals his own, as from another,
Is guilty as the man who robs his brother.
The *will*, the thought, gives power to the deed;
The *intent* is all the Judge of men will heed.
As somewhat higher in the scale we go,
We reach the beings who begin to know;
But 'twixt the highest intellect of beast
And human mind is one great step at least.
What can they suffer to compare with man?
What moment, if they suffer what they can?
Where are the mental tortures, anxious fears,
Distresses, sense of wrong—hot, burning tears?

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Oh, you have given *them*, in your fancy free,
Man's mind—why not his *immortality?*
This is the point I aim at to impress
That suffering, in the animal, is less
By a whole world of sorrow than in man
E'en when the animal feels all it can.
While in the lower orders as we go
From higher unto lower—power to know,
Feel, reason, suffer, disappears ere long,
While only instincts to the race belong.
Mere animated particles of dust
Sent to consume the earth's decay—who must
In turn become the prey of those again
Above them in the scale, in endless chain.
Who told you, in the face of sense and sight,
That they were placed in such a piteous plight?
I find another reason for the way
Our charities are turning at this day—
Some of them only—God forbid that all
I should in catalogue together call.
So artificial have our lives become—
So filled with sophistry, deceit and hum-
Bugs quite innumerable, that, as we know
Fair women, whose hot tears in torrents flow
Over the sorrows of some heroine fair,
Yet of real sorrows lose all thought and care—
Yea, grow hard-hearted to their flesh and blood,
And are—in realms of fiction only—good.
So, artificial in its gift and dole,
Becomes now many a misdirected soul;
Sees through green glasses how the world is green,
No azure sky, no sunlight's golden sheen,
No flowers of varied colors rich and rare;
Looks straight at human misery and care,
And sees it not, but sees with eager eye
The brute in its slight suffering waiting lie;
Fancies the pangs of lobsters in the pot,
As down they plunge into the water hot;
Sees turtles suffer lying on their back,
Because perchance their heads a pillow lack.
Have not the ages of the earth gone by
To this heart-rending story given the lie?
Before the birth of man did these not live
By countless millions—with each other strive—

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Prey and be preyed upon, be crushed and torn—
And had they sinned, to suffer thus forlorn?
Think you the Maker, who the sparrow sees,
Made life a pain perpetual to these?
Sin, sorrow, pain come to us from the Fall.
Are pain and sorrow due alike to all—
To animals, unsinning, without soul,
To whom the grave is destiny and goal—
No life beyond to compensate at last
For all the weary hours they here have passed?
Is this your scheme of life? would you have made
The world thus—on it such a burden laid?
Then think: made to be food for stronger jaw,
Would you add pain as well? a constant law—
Increase so uselessly the suffering?
Why will you to such idle theories cling?
Who tells you of this universal pain?
Whence read you it?—that I may read again.
Oh, Brother, Sister, have you means and time,
Do somewhat to oppose the flood of crime;
Right little wrongs that lie beside your door,
Bind up the wounds and soothe the smarting sore.
Is not one man, one living, dying soul,
Worth all the tribes below him? Can you roll
Off of one sepulchre of sin the stone,
Go roll it—and, till done, leave this alone.
Train man to kindness to his fellow-man,
Give to the hungry, needy, when you can;
But not before the swine cast down your store,
When hungry men are thrust from out your door.

Old, homeless horses, say you, faithful slaves,
Worn out, are cast adrift to *find* their graves.
Men worthy, honest, useful ere old age,
Are wandering helpless o'er life's weary stage.
Homes for them—for the orphan, widow, fool—
More means to send the ignorant to school—
More help to cleanse the filth from reeking lanes—
More water for the thirsty—these your pains
Will well reward. Nor say, "'Tis done before;
See, each asylum shows an open door."
'Tis false. Filled to o'erflowing, burdened down
With poverty, our institutions groan,
Asking for help—real, needed, useful aid.
Give money first, then time, that it be laid

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Out for them wisely; then, when room for all,
The homes for inmates vainly seek and call—
When the poor wretch can no more plead excuse,
Nor say the stolen loaf was but for use—
Then when the world has kindness well been taught—
Kindness to fellow-men, by lessons fraught
With weighty meaning, by examples proved—
Then will the beasts who serve us, all be loved,
Cared for without your care or time or toil,
And cruelty be stranger to the soil.
Oh, it is pitiful to see the mind
For noble, useful, glorious deeds designed,
Wasting its strength on shadowy toys or plays,
Till death ends suddenly its misspent days.

E. W. W.

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.*

Man hat Gewalt, so hat man Recht,
Man fragt um's Was? und nicht um's Wie?
Ich müsste keine Schifffahrt kennen:
Krieg, Handel, und Piraterie,
Dreieinig sind sie, nicht zu trennen.—*Faust, Part* 2, *Act* 5.

Having the power, you have the right.
One asks but what you've got, not how?
Talk not to me of navigation:
For war, and trade, and piracy,
These are a trinity inseparable.

I CHOOSE as a motto these words, put by Goethe into the mouth of Mephistopheles, because they express what I think has been too much overlooked by many writers upon the subject of International Commerce, *i. e.*, the essentially antagonistic nature of trade. It has of late years been rather the fashion to omit from consideration those aspects of the case which become apparent when the several nations are regarded as competing organisms,

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*Read before the American Social Science Association, at its ninth general meeting, held in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania, October, 1870.

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each of which struggles to better its condition both absolutely and relatively to the others, just as each individual of a community strives to rise in the social scale.

Much is said, upon the one hand, of the higher wages which the protective system affords to the producer; and, upon the other hand, much concerning the cheaper goods offered to the consumer by unshackled commerce; but if either the free-trader or the protectionist could prove to demonstration that his policy insured to either class a larger allotment of personal comforts during the current year, with a larger surplus at its end, than under the opposite policy it could enjoy, the question as to which course is most expedient for the State would still not be exhausted. The statesman must look beyond individuals or classes, and beyond the immediate present; not content with noticing that certain parts of the body politic are properly nourished, he must see that the body as a whole possesses vigor and symmetry; that development and robustness attend upon nutrition; that the whole organism enjoys fair play and good guidance in its strife with similiar artificial bodies, and above all, that its present course is leading on to future health and power.

The advocates of unrestricted commerce in particular seem to me to disregard too much the existence of nations, and to look upon men merely as individuals, each of whom is to take thought of his present and particular welfare alone, unmindful of his nation, for the collective and future well-being of which no one is to care.

The Manchester school of political economists persistently entreat mankind to regulate their commercial affairs upon the assumption that the entire race of man is but a band of brothers, who, though they may be accidently gathered into groups designated by the "geographical expressions" United States of America, England, France, or the like, and though they may be so devoted to their respective groups as to fight desperately upon occasion for the purpose of aggrandizing or overthrowing one or another of them, are yet, so far as so-called peaceful intercourse is concerned, really a single family, and ought in all that relates to trade (that is, in nearly all whereby in ordinary times the nations act upon each other) to disregard this national grouping. The common interest of mankind would seem, according to this school, to require that since such groups do exist, one of them

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should produce food, and another cotton or wool, while a third should make tools or clothing, and that the individuals of each of the groups should expend much of their energy in carrying their several products across land and sea to trade them freely with members of the others.

Would such universal and unrestricted trading and division of labor among the nations be founded upon the deepest instincts and interests of our race, or are they so contravened by ineradicable human characteristics as to be merely sentimental and illusory?

These questions cannot be properly answered without consideration of many collateral points, and particularly, I think, of the following:

I. Is it intrinsically right for persons to form themselves for mutual aid and comfort into nations, preferring each other to strangers, carefully hedging themselves about, and jealous not only of their territory, but also of their separate and peculiar institutions and modes of life? Or should all barriers be broken down, and mankind be obliged to fuse and coalesce into a single mass?

II. If the grouping into nations be permissible, is it right for each nation to endeavor to be self-centred, self-supporting, complete, and independent as to material wants, or should certain of them be permanently subjected to others by dependence upon those others for articles indispensable to human well-being or comfort, which they could themselves produce?

III. If, again, men may properly form nations, should the several governments thereof take cognizance of trade between their respective populations, regulating the same as each may see fit, or should they limit their action strictly to internal affairs, absolving their subjects from allegiance, and imposing no conditions upon aliens, in so far as trade is concerned?

IV. Supposing that a nation, allured by the abstract beauties of the universal brotherhood theory, or by promises of pecuniary advantage, should legislate to treat citizens and aliens alike in matters of trade, but should find that by the hostile industrial organization of other nations its markets were overloaded, its workmen thrown out of employment, its money drawn away, its finances crippled, and its independence endangered: Ought that nation still to continue in the policy of defenceless confidence, or

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ought it, if yet retaining vitality and courage enough, to protect itself from such trade invasions by fitting legislation?

V. Supposing the right of a nation to be undeniable as regards other nations to protect itself by any expedient devices from spoliation through trade, has its government the right, as between its own citizens, to aid some at the expense of others, in order that the whole nation may attain greater vigor, completeness, power of self-sustenance, and independence?

VI. Is there on the other hand any obligation on the part of a government towards its citizens, to give all necessary aid and support, at the common cost, to such as are laboring to expand its resources, extend its industrial domain, and fortify its independence?

VII. Is the common good of mankind promoted by an enormous transportation of raw material from the ends of the earth to a few spots, there to be manufactured, and the finished products in part transported back again; thus establishing among the nations something similiar to the division of labor which is successfully practised among individuals?

VIII. Does the "laissez faire," or let alone doctrine, which some sociologists insist upon as the law of nature, and as the correct rule for international trade, inculcate a really sound policy for the guidance of nations in their dealings with each other?

First. As to the right of mankind to form nations. This head might almost be dismissed from consideration with such adages as "whatever is, is right," or "vox populi, vox Dei," were it not that the basis of the whole question lies here, and that we must on that account pause here long enough to be quite sure of our foundation. Such difficulty as this topic offers is akin to the difficulty of proving that lead is heavy, or that it is wrong to tell lies, so near is it to being one of those ultimate facts which appeal directly to the sensual or moral perceptions.

We know as distinctly as we know any thing that men every where, and in all ages, invariably have formed and do form themselves into groups of greater or less magnitude and compactness, the individuals composing which voluntarily surrender certain portions of their substance, their time, their efforts, their free will, in order that they may derive from the community to which they belong a share in the advantages conquered by it from

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nature or from rival communities, settled relations towards the various individuals of their own group, and protection from the aggressions of others.

It would be easy to run through a catalogue of the various sorts of societies into which men at various times have formed themselves, but this is surely needless. If examples were asked for of men living in contiguity, without in some manner associating themselves together, no better instance could be offered than the Patagonians, the Esquimaux, or other semi-brutal people, whose loose and low organization is but one part, whether cause or effect, of their low status of humanity; these seeming exceptions thus clearly proving the rule.

It is to be observed that the degree in which the individual voluntarily surrenders or modifies his original rude independence, increases with the completeness of the organization to which he belongs; in the case of such complicated structures as the great civilized nations of modern times, he is compelled or restrained in every function and at every moment, in order that the great organism of which he is an almost imperceptible constituent may thrive, or that it may move in such course as seems at the moment most advantageous to the whole mass.

Commensurate, however, with the completeness of the surrender of personal independence to the well-ordered State, is the completeness of the advantages, the security and the enjoyment which the individual derives and has the right to demand from the State; the net balance of advantage to the individual so certainly increasing with increased perfection of organization, that this latter is constantly striven after, and is completest when mankind have reached the highest types.

Mere attraction of cohesion exists wherever men come into contact; the finer and more powerful social forces comparable to affinity and crystallization, exert themselves in proportion as the societary atoms are more refined, yielding sometimes such results as Roman law or Grecian art, and leaving us to hope for still more splendid growths in the future.

Seeing thus that men always do group themselves into tribes and nations, that no people thrive or attain eminence who have not keen and strong instincts of nationality and organization, that those nations—such as the ancient Romans and modern Prussians—who possess those instincts in the highest degree,

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grow and bear sway, while those others whose societary instincts are weak—such as the ancient Parthians or modern American aborigines—dwindle away in spite of individual prowess, that our best hopes for the future of the race are founded on the perfection of artificial society—seeing all this, we may surely take it for granted that the tendency of men to form nations is ineradicable, and is right.

The suggestion of the other extreme, that all mankind should coalesce into a single universal band or nation, is sufficiently disposed of by the reflection that certain limits are well proved by all experience to exist, beyond which the centrifugal forces exceed the centripetal; that all the vast empires have at last perished by reason of their too great expansion, and that not even the strongest organizing and controlling genius is sufficiently powerful to hold permanently together, and to restrain from the attractive force of rival centres, masses of people whose climate, language, habits and religion too greatly differ.

The principle of that school of economists which treats of mankind as forming one great brotherhood, with common interests, however noble or elevating it may be in the abstract, must therefore, in the present condition of human nature, be regarded as utopian and visionary. When every man shall love not only his neighbor, but also his rival or enemy, as himself, it may be received as the guiding principle of statecraft, but in the existing imperfect state of humanity it cannot be considered as more than the dream of amiable enthusiasts.

We start, then, with the premise that mankind are, always have been, and always will be, of right, gathered and separated into nations, with strong cohesive and organizing internal force. To this we may add, that all history is a reiterated and cumulative demonstration of the fact that the rival nations are animated by strong antagonisms and competitive feeling towards each other.

Secondly. In treating of the rightfulness of a nation's attempting to reach independence and self-sufficiency, (in the original and better meaning of that term,) to become *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, I again encounter the embarrassment of having to set forth a truism, so instinctive and spontaneous is every one's conviction that his nation, at least, must strive for such independence.

The power of a nation to improve and perfect itself as a single organism or creature, inheres in mankind as a consequence of a

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human trait which separates man widely from all other animals. While a group of the lower animals is but a *grex*, and is but a numerical expansion of a single specimen, so that when one rabbit burrows, one buffalo grazes, or one wolf hunts, a dozen or a thousand rabbits, buffaloes or wolves can but burrow, graze or hunt; a group of men, on the contrary, shortly parcel out among themselves the various functions needful to make not only a coherent but an organic whole—a complex congeries of inter-acting members, working together like the several parts of a machine to produce results utterly unattainable by any individual, and the ultimate capabilities of which, after all the noble achievements of the best organized communities, are yet to be discovered. The possession of these wonderful powers implies the duty of exercising them—of forming, developing and perfecting nations.

A broad distinction is, however, presently apparent between large and small nations as to the degree of completeness and independence attainable, and among the smaller nations, between those which are contentedly small and those which have the intention of becoming large. The small nation, such as Switzerland or Denmark, which has but a slight range of habitable climate, and consequent slight range of organic products; from whose territory nature has withheld many of the minerals that, like coal and salt, are themselves indispensable, or, like the metallic ores, yield indispensable substances; and which is surrounded by nations so great and powerful that expansion is not to be thought of—such nations may perforce be obliged to content themselves with an imperfect development, and with perpetual reliance upon foreigners for very many of the necessaries of life. If they are wise and diligent, they will, however, attain as complete material independence as their straitened circumstances will permit: they will, so far as possible, make domestic substitutes answer instead of foreign desiderata, and must at last find or create means to make themselves in some way as essential to their neighbors as those nations are to them, thus winning by trade what nature denies to them.

Very different is the case of those great and favored nations whose domain embraces nearly all soils and climates, and contains all or nearly all the useful minerals. They, endowed by nature with every capability for attaining the full stature of manhood, are derelict if contented with any thing less than perfect symmetry

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and the most complete self-sufficiency. Holland, Switzerland and France may be forced to buy and be absolutely dependent upon foreigners for iron, coal and copper, respectively; England may be similarly dependent for sugar, and Cuba for flour; but there are great continental nations which are not so cribbed, cabined and confined. No folding of the hands in hopeless submission to the hard limitations of nature is permissible in their case at least; having all climates, all soils, and all minerals, any failure to supply all their wants, and thus to earn an existence independent of the good pleasure of any foreign power, would be inexcusable.

It may at last be true, as was said by Gortschakoff, that "Russia and America are the only nations whose grand internal life is sufficient for them;" but if these two really stand in such lofty isolation, the less excuse has either of them for relying upon the mercenary and precarious support of a competitor.

Even if no nation whatever is absolutely able to satisfy from its own products all the artificial wants of the present day, (some of which wants, like those for French fashions, are purely factitious and excited by ingenious people for their own gain; while others, like those for coffee, tea and spices, would seem to be imperative, did we not know that all the generations of our ancestors except some of the latest had lived without them,) and if there are but few nations which do not need to look beyond their borders for some of the real necessaries of modern life; still each one according to the measure of its capacity is bound to strive for completeness, for symmetry and for independence just as each man is bound so to strive.

Self-preservation clearly requires every nation to be as complete, as sufficient unto itself, and as little dependent upon its neighbors for the means of continued existence, whether in peace or in war, as its national circumstances will permit. No crutch or prop can fill the place of sound limbs of one's own, such as come by honest toil, and no facilities of foreign trade can stand to a nation instead of sound internal development and self-sufficiency.

Thirdly. Some may think that before attempting to show the right of a nation to regulate the dealings of its citizens with foreigners, the right should be shown of any human authority to interfere in any manner between two individuals desiring to trade

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together. Without wasting much time upon this abstraction, it may suffice to point out that interference in these matters is one of the inevitable constraints which every member of a civilized community undergoes.

Not only are certain sorts of trading quite forbidden, as that in lottery policies or counterfeit money; others carefully limited, as that in poisons, gunpowder or intoxicating liquors; and others promoted, as when government aids in building roads and canals to bring grain to market; but generally, by taxes upon sales, by stamps, or otherwise, government not only interferes between parties trading, but actually compels them to pay for the privilege of exercising under her protection in a perfectly legitimate manner, what some champions of unrestricted trade consider a most indefeasible natural right.

The right of a nation to regulate its foreign commerce is attacked by only a few visionary social philosophers, the same who declare that all custom-houses and all checks upon trade should be swept out of existence; still, since there is a certain vague seduction about the phrase "freedom of trade," and since any cry often enough repeated becomes at last with some a point of faith, it may not be wholly useless to bestow upon this specious doctrine a brief consideration. It attacks, we must remember, not only the policy but also the right of a nation to regulate its foreign commerce; the gates must be flung wide open with absolute freedom to all.

In the eyes of its advocates, that most potent of commercial regulations, a tariff, is an "iniquity," "an infamous tax," "an odious monopoly," and they proclaim it to be moreover a mere modern outrage, unsanctioned by the example of such ancient nations as Greece or Rome.*

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* My friend, Dr. Stillé, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has reminded me of the fact that both the Athenians and the Romans practised the collection of import duties upon foreign goods entering their territories.

It might, at first sight, appear that if the Greeks and Romans really had tariff laws, no such remarks as those which I have made upon the contrast between the ancient and modern styles of international attack and defence are appropriate, but that any notice of the cavils of those who declare tariffs to be an abominable invention of recent times should

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In considering this clamor, one's first reflection is that every nation—enlightened, civilized, half-civilized or barbarous, as the old geography classification has it—every nation or people in fact upon the face of the earth but the absolutely savage, does most carefully legislate concerning its foreign trade, imposing thereupon just such conditions as to it seem meet and conducive to its own peculiar interests, except that in the cases of certain nations already feeble and growing feebler, the conditions are to some extent dictated by other and more powerful nations for their own gain. How insignificant was the wrong-headedness of the eleven obstinate jurymen, whom their colleague besought in vain to yield their convictions to his views, in comparison with this fatuity of the entire human race, which a philanthropic little party with goods to sell is now undertaking to dissipate!

A second reflection shows that, without regulating its foreign commerce, no nation can regulate its internal affairs, or in fact can long subsist; for in these days all the industries and finances of a country are so connected with its foreign commerce that, to

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be confined to simply showing that they were habitually used by the most enlightened ancient nations.

I have, however, chosen rather to assent to the assumption that tariffs such as ours were unknown to the ancients, and thence to draw the above-mentioned contrast, because, in point of fact, the ancient import duties differed radically from those of our day, both in their application and in their motive.

The subject of duties upon imported goods is fully treated, so far as relates to Athens, by Bœckh, in his "Public Economy of Athens," and, as regards Rome, by Dureau de la Malle, in his "Economie politique des Romains;" but a satisfactory review of those treatises would furnish material for a separate article, and cannot now be entered upon.

It must suffice for the present to observe: 1. That the tariffs of both Greeks and Romans applied not alone to merchandise entering Attica or Italy from the territories of alien powers, but also in exactly the same degree to goods entering those countries from their own contiguous provinces or outlying colonies; 2. That certain favored classes were allowed to import goods duty free, and certain ports were allowed to retain for their own use a part or the whole of the duties they collected; 3. That no vestige is discernible in those tariffs of any intention to foster home industry, to thwart the attacks of foreign industry, or to create a favorable balance of trade; their only motive was the raising of revenue.

J. W.

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abandon control of the latter, is to abandon control of all the country's material interests, and to allow them to be managed by the enterprising foreign trader.

There is no more marked line of nationality than the customs cordon, and the tendency of customs' frontiers to become national frontiers is well illustrated by that abolition of the semi-independence of the old French provinces and of their inter-provincial tariffs, which created a solid and powerful France, and by the formation of the German Zoll-Verein, which has before our eyes transformed the disjointed little German nationalities into a compact, colossal Germany. This method of national aggregation has, however, like all others, its limits, such as have been already adverted to.

It is idle to cite, as is sometimes done, the examples of ancient nations against this universal modern practice of regulating foreign commerce by legislation, for we must remember that in the good old times a nation coveting its neighbor's goods took them by the sword rather than by trade.

To crush by direct invasion with armies superior in numbers, organization or armament the resistance of a conterminous power; to take by direct plunder whatever seemed worth the carriage; to remain permanently in the land, enjoying it as its lords; to exact by direct tribute such contributions as could be extorted—these were the simple processes by which in ancient times the stronger or more cunning nation dealt with the weaker. But the fashion of the times has so greatly changed that the employment of these rude agencies is now exceptional, and the efforts of nations nowadays to overcome and despoil each other are conducted by methods ostensibly more peaceful, though really not less efficient.

Since, then, it is by trade usually, and by war but occasionally, that one nation now assails another, the defences of nations must necessarily be adapted to the occasion, and a tariff can baffle and defeat the foreign plunderer of these days better than a fort. A modern nation may be likened to a modern citizen, who seldom has occasion to make heroic defence of his hearthstone, sword in hand, but who finds it highly expedient to keep a watchful eye upon the current expenses of his family, and see that they do not exceed the collective family earnings.

Armed force lies, it is true, behind the tariff law, ready to en-

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force it against the contumacious, just as any other law is in the last resort made valid, but who can adequately depict the immense improvement of society indicated by the substitution of a regular and smoothly-working tariff, for the wild and hasty levy of troops to resist a foray?

It is, in short, absurd to entertain the idea either of abandoning all national defence, or of abandoning the modern style of defence for the ancient.

Fourthly. Our supposititious case of a nation confidingly stepping into the arena of the world's trade battles, to fight with the gladiators there, herself unshielded and imperfectly armed, is not without foundation in fact, and though history has not always taken the pains to narrate the results of industrial and commercial policy, the comparatively recent examples of Portugal, Turkey and India show clearly enough the results of such a course.

Each of these nationalities, once powerful and haughty, has enjoyed under English auspices a full development of the freest commercial intercourse, particularly with England herself, the great apostle of free trade, and each of them is now a pitiable illustration of how free trading like free fighting simply means the defeat and ruin of the weaker or less skilful party.

Even our own nation, whose birth as an independent power was greatly owing to the determination of her people not to be forced to trade with the mother country upon terms of England's setting, has since at several times yielded to the latter's taunts and blandishments, and, blinded for awhile by the lusty vanity of youth, has undertaken to cast aside her shield and wage industrial warfare unprotected; the result having upon each occasion been our discomfiture and forced retreat to our tariff defences.

I know that some theorists still maintain the doctrine that there must be mutual profit in trade, and that every bargain is presumably beneficial to both parties, since each enters into it voluntarily.

Apart, however, from such glaring exceptions as the case of a rum-seller and his victim, or the kindred case of England's opium-selling to China, we constantly see how the more crafty or cultivated party lures the simpler and ruder to exchange the solidly valuable result of much toil for useless trifles, as when the trader induces the savage to part with his gold and ivory for a few beads, or when France deals with America; and again we see how the

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establishing of a quasi monopoly of necessary commodities through earlier development, enables one party to constrain the other into dealing with him upon his own terms until the monopoly can be broken by building up competition, as when but a single machine-shop exists in a region full of factories, or when England undertakes to be the workshop of the world.

Even when a trade actually and permanently benefits both parties, it is entered into by each, not with any thought for the good of the other, but for his own private advantage and emolument.

It cannot be too strongly stated or too clearly understood that the end and aim of trading is booty, and that its principal weapons in our times—its huge and formidable engines of war—are the great establishments of industry and credit: the factories and the banks. The nation which can bring an opponent fairly within range of this artillery, and open its batteries upon him, silencing his guns if he has any, must effect his subjugation; mere vast preponderance of numbers cannot prevail, as India sufficiently demonstrates.

When a modern nation is resolved to despoil another through trade, if the antagonist retires within walls of ancient isolation, as, for instance, the Chinese, he must first be drawn like a badger; if he struggles and rebels, as, for instance, the Irish, he must be scourged and bound, and his weapons the factories thoroughly destroyed; if he is formidable by absolute force of brawn and brain, and is fortified by walls of legislation, as, for instance, the United States, he must if possible be cut into mutually hostile fragments, or, that failing, must be cajoled into internal jealousies, and into breaking down his laws, thus exposing his forces unprotected to be destroyed in detail.

I have said that the United States has sometimes been so deluded as to believe that fair and profitable commerce could be openly conducted with England. On each occasion, however, the attacks and the rapacity of English trade were so wolfish and fatal that we were driven within our barriers, there to refit our weapons and to gather strength in vain confidence for another sally.*

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* In 1801, when a treaty of peace was concluded between France and England, Cambacères said, "Now we must make a treaty of commerce, and remove all subjects of dispute between the two countries."

Napoleon replied, "Not so fast! The political peace is made; so much

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It is unnecessary to burden this paper with statistics and proofs, which have been given at length by Carey and others, to show what grievous losses each of these combats inflicted upon the verdant believer in the universal brotherhood of commerce.

England, while amusing us with her broad philanthropy, has treated us very much as the Danes and Northmen of old treated her, when they quietly organized in their distant homes piratical descents upon her coasts to ravage, plunder and destroy. Our merchandise markets have been crowded with the products of her mills, furnaces and factories, destroying our natural and healthful internal circulation, the demand for and distribution of similar domestic products; our money markets have then been driven into panic and collapse by the calling home to England of specie to pay for those English products; our factories have through these means been sold by the sheriff into unskilful hands, and our banks taught to extend only the most timid, momentary and vacillating aid to manufacturers. Our prosperity thus blighted for half a generation, the philanthropic English have fattened upon us while we slowly gained strength for a new and similar struggle.

I may be permitted to introduce a paragraph from a Report made to Parliament shortly before the rebellion of our Southern States, in order to exhibit a partial view of these trade combats from an English standpoint.

"The laboring classes generally, in the manufacturing districts of the kingdom, and especially in the iron and coal districts, are very little aware of the extent to which they are often indebted for their being employed at all to the immense *losses* which their employers voluntarily incur in bad times, in order *to destroy foreign competition, and to gain and keep possession of foreign markets.* Authentic instances are well known of employers having in such times carried on their works at a loss amounting in the aggregate to three or four hundred thousand pounds in the course of three or four years. If the efforts of those who encourage the combinations to restrict the amount of labor and to produce strikes were to be successful for any length of time, the great accumulations of capital could no longer be made *which enable a few of the most wealthy capitalists*

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the better. Let us enjoy it. As to a commercial peace, we will make one if we can. *But at no price will I sacrifice French industry.* I remember the misery of 1786."—*Table-talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte.* Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, London, 1868.

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to overwhelm all foreign competition in times of great depression, and thus to clear the way for the *whole trade* to step in when prices revive, and to carry a great business before *foreign* capital can again accumulate to such an extent as to be able to establish a competition in prices with any chance of success. *The large capitals of this country are the great instruments of warfare against the competing capitals of foreign countries*, and are *the most essential* instruments now remaining by which our manufacturing supremacy can be maintained; the other elements—cheap labor, abundance of raw materials, means of communication and skilled labor—being rapidly in process of being equalized."

Having had this thorough experience of the result of dealing with England as her and our free trade economists would wish us to deal, *we* at least may be allowed, no matter how sweetly her doctrines may be said to work elsewhere, to overlook the universal brotherhood of man, and to take such measures as seem to us meet for our own peculiar self-preservation and advancement.

Fortunately we are able, by virtue of sufficient material power, to do this unchallenged. We cannot be treated by England as Ireland, Denmark or India have been; only the weapons of sophistry, cajolery, and that great resource of inciting internal dissensions which served her so well and so long upon the Continent of Europe, can be used against us with reasonable chance of success.

To protect ourselves for the future against the assaults and invasions of foreign trade* under which we have so often suffered and smarted, we have built up such fortifications as commend themselves to the best judgment of great majorities of our population, and similar to those which have been shown by the experience of other nations to be suitable. It is for doing this that our chief antagonist mocks us as heathen, sends missionaries to our people and preceptors to our legislature, affecting a well-bred

* How great is the booty taken from us by our foreign trade may be partly gathered from the fact that $1,000,000,000 of United States government and other bonds and stocks and private debts are now held against us in Europe, concerning which a mercantile correspondent of the *New York Express*, a free trade paper, writing on the subject of finance, says that "of our whole indebtedness to foreigners we have not received one dollar in money; every dollar of it was a contribution to foreign industries over and above their contribution to ours; and not only so, but besides all this, we have paid them some eight hundred millions in gold since the beginning of the century."

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surprise that we are not yet convinced either of our having no right to protect ourselves or of our mode of self-protection being inexpedient.

The example of our own trade has here been dwelt upon as illustrating more clearly than abstract arguments could do the general truth that there is "no friendship in trade," that the nation which thinks otherwise, and acts upon a generous confidence in human nature, fares no better than an individual who deals upon similar principles, and that self-defence is imperative.

Fifthly. The right of any organism to live, grow and perfect itself carries with it the right to do every act which, according to its lights, conduces to those ends. The powers and rights of internal government, of reward or punishment, of stimulus or suppression derivable from the general right and consequent duty of self-development, are of similar validity to those which are imputed to governments from the war power, but are of wider range. They cannot be limited or strictly defined.

Among the rightful powers of a lawful government over its citizens are certainly included not only the right of general and uniform taxation, but also the right specially to tax certain classes or occupations, and to pay bounties to others for the public good as that may be apprehended at the time. Among such special taxes are those known as excise, while familiar instances of the direct payment of money derived from taxation to certain special classes for their supposed usefulness to the community, are afforded by the army and navy, by surveyors and scientists in the public service, and in some countries by the clergy or priesthood.

If a nation through its lawful government should decide that its security and future prosperity require it to avail itself of its own resources for its needful supplies of iron, sugar, cloth or salt, and should think it expedient for the sake of attaining that end to levy a direct tax upon all its citizens and pay the same to its producers of iron, sugar, &c., its right so to legislate could not be denied, no matter how much the aptness of the means to the end might be doubted, or how certainly the overthrow of the system by reason of popular discontent might be predicted.

Governments, however, practically seek the mildest and most equitable modes of operating for the common benefit, and can in most cases sufficiently stimulate the efforts of their citizens to-

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wards a national desideratum, such as the production of an article indispensable to the national existence, by merely guaranteeing to those individuals who will undertake to devote their energies and means to the task, that they shall not while engaged therein be assailed by any other competition than that of their fellow-citizens. This method is both milder and more equitable to all the citizens, as offering the same inducements to all, than many which could be shown to be lawful. Even this latter expedient of prohibiting foreign competition is in practice seldom or never resorted to, since merely to levy upon the foreigner for the benefit of the State a tax bearing some relation to those taxes which are imposed upon the native, usually proves sufficient; the measure of that tax upon foreigners being the point at which it is estimated, or found by experience, that sufficient energy will be directed into the desired channel.

It is particularly to be observed, that the chief effect of such enactments is, after all, not upon the individuals at present engaged in any specified pursuit, but rather upon the larger number whose course thereafter is determined to the needful industry by the enactments; and also that those latter come at their own good pleasure and election from the great mass of the people to try their fortune under the new conditions publicly established for all.

That nation acts, however, most prodigally and absurdly, which, after having by its legislation invited its people to undertake certain pursuits requiring large capital and long training, suddenly or greatly alters the established conditions to their disadvantage, thus leaving a considerable portion of its own flesh and blood and substance to perish. The shocks and vicissitudes which must at best be encountered are enough, and the government should endeavor rather to diminish or counteract those inevitable adversities than to increase them; studying always to avoid abrupt changes, and to make with as equable a movement as possible those alterations which experience shows to be fitting.

The patent laws of this country and of most others illustrate clearly enough the right and power of a government to do those things which in tariff legislation are often pointed at as the most unjust and odious.

While tariff laws afford only a measurable advantage to those who pursue a certain industry, patent laws establish an absolute

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monopoly; while tariff laws merely set up barriers against the foreign rival, patent laws shut out all, both fellow-citizen and alien; while a tariff law endures no longer than until the temper of Congress changes, or until foreign or domestic influence can be invoked strong enough to bring about a real or factitious adverse public opinion, a patent under our laws holds good absolutely for the definite period of seventeen years.

That the objects to be gained by the operation of the patent laws are more desirable or more palpably for the public good, as contrasted with advantage to individuals, than those attained by protective duties, will hardly be contended by any who examine the subject dispassionately. The objects of both are in fact to a great extent the same, being the development of national wealth and strength. The means by which the two classes of laws operate are likewise similar, viz., the offering of inducements to individuals to undertake the needful studies, toils and risks, by the premium of certain immunities or advantages in case of success. Every feature in the tariff laws which could be attacked as oppressive to the public, as militating against natural rights, or as creating monopolies, exists also in the patent laws. If tariff laws are objected to as virtually debarring from certain occupations all but those who enjoy accidental superiority by possessing the domestic supply of the requisite materials, patent laws often shut out the public from entire fields and ranges of investigation and experiment, as well as of industry, by the exclusive rights they grant. The tariff laws operate most powerfully and directly to bring to our shores multitudes of the most desirable immigrants, while the patent laws have but a very slight and remote effect of that nature.

Is it not passing strange that, notwithstanding all this, the principle of our patent laws is almost universally acceded to, while the clamor incited by foreign manufacturers against the principle of our tariff laws finds (mainly, to be sure, among the ignorant) so many credulous listeners.

[To be continued.]

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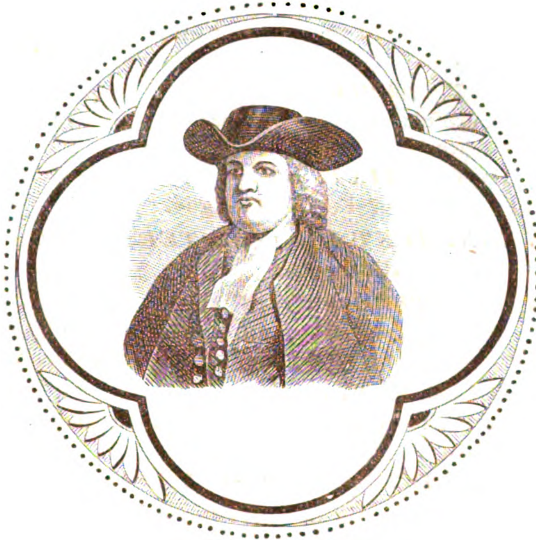

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