THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

A REPOSITORY OF

Science, Literature, and General Intelligence,

DEVOTED TO

ETHNOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, SOCIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, EDUCATION, MECHANISM, AGRICULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, AND TO ALL THOSE PROGRESSIVE MEASURES WHICH ARE CALCULATED TO REFORM, ELEVATE, AND IMPROVE MANKIND, SPIRITUALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND SOCIALLY.

Embellished with Numerous Portraits from Life and other Engravings.

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January to June, 1870.

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.

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"Quiconque a une trop haute idée de la force et de la justesse de ses raisonnemens pour se croire obligé de les soumettre a une expérience mille et mille fois répétée, ne perfectionnera jamais la physiologie du cerveau."—GALL.

"I regard Phrenology as the only system of mental philosophy which can be said to indicate, with anything like clearness and precision, man's mixed moral and intellectual nature, and as the only guide short of revelation, for educating him in harmony with his faculties, as a being of power; with his wants, as a creature of necessity; and with his duties, as an agent responsible to his maker and amenable to the laws declared by the all-wise Providence."—

JOHN BELL, M. D.

"To Phrenology may be justly conceded the grand merit of having forced the inductive method of inquiry into mental philosophy, and thus laid the permanent foundations of a true mental science."—*Encyclopedia Brittanica*, 8th Edition.

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AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A Pictorial Magazine.

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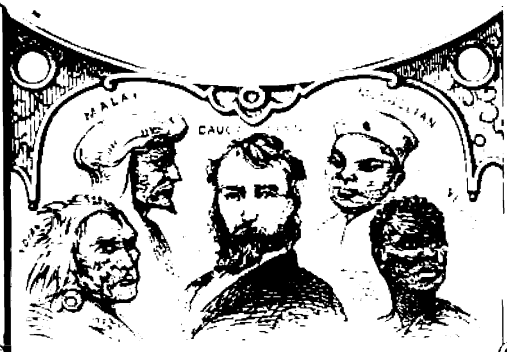

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THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND, IS MAN.

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PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

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January, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

CHIEF PROMOTER AND SUPERINTENDING CONSTRUCTOR OF THE GREAT CANAL BETWEEN PORT SAÏD AND SUEZ.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS,

CHIEF PROMOTER OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

THIS is a large, broad, high, and remarkable head. Both the perceptive and reflective faculties are prominent; so also are Constructiveness, Calculation, and Order. There are large Self-Esteem, Firmness, and Approbativeness, with large Destructiveness, Combativeness, and Concentrativeness, giving self-reliance, decision, perseverance, propelling power, and application.

The quality of the whole organization is excellent, the health almost perfect, and his powers of endurance are equaled by few. Such a brain, educated first in the schools of practical knowledge, comprehending the natural sciences, with the largest worldly experience superadded, confers that versatility and universal ability which would make him master of almost any situation. Such minds inevitably take the lead. They originate, project, and execute. Besides all these great qualities, there are yet finer and nobler ones to be named. This brain has a skylight, which gives him a mental forecast of that which is beyond the reach of reason or sense. His conceptions are grand; they reach into realms beyond. In short, he is gifted with high psychological powers.

The moral sentiments are all prominently developed. Conscientiousness, Hope, Benevolence, Spirituality, and Veneration are predominating. The social feelings are strong, but sanctified and controlled. He is warm, ardent, hopeful, enterprising, trusting, and obedient to the Divine will. In short, he is an echo of the powers above, responding quickly to each and every Divine impulse; and this is human greatness. What he has *done*, is matter of history. What he is, independent of his work, is known only to few.

The following sketch details some of the more important of his achievements, and the man is worthy of the record.

The scheme of re-opening the Canal of the Pharaohs between the Mediterranean and Red seas, and thus connecting by a short cut across the Isthmus of Suez the commerce of Europe and Asia, though long entertained by the first Napoleon, may fairly be claimed for M. de Lesseps. His attention was doubtless first drawn to it by reading the memorable report of M. le Père, who was employed by Bonaparte to make a survey in 1798. The credit of designing and executing the great work belong alike to him. With the general plan, progress, and purpose of the Canal the American reader has, during the past few months, been made tolerably familiar.

He is the son of Jean Baptiste Barthelemi, Baron de Lesseps, who was born at Cette, a French port on the Mediterranean, in 1765. Jean Baptiste was for five years French Vice-Consul at St. Petersburg. In 1785 he accompanied La Perouse on a voyage to Kamtchatka, whence he brought by land the papers containing a description of the expedition. In 1788 he was Consul at Kronstadt and St. Petersburg. From St. Petersburg he was called, in 1812, by the Emperor Napoleon, to Moscow, as *Intendant*. From the latter city, in 1814, he proceeded to Lisbon, and was stationed there as Consul until 1823. He died at Paris, May 6th, 1834.

Ferdinand, the subject of our sketch, was born at Versailles in 1805, and is consequently in his sixty-fourth year, though his appearance is that of a man little past the meridian of life. Early in life he evinced peculiar aptitude for the diplomatic career in which he has since distinguished himself, —a career as varied and romantic as it is brilliant. In 1825 he was appointed *attaché* to the French Consulate at Lisbon. Two years later found him engaged in the Commercial Department of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. During the latter part of 1828 he was *attaché* to the Consul-General at Tunis; and in 1831 he was dispatched by his Government as Consul to Alexandria. Hard work and rapid promotion for *le jeune diplomat!* But the most eventful period of his long and wonderfully active career lay yet before him.

Seven years subsequent to his appointment at Alexandria, and consequently when he was in his thirty-fifth year, he was sent as Consul to Rotterdam. From Rotterdam he proceeded to Malaga in 1839, to negotiate in behalf of French commerce with the Spanish Government. In the latter part of the same year he was transferred to the Consulate at Barcelona, where during the two subsequent years he was especially active, and signally distinguished himself against the reign of Espartero. In 1844 we again find him in Alexandria, whither he was sent to take the place of Lavalette. But the time for the development of his great project had not yet come. He did not long remain in the Egyptian capital. Returning to his former position in Barcelona he was witness to some of the scenes of the revolution of February. In 1848 he was appointed French Minister at the court of Madrid. Remaining in the Spanish capital about a year, he returned to Paris immediately after the revolution of '48, and in May of the following year was dispatched as Envoy of the French Republic to the Republican Government of Mazzini at Rome, where he took a leading part in the abortive negotiations which preceded the restoration of the Pope by a French army.

In 1854 he received a commission from the *Société d'études du Canal de Suez* at Paris to negotiate with Sâid Pacha for the construction of the canal projected in 1816. Accordingly, toward the close of that year, we again find him on the Isthmus, preparing for his great work. This time he came to conquer. His mission was crowned with success, and the necessary concession made in November of that year. A palace and a retinue of servants were assigned to his use, and he was treated, as a guest of the Viceroy, with the utmost respect. Great opposition followed, especially from England; and it was not till January, 1856, that the second and fuller concession was granted by Sâid Pacha, and a *Compagnie International* fully organized.

In 1858 M. Lesseps succeeded in raising two hundred millions of francs in France, and in 1859 he proceeded to Egypt and planted the Egyptian flag in the harbor of the ancient Telusium, the great sea-port of Egypt thirty centuries ago, where Port Sâid now stands. He laid, at the same time, the foundation of a lighthouse, and proudly proclaimed the work commenced. Fresh difficulties—chiefly of a political nature—interposed, but the indefatigable Lesseps never despaired. In 1859 he had the satisfaction of seeing his company and work placed upon a firm footing, though the final decision of the French Emperor was not given till July, 1864. From that time to the present hour the Canal has steadily progressed toward completion.

What the future of the Canal, as a commercial and financial enterprise, is to be, it is impossible yet to determine. That it will work a mighty revolution in the direction and current of trade between Europe and the East, and to some, though a much smaller extent, between the United States and Europe, there is every reason to believe. Though built with French capital and Egyptian labor, British commerce will be necessary to enable the company to pay the interest on the enormous sums which have been required to build it. As a late French writer has pithily remarked: "*Dans cette vaste entreprise, conduite avec autant de patience que de courage la plus grande dépense a éte pour l'Egypte, la plus grande gloire pour la France, et le plus grande profit pour l'Angleterre.*"—"In this great undertaking, conducted with as much patience as courage, the greatest expense has been for Egypt, the greatest glory for France, while the most profit will be for England." Certainly Great Britain has every reason to be satisfied with her share in the bargain.

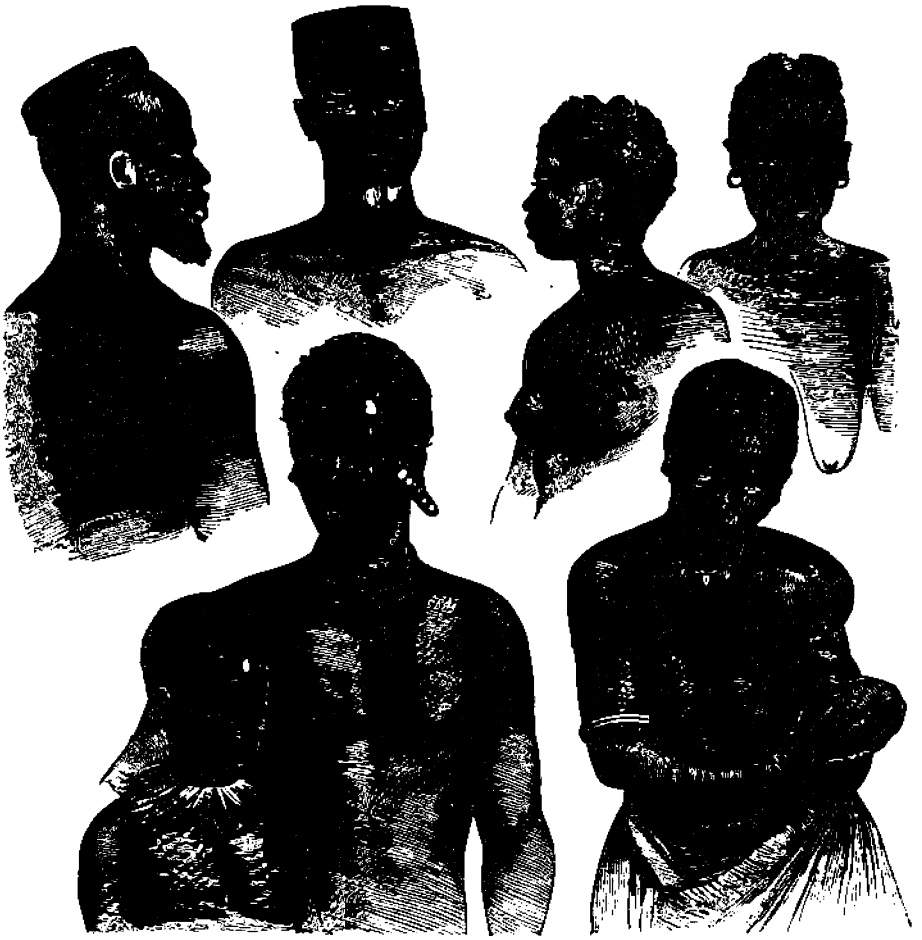
The personal appearance of M. de Lesseps is very striking. Though long past middle age, he has a fresh and even youthful appearance. Both face and figure are well preserved; his slightly curling gray hair sets off in pleasing contrast his bronzed yet clear complexion, his bright eye, and genial smile. He is somewhat over the medium stature, possessed of a compact and well-knit frame, carries his head erect, and moves about with a buoyancy and animation perfectly marvelous in one of his years and experience. His address is that of the well-bred, well-educated French gentleman that he is. His manner is winning, his voice clear and under most excellent control, as all those who have listened to his admirable lectures on the Canal at the

late Paris Exposition can not fail to remember. What is perhaps most remarkable in a man so bred and constituted, is that with great gentleness of speech and suavity of manner he combines a strength of will and fixity of purpose worthy of Napoleon or Cæsar himself. Beneath that calm exterior lay a power which needed but the stimulus of a great idea to develop.

Though beset by difficulties, laughed at, and maligned, he has never for a moment swerved from his purpose or relaxed his efforts to accomplish it. Neither the sneers of Stevenson and his associate engineers, the heavy broadside of the "Thunderer," or the squibs of *Punch* ever made any visible impression on the purpose or action of Lesseps. "*J'ai pour principe de commencer par avoir la confiance!*"—"My purpose from the commencement was to have confidence," said he.

How bravely he has maintained his principle and redeemed his pledge let the ceremonies which marked the completion and inauguration of his great work tell—when sea sent greeting to sea; and let the keels of richly laden argosies from Cathay and from Ind, which plow the waters of the Canal declare.

[Since the foregoing was written, we have learned that on the 20th of November the Canal was formally opened in the presence of a vast assemblage of royal and distinguished personages from all parts of the world, and it is pronounced, in all respects, a complete success.]



THE KAFFIR, FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE.

MARRIED MAN. OLD COUNCILOR. GIRL. OLD WOMAN.
BOY. YOUNG MAN. YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN AND CHILD.

Ethnology.

The Natural History of Man is a very interesting study. Whatever facts of importance are gathered by naturalists and travelers, and whatever throws light upon the origin, nature, and distribution of the human race, will find a place of record, where they properly belong, in the pages of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE KAFFIR RACE,

PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY CONSIDERED.

THE southern part of Africa is peopled, to a great extent, by the numerous tribes of the Kaffir or Zingian race. These tribes have been for many years the subject of much research, and probably no African race has excited so much interest in European scientific and religious circles. The Kaffirs are dark, but not so black as the true western negro. Their hair is short, crisp, and curled, but not so woolly as that of the negro. In form they are generally well shaped, tall, and vigorous. Their derivation has been a matter of much discussion with ethnologists, some attributing it to Asiatic sources; but the evidences are not sufficient to determine any one view of this subject.

In the portraits given we have the appearance of Kaffirs, male and female, at the different stages of life from childhood to old age.

The large lips, wide mouth, and wide nostrils, with the crisp woolly hair, seem so closely allied to the true negro, that the Kaffir may be mistaken for a negro at first sight. A careful examination, however, discloses marked differences in the physiognomy of the two races. The prominence of the nose, the high and comparatively well-developed forehead, and the decided expression of the whole countenance stamp the Kaffir as much the superior man. In the representations of the "boy," "married man," and "old councilor," although we must admit that the artist has been a little too kind in his delineation of the intellectual region of the brain, yet the cranial development is indicative of much mental capacity, and is suggestive of large possibilities in the way of improvement were the aids and instrumentalities of culture afforded them. As we contemplate the venerable "councilor," the query suggests itself, "Is not this man a descendant of some ancient race which once held sway on the classic soil of Greece, or in the historic mountains and vales of Persia once boasted a culture and eminence which compelled the homage of other nations?" In the profile of the "married man" can we not discern the intellect of the old Celtic philosophers, degenerated, to be sure, but chiefly held in check by the predominant animality of his savage life?

The faces, all, are striking, and assert with emphasis the common brotherhood of man. The fine physiques of these men would furnish models for the sculptor's chisel.

Giving now our attention to the females, we find marked differences between them: the young girl with her fresh and supple form; the young married woman with her already depressed and worn look; and the old woman with her furrowed countenance and meager frame. But the facts are scarcely represented here, for the rough treatment and neglect the Kaffir women suffer makes them deteriorate or grow old rapidly; and at an age when even our early matured American women are in their prime, they have become very unsightly objects. In youth, the Kaffir female is a sylph for very grace and symmetry; in age, she is a veritable hag.

All the qualities accompanying strongly marked physical and animal propensities are predicable of the Kaffir organization. The strong motive temperament, while it gives strength and endurance to muscle and bone, inspires that yearning for active life, that impatience of restraint, which characterize the Kaffir nature. It is emphatic and earnest, yet cunning and malignant. The Kaffir is keen-sighted and acute in his impressions, strong-willed and resolute in carrying out his purposes, fond of display, and quite delicate in his appreciation of his self-respect and honor. He possesses a good degree of constructiveness, which is exemplified in his ingenuity and skill in the manufacture of many articles adapted to his domestic life and warlike habits, which, considering his lack of mental discipline and training, are truly wonderful. His sense of justice does not appear to be wanting, but it is doubtless feeble in its activity, the selfishness induced by a life of barbarism tending to overpower the sentiment of equality of right and privilege among men.

Taking such organizations as those presented by our engraving for the basis of an opinion, we do not hesitate to say that under such influences as are constantly exerted by European civilization, the Kaffir mind would rapidly develop into a superior stage of growth, losing its asperities and acquiring a readiness of intellectual susceptibility which only original sharpness of apprehension could conduce to.

NORTHWESTERN AUSTRALIANS.

THE natives of northwestern Australia, though very low in the scale of human beings—but little removed from the Bojosmen of South Africa—yet furnish a most interesting field for scientific inquiry by reason of their peculiar customs and modes of life. But few adventurous travelers in search of information relating to the wild tribes of the far East have as yet penetrated within the fastnesses of the singular people we are about to consider; but as commercial relations between Australia and Europe increase, as they must with the new facilities constantly being opened to trade and travel by the inventive forces of civilization, they and other remote races will become more familiarly known, and their places in the great circle of humanity be more accurately ascertained.

The native Australians although distributed in many tribes throughout their vast country agree in general characteristics. There is a similarity in their habits, physiognomy, and manner of living which is unmistakable. It would be quite impossible to furnish a satisfactory account of these people within the compass of a single article, therefore it is purposed at this time to glance chiefly at those tribes which inhabit the northwestern part of the continent.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In color the Australians are as black as the negro, yet differing entirely from the negro cast of feature. The forehead does not recede so much as that of the negro, and though the nose is wide, the lips thick, the mouth large, the jaw has none of that projection which is so marked a peculiarity of the negro face. The eyes are small, dark, and deeply sunken, which gives to the brows a heavy overhanging look. The hair, by no means close and woolly like that of the negro, is abundant, rather long, and somewhat curly. In texture it is coarse and harsh, in keeping with the temperamental quality of the body. The beard and mustache are very thick and full, and the men take a pride in these ornaments, sometimes twisting the beard, as well as the hair, into curious shapes.

AUSTRALIAN MAN AND WOMAN.

The illustrations furnish a good idea of the features of the men and women. They are engraved from photographs; and although

the subjects have disfigured themselves by putting on European dress, and the woman has actually combed her hair, the general character of the features is preserved. The average stature of the natives is about five feet eight inches. They are as a class well made and symmetrical in body and limb, and not attenuated, grotesque, and awkward, as the current opinion would have them. Mr. Pickering, the ethnologist, remarks: "Strange as it may appear, I would refer to an Australian as the finest model of human proportions I have ever met with, in muscular development combining perfect symmetry, activity, and strength." The illustration of the hunter, from a sketch made by Mr. T. Baines, gives the reader some idea of the shape and muscular organization of the native. The hair grown long is seen to be fastened up in a top-knot, while the *dibbi dibbi* is thrown over his back. This *dibbi dibbi* is an ornament very highly valued by an Australian. It is usually fashioned from oyster-shell and ornamented with rough carving according to the taste and skill of the owner. Around the hunter's waist is bound a snake with a small kangaroo rat attached to it by the tail; these constitute his supply of provisions for the day's hunt. The appetite of an Australian is not at all fastidious, for although he prefers the flesh of the kangaroo and the pigeon, he will devour when hungry any beast, bird, reptile, fish, or even insect he can capture. He is much more the hunter than

THE HUNTER AND HIS DAY'S PROVISIONS.

the warrior, although by no means deficient in that ferocity which provokes to mortal encounter in battle. As to vegetable food, while he partakes with much gusto of the yam, the tender shoots of the mangrove-tree and the nardoo, he shows scarcely any disposition to cultivate them. It is almost exclusively among the natives of the islands in the Australian seas that any form of agriculture is to be found.

ORNAMENTS—TATTOOING.

The people take much delight in ornaments of various kinds besides the *dibbi dibbi*, such as bracelets, anklets, girdles, necklaces, rings, etc., but in nothing do they show more interest than in their scar decorations. On the shoulder of the hunter may be seen a number of these scars. They are sometimes worn in great profusion, he who can show the greatest number and the largest claiming the highest consideration from his fellows. The women also tattoo themselves in this manner, but not so profusely as the men. An Australian dandy with his body covered with the cicatrices of wounds in long and heavy ridges, and his nose perforated by a wide piece of bone about six inches in length, is a most grotesque object, notwithstanding the general symmetry of his proportions. Dr. Wood speaks of a chief who so abounded in scars that their production must have almost cost him his life. His chest and stomach presented two rows of them, each being curved and reaching from the side to the center of the body, where they met. So proud was he of his decorations that nothing could induce him to wear clothing of any kind, and he stalked about in his grandeur wearing nothing but his weapons. That the production of these cicatrices is attended with no little pain, is evident from the fact that when the gashes are made in the flesh they are filled with clay or other substances, so that in healing, the scar shall be elevated as much as possible. The women show much more taste than the men in the patterns of their tattoo. Peculiarities in the disposition or pattern of the scars show the tribe to which a native belongs. For example, the marks shown in the illustration of the hunter are the distinctive ones of a northern Australian. The Torres Straits islanders are distinguished by a large, complicated oval scar on one shoulder, usually the left, a pretty faithful representation of which is found in the engraving. There, too, is seen something of the elaborate manner in which these savages arrange their hair. Among them, however, the style of hair dressing varies with the locality and with the time, as they are almost as subject to the dominance of fashion in this respect as those people who deem their pretensions to civilization well founded by their territorial boundaries and intellectual culture. If an Australian has not hair enough to adopt the style prevailing in his tribe, he straightway makes a wig in imitation of it.

DRESS.

The subject of costume does not enter very largely into the consideration of an Australian. In some parts of the country the people go entirely disencumbered with clothing, or wear the slightest apology of a petticoat consisting of a tuft of long grass or split pandanus leaves suspended from the waist. On great occasions, and especially in their dances, an extra garment is worn. In cold or severe weather fur cloaks made from opossum skins are worn by the women of the coast or of the islands.

MAN OF JONES' STRAIT.

Such is the intense aversion of the men to anything like labor, they appear to prefer to suffer from the exposure of their naked bodies in inclement weather than to take the trouble to make a cloak of grass or fur. Whatever

is made, in the way of clothing, is made almost exclusively by the women.

FINDING WATER.

Perhaps there is nothing in which a wild Australian indicates more discernment and skill than in the ability to find a supply of water. In an apparently desert place, where a European would be certain to die of thirst, the native will procure the refreshing liquid. He looks out for certain *encalypti* or gum-trees, and having found them, selects a spot at some distance from the trunk, and then with his *katta* digs until the roots are exposed. These he tears out of the ground, and having cut them into pieces a foot or so in length, stands them upright in the bark vessel which he usually carries when out on an expedition. After a short time a few drops of water will be seen to ooze from the lower ends of the roots, and ere long water gushes out quite freely, furnishing the desired drink. After the water has been drained out, the native, if hungry, will peel the roots, and having bruised them between two stones, roast them and make a hearty meal.

One reason for the rapid decline of the women from the freshness and vigor they display in early youth is the fact that they perform nearly all the labor incident to the care of their families. On the coasts the natives subsist to a great extent upon shell-fish, the collection of which, though attended with danger and great toil, is solely the province of the women. In this occupation much diving is necessary, an operation in which they exhibit remarkable skill and endurance. The men catch fish, however, either with the hook or net, but the manufacture of the fishing line and net chiefly devolves upon the women.

THE BEE-HUNTER.

Insect food is much esteemed by the Australians, especially honey. In the procuring of the latter they show great agility and no little ingenuity, but it will be seen that the intellectual skill of the American bee-hunter has a great advantage over these untutored savages. When a native sees a bee about the flowers and wishes to find the honey, he repairs to the nearest pool, and having filled his mouth with water stretches himself on the bank of the pool and patiently awaits the arrival of a bee. After a while one is sure to come and drink, and the hunter watching his opportunity blows the water from his mouth over it, stunning it for a moment. Before it can recover itself, he seizes it, and by means of a little gum attaches to its body a tuft of white down obtained from one of the trees. As soon as it is released, the insect, of course, makes for its nest, but its flight is somewhat retarded by the down. Now ensues a race. Away goes the hunter after the bee at his fullest speed. Whatever obstacle he meets in his course he leaps over or plunges through, if possible, making light of severe bruises from falls sustained in his headlong career. Having thus tracked his bee to its nest, the Australian loses no time in ascending to the spot, if in a tree, taking with him a hatchet, a basket, and some dry leaves or grass. He lights the leaves, and under cover of the smoke chops away the wood until the combs are exposed, then putting these in his basket, he descends and departs with his booty. Should the nest be a very large one, he is supplied by his friends, whom he may acquaint with his discovery, with baskets or other vessels for its transportation from the tree to his hut.

Like most of the other savage tribes of the East, they are voracious eaters, and as we have already stated, eat nearly everything which can be eaten. Of all Australian animals the kangaroo is the most highly esteemed as food, on account of the excellent quality of the flesh, and especially on account of the quantity furnished by a single animal. When a native kills a kangaroo, he performs a feat of gluttony to which the rest of the world, even the Caribs, can scarcely show a parallel. He will eat until nearly dead from repletion, and will continue to eat, with short intervals of rest, until the whole kangaroo has been dispatched. At the same time his capacity for enduring starvation is not to be excelled by any other wild race.

AUSTRALIAN WEAPONS.

Among the weapons used by the Australians for hunting or warlike purposes are the *waddy*, or club, which is made in different shapes—the tomahawk, the spear, the throw-stick, the bow and arrow, and the boomerang. In the use of these they show a skill which is almost incredible. With his throw-stick a native will transfix a kangaroo with

a spear at a distance of sixty or seventy yards. In battle, spears are launched at the enemy with a precision and rapidity most remarkable; and when these and their other regular weapons are exhausted, the savages can use stones, throwing them with unerring aim and serious effect.

The *waddy* is an Australian's inseparable companion, and is almost always in his hand, no matter what other weapons he may carry. It is usually made of the tough and heavy wood of the gum-tree; in length being nearly three feet, and tapering to a point at one end. To strike and to stab with it and to throw it, the native is equally accustomed.

With the Australian man of honor the waddy takes the place of the pistol as it was formerly used with us. When one challenges another to single combat, he contemptuously requests him to bring his stoutest waddy that it may be broken on his, the challenger's, head.

Thickness of skull is among these people a matter of boast, and one can hardly insult another more than by comparing his skull to an emu's eggshell; and it is astonishing how much the Australian skull can endure. A blow which would kill an average European outright, occasions the native scarcely more than a temporary inconvenience. Of course, as might be inferred, the cranium of an Australian is astonishingly thick and hard. On this account it must be that he puts his head to what seem to us to be very strange uses, such for instance as that of breaking sticks instead of snapping them across a knee.

AUSTRALIAN BEE-HUNTING.

THE BOOMERANG.

A brief glance at that most singular of all savage weapons, the boomerang, must close our article. In this curved stick we have a realization of the accounts in fairy legends of the wonderful properties of weapons given by some good genii to their favorite mortals. Here we have a missile which may be made to return to him who threw it, or strike an object round a corner.

The boomerang is made from the wood of the gum-tree. In form it is slightly convex on the upper surface and flat below, and is always thickest in the middle, being scraped away toward the edges, which are moderately sharp. The mode of throwing it when in the hands of a native seems very simple, but is only acquired after considerable practice.

Dr. Wood describes the singular play of this weapon in the following terms: "There is another mode of throwing the returning boomerang which is even more remarkable. The thrower, instead of aiming high in the air, marks out a spot on the ground some thirty or forty yards in advance, and hurls the boomerang at it. The weapon strikes the ground, and instead of being smashed to pieces as might be thought from the violence of the stroke, it springs from the ground Anteæus-like, seeming to attain vigor by its contact with the earth. It flies up as if it had been shot from the ground by a catapult, and taking a comparatively low elevation, performs the most curious evolutions, whirling so rapidly that it looks like a semi-transparent disk with an opaque center, and directing its course in an erratic manner that is very alarming to those who are unaccustomed to it. I have seen it execute all its maneuvers within seven or eight feet from the ground, hissing as it passed through the air with a strangely menacing sound, and, when it finally came to the ground, leaping along as if it were a living creature."

The native can do almost anything with the boomerang, having apparently a thorough understanding of the philosophy of a weapon which is a puzzle to the best scientific minds of Europe.

An Australian expends a great deal of time and patient labor in the manufacture of a boomerang, yet when finished to his satisfaction it appears to be but a rough and awkward affair to a European. The last few chips cut by the artisan from the curved stick seem to have a wonderful effect on the powers of the weapon, and about them the native is exceedingly fastidious. Those who are expert in the making of boomerangs find it a profitable business, being able to sell the weapons to other natives as fast as they can make them. One of the native "kings" was a well-known boomerang maker, and his wares were widely distributed, being known among the people as artists know the works of an eminent painter. In the hands of one ignorant of its use, the boomerang is even more dangerous to himself than to others; but in the hands of an Australian it becomes a most formidable means of defense or attack.

We shall have occasion to further consider the Australians, for, like their great country, the more we learn of them, the more interesting we find their habits and peculiarities.

Science and Art.

We shall endeavor to present the most recent and important achievements, discoveries, and inventions; with views of their bearing on Man locally and universally. Chemistry, Zoology, Geology, and Natural History will have prominence in this department; but in their discussion mere technicalities, or the phraseology of the schools, will be avoided as much as possible. New theories, based on the deductions of common sense, or having a good show of reason, if they relate to subjects of popular interest, will find a place here. A broad and liberal platform is taken by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL with reference to all debatable or non-ascertained propositions in Science.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

EVERY age is considered remarkable by those who live in it and are witnesses of its eminent events, because they see additions made to the stock of useful knowledge which are greatly in advance of the generation that preceded them.

This, however, beyond all question, will be referred to in after-ages as an epoch in the world's history, in consequence of discoveries in the field of science and art which transcend entirely the most brilliant achievements of man in any former period since the records of civilization were commenced.

It would be a labor of immense research to trace from small beginnings the gradual unfolding of those germs of thought which in their perfect development have so changed the moral and intellectual aspect of the world, that philosophers, whose names are associated with all that is great or marvelous in antiquity, melt into insignificance when their interpretations of nature are compared with the demonstrations in the present century of whatever is grand and true in the march of useful knowledge. What strides have been made in all departments which human intellect embraces in its efforts to

comprehend those laws which regulate and control the universe! Even the sun, that life-diffusing center of the solar system, whose distance in the realms of celestial space defies the scrutiny of unassisted eyes, has, through the perfection of optical instruments, within less than ten years been subjected to the close scrutiny of the curious so that they may not only determine with considerable accuracy its physical structure, but may analyze the rays of light which emanate from its dazzling envelope. With the spectroscope at command, persons making no pretensions to the lofty attainments of astronomers, speak in familiar conversation of the composition of distant planets—of the metals they contain, their hydrogen, and even refer to revolutions taking place millions upon millions of miles distant beyond the orbit of the moon, as though they were as conversant with every-day events taking place in the sidereal heavens, as Wall Street brokers are with mutations in the gold market.

These considerations are by no means vagaries of the imagination, or the poetic exaltations of distempered minds. Incredible as it may appear to those who have failed to keep pace with the rapid advances in science, there is no limit to the boundless ambition of man to comprehend the mysteries of his being and to solve problems of his surroundings. Where his explorations may terminate is as uncertain as that which has been made plain was once surprising and incomprehensible.

Placed in a world which in point of magnitude and position is far inferior to the group of revolving globes to which it belongs, it bears upon its surface, man. With animal instincts and an organization that proves his relationship to inferior races, he exhibits powers and sentiments which are immortal. The body may decay, and the elements of which it is composed, on their liberation by death, assume new forms and enter upon new combinations, but the soul can not die. It must progress through the cycles of an undefined duration, gathering from sources which Infinite Wisdom will supply.

But not daring to speculate on the future, it is sufficient for our happiness to abide with confidence in the revelations which have been given for our guidance in the tortuous paths we are predestined to travel in the fulfillment of an unalterable destiny. We are permitted to hope, to anticipate, and to gather facts. And every addition which is made to the commonwealth of knowledge enlarges our capacity for more; elevates individual character, refines, purifies, and better qualifies those who feel their responsibilities to society for discharging their duties acceptably to God and to man.

What are some of the marked achievements of science of such import as to stamp this particular period with historical preeminence?

STEAM, AND ITS ADAPTATIONS.

Within the distinct recollection of living men and women, steam has been utilized and made obediently serviceable in a variety of ways for carrying on the business purposes of life. Steam was no new thing five thousand years ago. The first teakettle used must have forced some of the vapor through the nozzle; but it required more than forty centuries for the birth of a person who had the right kind of brain to perceive how it might be converted into a motor force.

It is not a hundred years since boats and all conceivable machinery were first propelled by steam, so that now it is doing in different countries what would require half the male inhabitants and all the horses and oxen in existence to do—to move the ships, run the mills, founderies, and tens of thousands of mechanical contrivances in active operation. How could the every-day affairs of commerce, inland transportation, and great and small manufacturing establishments, here and there and everywhere, be conducted without steam? Abandon it, and we should deteriorate with fearful rapidity to a far worse social condition than we were in when its diffusion was universally accepted as the greatest discovery of any age or land,—arming humanity with ability for removing mountains.

We will not discuss the merits of steam. Not to admit its inestimable value, directed and controlled by modern ingenuity, would be an insult to the common sense of mankind.

ELECTRICITY UNDER CONTROL.

Next,—electricity, which has but just commenced a career which promises another and even mightier revolution than steam, under the far-seeing manipulations of persevering investigations, is running on wires from one continent to another, over broad rivers, creeping across the profound abysses of oceans and seas, with messages, almost as rapidly as thought, and communicating in all languages intelligence in regard to the transactions of cities and villages on opposite sides of the globe. Electricity is an unmistakable power. Nature used it as an obedient servant from the dawn of creation in those terrific displays which rent the everlasting rocks, and swept gigantic oaks with their gnarled branches, solid as brass, with a besom of destruction. It burned the forests; it fired the gallant ship upon the waves; set palaces in flames, and it struck living men dead in the twinkling of an eye. With such attributes intangible, and its dwelling unknown, its place of concealment was hunted out at last, held as a subdued outlaw in close confinement, till even children have been taught how to manage the dangerous element with perfect ease and security.

Where the application of electricity is to end requires a prophetic vision to decide. It begins to turn lathes, run sewing-machines, turns spits for an alderman's dinner, and bids fair to drive the iron horse from the railroad whenever more economical processes are discovered for generating its potency. That will be announced, probably, in this same prolific age of philosophical wonders. It must come of course, and a lucky head that which first confers the desideratum on waiting nations.

MACHINERY—INVENTIONS.

Of the rapid development in mechanism, it is a hopeless enterprise to recount. Almost everything is fashioned by machinery within the period contemplated—five and twenty years. It would be quite as much of an undertaking to particularize what is not made by machinery as what is. There is scarcely a limit in the United States to processes of manufacturing which are not fully and perfectly accomplished by its indispensable aid. The perfection attained in some of their automatic operations seems like the direction of intelligence.

With machines we grind, saw, plane, drill, roll, crush, beat, blow, spin, weave, wash, wring, bake, brew, cut, carve, turn, sort, sow, mow, plow, harrow, reap, thrash, load teams, unlade ships, pump mines, split peas, sort grain, make brick, ladies' fans, and toothpicks.

With Puritanic tenacity, however, we still adhere to a few old customs and habits, such as eating and drinking. Whether those may by-and-by be relinquished to give place to some patented contrivance to take the place of jaws and teeth, remains an open question.

EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH.

Chemistry is a science that has conferred, and is continually conferring, blessings upon the age. To recount simply the discoveries which have given distinction to the names of Davy, Liebig, and Faraday—who have unsealed volumes in the book of nature, of inestimable importance to the arts, would be only a repetition of the obligations our civilization is under to the indomitable energies of those extraordinary men. Others, and many too, in the same line of experimental research have achieved a prominent niche in the temple of fame. Those three, however, seem to have been raised up by Providence for a special mission. They had the tact for popularizing their most important discoveries so that everybody could comprehend what they had done for the benefit of all. It too generally is the habit of those best qualified to instruct others to speak in terms too technical for plain people. To possess the rare faculty of explaining to others in phraseology that a child may understand, is what many seek, and that chemist who is successful is a recognized benefactor. It is no indication of superior attainments to make unnecessary display of terms which require a knowledge of Greek and Latin to understand.

The discoveries in dyeing,—finding material for beautiful tints where no such products were ever suspected to reside; the applications and discoveries of various gases in domestic economy, and indeed all sorts of nice methods of creating food out of materials of small value; preserving meats, grains, fruits etc., etc., indefinitely to meet the exigencies

of sea and land, impress the thoughtful with the wonder-workings of chemical science within the years contemplated in this humble effort to recount the magnitude of the additions made to our magazine of useful knowledge.

Botany, too,—rich and abounding in matter, is rather kept out of sight of the masses. Somehow the professors take a flight over the heads of their audiences. School-girls really think they have studied botany by mastering a dozen or two of prodigiously long words of difficult pronunciations, as *angiospermas*, *polyspermas*, *ramentaceous*, etc., which carry no meaning to the uninitiated.

Divested of its jargon, that is, dispensing with technicalities only serviceable in teaching the severities of the science, it abounds with beautiful exhibitions of means to ends. Nowhere is the might of Supreme Intelligence so palpably manifested as in the infinite variety, coloring, and magnificence of those floral gems which garnish the fields and reflect the glory of creative wisdom in the rich displays of the vegetable kingdom.

There are but one or two remaining realms for survey, in the rapid glance we are taking of the progress of science within our own recollection. Each possesses an absorbing interest to an earnest, diligent inquirer, intent upon profiting by the developments which characterize a successful deciphering of the works and symbols in the great volume of nature.

ANATOMY.

Anatomy is about where it has remained since Sir Charles Bell laid down his scalpel. There can be no more of a cat than her skin, says an old saw. It is pretty much so with this branch of science. All the muscles, nerves, and tissues have been demonstrated over and over again in all the schools of medicine from Dan to Beersheba, without making an additional discovery of any essential importance for many a long year. Dr. Horner, of Philadelphia, was fortunate enough to find a new muscle in the eye, which will hereafter figure in editions of elementary treatises, but there are some doubters in regard to its assigned office, and even to its existence, especially by those who can not find it.

If any one has placed naturalists and physiologists under special obligations in these latter days, it is M. Aroux, the Parisian manufacturer of manikins. His enlarged models of intricate parts and minute details of extremely attenuated threads of nerves are admirable in all respects, and of inestimable value in teaching the minute structure of the human body. Perhaps his models of the brain, on the whole, have conveyed a much clearer idea of the complex character and arrangement of the ganglions of the cerebrum than could possibly have been acquired by dissections under favorable circumstances, unassisted by artificial aids of the kind which now contribute largely to the treasuries of all well-selected anatomical museums.

Anatomists are scarce; those possessing a natural tact for imparting instruction and giving life to dry bones before an audience, are few—and that explains why anatomical lectures are usually dull, stupid, and wearisome. When chairs are filled by cliques, and professorships are controlled by family influence, this great science must fall into neglect.

Surgery can not be carried on by addlepated adventurers. Only those who know precisely where an instrument may be carried with impunity, meddle with operative surgery. Happily for the honor of our common country and the interests of afflicted humanity, the surgeons of the United States have no superiors. They are equal to all emergencies. Each city has its reliable surgeon. Every college is strengthened in public estimation by a professor of surgery who is qualified to teach others whatever is worth knowing in the ever-varying circumstances of displaced bones, abnormal growths, and those incidents which peril life, and to which all are incident.

The use of anesthetics—the administration of ether, relieving a patient from the agonies of pain, was a discovery made in New England. It was an event too remarkable not to be of universal notoriety, and hailed as a direct blessing. Etherization and the telegraph, certainly great discoveries, are not yet venerable by age.

PHYSIOLOGY

—a department of science which treats especially of organs and their functions, whether belonging to animals or plants, affords themes

of boundless interest. A medical college without a chair of physiology would be as ridiculous as "Hamlet" on the stage with the king left out. Yet all of them, with a few honorable exceptions, rehearse from beginning to end of a term nothing more, but sometimes less, than books provide, which they repeat *verbatim*, for which they share *pro rata* in the dividends of professional profit.

There are no Hallers, Richerands, Magendies, or Carpenters in this ilk. A more poverty-stricken show of native talent could not be exhibited than in this meagerly harvested territory in America. Books without stint are thrown into the literary market on physiology which are too often nothing but old things in a new dress. When shoemakers have not capital for purchasing stock, they mend — under the cognomen of cobblers. Physiological cobblers are extremely fond of revamping foreign authors, printing their own names on the title-leaf as American editors, and thus flit before the optics of students in borrowed plumes. Over and over again our learned countrymen have been charged with a propensity to make books by the use of foreign brains,—to which nothing is added of their own that weighs a pennyweight with those best qualified for sifting merit out of chaff. In no one of the ways of science is there so much to criticise as in home-made volumes on physiology.

Where are the bold experimenters? If they are not dead,—they are asleep, because with the exceptions of a modicum of magnified illustrations of the mechanism of portions of the body, a picture of the same frog's leg, the same diagrams of the spinal nerves, and the same stories which were told before any of us were born, are still repeated with an animus of exultation that quickened the pulses of original discoverers.

There is but one solitary exception to this sweeping expression of indignation and regret at the repose or the indolence of professors of physiology in our common country, where all other collateral sciences are advancing with efficiency,—Dr. Dalton, who both thinks and acts. He neither clips out of recent editions from abroad, or circulates archæological nonsense. His work, therefore, stands first and foremost, because it is fresh, vigorous, true, and useful.

MEDICINE—IMPOSTURE.

Medicine—also a science, old as Esculapius, is thought to be improving. If new theories, oddly constructed books, anomalous remedies, and a flood of journals devoted to the propagation of the sentiments of each is indicative,—then it is progressing.

To be a competent physician, implies a thorough familiarity with the laws of life, climate, the diseases which invade health, and the remedies most serviceable in the restoration from sickness. But there are as many adventurers, ignorant, unreliable speculators in aches and pains as there are stars in the firmament. Nowhere on *terra-firma* does genuine, daring, unscrupulous quackery flourish so successfully as in this favored land of liberty. Here a new pill, that will tear away the bowels like a tornado raging through a forest, *presto*, brings a fortune. All men in physic are equal in the eye of the law. A rag-picker may put *Doctor* before his name, and by paying ten dollars to the tax-gatherer, have a license to run for luck,—to kill or cure, in this present year of grace. An educational discipline of ten years to be qualified to matriculate for a course of lectures at a school of medicine and a subsequent attendance in a first-class hospital, watching the ever-varying phases of disease, are not appreciated by the discriminating public. What the people want they will have at any price, therefore an advertisement which lauds a costly something that claims to work miracles, is swallowed with avidity. It takes, in mercantile prose, and therefore unprincipled knaves, who know no more about the delicate structure of human beings than of what is taking place at the center of the universe, gather gold, reside in noble dwellings, and laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of their patrons.

Medical practice is now subdivided into isms. There are allopathics with pint doses, blisters half a yard square, a plenty of jalap and calomel; and their next neighbor prescribes the millionth of a grain dissolved in forty hogsheads of pure water, from which two drops are to be taken at intervals of twelve hours. Eclectics cull out the best from the *materia medica*, and let the applicant have his choice, the price being the same. Next, the botanical aspirants, the

purely vegetable doctors, who are horror-struck at the mention of mineral poisons. Then, thick as peas in a pod, are analytical practitioners; the clairvoyants, who can look through a millstone; magnetics, who stroke the temples till nothing remains but Hygeia, —triumphant mistress of the situation. Lastly, and it is a shame, a reproach, and a disgrace to our Christian pretensions to a high civilization, fœticides—smotherers of unborn babes—outvie in numbers the ancient craft in China, realizing, for violations of a law of God, larger annual receipts than some physicians in good practice.

PHRENOLOGY.

To omit Phrenology would be unpardonable. It has its opponents who have unquestionably been kicking against the pricks to no purpose, since its gradual extension may be considered one of the curiosities of science. Truth is great, and will prevail. Registered upon every head are the contents within. Controversy is not invited, nor have we any desire for making a display of those accumulating proofs of its foundation in nature as a science which are incontrovertible to an unprejudiced mind.

Who have gathered more knowledge of the functions of the brain than phrenologists? What anatomists have excelled them in minute demonstrations of its composition, or traced with equal patience the windings of its ways from the medulla oblongata through intricate circuits to the convolutions on the surface?

Phrenology demands no extraneous assistance to uphold it. It is received as a system of undeniable facts which inductive science must appropriate or be unprepared for grappling with propositions that can not otherwise be satisfactorily explained. Phrenology has taken its appropriate place in the archives of science, from whence it can not be dislodged without producing a break in the golden chain of useful knowledge, indispensable to full comprehension of the phenomena of intellection. It possesses the elements of strength, and while men continue to think, to reflect, and to adore the Author of the great chart spread out for their contemplation, the domain which Gall, Spurheim, and Combe, illustrious in the annals of fame, dignified and adorned, will be studied with increasing interest and profit.

Such is science to-day—at the opening of 1870, in these United States particularly. Distant chronological pages need not be consulted to ascertain the beginnings of the last startling discoveries to which these observations refer—for they are hardly thirty years of age. The world moves! Man still reasons and acts. What there is in the future, Heaven only knows, but progress is inscribed on the frontlet of humanity. Take courage, therefore, and as a British poet said to Darwin on the completion of his Zoonomia:

"Go on,—go on,—explore with eagle eye,
Where wrapt in night retiring causes lie;
Trace their slight bands, their secret haunts betray,
And draw new wonders to the beams of day,
Till link by link, aspiring trod,
You climb from nature to the throne of God."

J. V. C. SMITH.

SAMUEL S. FISHER,

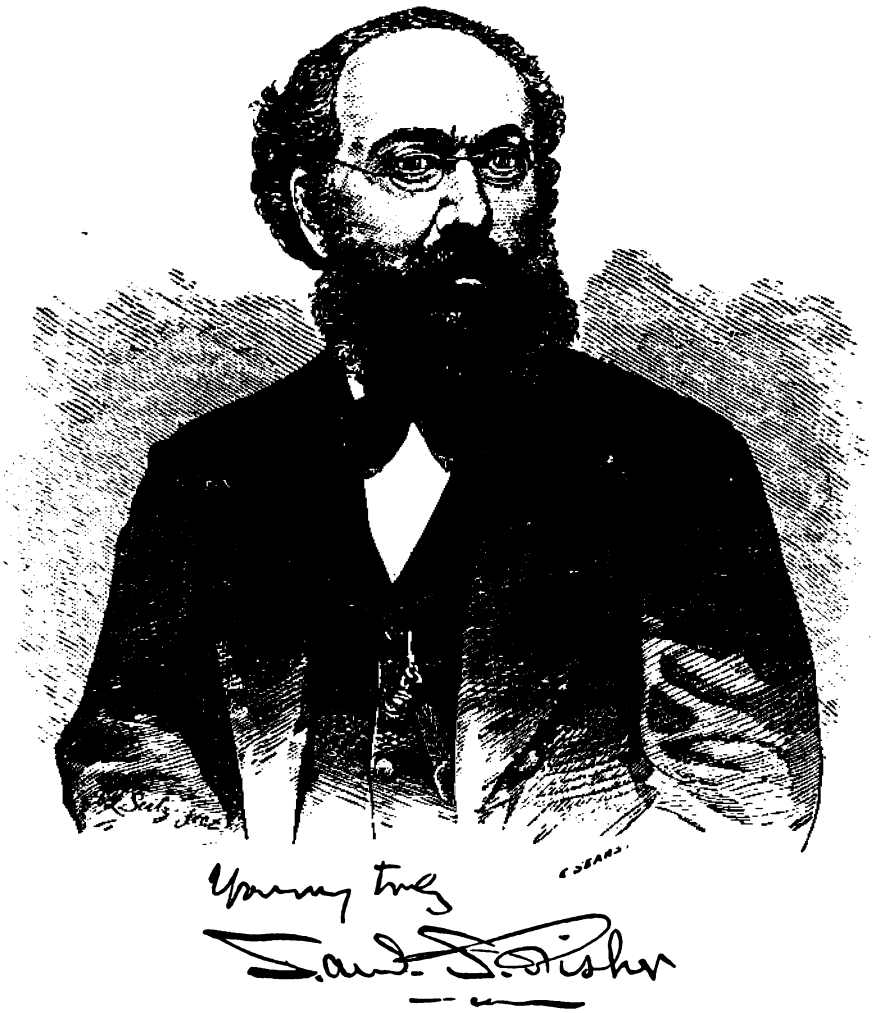
U. S. COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

THIS is a compact, healthy, and well-formed organization. Mr. Fisher is five feet eight inches in height, and weighs about 165 pounds. He has dark-blue eyes, dark-brown hair, and a complexion between the blonde and brunette. The body and brain are in right relations and proportion to insure harmonious action, endurance, and efficiency. The intellectual faculties and moral sentiments predominate. The propensities are held in subordination, and carefully regulated. There is real pluck and push, without belligerency or bluster; prudence without timidity; decision and perseverance without obstinacy; dignity without arrogance; pride without vanity. Indeed, he is a modest man, but will not permit diffidence to interfere with duty. Integrity is the basis of his religion, which is supplemented by kindness, faith, hope, and devotion.

The social feelings are strong and active, and he would not live alone. *His* happiness consists in making others happy; and all his joys will be shared by the loved ones.

This is a practical rather than an ab-

stract mind, appreciating the useful while admiring the beautiful. With him it would be mechanism first, and then art, rather than art first, and then mechanism.



His first question would be, "What is its use?" He has Order, and is methodical; Time, and is punctual in keeping his engagements; Calculation, and can compute; Constructiveness, with Causality and Comparison, which enables him to plan and to construct, though he may not invent. He is more original than imitative; more scientific than philosophical. If his suggestions be followed, they will all lead to *practical* results.

There is less poetry, music, and imagination in this organization than practical common sense and regard for convenience. The house which he erects will be built more with reference to light, air, health, and comfort than for show or ornament, and this is in keeping with the whole character of the man. He is plain, practical, public-spirited, kind-hearted, just, not over-hopeful, but performs more than he promises; is prudent, painstak-

ing; not given to exaggeration or display; is ambitious to excel, and will persevere in the carrying out of any useful enterprise. Possessing great versatility of talent, he can turn his hand to almost anything of a practical or scientific nature, with assurance of success. Here is a sketch of his life to the present time.

BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL S. FISHER was born on Nottawa Prairie, St. Joseph's County, Michigan, at that time Michigan Territory, April 11th, 1832. His father—a physician—was a native of Connecticut, and had emigrated with his family to that region, then considered "the far West;" but before Samuel was a year old, removed to New Jersey, and after residing there about four years, again changed his abode to New York city. Here he occupied the chair of chemistry in the University of New York until 1840, when he went into Virginia to superintend certain gold mining operations; but scarcely had a year elapsed before his prospects in this direction were impaired by a fire which destroyed the works of the mining company and compelled a suspension of the enterprise. Returning to New York, Mr. Fisher became associated with Professor Morse, and was appointed First Assistant Superintendent of Telegraphs under the Telegraph Act, passed by Congress. Subsequently he was associated with Colt in his submarine battery experiments, and in 1844 moved again to Philadelphia.

During this somewhat variable career of his father, Samuel had more or less desultory education suited to his tender years; but in 1843 and 1844 he attended a boarding-school at West Point, and for a year or more afterward was sent to a private school in Philadelphia. In 1846 we find him a clerk in a New York drygoods store, receiving the miserable pittance of one dollar per week for sixteen hours' services. But this store experience probably satisfied him that his aptitude lay in a different direction, for in 1847 he returned to Philadelphia and entered the Southwest Grammar School, and from thence passed to the Philadelphia High School, taking at once a leading position for excellence in scholarship. After a four years' course of study he graduated in February, 1851, receiving the degree of A.B. In the summer of the same year he was honored with the same degree in confirmation by the faculty of Yale College.

Having been appointed an Assistant Professor for the department of Book-keeping and Modern History in the High School, he remained in Philadelphia, reading law when not employed with the duties of his professorship. Francis Wharton, Esq., the editor of "Wharton's Criminal Law," was the counselor in whose office young Fisher pursued the study of his choice.

In January, 1855, he went to Cincinnati, thinking that growing Western city offered prospects more favorable than the demure Quaker City. In the fall of that year he was admitted to practice, and opened an office on his own account.

"I had left," he says, "on reaching Cincinnati, twenty-five dollars cash, the net result of four years' teaching. Between January and October I made one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and from October, 1855, to October, 1856, my first year, I earned $600." Thinking his prospects good, he then married and settled in the "Queen City." The progress of business and his social and domestic relations appear to have been in all respects satisfactory. On the opening of the rebellion he evinced a strong sympathy for the Union, and in 1863 was elected Colonel of the Eighth Regiment Ohio National Guard, which in May, 1864, was ordered into the U. S. service, and served until September, 1864, doing duty at Spring Hill Fort, on the Appomattox, and subsequently on the eastern shore of Virginia.

On the return of his regiment Colonel Fisher resumed the practice of his profession until his appointment to the responsible position he now holds at Washington. At the time he left Cincinnati to assume the duties of the Patent Office he had been for three years President of the Board of Education in Cincinnati; he was also a member of the Board of Managers of the Public Library, and filled several other important offices of trust in civil and religious affairs. That he is possessed of some property, the results of his own industry and perseverance, and derived no small revenue from his practice of law, is evident from his income return for 1868, which was $16,900; and in accepting the office of Commissioner of Patents we have reason to believe he made no small pecuniary sacrifice, deeming the honor thus conferred on him of far greater value than mere dollars.

Mr. Fisher's early ancestors came from England, and settled at Dedham, Massachusetts, about 1640. His great-grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary army. Several of

his senior relatives occupied high positions as ministers of the Presbyterian Church. His father served as surgeon through the whole of the late war.

Mr. Fisher's appointment as Commissioner of Patents has given general satisfaction to those interested especially in the business of patent right; for during the short time he has occupied the chair he has shown great ability and adaptation for its peculiar duties. He has introduced so much order, energy, and promptitude into the transactions of his office, that the vexatious delays which formerly tormented the inventor no longer exist; and his decisions quickly and soundly made have secured universal approval.

On the evening of the 28th of September last Mr. Fisher delivered an address at the great Fair of the American Institute in New York city; some extracts from this address—which from beginning to end is peculiarly interesting not only as an exhibit of the workings of the Patent Office, but because of the glimpses it offers of the remarkable genius for invention possessed by the American people—we deem a fit conclusion to this sketch. We take them from the *Scientific American*,* by which the address was reported in full.

"OUR PATENT SYSTEM.

"In the Patent Office, under the act of 1836, the Commissioner and 'one examining clerk' were thought to be sufficient to do the work of examining into the patentability of the two or three hundred applications that were offered. Now, sixty-two examiners are overcrowded with work, a force of over three hundred employes is maintained, and the applications have swelled to over twenty thousand per annum. This year the number of patents granted will average two hundred and seventy-five per week, or fourteen thousand in the year. These numbers are so startling, when compared with the days of which I have been speaking, that people are sometimes ready, in their haste, to suppose that there must be something wrong about the system, and some have doubtless been prepared to join hands with a few of your disaffected cousins across the water, and to demand the repeal of the Patent laws and the abolition of the system itself.

"It has occurred to me that, standing here to-night as the official representative of this system, it would not be inappropriate for me to say a few words in its behalf. In the first place, no comparison can properly be made between our system and that of other countries. In England and on the Continent all applications are patented without examination into the novelty of the inventions claimed. In some instances the instrument is scanned to ascertain if it covers a patentable subject-matter, and, in Prussia, some slight examination is made into the character of the new idea; but in no case are such appliances provided, such a corps of skilled examiners, such provision of drawings, models, and books, such a collection of foreign patents, and such checks to prevent and review error as with us. As a result, an American patent has, in our courts, a value that no foreign patent can acquire in the courts of its own country. This has rendered property in foreign patents exceedingly precarious. Such as are granted have not been subjected to examination; they have no *prima facie* weight. Yet they *may* be valid. It is true that no one knows this, not even the inventor; but the possibility that they may prove so makes them weapons in the hands of unscrupulous men to frighten and coerce manufacturers who have very imperfect means, short of litigation, of arriving at the truth or falsehood of the self-asserted pretensions of the patentee. On the other hand, the inventor is in as much doubt as the manufacturer. He does not know what to claim as his invention. As he alone is to fix the limit, as there is to be no revision, he may claim much or little—how much or how little he must always doubt. As a consequence, foreign patents are of doubtful value, and the whole system has fallen into some disrepute.

"THE SUPERIORITY OF AMERICAN INVENTIONS IN EUROPE.

"I suppose that the foreign patents of American inventors, that have been copies of patents previously granted in this country, are the best that are granted abroad, and I know that many an English or French invention that has been patented without difficulty there, has been stopped in its passage through our office by a reference to some patent previously granted in this country, or perhaps in the very country of its origin. In spite of our examination, which rejects over one-third of all the

* The *Scientific American*—to whose publishers we are indebted for our portrait—is now in its twenty-second volume, and has not only recorded all the patents issued in the United States for many years past, but has done much by prizes and other means to develop the inventive faculties of our people. The publishers, Messrs Munn and Company, have themselves secured patents for about three-quarters of all the new inventions patented in this country during the past twenty years. Of course they stand at the head of this great and growing interest, and the *Scientific American* is their organ.

applications that are made, or, more properly, because of it, invention has been stimulated by the hope of protection; and nearly as many patents will issue in the United States this year as in the whole of Europe put together, including the British Isles. But a few days ago I took up a volume of Italian patents to see what progress the new kingdom was making in invention, when I was amused and gratified to find on every page the name of the universal Yankee, re-patenting there his American invention, and, I suspect, much the best customer in the Patent Office of united Italy. The truth is, we are an inventive people.

"A NOVEL CATALOGUE OF INVENTIONS.

"Invention is by no means confined to our mechanics. Our merchants invent, our soldiers and our sailors invent, our schoolmasters invent, our professional men invent, aye, and our women and our children invent. Cheap protection has been a fertilizer that has produced much growth of brain and much fruit of discovery. One man lately wished to patent the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to prevent stammering; another claimed the new and useful attachment of a weight, or other article possessing gravity, to a cow's tail to prevent her from switching it while milking; another proposed to cure worms by extracting them by a delicate line and a tiny hook baited with a seductive pill; while a lady patented a crimping pin, which she declared might also be used as a paper-cutter, as a skirt supporter, as a paper file, as a child's pin, as a bouquet-holder, as a shawl fastener, or as a book-mark. Do not suppose that this is the flight which the gentler sex has achieved. It has obtained many other patents, some of which have no relation to wearing apparel, and are of considerable value.

"THE INVENTOR'S BEST SECURITY IS TO TAKE A PATENT.

"To secure this fair dealing we have, on the one side, the Patent Office, with its examiners, its drawings, its models, its books, and its foreign patents, to scan and test the invention. On the other side we have the courts of law to protect the inventor and punish the thief. It is possible that these instrumentalities may do their work imperfectly. This may sometimes happen; but to the extent to which they do it, a fair contract for an honest and useful purpose is made and is maintained. This is the American system. Under its protection great inventions have been born, and have thriven. It has given to the world the steamboat, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the hard and the soft rubber. It has reconstructed the loom, the reaping-machine, and the locomotive. It has trained up each trunk of invention until it has become a graceful tree with many branches, adorned with the fruits of many improvements and useful modifications. It has won from the older homes of the mechanic arts their richest trophies, and, like Columbus, who 'found a new world for Castile and Leon,' it has created new arts, in which our nation has neither competitor nor peer. Without the protection of our Patent laws, no such exhibition as this would have been possible. By far the greater number of the inventions which now crowd the shelves of the Patent Office would be missing. No doubt many weaklings would thus have been spared a contact with a cold and unfeeling world; but many vigorous children that have come to a robust manhood would have perished long since for want of sustenance. Men will not take the risk of introducing new inventions, of educating the people in their use, of overcoming opposition and prejudice, unless they can be assured of reasonable protection in their work until their capital has made return. They will not sow that others may reap, and, when the land is ready for the harvest, come forth with greater capital and more laborers, and thrust aside the pioneer who has borne the burden and heat of the plowing and cultivating. For the proper administration of such a system as I have attempted to sketch, it is manifest that much skill and honesty are needed in the Patent Office, in all its departments. Speaking for the gentlemen associated with me, I believe them to be both skillful and honest. They pass in review many valuable interests. They are attended by a body of skillful practitioners. They are beset by an array of eager inventors. If, in the examination of twenty thousand applications, they make no errors, they would deserve statues of gold. That they make no more, and that in all these years and in all their number well-founded charges of corruption have been few and far between, are strong tributes to their integrity and ability."

LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS.—A new contrivance for saving life at sea has been made by M. Laurendeau, of Paris. It is composed of a quantity of thick cork, sufficient to float and sustain a person in the water, and is adapted to the abdomen and a part of the chest; a second supply of thinner cork is placed between the shoulders. This arrangement is intended to produce an equilibrium, the part of the body

without cork acting as ballast. Should the bather wish to swim under water, the collar is removed, or the buoyant part turned from the side, the principal piece being furnished with nippers for closing the nostrils and a pipe or tube to breathe through, so attached to the cork as to float on the surface of the water.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

BY R. T. BUSH.

A GENTLEMAN laid on his table one day,
Two instruments used now and then;
And as there, side by side, inactive they lay,
He pronounced them the Sword and the Pen.

"Behold," cried the Sword, in a voice to deride,
"My size and superior strength!
While you, harmless creature, that lie at my side,
Scarcely equal my breadth with your length.

"And see for yourself what deeds I perform;
The world owns my terrible sway;
I sweep over nations a death-dealing storm,
With a might that no power can stay.

"In the cot of the serf, on the throne of the king,
A dread of my anger is found;
For although through my aid great blessings may come,
Yet I sow desolation around.

"Proud cities, whose towers unharmed have stood
While ages and ages rolled by,
The earthquake has deluged; but not with warm blood,
As on many occasions have I.

"Then to grand revolutions turn wondering eyes,
And see me prime mover in all;
For at my command do new empires arise,
And dynasties crumble and fall."

"Yes, my friend," said the Pen, now beginning to tire
Of hearing the wonders thus wrought;
"Your strength I acknowledge, your valor admire,—
But I pity your absence of thought.

"To heighten my glory by counting my dead,
Brave sir, I shall make no pretense;
And to boast of my power since what you have said,
Would surely show want of good sense;

"For yourself to direct, with the might you possess,
Is a part of the work that I do;
And to sway a great power requires not a less,
Or logic is basely untrue.

"But a truce to this strain; let each do what he can
For the joy or the woe of mankind;
It is yours to subdue the corporal man,
It is mine to enlighten the mind.

"To the cause of the right you may lend all your might,
And force men to yield to its sway;
But I fit them to love it because it is right;—
Now which is the nobler, I pray?

"Your power was greater in days that are gone,
And mine was far less than to-day;
But as mine is increasing as ages roll on,
So yours is still dwindling away.

"And when we, at last, and forever, must part,
When you yield to barbarity's doom,—
With an earnest farewell, yet with light-beating heart,
I'll the requiem chant o'er your tomb."

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

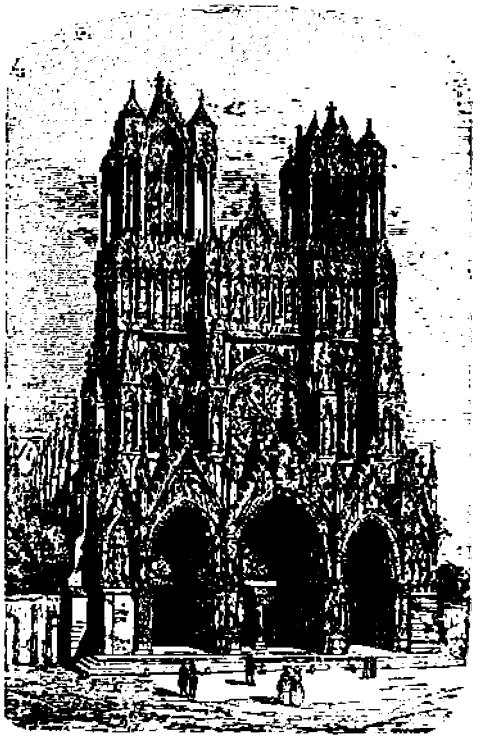
THE ancient city of Rheims possesses a peculiar interest both to the historian, the antiquary, and to the admirer of fine architecture. It was the coronation-place of all the French kings from the time of Philippe Auguste to that of Charles X., with the exception of Henry IV. and Louis XVIII.; it is the metropolitan see of France; and it contains a cathedral which is one of the grandest French masterpieces of the early Gothic period, and perhaps "the finest shrine of masonry north of the Alps." The city is full of old relics, still retaining many vestiges of Roman dominion; and is inseparably connected with the history of the Frankish monarchy. Among the examples of picturesque street architecture still remaining is the old Hotel de Ville, containing the public library, built in the reign of Louis XIII. An inn near by the cathedral, called the *Maison Rouge*, is pointed out as occupying the site of the house in which the parents of Joan of Arc were lodged at the coronation of Charles VII., then bearing the sign of L'Ane Rayé. The ancient ramparts and fosse have now been replaced by agreeable public promenades, as has been done in nearly all anciently fortified cities in Europe. Like most other Continental cities, too, its record of the miraculous is not wanting, and, indeed, was chosen as the place of the coronation of the French kings on account of its being the place where was said to be deposited the "*Sainte Ampoule*, or holy flask of oil, brought by a dove from heaven to Saint Remy as he was about to baptize Clovis, in 496. The persuasion of Clotilda, his queen, and a vow made before the decisive battle of Zulpich, had induced the Frankish conqueror to receive the Christian rite from the hands of the bishop. The story of the *Ampoule*, however, is said to have been an invention of the Bishop Hincmar, who lived 360 years after Clovis; it is certain that no cotemporary records make mention of it. After having been publicly smashed to pieces by a *sans culotte* named Ruhl, in 1793, it most unaccountably reappeared at the coronation of Charles X."

The magnificent cathedral stands on the place of a church built by Chlodwig, and

which was burnt down in 1211, together with a portion of the city. The present edifice was commenced in the following year by Robert de Coucy, and was consecrated in 1241; but on account of its immense dimensions, it was not finished until 1430. The portal is a conception remarkable for its unity; filled with ornaments, not one of which can be considered as an after-thought. The middle portal represents the coronation of the Virgin; that on the right the Last Judgment; that on the left the Passion; over the rose window, between the towers, is the representation of the baptism of Clovis by St. Remigius. Many of the six hundred statues on the portal are colossal, and generally elegant both in design and workmanship. Most of these are now, unfortunately, mutilated by age. Of the original seven spires, five were reduced as low as the roof in the fire of 1481; the two on the front reach a height of 246 feet, though they are still unfinished, and were to have been crowned by open-work spires, their absence causing the elevation to lose much of its completeness. Everywhere on the exterior are statues and reliefs on the buttresses as well as the side-portals, many of them belonging to the best specimens of French sculpture of the early Gothic period. The size of the structure, which is cruciform, is in length 466 feet, breadth 118, and height to the ceiling 121.

The interior has been compared, in its main outlines, to Westminster Abbey, excepting that it is bolder and simpler. But few interesting monuments remain. The chief one is the sarcophagus of Jovinus, prefect of Rheims, brought from the Abbey of St. Nicaise. It is composed of a single block of pure white marble, nine feet in length and four in breadth. Jovinus is represented in fine bas-relief, on horseback, having just broken his spear in the neck of a lion which was in the act of leaping upon a man. Many figures surround Jovinus, some of which, as well as that of himself, being, apparently, portraits. Some antiquarians are of the opinion that the bas-reliefs refer to the defeat of the Alemanni (A.D. 367) by this consular general. Jovinus was a Christian, though there is no token of this fact upon his very curious monument. A most interesting object is the clock in the north transept, supposed to be the oldest moving piece of horology in existence. From the style of the Gothic tracery and carving it is thought to belong to the sixteenth century. When it strikes, a door opens, and the effigy of a man looks out, while other figures sally forth and make their accustomed round.

One of the most interesting incidents that occurred within this grand old edifice was the coronation of Charles VII., brought about by the enthusiasm of the Maid of



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

Orleans, and related by Murray, to whom we are greatly indebted for data in the preparation of this sketch. "The people," says Lord Mahon, "looked on with wonder and with awe." Thus had really come to pass the fantastic visions that floated before the eyes of the poor shepherd-girl of Domremy! Thus did she perform her two-fold promise to the king within three months from the day when she first appeared in arms at Blois. During the coronation of her sovereign—so long the aim of her thoughts and prayers, and reserved to be at length achieved by her own

prowess—the Maid stood before the high altar by the side of the king, with her banner unfurled in her hand. "It has shared the danger," she observed, "it has a right to share the glory." The holy rites having been performed, the Maid knelt down before the newly-crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears. "Gentle king," she said, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom should belong." She now regarded her mission as accomplished, and her inspiration as fled. "I wish," she said, "that the gentle king should allow me to return toward my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do." Had she not suffered herself to be overpersuaded by the French general Dunois, this famous peasant girl might have escaped the terribly tragic fate she not long after suffered at the hands of her inhuman captors.

Psychology.

The phenomena of man's interior or soul life; his intuitions, premonitions, conceptions, and emotions; how he is related to the spiritual world through agencies and influences untraversable by finite intelligence alone, yet having a close connection or communication with his material nature. Science may be applied even in this department to the elucidation of much that is regarded mysterious and indefinite in human phenomena.

BRAIN WAVES;
OR, PROGRESSION OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. E. G. D. POWELL.

"I DO hope," I said, as I took my favorite magazine and pushed my cane-back rocker and footstool into my motherly corner, "that we shall not be disturbed by callers this afternoon, for I want to have a good time generally doing nothing."

"Progression of thought," replied the Professor, as he looked at me over his spectacles. The Professor wore glasses because his eyes were changing with age, and not from a pedagogical taste, consequently could see better at a distance over them than through them, and as I was the length of the room from him, he looked over them. I liked to have him look at me in that way, because he seemed to say, "I do not need glasses to see you, Bessie,—you exactly fill my vision;" and I was not afraid to look back and ascertain what I could from his terse suggestiveness. So when he said "progression of thought," I looked back and asked, "Do you mean, advance your thoughts above self? Ought I to be willing to receive objectless company when I have the prospect of a cosy afternoon in midsummer, and am so tired getting the boys off for their vacation visit rather than to read and rest and nod, with you near to make suggestions and rouse me just at the moment I should be?"

"By no means; I merely meant to say that your thought moved this way; in other words, I was thinking the same thing when you spoke."

"Pray tell me if thought has form, and how it moves."

"Certainly, certainly; thought has form, and moves, Bessie;" and he looked down on his book, as much as to say, "There is a problem for you to demonstrate, and when you get the answer, I will look it over," as if it were formed of cosine and tangent.

"It must be the most evanescent thing in the world, then," I replied.

He suggested, "Have you never observed a similarity between water and thought?"

"No; I have supposed thought to be continuous—one resulting or growing out of another; and you can see that my thought, selfish though it was, grew out of a previous one, about rest and quiet."

"So is water, and so are waves, continuous, though the drops in their infinitesimal particles may be perfectly distinct. How often, when thinking earnestly and steadily upon a subject, some thought, widely different, will rush through the mind, washing every vestige of the former subject for the time being from the mind, just as a great wave will sometimes upset you when you are walking upon the beach or bathing in its waters."

"I have supposed there was still a connection, only my perceptions failed to discover it."

"We frequently observe two persons about to speak, and hear the one who from courtesy gives way remark afterward, 'I was about to express the same sentiment.' What was it but thought in motion that like a wave touched the two minds? Have you never

caught back your own thoughts of the week past nicely worked up into Parson A.'s sermon, and mentally observed, 'I was thinking of that such a day last week,' probably the day he was writing his sermon or thinking out his subject. How frequently, when reading, thought gets in advance of the author, and a page or two after your own suggestion appears!"

"Is it this," I inquired, flowing into the Professor's opinion as usual, "that calls out a warm appreciation of certain authors, the answering to the waves of thought that have washed the shores of our mind?"

"Yes,—just the same."

"I recollect hearing a musical amateur say that musical sounds produced geometrical displacements of the air; do you mean to say that thought does the same?"

"By no means. A sound, and the air through which it moves, are material; while thought, and that on which it progresses, are intellectual or spiritual until the thought becomes vocalized in speech, when it may make geometrical displacements in the atmosphere, according to the amateur's theory."

"But how can you show progression of a spiritual thing?"

"By the natural thing that answers to the spiritual or intellectual idea; we must not forget that a spiritual counterpart completes the natural world,

> 'Consummating its meeting, rounding all
> To justice and perfection, line by line,
> Form by form, nothing single or alone,—
> The great below clenched by the great above;
> Shade here authenticating,—substance there;
> The body proving spirit, as the effect
> The cause.'"

"And you think waters answer to thought?"

"Yes. Does not the Psalmist say, 'All my fresh springs are in thee?' evidently meaning thought as the beginning of truth in the mind, for without thought there would be no reasoning powers; without reasoning powers, no faith, acceptance, and acknowledgment of the Lord; and does He not compare the truths that He communicates to us to a well of water springing up in thoughts and acts, and to rivers of living water? In the science of the soul, there must be a state or locality that is purely its own. As the body has an earth to walk upon, the soul must have a basis or earth to rest or move upon, and an atmosphere to breathe suited to itself. If there is a soul-land and soul-air, why not water and waves?"

"Ah, Professor, you will have us all in heaven, if you reason in that way."

"Where are we, Bessie, as to our spirits?"

"Why, in our bodies, to be sure."

"But there are moments when we are abstracted from our earthly surroundings; we close our eyes,—still we see; we become insensible to the conversation of the hour,—but by some internal way we receive influences that have all the features of a conversation without words."

"Where, then, do you think we are?"

"That as to our spirits, we are in company with those who encamp round about them that fear the Lord."

"And that sometimes we are on water, and sometimes on land."

"Yes, sometimes standing or walking upon the shore. Have you never observed, when you have read and re-read anything didactic, how cold and motionless it seemed, like distant water, where the eye could not define motion? but if another took the book and read aloud, how the waves of thought would sparkle and glint, and the subject would become full of life, the two minds acting like two currents, setting the waves in motion?"

"Do stop," I said, laughingly; "you will inundate me with your reasons;" but there was a real overflow that would not be checked by an Alexandrian mandate, and he continued.

"Sometimes the waves of thought touch only those upon the shore; at other times they overflow and touch those high upon the dry land, and even those touched receive it differently. The great waves of improvement of the last fifty years reached many minds, but only a few, in whom certain organs predominated, put those waves of thought into utilitarian action; others let them wash back; many were touched by the wave that gave you the sewing-machine in your sitting-room, but only the Howes and Hunts allowed it to remain in the basins and receptacles of their minds until it became utilized."

"Do you explain intuition, presentiments, and thought-reading by this hypothesis?"

"Precisely so; the wave of thought touching two minds at the same time, according to the degree in which the minds are in contiguity by education, mental exercise, discipline, ecstasy; hence lovers think the same thought, and are sensible of it; husbands and wives lapse into the same opinions, doctrines, and experiences; mothers discover the wishes of a child before it can speak, and receive impressions of danger near it in their absence, that no reasoning or artifice can dissipate; a person long separated from a dear friend becomes sensible of his approach without material communication; the sphere of grief in a bereaved family is felt by a member miles away, the wave of their sad thought flowing toward those interested in the deceased, as was the case with yourself at your sister's decease."

"Yes, I remember well the intense sadness that came over me in the midst of a gay company. These waves, if I catch your meaning, are not at all subject to the laws of space."

"That is my opinion; hence persons one by affection, purpose, or pursuit are reached and become receptive of the intelligence conveyed. We have many examples in the Scriptures where voices were heard; seeing no one of course it was not a natural voice, only the spiritual state of the hearer was elevated; and also where one or two persons saw that which those around, not in a similar state of elevation, saw not." *

"Enough, and more than enough,—I admit the point."

"Yet there is one more thought, upon the point of contiguity or sympathy; we often find students of a special science who may not catch a wave of thought intuitively, but catch it in its backward flow from each other, before it is demonstrated, as was the case with Buffon, Dalibord, and Franklin; Dalibord, impatient to know if the impression of Franklin was correct, could not wait his experiments, but set about experimenting himself. Also in the very rapid suggestion to Professor Morse, of the use of electric magnetism, and the after-thought of combining the currents, as suggested by a conversation with several intelligent men on board the packet-ship Sully."

* 2 Kings vi. 16, 17; Acts ix. 3, 18.

MENTAL DERANGEMENT.

A CHICAGO correspondent sends us a doleful tale of personal experience. It runs as follows:

"I take the liberty of writing to you on a peculiar and very mysterious subject, because you have in all things identified yourself with the progress of the age in science and art, and have not hesitated to indorse as true things which old fogies laugh at as the dreams of visionaries.

"Five years ago, or more, I discovered that my thoughts were known to others, and that secresy for me at least was impossible. This gave me considerable annoyance, and for a year or two I was bewildered to understand how it could be, never having heard of anything like it. The mystery was solved by reading Mrs. Mowatt's 'Autobiography of an Actress.' In that was quoted a remark of Miss Martineau, fully admitting that it was a power possessed by many persons. But although my annoyance from the power that I discovered persons had of reading my inmost thoughts was great, it was a trifle compared with yet another one which I very soon discovered, viz., that of mesmerizing me. This is a most fearful power for one person to be able to exercise over another, and yet, judging from my own experience, it is by no means rare. For years I have suffered from this the pains of martyrdom. Persons exercise it on me daily, having the power to give me headaches, pains in various parts of the body, sickness of stomach, looseness of the bowels, etc., etc., etc. To such an extent has this influence been exerted upon me that I can in all candor say that life is no longer a blessing; that if I could I would most cheerfully die. But as it is not allowable for us to make an end to our existence, I must bear with what patience I can the inflictions which are imposed upon me. Of the extent and variety of my sufferings it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea; and although I am perfectly convinced that some of my friends know the source of these annoyances, who it is that inflicts them, etc., they will never admit it to me, and I am left to struggle alone with an evil compared with which all earthly evils of which I ever heard are as feathers to mill-stones. My own opinion is, that the time is even now at hand when judicial investigations ought to be had to ferret out this bewitching of neighbors. I have no doubt it is exactly what in olden times was termed witchcraft. Mesmerism has inflicted

pains upon me so poignant and long-lasting that I wonder I was not killed by them. I entertain not the slightest doubt but that persons might be killed in this way.

"Will you confer on me a great favor by writing me very promptly whether there is a remedy for my difficulties, a way to escape or avoid this power of mesmerism? A. B. A."

Had our correspondent lived in 1692, it is inferable from his letter that he would have made an apt witness for the prosecution in the Salem witch trials. He possesses a Nemesis in the shape of some functional derangement of the vital system, which in its influence on a highly susceptible temperament has produced the morbid mental state which his letter discloses. He must get rid of his Nemesis by living in strict accordance with the rules of hygiene. He should avoid excitement as much as possible, and sleep abundantly for the purpose of soothing and reducing his nervous irritability. He should eat plain, nutritious food, without those heating and biting accessories so commonly in vogue. Frequent bathing in water warmed to near the temperature of the blood, and the taking of such out-of-door exercise as will invigorate but not exhaust, will be found to conduce to the improvement of the physical health. With the recovery of bodily tone the mind will be relieved from its morbid tendencies, and the more speedily will this be the result if our patient endeavors to cultivate a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and discourages his baleful reflections.

He evidently has but little, if any, Secretiveness, and his stock of manly independence inspired by active Self-Esteem is meager. He must strive to be less communicative, to avoid those who seem to have an unhappy influence upon him, and to brace himself up with a strong belief in his own individuality—the consciousness of self-accountability and the necessity for making his own name and destiny. Let him take the highest moral and religious principles as his basis of action, and pay little attention to the comments or reflections of others. The tone and construction of his letter show him to be possessed of more than average intelligence, and therefore that logical discernment which only needs a little information to obtain correct conclusions; then let him act manfully and energetically, going straightforward, keeping in mind that encouragement of the poet to—

> Act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

IN looking over the last January number of the JOURNAL, I noticed a list of omens, signs, etc., which amused me very much; and I thought I might enlarge the list by giving a few of the most popular superstitions of the county in which I live. Such ideas, to me, seem very absurd; but yet one need not wonder at so many persons holding superstitions when they are taught them from the cradle up. Really, I am inclined to think that almost every mother—ay, and father too—in the land has more or less faith in superstitions. Yet it certainly is incumbent on parents to carefully hide such absurdities from, rather than teach them to, their children. Would it not be a more rational method, in explaining *anything* to the young, to reason from effect to cause? Older heads—or heads that are capable of thinking—demand reason and common sense; then why should children be put off with less? Why stuff them with useless and nonsensical superstitions that can be of no possible use to any one? For instance, little Susy is stopped in her play and told not to whirl the chair around, for it is a sure sign of a fuss in the family! And if the old chanticleer crows before the door, visitors are coming! I have known persons to give up going from home because the cock crew before the door!

An acquaintance of mine once said to me, "Somebody is going to die in the neighborhood, for I sneezed this morning [Sunday] before breakfast!"

"Is that a sign?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; if you sneeze before breakfast Sunday morning, it is a sure sign that you will hear of death before the week is out!"

I also had a schoolmate who informed me that "to sneeze on Monday indicates danger; to sneeze on Tuesday warns you that you will see a stranger; if you experience this nasal eructation on Wednesday, you are to get a letter; if on Thursday, something better; if on Friday, it indicates sorrow; and if on Saturday, you will see your beau to-morrow;" and I noticed that if she ever happened to sneeze on Wednesday, she would immediately go to the post-office!

An old lady said to me, "We will have

snow soon,—the cat lies with her back to the fire."

I know several persons who will not pick up a pin unless the point is toward them, believing the point to indicate good luck; while if the head be toward them, bad luck is in store.

I am acquainted with a family who consult a "dream book" for every dream they have; and I have seen them much depressed, or, on the other hand, very cheerful and hopeful, in consequence of the interpretation of their dreams.

Not long since a lady told me of the infinite care she had taken, when moving, to prevent her looking-glass from being broken; how she rolled the feather bed round it; and when upon arriving at their destination it was found safe, how she rejoiced. "But, alas!" she added, "while arranging the house, in order to avoid any accident, I opened a large clothes chest and put the glass in it. Soon after, I was on a chair near the chest fixing a window-curtain; the chair was hardly high enough,—the chest would be just right, so I stepped without looking (having forgotten to close the chest) right into my large looking-glass and shivered it. Then we had the worst of luck for seven years; and I firmly believe that the breaking of that glass caused it."

Others, upon having a ringing noise in the head, will turn pale and say, "Oh, I hear a death-knell! some friend of mine will soon die!"

There are many persons, too, who believe that diseases can be cured by supernatural means. Of course the idea prevails chiefly with the illiterate. Formerly, when one was affected with chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, it was a prevalent custom for the afflicted to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Vitus, where they expected to be miraculously healed. Though that custom has declined, others are practiced quite as ridiculous.

I knew a little girl who had warts on her hand; an old lady told her "to prick them with a pin, and then to wrap said pin nicely in a piece of paper and drop it in the street, and the one that picked up the package would get the warts." Another ancient dame who heard this advice, said, "No,—you must steal a piece of your neighbor's dish-rag, and wipe each wart with it, and then bury it under the eaves of the house, and your warts will all soon be gone!"

Some who are subject to bleeding at the nose wear a string of blood-red beads as a preventive.

I was somewhat surprised when a lady friend, who had passed the greater part of her girlhood in a boarding school, and who was telling me of an attack her babe had suffered from erysipelas a short time previous, asked, "Did you know that black cat's blood will cure erysipelas?" I readily acknowledged my ignorance on the subject, and at the same time remarked that I had, a short time previous, looked over the treatment of that malady by Prof. Wood, but did not see "black cat's blood" mentioned as a remedy. She then said, "Well, little Grant was very bad,—and I had heard of this cure before he was taken sick,—so I called in our *blackest* cat. She had a little bit of white on her, which distressed me some; and I just cut the end of her tail off, and rubbed it bleeding on the affected part; and, believe me, the *very next* morning little Grant was as well as any of us!" "But suppose your cats had been all white or brindled, then what?" "Oh! I should have gone to mother's and borrowed her old black cat;—but what are you laughing at?" I did not explain, for I was thinking that if the above-mentioned malady should become epidemical, cats of "color" would suffer. And I was also thinking that Burns was not far wrong when he said:

"What's a' the jargon of your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools?
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers.

"A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in sticks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak."

E. P.

We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge with secret complacency in imaginations which we would be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to preserve the fountain whence it flows unpolluted. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Phrenology.

The Science of Mind, as based on Physiology and Anatomy, will retain its prominence; the only theory which explains with clearness and satisfaction how the mind and brain are related; the physical influences reciprocally exerted by brain and body; the determination of character and aptitude by cranial conformation; methods of training for the improvement of the mind in the different spheres of Intellect Sentiment, Emotion, Affection, Propensity; and how success in life is dependent on the choice of a pursuit commensurate with organization and mental capacity.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

TEACHERS AND TEACHING.

IT is thought by some people, especially those who have but little education, and are obliged to work at some laborious calling, that all the professions are very easy; and they often say that the lawyer, the minister, the teacher, the physician earn their money with little or no labor. Such persons seem to think that the man who does not raise a bushel of corn, make a horseshoe, or work trees up into cordwood or lumber, is not a producer, and therefore is a pensioner upon the bounty and leniency of the world. We hold that the thinker, the brain laborer, and especially the teacher who instructs the young in all that pertains to literature and science, is as really a producer as he who uses his knowledge toward the accomplishment of business purposes. The teacher who instructs the pupil how to keep accounts, and qualifies him for commerce, banking, and other business, contributes as essentially to the acquisition of property as he does who keeps the accounts, plans the business, and works out the results. One might say that the grindstone is not a producer because it never cuts down trees, or hews timber, or mows grass, or planes boards; but the ax, the scythe, and the plane are useless without the sharp edge which the grindstone imparts. So the human mind sent out into life without the sharpening influence of education can not hew its way to success with facility. Let the teacher then feel that he is the main spoke in the wheel of the world's success, and while doing his duty faithfully and nobly, let him stand erect as one of the world's noblemen.

But what does the teacher require? First, an elastic and energetic constitution, with a predominance of the Mental and Motive temperaments, which give activity and compactness to the mind, strength and earnestness to the character. He also needs health, and the ample physical exercise which promotes health. A sickly, dyspeptic, nervous, half-dead man has no more business in the school-room as a teacher than a crippled horse has on the race-course, or a half-wrecked leaky ship has to go forth upon the ocean. The teacher requires a large and active brain, with a decided predominance of the perceptive intellect; the lower part of his forehead should be amply developed. These faculties enable him to acquire knowledge. He should also be full through the middle portion of the forehead, where the organs of memory are located, that he may treasure up and hold in reserve the knowledge which he wishes to retain. He should also have good reasoning faculties, so that he may answer the questions of inquisitive pupils, that he may see the bent and bearing of his instructions, and be able to explain the philosophy of any point involved in his subjects of instruction. His back-head should also be amply developed. He should love children; should be fraternal; should have enough Continuity to enable him to exercise patience in the monotony which is more or less incident to teaching. But he should not have too much Continuity, because there is a great deal of variety necessarily connected with the vocation of teaching. His Self-Esteem should be rather large; this will give him dignity and ease and weight of character, and enable him to so carry himself in the presence of his pupils as to command their respect, and thereby secure obedience without fret or friction. He should have large Conscientiousness, that he may be just to all, and to himself; for nothing so undermines the authority of the teacher as partiality, favoritism, or injustice in any form in the school. The teacher should have large Language, that he may be able to explain easily and fully that which he knows and is teaching. Large Veneration and Benevolence are useful everywhere, but especially should a teacher be respectful and impress upon his pupils a consciousness that there is a higher Power, and that reverence for authority is a virtue. If he have good Constructiveness and Ideality, he will be inge-

nious in his method of conducting his classes; and with large Comparison, he will be enabled to make apt illustrations and elucidate and enforce dry subjects of study. A full share of Cautiousness and Secretiveness is also requisite, for these give a man control of his feelings and expressions. A teacher should never show himself out of temper unless he wishes to create a Babel in his school-room, yet his Combativeness and Destructiveness should be fully developed, for he who is destitute of these will be soon understood by mischievous urchins, who read mind better than we sometimes suppose. The faculties of Combativeness and Destructiveness in human character impress boys as distinctly as good horns on the head of an ox impress his associates with a feeling of respect for him. Neither need be strikingly used, but it is best that they be possessed and their normal influence be felt. The teacher should aim to cultivate a kindly tone of voice. If he have a harsh one, he should school himself into a modulated expression of it, and his whole manner should be such as to inspire respect mingled with a trace of fear. A teacher organized thus, and well instructed in all the branches he is expected to teach, will never be suspected by his pupils of any want of information or ability to instruct them. It is well generally for a teacher to speak in a low tone of voice, never rising above the common conversational key. Scolding, sharpness, and loudness of voice are found rarely in conjunction with good order and good government in a school or elsewhere.

It will thus be seen that a teacher needs an excellent organization, mental and physical; that he needs all the Christian graces carried in a spirit of wisdom. How many teachers in a hundred would meet these requisitions! how many are there who fall below them who might greatly improve! and, from having indifferent success, might triumph, and become not only exceedingly useful but highly esteemed and popular, as well as successful in a pecuniary sense.

LIFE—ITS CHANGES.—The world is truly said to be a stage, and the actors, men and women. The same deception prevails, the same capacity and incapacity, the same prosperity and adversity. A child is born; perhaps in riches, perhaps in poverty. The future is sealed, only to be revealed as the key of time unlocks the passage-way. A man thinks himself fortunate; his happiness consists in his prospects for the future. But a vail is drawn over that future, perhaps when lifted to display misfortunes disastrous. We would divine the future if we could, but it is best that we can not. Let the past bury the past, and let the future find faith in our hearts. Men accumulate money. Money is thought to produce happiness; happiness, however, is largely in the imagination. A child is pleased with a toy; his imagination is satisfied. A man is pleased with the contemplation of riches; he feels he will be satisfied when he accumulates a certain amount. When he arrives at the desired end, he finds himself as far from happiness as before. Men live in a little space. There is a thick mist before their eyes. They are shrewd in many things; but their ingenuity carries them to a certain limit; beyond that, all is darkness. The man with contentment for his motto, untiring energy in his business, present enjoyment for his reward, is the *truly* happy man as regards this world; with hope in his God, which insures him happiness in the world to come. A man may change his entire organization. He may mold himself for good or for evil; for comparative ease, or for misery, temporary and eternal. Take a child whose passions govern him; he is led as his senses dictate; he becomes a man; the same passions guide him and lead him to disastrous consequences. The murderer was not born a murderer, the drunkard was not born an inebriate; but lack of control and cultivation of natural desires lead such to deeds not imagined in the beginning of their career. The mind is pliable in early life—can be shaped to an Apollo, or modeled after the imps of darkness; but after the hardening process begins, can not be remodeled without being broken, shattered, and made a mere mockery of the once symmetry, a mere remembrance of the past! J. R.

CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES,

PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

THE Cuban revolution, it seems to us, was a very natural outgrowth from the overthrow of the Bourbons in Spain and the complications made in the attempt to organize a new government by the

leading spirits of the anti-Bourbon movement. Whatever may be the prevailing opinion in America concerning the uncertain condition of affairs in Spain, that country appears to have an effective administration in so far as Cuba is concerned, since its authority has maintained a considerable force of armed soldiery there, under a duly appointed chief, for the purpose of suppressing the efforts of the Cubans for independence. The contest, so far, has been carried on with doubtful success on either side, the patriot Cubans, as is usual in such cases, having to maintain their cause with but scanty supplies in the way of arms and other munitions of war, and at the cost of private property and the forfeiture of their lives.

PORTRAIT OF CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES.

At the head of the movement must be placed Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, the President of the already organized Cuban republic. Let us glance briefly at his phrenology. The Spanish type of temperamental constitution manifests itself with, however, much less of that mobility of sentiment which is characteristic of the general Spanish disposition. The large, well-rounded head and symmetrical features, with the calm, earnest eyes, convey an unmistakable impression of steady, deliberate judgment, earnest purpose, and entire reliance on his convictions. There is a breadth and height to the forehead and brow which denote the man of comprehensive thought, thorough investigation, and deep insight. He must also be possessed of much ability in the appreciation of mechanical combinations and much fertility in the invention or suggestion of ways and means. He

should also be distinguished for hearty sympathy, courtesy, and affability mingled with a vein of humor, for he keenly appreciates the ludicrous, the incongruous, and irregular. He is a man of nerve, of endurance, of impulse, and great activity, yet not a man likely to be moved to overt acts by mere passionate excitement.

He is also strongly attached to friends and to his home, evincing for the latter that sentiment of affinity which makes it a part of himself, of his individuality, and discerns in its condition and relations something supplemental to his very character and reputation. He has, however, that susceptibility of mental apprehension which in the rigorous exigencies of his present relations to the Government of Cuba may render him severe and exacting, his evidently large Conscientiousness being quickened and made unduly sensitive to the requisitions of justice and discipline.

Taken altogether, we regard the Cuban President as a man of superior mold, and the Cuban patriots as fortunate in securing a leader of his devoted and self-sacrificing nature.

CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES was born in Bayamo, April 18, 1819. His parents were Jesu Maria de Cespedes and Francesca de Borja Lopes del Castillo, both belonging to most respected and honorable families of that city.

Carlos Manuel passed his boyhood in the country, where he breathed in from the exhilarating air of the mountains an ardent love for liberty. Afterward he entered a religious institution, where he studied Latin and belles-lettres, remaining there till he had attained the age of fifteen; he then went to Havana with the intention of studying law in the University, and completed the course, graduating in 1838, having passed a brilliant examination.

Now a lawyer, with the degree of Bachelor, he returned to Bayamo, and married Maria del Carmen Cespedes, who died very recently.

In 1840 he sailed for Europe, and resided for some time at Barcelona. Here he made the necessary studies for the grade of a licenciado of the law, which he obtained in 1842.

He improved every occasion to defend Cuba against the attacks which were made by Spaniards, and also formed a close intimacy with General Prim, taking an active part in the republican conspiracy which that distinguished man had incited. He was on this account banished to France by the Spanish Government. In 1844 he came to America, and fixed his residence at Bayamo, his native city. He obtained there great reputation as a lawyer, cultivated literature, and acquired a considerable fortune. In 1852 he was arrested in Bayamo because of a demonstration which he had made at a banquet in favor of Cuban independence. From the prison of Bayamo he was sent to Morro Castle, in Santiago de Cuba, where he was held for five months.

In 1867, and during the early part of 1868, he suffered new persecutions from the Government, and, escaping as he best could, he began anew to devote himself to the cause of his country with great earnestness, attending Masonic associations and assisting at revolutionary juntas, which were commenced in July of 1868, in which he always declared himself firmly for the independence of Cuba and its emancipation from the Spanish rule. He was also an advocate of negro emancipation.

The discontent of the country increasing, the result was new attempts for reform in the system of taxation, which was as ruinous as it was unjust, under Lersundi's government. These attempts, with other influences, in the end brought about the revolution.

On the 8th of October the patriots began to assemble in the mill "Dernajagna" of Cespedes; and, with him at the head, five hundred patriots, on the evening of the 10th, swore allegiance to the flag of liberty.

The first encounter with the Spanish troops was at Yara. The revolutionary column, numbering one thousand, marched to Barrancas, which was taken on the 15th; and on the 17th they advanced upon Bayamo.

Here the number of patriots was increased to three thousand, and after three days of siege and combat the garrison of the town was obliged to capitulate.

At this decisive moment Cespedes desired to perform a great act of justice. He granted absolute and unconditional liberty to all his slaves, and took with him in his army all who wished to accompany him. From this time Cespedes has been at the head of the Cuban revolution, exhibiting the greatest patriotism, and renouncing all selfish aggrandizement. To-day he is President of the Republic of Cuba, and history may yet register his name among those of the great benefactors of humanity.

WHO BELIEVES PHRENOLOGY?

THIS question is sometimes propounded with an air of arrogance, or with a supercilious leer, as if, because the interrogator did not have faith in the subject, that nobody of consequence believed in it. The truth of a proposition, however, does not rest upon the number of converts which it may boast. The great laws of gravitation, of the circulation of the blood, of the number and courses of the planetary system, were truths just as much before they were understood and accepted as now,—and they would have been none the less true if no such men as Harvey, Kepler, and Newton had ever lived. Columbus did not create America,—he simply discovered it; Gall did not create Phrenology, nor invent it,—he simply discovered something of it. His associate, his cotemporaries, his successors, have done something to make it clearer, and much yet remains to be developed.

But who believes in it? We answer: All believe in it who know anything about it, having obtained that knowledge from a careful and candid investigation of its claims. In fact, many more people believe in it than are willing to avow it. New subjects are apt to be unpopular with people who follow subserviently in the path of precedents. When our Saviour was on earth, the question was asked, "Have any of the Pharisees or rulers believed in him?" There are not a few who, with respect to all new truth, ask the same question, and hesitate to investigate or to believe in anything which their intellectual guides have not adopted. Belief, or the acquiescence in the truth of new doctrines, depends among men very much upon the same qualities of mind that the introduction of fashions does. The devotee of fashion inquires what hats are to be worn next spring? what coats? what style of cloak? how is the hair to be dressed? and the leaders of fashion and the manufacturers of fashion plates come out with the style, and the millions adopt the modes thus provided for them with little or no hesitation. And these imitators who take their reasoning at second-hand, rarely thinking for themselves, who have their doctrines manufactured, not to order, but by certain leaders, believe or disbelieve according to the dicta of those leaders.

The world's great stumbling-block, hitherto, has been unintelligent religious bigotry. Unripe natures, strong in their moral convictions, are fearful that some new doctrine, some infidel notion, will be introduced to the damage of their moral belief, and we rejoice that this feeling is so strong in man that he cherishes his religion more tenaciously than anything else. But when this feeling, this reverence for moral truth is not accompanied by that broad intelligence which is able to discriminate wisely, it lights the fire of the martyrs and sets in motion the rack of the Inquisition. This is the unfortunate use of a most excellent interior essence. It has been said that man will fight for his religion, die for his religion, and do everything but *live* for it. It is probably natural for each generation to suppose that the religious truth as held by the present generation is central, and as nearly perfect as may be, and that every unheard-of doctrine, even in science, which at the first glance may seem not in harmony with it, must be incontinently and utterly repudiated. Probably the Church of Rome never had a more serious alarm than when the astronomical doctrines of Copernicus were announced. But we presume her highest prelates now accept the very doctrines which that professed infallible church but a few centuries ago declared to be "false in philosophy and heretical in religion."

Phrenology on its first introduction was by many regarded with alarm, and opposed for the same reason that astronomy and geology have been opposed. As those two sciences have outridden the storm; as a new reading has been given to the command of Joshua for the sun and moon to stand still; and as the first chapter of Genesis, giving an account of the creation, is now nearly universally accepted as meaning *periods of time* rather than days of twenty-four hours, geology is permitted to rank among the orthodox sciences, and astronomy has no longer to do battle with savans and hierarchs.

But Phrenology is yet in the wilderness; it has not reached the promised land, where rulers, and bishops, and the learned world generally, accept it as established; but it has its advocates, its believers, its lovers among

preachers, teachers, judges, statesmen, and others, whose opinions are entitled to respect. Archbishop Whately, that great and good man, was for many years a warm friend and believer in Phrenology.

It is interesting to notice how Phrenology has been interwoven with literature; how men describe character in courts of justice, in halls of legislation, and everywhere, on phrenological principles. Nothing is more common than to hear a crowd of intelligent men commenting upon different persons as having "a small head," "a large head," or "a bullet head," or "a lofty head," or as having much or little back-head, or as having most of the brain in the base, indicating that they judge a man to be intelligent by the size and shape of his forehead; to be moral, by the height and breadth of the top-head; to be social according to the development of the back-head; and animal and selfish in proportion as the base of the brain is broad and thick. Sermons, too, are spiced with Phrenology, not often, perhaps, with phrenological terms, though this is not rare, but the method of describing mind, and pointing out its various faculties, of speaking of the moral sentiments, the social affections, and of the theoretical or practical intellect; all this shows that the minister has read Phrenology, or that he has read so much of it in literature, and conversed with people who have read much on Phrenology, that he has impressed the principles of the science into his method of treating mind and character. Not a few lawyers are hard students of the subject, and there is scarcely a prisoner of any note confined in our jails, awaiting trial, whom we do not have the opportunity of examining, by invitation of the counsel interested. They come to us sometimes, like Nicodemus by night, in whispers; but it shows that they think there is truth in Phrenology. The minister's sermons show that he believes in it, perhaps more than he is aware. The editor, the novel writer, the magazine writer, incorporate phrenological ideas, and are indebted to the science mostly for what they know of mind, or at least for their ability to describe it intelligibly; and we may therefore say that many of the clergy believe it, many judges, lawyers, and physicians practically accept it. In this city, children who are unnatural in their mental manifestations, who seem to have trouble with the head, or any lack of talent, or any warped condition of the propensities, are brought to us, and when we ask them why they came to us, they say, "Dr. So-and-So said you could tell what was the matter."

Finally, we may say that the great mass of the people believe in Phrenology. Many accept it intuitively; they read character on phrenological principles, without knowing the name or location of a single organ. A forehead "villainously low" excites suspicion; a broad head makes one afraid; a high, narrow head gives a man confidence in a stranger.

Who possesses it? The present generation, especially the people of thirty years of age and under, who have in their early life heard Phrenology lectured upon and talked about, who had no old prejudices against the subject, accept Phrenology as a matter of course; and whoever lives to see fifty years hence, will find opponents of Phrenology scarcely anywhere, except in the antique halls of learning, where Cæsar and Cicero are studied more than the moderns, and where opinions are accepted which are a thousand years old, while many opinions which belong to this age of railroads and telegraphs, power presses and power looms, are held at a distance. We believe to-day that more than one-half of the people of the United States, who have ever heard a good lecture on Phrenology, believe it, if not in its details, at least in the general outline of the subject, and we may therefore say that Phrenology has the majority.

If one doubts this statement, let him undertake to argue against it, anywhere among the masses of intelligent men, or to prove that it is not true, in the presence of twenty men, and if he does not get fifteen against him, whose intelligence and integrity equal his own, we much mistake.

If man exercise only his spiritual powers on earth, and confine their activity alone to the spiritual portion of the brain, disease will follow, and there is danger of a dethronement of reason. A healthful activity is the regulator of the whole man. * * *

Physiognomy.

The exterior physical signs of character are given, with rules for their analysis and comprehension. This department, as well as that of Phrenology, with which it is necessarily allied, will contain the latest developments from observation, with illustrations from life relating to "The Human Face Divine."

A BLUSH—WHAT IS IT?

WHAT a mysterious thing is a blush!—That a single word or look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of summer sunset, is the strangest thing in the world! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or stocking which covers it. The human face is the heaven of the soul, where may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of the doctrines of chance. This single phenomenon is a demonstration of physiognomical science.

What is it that so skillfully touches this beautiful instrument? What is it that enjoys as well as actuates, receives as well as communicates, through this inscrutable organization? It is, as we have said, the soul or spirit, without which this body were more unmeaning than a statue, and only fit, as it would tend to decay. It is the soul which animates the features and causes them to present a living picture of each passion, so that the inmost agitations of the heart become visible in a moment, and the wish that would seek concealment betrays its presence and its power in the vivid eye, while the blood kindles into crimson with a thought that burns along the brow. It is this which diffuses a sweet serenity and rest upon the visage when our feelings are tranquilized and our thoughts abide with heaven, like the ocean in a calm, reflecting the peaceful glories of the cloudless skies. This indwelling spirit of power blends our features into unison and harmony, and awakes "the music breathing from the face" when in association with those we love, and heart answering to heart, we live in sympathy, while memory and hope repose alike in smiles upon the bosom of enjoyment. It is a flame from heaven, purer than Promethean fire, that vivifies and energizes the breathing form. It is an immaterial essence, a being that quickens matter and imparts life, sensation, motion to the intricate frame-work of our bodies; which wills when we act, attends when we perceive, looks into the past when we reflect, and not content with the present, shoots with all its aims and all its hopes into the futurity that is forever dawning upon it. Again we repeat, that a single blush upon "the human face divine" should put to shame the absurd believers in the doctrines of chance. W. M.

FACES WE MEET.

A FAIR writer—a lady, doubtless—prints the following pleasant thoughts on faces in the N. Y. *Sunday Times*. We are pleased to find the subject attracting so much attention everywhere among intelligent people. The time is coming when we shall all *know* each other at sight.

Nature utters no such riddles as she delivers to us from the streets. There she confronts us with the presence of an aggregate life, and her sayings are like dreams filled with confused meetings and undeterminable shapes. What are all mysteries compared to the mystery of human faces?

There are faces which we meet in the streets into which has passed a subtler mystery than the mind can think on. They belong to that highest type of face of which the standard is thought. They are of the order of face that provokes speculation while it repels it. We would give something to know whence comes that subtile thing which has so marvelously incorporated itself with the physical lineaments. It may be born of trouble—a trouble that has fastened upon the face, and teased it into beauty as the wind makes beautiful the snowflake. Trouble there surely has been; for there is no mystery without sadness; and the sad mystery of these faces must have been wrought by the vexing of years. There are faces that seem wanting in depth, albeit they are full-fraught. Such faces are falsehoods Yet they are false unknowingly. They can not speak the mind; the lineaments are of the hardest marble; Nature's chisel has worked dexterously enough its part; but life has fail-

ed to penetrate the granite front. It has avenged its incapacity by certain deep seams; but all delicacy is wanting. We miss the luminous effect—the shining of the soul behind. Such faces come upon us rudely; but not with the disappointment of immaturity. The full fruition of a divine art is there; only its coarseness blunts our sympathetic perception. Yet we need not forget that to the cunning eye God is as visible in the rude root as in the rose. Nay, He symbolizes His workmanship by what is false and fair. The scowl of the murderer, the greeting of lovers' eyes are the productions of the same Art, each exquisitely perfect in its kind.

There are faces that haunt the memory; where met, when encountered, may not be recalled. They stand out from the darkness of night, and fade and faint along the dreams of sleep. You have seen them in the street, but did not pause to consider them at the time. There was nothing indeed, so it seemed, about them to startle you into attention. It is only when they reappear that they surprise, or alarm, or terrify.

There are faces to be encountered all dispassionate, save in the eyes which burn with the passions that deny their intelligence to the face. When the wearers of such fleshy masks die, their souls escape through their eyes. They would find them the only outlet. With other men the spirit might depart as the perfume departs from the flower. The soul seems to chafe at being pent up within such narrow limits as the eyes. You can see it dilating and contracting upon the keen retina, as one who approaches a window to find egress and retires, and returns again and again.

There are faces which all men meet, which all men know, which all men love. When they reappear unto the eye they do not haunt, they soothe. They are ministering faces; faces which seem crowned, like a saint, with a halo of light of whose subtile irradiation the heart is alone sensible. In such faces is to be found no personification of the darker emotions of life. The lips and the eyes are genial with a tenderness to which wisdom has imparted the exquisite refinement of a faint sadness. Such faces can not offend, either in the rejections or in their beseechings; either in their gladness when confronting despair, or in their peacefulness when opposing anger, nor in their love when facing hate. Upon them humanity has stamped its fairest impress. They are not more describable than faces which are weird, or cunning, or intellectual, or haughty, or depraved. But they embody the idealism all thinkers on the Madonna, all painters of Charity, all dreamers of some sweetest achievement of God strive to realize. Nor let them be held impossible because of this faultlessness of expression; or non-existent because they are rare.

AN AFTERNOON AT "389."

BY MRS. H. G. PARDEE.

A GREAT many readers of the JOURNAL have had a grim greeting from the ghostly specimens that stand at the door of the Phrenological Rooms, and on entering have been kindly, cordially welcomed by its proprietors. Perhaps they would like to recall their visit; and we are sure those who have not been there would like to know some thing about the place where their JOURNAL is made up.

The street window is filled with casts and engravings. At the right hand of the door inside are bright-colored ethnological pictures; beyond are rows of shelves filled with the publications of the house; and opposite, in formidable array, skulls of Greenlanders, Indians, Kaffirs, Australians, idiots, etc., and casts of heads of men and women who were either very good or very bad. Conspicuous among them is the blackened head of a mummy from the catacombs of Egypt. It is delicately formed, and evidently a woman's; and we wonder as we look at it what may have been her daily life,—whether it was rounded by calm domestic scenes,—whether little children loved her in life, and wept when she went from them into the unknown land. At the side of the head a tress of hair is as distinctly defined as though sculptured. A dental enthusiast, whose bump of Veneration needs developing, disfigured the mouth in his irreverent curiosity to see the teeth, which, after all, are "no great sight."

Among the casts is that of Vendovi, a Fiji chief. When the U. S. Exploring Expedition went to the Fiji Islands, they engaged in some traffic with the natives, who were afterward accused of stealing or some other dishonesty not peculiar to savages. With a high sense of offended integrity, and as a fitting retaliation from representatives of a Christian nation, they secured this chief, and were inflexible in their refusal to release him. When

the steamer was leaving, and he found all his hopes of being restored to freedom were vain, he cut off one of his fingers and sent it to his favorite wife in token of his unfailing affection. Think of the fortitude and love so strong in that savage heart that they defied suffering and thwarted the parsimony of poverty, and having nothing else, robbed his body that his wife might have an assurance of his faithfulness. Nature molded him in a generous mood. He was a giant in stature, being seven feet high; his joints were all double, and his teeth all molars. The lineaments are massive and strongly marked; the expression is resolute and dignified, but sad. He died of consumption just as the steamer came up the harbor of New York, and his skeleton was preserved in the University Medical College till it was burned down, two years since.

Beside him, and a perfect foil to the stanch chief, is the head of Lord Chatham. He has an eagle-like nose, and a crafty, sinister expression lurks in the drooping corners of the eyes and about the compressed lips. On the shelf above them is a model of the sweet, girlish face of Laura Bridgman. The hair is combed simply over the smooth forehead, and a bandage hides the useless, wasted eyes. And yet with sight, speech, and hearing gone, linked to the outer world only by the subordinate senses of feeling and taste, those two became so exquisitely cultivated that she learned to read, write, and sew, and became a skillful performer on the piano. She was born in New Hampshire, in December, 1829, and was gifted with the ordinary faculties. But after a severe illness, when about two years old, she lost the three senses, and thencoforth it seemed that she must live in a solitary, darkened world. But with infinite pains and patience in object-lessons, where touch was substituted for sight, she learned to spell. It was an unwearying entertainment with her to place side by side the object and its name, spelled in raised letters. Then her reflective powers began to awaken, and one day she went to her teacher with the comment and inquiry, "Man has made houses and vessels, *but who made the land and the sea?*" She was told that God made them. His perfectness, justice, majesty, and love, and the wonderful story of the creation, affected her intensely. She had always dreaded death, but when she knew of Christ her Saviour and mediator, her fears were dispelled; she tranquilly anticipated it as a change that should restore to her all that was withheld here. She was gentle, affectionate, active; very neat and orderly in her habits and tasteful in her attire. She called her room in the Blind Asylum at Boston "the sunny home."

On the opposite side of the room is a cast of Rammohun Roy, a Hindoo scholar, philosopher, and reformer. Although educated in a belief in Brahma, and trained in heathen rites and the superstitious exactions of caste, his strong mind refused their puerile theories and customs. With nature for his outward guide and teacher, and the voice of conscience speaking to him from within, he reasoned out the existence of an unseen Supreme Being. When this was accomplished, no lingering attachment to the religion of his country and his ancestors could trammel or silence him. He was exiled for his heretical belief, and remained in patient expatriation till the death of the reigning sovereign. He then returned, but only to find his relatives and people still his bitter opponents; his own mother denied her motherhood, and refused to acknowledge her son.

There is also the skull of an idiot, who has a curious history. He lived with his mother in Philadelphia, but in a restless mood strayed to New York. Words and wit don't *always* go together, and he had "Language large." It developed itself in a passion for polysyllables, and every long word he heard, he treasured without troubling himself at all about its meaning. When his purse needed replenishing, he would stand at the corner of the streets and let loose a torrent of bombastic absurdities that were irresistible to the crowd that flocked about him. When they were in the height of their good-humor he would send around his hat. Having collected enough for his present wants, the rhetorical afflatus collapsed, and he lived aimless and erratic till spurred again by need. By the aid of the police his mother found him, and he was resistingly restored to parental restraint and guardianship.

Perhaps while you sit on the sofa looking about you at these records, good and bad, of past lives, you hear some one reading rapidly.

Looking up, you find that it is from a page of Nature's imprint, and that, like Laura Bridgman, the reader does it by the sense of touch. Standing beside a young girl, with his hands upon her head, forthwith that head under his deft manipulation turns tell-tale, unconditionally and without reservation betraying her idiosyncrasies. Its revelations are recorded by some one at the desk, to be elaborated into a description of her characteristics, mental, moral, and social. When she reads the truthful transcript, bright blushes will dye her cheek. If she be honest and faithful to herself, she will try to correct the defects it suggests, and she will be cheered by the assurance that science corroborates her dreams of literary achievement. The days and years of hard study, of waiting and disappointments, will be overlooked; she will see only the bright phantom, Success.

Before you leave the first floor, you may take an awe-stricken survey of the "Examining Room," and peep into the Editor's den, which with its books and busts and pictures looks too cosy for its name.

Away up stairs there is a place where wood-cuts and electrotypes are stored, and a room for packing the books sold. On a lower floor is found the room where the thousand exchanges—daily, weekly, and monthly—are looked over, culled, and scissored.

As you go down to the room you first entered, your eye may be arrested by something not noticed among the multiplicity of objects that then claimed your attention. Don't overlook or ignore the "SUBSCRIPTION DESK."

To serve man's spirit with truths congenial is most noble, but to minister unto his depraved passions is unworthy an honest child of God.

Thou canst not labor for God with a closed hand.

Be ever willing to give, knowing that God hath a receiver in every one who asks.

If thou hast abundantly, thou art the more abundantly responsible.

If to time thou art given; if thou art in life only engaged in treading her dial-plate, and at every second adding unto thy selfish nature, in the end, when the sand is out, where wilt thou stand? * * *

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

BY WILLIAM RANKIN DURYEE.

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,
Wife at my side and baby on knee;
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Flashes the love-light, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words can not measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
King, king, crown me the king;
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king!

DEAD AT THE TOP.

NOTHING is more pleasant to contemplate than serene, ripe old age, resting on the veteran like the Indian summer that smiles on the departing year. On the other hand, nothing is sadder than to contemplate him whose body lives after the mind has gone out; like the beautiful tree once the pride of the forest or of the lawn, which has died at the top, and stands a mere wreck of what it once was in its glory.

The venerable Adams and Jefferson retained the full clearness if not the perennial vigor of their intellect to the day of their death,—the one over eighty, the other ninety, years of age. Others of equal mental endowments have lost their judgment in more than childishness of mind, having lived for years like lighthouses without the lamp.

It is related of Lord Brougham that for a year before his death his mental faculties were almost completely prostrated. He had for many years ceased to be his normal self; he

had expressed opinions and put forth utterances and principles altogether unworthy of those which adorned his ripened manhood; and during the last year of his life he had actually to be restrained by gentle means of force. He at times would imagine that he had some engagement, or was to make a speech; his memory of time and place seemed to have been obliterated. Sometimes his attendants indulged him in his peculiar fancies; for instance,—"Just before his final departure from London for the Continent he got into his carriage, and believing himself to be in Paris, ordered his coachman to drive him to the mansion of M. Thiers. Away started the carriage, and Lord Brougham was driven around the park for an hour or two, and then safely landed at his own house, having forgotten his own order just as completely as a short time previously he had forgotten he was in London, and not in Paris."

The late Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., who, during his prime, was as herculean in body as he was vigorous in spirit and stalwart in intellect, outlived his mental powers. For years before his death he was simple as a child, and had to be watched, humored, and guarded; and more than once he escaped to the street and assaulted, in a childish manner, people who were passing, even those who were his friends and neighbors, not recognizing them.

We would crave the promise of long life; but more earnestly would we seek to be saved from outliving our ability to think and our powers of usefulness, to go into a second childhood not only, but into a state of infancy, having a body without a mind; from this we fervently pray our good Father to spare us.

SMALL CAUTIOUSNESS, OR, "JUST FOR FUN."

TRAGIC SPORT.

E. P. R. writes the following to the New York *Evangelist*, which illustrates well small Cautiousness and large Approbativeness. The comments are worth thoughtful consideration.

In the last *Evangelist* there is the record of a sad and sudden death. An elegantly dressed young lady was standing in the midst of a group of friends and relatives near a railway station in Canada. With the usual rush and roar a train was speeding toward them. The giddy girl turned her laughing eyes toward the huge engine destined to play so eventful a part in her brief life. Lightly measuring the rapidly diminishing distance with a glance, she cried, "I will run across the track for a pair of gloves." "O pray, do not!" exclaimed her friends. "O yes, just for fun," rang back the merry answer, and with step as light as rash she sped across the narrow fatal space. She feels the hot breath of the engine. It flutters the very curl on her temple, but her quick foot passes beyond the farther rail.

Is she safe? Alas, no! The flowing drapery of her dress is caught. She is dragged under the remorseless wheels, and in a moment the lithe, beautiful form is a crushed shapeless mass upon which even the most stolid must look with sickening horror and tearful pity. A young, joyous, useful life thrown away, "just for fun!"

Do we turn shudderingly away from such an event? Alas, has not familiarity enabled us to look with almost indifference on a similar but far sadder fact, daily witnessed by many of us—that of many men and women throwing away their lives, body and soul, in the name of pleasure, "just for fun?"

Look at that young man. His step is unsteady now, but with all the reckless disregard of reason and prudence that led to the result above narrated, he throws himself in the way of his fatal temptation, and at last reels into a drunkard's grave. And surely the graceful, womanly form of the ill-fated girl was not more crushed and marred than is the manhood of him who is thus trampled upon by the beast intemperance. I appeal to all who know the world, who observe life; not merely the thin varnish of appearances kept toward society, but *life* in its *reality* and *final issues*. What does a certain style of pleasure end in—the pleasures that thrive best, and are most discussed in the peculiar atmosphere of the bar-room? I care not whether the bar-room be on Fifth Avenue, in Mackerelville, or some eminently respectable elm-shaded New England village. You need not ask your minister. Ask your honest family physician.

As night falls, and the bustle of labor ceases in our cities, places devoted to pleasure are lighted up, and blaze forth with their cheap tinsel made gorgeous by gas. In the

name and pursuit of pleasure, amusement, fun, every law of God, nature, and reason is broken with reckless impunity for awhile. God and nature are both patient. Tens of thousands of men and women are in eager pursuit of false, vicious pleasures. They give themselves up to them. The wealthy throw around them the glamour of fashion and the semi-respectability given to sins when committed in a brown-stone front; and so all the way down to the low Irish dance-house with its accessories, each one, with the same depraved unnatural cravings, seeks the best his money will buy. What are the certain consequences? the inevitable results? Look into the statistics of city hospitals. Ask uptown physicians. Disease—death in forms too awful and revolting to think of.

The poor Canadian girl had her brief moment of delicious excitement as she brushed death too closely with her flowing robes. Those devoted to fast, vicious life have their brief period of feverish pleasure, wherein not happiness, but a false lurid vision of it, dazzles and deludes for a little time, and then vanishes forever. Then comes the dreary leaden future—life ever seeming like a morning ball-room, soiled, trampled, foul, the garlands torn and withered, the lights out, the guests gone, a dismal place where only regret can thrive. Patient outraged nature turns sharply upon her insulter, and from the disease-racked body takes full redress. Then conscience awakes and storms at the perverse heart that has lost earth and heaven, and true happiness for both worlds. It points a man, first, to the holy God, then to his own guilty life, and the contrast is frightful. Alas for those who then can not see the gentle Saviour standing midway with hands stretched out in reconciliation! Have you often seen the end of those who lived for pleasure? If so, you can look upon the tragedy at the Canadian railway station with cheerful resignation. Death came to its victim there swift and pangless. But to those who, more recklessly, throw themselves in the way of temptation to vicious pleasure, it comes with the same certainty, and with slow torturing advance that crushes soul as well as body.

Christians, pray for those who with strange infatuation prefer a brief excitement, a few fleeting sensations, to an eternity of bliss in heaven. God pity those who are throwing away body and soul in the pursuit of pleasure, "just for fun."

OLD SAYINGS OF THE CHINESE.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN even trees are planted, first place below the root a head of large garlic and an inch of liquorice, and insects will never injure them.

Nightmare and bad dreams may be prevented by placing one shoe on its sole, and the other inverted, when going to sleep at night.

A person who has run away will return of his own accord, if you inclose a bit of loadstone in his clothes and hang them in a well.

I have eaten several peculs of salt more than you (a pecul weighing 133 pounds), expresses the idea of having seen more of the world, and of having had more experience.

TEN WICKEDNESSES.

According to Chinese law-books these are specified the ten unpardonable crimes:

1st. Plotting the subversion of the empire.

2d. Plotting a great rebellion, such as laying in ruins the tombs of emperors or their palaces.

3d. Planning to desert the country and go over to another nation.

4th. Meditating the murder of a grandfather or grandmother, or of a father or mother.

5th. To murder or mutilate a whole family.

6th. To steal the vessels used in sacrifice at the imperial temple; to steal things belonging to the emperor; to make a false imperial seal; to mix medicine for the emperor otherwise than directed in the prescription, etc.

7th. Filial impiety, which includes abusing grandfather or grandmother; not providing for one's parents; not mourning for their death; marrying during the period of mourning, etc.

8th. Quarrels among kindred, and crimes committed between superiors and inferiors of the same family, a wife accusing her husband to government, etc.

9th. People killing their magistrates; inferior officers killing their superiors, etc.

10th. Incestuous intercourse among members of the same family, by which they resemble the brutes.

BUDDHISTIC NOTIONS ABOUT HELL.

The place of suffering to which wicked human beings are doomed is generally called

in Chinese "earth's prison,"—that is hell, in English. It has ten departments, also called "earth-prisons," named according to the mode of punishment employed in them. There is a presiding judge, who decides in Hades, or the place into which the wicked go just after death, in regard to the prison into which each is to enter.

Flogging, bastinadoing, transportation, banishment, and death are the five punishments which are borne in this life; hell, hungry demons, and the state of brutes are three ways of suffering after death.

The ten kings of hell have each a hell in which to punish those who are condemned to them.

1st. The hell in which are hills stuck full of knives.

2d. The hell which has an iron boiler filled with scalding water.

3d. The hell of cold and ice.

4th. The hell of trees stuck full of swords.

5th. The hell where men's tongues are plucked out as a punishment for the sins of the tongue.

6th. The hell of poisonous serpents.

7th. The hell of cutting and grinding to pieces.

8th. The hell of sawing into pieces.

9th. The hell with iron beds.

10th. The hell of blackness and darkness.

Besides those above named, there are many others. For instance: Those who kill pigs and dogs will be torn to pieces by pigs and dogs.

WOMAN SUBJECT TO THE THREE OBEDIENCES.

1st. Before marrying, the daughter must obey her parents.

2d. After marriage she must obey her husband.

3d. After the death of her husband she must obey her oldest son.

Such is the teaching of the Chinese classics.

CATHAY.

THE *Protestant Churchman* (organ of the progressive school of Episcopalians) tells this story:

A clerical brother, of whom we expected better things, whose organ of Veneration must be sadly deficient, says that whenever he considers the late doings of some of our Bishops, he feels like using a prayer once offered by the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher to this effect, "Grant, O Lord, that we may not think contemptuously of our rulers, and furthermore, grant, we beseech Thee, that they may not act so that we can't help it!"

Physiology.

PHYSIOLOGY and ANATOMY claim our attention because they treat of the organization, structure, and functions of the human body; showing how we are made; what contributes to our physical improvement or deterioration; what we should eat and drink; how we should be clothed, and how exercise, sleep, and live to secure and maintain health and vigor. The results of scientific research and of personal experience bearing on these subjects will be collated and analyzed for the instruction of our readers.

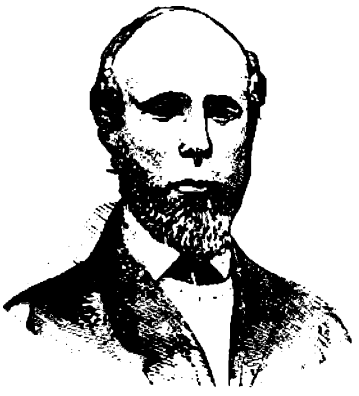
CONFESSIONS OF A SMOKER.

"WHAT I WAS, AND WHAT I AM."

WE have frequently discoursed on the evil consequences of those common habits, the use of tobacco and the drinking of spirituous liquors, and we have always sought to make our reasoning strong by adducing illustrations of a striking character. Rarely, however, has it occurred to us to find so apt an illustration, so practical a sermon, with reference to the baneful effect of tobacco on the human body as the following account furnished us by the subject himself. The accompanying portraits are engraved from photographs which were severally taken in the different stages of his experience. Mr. K——, of Augusta, Georgia, contracted the habit of smoking when about fourteen years of age. An excellent physical organization, with a sanguineous temperament and some predisposition to corpulence, served to strengthen this habit until its practice became almost incessant during his waking hours. It was his boast at thirty-five that he could smoke a meerschaum pipe all the while, so invulnerable did he think himself to any ill effects from the use of tobacco. But during all the years he continued to smoke, the poisonous element of that article was insidiously planting the seeds of disease; and at forty years of age he had begun to realize that fact, though he was wont at times to allege some other cause for his occasional attacks of painful sickness. He continued to smoke until 1865, when his health became so prostrated by various disorders, arising chiefly from a stomach in a state of extreme derangement, that he was regarded by his friends as a candidate for an early grave.

At the time, 1865, when the portrait No. 1 was taken, he was suffering from acute dys-

pepsia accompanied with derangement of the circulation, short breath, spinal weakness, and general debility. The tone of his constitution had fallen so low, and the functions of the secretory organs were so sluggishly performed, that his hair, which had previously been abundant, came out, leaving him almost bald. Instead of a youthful, vigorous man, he looked worn, feeble, and old. He suffered so much abdominal pain that it was thought expedient by his physician to apply blisters; and the liquid drawn from the skin by these blisters was so strongly impregnated with tobacco as to be odorous. This fact effectually disposed of every doubt he entertained concerning the cause of his illness, and convinced him that his excessive smoking lay at the foundation of his infirmities.



No. 1.

A man of very positive opinion and energetic action, he determined to give up the habit, come what might. "To know the cause of one's disease is half the cure." Therefore Mr. K—— set about making an earnest effort to relinquish his darling habit. He succeeded in working off from it in 1866, and by a careful regard to the delicate state of his health in his diet and daily habits, soon afterward began to improve in strength and spirits. Abstemious habits with reference to other modes of dissipation than tobacco doubtless proved his salvation. Had he been a drinker of alcoholic stimulants as well as a smoker of tobacco, there is little doubt but that he would have succumbed to the pernicious effects of those habits, and thus found indeed an early death; but he did not drink, and nature was not entirely exhausted of her recuperative resources.

In one year after the time he gave up smoking he was quite another man from the unhappy suffering invalid he found himself in his final smoking experience. He had gained twenty-five pounds in weight, and

No. 2.

little of the weakness induced by his long-practiced habit remained besides some nervous irritation which yet clings to him, and may never be entirely overcome. His health continued to improve, and with the improvement came a restoration of much of his youthful vigor and freshness. So great indeed was the change in his appearance at the time the second portrait (No. 2) was taken, from what it had been during the last four or five years of his smoking career, that persons who had had business relations with

No. 3.

him then, and had not seen him during the interval of his recuperation, could not recognize in him the same man with whom they had been accustomed to trade. Speaking of this he says himself: "Parties now and then

come into my store and inquire for my brother, thinking me to be a younger man, they not having seen me since my reformation. Some *insist* on my not being the person with whom they transacted business in 1865 or 1866." At the time—last June—the third photograph was taken (No. 3), Mr. K—— weighed upward of one hundred and eighty pounds. We saw him early in the autumn of 1869, and must confess our surprise at seeing one who had been brought so low by a destructive practice, enjoying so much exuberant health and possessing a complexion of such ruddy freshness. His triumph over a vice which is preying upon the vitals of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-Americans is well attested by his new-created manhood, and a firm resolution to live henceforward in a manner becoming an intelligent human being and a Christian.

In him, too, is seen a most cogent example of the result of determined and intelligent effort, which should greatly encourage all those who being in the toils of a perverted appetite seek to emancipate themselves and live as becometh self-denying manly men.

THE WASP WAIST.

IN China, fashionable women wear very small shoes, not larger than are worn here by infants. The feet are prevented from growing by artificial pressure, and, in time, the person can only waddle; she can not walk. This fashion is as foolish and far more injurious than that of the men who shave their heads, save a spot on top, from which descends the long ropy tail, which must be very inconvenient.

In the Rocky Mountains there is a tribe of Indians known as "Flat Heads," who place the heads of their young children in a press, and keep them there for some time, so that the skull becomes flattened in shape; and *this* is *their* idea of beauty. The same thing was practiced in Peru, South America, from whence we obtain skulls of Flat Heads. In the Caribbean Islands, too, the cannibals flatten their heads, as marks of distinction and superiority. But in civilized France and England, the ladies—some of them—practice a far more injurious custom, that of tight-lacing. Of course the custom is confined to the foolish people of those countries. Whoever saw a wasp-waisted woman in America who did not come direct from those foreign countries? *Our* women will not be so foolish. Here is what an English journal says on the subject under the title of The Wasp Waist:

Men are not disposed, for a variety of reasons, to interfere rashly with the notions of women in the matter of dress. The greatest latitude is allowed in shape, and color, and material; and it is only when the male esthetic sense is too openly outraged that we hear some faint protest against the current fashion. This tolerance is extremely wise. In the first place, women would not alter their ways even if we did complain. Then again, it is only reasonable to conclude that, as the women who set fashion spend by far the larger portion of their lives in studying how to dress themselves, they ought to understand more about it than the exoteric critic who hastily scans his wife's costume as she comes down to dinner. We are of opinion, further, that the masculine mind is incapable of dispassionately judging women's dress. There are men who look upon every tolerably good-looking woman as an angel; and such men, perceiving the majority of their angelic acquaintances dressing in a particular fashion, must needs consider the fashion a remarkably graceful and becoming one.

There are other men who, having been rather hardly entreated by the sex, are disposed to regard women with distrust, if not with some vague notion of a universal revenge; and these find each new fashion only another phase of feminine absurdity and vanity. It is highly desirable, therefore, that women should be allowed (the phrase suggests a possible restriction which, we fear, does not exist) to dress pretty much as they please, and to adorn themselves with such combinations of color, and such forms of costume, as they think most suited to their various requirements.

In one direction, however, every man who has any sort of influence over the womankind of his family or circle is imperatively bound to interfere. The abomination of tight-lacing must not be allowed to spread among us. We are not quite sure that fash-

ion contemplates any immediate return to the wasp waist, but there are rumors abroad which render it necessary that every precaution should be used. It may be that the flinging open of the correspondence-columns of the newspapers in the dull season has had something to do with the re-appearance of this bugbear, but it is not the less necessary that such incipient tentatives should be checked at once. Somewhere about two years ago a magazine, which is chiefly addressed to girls, started, for its own purpose doubtless, this subject, and endeavored to combat the notion that tight-lacing was injurious to the frame. It was suspected at the time that this periodical was nothing more nor less than the organ of the stay-makers, who had been deprived of their means of subsistence by the extinction of crinoline. This underhand effort to resuscitate a pernicious custom provoked a good deal of indignation; and we fancy that it was then abandoned. However, our old foe appears in a new place; and in the sacred columns of the London *Times*, the specter of tight-lacing is again paraded before us, by one or two correspondents, whose method of logic inclines us to believe that they belong to the sex which is principally interested in the matter. The first point on which these correspondents insist is that a small waist is pleasing to the eye, and the second is that a woman may "cultivate her figure" —such is the gentle euphemism which describes the squeezing in of the ribs—with impunity from physical injury.

It is true enough that a small waist is an additional grace to a figure that is otherwise symmetrical and graceful. No one can deny this fact. But there is no greater blunder than for the "cultivator" to imagine that a small waist, which betrays its artificial origin, can be regarded by men with anything else than derision or compassion. Is it wonder, or pity, or contempt that is the predominant feeling when one observes a wasp-like body tapering down to an abnormally small waist, the waist unnaturally round, the dress obviously strained, the whole body apparently balanced so as to prevent the compressed figure from breaking in two halves? A more absurd spectacle it is impossible to conceive; and it is one which suggests some other reflections, not very flattering to the owner of the insect-waist. We presume that girls make fools of themselves in this way in order to convey to others the notion that they are peculiarly sylph-like and graceful. They wish to appear in the eyes of their male admirers as light, ethereal, angelic creatures, who are scarcely subject to the vulgar necessities of hunger. Unfortunately, the impression conveyed is exactly the reverse. The lover can not look at his mistress's eyes for thinking of her waist, and wondering how she can smile under her tightly-clasping bars of cane. In spite of himself, he becomes an anatomist. He mentally dissects her. He can not help thinking of those plates in books of physiology, showing the position of the ribs anterior and posterior to the practice of tight-lacing. While he ought to be looking at her face, he is, in imagination, contemplating her lungs. When she sighs, it is not of her affection he thinks; he is considering the action of her diaphragm. It is impossible for the tenderest and most idealistic of lovers to discern the poetry of a mechanical waist.

As for the injurious effects of the practice, no correspondence in the *Times* or elsewhere will alter definite scientific facts. We are heartily glad to perceive that the *Lancet* has engaged in the good work of smiting down these fallacies with the sledge-hammer of its authority. We imagine, however, that the physical injuries produced by tight-lacing must be apparent to every one; and that it is only a piece of hypocrisy on the part of its advocates to say that they know of no cases of such injury.

The *Lancet* only repeats what ought to be known to every school-girl who studies physiological questions and answers in her classes. For the free motion of the lungs, free motion of the ribs is required. Compress the ribs by tight-lacing, and you would prevent the lungs from obtaining air but for the action of the diaphragm, which involves a method of breathing directly destructive of the harmonious working of the internal system. "Breathing, as it is thus carried on, produces downward pressure instead of lateral expansion, increasing the difficulties under which the digestive organs, compressed out

of shape by the constriction of the waist, do their work, and causing displacements and derangements which create perhaps more domestic unhappiness than any other circumstance in life. . . . . And we do not hesitate to say that to the practice of tight-lacing is due a very large number of distressing female ailments, over and beyond those derangements of digestion and circulation to which we have already referred."

It may be urged that if women will kill themselves in order to attract admiration and gratify their vanity, they ought to be allowed a martyrdom which is clearly a pleasure to them. But that is not the point. The results of tight-lacing are not confined to the subject of the experiment. The prevalence of the custom in this age would materially affect the health of the next generation.

The more immediate results are a mass of needless complaints which make a woman an infliction upon her friends as well as a misery to herself. Constant headaches, the querulousness of temper attendant upon restraint and pain, and the thousand ills of indigestion are part of the harvest of evil which follows tight-lacing, and in which many an unhappy husband has been forced to share. For a woman to have constant headaches who has produced them by her own willful folly might be regarded as a merited punishment, but for the fact that the punishment falls as much upon the husband as upon herself. Probably, however, he reaps a deserved punishment for having been foolish enough to marry a girl given up to tight-lacing, or for having been weak enough to let his wife fall into the habit. Perhaps if it were well understood that our marrying young men—looking forward to their future domestic comfort—were disposed to keep clear of girls devoted to the ruinous practice of tight-lacing, the insect-waist would disappear, and there would be an end to coffin-corsets.

HEADACHE is one of nature's sure signs of violated physical law, and whoever suffers from it should carefully study his own habits and reform from all violations of the rules of health. Radical recovery can be secured in no other way.

TISCHENDORFF, THE BIBLICAL SCHOLAR.

THE ROMANCE OF BIBLICAL RESEARCH.*

IN the likeness of Professor Tischendorff we have a specimen of sound health and vigorous constitution. The freshness of youth appears to linger on that face. There is a broad base of brain, indicating vital stamina, energy of character, and a spirit of earnestness in all his mental and physical life. To correspond with this development there is a large chest, indicating great breathing power, a good nutritive apparatus, furnishing an abundance of blood for the ample support of the brain, and that balance of life which is requisite to keep body and brain in excellent condition. He has therefore a great deal of life-power, and while his mental nature is well grounded in a substantial and healthy physical constitution, he has a healthful cast of mind, distinguished for great practical common-sense, a desire for knowledge, ability to gather facts, and to hold them in reserve for ready use on all occasions.

There is a good organization for an off-hand public speaker; the qualities requisite for minute and specific scholarship being well developed, with language enough not only to become a splendid classical scholar, but the ready ability to express thoughts and feelings on the spur of the moment. Educated for the law, or called to a lecturer's position, he would be eminently successful in imparting instruction; would be entertaining and instructive. When he has gone over a field of inquiry, especially in the domain of lit-

* In the preparation of our biography we have been kindly assisted to very valuable facts connected with Dr. Tischendorff's life by the Rev. M. J. Cramer, consul at Leipsic, who is a personal friend of the distinguished critic. The American translation, by the Rev. Henry Smith, D.D., of Tischendorff's own account of his discoveries in his "When Were Our Gospels Written?" we have also freely made use of. We have been compelled to deal only with Dr. Tischendorff's discoveries, owing to the impossibility of bringing within our space a complete account of his writings and other labors.

erature or history, there is little left for those to do who come after him.

The upper part of the forehead is not so amply developed; the regions of Causality and Comparison not being prominently developed, his mind is not very much inclined to the contemplation or discussion of abstract subjects. His elevation of head along the center line is striking, and indicates strong sympathy, respect, reverence, and perseverance. In his great Veneration is found one of the mainsprings of his activity and zeal in the important work to which he early devoted his intellectual energies.

The breadth of head gives ardor, enterprise, and that kind of magnetic earnestness which is very impressive, and makes him industrious, thorough, and efficient.

He has all the signs of strong social feelings; his friendship is magnetic; he is personally attractive to people, especially to young men. He will make

PORTRAIT OF LOBEGOTT FRIEDRICH CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORFF.

them feel that he is an elder brother; while he has a fair degree of dignity among superior people, which leads them to respect his opinions and seek his friendship.

BIOGRAPHY.

The "Romance of Biblical Research" may appear to many readers an inappropriate selection as a title of our account of the life and works of the distinguished German Biblical-text reformer; but we can hardly find a happier phrase for our use in the whole range of our language. Dr. Tischendorff has infused life into a department which had previously but little or no interest to men outside of the learned theological world. Biblical criticism and research has had but little to draw the attention of the "people" toward it, and he is, we believe, the first to satisfy the wants of the popular mind, excited by the novelistic writings of Rénan and his school, by showing them that there is indeed also true, pure romance connected with the history of our Christian Bible. As we accompany him, in our portraiture, among the ancient cloisters of Palestine, and hear him rustling among the old waste-paper baskets of the convent libraries, as if for lost "copy," spending a lifetime in the discovery of early and long-concealed witnesses to the truth of our Christianity, we feel that the "romance" of these Biblical researches has much to attract those who can not otherwise be influenced. The great discoverer's life, however, has been no romance; it has been, and is, both real and earnest, and his literary labors as well as his invaluable discoveries are the children of a life full of honor and fruitfulness, and he is now the acknowledged creator of an epoch in the history of Biblical criticism.

Lobegott Friedrich Constantin Tischendorff was born on the 18th of January, 1815, in Lengefeld, a manufacturing town in the kingdom of Saxony. His father was a physician, educated under the celebrated Dr. Hufeland. His mother devoted herself with great zeal to the religious education of her children. After attending the school of his native place till fourteen years of age, he was sent in 1829 to the Gymnasium at Plauen, and in 1834 commenced his philological and theological studies in the University of Leipsic. While a student, he wrote several theological dissertations in Latin, which were awarded the prize-medal with flattering compliments by the theological faculty. In 1834 he published a volume of original poems, entitled "May-Buds," some of which were set to music by the celebrated composers Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. This, with his former theological treatises, was the commencement of his literary career. He remained at Leipsic till 1838, and then became for a year and a half assistant-instructor in a seminary under the direction of his subsequent father-in-law. He published in the mean time a work entitled "The Young Mystic," pronounced by many critics as an excellent treatise on psychology. In 1839 he undertook to prepare an edition of the New Testament in Greek, and availed himself of all the learned help that had been published during the past three hundred years, in order to attempt to restore the text to the state in which it was left by the Apostles at their death. In the furtherance of this effort he made extensive journeys among the public libraries of south Germany and Switzerland; and after his return to Leipsic, published his work, in 1840, together with two theological dissertations—all of which were received with marked favor, and procured for him the degrees of *Doctor Philosophiæ* and *Licentiatus Theoligiæ.*

It was about this time that the idea of a thorough revision of the New Testament text began to take shape, and the conviction settled upon his mind that for the highest results a deeper research was needed into the original Scriptures, in order to the "restoration of the true and genuine text of the Apostles, on which our Christianity so much depends." And for the proper conception of his later labors we shall need to glance briefly at the history of that text.

The early Christians, as is well known, were very zealous for the dissemination of their holy writings, and transcriptions of their different books were made by copyists. Accuracy in the transcripts thus made, however, was next to impossible, and as early as the third century after Christ, Origen, a Church father, found it necessary to compare many copies in order to make necessary corrections. Very often it was the case that the

writers employed would substitute slight alterations of their own, and, not unfrequently, omissions were made, either carelessly or for various reasons. As time went on these evils increased in the text, and such manuscripts as after a lapse of nearly sixteen centuries were the "copy" which fed the early printing press of Guttenberg were full of errors. Of course, better manuscripts were afterward procured, and the oldest diligently searched for. One of these was the so-called Codex Vaticanus, which was ever jealously guarded, however, at Rome; and the Reformers, who freely offered money for its use, could not obtain it to aid in correcting the reading of disputed passages, and when Tischendorff commenced his labor could only be used for a few hours at long intervals. The purification of the Scriptural text from its foreign elements has been tried by many eminent theologians, especially in Germany, by Beza, Mill, Wetstein, Bengel, Griesbach, Matthai, and Scholz, their labors extending over some centuries. But the idea at last became permanent that the end of all their attempts would be more certainly attained by setting aside the ordinary text altogether, and substituting in its place a new one, derived from the oldest and best sources. This, then, in brief, was the conviction that permeated Tischendorff's mind, and which rendered his subsequent journeys necessary, to subject the oldest Greek and also Latin MSS. to be found in the libraries of Europe to a new and exhaustive exploration, and from the materials thus gathered to prepare another critical edition of his Greek Testament.

TISCHENDORFF'S EARLY DISCOVERIES.

Tischendorff was but twenty-five years of age when, in 1840, he started, with about a hundred dollars in his pocket, for Paris, his parents having died, leaving him with no funds for the further prosecution of his studies and investigations. He arrived in Paris with less than fifty dollars, but with a nature full of energetic resolve. He soon ingratiated himself into the good-will of the librarians of the different public libraries, to which he was allowed free access. Here he remained for some time, visiting in the mean time the libraries of Holland in 1841, and those of London, Cambridge, and Oxford in 1842. But Paris was the scene of his first success. He published two critical editions of the Greek Testament here; prepared the critical edition of the Codex Claromontanus, after discovering and deciphering portions of the Old and New Testaments, Philo Judæus, and the Apocryphal books, which had heretofore been declared "undecipherable," and the celebrated Codex Ephræmi, and a Palimpsest from the fifth century, for the first time deciphered. "This," says Dr. Tischendorff, "had been written in the fifth century, and revised with many additions in the seventh and ninth, but had been washed off in the twelfth century, in order that upon the parchment, an article at that time scarce and costly, thus purified and newly calendered, the work of an old Church father, by the name of Ephraim, might be transcribed. Traces of the ancient defaced writing were first observed in the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth, Wetstein, the Swiss theologian, had made an attempt to read it. But at the close of this century, the Parisian librarian informed the theologian Griesbach, of Jena, that it was impossible for the eye of a mortal to decipher with any degree of exactness a writing which six centuries before had been so thoroughly destroyed. In the year 1834 the French Government attempted by chemical means to restore the legibility of the faded letters. But a theologian of Leipsic, who was at that time in Paris, proved so unsuccessful in his attempts to read it, that he publicly declared an edition of the text, even with the means employed by the French Government, to be impracticable; yet in the years 1841, 1842 I was so successful that I was able to distinguish perfectly even the different hands which had taken part in the work."

The means employed we do not gather. In this way he acquired funds and many honors, and the friendship of some of the most distinguished men in France, both in Church and State. A Prussian theological faculty bestowed upon him an honorary doctorate. Beyond the limits of Germany three Governments conferred the dignity of their orders; several others honored him with large gold medals in recognition of scientific services, and Holland, at the instance of her theologians, caused a medal to be struck in his especial honor.

Tischendorff left Paris in January of the year 1843 for Switzerland, where he resided for some time in Basle. In the same year he reached Rome, after traveling through southern France and Italy, and exploring the libraries of Venice, Modena, Florence, Verona, Milan, Turin, Naples. In Rome he discovered and examined many very ancient manuscripts of portions of the Old and New Testaments, some of which he was allowed to copy, and has since published in his Monumenta Sacra Inedita. He had while here a protracted private audience with Pope Gregory XVI. concerning the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, receiving permission to closely examine it but not to publish it, as Cardinal Mai was then engaged in preparing it for the press. When he left the Holy City his reputation in the literary and theological world, through his many discoveries, was very extended. It would hardly be possible to enumerate them here, but he had finally come to the following conclusion: "The European libraries had obtained all their treasures of Scriptural manuscript from the convents of the East, where industrious monks, from the succeeding centuries after Christ's appearance, had gathered the sacred writings from all quarters, and employed themselves in transcribing them. Might there not now lie in the nooks of these convents, Greek, Coptic, Syrian, Armenian, one or another of these manuscripts concealed? Would not every leaf of parchment which might be found in them, bringing testimony from the fifth, sixth, and even seventh centuries, be a little treasure, an appreciable enrichment of Christian science?"

FIRST JOURNEY TO THE HOLY LAND.

With such men as Tischendorff, the thought is father to the deed. Only a few years before he had entered Paris with hardly a month's support; yet in order to aid in bringing his plans to completion many private individuals, and even the Prussian Government, were found ready to give him pecuniary aid. Nor did the ruler of his own Saxon fatherland, King Frederic Augustus II., forget him, for both he and his brother John, "a man highly accomplished in the knowledge of the sacred writings," gave him their personal favor. Thus was collected nearly five thousand dollars for his contemplated journey to the Orient—that earthly paradise of German travelers. In the month of April, 1844, he embarked at Leghorn for Alexandria, intending to visit Cairo, Sinai, the Coptic cloisters, Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, San Saba, Samaria, Nazareth, Beirut, Smyrna, Patmos, and other places. An account of this journey he published in his Reise in der Orient (1845, 1846), and also a more extended history of the manuscripts discovered, in his Anecdota Sacra et Profana (1855 and 1860). He discovered a large number of manuscripts of portions of the Bible in the Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, Coptic, and Abyssinian languages,—many of which he brought home and subsequently published in his Monumenta Sacra Inedita. The chief incident of that journey, and which adds probably the greatest interest to Dr. Tischendorff's life, occurred at Sinai.

He had arrived there in May, 1844. While exploring the library belonging to the convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of the Mount, he observed a huge, wide basket standing in the center of the library floor, containing a quantity of ancient parchments. On examination he found a number of leaves of the Greek Bible of the Old Testament. "These," said he, "instantly made upon me the impression of being one of the most ancient manuscripts I had ever seen." His sorrow was extreme, however, when the librarian, "an intelligent man," told him that two baskets full of similar remains had previously been committed to the flames. He secured in all about forty-three leaves, and after transcribing a few pages, he asked the librarian to save whatever might be found of the remainder, and shortly afterward returned to Saxony with a rich collection of manuscripts, most of which, numbering about fifty, he deposited in the University of Leipsic. He caused lithographs to be taken of the Sinaitic fragments, but prudently kept the place where he had found them to himself—having in mind the discovery of the entire manuscript at a future time, a second journey for which purpose he undertook in 1853.

But in this interval we have to deal with other labors of his. In 1845 he was elected to an extraordinary professorship in Leipsic University (two years previously he had re-

ceived the Doctor's degree from the University of Breslau). In 1849 he made another journey of researches in France and England. In 1850 he received the position of an honorary Professor of Theology in Leipsic, where he devoted himself for a time to theological labors. His published works during this period after his return from the East to his second journey are exceedingly numerous. He labored upon three editions of the Greek Testament (published in 1849, 1850, 1854—besides the two former editions at Paris), and of the Septuagint, incorporating therein the results of his philological researches. He edited the Codex Claromontanus, Codex Fredrico Augustanus, Codex Amiatinus, Evangelium Palatinum; published the Codex Ephræmi, the Monumenta Sacra Inedita, Fragmenta Sacra Palimpsesta, and also resumed his somewhat neglected researches into the New Testament Apocryphal books, preparing critical editions of the Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and the Apocalypse, besides re-editing with critical accuracy nineteen other works which had previously been edited by other hands.

Yet this is by no means a complete record. He was constantly hauling forth from the dusty alcoves of European libraries valuable manuscripts, a task which appears to have served as an intellectual stimulus to his other gigantic labors. Even this was no "chance" work. His friend Alexander von Humboldt (to whom he dedicated his Anecdota, in 1855) was not unjust when he styled him: "One of the most fortunate travelers of modern times, having become such, not by mere accident, but by sagacity and perseverance." The king of Prussia also wrote: "You are predestined to make discoveries wherever you go." With all his European labors and accompanying honors, however, he did not forget his Sinaitic treasures (certainly not yet found). He had secured a friend at the court of the Viceroy of Egypt, who endeavored to recover the lost remains, but he had finally written that the monks of the convent were perfectly aware of the treasure they possessed, and that no sum could tempt them to part with it. Dr. Tischendorff resolved to go thither himself, however, starting in 1853. In February of that year he reached for the second time the cloister of St. Catherine, and though he was even more fortunate than before in discovering Scriptural documents, he could not obtain any further traces respecting the discovery of 1844, excepting, however, a little fragment containing eleven short lines from the Book of Genesis, which furnished apparent proof that the manuscript had originally contained the whole of the Old Testament. This he transcribed, but returned home without accomplishing his end, feeling, as he eloquently expressed it, a constant "heart-pressure" toward new Oriental researches.

DISCOVERY OF THE SINAI BIBLE.

The doctor's "heart-pressure" culminated in the formation of another extensive plan of an Eastern journey, which he was enabled to carry out through the liberality of the Emperor of Russia. No monarch is so much esteemed in the Oriental convents as the Czar, and knowing his influence, Dr. Tischendorff presented himself, with his plan, before the defender of the Greek faith. The latter, notwithstanding the objections urged against patronizing a German Protestant professor, placed sufficient funds at his disposal, and on the 5th of January, 1859, Tischendorff again departed for the East. His chances of success appeared to be very slight in regard to the Sinaitic manuscripts, for the theological world had already flocked to the spot. The English Government had sent out a representative well provided with gold, but he did not go to Sinai, remarking, that "after the visit of so eminent a paleographer as Dr. Tischendorff, no success was to be hoped for." But before the month of January had flown the latter stood once more in Sinai. "For the third time in the course of fifteen years," he remarks, "I greeted the convent of St. Catherine. In honor of the mission with which I was intrusted, I was received with marks of special consideration. The prior greeted me with the wish that I might succeed in gathering new supports for the Divine truth,"—an utterance in which, he adds, was "more than he himself was probably aware of." He spent several days in searching among the old manuscripts of the convent library, discovering many valuable ones, one of which is of more than ordinary interest to the world—of which Dr. Tischendorff has told the story of its finding as follows:

"On the 4th of February I ordered the camels to be ready for my departure for Cairo on the 7th. At noon of the above-named day I made an excursion to the neighboring mountain, in company with the steward of the convent, and as we were returning at night-fall, he invited me to take some refreshment in his cell. We had hardly entered, when, alluding to our previous conversation, he said: 'I also have here a Septuagint.' [A Greek version of the Old Testament, so called because it was said to be the work of seventy, or rather seventy-two, interpreters.] He went to a corner of the room and brought a parcel wrapped in red cloth, and laid it before me on the table. I opened the cloth, and to my extreme astonishment beheld before me the Sinai Bible. It consisted not merely of the fragments of the Old Testament which I had taken from the basket fifteen years before, but also of other Old Testament fragments, and, especially, the entire New Testament, as well as the complete Epistles of Barnabas. These additional constituents of the parcel had been discovered soon after my departure in 1844. Their connection with the fragments which I had so urgently commended to notice had been recognized, and all had been placed together. In the most joyful excitement, I begged permission to take the cloth with its entire contents to my room. There I first gave myself up to the impression produced by the event. I knew that I held in my hand the most precious jewel which, for the investigation of the Bible, could be found; a manuscript which exceeded all others in the world in antiquity and value; for which I had busied myself for twenty years. To the emotions of such an hour no description can do justice. The night was cold, yet I sat down immediately to the work of transcribing the Epistle of Barnabas. Of this document, which ascends so nearly to the origin of the Christian Church, the first part, in the Greek text of the original, had been sought in vain since the second century. And the Epistle of Barnabas, as well as the Shepherd of Hermas, from the end of the second to the beginning of the fourth century, had been regarded by many as a component part of the New Testament. For this reason both were included in the Sinai Bible, which had been written in the first half of the fourth century, or about the time of the first Christian emperor."

Such is Dr. Tischendorff's account of the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus. He asked permission of the steward to take it with him to Cairo, but the prior alone could give that, and he was himself in that city. On the 7th of February Dr. Tischendorff departed thither in order to meet him, being honored with a formal and stately adieu, the most prominent of the brotherhood accompanying him to the neighboring plain. At Cairo he met with the greatest sympathy; the prior granted his request, and on the 24th of February the manuscript was delivered into his hands for transcription. This labor was immense, for it contained more than one hundred and ten thousand lines, with innumerable passages obscured by later corrections, many also faded, which had to be transcribed under the most rigid scrutiny. Dr. Tischendorff afterward suggested to the prior the idea of presenting the manuscript to the Czar of Russia, as the shield and protector of the Greek orthodox faith. This met with favor, yet its accomplishment was not realized for a long time. When he returned again to Cairo he found the brotherhood of the convent involved in serious difficulties, of which we can not enter here into the details, but to overcome which he greatly aided them by his influence. On the 28th of September the assembled members of the convent placed the long-sought-for treasure in Dr. Tischendorff's hands for transmission to St. Petersburg, its possession being primarily given to the great discoverer himself, in order to prepare an exact edition for publication. "In the early days of October," he remarks, "while yet the palm groves were basking in the glowing heat of the south, I left the land of the Nile, and on the 19th of November, when the northern winter was already setting upon St. Petersburg, I presented my rich collection of manuscripts, in the Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Arabic, and other languages, to the Imperial Majesty of Russia, at Larsko Selo. The cynosure and crown of the collection was the Sinai Bible." *

* The results of this journey are embodied in his "From the Orient" (1862). A concise and learned description of the most important documentary discoveries of this journey, and at the same time an announcement of the

In October, 1862, the whole work had gone through the press. The labor preparatory to the printing had been immense, and the entire cost was borne by the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. This imperial edition is a marvelously beautiful and accurate facsimile of the entire manuscript, and is in four volumes, royal folio, bound in purple cloth. Dr. Tischendorff went to St. Petersburg in the same month to make the presentation of it, and asked that it might appear it connection with the millenary festival of the Russian monarchy. This the emperor granted, and presented the greater number of the copies to the different universities and theological societies of Europe, without distinction of creed. Thus was the Christian Church at large put in possession of the most ancient records ever discovered of the Apostolic writings and of the Septuagint, upon which its faith is founded.*

Blessings from all sides were showered upon the "Discoverer of the Sinai Bible." The Pope expressed his kind wishes and admiration in an autograph letter. Cambridge and Oxford bestowed upon him their highest academic dignity. A man of letters remarked that "he would rather be the discoverer of the Sinai Bible than the finder of the Kohinoor." "But," said the good Professor, "what is far dearer to me than all these flattering tokens of recognition and gratitude, and the pleasure derived from which can not be diminished by the assaults of envy, is the conviction that the Sinai Bible is a gift of Providence; bestowed upon us in this period, so fruitful in the products of an anti-Christian activity, as a clear light in the exploration of the Sacred Scriptures, both to establish their truth and to demonstrate their uncorrupted form." Dr. Tischendorff is now engaged in translating this manuscript into the German language.

Dr. Tischendorff's labors upon the famous Codex Vaticanus are also of great importance to the Christian world. Before the discovery of the Sinai Bible this was always considered the oldest and most complete manuscript of the Bible in existence; but a careful comparison made by Dr. Tischendorff a few years since proved that it was neither older nor more complete than the former. They are, indeed, thought by the eminent critic to have been written, at least in part, by the same hand, both being supposed to be nearly 1,500 years old. Its early history is somewhat clouded. Until very lately it was jealously guarded at Rome, the Papal authorities long refusing to publish an edition of this manuscript. Its chief value lies in the New Testament portion, and is invaluable in the reading of disputed passages. In 1826 Cardinal Mai was authorized to bring out an edition of the manuscript, which he did in 1840, but the publication was delayed on account of its many inaccuracies and its many variations from the Vulgate edition. Mai died in 1854, before the corrections were completed, but in 1857 the work was published, full of errors, which have been reproduced over all the world.

Dr. Tischendorff's later most celebrated and popular work, "When Were Our Gospels Written?" 1865, has found a wide circulation in the whole Christian world. It was written to supply a popular demand in Germany, but has found a warm welcome in both England and America. His Palestina, recently published in Berlin, is a magnificent work.

"He is now engaged in editing a library of ancient manuscripts, under the title of Monumenta Sacra Inedita, Nova Collectio. These manuscripts he discovered during his visits to the public libraries of Europe and the East, and comprises fragments of different portions of the Bible and of the Church fathers. This library, when complete, will consist of nine large quarto volumes, of from four to five hundred pages each, containing the fac-similes of the manuscripts and the regular text-types. Its importance appears from the fact that most of the European and many of the American libraries have purchased it, so that only twenty-six copies of it are left for sale. Professor Tischendorff also proposes to prepare a large Greek Palæography, a work that will be hailed with joy by the philological world."

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intended publication of a fac-simile edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, appeared in 1860, under the title of "*Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici*," etc., etc.

*Mr. Cramer says: "At the present time there are but fifteen copies of this splendid fac-simile edition of the *Codex Sinaiticus* for sale at Giesecke & Devrient's, publishers of Leipsic." Public libraries will do well to secure a copy. The cost per copy is about $175, more or less.

NEW YORK,
JANUARY, 1870.

SALUTATORY.

"Nearer home.—
A year's march nearer home."

BELOVED readers, friends, and fellow-travelers: To-day we enter on a new journey of life, a new period of time, and on a new volume—the Fiftieth—of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. With us, it is an event. We go back, in memory, to the commencement of its existence, live over again the life it has lived, and fight anew, in vivid thought, the battles it has fought and won—thanking God for its victories. We would now stop a moment to consider what are our duties and our prospective privileges. That we have had our full share of "up-hill life," many of our readers well know. The ignorance, the prejudice, the superstition, and the bigotry we have had to meet and to overcome are matters of history recorded in previous volumes. Of late, instead of spending valuable time in fighting opponents, we have been enabled to enunciate our doctrines to a more willing world; and, indeed, to a world hungering and thirsting after the truth as it is in science and revelation. Right interpretations of both find ready acceptance with candid minds that love the truth. Opposition has ceased, or given way to inquiry. Cavilers have been converted, the ignorant instructed, the prejudiced enlightened, superstition removed, bigotry softened, and much real progress and real improvement have been attained.

Those who once opposed us now help us, and our cause is accepted and upheld by some of the best minds of civilized countries. We repeat our thanks, bid adieu to the past, and put ourselves in working order for the future. Out of our swaddling clothes, through the nursery, past our boyhood, we would not return to childish things, nor would we stand still. *It is the privilege and the duty of every human being to grow into the fullest stature of manhood.* Let us remain in leading strings no longer. Let us learn what are our real capabilities; what we can do best, and do it.

Let us, when we have learned what are our besetting sins, *resist* the temptation. If it be a perverted appetite, let us control it; if it be inordinate affection, subdue it; if it be avarice, let us prove by experiment to ourselves the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." If it be undue diffidence, sensitiveness, solicitude, impatience, a lack of confidence, or a lack of application; if it be a wild imagination or inordinate ambition, let us realize and remember that our accountability is first to God, next to ourselves, and *then* to the world. When in the line of duty, we need not stop to consider what others will say; nor be over-anxious about consequences. If we please God and ourselves, we can well afford to disregard what others say.

In all our teachings we shall *try* to teach the truth. The intellect, moral sentiments, affections, and propensities are all God-given, and for good purposes. Let us learn what is the will of God in regard to their use, and then use them accordingly. It is the right use, and not the abuse, that will be acceptable to Him, and give the highest satisfaction to ourselves. Self-Esteem, would, no doubt,

without the grace of God and an enlightened intellect, arrogate to himself regal powers, and rule with authority; Firmness would "will and won't" to the end of time; Approbativeness would shine in gaudy plumes; Combativeness would pick a quarrel with his best friend; and Destructiveness would knock down and drag out indiscriminately. Alimentiveness would gormandize; Acquisitiveness would get all it could, and Secretiveness would help keep it. Amativeness would marry more husbands, or wives, than the law allows; Ideality would revel in objects of beauty and romance without regard to utility; Cautiousness would be timid, procrastinate, and *never* "pop the question;" Benevolence would bleed at every recital of suffering; Veneration would fall down and worship wood and stone, magnify the importance of others, and go crazy on religious subjects, instead of going to work. Too much Order makes one old-maidish, or "more nice than wise;" while large Individuality makes one curious, and he pries into other people's business. Excessive Constructiveness spends time and money foolishly—trying to make "perpetual motions," and on useless inventions. Too much Tune runs mad after music, to the neglect of more important matters. One with an indolent, low temperament lies around bar-rooms, liquor-vaults, smoking, chewing, drinking, and soon becomes a pauper and a nuisance, if not a vagabond, a gambler, or a thief whereas if he would live a proper life, come under good influences, take a part in some religious work, pay attention to daily devotions, and set himself about any useful employment, he would grow in grace and improve the *quality* of his whole organization.

Our mission—the right mission of *all* good men and women—is to become healthy, intelligent, self-regulating, and godly. Before the millennium arrives, men and women must be organized, nearer perfection, and more fully developed than at present. They must be so constituted that their children will come into the world without those warped conditions; tendencies to excess, imbecility, idiocy, and moral obliquity. The parents themselves must be what they would have their children become—perfect. If the sins of parents are visited on their children—as they most certainly are—parents must cease sinning. And these are among the doctrines we would teach. Man may be improved—may be developed, may come up into the image of his Maker, and double, treble, and quadruple his powers of usefulness, enjoyment, happiness. We propose to show *how* it may be done. This is one of the utilities of Phrenology—one of the objects of this JOURNAL. Every subscriber becomes a helper, not only a helper of others, but he helps himself.

Our mission is high and holy. It is approved by good men, and we feel that it is sanctioned in heaven. Every one who helps on the cause, by either word or deed, will surely receive his reward. May God bless every good effort in behalf of the enlightenment, improvement, and elevation of the race of fallen or perverted man.

APPLICATION;

ITS CULTURE AND IMPORTANCE.

A LOVE for variety is inherent. The fact that man has many faculties, all of which seek gratification, and in diverse ways, is the basis of this desire. A child is pleased with a rattle, a whistle, or with a drum. These gratify his sense of hearing, which ripens afterward into a love for music. He is also attracted by bright colors, a red ribbon, a bright shawl, or a painted toy. These gratify his organ of Color, and when that is educated and developed, enables him to

judge of colors, including all their varied shades and tints, and culminates in the artist painter.

The faculty of Calculation finds gratification in computing numbers, and mathematics grows out of this. Were there no organ or faculty of Calculation, there would be no counting, no records of time, no sums in addition, no multiplication tables, no arithmetics.

The faculty of Order presupposes method, system, and a place for things; when large, or when trained, it inclines one to put things in place.

CONCENTRATIVENESS fixes the attention, holds the mind to a subject, and will not let go till completed. When over large, or excessively developed, it makes one tedious, prolix, and "spin long yarns;" but when deficient, there will be a lack of application, and a necessity for severe training and discipline. The intellect must make up for the deficiency till the organ becomes developed.

One cause of failure, on the part of many young men, when starting out in life, is the *lack of application.* The student fails to learn his lessons, not so much from intellectual incapacity as from instability and a want of perseverance. He is so fond of variety that his attention is easily diverted and his mental forces scattered. Like a bird without a purpose, hopping from branch to branch in a tree-top, his mind flits from object to object, and little or nothing is accomplished. When his youthful studies are completed, his education is superficial, and without a foundation. He now enters upon a pursuit; thinks it would be a fine thing to become a merchant, and enters upon a clerkship; soon tires of it, and in turn tries literature, art, and mechanism; not succeeding in any, he tries the studies of law, medicine, and divinity. Then he tries the stage, and resolves to become an actor. In a few weeks he is satisfied that this is not his sphere. His next move is for the army or the navy, supposing himself capable of becoming an officer in a very short time. By this time he gets the name of "Jack at all trades," and is "good for nothing at any one."

Now this is the history of more than one real experience. Boys are fond of variety. Indulgent parents encourage them in gratifying this desire at the cost of an important principle of success in life, which they fail to see till too late. Children should be taught to *finish* what they begin. One lesson at a time is enough. Diversion from the work, play, or lesson should not be permitted. When a pursuit has been decided on—*intelligently chosen*—it should be *rigidly adhered to*, no matter how repugnant. Let the art, the trade, or the subject be mastered before permitting a change. Let one tune be learned before commencing another; one book be finished before taking up another. Many a bright mind has been ruined for future usefulness and success from no other cause than from a lack of application. CONCENTRATIVENESS is an organ of the mind. When large, it gives continuity of mental action, resulting in APPLICATION. When small, the mind may be likened to an engine without a balance wheel. Parents, teach your children to *finish* what they begin. Teachers, do not give your pupils too many different studies in one day. Apprentices, if you would become master workmen, you *must* make the art or the trade your own, by learning how to do it, and sticking to it long enough to become masters of it. This jumping about "from pillar to post," this habit of instability and of seeking variety, is not for the interest of the child, the youth, or the man. Carefully choose your calling, cultivate application, avoid any or too easy diversion from your aim, and finish what you begin.

OUR NEW FORM.

TWENTY years ago we decided to make a popular journal which should combine the features of both newspaper and magazine. For a time we succeeded, and kept this JOURNAL open to all subjects of general interest; passing events, local matters, and everything within the range of the widest discussions, compatible with the objects in view, received attention. Some of our readers suggested that extraneous matters occupied space which could have been more worthily filled. Others asked that the JOURNAL should be made to assume a form less cumbersome and more symmetrical,—a form which would admit it into the common bookcase, and at a less cost for binding. At first these were suggestions merely, but of late they became importunities, and we then put the question to vote. Our readers, with almost one voice, demanded the change; and like other law-abiding citizens, we submitted to the will of the majority, and here we are, to-day, in a new form, a new dress, and in the most joyous spirits. We certainly anticipate a generous and a cordial reception.

Reader, how do you like it? *We* feel *just a little* proud of it;—new types, good ink, fine paper, and a pretty cover render it attractive to the eye; but the contents, the reading matter, and the illustrations must speak for themselves.

In future, we may not publish ephemeral matters, which more properly belong to the common newspaper which is read and destroyed; but rather that of permanent value, worthy of a first-class magazine, which may be preserved for the use of future generations.

It is our intention to make every succeeding number *better*, if possible, than the preceding. Some help, of course, is needed from those in the world who appreciate and apply our principles. We can scarcely work the ship alone; but at any rate, we will do the best we can, and submit to such verdict as our readers may be pleased to render.

If our work is approved, we know kind friends will use their best endeavors to place the JOURNAL in the hands of their friends and neighbors. We will print,—they will distribute, and thus a knowledge of the truth will be disseminated throughout the town, county, State, and nation.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTIONS.

DO phrenologists tell the truth in their delineations of character? In answer we may say that some phrenologists do so, and some do not. There are honest phrenologists, and there are dishonest phrenologists. One of the latter piles on flattery and falsehood without compunction. His descriptions are as worthless as a bogus coin or a counterfeit note. He is a money grabber and an impostor.

But one who loves the truth and his fellow-men and fears to do wrong, one who has integrity and moral principle, will tell the truth just as sincerely as the preacher who lifts up his voice in holy admonition against indulgences in vice and crime, or against committing the "unpardonable sin." The office of a phrenologist is not to flatter, to magnify virtues, or to merely amuse. It is to impress his subject with the exact state of things with regard to himself. He may do this in all candor, revealing the most hidden and most unpalatable truths and traits, and that, too, without giving offense. Of course it must be done judiciously, and it *should* be done in private. If the examiner be confident that his subject will steal, he need not abruptly call him a "thief," but he *may* say to him that *his* temptation lies in the direction of Acquisitiveness, that unless he fortifies himself against it he will be liable to take that which does not belong to him. So of an ungoverned temper; though one may exhibit violence even to the taking of human life, he need not be told that he is at heart a murderer; but he *may* be told that if he be not guarded he will be in danger of ending his career on the gallows. And so of excesses in other directions. There is a right way of stating such things for the good of the person rather than for the amusement of lookers-on. The worst, the most violent, vicious, and hardened criminal will confess all to a phrenologist as he would to no other person, providing he be kindly and properly treated. It often becomes the duty of a phrenologist to encourage the weak and unfortunate—not to flatter—advising and admonishing him how to steer his course in order to avoid dangers and to resist temptations. To us there is no other more important duty, none so profoundly impressive as that of directing the steps of a human being in the course he should pursue to make life the most useful and successful. The office of the priest or the father-confessor is not more important. How necessary, then, how indispensable, that the

truth, and nothing but the truth—no matter how it hurts one's self-love or vanity—be told him. And in the sight of Heaven this is precisely what an honest phrenologist will try to do. But look out for pretenders, impostors, counterfeits, and quacks. They will mislead, flatter, and rob you. There are counterfeit notes on the best banks, and there are self-styled *professors* of Phrenology, old and young, who are only wolves in sheep's clothing.

PHRENOLOGY A SCIENCE.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL: In looking over the work which you lately sent me, "The Science of a New Life," by John Corwin, M.D. I find the following good word for Phrenology. In speaking of the Law of Choice the author says: "In no way can this unity of thought, feeling, and action be so well secured as through Phrenology—a science that is to do more for the welfare of the human race than any heretofore or hereafter to be discovered. Through the right application of this wonderful science, no mistake need be made in wife or husband choosing, no risks need be run, and no doubts need be entertained; but all is made clear as the truths of which it is the exponent. Masks avail nothing—deception, hypocrisy, and untruth avail nothing—under the searching analysis of the brain's soul-chambers."

"But I don't believe in Phrenology!" Then you have my sympathy; and my advice to you, and all who think alike, is to study and cultivate the higher orders of your nature, and grow into the belief of this science of the mind, and so claim brotherhood with the progressive army of noble workers whose motto is, "Onward and upward." It having been assumed that unity of mind is the principle which lies at the base of a perfect marriage, and that the science of Phrenology is the lens through which we approximate this unity, one of the mists of the ages in the right choice of a mate is cleared up, and bright and clear as noon-day appears the Law of Choice. A. K.

HOW TO GET A SITUATION.—The best recommendation one can bring to an employer is some practical evidence that you are interested in his business or pursuit. If he be a merchant, you may bring him customers; if a publisher, you can extend the sales of his publications; if a manufacturer, tailor, or shoemaker, you can direct attention to his establishment. If he be the publisher of a newspaper or magazine, let him see that you are interested in its circulation. This, in itself, would be a recommendation far better than any letters you can bring. If a young man should apply to this office for a situation in the phrenological establishment, the first question would be, "How much are you interested in the subject?" If he replies that he has read our books, formed clubs for the JOURNAL, and would like to assist in making the subject known all over the world, without reference to immediate personal profit, *that* would be the man for *us*. There are many ways in which a young man may make his application for a situation; but none so effectual, or so likely to secure an entrance, as by these *practical* evidences.

Employers do not regard the smell of whisky and tobacco a recommendation to a young man. Nor will a flashy dress, cheap jewelry, or comically cut hair and whiskers serve as a passport to favor. He must bring the evidences of industry, order, temperance, enterprise, activity, good-nature, politeness, integrity, and respect with him, if he hope to get a *good* situation.

THE HUMAN WILL.

BY J. WEST NEVINS.

MAN'S will is a power to which pliant nature must finally bend. God brought this planet into being, and then left it to the spirit of man to control. It remains yet in the history of human endeavors to teach each individual will to accord with the true will, and then to concentrate that will in the direction of the scientific development of what Swedenborg calls "The Grand Man," and Auguste Comte, *Le Grand Etre*.

Man has done much to wrest the dominion of earth from the wild forces of nature, and has perpetuated in thought, by means of the printing-press, the sublimest perceptions of the soul; yet upon the individual man himself, his own will has never yet been taught to act, except most imperfectly in isolated instances. The same will which is learning to rule the outward creation should learn to rule its own nature. Man's body is an

electric or an electro-vital engine, of which the chief engineer should be an electric soul. One of the last problems of education is, then, to educate the will so that it may constantly gain in power over the involuntary forces of both mind and body. Ordinarily the will is said to control about twenty-five per cent. of these forces. By exercise and education this control may be continued up to that point where the Eternal Will intervenes against any too presumptuous individualism.

"Animal Body and Ethereal Mind." Such was the meaning of the symbol of the Sphynx, as taught by Chiron the Centaur to his pupil Achilles, and this is the problem to be solved by a future humanity. In our present life we are all gymnasticizing petty and special faculties for petty and special purposes, for fame or money or temporary victory in ignoble contests. We cultivate some muscle of mind or body wherewith to gain temporary advantages; but we sacrifice that rounded perfection which constitutes the true human being.

Thus have we in the world many fair-seeming bodies and fair-seeming souls; but a thinking head, a feeling heart, and an executive body—where is this trinity of human capacity to be found? Christ has furnished us with the model of all that man could be in the era in which he lived: a heart faithful to every impulse of the highest good, and a body accordant with the magnetic impulses of the Holy Spirit. The miracle has yet to be completed, and the reign of reason to be accomplished in a perfect head, a thoroughly developed brain obeying the impulses of a loving heart.

A perfectly educated will would will as nearly right as possible under all conditions. Were all men's wills educated up to this point, the will of God, which is good, would accord with their wills, except the necessary antagonism of variety of nature. Now men will what is wrong, and wrong of necessity ensues.

This process of will-education is continually going on instinctively and intuitionally in the life of action and thought and religion; but the time has come when to these should be added a reasoning determination guided by a positive scientific standard. In this direction thinking minds are devoting their energies, and the JOURNAL is full of noble inspirations of this tendency. By means of Phrenology, which is as yet the only avenue to a positive Science of Mind, will true sciences of Anthropology and Sociology become possible, and a scientific method of will-development obtain.

Events are the resolution of infinite forces of which each of our individual wills is one. To so use our small will-force that it may accord with the right and true is all that is possible to us.

Man's life has often been compared with the current of a river, and the poet says,

"We do but row, and we are steered by fate."

But sometimes, instead of rowing, we stop to quarrel with the steersman, and then the boat drifts into an eddy or is cast upon the rocks. Antagonism of wills makes the relentless fate by which men most suffer. Nature, though severe at times, is kindly, and it is the selfish will of man that distracts and interferes with the great and good purposes of creation.

The will may be considered as the concentration by the force of reason or instinct of all the attributes into a focus of personality so potent as to inflict itself upon events, and sway them. This power hitherto has been used almost exclusively by the worst men for the worst purposes. It has been guided by selfishness, ambition, ignorance, indeed by all the vices, and almost the only virtue that has as yet fairly thriven upon earth has been heroic self-sacrifice in blind obedience to supposed divine authority. This is indeed but the negative virtue of ignorance which submits to a bolder will than its own. Thus may all evils be traced to perversion of the will. All physical and mental monstrosities arise from the undue exercise of one power of our nature at the expense of another. These are perpetuated by generation; and on this simple principle all the ills that flesh is heir to may be accounted for.

To will the will of the highest is then scientifically as well as ethically true. Our highest possible idea of Deity is thought acting out the purposes of a perfect will. Man may well be said to be the "image of God," for he is applying the same powers used in the creation of the universe to the re-creation of it for the purposes of his own nature.

But it is only by the indomitable use of reason, and the entire submission of the will to its conclusions, that the highest ends of the individual and the race are to be reached.

Man is guided either by his animal instincts, his intellectual intuitions, or his reasoning will. This truth Phrenology demonstrates; and the discovery of its laws first gave to the world a possible definite Mental Philosophy, by showing how the nature of the soul expresses itself outwardly in the shape of the head. In the ordinary events of life, or when extraordinary occasions call for sudden action, most men are guided merely by their instincts or intuitions. The law of mental evolution with them is from the back to the forward brain. But the earnest thinker reverses the process, and by the action of his will upon his involuntary powers, cultivates them into a habit of right action. To teach men to do this is really the purport of all religious inspiration. "Nourish well thy vast flowing vigors," says Confucius. In other words, "Cultivate your will!" but only in submission to the purest purposes. "Not my will, but Thine be done," says the Saviour. This last is the highest possible exercise of the human will, when truly acted out, that each will should be accordant with the will of God; that whatsoever is absolutely right and true and just shall reign now and forevermore. When man thus wills, he is truly a free agent. But we greatly mistake when we suppose that the repetition of the words has accomplished the act. This is the error of all mere formalists. They worship the sign, and not the thing signified. They regard words, not acts. They worship and obey their own selfish wills, and suppose, or pretend to suppose, that they are worshiping the will of God.

There are times in the history of humanity when the condition of affairs incites all who think and act for the good of the race to renewed exertion; when evil becomes so rampant that every true knight is bound to don his armor in the never-ending combat.

The late events in New York financial circles seem to indicate that we are on the verge of becoming the slaves of a money despotism such as destroyed the Florentine Republic and its Italian sisters at the time of their greatest apparent prosperity. Our whole moneyed system tends to throw power into the hands of a few soulless corporations, swayed in their turn by unscrupulous capitalists. To avert such a terrible catastrophe the will of the people must be instructed and thoroughly aroused. Our two great political parties are sinking into the mere scramble for office. This perversion of will must inevitably lead us into worse evils than those we have escaped, the evils of renewing the miseries of past civilizations; a moneyed aristocracy, and a people as much their slaves as the serfs of Russia, and without that consolation of self-sacrificing loyalty to rank and supposed merit which, though so often blind and unreasoning, is yet founded upon one of the noblest instincts of our nature, that necessary crown or arch of all the mental faculties, Veneration.

What is needed in the individual—the determination of his will by the exercise of his faculty of concentration in the direction of controlling and organizing his involuntary faculties—is needed also in the body-politic. All true hearts and heads should combine at the present period to aid the mass of humanity, the people, the involuntary forces of society, in obtaining a true and healthful position. Until this is done, new throes and convulsions must agitate us, and outraged nature will assert her protest, as she has ever done, against attempts to coerce her into false directions.

Our Country.

The agricultural, mineral, and commercial resources of each State, Section, and Territory; the advantages of, and facilities for, emigration; the price of lands, and cost of improvements, etc., will be given from time to time for the information of our readers at home and abroad.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION OF OUR COUNTRY.

ONE fourth of the population of "our country" has been the growth of the last ten years; this increase is three-fold greater than the sum of our numbers in the Revolutionary period, and it has been made while war has stricken down a half million of men in the vigor of manhood. To supply the bread required by these augmentary millions, the area in cereal crops has been constantly enlarged, and yet the

cultivated acres of our domain bear a small proportion to those unblest by the labor of the husbandman. Of the 293 millions of acres in farms, in 1850, but 113, or thirty-eight per cent., were "improved," and scarcely more than half of that could be said to be cultivated. In ten years more the farm lands had become 407 millions, increasing thirty-eight per cent., while the proportion "improved" was forty per cent. of the whole, or 163 millions. We must have at least 500 millions of acres in farms at the present time, of which about 200 would be classed as improved, and not far from 100 actually cultivated.

ACREAGE IN CROPS.

The acreage in crops has never been taken in this country. In 1840 the census schedules included nothing but population; in 1850 a beginning only was attempted in the enumeration of quantities representing production; in 1860 the test was materially enlarged, still omitting *acreage*, the initial point in the census of almost every European state. Such an improvement in the schedules of 1870 has been strongly urged upon the Congressional Census Committee by the Department of Agriculture, and will doubtless be incorporated into the next enumeration. An estimate of the productions of 1868, from data, furnishing means for an approximation to correctness, yet one by no means to be regarded as ascertained fact, may be made as follows, relative to the principal crops:

Indian corn	34,897,000	acres.
Wheat	18,460,000	"
Rye	1,651,000	"
Oats	9,665,000	"
Barley	987,000	"
Buckwheat	1,113,000	"
Potatoes	1,131,000	"
Tobacco	427,000	"
Hay	21,541,000	"
Cotton	7,000,000	"

NO PROSPECT OF FAMINE.

The poor of the land are not without bread. The use of flour is prevalent to-day among large numbers who did not use it in 1860; its consumption, notwithstanding the prices that have ruled during the past few years, has scarcely diminished *per capitem* even in cities filled with the laboring poor.

In 1839 the wheat crop was 84,823,272 bushels, or 4.76 to each inhabitant; in 1849, 100,485,944, or 4.83 to each individual; in 1859, 173,104,924, or 5.50 *per capitem;* in 1868, by estimate, 230,000,000; in 1869, probably not less than 245,000,000 bushels have been harvested, and this is six bushels to each inhabitant of the country. The same production *per capitem* as in 1860 would make the supply 234,000,000 bushels; the same *increase* (which must not be expected) in the *per capitem* production as was attained between '50 and '60, would bring the yield up to 292,000,000 bushels the present year.

The reader may inquire whether, after supplying the waste of four years of war, while thousands of laborers were withdrawn from the fields, the exports of wheat and flour have been maintained in this decade as in that preceding. Let us see. Reduced to bushels, the statement of foreign shipments is as follows:

	Quantity.	Value.
In 10 years, ending with 1860..	199,894,458 bs.	$255,172,346
" 8 " " " 1868..	292,559,880 "	409,885,514

Prior to 1860, 19,989,445 bushels per annum; since, 36,569,985 bushels—showing a surplus, so far as exports can show it, of more than sixteen and a half millions in excess of the period preceding the civil war. For thirty years, from 1829 to 1858, the average export was 8,688,012 bushels; for the last thirteen years, 31,558,445 bushels; for forty-three years, 15,602,329 bushels. The receipts, for eight years past, at $1·40 per bushel (the average), were $51,236,064 per annum; in all, $400,888,-514, while the total value of the exports of thirty-five previous years was but $455,260,998. One bushel per annum, for each inhabitant, has been exported since 1860. It is evident that we must either have produced more or eaten less than usual during the period. High prices may have had some influence in reducing consumption, while the wholesale destruction of war increased it. If six bushels have been produced to each inhabitant, production has slightly advanced; and if one has gone into export, and nearly another into seed, but little more than four have been left for bread—a supply quite as small as may suffice for inexorable Yankee appetite.

The corn exports have also increased in equal ratio, as is shown by the following:

Period.	Corn. Bushels.	Corn Meal. Barrels.
Ten years, ending 1860	51,508,092	2,412,798
Eight " " 1868	92,165,992	2,034,671
Forty-three " 1868	196,949,975	10,518,639

The exports of the present year have been liberal, the prospect for a foreign demand in the immediate future is good, and yet prices are but a trifle higher than the average of 1861, when wheat, for export, brought $1 22 per bushel, and flour $5 70 per barrel, in a currency that was equivalent to gold.

GREAT EXPORTS OF GRAIN UNDESIRABLE.

The facts concerning grain exports, which show that, since 1825, *the aggregate export of corn and corn meal is equivalent to less than a fourth of the crop of the present year, and the total quantity of wheat and flour exported during the same period could be replaced by three crops*, attest the small value of foreign shipments of grain to the industry of the country. It is safe to have a surplus, and be in a position to supply a temporary foreign scarcity, but as a reliance for permanent markets, the foreign trade is worthless. Our best markets are at home; within five years prices have been highest in New York at a time when little foreign demand existed.

But one per cent. of our corn production has been sent abroad, while for every bushel shipped three other bushels were sold to pay the cost of transportation to the seaport. The Western farmer who has harvested one thousand bushels has depended upon the foreign demand for the sale of ten bushels, for which he may have received two or three dollars, while the price of thirty bushels was expended in transportation from the prairies to the markets of Europe.

Wheat bears transportation better, yet the exports of wheat, both in grain and flour, have been in forty-three years but 670,900,182 bushels, worth (not to the farmer, but in the hands of the shipper) $865,149,512, an average of $1 29 per bushel. During this entire period the center of wheat production has been marching steadily westward *much faster than the center of population*, increasing the distance of population, while the increased cost of freightage has been in accelerating ratio to the distance. The remedy lies in transporting corn in the shape of beef, mutton, pork, wool, butter, and cheese, and in producing wheat enough to feed the farmers, artisans, and non-producers of the country, with a small surplus to meet the exigency of a foreign famine. Wheat-farming has been the curse of the soil in the North as has tobacco culture in the South, deteriorating the soil, diminishing production, and yearly despoiling new lands.

COTTON.

The cotton crop of last year produced more money than the yield of any previous year. The production of the past three years has been, in round numbers, as follows:

1866	1,900,000 bales.
1867	2,500,000 "
1868	2,450,000 "

The present crop will be larger than that of 1868, and may reach 2,750,000 bales. The manufacture in the United States reached 450,000,000 lbs. in 1868, and will be nearly as much the present year. About one million bales are now required for the spindles of this country, and new factories in the South will soon increase the home demand to more than half of the home supply. In 1791 our factories required 5¼ millions of pounds; in 1821, 50 millions; in 1841, 97 millions; in 1850, 248 millions; in 1860, 422 millions. They now take more than in 1860, yet the surplus cotton for export yields more money than did twice the amount in 1860.

The quantity of cotton exported since 1825 is 26,464,338,057 pounds of upland, and 360,-683,707 of sea island, valued at $3,144,270,562; the total aggregate of exportations of cotton, about 28,500,000,000 pounds, or 71,250,000 bales of 400 pounds each. At one time American cotton constituted more than eighty per cent. of the British imports; now about forty-five per cent., while India furnishes less than forty.

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTS.

The present season, though one of peculiar vicissitudes, has been marked with an unusual degree of fruitfulness. Among the crops that will show a larger aggregate yield than those of last year are cotton, wheat, oats, barley, grass, potatoes, and many of the fruits. Corn, in the present year, as in the last, a less than average yield per acre, may yet aggregate a larger number of bushels than the crop of 1868, which was estimated at upward of 900,000,000 bushels.

The following is a statement of the census aggregates of some of the principal crops, compared with the estimates for 1868:

	1850.	1860.	1868.
Indian corn, bus	592,071,104	838,792,740	906,527,000
Wheat, "	100,485,944	173,104,924	230,000,000
Rye, "	14,188,813	21,101,380	22,500,000
Oats, "	146,584,179	172,643,185	255,000,000
Barley, "	5,167,015	15,825,898	23,000,000
Buckwheat, "	8,956,912	17,571,818	20,000,000
Potatoes, "	65,797,896	111,148,867	106,000,000
Hay, tons	13,838,642	19,063,896	26,000,000
Tobacco, lbs	199,752,655	434,209,461	330,000,000
Cotton, bales	2,445,793	5,387,052	2,450,000
Sugar, hhds	236,814	230,963	84,256

The sugar interest, nearly destroyed in 1863, has recuperated with great rapidity. In 1864 the product was 6,658 hogsheads; in 1865, 15,500; in 1866, 41,000; in 1867, 37,647. The acreage of the last season is doubled the present year, and the yield, though reduced by early frost, will show a large increase.

The potato crop is very largely increased, surpassing the figures for 1860.

NUMBERS OF FARM STOCK.

The following estimate of the numbers of the different kinds of farm animals in the country is compared with census exhibits:

	1850.	1860.	Jan. 1869.
Horses	4,336,719	6,249,174	6,382,793
Mules	559,331	1,151,149	921,662
Cattle	18,379,907	25,616,019	21,433,109
Sheep	21,723,220	22,471,275	37,724,279
Swine	30,354,213	33,512,867	27,316,476

A great scarcity of swine has existed throughout the South since the war, and reduced numbers are reported from most of the States of the North. Cattle became reduced considerably in numbers, but are constantly increasing. The estimates are not too high; a census at the present date would doubtless exceed these figures.

PROSPECT FOR PRODUCTION.

At the present time, while a scarcity of farm labor exists, there is an unusual degree of enterprise enlisted in various branches of production. Stock farms of tens of thousands of acres are highly remunerative; wheat culture on farms embracing thousands of acres yield large profits; cotton plantations, generally small, are in some instances eclipsing their former area; a firm of vineyardists in North Carolina is planting four hundred acres in various kinds of grapes, and putting out an orchard of fifteen thousand Duchesse d'Angouleme pear-trees; another company in the same State has started an orchard of two hundred and fifty thousand peach-trees; while other operators are planting whole farms in small-fruits, in peanuts, in castor beans, and other special crops. There is an awakening of enterprise, a birth of new ideas in practical farming, especially in the South, which must tend to increase production, and swell the store of food products for a people growing by natural increase, and faster still by immigration from all quarters of the globe.

GEORGE PEABODY.

OBITUARY.

THE death of this eminent merchant—eminent chiefly on account of his broadcast yet well-digested philanthropy—was announced by the Atlantic telegraph on the 4th of November last, and produced no little emotion in general society. He had been so lately among us, and such hopes had been entertained of some improvement in his health by the use of the waters at the Virginia Springs last summer, that it could hardly be credited that he had returned to England only to die. But his system had been so prostrated previously, that what relief might have been received by any medical or hygienic treatment was only for a short time.

He was, however, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, a span of life really great when we contemplate his activity in and devotion to business pursuits from a period early in his youth. A constitution naturally healthy and vigorous was well fortified by his habits of temperance and frugality. He had a large development of brain laterally, and a temperament contributing to balance and buoyancy of mind. He could undertake and sustain large measures and grave responsibilities without

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE PEABODY.

experiencing the wearing solicitude and mental strain which most men suffer in such circumstances. The breadth between the temples and at the eyes shows the shrewd contriver, close calculator, and methodical worker.

He was essentially a practical man in thought and action. Steady application without worry or friction, abstemious habits, a high estimate of honor and integrity, a profound insight of human character, rigid economy, and discriminating prudence were among the mental qualities conducive to his great success. His life, it may be said, was remarkable for scarcely more than for its business enterprise and the accumulation of immense riches, and for the munificent philanthropy which adorned its closing years.

Mr. Peabody came of o'd Puritan stock, and

was born at Danvers, Mass., February 18th, 1795. His parents were very poor, and his only education was obtained at the district school of his native place. When but a mere boy of eleven he entered a grocery in Danvers, and did his part of the miscellaneous duties of such a situation. At fifteen years of age he became clerk in his brother's dry-goods store in Newburyport, Mass., and two years afterward went into business as a partner of his uncle at Georgetown, District of Columbia, over whose business he had entire control.

When the war of 1812 opened with England, young Peabody enlisted as a volunteer, and saw some service at Fort Warburton. At the conclusion of the war he entered into partnership in the drapery business with Mr. Elisha Riggs, a friend of his who furnished the necessary capital. The enterprise proving a success, the firm in 1815 removed to Baltimore.

In the prosecution of business Peabody visited England several times, and having become convinced that his interests would be best subserved by settling in London, he in 1837 removed thither, and continued in trade some years with much success.

In 1843 he became a banker, and by the exercise of his native skill, sagacity, and energy acquired in that vocation the bulk of his vast fortune. His numerous and most liberal offerings to education and for the benefit of the poor, which have made his name so popular, would require no little space for specific mention. Some of the more prominent will bear reiteration here, as his contribution of about $200,000 to found the Danvers Peabody Institute; $1,400,000 to the Baltimore Institute; $1,500,000 to the Southern Educational Fund; $150,000 each to Yale and Harvard Colleges; $2,000,000 to the London poor. Among his relatives living he is said to have distributed $1,500,000,—those the most distant in degree of consanguinity receiving $50,000, and those nearer $100,000.

Just as he was embarking for his last visit to this country he received a letter from Queen Victoria, expressing her sympathy for his ill health and her appreciation of his munificence to British subjects. A public funeral in Westminster Abbey was accorded to his remains before their transportation to his native place in Massachusetts.

As a banker, he dealt chiefly in American securities, and pursued so straightforward and honorable a course that his name not only came to be a guarantee for credit, but contributed largely to strengthen the confidence of foreign capitalists in our national finances. Among his peculiarities, one was that of an indisposition to have a house of his own. This may be accounted for on the ground of his being a bachelor, and at the same time fond of society. He cared little for himself in all things, and at the dinners he gave from time to time to his friends, while everything attractive to the appetite was provided, he found all the gustatory pleasure he desired in a plain, simple dinner.

He lived in the house of Sir Curtis M. Lampson, an old friend, for several years, and there it was that he died. For some time before his death he was so annoyed by applicants of all sorts for charity, that he would not suffer his name and residence to appear in any directory or court guide. His statue shortly before his death had been set up in the Royal Exchange as a testimonial of the esteem entertained for him by the London business world.

The London *News* thus speaks of him:

"Mr. Peabody was not a man of impulsive, emotional benevolence, but rather of judicious, widely-spread beneficence. His liberality was not posthumous. He gave from his own substance; did not surrender what death wrested from him. His services, both to his native and adopted country, were fittingly and graciously recognized in royal letters and the thanks of Congress. Merchants, in passing his statue daily, do not need to learn from the consummate man of business how to gain money. His career may teach them how it may be wisely spent."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THINK not that God hath covered the hills with their soft, green robe, or the meadows with their dark, flowing grass, interspersed with pure lilies, for naught but the eye of an unthinking gazer to look upon.

Every spear or blade of grass hath its name and nature. Every bud hath its sweetness, and every flower, bush, and tree hath its separate mission on earth, and doth fulfill it. The beautiful harmony of nature manifests the inanimate love of earth for the source whence it came. Become familiar with the outward beautiful, and the inward beauties of thy spirit will expand more and still more rapidly. Cultivate a taste for that which can but elevate thee in the sight of God and man. Let thy labor be truthful,

and thy reward will be beautiful as truth understood in purity. Let thy desires center in that which should be the desire of every one on earth, to glorify God by the elevation of man. * * *

Natural History.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

WE are told that "the works of the Lord are great, made to be *sought out* by them who fear Him;" and therefore when I am in earnest pursuit of any knowledge of His doings, in any branch of natural history, I feel that I am doing so upon the best authority; and it is a delight only second to the power of creating, to have a long search rewarded by success. For five long summers I had such an interest, and I will relate my experience. Who that has spent a childhood in the country has not heard of the "snake made out of a horse-hair," and has not tried his own hand at such creation, I wonder? At ten years old, I was told by my young brothers that if I put a horse-hair in water for nine days, I should find it alive on the tenth day. So I determined upon making the trial; and looking for, and finding a nice, long, black horse-hair, I "cribbed" an old tin basin from the kitchen, and filling it with clear well-water, made my way laboriously with it in my hand up the high fence to the top of the wood-house, from thence to the roof of the kitchen. Certainly there must be some special watch and ward kept upon children's lives, and if so, my guardian angel had full occupation to keep my neck whole in childhood! I got safely up, and deposited my basin behind the chimney, to keep my proceedings out of sight of my brothers, knowing how little chance I had of success if they found out the possibility of mounting to the kitchen roof. Day after day I watched my opportunity to go up to see what progress my snake was making, but the tenth day came and went, and the horse-hair was there, but the snake was not. Sadly "put out," I assured my brothers that it "couldn't be done;" still they asserted that it *had been done*, for "some of the boys" had done it; there was some failure in my way of doing it, for most certainly horse-hair did come to life in water.

Years passed away, and I grew to maturity, but with added years came stronger cravings to know more of natural history, and I did not forget my attempt at creation. One day while spending a summer in the country, a small packet of green moss was sent to me, with a message that I should find something in it that I might care for, and opening it, I found the object of my childish desire, a seemingly live horse-hair. All my old interest revived, and I began asking everybody likely or unlikely to know, "Where does that creature come from?" and it was amusing to hear how firmly the old childish idea had been impressed also upon the generations preceding and following me. Still I refused belief. I said, "It is unlike all we know of propagating life, and why this exception? I don't believe it." One old man asked, "Can you prove the contrary?" I replied, "Not now, but I will in time;" but the search of many days brought no results. Two years after, a little bit of stick was handed to me, with one curled into a knot about it, and I eagerly asked where it was found, and was told that it had been picked up in the little stream, "down by the road, close to the bridge." "Then," said I, "it goes into my aquarium, that I may learn its habits, and *now* I shall know all about it." So, early next morning, I was "down by the road, close to the bridge," and looking intently into the shallow water; the sun chanced to fall in such a way as to make every blade of grass on the water-edge visible, and I found to my great joy several twined in a knot about more than one blade of water-covered grass. "Ah," said I, "all in a knot together; are they social in their habits, I wonder? Nocturnal, too, I suspect; for so few, comparatively, know about them, and most of those I question have *heard* of them, but few speak of *seeing* them." So I took my treasures home and put them into my aquarium. At night I found them swimming with wavy motion, but by day they were coiled about the stems of some water-plant. And there, for a time, my knowledge of them rested, and my first question was unanswered.

Oh, the pleasures of that aquarium! the delight of searching brook, running stream, and canal for all sorts of things to stock it! the interest of watching the habits of the creatures that I found! the sense of something achieved after groping through piles of mud dragged from brooks and streams to find some living thing hitherto unknown to me, and to try to find in books all they could teach of it! My room was a charming place to me that one summer in the country. My aquarium so beautifully kept, and my fishes knowing me so

well that they came to the side whenever I appeared, to be fed by my hand; my tables covered with wire covers, borrowed from the kitchen, and used as nurseries for caterpillars and worms, lovely in my sight, though odious to every one else; my little book-case emptied of books that my collection of insects might be kept nicely till the summer was over, and the case ready for them; my two pet tortoises, and the crane with the broken wing, brought to me for cure. "Not very refined pursuits," does some one say? Perhaps not, but exceedingly pleasant, though the sun had small respect for my complexion, and my hands were not over fair nor always presentable; but all that was more than made up to me by the intense delight I felt while striving to learn more of the *mind of God*, and in my nearer approach to Him, and appreciation of His goodness to every living thing. Many times when I have been watching one of my worms changing into the pupa, or passing into its final state of the perfect insect, my heart has overflowed with love for and trust in Him. Oh, how much they lose of instruction and delight who care for none of these things! But I am digressing. Having learned all that my aquarium could reveal to me of my hair snake (*Gordias varius*), I found myself still far from my first question. Five years had passed since I had said I would yet discover whence they came, and I had sought for some account of them in books, but had received no satisfaction, and was rather discouraged, but by no means ready to give it up. Some writers must know, if I did not, and they had written of things quite as insignificant, but no authors to whose works I had access said a word about the matter. One day, late in September, I was "paddling," as often before, in a running stream, my feet protected by India-rubber boots; in my hand a tin cup to collect spoils, and my eyes earnestly searching under every stone for whatever I could find. I found an unusually large *Gordias*, and with it what I thought was a white one. The white one looked exactly like a needleful of white sewing cotton rolled about in the mouth and ejected again, and when I got home I found, to my disappointment, that it broke into very small bits as I took it up. But a thought struck me. I gathered up my treasures and went to my room and shut myself in. Then I put my *Gordias* into a saucer of water, and sat down to watch it. In a little while it began to deposit a white thread that soon became another tangled length of fine sewing-cotton. I had found it after five years' study and search! It was the ova! Only once after did I have such a recompense for labor of that kind. It was after I had triumphed over the laughter and ridicule excited by my declaration that I had found the origin of water snails in a bit of transparent jelly, found upon a stone in the stream, and after some days the microscope had verified my assertion, when as yet the snails were but visible as dark spots, not larger than a dot. I put the ova in a wide-mouthed bottle (the parent died as soon as it had fulfilled the law of nature, "increase and multiply"). In a month I emptied the water into my aquarium. In November I put a lighted candle, at night, behind the aquarium, and saw multitudes of little hair snakes, so small and fine that one might easily overlook them, attached to the pebbles and stones by suction of the mouth, like lamprey eels, and while thus anchored, they were wriggling about in high enjoyment.

So I had at length traced them from their first state to their last, not omitting that they buried themselves in the mud as cold weather came. I had no particular liking for the creature,—it reminded me too much of a snake, which is an object of detestation to me; but the enjoyment I found in my search consisted mostly in searching out the works of God in the creation of living things. And oh, what lessons of faith and trust do we learn by these studies! "His tender mercies are over *all* His works;" and if He cares for these beings of a day, how much more may we, whom He made but little lower than the angels, rest in the assurance of His love and care? "Much study is a weariness to the flesh," but oh, the closest study into the works of His creative power is strength to the weak in faith and hope, and especially is this the case to those who have no other helper. R.

THE HEDGEHOG.

THIS rather curious animal, in technical language *Erinaceus Europeus*, belongs to the *Insectivora* or insect-eating animals, and differs considerably from the common swine with which we are familiar, although the name "hedgehog" would appear to ally it to that class of domestic animals. When full grown it is about nine inches in length. Its upper part is covered with sharp spines; its body is thick; the neck short; the crown of the head high; the snout long and acute; the ears are of a medium size and somewhat

rounded; the toes are armed with strong nails; the tail is very short, and in some species entirely wanting.

The muzzle of the hedgehog being formed in a manner closely analogous to that of the pig, doubtless suggested its name.

It is evident from the knowledge possessed of this animal by many nations, both in ancient and modern times, that its range was and still is extensive. It is very frequently found in England, and lives in small thickets, on the borders of woods and copses, in hedges and in dry ditches. A singular combination of muscles enables the hedgehog to inclose itself in its panoply of spines as in a mantle or hood, the margin of which is closed by means of a circular muscle, the head and limbs being drawn in. While the animal is thus enveloped in its armed skin, the spines stiffly radiate as from a ball, and so powerful is the contraction of the muscles when folded up, that the hedgehog might be torn in pieces as easily as pulled open.

So elastic and strong is this covering, that the little animal can roll or throw itself down a considerable height without receiving the slightest injury.

Mr. Bell, an English naturalist, states that he has seen repeatedly a domesticated hedgehog run along the wall of an area, and without a moment's pause throw itself down, contracting at the same instant into a ball, in which condition it would reach the ground, from a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and immediately unfolding itself would scamper away as if entirely unaffected by the severe shock.

Hedgehogs live in pairs, and are nocturnal in their habits,—remaining rolled up in their retreats during the day, but coming forth on the approach of night to seek their food and ramble over the meadows and through the forests. They prey on insects, eggs, worms, snails, frogs, nestlings, and various kinds of vegetables, as roots, grasses, gooseberries, and strawberries when it can gain access to them, and the ripe fruits which fall from the trees in orchards. The female breeds early in the summer, having formed a nest with much skill, roofed so as to shed the rain, and lined within with leaves and moss. The young, from two to four in number, are blind at their birth, about two inches long, and perfectly white and naked, though the rudiments of the spines are even then perceptible. They soon begin to develop themselves, but it is not until a late period that the young are able to draw down the skin over the muzzle and fold themselves into a complete ball.

THE HEDGEHOG AND YOUNG.

The hedgehog may be easily domesticated, and even becomes familiar, feeding on soaked bread, vegetables, and meat. The Calmucks keep it in their huts instead of cats, for the purpose of destroying vermin. In England, it has been made serviceable to clear houses of crickets, beetles, and other insects; and as it keeps quiet in its nest all day, and only is active at night, it is not merely harmless but useful.

It is a hybernating animal, passing the winter in a state of complete torpidity, and when discovered in that condition it resembles a ball of herbage, so thickly has it covered itself with dried leaves, grass, and moss.

Many singular notions have prevailed with reference to the hedgehog. Albertus Magnus, a very old writer, affirms that the right eye of one of these animals fried in oil, kept in a brass vessel, and used as an ointment to the eyes, would enable a person to see by night as well as by day.

Pliny is said to have asserted that hedgehogs are capable of draining dry the milk of cows during the night, to the surprise of the dairymaid and the anger of their employer, but this story is not sustained by modern observation.

A most interesting fact in the nature of the animal is that well-authenticated one of its ability to receive the bites of the most poisonous animals without injury. M. Lenz, who announced this discovery, says that he had in his house a female hedgehog which he kept in a large box. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the tail. On one occasion he witnessed a combat between one of these creatures and a viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake (for with these animals the sense of sight is obtuse), she seized it by the head and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do it any serious harm, for having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal did not, however, recoil from the bites of the viper, or, indeed, seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body.

It is also said that the hedgehog can eat with impunity a large number of cantharides. A German physician in the course of some experiments to test the susceptibility of the animal to effects of poison, gave it strong doses of prussic acid, arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any apparent harm.

In some parts of Europe the flesh of the hedgehog is esteemed as food; the gipsies of England especially accounting it a delicacy.

A SPONGE,

WHAT IT IS, AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

"WHAT is a sponge made of?" said George, gasping, snuffing and winking under his Croton bath. No one near could tell him; and the maid suggested that he "needn't be askin' such foolish questions, but just keep still and be washed," and so the matter ended.

Now listen, George, and I will tell you what a sponge is.

The very sponge which washes your face was brought up from the bottom of the ocean, and was part of a living animal.

For a long time sponges were supposed to be plants, but later observations have decided them to be animals, and they are placed in the class Protozoa, the class most resembling plants.

When first found in the water their appearance is very different from this which you now see.

This is the skeleton only, the part corresponding to our bones. When this was a complete living thing, deep down under water, it was covered all over the outside, and filled in every one of these little holes with a soft substance something like the white of an egg, and this was like our flesh; it was fastened tightly to a rock, and its color was a bluish black on the upper side, and a dirty white below. It was formerly supposed to be a plant, because it was always fast in one place; but for other reasons it is decidedly an animal. All through this mass is a regular circulation, like our blood and food. It has been seen to absorb nutritious matter—that is, to eat, or, rather drink. You see all over its surface orifices or holes; these communicate with each other throughout. Into the largest of these, called

pores, the sea water is constantly entering; and out of the small ones, called vents, it is regularly spouted out; and it doubtless finds in the sea water minute animals which serve it for food, and increase its bulk.

And this strange animal produces others like itself; I will tell you how.

From the soft part a little globule is seen to float off, and after moving about a while very briskly here and there, as if looking for a place, it fastens itself to some rock. Next, gradually begins to be seen the more solid skeleton (what we have here); the soft part increases, and so it grows; not very slowly, either, for the divers find it at the end of three years large enough to bring away.

To get these sponges from the bottom of the ocean furnishes occupation for a great number of people. One thousand men are busy in the Grecian Archipelago alone; and thousands besides, with many hundred boats, are engaged in the Gulf of Machri, on the Barbary coast, and elsewhere; so that in many villages there, from May to September—the best diving time—only old men, women, and children are to be found.

The finest kind is brought from the Ægean Sea. At daylight there, in the summer time, when the weather is pleasant—for it requires smooth water—the boats, each with six or eight men and one pair of oars, will leave the shore and proceed to where the water is eight or ten or even thirty fathoms deep; for those found in shallow water are very inferior.

Here they stop, and the divers prepare to descend. Each one puts a hoop around his neck, and to this fastens a bag, in which the sponges are put as they are gathered. In very deep water the diver uses a rope with a stone to it. He sinks the stone to the spot he intends to reach, and this holds the rope steady, which he uses to assist himself in coming up again to the surface.

After being busy thus till noon, they return to some of those pleasant little nooks which abound on the shores of the Archipelago, to prepare what they have gathered fit for sale.

The first thing is to press out the soft part of the animal, and then to bleach out the remainder in the sun; so they beat them, and stamp them, and trample them, till there is no more life left.

The skeleton part is then washed, and spread in the sun until it is quite clean, and grows to be this dull yellow color; then it is packed in bags, and sent to market for sale—sent to all parts of Asia, Europe, and America.

A SON'S ANSWER

AND A FATHER'S REFORMATION.

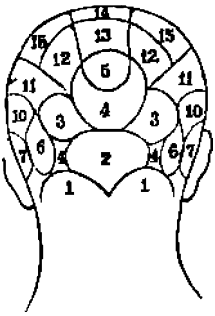
"WHAT will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

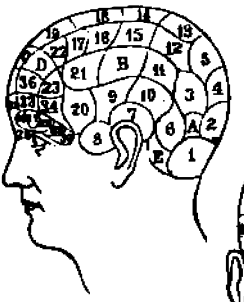
The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said, "I'll take ale," as he had always said before, his son would take it also, and then? And the father shuddered as the history of several young men, once promising as his own bright lad, and ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should his hopes also be blasted, and that open-faced lad become a burden? But for strong drink they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls he will not have me to blame;" and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water;" and from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home.

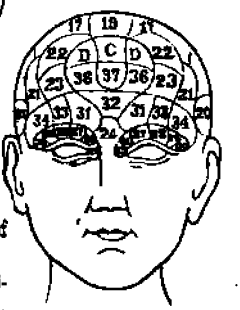
GIVING PRESENTS.—Presents should always be the free or spontaneous gifts of the givers, not in the way of charities, but as mementoes, gifts, from heart to heart rather than from pocket to pocket. The payment of honest debts, or rendering an equivalent for services received, can not come under the head of a present.

The gift of good books is, perhaps, one of the most appropriate and permanent of presents. How we cherish the volumes received from loving hearts, and how constantly we are pleasantly reminded of the dear donors! But if the present be composed of substances which make the user worse rather than better, such, for example, as alcoholic liquors or tobacco, it would be like giving "edged tools to infants," which only injure, if they do not destroy, the objects of affection.

Give presents, but be judicious in their selection; be sensible in their appropriation, and see to it that they bring happiness rather than sorrow and misery to the recipient.







Names and Definitions of the Organs.

1. AMATIVENESS.—Connubial love, sexual affection.
A. CONJUGAL LOVE.—Union for life, pairing instinct.
2. PARENTAL LOVE.—Care of offspring, and all young.
3. FRIENDSHIP.—Sociability, attachment of friends.
4. INHABITIVENESS.—Love of home and country.
5. CONTINUITY.—Application, consecutiveness.
E. VITATIVENESS.—Love of life, tenacious existence.
6. COMBATIVENESS.—Defense, courage, intrepidity.
7. DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Executiveness, thoroughness.
8. ALIMENTIVENESS.—Appetite for food and drink.
9. ACQUISITIVENESS.—Frugality, economy, accumulation
10. SECRETIVENESS.—Self-control, policy, reticence.
11. CAUTIOUSNESS.—Guardedness, safety, apprehension.
12. APPROBATIVENESS.—Love of applause and display.
13. SELF-ESTEEM.—Self-respect, dignity, independence.
14. FIRMNESS.—Stability, perseverance, decision.
15. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—Sense of right and duty.
16. HOPE.—Expectation, anticipation of future good.
17. SPIRITUALITY.—Intuition, prescience, faith.
18. VENERATION.—Worship, adoration, respect.
19. BENEVOLENCE.—Sympathy, kindness, charity.
20. CONSTRUCTIVENESS.—Ingenuity, mechanical skill.
21. IDEALITY.—*Taste*, love of beauty, poetry.
B. SUBLIMITY.—Love of the grand and vast.
22. IMITATION.—Copying, aptitude, adaptation.
23. MIRTH.—Fun, wit, ridicule, facetiousness.
24. INDIVIDUALITY.—Observation, inquiring faculty.
25. FORM.—Memory of *shape*, looks, persons.
26. SIZE.—Measurement of quantity and proportion.
27. WEIGHT.—Control of motion, balancing.
28. COLOR.—Discernment, and love of color.
29. ORDER.—*Method*, system, going by *rule*.
30. CALCULATION.—Mental arithmetic, enumeration.
31. LOCALITY.—Memory of place, position.
32. EVENTUALITY.—Memory of facts, events.
33. TIME.—Telling *when*, time of day, dates.
34. TUNE.—Love of music, appreciation of melody.
35. LANGUAGE.—*Expression* by words and acts.
36. CAUSALITY.—*Planning*, thinking, reasoning.
37. COMPARISON.—Analysis, discernment of likeness and unlikeness.
C. HUMAN NATURE.—Sagacity, impressions.
D. SUAVITY.—*Pleasantness*, blandness, civility.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

PHYSIOLOGY, in its relation to the laws of life, is the science of the functions of the entire Natural Man. PHRENOLOGY is that part of Physiology which embraces the brain and nervous system, through which the mind is manifested. PHYSIOGNOMY is the art of discerning the character from the external signs of the countenance. PSYCHOLOGY relates to a man's spiritual nature, or to the science of the soul. BIOLOGY, the science of life, is only another name for *Physiology*, and may be used synonymously therewith.

The TEMPERAMENTS indicate the different qualities. They are divided into (1st) MOTIVE or muscular, (2d) VITAL or living, (3d) Mental or thinking. In the old style the temperaments are divided into the Sanguine, Bilious, Lymphatic, and Nervous.

A knowledge of PHYSIOLOGY enables us to determine the temperaments and their relative effects on character; and also the health, strength, and qualities of the organization, whether healthy or diseased, weak or strong, coarse or fine. Let it be remembered that the *quality* of the body and brain has as much to do in determining their strength and power as size and *quantity*.

PHRENOLOGY reveals character from the shape of the brain, be it broad or narrow, high or low, short or long, and enables us to determine the location, relative size, and strength of the different organs. From it we may learn how to develop, direct, and restrain all the mental powers on scientific principles.

PHYSIOGNOMY, when based on Physiology and Phrenology, may be reduced to a system, and is an index to the character or disposition. There are certain nerves connected with the features which, when acted upon, produce certain changes in the expression; as from joy to sorrow, love to hate, from kindness to revenge; or from hope to fear, penitence, devotion, etc. The expression will be clear, distinct, and comprehensive, or it will be dull, vacant, or imbecile. If joyous and happy, your mouth will turn up at the corners, thus, ⌣; but if downcast, desponding, and miserable, it will incline down at the corners, thus, ⌢. Are you good-natured? or are you sad, gloomy, and dejected? The corners of your mouth alone will tell the story. The nose, chin, eyes, ears, lips, and all the other features, indicate character.

PSYCHOLOGY. — Rising from Physiology, and passing through Phrenology and Physiognomy, we come up to PSYCHOLOGY. This is the highest condition in which we can study man. And we find that, "as is the body, so is the mind." If the body be weak, exhausted, or diseased, the mind, in its

manifestations, sympathizes with, and is affected by, this condition, on the principle of a "sound mind in a sound body."

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM ramifies the whole body—as telegraphic wires are spread over our continent—and each nerve, like each wire, reports to "headquarters"—the *nerves* to the brain, and the *wires* to the chief towns and cities. Each nerve—the same as each wire—performs its separate and *special* function. Thus the MIND has its nerves, or ORGANS, through which it acts, the same as the body. The Heart circulates the blood; the Stomach digests food; we breathe with the lungs; we see with the eyes; hear with the ears; taste, smell, etc., *through certain organs*. And it is claimed, on the same principle, that different portions of the brain and nervous system perform different functions. Thus, we *observe* through the *perceptive* faculties, which give curiosity and a desire to see. We *think* or *reflect* through the *reasoning* powers, which lead us to philosophize. We worship through Veneration, or the organs allotted to devotion; sympathize through Benevolence; resist through Combativeness; love through the affections; fear through Caution; hope, trust, rejoice, despond, acquire, invent, compute, draw, paint, sing, etc., through different organs; all of which may be cultivated and strengthened by proper training and exercise.

Man is not fated to be good nor bad; but is so organized that he may be either, *i. e.*, he may live a virtuous or a vicious life—it is optional with him. He may rise or fall, be temperate or intemperate, true or false. He may make much or little of himself, and Phrenology explains how.

Thus, by taking into account the whole man, body and brain—by looking at him from all points of view, by a careful analysis of his Physiology, Phrenology, and Physiognomy, we may obtain knowledge of all the different nerves in the body, their locations, functions, and uses, and this will reveal to us all the various "signs of character," and how to read them.

THE MIND IS THE MAN. The body is simply the instrument through which the mind manifests itself while on earth. The mind is manifested through forty or more organs. Each is primary and independent in its function, doing its own work, and not doing the work of any other. Each of these powers is manifested by or through a particular organ, or portion of the brain. The power of each organ, all other things being equal, is in exact proportion to the size and quality of that portion of the brain through which it is manifested. The mental powers are possessed originally in different degrees by different individuals, and also by the same individual. One possesses *ten* talents, another *five*, another *one*. Each mental power grows stronger and becomes more skillful by proper exercise. Our accountability is just in proportion as we make a good or a bad use of these talents. Each mental power was created for the purpose of doing good, and was intended to be properly used.

THE INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND SPIRITUAL powers are the crowning elements of man's nature; the other powers and propensities, which are also possessed by the animals, are subsidiary, and to be subservient to them.

The natural powers being favorable, a proper use of all the mental organs insures right Development and Happiness in *this* world.

The functions of these several organs are governed by fixed laws. Phrenology is the science that explains these laws, and consequently enables us to guide the mental powers in accordance therewith. No part of the body can be affected without a corresponding effect on every other part. As the brain partakes of the physiological condition of every other part, so the state or condition of the body affects the action of the mind.

DIVERSITY.—There are no two persons exactly alike in disposition or in appearance. We all differ more or less in opinion on most subjects, as we do in size, form, complexion, quality, health, strength, and length of life. One person has great bodily strength; one great mental activity. One is original and inventive; another merely imitative. One economical; another prodigal. One is honest; another dishonest. One loves home; another loves to travel. One studies the sciences; another prefers art. One is musical, poetical, and fond of oratory; another disregards them. One is bold, courageous, manly, and self-relying; another timid, irresolute, bashful, diffident, and sensitive. Phrenology explains these differences, and points out the means by which to develop harmoniously all the organs of the mind. *We can improve.*

THE UTILITY OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—"The right man in the right place" would enable society to move on in harmony; and it is possible, by the aid of science, to place each man just where he belongs—where he would succeed best, rise the highest, accomplish the most, do the most good in the world, and secure the most perfect happiness; also, to govern and educate children, and fit each for the place or sphere to which he is, by nature, best adapted. In short, it will inform each of us "WHAT WE CAN DO BEST."

THE PRACTICAL USES OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY, then, are—FIRST, to teach us how to bring all parts of the system into harmonious and well-directed action. SECOND, to understand the function and uses of each separate organ. THIRD, to enable us to govern and educate each faculty and each propensity, increasing the power of some and properly directing all. And, FOURTH, by combining these lessons, it enables us to know ourselves, read the characters of others, and to account readily for each motive, thought, and act, on scientific principles.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER is based on organization, and when we fully understand this, we may proceed with every hope of success in de-

veloping to the fullest all those powers of body and mind which give character.

HEALTH.—This primary condition of all happiness and power, and without which no function, physical, intellectual, sentimental, or moral can, in this life, be properly manifested, will be discussed in its varied phases in a manner so plain and practical as to be available to those whose reading and culture have not led them to this great, this most important field of inquiry.

EDUCATION, in all its departments, Intellectual, Social, and Moral; suggestions and directions relating to the government and training of children, management of servants, selection of apprentices for particular branches of art or mechanism, confidential clerks and agents, partners in business, matrimonial companions, etc., will be given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1870.

Among the special uses to which Phrenology may be put are these: Right Treatment of the Insane; Management of Criminals; and the Education of Imbeciles, and we propose to show how.

It also teaches us how to strengthen the weak, direct the strong, regulate the passions, and make the most of ourselves. READER, would you not like to be informed on these subjects? You will find them in perfect harmony with the best morals and the highest Christianity. Read the JOURNAL.

EDUCATIONAL.

WHATEVER tends to develop body and mind in their normal relations, be it in the nursery, the garden, the field, the workshop, in the school, the ship, the gymnasium, or in the university, we deem it worthy of careful watching and direction, for it is true that

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

To those institutions where the whole being is called out and properly developed we feel the deepest interest, and shall, from time to time, make record of their progress and success.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

This new and popular institution of learning is attracting much attention, and we are in receipt of numerous letters of inquiry relating thereto. Those wishing to be thoroughly advised in detail, can send to the University at Ithaca, N. Y., and obtain the "University Register," which will give them the information desired. The University was chartered in 1865, and an appropriation of land was granted by the Congress of the United States to the institution, amounting to almost a million of acres. This land has been wisely located or selected, and is destined to become a very rich foundation for the University. The Hon. Ezra Cornell, whose name is given to the University, has endowed it with munificent grants of money.

The lands of the United States (the quota coming to this State) were given to the University on condition that a student from each of the one hundred and twenty-eight assembly districts of the State of New York should be educated by the University free from all charges of tuition. And a selection was to be made, on examination, from among the pupils of the public schools and academies of the State of New York. There are some special features in this University, one of which is, in addition to the ordinary faculty, the non-resident professors, who deliver each year a course of lectures for the benefit of the University. Particular attention is paid to modern classics as well as ancient, and is also given to history, political and social science, the natural sciences, the application of science to the arts, and human anatomy, physiology, and the laws of health. The University is unsectarian, and seeks, as its highest aim, to promote Christian civilization, recognizing no distinction in religious belief. It has also a voluntary manual labor scheme, enabling the student to do something toward defraying the expenses of his education. Thus far it has been marked by a degree of success hardly to be expected at so early a stage. The University is open to students of any State or country; but free instruction is given only to State students, a class confined, of course, to the preparatory schools of the State of New York. But, aside from the free instruction of students from the various assembly districts, students from abroad are received on the same terms as those belonging to the State. Over sixty students have enrolled themselves for various kinds of work. The mechanics' shops, which are ultimately to form a part of the college of mechanic arts, are not yet ready. About three hundred students can be accommodated in the University buildings. The University makes no profit; but so arranges that it can not lose money by trusting. Hence its payments are made monthly, in advance.

The total expense of living in the University buildings, including room, lights, rent of furniture, and board at commons, is fixed, at present, at $5 81 a week; but it is believed that as soon as the farm annexed to the College of Agriculture shall begin to be productive, this price may be considerably reduced. The fees for instruction are $30 a year; with room, board, lights, and fuel in the University, at $5 81 a week, $232 40; total, $262 40.

There were 412 students in the institution at the time the last report was issued. The University has entered upon its second year, which commenced the 13th of September, the spring term beginning in April.

Girard College was regarded as a great benefaction, but there were some features connected with it which time has proved not very desirable. In the establishment of the Cornell University, whatever had been proved objectionable in other schools has been avoided in this. At least, such has been the aim.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE.

We learn from our esteemed friend Rev. William Pittenger, of Mount Union, Ohio, that the institution above named, which was commenced in 1846 by O. N. Hartshorn, with but six pupils, has now become a large and a strong college, having an attendance of about 500 students.

The college is unsectarian but deeply religious; both sexes have been admitted to equal privileges from the first. And though this plan has been strongly opposed, it is now regarded, almost universally, as eminently proper and right. About six thousand students, altogether, have been educated at this college.

CONNECTICUT LITERARY INSTITUTION, located at Suffield, Conn., seventeen miles north of Hartford, is a good school to prepare pupils for college or for teaching, and is the cheapest good school we know of.

THE number of colleges and collegiate institutions supported and controlled by the Methodist denomination is forty-nine. Some are wealthy, some are barely free from debt, and some are relying upon the generosity of their patrons to be relieved of their burdens.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA has lately received a gift of five hundred thousand dollars.

AT the late Centennial of Dartmouth College the *alumni* of the college took measures to raise two hundred thousand dollars; of this amount, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed on the spot. During the past collegiate year, one hundred thousand dollars were given by one individual.

HOBART COLLEGE has just received, from a few gentlemen of Buffalo, a sum of money sufficient to purchase a large telescope, and a pledge of enough additional to meet the expense of putting it in place. The instrument is already purchased.

GENERAL SILVANUS THAYER, graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1807, founder of the Thayer School, has just given the academical department of the college one thousand dollars for the foundation of two prizes, to be conferred annually on members of the sophomore class. The first is forty dollars and the second twenty; both to be given for proficiency in analytical geometry and calculus.

HARVARD COLLEGE library has unexpectedly received, from Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and Cambridge, England (publishers to the University of Oxford), a voluntary gift of one hundred and thirty-five volumes of their valuable publications. With the exception of the liberal and long-continued donations of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and their successors, Fields, Osgood & Co., this is the largest gift from any publishing house to Harvard University since its foundation, two hundred and thirty years ago.

JUDGE WILLIAMS, treasurer of Hamilton College, has received from the studio of Hiram Powers, in Italy, a marble bust of Edwin C. Litchfield, valued at ten thousand dollars. It is to be placed in the Perry H. Smith Library, with other memorials of the college benefactor.

A MOVEMENT has been begun in Massachusetts to make all the colleges and academies in the State free to all comers, under certain rules of discipline which will secure regularity of attendance.

THE YALE salutatorian this year was the son of the salutatorian of 1819—fifty years ago.

ACCORDING to the triennial catalogue of Harvard, that institution has given degrees to the number of 11,583, not including those of this year. The whole number of alumni, at present, is 8,118—51 more than Yale.

AN energetic senior in the Michigan University is exercising himself in the art of phonography by taking down the prayers offered in chapel by the different professors. A good practice in a good art, which may save his future health and prove a source of profit as well.

THE Ann Arbor juniors have again established their right to the champion cup, having defeated the Detroit nine in a game of ten innings, resulting in a score of 21 to 19. College students are wisely cultivating body as well as brain.

THE common schools in California appear to be in a flourishing condition, considering the newness of that State. Only twenty years ago the miners were rushing thither without wives or children. Now a list of their public schools, throughout the State, show great progress for the short time the State has been organized. They have a school-fund of nearly a million dollars, and an income per annum of $122,000. They have over a hundred and four thousand children between five and fifteen years of age entitled to receive school money, the amount per child being $1 17. Their higher grades of schools are also in a flourishing condition.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.—TO THE EDITOR—*Dear Sir:* The chapter on Witchcraft, from the *Edinburgh Review*, reads well; but something that reads better is Wm. F. Poole's review of Mr. Upham's work on the Salem Delusion, to be found in the *North American Review* for April last. It thoroughly upsets Upham, showing that the line of argument adopted in the commencement to prove the complicity and duplicity of Cotton Mather is false from beginning to end; showing also that Upham, if he had desired, could have found documents which he, Poole, produces to prove the exact opposite; in short, it is the coolest and richest reply to the argument which has been so generally

adopted as true, and so thoroughly refutes it, that no one has made a reply in favor of Upham, although it was reported that Upham was at work on one.

Mr. Poole, although a Unitarian, has done the orthodox Congregationalists a great deal of good by his review, lifting a cloud which had completely covered that generation of Christians, and proving the fact beyond a doubt, that the Christian ministry, as a class, was a great way ahead of any other class in the view taken and advice given. You have no doubt read it. I shall have it bound for preservation, as I take considerable interest in our early history, my ancestors on both the paternal and maternal sides being among the earliest settlers of the country.

Our city folks have had a reproduction of an old map of Boston made this year, a copy of which, fortunately, has come into my possession. The original was made in 1729. Our mayor, is a great antiquarian, and is said to have more valuable papers and maps relating to the ancient history of Boston than any other person.

What a shame it is that so good a history of Boston as Drake's should be brought down only to 1770, simply from want of funds to insure its cost of production!—as I understand is the fact.

Our mayor keeps a young man at work at least half of every day pasting scraps, of local interest cut from our papers, into scrap-books, of which he has many. An order has passed the City Council providing for the printing of a *heap of manuscripts* in the possession of the mayor, at the expense of the city, of course.

I shall move the first of the week ensuing to Dorchester, about three miles out, where we can breathe something besides chimney smoke. My vacation, which I took early in October, was spent at South Hadley among the tobacco raisers. How can a man call himself a Christian, and yet give his attention to a business nothing short of damnable?

Many persons seem to think that the growing of whatever the earth can produce must be a legitimate use of the soil; that in agriculture the only purpose is to make the most money, regardless of the moral injury caused by the crop produced. It seems to me that the true doctrine is more like this,—Grow only that which can be beneficial. Such a principle pursued will allow of sufficient change of crops, and will, I believe, bring in as much money, and more, far more, *repose of mind.*

Your obedient servant, J. H. D.

WHY OPPOSED?—The *Spirit of the Times and Northampton Educator of Pa.* says:

PHRENOLOGY.—Every new science—and Phrenology is comparatively new—meets with opponents. The opposition is generally made in the interest of religion, or morality, or some orthodox system of philosophy or theology. We remember reading that, when anesthetics were first introduced into the practice of medicine, especially in parturition, even so great a light as Dr. Ramsbotham, of England, strenuously opposed it, not only on purely physiological, but on moral grounds. And who has not heard the hue and cry that has been raised in certain quarters against Phrenology?

"It is anti-Christian," says one; "It is opposed to the Bible," says another; "It leads to infidelity;" says still another; "It is opposed to all sound mental philosophy," says a fourth. Why all this nonsense? We believe in the Bible, and we believe that it is ahead of all science. We also believe that there is no conflict between science and revelation; and why, then, should we fear the results of scientific research? We know that many of our geologists and other scientists are too fast and too bold in many of their inductions, but just for that reason we again believe that no hurt can come to the Bible or Christianity from true scientific study. Gall was in earnest,—Spurzheim was in earnest,—and Wells and other modern phrenologists are in earnest, and the time is past when one can do away with a new science by a mere magisterial wave of the hand. We are not yet a confirmed phrenologist, but have almost been persuaded to be such; and if we continue to study Lavater, and Gall, and Spurzheim, and Wells, we may get into the phrenological tub with both feet. When men think in earnest, write in earnest, and act and live earnestly, we don't like to see others sneer at them, and make light of the work which has cost them toil, and sweat, and patience. Let any one read the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a year, and then say, if they can, "There is nothing in Phrenology." Those who are anxious to learn how much truth there is in it, what are the facts—for it deals only in facts—on which phrenologists base their assertions, can do no better than to study Wells' "How to Read Character." It is full, clear, concise, practical, and contains many appropriate illustrations.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

"RESPONSIBILITY."—In your JOURNAL for November, under the head of Responsibility, you say that "differences in organization do not lessen responsibility nor excuse crime." Do you mean to say that no crime is lessened or mitigated by the strength of the propensity of the wrong-doer?

Ans. We said, "*Accounting* for differences in organization does not lessen individual accountability or *excuse* crime." We had two meanings in that statement, one of which could have been better expressed. One was, that the *explanation* of organic conditions tending to write or wrong actions does

not change anything. If any fatality exists relative to conduct, the science which explains it does not alter the facts or philosophy of the matter, nor change the accountability of men. The other meaning was, that the differences in organization do not *obliterate* accountability, however much they may modify it. Accountability, in the teachings of Scripture and in accordance with human judgment, is rightly measured by the capacity of the subject to understand and his ability to obey law.

RELIGION.—What is it? What is true religion founded upon? In what does it consist?

Ans. Religion is love, not philosophy. It is founded upon the goodness of God and man's need of a spiritual Father. When man cordially accepts God as his father, guide, and ruler, the union is complete. Some passages of Scripture will make the subject clear:

"What doth God require of thee, but to do justly [Conscientiousness], and to love mercy [Benevolence], and to walk humbly with thy God." [Veneration and Spirituality.]—*Mic.* vi. 8.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction [Benevolence], and to keep himself unspotted from the world;"—*James* i. 27, *i. e.*, live in obedience to the higher faculties, keeping the selfish and animal dispositions under proper restraint. St. Paul says: "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—1 *Cor.* ix. 27.

Does a good father love his child? Let this feeling be a hint of God's care and love of his children. Does the child love and trust his parent? Let this suggest our duty to God, and also the way to approach and obtain loving communion with Him.

NEGROES' SKULLS.—Are there any seams or sutures in the skulls of negroes dividing the bony structure into different pieces, the same in the skulls of white men?

Ans. Yes. The negro skull is composed of the same number of bones and divided by sutures just like that of the white man. These seams sometimes become united—especially when the mind is inactive—so as to be nearly solid as persons advance in age; those of the African become so at an earlier period in life than those of the white man, owing probably to the fact that they do not keep up the same degree of mental excitability. Every animal having a brain has seams in its skull—even the turtle and the fish.

UNDERSTANDING, KNOWLEDGE.—Does that which the old mental philosophers call "understanding" originate in a single phrenological faculty?—and the same of the term "wisdom?"

Ans. "Knowledge" is obtained by the use of the perceptive faculties, while the reflective organs manifest what the metaphysicians call the "understanding." A dog or a horse may perceive phenomena, but lacking reflective power he is unable to draw proper or philosophical influences from facts, and therefore lacks reason.

IMAGINATION.—Does Imagination spring from a single organ?

Ans. Ideality and Spirituality are the chief elements in those sentiments and emotions which come under the appellation "Imagination." Several other faculties seem to co-operate with these, such as Mirthfulness, Constructiveness, Causality, and the social organs.——

MALICE.—Why do some persons carry malice against persons, contrary to their wishes and better judgment?

Ans. Because they have too little Benevolence—forgiveness,—and too much Destructiveness; and the faculties which constitute the "better judgment" are not strong enough always to control the malicious feeling. Saint Paul said, "When I would do good, evil is present with me," *i. e.*, the selfish propensities clamor for gratification.

"HOW TO MANAGE HIM."—There are young children whom parents, nurses, and teachers find it impossible to manage. A young "four-year old" rules the house. What is to be done in such cases?

Ans. "Examine his head;" observe how prominent the organs just above the ear, at Destructiveness, also at Combativeness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness. Then adopt such measures as will tend to develop the other organs, such as Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness. Keep *these* organs growing, and in time you will find it less difficult to control and direct the passions and propensities. Remember, also, that the children of *young* parents are more impulsive, passionate, and high-tempered than the children of parents more mature, and make allowances. It is a fact that young parents are *themselves* more impatient than older ones, and punish their children more severely. So do young teachers. Young physicians give more and stronger medicines than older ones. Young authors write more nonsense than their seniors. Young preachers are more disposed to consign their hearers to perdition than older and more considerate ones. Why? *The fault is in themselves.* Be considerate of the little ones who *inherit* their tendencies to excess, and *begin* the correction in *yourselves.*——

TEMPERAMENT—MARRIAGE.—Does a similarity of the *temperaments* in man and wife affect in any way the nature or the number of their issue?

Ans. Yes. If each has a good degree of all the temperaments, it is well if they are similar. If one has a temperament predominantly mental, or vital, or motive, the other should have a predominance of those conditions of temperament which the companion lacks. See our work on WEDLOCK.

HEAD OF A STATUE.—We are desired to visit Syracuse, N. Y., and examine the head of the stone statue recently found at Cardiff. It is said our opinion, as to whether it be a human petrifaction of gigantic proportions, or only a piece of sculpture, would be conclusive. No remittance

or inclosure, with which to defray our expenses to visit the thing, Mahomet declines going to the mountain.

SECRETIVENESS AND CAUTIOUSNESS LARGE.—I know a lady whose Secretiveness is so large that she is proverbial for revealing no secrets; and she is so cautious, that "*prudence*" seems written on her face. Is this natural—inherited—or is it acquired? And will the organs grow after one has attained the age of twenty-five or thirty years?

Ans. Yes. If much used, and the body gives ample nourishment to the brain, the organs will increase not only in force and facility of action, but in size also

MARRIAGE.—At what age do you deem it proper for a gentleman and a lady to marry? and why should the gentleman be the oldest?

Ans. When fully grown, and when their minds are sufficiently matured to assume the duties and responsibilities of paternity and maternity. Green girls and green boys should wait. For answers to your other questions, see the new book on WEDLOCK, published at this office.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT.—Your JOURNAL tells us we should study ourselves phrenologically, and thus learn to cultivate the organs that are weak, and restrain those which are too active. Is it not just as much our duty to try to improve our race, our fellow-men, and the future generation as to be so selfish as only to improve ourselves?

Ans. Our first object should be to correct *our own* errors, and who knows but what we may, by our example, evidencing *self*-improvement, preach more than by any precept, which, however good it may be, is effectually emphasized by example. Read the parable of the Mote and the Beam.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

VITAL RESOURCES; or, How to Become Physiologically Younger and Stronger. By Jerome Kidder, M.D. New York: Published by the Author. 16mo; pp. 165; cloth. Price, $1 50. For sale at this office.

This volume is the product of "a scrutiny into the domain of the laws to which nature sometimes marvelously resorts for aid in its restorative powers," and its table of contents offers an analysis of such scrutiny, viz.: Plurality of Personality—Mental Phenomenon; Anatomical Phenomenon; Lateral Halves of the Brain and Body; Metamorphosis; Hereditary Influences; Underground, or Latent Peculiarities; Marriages of Consanguinity; Maternal Impressions; Appetency—Body and Mind Reciprocate; Power of the Mind over the Body; Recipiency and Influence of Mind; Transforming Powers of the Mind; Has the Mind Contour? Why Marriages of Consanguinity restrict Vital Resources; Latent Qualities may be aroused to Action

The reader of this summary will reasonably infer that the author bases much of his argument on phrenological principles, as well as on well-known facts of physiology and anatomy. The few illustrations are in direct point.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. One volume, 12mo; pp. 79; cloth. Price, $3. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

We hope this poem, by Mr. Longfellow, will inspire a noble ambition in the minds of our American youth, and incline them to invent and construct ships that shall surpass anything yet propelled by wind or steam. Let us build and man our ships of and with the best material. Buy the book. It is beautiful and good.

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A., author of "History of Rationalism in Europe." In two vols. octavo; cloth. Price, $6.

Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals" is attracting great attention in the foreign periodicals, and is regarded as an original and highly important contribution to the progress of ethical literature.

The London *Saturday Review* says it may be looked upon as a complement to Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization." The same *Review* says of Mr. Lecky: "He has drawn a most impressive picture of the evolution of Christian morality, especially in its early stages, out of the civilization of the Roman empire, of the various changes of moral type and standard, of the successive degrees of prominence as clearly shown in different classes, virtues in the ideal character of the time, and of their influence on one another, to be remarked in the course of this great moral recasting of society." Mr. Lecky has produced a very interesting work. Now, if he will look at the subject from a phrenological stand-point, he will see the truth as it is.

MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE; or, The Philosophy of True Living. By Prof. F. G. Welch. One vol., 12mo; pp. 429; cloth. Price, $2 25. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

The aim of the author is to treat extensively of the laws of health, and in a manner that will be easily understood. With this in view, he arranged it in four parts. First, The Gymnasium; second, The Dio Lewis System of Gymnastics; third, The House We Live In; fourth, Mental and Moral Culture. Appropriate chapters are given under each of these general headings.

The author shows true appreciation by quoting on his title-page the following words of Senator T. J. Rusk, in a letter to the editor of this JOURNAL: "When a man properly understands himself—mentally, morally, and physically—his road to happiness is smooth, and society has a strong guarantee for his good conduct and usefulness."

The new book may be called an Encyclopedia of Gymnastic Literature. It contains the best thoughts of all the best teachers.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACES, with their Primitive Form and Origin, Primeval Distribution, Distinguishing Peculiarities, Antiquity, Works of Art, Physical Structure, Mental Endowments and Moral Bearing. Also, An Account of the Construction of the Globe, Changes of its Surface, Elevation of its Mountains, and Subsidence of Land; together with other interesting matter. Illustrated by colored plates of each type. With numerous engravings representing their varied forms. By John P. Jeffries. One volume, 8vo; pp. 380; cloth. Price, $5. Published by the Author, and for sale at this office.

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He advocates the theory of the original diversity of the human creation, that is, that there were the following five great types of the human family: Caucasian, Mongolian, Malay, African, and American. His book gives evidence that, notwithstanding his legal practice of a quarter of a century's duration, he has found leisure for extended researches in Ethnology, and presents their results in this work in an entertaining and understandable manner.

We commend the book to the attention of all who are interested in the study of Ethnology and kindred subjects.

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS; or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum. Written by himself. One stout octavo volume; pp. 780. Amply Illustrated. Hartford, Ct.: J. B. Burr & Co. Sold only by subscription.

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ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA. Professor Raphael Pumpelly, of Harvard, has written a work under the above title, and Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are to publish the same. It is to be an octavo, amply illustrated. Price not yet announced. The author has given some account of his travels and observations in the magazines. When the work is ready, we shall have more to say about it.

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PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the "first in the hearts of his countrymen," affords an admirable illustration of all the temperaments in harmonious combination. The brain was decidedly large, but not excessive; the quality was good, somewhat finer than the average, and the whole more evenly and harmoniously

developed than is usually to be met with. In his intellect the perceptive faculties predominated over the reflective. All the organs of the crown and top-head were large and active. His phrenological organization was such as to render his a character eminent for calmness, devotion, deliberation, frugality, industry, and justice. If any qualities were more conspicuous than the others, they were Veneration, Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Spirituality. Self-Esteem and Approbativeness were about even in development. Concentrativeness was also active. He was dignified, conservative, and steadfast. In the massive and well-proportioned nose we find the index of a highly developed character. The organs which give strength, thoroughness, boldness, prudence, and executiveness were strongly marked. His passions and propensities were subordinate to his moral sense, and the whole were under the direction of a well-balanced intellect. Washington was no eccentric, but evinced a remarkable versatility; he was an excellent engineer, surveyor, architect, merchant, magistrate, counselor, farmer, soldier, and statesman. He could both plan and execute, lead or follow, write or speak, work or play. His spiritual forecast made him prophetic. He was something of a poet, a philosopher, an artist; and above all, he was a most dutiful son, a loving husband, a kindly neighbor, a good citizen, an incorruptible patriot, and a circumspect Christian gentleman.*

So numerous are the biographies of this great man, that it is a comparatively easy task for one to write a detailed sketch of him, but a very difficult task to prepare that which shall be a brief and comprehensive survey of his life. It, however, is unnecessary that we should present more than an outline, since many an incident of that lofty life and character springs into fresh recollection on the mere mention of the name GEORGE WASHINGTON.

He was born at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. Before he had reached the age of ten years he was deprived of the guidance and example of an excellent father; but there remained to him a noble mother, whose judicious economy, affection, and intelligence contributed to the training and development of the fine endowments of intellect and the high appreciation of virtue for which he is one of the brightest examples. There is no doubt that to the careful culture bestowed by his mother, the goodness and greatness of Washington are to be ascribed.

At the age of fifteen he received the appointment of midshipman in the British navy, but surrendered it at the earnest desire of his mother. He afterward practiced the profession of a surveyor, and when nineteen held for a short time the appointment of adjutant-general, with the rank of major, in the colonial forces. In 1753 Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, selected him to perform a dangerous service. The French had projected a series of fortifications from the Canada frontier to the mouth of the Ohio River for the purpose of establishing a line of communication with their Louisiana possession, and had already sent an armed force into British territory. Dinwiddie determined to procure their removal, and Washington set out to cross the wilderness, inspect the country, take note of the French position and strength, and form an alliance of friendship with the Indian tribes. This task was performed successfully, and the notes and observations of his journey were published and extensively circulated.

Active military operations were shortly afterward commenced against the French, and Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment raised to march to the scene of encroachment. The expedition, though successful in its first stages, met with a disastrous termination, having been overwhelmed by a vastly superior force near the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and obliged to capitulate after a brave protracted resistance under the command of Washington himself. In 1755 he served as a volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Gene-

* From "New Physiognomy."

ral Braddock, and contributed great services in covering the retreat of the army after its defeat and the mortal wound of its general. The dying Braddock commended his aid-de-camp's conduct in that unhappy affair, and the colony in its appreciation appointed him commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. In 1758 he served under General Forbes in the expedition against Fort du Quesne; and after a succession of arduous duties in camp and field resigned his commission and turned his attention to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. He married Mrs. Martha Custis, and for fifteen years lived in retirement on his Mount Vernon estate.

When the congress of colonial delegates met in Philadelphia, September 4th, 1774, to discuss the affairs of the country, George Washington was present as a delegate from Virginia; and although unpretending and even diffident in his bearing, he was regarded by all present as one of the most competent to advise with reference to military measures. When finally it was determined to appoint a commander-in-chief, he was unanimously chosen. He accepted the appointment with great modesty, and declined all compensation beyond the payment of his expenses.

The war which followed the Declaration of Independence is a matter of record, and too well known to need particular notice here. In the midst of the vicissitudes of that long conflict, amid the depression and gloom that sometimes settled down forebodingly upon the cause of the infant republic, the commander-in-chief never wavered, but his prudence and firmness, his bravery and wisdom, inspired and illumined all, and "brought order out of discord and triumph out of difficulty."

The exalted patriotism of Washington was never more strikingly exhibited than in the letter which at a time when Congress seemed paralyzed and all spirits gathered fear, he addressed to one of the officers of his army in answer to a proposition that he should consent to be made king, as the only hope left to the country. "With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment," he writes, "I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of their being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view them with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. * * Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of a like nature."

With the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October, 1781, the war of the Revolution substantially closed, and in the following year the independence of the Colonies was formally acknowledged. The unsettled condition of the country, however, did not warrant the immediate disbanding of the federal army, and it was not until December 23d that Washington resigned his command and bid adieu to the devoted band of officers with whom he had been associated so long. He retired to his plantation on the Potomac, with the determination to return no more to public life.

But the hold he had obtained on the general sentiment of the nation was too strong to allow it to forget him; and when that celebrated convention was held at Philadelphia by the representatives of twelve States, for the purpose of considering some definite plan of action which would bring about a settlement of the prevailing political and social agitations, Washington was unanimously chosen presiding officer, and the Constitution, which has been one of the chief elements of our national glory, was framed. Under the provisions of that Constitution, an election for President of the States thus united, and George Washington was unanimously elected. He made no little opposition when his consent was asked for proposing him as a candidate, for he had no ambition to enter the arena of political life, but much rather preferred the quiet routine of his Mount Vernon home. "I wish," said he, when his election was announced, "that there may not be reason for regretting the choice, for indeed all I can promise is to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal." On the 30th of April, 1789, he was inaugurated in New York, and entered upon the exercise of his official functions.

The prudence and firmness of his adminis-

tration were productive of marked results to the growth and influence of the nation. He sought to execute the trust reposed in him honestly, and to give to political affairs that regularity of movement which is so essential to internal quiet. His first term of office having expired, he was re-elected, and maintained in the second as in the previous term his upright and steady policy.

After the inauguration of Mr. Adams as his successor in the Presidential function, Washington withdrew to his home and the peaceful employments he loved so much. But he did not long survive that final separation from public life. On the night of the 13th of December, 1799, he was attacked by an inflammatory affection of the throat, the result of exposure to cold and wet the previous day, and in twenty-four hours breathed his last.

When the news of this event was spread abroad, the whole country bowed in a common grief under the stroke; business was generally suspended; and all classes united in sorrow, and in demonstrations of gratitude, veneration, and love.

Thus have we rapidly glanced at the career of that man of whom it is said, that although "brilliant in nothing, exceeded by many men in all that marks a genius, yet he stands out among and above his race for that rare combination of all that is excellent in the character of a man. His patriotism was as incorruptible as it was ardent, and a lofty rectitude marks every small as well as every great action of his life. He was a man to be loved as well as venerated, and every true American delights to accord to him the proud title of "The Father of his Country."

ABOUT "PLACES."—A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such as they like and adapted to their capacity; but there are helps nearly always at hand in the counsel of friends; earnest, candid thought on the part of the aspirants to office themselves, and the light afforded by mental science—Phrenology. However, when you get a place—and there are places—this big country, we are sure, has need of every good boy and girl, and man and woman, in it—when you get a place, make yourself useful in it; make yourself necessary to employers; make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they can not do without you. Be willing to take a low place at first, no matter what the work, if it be honest work. Do it well; do it the very best you can. Begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and climb up.

The unemployed are a host; but when scrutinized, they are found to be those who are indisposed to be diligent, to take up with that which will require steady, persevering exertion. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you, and a good one, too.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

MAN AND HIS TOOLS.

HUMAN beings are created with faculties which enable them to invent, to construct, and to use tools. These faculties are possessed by no other created beings to anything like the same degree or extent. Certain animals possess certain instincts. The bird builds nests; the spider spins webs; the silkworm makes its cocoon; but this instinct can not properly be classed with the inventive or constructive talent of man. In the case of the animal and the insect we see no modifications or improvements on their predecessors. The spider's web is constructed to-day precisely as it was a thousand years ago; so the honey-comb of the bee; so the dam of the beaver; the nest of the bird; so all the rest; but man by his superior talents is enabled to make improvements; to invent as well as imitate; and just in proportion to his civilization, education, and development do we find the higher order of mechanical ingenuity. The savage and the barbarian produce very simple structures, both architectural and artistic. Their mechanism is crude and simple. Take as an illustration the music of a North American Indian, of an Esquimaux, or of a Hottentot. Compare it with the music of civilization. How crude and simple the one! how elaborate and perfect that of the other! yet precisely the same faculties are possessed by the one that

are enjoyed by the other; the only difference being in the degree of development and culture.

It is not necessary to go far from home to find illustrations showing differences in development among men. Taking music again as an example; one that is cultured will produce beautiful music, oral or instrumental; another not cultured, possibly born in the same family, would find it difficult, if not impossible, on the moment, to sing or play a tune. Whence the difference? In the one case the person has learned to use his faculties; in the other case the same faculties exist, but so far as music is concerned they are dormant. They have not learned to use the tools which the Almighty has given them. And this is important for all of us to learn. Let us ask ourselves to what extent we are developed, or rather how far we come short of a normal and healthy development.

As it is in the physical, so it is in the spiritual faculties. Most of us are simply in a rudimentary degree of development. We are something like fish in the Mammoth Cave; we have the rudiments of vision, without the vision itself. So we have all the faculties that the Almighty intended us to have, but for want of use they are not yet called out or developed. Hence the question, Can you use tools? All these human faculties may be likened to tools. In the hands of a skilled and cultured possessor they can be turned to account, and the ends of existence rightly worked out. On the other hand, he who is in a state of undevelopment, or apathetic, lives but a rudimentary life, remaining in comparative childhood all his life. Young man, you have a beautiful chest of tools, and the key which unlocks this chest is within your reach. Open and look into it. What a treasure! How beautiful and how evidently useful! though as yet you may be unable to work properly with these tools.

There are the square and the compass, which answer to integrity and intelligence. There are the broad ax and cleaver, corresponding with Executiveness, Combativeness, and Destructiveness. There are the raking in by Acquisitiveness, and the putting away for safe-keeping by Secretiveness. There are also the regularity and promptness of Time; the method and system of Order; the chisel and brush of Ideality; the harp and the piano of Tune; the day-book and ledger of Calculation and Eventuality; the map, atlas, gazetteer, and globe of Locality; the anchor of Hope; and the knife, fork, and spoon of Alimentiveness. The youth is to be taught how to use these tools in accordance with the best judgment. If he be trained in mathematical calculation, he will be competent as an engineer; if in natural philosophy and in chemistry, he will understand the constituent elements of matter and the effects of their combination; if in music, he will appreciate the harmony of sounds; if in anatomy, he may comprehend the structure and functions of living bodies; if in phrenology and physiognomy, he may grasp clearly the powers of the mind and the signs of character; if instructed in psychology and theology, he may apprehend the relations of the soul to man and his Creator. From the foregoing it will be seen that in order to use the tools which we all possess, we must be trained and educated. Of what value are pearls and diamonds to the swine? What sublimity has a Niagara to a dog? What beauty a landscape to an ox? What instruction in the stars and planets to an orang-outang? Of what account is the sun, moon, or sky to the superstitious savage? But to the cultured human mind, how beautiful are the pearls and diamonds! and what grandeurs are presented in the sublime cataract! what beauties to the eye of an artist in the charming landscape! It will thus be seen that the use and beauty of all things consist in our knowing how to use and enjoy them. It is probable that not one man in ten thousand is fully, nay, fairly developed in all his faculties. If one be devoted to business merely, he exercises executiveness, concentration, and perseverance, and is but partially called out. If simply to mechanism, he develops a different set of faculties, and he, too, is only partially developed. If a teacher, a preacher, or a physician, it is the same. If an artist, an author, or an inventor, a larger number of faculties will necessarily be called into action, but neither of these will be fully called out. Who then among us is a perfect man in all his parts? Indeed, who among us is not warped by partial develop-

ment, or can take a true and impartial view of any subject? Who of us are not partisans, sectarians, or bigots? Who occupy a broad humanitarian platform such as our highest ideal would fitly represent? The mountains and the valleys are revealing their treasures, and man approaches more nearly the end of his creation. When this chest of tools shall have been brought into fullest use, when all are bright and sharp, when each performs its perfect work, we shall have attained the mastery of ourselves, and measurably so of our fate and fortune. This must come of self-development and perfection of character.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY ALLIE WELLINGTON.

THE old Year lieth low. Dim is his eye,
And icy cold the deeply furrowed brow
O'er which his white locks stray; while languidly
Faint pulses tell the life-tide ebbing now;
Oh, bring ye memory's flowers, and of them weave
A chaplet bright to crown the dying Year,
And strew them there though tears for "*nevermore*"
And "*might have been*" fall sadly on his bier!

Many a cherished treasure hath he given;
Many a treasure borne away for e'er;
Sent forth the bridal and the funeral train;
Mingled glad welcomes with the farewell tear;
Blended the sound of revelry and mirth
With the fierce battle's din, the mourner's wail;
For some the myrtle and the rose hath twined;
Others, the cypress dark and night-shade pale.

Hark to the muffled tread of centuries!
From that dim shore—the past,—they hither come
To claim their kindred; the dark pall above
And snowy shroud beneath are spread, while moan
The sorrowing winds a mournful requiem.
Farewell, old Year! We part to meet no more
As now, yet from that land of sepulchers
Oft wilt thou come with spectral throngs of yore.

How wilt thou come? Like a reproachful shade
To censure for the follies of the past,
For moments lost and duties all undone,
Or blight or shadow o'er some spirit cast?
Or, with a pleasant guise, to say "Well done;
Beyond, a fadeless crown shall deck thy brow?"
How wilt thou come to memory's hall, old Year,
Our hearts are saying;—echo answereth—*How?*

THE WORLD'S MINERALS.—There are produced annually throughout the world 3,214,000,000 cwt. of coal, 191,800,000 of iron, 1,581,000 of copper, 4,926,300 of lead, 2,350,000 of zinc, besides 459,883 pounds of gold, and 2,863,000 pounds of silver. The influence of these on "progress," how wonderful!

CONFUCIUS, THE CHINESE SAGE.

RELATIVE INFLUENCE OF CONFUCIUS AND MOHAMMED.

DURING a visit to the United States four or five years ago, I observed as I thought among some people a desire to exalt unduly the importance of the Arabic language, and to place above its proper comparative estimate the character and influence of the Arabian Prophet. A year ago last July, while residing at Tientsin, in North China, I had occasion to look over the columns of a monthly published in Boston the preceding December, and my attention was arrested by the following remarkable paragraph:

"Among the men whose genius has powerfully affected the course of human events, the Arabian Prophet must be placed in the foremost rank. It has probably never been given to any other uninspired man to wield for good or for evil so mighty an influence on the destinies of his fellow-men. After the lapse of twelve hundred years, not less than a hundred and fifty millions of people acknowledge him as the prophet of God, and found their hopes of heaven on the doctrines which he taught."

In contrast to these sentiments I assert:

The man whose genius has most powerfully affected the course of human events is Confucius, the Chinese Sage. It has unquestionably never been given to any other uninspired man to wield so mighty an influence on the destinies of his countrymen. After a lapse of twenty-three centuries, not less than four hundred millions of people acknowledge him as the Perfect Man, and regard his doctrines as sufficient for myriads of ages.

THE BIRTH AND YOUTH OF CONFUCIUS.

According to Dr. Williams, Confucius was born about 549 B.C. According to Dr. Legge he was born 551 B.C. His father was a district magistrate, who died three years after Confucius was born. He had nine daughters but no son by the wife he married in his early life. When over seventy years old he sought a second wife in a family where there were three daughters. Their father addressed them on the subject of the proposed alliance, saying, "Though old and austere you need have no misgivings about him. Which of you three will be his wife?" The two elder

daughters were silent, but the youngest, Cling-tsae, answered, "Why do you ask us, father? It is for you to determine." "Very well," said her father in reply, "you will do." She became Heih's wife, and her son was named Confucius. He in Chinese writings is also called K'en, and Chungni. His birthplace was somewhere in the limits of the present department of Yen-Chow, in the province of Shantung, North China.

We have but very meagre information in regard to the youth of Confucius. There is a story that he began going to school when he was seven years old, but its truth is doubted. As a boy he was fond of arranging sacrificial vessels in play, and at practicing postures of ceremony. He says that at fifteen he bent his mind to learning, but his family was very poor. When nineteen he married, and his wife the next year presented him with a son, whom, in compliment to a certain duke who presented him with a couple of fish, he named The Carp, or, in Chinese, Le. He had besides this son at least one daughter. Probably about a year after his marriage he entered upon his first public business, that of keeper of the stores of grain, and in the next year he took charge of the public fields and lands.

HE BECOMES A PUBLIC TEACHER.

In his twenty-second year Confucius began to teach the principles and doctrines of antiquity. Young and inquiring men who wished to learn what these principles and doctrines were, resorted to his house. It is said he never refused to give instruction on account of the smallness of the fee offered. He only demanded some degree of capacity, and an ardent desire for improvement in his pupils. Said he, "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, or help any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he can not from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." Who of modern teachers is so exacting of their pupils?

HIS MOURNING FOR HIS MOTHER.

In his twenty-third year the mother of Confucius died. He determined to place the coffins of his father and mother side by side, and carry out in his mourning for her the principles of ancient times. He therefore resigned his official employment. After having placed their coffins side by side, he raised a mound over them four feet high, and returned home. He mourned for his mother the regular period prescribed in more ancient times—three years nominally, but really only twenty-seven months. In imitation of the example of Confucius, people of subsequent ages down to the present in China, if in official employment, resign it on the death of either parent, and mourn for the regular period.

After the period of mourning for his mother, he probably resumed the employment of a public teacher. When he was twenty-nine years old he began the study of music, under a very famous master. A few years after this we find among his pupils some of the children or other descendents of some of the great men of his times and country. He received an invitation to visit the court of a neighboring kingdom, that of Chow. He went, accompanied by some if not all of his pupils. He returned, after stopping there not a very long time, to his native country, Lu.

HIS OCCUPATION IN MIDDLE LIFE AND OLD AGE.

He set up himself as a reformer. He had no new theories or doctrine to promulge. "The law and the testimony" with him was antiquity, or the doctrines and practices of more early periods. His pupils were numerous and enthusiastic. He had the good genius of turning current matters to account with his disciples. For example, one day he with his disciples were traveling by the side of the T'ae mountain, when they observed a woman weeping and wailing by a grave. Confucius leaning forward in his carriage listened to her for a while. After this he sent one of the pupils to inquire the cause of her sorrow. "You weep," said his messenger, "as though you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow." She replied, "It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has met the same fate." Confucius asked why she did not remove from such a place, to which she replied: "There is here no oppressive government." He at once turned to his disciples, and said: "My children, remember this. Oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger."

Confucius spent his time at home and abroad till he was sixty-eight years old, when he returned to his native country to remain. Before this period he took office, but remained in it only a few years. During that time he produced a remarkable improvement in the manners and condition of the people over whom he exercised authority. "A thing dropped on the road was not picked up." Within twelve months the princes of neighboring states desired to imitate his style of administration. A certain duke asked whether his rules could be applied to govern a whole state. Confucius replied that they might be applied to the whole empire. Afterward he became Minister of Crime, and "the appointment was enough to put an end to crime. There was no necessity to put the penal laws in execution. No offenders showed themselves." These statements, of course, must be understood with some degree of allowance. He continued Minister of Crime for more than two years.

The neighboring states became jealous of the rising influence and prosperity of Lu. Some of them endeavored to devise means of separating the duke of Lu from the influence of Confucius. One of their prime ministers hit upon the following scheme. Eighty beautiful singing girls and one hundred and twenty fine horses were sent as a present to the duke of Lu. One of the courtiers in disguise went to the place outside of the city where they were kept, and, forgetting the lessons of Confucius, prevailed upon the duke to go and look at the bait. Both were captivated. "For three days the duke gave no audience to his ministers." Confucius was offended and disgusted, and he resigned, and left the court in despair.

HOW CONFUCIUS SPENT HIS OLD AGE.

He completed his literary works and instructed his numerous disciples more zealously and more thoroughly in the principles of ancient times. He finished his edition of the Chinese classics.

Early one morning he moved slowly about his house, with his hands behind his back, crying out:

> "The great mountain must crumble,
> The strong brain must break,
> And the wise man wither like a plant."

After an illness of seven days he died, aged about seventy-three. He left only one descendant. In the reign of Kang Hi, 2,150 years after his death, there were 11,000 males living who bore his surname and claimed to be his descendants. Many of them were of the seventy-fourth generation—probably the oldest family in the world which can trace its lineage. A great variety of posthumous honors and titles have been bestowed upon him. He is called the "most holy ancient teacher," "the holy duke," and "the Sage." In the Sacrificial Ritual may be found a pean which is thus translated by Dr. Williams (See Middle Kingdom, 1st Vol. 530 page):

> "Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!
> Before Confucius there never was a Confucius!
> Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius!
> Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

THE INFLUENCE AND OPINIONS OF CONFUCIUS.

He is an object of worship.—Not long after his death, princes and sovereign publicly acknowledged the merits and worth of Confucius. The founder of the Han dynasty, B.C. 194, visited his tomb and sacrificed an ox to him. In A.D. 57 it was enacted that sacrifices should be offered to him in the Imperial College, and in the principal colleges throughout the empire. At Pekin, in the Imperial College, the emperor himself is the principal performer, twice a year, spring and autumn. After kneeling twice and bowing six times his head to the earth, he invokes the spirit of Confucius in words which, as translated by Dr. Legge, read thus: "Great art thou, O perfect Sage! Thy virtue is full; thy doctrine is complete. Among mortal men there has not been thy equal. All kings honor thee. Thy statutes and laws have come gloriously down. Thou art the pattern in this imperial school. Reverently have the sacrificial vessels been set out. Full of awe, we sound our drums and bells."

In the spring and autumn, also, the highest civil and military officers of the eighteen provinces in the places where they bear rule, meet with great pomp and show in the temple of Confucius, and there worship him, sacrificing to him a bullock, a swine, a sheep, fruits, etc., etc. It has been estimated that there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius in all the empire, and that annually there are presented upon their altars 27,000 pieces

of silk, and 62,606 pigs, rabbits, sheep, and deer, besides an immense quantity of vegetables, fruits, etc.,—not to mention the number of bullocks sacrificed to him.

In each of the Chinese heathen schools in the empire (at least in this part of it), the pupils are required on a day in the spring, designated and appointed by the teacher, to unite in the worship of the Sage in the school-room, the teacher taking the lead. After the worship, teacher and pupils partake of a feast, at the expense of the latter. It is the custom here for each school-boy the first time he enters the school in the year, to burn candles, incense, and mock money to the Sage, and bow down before something which represents him.

CONFUCIUS THE GREAT TEACHER OF CHINA.

The books which he composed, or compiled, or edited, and the books prepared by his grandson, Tsz-sz, or compiled from his sayings by his disciples, and the works of Mencius, who followed Confucius but a few score of years, and whose great talents were exerted in explaining, defending, or enforcing the sentiments and doctrines of the Chinese Sage, constitute the school-books of China at the present day, and have been thus employed in this empire for twenty centuries or more. No modern books on science, on geography, on history, on mathematics, etc., are found in native schools. The series of books above referred to, and generally called "The Chinese Classics," embody Confucius and his principles and doctrines. They are memorized by students in their school-boy days, and the spirit of his sayings form their standard of thought and practice; for the customs of the present day are in unison with the doctrines of Confucius. He has molded the manners as well as the morals of the nation.

The laws of China also harmonize with the teachings of the ancient Sage. The topic for written essays and poetry, at their regular national literary examinations, all over China, are taken year by year from the time-honored "Classics." His sayings and the maxims found in the "Classics" are quoted in literary circles, by officials, by business men, and all classes of Chinese, and always with approval and applause. No Chinaman dare revile the Sage.

When one reflects that not only is China, with its 400 millions, a third of the human the human race, devoted to Confucius, but that surrounding nations have been moved and affected to a remarkable degree for more than a thousand years by Confucius through his writings—many of whose inhabitants are able to read and explain the Chinese classics —Japan, Loo Chow, Siam, Cochin China, and the Indian Archipelago, Thibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria,—it is impossible to deny the conclusion that the influence of this Sage has not been paralleled by any other uninspired man. J. D.

FOO CHOW, CHINA.

Religion.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

GOD IS LOVE.

BY MISS FRANCES L. KEELER.

GOD is love! ye nations, hear Him;
God is love! adore, revere Him;
God is love! ye need not fear Him;
His is tenderest love.
God is love! and He is holy;
Never false, He loveth truly;
Loveth *all*,—the high and lowly—
With His yearning love.

God is love! the breezes bring it;
God is love! the bell-tones ring it;
God is love! the song-birds sing it;—
God is perfect love!
And the ocean as it foameth,
And the wild wind as it moaneth,
And each season when it cometh,
Tell us God is love.

Every passing breath of even,
Every object under heaven,
All the glory He hath given,
Whispers "God is love!"
Though the aching heart is sighing,
Though life's dearest hopes are dying,
There's an undertone, replying—
"God is *lasting* love."

Yes, the clouds that float through ether,
And the stars that shine forever,
E'en the frost-chain and the fever,
Tell us God is love.
Can we, then, crush each desire
Bathed in holy, heavenly fire,
Ever reaching higher, higher,
To that God of love?

Oh, ye angels of salvation,
Strike your lyres through all creation;
Chant this chorus to each nation—
God is holy love;—
Sound it till the earth shall startle!
Let it shine through Death's dark portal!
Breathe it till it grows immortal
"*God is love,—all love.*"

ELMIRA, N. Y.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE POOR.

IT is bitter cold weather, and while not easy to keep warm in the house, it is quite impossible to do so out of doors. Looking from my window I see few upon the street, and they hurry past to get sheltered in warm houses. There is a frozen-looking cat creeping along a neighboring fence, and a miserable-looking dog is sneaking past, too wretched and cold even to wag his tail. It is a bitter cold day! God help the poor, the sick poor, who lie on hard beds in cold rooms, in alleys and back streets, with insufficient and unsuitable food! Sickness and pain are not found easy to endure in comfortable homes, in warm, bright, bedchambers, with all of nursing, delicacies, and remedies that wealth can purchase; but think of illness in a home always empty of comforts! Yes, God help the poor!—but He works *by means.* "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye can do them good," is as true now as when the words were spoken, over a thousand years ago.

The hungry birds are pecking at the clusters of purple berries hanging from the leaf-stripped vines that make my outer walls so green in summer, and in their autumn changes of crimson and green are such a delight to my love of the beautiful. It is comforting to know how the Father of all has provided for his creatures, each after their kind; teaching the squirrels to lay up plentifully in autumn of acorns and nuts, which He has so bountifully provided for them. The ground far and near is strewn with seeds, often too small to be seen by our unassisted sight, the product of innumerable grasses and herbs in summer, preparing a bountiful table for the birds when there would seem nothing upon which they could possibly subsist. And when the snow covers the ground, depriving the birds of this source of supply, how many vines and bushes afford berries to satisfy their hunger. And the pine and cedar groves and trees shelter them from the wintry blasts.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land," and "whensoever ye will ye may do them good." And now I appeal to those whom God has prospered in worldly goods, whose homes are full of comforts, often luxuries, who sit by warm, often too warm, firesides, and lie at night in soft, warm beds. Why there are such diversities in men's circumstances, God, who orders it so, only knows. It is not a virtue in one to succeed, nor a fault in another to fail in winning enough of this world's wealth. One man becomes rich with small effort, while another toils all his life without securing ease for his infirm old age.

I ask not for the sturdy street beggars who make begging a profession, but for the worthy, hard-working poor; whose daily bread, depending upon their daily labor, must fail when sickness lays a hand, always heavy, but oh, how crushingly so, when it falls upon the poor, unable as they are to save at any time, for a time of trial.

It is not hard to find worthy recipients for your bounty. Go to any hard-worked pastor, and he will tell you of want and sorrow more than he can possibly relieve, and he will gladly accept your *services*, as well as your money. And oh, the luxury of giving to those in need! the delight of seeing the dull eye brighten, the pale lips smile at your coming! And what a sum of money, so small that you scarcely miss it, a single dollar, must be in a family where the little ones ask only for *bread!* I have asked as yet only for what you can easily spare, but I would go farther than that, I would not ask you to give to the Lord of that which "costs you nothing;" deny yourself *luxuries* that you may supply *necessities* to the needy.

Once begin the delightful work of relieving suffering, and you will be surprised at the good you yourself receive while seeking to benefit others,—not indiscriminate almsgiving, only that your conscience may not suffer, but careful, pains-taking charity. None but those with limited means and unlimited calls upon them can conceive the delight I experienced in the gift of a large

box of *old clothes*. Old clothes!—not much to the giver, but what a blessing that box has been to the poor! How the poor little ones, crouching in the cold, trying to warm their shivering bodies in the winter sun, would have blessed the givers of the old garments that made new and warm clothing for them. Oh! my fellow-Christians, if you would use carefully even your old clothing for them! Oh! my fellow Christians, if you would use carefully even your old clothes, how many that are now suffering with the cold might be warmly clad!

And then in serving His poor, ye are co-workers with the angels, for "are they not all ministering spirits?" and He receives it as done to Himself. Holy Scripture leads us to believe that our Lord, even before His coming in the flesh, appeared upon earth to His patriarchs; for that He was one of the three angels that appeared to Abraham, when about to destroy the guilty cities of the plain, seems certain by His authoritative manner of speaking, bidding the two angels go forward while He talked with Abraham,—not as one *sent*, but as one acting with power.

And is it altogether impossible that He may come down now, and walk among us all unrecognized? And is it not a solemn thought that we may have jostled Him on the street, in the garb of poverty and want? may have been asked by Him for alms, to prove our faith and love? I often feel that this may be, and even if it be a wild imagination, we *know* that He has said, "whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and look, whatsoever he layeth out, it shall be paid to him again." R.

He who strives to live an inactive life is striving just so much against his own happiness.

FATHER HYACINTHE,

THE EMINENT CARMELITE PREACHER.

THE phrenology and physiology of this gentleman are not only strong but harmonious. He is plump rather than stout; amply developed in the vital system, so that he manufactures life-power—steam, or magnetism, so to speak—for the maintenance of health and vigor of body, and of ardor, earnestness, and intensity of mind. His whole person is electrical. The intellect indicates a practical order of mind, having capacity to gather information and use it; he holds his knowledge in memory ready for employment as occasion may require. His reasoning intellect is critical and analytical rather than logical; it is well adapted to take into view at a glance the varied interests of life; to comprehend the wants and duties incident to man; indeed, to live with the people, of the people, and for the people. If he were a lawyer he would be remarkable for readiness to understand facts, and for his power to apply them to the law of a case on the instant.

PORTRAIT OF FATHER HYACINTHE.

His broad, high head shows courage, force, earnestness, and that kind of dash and daring which the brave orator or soldier requires. His Firmness is uncommonly strong; he has a good degree of Self-Esteem, and just Approbativeness enough to give him a relish for the good opinion of his friends and the public; but he has too much courage, force, and will-power to follow a beaten track for the

sake of popularity. His social nature is strong. His talent for expression is excellent, and he has also those financial and mechanical talents which would make him successful in the business world.

Hope, Veneration, and Benevolence are large. His intuitive judgment of character is such as would enable him to understand men, and so guide and direct as well as to persuade them.

He would make a hard worker in any laudable field of effort, from the highest realm of learning to the plainest practical duties of ordinary life. In temperament and general "make-up" he is something like the original Napoleon.

From the paucity of materials at hand, we can furnish but a brief glimpse of his early life, while the circumstances relating to his recent important action are almost too well known to warrant a restatement.

CHARLES LOYSON, popularly known as Father Hyacinthe, was born at Orleans, France, in 1821, and was educated chiefly at Pau. Having chosen the ministry as his calling, he completed the preparatory course of study, and was ordained at St. Sulpice. During the four years succeeding his ordination he studied theology, and taught it in connection with philosophy at Avignon, and afterward at Nantes.

Having passed ten years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order, and was first a preacher of that city. While there, his sermons delivered at the Lysée were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Perigueux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, preaching at the Church of the Madeleine, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted public attention and gained a brilliant reputation.

One who had heard him in Notre Dame thus writes of his manner and the effect of his oratory upon the audience:

"He began to speak, and from that moment I wish to believe in the sincerity, in the piety, in the Christian faith of this man—for if he is not all that, he profanes the most beautiful gifts of Providence. Never did a voice more sympathetic strike my ear; never did art more perfect captivate and control the human heart.

"Merely to repeat his arguments and illustrations could give you no impression of his power, for it lay in the man, in his eye, his gesture, and his voice. In true eloquence there is something which escapes analysis—a power beyond words—a magnetism *vibrante et subtile* which penetrates like lightning, which can not be described, but which is only felt as the intensest action of the human soul. To make you understand its effect I must paint for you that countenance so *mobile*, now grave and stern, and now wearing a look of ineffable tenderness. His gestures were full of energy and animation. There was intense life in every limb and every motion. Now he appeared as if he were the accuser of his hearers, flashing the light of conscience on every deed of guilt. At such a moment you might believe that you heard another Savonarola thundering against the vices of the age. Then suddenly his tone changed, and his manner became tender and almost caressing, as if he would draw the multitude to the feet of Him whose agony he described."

It would require much more space than we can appropriate for the purpose to detail the progress of events which led Father Hyacinthe to take the step which seems to have severed him completely from the Church of his country, his childhood, and closest ties of experience as a man and a priest. In *Putnam's Magazine* for January an article appeared treating of the part borne by the "preacher-monk" in the circumstances which led to his disruption with the great hierarchy, and from that article we extract what may be essential to some understanding of the matter:

"In the summer of 1864 Father Hyacinthe was invited to deliver an address before a club of young people organized under the name of the Cercle Catholique, or Catholic Club, at Paris, corresponding to some extent with our Young Men's Christian Association. He accepted their invitation, and in the

course of an address, conceived in fullest sympathy with the progressive thought of his age, he referred to the French Revolution in the following terms: '1789 is an accomplished fact, and if it were not, it would be necessary to accomplish it.'

"This phrase aroused a great deal of feeling in Paris; he was violently attacked by the *Monde*, an organ of the Ultramontanists, and a cabal was speedily organized to limit the infection of his dangerous eloquence as much as possible by destroying his influence. It did not, however, succeed in poisoning the mind of the Archbishop of Paris, who, regardless of their remonstrances, invited Father Hyacinthe to preach the Conferences of Advent that year at Notre Dame. This pulpit for years, I might say centuries, has been reserved for the most popular orator in the Gallican Church.

"To disarm his adversaries, or to neutralize his influence, he was sent for by the General of his order to come to Rome in 1865, under the pretext of assisting at the beatification fêtes of a Carmelite nun of the name of Maria des Anges. He was then for the first time presented to the Pope, by whom he was received with the greatest kindness, and, so far from being censured or even questioned, was treated with special consideration.

"In 1868 Father Hyacinthe was again sent for to come to Rome, ostensibly to preach the Conferences for Lent in the church of St. Louis of France, but really to counteract by his presence, if possible, the prejudices which the Ultramontanists were still sedulously propagating against him. His subject for these conferences was 'The Church,' which he treated in a most comprehensive and liberal spirit, and with scant respect for mere sectarian distinctions.

"His success was something marvelous; it was almost, if not quite, unprecedented. He was received on his visit, also, in the kindest manner by the Pope, who testified his pontifical affability by a most gracious pun upon his name. He called him '*Hyacinthe, fleur et pierre précieuse.*' *

"In December of 1868 he was again invited to preach the conferences at Notre Dame. He treated of the same subject, 'The Church,' which had been the theme of his conferences at Rome, and from substantially the same point of view. His portrait of what he regarded as the true idea of a Universal Christian Church contrasted so broadly with the Church of the Encyclique and the Syllabus of 1864, that it greatly increased the irritation of the Ultramontanists, which was aggravated to exasperation by the closing discourse on Pharisaism, the aim of which could not be mistaken.

"In a letter written just at the breaking up of the recent Spanish revolution, and when all the ultramontane press were firing the hearts of the faithful to rally them to the rescue of the Church, he said:

"'The old political organization of Catholicism in Europe is tumbling over on all sides in blood, or, what is worse, in the mire; and it is to these crumbling and shameful fragments that they would bind the future of the Church.'

"'He says we are fallen into the mire, "*nella fanga*,"' cried out the Pope to one of his court. He was excessively irritated, and directed orders to be sent at once through the State Department to Father Hyacinthe to explain his letter in the next number of the *Revista*. 'The soul of the Holy Father,' they wrote to him from Rome, 'is filled with bitterness.'

"Father Hyacinthe had no difficulty in washing his hands of whatever was offensive in the letter. But while vindicating himself from this gratuitous accusation, he took occasion to remind the Pope of his fallibility in a way to leave a far more grievous wound than the imaginary attack upon his temporal authority had occasioned.

"When, soon after this letter appeared, the General of the Carmelites of Rome asked the Papal blessing for his order, the Pope is said to have replied, 'Yes, for all your order, but not for Father Hyacinthe.'

"It was in this frame of mind that the letter was conceived which summoned Father Hyacinthe to Rome in January, 1869. Father Hyacinthe did not choose to comply with this summons at once. He assigned as reasons for deferring his visit that he was fatigued with the conferences which he had just concluded, that his health had suffered from the rigors and privations of conventual life, etc."

* Hyacinth, flower and precious stone.

However, he went at last; had a long interview with the Pope, the details of which are very interesting; was dismissed without reproof, and with the Pope's blessing; and so apparently in triumph. This visit, however, had wrought a change of view in Father Hyacinthe himself.

"He had begun to learn with how little wisdom his Church was governed, and to ask himself if this is the sort of men whom it is proposed by a Universal Council to proclaim infallible? Is this the sort of statesmen whose temporal power and sovereignty are essential to the independence of the Church and to the protection of the holy Catholic religion?"

Bitter attacks were made on him in the journals of the ultra Roman party, apparently countenanced by the Pope himself; but the monk gave little attention to them.

"On the 10th of July Father Hyacinthe was invited to address the Peace Society of Paris, and accepted the invitation. In his discourse were two paragraphs conceived in that large and comprehensive Christian charity which had already so often provoked the secret or open censures of the Jesuits and ultramontane Catholics."

The boldest passage was this, with which he closed a eulogy of the Bible:

"Thank you for this applause! It comes from your hearts, and it is intended for these divine books! In the name of these two books, I accept it. I accept it also in the name of those sincere men who group themselves about these books in Europe and America. It is a most palpable fact that there is no room in the daylight of the civilized world except for these three religious communions, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism!"

This discourse produced a profound sensation at Rome, and brought promptly from the General of his order a letter dated July 22, 1869, not only reflecting upon the tendency of his past teachings, but strictly prohibiting him from meddling with any of the questions agitated among Catholics. This letter was inconsistent with itself.

"Though forbidden to print any letters or speeches; to speak outside the churches; to be present at the deliberations of the Legislative Chambers; or to take part in any public meeting except for some exclusively Catholic object, he was privileged to retain his high rank in his order; to hold on to his position as Superior of the convent at Paris; to remain one of the four members of the Council of the Province; and to continue to preach, as usual, at Notre Dame. Of these privileges, however, Father Hyacinthe did not think his duty to avail himself. The letter he had received was, as he had believed, a blow aimed by the Jesuits, through him, at the vitals of the Christian Church. It proved to him in the present state of the Catholic Church, and especially under the rule of monastic discipline, the Evangelical Word was not free. It gave him an occasion, by which he deemed it his duty to profit, 'to protest as a Christian and a priest against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian.'

"On the 20th of September Father Hyacinthe addressed a reply to his General at Rome, and on the same day he abandoned his convent and the garb of his order, thereby protesting, by act as well as by speech, against the abuse of ecclesiastical power of which he felt that he was the victim."

It is altogether likely that Father Hyacinthe contemplated a much longer visit in this country than his has proved to be, owing to the summons received by him to return without delay to France, where, at this critical exigency, the growing liberal party of the Roman Catholic Church needs all the strength and encouragement of so powerful a leader, who, like another Luther, may represent them in the Council in all the panoply of his intellectual and moral greatness, and in the strength of a just cause.

The only address which he delivered in this country was the one pronounced before the French Society of Benevolence in New York, wherein was exhibited much of the character and peculiar talents of the man. A writer in one of our daily papers says of this effort:

"He is the most simple, in thought and expression, of all famous orators. He uttered no sentence which a child acquainted with the language would think hard to understand He spoke every word with a fervent and transparent sincerity, which went directly to the heart. In these artificial days,

it was like a breath of purer air than ours to hear a speaker who, in defining man, at least defined himself: 'the heart is the man.'

"Apart from these elementary marks of all true eloquence, there was but one distinguishing feature of the lecture, the breadth of the speaker's sympathies, as expressed by putting every thought in a form in which it appeals to what is common to all men. Even his citations from the Scriptures were so handled as to avoid all theological questions; not a word was drawn from the story of creation that could offend the most pronounced naturalist; not a word from the Apostle's praise of marriage, inconsistent with monkish vows. This was done with an case and simplicity which showed that there was no effort to avoid embarrassing questions; but that the natural flow of his genius is to those sentiments which are human and universal, and that it is intolerant only of controversies and divisions."

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

SPEECH BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

WE give in the following a copious extract from the Vice-President's oration recently delivered at the Fair in aid of the Inebriate Asylum in Baltimore, Md.

My visit to this city—the Monumental City of the United States—this evening is, to some extent, accidental. Passing through it on my return to the capital of the nation, I stopped to visit valued friends in your midst, intending to go on this afternoon, but could not decline the kind and courteous invitation I received from the officers of this Fair to tarry a little longer so as to be present at the inauguration of the first Fair within my knowledge in the Union for the benefit of an Inebriate Asylum. A work of benevolence and of humanity toward our brethren like this should enlist every heart that is touched with the feeling of human infirmity. There is a question that comes down to all of us through the centuries—from the very birthplace of mankind—full of momentous interest to every one upon this footstool of God. It is that question which Cain asked of the Almighty—not as a question, but as a defense against the arraignment for his crime to his brother. It was, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In every civilized land throughout the globe—in every civilized nation, and state, and community, the answer comes back to that question, "You are your brother's keeper." It is a responsibility that none of you can deny or evade. Every statute that you find on your statute book for the punishment of crime and fraud is the answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Every jail and prison that cast their gloomy shadows over the land, every sheriff and police officer, is the answer that the community makes to this question, as old as mankind itself. And besides this, and better than this, every reformatory and ameliatory institution that blesses this land of ours is the answer that we give to the question that comes to us from almost the Garden of Eden itself.

In the institutions of which we are so justly proud, where the mind is restored to those whose reason has been dethroned, in the Asylum for the Insane—in those institutions where the blind are almost made to see, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear—in every institution for the relief of the poor and distressed, we have the answer of society to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And in this noble work which you have inaugurated here to-night for those who have been the deluded and self-destroying victims of the temptation that besets even the most gifted in our land, is the answer of the benevolent in the State of Maryland that they are their brother's keeper.

God speed you—God bless you in this noble work. You shall have your reward—not in gold and silver—not in fame and reputation—for yourselves; but in that land where the streets are gold, and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire—where every deed of humanity throughout the world is recorded in that Book which shall never be destroyed. In this world of ours, four thousand years later, spoken by the lips of Him as never man spoke before, the answer was again given to this question, one which was announced as the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That answer was imprinted upon us in words as eternal as the adamant, in letters of living light. In this world of ours, springing as we all do from the hand of a

common Creator, believing as we do in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, every one whom you meet on your pathway is your brother. He may be poor; he may be penniless; he may be humble, criminal, or fallen, but they are brethren of the same dust—pilgrims on the same journey; travelers to the same tomb. If God has blessed you with strength of will, that you have been enabled to fortify yourselves, it is for you to lift him up from that depth to which he has fallen, and put him upon his feet, and to redeem him, if possible, from a living death—worse even than the death of the tomb. Do you say here, that you, this intelligent population before me, are exempt from this temptation, by which so many have been enthralled? Go back in your own memory and bear testimony, every one of you, if I say not the truth, and answer if there is one before me, looking back in the years of the past, that fails to find some friend or relative, near or remote, who has fallen a victim to this foe of mankind? Do you say that you have strength to resist this temptation? If you are willing to dally with it, I confess I do not feel that strength myself. Look at the history of some of the most brilliant minds in past years of your State of Maryland, at the history of the great men of every State of this land. The noblest intellect has not preserved some of your citizens from the thralldom of this vice. The most brilliant intellect and the greatest learning have not given them strength to resist the wiles and snares of this tempter. They have fallen victims to it, as they have elsewhere in the world. Not the coronet on the brow of the noble, nor the crown on the head of the monarch, nor the ablest judicial talent, nor the most brilliant statesmanship, have preserved them from this seducing sin. There is, however, one class in the community which it never attacks, who are proof against this temptation. It is the miserly; it is the stingy, the penurious, and tight-fisted who are free from this evil. It is the social man, who can not resist the temptation of a social glass—the genial man, the generous man, whom this tempter finds its victim. It assails all classes alike. You can find it crouching at the hearthstones of the poor; and it casts its gloomy shadow over the marble mantels of the rich. I tell you, my friends, there is only one way in which you can resist the temptation. There is only one talisman, and that is, "Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing."

In the earlier years of my manhood, when I saw a young friend who had been traveling the same pathway with myself—when I stood by his bedside and saw his soul leave his body, calling upon God to curse his soul, in his delirium, I for one resolved that I would turn my back upon it, henceforth and forever. It is the true pathway in private life, in public life, in social life, and in individual life; and I rejoice, here, that your hearts have been moved to organize this noble institution for those who, yielding to this temptation, have succumbed to the wiles of intoxication. It is indeed a noble act, worthy of all commendation and worthy of all honor. I will not extend these remarks or detain you longer; but I can not leave you without telling every one of you that there is a glory exceeding all the glory that can be won in martial life, in civil life, or in political life. He who stands in the pass between sobriety and intemperance and turns back his fellow-man from the pathway to a drunkard's grave, restores him clothed in his right mind to a worse than widowed wife and worse than orphaned children, shall win a greater glory than the peans of victory sung to a Cæsar, the acclamations that hail the mightiest of the earth, or even the world wide fame that clusters around the name of Leonidas, the hero of the Thermopylean pass. For he may save not only a life, but an undying soul. However narrow or wide your sphere in life may be, there is work for all. And it will bring its rewards to your own heart, as well as memories that will survive long after the funeral church flowers have blossomed over your grave. George Peabody, your honored townsman for many years, when he died, had the whole civilized world mourners at his tomb.

It was not brilliant talent, nor heaped up wealth for which he was honored, and for which national vessels are bearing his remains across the ocean to be interred in his native land. But it was because he sought to make those less fortunate than himself happier for having lived in the world. It is

a noble example, worthy to be followed by all to the full extent of their power. And it is in a spirit akin to this that this noble charity was conceived.

I will not detain you longer, except to quote an allegory of Mohammed from the Koran, who, though a false prophet, left behind him many teachings far in advance of the barbaric age in which he lived. Said Mohammed, "When a man dies, the people, as they cluster around his grave, will ask: 'What property has he left *behind* him?'" —and they do so to this day. "But the angels, as they bend over his grave, will inquire, 'What good deeds has he sent *before* him?'" Need I ask you which is best of these two records to live for, and to die by? And if you will, by precept and example, by influence and aid, do good to your tempted and fallen brethren, as you have opportunity, you shall win a fame more enduring than earthly honors, and that is better, far better, than that of warrior, statesman, or sage.

Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

GEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY OF AMERICA.

AT a special meeting of the London Ethnological Society in April, 1869, Prof. Huxley, as preliminary to the reading of papers on the Indians of the southern portion of the United States and South America, gave an introductory account of the geography of the American continent—or what are called the two Americas. Vast as this mass of land is, its structure is extremely simple. Throughout both continents the slopes on the west coast are longer and deeper than those on the east coast. The chain of the Rocky Mountains on the north continent is continued in the southern continent in that of the Andes, the second highest mountain range in the world. Some of the peculiar features about the American continents are that both in North and South America the mountains are nearer to the west coast than to the east coast. There are three principal sets of rivers which drain the immense plains of the northern continent; the Mackenzie River and its tributaries, running into the Hudson's Bay; there are the great lakes drained by the St. Lawrence, and there is the great confluence which runs down, under the name of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico. Between the Rocky Mountains and the east coast there is the comparatively low Appalachian range, besides some other hills. Similarly in the southern continent, there are the back-bone of the Andes, the three great river systems—the Oronoco, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, the Amazon, and the river Plata and its tributaries; while again there are also mountains near the eastern coasts. Thus there was a great similarity of feature between the two continents. The whole of the northern region from the north of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean had been under the influence of glacial deposits at a period which, geologically speaking, was very recent, while the regions at the south show no trace of such influences. South America and Australia contain the most remarkable and anomalous animals, and he was disposed to call the whole region Austro-Columbia for its peculiarities. There is an enormous wealth of birds, and the animals are in many cases under such conditions as are peculiar to the region. There is no region in the world which shows such a diversity in the human race. There was in America no negro, no woolly hair of any kind, no black skin, no man in any degree resembling the inhabitant of Australia or of the Deccan. Neither was there any like the fair-skinned European. All the aborigines of the great continent of America had colored skin, and long, coarse, straight hair. American writers had said that all the American tribes had the same character of skull; but that was not correct. Some had very round skulls, while others had very long skulls, as the Esquimaux and the Caribs. The Patagonians had remarkably broad, square skulls. Then their stature varied from the very tall Patagonian to the diminutive Esquimaux. The American tribes, it must be said, resemble more closely the Mongol tribes of central and northern Asia than any other people on the globe. Whatever might be the conclusions drawn from that fact, they very greatly resemble the great Mongolian stock. They were also like some of the inhabitants of Polynesia. When Columbus discovered San Salvador he certainly found a people with some degree of civilization, and he met and spoke with a ship from the mainland, and was asked to proceed thither. The sea inside the West Indies was in fact an inland sea, and at the period of the arrival of Columbus its shores were much like those of the Mediterranean in the fifth century,

inhabited by peoples with a high degree of civilization, but in a declining condition. Among the Mocos in Honduras and Yucatan, and in Mexico, with its hospitals for the sick beside the temples where the most degrading human sacrifices were offered, there was a high degree of civilization. A good degree of civilization also had existed in the Mississippi in those days.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

MODES OF HAIR-DRESSING AMONG THE BALONDAS.

AN UNDERGROUND RACE.—Dr. Livingstone's last South African discovery is of a tribe that lives altogether in underground houses. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them. A whole district can stand a siege in them. They are said to be very dark and well made. Geographers and ethnologists will look with impatient interest for further information concerning this remarkable people. When their likenesses come to hand they will be published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE BALONDOS.

IN the western district of equatorial Africa is found a tribe which, on account of its numbers and interesting peculiarities, is regarded as one of the more important of the divisions of the African race. That tribe is the Balondo, *i. e.*, the people who inhabit Londa-land. No small degree of organization, with a government, cities and villages, and trading regulations, is shown by these people. The king is called by the hereditary name or title of Matiamo, and is possessed of absolute power.

A good deal of our information with reference to the Balondos is due to Dr. Livingstone, whose explorations in their country were somewhat extended.

The Balondos appear to be a rather pleasing people—not so gloomy, treacherous, and cruel as African tribes have been generally found to be. The women, especially, appear to be lively and cheerful, spending all their leisure time in visits and chatting with their neighbors.

Clothing is not so much considered by these people a necessity as a matter of ornament and an indication of the wealth of the wearer. The fact is, that, excepting the customary girdle and back and front aprons of jackal skin, they have never been accustomed to dress, and "are all face," the weather having no more effect upon their bodies than it does on our faces.

The women are even more indifferent than the men with regard to the matter of clothing the body, but they show a profound regard for the appearance of their heads; they weave their hair into a great variety of patterns, exhibiting such extraordinary invention in the matter of design, and such skill in manipulation as would almost make a fashionable hairdresser among us retire from his profession in disgust at his inefficiency.

In the four illustrations of heads herewith given are seen some of the more striking designs in Balondo coiffures. The "buffalo-horn" pattern, figs. 1 and 2, is one of the most common, the hair being worked into one or two horns; in the latter case the single horn projects over the forehead, and is sometimes adopted by the men because of the, to them, striking effect.

Another pattern, fig. 3, is that which might be styled the "empress," on account of the brass tiara which surmounts the cords or very tight braids into which the hair is plaited. The effect of this is probably the most pleasing of any to a civilized taste.

The singular pattern, fig. 4, is almost startling at first sight on account of its resemblance to the "nimbus" which surrounds the heads of saints in the old Italian style of painting. The hair is arranged in twists, and drawn out and fastened at nearly even distances to a hoop of light wood which, placed in a plane parallel with the face, passes under the chin and over the head.

The features of the women are tolerably regular, as indicated in the engravings, but in many instances a passably good-looking one is disfigured by the custom of wearing a piece of reed thrust through the septum of the nose.

The decorations of the feet are more conspicuous in the men than with the women, and usually indicate the wealth of the wearer, as one's possessions are mostly carried on the person in that country. A rich Balondo man will have six or seven great copper rings encircling his ankles, each ring weighing two or more pounds. One thus heavily laden walks a-straddle as it were, so that the large anklets may not come in contact, and this peculiarly ungraceful gait is much admired and imitated by those who can not boast the treasured rings which occasion it. A young man, for example, who is worth but half a dozen rings weighing an ounce or so, will strut about with his feet wide apart as if he could hardly walk because of the weight of his anklets.

The ornament most highly prized is made from a large shell by chipping it until only the flat and spiral base is left. This is pierced, and a string passed through it, so that it can be hung round the neck. This shell is used, like stars and crosses in kingdoms, to indicate rank, and has besides a great intrinsic value in the estimation of the Balondo. Social distinctions are very carefully drawn, as shown by the manner in which inferiors are bound to salute those above him. If a native of low rank meet one of the upper class, the former immediately drops on his knees, picks up a little dirt, rubs it on his arms and chest, and then claps his hands until the great man has passed. The punctilios of ceremony and etiquette with them are observed in every grade or caste. Great chiefs, in saluting, go through the movement of rubbing the sand, though they do not actually pick it up.

The people of Londa are much more favorably disposed toward travelers than most of the tribes of central and western Africa, and those who have visited them allude with some pleasure to their treatment. Dr. Livingstone

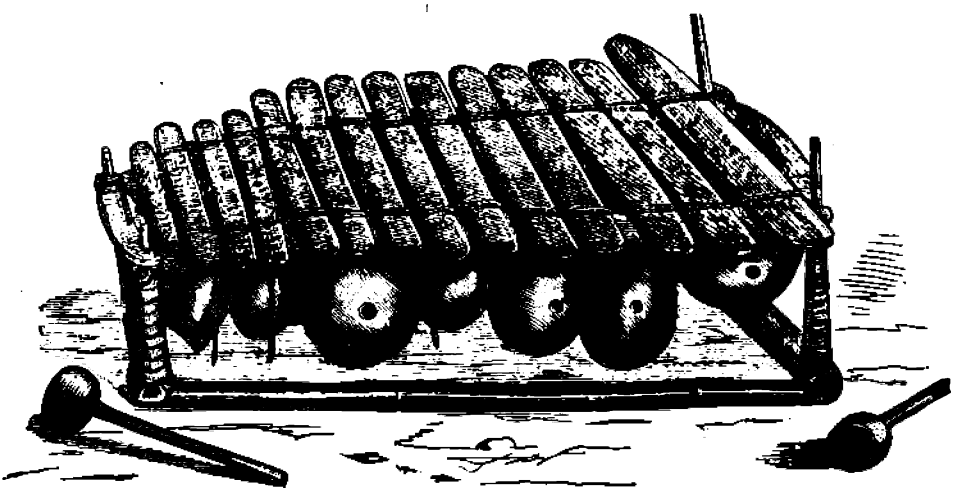
alludes to but little that was of an unpleasant nature while in their country, besides their extortionate demands upon him for granting the privilege of passing through Londa.

The numerous villages scattered about present many phases of industry and thrift, some being kept very neatly—grain, cotton, tobacco, and other plants being cultivated in gardens or around the huts, while others are so grown over with tall weeds that the huts are scarcely visible at a little distance. The people in the latter case take life lazily and indifferently, spending the greater part of the time in smoking the pipe.

The food of the Balondos is mostly of a vegetable character, and consists chiefly of the manioc or cassava, which grows in great abundance, and requires but little labor in its cultivation. There are two varieties of the cassava, the sweet and the bitter. The latter contains poisonous matter, but being the most readily produced is chiefly cultivated. To prepare it as an article of diet it is steeped in water four days, when it becomes partially rotten, the skin coming off easily, and the poisonous part being readily detached. The residuum is then dried in the sun and pounded into meal. Simply stirring this meal in boiling water cooks it to the satisfaction of a native, although to a European it is as flat and insipid as potato starch, which Dr. Livingstone compares it with. It, moreover, has but little nutritive power, yet the Balondos appear to like it very much.

Like other Africans, these people are fond of a kind of beer, or mead, which they make in large quantities, and drink often to stupefaction. They regard it as of high medicinal virtue. One of the chiefs recommended the mead to Dr. Livingstone, who was at one time very sick while in Londa. "Drink plenty of it," said the chief, "and it will drive the fever out."

The majority of the Balondos have an aversion to beef, although they will eat with great apparent relish the flesh of wild animals and fish, and show no small dexterity in capturing them.



THE AFRICAN PIANO.

As far as known they are not a warlike people, although they have the habit of carrying arms, and are to all appearances very formidable. Their weapons are short swords, shields, bows and arrows; the shield is formed of reeds, oblong in shape, measuring about five feet in length.

In the architecture of their houses much ingenuity is shown, and surrounding each is a tall fence or pallisade, made of light reeds usually. No door is made in the fence, but in one part of the fence the reeds are not fastened together, so that when the occupant would enter, he simply pulls apart two or three of them, and having squeezed through the small aperture thus made, replaces them, so that apparently there is no entrance.

As the traveler passes through the country he often sees deserted houses, and sometimes deserted villages, a condition due to the peculiar custom the natives have of deserting a house where a husband or chief wife has died, and never revisiting it except to make offerings to the dead. When a chief's wife dies a whole village is abandoned.

Whenever two men agree to be special friends they go through a ceremony called *kasendi*, or cementing friendship. They sit down opposite each other with clasped hands, and by the side of each is placed a vessel of beer. Slight cuts are then made on the clasped hands, on the pit of the stomach, on the right cheek, and on the forehead. The point of a grass blade is then pressed against each of these cuts so as to take up a little of the blood, and each man washes the grass blade in his own beer-vessel. The vessels are then exchanged and the contents drank. By this method they are said to become blood-relations.

They have curious instruments for the production of music, or noise which is music to their untutored ears. One of these, the *marimba*, may be called their "piano," and it is in fact a rude harmonium, the keys being strips of hard wood fixed by cords on a frame. The strips are broad at one end and taper toward the other. Under the keys are placed hollow gourds, or calabashes, to increase the resonance when the strips are struck with wooden hammers or mallets. A skillful performer can handle these hammers in striking the keys with singular agility. They use drums also carved from solid blocks of wood, the ends of which are covered with antelope skins, and fastened by wooden pegs.

The Londa religious belief is confused and indefinite. A supreme being called Zambi, or Morimo, is respected, and under him there are numerous spirits or deities. Idols in representation of many of these supposed gods are worshiped, and offerings made to them. The natives do not show much regard to the artistic features of their idols, as a crooked stick anointed with some strange compound is often a sufficient representation of the spirit they would appeal to.

The religious element is evidently pretty strong with them, as among them are found medicine-men and religious counselors. They believe, too, in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and that a man when he dies may enter into the form of some animal, or become a god, but in either case his spirit remains upon the earth. Dr. Wood informs us that the missionaries who labor among the Balondos find it almost impossible to accomplish anything in the way of obtaining their serious attention to the teachings of Christianity. The natives will even admit the basilar principles of our faith, *viz.*: the existence of God, the incarnation of Christ, but they then object that black men and white men are different, and that while the latter may wish to go to some mysterious heaven, the former would prefer after their death to remain near the familiar scenes of this mortal life.*

"A MAN OR A MONKEY—WHICH?

IN a lecture by the Rev. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburg, delivered recently before a very large audience in a Western city, occurred the following passages. The entire lecture was original, humorous, practical, and characteristic, and received with hearty applause by the auditory. Mr. Clark is one of our rising and popular lecturers.—ED. PH. JOURNAL.

"Which one of you would desire to be the exact copy of somebody else in physical feature or in intellectual conformation? How would you feel, to know that a brain and a heart precisely like your own—duplicated in and out—were lodged in somebody else's body? and that all your thoughts, feelings, and purposes were entertained by another? that your form, stature, features, manners were the exact copy of those belonging to some other conscious self of the human race? Wouldn't that put you beside yourself? How should you enjoy such a doubling of identities? * * *

"Men go ranging and rummaging out of their appointed sphere, *imitating* something out of their reach. There is a great deal of the monkey in mankind. People move in mental right-angles across the plane of their Maker relating to themselves. It is very common to see persons blundering at a business which they have no commission to do, no ability to do, and what neither the Almighty nor their fellow-men expect or desire them to do. They get out of line, and march out of step, and have wrong insignia on their uniform, and somebody else's uniform under their insignia, and they limp as cripples without ever having really fought in the battle of life. They wound themselves by awkward use of arms, and their scars are their shame.

"The world gets in a tangle, and such blunderers increase the disturbance by their

* We are indebted to the excellent "Natural History of Man," published in parts by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, for the illustrations accompanying this article, and also for much of the information contained in it.

sprawls and scrambles all the while. They want easy times, and they find hard times. They want to sweep grandly round in a high social circle, and they are too heavy for the hinge. They only scrape, and are out of one scrape into another! They never had the wheels put under them to run in the lofty grooves they covet. Wouldn't the moon make sad work of it, running in the orbit of the sun? No two stars can exchange circuit-rounds for a trip like two Methodist itinerants. I never heard of an ant going into hysterics because it couldn't be a horse. I never heard of a violet refusing to blow because it couldn't come out a lily. I never knew of a cherry turning sour the moment it made the acquaintance of a peach. The ravine brooklet murmurs something as it hurries by;—it murmurs, murmurs. Listen! That murmur is not petulant nor impatient; there is a gurgle of glowing gladness in its every syllable of sound. It is not worrying to be a river. The ripples do not say, "I wish, I *wish* I were a river;" it just sings itself on and on, through sun and shade the same, until it *sings* itself into a river! So everything in Nature teaches that it is standing or moving in one's appointed place, and doing duty right there, which makes a man distinct, dignified, useful, noble, and happy.

"We can not exchange work any more than we can exchange faces. We can not play at match faiths, as schoolboys play heads and points with pins! There is a special life-work for every individual in the race. When one man undertakes to imitate another's thoughts,—another's words,—another's ways, to make himself, monkeywise, the duplicate of his brother or neighbor (especially the *dupe*), he might as well be killed! This busy world has no inch of room for human apes. It craves MEN, new men, living men, peculiar men, advancing, subduing, controlling, victorious men to be out and alert for the glorious kingdom coming! And in these grand work-days, blessed is the man who finds his place, and blessed is the place that finds its man. I can not do your work, nor you mine; but we can so work as to complement one another's efforts all the while and in eternity for aught I know, always remembering, however much we love and labor, the homely old proverb: 'Let everybody mind his own business!'"

[Besides his lecture on "Individuality; or, A Man or a Monkey—Which?" Mr. Clark has new lectures on "Common Wonders," "Imageless Humanity," and "Bounty and Beauty," which he is delivering before Associations. Besides being a live preacher, Mr. Clark is a thorough orator, a good thinker, a fine writer, and a progressive, reformatory man. Hear him.]

Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.
Mrs. Hemans.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Cried, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

IN this beautiful song—so popular in Ireland—we recognize the language of the spiritual faculties. On the rough sea-coast, where the men live by fishing, the women at home are kept in a state of almost constant anxiety, fearing the loss of their husbands by the violence of storms which often occur. It is through well-developed Spirituality—which gives faith—that the

women read their own fate, and that of their husbands, in the ever-changing expression of their sleeping babes. The uneducated mother sees, with the eye of faith, bright angels hovering around her child, or visions thereof, which assure her that all is well, or ill, as the case may be. Is this a delusion or a superstition? Is it all imagination? or are there guardian angels who watch over us?

BRAIN WAVES AGAIN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF DR. WAYLAND.

[ST. JOHN, N. B., *Nov.* 1, 1869.

S. R. WELLS, ESQ.—*Sir:* By some unaccountable impulse, I am led to forward for your JOURNAL an extract from the Memoir of Dr. Francis Wayland, bearing on the subject of Presentiments, which has been undergoing recently a process of airing. The incidents recited may have appeared in your columns before, and unobserved by me, as it is but a very short time since I first had the pleasure and profit of an introduction to your phrenological monthly, which contains such an array of fresh, sensible, and highly instructive reading.

It is "devoutly to be wished" that a deeper interest may be awakened in this "Dominion" for the grand laws and principles which control our existence, and that some of our able pens seek what I know will not be refused—a space in the A. P. J. for the friendly interchange of ideas on the problems which need so much light. With an apology for this intrusion, I am yours truly, I. W. J.]

IN a memoir of Dr. Francis Wayland, by his sons, we find the following, which was taken from some memorials of their father relative to his family:

"One or two circumstances in the life of Mrs. Wayland—Dr. W.'s mother—were sufficiently remarkable to merit recital. No explanation of them is attempted. At the time of their removal to America it was the design of Mr. Wayland and his wife to return in a few years, and visit the relatives whom they had left behind, especially the mother of Mrs. W. This purpose they often spoke of to each other. But one morning, after they had been some years in this country, she said to him on waking, "I do not wish to return to England. My mother is dead." No previous intimation of her ill health had been received. He, unknown to her, made a minute of the time of her declaration, and a subsequent arrival brought the news of the event which had occurred at about the time at which her mind was thus impressed.

"When her son, the subject of this memoir, was expected home from New York, after attending medical lectures there during the winter of 1814–15, Mrs. W., who was sitting with her husband, suddenly walked the room in great agitation, saying, 'Pray for my son,—Francis is in danger.' So urgent was her request, that her husband joined her in prayer for his deliverance from peril. At the expected time he returned. His mother at once asked, 'What has taken place?' It appeared that while coming up the North River on a sloop he had fallen overboard, and the sloop had passed over him. He was an athletic swimmer, and readily kept himself afloat till he could be rescued. Was it the unspeakable power of a mother's love that imparted a vision more than natural?"

I believe the above to be unquestionable facts, and I take the liberty to beg their insertion in your valuable JOURNAL for two reasons: first, that your JOURNAL is read by thousands who may not have the time nor opportunity to read the lengthy memoir. Second, that those who are interested in the study of presentiments may not lack data upon which to base important conclusions. I.

[All spiritually-minded persons have had similar experiences. FAITH has its faculty through which to act, the same as Self-Esteem or Cautiousness. Brain waves will be felt only by those in a proper state of mind to realize them. The study of PSYCHOLOGY will open up a new realm for mental exploration, and enable us to account for many things now considered mysteries.]

HOW THOUGHT MADDENS.

OUR attention has been called to the following reflections of the eminent "breakfast-table autocrat," Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will can not stop them; they can not stop themselves; sleep can not still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we

could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds these weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday? Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a case that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed cord, nor drinking vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium, they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we can not touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine."

[But it is only when that delicate mechanism has been wrought upon by improper influence, when its normal use has been substituted for uses at once perverting and destructive, that it becomes an agent of irritation and destruction to human nature. Properly treated, and amply sustained by the lower physical forces, the brain is more and more an agent of good to the man, cheering him and comforting him until the seventy years or more have run their course, and at the last hour giving him even an earnest of the immortal sphere into which he is to embark.—ED.]

THE EFFECTS OF HASHISH.

HASHISH eating, a practice extensively prevalent in the Orient, and, like our more familiar tobacco-chewing, a perversion of the appetite, is productive of very singular mental phenomena. The following graphic description, given by a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, is an exponent of some features of the abnormal excitement consequent on the taking of hashish.

"I have often taken the drug, rather for curiosity to discover what its attractions might be, than for aught of pleasurable excitement I ever experienced. The taste of the potion is exactly what a mixture of milk, sugar, pounded black pepper, and a few spices would produce. The first result is a contraction of the nerves of the throat, which is anything but agreeable. Presently the brain becomes affected; you feel an extraordinary lightness of head, as it were; your sight settles upon one object, obstinately refusing to abandon it; your other senses become unusually acute—uncomfortably sensible—and you feel a tingling which shoots like an electric shock down your limbs till it voids itself through the extremities. You may stand in the burning sunshine without being conscious of heat, and every sharp pain is instantly dulled. Your cautiousness and your reflective organs are painfully stimulated; you fear everything and everybody, even the man who shared the cup with you, and the servant who prepared it; you suspect treachery everywhere, and in the simplest action detect objects the most complexedly villainous. Your thoughts become wild and incoherent, your fancy runs frantic. If you happen to exceed a little, the confusion of your ideas and the disorder of your imagination will become intense. I recollect on one occasion being persuaded that my leg

was revolving upon its knee as an axis, and could distinctly feel, as well as hear, it strike against and pass through the shoulder during each revolution. Any one may make you suffer agony by simply remarking that a particular limb must be in great pain, and you catch at every hint thrown out to you, nurse it and cherish it with a fixed and morbid eagerness that savors strongly of insanity. This state is a very dangerous one, especially to a novice; madness and catalepsy being by no means uncommon terminations to it. If an assembly are under the influence of the drug, and a single individual happen to cough or laugh, the rest, no matter how many, are sure to follow his example. The generally used restoratives are a wineglassful of pure lemon-juice, half a dozen cucumbers eaten raw, and a few puffs of the hookah; you may conceive the state of your unhappy stomach after the reception of these remedies. Even without them they generally suffer from severe indigestion, for, during the intoxication, the natural hunger which the hashish produces, excites you to eat a supper sufficient for two days under ordinary circumstances."

THE VICTORY OF LIFE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I once made search, in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind.

I toiled for riches—as if these
Could bring the spirit ease!

I turned aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before.

I tasted then of lore and fame,
But hungered still the same.

I chose the sweetest paths I knew,
Where only roses grew.

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
With warning in this wise:

"O my disciple! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet?

"Thy Master, even for His head,
Had only thorns instead!"

Then, drawn as by a heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,

And walked on cutting flints and stones,
And said, with tears and groans:

"O Lord! my feet, where Thou dost lead,
Shall follow, though they bleed!"

As then I saw He chose my path
For discipline, not wrath,

I walked in weakness, till at length
I suffered unto strength.

Yet never were my trials done,
But only new begun.

For when I learned to cast disdain
Upon some special pain,

He gave me sharper strokes to bear,
And pierced me to despair;

Until, so sorely was I pressed,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the Tempter's power;
But, in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot, I cried, "O Lord!
Break Thou the threefold cord!"

And while my soul was at her prayer,
He snatched me from the snare.

I then drew nigh the gate of death,
Where, struggling for my breath,

I shook my coward knees in fear,
Aghast to stand so near!

Yet while I shivered in the gloom,
Down gazing in the tomb,

"O Lord!" I cried, "bear Thou my sin,
And I will enter in!"

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied.

For then He crushed me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe,

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief.

Yet, bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew His judgment just;

And as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing,

So I, all shattered, still could raise
To His dear name the praise!

Henceforth I knew a holy prayer,
To conquer pain and care.

For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And murmurs with complaint,

My spirit cries, "*Thy will be done!*"
And finds the victory won!

Simple Horticulture.—A very pretty mantle ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn, by a piece of thread tied around it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful, glossy green leaves, will shoot upward, and present a very pleasing appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in this manner, but

their leaves are not as beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, add one drop of ammonia into the utensil which holds the water, and it will renew their luxuriance.

Our Country.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,—
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.

—*H. J. Pallotte.*

EDWIN M. STANTON.

OBITUARY.

ON the morning of the 24th of December the telegraph announced to the people of our country and of foreign lands the death of this eminent man. He had been suffering with consumption for some time, and had been confined to his house several months; but as his health on the approach of winter appeared to improve, so that he was able to go out and give some little attention to business, his friends thought there was a prospect of recovery. Soon after his appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court, however, he experienced a relapse, and died of congestion of the heart.

It has been remarked and lamented by short-sighted mortals that we have no more great men among us; that since the era of Jackson, and of those great lights of statesmanship, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, we could command no greater talent than that of such men as Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Johnson; that we have in office only ordinary men, and that they are the best we have. To this view we respectfully demur, and beg to insist that we have to-day in our country even *greater* men than any who have preceded them. Time and circumstances will continue to develop and bring them into view. Because we have now and then a weak one, a mere apology for a man, in a responsible place, it does not follow that this is the rule, or that we have no great men left.

During the late Presidential campaign a disgusted partisan remarked that neither of the candidates was fit to succeed Washington, Jefferson, Adams, etc., and added we have no great men left. We differed, and stoutly maintained that we had *scores* of them; when requested to mention *one*, we named several, the first of which was EDWIN M. STANTON, whose unexpected death the nation now mourns. And our assertion was based on the following conditions: First, a large, strong body, with a large, healthy, well-balanced brain; a finely educated and very active mind. In connection with this, he had the highest integrity, the most inflexible will, great steadfastness, courage, hope, patriotism, and trust in God. If our Southern brethren regarded their "Stonewall" Jackson as a model Christian soldier, the nation had long since come to regard Mr. Stanton not only as a great statesman, but as an impregnable human fortress, which could only be shaken by the slow approach of exhaustion, caused by almost superhuman and long-continued effort.

Of him it may be justly said, "He was the noblest statesman of them all." He was a Cromwell in courage, a Solomon in wisdom, and a Washington in integrity, modesty, and kindness. But he had not much French suavity. His Approbativeness was moderate, and he was the farthest possible from being a fawning sycophant. His Secretiveness was also moderate, and he was blunt. His Acquisitiveness was small, and he sacrificed time, money, all things, for the love of country and of freedom. He died poor, leaving a family to be provided for. [Will not a generous public protect lib-

erally the widow and her children?] Here is a personal description, by Mr. Dana of the *Sun* newspaper, who was

PORTRAIT OF EDWIN M. STANTON.

some time in the War Office with Mr. Stanton. He says:

"Mr. Stanton was about five feet seven inches in height, with broad shoulders and a frame of Websterian solidity. His features were full and rather Socratic, his complexion sallow, his hair and beard dark, though of late years they had become quite grizzled; his eye full and exceedingly brilliant; his forehead broad rather than high; his mouth indicative of both firmness and kindness; his presence dignified and impressive. His ordinary expression of countenance was grave, but it easily gave way to mirth, and his smile, which was always ready at any sally of humor, was exceedingly sweet and tender. His eye would kindle with a peculiar light in the presence of

children, of whose company he was fond, and with whom he was always gentle and playful.

The following biography must conclude our sketch:

MR. STANTON was born in 1815, at Steubenville, Ohio. His family were Quakers, and formerly resided in Culpepper County, Va., his father being a farmer. He was educated at Kenyon College, and after finishing the course of study necessary, commenced to practice law at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1836. A few years sufficed to give him a considerable clientage, which by 1848 had so increased that he removed to Pittsburg, Pa., where he found a wider sphere for the exercise of his abilities. As a lawyer, it is said that he never would take a case without earning his fee; and though accounted one of the most learned and indefatigable of American jurists, he was so generous in the matter of compensation for his services, that he accumulated but little property. His large practice in the Supreme Court of the United States rendered his removal to Washington expedient. And thither he went with his family in 1857.

In the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's administration he was appointed Attorney-General; and when the attitude of the secessionists South became manifestly that of hostility to the Government, he acted in a manner at once calm, determined, patriotic, and heroic. It was his clear appreciation of the gathering storm that led the faltering Buchanan, though in the toils of the politic Cobb and Floyd, to take such measures as led to the resignation of the latter and the sudden development of the complicity of other high officials with the rebellious movement.

On the 11th of January, 1862, Mr. Stanton was appointed Secretary of War, and seems from the first to have received the entire confidence of President Lincoln. Several incidents are related of his bold and emphatic conduct at times when decided measures were called for, but which the lamented chief magistrate hesitated to confirm.

On the night of March 3, 1865, says Carpenter, in his "Six Months at the White House," while the last bills of the session were under examination for signing, and while the President and all with him were enjoying the expectation of to-morrow's inauguration, a dispatch came in from Grant, which stated his confidence that a few days must now end the business with Lee and Richmond, and spoke of an application made by Lee for an interview to negotiate about peace. Mr. Lincoln intimated pretty clearly an intention to permit extremely favorable terms, and to let his General-in-chief negotiate them, even to an extent that overpowered the reticent habits of his Secretary of War, who, after holding his tongue as long as he could, broke out sternly:

"Mr. President, to-morrow is inauguration day. If you are not to be the President of an obedient and united people, *you had better not be inaugurated.* Your work is already done, if any other authority than yours is for one moment to be recognized, or any terms made that do not signify that you are the supreme head of the nation. If generals in the field are to negotiate peace, or any other chief magistrate is to be acknowledged on this continent, *then you are not needed, and you had better not take the oath of office.*"

"Stanton, you are right," said the President, his whole tone changing. Seizing a pen he wrote as follows: "The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with Gen. Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question; such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conference or convention. In the mean time you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

The President then read over what he had written, and said: "Now, Stanton, date and sign this paper and send it to Grant. We'll see about this peace business."

The character of his relations with Mr. Lincoln is well shown in the following affecting incident: Only a few days before his assassination Mr. Lincoln gave a still more striking testimony of the affectionate nature of his regard for Mr. Stanton. This was when Mr. Stanton tendered him his resignation of the War Department, on the ground that the work for whose sake he had taken it was now done. Mr. Lincoln, says a witness, was greatly moved by the Secretary's words, and tearing in pieces the paper containing the resignation, and throwing his arms about the Secretary, he said, "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here."

Few men have more genuine warmth of feeling and charity than Mr. Stanton frequently manifested. Such enemies as he had were chiefly those whose motives he, in his inflexible

integrity, could not countenance, and with reference to which he was frank and unceremonious as an opponent. Yet, now that he is gone from this lower sphere, in which so lately he bore a most conspicuous part, there are few in all this broad land who do not feel tenderly toward him.

The funeral ceremonies which accompanied the deposit of the remains of Mr. Stanton in Oak-hill Cemetery, near Washington, were attended by a large concourse of senators, representatives, and other official dignitaries, besides a multitude of the citizens of Washington, all eager to pay the last tribute of respect to him.

Although very few were aware of it, there was in Mr. Stanton's character a deep religious element, which led him, while in the War Department, like Hezekiah of old, to appeal to the Lord of hosts when any emergency demanded extraordinary measures. Rev. Dr. Gray, a Baptist minister of Washington, relates the following personal incident: "About two years ago, while Mr. Stanton was holding possession of the War Office, and a voluntary prisoner therein, Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Boston, came on, and while here requested me to accompany him in a visit to Mr. Stanton. We went, and were very cordially received by him. Mr. Fulton addressed him, and said: 'I have made you a special subject of prayer, and have regarded you as the savior of our country, and I believe God has heard prayer on your behalf.' He then congratulated him on the noble stand he had taken during the war, the services he had rendered his country, and also the stand he had taken at that time.

"Mr. Stanton said: 'Gentlemen, I believe in God, and I believe in prayer, although I am not a professor of religion in the common acceptation of the term; and when, during the war, I received discouraging dispatches from the army, I would lock my door, spread out the dispatches and kneel down and pray to God to save my country, and then go and talk with Mr. Lincoln.' Mr. Fulton then said: 'Mr. Stanton, this is an interesting incident in the history of the war; am I at liberty to repeat it?' He replied: 'Not now. Were this statement to be made public under existing circumstances, my enemies would regard it as a bid for the sympathy and support of the praying portion of the country. Wait till I am dead, then you may tell it.'

"Just as they were about to leave, Mr. Stanton rose and locked the door, and said: 'Gentlemen, I would like to have you spend a few moments in prayer.' Mr. Fulton in his brusque way said: 'Gray, pray.' Mr. Gray did so, and then Mr. Fulton prayed most earnestly for him. During prayer Mr. Stanton wept like a child."

How he was regarded by those eminent in the legal profession may be inferred from some remarks made by Judge Blatchford, of the United States District Court, pending a motion to adjourn the proceedings as a token of respect to the deceased statesman:

"His career at the bar was such as to mark him out for appointment by President Buchanan as Attorney-General, and in that position he rendered great service to his country. Subsequently, as Secretary of War, it is no disparagement to others to say, that no man in the history of the world stands out so great a man as he.

"He possessed marvelous administrative capacity; was a great judge of men; was faithful, fearless, a terror to evil-doers; was not deterred from doing his duty by any personal attacks; hesitated at no personal sacrifices; stood up for the country at all times and under all circumstances, leaving no higher name in the annals of its history since the days of Washington."

REFORM IN OUR PUBLIC OFFICES.

A MOVEMENT is on foot, supported by many of our leading citizens, for the recommendation of some radical reform in the administration of the public service. The Bill introduced into Congress last April, popularly known as the "Civil Service Bill," is preferred, as containing provisions analogous to what legislation is essential to bring about, a more efficient and regular discharge of duty by government officers, agents, etc. Some of the more important of the provisions of said Bill are substantially as follows:

Sect. I. requires competitive examinations as preliminary to all appointments to office, except in the case of Postmasters and offices requiring Senatorial confirmation.

Sect. II. creates a board of four commissioners, to be nominated by the President, and to hold their office for five years: their duties being—to prescribe qualifications for admission into every branch of the civil service; to provide for the examination of applicants; to adjust the method, times, and

places of such examinations; to appoint the examiners, and report their proceedings annually to Congress.

Sect. III. provides that appointments shall be made on probation in the order of merit, and regulates promotions.

Sect. XII. declares all citizens of the United States eligible to examination and appointment.

The spirit of the measure is to have it determined by statute, that only those who are competent to discharge the functions of an official position shall be appointed to office, and that their competency shall be the subject of examination.

Here is a dispatch sent to one of our morning newspapers, which explains itself, and shows the necessity for immediate reform in one department alone:

WASHINGTON.—The House Postal Committee yesterday took up the question of the abolition of the franking privilege; and after considerable discussion, Messrs. Hill, Fitch & Adams were appointed as a sub-committee to collect data and information in reference to its use and abuses. Mr. Fitch has made a calculation of the public documents printed for the Fortieth Congress, which ran through two years, and finds that each member and senator had 3,150 pounds of agricultural reports; 981 pounds of Patent Office reports, and 1,134 pounds of *Globes*. Including smaller items, each member had over four tons in weight to send out to the people, making an aggregate for both Houses of 300 members of about 1,250 tons. If postage paid was on all the books at regular rates, it would cost $653 for each member. Estimating at regular rates other postal matter, including speeches made to Congress and business of the people pertaining to legislation and to the various departments, it is believed that were full postage paid on every letter and document sent, that it would reach $1,000 per capita, or a total of from $180,000 to $300,000 per annum for Senators and Representatives. What it would cost the various departments to communicate with their subordinates is roughly estimated at $1,000 per day, making a total postage on the business now franked about $700,000 per annum.

The movement is a good one, and deserves the hearty co-operation of all good citizens. The present state of affairs in the administration of public duties clamors for a change; so much chicanery, fraud, embezzlement, and corruption abound, that it would seem as if but a slight effort to introduce a better order would be productive of benefit.

Let the memorials in the interest of this needed reform be crowded with signatures.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To vote, or not to vote,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in slavery to suffer
The sneers and taunts of outrageous law-makers,
Or to take arms 'gainst a sea of arguments,
And, by opposing, end them? To vote—to speak;
Only this!—and by our speech to say we will
Be voters, and exert the right that is ours,
Which man has denied. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To vote—to speak;
To speak,—perchance to fail. Aye, there's the rub;
For if we fail in this, what thoughts may come
When we have disgraced ourselves in human sight,
Must give us pause. There's the restraint
That makes us hesitate before we strike;
For who would bear the sneers and scorn of men,
The oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contempt;
The pangs of despised love, and our despair;
The insolence of men,—creation's lords—
That undue advantage of our weakness take,
When we ourselves might our freedom make
With proper courage? Who would slavery bear,
And work, and sweat, deprived of woman's right,
But that the dread of something afterward,
That unsuspected lingers underneath
The discovered portion, restrains us still,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than flee to others we know not of?
Thus caution doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the glorious right of "female suffrage"
Is delayed by lack of resolution;
And our enterprise in danger of failure
Because we will not resolve; and our cause
Be lost for want of action. A. M. D.

A TRUE MARRIAGE.

I BELIEVE there are few thoughtful men who have not come to regard as one of the least explicable among the great riddles of the earthly economy the rarity of well-assorted marriages. It might be so different, one can not help thinking. The adaptations for harmony so wonderful! The elements of happiness so manifold and so rich! Yet how often, how miserably sometimes, it all miscarries! The waters of Paradise turned to fountains of bitterness; the gifts of Heaven perverted to curses on earth.

I do not mean that there are few unions yielding reasonable comfort, friendly relations, a life free from open quarrel or secret heart-

burning; but I speak of every marriage without flaw or jar, a mating alike of the material with its intangible affinities and its wondrous magnetisms, and of the immaterial principle within that survives the death change. I speak of a heart-home pervaded by harmony not only unbroken but immutable as that of the spheres; felt to be so by those whom it blesses, calms, satisfies; a social state to which, when man and woman attain, there remains nothing in the way of earthly need or acquisition, save daily bread, to be coveted or prayed for.

Some think that in this trial-phase of our existence no such state of harmony and happiness is to be found. Among the few who do find it, none of these skeptics will have place. There is no entrance into that temple except for those who believe!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

PUBLIC CHEATS.

"For the '*love* of money' is the root of all evil."—*St. Paul to Timothy.*

Cheap Jewelry.—Confidence-men.—Gambling and Lotteries.—Pickpockets.—Concert Saloons.—Gift Enterprises.—Quacks and Medical Advertisements.—Business Chances and Catches.—Good Advice.

IT is in the pursuit of gain that men show the greatest variety of perversion and the deepest corruption. Some persons inherit strong tendencies to depravity, and lacking the restraints and culture so essential to their mental regulation they ultimately perpetrate crimes which startle whole communities. It by no means follows that because a man shows much energy and assiduity in the acquisition of wealth his Acquisitiveness is large and a controlling element in his character. Not at all. In fact, most men are stimulated to effort by other motives than a love for the mere accumulation of pelf; they seek reputation, political eminence, social ease and comfort, voluptuous excess, or may even have in view some philanthropic measure which requires considerable money to consummate. Such men "rise early, and are late to take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness," that they may, through the potency of money, finally achieve their purposes. In the following columns we have to consider a class of persons whose practices are due in a great measure to a temperamental indisposition to labor at some honest and respectable occupation; they are constitutionally lazy, and having become blunted in their moral sentiments through low and corrupt teachings and associations, they prefer to concoct schemes of plunder which will transfer the earnings of industry to their villainous pockets. In general, these knaves live lives of sensuality, ministering to the cravings of a depraved appetite or of a perverted amativeness. Our large commercial centers swarm with them, and the games, devices, and operations they practice are innumerable, and in many cases exhibit most wonderful invention.

CHEAP JEWELRY SNARES.

The cheap jewelry shops, with their lavish display of colored glass and gilt ornaments, their "oreide" watches, and "genooyine" Alaska diamonds in a very narrow and low show-window, play a conspicuous part in many of the "nice games" which lighten the pockets of verdants. The rogues who run these shops not only sell their "elegant jewelry at less than cost, for the benefit of some great manufacturing concern which has just failed," but have at hand always ready for use various devices which prove very alluring to those of their visitors who do not care to purchase the glittering rubbish.

Not long since an acquaintance of ours, wishing to learn something of the way in which the sharpers operated, stepped into one of the numerous "dollar stores" down town. He had no sooner entered than a well-dressed man with a very bland air requested him to take a seat. Of course he saw at once that his customer was no country "pigeon" eager to be plucked, and so did not disgust him with attention. Our friend examined some specimens of jeweiry which he saw in the glass case on the counter, and on expressing his opinion that they were of very poor quality, was told in a confidential way that in the back part of the store they had watches and diamond jewelry of the finest and costliest workmanship, and, as if to substantiate his statement, the polite "salesman" brought out a gold watch of large dimensions, and considerable value, apparently, and requested his visitor to examine it carefully. Our friend looked at it's works and tried the firmness of the case, and pronounced it a good article.

"What would you give for it?" asked the dealer.

"I have a pretty good time-piece already," said our friend.

"It's worth, at a low valuation, one hundred and seventy-five dollars," said the dealer; "but I'll tell you what I'll do, as business is very slack and our firm wants money, I will sell it

to you for one hundred dollars. You can sell it again among your friends and make at least a cool twenty-five on it."

"No," said our friend, "my pocket is not long enough for that. Still, I regard the watch as cheap enough at a hundred dollars."

Encouraged by the tone of his visitor, Peter took another course, his face assuming a regretful expression. "What kind of a watch have you got?"

"An English patent lever, hunting cased."

"Now, without seeing it, I make this offer: for your watch and fifty dollars you may have this one. You could not put a gold case like this on your watch for seventy-five or eighty—that you know yourself."

"Yes," quietly remarked our friend.

"And to show that I am in earnest, for I want money, as I told you before, I will let you have this watch for yours and twenty-five dollars cash and your note at thirty days for the balance. There, I don't know you, never saw you before, but I believe you to be an honest man."

This was bringing matters to a fine point; but our friend knew that he would be a loser in any event, and so did not take the bait. After a minute's silence he said: "If my watch were not a sort of heirloom and an excellent time-keeper, I don't know but I would consider your last offer seriously; but"—pointing at a long narrow box in which were arranged a hundred or more envelopes—"what are these?"

"These," replied the operator, "are tickets which we sometimes let our customers use for drawing jewelry. You deposit a dollar, and whatever you draw you have. See, I draw this envelope, and on opening it find printed on the ticket, No. 27, silver-plated cake-basket, 44°. Such a basket you could not buy in the regular way for less than ten dollars." Saying this the envelope was replaced in the box in a careless manner. Our friend watched his movements closely, and kept his eye on the envelope which had been drawn, and when the operator took away his hand, said:

"What will you bet that I can not draw that same ticket?"

"Oh, I'll bet you ten dollars you can not."

"Then I could easily win your money, for here is your ticket;" saying this the visitor detached the envelope from the others and handed it to Mr. Peter Funk, who opened it, and exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise: "Sure enough, it is—a lucky hit! Now I have something to propose. Here, I will mark a fresh ticket for $300, and deposit it with the others. So. I will give you a chance to draw that ticket for fifty dollars." At this moment a slouchy-looking man stepped into the store and inquired the price of one of the watches hung in the window. Peter told him "ten dollars." The man made as if he would go out, when the operator said: "Suppose you try your hand at a draw, you might get one for a dollar."

The man then stopped and appeared to reflect on the situation for a few seconds, and then said, "I guess I will," and drew an apparently well-filled wallet from his pocket, from which he selected a greenback of the denomination required, and deposited it upon the counter. Then he carefully drew an envelope from the box, and taking it out the ticket read, "No. 49. One seal ring. 6."

"That's a poor draw," said the manager of the "institution," with a shrug of his shoulders, as he opened the glass case and took out a big flashy brass ring, worth perhaps three cents.

"Try again, sir. You may do better next time. But how would you like to try for this?" Peter here drew forth the identical envelope which contained the ticket for $300. "But, by the way, my friend," said he to our acquaintance, "you have the first choice in this offer. For fifty dollars you may have the opportunity to draw this ticket, which will entitle you to $300 in Government funds. Here they are, too!" And he opened a drawer inside the counter and displayed what seemed to be a very respectable pile of fresh greenbacks of rather high figures, 20's, 50's, and 100's. The new-comer seemed deeply interested; his eyes glistened, but he said nothing. Peter put back the envelope, and while he was doing so our friend watched his movements closely, and noticed that the operator kept his little finger on one corner of it while he carefully smoothed over the others, and had evidently marked its position in the box.

"Will you give me the opportunity to draw that ticket merely to see how near I could come to it the first time?"

"Certainly."

"Examine this, then," said our friend, as he drew forth the envelope, from which his attention had not wandered.

"You have rare luck," said Mr. Funk; "for this is the very ticket. But I'll take the risk still. For fifty dollars you may draw."

"I haven't fifty dollars about me to-day." Here the new-comer, who had ventured his

dollar, stepped up to our friend and said, in a whisper:

"How much do you need? I'll lend you the money, and we'll divide the profits. I'm sure you can draw it."

"No, I thank you. You may try your luck if you wish."

"See here, mister," said slouchy, "suppose I deposit fifty dollars on that ere ticket, will you allow this gentleman to draw for me?"

"Yes," very blandly said Mr. Funk.

Our friend thought matters were becoming a little too serious, so he declined to accommodate them, and bidding both parties, who, he was convinced, were confederates, "Good-morning," he left them to their disappointed counsels. Had he accepted any one of the propositions, he would inevitably have lost, for this mode of practice, called "envelope stuffing," is one of the most ingenious cheats yet introduced.

CONFIDENCE-MEN.

There are numerous rogues smartly dressed and oily tongued prowling about our streets, especially in the vicinity of ferries, steamboat landings, and railroad depots. They are sharp in selecting their game among those who have lately arrived in the town, and are entirely ignorant of city life.

One of these sharks, having marked his man, will sometimes manage as follows. Waiting a favorable opportunity he will accost "greeny" and inquire the way to some hotel, saying that he has but now arrived in town, and is quite ignorant of his whereabouts. Greeny of course replies that he is in the same fix. The shark then expresses some regret at making such a mistake in asking him the way to the hotel, and falling alongside continues talking much after this manner:

"So you have just arrived too—strange we did not meet on the train. I left my trunks at the depot, thinking I would send for them after I had engaged a room at the hotel. My friends told me not to engage a hackman, because most of them are great swindlers, and a man can't tell what'd become of him if he once got into their clutches."

Greeny, doubtless, has been warned to "keep his eyes skinned," but he feels assured that a man as green as himself will afford at least some protection to him and his valise, and he remarks:

"Yes, I reckon so. I made up my mind to carry as few things as I could when I came on here, so all I have to look after besides myself is my bag."

"How long do you intend to stay?"

"Oh, I guess about a week 'll be enough to see the sights."

"Yours is a visit of pleasure chiefly, then. I have a little business to attend to, and as that can be soon arranged, suppose you and I hitch horses, and go about together. For myself, I don't like to feel altogether alone in such a big place as this, and as for the expense, darn it, you shan't pay any more than you at first set out to." The shark thus talks himself into the confidence of greeny, and takes him to some fourth or fifth rate hotel, which he concludes "is about as good as any of those big concerns on Broadway they blow about, and don't cost half as much."

In a very short time he and his pals have made a sad breach in greeny's "pile," if they have not fleeced him altogether, and Mr. Shark's "little business" has called him away, leaving poor greeny to consider his empty wallet at his leisure.

GAMBLING, LOTTERIES, ETC.

Gambling dens and policy shops (which are but low places where lotteries are offered in an underhand way to the indiscreet) are very numerous in New York. The capital invested in the gambling concerns alone is said to exceed one million of dollars. In almost every street, and especially in those streets which are called genteel, one or more of these infamous resorts is found. Milder phases of gambling are practiced in most of the drinking saloons or gardens which abound so plentifully in the more densely populated districts. These consist in playing cards or dominoes, or throwing dice for "drinks," "cigars," "stews," or "suppers." "Betting" is another form, and one that is very dangerous, as a taste for acquiring money without labor is thus gradually cultivated, which becomes most ruinous in its consequences to the morals and the pocket. It is in "betting" that our country friends are apt to indulge and lose their good money, and, perhaps, ultimately their character. The social game of whist, euchre, or rounce, which they find so pleasant in the social circle at home, is too likely to whet their appetite for the more serious "games" which adroit knaves know so well how to introduce to their notice.

POCKET-PICKING.

The pickpockets compose another class among the vultures that feed on the public. Pocket-picking has become an art, a profession, and the wonders of rascality which sometimes come to the light awaken our admiration as much as our indignation. The "trade" is

plied by both sexes; women being generally considered more expert than men, on account of their enticing manners and readiness in taking advantage of opportunities. Two or more of these rogues usually work together, so that when a suspected pickpocket has been taken, the missing property is rarely found on his or her person, it having been passed immediately after the robbery to an accomplice. Places of public resort and large gatherings are the field in which the "light fingered" chiefly "spot" their prey; public conveyances also afford them good opportunities to pick a good plum. The following incident, published recently, will give the reader an idea of the neat way a pocket can be picked in broad daylight, with several lookers-on in the immediate vicinity. The writer says:

"Riding up a Fifth Avenue stage one pleasant afternoon not long ago, my attention was attracted by the personal appearance of quite a handsome young lady sitting nearly opposite. She entered the vehicle at the corner of Canal Street, dressed in the latest Parisian style, her many charms of face and figure displayed to great advantage by the taste evident in the selection and *make-up* of her wearing apparel. A gentleman, sitting near the omnibus door, gallantly extended his hand to assist her in mounting the steep entrance steps and made room for her accommodation by his side—a civility which she rewarded with a smile and a "thank you, sir," very sweetly expressed. Having carefully and modestly arranged her dress, after sitting down the young lady lowered her vail and relapsed into a state of blissful contentedness. Her chivalric neighbor, however, could not help glancing admiringly, now and then, toward her. To a request if he should hoist the window at her back, she, with the most charming *naiveté*, assented, and leaned forward the better to enable him to do so. No sooner, however, had he again taken his seat when she suddenly pulled the strap, stopped the stage, got out, and was soon lost to view. Happening to again direct my attention to the gentleman, I saw his watch-guard hanging loose, and called his observation to the circumstance. Instantly he exclaimed, "My watch is gone!" His next impulse was to place his hand in his pocket, and to his dismay discovered that his wallet also was missing; the charming young lady had quietly appropriated both! The victim frantically jerked the strap—such a flying leap—and the last seen of him he was talking to a policeman on the subject of his loss. It is more than probable he recovered neither his time-piece nor his money, but instead received practical admonition of the "deception of appearances," and the danger of admiring pretty and unknown faces!"

MUSIC SALOONS.

The concert saloons, which are emphatically "sinks of iniquity," need but little description; they are already too well known. They are the resort of the abandoned of both sexes, of the profligate of the better class, and of all who boast that they "see life." In these places the most revolting excesses are indulged in. The most horrible crimes on the police records frequently have their origin there; for their proprietors and "runners," or outside agents, are persons of the lowest depravity, and scruple not to resort to the extremes of brutality, and even murder, to serve their ends. Were the crimes committed in these places, even in a single night, made public, the list would be most frightful to contemplate. Scores of men who have "disappeared," have been traced to these concert saloons—where, the inference is, they had been drugged—murdered—and then robbed; their bodies thrown into the river to be "found drowned."

All strangers who have any regard for their moral or personal safety should shun these "saloons" or their prowling agents, male and female, as they would a pestilence, for they are even worse,—they are not only instruments of death, but also of moral destruction.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

We come now to speak of those rogueries which have more than a local importance; which, in fact, affect our entire country—schemes of robbery and corruption which penetrate to every district, however remote, where a newspaper is read or a post-office stationed. Prominent among these broad-cast swindles are the "gift" and "presentation" enterprises, and the pretentious "medical" inducements. Even in the advertising columns of newspapers claiming respectability are to be found the seductive advertisements of such schemes for robbing the unwary or the unfortunate of their money. A few ingenious scoundrels come together and, having arranged the preliminaries, flood the country villages with circulars setting forth in flaring terms the grand project of Anderson & Co. to dispose of a large, varied, and valuable stock of goods; offering, for twenty-five cents, to send a certificate of what the sender of the money may have drawn, and promising in the strictest confidence to be fair and exact in the matter. Many such certificates have been sent to this

office, the senders requesting us, for the sake of security, to attend to procuring the prizes described therein. These certificates may be thus exemplified: "This is to certify that No. 62,551 has drawn one lady's gold chain and engraved locket. On receipt of $2 41 to pay charges we shall forward by special dispatch said property securely packed.—ANDERSON & Co."

"Please return this certificate when sending the money, so that there may be no mistake."

Tens of thousands have been duped in this way. The grand "benevolent gift" enterprises so common a year or more ago must have made some of the speculators rich.

QUACKS AND MEDICAL ADVERTISERS.

The quacks who advertise for fools so extensively also reap a rich harvest from their investments in type and printers' ink. The variety of ingenious fraud in this line is very great. There is not one among our readers, probably, who has not seen the advertisements in some papers headed "Benevolent Association," "Confessions of an Invalid," "Nervous Debility," "To Indiscreet Young Men," "Howard Association," "Anatomical Museum," "Marriage Guide," "Silent Friend," "Unfortunate Friend," "Glad Tidings to the Afflicted," and many other of like ilk, and notwithstanding the repeated exposures of the villainy of the wretches who thus prey upon the afflictions and sufferings of their fellow-creatures, they continue to flourish, finding new victims every day.

With reference to these quacks and medical advisers it may be said, in wholesale condemnation of them, that regular accredited physicians of respectable standing do not parade themselves before the public through advertisements or circulars. The mere announcement of where he may be found is the utmost a reputable member of the profession will do in the way of advertising, and that only when he changes his place of residence or the location of his office.

The names associated with the numerous quack announcements are fictitious of course. Many of the scoundrels personate women who profess, in glowing syntax, "to seek only to ameliorate the woes of suffering humanity," and so announce, "for the appreciation of the public, the very wonderful preparation which wrought such a providential cure for themselves." The "extracts," "bitters," and "elixirs," whose virtues are so astonishing, consist chiefly of bad whisky or molasses, and water flavored with some cheap drugs.

One of the most costly and palatial mansions on Fifth Avenue is owned by a woman who has built and furnished it with money derived from the practice of the vilest quackery.

BUSINESS CHANCES AND CATCHES.

Besides the "medical" humbugs, thousands of advertisements are sprinkled through the papers offering opportunities for the easy acquisition of a fortune. In the advertising department of a leading New York illustrated paper we find the following alluring catches:

$15 a day. Sample free. Address, *with stamp*, R. & Co.

The inquirer who is anxious to finger the $15 a day will only lose a "stamp" by writing to "R. & Co."

$10,000 a year can be made by selling our 100 bran new articles. Wanted in every family. Can be done indoors or out; only three hours' labor each day. Information and mammoth circulars sent free.

It is strange that the proprietors of these wonderful articles do not set about making the $10,000 a year for themselves and get rich on the fruits of their great ingenuity.

This is no humbug! By sending thirty cents and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address ——.

Whoever writes for this will probably get five cents' worth of an undeveloped photographic impression in return, if he be lucky enough to get anything at all.

COUNSEL.

If one who is strongly tempted by such advertisements as the above would bear in mind that those of their fellow-men who really accumulate money in any legitimate line of business are, scarcely without exception, averse to publicly announcing the fact, and certainly would not, for a stamp or a few cents, confer, as it were, a partnership in their profits on others, he would not be likely to throw his good money away. We have not yet mentioned a tithe of the schemes afloat for the plunder of the thoughtless and ignorant, such, for example, as counterfeiting, burglary, pocket-book dropping, shop lifting, horse stealing, highway robbery, etc. Indeed, it would be a difficult task for us to mention a quarter of those which come to the surface in the public prints. Let it be remembered by *our* readers that whatever is specious in its terms, whatever is highly colored and pretentious, whatever is wholesale in its claims and universal in its application, whatever offers great pecuniary rewards for an insignificant consideration, or a very small out-

lay of money, time, or labor, is deceptive, fraudulent, and perhaps destructive to health and morals. Do not expect or seek profit from strangers on their advertised professions of good-will. You will inevitably be the loser. Besides, is it not an evidence of dishonesty in any man who would willingly accept a $50 article for $5? Is he not a rogue who, knowingly, pays less for an article than its fair value? There is said to be "honor among rogues," but it is a very common thing for one rogue to cheat another rogue. In conclusion, we beg the public not to ask *us* to aid in collecting lottery prizes, gift ticket jewelry, mock auction purchases, or anything else of a swindling, chance, or questionable character.

A DOG'S SAGACITY.

THE following incident is taken from the columns of a leading Boston newspaper, and its authenticity is vouched for:

Unfortunately for the reputation of Boston as a law-abiding community, it is no unusual occurrence to see upon our streets men who so far forget themselves as to appear before their fellow-beings in a condition strongly indicative of the fact, that a superabundance of "the rosy" had, for the time, deprived them of the power of a straightforward locomotion. Such an instance was brought to the notice of the bystanders in the vicinity of a well-known drinking saloon, a few days ago, occasioned by the appearance of a man considerably intoxicated, and who at the time was accompanied by a handsome English coach-dog.

The man pursued his devious course, closely followed by his four-footed companion, until at length he approached the door of the saloon referred to, and was about to enter, when, to the surprise of all who had witnessed the affair, the dog jumped up, and catching the skirts of the man's coat sought to prevent him from going in. The inebriated biped spoke in angry tones to the beast, but without avail, until a more than ordinarily severe command induced him to relinquish his hold, and the man hastened inside, followed by his faithful companion and would-be protector.

Actuated simply by curiosity, we also went in, and as we gained a position near the bar, saw in close proximity thereto the beast and his master, the latter striving to reach the bar, and the former standing on his hind legs, with his fore paws placed against the man's breast, vainly endeavoring, even at the eleventh hour, to prevent him from again indulging in the intoxicating cup.

To the credit of the bar-tender, be it stated that he refused to furnish the man with more liquor, and tears were drawn from eyes that had long been unused to the melting mood as at each refusal the undoubtedly heart-stricken canine would bestow a look intended doubtless to be one of gratitude upon the dispenser of "juleps," "slings," and "tods," and then turning, would, as it were, mutely beseech his liquor-loving master to abstain.

CLARK M. LOOMIS.

HOW many thousands of young men there are in this country who are striving against the many obstacles which beset the road to fortune! Striving with a good will and with no small expenditure of physical and mental strength! Striving, in the majority of cases, almost fruitlessly, because they have not fallen into that path of activity which is suited to their capabilities and which would awaken the full energy of their best faculties. It is not required that a man should be endowed with superior faculties to make a fortune. From the men around us who have heavy balances to their names in the bank, we could cite very few as examples of fine mental endowment and eminent culture. They owe their success in life to having fallen into a sphere just about their measure, and to having remained in it until their persevering industry has received its full fruition.

These successful ones furnish no little encouragement to the plodding thousands, and sketches of their careers are of no small interest in the way of advice and information to the general public.

Mr. Loomis, a comparatively young

man, of no salient brilliancy, intellectually, and claiming no very conspicuous elements in his general constitution, is nevertheless a fair example of how a good degree of business success may be won by patient effort in that which offers but moderate returns for the industry expended. He has a fine-grained and susceptible temperament, yet with a strong infusion of the motive element, which gives him some character for endurance, so that he is not readily overcome by the ills of life which chiefly affect the body. We should even be inclined to think him wiry and pliant, there is so much of the active principle in him.

He has much nervous intensity, and with it a disposition to restlessness; he seeks something to do at all times while awake; would keep several irons hot at the same time. He loves variety, and having an intellect which readily catches at expedients or plans of operation, he is enabled to administer with much facility the affairs of two or three undertakings, although they may differ much in their respective nature.

The indications of ability as a calculator, as an off-hand estimator, and as a judge of quality, are superior. As a mechanician he would perform work requiring nicety of observation and delicate manipulation. He also shows an appreciative taste for the ornamental and esthetic.

He is warm in his friendships, and earnest in domestic attachment; chooses his friends by intuition, and holds them by reason of his frankness, forbearance, and positive conduct. With rather strong Firmness and influential Conscientiousness, he is generally known for his straightforward mode of action, accepting results, good or bad, without flinching as they are developed through his own methods. He knows little of dissimulation or evasion.

PORTRAIT OF CLARK M. LOOMIS.

"The live Yankee" is a distinct specimen of the *genus homo*. He boasts not of his lineage, nor seeks to build a reputation upon his *descent* from progenitors who, in years long since passed away, might perchance have been dukes, lords, or even royalty. He rather prides himself upon his own individual achievements; upon his *ascent* from poverty and obscurity to positions of honor and emolument; upon the many fierce conflicts with and victories over the fates, as it were, which these desirable positions have cost him; upon the many instances where a judicious display of natural keenness has added the hard cash to his till; in fine, upon being "a self-made man."

The principle contained in what is written above may be applied with little hesitation to the case of Mr. Clark M. Loomis, who ranks among the leading business men of the enterprising city of New Haven, Conn.—a position which he has gained by integrity, enterprise, and a natural shrewdness peculiar to himself. He was born in Onondaga County, N. Y., in July, 1829, and was one of a family of eight children. At an early age he was left an orphan without means of support save what was afforded by a good pair of hands and a willingness to use them. About this time he went to live with a maiden aunt who had settled on a new farm in Oswego County, where he passed sixteen years in agricultural pursuits. His advantages in early life for

obtaining an education were exceedingly limited, but being bent on making his way forward, if possible, he determined to learn a trade as a basis for subsequent action. With this view he went to Springfield, Mass., where he worked four years at carriage-making; but the establishment in which he was employed not furnishing him ample facilities for the completion of the business in all its branches, he removed to New Haven, Conn., where he procured work. At this time his earthly goods and effects could have been tied up in a good-sized pocket-handkerchief, and his best coat was one he had purchased of a shopmate for twenty-five cents. Soon after coming of age Mr. Loomis married an estimable young lady, to whose aid and counsel he attributes much of his success in life. He continued to work at the carriage business as a journeyman until the breaking out of the great rebellion in 1861, when, moved by the same spirit of patriotism which called so many of our country's noble sons to its defense, he was among the first to enlist in the Sixth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, under the first call for three-years' men. After a service of twenty-eight months his health failed from exposure in a Southern climate, and he received an honorable discharge. His health being partially recovered, he returned to the army—although not as a soldier—and remained with the Army of the Potomac until Lee's surrender. He was one of the first to enter Petersburg after its evacuation. The war ended, he returned to New Haven, and being desirous of engaging in some mercantile pursuit, he purchased a small music store, which was but the embryo of his present extensive business. Honorable dealing, judicious advertising, combined with the boldest enterprise, have marked his career and been the elements of his success. Although not a practical musician, Mr. Loomis is an ardent lover of "the art divine," and has neither been sparing of time or expense in efforts to secure its advancement. Several publications of a musical character owe their existence to his munificence, among which is *Loomis' Musical Journal*—an able advocate of the highest style of music as an art—and which is fast gaining a high position among periodicals of its class. Perhaps no journal of this kind has done so great and so apparent a work in the improvement of musical taste and sentiment as *Loomis' Musical Journal* has accomplished in New Haven.

By Mr. Loomis' system of conducting business, many families enjoy the refining influences of a first-class musical instrument, who otherwise could not have afforded the luxury. He is deserving of much credit for his able advocacy of the cause of esthetic taste, and admiration for his energetic and business-like qualities.

DRESS.—One of the objects of dress is to secure comfort; but by a sad and wicked perversion, it has come to be a means of mere display for foolish flirts. When will the world become sufficiently Christianized to see that it is the mind, and not the body, which we are to ornament with the jewels of heavenly grace, instead of the gew-gaws, tinsel, and traps.

Read what the editor of *Zion's Herald* says of life at a fashionable watering-place:

The foolish extravagance of dress is on the increase. The rich and proud still vie with each other in style and costliness of dress and decoration. The climax is not reached, and the tendency, we are sorry to say, is still higher. The war seems to have lost its moral lessons upon this class of visitors. Think of the necessity of eighteen large trunks to carry the wardrobe of one female, we hesitate to say *lady!* Yet it will require all that outfit, if the same rig can be worn but once while there, with from six to ten changes a day. Twenty thousand dollars, we were told, is the cost for only a moderate standard of jewelry for ornamenting some one of these brainless belles for the evening ball. Many fall below that standard, while some go above it. Diamonds and pearls set in heavy gold for pins, rings, and bracelets, soon run the cost to tens of thousands of dollars. These costly and extravagant offerings to a foolish and wicked pride do not always indicate the wealth of the parties wearing them; for they can be, and we are told often are, borrowed, the use of them being hired or rented for the season or the occasion.

["A fool and his money are soon parted," and this is *one* of the ways to do it. We would counsel a due regard for appearances, but when the goddess of fashion exacts the sacrifice of time, money, body, and soul, we should demur, and fall back on common sense and Christianity.]

LET thy actions prove that thou art indeed a man in the highest and holiest sense of the exalted name.

THE deadly weapons of hatred must be blunted and entirely changed by the mild, strong hand of love.

Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Thomson.*

THE BEST MEDICINE.

TAKE the open air,—
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise;
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food;
Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

APPETITE—ITS SENSUALISM.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE instinctive desire of happiness common to all men, often leads them to seek their enjoyments in a gross and vicious indulgence of their animal appetites. These appetites form a part of the complex machinery of our compound life; and when subjected to proper regulation by our intellectual and moral faculties, they never work any harm. Their gratification being pleasurable, and only so when conformed to the laws of nature, they furnish a certain quantum of happiness through the medium of the body. As advertisers of certain physical wants, and incentives to specific modes of action, they have their function and their utility. Without them, the organism of life, under the present constitution of things, would be extremely defective.

Considered, however, in their relative *rank*, whatever may be their strength, nothing is more evident than that these appetites were never meant to be the *governing* principles of human nature. Subordination is their proper position. Their dominancy uniformly enslaves the spiritual man, undermines all the foundations of virtue, introduces confusion and disorder into the soul, and in the end blasts the happiness of their ill-fated victim. These results are not accidental and occasional, but uniform and regular, demonstrating by the sure test of experience,—what the intuition of thoughts declares,—that there is an order of *rank* in the faculties and impulses of our nature which appoints some to govern and others to submit.

Take, for example, the *glutton*—the enormous eater who loads his body with more food than he can healthfully receive; who acquires a morbid and excessive appetite and indulges it without restraint; who, indeed, lives to eat rather than eats to live; and we behold a stuffed sensualist, entirely overtaxing his gastric power, impairing his mental force, paving the way for numerous forms of disease, lowering the tone of his moral sensibilities, and sinking himself to the level of a mere animal in the most disgusting and self-ruinous manner. Many a one has died with apoplexy for no other reason. He has killed himself by eating as truly as if he had plunged a dagger into his own heart.

A like example, perhaps more common, is furnished by the miserable creature who drugs his body by the habitual use of stimulants or narcotic poison, violating all the laws of temperance, and seeking happiness in a way to destroy both body and soul. Follow such a man through all the winding labyrinths of his sad history: count the woes, the sorrows, the bitter curses which fall to his lot: observe how he dies as the prey of his own passions, blasted in his physical and mental nature, conscious of his degradation, yet wanting the moral power to break the chain that binds him, perhaps weeping over his fate at the very moment in which he pursues it with the direst infatuation; and hardly another spectacle so horrible can be found within the limits of flesh and blood. Mark the men and women who have surrendered themselves to the supremacy of debauched and licentious habits! See how they plan in the day, and prowl in the night! Behold the imperial inheritance of a spiritual nature dishonored by brutal lusts! Study the entailments of disease, and the corruptions of both heart and life which enter into the dark catalogue of their history; and who can fail to discover alike the wisdom and the necessity of placing our animal pas-

sions under the government of intellectual and moral laws? The truth is, there is no slavery more dreadful than that which they impose when they rule the man. Onward they go with increasing fatality, and without any self-limiting or self-recovering power, till death closes the scene.

Millions of men—some of them persons of fine capacity, brilliant promise, and noble feelings, for whom the gifts of nature and the acquisitions of culture had prophesied a better destiny—have in this way trodden the path of their own destruction. Constitutions crippled, diseased, and thoroughly broken down; mental vigor greatly enfeebled; enjoyments brutalized; consciences perverted and prostrated; character sacrificed and lost; families ruined in their domestic peace, and often reduced to poverty and beggary; very frequently high crimes that otherwise would not have been committed; premature decay and death—these are among the evils by which the Author of nature punishes those who, being men, practically turn themselves into brutes. These are the sanctions with which he enforces the moral law of *self-domain*.

It is especially important that the young who are forming their habits for life, should be seasonably awake to the terrible calamities that naturally ensue from the undue gratification of animal lust. Indeed, no one can be too much on the alert, or watch, and govern himself too carefully. The difference in one's life, alike in what it accomplishes, and to what it leads, is very great, whether the body or the spirit is practically the predominating power. In the one case we have the life of a brute without its innocence, and in the other the normal life of a man in the culture and development of his rational and moral nature. If, therefore, we would be men in the truest sense, we must impose upon the body that species of self-government which consists in the ascendency of the spiritual elements of our being. Our animal natures must be taught the law of subjection. This is indispensable to virtue and happiness, having much higher relations than those which merely refer to hygienic rules. Here lies a vital part of our earthly discipline; and just here is one of the most important, and in some respects most difficult, tasks of life. Animal life is but a small and transient section of our real life; and hence the wants of the spirit, and not the momentary gratifications of the body, should be made the matter of primary concern. Parents, in the government and discipline of their children, should teach them how to govern themselves. Those who officially minister at the sacred altars of religion should with suitable frequency warn their hearers against the sensualism of dominant animal appetite. The evil is sufficiently prevalent to demand, at least now and then, a faithful lesson from the Christian pulpit.

TIMELY HINTS ON THE USE OF COAL.

A COMMON fault is to use too coarse wood for kindling, and too much of it. This, while it generally succeeds in lighting the coal, leaves a bed of ashes below the coal which interferes with the draft unless raked out; an operation which always retards the combustion of partially ignited coal. The wood should be of some rapidly burning variety which gives a quick and high heat, and should be split fine. It should be so placed that the coal will remain on the top of it and not fall through to the grate, leaving the kindling on the top of any part of the coal. A common mistake is to use too large-sized coal. A good rule, where stoves or furnaces have a good draft, is to use coal as small as can be used without inconvenience from its sifting too freely through the grate.

Grates should have their bars closely set for stoves that are cleaned out daily, and have fires lighted in them each morning, while those which are intended to have fire kept in them continuously for days or weeks will not admit of fine grates, on account of the accumulation of ashes and small "clinkers." There is much difference in coal in regard to the formation of clinkers. These are nothing but vitrefied, or partially vitrefied earthy matters, and only can form when a high heat is maintained; they are apt to be troublesome when there is too great draft. A coal stove or furnace should therefore be so constructed that its draft can be perfectly controlled. The bottom draft should admit of being closed air-tight, as nearly as is possible to make it, and there ought always to be provision made for a top draft. If, how-

ever, the draft of a chimney should be so strong that air in too great quantities is drawn in at the bottom when the dampers are closed, a damper in the pipe which will close it partially must be employed, though in sluggish chimneys such a damper is apt to force the gases of combustion into the room, and therefore it ought always to be avoided when possible.

The practice of putting ashes on the top of a fire to keep it, is very productive of clinkers, although it answers very well in other respects. Damp coal screenings are better, and may be economically burned in this manner. If a coal fire gets very low, the quickest way to extinguish it is to rake it at the bottom. To preserve a fire under such circumstances, a little coal should be placed on the fire, and when it has caught, more be added, and the raking deferred until it has got well ignited. When the fire bricks have become burdened with clinkers which have fused and adhered, they may be cleaned by throwing oyster or clam shells into the fire box when the fire is very hot, and allowing the fire to go out. The clinkers will generally cleave off without the use of much force, the next morning. From two quarts to one-half a peck will be sufficient for most stoves, and the operation can be repeated if some of the clinkers still adhere.—*Scientific American.*

MISSION OF THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.

THIS should be to teach the people the laws of life and health. Think not that thy occupation would cease! Instead of curing disease, thou wouldst teach correctly the prevention of disease; and man, under thy inspired instructions, would walk the earth—in form perfect, in mind and spirit the image of his Father in heaven.

Reproduction would be understood. Thou wouldst unto the mothers of our children reveal laws that would make their loved babes pure and perfect as angels in heaven. Oh, what a noble mission! To bring back the halt, the lame, the erring—all, all of God's children who are afflicted by the diseases of error's producing—to bring these sufferers all back to their Father's house well, happy, and rejoicing. Surely an angel's hand could not do a nobler deed, and an angel's crown of rejoicing could not be purer than that which will crown the brow of the true physician. It is surely more noble to give health than to remove disease—more noble to prevent than to cure; and this is the physician's greatest privilege, to tell unto man that which shall make him avoid disease which through ignorance he would otherwise suffer. There is but very little known of the true science of healing. Drugs are looked upon as necessary, but true knowledge will sweep drugs into the earth whence they came. * * *

MORE ABOUT BABIES.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

YOUNG mothers will thank us for transferring from *Hearth and Home* the following sensible remarks:

We are much pleased to hear that a woman who has had so much experience does not believe in the institution of cross babies; we like her condemnation of all the nostrums, teas, and stimulants with which the morning of life is often deluged. Her mode of proceeding, in all its parts, can be recommended for good, average, healthy children.

But a great part of the children that are born nowadays are *not* good, average, healthy children. They are children of deficient brain-power, of diseased nervous systems; children begotten of tobacco-smoke, late hours, tight lacing, and dyspeptic stomachs. The father has put his son's brain into his meerschaum and smoked it out; the mother has diddled and dribbled it away in balls and operas. Two young people come together, both of them in a state of half-nervous derangement. She can not live without strong coffee; her hand trembles, and she has a sinking at her stomach when she first rises in the morning, till she has had a cup of strong coffee, when she is primed for the day. He can not study or read or perform any real mental labor without tobacco. Both are burning life's candle at both ends; both are wakeful and nervous, with weak muscles and vibrating nerves.

Two such persons unite in giving existence to a poor, hapless baby, who is born in a state of such a diseased nervous sensibility that all the forces of nature are a torture to it. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." What such children cry for is neither cold nor hunger, but

irrepressible nervous agony—sometimes from fear, sometimes because everything in life is too strong for them, and jars on their poor weakened nerves just as it does on those of an invalid in a low, nervous fever.

Now, the direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust and healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and, positively forbidding the servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned, the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from *fear* when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?" "O father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being can not be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

No, mother; before you make up a plan of operation for your baby, look at it, and see what it is, and use your own common sense as to what it needs.

Look at yourself; look at your husband; look at your own physical habits—at his, and ask what is your child likely to be.

The caution of our friend with regard to not suffering the child to sleep between the parents, is important for many reasons. There is scarcely a man that does not use tobacco, and if a man uses tobacco, there is a constant emanation of it from his person. Now, however he may justify the use of it himself, he can hardly think that stale tobacco effluvium is a healthy agent to be carried into the lungs of a delicate infant. Children of smoking fathers often have their brains and nervous systems entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to a country place entirely for the health of their only boy, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constipated in bowels, and threw up his milk constantly. The parents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco-smoke. Every evening that helpless little creature took into his lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother who was nursing that infant did what was equivalent to smoking one cigar every evening—she breathed her husband's smoke. Now, if your baby smokes cigars, you will find by-and-by, when he comes to need brains, that his brain-power will not be found. He will be starty, fitful, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by Hawthorne in his story of "Feathertop"—only capable of existing and efficiency while he is smoking, but sinking into dimness and stupidity when he stops.

Such are some of the chances of poor babies! God help the poor little things! They never asked to be born, and their parents, if they will bring them into existence, owe them every attention to make that existence a blessing.

[Reader, this is a good theme for a sermon. Why not ask your clergyman to prepare a discourse on the necessity of bodily health as well as of spiritual purity? If every clergyman in the land would open his mental batteries on the curse of tobacco, he would hit many sinners at every shot. "Original sin" is no doubt very bad in itself, but acquired sin is not to be winked at. If our race is to be improved, elevated, lifted up, and made every way acceptable to the Creator, we must put down the evils of self-indulgence, and take on strong and healthy bodies and brains.]

SALT MINES IN THE WEST.—In the Pahranagat district, in the southeastern part of the State of Nevada, distant from Austin perhaps 180 miles, is a remarkable mountain of salt about 70 miles south of the mines. It is reported to be about five miles in length and 600 feet in height. The body of salt is of unknown depth. It is chemically pure and crystalline, and does not deliquesce on exposure to atmosphere. Like rock, it requires blasting from the mine, whence it is taken in large blocks, and is as transparent as glass.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. MOSER.

DURING my first sojourn in Cairo I had taken on the habit of seeing the sun set in the evening in that magnificent palm forest which stands about a quarter of a league from the city. I could not get tired of giving myself up to the charm which this splendid tree exerted upon my eye. In Europe, even at the Mediterranean, it appears to be laboriously reared, and does not thrive there in its full vital power. But in Egypt it appears to have risen from the bosom of the earth, and the pleasure of existence seems to pulsate in the very points of its leaves. A gentle shudder, such as I had never felt before amid the beauty of nature, seized me when I stepped into the holy twilight of the forest. From the emerald green ground the slender trunks rose up like the pillars of a gothic dome; single streaks of sunlight stole obliquely through their openings; the kingly crowns rocked gently, overarching the dome with their green fans, and when the sun sank lower, the whole palm temple was colored with liquid golden ether, gently waving like clouds of frankincense. No bird sang, no flower sprouted forth from the ground; everything was solemnly earnest.

I was now to see another palm forest, but rigid, dead, of a period, perhaps, before human beings existed. The road thither from Cairo leads for some distance through the desert, and perhaps this helps to make the impression so indescribably melancholy,—indeed, I might say, terrible, such an impression as seizes us wherever death is; where even the life of a plant, of a little animal, does not meet the warm breath of our bosom. And petrifaction is more than death. It is only on human life that death casts horror and despair; in nature he has nothing frightful; there he is not without consolation, not without resolution. The bee of the wilderness dies without pain; the bird sinks away softly; the butterfly dies in love's enjoyment; the flower bows its head and strews its seeds for future stems; the old tree-giant, struck by lightning, stretches itself like a hero, and out of the mold of its powerful trunk thousand-fold life sprouts up cheerfully.

We near the goal of our desert ride. All around us lies the hot yellow sea reflecting the heat of the sun, a repulsive, not an attractive fruitful warmth. The minarets of Cairo, the pyramids of Gizeh, gradually vanish in the remotest horizon, and the sky, all blue, stretches over us comfortlessly uniform.

Now the most singular sight begins to unfold before us. A black field, immeasurable, apparently inhabited by fantastic, inconceivable figures, like the monstrous forms of a city of the dead, fallen rows of pillars, and pillar stumps stretched out like colossal animal and human bodies—many standing motionless, dreadful. We draw nearer. The feet of my horse strikes against the trunk of a tree and he shrinks back as if frightened. It gives a hollow, metallic sound; the tree is stone. I dismounted and laid my hand upon the trunk; it is ice-cold. I lift a small piece of musty wood from the ground,—it sinks into my hand heavy like iron; it is petrified. I go farther and view the scaffolding, the cut of the trunks, the torn-up roots; everything looks illusive, resembling the life even in color, but for miles the forest is of stone. The ground also shows no vegetation, although the sand-waves had penetrated only here and there. The blackish loose earth on the ground between the fallen trunks looks like crushed foliage and benumbed moss.

The hand of what god or demon has hurled down this temple of pillars,—these gigantic trees, which surely once flourished as rankly as their blooming descendants? What natural event was mighty enough to complete this work of destruction? Were volcanic forces in play? Or, if it took place gradually, what an immeasurable lapse of time the thought must traverse! Had Vulcan let the fire in his furnace in the bosom of the earth go out? Could no warm vital stream press up to the pining roots?

"The earth gradually cools off," say our grandfathers, who, chilling with age, want the sun of their youth. Will the life of all organism on earth do so eventually?

* From "In the Land of the Pharaohs," by Arthur Stahl.

MELANCHOLY.—On one of the aristocratic streets of Providence, R. I., was seen one day recently a handsome, richly dressed lady of middle age, in an advanced state of inebriation. The lady in question—who is above reproach in every other respect—several years since commenced the use of stimulants, under the advice of a physician, for a nervous affection, and the habit, once begun, so grew upon her that she lost all control over herself, and is frequently seen in the condition alluded to, notwithstanding the efforts of her friends to keep her within doors. Another illustration of the sad results of prescribing alcoholic liquors as medicine!

NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY, 1870.

THE "BLUES."

CERTAIN persons, the world over, suffer, more or less, from a depression of spirits; and the usual term applied to this mental condition is the "blues." But there is a cause for this, though it is not always apparent to the sufferer. Let us endeavor to indicate the same.

If one were in perfect health, and all the organs of body and brain well balanced and in healthy action; if each person were in right relations to his Maker, himself, and the world, he would suffer nothing from the "blues." Good digestion, good circulation, proper food, plenty of sleep, and healthful occupation would favor uniform good health *and good spirits.* But these conditions are not so easily attained. We are not all harmoniously organized. One has too much Cautiousness, another too little; one too much hopefulness, another too little; one has more ambition and pride than practical common sense or judgment, and he is often disappointed, chagrined, mortified, and depressed; another has strong affections, which not being reciprocated, give rise to his depression of spirits; another, descending from a sickly or infirm parentage, inherits weak or warped physical conditions, which, like an incubus, hold him in unhappy bonds, from which it seems difficult to free himself.

A clergyman, shut up in his study, confined to badly ventilated rooms, pumping blood into his brain day in and day out from the stomach and other parts of the body, to fit himself for his ministerial duties; indulging perhaps in strong, hot tea and coffee, or other stimulants; straining every nerve to acquit himself acceptably; preaching twice or thrice on the Sabbath, and once or twice during week-day nights; besides attending on the sick, conducting funerals and missionary work, listening to the tales of the poor and afflicted, with wife and children looking to him for aid and support; with a salary altogether inadequate, is very likely, under these circumstances, notwithstanding his Christian fortitude and resignation, to be subject to periods of despondency, if not of the "blues."

A teacher, shut up in a school-room all day long, breathing over and over again not only the breath but the exhalations of a hundred human bodies, his nerves kept strung up to their highest tension, following his several classes in as many different studies, feeding on that which does not properly sustain the body, utterly careless of hygienic laws, is it surprising that *he* should sometimes feel like sinking, and giving up the ghost?

Take the merchant, with a heavy stock of goods on hand, bought at high prices on credit, to be sold in a declining market, with heavy rents, clerk hire, advertising, and other expenses, swallowing up all profits, and himself kept in a state of constant anxiety, foreseeing his fate as a bankrupt;—and this is said to be the case with ninety-five in every one hundred merchants in New York at least once or more during their experience;—is it surprising that *he* should have the "blues?"

Take an ambitious young writer who desires to shine in print. We will suppose the writer to be a lady; she writes poetry and prose; she reads what she writes to her uncritical and very indul-

gent circle of acquaintances, who flatter her with the idea that it is "tip-top," and ought to be printed. They advise her to submit it at once to the publisher of the most popular magazine or newspaper; on which suggestion she timidly though hopefully acts; but to her grief, it is returned with the simple remark, "Not adapted to our columns." She may not faint under this revulsion of crushed hopes, but it would throw a sensitive nature at least into a very dubious state of feeling, from which it would require some time to recover a healthful equilibrium.

Take the hopeful, inexperienced, and imprudent young man who is in a hurry to get rich, and who ventures his last dollar in a lottery, a game of chance, or on a horse race. He loses, and feels stricken by a guilty conscience, mortified by wounded pride, and becomes desperate, not to say desponding. Will he not have the "blues?"

We need not multiply examples; enough are common in our daily experience. But most men make a bad matter worse by resorting to stimulants, narcotics, bitters, opium, whisky, and tobacco, which add fuel to the flames, and only aggravate the evil.

Bodily prostration from indiscreet personal habits; bad living; wrong social relations; unhealthy pursuits; excessive mental labor, idleness, etc., cause, first, depression, then despondency, which may at last become *despair*. What follows? We shudder to think of it. But in too many instances, without the grace of God in their hearts, these poor creatures *commit suicide!*

The remedy to all these evils is very simple. Let every one who suffers from the blues look at himself or herself from a phrenological or physiological standpoint; let him or her discover what are their mental excesses or deficiencies. Is Cautiousness over-large? Does it magnify difficulties and dangers? Does one trouble himself or herself about many things? Let us stop and consider what is to be gained by such a course. Will it correct the evil? Is not the fault within?

Let the diet be changed. Take brisk exercise in the open air when depression is threatened. Take such light food as may be easily digested, avoid stimulants, seek mental repose, sleep abundantly, and last, though not least, submit wholly to the Divine will, saying and realizing the meaning of those blessed words, "Thy will be done."

Meekness, humility, and submission to that Will, will enable each and every sufferer to be sustained, buoyed up, and saved. There is said to be no cloud without a silver lining; no condition where hope, courage, trust, and bravery will not sustain. This is the spirit to encourage. Keep pride and ambition within reasonable limits. Dismiss unnecessary cares. Let our accountability be to Heaven rather than to persons, and let us seek out those who have *real* sorrow, grief, or cause for suffering, and try to relieve *them*. Happiness will come to *us* by our adding something to the happiness of *others;* by doing good, we forget imaginary troubles, aches, and pains, and become strong and content in doing His service.

The "blues" may be avoided or suppressed. Only the sinner who doubts the goodness of God, or the mad-man, will ever permit himself to entertain for a moment the cowardly thought of suicide or self-murder.

May no reader of this JOURNAL ever give way to despair, despondency, or even to the "blues." Let each meet every emergency, even death itself, with true courage, thanking God for the blessings he has enjoyed, and for the hope of heaven.

"Hope keeps the heart whole."

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

RICHES consist not alone in houses, lands, and in lucre; nor in ships, factories, stores, mines, railroads, water-powers, sawmills, or salt springs; nor in bonds, bank stock, "greenbacks," or gold. That which thoroughly contents one; that which satisfies, makes one happy, is riches. The man with wife and children, good health, education, good habits, a trade, and the ability to earn an honest living, is comparatively rich. The wife with health, a loving husband, healthy children, and a permanent home, is also rich. But they who are avaricious, sordid, mean, and miserly, no matter how large their pecuniary income, are poor. The vain, the jealous, and the envious are always poor. They who starve their souls to fill their pockets are miserably poor, and will be haunted by troublesome ghosts till their hearts are changed.

The educated clergyman, who serves as a teacher of God's laws, interprets the Scriptures, and, as it may be said, mediates between men and their Maker, though he receives only the means whereby his common wants may be supplied, lives *en rapport* with God, and is rich in grace.

The physician who understands the human frame, and the workings of the mind, so as to alleviate suffering and assist nature, to restore to health diseased bodies, and to perform necessary surgical operations, is rich. So is the honest legal adviser, the just judge, and the legislator; so also the educator, who calls out, directs, and develops the minds of his pupils and students.

The author who, having useful ideas to impart, pours them forth to edify the world, feels rich. The composer of immortal poems and sacred songs is filled with a happiness high above money values.

Here is an anecdote which illustrates our statement as to mental riches. When sailing down the New York bay, on a pleasure excursion, in company with members of his congregation, the question was asked Rev. H. W. Beecher of what real use a knowledge of Phrenology had been to him? And this was his answer. Pointing to Staten Island, then in full view, he said: "You see before you that beautiful island. It is stocked with trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers. It is dotted with handsome dwellings, school-houses, churches; beautiful with charming lawns, fine landscapes and sea views, with ships constantly passing to and from all parts of the world, in full view, making it, in every respect, all that the most cultivated taste could desire. Well, *that* is as I feel with my knowledge of Phrenology. Now, suppose vandals come at night, cut away the trees, burn the houses, strip the island, leaving it a desolate waste. *That* is as I should feel if my knowledge of Phrenology were taken from me."

This may be regarded by some as an overdrawn statement; but we think it a fair illustration of Mr. Beecher's appreciation of this science. With him, it may be said that "KNOWLEDGE IS RICHES." Who would exchange his mental riches, — his education, or his knowledge of science, art, history, and philosophy,—and be set back among ignorant boors, for all the gold in the universe?"

"Light, light, more light," is the cry of every rightly constituted mind; and the one who hath most of this, no matter how little lucre he possesses, is far the richer.

"Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that which he hath; for we brought nothing into this world, neither may we carry anything out."

Property enough to supply our common wants, and to furnish us the means of culture and growth, is all we really need. There is poverty of spirit

as well as poverty of worldly wealth. The willful skeptic, the scoffer at sacred subjects, the profane swearer, the hypocrite, the thief, gambler, robber, murderer, are all among the poorest of the poor. Without industry, economy, frugality, honor, or integrity, a man must inevitably go down, down, down. Then there are the dissipated, who drink up, smoke, and chew away their substance. The idle, shiftless, and indolent must always remain poor, living like parasites on the industry of others. Such are always complaining of the fates, when their poverty is simply their own fault. Should a member of the family become successful through close application and lay up something for future use, he may be called "mean" for not dividing with his dissipated or improvident brother, sister, cousin, niece, or nephew. Nevertheless, it is the duty of those more favored to help the less fortunate by putting them and their children in the way to help themselves,—not to support them in idleness, however.

Ye rich men, when taking an inventory of your worldly treasures, suppose you consider for a moment what you may have—if anything—to your credit, in the other world. There are said to be great day-books and ledgers kept there, in which every man's name is recorded. For every good deed he will be duly credited; for every wrong, every neglect, he will be charged. How will his account stand when footed up? Is it not likely that many who are poor in purse will be found to be rich in spirit and good deeds? Reader, how is it with you? What faculties are you exercising most? What are the motives by which you are actuated? Are your efforts in accordance with the Divine will? Can you ask God's blessing on what you do? or are you seeking notoriety, personal pleasure, the gratification of a perverted appetite? Or are you making daily sacrifices for the good of others, your own growth in grace, and the glory of God? "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

COUNSEL FOR THOSE WHO NEED IT.

IN the conduct of this JOURNAL we have occasion now and then to bring to the notice of the reader men who have won prominence and success by dint of steady effort in some honest, commonplace calling,—men not at all conspicuous for talent, genius, or acquired learning, but of mediocre mental capacity. The great mass of mankind belongs to the mediocre class; the gifted and highly cultured are but a small minority; and in treating of the various questions relating to human nature, while we seek to drop here and there some kernels of wisdom suitable to the apprehension and profit of all, we feel ourselves somewhat affected in our treatment of the nobly endowed by the principle suggested in that proverb of the first of American philosophers: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," and so give our best attention to those of moderate or humble mental constitution. From the giant we naturally expect some prodigious performances; but when the man of ordinary stature challenges our notice by some accomplishment of merit, we hail it with unaffected acclamation as a message of good-will and encouragement to all.

As a rule, it is the straightforward, earnest, and true-hearted efforts of minds unaffected by that variable quality called Genius, which secure the best results for themselves and humanity at large in what pertains to real progress. What the toiling millions of the sons and daughters of earth seek most, is not political or social eminence or great wealth, but a comfortable maintenance—a com-

petence; and they look on those who have secured that end as successful, and such *are* successful. The words of the wise Agur—"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient," show no doubtful appreciation of that happy mean which, lying between the carking cares which wealth brings, and the anxious forebodings of want, is productive of contentment and peace.

The encouragement afforded to those who may be struggling amid the uncertainties of business by some example of satisfied success in the case of one who, like themselves, was exposed to the vicissitudes and fluctuations of fortune, and with, so far as mental caliber goes, no better prospect than they have, is inestimable. The faint-hearted gather new hope, and the faltering new energy, and all with anything of earnest manhood in them are refreshed and stimulated to renewed effort.

MR. CORNELL, the Ithaca philanthropist, does not weary in his well-doing, and at the same time shows a comprehensive discernment of practical uses. He has lately given the use of a piece of land near Ithaca, New York, for the establishment of an industrial school for girls, to be under the direction of Miss Marwedel, formerly principal of the School of Industry for girls at Hamburg. The school is to be co-operative, with a capital of $15,000, divided into shares of $5 each. The purpose is the instruction of girls in the cultivation of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and the care of bees. The study will include botany, propagation and culture of plants, agricultural chemistry and economy, hygiene, practical drawing, one or more foreign languages, house-keeping, and needle-work. A course of two or three years will be necessary to secure a diploma. The admission fee will be $10, the instruction will be free, and the cost of board is to be defrayed by work. The success of the enterprise will depend, of course, upon the subscription of the small capital required.

VICTOR M. RICE,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

TO record the name and prominent acts of one who has sought to make his life useful to others, rather than for the accumulation of wealth and selfish emolument, is always a pleasure to the true journalist. Among those who labor for others, although they may derive some pecuniary return in the way of a salary scarcely, in most instances, more than sufficient for their support, the teacher occupies a most creditable position. We can not conceive any character more worthy of our esteem than that of the thoughtful, studious, devoted teacher. Upon the brow of him or her rests no light burden of responsibility,—a responsibility not to be measured by the monthly stipend drawn from the district treasury, but by the influence exerted over the young and tender minds committed to him or her for direction in mental and moral truth. Consider the subject of teaching as we may, we can not separate its moral from its intellectual features. A teacher can not avoid exerting some influence over the interior, psychological natures of his pupils, do what he may, and responsibility attaches to his every action and expression in their presence; and it is well if he, appreciative of the station, emulates Dwight's schoolmaster, of whom it is said—

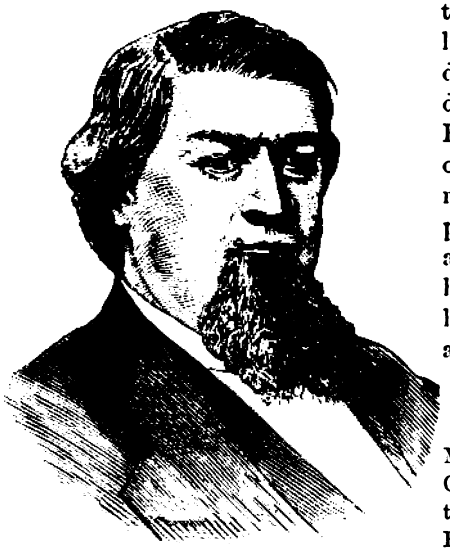
"Laboring still, he taught the early mind,
And urged to manners meek and thoughts refined;
Truth he impressed, and every virtue praised,
While infant eyes in wandering circles gazed."

Probably no man in the State of New York has showed more aptitude for the position of a general manager of schools, and more hearty sympathy with his sphere of labor, than the late Victor M. Rice, and during the whole time he occupied the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction he exhibited great energy in organizing the vast array of

schools distributed through the State, and awakened a spirit of enterprise among teachers such as they had not known before.

But we will now advert to his phrenology, leaving it to the biographical sketch following, to briefly recite the particulars in which New York has derived advantage from his experience and marked ability as an educator.

Mr. Rice was large, every way. He stood six feet high; weighed upward of two hundred pounds; his head measured nearly twenty-four inches in circumference; and he was well proportioned physically. His complexion was light, his eyes blue; hair originally auburn — had become gray; and his skin was fine and rosy. His general expression was kindly, genial, magnetic, and attractive. His step, for one so almost ponderous, was light, sprightly, and elastic.



PORTRAIT OF VICTOR M. RICE.

In contour, his brain was symmetrically formed, being full in all its parts. The intellect was ample; the perceptives were large and the reflectives full. The side-head — including Constructiveness, Ideality, Sublimity, Cautiousness, Alimentiveness, Acquisitiveness, Combativeness, and Destructiveness—was well developed. The domestic propensities were all marked. The crown was full. Firmness and Approbativeness were conspicuous, while Self-Esteem was not large. Conscientiousness, Hope, Spirituality, Benevolence, and Veneration were large or full. He was a great observer, appreciating the natural sciences, including Phrenology and the whole realm of education; a clear thinker; full of plans; a natural economist; very prudent; fond of the beauties of art and nature. His executive ability was great; he was a real driver in his sphere. No one could be more fond of children, family, or friends. Though dignified, manly, and decided, he was not haughty or domineering. Morally, he was just, hopeful, trusting, joyous, kindly, respectful, and devotional, but not dogmatic or bigoted. He sought the good of one and all, with no special respect to persons. Calm, cool, and self-regulating, he was "a law unto himself," and an example for others.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. RICE was born at Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York, on the 5th of April, 1818. His father was one of the early settlers of that county. The limited advantages for an education furnished at his native place were not in accordance with the aspirations of young Rice, so that we find him seeking to improve his mental condition by using all the opportunities afforded him in that direction. His appreciation of intellectual culture led him to consider the life of the teacher as worthy of his aims and most likely to procure those advantages for mental growth he so earnestly desired.

In 1841 he graduated from Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, and immediately looked about for a place in which he could enter upon the duties of an instructor of youth. In 1843 he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and was employed as teacher of the Latin language, penmanship, and bookkeeping in a private school. In the following year he became associated with the proprietor of that school and introduced a higher grade of

scholarship and organized several departments, which measure was productive of gratifying results.

In 1846 he was induced to lay aside the ferule and mount the stool as editor of the *Contract*, afterward the *Western Temperance Standard;* but this editorial connection proved but temporary, for in 1848 we find him engaged again in teaching, and so continued until 1852, when he was elected School Superintendent of Buffalo.

Under his supervision, and as a result of his exertions, the schools of Buffalo gained a position among the first in the State. He had for several years been an efficient member of the New York Teachers' Association, and at the meeting of that body in 1853 at Rochester, he was elected President. This office he held for nine years.

In 1854 the Legislature passed an act creating the "Department of Public Instruction," and among the names preferred of those considered eligible for the office of Superintendent under the act was that of Mr. Rice. He was elected, and at once threw into the office all the strength and zeal of his full manhood. He saw that there was great need of a reform in the supervision and inspection of the schools throughout the State, and he earnestly set to work to bring about such changes as would promote their efficiency. He secured the passage of the law creating the office of School Commissioner, and abolishing that of Town Superintendent, thus taking the supervision of the schools from the hands of over 900 men and placing it in the hands of 112, who were held accountable to the State Superintendent, and whose duties were definitely prescribed. This prevented the annual loss of large sums of money, and secured a more vigorous, thorough, and prompt supervision. The Superintendent at once found himself able to communicate with all these 112 Commissioners, and to secure unity of action. Every officer was held rigidly accountable for the faithful discharge of his duties, and was required to cooperate with the Superintendent in carrying out the general plan. Circulars of instructions were issued to school officers, encouraging them and giving them useful information. The people began at once to look to the State Department for counsel and guidance, and to feel that a large, warm heart was there wishing to aid them.

Thus was produced in a very short time a sympathy and concert of action between Superintendent, Commissioners, and teachers, which infused a spirit of zeal into the workings of the school system such as they had not known before.

Mr. Rice appreciated the conflict of opinion and ignorance prevalent with reference to the special and general statutes affecting the educational interests of the State, and conceived the preparation of a digest of those statutes. With the aid of an able assistant he brought out by legislative authority the "Code of Public Instruction," and distributed it to all the school districts in 1856. A new edition of this "Code" was prepared and circulated in 1868. This work proved of very great value, as it placed within the reach of every school officer in the State all the legislation touching the subject of education, and furnished the information most needed by teachers in the discharge of their duties.

Mr. Rice became known everywhere as a thorough friend of Union, Free, and Graded schools, and as favoring the union of academies with the public schools on this plan. By his efforts the common schools were raised in efficiency and scholarship and made to command general attention so that they could sustain a comparison creditably with schools carried on by private enterprise.

In 1861 he was a representative of Erie County in the State Legislature, and in that capacity did good service for the cause of education as chairman of the Committee on Colleges, Academies, and Common Schools, besides showing a lively interest in all the important business of the session.

In 1862 Mr. Rice was returned to the superintendency of Public Instruction, and again in 1865 the Legislature displayed its high estimate of his abilities by continuing him in the position. During his last occupancy of the office as Superintendent he accomplished much of permanent public good. He secured the revision, amendment, and improvement of the general school laws, and largely increased the number and efficiency of Teachers' Institutes. An earnest friend of normal schools, he was the chief agent in es-

tablishing five normal schools for training teachers.

Probably one of the most important measures which owes its accomplishment to his assiduity was the passage of an act by the Legislature for the abolition of all rate bills, and providing for the support of schools by an increase of the State tax applicable thereto; thus making the schools entirely free, and enabling thousands of children before excluded, to receive instruction in them.

The voluminous reports of the workings of his department, and of the condition of the schools throughout the State, presented to the Legislature in 1866 and 1867, are an exhibit not only of the completeness with which he discharged the onerous functions of his office, but also how heartily he labored to promote the cause of education, and how much he appreciated the influence on the moral and political status of the people wrought by a thorough dissemination of knowledge. These reports contain also many recommendations and suggestions for the improvement of the school system in some of its details.

In glancing through them, we noticed that here and there the Superintendent exhibited all the fervor of true eloquence, especially when urging the expediency of some change of importance. On page 8 of the report of 1866, in a passage relating to the building and arrangement of school-houses, he says: "There is a golden link between beauty and utility, and the expense of embellishing school-rooms and school-grounds is trifling compared with the beneficial and refining influence of such care upon such plastic natures which must be molded into the men and women of future generations. Every 'live' teacher knows the pleasure with which even the smallest pupils greet a rich bouquet on the desk, or the joy with which a cherished bud is watched as it unfolds its hidden glories to the light, or their absorbing interest in the disposition of festooned evergreens for a holiday or a gala occasion, or the rapture which the inaugural of the new school piano awakens, whether it breathes a simple school ballad, or thrills all hearts with the inspiration of the Star-Spangled Banner. Who has not among the cherished dreams of childhood the memory of some flower-laden clambering vine, some favorite tree or shrub, or some loved green spot around which cluster the holiest associations? If such testimony be universal and such influence potent for good, what so proper to decorate with trees and flowers as the school-house grounds, or where so appropriate to bestow works of art and taste as the school-room?"

How full of sentiment and affection for his work must have been the heart that would overflow thus in vivid words! In other places we find no little humor shown. He writes: "It is also a matter of public concern that the site of the school-house should be central, in a healthy location and conveniently accessible for the attendance of the children; but in very many instances as reported to this Department by those seeking relief, such desirable situation is owned by some gruff old bachelor, who has spent his lonely years in inconsiderately repeating by word and by deed, 'You take care of yourself, and I'll take care of myself.'"

His influence with the Legislature was great, and scarcely ever failed to obtain what he asked from them; his suggestions were made in so clear and practical a manner that their expediency was at once discerned.

His death occurred from congestion on the 16th of October last, at Oneida, N. Y., after a short confinement to his room. It is said that Mr. Hogeboom, of Utica, is engaged on a bust, in marble, of the educator. We can scarcely close this sketch more appropriately than by quoting the following, which graced an obituary notice published in a Buffalo paper: "In all the relations of life Mr. Rice was a highly esteemed citizen of recognized ability and of sterling character. His death will be felt as a public loss, and will carry grief to the hearts of many warm and personal friends."

OBJECTIONS TO PHRENOLOGY.—We are desired to repeat certain answers to the objections urged against Phrenology by Sir Wm. Hamilton, and ever so many lesser lights, who echo him. We propose to do this, and to make the thing more complete would ask our readers—one and all—to write out *briefly* and send every anatomical, physiological, psychological, and theological ob-

jection they ever heard, or conceived, against the science we teach, that we may incorporate them with our answers in the proposed article or articles. Time enough will be given, after the publication of this notice, for those interested to send in their questions and objections.

GARDEN SEEDS AND FLOWER SEEDS.

THAN a good garden, nothing contributes more to health, economy, and contentment. If the head of the family be a good gardener, he will, from that fact, almost of necessity, be a liberal provider for all who depend on him for support. The management of a garden begets habits of forethought, method, thrift. And it is good to work a garden, weed, watch, and enjoy the growing of plants, and it is good to eat the products thereof. If lettuce, green peas, beets, spinach, beans, cucumbers, squashes, cabbages, carrots, parsneps, artichokes, cauliflowers, melons, and the like were more abundant, there would be less fat pork eaten, consequently less fevers, agues, and other bilious diseases, and less scrofula, jaundice, and epidemics. Good healthful food makes nutritious blood; and the fresh products of gardens are not only most palatable, but most healthful.

Flower gardens need no commendation or praise. Their beauties, delicious fragrance, and heavenly hues delight the senses and touch the hearts of all who behold them. We place the culture of flowers among the civilizing and Christianizing agencies. In the old country, every railway station is beautified with plots of blooming flowers; and the air is fragrant with the odor from beds of mignonnette, etc. Why shall not our churches, school-houses, and railway stations be ornamented in the same manner? Those who do nothing better than grow flowers, even for profit, do good, and should be rewarded. We can devoutly ask God's blessing on every well-ordered garden, be it a kitchen garden or be it a flower garden. So much preliminary to the object of this article. For many years, during winter and spring, we have taken it upon ourselves to procure, for our country patrons, every variety of seeds, roots, or plants to be found in this great market. We send out thousands of packages throughout the Southern, Western, and Northern States and Territories by mail. Our postal laws discriminate in favor of these, and seeds may be safely sent any distance at very small cost for postage. We do this, not so much for personal profit, as to induce our people to make gardens, and to cultivate flowers, for *we do know* that these things conduce to health, wealth, and refinement. Is not this a sufficient motive? There are in New York old established and reliable seedsmen, with large stocks on hand, from whom we obtain supplies. We can secure the choicest sorts of seeds for garden and for field in any desired quantities, and forward promptly by post, express, or as freight. Our readers in Cuba, California, or Canada, in the North, South, East, or West, have only to state what they want, and send on the amount, to be accommodated. Our regular business is not in this line, but we shall be glad to help our friends to have good gardens and beautiful flowers. If orders be made up soon, there will be ample time to get returns even to the remotest post-office in our most distant Territories.

CHARLES BABBAGE,

THE INVENTOR—MATHEMATICIAN.

FOR healthy stimulus and information at once entertaining and useful, biography is not inferior to any other kind of reading whatever.

Among biographies, autobiographies possess certain special merits of their own. They are bathed, so to speak, throughout with the personal character of the writer. His book is not only about himself; it *is* himself. Whether he desires it or no, his story shows whether he has been successful or unsuccessful, reasonable or unreasonable, appreciated or unappreciated, happy or unhappy, good or bad. His education, his employments, his social position, his accomplishments, his mental acquirements, his morals, his religion, all shine inevitably out from the texture of his story.

It is almost certain that an autobiographer has Self-Esteem large. Even if his story be one of disappointments and failures, he

writes it, if only to show how real his merits were, how good his intentions were, and how abominably he was treated by one man and another in particular, and by the world in general.

He is, moreover, probably, a person of abundant Executiveness; of energetic, pronounced, and individualized character, and who, whatever he has really brought to pass, has either done something actual, or has abundantly striven to do so.

He may have much Approbativeness, and accordingly may write to secure or regain the good opinion of others, or he may have little, and accordingly may write rather to attack and show up the opinions of others.

In short, the autobiographer is pretty sure to be "a character."

This is eminently true of Mr. Charles Babbage, an English mathematician and inventor, who has published an autobiography under the title of "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher." The student of character will find this a very interesting and profitable volume.

Mr. Babbage is best known as the inventor of a calculating machine; an ingenious mechanical combination by which tables and series of figures could be computed with an absolute freedom from the errors so certain to deform the results of human arithmeticians. In referring to the unfailing occurrence of such errors, even in the work of the greatest mathematicians,—men, remember, whose very profession is that of exactitude, and in books of logarithmic and other tables put forth on purpose to serve as the basis of calculations by other mathematicians,—Mr. Babbage makes some very interesting statements, though they are humiliating to the pride of man. He says:

"In 1828 I lent the Government an original MS. of the table of logarithmic sines, cosines, etc., computed to every record of the quadrant, in order that they might have it compared with Taylor's Logarithms, 4to, 1792, of which they possessed a considerable number of copies. Nineteen errors were thus detected, and a list of these errata was published in the Nautical Almanac for 1832: these may be called nineteen errata of the first order. 1832.

An error being detected in one of these errata, in the following Nautical Almanac we find an

Erratum of the errata in N. Alm., 1832. 1833.

But in this very erratum of the second order a new mistake was introduced, larger than any of the original mistakes. In the year next following there ought to have been found

Erratum in the erratum of the errata in N. Alm., 1832. 1834.

In the "Tables de la Lune," by M. P. A. Hansen, 4to, 1857, published at the expense of the English Government, under the direction of the Astronomer Royal, is to be found a list of errata, mounting to 155. In the 21st of these original errata there have been found *three* mistakes. These are duly noted in a newly printed list of errata discovered during computations made with them in the "Nautical Almanac;" so that we now have the errata of an erratum of the original work.

This list of errata from the office of the "Nautical Almanac" is larger than the original list. The total number of errors at present (1862) discovered in Hansen's "Tables of the Moon" amounts to above three hundred and fifty.

These nautical tables are to sail ships by. An error in them may involve a belief that the ship is somewhere else than where she is, consequently the pursuing of a wrong course, touching a rock, and the loss of ship, cargo, and hundreds of lives. Yet, as Mr. Babbage very justly says, these authors are not to blame; they "can not avoid submitting to inevitable fate."

It has been proved absolutely, that Mr. Babbage's "Difference Engine"—that is its name, given from the fact that its machinery operates in accordance with series of successive differences in figures—will compute these tables in a manner utterly perfect. The British Government, about forty years ago, advanced certain sums to enable Mr. Babbage to complete his engine, but all at once the supplies were stopped, and the work has never been completed. Mr. Babbage was unable to finish it alone, as he had already sunk about $100,000 of his own money in it, over and above what the Government gave him.

Mr. Babbage possessed the real nature of

the inventor. He was extremely Perceptive, Comparative, and Constructive, and sufficiently Causative; and lastly, the vigor and intensity of his vitality sufficed to keep his mind incessantly at work, at a high pitch of activity. It is a great pity that he prefixed no portrait to his book. All the intimations from it are, that he has a fine head, broad, long, and high, and one which would look very dignified in a frontispiece.

If deficient anywhere, Mr. Babbage lacks Veneration. But he had abundance of Spirituality, Sublimity, and Conscientiousness, and is evidently a man of rectitude, moral dignity, and sincere religious feeling. Where such men are somewhat less full in Veneration than in other faculties, it may be remarked that they frequently criticise or investigate spiritual things in a manner that would frighten many persons, and to others would seem awfully irreverent. Thus, Mr. Babbage, when ten or twelve years old, fell into a train of thought about the existence of a devil; and after reasoning awhile concluded that he wanted to see him. The boys told him how to "raise the devil," and so Master Charley actually went up about dark into an empty garret, cut his finger, made a ring of blood on the floor, stood inside of it, and repeated the Lord's Prayer backward, looking intently for the result of the incantation. No devil came, and the boy after a time went down stairs to bed, "at first slowly, and by degrees much more quickly," telling nobody what he had been about. When he came to his usual evening repetition of the Lord's Prayer, curiously enough he had forgotten a sentence in it, and could not finish it, which frightened him and caused him to fancy the circumstance a punishment from the Almighty for his bold attempt. Again, he made an agreement with a particular friend of his own age, that whichever died first should, if possible, come back and communicate with the other. This friend died about eighteen years of age, and young Babbage passed one whole night, sleeplessly but vainly awaiting the promised appearance. It never came, however.

While at school, he had to write out every Sunday an abstract from memory of the sermon, then usually from Rev. Mr. Simeon, the celebrated evangelical revivalist. Having even then, as he observes, "a taste for generalization," the irreverent boy first got up a skeleton form or outline showing Mr. Simeon's mode of framing a sermon, and then manufactured one himself on this model, from the text "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil," in which Mr. Babbage remarks, "there were some queer deductions from this text." By some means, which he cautiously terms an "unexplained circumstance," this naughty production, looking just like one of the usual written sermon-reports, came one day into the hands of the teacher, as the genuine report of one of Mr. Simeon's sermons, by one of young Babbage's companions. The teacher was a clergyman; and, says the narrator, "thereupon arose an awful explosion, which I decline to paint."

Babbage's student years at Cambridge were devoted to mathematics, of which he was passionately fond. He was an eager chess-player, also. At one time he gave much thought to the idea of a universal language, for which he prepared a kind of grammar and then a dictionary. In the latter labor he was stopped "by the apparent impossibility of arranging signs in any consecutive order so as to find as in a dictionary the meaning of each when wanted." Probably this might be accomplished by basing the dictionary on a scheme of pictures, each to be accompanied with its appropriate sign. These might be so selected and arranged as to classify all objects, and thus form a basis for a second collection, to include abstract terms.

While at the University, he helped form a "Ghost Club," to investigate the question of ghosts, some of whose collections and investigations, he says, had much interest. This was a reappearance of his boyish curiosity in spiritual things.

He makes an odd remark about his chess experience. He used to play with a Mr. Brande, who was a frightfully thorough book player. "I found," Mr. Babbage says, "on these occasions, that if I played any of the ordinary openings, such as are found in the books, I was sure to be beaten. The only way in which I had a chance of winning was by making, early in the game, *a move so bad that it had not been mentioned in any*

treatise." Many chess-players will appreciate the comicality of this experience. It very well illustrates the contrast between memory and original thought.

Mr. Babbage's account of a conversation he had one morning with the Countess of Wilton and the Duke of Wellington is a very good instance of phrenological analysis of character, though entirely without the technical terms of Phrenology; and it throws a curious light on the operation of Constructiveness and Comparison, in two fields of activity apparently so different as fighting a battle and inventing a machine. An army is really a vast machine, however; and the mental qualities for the two problems are far more nearly identical than might be supposed. But this is the account:

"One morning the Duke of Wellington called in Dorset Street with the late Countess of Wilton, to whom he wished me to show the Difference Engine. Its home was at that period in my drawing-room. We sat round it while I explained its mode of action, and made it calculate some small table of numbers. When I had concluded my explanation, Lady Wilton, addressing me, said, 'Now, Mr. Babbage, can you tell me what was your greatest difficulty in contriving this machine?' I had never previously asked myself that question, but I knew the nature of it well. It arose, not from the difficulty of contriving mechanism to execute each individual movement; for I had contrived very many different modes of executing each; but it really arose from the almost innumerable *combinations* among all these contrivances—a number so vast that no human mind could examine them all.

"It instantly occurred to me that a similar difficulty must present itself to a general commanding a vast army, when about to engage in a conflict with another army of equal or of greater amount. I therefore thought it must have been felt by the Duke of Wellington, and I determined to make a kind of psychological experiment upon him.

"Carefully abstaining from any military term, I commenced my explanation to Lady Wilton. I soon perceived by his countenance that the Duke was already in imagination again in Spain. I then went on boldly with the explanation of my own mechanical difficulty; and when I had concluded, the Duke turned to Lady Wilton and said 'I know that difficulty well!'"

Mr. Babbage goes on to quote his own estimate of the problem of a campaign, given in a sketch of Wellington's character at another time. It is well worth reading:

"When directly engaged in the operations of contending armies occupying a wide extent of country, he must be able, with rapid glance, to ascertain the force it is possible to concentrate upon each of many points in any given time, and the greater or less chance of failing in the attempt. He must also be able to foresee with something more than conjecture, what amount of the enemy's force can be brought to the same spot in the same and in different times. With these elements he must undertake one of the most difficult of mental tasks, that of classifying and grouping the innumerable combinations to which either party may have recourse for purposes of attack or defense. Out of the multitude of such combinations, which might baffle by their simple enumeration the strongest memory, throwing aside the less important, he must be able to discover, to fix his attention upon, and to act upon, the most favorable. Finally, when the course thus selected having been pursued and perhaps partially carried out is found to be entirely deranged by one of those many chances inseparable from such operations, then, in the midst of action, he must be able suddenly to organize a different system of operations, new to all other minds, yet possibly, though unconsciously, anticipated by his own.

"The genius that can meet and overcome such difficulties *must* be intellectual, and would under different circumstances, have been distinguished in many a different career."

How filled all that analysis is with Perception, Constructiveness, Comparison, and Combativeness! Both Mr. Babbage and the Duke had them; it was their activity and power in the former, indeed, that enabled him to see them in another and to analyze them there.

Mr. Babbage was by no means deficient in Self-Esteem, and indeed was justly entitled to think highly of his own abilities. A

large part of his book is devoted to an exposition of his fruitless endeavors to bring the British Government to complete the Difference Engine; and he expends a certain quantity of invective upon the authorities who could not see practical value enough in it to justify expending the money. But his lot is that of most persons who seek help from governments simply for merit's sake. The result is practically certain—torment, disappointment, and disgust. Influence is the motive power of governments. To apply any other, is as if one should try to run a magnetic machine by a stream of cold water, or a turbine wheel by an electro-magnet.

The same sense of unappreciated merit appears in Mr. Babbage's 35th chapter, in which he gives a list of eleven public posts for which scientific attainments like his were requisite, and which he tried in vain to get. Although his abilities and character were above question, and although he even went so far as to present recommendations from the ablest men of science in the country, he was always rejected for such reasons as —not being a Scotchman; having been concerned in some opposition society; the necessity of conciliating a politician with the position; the wish to provide for an official's brother-in-law; the single fundamental reason being always, not unfitness, but lack of influence.

Despite such disappointments, however, Mr. Babbage's book, on the whole, shows him to have experienced his full share of such happiness as this life can give. He has possessed the high respect and admiration of all able to understand the workings of his singularly profound and original intellect, and the results of its action; he has accomplished things performed by no one else; has added to the stock of human knowledge, and there can be discerned through the quiet and elegant reserve of his book, traces of social and domestic surroundings that must have contributed something at least to the pleasures even of what Mr. Babbage himself calls "The Life of a Philosopher."

FAVORABLE.—The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is an excellent periodical, and has met with a gracious reception by the public. We congratulate its publishers upon their deserved success, and commend the JOURNAL as a publication which should find a subscriber in every intelligent person.—*The Methodist*, New York, Nov. 13, 1869.

PATRICK J. COOGAN.

THIS portrait is expressive of well-marked traits of character in the original. He is a lively, vivacious, frank, communicative man; has a strong will, a disposition to act on the impulse of the moment, and a warmly sympathetic nature.

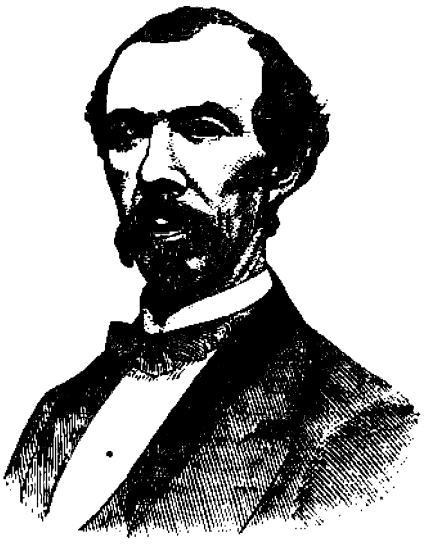
The Mental predominates over the Vital and Motive, yet there is a good base of brain and a development of the bony structure sufficient to render him enduring, tough, and recuperative. He has a strongly marked development of the observing faculties; he is of quick perception, and gathers knowledge with facility in his intercourse with the world of activity around him. This quality, associated with his large Constructiveness and Ideality, should make him facile in planning and arranging business, and ingenious in expedients for the advantage of himself or others. His Language is large. Culture and practice would make him a good off-hand speaker, indeed one who would embody much of the polish and effectiveness of rhetoric.

The photograph from which the portrait was engraved was taken in 1864, at the time Mr. Coogan was a fugitive from home, and its apparent emaciation and ill health are due chiefly to the sad experiences he had just passed through.

MR. COOGAN was born at Ballinasloe, in Ireland, in the year 1820. The name in that part of the country is limited to the immediate descendants of his grandfather, who with a brother removed thither from the south of Ireland, while another brother emigrated to the United States and served in the war of 1812 as a quartermaster. The latter bore a name identical with the subject of our sketch, viz., Patrick J. Coogan.

When almost nineteen years of age Mr. Coogan came to America. He had learned the carpenter's trade at home, and went to work at it here. When the Mexican war opened, he enlisted in the artillery service and was appointed first artificer. He participated in the military operations at Tampico, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and finally at the gates of the city of Mexico. He served also in Florida among the Indians. In 1849 he withdrew from the army, bearing with him many valuable presents as testimonials of esteem from the officers and men with whom he had been associated so long.

He had determined on traveling to the West, where he had one or two relatives, and with that intent directed his course through Georgia. At Atlanta, however, he was brought to a stand by a severe attack of fever. His recovery being slow, the physicians in charge recommended a return to the seaboard as most likely to hasten full recovery. He did so, and took up his quarters on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. There, improved health warranting the effort, Mr. Coogan undertook the management of a store, in which new sphere he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of owners and patrons.



PORTRAIT OF PATRICK J. COOGAN.

An opportunity offering which he deemed advantageous, he left the Island and opened a restaurant in the business quarter of Charleston. An enterprising spirit and a prompt appreciation of the public wants early secured a high degree of success in this venture, and enabled him to extend his facilities for the accommodation of patrons.

As was altogether natural, his military experience could not lie dormant when there were influences about him tending to arouse it; so, soon after he settled in Charleston, he joined a volunteer regiment, and was elected captain. When the rebellion took form in the South, he was solicited to join in the movement; but here, in the very outset of the contest, Mr. Coogan took the stand which made him conspicuous in Southern politics. While he esteemed highly many of those who took part in the cause of secession, he plainly assured them that he "never would participate in anything against the integrity and dignity of the United States." He "could not take up arms against the Government which had received him so kindly when he came here, and for which he had fought in many a hard battle."

His business obliged him to mingle much with the more active people of Charleston, and as he was not particularly reticent with reference to his political views, matters became so warm that he was obliged to leave the place; but it was not until October, 1864, when the exhausted resources of the "Confederacy" in men and money compelled the attempt to replenish its army by extreme measures. The alternative being presented of entering the Confederate army or leaving home and family to take refuge beyond the bounds of Confederate authority, he chose the latter, and secretly embarked on a vessel which safely ran the blockade of Charleston harbor, and landed him at Nassau, N. P. While there awaiting some tidings from his family, he was informed of the confiscation of his property. He remarked, dryly, that such proceeding would save him the payment of the taxes for a short time. From Nassau he sailed to New York, where he remained until about the middle of February, 1865, and then made preparations to return to Charleston. Three days after the surrender of that place to the U. S. forces Mr. Coogan entered it.

When the first Convention was called in South Carolina in accordance with the reconstruction policy of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Coogan was elected the delegate from the Charleston district. This Convention was remarkable for little more than the ordinance for the abolition of slavery by the State, and for laying the basis for future legislation..

An election of members from the different parts of the State to revive the State Legislature followed not long after the adjournment of the Convention, and to it as a representative of Charleston Mr. Coogan was sent by a good majority of votes, although his views of attachment to the Union had been plainly declared to all who sought them. At the first session he opposed the celebrated "Black Code," so called on account of its provisions with reference to the future condition of the freedmen of the State.

After the adjournment of this first session, an extra session of the Legislature was called, during which the amendment now known as the Fourteenth Article of the Constitution of the U. S. was introduced, but was not reported upon by the committee having it in charge until almost the last hour of the session, and then unfavorably. When the expression of the members was taken with reference to the acceptance of the report of the committee, Mr. Coogan was the only man to vote No, in the whole assembly, a manifestation of courage and fidelity to principle which though it subjected him to the sharp displeasure of nearly all his political associates at the time, has since secured the approval of those in his State who have come to appreciate the sound judgment and foresight which guided his action.

Mr. Coogan recovered his real property which had been confiscated as already mentioned, but in a much deteriorated condition, the buildings having been considerably injured in the bombardment. He had also a large amount of money invested in cotton which he left in Charleston at the time of his flight. This, however, on the occupation of the city by the Union forces, was seized as rebel property, and was so manipulated by those who professed to be Government agents, that he did not succeed in recovering more than a quarter of its value.

Mr. Coogan is still a resident of Charleston, and takes an active interest in political affairs, filling two or three important official positions.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The annual crop of this northern luxury, produced in these States, now exceeds $8,000,000 in cash value. An item worth saving. It is gratifying to observe in our numerous agricultural journals a disposition on the part of the editors to encourage the planting of sugar-maples in every available situation, on hill-sides, along water-courses, on mountains, in glens, along road-ways, and in waste places. These healthy and beautiful trees grow luxuriantly; and besides affording a pleasant shade from summer's sun, and the sweetest of sweet sugar, they are very valuable both for timber and for fuel. We hope to see millions of these trees all through prairie land and otherwhere, the growing of which would add a thousand per cent. above cost to every farm on which they may be planted. Now is the time to get ready for spring planting.

SHAKING HANDS.

BESIDES the "signs of character" indicated in New Physiognomy, this process has other significations, as seen in Dr. John Hall's discourse, in a recent number of the New York *Observer*, upon "Certain Secondary Means of Grace."

I maintain that shaking of hands, rightly administered, is a means of grace. You, my dear sir, are established, and every one knows you to be a solid man. There is a man beside you just fighting his battle and making his way. You know him, and nod to him. Take him by the hand, my dear sir. It will do him good; and if he be cast down a little, as men will sometimes be, it may encourage him. "Our minister shook hands with me." What made that hulking fellow, too big to be a boy, too raw to be a man, announce that fact so loudly when he went home? The truth is, for sensible effects on him, it was more than the sermon. John Smith has been a hard drinker, but is trying fairly to get out of it. Going down the village street, he meets Mr. Brown, who is "boss" at "the works above." Mr. Brown shakes hand with "Mr. Smith," in sight of the entire village. Does that do Smith any good? I tell you it is as good to him as one of Mr. Gough's admirable lectures. It says as plainly as if Mr. Brown had written it:

"Mr. Smith, you have only to take care of yourself, and you will be a respectable man in spite of all." That makes Smith stronger; and when he goes to church next Sabbath, and looks over at Mr. Brown, he will find it easier to believe God's most loving Word: "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." So "shake hands and be friends"—at market, on the street, and, above all, at church. I presume the Apostle meant something when he said: "Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss." Some quit church for want of this means of grace. Everybody looks as if just returned from the North Pole, and there had not been time to thaw, and the deacon who "runs the church" (if anything so lifeless can be said to be run) had been in command of the party. I suspect the boys sometimes say: "Well, I guess I ought to be good, but if I ever do, it won't be 'long with the deacon." They wait, poor boys, till some one comes along *with heart*—getting no good in the meantime—whose genial, life-like ways make them "feel kind o' good," and they catch the inspiration, "and run with gladness in the way of God's commandments."

UNCLE NATHAN.

THAT Uncle Nathan from the start was a good fellow, no one ever attempted to doubt. It would have been absurd to do so. He had much more patience than Job ever had; and the way he bore his share of life's difficulties, without ever saying a naughty word, would have surprised St. Paul himself. But aunt, that was Uncle Nathan's lawful companion, hadn't one single grain of forbearance. If any one thing ever suited her, it never happened to be known. From morning till noon, from noon till night, and goodness only knows how long after night, it was scold, scold, scold; and neither you nor I, nor any one else, except the aforesaid uncle, could form the remotest idea of her keep-at-anything-a-tiveness. Faint! why, she would faint fifteen times a day when in moderate health, and no one could imagine how often when unwell, and that happened to be most of her time. Uncle Nathan married an invalid, a compound mixture of woman and hysterics, and no preventing Providence, she would remain so; and she did. To have attempted to please her would have been a failure, and, consequently, no one ever attempted it. But Uncle Nathan never lost his patience, or anything else, except an old jack-knife, the loss of which was soon forgotten. The neighbors all said that any other man living or dead would have committed suicide. But, of course, what neighbors say can not be relied upon. Be that as it may, Uncle Nathan didn't commit suicide, commit himself or anybody else. He knew his destiny, and fill it he would, if aunt scolded the rattling end of her tongue off. His brother-in-law cheated him out of his farm, out of his eye-teeth, out of everything, except his patience and his wife. With these he left the land of his fathers, the graves of his mothers, and went to Ohio. On the road, however, he came very near losing half of his property—his patience. Aunt scolded worse than ever. She didn't want to go. Uncle told her very quietly she might *stay*. Then she got out of humor, and go she would, and go she did. Of course the cars would run off the track, there was nothing to prevent them, and they would be mashed into a thousand pieces; and she knew the steamboat boiler would burst, and they would be blown sky-high, if not higher. But they landed safe and sound, bought a little farm, and uncle went to farming, and aunt to scolding.

They had children, one after another, bright, happy children, like uncle; and as the family increased, aunt's patience also increased, and so did uncle's. After five little cousins were born, aunt grew fleshy, good-natured, quiet, unassuming as any aunt on top of *terra-firma*. Uncle was supremely happy. No cricket in the corner was more merry; and he worked from four o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night; and behold! the reward of patience and industry was wealth, on a small scale, and all would have went well if it hadn't been for that infernal war—the rebellion. Why did the great rebellion affect them? Uncle, when a boy, had the measles, the mumps, the whooping-cough, the scarlet fever, chicken-pox, toothache, colic, and the typhoid fever; the latter falling into his ankle crippled him for life; and if there was war in heaven, war on earth, and war in the other place, what difference did it make to him? Cripples never go to war. So, while almost a million of the brave-spirited men of the North were fighting for the Union, Uncle Nathan was at home whistling "Yankee Doodle," raising sorghum, and—nursing the baby. But alas! "all things are not what they seem." Uncle Sam wanted more men. The loyal sons of Ohio had volunteered and volunteered until they wouldn't "do so any more,"—and so they were drafted.

Then aunt was in four hundred and fifty times more trouble than ever before. If every

man in the county escaped, uncle would be drafted; and he might just as well take a few cakes in his pocket and start for the front, get killed, leave her and every mother's son of 'em a widow, and be done with it. Uncle Nathan, patient, quiet, unassuming Uncle Nathan, said he wouldn't be drafted; they didn't want cripples. But for once aunt was right. He *was* drafted. Go to war! No, sir; he was too patient to go to war, he would wait. It almost broke them up to pay six hundred dollars; and even before it was paid, peace dawned, and the drafted men returned home, having never fired a shot. So Uncle Nathan with all his patience wasn't very patriotic. However, I am happy to add that they are getting along finely.

XXX.

THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE aurora borealis is probably a daily phenomenon, but only of a variable intensity. The differences in its intensity will account for its not being always perceptible. The atmosphere is constantly charged with positive electricity, which being furnished by the vapors that rise from the sea, essentially in tropical regions, the earth itself is negatively electrized. The recomposition or neutralization of the two contrary electricities of the atmosphere and of the terrestial globe is brought about by means of the greater or less moisture with which the lower strata of the air are impregnated. It is in the polar regions, where the eternal ices that reign there constantly condense the aqueous vapors under the form of haze, that this recomposition must be brought about; the more so, as the positive vapors are carried thither and *accumulated* by the tropical current, which, setting out from the equatorial regions, where it occupies the most elevated regions of the atmosphere, descends in proportion as it advances toward the higher latitudes, until it comes in contact with the earth. It is there, then, that the discharges between the positive electricity of the vapors and the negative of the earth must essentially take place, with accompaniment of light. When sufficiently intense, this phenomenon of light announces that the disturbed equilibrium has and is being reinstated, finally in the nominal distribution of its electricity. This phenomenon being electrical and partaking of two kinds of electricity, it follows that when the aurora is very intense, an equilibrium is sought to be established by any conductors in connection with the earth, hence the disturbances to telegraph wires. These disturbances vary in intensity, and are manifested in places where the aurora is not visible. The intimate and constant connection that reigns between the phenomenon of the aurora borealis and terrestial magnetism led M. de Humboldt to designate under the name of *magnetic storm* the whole of the disturbances that are manifested in the equilibrium of the magnetic forces of the earth.

After a brilliant aurora borealis, we may be able to recognize on the following morning trains of clouds which, during the night, had appeared as so many luminous rays.

DREAMS, OR SEEING IN SLEEP.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* of the 31st ultimo reports the following for the benefit of unbelievers in dreams: In the fall of 1867—now more than two years ago—a person named E. B. Smith entered the office of the county clerk, Mr. W. M. Sherwood, and made a payment of a claim in two county warrants of fifty dollars each, taking the clerk's receipt. Mr. Sherwood laid the warrants away, and forgot where he had placed them. He searched every nook and corner of his office without success. They were lost effectually. The deputy clerk, Mr. M. K. Sherwood, was absent at the time, and of course knew nothing of them. Last Monday Mr. Sherwood's taxes were to be paid, and he dolefully remarked to his son and deputy, "Kinsey, if I only had those two lost warrants now, how nicely they would come in for the payment of these taxes." This little speech made a deep impression on the son's mind, and, sympathizing with the old gentleman, he gave the subject a long cogitation. That night he dreamed of the warrants—that they were in a certain "pigeon hole" of a desk at the office. The dream affected him so strongly that next morning he told his father and other parties of it, expressing a belief that the warrants were in the place his vision had shown them to him. He then hastened to the office, and there, in the very spot, covered by some old legal papers, were the warrants!

[Why is it that we see in our sleep that which we do not see when all our faculties are awake? Is it because the senses—which make us conscious to external objects—are in repose, and that the sentiments then have possession? What is it which permits one

to become a clairvoyant? What gives the power of prophecy? Why are our dreams sometimes only wild vagaries, and at other times marvelously correct? What causes us to see visions? These are interesting questions, and we shall endeavor to answer or discuss them rationally in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

PROVERBS.

HEAVENLY happiness and purity are worth striving for. Thy earthly yield may fail from causes beyond thy control, but thy heavenly treasures must ever increase as thou dost become more and still more pure.

Worship only God. Your brother man is only His child, and in His image created, always worthy of love, but never of adoration.

One good deed—one kind, encouraging word, or one pure, fervent aspiration is worth more unto a dying man than all the earth combined.

He hath lands, wealth, and worldly honors; yet these are not that after which he is seeking. * * *

PHRENOLOGY IN PITTSBURG. — The *Christian Radical* of Pittsburg made the following observations among others with reference to a recent phrenological visit in that city by a representative of our establishment.

"The large attendance of our citizens is the best evidence that this science of thought and life is appreciated here. The advice and suggestions which accompany each examination are of permanent value, aside from the written chart and the manual of instruction. Persons about fixing upon their pursuits for life will here find just the helps that they most need. Individuality of character has the recognition it deserves, and the talents are directed into legitimate and congenial pursuits. The thinking portion of the community are always ready to appreciate such an opportunity as is now offered for personal instruction in the responsible duties and every-day occupations of life. Young men, especially, find great advantage in having secured a full written chart from a reliable phrenologist. It directly aids them to situations not only, but to success and happiness as well. It is a most delightful place to spend an hour in these rooms where there are so many portraits of distinguished characters, and such an original and ready "off-hand" lecturer as Mr. Nelson Sizer. It is a cheery, wholesome place to any one. Let the busy merchant, the weary mechanic, the gentleman of leisure, the teacher, the parent, the child, anybody, turn in for a little while at Lafayette Hall, and learn something of vital importance in the secret of true living."

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL (S. R. Wells, New York) with the January number commences its fiftieth volume in a more convenient form. Its character is too well known to need specification. As the exponent of phrenological science it has no rival. Each number is profusely illustrated with portraits of noted persons, and its literary features are worthy of all praise. Would we could say the same of its views upon Phrenology and kindred subjects.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

We thank the editor for his courtesy and his candor. He is not alone in his objections to Phrenology, etc. We may not hope to bring all the world to a belief in the doctrines we teach; but we shall do the best we can to "explain our position," and show the harmony between Phrenology and other truths. We are encouraged with the progress now making, and rejoice in the large number of clergymen and scientific men who sustain us.

For Our Young Folks.

THE BOY OF HIS WORD.

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
  You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
  Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
  And it may be with goodly success;
But it is not the warrior's name
  That this heart and this spirit would bless,
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirr'd,
  Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word!

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
  Of prelates, of princes, of kings,—
I doubt not there's something of worth
  In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole,
  Than the pageantry, splendor, and pride,
Is the boy with a frank, honest soul,
  Who never his word hath belied.
Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
  Though lowly and poor, is the boy of his word.'

L. OF S.

THE TURNING-POINT.

A GOOD minister had grown weary over his books, and so threw them all aside for a brisk walk in the open air. Nothing rests body and mind like this. No brandy bitters can give such a spring to the spirits as pure, fresh air. A pleasant companion is an excellent thing in a walk, but any one may have the company of pleasant thoughts.

As Dr. B—— was passing the corner of the Park, he observed a lad with a valise in his

hand, just turning into the street. He paused a moment, as if uncertain which course to take. A moment's glance showed to the clergyman that the lad was from the country. Such ruddy cheeks and vigorous muscles did not grow in the shade of a city home. It flashed through the good man's mind, that this boy was leaving his early home as he had done some forty years ago; and in imagination he recalled that parting scene with a feeling of gentle sadness that made him at once feel an interest in the boy before him. It is wonderful how rapidly thought can move. How much we can think of almost in an instant.

"Please, sir, will you direct me to Le Roy Street?" he asked respectfully.

The clergyman gave the desired direction, and then added:

"You have come from a home in the country to find a situation in the city, have you, my boy?"

There was something so kindly in the tone that it went at once to the boy's heart. A moment before he had felt so utterly alone! Now he felt that this voice was one of real sympathy, and its effect was electrical.

"My father died a month ago," he said, "and my mother has got a place for me in my cousin's store."

"Well, my boy, I trust you have had a good mother; I can usually tell by a boy's looks what kind of a mother he has. Remember all her good counsels, and be especially careful how you spend your Sabbaths. If you begin by going out to walk for your health or pleasure, you will end in the liquor-saloon, and all the haunts of wickedness. Anchor yourself in the church and the Sabbath-school. Here is the address of mine, if you would like to attend it. Our superintendent loves boys, and so do I. Remember that the way you spend your first Sabbath in the city will very likely be the turning-point of your life. Good-by, and may God give you his blessing always."

The good man gave his hand heartily to the stranger-lad as he bade him good-by. It cost him nothing; but he knew full well how sweet such little wayside kindnesses are to the hearts of the lonely and home-sick.

"I'll walk the length of this city through to find that man's church and Sunday-school," said Robbie to himself, as he walked rapidly on, his heart cheered and strengthened by that little act of sympathy.

When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with his unaccustomed

tasks. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

"I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters down in a saloon I know of, where they keep open on Sundays. The shutters are closed, out of respect to the day, you know; but there is always plenty to eat and drink inside on all days and hours. They have all kinds of liquors, too, and make splendid punch."

Robbie felt lonely enough that day. His thoughts ran back to his old home, and more than once the tears started in his eyes. The

young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was just on the eve of yielding to his temptations "just this once." But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being a turning-point in his life, came back to him just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath-school to which he had been directed.

Ever afterward, he felt that he had a home in that great city. A kind superintendent, and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually "anchored" him in the Sunday-school. His career in after-life was useful, honorable, and successful; a very marked contrast with the Sabbath-breaking boys, who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the level of the common drunkard. Sabbath-breaking and liquor-drinking are twin cousins.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Communications

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

SECOND PAPER.

However mysterious to science is the association of numberless dark cross lines or bars in the solar prismatic colors when dissected by a prism; or the cause of the prescribed number of brilliant or colored cross lines appearing in the spectra from the fused metals when tested by the same prism—in which a certain number of lines associated with each metal is said to find correspondence in distinct groups, it becomes a matter of primary importance to ascertain, as far as science and reasoning as well as known solar phenomena may aid us, whether such spectra coming from our great luminary are associated with streams of electricity emanating from the sun as an inexhaustible power; or are simply contained in the beams of a great, but, necessarily, ephemeral conflagration, derived from the sun's incandescence. The spectroscopists claim the latter or incandescent hypothesis.

It is here claimed, with much more consistent reasoning, as we think, that solar light and heat are electric, and that the photosphere of the sun is the charged Leyden jar of our system (interchangeably renewed by the revolving and, thus, electrically engendering planets and spheres of space), and that this inexhaustible light and heat, with all their vitalizing and actinic effects (which a mere conflagration, or incandescence, is inadequate to produce), are not developed into light and heat until reaching the attracting planets, and thus forever operate to perpetuate and perfect the mighty system of all created worlds. Therefore this electric center may be as cool as a Leyden jar when charged with electricity.

Believing that solar light and heat are electric, and that electricity pervades everything, and that its dual office, throughout creation, is to combine and disintegrate, and that by its rapid flight it, necessarily, heats everything that stops or opposes its passage, so, in its active state, emanating from everything, it carries with it, in its eternal round from atom to atom and from globe to globe, the combined expression of varied elements, such as the metals and elemental gases, of which the spectroscope takes cognizance, by analyzing or separating them into distinct characters, as indicated by the varied cross lines or bars.

We can as philosophically assume that electric emanations from objects carry expressions of those objects in characteristic lines forming their spectra, as assert that beams of light from burning objects carry similar characteristic lines into their spectra—as electric action is always developed in disintegrating conflagrations—and so, probably, depend for such expressions, in both cases, upon electric characteristics.

If these are the conditions or characteristics of electricity, then the spectrum of solar light and the spectrum of the fused metals and elemental gases find ready analogy in similar cross lines or bars, without necessitating that the former should be in the fused or incandescent state; while the similar lines or bars in the latter may only be developed by us when fused or decomposed. Thus the want of analogy in the celestial and terrestrial spectra, in the color of the bars, may readily be accounted for—the absence of fire in the former rendering the cross bars dark; while the highly fused state of the latter transforms them into brilliant or colored lines.

With this data, in explanation of spectrum analogy, we may do away with the ephemeral and conflicting hypothesis of spectroscopists, "that all suns or visible globe creations in space, excepting our comparative insignificant planets, are only great globes of fire," ever, necessarily, lessening in brilliancy; and eventually, as necessarily, to be forever blotted out, leaving only a great gulf of blackness pervading space, and the consequently extinguishing all dependent organic existences.

As vegetation will not continue to grow and retain a healthy color in a long absence of solar light and heat, however much artificial light and heat (unless the same is electric) be supplied, it warrants us in assuming that actinic and vitalizing rays do not emanate from a mere conflagration, or molten state of the sun; hence the celestial spectrum theory is unsatisfactory, as well as deemed to be inadequate for the varied beneficent effects eternally proceeding from our great luminary.

The rosy protuberances, or knobs of light, seen during total eclipses of the sun, are here held to be electric flashes or auroral coruscations, such as seen in our northern lights.

It is easy to jump to new conclusions from new experiments, but unless in doing so we can satisfactorily account for well-known phenomena, acceptance for such hypothesis should be withheld until the new conclusions comport with the known characteristics; which is certainly, as yet, far from being the case with celestial spectra.

It would be difficult for the spectroscopists, on their assumption of the light and heat of the sun being due to its molten state, to account for heat from a mere conflagration passing through all the intervening space of intense cold, calculated to be 200 degrees below zero, when they know that a large fire in our atmosphere (dense as compared to space) can not be felt so long as a cold column intervenes—witness the great conflagration in New York the night of 16th December, 1835, when by its light I could see to read fine print on Staten Island, six miles distant; yet a thermometer exposed to its rays marked only one degree above zero; so that the heat from that great wall of fire was not there perceptible; while the water froze in the engine hose only a few hundred feet distant from the conflagration, and the large body of snow, then in contiguous streets, remained congealed, or was converted into ice.

Heat is always readily developed from electricity at or near the conducting body, however far removed from its source as the attracting planets; and however cold may be the intervening stratum of air—witness the intense heat of the condensed sparks, or of the lightning stroke, coming from a cool cloud and passing through the intervening cold air high in the heavens. The electric fluid comes cool from the cloud, and is only developed into the intense light and heat of the concentrated lightning flash before reaching the earth or other contiguous negative body, because passing so instantaneously and in a concentrated stroke through our dense air it burns the materials of that air; whereas the sun's electricity comes through the thin medium of space, and in diffused streams to the many points of attraction of the planets; hence there is nothing intervening to burn, and, thus, the sun's electricity is not developed into light and heat until reaching the planets, and so is not lost into the unattracting surrounding space.

Again, let spectroscopists on the solar incandescent theory account for the always black centers of solar spots, as well as their continuance in the same positions for from several up to sixty and seventy days; what should make a core of black, when all is white heat below and incandescent fumes above, according to their theory? and whence the underlying gray penumbra in every solar spot being of about equal thickness with the photosphere when measured by a micrometer? and how are the two layers, like two coatings of an onion, so long continued in one place on the sun's surface? How can such conditions be while the whole body of the sun, according to the spectroscopists, is one wild caldron of intense incandescence, throwing off flames 60 and 70,000 miles beyond the borders of the sun?

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

COMMUNISM AND NATIONAL TAXATION.—By a recent decision of Mr. Delano, Internal Revenue Commissioner, the Oneida Community, the Shaker Societies, and other associations which live together in a co-operative way, are to be regarded in their several communities as one family each, and so the assessors have been instructed to allow the deduction of but one thousand dollars from its income taken in the aggregate. This decision, being made at this late hour, and in view of the rights of these people as individual citizens, is plainly unreasonable and unjust. If forty or more families choose to combine their property and efforts for the carrying out of any special enterprise, we can not see how on that account they forfeit their rights as individuals to the protection of law. Certainly an association of two or three hundred people can not constitute a "family" in the sense of the law providing for the collection of the tax on incomes. Commissioner Delano in his desire to increase the revenue has committed a manifest error.

A CANDID ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—LYTLE CITY, IOWA. PUBLISHER OF THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I commenced to study the science of Phrenology at the age of sixteen years, and soon became impressed with its importance. George Combe's "System of Phrenology" is about the extent of my study with the exception of your JOURNAL, which I read two years. There is enough in Mr. Combe's treatise to convince any one possessing ordinary perception of the truth and importance of the science. During the past two years I have applied myself to the study and contemplation of the mind of man in connection with the Gospel of Christ, the general laws of our Creator, and the immortality of the soul. Upon these grave and important questions the science of the mind has given me more light than any other one science known to man. I believe that science, or the unfolding of the laws of the Creator, will eventually prove and sustain the declarations of Christ and of the prophets; but I look upon the science of the mind, or Phrenology, as being the key to the Gospel in particular; for by it we are enabled to analyze and define the character of Christ the author of that Gospel. Having myself become a believer in Christ and of life beyond the grave, and this very mental science being the medium which brought about this happy result for me, I would like to aid in disseminating its truths among my fellow-men, and know of no better way at present than by extending the cir-

culation of the A. P. J. Although there are many that do not believe in the science, and attempt to oppose it, it is still advancing rapidly; and many even who professedly oppose it make use of its terms in speaking of the characters of men. One thing is sure, no one can combat successfully with any treatise or system, whether true or false, without first becoming acquainted with it; and to become acquainted with truth, such as is revealed in Phrenology, would be but to indorse it. Consequently ignorant combatants are little to be feared.

HAPPINESS AS AN ART.—Man is able to operate on himself and on the events, and hence happiness is an art. Although this art is not found in the encyclopedias, I believe that it not the less deserves our examination.

What is sorrow? It is those wishes that go beyond our reach. The Orientals write, that Ormudz once approached the virtuous Usbeck and said to him, "Express a wish, and I will fulfill it." "Creator of light," answered the sage, "I pray you to limit my wishes for the only good that I can not be without."

Will ambition pacify us? He that is troubled with it is like the child who imagines that the top of yonder far-off mountain is the limit of the horizon; but from this mountain to the next the view extends again over unseen spaces. In the mean time we get discouraged and lose the patience that is necessary to decide on our wishes. We agitate in order to gain a fortune, esteem, and honor.

Come, Charron, you worthy friend of Montaigne, and repeat the truth for us in your powerful and plain language, at the present time forgotten. "The first and most important advice is this: Not to live heedlessly, like nearly all men do. They have no taste for life; they do not own it; they do not enjoy it; but they use it to do other things. * * * With too much zeal, they attach themselves to everything possible. Some strive for knowledge, honor, dignity, riches; others live for pleasure,—they hunt, play, and try to pass time away; others devote themselves to speculations, fancies, discoveries; others apply themselves to the management of estates, to do business, and so forth; but they do not think of living. They live like as they were destined to think of something else. Life is for them like an appointed aim, an allowance of time to bestow on something else. All this is wrong; it is mischief and fraud, committed against themselves."

When we, without confining ourselves to any particular system, duly consider what the most important and essential things are in life, we find that these are—peace of mind, independence, health. Let us aim at the possession of these good things; they are difficult to combine, and yet if they were all that the ambition of mankind aimed at, what a happy change would take place on earth!—*Fragments from J. Droz.*

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

LEGAL EDUCATION.—The most approved method of obtaining a practical knowledge of legal science is by attending the prescribed sessions of a good law school. A young man may read law in an office—in accordance with the old custom—but he will waste a great deal of time over that which may never be of use to him, to say nothing of the confusion of ideas resulting from much reading. At a law school chief attention is given by the faculty to those subjects which will be of immediate interest to the student when he commences to practice. The writings of the leading jurists of ancient and modern times are analyzed and digested, and what there is of value in them to the attorney and counselor is clearly pointed out. Sham trials or "moot courts" are held, in which the student is required to take part and illustrate as far as may be his legal acquirements in the examination of witnesses, the discussion of points of law, the address to the jury, and the conduct generally of causes of litigation. Thus the student is prepared for the actual business of his chosen profession in the most practical manner possible.

CLIMATE OF ALASKA.—D. T. *Ques.* Alaska, according to my geography, is a good way north of Oregon, and yet it is said that the temperature is but a little colder, if any, than that of Boston, Mass. Why is this?

Ans. Alaska, or, as it was formerly called, Russian America, is situated about nine hundred miles farther to the north than Boston, and its moderate climate, or rather the moderate temperature of the southern half of it, is due to the fact that there is a great warm stream of water flowing from Formosa island and the eastern parts of Japan across the Pacific Ocean, and the great volume of air that accompanies this stream, maintains the temperature of Alaska at a much higher point than it would be were it not thus affected. This theory is held by scientific men, some of whom assert it from personal exploration.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.—W. M. *Ques.* I have noticed that members of the Society of Friends, in writing or speaking of any particular dates, do not make use of the common names of the months, but indicate them by numbers, and I have been told that those straight-laced people allege as the reason for their practice in that respect that the names of the months are of profane origin, and to use them is to practice a kind of idolatry. Will you take the trouble to give me and other readers of your JOURNAL the origin of the names January, February, March, etc.?

Ans. 1. January is so called from Janus, who, according to the Roman mythology, was god of the

year, and presided over the commencement of all undertakings.

2. February takes its name from the Latin *februo*, I purify; because in this month the Romans had certain religious ceremonials designed for moral purification.

3. March is named from Mars, the god of war, and supposed father of Romulus, the founder of Rome.

4. April is derived from *aperio*, to open, because in this month vegetation began to open and bud.

5. May is either from *majores*, old men, or from *Maia*, mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were made on the first day.

6. June is either from Juno, or from *juniores*, young men, to whom the month was dedicated.

7. July is from Julius, and was so named by Augustus, in honor of Julius Cæsar.

8. August is named in honor of Augustus.

9. September is from *septem*, seven; this having been the seventh month, when the Romans began the year with March.

10. October; 11. November; 12. December;—these names respectively signify eighth, ninth, and tenth, and were given when March was reckoned the first month.

Perhaps some better names might be substituted for all, or those especially which have some relation to classical mythology or the mere perpetuation of certain Roman emperors; but they have been used so long, and are so thoroughly diffused in modern literature, that it would be very difficult to bring about an entire change.

CATARRH—CAUSE AND CURE.—The chief cause of this disagreeable and sometimes fatal malady is found in a morbid condition of the system. The secretory vessels being clogged with effete matter are dull and sluggish, and the insensible excreta of the body not finding ready passage through these their proper outlets, are dispersed through the system, the nostrils soon becoming choked up with the refuse matter which, disappointed by the blockade of its normal channels, seeks egress through them.

This morbid condition of the organs of secretion is due to improper diet and mode of life, and if we remedy it by resorting to those hygienic measures which are according to the laws of health, we also, as a matter of course, remove the root of catarrhal troubles. The use of too much greasy, highly-seasoned, and hard-to-be-digested food; the lack of out-of-door exercise to stimulate the circulation of the blood and to tone up and strengthen the whole system; the lack of sufficient sleep for the thorough rest of the bodily functions, especially of the nervous system; the infrequency of thorough ablutions; and the absence of system in daily life, constitute the main body of the inconsistencies of which most men are culpable who complain of ill-health with reference to the stomach, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc.

Good, wholesome, free food, like Graham bread, potatoes, rice, hominy, oatmeal, vegetables plainly cooked, fresh lean meat without rich gravies or condiments, ripe fruits in the natural or plainly stewed shape, eaten at regular times and with due regard to its suitability at the times respectively of breakfast, dinner, and tea, will not only strengthen and refresh the animal man, but aid in bringing about that balance of the different functions which we call health.

COMPARATIVE MEMORY.—Why do some persons remember things which occurred in childhood more distinctly than those of a later period?

Ans. We presume that this very general feature is due, first, to the fact that striking occurrences are more impressive on the delicate and susceptible minds of children, and more thoroughly absorb their attention; second,—the mind in childhood is in a formative state, and, like the amber of the East, whatever sinks into its plastic substance becomes fixed, and a component part of it.

It is because of the receptive quality of the youthful mind that it is so important for children to be trained in habits of application and order. "Youth is the season of improvement."

MILK.—WASHINGTON, D. C. EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I observe that you answer correspondents through your columns. Will it be too much trouble to inform me whether milk is or is not healthy as an article of food?

Ans. Milk is evidently healthy food for the young, and may be used to a limited extent by adults without injury. But after one's teeth are cut, *other* food is better. Milk is for babes and other sucklings; more solid substances should be used by those having teeth.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.—We think it well for a student of medicine to avail himself of the advantages found in educational institutions formed in accordance with the old-school treatment, as such institutions are the more generally recognized by legal authority and by the mass of the people. After obtaining his degree in regular course, a student may then elect what system he pleases, and the instruction he has received in anatomy, physiology, and hygiene from old-school professors will apply as well to the later systems, and constitute a solid basis on which to rest his future attainments of theoretical and practical knowledge. We favor that line of practice which would make use of the good in all the systems, and at the same time be hampered or restricted by the dogmatic views of no one.

COLD FEET, HOW TO KEEP THEM WARM.—Wear soft, easy, woolen stockings; wear easy boots or shoes. Bathe the feet in cold water on rising every morning. Rub them vigorously with the hands night and morning to stimulate the circulation of the blood. Walk, run, dance, and they will keep warm.

DRESS OF A LECTURER.—Would it be appropriate for a lecturer to appear upon the stage in a black dress-coat, black pantaloons, and white vest? or should all his clothing be black?

Ans. If in Europe, the above, with white kid gloves, would be deemed appropriate before a fashionable audience. But, in republican America, we are not so formal. One may appear on the platform in this country in ordinary or every-day attire—very much as he would appear elsewhere, and it would be considered suitable. If the speaker should hail from Alaska or from Greenland, we should deem it appropriate for him to appear in his *native* costume. Or if he represent our Rocky Mountain Indians, he might wear a blanket. If from China or Japan, he would dress as the Celestials and the Japs dress. Most Americans dress for comfort and convenience.

GROWTH OF ORGANS.—Can I cultivate any phrenological organ to the highest grade in three years? If not, how long would it take?

Ans. We think three years too short a time; and it depends somewhat on how much there is to start with. If one is by nature pretty near the top of the scale, and has a good constitution, he can the sooner reach the highest point. Train and educate what you have. If you have two talents, double them and be thankful, and not repine because you can not make them to be ten. Reward comes from the faithful using that which we have, not from mere abundance. He who by industry made four talents from two, received the same praise and blessing as he did who made ten talents out of five.

THE SEX OF EGGS.—Is there any way of foretelling the sex of eggs?

Ans. When, on examining an egg, by holding it between the eye and the light of the sun, or of a candle, the vivifying speck is seen exactly on the top, such an egg, it is said, will produce a male bird; but if, on the contrary, the speck be on one side, it will produce a female. It is said, also, that the sex of the embryo bird may be distinguished by the shape of the egg; as, if the egg is elongated in shape it will contain a male, but if more globular it will contain a female. So that, if these indications be true, either sex may be propagated at pleasure, which is not yet known to be the case in any other class of animal creation. So says the *Stock Grower*. It is claimed by physiologists that this question of sex *may* be pre-determined; that it is governed by law which, understood and applied, will result in man's control and direction of the matter. We are still learners. No one knows it all.

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—A physician writes us from the New Dominion as follows: "Knowing the deep interest you take in whatever concerns the improvement and happiness of mankind, and from the high opinion formed of you from reading the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and listening to your lectures, and the great interest I feel on this subject, is a sufficient apology, if any is needed, for addressing you in this manner and asking your opinion on the subject of consanguinity or the intermarriage of blood-relations.

"The secret of my asking this of you is a contemplated marriage to a second or third cousin. Her father was first cousin to my mother. My own father and mother are second or third cousins, and have four deaf and dumb children. The lady in question is light complexion and nervous temperament, and myself dark. Parents of both healthy, and over sixty. It may not be out of place to mention that the marriage of first or second cousins is not forbidden in the Bible or by English law. Will you be kind enough to name some authors on the subject?"

Ans. In reply we may state that the subject of intermarriage is fully considered in our work on Wedlock, to which our correspondent is referred. We think it safer in such cases to look beyond the boundaries of relationship. If "variety be the spice of life," why not practically apply the principle? Why take such risks of imbecility, or insanity, or a loss of the senses?

SHORTHAND WRITER—ILLINOIS.—To enable one to become an expert in this most valuable art he should possess an organization of fine tone, the mental temperament predominating. The perceptive faculties as a class should be well developed, so as to render him observing and quick to apprehend, while his reflective discernment should be naturally clear, and strengthened by education. A quick ear, a quick mind, and a ready hand are the chief elements in the composition of that peculiar order of mentality which we distinguish by the term "aptitude" for the profession of the reporter.

BILIOUSNESS.—What diet is best for a person who is constantly bilious?

Ans. One in which tart fruit and unbolted wheaten bread constitute the leading articles. Avoid fatty matter, too much sugar, fine flour bread, spices, and condiments in general.

YOSEMITE.—How should it be pronounced? and what is its origin—Indian, French, or Spanish? He who *knows*—no guessing—please reply.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. Showing its most scientific and rational application to all forms of Acute and Chronic Disease. By Professor William White, M.D. Boston, Mass. 12mo; pp. 191; cloth. Price, $2. For sale at this office.

This new work on the curative powers of electricity and galvanism, although by no means claiming to exhaust so important a subject, especially as it is a comparatively new one to medicists, is nevertheless full and pertinent enough for the use of those who would obtain a fair knowl-

edge of the methods and processes in use by medical electricians.

The book is well fitted to the place of an introductory treatise, and at the same time may answer as a guide to successful practice. Instruction is given with reference to the manner of preparing electrical machines and batteries, and detailed advice with reference to the diagnosis of disease.

The author does not ignore other schools of medication in his evident zeal to extend the knowledge of his favorite method, but is frank enough to admit that the more common practice of medicine has much virtue in the treatment of many forms of disease. He would institute if possible a new school of medicine by combining the useful of the old and more recent methods, as he feels "that whatever enables us to restore this harmony (the perfectly balanced or normal condition of the different functions of the human body or health) is an aid to nature and a sure means for the restoration of health and a blessing to humanity."

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN. By John Stuart Mill. Pamphlet. 12mo; pp. 188. Price, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We can not do better than to quote the opening paragraph of Mr. Mills' essay, which indicates the drift of his reasoning: "The object of this essay is to explain as clearly as I am able, the grounds of an opinion which I have held from the very earliest period when I had formed any opinions at all on social or political matters, and which, instead of being weakened or modified, has been constantly growing stronger by the progress of reflection and the experience of life: that the principle which regulates the existing social relations between the sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement; and that it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other."

IN PRESS.—To be published immediately. The two great works of Nature and Revelation; or, the "Cosmos and the Logos." Being a history of the origin and progression of the universe, from cause to effect; more particularly of the earth and the solar system; the modus operandi of the creation of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; and how they are types and symbols by which the Creator wrote the Logos. Illustrated by the first chapters of Genesis. By George Field. The author adopts the following as mottoes:

"Man is never forbid to learn the Sciences, inasmuch as they are useful to life, and delightful; nor is he who is in faith forbidden to think and speak as the learned in the world;—but from this principle to believe the Word of the Lord, and to confirm spiritual and heavenly truths by natural truths, in terms familiar to the learned world, as far as lies in his power."—A. C. 129.

"It is a duty we owe to God as the fountain and author of all truth,—who is TRUTH ITSELF; and it is a duty also we owe ourselves, if we deal candidly and sincerely with our own souls, to have our minds constantly disposed to entertain and receive truth, wheresoever we meet with it, or under whatever appearances."—LOCKE.

Price of the work, post-paid, is $3. It may be ordered from this office.

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS. By Henry Ward Beecher. One volume, 12mo; pp. 55; cloth. Price, $2 50. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The book is a part of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's forthcoming work, the "Life of Jesus, the Christ," upon which he has been for some years busily engaged. The portion now offered to the public is descriptive of the events clustering about the Nativity of Our Lord. The charming style in which the book is written, the poetic imagery and beauty of sentiment with which it abounds, the delicate and tender treatment of Mary's experience of motherhood, the vivid pictures of the manners and customs of the Orient in that day—indeed, all its parts and features are characterized by the peculiar freshness and originality which Mr. Beecher brings to whatever subject he touches. It is a book which, from the universal desire of the public to know something of Mr. Beecher's forthcoming volume, will be eagerly sought.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. Pp. 480 and 508. 12mo; cloth. Price, $1 25 each. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This is one of the best as it is now the cheapest histories of England. Mr. Froude has won the hearts and minds of his readers. The publishers are entitled to the gratitude of the public for placing so valuable a work within their reach at so small a price.

SONGS OF LIFE. Selected from many sources. With numerous illustrations from original designs, by Hennessy, Darley, Griswold, Fenn, Eytinge, Herrick, Ward, Hoppin, etc., etc. One small quarto volume; pp. 198; cloth gilt. Price, $5. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This is, without exception, one of the most elegant and sumptuous books of the season. It is as rich in matter as it is beautiful in finish. A more appropriate gift can scarcely be found in the line of choice books.

THE GATES AJAR. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With illustrations by Jessie Curtis. One volume, 12mo; pp. 248; cloth. Price, $3 50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

It is in beautiful type, on heavy, tinted paper, with red borders. The illustrations are all characteristic of the lessons taught. The publishers have dressed it in a chaste holiday style, which they know how to do so well. This was one of the most popular books of the past year.

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Biographical, Historical, and Elucidatory, of every order of Pulpit Eloquence, from the Great Preachers of all ages. By Edwin Paxton Hood, Minister of Queen Square Chapel, Brighton, author of "Wordsworth: an Æsthetic Biography," "Dark Sayings on a Harp," etc. Second series. One volume, 12mo; pp. 303; cloth. Price, $1 75. New York: M. W. Dodd.

A singular title to a most interesting and useful book. Young clergymen will "dip into it" with a relish. It is so suggestive—nor this alone; it feeds the mind and nourishes the soul. Here are grouped together the best sayings of the best preachers. A chapter on written and extempore sermons is well considered. The two volumes will make a valuable addition to any library.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD: A book of Natural History and Adventure. By James Greenwood, author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," "The Seven Curses of London," etc. With one hundred and forty-seven illustrations. One volume, 12mo; pp. 474; cloth. Price, $2 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Copiously illustrated with spirited engravings of every species of wild beast; full descriptions of their nature, habits, and modes of hunting them; dangers in field and forest; and all about wild life among bears, lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and lesser game, this is the best work of the kind we have seen. ——

OLD TESTAMENT SHADOWS OF NEW TESTAMENT TRUTHS. By Lyman Abbott, author of "Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings," etc. With designs by Doré, Delaroche, Durham, and Parsons. One volume, octavo; pp. 213; cloth. Price, $3. Beveled edges, $3 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A beautiful book; nicely illustrated, printed on tinted paper, and bound in gilt, suitable for a present at all seasons. ——

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH, with other Sketches. By Anne Isabella Thackeray. Household Edition. One vol., 12mo; pp. 282; cloth. Price, $1 25. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Besides inheriting something of her father's rare gifts in authorship, Miss Thackeray brings a well-disciplined mind to the art of story writing, which enables her to excel. ——

POEMS BY WILLIAM WILSON. Edited by Benson J. Lossing. One volume, 12mo; pp. 168; cloth. Price, $1. Poughkeepsie: Archibald Wilson.

We knew the late Mr. Wilson somewhat intimately, and always regarded him one of the most genial, affectionate, capable, yet modest of men. Had his Self-Esteem been a characteristic trait the world would have heard more of him. He knew much and wrote well, was very interesting in conversation, but modestly hid his talent, so that but few knew him well enough to appreciate the gem that was hid in the casket of his "fine-grained" frame. This volume is published by his son "solely to honor his memory," the poems being culled from the many that he had written. His likeness embellishes the book as a frontispiece.

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Laura Carter Holloway. With fifteen Steel Engravings. One vol., 8vo; pp. 658; cloth. Price, $3 50. New York: United States Publishing Company. Sold only by Subscription.

This volume comes before the public from a young writer, and makes a quiet advent, with no trumpet sounds or flourishing of capitals, and, like its author, surprises one so unceremoniously that you don't know till afterward that you have been surprised. In her Introduction Mrs. Holloway says, "In all cases there is but one plain rule to follow, and that I conceive to be a truthful expression of opinions, founded on a fair and sufficiently full investigation. Biased in judgment toward none, withholding naught that is necessary to be known, and fearless in truth to myself as to the persons of whom I write, the book, with its faults and merits, is committed to the care of a discerning public." The spirit evinced in the above quotation prevails through all the pages of the book, and our trouble has been to tear ourselves from its pages when once having begun to read.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM. By John H. Noyes. One vol., octavo; pp. 678. Price, $4. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Here is a complete record of all the socialistic experiments—failures and successes—ever tried in this country. The venerable Father Noyes, as he is called by the Oneida and Wallingford communities, of which he may be called the founder, has given many years to the study of socialism, and is, without doubt, the most competent man living to give this history. Those interested in the subject will find a detailed statement of American socialism in this large and handsomely printed volume.

A TALE OF ETERNITY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Gerald Massey. One volume, 18mo; pp. 376; cloth. Price, $2. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The poet pours out his soul in rhythmic measure, drawing inspiration from the eternal world; painting pictures in words which should never fade. This book of poems is printed from advance sheets, and is the "Author's Edition."

THE COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from a period prior to the discovery of America to times long subsequent to the present. By John D. Sherwood. With original illustrations. By Harry Scratchley. One volume, 12mo; pp. 549; cloth. Price, $2 50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

That "there is many a truth spoken in jest" is verified in this history. The author serves up our American history in many aspects; but with funny pictures, such as must attract every eye. The work is published in the best style. Letter-press, paper, binding, etc., are of the best.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 261; cloth. Price, $1 50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The boys and girls will at once recognize in this book their familiar friend who presented himself to them in "Our Young Folks," with all his pranks and antics, his incidents and accidents. It would seem as if he liked to get into "tight" places for the fun of getting out again successfully. We are most interested in the part taken by his mare Gipsey and the monkey, Prince Zany.

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKERY IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. By Miss Leslie. Sixtieth Edition. One vol.; pp. 528; 12mo, cloth. Price, $1 50. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, and for sale at this office. Sent by mail free of postage.

It is said to be a fact that longevity and large growth are more likely to follow generous living on good diet than otherwise, that is, good food nicely cooked; and how is one to cook well unless they know how? and in this book Miss Leslie has endeavored to teach good cookery by giving nearly a thousand recipes. Probably no other cookery book has had a wider circulation than has Miss Leslie's within the last twenty years, but we think her style rather expensive for the pocket and of health.

THE NORTHWESTERN FARMER is a Monthly Magazine of Rural Life and Practical Duties. Established 1865, and published at $1 50 a year, by T. A. Bland & Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

This is a capital journal for Western farmers, giving the gist of current agricultural literature, published in the heart of one of the richest sections of our country. Sample numbers are only fifteen cents. Try it.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, Relating to all Ages and Nations. For Universal Reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary and Keeper of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and Revised for the use of American Readers. One vol., octavo; pp. 541; cloth. Price, $5. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have here the twelfth edition of this most useful work of reference. It is indispensable to those who require accurate knowledge. The history of all great events of the world is here given in alphabetical order. The work has no competitor in its line.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From Verbatim Reports. By T. J. Ellinwood. "Plymouth Pulpit," Second Series. March—September, 1869. One volume; cloth; octavo; pp. 466. Price, $3. New York: J. B. Ford.

Here we have the "thunder from Plymouth Pulpit" substantially bound. Yes, the words which were spoken now live in letters to enliven the senses and awaken the soul. We are glad to have the great preacher nicely bound.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE. Narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," "Wild Life Under the Equator," "Journey to Ashango Land," "Stories of the Gorilla Country," etc. With numerous engravings. One vol., 12mo; pp. 257; cloth. Price, $1 75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is sensation for juveniles. What would Du Chaillu do without his gorilla? Well, this is his capital, and he makes it pay him good interest. The book has lots of spirited pictures.

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PICTURE OF THE PIC-NIC on the Fourth of July, by Lillie M. Spencer. Our enterprising neighbors, Demorest, who have to do with the "Fashions," editors of magazines for the ladies and for "Young America," have published a very large steel plate picture under the above title, which is given to new subscribers. It groups a happy, not to say a jolly-looking set of men and women, boys and girls, and its effects in the family must be healthful. We are in favor of such scenes, and believe their influence to be good. It is said that there is a time for all things—a time to weep, a time to laugh, to mourn, and to rejoice. We would have life—especially young life—sweetened with much sunshine, pure air, and happy, joyous scenes. Hence we commend this picture.

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THE AMERICAN NATURALIST. A monthly magazine published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass, price $4 per year, 35 cents per number, has again made its appearance on our table. The December number has articles on some of the Rarer Birds of Massachusetts, Trout Fishing in the Yosemite Valley, Our Common Fresh-water Shells, the Esquimaux Dog, the Virginia Partridge, the Great Auk, Reviews, Natural History, Miscellany, etc.

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THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, for the year 1868, has been received from our friend J. R. Dodge, Esq., and is a valuable contribution to our agricultural literature. The departments of entomology, horticulture, and pisciculture are particularly interesting, containing as they do in a condensed form the results of the observations, practice, and experiments of leading scientific operators in those fields respectively.

THE NINETEENTH SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the city of Boston is just received, and is in some respects a decidedly interesting document. The discussion of methods of instruction, with illustrations from actual practice, contains hints and suggestions of no little value to teachers at large.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITERATURE. Besides the journals published in the interests of particular denominations, new ones of broader aims are springing into existence with a vigor which promises success. Beginning with the new year, we have

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MESSRS. LUTHER TUCKER & SON, publishers of the "Country Gentleman," at Albany, N. Y., are out with their Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac for 1870. It is praise enough to say that this new issue is equal in value to those of previous years. Price, post-paid, 30 cents.

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THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

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March, 1870.

DR. SHURTLEFF, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

NATH. B. SHURTLEFF, M.D.,

HISTORIOGRAPHER AND SCIENTIST.

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for himself and retains them, and reasons soundly upon the knowledge thus acquired. He has a certain mathematical exactitude in whatever he does; his line of thinking has a special sharpness and clearness of outline which not only enable him to make himself thoroughly understood, but are exhaustive in respect to the subjects he treats. His whole head is broad, showing power, earnestness, heartiness, thoroughness, efficiency, and strength of purpose. The head is high at the region of Firmness and Conscientiousness, evincing a steady strength of will and a self-reliance which is not easily appalled or diverted from the purpose entertained. Conscientiousness being strong shows a great love of truth, integrity of statement, and sincerity of motive.

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DR. SHURTLEFF was born in Boston, on the 29th of June, 1810, and can claim a direct line of descent from the earliest Puritan settlers of New England, viz., the Pilgrim Fathers. Benjamin Shurtleff, his father, was also a physician, and much given to scientific research, so that the Mayor's well-known intellectual proclivities are by no means singular. His early education was obtained in the public grammar schools of his native city, and at Round Hill Academy. At seventeen he entered Harvard College, where he completed the studies in course with credit. Among the members of his class who have since become eminent, it is worth while to mention J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, Wendell Phillips, and the late Joseph A. Wright, a few years back Governor of Indiana and subsequently Minister to Prussia. Graduating from Harvard in 1831, he turned his attention to the study of medicine, and availed himself of the training of the medical school connected with his *alma mater*. His license to practice obtained, he forthwith commenced a career at once useful to others and highly honorable to himself.

It does not appear that he gave more attention to political matters than duty demanded of him as a citizen, and it is quite certain that he never aspired to any office, finding in the employments of his profession and in literary avocations all the gratification his ambition and intellect desired; yet his high-souled patriotism and well-known character in Boston designated him as a man eminently suitable for responsible office. In 1855 he was nominated for the mayoralty of Boston by the political party whose numerical strength was considerably below that of their opponents; but though the result of the election proved adverse, he received a larger number of votes than any defeated candidate

had previously received. He declined many urgent solicitations which were subsequently made to allow his name to be used again in an election contest. In 1867, however, we find him a candidate again for the office of mayor, and this time victorious. He discharged the duties of the new position so satisfactorily, that the following year he was re-nominated, and carried the election by a heavy majority over his competitor.

Amid the duties of an exacting and responsible profession Dr. Shurtleff has found intervals in which to pursue an extended series of antiquarian researches, and also to perform much literary labor. Being an honorary member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, of London, and of other learned foreign societies, it is evident that his scientific abilities are of no mean order to command the attention of *savans* abroad. He has been for several years secretary of the Board of Overseers connected with Harvard College, and is highly esteemed by the great body of students who have received instruction there during his officiate.

In allusion to Dr. Shurtleff's intellectual abilities and his relations to science, Hon. James Savage says of him:

"Research on every point he touches is so nearly exhausted, that a minute error will very rarely be detected. He is patient, accurate, and persevering in all that he undertakes, and hence his original antiquarian works and his public documents have earned for him a great reputation as a reliable and thorough writer, and one who can be taken as high authority on all the subjects of which he treats. He has devoted much time to the study of natural history, of comparative anatomy, and kindred sciences, and several depositories have been enriched by numerous specimens prepared by his own hands. He has been treasurer and curator of the Natural History Society of Boston, has rendered continued service to the cause of education in the city, and as trustee of the Boston Public Library he has done much to forward the interests of the citizens. For some time he had the position of chief trustee of the State Library.

Probably the very best compliment that was paid to him was the fact that the State of Massachusetts selected him to reproduce, from faded manuscripts and tattered books, the colonial records of the Massachusetts colony and of the Plymouth colony from 1628 to 1694, involving several years of research and study of cotemporaneous documentary evidence. The fourteen splendidly printed and massive volumes that were issued under his direction, costing several thousand dollars, will remain in the future as enduring monuments to his personal qualities and to the confidence reposed in them."

In the early years of his medical practice Dr. Shurtleff was a warm disciple of Gall, or rather Spurzheim; as for the latter, he evinced a profound admiration, and shortly after his death, on the 10th of November, 1832, was appointed by the Boston Phrenological Society to examine the skull of the great anatomist and report the results. This report contains so much matter of scientific value to phrenological interests that it is worthy of reproduction here as a sequel to the foregoing sketch of Dr. Shurtleff.

"Having been appointed a committee on the skull of our lamented friend Spurzheim —the anatomist who, by dissecting the brain, first displayed to the eye its fibrous and ganglionary structure, and demonstrated the direction and connection of its filaments— the discoverer of many of the relations existing between the spiritual faculties of the mind and their material cerebral instruments —the philosopher who, by the greatness of his own mind, raised craniology and physiognomy to the ethical science Phrenology,— I offer with diffidence the following Report, fearing that it is unworthy of its subject, and less minute and extended than may have been wished.

Deeming the mental characteristics of this distinguished man well known, I shall not advert to them, but shall confine myself as strictly as possible to an anatomical description of such parts of the cranium as seem to have a phrenological bearing, or, in other words, which immediately inclose the encephalon. To others, more experienced in cranioscopical taxis, is left the opportunity of determining the exact form and size of the development of the different individual portions of the cerebral mass. Adhering to the phrenological motto "*res non verba quaso*," I

shall merely state facts, and leave others to draw their own conclusions.

It is well known that the skull of Dr. Spurzheim received the funeral honors which were bestowed upon his other remains, and that it was the intention of his Boston friends to deposit it in the grave with his body.* This last intention was never carried into effect, it having been subsequently understood that such interment would violate an often-expressed wish of Dr. Spurzheim. On this subject his friend George Combe, Esq., of Edinburgh, the distinguished writer on Phrenology, says in a letter to Mr. Capen, "The whole conduct of your countrymen toward him (Dr. Spurzheim) was excellent. In one particular only would a knowledge of Dr. Spurzheim's own wish have made an alteration. I have often heard him say, '*When I die, I hope they will not bury my skull: it will prove what my dispositions were, and afford the best answer to my calumniators.*' Dr. Gall expressed a similar wish in regard to his own, when he returned to Cuvier a skull which that great naturalist had sent with the message, "that it appeared to him to confirm his (Gall's) doctrine of the physiology of the brain.' '*Take back that skull,*' said the then dying philosopher to Cuvier's messenger, '*and tell Cuvier that there is now only* ONE *wanting to complete my collection: it is* MY OWN; *it will soon be there as a powerful testimony of the truth of my doctrine.*'"

Dr. Spurzheim's skull was therefore prepared and bleached by Dr. Lewis and myself, and is now preserved with the brain in a fire-proof safe, in the Society's hall, equally free to be seen by the friends and "calumniators" of the great spirit of its late possessor. This skull is much larger than the average of large crania, as may be inferred by the immense weight of the brain which it contained, and much the greatest portion of which was situated in the part of the cavity of the cranium anterior to the auditory orifices.* Indeed, with the exception of two or three, it is the largest skull I have ever seen.

That there may be no misunderstanding with regard to the dimensions of the skull, I have taken the measurements, in inches, and, as far as practicable, from anatomical points.

Greatest circumference (measured horizontally)..	22 1-4
" length from occipital protuberance to the frontal sinuses.....	7 1-2
Distance from occipital protuberance to the naso-frontal articulation, measured over the head.....	13 6-10
" " naso-frontal articulation to superior angle of the occipital bone.....	7 1-10
" " naso-frontal articulation to the anterior extremity of the sagittal suture.....	4 6-10
" " occipital protuberance to superior angle of the occipital bone.....	2 8-10
" " occipital protuberance to anterior extremity of the sagittal suture..	6 1-2
Greatest breadth of skull measured between the temporal bones 1 inch above the orifices of the ears.....	6 1-4
Distance from mastoid process to mastoid process	5 6-10
" " ear to ear.....	4 1-2
" " " naso-frontal articulation....	4 1-2
" " " frontal sinuses.....	4 8-10
" " " anterior extremity of sagittal suture.....	5 1-2
" " " summit of head.....	5 6-10
" " " superior angle of occipital bone.....	4 8-10
" " " occipital protuberance.....	4 1-4
" " " ear over the summit of the skull in a vertical direction.	14
" " " " around the lower part of the forehead.....	11 1-2
" " " " around the back of the skull at the occipital protuberance.....	5 1-2
" " parietal protuberance to parietal protuberance.....	5 1-2
" between the anterior inferior angles of the parietal bones.....	5 2-10
Camper's† facial angle.....	61 degrees.

The other measurements agree with the following, published in No. XXXIX of the Edinburgh *Phrenological Journal*, taken from

* Dr. S. lies buried on the most conspicuous mound in the cemetery at Mount Auburn, under a beautiful monument, exquisitely carved from a block of Italian marble, by European artists, in imitation of the tomb of the Scipios. The word "SPURZHEIM," cut upon the stone in Roman capitals, though a simple inscription, speaks more eloquently than could any labored epitaph. This beautiful monument is inclosed by an elliptical iron fence, and was erected by the munificence of Wm. Sturgis, Esq., of Boston.

* Dr. Spurzheim's brain was weighed on the 12th. Being present, I took an account of the weight, which, after deducting for that of the napkins, etc., which were used, was exactly 3 pounds 7 ounces and 1 dram, or 55½ ounces avoirdupois. The brain was previously deprived of its liquors, and divested of the dura-mater.

† Notwithstanding the prominence of the forehead, this measurement is taken correctly. Two causes combine to make this angle small in the head of Dr. Spurzheim: 1st, the great length of the face; and 2d, the extra high situation of the ear. This is another fact which goes to invalidate the intellectual angle of Camper.

the cast which the society sent to Edinburgh.

"Greatest circumference of head (measured horizontally over Individuality, Constructiveness, Destructiveness, and Philoprogenitiveness,) 22 1-4
From occipital spine to Individuality, over the top of the head 13 1-2
" ear to ear, vertically over the top of the head..13 3-4
" Philoprogenitiveness to Individuality, in a straight line 7 6-10
" Concentrativeness to Comparison..... 6 1-2
" ear to Philoprogenitiveness..... 4 1-4
" " Individuality..... 4 7-8
" " Benevolence..... 5 1-2
" " Firmness 5 1-2
" Destructiveness to Destructiveness..... 6 1-4
" Secretiveness to Secretiveness.....6 1-10
" Cautiousness to Cautiousness..... 5 1-4
" Ideality to Ideality..... ..... 4 7-8
" Acquisitiveness to Acquisitiveness 5 1-4
" Constructiveness to Constructiveness..... 4 7-8
" Mastoid process to mastoid process.....5 1-4."

The discrepancies between these two lists of measurements are of very little importance. All the measurements in that from the skull were taken several times, and found to agree with others that I took from a cast in my collection, which I made at the same time, and in the same mold, with those sent to Europe. The errors are therefore in the list of our Edinburgh friends, and may have arisen from the accidental moving of their calipers.

The texture of the skull is fine, and the substance compact, with little or no diploë. Externally, the sutures are very distinct; but internally they are so obliterated as to be scarcely visible. I have never seen the interior of a cranium where the digital impressions, adapted to the exterior of the convolutions of the brain, are so well marked; on this account a mold, particularly of the anterior region, would give as good an idea of the form and size of the convolutions as the best possible cast of the brain. Such a mold would also give a correct idea of the form of the encephalon. I have in my collection a cast of the brain, which I took soon after Dr. Spurzheim's decease; and which is the best that could be obtained; nevertheless, on account of its flattened appearance and indistinctness, I have never multiplied it. Molds representing the form of the cavity of the cranium, or rather the contents of this cavity, have been taken; one from the base, and another from the vault. These, however, have been joined together by an unskillful artist, more intent upon getting money than giving a true representation of the interior of the skull. The result, therefore, is that the cast which we possess in the cabinet, and which has been circulated, is from half of an inch to an inch higher than the cavity of which it pretends to be a mold. By the aid of casts which I took at the same time, together with the skull itself, and the original incorrect cast (which I had the good fortune to obtain), I have been able, in a great degree, to rectify the mistake. Nevertheless, I would not have this considered otherwise than an approximation to the truth. If a cast of this cavity is really needed, another should be taken, and that by responsible workmen, that accuracy, so essential to phrenological observation, may be secured.

In point of thickness, with a few exceptions, which will be mentioned as each bone is considered, this skull does not vary from the standard measure. As is the case in ninety-nine out of one hundred skulls, the orbitar portion of the frontal bone, the squamous of the temporal, and the inferior of the occipital, are so thin as to be translucent, and the other portions thick and opake.

Of the frontal bone, the superior lateral portions on both sides, lying against the coronal suture, above the temporal ridges, and molded on the organs of Marvelousness, and Imitation, are somewhat thicker than the other parts of the same bone; while the portion lying directly between the above-mentioned parts and over the organs of Benevolence, is of the usual standard thickness. Those portions called the frontal eminences, particularly the innermost parts which form the wall before the organs of Causality, and also the portions over the organ of Tune, on both sides of the head, notwithstanding the ridge passing over the latter, are, from the thinness of the bone translucent, and very distinctly defined within. The frontal sinuses, though prominent, are small for a man of Spurzheim's age (fifty-six years), and extend only over the organs of Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, whose developments are very obviously molded by the inner plate of the skull. It was the opinion of Dr. S. that his own frontal sinuses were small: this judgment is verified by the

skull itself. The orbitar plates of this bone are peculiar for the depth of their digital impressions, and for the definiteness and agreement of these with the divisions on the marked busts. Could it have been possible for either Gall, or Spurzheim himself, to have marked the division lines of the organs on the outside of this skull from these impressions within, I believe he would have been astonished at the exactness of the correspondence just mentioned.

Of the sphenoidal bone, nothing is peculiarly worthy of remark, except the greater than usual extent and depth of the sella turcica, the cavity in which lay the pituitary body, and the greater prominence of the clinoid processes.

The temporal bones are thin, except at their occipital portions, which are thicker than common, and their mastoid and petrous portions, which, though generally thick, are here more bulky than usual.

Nothing uncommon exists with respect to the occipital bone, except the great size of the foramen ovale, or hole in which the medulla oblongata lay. The width of this hole is one inch and six-twentieths; the length, one inch and eleven-twentieths.

The parietal bones are the most irregular in point of thickness of all the bones in Dr. Spurzheim's cranium. At their posterior inferior angles, over the organs of Combativeness, they are much thicker than we usually see the parietal bones. This is well shown in the drawing of the horizontal section of the cranium. The portions of these bones over the organs of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation are also more thick, while their superior portions lying over the organs of Firmness are very thin, even to translucency. Again, there are portions running from the anterior inferior angles of these bones to the thin portion just mentioned, which are molded on the organs of Acquisitiveness and Conscientiousness, which are much thickened.

Having completed in as few words as possible a description of the skull committed to me, I shall, without drawing any conclusions, ask the following question. From the knowledge which we possess relating to the characteristics of Dr. Spurzheim, together with the fact that the bones of the frontal region and part of the sincipital are thinner than usual and more distinctly marked with digital impressions, may we not infer that the organs on which these bones are formed, continually changing and forming anew, are more active than those on which the bone has become thickened without other marks than those indistinctly determined by the boundaries of organs?"

THE FUTURE SCIENCE OF MAN;

OR, CULMINATION OF PHRENOLOGY.

BY J. WEST NEVINS.

"Ideal Form, the Universal Mold."

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, who embodied in poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture more of this "universal mold" than any other mind of ancient or modern times, has the above noble line in one of his sonnets. These words express, poetically and succinctly, the creative law of Nature; that absolute principle of being by which the outward form images the inward essence. On this fact, of the repetition of thought in matter, is founded the science of Phrenology, which, indeed, is the first science that has given a positive recognition to this great law, in showing how the form of the head accords with the attributes of the animal and of man.

But while Phrenology has, thus far, necessarily confined itself almost exclusively to Craniology, or the science of the cranium as an expression of character, it has suggested and furnished the superstructure of a science of the whole man, a completed Anthropology and Physiology, whereby the entire thought of creation, as far as the science of this planet can know it, may be analyzed, as it is represented in man, the head of existence, the epitome and symbol in matter of all that is in mind. Such a science of man now exists, and as it is perfected, must include relatively all other sciences, and Phrenology, in its thorough and more perfect extension, become the master science, or head of the rest.

Phrenology has already done wonders in giving to the world the best existing nomenclature of mental attributes, founded upon an experimental analysis of the shape of the

head; and all writers upon mind, whether accepting its theories or not, and its most distinguished opponent, Sir Wm. Hamilton, unconsciously make use of the objective method of reasoning it has established, while questioning its premises.

Men may almost be said to be "walking bumps," or more or less perfect living exponents of each of the prominent phrenological organs. No thinking man can look at the suggestive title-page of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, or examine attentively a good collection of casts and busts of eminent persons without acknowledging that such characteristics of human nature, as are expressed in phrenological diction, are incarnated with almost perfect clearness in every man he meets. Thus Veneration bows, Self-Esteem struts, Amativeness ogles, and Combativeness elbows its way through the crowd, and all the other organs act their modifying parts, as if life were a phreno-magnetic game. All animals, also, are "living hieroglyphs" of the lower instincts and passions, as men are, as it were, alphabetical letters in the language of Mind, as it is expressed in life. When we shall learn to read and interpret this language, we shall have in it the basis of a positive science of Man and of all Nature; a science teaching to every man his true position in the world of thought or action. Then will the present distraction of individual effort be succeeded by that concentrative organization, by means of which the true destiny of Humanity is to be worked out.

As we look at life, it seems as if the individual, in his devotion to any great aim, is always wrong in his hopes and aspirations, and disappointed in fruition; but what he does, goes into the mass of thought which is the common heritage of all. Whatever improvement now comes to man as a whole, is accomplished at the cost of hecatombs of individual sacrifices. The only cure for this must be in scientific organization, whereby individual effort may at the same time receive its just reward and redound also to the general good.

That there exists in thought so high an ideal of the future possibilities of the race, is a proof that the predictions of Divine revelation are to be verified; and as the science of Man or an enlarged Anthropology advances, the method by which that destiny is be accomplished is more clearly disclosed by that science. Hitherto, the only really scientific organization of masses of men that has existed upon this planet has grown out of the exercise of the selfish organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness, so that the Grand Man, or Humanity at large, has as yet but really developed these two organs; and in truth they are probably advanced to their ultimates, and the next step must be to divert these energies in a peaceful direction. The art of war has reached almost its point of perfection, and when this arrives, and Governments devote the same science, discipline, and effort they have exhausted upon it, to the organization and thorough regulation, on scientific and anthropological principles, of industrial armies, exercised in all the arts of life, which shall be taught to conquer Nature instead of their fellow-man, to drain swamps, plant trees, erect homes for the people, and do all other necessary organized labor, the reign of peace will have come.

But in order to this, science must propound the true method of organization, and this is the work of a scientific Anthropology, or study of the entire body of Man in its analogical relations to the outward universe of which it is a symbolic epitome or correspondential repetition, including Phrenology as the best existing mapping out or division of the cranium. Phrenology now teaches the individual man so much of his nature and predominant faculties, that a fair attention to it would enable every one to put himself in his right place in a social organization founded upon its principles; but if it, and this larger sociological Anthropology to which it is leading, could be used with masses of men, and in the discipline and use of industrial armies, the world of man might be made to work as harmoniously as the world of nature, and pain and evil cease to predominate.

Nature, bound "fast in fate," does her work with little apparent discordance. Only man seems an incomplete part of creation. His will has not yet worked out his destiny; nor can it, until his highest reason, under the guidance of positive science, has learned to control and direct the will, as well in the mass of men as in the individual. When we look at the individual man in his present

isolated antagonism to his fellows, it would seem that he has no will, and is the slave of circumstances; but when we think of all that the race has accomplished, without united or organized effort, to recover itself from that fall, whereby it lost its ancient prerogatives, the sublimity of a possible future dawns upon us, whence the miseries of the past will be looked upon as stepping-stones to the perfection which will then prevail.

Man, as yet, has only been cultivated as an individual, and that almost entirely in an intuitive and empirical way, without scientific determination. When a true science of Man shall have become an established study, and each man shall be taught his analogical relation to, and true place in the body corporate, the highest type of the present will not be equal in roundness and perfect unfolding to the "least in that kingdom of heaven."

Phrenology teaches us that the best type of man is not the possessor of excessive development in any one direction, but that spherical evolution of all the powers which makes a well-balanced character. Of such units will the sum of humanity be finally composed.

Like the world of which he is a part, man is governed by natural laws, regular in their course, uniform in their effects, immutable in their essence. By the study and knowledge of these laws must he learn to cure the evils to which he is now subjected. Technological science, or the application of knowledge to the improvement of the life of man, is yet in its infancy. In the present condition of society, the desire of money, under our imperfect system, the representative of all earthly good, is, with most minds, the only incentive to exertion, and science devotes itself to the service of the rich, and the poor are forgotten. The practical applications of science in the arts of life have as yet been almost wholly in the direction of ornament, or of such use as commands money for its reward. But the wealth of the world is slowly turning its attention to the comfort of the masses. Mr. Peabody has set a glorious example in this direction, and others are following his lead. When the rich ones of the earth shall recognize the science of Man as the means by which the millennium is to be accomplished, when that science shall have grown into positive recognition and become definitely established, we shall then progress with a rapidity to which the past can furnish no parallel.

To the discoverers and founders of Phrenology, this science must acknowledge its indebtedness. They have been the first to establish a positive and practical science of Mind, founded upon the analogy between the unseen thought and its outward expression in form. That science (Phrenology) is every day advancing its practical uses, and leading men's minds into a definite apprehension of the great fact that the outward form of the man is the key to his inward nature. Physiology is, then, seen to be a kindred and relative science to Sociology, and diseases of the body analogues of diseases of the mind, and defects in society, so that a truly scientific physician of the future will be also a scientific sociologist.

Such a science as I speak of exists as yet only in thought, and it may be a long period of time before it can be wrought out into practice, as the best and greatest existent ideas in the world are the gestation of centuries; but the sooner men learn the force and purport of these analogies, and the possibility of their conversion into the grand science of Man, which is to be the final practical means of reforming the race, the sooner will they fit themselves to be partakers in the harmonies of the long-hoped-for future.

Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

ABORIGINES OF THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.

BY N. W. BECKWITH. (NAUTES.)

THE accompanying portrait is engraved from a photograph of an individual of that puzzling race known as the "Papuan" or "Oceanic Negroes," whose tributaries are found scattered throughout the archipelagoes of the Indian and Pacific oceans, constituting sometimes, on the smaller islands, the sole population, and sometimes sharing a large island with other races. Papua (from the Malay phrase "Orang papous"—curly

or frizzle-headed men) is supposed to have been their original habitat, and it is on this island that their largest number is found; where they are "noted for their small stature, narrow heads, chins so undeveloped as scarcely to appear at all, excessive thickness of lips and breadth of nostrils, which features, combined with a general want of symmetry of the limbs and body, and dull sootiness of color, present about as ugly and repulsive an exterior as can well be imagined."

The writer's observation of this race, so far as it has extended, does not permit him to fully indorse this description. They are at least not inferior, in his eyes, to the general African type, except in the single point of stature, and are certainly not surpassed in average intelligence by their monkey-resembling cousins, of the southern portions of Africa, at least. The reader can judge for himself how far this correctly applies to the Philippine type we present herewith.

It is noticeable that, whenever found sharing in the territory of any island, their home is invariably in the, usually mountainous, interior. The specimen represented is one of a tribe inhabiting the Sierra Madre and Cordillera de Caravallos, central ranges of the great island of Luzon, which is the principal and largest of the Philippine Archipelago. Surrounding them on all sides are found a strange and totally differing race, called by the Spaniards "Igorrotas," still unconquered and almost unvisited by the white man, and, it is supposed, waging interminable warfare with the Papuans. Surrounding the Igorrotas, ring upon ring, we find the Tagal or Tegalo Indians,—a Malay tribe occupying the fringing belt of sea-coast, which is here mainly alluvial lands,—owning the sway of Spain since the days of Legaspi's conquest and occupation in 1565. The same is true of all the larger islands of the group (substituting Visayan for Tegalo), and consequently, although nominally the whole system is an appanage of the Spanish crown, the actually held territory is small in comparison with the whole aggregate of area.

The Tagal occupation of the coasts of Luzon, like that of the remainder of the Archipelago by the Visayans, whence it derives its modern title of "The Visayas, or "Bisayas," as distinguished from the former, is a matter of history,—of oral history rather, or tradition. Whence the Malays came, or at what period they went forth "wanderers,"—which is the meaning of their name—"Malayu,"—is a matter of conjecture. There are reasons for supposing that Sumatra may have been the cradle of the race, although the adjacent peninsula is commonly regarded in that light by ethnologists; but the Tagals have a belief that their errant progenitors came to this country after long years of search for a "local habitation and a name,"

FIG. 1.—NEGRITO.

and partly by treaty, partly by force, established themselves at a period which seems to have been about eight hundred years ago. Less of the indomitable spirit of those old sea-rovers must have been the portion of this race at the time of the Spanish conquest, yet these people train in their way bold and skillful seamen to-day. In the lapse of time they had become less maritime and more pastoral as a nation, and theirs was the champaign country, easy of attack from sea, and affording no natural stronghold for defense. Twice these rich plains have been debatable ground, and within a few years the third time must come, unless the mother country, warned and wise in time, permits the colonists to assume that independence for which they are already beginning to yearn.

The rule of Spain never penetrated into the hill country proper, and it is safe to say, never will. The Igorrotas fell back to the

first mountain range before the Tagal invader, but no farther,—and from those eminences has maintained a predatory warfare up to this day. Within the past seven years a raid of these terrible "head-takers" has swept to within three miles of the walls of Manila. Of little import to them has Spanish occupation been, save to furnish them with a few other, and more tempting, objects of plunder.

History repeats itself. In this great island we see to-day the same conditions that existed in northern Britain during the middle ages. The Tagals are the Lowlanders, or "Sassenach," and the Igorrotas are the Highlanders, or "Gael," of Luzon. Human sentiments under all climes and conditions are the same; and might not some dusky Luconian Roderick, while gazing down upon the land that once was his, give utterance to the same burning words that the great Wizard of the North has found for his much admired chieftain?

"These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birth-right of the Gael!
The stranger came, with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See! rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell!
Ask we the savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread?
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry?
And well the mountain might reply—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore.
I give ye shelter in my breast,—
Your own good blades must win the rest!'"

But what of the central mountaineer—the black, diminutive "Negrito?" as the local Spanish term is.* Of him we know nothing, save that he exists, and is free. No tradition throws any light upon his history or origin, and all that is recorded is pure conjecture. From their position, considered relatively to that of the Igorrotas, it is assumed that they must have been the original possessors of the country, hence they are spoken of by the colonists as "our aborigines." There is no reason to doubt the correctness of this assumption, nor the probability of the corollary, that the Igorrotas are to them what the Tagals are to the Igorrotas; but we have no positive information of whatever nature upon the subject. Whence the latter came, what was the period of their invasion, there exist no known means of determining,—although among themselves may be preserved some traditional accounts.

The Negritos average about five feet in stature, and are well built and symmetrical.

FIG. 2.—IGORROTAS.

Their skins are smooth and fine, exceedingly dark but not sooty, with a gleam of coppery tint through the black. It might almost be called purple-black. They are very active, agile, and hardy; and though not so ferocious as the Papuans are commonly represented, are bold, and inclined to be aggressive. Their principal weapon is a formidable bow, rivaling, relative stature considered, the famous long bow of England's "merrie archers" during the medieval times,—and in the use of which they are well skilled. Their flint-headed arrow is to them a "cloth-

* Signifying "little negro." They have given a name to one of the group—the island of Negros.

yard shaft." To this weapon, undoubtedly, they owe their wild independence. The Igorrotas oppose them with sword, lance, and shield,—arms which are better fitted for maintaining warfare in comparatively level and open regions than among mountain declivities and fastnesses.

From the lattices of Manila its inhabitants still look forth and see those blue ranges where no white man has ever yet ventured, and where the Negrito and Igorrota are still disputing for the mastery as on the day when Magalhaens first made known to Europe the existence of this magnificent Archipelago.

THE FLAT-HEADS.

IN the rugged regions which border on the Columbia River—a considerable stream lying between Oregon and Washington Territory, in the Rocky Mountains — several tribes of Indians dwell, whose singular characteristics and usages are well worth extended consideration. Perhaps of them all the Chinnooks are the most interesting, on account of the singular use they make of the aboriginal cradle. To the upper part of the cradle is secured a piece of board which lies on the infant's forehead. The loose or elevated end of this board is drawn down tightly toward the cradle by two thongs which pass under the latter. Every day following that on which the child is put on the cradle the pressure is increased, until the head becomes so flattened that from the tip of the nose to the crown of the head the contour is that of a straight line. This custom has given the Chinnooks the name of Flat-heads, by which they are most generally known.

"This," Mr. Wood says, "is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the fashionable distortions of the human body, and the wasp waist of a European belle, the distorted leg of the female Carib, and even the cramped foot of the Chinese beauty appear insignificant when compared with the flattened head of a Chinnook Indian."

The process for flattening the head is commenced very soon after a child is born, when the plastic condition of the skull is most favorable for its application, and is continued for eight or nine months, and even longer.

Mr. W. P. Kane, in his "Wanderings of an Artist," says with reference to this practice: "It might be supposed from the extent to which this is carried that the operation would be attended with great sufferings to the infant, but I have never heard the infants crying or moaning, although I have seen the eyes seemingly starting out of the sockets from the great pressure. But on the contrary, when the lashings were removed, I have noticed them cry until they were replaced.* From the apparent dullness of the children while under pressure, I should imagine that a state of torpor or insensibility is induced, and that the return to consciousness occasioned by its removal must be naturally followed by the sense of pain." This view of the case is correct, and is analagous to the sensation experienced when a half-frozen hand or foot is brought near a fire, the awakened circulation of the blood as it overcomes the numbness produces severe twinges of pain. The Chinnooks are very proud of their flat heads, and look with contempt on those among them who have not undergone the distorting operation. Indeed, the flat head is the sign of freedom among the tribes of that remote country.

In our collection of crania we have representative skulls of the flat-head character which may be examined by visitors. The question has been asked more than once, whether or not the compressing practice affects the mental character, the impression being that it must act injuriously upon the capacities of those subjected to it. Those who have visited the people, and remained long enough with them to learn something of their modes of life, say that the flat-headed are in no respects inferior to the round-headed members of the tribe. The compression having been done in earliest childhood, while the skull is, as might be said, yet undefined, as well as immature, and that compression being very gradual, no organic injury is done to the brain; but it is distorted, crowded out of shape, and out of place. We have often seen trees in an orchard which were badly twisted, bent, scraggy, and deformed by reason of an injury sustained in the first or second year of their growth, but which were nevertheless valued as highly as any of the straight, symmetrical, handsome trees sur-

rounding them, on account of their productiveness. The injury did not prevent the necessity of its life, the flow of the sap,—but only diverted it from its normal direction.

As compared with other savages of America, the Flat-heads are industrious and quiet-living. Most of the menial labor incident to their domestic life is performed by the women. The affection shown by the latter

CHINNOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.

for their children is very strikingly illustrated in their "mourning cradle" custom. Should a child die before it is old enough to be released from the cradle, the mother makes a "mourning cradle," which consists in placing a bundle of black feathers in the place formerly occupied by the child, and this bundle is treated in all respects as if it were the living infant. She carries it on her back wherever she goes, and when she rests, stands it upright against a tree or the side of the hut and talks to it as if to her lost baby. This custom is continued for at least a year.

EMIGRANT STATISTICS of Liverpool for last year show that 172,731 sailed from that port, the largest number of any year since 1852. Of these, 138,382 were booked for the United States, in the proportion of 57,320 English, 7,231 Scotch, 29,056 Irish, and 44,775 "foreigners." The Irish figure is comparatively small, but is due to the immediate shipment from Irish ports of such emigrants.

CARL VOGT,

THE "GERMAN DARWIN."

A GOOD vital organization, certainly, is shown in this portrait of the eminent physicist. His brain and nervous system are amply nourished by those parts whose office it is to manufacture and supply the vital force of life, a fact which can not be said of the majority of literary and scientific men. The cast of intellect is that of the investigator, the examiner, not of ideas or speculations, but of facts and material life. He can not discuss subjects which have not tangible existence. He has little or no sympathy for mere postulates or hypotheses. His Faith and Veneration are apparently weak, rendering him incredulous and skeptical regarding religious and psychological theories. The conception of a *tangible* immateriality like certain faith is almost beyond his capacity. He takes his stand upon facts as his strong perception finds them, and his mind is best satisfied in contemplating the inferences and deductions drawn from them through experimental research and analogy.

He is very firm and positive in opinion, rarely yielding ground which he has once fairly taken, and at the same time always ready to defend his opinions by appeals to material evidence.

The social disposition appears to be well developed, rendering him companionable and affectionate in domestic life, and courteous and acceptable in general intercourse.

There are few ethnologists in Germany who have attained such an extensive fame as Carl Vogt, of Geneva, well known as an enthusiastic exponent and adherent of the Darwinian system. Indeed, he is in many respects original in his researches, which he has carried farther even than his English cotemporary. Man has been Vogt's great study for a number of years; he has endeavored to solve the troubled question of his origin; he has described his present state, and conjec-

tured his future developments, which is, according to him, a constant progression toward completeness. His views, which are at once bold and radical, have met with variable favor. Some among the learned, especially the orthodox, have called him a "materialist;" the academicians have cried out, "Pitch him out of our ranks; he is a Darwinist, a phantasist;" while excited mobs, with stones in hand, have shouted: "Beat him dead, he is a denier of God." Yet he has gone through all this opposition without flinching, and has probably gained a stronger foothold upon the public sympathy by it. The number of his adherents has steadily increased year by year, and now, whenever he lectures in Switzerland or in Germany, his lecture-room is always crowded. His lectures are not only popular but scientific, and not only ethnologists, but the most cultivated as well as the lower classes of the people are captivated by them. His influence over the German mind at present is immense, and more than one German paper has asserted that no single individual has plunged with the arms of science so deeply through tradition and the views sanctioned by age as he; and he has thereby become the center of an excitement almost unparalleled in the annals of German science.

He was born on the 5th of July, 1817, at Giessen, Germany, where his father, the author of several celebrated medical works, was Professor of Medicine in the University. He attended the Gymnasium, and subsequently the University of his native city, designing to prepare himself for the profession of medicine Three of his years of study were spent in the laboratory of the great Liebig, who showed him many attentions, and never lost sight of him afterward. In 1835 his father removed to the University of Berne, Switzerland, having accepted a call to the chair of clinical professor. Vogt's life there became diverted into the course which led him to his present position. He studied anatomy and physiology in Berne under the guidance of Professor Valentine, and was especially attracted to the systematic study of the life of men and animals—a study which then had only just taken its place among natural sciences. After his promotion to the doctorate, he entered into

PORTRAIT OF CARL VOGT.

co-operation with Agassiz and Desor, in their labors at Neufchâtel, where he spent five years in researches in natural history. In the company of these celebrated men he undertook the well-known glacier-exploring expedition to the Alps, of which journey he published, "In the Mountains and on the Glaciers" (1843). He aided Agassiz in issuing several scientific works in the French language: the "Natural History of Fresh-water Fishes" (the first part of which (1839) he wrote entirely), "Fossil Fishes," and "Studies on Glaciers."

Agassiz employed Vogt to expound his new theory of the movements of glaciers to scientific societies in Germany, a mission of which he has related many humorous stories. In 1840 he was thus sent to an assembly of naturalists at Erlangen; where Leopold von Buch, who had in his youth given out an opinion on the nature of glaciers, received his speech very ungraciously, although the theory was well received by the majority of the assembly. Two years afterward, while on the same duty, he met Buch at Mayence, and Vogt had now come much better prepared to meet his opponents. Buch tried to prevent his getting a hearing, but Vogt appealed to the president, and when the time came he was called up to the tribune. Buch had let something escape him about Gelbschnäbeln—which means (besides its literal meaning of "yellow-beaks"), figuratively, "striplings,"—referring, of course, to the young naturalist. Vogt came finally to the end of his lecture, and closed with these characteristic words: "The song of truth penetrates, whether it is sung by gray or yellow beaks."

From 1844 to 1846 Vogt resided in Paris, engaged in his favorite studies. He wrote communications on the sittings of the Academy for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and began there his "Text-Book of Geology and Petrifactions" (2 vols., 1846), and published at Gotha his "Physiological Letters" (1845), which were originally designed for the supplement of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He also established, in connection with a number of his countrymen, the Society of German Physicians in Paris, which still exists, and is of great service to young students during their stay in that city.

From Paris he went to Italy, sojourning for a while in Rome, and then at Nice for a long period, where he began his "Ocean and Mediterranean" (2 vols., 1847). Shortly afterward he received a call, through Liebig's exertions, as Professor of Geology to Giessen University. But he did not long remain professor.

Just then the revolution was preparing to break out over Europe, and Vogt united heart and soul with the revolutionists. He was chosen as a democratic member of the Frankfort Parliament, and was soon acknowledged as one of its most prominent members. He took an active part in the debates, was always ready for the fight, and he distinguished himself for his fearless utterances on behalf of political freedom, though not always as a practical politician. When the Parliament was dissolved in 1849, he followed his party to Stuttgart, where he was chosen one of the regents of the empire, and was one of the last to give in when Wurtemberg bayonets drove the strivers for popular sovereignty apart. Of course he lost his position as Professor in Giessen, and was obliged, like hundreds of others, to leave Germany. In 1851 he went to Berne, and thence to Nice, where he gave himself up to the study especially of zoology. He wrote here a satirical essay entitled, "Researches on Animal States" (1851), in which witty comparisons are made between men and animals—and "Pictures from Animal Life" (1852), both of which were subsequently published, in 1858, in a single volume, under the title of "Old and New." He remained at Nice till the spring of 1852, when he received a call to Geneva as Professor of Geology, and where he soon afterward established a new home, and where he is now to be found, honored and respected by his fellow-citizens. In 1861 he took charge of a successful scientific expedition to the Norwegian coast and Iceland, fitted out at the expense of a wealthy young man in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Vogt's fame arose about this time from the celebrated controversy with Professor Wagner, of Bonn University, on the relation of the soul to the body, and on the relation of faith to knowledge. Wagner was Professor of Physiology in Bonn, and had gained a firm reputation by his numerous physiologi-

cal lectures and publications. In his controversial works he aimed to reconcile faith and knowledge, and accepted in all its fullness the Biblical doctrine of an original Divine creation. Vogt appeared against him as the champion of the so-called young "materialistic" school, with Moleschott, Büchner, and others, and issued a pamphlet entitled, "Implicit Faith in Science," in which was the following sentence: "Whoever is a friend of science can not recognize the truth of those doctrines of revelation which contradict the results of scientific research: science shall free itself from the influence of religion and faith; knowledge must exclude faith; faith is a hindrance to science."

Vogt asserted that the human brain was originally much less, and that it had gradually increased with civilization; and Wagner now made examinations for himself on many skulls, especially considering the great-brain or cerebrum, in order to see "whether the intelligence of man is connected with the greater weight and greater perfection of the cerebrum, the seat of the intellect. He claimed as the result of his researches, that in the brain of men, more or less intelligent, there is shown no marked difference in form! Even the Germans themselves would not admit the comparison of the brain of a cretin with that of their own Goethe.

The contest between the two physiologists excited the greatest attention at the time, and from that day the bitterness of the orthodox party against Vogt began. In Geneva, however, he was more and more recognized as an earnest worker for spreading knowledge among the people. He was given opportunities to lecture, first within the bounds of the Canton, but by-and-by his field extended through the length and breadth of Switzerland and Germany. The Society for the Public Good of the Canton Neuenburg invited him to deliver lectures, a request to which he acceded. His theme was "Man: his Place in Creation and in the History of the Earth." These lectures were published (2 vols., 1863) as an independent work, and gained an extensive circulation. The lectures themselves were delivered amid uncommon applause, which led him to deliver lectures on similar subjects subsequently in the chief cities of Germany.

The substance of Vogt's system we will endeavor to comprise in a few words:

He does not say that man is descended from the present ape, as is falsely asserted, but refers both back to a stem in a distant geological period whose form of brain stood upon a lower scale than that of the present ape. From this original stem both have proceeded, widely separating, until they reached the relative position we find them in at the present day. The chief difference lies in the brain. The largest gorilla brain measured by Vogt had a capacity of 537 cubic centimeters; the European has about 1,500. A human child has at birth 400 to 450; the young ape has very nearly as much. The former acquires a growth of nearly 500 more cubic centimeters in the first year of life, while the ape gets only 6, which ratio it keeps up during life, showing that an arrested formation has taken place in the latter—that is, though the foundations for a fully developed brain are present, it can not develop. Man, in the pre-historic period, had to defend his existence, and labor and culture produced in him intellectual advancement. The human figure developed in symmetry with civilization, as well as the shape and size of the brain. The skulls of earlier periods approach brutishness, and are very similar to that of the ape. Messrs. Schwarz and Scherzer, of the Novarra expedition, in their report say that they found races bearing strong relationship to the ape, some in skull and others in body, showing that even among men at the present time there are heirlooms from this apial ancestry—namely, the so-called microcephala or ape-men.

Vogt has paid special attention to these "ape-men," as shown by his "Microcephala," 1866, and his essays in the "Archive for Anthropology." In the September PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1869 an article of Vogt's was published which furnished at considerable length the views of Vogt on those idiots. "The theory of a progression from the imperfect to the perfect, the perfection of man as a rational being, is much more worthy of him than the idea of a degradation of humanity from an ideal and more perfect state to an imperfect one."

Personally, Professor Vogt is greatly esteemed by his Swiss fellow-countrymen, who

have conferred on him many distinguishing honors. The chief authorities of the Canton have gracefully acknowledged his great services in disseminating knowledge, by means of his lectures among the people. Although it hardly need be remarked, we do not join in with all the ideas which the distinguished researcher has propagated in regard to man's origin, we can not withhold approbation at his earnest, thorough, working spirit, and his adoption of many reforms which his cotemporaries still refuse to accept.

Vogt stands in the front rank of the ethnologists of Germany, and gives the brain the most prominent place in his researches. He assigns certain parts of the brain to the faculties of intellect, sentiment, and will; but does not yet fully admit the minute division of the brain, as recognized by phrenologists, although with his instinctive practical discernment he affirms many principles in mental philosophy which are enunciated by Phrenology.

Physiology

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Fowmans.*

PURE AIR.

THROW open your window and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the life and the health of mankind.

Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums?
Or headaches, and fevers, and chills?
Of bitters, hot-drops, and plasters and fumes,
And bleeding, and blisters, and pills?

Then shut yourself up like a monk in his cave,
Till Nature grows weary and sad,
And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,
Where nothing is cheerful and glad.

Be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out;
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet;
Wrap a bandage of flannel your neck quite about
And cover your head with the sheet.

O! prize not thus lightly so precious a thing,
'Tis laden with gladness and wealth—
The richest of blessings that Heaven can bring,
The bright panacea of health.

Then open the window and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the light, life, and joy of mankind.

WHY USE SPECTACLES?

WITH most persons, there is an epoch in life when the eyes become slightly flattened. It arises, probably, from a diminished activity of the secreting vessels. The consequence is that the globe is not kept quite as completely distended with fluids as in youth and middle age. There is thus an elongated axis of vision. A book is held farther off to be read. Finally, becoming more flattened by the same inactivity within, the difficulty is met by putting on convex glasses. This is the waning vision of age. If, however, when that advancing imperfection is first realized, the individual persists in the attempt to keep the book in the old focus of vision—even if he reads under perplexing disadvantages, never relaxing, but perseveringly proceeding just as he did when his eyes were in the meridian of their perfection, the slack vessels will at last come up to his assistance, and the original focal dis tance will be re-established.

This statement will unquestionably be combated energetically by those who use glasses. But it will be a waste of forensic powder, because the fact is established beyond cavil. We do not pretend it will be successful in every instance; but generally, if glasses are once resorted to, then the opportunity of doing without them is forever lost.

Very aged men may be noticed reading fine print; and ladies, too, by scores, who resisted glasses at the age of life referred to who enjoy all the comfort of distinct vision, and they will, until, like the deacon's chaise, every stick in the vehicle falls to pieces at the same time.

Therefore, begin with a firm resolution never to use glasses of any kind, for reading or writing. The ancients knew nothing about such contrivances; if they had, there would have been poor eyes in abundance, and oculists to meet the emergency. Cicero never complained of imperfect vision at the age of sixty-three. He even wrote his last letter by torchlight, on the eve of being put to death by the waiting soldiers. Humboldt died at ninety-two, having never been embarrassed with those modern contrivances, lunettes. John Quincy Adams, illustri-

ous for scholarship, at a ripe old age saw without them. Indeed, it would be a laborious enterprise to collect a catalogue of names in the chronicle of literary fame, of men and women, who were independent of glasses.—*Dr. J. V. C. Smith.*

ORGANIZATION AND CRIME.

IN an article on the material and moral condition of English society, read by J. H. Elliott, Esq., before the Statistical Society of London, many paragraphs occur which are worthy transference to these columns on account of their relation to mental phenomena, and the direct evidence they afford in support of the position taken by us in the discussion of cranial conformation as related to vice and immorality. We, at this time, introduce to the reader the more important deductions of Mr. Elliott from his extended investigations.

"Much of human ill depends upon organization, which is hardly to be reached by human interference, at least in the present state of our appliances; but a larger portion of human ill is amenable to wise management. The causes of misery which depend on our organization are, defective animal strength, depraved appetites, imperfect intelligence, defective self-control, commonly shown in the absence of industrious and frugal habits, or in the undue energy of the passions, the healthy action of which is indispensable to happiness; due adjustment is virtue; too much or too little is vice.

"That large mass of suffering which is the result of diseased organization or of organic depravity, depends as much on our original formation (inscrutable as it may be) as lameness or scrofula, idiotcy or deafness, and should not be so treated as to extend and perpetuate such depraved constitutions. A multitude of these diseased persons, but not quite all, should be left alone. Nature intended that the diseased stock should disappear and become extinct, and she has provided accordingly. Organic depravity should not be propagated and diffused by injudicious artificial interference. The healthy undisturbed process of animal life is to eliminate diseased organisms. The gardener propagates and encourages only the best fruits and flowers of their kind. The people of Scandinavia collect those hapless beings who are afflicted with leprosy into special hospitals. In Norway there are two,—one at Molde, another at Bergen,—where they keep in comfort and ease those of their fellow-creatures who are infected with this loathsome and incurable disease. They say, 'Here you shall live; but you shall not be abroad, contracting marriage and transmitting to another and another generation your dreadful affliction.' There is much vice which is a leprosy of the soul, is as incurable, and should be so treated.

"But the curable are still a large section of evil-doers, those persons who are amenable to educational discipline, a discipline of no subtile and recondite sort, arrived at only by some difficult process, like that which enables men at last, after many trials and failures, to make a new die or a new engine. What has hitherto been done with the most amiable motives—nor labor nor money spared—has almost entirely failed, if the figure-facts before us are any evidence. The reports of various charitable and reformatory societies point at best to very uncertain results; the larger portion of those who are reported to the world as reformed offenders—cases of moral cure—are at best doubtful. They can not be, and they are not thoroughly traced. Besides, the most satisfactory cases of cure are of persons who, having been taught some useful handicraft, are sent to the colonies where, labor being scarce and work abundant, and the land and the produce of the land in excess, the wretched offender and mendicant, the transient reformator, whose existence has been that of severe continued self-denial or of criminal abundance, is placed in a new state of life, where he gets $15 or $20 a week. Not much moral pharmacy, good advice-alteratives, are required to change the youth who has matriculated in these penal schools into useful and fair-living workers, where they must behave well or disappear in the wilds. It is not that their moral nature, not that the diseased volitions of the brain, or it may be of a naturally depraved organization, have been changed, but that new and large rewards to industry have supplied strong motives to good conduct. Some few creatures there are who are bad, inveterately

bad, for the pleasure of being bad, but excepting these, make it worth people's while, and most will become honest for a handsome consideration. At a familiar united meeting of *mauvais sujets* and of philanthropists, one man said, 'Well, by picking pockets and such like, I make $50 a week ($2,500 a year); if you will secure me as much, with no harder work, I will emigrate to the Cape at once.' Words, phrases, moral lessons, good advice, will not alone effect a change in men's conduct; with such gentle influences must be added the alternative of pain and suffering, with the secured reward in the end, of honest food for honest work. Many who have been submitted to the *materia medica* of the reformatory have left that dispensary in improved health; but then they were persons of a class, happily rather numerous even among the evil-doers, who wanted no treatment at all, who did wrong once, and who, if they had escaped, would probably have played the fool no more. Many persons are submitted to medical treatment who would get well as soon, and perhaps sooner, *if left alone;* and these are the cases which form some of the triumphs of the doctor, and are the source of his reputation. Going his rounds, a hospital surgeon—an honest one—said to his pupils, 'Gentlemen, there is here nothing to interest us; one portion of these patients will get well if we leave them alone,—the rest will die, and we can not help them.' Some few moral sufferers are in the same hopeless condition; others can be cured, but only by other treatment than it has hitherto been the custom to apply."

HOSPITAL LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD.

MAY WOMAN PRACTICE MEDICINE?

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR JOURNAL: Three months since I sent you that note from Glasgow! How fast these months have flown! So fast that the hurried visit to beautiful Edinburgh, the busy days in busy London, and the brief tarrying in fair Paris seem like a dream of the night; and the weeks that have elapsed since then only the morning nap that followed the dream.

Of these three capitals I shall say nothing, because, to Americans, they are almost as well known as Boston or Chicago. But with a bound I will come directly to this proud old city of the Leopolds and Theresas. Of the city itself I shall tell you little this time, for as yet the whole of my time has been devoted to its great hospital, all else interesting or profitable being quite excluded. The "Algemeines Kraukenhaus," or general hospital, stands a mile or so from the heart of the city. There are entrances on each of the four sides, guarded by porters who seem to have been chosen for their size, as they are enough to intimidate almost any one by their huge forms and long blue overcoats, which, reaching to their heels, and trimmed with whitish fur, give them the look of polar bears.

Passing beneath the archway and by these faithful guards one enters a large and beautiful court which, in summer, is bright with flowers, and cool and shady from the numerous trees.

Patients in hospital gowns may be seen there sauntering slowly along the winding paths or resting on the seats beneath the arbors prepared for their comfort. But now the cold December wind drives the sick ones in-doors, and only crowds of students are seen hurrying to and fro, or men and women carrying wood and coal upon their backs to the different parts of the hospital.

On all sides stretch out the various buildings of the hospital, with here and there arched openings through which one catches glimpses of courts and other structures beyond, till the mind is appalled with the thought that all this vast establishment is crowded with the sick, and that hundreds, and even thousands, are here suffering from the innumerable ills to which flesh is heir to.

Yet this is not all. From the windows of the upper rooms can be seen several other buildings also devoted to the sick. To the right is the well-conducted house for the insane. On another side the vast children's hospital. In front, the military hospital, and so on, till one begins to think Vienna one vast city of the sick.

If we pass through the sunny court-yard and into the nearest ward, a thousand things attract our attention because of their inconvenience, and contrast unfavorably with the arrangement of such things at home.

At the door you may run against some water-carriers and be in danger of a serious scalding. Two men are carrying a big tub of hot water on two poles for a bath. They put the tub beside a bed. Then, with their poles, bring in a huge bath-tub which is in itself as

heavy as they can well carry, then more water, hot or cold, till the bath is ready. After the patient has enjoyed its benefits, the bath-tub and water are removed in the same toilsome way. Yet there are running fountains in every yard, and ranges with hot fires all through the house. But the—shall I say Yankee—ingenuity is wanting to unite the two, so that there may be warm water running into stationary bath-tubs.

But the perfect cleanliness of everything, the good ventilation and even temperature of most of the wards will excite so much admiration that the unpleasant features are soon forgotten or overlooked.

Separate wards are of course assigned to each specialty of disease, and in all are plenty of patients, and physicians enough. Americans miss the array of little bottles and spoons which they are accustomed to see at home, for very little medicine of any kind is given. Many of the professors even do not hesitate to inveigh against it, and some few refuse to use it at all internally. But the patients do not seem to suffer for lack of it. Nature does the work quite as well without the druggist's aid.

Having seen all the wards; having heard all the lectures of the many professors illustrated with cases of every kind; and having acquired, as one may suppose, a full appreciation of the great advantages a medical student may here obtain, the full glory of the institution does not dawn upon one till it is remembered that all this is free to *woman!* Oh, America! how it puts you to shame that Austria should open her doors wider than you! The regular course is five years. Any woman of any land may come here and, beginning at the foundation, go through year after year and come out at the close side by side with man. Yes, and she will do this without encountering the ungentlemanly opposition which the ladies of Philadelphia have recently experienced. Almost without exception, the professors and teachers are quite in favor of allowing ladies to attend their lectures, and many of them are decidedly interested in their success and ready to aid them in every way. There are fifteen hundred medical students here. It would be strange indeed if all or if most of them were in favor of a woman sharing the education they receive. But out of the fifteen hundred not *one* has *showed* by any want of courtesy that he has aught against any of the three ladies now in the medical department of the University. On the contrary, there are many who show by every attention their appreciation of woman's endeavors to attain a thorough knowledge of medicine, surgery, or of any one branch she may choose to take up. No one but a woman can appreciate this freedom, this "woman's right" granted at last.

A thousand blessings are daily called down upon Prof. Carl Braun who first granted this boon to the two ladies who applied for admission a year ago.

Nothing now stands between those who enjoy these opportunities and success, unless it be their own lack of application or want of capability. It is only to be wished that there were three hundred instead of three. Or better still, that our own colleges would be as liberal as the Vienna University, and with its generosity say, "Such as I have, give I unto thee." Even then, there would be less to accept than Vienna offers, for in our new country we can hardly expect to have so vast an institution yet.

But with Philadelphia and Chicago opening their halls to women we can not complain. Their good example will soon be followed by Boston and New York, and woman can then have a fair chance to try and see what she can do.

Those who tremble over the experiment of educating men and women together have nothing to fear. To the true student everything is lost sight of except the *science* he studies. Where the attempt has been made it has been a success. Woman has lost none of her modesty, but man has been refined, externally at least. They meet in the class-room as *students*, and no more. They gather about the bed-side only to witness the effects of disease or to admire the workings of nature, and to learn how to assist her if possible. It can not be denied that there will always be exceptions, but to the *pure* will all things be *pure*.

There are some noble Americans here who stand faithfully by their countrywomen, and whose whole-souled sympathy does not fail to have its effect upon the German mind. To tell the whole truth, there are a *few* Americans who think the lady students here sadly out of their sphere. But even these have the grace to let us alone, and—like the South—that is all we ask. I should like to give you some description of our best professors, but must delay that till another time.

The vacation comes shortly, when all Germany will celebrate St. Nicholas' Day. The

lectures cease for three weeks, and then go on again till the middle of March. A month's vacation occurs at that time, after which the summer term of three months closes the duties of the year.

CELEBRATED MANIACS.

FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, the debauchee and drunkard, who treated his children with marked cruelty, compelling them to eat the most unwholesome and disgusting food, and crowned his brutality by spitting into it, suffered from hypochondriasis and great mental depression, once attempting to commit suicide.

Judge Jeffreys, the brutal minion of James II. of England, was tortued by a cruel internal malady, aggravated by intemperance.

Damien persisted in declaring that had he been bled in the morning, as he wished, he never would have attempted the assassination of Louis XV.

Caligula commenced his reign with mildness, and it was after a violent attack of bodily illness that he began his career of cruelty, crime, and vice.

Frequently, long before an attack of insanity is clearly defined, the patient admits he is under the influence of certain vague apprehensions, undefinable misgivings and anxious suspicions as to the sane character of his emotions. Such sad doubts, fearful apprehensions, mysterious, inexplicable forebodings and distressing misgivings as to the healthy condition of the mind, often induce the heart-broken sufferer, convulsed with pain and choking with anguish, prayerfully, and in accents of wild and frenzied despair, to ejaculate with King Lear:

> "O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
> Keep me in temper, I would not be mad."

Dean Swift had a singular presentiment of his imbecility. Dr. Young, walking one day with the Dean, some short distance from Dublin, suddenly missed him, he having lagged behind. The Doctor found him at a distance, gazing in a solemn state of abstraction at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted by a hurricane. He directed Dr. Young's attention to the summit of the tree, and, heaving a deep sigh, exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top first."

These words convey a solemn warning, in these days of fast living and perpetual mental toil. It behooves us all to take care we do not "die at the top first," when a little attention to what is going on within us will keep up a healthy circulation of the sap.

[Excessive night work; strong tea and coffee to stimulate the nerves; eating hastily; improper or indigestible food; resorting to the use of drugs, tonics, bitters, and alcoholic stimulants; smoking or chewing tobacco; and worse than all the rest, giving way to inordinate or perverted love, and neglecting religious duties, are some of the causes of early mental and physical decay, imbecility, and insanity. One who allows himself to be controlled by these agencies is in danger. His life, as well as his sanity, is in peril. Why will men tempt God by violating his laws?]

Religion.

> Know,
> Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
> Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
> And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
> Love finds admission where proud science fails.
> —*Young's Night Thoughts.*

PHRENOLOGY IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

WHAT! Examine the child's bumps? Subject the teacher to a professional examination at the hands of the phrenologist? Require of the superintendent, the pastor, or the chorister a certificate of character based on the formation of the brain? Not exactly these, yet a little of all of them.

The Sunday-school of to-day is a different thing from what the Sunday-school of twenty years ago was. It is better organized; it aims at larger results; it does its work in a more systematic way; it secures a better class of teachers, with more thorough training and preparation; and it accomplishes a more successful work. The possibilities of the Sunday-school as an agency for good, it is hardly possible to estimate. The thinking people of to-day, who are interested in juvenile education, whether in the churches or

out of them, regard the school, not as antagonistic to the church, but a part of it, or at all events, a valuable helper to it.

The Sunday-school teacher aims at operating on the mind and soul of his pupil. As a worker in iron, wood, or leather must know the character of the material he uses, with a view to the accomplishment of the highest results, so must he who seeks to fashion an immortal mind for a destiny of immortality thoroughly understand what he is working upon. There are certain kinds of ore which serve admirably for castings, but which can not satisfactorily be rolled into sheets. There are ores which can be wrought into tubes and rods which will not make the best grate bars. The carpenter who is making a wheelbarrow selects one kind of wood, while he who would make an organ or piano has recourse to various productions of the forest, each best adapted for the purpose to which he intends to apply it. There are some kinds of leather which will work into trunks and bags; other kinds are especially adapted for boots, while some equally fair to look upon will give trouble to the workman who uses it for either. The good workman understands the character of his material.

The better the teacher understands the mental make-up of his pupil, the better his teaching will adapt itself to the development of successful results. Of all people, the teacher who is training and teaching the soul of a child should understand the child's nature. He should be an experienced judge of character. He should be able to tell the difference between different children. One child may have such a memory as to be able to learn without difficulty the 119th Psalm, or the Shorter Catechism. To such a one it is a pleasure rather than a dreary drudgery. Another child, in the same class, has no such gift of memory, and very little application. The wooden-headed teacher who thinks all children are cast alike in the same mold, like bullets or flat-irons, sets both children to work at the task, and calls the child who has no memory stupid and careless, because the other outstrips him. A little judgment as to the respective characters of the children would save both teacher and scholar much unpleasantness in this respect.

Here is a boy with Combativeness and Destructiveness largely developed, and with a tremendous organ of Firmness. The teacher's Firmness is as well developed as the pupil's. He has certain stringent regulations, which it is the boy's rule to break, and his to enforce. There is clashing, resulting in ill feeling, hard words, and, sometimes, expulsion from the school, to the eventual regret of all concerned. How much more judiciously the teacher could have handled the boy, before the mischief was done, had he but comprehended the nature of the boy's mind, and of his own, in their relations to each other.

The superintendent should be a judge of character. If there is a child of a peculiarly sensitive and tender organization of mind, he should not put him in charge of the rough giant whose nature fits him only to be captain of a whaling vessel or driver of a mule train. He needs the instruction and the sympathy of the kindest soul in the whole congregation; and if wisely chosen, and faithfully set at work, such a good soul may accomplish incredible results with the timid and shrinking.

The superintendent should have sufficient acquaintance with human nature, and sufficient firmness to decline, as kindly as possible, the offer of teaching services made by such crusty and disagreeable creatures as are likely to worry children rather than to educate them, and to set the various members of the school by the ears. The gifts and graces which such people have may safely be exercised in some other sphere. The choice of the leader of music may fall upon the superintendent. If he is a judge of character and capability, he selects somebody who has some musical gift, and who has at least a little of the spirit of music in his soul. But if his selection is made at random, and rather with a view to please some ambitious aspirant to office than to secure the best and most joyful songs of praise, it results in the bellowing of some biped bull of Bashan, and in stridulous noise which frightens all idea of worship out of the heads and hearts of both children and teachers.

And so in the choice, and in the training, of every one who is to do any part of the

work. Work done by those who are unfitted for it, is only drudgery. Done by those who have a natural capacity for it, and who are working in the sphere for which God has made them, is a joy and a glory, and can not fail of being a grand success.

[There is science and common sense in this kind of teaching. We hope the Rev. Alfred Taylor will "come again" with similar sharp, short, and decisive criticisms and suggestions. He must be the best teacher who understands human nature best.—ED. A. P. J.]

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT INNATE.

BY REV. JASPER L. DOUTHIT.

I THINK it was Theodore Parker who said that religion was the first thing that man learned and the last thing he will forget (and by religion he meant a *sense of dependence and a consciousness of the infinite*). After much experience, men, powerful as Napoleon, victorious as Cæsar, confess what simpler men know by instinct long before, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. * * * At the end of a toilsome life we confess, with a great man of modern times, that we have wandered on the shore and gathered here a bright pebble and there a shining shell—but the ocean of truth, shoreless and unfathomed, lies before us and all unknown. The wisest ancient only knew that he knew nothing. Now all this is but saying that religion is instinctive [We should say intuitive.—ED. A. P. J.]; and under certain circumstances its reality is acknowledged by all human beings who are not insane or idiotic. However much man may boast of his greatness, as compared with the inferior orders of creation, there is one before whom he must acknowledge his weakness. Our arms are short; our reason and strength limited. We are but a small speck in a boundless universe, and yet we are "fearfully and wonderfully made;" and who made us? We made not ourselves. "We are not sufficient for ourselves; not self-originated; not self-sustained. A few years ago we were not; a few years hence, and our bodies shall not be." Whence came we? Who sent us here? Whither do we go? No one but has asked these questions, and felt in the asking a sensation of dependence upon some higher almighty Power. Yes, we are conscious of *something*, call it by what name we may, and ascribe to it what attributes we may, before which man must bow and adore. In days of prosperity, pride, and strength this instinct of reverence may be hidden, partially or entirely, by the grosser feelings; but adversity, danger, or distress will reveal it, and strong men, at other times reckless, will cry out for mercy and help from the Almighty. The hardest hearts, in a perilous shipwreck at sea, are subdued into prayer, beseeching Divine assistance. There is a time sure to come when every soul feels, it may be painfully, the need of something higher and stronger than itself. That something we call the only true and living God who was, is, and ever will be the infinite and eternal One supreme over all. To Him it is just as natural for man to look in weakness, in danger, or distress, as it is for the newborn babe to seek the mother's breast, or the little unfledged bird to open its mouth for food. The cry of David in his afflictions, "*Lead me unto the Rock that is higher than I*," is the cry that goes up from every soul some time in its history. That sublime Russian poem, commencing with the stanza:

> 'O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
> All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
> Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
> Thou only God! there is no God beside.
> Being above all beings! mighty One!
> Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!
> Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
> Embracing all, supporting—ruling o'er—
> Being whom we call God—and know no more,"

is said to have been translated into Japanese by order of the emperor, and hung up, embroidered in gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has been translated also into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace in Pekin. It has probably been translated and read, more or less, among every civilized people under heaven. This fact is but one evidence among many showing the universality of the religious sentiment. The science of Phrenology teaches that this sentiment is innate, and therefore a necessity of human nature, and, of course, that the development of this sentiment in the right direction is the only way to lasting

peace and happiness. The beauty and excellency of the Christian religion is that it draws all the faculties in the right direction and reveals to us this almighty "Being whom we call God" as "a good shepherd," and as a heavenly parent "who pitieth us even as a father pitieth his children," and teaches us to worship Him as a God of holiness and love, full of justice and mercy. He is not the stern and passionate Jupiter of the ancients, the cold, soulless *fact* of the materialist, or the impersonal *force* of the atheist, but a very special providence whose sympathy for each individual soul is illustrated by the parables of the Good Shepherd and the Prodigal Son. He will suffer no sincere seeker after His truth to wander hopelessly astray. May each of us trust in this tender, loving, and holy Being! May the prayer of each ever be, in the spirit of that beautiful and popular hymn:

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

HERE is the neat address of our Vice-President at the dedication of the new building erected by the Young Men's Christian Association on Fourth Avenue, New York. We commend its spirit to one and all.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: I came hither to-night from the capital because the invitation of your officers was one I could not resist. The name of your Association embodies and betokens Christian unity, and Christian unity means Christian power and strength, but, better than all these, Christian concord and fraternity. With all the elements, and powers, and temptations of evil so thoroughly organized around us, and these outward enticements re-enforced so potentially by those from within, the sharp, contentious words of doctrinal disputations and ecclesiastical strife among religious denominations are both saddening and discouraging. And my heart rejoices when I hear of Christian union, like that glorious reconciliation of the Presbyterian Assemblies—the island of antagonism which so long divided them being removed—and the reunited stream flowing onward with far more powerful and majestic current than before the separation.

But I have never regarded the division of the Christian world into different denominations as necessarily an evil in its results. Surely there are more professors of religion satisfied with their creed and their church government than if there were but one denomination upon the earth. And, rightly administered, harmoniously controlled and overruled, there may be power in this apparent diversity. These various denominations may be compared to an army, with its differing and yet accordant divisions. There must be the infantry, which, after long marches, moves in serried phalanx on the foe. There must be the cavalry, with its brilliant dash. There must be the artillery, which shakes the earth with its thunderous volleys. There must be the sappers and miners, attacking and overcoming every natural obstacle to its progress. There must be the medical corps, which often wounds to save, and the commissaries, who sustain exhausted nature with their food. While on river, and lake, and seaboard alike, the navy, whose home is on the water, strengthens by monitor, and ironclad, and frigate, and gunboat their comrades whose home is on the land. Each in its sphere of duty seems variant or even discordant. But, listening to the orders of the great Captain over them all, out of this apparent diversity come compact unity and resistless force. So have I regarded the various religious denominations of the world. If, beyond all that divides or distinguishes them, they can look upward, and hear the words, and obey the injunctions of the Captain of our salvation, what unconquerable power may be found in all these departments of this voluntarily enrolled army, keeping step only to the celestial music that falls upon their listening ears!

One of the most gratifying and auspicious indications of religious progress in the past quarter of a century has been the birth, and rapid and vigorous growth, of the organiza-

tion so widely and honorably known as the Young Men's Christian Association. It has seemed to leap, almost at one bound, full-grown into its sphere of usefulness. Disclaiming all participation in the denominational conflicts of the Christian churches, its pure, white banner has had inscribed upon it only one word. But it is a word that has solaced the poor in their poverty, the weak in their weakness, the friendless in their friendliness, the miserable in their miseries, the sick in their sickness, and the dying in their death. And that one word, under whose life-giving influence this mustard seed has grown into the mighty tree, is Christ. One great impulse given to this good work during the war was by the United States Christian Commission, whose honored president—George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia—I am proud to see on this platform to-night. The Christian Commission,—twin-sister to the Sanitary Commission,—and both angels of mercy, that, first in the history of the world's sad wars, went out with our armies to succor and to save, and returned with victories over suffering and disease, and even over death itself, from whose icy grasp they rescued so many tens of thousands by their more than Samaritan benefactions. In that Christian work the division-walls of sects were often broken down. Patriotism softened antagonizing hearts, and humanity welded them together in this labor of love. Besides lifting the nation to a higher plane of benevolence than it had ever before touched, another of its triumphs was in enlisting, in a joint and harmonious work, those who, from opposing pulpits, had often preached opposing sermons at each other.

Of the special objects of the Association in this city others are to speak to-night. I can only remark that if it has been justly said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, how much nobler the glory of him who rescues one tempted fellow-man from the dangers of temptation! If we are commanded to pray "Lead us not *into* temptation," how can we adequately honor him who leads us *out of* temptation, and places our feet upon a rock of safety? His is the right to a royal title, as, indeed, one of the children of God. More even than this, if more were possible. Property may perish, man may die, this magnificent building may pass away; no, not "*may*"—all this *shall* happen. But a good deed never dies. It is as immortal as the Throne whence all good emanates. It will live in its example, it will live in its fruits, it will live in itself, indestructible, even when earth, and sea, and sky are known no more for ever. It is, too, the richest fortune in life, the most priceless possession at death. For, after enjoying the inner consciousness of its happiness here, Inspiration assures you that you shall listen to its record hereafter, when the whole world will listen to it too. I would not derogate from the great and beneficent influence of church associations in their respective spheres of duty and religious progress. But after all they are but planets, deriving their power to sweep on in their wide-reaching orbits from the great central sun, which is the Throne of God. Pardon me if I remind you here, in closing, of John Wesley's memorable dream. You remember that he thought he stood at the very gate of heaven, and he asked, thinking first of the denomination he loved above all others, "Are there any Methodists there?" And over the battlements came the answer, "No." "Are there, then, any Presbyterians there?" was the next inquiry. But the same voice again replied, "No." And thus he asked of Episcopalians and Baptists, and all, with similar responses. But at last he despairingly inquired, "Who, then, are there?" And the answer came back, full of melody and love, "Christians;" and the gates opened, and there was no strife, nor discord, nor antagonism there, but all was unity, and peace, and joy. So may I be allowed to say, that while each church may be a pillar of beauty and strength in a majestic and divine temple of faith, your Association is like the dome, which unites while it protects all; and on which is emblazoned, in letters resplendent with more than the light of the sun at noonday, these words of love and power, "Christian Unity."

SPEAK well of all; thou knowest not what good a simple word of encouragement may do a hungry, misunderstood soul. H. S. D.

Science and Art.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY

HISTORICALLY AND ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY M. D. WELLOOMB.

EDITOR OF PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I see by your excellent JOURNAL that you duly appreciate chromo-lithographs, and offer some of them as premiums to canvassers for your magazine. I have thought it might be interesting to your readers to sketch the history of

LITHO-CHROMICS,

such being the title applied by a Frenchman half a century ago to the art of copying portraits, landscapes, etc., in oil colors on stone, and then transferring them to canvas. *Lithos* in Greek signifies a stone, and *chromos* color. A lithograph is a chemical drawing made with an oily pencil upon a peculiar kind of lime-stone, found in the quarries of Stenhofen, Bavaria. Chromo-lithography is the art of reproducing oil paintings in colors. A German named Senefeller by mere accident discovered the art about the year 1798. He was the son of a poor widow resident in Munich. He encountered nearly as many obstacles as Pallissy in his experiments to learn how to make a certain rare kind of ornamental china, but with a like perseverance he attained the goal at last, and carried forward the art to as perfect a state as lithography has attained. The circumstances which led to the discovery are these:

Alois Senefelder was a young man of an inventive turn of mind. He had been a law student to please his father, who was a successful actor. After his father's death the poverty of the family compelled him to abandon the law and take the stage. Here he was not very successful, and having a good deal of leisure, he thought to save expense by printing his own plays, and with that in view he proceeded to experiment with sealing-wax, wood, and other substances. Not succeeding in getting a good impression from wax or wood, he attempted to engrave a copperplate by the aid of aquafortis; but before applying this biting liquid he had to cover his copperplate with the varnish that engravers use for the purpose, and write upon it a page of print backward. He encountered many difficulties, and to lessen them he contrived the mixture of wax, soap, lampblack, and water, which he used to cover over his errors, and write upon it the correct word.

He succeeded at last in getting a tolerable proof of one page from his copperplate. But these plates were expensive, and the German player was poor. In the vicinity of Munich the slabs of soft stone now used by lithographers are found, and it occurred to Alois to try and engrave his works upon them. It is a *lime*-stone which is soft when taken from the quarry, but hardens after exposure to the air. He cut some letters upon the surface of one of the slabs, but the result was not very encouraging, and he only waited for means with which to continue his experiments upon copper. Meanwhile he used to cover the surface of the soft stone with engraver's varnish, and write on this backward.

Now comes the eventful morning when by means of an impatient washerwoman the wonderful art of lithography was discovered, which has since developed into *chromo*, and resulted in those exquisite pictures which embellish the dwellings of thousands, and can rarely be distinguished from the original costly brush painting.

The washerwoman had called for the weekly wash, but the list was not ready, and the widow asked Alois to take it. Not being able to find a fragment of paper, and the laundress being in haste, he took one of his lime-stones, and seizing his paste made of lampblack, wax, soap, and water, he dashed off upon the smooth surface the brief list of garments, and the washerwoman departed with her bundle.

Before rubbing out his hasty scrawl it occurred to him to try whether the letters would resist aquafortis, a weak dilution of which he poured over the stone, and let remain for five minutes. He found that the liquid had eaten away the stone to the depth of one line, leaving the letters in slight relief. He then thought he might possibly take an impression of his list upon paper. After many experiments he succeeded in contriving a method by which he could cover his letters with ink, and keep the rest of the surface dry. He found it was only necessary to wet the whole surface of the stone before applying his inking-pad. The film of water kept the oily printer's-ink from adhering to the stone, but did *not* keep it from adhering to the letters written upon the stone with soap and lampblack. He laid his paper on the stone, applied the requisite pressure, and lo! an excellent proof of his washing list was before him! Lithography was discovered! It now

only remained to develop and perfect the art. The grand secrets are these: 1, a lime-stone surface; 2, an oily pencil with which to draw the designs; 3, wetting the stone before putting on the oily printing-ink.

The first specimens published by Senefelder were some sheets of music, in 1796. Afterward he applied the new art to drawings, and multiplied copies without the tedious process of cutting them in metal. In 1810 there appeared in Munich, under the direction of Senefelder, "*Les Œuvres Lithographiques*, par Strixner, Piloti et Cie," in which the first tint-printing from stone occurs. Strixner's borders for prayer-books, published in 1808, contain "flat color stones." It was, however, in 1822 that the first application *on a large scale* appeared in Munich, by Franz Weishaupt, in a work containing pictures of birds, monkeys, and turtles. Since 1830, when the black crayon process was at its zenith, artists first began to develop the beauties of chromo-lithography.

A Frenchman named Malapeau, about the year 1823, conceived the idea of copying portraits, landscapes, etc., in oil colors on stone, and transferring them to canvas. This art he called "Litho-chromics." He succeeded so far as to obtain a patent, but his productions did not long remain popular.

Senefelder copied oil paintings by taking impressions on colored sheets of paper, and called his invention "Mosaic printing," and from that the art has been advancing, until now the choicest treasures found in foreign galleries are copied with perfect success. Every characteristic of the original is reproduced with such exactness that it is difficult to detect any difference.

The first lithography in the United States of which we have any knowledge was introduced by Mr. Pendleton, in 1826, in the city of Boston. This was done in simple black and white.

In 1839 *chromo*-lithography was introduced into Boston by an Englishman named Thorpe, who executed some very satisfactory work in horticultural designs. He was followed by others in New York and Philadelphia, who produced pictures of decided merit. But no American publisher has done so much to elevate and popularize the art as Louis Prang, who stands at the head of chromo-lithography in America, and whose publications have from a small beginning less than ten years ago, in a humble room of the fourth story of a building in Boston, now become world-wide in circulation. In this large lithograph establishment, the first ever built on this continent, forty presses are kept constantly at work, and can hardly supply the demand.

We have now sketched the history of lithography to the present time, and our next work is to describe as accurately as our limits will allow

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE,

for we have thus far only thrown out the general features, without specification. A lithograph is simply a picture or design in black and white, printed upon paper from stone. This stone is found only in the region where accident, or rather we should say Providence, revealed it to the poor playwright in 1793. The demand for it has increased the price, until it now sells, for choice stones, as high as thirty-five cents per pound. And that you may better appreciate the price of chromos, we will inform you that the "*Barefoot Boy*," a picture 9¼ by 12⅞, required twenty-six slabs of stone, weighing nearly two tons, and worth fourteen hundred dollars. It required several months' time to prepare these stones for the press, and then nearly five months to print an edition of a thousand copies. That "interesting child" has to go through the press twenty-five times before all the shades are complete, and he is considered fit to appear before the public. The original of that "barefoot boy" is worth a thousand dollars, and yet, though the process of reproducing it in chromo is so slow and expensive, a copy which few could distinguish from the original is sold for five dollars.

But to return to our starting-point. The design is first drawn on the smoothly polished surface with a greasy or oily pen or pencil, which adheres to the stone, and by the application of certain acids enters into a chemical combination with it. The rest of the surface is then washed over with a solution of gum-arabic, which closes up the pores. It is then wiped over with a damp sponge. The drawing being oily rejects the water, while the gummed surface, on which there is no drawing, retains it. The color is then applied with a roller, resembling a printer's roller, but made, not of glue and molasses, but fine calfskin. The color being oily adheres to the greasy drawing, whereas the gummed surface being wet repels it. Thus an impression is obtained without a raised surface, or incision, as in common printing-type, wood-cuts, and steel engravings, from a perfectly smooth surface, which rivals in its light and shade even line engravings and copperplates.

There is, however, an engraved lithograph which is costlier, and produces a finer effect.

Maps and portraits, for example, in which it is desired to have clear and sharp-cut lines, are sometimes engraved on stone, with fine steel gravers, or diamond points. This method costs somewhat less than copperplate engraving, and from ten to twelve thousand impressions may be taken from a single stone.

Some of the finest specimens of lithography ever published, we are informed, were the work of Calame, a Swiss painter, born at Vevay in 1815, and who died only a few years since. Many critics regard him as the best landscape painter of the century. He drew a large number of his productions on stone, and published them as lithographs, and in no other form do they exist. His most celebrated set comprises nearly a hundred pictures, chiefly landscapes; all of them, it is said, are masterly productions.

Very highly celebrated are the Dresden Gallery lithographs, which are copies of the great paintings in the Dresden Gallery, executed under the supervision of its directors, who own the stones and copyrights, and will not allow a poor print to leave their press.

There are also three noteworthy sets of French lithographs—the first after Pierre Edouard Frere, a distinguished painter of the modern French school. He devoted himself almost exclusively to the *genre* class of painting, in which department he excelled. He was a pupil of the celebrated French painter Paul Delaroche.

But again we have digressed from our description.

In *chromo*-lithography the first proof is a light ground-tint, covering nearly all the surface. This is only a faint shadow rather than outline of the picture. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of a certain color; the next, all the shades of another color, until as many impressions are made as there are colors in the original. For some landscapes it requires as many as forty different stones. The whole edition receives its impressions of a certain color before proceeding to another. Colors and tints are greatly modified and multiplied by the process of printing one over another.

Great skill is requisite in the process of coloring. In order to get the same colors in the same places in each picture they are "registered" in this manner: two or more needle-holes are drilled into each stone (in a precisely corresponding place with regard to the drawing in each case), and when the first impression is taken the registering needles are thrust through the paper into the holes in the stone. These holes are guides for all the subsequent colors, the paper being laid on in such a way in each printing that the needles pass through the holes in the paper to the holes in the stone. The variation of a hair's breadth would mix up the colors and spoil the picture.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which is grained in such a way as to produce that peculiar roughness seen in canvas oil paintings. After the chromo has passed through the press, it is embossed and varnished, and then put up for the market.

Some have erroneously supposed that chromos were the product of mere artisans, and for that reason have ignored them as works of art. This is not true. Those who reproduce in chromo the works of eminent artists must themselves be artists of repute, otherwise they are incapable of copying perfectly the costly originals.

Again, it is objected that they are worthless, on the ground of their being *imitations* merely, therefore lacking the inspiration of the original conception. On the same principle all copies of originals in every department of science and art ought to be condemned as worthless. Steel engravings, copies of the great masters, as well as chromos, imitations of flowers and fruits, whether in wax, drawings, or paintings, lacking the *spirit* of the originals, should be placed under ban. If wrong, if worthless, if it be not the product of art to reproduce in perfect *fac-simile* the costly originals of master minds, because forsooth the copyist lacks the inspiration of the great artist, why not apply the same principle to the works of Nature and their Creator, and say that all the imitations thereof on canvas are nothing worth, lacking as they do the inspiration of their original Author, and the life—the vitality which clothes the landscape with its excelling loveliness, and paints the gorgeous flower with living tints? Why paint the rose with its beautiful shades, when the most skillful artist fails to impart to his picture the fragrance of the original? Why seek to transfer to canvas the mighty Niagara, without imparting its flowing motion and thundering roar? Away with them all! Mere copyists are ye at best; the master-mind of the original Creator you have not. Why then aspire to a mere imitation of the grandeur of His works! Plead not in excuse that thus you are enabled to bring to the eye of thousands representations of scenes they can never witness, and thus afford them pleasure, not of course equal to that realized by a view of the original, but next akin, and hence to be appreciated. Are you not thus pandering to a false taste by thus seeking to

paint Niagara with its surroundings so that it will look precisely like the natural fall, the island, the bridge, etc., whereas the real value of the view is all wanting? You make on paper or canvas what resembles a mighty fall of water, but it lacks motion and sound. You present a perfect copy of the Suspension Bridge, with carriages and people upon it, but the vehicles are not moving, and the people have no life, so is it not all "a childish waste of time" on your part, and your "work fit only for children?" What pleasure can a man take in such toys?

You object to Prang's "imitation of canvas and the strokes of the artist's brush," because they are *imitations*, and not realities. So precisely on the same ground we object to your imitations of Nature, and beg that you will let us have the original—the reality, or none at all! Away with painted flowers that emit no odor! Banish the stereoscope with its accompanying views, which reveal in startling relief the wonders of our own and foreign lands—the landscapes, the towering Alps, the Mammoth Cave, the Giant's Causeway, the Vatican, exterior and interior, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum exhumed from the ashes of centuries, the mighty pyramids of Egypt, the cities and places of sacred story—away with them all, they are but imitations lacking the color and activities of real life—"childish toys" at best. Let us have the realities or nothing, though 'tis true they are purchased at a costly price. Debar the middle class and the poor, whose purses are not over-burdened with money, from the pleasure afforded by gazing through the stereoscope at drawings of all these places of renown, and limit the sights to those only who can travel sea and land to behold them in their pure originality!

But whither are we wandering? Our indignation against those who would fain stay the rolling tide of popularity and general favor in regard to the art of chromo-lithography has led us perhaps too far in caustic irony. 'Tis true that oft

> "A pebble in the streamlet cast
> Has turned the course of many a river;"

but we doubt if these pebbles turn the tide of public opinion from its present just appreciation of those publications which bring the copies of the old masters, and eminent artists of our own day, to take the place of those horrid daubs which have been wont to hang on the walls of those who were unable to purchase the costly painting or engraving.

Pictures help educate our children, and influence our own minds, and it is not a matter of indifference as to what we shall hang on our walls. Let them be such as will educate to a right taste by teaching the good and true, and awakening a love for the really beautiful, and certainly we know of no class of paintings better adapted for the household, with its diversified phases, than fine chromos. There are pictures for all—the dining-room, family sitting-room, parlor, nursery, and bed-chamber. And just here is needed wisdom in selecting the right sort for each apartment. An appropriate picture for the dining-room is not always the best adapted for the parlor. Landscapes are always in good taste for a parlor or sitting-room, and Bierstadt's "Sunset in California" is a bright and pretty picture for that purpose; also those soft, quiet, exquisite chromos, "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek, N. Y.," and "Late Autumn in the White Mountains," after A. T. Bricher.

Morvillier's "Snow Scene" is a beautiful work of art, and well adapted for contrast with the more brilliant colorings of other landscapes. It is a winter sunset, with an old farm-house and dairy-house near a frozen brook, forming the center foreground. A large elm rises above them with its gnarled branches vividly outlined against a winter sky. There is a bridge and a distant church on the left; a road, another elm, and a sleigh on the right; skaters on the ice. The effects of light and shade on the snow are reproduced delicately and charmingly. The "Falls of the "Yosemite Valley" is another of Bierstadt's beautiful productions.

For the dining-room, those exquisite fruit and flower pieces are always appropriate: "Cherries and Basket," "Strawberries and Basket," "Flower Bouquet," "The Kitchen Bouquet," and "Fruit Piece." Tait's "Group of Chickens," "Group of Ducklings," or of "Quails," are also pretty for the dining-room. The family sitting-room will be made bright and attractive by any of these pictures: "The Kid's Playground," in which is shown *almost* a real live calf, and a kid gamboling with it, while a heifer, some goats and ducks are looking on. The water, grassy slope, old fence overgrown with bushes, and the trees and bit of meadow beyond, lighted up by a gleam of sunshine bursting through the rifts in the overhanging clouds, all combine to render this a charming picture. Braith, the painter of the original, is a living German artist. Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," illustrative of his beautiful poem, after Eastman Johnson, has had a great sale in spite of the New York art critic who declared that the face

of the boy is "like that of a doll," and fails to represent the "Barefoot Boy" as Whittier conceived him. Mr. Whittier probably is the most competent judge in this case, and he says of the picture: "It is a charming illustration of my little poem, and every way satisfactory as a work of art."

Thousands of this chromo have been sold, notwithstanding its "doll face," and "feet like uncooked sausages," evidently because they have "no bones in them!" "The Boyhood of Lincoln" is by same artist, who stands in the highest rank of American *genre* painters. This is one of his master-pieces. It represents a young boy, coarsely clad in homespun clothes, and wearing cowhide boots, sitting reading a book by the light of a log fire, in the big, open fireplace of a backwoods cabin; everything around him rude and poor. This is a picture for the family, one from which the mother can draw instructive lessons for her children.

"The Two Friends," an exquisite portrait of a child and dog, by Gerand, an eminent living French painter, and "The Unconscious Sleeper," by Perault, another French *genre* artist, "A Friend in Need," and "Under the Apple-Tree," are all sweet home pictures.

For a lady's boudoir nothing can be prettier than "Easter Morning," by Mrs. James Hart. It represents a massive marble cross, encircled with a wreath of roses, fuchsias, pansies, and other flowers exquisitely painted.

For the nursery or children's bedroom, the "half chromos" afford a pleasing variety at a low price. They are nearly as pretty as the full chromo. Our seven-year-old Frankie has almost gone into ecstasies over his picture of the "Frightened Ducklings." The yellow, downy ducklings chased by a roguish puppy are running to the pond or brook; one has tumbled "head over heels," as we should say if we were referring to a boy, into the water; others, having advanced a little beyond, are looking back in terror, and the whole brood exhibit such frightened physiognomies and positions as to awaken mirthfulness in the beholder. "The Twins" represents two pet twin lambs in their nursery, with their fond mother. A bright, pleasant landscape, with hills and dales, and water, and flocks of sheep, form an attractive background, while in the foreground is seen a group of lambs. This is a very suitable picture for the children's room. Of others we might speak, but already have we lingered too long on this point.

We wish now to offer some further suggestions in regard to the choice of pictures. They are solely the result of our own personal observations, and as we have never seen this point brought out by critics, we may not be altogether correct in our judgment.

There are paintings which favorably impress us at the first glance. We are delighted with one picture, while another, at its side, presents but little attraction—it looks insignificant compared with the first. Between the two we should be at no loss to choose. By-and-by we look again at the two pictures, and our impressions are somewhat modified. The former does not so forcibly impress us—the latter reveals new points of interest. After a time we compare again the merits of the two, and the one that captivated us at once has decreased in our estimation, while the almost slighted picture rises rapidly in value. The result is, that it entirely displaces the first from its high position it in the beginning had taken in our mind. The truth is just here. The first picture had a few prominent features which were revealed at a single glance; but the second picture, being more quiet and varied in its characteristics, did not reveal all of its beauties; some, half-hidden, required several views to be noticed and appreciated. Gradually its fine points are manifested, and thus it is a picture of growing interest, and lasting, too, for the mind soon unfastens from an object that has power only to take it captive by storm, and puts forth no additional attractions.

We were recently more fully convinced of the correctness of our conclusions by comparing two sunset views, one, Bierstadt's "Sunset in California," the other, Prang's recent publication, "Sunset on the Coast." At first we were enraptured with the last, a large and striking ocean scene, and scarcely deigned a look at the smaller and more unpretentious painting by its side. We uttered our unqualified exclamation of delight, and remarked that possibly we might have thought the California sunset quite pretty if it had not been brought before us in such striking contrast with the ocean sunset. After we had sufficiently examined them, we turned to other things. Several hours afterward we entered the room where they were hung side by side, and now our fever had somewhat abated, we more closely looked again at both. The bold impressive sunset failed to produce the same emotion as before, while the other seemed more attractive. In a day or two we would not have chosen for its beauty and superior artistic execution the one which at first so delighted us. The California sunset had displaced it in our estimation. The

truth is, every point in the first attracted us. We saw them all at once, while the other unfolded its attractions more and more. Such is the kind of pictures to select, if we would have them ever prized by us, instead of wearying by their monotony.

"Early Autumn on Esopus Creek" was our first chromo. At first sight we felt disappointed in it; but the more critically we examined it, the better we liked it. It is a painting of such soft, quiet beauty, that its fine points are half concealed. It is truly a rare chromo; there is such a delicacy of touch, such an artistic blending of varied tints, such a perfect transparency of water and reflection of brown banks, bushes and trees, as we never saw in any painting. This, among the many American chromos we have since examined, satisfied our mind more than any other. But had we been permitted to select from his many subjects, this would not have been our choice, but rather something that would at first delight us. We learn from this item of personal experience, that it is not best to select hastily. It is better, if possible, to examine at different times those we are disposed to procure, and see how they affect us on more thorough inspection. A variety of objects and colors, when artistically arranged, will retain their freshness longer than a few clearly defined objects and shades.

We would not advise any one to furnish their rooms exclusively with paintings, whether in chromo or brush form. Elegant steel engravings, copies of costly originals, can be procured at a low price, and give better effect to a room than one style. Of these, however, we purpose to speak more fully in another paper. We have treated in this exclusively of *lithography*, and in entering another department of art we hope to find much to interest and instruct those who have not given special attention to the subject.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—The following views of Professor Huxley are eminently practical on this subject: "I do not mean that every schoolboy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is, that no boy or girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined more or less in the methods of all sciences; so that when turned into the world to make their own way they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem. That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner."

JAMES VICK,

THE EMINENT HORTICULTURIST.

ACTIVITY, energy, ambition, perseverance, taste, mechanical ingenuity and zeal are all indicated in this organization. The temperament is mental-motive-vital, the two former predominating in the order given. The whole composition is healthy, flexible, and enduring. He evidently has the intuition of his mother, with the frame-work, ambition, and executiveness of his father. His height is not far from five feet six; weight, 130 pounds; his complexion fair. The size of the brain is something above the average, and it is so disposed as to give him the talent, taste, energy, and enthusiasm which he manifests.

The phrenology indicates, first, very large Form, as shown in the width between the eyes; also large Size, Weight, Color, and Order. Indeed, the whole intellect is well developed in both the perceptives and the reflectives: Causality is prominent; Comparison is full. He manifests unusual powers of observation and a good degree of science and philosophy, as well as practical common sense. But his chief forte lies in his taste, growing out of Ideality, Sublimity, and a cultivated intellect. Benevolence is large,

and he is kindly and generous. Veneration is full, and he is disposed to be respectful and devotional. Conscientiousness is large, and he has integrity. been educated for a speaker, he could have excelled, the organ of Language being large, and he would take a lively interest in whatever tends to elevating

PORTRAIT OF JAMES VICK, THE EMINENT HORTICULTURIST.

Firmness, Approbativeness, and Self-Esteem are also well developed, and he is manly, dignified, and steadfast.

The affections are well represented, and he should be a genial, friendly, popular man in domestic life. Had he or bettering the condition or improving the people of a state or a nation.

Here is a brief biographical sketch of the gentleman, which must prove encouraging to others who have but limited means with which to begin the duties of

life for themselves. Good habits and circumstances have tended to call out and develop all the better qualities of brain and character and to make him what he is, a clear, clean, vigorous, and enterprising citizen.

JAMES VICK was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1818. In early childhood he manifested a great love of flowers. A little garden was his play-ground and delight. When not more than ten or twelve years old he made notes of what he saw, and thought with a vague notion that he would make a book some time. Coupled with his fondness for flowers was a strong desire to learn the printing trade, but circumstances seemed unfavorable, and acceding to the wishes of his parents and the force of circumstances he engaged in other pursuits.

In 1833 he came to New York with his father's family, and soon found an opportunity to learn the printing business with Mr. J. S. Redfield, of this city. After remaining in New York about four years, his father, who was very fond of gardening and rural life, became tired of the city and removed to Rochester, N. Y., where young James, then eighteen years of age, found plenty of employment at his trade and abundance of pleasure in the culture of plants. His knowledge of horticulture even then made his services exceedingly valuable to the publishers of horticultural and agricultural journals, and while he set the type, he contributed interesting and valuable matter to their columns.

In 1850 he became the publisher and one of the editors of the *Genesee Farmer*, and in 1852, after the death of the lamented A. J. Downing, purchased the *Horticulturist* of Luther Tucker, of Albany, and became its publisher. In 1853 the then publishers of this JOURNAL delivered a course of lectures on Phrenology in Rochester, and at the close of each lecture examined two or more persons who were chosen by a committee appointed for the purpose by the audience. Mr. Vick had attended none of these lectures, but the committee were determined to have his head examined publicly. Their plans were well laid, and Mr. Vick was induced, after some remonstrance, to submit to the lecturer's manipulations. The remarks of the examiner were so truthful and striking that the audience was delighted. At the close, on inquiring his profession, and being told by some one in the audience that he was the editor of an agricultural paper, the examiner remarked: "I am quite sure he must know more about flowers than about potatoes," which caused shouts of laughter.

Mr. Vick, having disposed of the *Horticulturist* and his interest in the *Genesee Farmer*, in January, 1857, became horticultural editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, and held this position until his rapidly increasing seed business claimed his entire attention. For many years he had imported choice seeds from all parts of the world for his own use, and as presents to leading horticulturists and the correspondents and friends of the journals with which he had been connected. These importations became so large and expensive, and the demand for them so great, that he felt compelled to devote his time and energies to the importation, growing, and sale of seeds. This he has done for the past nine or ten years, and is now doubtless retailing more choice seeds than any other dealer in the country. He has twenty-five acres of choice land devoted to the cultivation of flowers, within a mile and a half of the center of Rochester, and also seventy-five acres about five miles from the city; besides two stores and an entire block of buildings devoted to the work of putting up and the sale of seeds, in which he employs more than a hundred persons. The majority of these are ladies, who receive just as much pay as the men who do the same work; for Mr. Vick has too much regard for right to rob women of the reward due their services.

The number of orders received daily during the business season, which is from the 1st of February to the middle of May, ranges from 1,000 to 1,500, and during this season Mr. Vick receives one-fourth of all the letters that reach the Rochester post-office. During 1869 he paid the Rochester postmaster $15,000 for postage-stamps to pay the postage on packages of seeds and other mail matter.

Mr. Vick turns his knowledge of printing to valuable account, and his catalogue is superior in many respects to any other of a similar nature published, and that it is ap-

preciated, the large edition called for fully proves. He has already issued 150,000 of his catalogue for 1870, and we doubt whether all the other seedsmen in America circulates as many.

Mr. Vick has connected with his establishment a complete printing-office and bindery, employing constantly four or five printers, and when the catalogue is in press, from twelve to fifteen binders.

Mr. Vick was for many years the Secretary of the American Pomological Society, and also of the Fruit-Growers' Society of Western New York, until increasing business prevented his giving the necessary attention to such official duties. He is now President of the Horticultural Society of Western New York.

NATURE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS,

AS REVEALED BY THE SPECTROSCOPE.

SPECTROSCOPIC analysis, that has so wonderfully expanded the limits of scientific research, was some time since applied to the light of an aurora with unlooked-for results. Instead of a parti-colored band of light, which might have been expected, showing that the aurora was due to solid particles excited to luminosity by electric action, it gave the single line of light characteristic of incandescent gas. But the line produced by each gas has its own position in the spectrum, and the line of the aurora does not correspond with that of any gas with which chemists are acquainted. Repeated observations by several skillful experimenters give always the same result. They can pronounce only that the aurora is due to the incandescence of a gas different from any known to science.

But another discovery has been made which, from its connection with the former, is of great interest. The zodiacal light, that faint gleam in the sky which has hitherto been supposed to be due to the light reflected from a vast number of minute bodies traveling round the sun within the orbit of the earth, has been an object of great interest to astronomers. It has, until recently, never been subjected to spectroscopic analysis, because its light is so faint that it was thought its spectrum could hardly be made visible. It was presumed, however, that if a definite spectrum could be obtained, it would present, as the accepted theory of its origin required, a feeble likeness of that of the sun. A German scientist has at last succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and instead of being as expected a faint copy of the ordinary prismatic spectrum, it presented only a single line, and that identical with the spectrum of the aurora. This proves conclusively that the previously received theories of the nature of the zodiacal light were erroneous, and that it and the aurora are due to the same electric influences operating in the same medium.

It is now believed by astronomers that the same methods of inquiry will show, when an opportunity occurs for making the test, that the tails of comets are of the same nature with the aurora and zodiacal light; if so, three of the most mysterious phenomena of the heavens will be traced to a common origin and their nature partially explained.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

MY FATHER'S ELM.

BY E. T. BUSH.

My father's elm, that grand old tree
  Beneath whose ample shade
Long years ago in childish glee
  And innocence I played,
Shall ever have a sacred part
  In Memory's cherished whole;
'Tis rooted in my very heart,
  'Tis shadowed on my soul.

And scarce will Memory need recall
  The scene; for well I find
Its trunk, its limbs, its twigs, its all,
  Reflected on my mind.
Nay, should I roam through foreign lands,
  East, west—no matter where,—
'Mid polar snows or tropic sands,
  That tree were with me there.

Let others sing of fancy groves,
  With bordered walks between,
Held sacred as of early love's
  Sweet whisperings the scene;
But, poets, sing of these to me—
  Oh! sing of these no more;
Ye have not seen that lonely tree,
  Before my father's door.

The sweetest harbingers of spring,
  Though lone, despise it not;
There in its boughs sweet songsters sing
  As in no other spot.
The cricket and the katy-did
  Have softer voices there,
While in its leafy branches hid,
  They lade the evening air.

The softest breezes kiss its leaves,
  While mildest moon-beams fall
In silv'ry streaks, on summer eves,
  O'er cottage floor and wall.
Beneath its boughs, in careless joy,
  A helpless babe I lay;
Beneath its boughs, to greet her boy,
  My mother smiles to-day.

Then let no poet sing to me
  Of fancy's shady grove,
My heart still lingers round that tree
  Which speaks a mother's love.

A CROSS HUSBAND.

HOW HE WAS CURED.

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem,
A moral man, to skeptics be it known:
The wife he loved and cherished was—his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait,
With horse and chaise, five minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor spoke one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

THIS human-nature story well illustrates perverted temper, and shows how in one case it was subdued without recourse to corporal punishment, divorce, or suicide.

"Bedlam let loose! Pandemonium in rebellion! Chaos turned inside out! What is the reason a man can not be allowed to sleep in the morning without this everlasting racket raised about his ears? Children crying—doors slamming—I will know the reason of all this uproar."

Mr. Luke Darcy shut the door of his bedroom with considerable emphasis, and went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright and quiet and pleasant—Bedlam wasn't located just there, and Mr. Darcy went stormingly up stairs to the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was reached at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her low chair trying to quiet the screams of an eight-month-old baby-scion of the house of Darcy, while a rosy boy of five years lay on his back, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish passion.

"Mrs. Darcy!" enunciated Luke, with a loud and ominous precision, "may I inquire what all this means? Do you know that breakfast is waiting?"

"I know, Luke—I know," said poor perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm. "Come, Freddy, get up and be washed."

"No-o-o!" roared Master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air at a furious rate.

Like an avenging vulture Mr. Darcy pounced on his son and heir, carried him to the closet and turned the key upon his screams.

"Now, sir, you can cry it out at your leisure. Evelyn, the nurse is waiting for the baby. We'll go down to breakfast."

"But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you won't leave Freddy there!"

"It's temper that is at the bottom of these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper or know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago, but you are so ridiculously indulgent."

"But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke?"

Mr. Darcy tapped sharply at the panels of the door.

"Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man?"

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewal of a tattoo was the answer.

"I am sure he is sorry, Luke," pleaded his mother, but Mr. Darcy shook his head.

"Entire submission is the only thing I will listen to," he said, shortly.

Evelyn, with a dewy moisture shadowing her eyelashes, and a dull ache at the heart, followed her liege lord down to the breakfast-table.

A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with bright chestnut hair, and cheeks like rose velvet, was at the table, by name Clara Pruyn, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's sister. She opened her blue eyes rather wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious, Evy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Luke, tartly.

"Something is the matter, though," said Clara, shrewdly. "What is it, Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tantrums?"

Luke sat down his coffee cup with a sharp click.

"You have very peculiar expressions, Miss Pruyn."

"Very true ones," said Clara, saucily.

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself.

"It's only Freddy, who feels a little cross, and—"

"A little cross!" interrupted the indignant husband. "I tell you, Evelyn, it's quite time it was checked. Oh, that parrot! what an intolerable screeching he keeps up! Mary, take that bird into the kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring its neck. What does ail these eggs, Evelyn?"

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and all, a vindictive throw upon the grate.

"And the plates are as cold as a stone, when I've implored again and again that they might be warmed. Well, I shall eat no breakfast this morning."

"Whom will you punish most?" demanded Miss Clara.

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengeance, and took up his stand with his back to the fire.

"Please, sir," said the servant, deprecatingly advancing, "the gas bill—the man says would you settle it while—"

"No?" roared Luke tempestuously. "Tell the man to go about his business; I have no small change this morning."

Mary retreated precipitately; Clara raised her long, brown eyelashes.

"Do you know, Luke," she said demurely, "I think you would feel better if you would do just as Freddy does—lie flat down on the floor and kick up your heels against the carpet for a while."

Luke gave his mischievous sister-in-law a glance that ought certainly to have annihilated her, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no false interpretation. Then Clara came round to her sister, and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me, Evy, please, I know I have been naughty to tease Luke so!"

"You have spoke nothing but the truth," said Evelyn, quickly. "Clara, sometimes I wonder how I can endure the daily cross of my husband's temper."

"Temper!" said Clara, with a toss of her chestnut brown hair. "And the poor dear fellow hasn't the least idea how disagreeable he makes himself."

"Only this morning," said Evelyn, "he punished Freddy with unrelenting severity for a fit of ill humor which he himself has duplicated within the last half hour."

"Evelyn," said Clara, gravely, "do you suppose he is beyond the power of cure."

"I hope not; but what can I do? Shut him up as he shut up little Freddy?"

Evelyn's merry, irresistible laugh was checked by the arch, peculiar expression in Clara's blue eyes.

"The remedy needs to be something short and sharp," said Clara, "and the dark-closet system combines both requisites."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy, rising from the breakfast-table in obedience to her husband's peremptory summons from above stairs.

Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars, cravats, and stockings recklessly upon the bedroom floor.

"I'd like to know where my silk handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy," he fumed. "Such a state as my bureau is in is enough to drive a man crazy!"

"It's enough to drive a women crazy, I think," said Evelyn, hopelessly, stooping to pick up a few of the scattered articles. "You were at the bureau last, Luke. It is your own fault!"

"My fault—of course it's my fault!" snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's poodle a kick that sent it howling to its mistress. "Anything but a women's retorting and recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, I won't endure it any longer!"

"Neither will I!" said Evelyn, resolutely advancing, as her husband plunged into the closet for his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door. "I think I have endured it quite long enough—and here is an end of it!"

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door!" said Luke, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Darcy, composedly, beginning to re-arrange shirts, stockings, and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Darcy," roared Luke, at a fever heat of impotent rage, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean to keep you in that clothes press, Mr. Darcy, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind."

There was a dead silence of fully sixty seconds in the closet, then a sudden outburst of vocal wrath.

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door this instant, madam!"

But Evelyn went on humming a saucy little air and arranging her clothes.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Will you obey me?"

"Not until you have solemnly promised me to put some sort of control on that temper of yours, not until you pledge yourself hereafter to treat your wife as a lady should be treated; not as a menial."

"I won't."

"No? Then in that case I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppressive there."

Another sixty seconds of dead silence, then a sudden rain of heels and hands against the wooden panels.

"Let me out, I say, Mrs. Darcy! Madam, how dare you perpetrate this monstrous piece of audacity?"

"My dear Luke, how strongly you do remind me of Freddy. You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I'm so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap, tap, tap! came softly on the door. Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it and saw her husband's little office boy.

"Please, ma'am, there's some gentleman at the office in a great hurry to see Mr. Darcy. It's about the Applegate will case."

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken.

"Tell the gentleman that your master has a bad headache, and won't be down town this morning."

Luke gnashed his teeth audibly, as soon as the closing of the door admonished him that he might do so with safety.

"Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business that is vitally important, ma'am?"

Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up the little opera air where she had left it, letting the soft flowing words ripple musically off her tongue.

"Evelyn, dear."

"What is it, Luke?" she asked, mildly.

"Please let me out. My dear, this may be a joke to you, but—"

"I assure you, Luke, it's nothing of the kind; it is the soberest of serious matters to me. It is a question as to whether my future life shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third brief interval of silence.

"Evelyn," said Luke, presently, in a subdued voice, "will you open this door?"

"On one condition only."

"And what is that?"

"Ah! ah!" thought the little lieutenant-general, "he's beginning to entertain terms of capitulation, is he? On condition," she added aloud, "that you will break yourself of the habit of speaking sharply and crossly to me, and on all occasions keep your temper."

"My temper, indeed," sputtered Luke.

"Just your temper," returned his wife, sternly. "Will you promise?"

"Never, madam."

Mrs. Darcy took up a pair of hose that required mending, and prepared to leave the apartment. As the door creaked on its hinges, however, a voice came shrilly through the opposite keyhole.

"Mrs. Darcy—Evelyn—wife."

"Yes."

"You are not going down stairs to leave me in this place?"

"I am."

"Well, look here—I promise."

"All and everything I require."

"Yes, all and everything you require—confound it all."

Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel, Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke walked out, looking right over the top of her shining brown hair.

Suddenly a little detaining hand was laid on his coat sleeve.

"Luke, dear!"

"Well?"

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on her husband's shoulder.

"Well," ejaculated the puzzled Luke, "if you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss? Yes, a half a dozen of 'em if you want, you kind-hearted little turnkey. Do not cry, pet, I'm not angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be."

"And may I let Freddy out?"

"Yes, on the same terms that papa was released. Evelyn, was I very intolerable?"

"If you hadn't been I never should have ventured on such a violent remedy."

"Did I make you very unhappy?"

"Very."

And the gush of warm sparkling tears supplied a dictionary full of words.

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat, put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and went to the Applegate will case, musing as he went upon the new state of affairs that had presented itself for his consideration.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "that little wife of mine is a bold woman, and a plucky one."

And thus he burst out laughing on the steps.

It is more than probable that he left his stock of bad temper in the law buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara never saw any more of it, and Freddy is daily getting the best of the peppery element in his infantile disposition.

KISS AND MAKE UP.

H. A. P.

In childhood's fair morning when love holds full sway,
And the bright opening future is lit by its ray;
When the arrow of anger first enters the heart,
And the words have been spoken which follow its smart;
When the Wrath-king first offers to young lips his cup,
How quickly they spurn it, and kiss and make up.

But when years their dark shadows have cast o'er the way,
And the noon-time and evening have come to life's day;
The love of our childhood that softened the heart,
And stole half the poison that pointed the dart,
Has left us with hearts that but welcome the cup,
And heed not the offer to kiss and make up.

Oh! would that our Saviour would give of his grace,
Till the fullness of mercy should banish wrath's trace,
And our hearts with forbearance and love should o'er-
For each erring brother we meet here below; [flow,
Then we from the chalice of pardon might sup,
For we'd turn from our anger and kiss and make up.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE ON COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

AT the annual meeting in connection with the Original Ragged Schools, held in the Edinburgh Music Hall on Dec. 21st, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie occupied the chair, and in the course of a speech appealing for aid to the institution, he made the following remarks regarding compulsory education:—"Twenty years ago he was convinced, in spite of all his predilections to the contrary, that no machinery on earth would ever reach the hundreds and thousands of the children of the lapsed masses in this country unless a compulsory system of education were introduced. He remembered at a meeting in the Music Hall announcing and enforcing his views in favor of a compulsory education, and he was listened to in solemn silence. The people were astonished at it; they had never heard anything like that before, it was said. If they did not, they had never read John Knox's "First Book of Discipline," written three hundred years ago. John Knox, whom Froude the historian had pronounced to be the greatest statesman of his day, laid down the doctrine that "nae man of whatsoever estate he be—whether he be a peer or peasant, a lord or one that drives him, a prince or a beggar—shall be permitted to bring up his child according to his own phantasy, but shall be compelled to give him an education in learning and virtue." Very well, as John Knox said, so said he. At the meeting in the Music Hall he referred to, Bishop Terrot, whom he sat beside, whispered to him at the close of his speech, "I see you are in favor of compulsory education:" "Yes, I am," he (Dr. G.) whispered back; "what do you think of the matter?" "So am I," replied Bishop Terrot. "Very well, then," replied he (Dr. Guthrie); "why don't you, a gentleman looked up to as a minister and a man of influence and weight in this town, stand up and say that?" The Bishop said, "They would think me mad." Now, those who were mad on compulsory education had been, he thought, biting the public, for the public were all mad in that way now. He then went on to say that they needed a system which, as in Germany and Switzerland, compelled every child to be educated.

An excellent magistrate in Edinburgh had said that he did not like anything compulsory. No more did he; but they could not do without it. They compelled a man to feed his child's body; why not compel him to feed the child's mind? They compelled the education of children in prisons; why should they not compel parents to educate their children outside the prison, to keep them out of it? They compelled children to be vaccinated; why not compel them to be educated? They compelled a man to pay his debts; why not compel him to pay the debt he owed to the protection of the state in the shape of education? Why, they even compelled ladies to tell their age; and he would say to a lady who opposed compulsory education, and yet submitted to tell her age, that she swallowed the cow and worried at the tail."

Dr. Guthrie evidently is right. Considerate parents are anxious to have their children educated; thriftless, worthless, criminal parents—who are little better than savages—oppose common schools. It is this latter class who people our poor-houses, jails, prisons, and chiefly our asylums. Universal education would be almost equivalent to universal self-support by the adult population. Stand by the schools, and so push on civilization, and Christianity too.

SOCIAL CURIOSITIES.

SOME industrious person has been exercising his perceptive faculties in social researches, and gives us some of his results in a unique manner. The libelous fellow claims to have discovered that the following instances of male and female propriety, devotion, etc., are curiosities of surpassing rarity, and worthy, wherever found, of the sublimest exaltation.

"The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stocks down," "My dear, you look tired—let me walk up and down with the baby, while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning, when there is no one but "John" at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife, without meanly skipping every other paragraph, and always keeps her posted in floating news.

The wife who provides herself with spools of cotton, thimbles, and sewing-work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes, to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a heathful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies; and don't expect a daily fare like unto a French restaurant.

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pocket when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits *so* much better than his ever did!

The woman who can not tell the color of her neighbor's new winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during northeast storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold!"

WILLIAM HOWLAND.

IN this organization we find the mental temperament predominating. The head is long and high, and not remarkably broad. The length indicates intellectual and social development; the marked height indicates integrity, religious susceptibility, perseverance, and considerable self-reliance.

We would consider the intellect as well balanced, there being enough of the perceptive element to give power to acquire knowledge, and hold it; and enough of the reasoning and analytical powers to appreciate truth, and apply it correctly. The height of the forehead shows excellent capacity for reading character, and also to so adapt himself to strangers as to influence them favorably.

The sign of Language is large, indicating capacity for expression and ability

to acquire and speak languages with accuracy and readiness. Benevolence is a prominent moral organ, showing uncommon sympathy for suffering, and readiness to help those who are in difficulty or need.

Veneration is also large, evincing strong religious feeling. Firmness is uncommonly large; and were Combativeness and Destructiveness proportionately developed, the character would border on the tyrannical, or there would be a tendency to the excessive exhibition of force, energy, and executiveness.

He is rather sensitive with regard to the opinion of friends and the public; but Self-Esteem being pretty well indicated, shows that he has no little respect for himself. Cautiousness is quite large, showing prudence and foresight; while Acquisitiveness is only moderate, showing but a slight tendency to acquire property or grasp at wealth. He appreciates more the collateral duties of

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HOWLAND.

life, such as belong to the social, the moral, the esthetic, and the intellectual realms. What there is of selfishness in him does not minister merely to self, but serves to give steadfastness, strength, stability, and energy; while his moral sentiments are so strong that correctness of motive, integrity of action, and generosity of feeling are the more conspicuously manifested.

MR. HOWLAND was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, on the 29th of April, 1822. His father, Benjamin Howland, was engaged in mercantile pursuits there. From the age of five to thirteen young Howland was sent to the Academy and private schools of Poughkeepsie, and upon the removal of the family to New York city, entered in 1835 the grocery of Mr. Isaac Brown as junior clerk. There he remained four years, employing the greater part of his leisure in studying Steuben's military exercises, whittling miniature animals out of wood, making models of ships and steamboats, sculpturing in chalk with his penknife, painting in oil, and drawing whatever subject attracted his fancy.

His esthetic tastes and leanings at length found an opportunity for development in a practical way, and he readily availed himself of it by entering the office of Benson J. Lossing, the well-known artist-historian. Here he remained until he became of age, and thereupon opened an office to carry on the business of engraving under the firm-name of Howland Brothers, taking into co-partnership with himself his two brothers, James and Alfred. This co-partnership lasted two years, and after its dissolution he has conducted the business or profession alone to the present time, with encouraging success, giving great satisfaction by the high character of his works.

In April, 1866, the building, No. 229 Broadway, in which his offices were situated, was destroyed by fire, and subjected him to a serious loss in designs, tools, and engraving materials, but he at once secured another place and resumed work.

In July, 1862, the call of President Lincoln for 300,000 volunteers led him to offer his services to the Government. He had always shown a deep interest in military matters; had for a long time been a faithful member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, and was well fitted to take a leading position in active service. Having in view the formation of a company, he made the store of Fowler and Wells his headquarters, that firm having afforded him every facility in their power toward the consummation of his design; and in forty-eight hours that company was raised. A second, third, and fourth company were enrolled under like circumstances, and the regiment, the 127th, was organized and mustered in the army September, 1862, leaving for Virginia in October.

The camp of the regiment was situated near the Chain-Bridge, a malarious quarter, and there the excessive drilling under a hot sun, together with the many other duties which fell to him, as an officer and one conversant with the military code to perform, were almost too much for a constitution accustomed chiefly to sedentary pursuits. His health became considerably reduced. While bathing in the Potomac, he wounded a foot, the result of which was a threatened attack of lockjaw, terminating in paralysis of the left side. This unfortunate occurrence, as it rendered him unfit for service, compelled his return home, and has debarred him almost entirely from personally executing work in his business.

A zealous church member, he has taken an active part in Sunday-school and other religious duties, having served for fifteen years, from 1841 to 1856 as Secretary of the Sunday-school of the Greenwich Reformed Dutch Church of New York, and performed official services in connection with the 13th Street Presbyterian Church, from 1856 to 1862.

Our Country.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,—
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.

—*H. J. Peabodie.*

NATIONAL DEBTS—NOW AND HERETOFORE.

[A LATE number of *Thompson's Bank Note Reporter* contains statistical information under the above caption which we have judged of sufficient importance to be transferred to our pages. The views of the statistician are deserving of consideration because of their practical nature.]

FROM statistics and fair comparison we intend to show that a dollar now is of only one quarter of its former value, and hence that our national debt is not one-fifth part of the load for us that the English debt was on that nation at the time she resumed specie payments

after her prolonged suspension. To do this we have elaborated on the production of the precious metals.

The estimates by the most approved authors are, that in the year 800 there was in the world $1,750,000,000 of precious metal (gold and silver), and that for a period of 692 years, or up to 1492, the annual product no more than held that amount good, by reason of loss and wear. The discovery of America enlarged the product, according to Baron Humboldt, as follows:

From 1492 to 1500,	$250,000	per annum.
" 1500 to 1545,	3,000,000	"
" 1545 to 1600,	11,000,000	"
" 1600 to 1700,	16,000,000	"
" 1700 to 1750,	25,000,000	"
" 1750 to 1803,	35,000,000	"

Of this the proportions of gold to silver were as 3 of gold to 8¾ of silver.

The product of the mines of the Old World is estimated to be about sufficient to cover the loss and wear of the amount on hand from year to year.

Estimated precious metals in the world at these dates—

In 1492	$1,750,000,000
In 1803	8,187,000,000
In 1848	9,142,000,000

The great increase from 1492 to 1803 was mainly from Mexico and South America, and about two-thirds of it was silver. The increase of nearly one thousand millions from 1803 to 1848 was mainly from America and Russia, and the silver predominated.

It will be seen that the average annual increase for 356 years, from 1492 to 1848, was about twenty-one millions.

It is well to keep this annual product in view, the more clearly to draw the correct inference as to the value of gold and silver as compared with prices of property and labor at the various dates, and particularly at the present time. The point of this will be plain as we progress to show what has been the annual product for the last twenty years.

In 1848 gold was developed in California, and in 1851 in Australia, so that from those localities and Mexico not less than 160 millions of gold and silver were obtained in 1853, four-fifths of which was gold. From that time to the present, seventeen years, the annual product of the precious metals in the world has been, in round numbers, 200 millions—two-thirds of it gold and one-third silver. Deducting 10 millions per annum for loss and wear, leaves an increase for only seventeen years of $3,230,000,000.

At the commencement of this century the total annual product of GOLD was less than 13 millions. In 1853 it was 156 millions.

W. P. Blake, Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition for California, gives the following as an approximate statement of the aggregate production for twenty years, from 1848 to 1868:

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
North America	1,000,000,000	73,000,000	1,073,000,000
British America	22,600,000	.....	22,600,000
Mexico	20,000,000	380,000,000	400,000,000
South America	92,000,000	200,000,000	292,000,000
Australia	848,000,000	20,000	848,020,000
New Zealand	48,000,000	.....	48,000,000
Europe&As.Russia	327,000,000	160,000,000	487,000,000
Africa	200,000,000	.....	200,000,000
Asia	200,000,000	.....	200,000,000
Grand totals	2,757,600,000	813,020,000	3,570,620,000

Thus Mr. Blake makes the total product for twenty years, from 1848 to 1868, 3,570 millions, which is corroborative of our estimate of 3,230 millions for seventeen years; for in the years 1849, '50, and '51 the maximum of California was not reached, and Australia was not developed until late in 1851. Mr. Blake's table gives an annual product for the twenty years of 178 millions, whereas, had he taken the years from 1852 to 1868, he would have shown an annual product of about 200 millions.

The product of the precious metals for the future is a very essential item bearing upon the conclusions we shall endeavor to draw from these statistics.

It is probable that the product of gold will diminish, and that the aggregate for the future will not equal the aggregate of the past; not, however, to go back beyond 1852. It is also equally probable that silver will be produced in augmented amounts, so that the annual product of gold and silver is more likely to exceed 200 millions than to fall short of that sum.

The proportion of the annual product of the precious metals that is consumed in the arts and in articles, is certainly not of a larger percentage now than it was previous to 1848. If 50 per cent. on 10½ millions were so consumed annually, during a period of 356 years, from 1492 to 1848, leaving 10½ millions for currency, surely one-half of the current product passes into currency. This gives 100 millions annual augmentation of specie currency against 10½ millions formerly. The revolution in prices must, however, be estimated, not by the annual increase of currency, but by the percentage of increase on the total volume from year to year. For example, if prices were fixed in 1848 on a volume of $4,571,000,000 of specie currency,

what ought prices to be in 1868 with a volume of $6,856,000,000? Other things being equal, prices will double about as often as the specie currency doubles.

We have shown that the precious metals in the world as per the best estimates, amounted to $9,142,000,000 in 1848. We have allowed that one-half of it had passed into articles and the arts. It follows that the other half, or 4,571 millions, was at that date in currency. Adding to this one-half of the product for twenty years, from '47 to '68, gives a total currency in 1868 of 6,856 millions.

We say, "other things being equal;" but are other things equal? Time is annihilated by the telegraph—space or distance is practically diminished, by steam and rail, three quarters. It therefore follows that currency will *evolutionize* in any given time—as more than three at this date to one at the commencement of this century. This element of expansive power is more essential in changing prices than the augmentation of metallic currency. Nor are things equal in other respects. Credits, exchange, and paper currency are all brought to a point of utility that does away with the use of a vast amount of specie currency.

Taking into fair account the augmentation of the precious-metal currency, and the other changes of the past fifty years, we come to the conclusion that four dollars now are only equal, in comparative value and effect in fixing prices, to one dollar fifty years ago. Still, a vast amount of material and merchandise is cheaper than formerly. This arises mainly from the fact that by machinery and steam power one man produces more results than many men could before such inventions. These inventions also serve to keep down the price of the products of the earth, such as grain, beef, and pork. Wheat can be brought from Iowa as cheap and as speedily as it could formerly from Utica. Nevertheless the great fact exists, that the building of a railroad or a house costs more than double what it did thirty years since.

We now come to the real object in view in writing this article, which is to show the fallacy of bringing into view the troubles of England, in resuming specie payments, as a precedent for us at the present time.

England, at the time of her difficulties in resuming specie payments, owed $4,000,000,000. She had a population of less than 12,000,000. So far as the precious metals were concerned, it was at a period of small production as compared with the present.

Our debt is five-eighths of the English debt at that time, or as 2½ for us to 4 for England. Our population is three times that of England at the time of her resumption. Taking all the differences into account, we can come to no better conclusion than this—

To lift our debt to a specie standard is not one-fifth of the task for this nation, at this time, that it was for England to lift her debt at that time.

NEW RAILWAYS IN NEW YORK STATE.

BESIDES the Midland, now pushing to completion, which will connect New York city with Oswego, on Lake Ontario, shortening the time and distance of travel many hours and many miles, we are to have an east and west line, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, connecting Boston and Portland with the West, *via* Lewiston, on the Niagara River. A new north and south line is thus described in a late number of the *Liberal Christian* as follows:

"The New York Southern Central Railroad is an enterprise of very considerable importance to our State, and commands our attention. This road was originally projected by the residents along the line of its route, and grew out of their necessities for enlarged communication. The general route prescribed by the charter is as follows: Commencing at Waverly (at State line) it runs to Owego, thence to Newark. Dryden, Groton, and Moravia, to the rapidly-growing city of Auburn, thence continuing north to Weedsport, and on to the magnificent harbor of Fair Haven, on Lake Ontario, where it will connect by steamboat with Canada and the Great West, and by the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad, soon to be built, with the important city of Oswego. The easy grades and almost total absence of curves on this line of 116 miles is a highly-important feature as regards economy in working expenses. The whole line passes through a well-settled region of country, highly cultivated, and not surpassed in general productiveness and quality of soil by any other portion of the State.

"This line of railway is certain of a large and ever-increasing local traffic. It is the shortest route across the State. Its connections at Waverly with the New York and Pennsylvania, at Owego with the Erie, at Auburn and Weedsport with the New York Central and Erie Canal, will insure to this Company an immense through traffic. The connections of the road, both north and south and along its line, are of the greatest importance, and are all that could be desired. One of the most important items

in connection with the traffic of the Southern Central is the transportation of coal. A glance at the map will at once demonstrate that this railroad is the true route to transport coal from the great "Anthracite" and "Semi-Bituminous" deposits of Pennsylvania, not only into and through the State of New York, but also to Canada and the West, which is wanting in this character of fuel. The demands for this indispensable article will furnish to this Company's line an immediate source of large and remunerative traffic."

RUSSIAN APPLES.—Mr. E. H. Skinner, of Marengo, Illinois, has nineteen varieties of apples of Russian origin. The Siberian crab is well known; but presume those of Mr. S. are of the better sorts.

In this hard climate, varieties of fruits combining *hardiness* with other good qualities, are the ones most eagerly sought for. All varieties of Russian origin are hardy, and some of them of known standard of excellence.

DEATH OF BISHOP CHASE.

REV. DR. CARLTON CHASE, for the past twenty-five years Bishop of New Hampshire, died on the 18th of January last, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. He was a faithful minister and bishop, and closely bound in affectionate interests to the people over whom he exercised his diocesan authority and duty.

Regarded generally by Episcopalians as a sound, thorough-going Churchman, he was nevertheless sympathetic and generous in opinion toward the other denominations of Christianity.

In him this JOURNAL recognized a friend whose unfettered intellect could discern the facts of science and receive the conclusions drawn from their testimony. "In his ripe manhood," says the *Church Journal*, "he had a fine personal presence, an agreeable voice, and always clothed even thoughts that were remotest from the general range of those who were his usual listeners with plain, choice, and sometimes graphic words. With no claims to the possession of eloquence he was yet a learned, excellent, and instructive preacher."

THE VOICE OF ONE, THE VOICE OF ALL.—"The more I read your valuable JOURNAL the more I become attached to it. I value it as I value no other periodical published.

J. W. H."

NEW YORK,
MARCH, 1870.

INDIANS MUST WORK.

IN devising ways and means for the support of our North American Indians, who are now a charge upon the nation, would it not be as well to initiate them into the mysteries of civilized life? Instead of treating them as paupers and children, doling out supplies in dribblets to support them in idleness and dissipation, why not teach them to work? They are able-bodied, and can plow and plant as well as others. They can also reap, thrash, and save their grain. Instead of eking out a precarious subsistence on wild game—which is becoming less and less every year—why not teach them to grow beef and mutton?—a good substitute for buffalo and venison. Teach them to make gardens, plant trees, grow fruits. Let the squaws learn to spin, weave, and make such garments as are more in harmony with civilized usage. Instead of huts, tents, and wigwams, let them build houses. In short, settle them on lands, giving each family a hundred acres, with tools to work it and seeds to plant it; then require the Indian to live on the land so given, or to show that he has other substantial means of support. Require him to submit to the same rules and regulations that we, as citizens, are subservient to. Then put him in the way of education, so that he may be capable of transacting business. When sufficiently intelligent, let him become a citizen and vote. This done, there would be no more occasion for annuities; no more maurading parties, or robberies and massacres. We shall never have peace until we have civilization. A lazy, ignorant, whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing and smoking Indian is no better than a white or a black vagabond, and

he should be treated the same. He should be set to work or shut up. Let our legislators issue a new programme respecting the Indians and their management, and let the *first* point in it be made clear to the redskins, and let that point be, that they must settle down and go to work. Either this or *extinction* will be their early fate.

THE FAMILY—ITS GOVERNMENT.

THE family is a kingdom by itself, primeval and elementary in the constitution of human society, natural alike in its reality and necessity, and designed by the great Author of all things to secure the culture, discipline, and social harmony of a well-ordered *government*. It is not a representative democracy in which authority is exercised in the name of the people, and by virtue of their consent. It is rather a monarchy in which governmental powers are vested in parents, subject to those limitations which are imposed by the laws of nature and the enactments of civil society. The members of the family are not all *equals* in the grade of rank. There is always a *head* somewhere; and from this source emanates the authority of command, judgment, reward, and punishment. This head enacts laws, tries causes, rewards obedience, and punishes offenses; and thus all the possible functions of government exist in the family as really as in the state.

The relations between parents and children, the intimacy and frequency of their communion, the strong ties of affection by which they are bound together, the incipient, germinal, impressible, and dependent condition of the one class in comparison with the maturity and strength of the other, and also the length of the period during which these parties are directly acting upon each other, make the administration of home the most powerful agency of influence known among men. The great generic law of family life is one of *descent* from parent to child, the former not only procreating the latter and fixing its physical type, but also imparting the opinions, sentiments, feelings, habits, phases of character, and modes of action which are likely to be the distinguishing features of after-years. Parents in this sense duplicate or re-live their own lives in the history of the children whom they have trained and given to the world. In the persons of those who represent them, they will be morally present among men long after their bodies have moldered in the tomb. An immense weight of responsibility rests upon them, greater than they always appreciate or honorably discharge. Those who are not fit to stand at the head of a family and properly administer its affairs, are not really fit to be parents. They have no right prematurely to rush into relations for which they are not qualified. They have no right, by their intellectual and moral incompetency, to entail upon children the calamities, disadvantages, and curses of a thriftless, good-for-nothing, degraded parentage. One of the great evils of human society springs from this very source. Multitudes of young people are married who have no proper training for the governmental duties and practical services of family life. They claim the manly and the womanly diploma long before the pupilage of the child is finished.

The fundamental *law* that should always form the vital principle of government in the family is the *rule of right* carefully thought out and affectionately applied. Adopting this doctrine for themselves, parents should act upon it in reference to their children, and thus generate in them the habit of obedience to a good moral government, not one of whims or despotic passions, but one in which virtue becomes the formative power in the construction of character. This places the government upon the basis of intrinsic rectitude, and at the same time clothes it with the authority which pertains to natural conscience. Under the presence and all-pervading dominancy of this idea family government is a noble discipline, and not a mere rescript of arbitrary rules or a series of violent thunder-claps. It does not consist in the gesticulations of a maniac, the severities of a cruel despot, or the ill-tempered peevishness of a fool. It is a government of authority, resting upon reason, softened by pure and generous feeling,—calm, dignified, and at times, perhaps, stern, yet always affectionate, patient, accessible, lovable, and hence not hated, dreaded, or feared with a sly and retiring servility. It is a govern-

ment which gets into the *heart* of the child, and makes that heart submissive and loyal to the supremacy of a great idea. It teaches the *law*-lesson through the force that lies in the law itself. The parents become a breathing, walking, talking, conscious government of moral ideas in all their just applications. It is so spontaneous that they hardly know it themselves, and children are in the same happy predicament; but somehow the parents move and the children move round them, catching their spirit and feeling the inspiration of their lives. Law and love thus meet together. Authority and obedience thus adjust themselves to each other. *Head*-work and *heart*-work, free from all petulant and hasty acerbity, without those cuffs and slaps of mere passion which are more likely to make savages than men, bring forth in beautiful and heavenly order the moral sovereignty of principle, reason, and affection. This, reader, constitutes government in the family after the true model. If you are a parent, take these hints and study the problem well. *As* a parent, aim to be all that a parent should be.

Children subject to such an administration may not possess all the outside graces of mere accomplishment, or be thoroughly drilled in all the punctilios and artificial elegances of polite life; yet, whether you meet them in the street, in the school-room, or at their homes, you can hardly fail to observe their subdued, gentle, mild, softened, and orderly manner. The spontaneous phases of their being in temper and quality evince the careful chiseling of the parental artist. There is something about them which throws a genial charm around their characters. By simply seeing them, though but for a few moments, you can give a very good guess as to what has taken place at home. The difference between them and another class *not* thus trained and governed is manifest at sight. In the latter we observe a rudeness, recklessness, boldness, lawless roughness, and sometimes a bestial lowness that clearly show that home to them is no home, certainly not what it should be. Many of them are candidates for police courts, county jails, state-prisons, and perhaps the gallows, while all of them enter upon the career of life at an awful disadvantage. Not more dissimilar are day and night than those children who enjoy, and those who do not, the benefits of a judicious parental government, whether we consider them as they now are or as they probably will be in the history of the future. To be a wise and good parent is one of the greatest tributes to human weal that mortals can render. To have had such a parentage is one of the richest legacies which it is possible to inherit.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?—No. 8.

LAW—LEGISLATION.

"I WOULD be a lawyer!" Do you know how much you propose to yourself? Can you master the knowledge which the legal profession requires? Have you the courage to meet the opposition which is incident to that profession? With half a dozen well-paid opponents ambitious to triumph, eager to succeed, unscrupulous it may be, pugnacious and artful, can you meet them all? Will you wince before their combined battery of force? or have you the strength to stand in the presence of such men erect, serene, self-poised, and self-composed? Have you the talent to meet their arguments? Have you the memory to hold the knowledge required? Have you the quick perception to seize upon facts and appropriate them to your use on the instant? Have you the breadth of thought, the philosophic capability which will enable you to comprehend the arguments of others or meet them successfully? Have you the fluency of speech which will enable you to express your knowledge, your feelings, or your arguments with facility and point? Do you read the human mind so as to understand a jury, a witness, or an opposing attorney? Have you the prudence and the consecutive patience to wade through volumes of law reports and legal enactments to ascertain precisely what the law is in a given case? It will not do to be rash and form hasty judgments; because your reputation and your success, and the life, liberty, or property of your client may be at stake! Have you such a balance of all the qualities that you can appeal to every feeling, social, moral, and sympathetical, in the judge, jury, and

audience? Are you equal to the ablest men? Have you the learning which will enable you to stand unabashed among learned men? Have you the health that will enable you to work six days in succession, battling every point and struggling against wily and earnest opposition at every step? and then, when every ear is open and every eye fastened upon you, have you constitution enough left to make such a speech as the case shall demand and as your ambition and reputation will require? Have you enough of Conscientiousness to meet all manner of temptation successfully, to judge of the right, the true, and follow it? If you have all these qualifications, be a lawyer, and you will be a good one. Or, are you dyspeptical, nervous, slender? and would a week's work or half a week's work wear you out so that you would be like an empty sack when you were expected to be eloquent and strong and clear?

The true lawyer, in our judgment, is the man of eminent ability with a splendid body, a harmonious temperament, a large brain well cultivated and well balanced, so that he will not fail in courage, prudence, policy, perception, memory, judgment, or in financial matters. A lawyer with the right development for comprehending all the duties that belong to his profession, with eloquence of speech to set it forth, may justly be regarded as among the first of men. Such a man may be a legislator.

There are men who are useful in legislation who have not these brilliant qualities, but who are simply financiers, workers, dry, hard thinkers, capable of following out the details of practical business; but the real legislator is one who can comprehend constitutions and laws, who understands life and society and its wants, who appreciates all that belongs to human life in its highest and lowest phases. Such a man is God-like.

It is thought by many that the lawyer needs only tact, keenness, cunning, assurance, and unscrupulousness, and, doubtless, not a few members of the profession have given just occasion for such a judgment; but the true lawyer seeks for justice, not merely for victory, right or wrong; for the maintenance of truth, the establishment of the right according to law, both human and divine. If the profession has fallen below this level, it should be at once rectified and elevated so that pure, noble young men may enter it in the fear of God and in the love of man.

OUR CLASS FOR 1870.

BELOW are the names of the graduates who received diplomas at the conclusion of our late professional course of instruction in Phrenology, Physiology, and Physiognomy.

Besides the regular course of instruction in Phrenology, theoretical and practical, there was an anatomical dissection and demonstration of the human brain, by J. V. C. Smith, M.D., editor for thirty years of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, and ex-mayor of that city. Instructions in Elocution were given by Prof. J. E. Frobisher, of the College of the City of New York, author of "Voice and Action," etc.

Though our class was not so large as some have been in past years, it was, all things considered, entirely satisfactory. The students are intelligent, capable men, and among their number represented the professions of medicine, teaching, and editing. There were also artisans, engineers, and enterprising men of business, each capable of sustaining himself in any relation in life which he might assume. In their hands Phrenology will be guarded with jealous care, and presented in a creditable manner. These gentlemen go forth with our best wishes, and with the most thorough instruction we could give them. We are sure most, if not all of them, possess a true missionary spirit, and desire to disseminate the truths of human nature as expounded by Phrenology and Physiology; and that ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry will be diminished if not dissipated where they have an opportunity for a fair hearing. We bespeak for these gentlemen that consideration and respect which they are worthy to receive from our friends and the public.

NAMES OF THE CLASS.

CHARLES H. ARNOLD, Boston, Mass.

EUGENE BEECHER, Birmingham, Conn.

ARTHUR CHESTER, Westford, Otsego Co., N. Y.

JOHN COWAN, M.D., New York City.

JACOB FLEISCH, West Florence, Preble Co., Ohio.

FELIX J. FOSTER, Boonville, Miss.
JOHN N. HARDY, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.
HENRY F. HUGHES, Rifton, Ulster Co., N. Y.
LEVI R. LEAVITT, Meredith Center, N. H.
JOHN A. PATTERSON, Marshfield, Webster Co., Mo.
SAMPSON H. PEIRSOL, Parkersburg, West Virginia.
FREDERICK J. SEYBOLD, Chicago, Ill.
HENRY E. SWAIN, New York City.

The following resolutions were voted by the students, for which our thanks are cordially tendered:

TESTIMONIAL.

We, the members of the class in Practical Phrenology of 1870, fraternally express our sincere and heartfelt thanks to Messrs. S. R. WELLS and NELSON SIZER for the able and efficient manner in which they have imparted to us instruction in Practical Phrenology, also for the instruction afforded us by Prof. FROBISHER of New York College, who has attained an eminent degree of perfection in the art of elocution; and to Dr. SMITH, for his detailed and scientific illustration of the anatomy of the brain.

Convinced of the many advantages derived from a knowledge of the principles of Phrenology, we would cordially recommend all who are interested in the science to avail themselves of the superior facilities afforded in acquiring a practical knowledge of the same at this Institute, where they will enjoy the advantages of efficient teaching, illustrated by an extensive cabinet of skulls, casts, and portraits.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 24, 1870.

[The time for holding future sessions will be duly announced in this JOURNAL.—ED.]

THE HOLY LAND—EGYPT;

OR, A TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY REV. DR. JABEZ BURNS.

[HERE is a racy description of one of the most interesting portions of the earth, by our venerable friend and correspondent Dr. Burns, who resides in Paddington, London. It has that condensed graphic character which must interest every reader. The writer is a close observer and an accurate writer. Our readers may hope to hear more from him.]

SUCH a tour as I have to describe was undertaken in former ages only by crowned heads, wealthy grandees, or by influential pilgrims. Many months, and often years, were spent in its accomplishment, and it was accounted a grand life-event when successfully completed. Now, by railroads and first-class steamers, we safely effect the round of Eastern places in ten or twelve weeks, and by the principle of co-operation it can be done by persons of moderate means at a comparatively small expense. Mr. Thomas Cook, whose fame as an excursionist is well known, announced that he had arranged two excursions, the first occupying three months, to spend a month on the Nile, and the other to join them at Cairo, to be completed in ten weeks. I joined the second party at Paris on February 23d, and left by express train for Macon on the evening of the 24th. We then proceeded to Culoz, Chambery, and St. Michel. Here we were transferred to the carriages of the Fell railway over Mont Cenis, and had a full view of that magnificent line. On reaching Susa we were transferred to the Italian line, and reached Turin about half-past twelve, midnight. Resting at Turin over the Friday, we left on Saturday morning, *viâ* Bologna and Rimini, for Ancona, which we reached about eight in the evening. Here we stayed over the Sunday, our company having religious service in the saloon of the hotel in the forenoon, while I preached in the small church in the afternoon. In the evening we had to take train for Brindisi, in order to catch the steamer for Alexandria next day. We arrived at Brindisi on the forenoon of March 1st, in the midst of a perfect hurricane of rain and wind, so that it was with difficulty we could get out to see the Cathedral, Hadrian's column, and the supposed house of Virgil. No place I ever saw looked more dreary under those circumstances than Brindisi. At half-past five o'clock we went on board the Italian steamer, in the midst of a tempest and heavy sea. For two days we experienced the effects of the raging gale. When forty miles from land our masts were incrusted with fine sand, which had come with head winds from the Egyptian desert. On Friday morning, about ten o'clock, we entered the animated Bay of Alexandria.

IN AFRICA.

Now we had reached African soil; but in the groups of every-colored humanity we seemed to have arrived at the central quarter of the world. The scores of boats with the eccentric costumes, and almost no costumes of the various boatmen, excited our utmost curiosity The jabberation kept up was utterly confounding. Here Mr. Cook's admirable system came into play, and gave us relief. The commis-

sioner came on board, and took us and our baggage under his express care, and with his selected boats we were soon at the custom-house, then, in a few minutes, were conveyed by omnibuses and carriages to the European Hotel, situated in the center of the city. It was refreshing to get possession of large, cool, and thoroughly clean apartments; and never was better accommodation anywhere than in this well-conducted hotel, where civility, a good table, and thrice-filtered delicious Nile water was amply supplied. But who can describe the perpetual crowds in front of the hotel? The fine fountain of water, and the water-carriers—the hundreds of donkeys, and their gaunt and ragged attendants—the plying coaches—the handsome carriages, with their running, bare-footed heralds, generally clothed in white, with long staff, going before and clearing the way—the hawkers (peddlers)—the stallmen on the side walks—the afflicted beggars—the curious bazaars, with their variety of wares, ornamental or useful, and where bread, fruits, and fish were in such large quantities. Go out on foot, and at once from ten to twenty donkeyteers assail you, and give both you and their donkeys the most extraordinary titles—"Gentleman," "Captain," "Sir," and sometimes "Mum;" here is a donkey, "Bob Ridley," or this is "Lord Palmerston," or this is "John Bright," or this is the donkey that goes faster than the wind; and then they follow you, dodge every step you take, and for thirty or forty minutes in succession, until, wearied out, you seek refuge again in your hotel.

GREAT CURIOSITIES.

During the day we visited Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, and the public gardens, and some of our party paid a visit to the Catacombs. Handsome black Nubians, half-dressed Arabs, singularly-featured Egyptians of the lower order, Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Germans, Italians, English, and French, with every other conceivable mixture, supplied material for reflection. I may add that European articles of dress are as cheap in Alexandria as in London; many things, of course, better suited for tourists in that climate. In Alexandria there is a well-sustained English church, and St. Andrew's kirk—a handsome building, which is in connection with the Church of Scotland. Besides a British post-office, there is a depot of English works, as well as foreign publications, conducted by a Glasgow firm. In the course of our sojourn I witnessed two funerals—one belonging to the Greek church, and the other connected with the Latin, in which the babe corpse was exposed, with its tiny hands across its breast, over which the coffin lid would be placed when they laid it in its last earthly resting-place. Another novelty was a torchlight wedding-party, where a limping, ill-favored fellow was surrounded by a crowd of persons, with music playing, as he went forth to claim his much-honored bride. I observed in one of the *cafés* an assembly of working men, listening to a reader who was elevated above them, and in whose story they seemed deeply interested. Among the unpleasant impressions made in Alexandria on the English visitor is the open exposure in shop windows of the most abominable photographs that were ever seen. But we must hasten on to Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt. The railroad from Alexandria is well worked, and the one hundred and thirty miles by express train is effected in four-and-a-half hours. The whole distance is one flat plain, with numerous towns and villages on both sides the line. At a distance these often present an imposing appearance, but as you approach the illusion is dispelled; the houses are usually square, mud-walled erections, low entrances, windowless, and miserable in the extreme—they are not fit even for the shelter of their cattle; and the outward wretchedness of the people seems in perfect harmony with them. Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, and imposing buildings, impressed us favorably. Before reaching the city we had a distinct view of the Pyramids, which seemed to be close to the suburbs of the city, but are really eight or nine miles off. In Cairo we visited the bazaars, several of the mosques, churches of the Easterns, Latins, and Copts, museums, palaces, and schools. It was pleasing to meet with boys in the streets who could speak good English.

AT THE PYRAMIDS.

We arrived at the Pyramids between ten and eleven in the forenoon, under a blazing sun, and soon the Arabs provided by the Sheikh were ready to give their necessary aid in our ascent. Most of these could speak tolerably good English, and we found them good-natured fellows. With one taking hold of each hand, and a lesser one with his water-bottle in the rear, we commenced the upward march, and with three or four short rests the task was accomplished. The height is 467 feet. Many of the steps are three feet and upward, so that there is no little toil in gaining the summit. Many of our party, with magnesium lights, went within; but the air was so foul, and the heat so oppressive, that I was contented with

the exterior. The Sphynx, and some deep recent explorations, were visited. We then gave *backsheesh* to the Arabs, bought some idols, coins, and other curiosities, and afterward enjoyed the excellent lunch provided for us. A French party offered a prize of a napoleon to the Arab who should first reach the top of the Pyramid and descend again. A number competed, and one rather aged man accomplished the ascent in four minutes, and the descent in three-and-a-half.

HOTELS, TENTS, ETC.

The hotels in Cairo number one or two good ones, some very indifferent, and others wretchedly bad. We returned on Thursday to Alexandria. We now took our passage in the *Vesta*, for Jaffa, calling at Port Said. The whole day was spent in viewing the entrance to the magnificent Suez ship canal, and examining the prodigious dredging-machines employed. The town of Port Said has sprung up in connection with this great undertaking, and consists of several streets of wooden *cafés* and liquor and other stores. On Sunday evening we got out to sea, and next morning were before Jaffa. Except in very fine weather the landing is extremely difficult, and passengers often have to go on to Beyrout. The day (March 18) was excessively hot, so that in visiting the various places of interest we began to feel the change of climate. The orange and lemon groves around Jaffa are most beautiful, and the fruit in greatest abundance. Of course we visited the house of Simon the tanner, where Peter had his vision, and wandered over the American colony in the suburbs. Good buildings and gardens attracted our attention; but the fanaticism, and, what is worse, the bad faith of some of the originators of this semi-secular and Christian settlement have brought the Christian religion into contempt with the natives of Jaffa. On Monday evening we began our tent life, and our caravan was composed of the following materials: Twelve tents, sixty-nine horses and mules, twenty-nine men, two dragomen, and twenty-six gentlemen and lady travelers. The appointment and choice of horses settled, we set our faces toward Jerusalem on Tuesday morning about ten o'clock; lunched at Ramleh, and about five pitched our tents near a brook close to the Valley of Ajalon. Our day's ride had been over the plains of Sharon, literally covered with the most beautiful flowers. Wednesday morning we were on our way, with glowing expectations of seeing the Holy City early in the afternoon. At twelve we lunched at Kirjath-jearim, where the Ark of the Lord lodged for many years. Then we passed Emmaus, beautifully situated on the hill-side, and about half-past two came in sight of Jerusalem itself.

JERUSALEM AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The day of our entrance into Jerusalem was fine, the sky clear, and the first impression of the city deeply interesting. Our company camped outside the walls near to the Damascus gate, and by five o'clock all our tents were fixed, and most of our party were viewing the interior. A visit to the English Consul and to Mount Zion, with a call upon the clergymen residing there, and a glance at some of the dreary streets, satisfied us for the evening of that day. Afterward we saw the chief things of interest to strangers. On the Sunday we had heavy rains and wind, and a visit to the Mosque of Omar was paid under trying circumstances. In the evening I had the delight of worshiping in the English Protestant Church on Mount Zion. We saw, too, some of the explorations now going on, but fear the fanaticism of the Mohammedans will retard, if not absolutely hinder, their success. Though a dark, desolate city, when contrasted with many others, the comfortable hotels, good shops, fairly clean streets, and commercial activity, gave us a much more pleasing impression than we had anticipated. We viewed the city from every standpoint—that from the hill-side near the tomb of the prophets being decidedly the best—and did not wonder that its sainted ones of old should have felt that Zion, the City of the Great King, was the joy of the whole earth. We regretted to hear that a large proportion of the resident Jews were absolutely dependent on European charity, and were equally pleased that the resident Mohammedans provided shelter and food for every needy member of their faith. It was painful, however, to see numbers of English persons joining the Romish processions, and especially to witness a recent wealthy convert to that faith taking the most prominent part in those abasing prostrations. If we had been Jews, the recollection of the former history and glory of Jerusalem, with its present condition, would fix us day and night in the place of wailing and lamentation.

BETHLEHEM, NAZARETH, GALILEE.

Three days we took to go down to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, bathing in those waters; returning by that old and majestic convent of Mar-Saba, and taking the beautifully situated Bethlehem *en route*. All around Bethlehem are olive yards, fertile fields, and

gardens. The holy places, too, were imposing; the people, nearly all Christians, handsome and thrifty; the whole place indicating a higher condition than the places around. Though only about two hours from Jerusalem, the way between them in many parts is almost impassable from the countless loose stones strewed about. In taking our final leave of Jerusalem, we encamped the first night at Singel, a place of bad repute, where one of its inhabitants was summarily ejected from our tent-ground at midnight. In descending a frightful hill next morning, one of our mules broke its leg, and had to be killed. At noon we passed by Shiloh, where there is a tree probably thousands of years old. At four we reached Jacob's Well, and lingered around it for some time, entering Nablous about five o'clock, and paid a visit to the synagogue, where the Samaritan manuscripts are exhibited, afterward calling upon Mr. Carey, one of the Protestant missionaries to this city. The population of Nablous is about 16,000, and a dreary, dirty place it is, yet surrounded by the most fruitful plains and beautiful scenery. Next day we passed the "City of Samaria," with its ruins of wonderful marble columns, and its grand surrounding country. Here, too, we descended to visit the tombs of John the Baptist and of his father and mother. On the following day we passed over the plains of Esdraelon, and by the city of Jezreel, now in ruins. Then we rode up to the Pool of Gideon, gazed on little Hermon and the mountains of Gilboa, and at noon lunched in an orange grove at Shunem. During our short stay here a native expired, and his frantic widow rushed about uttering her wailings of distress. Now Mount Tabor is in sight. Nain is in the distance, and we are ascending one of the most precipitous mountains in our approach to Nazareth, which we reached early on Saturday afternoon. The governor of Nazareth, with his suite, paid us a visit in the evening, and renewed it on the next afternoon. A visit to the morning service of the Greek church, and to the English service in the chapel of the Protestant missionary, occupied us on the Sunday. The site of Nazareth is exquisite; the city itself dirty in the extreme. Among the relics here, there is shown a chest of drawers said to have been made by Joseph and his reputed son. On Easter Monday we left Nazareth, *via* Cana of Galilee, the chapel of which we visited, and reached Tiberias in the afternoon. Our tents were pitched on the margin of the Lake of Galilee. In this "Sea of Tiberias" we bathed.

We passed through Magdala, by the Well of Joseph, and through rich and fertile plains, within range of many Bedouins and their camps, with immense herds of cattle and horses, in our course of Cæsarea Philippi, now the nastiest of all places in the East. Here the Jordan has one, if not its chief, source, and speedily becomes a fine stream. So our tour included the source of the Jordan and its termination in the Dead Sea.

MOUNT HERMON AND DAMASCUS.

We now ascended very high slopes, with snow-capped Hermon on our left. April the 3d, we reached the most ancient of cities—Damascus—with environs, for several miles, of gardens, vineyards, and olive yards. A very handsome hotel, with its Oriental court-yard, citron and lemon trees, and flowing stream, is kept by Dimitra Carà, a man who has won the general esteem of travelers by his courteous manners, good accommodation, and reasonable charges. Here we stayed till the following Tuesday, and much enjoyed our cool and clean apartments. A volume is needed to describe the extraordinary bazaars, khans, mosques, and ancient houses of this city. In spite of its twenty thousand dogs in the streets, and its dingy places, Damascus is a city full of trading enterprise, industry, and commercial emulation, and possesses an abundance of good water. The silver and saddlery workers of Damascus are celebrated all over the world. Leaving Damascus, we proceeded to the ruins of Baalbec, and then onward through the plains, and over the mountain range of Lebanon, to Beyrout. And now we came again in contact with combinations of Eastern life with Western phases and influences. We stayed at the Belle Vue, a really good hotel. Our Sunday was spent in the Presbyterian American church, and in the English Episcopal church. Here we felt ourselves to be in a center of Christian light, with institutions for the education of Syrian boys and girls, the training of the blind, and an asylum for cripples, and all under excellent Christian management.

From Beyrout, *via* Rhodes and Cyprus, close by Patmos, and staying two days at Smyrna, visiting the ruins at Ephesus, and by the Dardanelles, we came to Constantinople, with its triple cities of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari; its Sea of Marmora, Golden Horn, and Bosphorus; and its mosques, bazaars, and palaces. A day on the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and back took us through scenery that Eden could hardly have excelled. The twirling dervishes, the procession of the Sultan to his mosque, are

seen on the Friday, and then we prepare to steam off to Trieste, calling at Syra and Corfu on our voyage. The weather was fine, the sea unruffled, so that no voyage was ever accomplished with greater comfort. Thursday morning we reached Trieste; Friday morning, Venice; Saturday, Milan; and while Mr. Cook and party passed over the Splugen by Coire, Zurich, and Basle to Paris, I returned by Turin, Susa, and Mont Cenis to the same destination. I had expected thus to reach home a day in advance; but one continued series of mishaps on the railway made our express train thirty-three hours late in Paris, so that I was a day behind instead of one in advance of my traveling companions.

This rather less than three months' travel seems to have supplied me with interesting material for thought and reflection for a whole life. Our course had been one of great enjoyment and instruction, notwithstanding the usual penalties of toil and occasional peril. But the fatigue and expense of the tour are more than counterbalanced by the wondrous scenes and the marvels of the journey.

CONFUCIUS, THE CHINESE SAGE.

SECOND PAPER.

IN our former paper we gave a few facts and incidents in the life of the Chinese Sage, and pointed out how the high officials of the empire semi-annually worship him as a part of their appointed duties, and how the literary class, and the students generally, worship him while engaged in their literary pursuits. We noticed also that the books compiled or written by Confucius and Mencius, and their pupils, over 2,000 years ago, are now the universally used text-books in Chinese schools.

Let us now briefly glance at the object to be attained by this universal reverence for and admiration of Confucius, and what is the subject-matter of these books.

In the article on Mohammed to which allusion has been made, it was said: "After the lapse of twelve hundred years not less than a hundred and fifty millions of people acknowledge him as the prophet of God, and found their hopes of heaven on the doctrines which he taught." The four hundred millions of Chinese study the works compiled or composed by Confucius and his followers, after the lapse of twenty centuries since they died; but they do it not in the hope of thereby learning the way to heaven. The views and doctrines of Confucius do not relate to heaven, or heavenly virtues and objects. They are all "of the earth, earthy." The Chinese do not worship Confucius, and they do not study his books in order to attain some good beyond the present life, nor to learn about anything relating to the future and spiritual world.

"His frequent themes of discourse were the Book of Poetry, the Book of History, and the Maintenance of the Rules of Propriety. He taught letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness. Extraordinary things, feats of strength, states of disorder, and spiritual beings he did not like to talk about." Such is the testimony concerning the Chinese Sage as recorded in the books prepared by him or his immediate disciples.

Confucius did not attempt to treat about the condition of the soul after death, about its immortality, about the ways and means of becoming pure and free from sin, or about future rewards or punishments. He, however, encouraged the worship of departed ancestors. This custom did not originate with him. Confucius strove to evade direct and didactic replies to questions relating to the future. One of his disciples asked, "about serving the spirits of the dead?" The Sage evasively replied, "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?" The disciple said, "I venture to ask about death," and the reply was, "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" He adopted and advocated the principle "of sacrificing to the dead as if they were present," and "of sacrificing to the spirits as if they were present." But he did not seem to care about explaining his views about death and the hereafter to his disciples. Perhaps he had no clear views to communicate on such subjects, and he showed his humility and his judgment in a studied silence.

It may be said the chief themes of Confucius, as revealed in his writings and instructions, were, *How the sovereign should reign*, and *the obedience due the sovereign from the people*. In short, *The inferior should obey the superior*, the child its parent, the wife her

husband, the prince his sovereign. But to explain and illustrate his views on political economy and on government would require much time and space, more than can be spared.

It is remarkable that Confucius, hundreds of years before Christ was born, enunciated a negative form of the Golden Rule, viz.: *Do not do to others what you do not wish done to you.* Some have inconsiderately pronounced this as fairly equivalent to the Golden Rule itself, as given by the Saviour: "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*" This is positive, and directly and explicitly demands and commands action, prompt unmistaken action. The rule of Confucius requires action only by inference. Christ's language is positive—Confucius' negative. But still it is a most striking saying, the most wonderful and remarkable of all his wonderful and remarkable sayings. In the discriminating language of Dr. Legge, "the lesson of the Gospel commands men to do what they feel to be right and good. It requires them to commence a course of such conduct without regard to the conduct of others to themselves. The lesson of Confucius only forbids men to do what they feel to be wrong and hurtful."

The precepts of Confucius in regard to revenge and the forgiveness of injuries seem very unlike even *his* Golden Rule, or rather his Silver Rule. One day some one asked what he thought of the principle of recompensing injury with kindness? He replied, "With what, then, will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness."

In one of the old Chinese classics occurs this sentence: "With the slayer of his father, a man may not live under the same heaven; against the slayer of his brother, a man must never have to go home to fetch a weapon; with the slayer of his friend, a man may not live in the same state." Confucius did not discourage the idea of blood-revenge, but enforced it in the plainest and strongest terms. One of his disciples inquired of him, "What course is to be pursued in the case of the murder of a father or mother?" He answered, "The son must sleep upon a matting of grass, with his shield for his pillow; he must decline to take office; he must not live under the same heaven with the slayer. When he meets him in the market-place or the court, he must have his weapon ready to strike him." His precepts in regard to the murderer of a brother, and the murderer of an uncle or cousin, also breathed the spirit of revenge, not of forgiveness.

There is reason to fear that Confucius was not in his heart as truth-loving and as sincere as his precepts would lead one to believe. On a certain occasion he excused himself from seeing a visitor whom he did not wish to see, by sending word to him while waiting outside, that he was sick. When the unwelcome visitor had turned to go away, Confucius seized a musical instrument and commenced playing on it, so that the man might know that he was not sick, but simply did not wish to receive him as a guest. Mencius, the sub-sage, or only inferior to Confucius himself, on a certain occasion, detailed at length in his works, plainly told and acted out several falsehoods or lies, before or in the knowledge of his disciples. And what was worse, *he justified his course.*

The pernicious example of Confucius and Mencius have had their sad influence over the Chinese as a people, in the past and in the present. They are mendacious, deceitful, and plausibly false, to a remarkable degree. Would it not be unreasonable to expect them to be otherwise, with such examples and such precepts? Like priest—like devotee; like teacher—like pupil.

Referring the reader, who may desire to learn more about Confucius, to "The Middle Kingdom," by Dr. S. Wells Williams, and "The Chinese Classics, Vol. 1st," by Dr. James Legge, and other books treating of the Sage and his opinions, I venture to quote in closing this paper an account of his views concerning the relation of husband and wife—a subject attracting great attention at the present day. The quotation is from the "Family Sayings," as translated by an eminent living scholar in Chinese literature:

"Man," said Confucius, "is the representative of heaven, and is supreme over all things. Woman yields obedience to the instructions of man, and helps to carry out his principles. On this account she can determine nothing of herself, and is subject to the rule of the three obediences:

When young, she must obey her father and elder brother; when married, she must obey her husband; when her husband is dead, she must obey her son. She may not think of marrying the second time.

No instructions or orders must come from the harem. Woman's business is simply the preparation and supplying of wine and food. Beyond the threshold of her apartments she should not be known for evil or for good. She may not cross the boundaries of a state to accompany a funeral. She may take no step on her own motion, and may come to no conclusion on her own deliberation.

There are five women who are not to be taken in marriage: the daughter of a rebellious house; the daughter of a disorderly house; the daughter of a house which has produced criminals for more than one generation; the daughter of a leprous house; and the daughter who has lost her father and elder brother.

"A wife may be divorced for seven reasons, which may be overruled by three considerations. The grounds for divorce are disobedience to her husband's parents; not giving birth to a son; dissolute conduct; jealousy (of her husband's attentions, that is, to the other inmates of the harem); talkativeness, and thieving.

"The three considerations which may overrule these grounds are: first, if, while she was taken from a home, she has now no home to return to; second, if she has passed with her husband through the three years' mourning for his parents; third, if the husband have become rich from being poor. All these regulations were adopted by the sages, in harmony with the natures of man and woman, and to give importance to the ordinance of marriage. [FOOCHOW, CHINA. J. D.

PROF. J. SHROCK.

A WESTERN ART PENMAN.

THIS gentleman has a fine physical organization. The large base of brain evinces harmony of relation between brain and body, and it is by no means a difficult matter for him to preserve an excellent condition of health.

He has strong observing powers, and appreciates everything belonging to the realm of practical life. His large Constructiveness enables him to take hold of the material gained by observation

PORTRAIT OF PROF. J. SHROCK

and mold it or work it into forms adapted to the carrying out of his purposes. Everything in the sphere of configuration he appreciates. He can carry patterns and outlines in memory with the utmost facility.

Were it our task to suggest a line of life in which he would be successful, we would be most likely to name architecture or design. The whole bent of his intellectual forces is toward utility. He has comparatively little of that merely emotional sentiment which deals with the speculative and ideal. He has ambitious yearnings, and his earnest, active temperament aids in urging him forward in those processes by which he would work out successfully his longings; but he never loses sight of the actual, the useful, the practical. If he aspires to succeed, it is in something chiefly allied to the terrestrial relations of man,—the perfection of some department of human activity.

The subject of this sketch was born December 20, 1839, near Smithville, Wayne Co., Ohio. There he received his early education under the popular teacher and distinguished penman Prof. B. Musser, who was then engaged in teaching common English branches. Young Shrock exhibited traits of character that attracted attention when quite a small boy. He manifested an unusual taste for writing from the beginning of his school career. His teacher frequently told his father, a farmer, of German descent, that his son had tendencies toward something other than agriculture. And as time wore on, and the young man's mind gradually developed, his thoughts were not on the plow, but on the pen. At the early age of twelve his future profession was chosen. Nature had destined him to become distinguished as a pen-artist. His work was well chosen, as his success in this branch of education proved in after-years.

He was but fourteen when his father emigrated to Washington County, Iowa. Here he was at once solicited from different quarters to organize writing classes.

At the age of fifteen his career as a teacher began. The "boy teacher," subsequently known as "the great Western penman," was quite popular from the first. His reputation grew rapidly, and very soon was spread beyond the limits of his own neighborhood. For ten years he traveled over the Western prairies, teaching the youth of the land, to use his own phrase, "how to blend form and thought with ease and grace." For the past five years he has been engaged principally in conducting his writing academy in Iowa City, Iowa, lecturing at different points on his system of penmanship, and in teaching in the Iowa State University.

His success as an instructor is perhaps attributable to the following facts: that his explanations are short, clear, and explicit; that he has a peculiar trait to win the confidence and esteem of his pupils; that he seems to infuse them with a spirit of earnestness, and encourages them to strive for the highest degree of proficiency, and that he is ever up to the times in everything related to his art.

His motto has ever been, "One thing well done is worth more than many things poorly done." Though he has ability which would make him successful in other directions, he has preferred to devote himself principally to this one subject in order to attain to the highest degree of proficiency in this art of which his organization might be susceptible.

That he has some ability as a writer as well as a pen-artist may be seen from the following, which we select from his "Theoretical Guide to Practical Penmanship:"

"Mind and muscle are connected by means of some mysterious current of communication, through the medium of which the hand is brought in subjection to the will, whereby the writer conveys his ideas on paper. His penmanship will therefore correspond in every particular with his ideas of form and power of execution."

> "Give kings and knights saber and shield,
> But let me have a pen to wield—
> One drop of ink—one little word,
> And I will conquer king and sword."

In addition to the superior advantages he enjoyed in pursuing his favorite art under his first teacher, already mentioned, he has since been instructed in the various branches of business and ornamental penmanship and pen-drawing by such masters as the late Prof. Platte R. Spencer, and others. In off-hand flourishing Prof. Jno. D. Williams has been his model.

By dint of careful study Prof. Shrock has become a happy combination, both theoretically and practically, of the various attainments of his teachers. His specimens, combining all branches of business and ornamental penmanship and pen-drawing, are truly superb. Every stroke seems perfect; while the general design—always original—happily combines a perfect picture-work of thought and expression, striking the eye with wonder and admiration. It scarcely seems possible that the human hand can reach such perfection in the use of a simple pen.

One of his specimens, 28 by 38 inches, of which we might make special mention, and which is known as the "Penman's Paradise," is perhaps the finest pen-picture representing all branches of penmanship and pen-drawing ever produced by the hand of one person.

His system, known as "Shrock's System of Practical Penmanship," has been the result of long experience and careful study. He taught one of the popular systems of the day

for many years, but finding inconsistency in the arrangements of principles and irregularity in their adaptation to practice, he began to study the depths of the art that he might teach it more successfully, and very soon went beyond the narrow limits of "fixed rules" which so characterize the leading systems of the present day. He takes the oval and its diameter as the basis of form, and thereby reduces the art to three principles: 1st. The right curve of the oval; 2d. The left curve of the oval; 3d. The diameter of the oval or straight line. These principles, combined in various ways, form every letter and figure, and are either in common oval form or in modifications therefrom. By a number of diagrams he shows how the principles are combined in the various forms, and how they differ from the original oval.

After the main forms are thus reached, he shows their *modifications* by illustrations in monograms, making a graded system of model forms by taking the oval and straight line for the basis. He also illustrates the most common errors in a similar way. This makes the analysis four-fifths shorter, and as much more comprehensible than by the old methods.

To secure the power of execution, he has a course of manual gymnastics, calling into action all the muscles employed in writing.

He discards all fixed styles after the pupil has gone through a primary course, cultivating individual taste, and thereby making practical as well as theoretical penmen. His theory of position is certainly one of the most philosophical ever introduced. He never requires his pupils to take one exact position, leaving each one to be seated according to convenience, and makes only such suggestions as are in harmony with the laws of nature, thereby preserving the health and securing ease and freedom of position and movement.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.—This institution was founded about eighteen years since, and is located in the pleasant little village of New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Pa., near the line of the Erie and Pittsburg Railroad. Students of both sexes are admitted on equal terms to all the classes, past experience demonstrating fully the wisdom of such a policy. This institution also ignores the distinctions of race; and although but few colored students have as yet availed themselves of its advantages, one of them last year carried off the junior prize in oratory, and is now the contest orator elect for one of the literary societies. In addition to the Greek and Latin classics, there is two years' drill in Hebrew for those who wish to take a theological course. The advantages for students of limited means are excellent. The tuition is twenty-five ($25 00) dollars per year. Scholarships can be rented for a much less amount. An economical student can get along here on $200 to $250 per year for all expenses, including board. The college has a reading-room and a growing library. The number of students in attendance last year was 256. Robert Audley Browne, D.D., is President.

SIMPLICITY OF LIFE AND VITAL VIGOR.—The California papers have of late given accounts of an exploit whose hero is a physician between sixty and seventy years old. This physician, the well-known Dr. Bourne, walked from San Francisco to San Jose, a distance of fifty-five miles in twenty, hours, and that without showing any serious exhaustion.

The *Golden Era* in commenting on this performance thus alludes to Dr. Bourne's habits: "What gives this feat its significance is not the number of miles he walked, nor the number of steps he took, but the fact that Dr. Bourne is sixty-four years of age, and is the champion of the vegetable diet. He lives chiefly on Graham flour and water. For thirty-five years he has not tasted wine, whisky, or tobacco, and he regards himself now as good a man for all practical purposes as he was twenty-five years ago. The doctor is of the opinion that what he has done, all other men might do if they would let whisky, meat, tobacco, and other abominations alone. He claims to have a clear head, and a stomach that never complains of its treatment. So far, we must consider Graham bread ahead. When some gentleman of like age who is addicted to the luxuries Dr. Bourne discards shall accomplish an equal task, we will count one for meat, whisky, and tobacco."

Natural History.

THE CRAB-SPIDER.

ONE of the most interesting of the numerous species of *arachnida*, or spiders, is that known by the common name of "crab-spider." It belongs to the genus *mygale*, which embraces

the largest and most dreaded spiders known to the naturalist. The body is large, hairy, and dark in color; the extremities of the legs are reddish, the hair on the under side of their tarsi forming a thick cushion, generally quite concealing the elastic claws. Its habitat is the

THE CRAB-SPIDER.

tropical region of South America, where it constructs its nest in the cracks of trees, beneath the bark, in the cavities of stones and rocks, or on the surface of leaves of various vegetables. This nest is cellular, narrowed to a point at the bottom, and composed of a very fine white web as translucent as fine cambric muslin.

Some of the "crabs" have been found so large that, in a state of repose, they occupied a space of six or seven inches in diameter, and powerful enough to seize and kill small birds and reptiles. The mygales do not spin webs for the snaring of their food, but live by hunting, the branches of trees being their favorite resort. The products of their spinning abilities are found chiefly in the composition of their nests and cocoons.

In the illustration, a spider of this class is shown in the act of attacking a bird's nest, the parent birds being overcome apparently too much with terror to make a firm defense of their young family, so that the latter is left to its destruction.

Westwood, in the new edition (1851) of Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom," is not inclined to accept the account given of the disposition and ability of the American mygale to attack and destroy small birds, and attributes the "origin of the story" to Madame Merian, who, in a finely illustrated work on the insects of Surinam, figures a large spider feeding on a humming-bird which it had dragged from its nest. To support his opinion, Mr. Westwood quotes MacLeay, who, in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," attacked Madame Merian's statements in that behalf; but an authority fully equal to Mr. MacLeay, viz., M. Moreau de Jonnés, expressly mentions that "this spider climbs the branches of trees to devour the young of humming-birds, etc." M. Walckenaer, a naturalist of extensive research, as is indicated by his description of thirty-six species of the *mygale* in his *Histoire Naturelle des Insectes Aptères* (Natural History of Wingless Insects), also mentions this predatory habit of the "crab-spider," which he designates by the term *avicularia*. The weight of authority given in the "American Cyclopedia" is in favor of theprevalent impression, and Professor A. N. Prentiss, in a short essay on spiders published in *Hearth and Home*, reiterates the account, with no pretense of doubt as to its authenticity.

The much-feared tarantula of the Southern States is another species of the *mygale* family. Its lives upon the ground, and is nocturnal in its habits. At nightfall it comes out of its nest and creeps stealthily along the ground seeking its game, which consists of grasshoppers, worms, small lizards, and the like. It is very quick in springing upon its prey, and exhibits surprising ferocity when disturbed.

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

THIS is a bird of prey, belonging to the genus *Serpentarius* of Cuvier, or serpent-eaters. The legs are very long, the second segment, or *tibia*, being completely feathered, while the *tarsi* and toes have no feathers, but are covered in front with scales. The toes are armed with short, sharp claws. The wings are long, and armed with a blunt spur at the shoulder; the third, fourth, and fifth quills are the longest, and nearly equal. The tail is very long and wedge-shaped, with the two middle feathers prolonged. The bill is moderate in size, broad and elevated at the base and sharply curved toward the tip. The general color is bluish-gray; the quills, thighs, crest, and abdomen being more or less marked with black, the throat and chest shaded with white, and the naked parts of the feet yellowish. That which has given it the name Secretary bird is a long erectile crest of feathers on the back of the head, which when depressed have some resemblance to a number of pens stuck behind the ear.

The best known species of this bird inhabits the sandy plains of Southern Africa, and is about three feet in height. It feeds chiefly on reptiles of all kinds, which it devours in great numbers, and is so highly valued on account of the constant war it wages against serpents, that a fine is inflicted in the colony at the Cape of Good Hope for shooting it.

These birds are usually seen in pairs, and run and hop very swiftly, taking wing only when not otherwise able to escape. Their appetite is voracious, Le Vaillant mentioning that he took from the crop of one eleven good-sized lizards, three serpents as long as his arm, eleven small tortoises, besides a number of insects.

When attacking a large serpent it strikes violently with its wings, and occasionally pecks sharply with its strong beak. It will then rise in the air, fly away for a few yards, and again return to the attack, continuing this mode of action until it has worn out the snake. It will

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

sometimes pick up the snake in its bill, soar to a great height, and then suddenly drop it on a hard rock, so as to kill it without trouble.

The secretary bird builds a large nest on trees with the aid of sticks, wool, and feathers. Two or three eggs are laid by the female in the breeding season.

It has been difficult to domesticate the bird in places remote from its natural haunts, although it appears to thrive well enough in the zoological gardens of Western Europe. The French tried to introduce it into the island of Martinique, to aid in the destruction of the venomous serpents there so abundant, but without satisfactory results.

For Our Young Folks.

HOW TO BE A MAN.

NOT long since a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. Being busily employed at the time, the boy had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for an interview. Occasionally the merchant cast a glance at him as he stood respectfully at a short distance. He was rather poorly clad, and showed evidence of pretty hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness, under the somewhat rude exterior. Besides, the broad forehead and swelling temples indicated to one having any knowledge of phrenological developments the possession of superior powers of mechanical discernment and contrivance. A practical business man requires but brief examination of a boy to declare as to his weight and worth of character.

When at liberty, the merchant said:

"Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I called, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you."

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face. "I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer, and I will be. And I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest but determined manner pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business, and could of course have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object for him to take up an inexperienced boy and attempt to train him; no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for; a fact which no doubt had encouraged the boy to make his application.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired.

"Working in a machine-shop, in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and I often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with one now, if anybody will have a little patience with me."

"What wages do you get?"

"Five dollars a week, sir."

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to mother, sir."

"Give it to your mother! humph! humph! humph! what does your mother do with it?"

"Well, you see, there is mother, sister, and me; and mother takes in sewing. But it goes pretty hard, you know. They don't give much for sewing, and it's pretty hard work, too. And then with the other work she has to do, you know she can not get along very fast at that rate, so I help her all I can. If I could get an engineer's place I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for mother."

"How do you spend your evenings?" asked the gentleman.

"I attend the free school at the Cooper Institute, studying mechanics," he replied. "I spend all the time I can get studying. I know I can be an engineer."

"Do you drink liquor?"

He looked up with an expression of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered, firmly, "No, sir."

"Do you chew, or smoke, or go to the theater?"

"Never—can't afford it. Mother needs the money. And if she didn't, I could make a better use of it. I'd like to have some books, if I could only spare the money to get them."

"Do you go to church or Sunday-school?"

He held down his head, pretending to brush the dust off the floor with his foot, and replied, "No, sir."

"Why not?" asked the merchant, a little sharply.

"I haven't any clothes fit to wear," he replied. "It takes all the money I can get for us to live; and I can't have any clothes." He looked down at his coarse and well-worn suit.

"It didn't use to be so when father was living. I was brought up to go to church and to Sunday-school. If I can get to be an engineer I shall go again. I know I can run an engine."

Telling him to call at a certain time, when he expected his engine would be in use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him. "But he must have that engine," said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something; who gives his mother all of his money to lighten her burdens; who does not use tobacco, and does not go to the theaters; who spends his evenings in study after working all day, such a boy would make a man, and deserves to be helped. I have not told him so, but I shall take him, put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge, then let him have the engine. He will get twenty dollars a week then instead of five, and be able to lighten a mother's burdens, have clothes to wear to church, and buy books to aid his business."

A noble boy, though hidden among hard conditions and under unattractive garbs, will work out and show his manhood. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but determined, virtuous, and willing to endure, he will, in due time, conquer.—*Mothers' Journal.*

WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"YOU see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much the more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy."

A little farther on, the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, my mother says to be a gentleman, I must be a gentle boy, and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind, and he lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

Remember, *a gentle boy makes a gentleman.*

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

BY ALICE CARRY.

I THINK there are some maxims
  Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation,
  But here, boys, is one,
So sound and so simple,
  'Tis worth while to know;
And all in a single line!
  "Hoe your own row!"

A good many workers,
  I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
  Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
  Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
  "Hoe your own row."

I've known, too, a good many
  Idlers, who said,
I've a right to my living,
  The world owes me bread!
A *right!* lazy lubber!
  A thousand times No!
'Tis his, and his only,
  Who hoes his own row.

TISCHENDORFF AND THE VATICAN BIBLE.—Dr. Tischendorff was of great assistance in causing the Pope to take steps toward the publication of a fac-simile edition of this remarkable manuscript, to which enterprise he contributed no small share of his time and

attention, both personally and by correspondence. He sent to the Pope, at great personal trouble, seven hundred pounds of the types with which the Codex Sinaiticus had been printed, to be used by the Propaganda. The four Evangelists have already been finished, and the remainder is far on toward completion. The Old Testament, it is estimated, will be completed in about seven years. Even on that part which is already published, the clerical press of Rome hardly found words enough to express their praise, and to thank the Pope, in the name of scientific theology. The Pope received the first installment of the work, in festive audience, from the hands of the director of the Propaganda printing establishment, and rewarded him with the golden medal of merit. But the great German scholar who had done so much toward it was not even thought of. Indeed, we believe he gave great offense to his Holiness when, in 1867, he published in Leipsic a critical edition of the New Testament portion of the Vatican Bible, corrected from the Mai edition.

HUMAN SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

SOME writers and speakers on Temperance adduce as a climacteric among the striking reasons which should dissuade men from the use of ardent spirits, that confirmed drinkers are so impregnated with alcohol as to be in a highly inflammable state, and liable to "spontaneous combustion." We have read now and then, in the newspapers, accounts purporting to be trustworthy instances of death from so terror-inspiring a cause as that; and even such compilations of useful knowledge as current "encyclopedias" furnish instances to which little doubt appears to be attached.

We have desired to know the views of scientific men on this subject ere we gave in our adhesion to the affirmative, and quite lately have been gratified to some extent, while our faith in the theory of "spontaneous *human* combustion" has been considerably weakened. The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* devotes some space to an examination of the subject, and cites several authorities which substantially disallow "spontaneous combustion." We quote as follows:

"Let us examine this matter in the light of what is actually known.

We must, in the first place, carefully distinguish between the notion of "a *preternatural combustibility*" of the body under certain abnormal conditions, and that of its *spontaneous combustion*. The former is not impossible; indeed, there are tolerably "well-authenticated instances" of the kind. The latter, if not absolutely inconceivable, is in the highest degree improbable, and eminent physiologists who have carefully investigated all the cases in which it is alleged to have occurred, do not find a single one established beyond a doubt.

The earliest case of the kind which has a semblance of authority to sustain it, is said to have happened in 1725, and from that time down to the year 1847, when the last alleged case occurred, some fifty instances are recorded. Liebig made an analysis of all these cases in 1851, and found that they nearly all agree in the following points:

1. They took place in winter. 2. The victims were hard drinkers, and were drunk at the time. 3. They happened where the rooms were heated with fires in open fire-places or pans of glowing charcoal. Cases where rooms are heated by means of closed stoves are exceedingly rare. 4. It is admitted that no one has ever been present during the combustion. 5. No one of the physicians who collected the cases, or attempted to explain them, has ever observed the process, or ascertained what preceded the combustion. 6. No one has known how much time had elapsed from the beginning of the combustion to the moment when the consumed body was found.

Out of forty-five cases collected by Frank, of Berlin, in 1843, there are only three in which it is assumed that the combustion occurred when there was no fire in the neighborhood; and Liebig clearly shows that these three cases are totally unworthy of belief. The conclusion to which he comes is, that "spontaneous combustion in a living body is *absolutely impossible*." Flesh which has been saturated with alcohol for a great length of time, as anatomical preparations, is not combustible; if ignited, the alcohol burns off, scarcely charring the flesh. The corpses of drunkards have never been found to be combustible.

M. Duvergie has opposed Liebig's views, and has expressed the opinion, that molecular changes may take place in the living body by which it becomes more combustible from the absorption of alcohol, or from its conversion into more inflammable compounds; but he admits that the combustion is probably never

spontaneous. Dr. Marc has suggested that inflammable gases, and possibly even phosphoreted hydrogen, which, under certain circumstances, inflames on contact with the air, may be generated in the living body, and may thus give rise to its spontaneous combustion; but this is merely a theory to account for such cases of combustion, *if* they *have* occurred.

On the whole, this idea of spontaneous combustion appears to be one of those old medical delusions which, having once gained a sort of credence, are not readily given up. It is easy to see, as Liebig observes, that it arose at a time when men entertained entirely false views on the subject of combustion, its essence, and its cause. It is only since the time of Davy, or for about half a century, that combustion has come to be thoroughly understood. After people had once got it into their heads that the body might take fire of itself, it is not singular that when a man happened to be burned up, the case was explained in that way if it could not readily be accounted for in any other way; just as hundreds of fires caused by carelessness, not easily detected, are charged to the mysterious "incendiary." Then again, other things being equal, the more marvelous explanation of strange phenomena is usually the more popular one. The Latin proverb *omne ignotum pro magnifico est* might be read *omne ignotum pro mirifico est*, with everybody—whatever is unknown passes for a marvel. We need not be surprised, therefore, that this idea of human combustibility, which was not inconsistent with the scientific knowledge of the age in which it had its origin, and which consequently came to be accepted by the scientific men of the time, should still live as a popular superstition, and even find an occasional defender among the *savans* of this more enlightened day."

THE SACRIFICE.

I.

The sun is gleaming through the pictured panes,
The organ's peal is rolling to the skies;
A hundred faces backward turn to greet
The bride's pale cheek and pearl-disbursing eyes.
As some bright blossom that the spring displays,
When violets breathe and skies are heavenly fair,
Whose beauty fills the forest like a light,—
So still, so sweet, the bride that trembles there.

II.

What art may paint the rose's blushing cheek,
Or shadow forth sad Luna's melting hue,
Or voice the rhythm of the heaving sea,
Or limn the firmament's eternal blue?
Fair as the lily in its noon of pride,
Soft as the starlight of a summer eve,
She sighs and droops amid the eager throng—
A form to make a tiger grant reprieve.

III.

But what may melt a satyr's stolid soul,
Or quench the fury of a lust of pelf?
What aspic malice ever yet could reach
That lowest deep—a coxcomb's love of self?
What though she marries now with dull despair,
And blooming life seems ever more a weight,
Shall he not glut his little soul of spite,
And smile in triumph at a rival's hate?

IV.

Oh, now farewell, ye heaven-aspiring thoughts,
Ye radiant dreams, ye joys that might have been,
Ye hopes that fought with sorrow's stormy winds,
Ye blest sojourners in a world of sin.
Farewell the calm, the word-defying peace
That wrapt the soul in twilight's golden air,
Farewell the ringing laugh, the beaming eye,
The forehead free from every shade of care.

V.

And evermore shall sit for household gods
Despair, and solitude, and rayless gloom,
And ever-brooding doubt, and care, and hate,
And hope walled up within a living tomb.
This crime shall curse his own bad soul and hers,
And all life's gold shall be to him as dross,
And when joy's cup seems bubbling to the brim,
'Twill still be shattered by the fiend Remorse!

VI.

So runs the fiat of unswerving fate!
So frowns sad justice on the brow of guilt,
And ever and forever shall decay
All hopes that folly and deceit have built.
Yet o'er the woman at the last shall rise
The star of Faith, in sorrow's moonless night,
And joy and love, all purified by grief,
Shall bathe her spirit in immortal light.

AUGUSTUS WATERS.

A CRIME PREVENTED BY A PRESENTIMENT.

THE following occurrence, reported by the Detroit *Free Press*, has no little interest for those fond of examining into the strange phenomena of mental life. It, as will be seen at once, belongs to that class of subjects which have been considerably discussed in these pages.

"On Tuesday evening last, Bernard Rolfe, a German farmer, residing about nine miles from this city, on the Pontiac road, had business with a hardware firm on Woodward Avenue. He had a German laborer in his employ named Henry Artles, and him Mr. Rolfe left at home busy with the team, and procured a passage in with a neighbor. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when

Rolfe left his home, and as it was understood that the neighbor would not return before the next day, the family, consisting of wife and three small boys, knew that they would be alone with the hired man for the night. Artles was a comparative stranger to them all, having been at work for two weeks only. He was a quiet man, and spent his leisure hours by himself, never indulging in conversation when not directly appealed to. Still, neither Rolfe nor his wife found fault, or ever had occasion to suspect that the laborer was other than what he seemed.

"On his arrival in the city, Mr. Rolfe partially concluded his business with the merchants, and engaged lodgings at a hotel on Larned Street. About nine o'clock in the evening, while seated in the office smoking, Mr. Rolfe says he began to tremble and feel nervous shocks, which so increased, that in a short time he could scarcely hold his pipe between his teeth. He walked several times across the room, went into the open air, but the feeling did not pass away. His thoughts kept recurring to the laborer at home, and he called to mind the features of Artles, and the fact that he had several times caught him peering about the room, where a bureau was standing that contained money to go toward putting an addition on the house. At ten o'clock Rolfe decided to go home. He was laughed at by his neighbor, who told him that the feeling was the first symptoms of chill fever; and that Rolfe would go home next day and find everything had passed off peacefully. Rolfe hesitated for some time, but at last started for home on foot, promising to return in the morning on horseback, in time to secure the balance of his things before the neighbor should be wanting to return home.

"He reached home about midnight, awakened his wife, and to her expressions of astonishment could say nothing, only that he felt that he ought to return. Inquiring as to Artles, the wife replied that he had performed the farm 'chores' as usual, remained about the house for a while, and then informed her that the night being warm he would sleep in the barn. Rolfe passed through to the kitchen, where he found a window up that looked directly upon the barnyard. His wife was certain that she had shut all the windows on retiring. As they stood for a moment looking out, they saw the barn door swing open, and Artles led out one of the horses. As they watched, he led the horse through the gate, and, going to the front, they saw that he had tied the animal to the yard-door gate. Rolfe immediately opened the door and walked down to the gate. He was within ten feet of Artles when the latter espied him, and, giving utterance to an oath of angry astonishment, immediately fled down the road. Rolfe pursued him for some forty or fifty rods, and then gave up the chase. On returning to the horseblock, the gleam of steel caught his eye, and he picked from it an ugly-looking sheath-knife. The open window, the pretense of sleeping in the barn, the horse and knife, all went to prove that Artles intended to rob the house, even if he had to make use of the knife. The facts are given exactly as narrated by Mr. Rolfe himself, and the reader is free to judge of the truth or absurdity of the presentiment. On Friday, Artles had not returned to the neighborhood, neither had the slightest clew to his whereabouts been discovered."

BATHING.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the Russian Vapor Baths, 23 and 25 East Fourth Street, N. Y.,) which is advertised in another column. A card of approval is signed by a large number of our well-known citizens, many of whom have been constant patrons of this establishment for the past seven years, and *all* of whom thoroughly and unqualifiedly recommend these baths as being the only true system of bathing yet invented. From our own knowledge we can say that persons visiting these baths will find them all they can desire. They are constructed of Italian marble; are commodious, extremely cleanly, well ventilated, and, in fact, have all the appointments of a well-conducted bathing establishment.

The water used is taken directly from the Croton mains, passes through the establishment, and by pipes into the sewer. The daily consumption of water at this place, as shown by the Croton meter, is over ten thousand gallons. Visitors can therefore rely upon receiving pure, fresh Croton. In Europe there are over two thousand of these baths, and almost

every prominent city in the Union has now its Russian baths. For thorough renovation, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the enjoyment of a very great luxury, we unhesitatingly recommend this establishment to the ladies and gentlemen of New York, and all persons who desire the blessing of health.—*Evening Mail.*

PHRENOLOGY IN THE WEST.

FOR the encouragement of our co-laborers otherwhere, we are enabled to "report progress" for our cause in the fertile West. A new society has been organized in the young State of Nebraska, whose "Constitution" we herewith submit and commend. We copy it from a newspaper entitled *The Orchard and the Vineyard*, published in Peru, Nebraska.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NEBRASKA PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1.—This Society shall be called the NEBRASKA PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SEC. 2.—The object of this Society shall be the advancement of the science of Phrenology, and the promotion of intercourse among phrenologists, by meetings for the reading of papers, the exhibition of casts, busts, and other illustrative specimens, and by discussions and investigations; to point out the importance of Phrenology as the true philosophy of mind, and its several applications in education, self-improvement, jurisprudence, and medicine, to correct misrepresentations respecting the science, and to awaken a more extended and lively interest in its cultivation.

ARTICLE II.

SEC. 1.—The Officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of three Trustees, who shall be elected annually.

SEC. 2.—This Society shall have power to determine the duties of its officers, and the duration of their terms of office.

ARTICLE III.

SEC. 1.—The Society may admit to membership any individual of good moral character, on being recommended (in writing) by a member of the Society.

SEC. 2.—Applications for membership must be made at the monthly or semi-monthly meeting.

SEC. 3.—Any persons on being elected, and taking their seats as members of the Society, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws, and pay to the Treasurer the sum of two dollars as an initiation fee.

SEC. 4.—Five members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

SEC. 5.—The Society shall have power to levy such contributions as may be deemed necessary to carry into effect the object of this Society.

SEC. 6.—Any member of this Society may be expelled by a vote of a majority of all its members.

SEC. 7.—This Constitution, or any clause thereof, shall not be abolished, altered, or amended, except by a vote of two-thirds of all its members.

BY-LAWS.

1.—The stated meeting of the Society shall be held on the 1st of every month, or more or less frequently, as the Society may, at its annual meeting, direct.

2.—The election of officers shall be annually on the first Tuesday of January, by ballot, a majority electing; and in case of a tie, the presiding officer shall give the casting vote.

3.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at each meeting, preserve order, regulate the debates, decide all questions of order, and propose questions for discussion, in case no question is before the meeting.

4.—The President, with the concurrence of the Vice-President, shall have power to call special meetings of the Society, by giving due notice thereof.

5.—It shall be the duty of the President, and in case of his absence, the presiding officer, at each stated meeting of the Society, to appoint some member whose duty it shall be, at the next succeeding meeting, to read a paper on Phrenology, Physiology, or some of the natural sciences. It shall be the duty of the President, at the expiration of his term of office, to present to the Association a synopsis of the proceedings of the Society during his term of office.

6.—It shall be the duty of the Vice-President, in the absence of the President, to perform his duties; and in case of the absence of both, a President *pro tem.* shall be chosen, whose duties for the time being shall be those of the President.

7.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting; to read the proceedings of the preceding meeting; give notice to all the members of each meeting; and all the names of each as they may be admitted, and keep and preserve all records and documents belonging to the Society.

8.—It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep a regular and correct account of monetary matters appertaining to the Society; to collect all money due the Society by members or otherwise; to pay all orders signed by the President; and further, it shall be his duty, at the expiration of his term of office, to present the Society a written report of all his actings and doings in his official capacity.

9.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to write and answer all letters and communications on behalf of the Society.

10.—It shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees, upon order of the Society, to report, from time to time, the character and cost of such books,

and casts, and busts, and other matter as they deem desirable for the Society. It shall also be their duty to provide a room, and have it suitably furnished for the meetings of the Society.

11.—Any person possessing the requisite qualifications, and complying with the provisions of the Constitution, may become a member of this Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

12.—Any person with eminence in either of the professions, or who is a member of any learned or scientific body, residing within the county, may, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, be admitted to honorary membership.

13.—As women need all the aid Phrenology and Physiology can give in the important duty of domestic training and education, it shall be a special duty of the Society to induce women not only to become members of the Society, but also to become familiar, theoretically and practically, with these sciences.

14.—It shall require a vote of two-thirds of all the members to alter or amend the above By-Laws.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary. JAMES PETIT, President.

B. L. EASLEY, Secretary.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

HUMAN NATURE DUAL.

IT is now the general and almost universal belief among civilized nations that the human being is made up of a body and a soul. The body is understood to represent the organized material portion, while the soul is supposed to be a certain mystic immaterial portion thereof. But there are those who go further than this, and distinguish still another conjunction to the nature of man, which they name "spirit." Essays profound in learning and science are produced to make plausible such theory, while the Bible—that book which is in part a special treatise upon hidden spiritual things—is rated a particular support thereto. Now, in my opinion, such speculation and the firm world-wide supposition that the soul of man is a separate reality, are disproved by Scripture and that science called Phrenology. Unguarded assertion this may seem, but its strength will become apparent to the practical believer in Holy Writ when he is referred to that passage in Genesis which in plain style gives us the particulars concerning the creation of man. We find it stated there that "God formed man of the dust of the ground;" then "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It will be seen from this account that man as a construction and man as a living soul differed alone in one respect, viz.: the former had not, while the latter had, the *breath of life*. This breath of life, therefore, elevated him from an insensible mechanism to a living soul. But can this breath of life consequently be denominated a reality apart from the human constitution and in itself? Is it not rather one simply of the many conditions upon which the organism of man depends for its progressive existence? not even the life itself, but simply a necessary condition thereof? The brain, the heart, the stomach, and various other organs, are as indispensable to being as the spirit of the lungs; and respiration does nothing more than co-operate with them in the physical machinery, contributing but a part in common—its own peculiar function—to the living state of that machinery. And in the face of this who can say that the breath of life is an independent reality?

Yet it was that which, according to the letter and spirit of Moses' account, constituted man a living soul. This is viewing the subject from a Scriptural point of observation, however, without regard to science, for science is far beyond the idea that the soul-nature of man is inhaled through the lungs. Nevertheless it may serve for those who in spiritual matters will reason from the Bible alone.

But to complete a practical demonstration of our assertion, let us now take the science of Phrenology with us to the dissolution of man. By its aid we may perhaps learn what sort of an immaterial something the soul is. Or failing to discover any facts in this relation, we may at least be brought to a better understanding of ourselves. When, again, the breath of life ceases finally, and the human body returns to inanimate dust, what does Phrenology suggest to us? It suggests, and not only this, but on evidence too strong and plain to have any characteristic of delusion in it, deliberately proclaims to us that *there is nothing left*. (Salvation adds: nothing but the treasured remembrance thereof in heaven.) For Phrenology will point its finger to the moldering corpse, and with solemn, convicting question ask: "Soul, where is thy memory, thy intellect, thy consciousness, thy very being? Spirit, where is thy conception, thy intuition, thy will, thy all? Ah! that wonderful construction in which thou didst preside is become like unto the dust, and thou—a myth. The grand machine that gave the pride and self is no more. And where art thou? If, while yet the body was adorned with the grace of existence, thou didst even lose thyself through the slumber of a night, bereft of all consciousness save the vague fiction of thy dreams, what now when death throws its dark shroud upon thee and thine? Thy name may stand upon the register of heaven, but this is the utmost that is left thee—a name and nothing more. Not until the clarion trump of God shall sound from the high heavens; when the Saviour with His angel host shall come to call forth His dead; not until then, by the quickening of that shout and by thy fortune's seal, wilt thou again spring up from the void of death unto life

and consciousness—a body glorified unto eternal life—and give thee reality."

Hoping that the subject presented herein in bare outline may draw the attention it merits from all thoughtful minds, it is respectfully submitted to the reader. F. G. LECHNER.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—Mr. John C. Ailback, of Illinois, claims to have discovered the phrenological organ which is located in that part of the symbolical head designated by a star, and proposes to disclose it on being suitably rewarded. Suppose, in lieu of gold or greenbacks, he give the organ his own name, and so take his pay in the "honor" of the thing? No fund has ever been accumulated for such a purpose. We hope the discoverer will conclude to accept "fame" instead of a fortune for his discovery.

"LOVE, 'TIS TO-NIGHT."

"Love, 'tis to-night that I long for thy presence,
While I am lying exhausted and weak;
Visions of early years dance o'er mine eyelids,
And make the warm tears start unbid to my cheek.
Often in childhood I've launched my small vessel,
And watched its white sail till I saw it no more;
Ah! little I thought that *I'd* strand on the shallows,
And be totally wrecked when in sight of the shore.

"Madly I turned from thy perfect example,
Dashed aside all entreaties and stifled regret;
'Mong the vile and the wicked I sought my companions,
Resolved in the wine-cup our love to forget.
And at midnight I've stood in the lengthening shadows,
My brow burning-hot, and my heart tempest-tost,
Caring nothing for life, now a wearisome burden,
Since all that I loved I'd neglected and lost.

"Once in my dreams passed my father before me,
His head white with sorrow, his form bent by years,
And mother, her love still the same for the truant,
Her face, with its beauty made sweeter by tears.
Deeply I longed to rejoin the loved circle,
But shame (all too potent) constrained me to fly,
It hurried me far from the home of my kindred,
And left me alone, and unpitied,—to die.

"Love, 'tis to-night that I long for thy presence,
To press to my lips thy soft hand as of yore:
'Twould add a new strength to my faltering spirit
Ere it takes its long flight to the 'echoless shore;'
And when to carry affection's last token,
A stranger shall cross the wide, billowy sea,
Oh! think of to-night, when this heart, so long broken,
Turns its last feeble thought and remembrance to thee."

What They Say.

SUBSCRIBERS' TESTIMONY.

"COMPARISONS are odious," and we are far from desiring to institute them between the magazines published by others and that issued from our office. Besides, the ground occupied by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and the platform of principles which it promulgates, are of a nature claimed by no other publication, therefore it is unique, and in that unique character it can scarcely be criticised or analyzed with reference to other publications. This being the case, we make no stupendous account of the views and opinions of our readers with respect to the comparative value of the JOURNAL, although we frankly confess much gratification because of the warm interest indicated by the majority of those who address us. A few extracts from letters lately received are not out of place in this connection. We accept the encomiums they contain.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN. EDITOR OF AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Although I have been a reader of the JOURNAL for more than four years, I much regret that it was not my good fortune to meet with it years before. I consider it above all reading matter that I get. I am never too tired to read the JOURNAL; can always find something to interest, instruct, and encourage me. It is right up with the times. Thanks to the great Father of us all that we live in a progressive age; that there are men, and some women too, who are ready and willing to investigate, and write the results they obtain for the good of others.

Yours, most truly, MRS. J. W. R.

INDIANA REFORM SCHOOL, PLAINFIELD, IND., *January* 20, 1870. *Dear Sir:* I would have renewed my subscription for the JOURNAL for the current year at an earlier day, had it not been that I expected to obtain a few new subscribers. I should be very glad to see the circulation of the JOURNAL increased, for I believe that no journal or magazine in America is doing more good. Certainly that journal which has for its object the dissemination of scientific, intellectual, moral, and religious truths ought to receive the patronage of all generous and philanthropic people. I can unhesitatingly recommend it as being of incalculable value as an instructor to all who labor for the amelioration and promotion of the social and moral condition of the unfortunate members of our race.

Believing as I do that Phrenology is the key to all social and moral reform, and also believing that the JOURNAL is the most reliable source from which a thorough and complete knowledge of that science can be gained, I have met with but little difficulty in inducing all of our principal officers and teachers to take the JOURNAL for the present year. I have gained ten new subscribers in the Institution, and no doubt could have done much more if I had had the time to have canvassed the neighborhood. Faithfully yours, F. R. A.

TILTON, KENTUCKY. *Dear Sir:* Having been a subscriber to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for nearly *twenty-five years*, I feel like expressing my hearty approval of the change you have recently made in it. I read the January num-

ber yesterday, and find it full of interesting and instructive matter. It contains much that is original and improving, both intellectually and physically. Truly yours, F. P. R.

NORTH EASTON, MASS. *Dear Sir:* Being a constant reader of your AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, I do not hesitate to say that the best investment that a young man starting into life can make is to become a yearly subscriber for it, or even to pay thirty cents for each number, for nowhere in the line of literature will he find for the latter sum such an amount of learning and wisdom as is contained within its pages. W.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL—Let me congratulate you on the neat appearance of the JOURNAL in its new form. Let each subscriber take good care of every number, and at the end of the year have them bound, and they will soon have a good library on Phrenology, and in fact on most everything else of interest. I hope that your circulation may be double this year to what it was last; and every subscriber can aid you in extending its circulation by speaking a good word for it among their friends and neighbors. The time has been when it was an "up-hill" business to advocate Phrenology; but now a man is looked upon as an ignoramus who denies the truth of it.

In a late lecture delivered by Professor William Denton in Boston, he said: "Phrenology is just as much a science of the mind as Physiology is of the body. All the ordinary books which treated of the human mind were miserable failures compared to the poorest work on Phrenology. Phrenology could not be claimed to be perfect, but it was so in its sphere, as much so as Geology or any other science. The acknowledgment of the fact that when a man used his brain in certain directions he did not use it all at once, but that there were departments for every faculty of the human mind, was a great step in advance; and the classification of the brain—the back part to animal propensities, the higher portion to the religious sentiments, and the front to the intellectual faculties—is a clear and comprehensive solution of the question. Man's tendency to evil morally is the result of the preponderance of this back brain over the other parts—his reason not having power therefore to control his brutal nature. What a grand thought it is that the ages of the great future lie before the soul!—time to outgrow the brute—time to grow into the man. It can not be otherwise. The mighty future shall make us all that man can conceive of in his holiest moments."

The world (of mind as of matter) moves. Phrenology is gaining ground everywhere. A. K.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, *cyhoeddedig gan S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.*—Mae y cy hoeddiad hwn am Ionawr 1870 wedi dyfod i law. Ymddengys mewn diwyg newydd, plyg llai. Ilythyrenau newyddion a lluaws o ddarluniau eglurhoal, fel y gellir dweyd na bu erioed gystal. Cynwysa haneslon a darluniau o'r Anrh. S. S. Fisher, *U. S. Patent Office:* De Lesseps, cynllunydd Camlas Suez; y Llywydd Cespedes, arweinydd y Cubiaid; George Peabody; Dr. Tischendorff, yr ysgolhaig Beiblaidd enwog; Cenedl y Kaffir, ac anwariaid Awstralia—ceir erthyglau da ar Gynydd Celfyddyd—Ager, Trydaniaeth, Darganfyddiadau celfyddyd, Esgyrniaeth, Meddyginiaeth, Pwyllwyddoreg; Tonau yr Ymenydd—y modd y trosglwyddir drychfeddyliau; Beth yw y goreu i mi wneyd?—y gwyneban a gyfarfyddwn—Beth a lefarant wrthym; Hanesiaeth Naturiol—A wna rhawn ceffylau droi yn nadroedd; Y Draenog gyda darlun o hono; *Sponge*, ei dyfiant a'i ddefnyddioldeb. Mae y cyhoeddiad hwn yn awr yn *haner cant oed*, ac yn myned yn fwy poblogaidd o hyd. Ei bris yw $3 00 y flwyddyn.—*Y. Drich.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for February, in its new form, is as handsome as the handsomest, while its contents are generally very readable. If it has any defect it is in inserting portraits and biographies of very ordinary men—savoring of pecuniary consideration for so doing.—*Commonwealth, Boston.*

[We thank the *Commonwealth* for its uniform kindness, and its usually just criticism, but beg to state that the editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL selects his own subjects for illustration and analysis; and that he has never in any instance published a portrait or biography for a "pecuniary consideration." He has been blamed for *not* publishing sketches of persons as yet inconspicuous or undistinguished, and *predicting* something of their future, with a view to verifying the principles of Phrenology.]

THE DAILY RICHMOND WHIG AND ADVERTISER, Va., speaks thus appreciatively of this magazine.

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED, published and edited by Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, contains as much pleasant and instructive reading as any of the magazines of the day. While Phrenology is its specialty, a large portion of every number is devoted to other interesting subjects. There is no attempt to harass the reader into the espousal of its phrenological views. The articles on that subject, while argumentative, persuasive, and full of learning, are yet free from offensive dogmatism. Those on miscellaneous subjects are far more numerous, and are such as we meet with only in the best periodicals. It is a monthly magazine, and generally contains from eighty to a hundred pages. The engravings and illustrations that embellish it are admirably executed. If its articles on Phrenology were omitted, enough of literary, scientific, historical, biographical, and critical matter would remain to make the JOURNAL a first-class magazine.

It was founded about thirty years ago, and has steadily improved from year to year. The January number appears in a new form and dress, and only needs binding to be ready for the library. Subscription three dollars a year."

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

CULTURE OF THE FACULTIES.—Please to give me some hints with reference to the development of different organs. How may I strengthen my memory, my concentration, my reasoning powers, and other mental capacities?

Ans. The proper consideration of your inquiry would require no small amount of time and space, but a few brief hints, such as can be now accorded, will not be lost, we are satisfied. The perceptive or observing faculties are cultivated by the study of natural science, by the use of the telescope, the theodolite, the microscope, by researches in general among the material forces and agencies of nature. Drawing and writing strengthen these faculties also. The reading of poetry and romance, and the contemplation of works of art—paintings and sculpture—awaken the esthetic disposition and expand the imagination. Music, also, serves to refine the taste and quicken one's sense of the beautiful. The contemplation of picturesque and grand natural scenery is very influential in stimulating the imagination, and also in expanding the moral apprehensions. To strengthen the attention, and at the same time improve the memory, exercises in mental arithmetic are well adapted. So, too, are well-written works of history and biography. Mathematical studies and grammar cultivate the reflective powers, especially in the departments of analysis and comparison. The reading of the best authors on moral philosophy, and conversations with persons of cultivated intellect and high-toned piety, call into activity the moral and religious sentiments, and warm into a richer and more healthy condition the whole nature. Of course it is by no means our wish to underrate the influence of careful Bible study and of good sermons.

MENTAL DIFFERENCES.—Is there any difference in the brain of men as to fineness?

Ans. If we must believe the evidence of our senses, Yes. Our correspondent appreciates the differences between coarse, rude, rough, stolid men and those who are neat, graceful, courteous, quick in discernment, and refined. And such differences are due chiefly to the quality of nervous tissue—the brain and its accessories. Men who are termed *smart* are not so much distinguished by large heads or quantity of brain, as by the fineness and delicacy of the brain tissues.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—The science of Phrenology certainly teaches this doctrine, since it points out organs in the very composition of the human brain which inspire our yearnings for, and consciousness of, a future life. Hope and Spirituality are the two organs which recognize the destiny of the soul. Hope especially gives the sense of a future state, and in accordance with its strength we find men holding to the prospect of continued existence.

INCOMPATIBILITY—SATAN.—Please to tell me and others that read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL (1) what you opinion is concerning the will of God in unhappy marriages, and especially those where they part and can not live together, one party having been deceived by the other?

And also (2), what design God had in creating Satan, He knowing the end from the beginning; and as the Protestant theory says that Satan is likely to drag two-thirds of the human family down to the lake of fire and brimstone, to burn forever and ever, God having all power, why doesn't he destroy his adversary.

Ans. 1st. God gave human beings certain faculties of mind by which to discern the characters of others, so that no one need be deceived in judging who are and who are not compatible. When man comes up into the "real image" in which he was created; comes up out of the selfish propensities—which are now sadly perverted in most persons—into the awakened and enlightened spiritual sentiments, he will see eye to eye, and *know* the will of God, and *do* it. It is man's ignorance and wickedness that subjects him to matrimonial infelicity. Let him reform, and come into right relations with his God, mankind, and himself.

2d. What does the inquirer mean by the term Satan? Is it the devil? Then *who* is this devil? Is he or it a fallen angel? If so, how came he to fall? Is God the author of evil? or, is evil of our own making? Are we fated to be good, or to be bad? Must we necessarily fall? Is there not a way for all mankind to escape perdition? Is not the Christian theory and practice sufficient? Can not each of us follow the example of Christ, and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan?" Can we not resist temptation? Phrenology throws light on the subject. By it we may know what is and what is not a normal exercise of *all* the faculties, what is and what is not godly and acceptable. We need not mistake? The way is so clear that no man need err in doing the will of God, and escaping the penalties of misdoing.

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.—We believe the best thing of this kind is that known as "Sartain's Portrait of Our Saviour." It is a profile picture, cabinet or half life size, and engraved in Sartain's best style. The original portrait bears a Latin inscription, which being translated for the engraving reads as follows: "From the only authentic likeness of our Saviour, cut on an emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and given to Pope Innocent VIII. from the treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks [Bajazet II.], for the ransom of his brother [Zizim], then a captive of the Christians." The price of this is $5, on receipt of which we will send the portrait by mail.

IMAGINATION AND EMOTION.—Imagination implies the conception of images or ideas of which perception has received the impress or significance before. By imagination we image or picture to the mind scenes and incidents in our past experience; hence imagination is substantially a reproductive quality of the mind. Emotion implies a state of mental sensitiveness or excitement induced by some pleasurable or painful influence. We have emotions, *i. e.*, movements, of tenderness, of kindness, of anger, of hate, etc. Imagination may be altogether unattended by emotion, or may be strongly stimulated thereby.

ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.—The prescribing of quinine and iron for cases of bilious difficulty is very common with physicians, and may accomplish good results sometimes; but we are of opinion that the best resource is in reforming the diet and mode of life in accordance with sound hygienic principles. Remove or avoid the cause of your "chills" and you will not be likely to need medicine to right yourself. As for ceasing the use of a medicine after the ailment which led to its use has disappeared, we think it altogether the part of wisdom; for to continue to take medicine under such circumstances is to court disease or illness. We are of opinion that drug specifics will render more well people ill than sick people well. In our February number, under the caption of CATARRH, we gave some advice to a correspondent which you can apply to your own case with no small benefit.

WHAT SHALL A WOMAN DO TO EARN HER OWN LIVING?—In her book on the "Employments of Women," Virginia Penny enumerates over five hundred different branches in which women may work or do service. You may become an expert book-keeper, and fill a responsible position in some merchant's counting-room. We see no feature in such a department of industry which should preclude a woman from pursuing it; on the contrary, we regard woman as eminently adapted to it. In this great city of New York there are very many lady book-keepers, some of whom are very highly esteemed by their employers.

YOSEMITE.—In answer to our inquiry on this term of doubtful pronunciation we have received the following:

NEW YORK CITY—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* "*Yosemite*" is pronounced Yo-sem′-i-te, and signifies "*grizzly bear*." It was the name of a tribe of Indians.

Yours, respectfully, J. C. H.

PERCEPTION.—Is perception mediate or immediate?

By the term perception we infer that our correspondent intends us to understand him as alluding to the "sense-perception" of the metaphysicians. Such perception is dependent on the organs of sense, and is therefore mediate. As it is practiced from the earliest dawnings of the intellect, it becomes more and more developed, more and more active, energetic, and accurate, with increase of age. Upon this perception our education chiefly depends, as it furnishes the material of knowledge, and the more thoroughly trained our organs of sense are, the more accurate will be our intellectual judgment.

HOW TO MOUNT DRAWINGS.—Editor of the JOURNAL, will you be kind enough to detail the best process for mounting drawings or maps on muslin or linen, so as to preserve them for use?

Ans. Quite lately, while reading a scientific paper, we came across a description of a process which appears to us to be equal to anything of the kind we know. It is substantially this:

"Provide a large drawing-board or a pine table, or the floor of an empty apartment will answer—in fact, any flat wooden surface that is larger than the drawing or map you are about to back. Next you will require a good paste, that will neither decay nor become moldy; therefore, mix good clean flour with cold water into a thick paste well blended together, then add boiling water, stirring well up until it is of a consistency that can be easily and smoothly spread with a brush; add to this a tablespoonful or two of brown sugar, a little corrosive sublimate, and about half a dozen drops of oil of lavender, and you will have a paste fit to fasten the teeth in a saw.

"Cut the backing muslin, which should not be too heavy, a size larger than the drawing or map, wet it with fresh water, stretch it out well, tacking the edges lightly round the board or floor, so as to keep it flat as possible; then, while it is damp, go over it evenly with the paste, dabbing it and rubbing it in well with the brush, but at the same time not too thickly; next, damp the chart thoroughly with a sponge on the back; when it looks dull, roll it up on a clean map-handle or round ruler, press the outer edge firmly down on one end of the pasted muslin, unroll the remainder evenly along the muslin, smoothing it down as you go with a clean, soft, dry cloth; go carefully round the edges, pressing all down; should any air bubbles get between, prick them with a strong needle, and press the spot down immediately.

Let the whole become gradually and thoroughly dry before you remove it from the stretch; when it is, cut the linen even with the edges, and have them bound round with narrow crimson or blue ribbon. With some large drawings or maps, that are on extra strong paper, a narrow strip of linen pasted round the edges on the back will be sufficient.

DAYS OF THE WEEK—THEIR DERIVATION.—*Ques.* In the last number of the JOURNAL you answered an inquiry with reference to the derivation of the names of the months, will you be pleased to give in your next issue the derivation of the names by which days of the week are generally known?

Ans. Sunday, in the old Saxon *Sunnan daeg*, identical with the Roman *dies Solis*, or day of the sun, *i. e.*, sacred to the sun. Mentioned by some

of the old religious writers as the "day of the light," in allusion to the first work of creation.

Monday, from the Saxon *Mona daeg*, means moon's day, i. e., the day sacred to the moon. The French, German, and Spanish equivalents are Lundi (from the Latin *luna*), Montag, and Lunes.

Tuesday, the day dedicated by the Saxons to their god Tuisco. The French designation is Mardi, from the Latin *dies Martis*, or day of Mars.

Wednesday was so called from Odin, or Wodin, a deity extensively worshiped by the old Scandinavians.

Thursday, so named by the Saxons in honor of *Thor*, the old Teutonic god of thunder, analogous to Jove of the Greeks and Romans.

Friday is the day of Frea, or Friga, a goddess in the Saxon mythology, and

Saturday may have been so named from the Scandinavian deity Seater, or from the Roman *dies Saturnii*, day of Saturn, one of the leading Roman divinities; the matter is a subject of doubt. We find in the writings of the early fathers of the Christian Church some allusions to the last day of the week as Saturn's day, which would strengthen the latter view.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

PICTORIAL LIFE; or, Man's Life. Setting forth his Nature, Views, Harmonies, and Contrasts, Virtues and Vices, Restraints, Temptations, Remedies, Victories, Responsibilities to Himself, his Fellow-men, and his Saviour, for Time and Eternity. "A Life Study." Some portions of the book a child may understand; there are others which a man may study with increasing interest and profit all his life. Part 1st. Christ and the Soul. Part 2d. The School of the Heart. Part 3d. The Candle of Life. Part 4th. John Bunyan's View of Life. By Rev. E. H. Gillett, D.D., Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., Rev. R. McGonegal, A.M., Rev. P. D. Van Cleef, D.D., Rev. D. M. Reeves, A.M. Nearly 300 Illustrations. One vol., octavo; over 600 pages. Price, $3 50. New York: M. Tibbals & Son. Sold only by Agents.

This is a very singular and suggestive work, full of Scriptural emblems, representing the life of man, his passions, hopes, fears, aspirations, disappointments, temptations, vices, virtues, and relations to time and eternity. Many very useful lessons are conveyed through pictorial illustration and well written descriptive text. The book will entertain, interest, amuse, and instruct every reader. It is sufficiently ornamental to be adapted to the center-table.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED. A History of the Byron Controversy from its Beginning, in 1816, to the Present Time. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. One vol., 12mo; pp. 482; cloth. Price, $1 50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

This is the latest literary sensation of the season. Mrs. Stowe is a lady of intelligence, integrity, and high moral purpose. As to the correctness of her judgment others will judge. We are quite ready to accept her statements as true till proved to the contrary. Judged by the principles of Phrenology, Lord Byron was capable of the worst acts with which he is charged. His apologists *may* be no better than himself.

CONJUGAL SINS AGAINST THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, and their Effects upon the Father, Mother, and Child. By Augustus K. Gardner, A.M., M.D., late Professor of Diseases of Females and Clinical Midwifery in the New York Medical College. One vol., 12mo; pp. 240; paper. Price, $1. New York: J. S. Redfield.

A book for the times. The physician echoes the clergyman, and denounces social sins on physiological grounds. We can not print the table of contents lest the prudish take offense; but we commend the book on its merits, and assure the reader that the author has probed the subject to its core. He says, "The delicacy of the theme requires some reticence of expression, which it is hoped will not lead to misapprehension." If the American race is to be perpetuated, the doctrines of this book must be heeded.

MEDORA LEIGH; A History and an Autobiography. Edited by Charles Mackay. With an Introduction, and a Commentary on the Charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. "*Ex fumo dare lucem.*" Pamphlet; octavo; pp. 63. Price, 25 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This sort of social literature has a fascination for morbid minds. Public opinion is divided on the Byron question, and is likely to remain so, each person judging, not so much from what different authors write, as from his or her own mental tendencies.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. Edited by L. Colange. Published by T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia.

No. 19 (semi-monthly part) of this excellent work has just been received. The literary character of this cyclopedia effort seems to improve as it advances, and at the present rate of elaboration (although Mr. Zell deserves credit for the speed with which the numbers are issued) it promises to be, when finished, a compilation of imposing extent and comprehensiveness. The numerous illustrations are neat and appropriate.

PROMETHEUS' DIARIAL ACCOUNT. A Novelistic Extravaganza in Four Volumes. By the Author of "Life's Uses and Abuses," "Claudius the Fickle," etc. Pp. 77. Chicago: Published by the Author.

A remarkable collection of views and reflections on human society in different aspects. Published with the "Diarial Account" are several short poems on "Reminiscence of the Dying Bride," by a Lover in Elysium, "Life's Athletic Wrestling," "Parson Mayer at Heaven's Gate," and on other subjects of as equally unique significance.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, authoress of "Our Village," etc. Told by Herself in Letters to Her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. In two vols., 12mo; pp. 378 and 365; cloth. Price, $3 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A bright, broad, comprehensive, and active-minded writer. Her letters, many of them, are gems of epistolatory writing. Life in its various aspects is observed, and its interesting events noted for the entertainment and instruction of her readers. A charming every-day book. It is adapted to the family library. ——

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, and Notes and Queries Concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. January, 1870. Price, $5 a year; single numbers, 75 cents. Morrisania, N. Y.: Henry B. Dawson, Publisher.

Worthy of the largest patronage by every American patriot, and the best style of publication. Why should it not be found in every public reading-room? ——

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin. One vol.; pamphlet; octavo; pp. 128. Price, 50 cents. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The author dates his first preface May 12th, 1794, and his second, October 29th, 1795. These adventures will move and soften the hearts of all who read them. ——

ERNEST LINWOOD; or, The Inner Life of the Author. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of Belle Creole," etc., etc. One vol., 12mo: cloth; pp. 467. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is one of a series of *twelve volumes*, by this popular author, now re-printing by the Peterson's.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL GUIDE FOR HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS. Treating only of the Wild Animal Nature of North America. By Samuel J. Hunter. One vol.; pp. 208; octavo. Price, $1 50. Cloth. Savannah, Mo.: S. J. Hunter.

This is a Western book, evidently by a Western man, and for Western readers. If a little crude, it is not dull; if poorly illustrated, it is full of interesting descriptions of beasts, birds, and reptiles.

EOLINE; or, Magnolia Vale; or, The Heiress of Glenmore. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. One vol., 12mo; pp. 261; cloth. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Another volume of the series by this prolific writer, now issuing in uniform style by the Messrs. Peterson. ——

NEW MUSIC. We are indebted to Mr. J. E. Winner, of Philadelphia, for the following pieces of sheet music: Banished Dreams, a Ballad, by Mrs. Matilda Miller, Music by Eastburn. We Have Met, Loved, and Parted, Song and Chorus, by E. R. Coates, Music by Eastburn. Thine Alone, Song and Chorus, by E. R. Coates, Music by E. Mack. The Little Brown Jug, Song and Chorus, by Eastburn. Died in the Streets, Song and Chorus, Words by Claude de Haven, Music by Eastburn. The Kettle and the Clock, Song, by Coates, Music by Eastburn. Sing Me that Old Familiar Song, Words by B. W. Lacy, Music by Haman. Price, 30 cents each, prepaid by post. ——

EXCELSIOR COOK-BOOK AND HOUSEKEEPER'S AID, containing Receipts for Cooking all kinds of Meats, Fowl, Fish; and Making Gravies, Soups, Sauces, Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, Custards, Preserves, Essences, Canning Fruit; the Making of Butter, Cheese, Soaps; the Art of Dyeing; Antidotes for Poisons; Cookery for the Sick; Family Physician, Gardening, House Plants, the Toilet; and many Miscellaneous Receipts. By Mrs. Laura Trowbridge. One vol., 12mo; pp. 288; cloth. Price, $1 25. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co.

This cook-book contains, we judge, about fifteen hundred receipts for cooking and doing many things, and is a good source for directions in all kinds of cooking, whether economical or expensive, whether applying the principles of temperance or otherwise. It does not, however, include hygienic and vegetarian methods. Young housewives will not lack variety who follow Mrs. Trowbridge. ——

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. By Stephen H. Tyng, Rector of St. George's Church, New York. Fifth Thousand. One vol., 12mo; pp. 251; cloth. Price, $1.

Just the thing for Sunday-school teachers who would avail themselves of the experience of one of its most efficient workers. ——

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870. Pamphlet, octavo; pp. 84. Price, 10 cents. Rochester: James Vick.

Those interested in the culture of flowers should obtain a copy of this beautiful publication. ——

OLD HORSE GRAY, AND THE PARISH OF GRUMBLETON. By Edward Hopper. Pamphlet, 12mo; pp. 82. Price, 50 cents. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A satirical poem on ministerial life; intended to call attention to certain abuses which exist in church parishes. ——

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. With Twelve Songs, Piano Accompaniment, and Twelve Instrumental. Price, 35 cents. Boston, Mass.: Elias Howe.

Contents—Konigslieder Waltzes, Les Adieux Waltzes, Lustgarten Quadrilles, Palmer March, Camillo Urso March, Cuckoo Polka, Strohfiedel Polka, Hansmutterchen Polka, Touristen Galop, Mit Vollen Segeln Galop, Ein Tanlchen Im Gruner Polka Mazurka, Awakening of Spring Waltzes, Love Among the Roses, Rose of Erin, Ten Little Niggers, Old Maids Ball, Auld Grey Kirk—*Scotch Song*, When You and I Were Young, Annie, What Does Little Birdie Say? Home Beyond the Sky, I'm Leaving Thee, My Mother Dear, Golden Hours are Fleeting, His Love Shines Over All.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE FOR 1868. Washington, D.C.

Through the politeness of our friend Mr. John T. Hoover, we have been favored with a copy of this, to us, very interesting document. Let copies

be promptly placed in our public libraries, within easy reach of our farmers.

GOOD WORDS is a first-class monthly magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Travel, profusely illustrated. Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D., and published monthly, at $2 75 a year, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. In England, this magazine has an immense circulation; but it is equally adapted to readers in every country. We thank the publishers for placing this work within easy reach of American readers. Single numbers are furnished at 25 cents.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, edited by the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., of Edinburgh, published monthly, at $3 50 a year, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This contains rich religious reading from the ripest scholars of the old country, all under the direction of the venerable editor, who is one of the originators of the ragged-school system in Great Britain. Single numbers of the *Sunday Magazine* are furnished at 30 cents.

MR. CHARLES F. ROPER, of 633 Broadway, New York, is agent for several English periodicals, among which are the *Friendly Visitor*, a small monthly, at 50 cents a year; the *Children's Friend*, do., 50 cents; and the *Infant's Magazine*, 50 cents,—all handsomely illustrated and well printed.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, "Our Boys and Girls," comes out weekly and monthly. Terms, $2 50 a year. Single monthly parts, 25 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. *Alive* to every subject interesting to young folks.

THE LITTLE SOWER, a Sunday-school and family visitor, Vol. V., 1869, complete in one volume has been published at $1 25 year, by W. W. Dowling, of Indianapolis, Ind. It is a capital publication for boys, girls, men, and women, and is a credit to the West.

ONLY HERSELF. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), author of "False Colors," "Denis Donne," "Played Out," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 139; paper. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CULTIVATOR AND COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. A first-class weekly agricultural paper, now in its thirty-fifth volume, comes out considerably enlarged and every way improved. Let it not be forgotten that this is the successor of the old *Genesee Farmer*, the pioneer of Western agriculture. Terms, $2 50 a year. Luther Tucker & Son, Editors and Publishers, Albany, N. Y.

Personal.

DR. LIVINGSTONE has been heard from again. In July last he was at Ujiji, a remote point in the interior of Africa.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER, the new Prime Minister of France and mouthpiece of Napoleon, was formerly one of the strongest of the "Opposition" in the Corps Législatif.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S homestead farm at Franklin, N. H., was sold not long since for $15,000.

M. DE LESSEPS purposes to give the world an account of the Suez Canal, as he understands it. It is altogether probable that he knows something about it, and can say without bragging, as Æneas did in a certain place, *magna pars cujus fui*—"A big part of this I was."

BESLEY, Lord Mayor of London, in early life was a printer's apprentice, from which he rose to be a compositor, and is now the senior partner in a firm conducting a type-foundry.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., has a lady preacher in the person of Mrs. Olympia Brown, who appears to find general acceptance in so far as her oratorical powers are concerned.

ANDREW D. WHITE, President of Cornell University, in a well-written letter to the New York *Evening Post*, replies to the attacks made on his University by some who have somehow acquired the impression that its professors and all concerned had strong tendencies toward infidelity and the neglect of Christian exercises.

SEEDS FROM CHINA. Our clerical correspondent, Rev. Justus Doolittle, of Foochow, China, sends us, *via* San Francisco, a package of several varieties of seeds, which are described as follows: The smallest and whitest is the seed of an immense squash-melon, from two to four feet or more in length, and about one foot in diameter. The Chinese have frames to trail them on, the vegetable hanging down. But it is not necessary to train the vines on frames.

The next larger, a thinnish seed, is the seed of the *whampee*, growing on trees.

The large, round, and smooth seed is that of the *pipa*, a very early fruit, growing on trees.

The fuzzy seed, looking as a caterpiller feels (somewhat), as if covered with hairs, is the seed of the Chinese arbutus, or the Chinese tree-strawberry, a very sour, red, beautiful fruit, growing on trees.

The last three should be raised in a hot-house, or within doors, as the frost would kill the sprouts.

These seeds have been placed in the hands of Hon. N. C. Ely, President of the Farmers' Club, Cooper Institute, New York, for distribution. They will be given to the members for planting. We shall await the results of the experiment with interest, and hope to report favorably the coming autumn. It is not only possible, but probable, that our "Celestial" neighbors of the "flowery kingdom" may have better sorts than ourselves. We shall wait and see.

Sing me that Old Familiar Song.

Words by Barnet W. Lacy. Music by J. J. Haman

1. Oh, sing me that old fa - mil - iar song, I've heard it o'er and o'er, But if I hear it - e'er so long, I'll
2. I see the wa - ters gent- ly flow, A - down the flow-'ry vale, The sun-set, with its rose-ate glow, I
3. It tells me still she lives for me, With love as true and strong, As where with voice so glad and free, She

love it one time more. It brings to mind the memories yet, When she was by my side, In
list to loves sweet tale. That tale once told by lips I pressed, So fond - ly to my own, That
sang that dear old song. Not e'en the joys that Heav'n can give, Can win her soul from me, For

sha - dy grove where oft I've met, My own sweet spir-it bride.
song she sang, with girl-ish zest, In soft and thrill-ing tone.
love must ev - er, ev - er live, My spir - it bride, with thee.

CHORUS.

Sing then that old fa - mil-iar song, I've heard it o'er and o'er, But if I hear it e'er so long I'll love it one time more.

By Permission of J. E. Winner, Music Publisher, 545 N. Eight St., Philada.

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Food and Diet. With observations on the Dietetical Regimen, suited for Disordered States of the Digestive Organs, and an account of the Dietaries of some of the Principal Metropolitan and other Establishments for Paupers, Lunatics, Criminals, Children, the Sick, etc. By Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S. and L. S. Edited by Charles A. Lee, M. D. $1.75.

Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of MAN. By John Smith. With Notes and *Illustrations.* By R. T. Trall, M. D. Muslin, $1.75.

Hydropathic Cook Book. With Recipes for Cooking on Hygienic Principles. By Dr. Trall. $1.50.

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Family Physician. A Ready Prescriber and Hygienic Adviser. With Reference to the Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Treatment of Diseases, Accidents, and casualties of every kind. With a Glossary and copious Index. By Joel Shew, M. D. Muslin, $4.

Management of Infancy Physiological and Moral Treatment. By Andrew Combe, M. D. With Notes and a Supplementary Chapter. Muslin, $1.50.

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April, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS H. SELBY, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THOMAS H. SELBY,

MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS is an expressive, not to say speaking countenance. It belongs to a strongly marked character; there is both thought and force in it. It is the very opposite of a tame, so-so, passive nature.

Had he developed in a literary instead of in a commercial direction, he could have attained the topmost round of the ladder, and sent his name down to pos-

terity in thoughts and books which would live. There is both a Baconian and Shakspearian expression in the face. It denotes a comprehensive mind, with large perceptive faculties and large reflective powers, together with Ideality, Sublimity, Constructiveness, and Human Nature.

There is oratorical power, with a touch of the poetical or imaginative, and he would soar into the realms of fancy even when discussing problems in science and philosophy.

Educated for the law, he would readily have worked into legislation, and so on into statesmanship. In short, he could have filled any place in any sphere of action to which he may have aspired.

Complete manhood is clearly marked in every feature. Affection is seen in the full and rolling lips; dignity, decision, authority, and perseverance in the eye, the nose, and the long, full upper lip, as well as in the head.

There is Combativeness without querulousness; Destructiveness without cruelty, and force with kindness and consideration. He has Caution without timidity, and economy without parsimony.

Such an organization governs circumstances instead of being governed by circumstances; it makes its own way in the world without depending on *luck* or chance.

MR. SELBY, for many years one of the most prominent merchants of the Pacific coast, was born in the city of New York. His school training was concluded while he was but a youth, and then he obtained employment in the store of Mr. A. T. Stewart. One of his associate clerks and most intimate friends at that time was Cyrus W. Field, afterward so successful and eminent in telegraphic enterprise.

In 1849, when the agitation consequent upon the discoveries of gold in California was at its height, young Selby concluded to go thither and try his hand for a fortune.

Instead, however, of attempting the uncertain and dangerous pursuit of a miner, he commenced business in San Francisco, and laid the foundation of the present house of Thomas H. Selby & Co.

His judicious energy soon made this commercial venture a success, and as time passed he found it expedient to enlarge the sphere of his activity. A young and vigorous man, in complete sympathy with the new born and ambitious community in which he had settled, he found it for his interest and pleasure to aid in those public measures which contributed to the growth of San Francisco. He had no instinctive yearning for political notoriety, but preferred to aid what he deemed right and proper in the administration of his city's government by those quiet means, apart from party agitation, which every prominent business man has under his control. He was not suffered, however, to pursue undisturbed the even tenor of his way as a private citizen, for in 1851 and 1852 he was almost forced into official prominence, being elected by large majorities to serve in the council chamber of the young municipality.

Mr. Selby has had a hand in nearly every important business enterprise on the Pacific coast, and many prosperous movements of to-day owe their existence to his suggestive mind. The great smelting works, the shot-tower, and other large manufactories, affording employment to hundreds of persons, and leading agencies in the development of the resources of the Golden State, are the offspring of his fertile mind and keen foresight.

Party spirit in California runs high, and is as guilty of as much recklessness there as in the older States; but Mr. Selby does not owe his recent election to the mayoralty of San Francisco to partisanship, but rather to his dislike to such ultraism, and to the earnest effort of his fellow-citizens who would have the best interests of their city considered and maintained, rather than party success. He repeatedly declined the nomination of the "Tax Payers'" or Independent Party; but it was forced upon him as the only man in whose strength they could confide for victory at the ballot-box. The result of the fall election of 1869 was in his favor, and in December last he took his seat as mayor of his city for two years.

The policy which he announced would be his in the administration of public affairs is in keeping with his well-known character, viz.: that having been elected mayor by independent voters, irrespective of party, he felt at liberty to ignore political claims, and to adopt such measures and administer the government in such a way as would conduce to the benefit and best good of the whole people.

The general feeling of the citizens of San Francisco is favorable for the new mayor, and an epoch of harmonious legislation and honest government, for at least Mr. Selby's term of office, is expected. It may be that this triumph of conservatism, or reason over extremes, will usher a new era in the political experience of the commercial depot of the Pacific coast, an era distinguished for enterprise, good government, and rapid progress.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?—No. 4.

MENTAL REQUISITES OF THE ARTIST.

WHAT is it to be an artist, and what faculties are required to secure success in that vocation? We believe that all pursuits will be more normally prosecuted by men of good, sound, bodily constitutions than by those nervous, fidgety, half-built men who are partial in their development, and, of course, must be partial and fragmentary in their efforts. We say, then, the artist should have a poetic temperament—an abundance of the mental or nervous, well sustained by the Vital, with a dash of the Motive, which gives frequently dark hair and eyes. The artist should have a high, long head, and broad from the external angles of the forehead backward; the upper part of the side-head, in other words, should be full and well expanded. The temperament serves to give emotion in the direction of sentiment, while large Ideality and Constructiveness, combined with large Spirituality, tend to give creative fancy, imagination, power of construction, and ability to work out the image which the mind has created, and thus produce what the inspiration of sentiment has created in the mind.

The true artist does not begin his picture or his statue as one does the brick wall of a house, laying it out by metes and bounds and erecting it with line and plummet, according to fixed mathematical rules; but in the dream of the artist or the artisan the beautiful dome, with all its elegant finish, is instantly brought into being and spanned above his head. The statue or the picture comes to him like a dream, and the secret of art-power is to hold those images in the memory until the faculties of Constructiveness, Form, Size, and Order have wrought out and fixed the image in material form. The mechanic who becomes an inventor is, in most instances, an artist in the beginning. The most useful inventions have flashed in a moment upon the imagination of the inventor, although whole years might have been consumed by the mechanical and mathematical faculties in working them out.

The engineer who employs mathematics and certain philosophical laws to build his bridge or construct his building, pursues his course with a plodding deliberation, building one part upon another, and thus in consecutive order works out his problem, guided by fixed laws. Not so with the artist. There are certain executive rules which artists can be taught for the better working out of their conceptions; but the artistic spirit must be possessed, the creative fancy must be present before the practical talents can be rendered useful in realizing the work of the artist. The great majority of artists, however, live an unhappy because an unnatural life; they live in a state of nervous excitability, and many trust to tea, tobacco, alcoholic stimulants, or opium to stir up the nervous system to its work.

There is no reason why a poet or an artist should be negligent in his dress, quaint in his manners, and in many ways violate the canons of good taste and good sense; but he who supposes he must live on the wings of imagination constantly, and ignores all the facts of common sense and common life, will be warped and peculiar in his artistic or poetic manifestations. The artist who can cultivate a good body and stern common sense, who can come into intimate sympathy with common people in their common pursuits and aspirations, and at the same time have all those artistic conceptions which give breadth and finish to the mind, is indeed the true artist. The pictures

which live are those which are based on some great want or principle of human nature. A work of art conceived in the realm of imagination and wrought out in that realm, may be brilliant, but will be cold as an icicle. The poets and artists who know how to appreciate rustic life, give us poems, pictures, and statues which the world, from the lowest to the highest of its children, appreciates; and such works are stamped with immortality.

The artist ought to be religious as well as moral. He should have strong social affections, so that his work may minister to that great element of human life. He must put love in the statue or the picture, as well as beauty; in short, the poet or the artist who can appeal to every feeling that is natural and noble in human nature is the true artist, and in proportion as men approximate to this high point are they artists. Artists are apt to be egotistical; they live so much in the realm of their own thoughts, that whether they are or are not appreciated, their selfhood seems to stand out conspicuously. Unfortunately, many of them become nervous, crotchety, eccentric, sarcastic, and at cross purposes with the world, chiefly because they live in a wrong atmosphere. They seek to live wholly on the wing, when they should touch the solid earth of common life and common sympathy.

MANLY DEVELOPMENT.

MERE mental culture is not to be regarded as synonymous with manly development. Some of the worst monsters in human form have been men renowned for acuteness of intellect and culture of mind. Their natural and acquired mental ability has made them all the more terrible scourges to humanity, since it has given them the means of devising and of executing their plans of infamy. Satan is represented to us as a being possessed of vast knowledge, and skill, and intellectual power; and yet he is Satan still, and the more to be dreaded because of his intellect. So men may be busily engaged in cultivating the mental powers, and be all the while drifting from humanity devilward. The whole man must be cared for if we would have true development of manhood. The body is to be kept in as good physical condition as circumstances will permit; it is unmanly to neglect it. The mental powers are to be cultured to the highest possible extent; the farther we get from the instincts of mere brutes the better. But culture is not complete if we neglect those moral attributes which are the crowning glory of man, which elevate him above the beasts and tend to make him God-like.

"A sound mind in a healthy body" is well; but to these must be added a pure heart. The nearer we approach to holiness, the nearer we shall get to the true standard of manliness, because the nearer we shall approach to the likeness of God. With our heart's affections fully set on Him, and our will completely under His control, we shall have no desire for foppery and vain show, nor will we think of substituting taste and culture for piety; but we shall grow in all the elements of true manliness, be strong in real character, and able to work for our fellows. If we wish, in the great battle of life, to strike the sturdy strokes of a giant, we must have a giant's training. This may not develop the muscle, nor is it necessary, for this is not a fleshly fight; but the full powers of the soul will be brought out, and its strength, thus rightly directed, will pull down the strongholds of sin.—*The Methodist.*

[We are pleased to see religious writers coming out so boldly on our side, and using our very phraseology in discussing the subject of mental and physical culture. It shows not only an appreciation of the soundness of phrenological doctrines, but a clear understanding of the human organization on the part of him who writes thus.]

FAITH—PHILOSOPHY OF.

BELIEF and disbelief are opposite states of the mind—states that we may properly term *positive* and *negative*. Heat and cold, light and darkness, are opposite terms, expressive of conditions in the physical world—conditions which we may properly term positive and negative. *Positive*, may be defined as that which has existence or energy; or, according to Locke, "whatever doth or can exist, or be considered as one thing, is positive." Both heat and light exist—they are therefore positive, and the conditions, or states consequent upon the contact of anything with them, are positive states. Both are physica agents, heat producing the sensation we call *warmth*, and light, by acting on the eye, the sensation we call *sight;* both are thus active, energetic, and enlivening. Cold and darkness are merely the absence of heat and light. They are no agents, but simply negative states, or conditions arising

from the absence of positive agents; hence the absence of light and heat from the physical world deprives it of its *energy*, its life-sustaining elements, and all its joy and cheer. A continual absence would end in the destruction of all animal and vegetable life on the globe.

We find something analogous in the opposite states of the mind with respect to credulity and incredulity. The mind, when it has accepted any proposition as true, is properly in a positive condition with respect to the truth believed, or in a condition excited to a certain state by a positive or active agent. Hence a mind thus imbued is constantly alive, active, and *warm* in the direction of its faith, no matter whether the faith be a true or a false one. Paul was just as active and as fully alive to duty when a Jew and a persecutor as when a Christian and an apostle; and the active, energetic power of his great mind influenced by a *principle*, was no doubt the main reason of his call to the apostleship. It was not because he was Saul of Tarsus, or a persecutor, that he was called from being an enemy to the Lord, but because he was the efficient instrument the Lord needed. We have more than once dwelt on the peculiar power of this principle as we have read the 31st verse of the 9th chapter of Acts, and thought it was eminently fitting that Paul should be the chosen messenger to the Gentiles. "Then had the churches *rest* throughout all Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria, and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Spirit were multiplied."

Disbelief, or incredulity, is a mere negative state of the mind, an absence of faith; and no matter how *strong* a faith may once have been, or how strongly or positively electrified the mind once was, if the positive agent be excluded, the result will be similar to that in the physical world if the sun, the source of light and heat, were excluded—cold, darkness, inaction, and decay!

The phenomena that the various intellects around us present on the matter of faith and infidelity form an interesting study. We see some minds ready to accept as true propositions that they never heard demonstrated, or, perhaps, that never were or never can be demonstrated. Others want the most rigid demonstration, or the most incontrovertible evidence; and others, again, will not accept as true certain propositions that have been proved true by the most exact demonstration. This disparity of mental phenomena induces us to look for the philosophy of belief and disbelief, to see if we can discover the process by which the positive element acts, or the cause for the negative estate.

Every impression formed on the mind, and consequently every thought and idea evolved therein, have their origin in the contact of the *brain*, the physical agent of the mind, with the outer world through the senses. If the senses be entirely sealed up, the mind is deprived of communication with the physical world; and if there be no communication with the world through the senses, there can be no thought, and consequently no mental processes. This point may be disputed by some, but is nevertheless capable of demonstration. We do not care to travel over the whole ground of speculative philosophy in proof, but we make this statement without fear of contradiction: A child born without the sense of hearing will never have any *idea* of sound save what can be gathered indirectly through the other senses. It will never learn to imitate sound, and consequently will never acquire speech, and if ever taught to read, it will acquire the ability through the other senses. If deprived of sight, it will have no idea of color or of light. True, the blind man gave a definition of light by saying it must be *sweet*,—but he acquired the idea of sweetness metaphorically through the sense of taste; and so we might go on through the five senses by like illustration; and if we can conceive a person born and living through years deprived of *all* the senses, we conceive of a mind without an impression, without an idea, and as unpolished as the marble in the quarry. The doctrine of *innate* ideas has no foundation in reason or in fact, and is wholly opposed to the true philosophy of mind. The mind is not capable of rising higher, by the process of thought, than what is suggested by the material through the senses; the spiritual is higher than and above the material, therefore the mind can never know anything of God and the spiritual through philosophy, and can only know Him by *revelation*. Paul spoke truly when he said, "Faith cometh by *hearing*, and hearing by the *word* of God."

The mind, then, to believe any truth, must first *hear;* this hearing forms the *impression*, and Phrenology then very easily explains the process. If the religious group, especially Spirituality, be dominant, and the reflective group be less active, *belief* results readily, and faith may accept propositions that reasoning would prove false. Witness the result among the superstitious and the ignorant! If the reflective group, Causality and Comparison, ap-

proach in development the religious sentiments, more evidence and more reason are required; and if the reflective exceeds the spiritual, more or less rigid demonstration is demanded, according as the development of the one exceeds that of the other. Witness the demand for demonstration and investigation among the learned and the scientific.

God has made the salvation of humanity depend upon the belief of the proposition that "Jesus is the Christ." He who made the mind knows its constitution, and offers salvation free to *all* mankind; consequently *all* can believe the truth He offers; but some do not believe it; but this does not prove that it is incapable of demonstration to those who demand the proof, but only that they *will* not believe it. The same is true of all propositions. Improper training and habits of thought result in improper reasoning and prejudice, and that which was meant to be the image of its Maker becomes distorted by error until the man is lost in the bigot. Man was intended to be man, and we admire him who, in the consciousness of strength, can break the fetters which false training and wrong habits of thought have placed around him and stand forth in the pride of his manhood to the honor of his God. None else is worthy the name of MAN save of whom the poet exclaims, "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in apprehension, how like a god!" All the faculties of the mind are good. But the Intellectual and the Spiritual essentially make us *men*, and he who blends them in harmony, peculiarly honors his manhood.

Thus we have traced the process of faith, and we see how conviction may result from the operation of the faculties, and how the mind may remain negative with respect to truth. Pollock most truthfully and beautifully states the singleness and uniformity of conviction when he says,—

> "All Faith was *one*; in *object*, not in *kind*,
> The difference lay. The faith that saved a soul,
> And that in which the common truth believed,
> In essence were the same."

According as the truth is important or not, the heart is affected by it, but the same faculties that guide us in the common concerns of life guide us in the most weighty issues of religion.

We have said light and heat are positive agents in the physical world; their source is the sun. Shut off their influence and we may imagine the result—cold, darkness, death. The Bible is the positive agent in the moral and the spiritual world. It is the revelation that brings the knowledge of God, of immortality to the otherwise limited, finite human mind. Under its influence man rises to his sphere as man. It lights the torch of civilization and makes bright the flame of liberty. It pulls down the haughty tyrant and lifts up the oppressed peasant. Banish its influence from society, and for the result look to regions where its light is dim or has never shone! To attempt to fill its place with anything else will be

> "To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
> To marry Immortality to Death!"

J. R. G.

HENRY BERGH.

BENEVOLENCE VS. DESTRUCTIVENESS.

IF it be a fact that most men are governed by brute force, through the predominance of the animal propensities, it is also a fact that there are some who are governed by higher and more humane principles.

We have here a portrait of a gentleman whose Benevolence has the ascendency over the baser organs and faculties. Through his agency Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are now being established throughout our country. His own kindness has touched that of others, in every community, and we see the result by these societies organized for benevolent and humane purposes. It is a striking proof of Phrenology. Take the boxers and bullies—compare their heads and faces with that of our Henry Bergh, and note the difference. His head is long and high, and comparatively narrow; the boxers have low, broad, and short heads; each manifests his natural tendency—the one in a high and holy direction, the other in a low and brutal one. We heartily second the efforts of Mr. Bergh, and hope the goodly citizens in every town and village will organize themselves into similar societies for similar good purposes.

The following statement explains more fully the object of Mr. Bergh's work and mission.

HENRY BERGH was born in New York in the year 1820, of American parents. His father, Christian Bergh, was a ship-builder of some repute, many vessels of war, among which the old frigate "President," captured in the war of 1812 by the English, and the Greek man-of-war "Hellas," are worthy of mention, and a large merchant marine having been launched from his yard. Toward the close of his father's long life, Mr. Bergh was associated with him in business. With a mind developed by no little culture, and with the means at command, it is not strange that he should seek to know something of the world by personal observation. For the past twenty years he has traveled extensively in both hemispheres, and during that time has rendered valuable services to the General Government. He was appointed Secretary of Legation to Russia in 1861 by President Lincoln, and acted in that capacity, and afterward as Consul at St. Petersburg, until 1864, when ill health compelled him to resign the office.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY BERGH.

Before he left Russian territory, however, the Czar conferred upon him a special honor by tendering the use of the royal yacht with which to visit the fortress of Cronstadt, Mr. Bergh having merely requested permission to see that fortress.

In 1865, shortly after his return to America, he set on foot the measures which resulted in the organization of the association of which he is the head. That society has accomplished no small amount of good in the way of obtaining for beasts of burden a considerable mitigation of the harshness and severity which they were formerly accustomed to receive at the hands of intemperate, cruel, and injudicious drivers and owners. And not only have beasts of burden to thank him and his society for their kind attentions, but also cattle, sheep, calves, and other animals used as food have better accommodations and better care while in transportation to this city, and while awaiting the knife of the butcher. Those guilty of willful cruelty to dumb animals, when detected by the agents or members of the society, are arrested and punished.

The success which has attended the efforts of Mr. Bergh and his associates in the cause of brute protection is due, as Mr. Bergh himself has said, "to the compassionate instincts of man's nature, manifested toward the helpless and the unoffending, be it man or beast."

In a letter to us he writes: "State after State is adopting our laws and seal, and when I shall have succeeded in planting a kindred society in every State of the Union, I may be pardoned for believing that I have 'not lived for nothing.'"

A striking instance, which shows how popular sentiment may change under the influence of example, is related by him, and of which the following is a brief version. Two years ago he learned that a great dog-fight was to come off in St. Louis. Not knowing any one in that city he communicated with the mayor on the subject, who gave the letter to the press. A storm of abuse immediately followed, in which Mr. Bergh's name was freely coupled with obnoxious epithets for his gratuitous interference in the *natural sports of the citizens*. Public indignation ran so high, that he was promised that if he ever ventured thither, a bear-fight would be gotten up for his especial delectation, after which they would give him a plunge bath in the Mississippi. A year later he received a letter from a citizen of St. Louis asking for information with reference to the formation of a society similar to the one in New York, and now the evidences of the successful establishment of such a benevolent organization appear in a report recently published of the operations of the "Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," while Mr. Bergh, only a short time ago an object of popular odium, apparently, in St. Louis, is very earnestly requested to visit that city and address its citizens on a subject so peculiarly interesting to him.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

SUN AND RAIN.

A YOUNG wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and "brown,"
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down:
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sigh'd, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist:
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the somber room was lighted again
By the blessed sun o' love:
"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

—*Once a Week.*

THE DOUBLE ADOPTION.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

LIZZIE LEA folded her hands as the day's work gave her a moment's respite, and looked sadly away over the beautiful river. The village spires rose beyond, and still farther away rose the blue tops of the mountains, looking warm and soft in the hazy distance, though cold and stern in reality to the climber.

Lizzie's hands were hard with toil, and her brow darkened by the summer's sun, yet for all that she was the prettiest girl in all the country around. Although the village girls were vain, and wont to ape city airs, and to toss their heads at the very name of work, yet they really worked harder than she; for they spent so much time in what seemed to her amusement, but which was, in reality, the very hardest kind of work. Dressing, lounging, shopping, calling and receiving fashionable calls,—what are they all but a weariness to the body and dreariness to the mind? To Lizzie, who, from the morning's milking to the evening's feeding the calves, had no time to spare from turning the great wheel of farm work, all those pursuits seemed only rest and recreation. Such, indeed, were the occasional calls she made or received, the semi-yearly shopping in the adjoining village, which was all for which she had time or money.

I said Lizzie was pretty, yet the look of discontent her features wore at this moment was anything but beautiful or becoming. She was wearied with an unusually hard day's work, and it seemed to her as if her life of poverty and toil were the hardest lot ever given to mortal. How often in maturer years did she look back upon that innocent girlhood as to life's happiest time!

Her brow cleared suddenly as the sound of horses' feet drew near, and a pair of beautiful bays were brought to a stand beside the porch, as their driver asked leave to give them water from the farmer's well. He was a handsome youth, enjoying a respite from city life, and the carriage was filled with young ladies from the village, all glad of a ride among the fields and woods and by the river-side.

Lizzie knew most of them, and replied to their merry greetings but coldly, for she felt as if they were condescending to the poor man's daughter. Swiftly the horses sped on their way with the gay party; slowly and moodily returned Lizzie to her work in the kitchen.

She must help in preparing supper for the hired men, as they come in from the hay-field tired, dusty, and sunbrowned. She felt an unpleasant contrast arise in her mind. She compared them, rough in manner and coarsely clad, with the city gentleman with his soft tone, his white hand, and careful toilet.

Ah! Lizzie! Lizzie Lea! not one of all those rough and toil-stained hands but is cleaner in the Father's sight than those you so admire! Not one of all those coarsely-clad, hard-working men that is not more noble of spirit and more pure of heart than he is before whom you have thought them worthy of contempt.

Shall we go on to the sad sequel? Alas! that so many of life's true stories in our memory should have the same sequel!

It is needless to tell how soon he came again, without his companions; how many errands he found, until other errand than to see the fair Lizzie was needless. We need not tell of the maiden's now neglected work and careful toilet; of the rides, and walks, and talks; of the boating excursions on the river, and the moonlit strolls by the river-side, which helped to win her heart, and with her heart, alas, her maidenly honor.

He was city-bred, and schooled in crime of this description; yet those thought him honorable who would have turned away from him as from one degraded, had he stolen the value of a dollar! Talk not of public opinion. Let the law of the land once place the seal of disgrace upon this, the deadliest sin in all the catalogue, and society will see it in its true light, or rather in its foul shade.

The summer season was past; the autumn winds sent the butterflies of fashion back to the gay city. The winter brought its gaieties to them, as they fluttered from party to party, and from ball to concert. Its winds howled bleakly around the garret of poverty, in which, through all the long nights, the forsaken country girl moaned, and wept, and prayed, yet feared to die.

The spring buds blossomed once more, yet Lizzie came not forth, as was her wont, with step like the young antelope, to search for them along the river-side.

Herself scarce more than a child, she bent tearfully over a bud of human life—a child of shame.

Hush! Hush your clattering tongues, ye village gossips! Pour not out such bitter invective, angry parents! She was ignorant—she was confiding—she was loving—she

was betrayed! Of how many might these words be written! Oh! virtuously indignant woman, keep thy own heart pure; reserve thy frowns for the artful and deliberate seducer, and leave her to the pitying God!

Her harsh parents, in their foolish ignorance, had encouraged the intimacy that led to her ruin, believing that Lizzie had won "a fine city beau." In equal ignorance and severity they now turned her forth from the shelter of her lowly home, "to earn her own living," they said, since she had so *disgraced* them. Did they not know the doors of honest toil were closed upon her?—that the "gates of hell" would open gladly to receive her?

In the midst of her despair light dawned upon her. A friend, the playmate of many early days, met her in tears and anguish moaning over her innocent babe and knowing not whither to flee for refuge. His earnest and manly arguments prevailed upon the stern parents to shelter her for a little time, until she could obtain some employment.

He reflected long how best he might assist her. What could he, a young man and a divinity student, do to aid her that would not seem suspicious to the strangers from whom alone she could expect a chance to labor for her daily bread? He resolved upon a step which few would have ventured.

He was betrothed to a young lady in a distant city who had often assisted in procuring homes for orphans and destitute children. To her he now wrote, stating the case in a few plain and simple words, and asking her assistance.

Two elderly maiden sisters, within the circle of her acquaintance, were devoting their whole lives to the needy and the erring. To them she carried the letter, and they visited an aged physician who with his kind-hearted wife were desirous of adopting a little child.

Instead of the usual question, "Will the mother give up all claim?" they heard the charitable exclamation, "What a pity to separate them! She is herself but a child. Why not adopt them both?"

The benevolent idea was carried out. The childless but wealthy pair received to their home and hearts the suffering Lizzie and her guileless babe, and made themselves happy in the act. A more devoted daughter never smoothed the pillow of age; a lovelier, happier child never danced through the oftimes lonely rooms of wealth.

Lizzie grew, with added years, calmly, thoughtfully happy; for she learned to find her own life in losing it for others; but she could not forget her youthful fault, and its memory kept her from the pride which her after-life of wealth might have caused. Her benefactors left her the means of doing good, and wisely has it been expended.

Her own parents were rescued from want and made comfortable in their last days. The erring ones of earth have often been reclaimed by kindness from one whom they imagined far above them, and many a little child has found a happy home and tender care through her kind offices. To many a suffering heart, too, she restored peace, and thousands regard her as one whose whole life must have been without sin.

Has this true story a reader who can sympathize with Lizzie's sorrows, and smile approval for those who saved her from a life of guilt, a death of shame? Look around you! Is there not, in your own neighborhood, some gentle girl from whom you are withdrawing in horror, lest your own reputation be sullied? If so, there is *your* Lizzie Lea! If you think her rescuers did right, "go thou and do likewise," not, perhaps, in precisely the same manner, but in a like spirit.

NECESSITY FOR CONGENIAL EMPLOYMENT.—On this subject John Stuart Mill writes:

"If there is anything vitally important to the happiness of human beings, it is that they should relish their habitual pursuit. This requisite of an enjoyable life is very imperfectly granted, or altogether denied to a large part of mankind; and by its absence many a life is a failure, which is provided in appearance with every requisite of success.

"Sufferings arising from causes of this nature usually meet with so little sympathy, that few persons are aware of the great amount of unhappiness even now produced by the feeling of a wasted life. When we consider the positive evil caused to the disqualified half of the human race, first, in the loss of the most inspiring and elevating kind of personal enjoyment,

and, next, in the weakness, disappointment, and profound dissatisfaction with life, which are so often the substitute for it, one feels that, among all the lessons which men require for carrying on the struggle against the inevitable imperfections of their lot on earth, there is no lesson which they more need than not to add to the evils which nature inflicts by their jealous and prejudiced restrictions. Their vain fears only substitute other and worse evils for those they are idly apprehensive of."

What woman with a soul capable of suffering or of enjoying but must spontaneously offer him the tribute of her heart-felt gratitude when he so generously replies to the taunt so often reiterated, that "woman has produced nothing in philosophy, science, or art entitled to the first rank." After giving abundant reasons why it could not be strange if she had not, he goes on to say, "Who can tell how many of the most original thoughts put forth by male writers belong to a woman by suggestion; to themselves only by verifying and working out? If I may judge by my own case, a very large proportion indeed."

MEN OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN a letter to the *Tribune*, Mrs. Calhoun writes of the pioneers of Nevada, men and women who have strong characters, as follows:

The men, and I speak now of the "best society," are they who have known all the hardships and excitements of frontier life in a mining town, who have gone hungry and slept hard, who were worth a fortune last week and not a penny yesterday, and have the fortune again to-day,—men who speculate with a rashness that is frightful and "run their luck" with a success not less amazing. They are men whose generosity is lavishness, whose kindness is prodigality, men to whom money, so easily lost and won, represents no fixed value, and whose ready helpfulness is half the time sheer carelessness. They are men developed by their climate and their habits of life into an intense physical existence, and to whom the excitement of the senses are supreme. For many years they lived without the society of women, and lived, therefore, a coarse and thin life. Their isolation has made them think tenderly, even sentimentally, of the old home at the East, and they welcome a bare acquaintance as if he were their long-lost brother. This angular and material life of fluctuations and successes has brought out a certain robust manliness which is wonderfully attractive. They are all courage, cheerfulness, eagerness, purpose, heartiness, cordiality, open-handedness. They have all a breath of the free air of their mountains about them. They like material things with a zest which is amusing, being grown up children in a fondness for dinners, new clothes, trinkets, and constant amusement. Of a finer life they know very little, nor have they much time to learn when the whole day goes to the mines or the office, half the night to billiards or coarser pleasures, and but an hour or two of waking time to home. [Young ladies of the East, note this.]

This life is greatly harder on the women than on the men, and they have suffered more from it. They dress more expensively and richly than their Eastern sisters of equal affluence, they have many and splendid jewels, and they know and keep up to the latest fashions, and both child-husband and child-wife enjoy the display. But then there is really nobody to dress for. Every woman knows the entire resources of every other woman's wardrobe, and except for the frequent visits to the Bay or the arrival of strangers, I dare say they would all subside into solemn black, and save themselves trouble. I have said that in material good they have compassed great successes. I never saw in the East such superfluous elaborateness of dinners and breakfasts, nor such useless profusion of silver and glass. The emphasis of their hospitality lies in these things, because the women have not gotten beyond them. Because the women are apparently on just the same plane as the men, they are really lower; and loving and faithful as Americans almost always are, they fail of being wise wives and mothers and sweethearts in just as far as they fail of being wise women. A very thoughtful and quiet man said to me: "I am glad this question of woman suffrage is coming up to us here. Whatever good or ill lurks in it, the very suggestion of it must make our women think, and the necessity of a decision will do them good. We have been too busy to see that we were teaching them to be dolls—very dear and fond dolls, of course—and now, when we have more leisure, and should like companions, behold, what we have molded that we have." Everybody who goes thither from the East makes little speeches to them about their wonderful pluck and prosperity, their grandeur and freedom, their achievements and triumphs and general excellence. Every word of praise that has been uttered I echo. Dauntlessness, if it has only heaped up riches, is a splendid quality, but it

is such a little part of manhood. It is only the base on which manhood is built.

[Very well said. Having a good "base," we may hope for a grand edifice. The Rocky Mountaineers have it within their power to produce and to develop a splendid race of men and women. There will be no pigmies; and few or no weak, puny creatures to drop off in the bud; but strong, robust, well-built, and enduring human beings. Then add culture, refinement, and spiritual excellence, and we shall have a race equaling the best in the world! Where are the men of wealth and liberality who will found the first universities in Montana, Nevada, Colorado, and Idaho?]

A SOCIAL IMPOSTOR—ANOTHER WARNING FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The *Scottish American* says: "Several weeks ago we announced the marriage in this city of a young man, calling himself Lord Hubert L. S. Ainsley, to a wealthy and respectable young lady whose parents lived on Staten Island, and at the same time we stated that no such name as "Lord Ainsley" appeared in the list of the British peerage. It now appears that the doubts then entertained regarding the position of this person were made known to the young lady's parents, and that they obtained from Great Britain information which fully satisfied them that their daughter's suitor was a mere adventurer and gambler. Notwithstanding this report, however, and her parents' opposition, the young lady persisted in her determination to marry the so-called Lord Ainsley. After the marriage the pair made a brief trip to Philadelphia, where they attracted public attention by the excellence of the dinners given by his "lordship." Upon their return to New York a furnished house was taken in Madison Avenue, and appearances were kept up for a few weeks, when they removed to an obscure boarding-house in the same neighborhood. At last the inevitable result of all such foolish adventures came to the young wife. One morning, during the past week, she awoke to find her "English lord," her diamonds, her money, and her watch all gone. On the table lay a note saying that he had gone never to return. The wife returned to her mother on Staten Island, where she is said to be now lying dangerously ill of brain-fever."

[Had this young lady been a phrenologist, she would not have been thus deceived. We hear that this bogus lord is now tending bar in a drinking-saloon near Boston. He deserves a long term in a State's prison. Oh, the wickedness of such deception!]

Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN CHINA.

BY REV. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE.

[THE long residence of Mr. Doolittle as a missionary in China has rendered him familiar with the every-day life of the "Celestials," and the following illustrations and sketches furnished by him will be found interesting to all our readers, and novel to most of them. The original drawings, from which our engravings have been executed, are the work of Chinese artists, and relate chiefly to the customs and pursuits at Foochow and its vicinity. The originals are in our possession.—ED.]

INCENSE MANUFACTURE.

THIS picture represents a Chinaman in the act of rasping down a block of fragrant wood into small particles, finer often than fine sawdust, out of which to manufacture incense. He is dressed in his every-day clothes, without shoes and without stockings, with his cue wound around its roots on the back of his head, and sitting astride of a bench, to which is tied the block of wood. If the wood is very expensive, as well as very fragrant, some of the dust, when sprinkled dry on some coals or embers in a censer, will fill a room with its dense perfume. Instead of being rasped down fine, sometimes little pieces are put in the censer, where they smolder away. Only the rich can afford to use pure incense in this way, or perhaps the priests in temples on great occasions, or certain societies when they have the idols they patronize carried in procession through the public streets.

Most commonly a little of real fragrant dust, or particles, is mingled with a much larger quantity of dust obtained from non-fragrant wood or some other inflammable substance, thus obtaining body and bulk at a small expense; and this mixture is moistened with common water, or with water in which rice has been boiled. The latter kind

of water causes the particles of dust to adhere readily together. It is then made into small rolls two or three feet long, and a little larger in diameter than a common pen-

MAN MAKING INCENSE.

holder, and placed away to dry. When used it is put upright in a censer, and the upper end lighted, but not so as to blaze. It thus gradually burns down, taking generally several hours for entire consumption.

At other times, sufficient rice-water or other water is added so as to make the mixture of such a consistency that some of it will adhere to very small slips or splinters of bamboo, when dipped into the mixture. These slips are dried, and, when used, stuck in an upright position in a censer, or in the place desired, and ignited at the upper end. There are a great many kinds and qualities of incense, in fact too numerous to be specified here. The above outline is sufficient to give a general idea of the method of manufacturing it.

The Chinese use an incredible amount of incense yearly. Some families use it daily, others only on set occasions, as on the 1st and 15th of each Chinese month, on birth days, or when, for any special reason or occasion, they desire to worship the god of the kitchen, or their ancestral tablets, or their household gods generally. In temples, by the priests, large quantities of incense are burned. Before the principal idols incense is kept continually burning. The people, in their occasional or periodical visits to the temples for religious purposes, always burn incense.

Either one roll, or three, or a larger quantity are burned at once, always accompanied by the burning of at least two candles, in private houses and in temples.

CHINESE SERVANT BOY.

CHINESE SERVANTS.

The engravings on this and the following page represent the servants of a well-to-do Chinese family in their best attire. The servant boy has the tobacco pipe of his master, near one end of which is appended the pouch of tobacco in true Chinese style. The servant girl is in the act of carrying to her mistress a cup of hot tea. She belongs to the class which has large feet, and probably has been bought from her parents, or a responsible party, for service as a servant.

Many rich families have several servant girls and servant boys for doing the menial work of their households. Very frequently girls are bought when eight or ten years of age, or less, to be employed as servants, on the understanding that soon after arriving at a marriageable age they are to be provided with husbands, and then be no longer servants, unless they are hired. Such are usually sold to men who desire wives, who pay generally more than the first cost of the girls. In this way their services are obtained by their mistresses, at the cost of only their food and clothing, during the period of service.

Few boys are now-a-days sold by their parents or guardians to be servants. They are usually hired, receiving but a very small sum besides their food and clothing. It is the business of the favorite boy servant to wait upon his master at home, and when he makes calls, or leaves home on business, to accompany him, carrying his pipe and pouch of tobacco and visiting cards. It is the custom for Chinese gentlemen to smoke a whiff of tobacco at very short intervals.

Very frequently the kind of pipe used is of a style different from the one exhibited in the Picture, being made of brass in such a manner that the fumes pass through a little water in the pipe, *en route* from the bowl of the pipe to the mouth of the smoker. The kind of tobacco used in such pipes is yellowish, and is in the form of a powder, in which, it is said, a small quantity of arsenic

has been mingled. Those who become addicted to this kind of tobacco find it quite difficult to break off the habit of using it, a fact not the less associated with the practice of using tobacco among those who style themselves Christians.

NEEDLE MANUFACTURE.

The Chinese do not make any pins. A pin and a needle, among them, are called by the same name. The one is distinguished from the other, when necessary, by calling it a "needle with a head." The eye of the needle is called its "nose." The passage of Scripture in which reference is had to a camel and the "eye" of a needle must, in Chinese, be so worded as to relate to a camel and the "nose" of a needle.

The manufacture of needles is conducted altogether by hand. Men perform most of the preliminary work, as cutting wire into pieces of the proper length, filing or grinding down one end to a point, polishing, etc. The work of drilling the "nose" in the needle is done principally, if not exclusively, at Foochow by women.

The machinery used is very primitive and simple. A common, unpainted table has near one end a small, narrow piece of board, fastened firmly across it by means of a large iron staple, the board being generally raised a little from the top of the table by means of wedges or pieces of wood put between it and the table. With her right hand the operator takes the drilling instrument made in the shape given in the picture, and with her left places the large end of a needle on the end of the piece of board fastened across the table, and proceeds to drill the "nose."

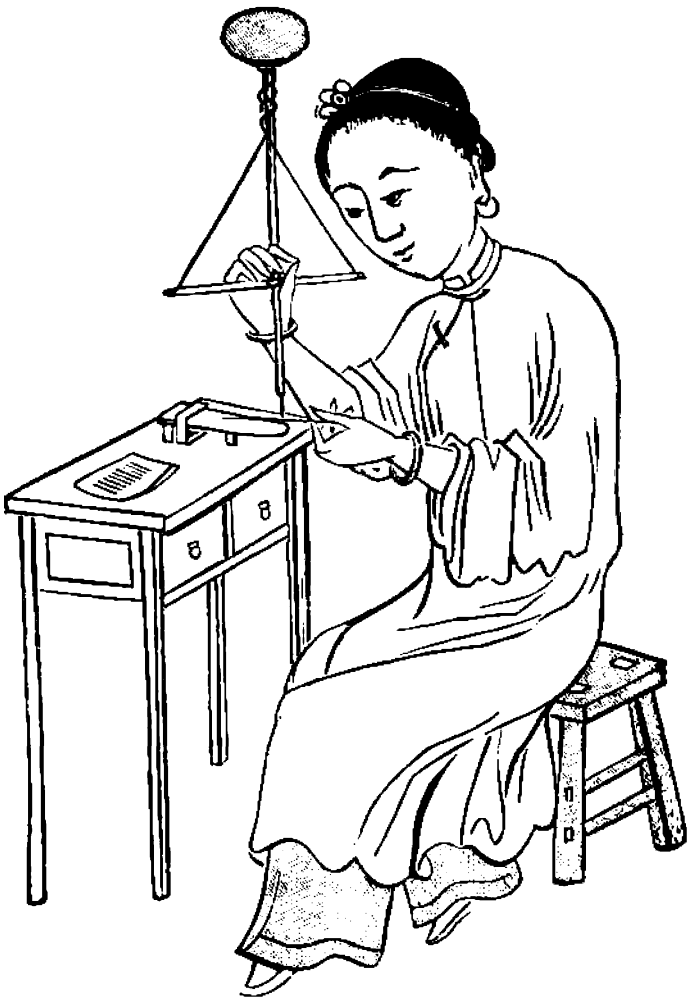
The instrument (to which may be also fitted a large drill of the size of a gimlet or small auger) which the woman uses in the operation of making the nose in needles is worthy of a brief description. A small, straight, and round stick of about two feet long is fastened into a smooth and roundish block of hard wood, as seen in the picture. A piece of wood, about a foot long, tapering toward the end, and large enough in the middle to have a hole made in it a little larger than the stick attached to the block, is prepared. The hole is made in it, and this stick is then passed upon the other. Two strong cords of equal length are fastened at one end to the longer stick near the block, or one cord will answer the purpose, if tied in the center of it around the other at the place specified. The two ends are

CHINESE SERVANT GIRL.

now tied to the end of the stick with a hole in its center. This stick is then turned around on the other three or four times, which results in winding the strings around the latter. By taking hold of the cross piece, as the woman does in the picture, and

pressing down on it, being careful not to touch the perpendicular stick, a revolving motion is given to the steel drill attached to the lower end. By practice, a great degree of skill and precision is acquired in the use of this instrument, else the eyes of sewing needles could not be made by it. The operator, in boring the eye in needles, must have a steady hand and a good eye, or the work could not be done successfully.

Chinese carpenters use the same kind of instruments, with a larger drill attached to the lower end, for boring small holes, where a foreign workman would use a gimlet or an auger.



WOMAN MAKING NEEDLES.

ONE OF THE LOST TRIBES.

IN a district far into the interior of Abyssinia, which has hitherto remained a *terra incognita*, and a blank space on the maps, has been discovered one of the "lost tribes"—a strange race of people called "Falashes." M. Halevy, a renowned French traveler, visited these people, and communicated an account of his journey to the Geographical Society of France. The substance of the information that he furnished in regard to them is as follows; There are about a quarter of a million of the Falashes. They speak an Agan dialect called Falashina, or

Kalina, and into this language they have translated a Gheez version of the Old Testament.

They do not practice polygamy. They circumcise their male children on the seventh day. Their proper names are derived from Hebrew, Gheez, and Amharic. The institution of purification is practiced; the children are taught the Bible, psalms, prayers, and sacred history. In their synagogues the sexes sit apart. Incense burns during their services. Their religious hopes are turned to Jerusalem, but their ideas of the Messiah are very indistinct. They are entirely unacquainted with Hebrew, and know nothing of the ceremonies instituted after the time of Ezra. They have religious literature written in the style of the Midrath. They keep the Sabbath rigidly; fast on Mondays and Thursdays; keep the ninth of Ab to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem; they wash before, and say grace after eating; they have a traditional mode of slaughtering animals for food; they practice commemorative sacrifices on the holy days, and also for the repose of the souls of the dead. Their women enjoy equality with men, and they hold slaves, but liberate them after a servitude of six years.

[Here is an opportunity for our ethnologists and theologians to exercise their powers in research. Let us know the truth of the matter.]

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN FRANCE.—An important archæological discovery has just been made in the French village of Marœil (Pas-de-Calais).

Some workmen, in digging the foundations of a house, came upon a quantity of human bones and other remains. Information having been given to M. Palliad, prefect of the department, further searches were made, and the result was the discovery of two hundred and thirty-seven skeletons, ninety-one earthen vases, five of glass, twenty-tree lances, nine javelins, eight hatchets, a shield, ten short sabers or knives, four belt plates, twelve buckles, six ear-rings, eight other rings, two enameled glass bead necklaces, a crystal ball, a pair of scissors, two pair of tweezers, four hair pins, and two large vases of gilt copper, all in a state of perfect preservation.

Two of the glass vases have the same form and color as modern hock glasses; the pottery, made of red, black, or brown earth, is of various shapes, and had been ornamented with a chisel in its soft state; the jewels and belt plates are of silver, delicately chased; the eardrops are composed of silver rings, to which are suspended drops set with garnets; the necklaces are of different colors, the glass beads being enameled by a process now unknown. The arms are the most curious portion of the antiquities, and show that they belong to the period of the Franks. The site of this cemetery is near a camp, called in the neighborhood after Cæsar, but which was still occupied in the fourth century. The skeletons are those of a race of men of tall stature, some measuring one metre ninety-two centimetres (six feet four inches). Many of them had a vase between the feet. The search has so far only been made over less than half an acre of ground, but the explorations are to be continued; and it is expected that further developments of an interesting character to antiquaries and to scientific men in general will result.

WEDLOCK AMONG OUR ROCKY MOUNTAIN INDIANS.—A gentleman connected with the management of Indian affairs relates the following incident, which shows the state of the social relations among some of the American aborigines. He writes:

"Several days ago I settled a divorce suit between two Indians and a squaw. One Siwash had bought his wife, Indian fashion, for a hundred dollars, and sundry horses, blankets, and garments. In two or three months she was taken home by her parents and kept, because her husband lived the other side of the mountains, and they were afraid they should never see her again if she returned to him. Soon another Indian, of a tribe far remote from the first, became enamored of the fat squaw, bargained with her father, was married, and took her home. The parents repeated the first experiment. Mr. Indian would not submit, and came here with his complaint. After a careful hearing of all parties, I made them return the money and presents to husband number Two, and sent the woman and parents back to their tribe, with a promise to the latter that if I ever heard of their offering their daughter in marriage while number One lived, I would put them in the block-house for a year, and keep them on bread and water."

Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Youmans.*

THE DUST IN THE AIR,

AND ITS RELATION TO DISEASE.

IN a recent lecture before the Royal Institution of London on this subject, Professor Tyndall communicated some of the results of the extended examinations which he and other leading chemists have made of the constituents and inhabitants of the medium we breathe. The information obtained through these examinations is most important, not only worthy, but demanding the serious consideration of all who have any regard to the preservation of good health and the avoidance of disease. Professor Tyndall spoke as follows:

THE MOTES IN THE SUNBEAM.

Solar light in passing through a dark room reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air. "The sun," Daniel Culverwell says, "discovers atoms, though they be invisible by candlelight, and makes them dance naked in his beams." In my researches on the decomposition of vapors by light I was compelled to remove these "atoms" and this dust. It was essential that the space containing the vapors should embrace no visible thing; that no substance capable of scattering the light in the slightest sensible degree should at the outset of an experiment be found in the "experimental tube" traversed by the luminous beam. For a long time I was troubled by the appearance there of floating dust, which, though invisible in diffuse daylight, was at once revealed by a powerfully condensed electric beam. I tried to intercept this matter in various ways; and on October 5th, 1868, prior to sending the air through the drying apparatus, I carefully permitted it to pass over the tip of a spirit-lamp flame. The floating matter no longer appeared, having been burnt up by the flame. It was therefore organic matter. When the air was sent too rapidly through the flame, a fine blue cloud was found in the experimental tube. This was the smoke of the organic particles. I was by no means prepared for this result; for I had thought, with the rest of the world, that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible.

The air of London rooms is loaded with this organic dust, nor is the country air free from its pollution. However ordinary daylight may permit it to disguise itself, a sufficiently powerful electric beam causes the air in which the dust is suspended to appear as a semi-solid rather than as a gas. Nobody could in the first instance without repugnance place the mouth at the illuminated focus of the electric beam and inhale the dirt revealed there. Nor is the disgust abolished by the reflection that, although we do not see the nastiness, we are churning it in our lungs every hour and minute of our lives. There is no respite to this contact with dirt; and the wonder is, not that we should from time to time suffer from its presence, but that so small a portion of it would appear to be deadly to man. And what is this portion? It was some time ago the current belief that

EPIDEMIC DISEASES

generally were propagated by a kind of malaria which consisted of organic matter in a state of *motor-decay;* that when such matter was taken into the body, through the lungs or skin, it had the power of spreading there the destroying process which had attacked itself. Such a spreading power was visibly exerted in the case of yeast. A little leaven was seen to leaven the whole lump, a mere speck of matter in this supposed state of decomposition being apparently competent to propagate indefinitely its own decay. Why should not a bit of rotten malaria work in a similar manner within the human frame. In 1836 a very wonderful reply was given to this question. In that year Cagniard de la Tour discovered the yeast plant, a living organism, which when placed in a proper medium feeds, grows, and reproduces itself, and in this way carries on the process which we name fermentation. Fermentation was thus proved to be a product of life instead of a process of decay.

PUTREFACTION AND FERMENTATION.

Schwann, of Berlin, discovered the yeast plant independently; and in February, 1837, he also announced the important result, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from ordinary air, and supplied solely with air which has been raised to a high temperature, putrefaction never sets in. Putrefaction, therefore, he affirmed to be caused by something derived from the air, which something could be destroyed by a sufficiently high temperature. The experiments of Schwann were repeated and confirmed by Helmholtz and Ure. But as regards fermentation, the minds of chemists, influenced probably by the great authority of Gay-Lussac, who ascribed putrefaction to the

action of oxygen, fell back upon the old notion of matter in a state of decay. It was not the living yeast plant, but the dead or dying parts of it, which, assailed by oxygen, produced the fermentation. This notion was finally exploded by Pasteur. He proved that the so-called "ferments" are not such; that the true ferments are organized beings which find in the reputed ferments their necessary food. Side by side with these researches and discoveries, and fortified by them and others, has run the germ theory of epidemic disease. The notion was expressed by Kircher, and favored by Linnæus, that epidemic diseases are due to germs which float in the atmosphere, enter the body, and produce disturbance by the development within the body of parasitic life. While it was still struggling against great odds, this theory found an expounder and defender in the president of this institution. At a time when most of his medical brethren considered it a wild dream, Sir Henry Holland contended that some form of the

GERM THEORY

was probably true. The strength of this theory consists in the perfect parallelism of the phenomena of contagious disease with those of life. As a planted acorn gives birth to an oak competent to produce a whole crop of acorns, each gifted with the power of reproducing its parent tree; and as thus from a single seedling a whole forest may spring, so these epidemic diseases literally plant their seeds, grow, and shake abroad new germs, which, meeting in the human body their proper food and temperature, finally take possession of whole populations. Thus Asiatic cholera, beginning in a small way in the Delta of the Ganges contrived in seventeen years to spread itself over nearly the whole habitable world. The development from an infinitesimal speck of the virus of small-pox of a crop of pustules, each charged with the original poison, is another illustration. The reappearance of the scourge, as in the case of the Dreadnought at Greenwich, reported on so ably by Dr. Budd and Mr. Busk, receives a satisfactory explanation from the theory which ascribes it to the lingering of germs about the infected place. The celebrated physiologist and physicist Helmholtz is attacked annually by hay fever. From the 20th of May to the end of June he suffers from a catarrh of the upper air-passages; and he has found during this period, and at no other, that his nasal secretions are peopled by these vibrios. They appear to nestle by preference in the cavities and recesses of the nose, for a strong sneeze is necessary to dislodge them. These statements sound uncomfortable, but by disclosing our enemy they enable us to fight him. When he clearly eyes his quarry, the eagle's strength is doubled, and his swoop is rendered sure. If the germ theory be proved true, it will give a definiteness to our efforts to stamp out disease which they could not previously possess.

PROTECTIVE AGENCIES.

But let us return to our dust. It is needless to remark that it can not be blown away by an ordinary bellows, or, more correctly, the place of the particles blown away is in this case supplied by others ejected from the bellows; but if the nozzle of a good bellows be filled with cotton wool not too tightly packed, the air urged through the wool is filtered of its floating matter. This was the filter used by Schroeder in his experiments on spontaneous generation, and turned subsequently to account in the excellent researches of Pasteur. Since 1868 I have constantly employed it myself. The cotton wool, when used in sufficient quantity, completely intercepts the floating matter on its way to the lungs. And here we have revealed to us the true philosophy of a practice followed by medical men, perhaps more from instinct than from actual knowledge. In a contagious atmosphere the physician places a handkerchief to his mouth and inhales through it. In doing so he unconsciously holds back the germs of the air. If the poison were a gas, it could not be thus intercepted. The application of these experiments is obvious. If a physician wishes to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, he will employ a cotton wool respirator. After the revelations of this evening such respirators must, I think, come into general use as a defense against contagion. In the crowded dwellings of the London poor, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may by this simple means be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool. I should be most willing to test their efficacy in my own person; and time will

decide whether in lung diseases, also, the woolen respirators can not abate irritation if not arrest decay. By its means, so far as the germs are concerned, the air of the highest Alps may be brought into the chamber of the invalid.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.

A YOUNG lady friend writes very forcibly to us on this subject. She feels evidently that the practice should be handled without gloves:

"I read upon your pages the essay of Mrs. Stowe, entitled 'More about Babies;' I think it very good, and would have all who use tobacco read it, and consider what they are doing, and where the sin of hereditary habits lies. How can a child help learning to do what it is forced every day to *see* and *smell*, unless God has given it a marked hatred for such things. We form societies against the sale of liquor, and why should we not against the 'filthy mouth' practices, and shun them? Tobacco intoxicates as well as liquor, yet women seem scarcely to think of what they are doing when they marry men who may be said to be 'tobacco mad.'

"You commented on the piece by saying: 'Reader, this is a good theme for a sermon. Why not ask your clergyman to prepare a discourse on the necessity of bodily health as well as of spiritual purity? If every clergyman in the land would open his mental battery on the curse of tobacco, he would hit many sinners at every shot;' I would add, and even himself; for nine-tenths of our ministers practice this 'acquired sin' after they have been called to preach against 'original sin.' I don't believe Paul ever used tobacco, for his epistles are full of denunciations of uncleanliness. Our Saviour said, 'Go preach the gospel,' not go to the study and consume a paper of tobacco while writing one sermon, as I have known some ministers do. What a discourse that must be which is filled with the spirit of tobacco! for if one did not have his tobacco he could hardly get any 'vim' into it; his agitated nerves would not let him think clearly and forcibly.

"I think if the clergy would forsake the practice, and preach against it, their people would hear and forsake. But let all who smoke or chew count the cost to them in health and pocket. The money expended by some individuals in this way would in the course of a few years buy a very nice library, and give them a better education than they now have. Clergy and laymen, what think ye?

METTA."

ANOTHER PHASE OF HEREDITY.

IN the notice we have before given of late papers which have discussed the subject of heredity, we have failed to discover much that is new save in the matter of sex-digitism so-called. Besides some slight allusion to the recent theory that the alleged pernicious results of consanguineous marriages are due to the breeding in and concentration of previously exciting hereditary taints instead of the creation of new ones, little or nothing is advanced which has not been set forth before, and fresh collections of facts are not adduced to confirm the old. The most striking original theory on this head which we have met with of late is in a work of *fiction*. "Many a truth is said in jest" is applicable to its author; and we also strongly suspect that in a romantic garb our Professor of Physiology has clothed an interesting fact relative to hereditary transmission. We refer to the remarkable book called "The Guardian Angel." Turning aside entirely from the controversial theology of this story, which latter we can not too much admire for its strength and beauty, we call attention by a word only to the physiological thesis propounded in it.

The heroine is made to inherit from her ancestors on one side tendencies toward those virtues which are the source of dignity, safety, and repose; but also qualities from her forebears on the side of her other parent of wild, fantastic, and dangerous passion. At one period of childhood and adolescence, the second set of influences have sway. Events disclose the precipice to the brink of which these latter have brought her, and noble motives, together with a pure affection, woo her to *her better nature*, which now develops itself rapidly. She finally *chooses* (mark the words!) *her better self*.

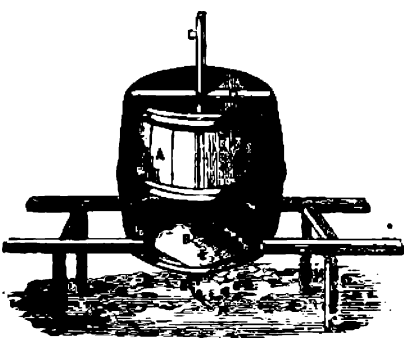
Now, herein is wrapt what we believe to be a truth which writers have said very little about. They tell us that a child inherits the

physical qualities of one parent, and the mental qualities of the other parent. In the same breath they inform us that sometimes the offspring does not receive its parent's peculiarities at all, but those of one or another remote ancestor. The phenomena of heredity are often presented in an undigested mass, and hastily generalized, so as to clash with each other. The fact we allude to is, that occasionally, at least, some ancestral qualities manifest themselves at one period of life, while those belonging to other ancestors are developed at a later stage of the existence of the same individual. This is certainly to be observed in physiognomy—the young child looking like one parent, and when it has become an adolescent or adult, resembling the other. Analogy, we know, is not proof. But it may start a presumption in favor of a theory.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

A FILTERING BARREL.

THE readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL are, as a class, appreciative of good food and drink. Some of them may live in regions where it is difficult to get a supply of pure water, owing either to the depth to which wells must be sunk to find it, or to the alkalis which impregnate the soil. If means are taken by such to save the rain water shed from the roofs of their dwellings and other buildings, and that water, or so much as may be needed for domestic purposes, be well filtered, they will be able to congratulate themselves on having water pure and clean, and suitable as drink.

Here is an engraving of a simple filter which



we have taken from the *Scientific American*, and now reproduce, with the belief that it will prove of use to some of our readers

A represents half a hogshead or other tight barrel; B a porous stone basin about 18 inches deep and 3 inches thick—or a double-wall box, having the space between the walls filled with clean sand and charcoal, and the walls finely perforated, may be used—through which the water has to pass, and fastened to the bottom of the barrel. C is a piece of thin lead pipe, which passes through the water to introduce air into the porous basin; D is the crosspiece to support the lead pipe; E is a tap to draw off the pure water, screwed in the bottom of the barrel. A small bunghole may be made in the side of the barrel to let off the refuse water when it requires cleaning.

When the porous stone vessel is used, it may be cemented to the bottom. The wooden box, which will answer equally well, may be nailed fast.

THE DIET OF BRAIN-WORKERS.

THE reasons why brain-workers need a better quality and larger quantity of nutrition than mechanics and laborers are the following:

1. Labor of the brain causes greater waste of tissue than labor of the muscles. According to the estimate of Prof. Houghton, three hours of hard study produce more important changes of tissue than a whole day of muscular labor. Phosphorus, which is a prominent ingredient of the brain, is deposited in the urine after mental labor, and recent experiments have shown that by chemical examination of these phosphates deposited, it is possible to determine whether an individual has been chiefly using his brain or his muscles.

That the brain is the organ of the intellect is now as well established as any fact of science. The brain, being the noblest organ of the body, receives a greater proportional amount of blood than any other part, and is of course correspondingly affected by the quantity and quality of the nutrition. It has been estimated that one-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is not more than fifty ounces, or about one-fortieth of the weight of the body.

2. Brain-workers as a class are more active than mechanics or laborers. The literary man need never be idle, for his thinking powers—the tools of his trade—are always at hand. Bulwer, in his Caxtoniana, mentions this fact as a great advantage that the literary man has over all others. The mechanic has a definite task, assigned for certain hours, and when that is over, he feels free to rest. On the other

hand, the powers of thought and composition are only interrupted by sleep, and the intensity of the labor is measured by our mental discipline and powers of endurance.

3. Brain-workers exercise more or less all the organs of the body as well as the brain. Even the most secluded book-worm must use his muscles, to a greater or a less extent, and the great majority of literary and professional men are forced to take systematic and vigorous exercise, in order to keep their brains in good working order. On the other hand, the uneducated and laboring classes, while they toil with their hands as their daily necessities require, are apt to let their brains lie idle, and thus the most important part of their nature undergoes comparatively little change, except that which comes from time and disuse.—*Hours at Home.*

PHRENO-MAGNETISM.

BY J. WEST NEVINS.

ONE of the most positive proofs of the truth of Phrenology is derived from experiments in Phreno-Magnetism. The form of these experiments is no doubt familiar to most of your readers. A person susceptible to magnetic impressions is thrown into a state of trance, wherein he becomes completely subject to the will of the operator, who, by touching various organs of the brain, induces mental conditions correspondent to the phrenological nomenclature, which display themselves in actions so thoroughly and naturally dramatic, that no actor upon the stage can exceed them in verisimilitude.

When these experiments were first attempted they were received with utter disbelief or contemptuous ridicule, but they are now accepted phenomena among the students of that enlarged anthropology to which Phrenology has so largely contributed. A sketch of the first experiment of this kind I ever witnessed, as accurate as memory will serve me to recall it, may be of some interest historically.

In the year 1844 I was editor of the Philadelphia *Gazette*, then the only afternoon paper in the city of Philadelphia, and noted in the literary annals of this country as having been edited by the two poets Edgar A. Poe and Willis Gaylord Clarke, and by the historian of American poetry, Rufus W. Griswold. At that time Joseph C. Neal, the humorous author of "Charcoal Sketches," was editor of the *Pennsylvanian*. Mr. Neal, a man of great and varied powers, a wit and humorist, as well as a political writer of marked ability, was of a keenly susceptible nervous temperament, from which he suffered great bodily and mental inconvenience at times. He had put himself under the charge of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, who was at that period an enthusiast in the study of animal magnetism, by which he had performed some remarkable cures, and with which he had most successfully alleviated the condition of Mr. Neal. In the ordinary mesmeric manipulations to which he subjected his patient, Dr. Mitchell found that he went readily into a trance condition, in which he displayed a great variety of mental powers, and that these powers could be brought into action at the will of the operator by touching any one of the phrenological organs. Astonished at this wonderful discovery, Dr. Mitchell issued cards of invitation to all the then most prominent members of the Philadelphia press to be present at a *seance* at his house to witness these extraordinary phenomena. I was among those invited, and shall never forget the thrill of enthusiasm and expectation with which I witnessed this opening of a new vista of the wonderful attributes of the human soul. There were present, as I now recollect, Mr. Joseph R. Chandler, of the *United States Gazette*, the Nestor of the American press, as he was then called; Mr. Robert P. Morris, of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*; Morton McMichael, now editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *North American*; Geo. R. Graham, of *Graham's Magazine*; Louis A. Godey, of *Godey's Lady's Book*; William E. Wallace, of the Philadelphia *Sun*, and a number of others whose names and persons I have forgotten.

After Mr. Neal had been thrown into the magnetic state under the manipulations of Dr. Mitchell, he responded to the touch of any organ of his brain with a dramatic power of action and force and elegance of diction that I have never seen exceeded on or off the stage. When Combativeness was excited, he became so fierce that he drew a small knife from his pocket, attacked an imaginary antagonist upon the floor with such virulent threats as to cut the carpet, and finally his own fingers by the shutting to of his weapon. But the Doctor touching the organ of Humor, his whole mood changed instantaneously, and he convulsed his audience with laughter by such stories as those who knew him in life may remember that he alone could tell. Tune being excited, he attempted to sing a song, a thing that none of his friends ever knew him to try before.

When Language was touched by the Doctor, he became suddenly talkative, and when told by his manipulator that he was in presence of the assembled press of Philadelphia, he entered into such a scathing review of the personal peculiarities of all of them, mentioning several of those present by name, that the Doctor was fain to change his mood out of consideration for those who were listening to such withering sarcasm upon their many defects.

Thus throughout the whole evening did Dr. Mitchell play upon the wonderfully developed brain of this man of genius, eliciting harmony or discord with as much facility as a performer upon a pianoforte. Under the influence, Mr. Neal improvised a poem of great beauty, and interspersed it with touches of the peculiar humor for which he was famous.

Most of those who witnessed the exhibition pronounced it a deception produced by collusion between the Doctor and his patient, but I am confident that it was not so, having witnessed many similar experiments, but none of so perfect a kind. Mr. Neal, with whom I was upon intimate terms at the time, assured me upon his honor, which I respected as much as the oath of most other men, that he was utterly unconscious of anything but an uneasy dream during the process of the experiments. Dr. Mitchell, whose established reputation rendered his word equally indisputable, asserted that they were wholly fortuitous, and without any preconcert whatever.

From these experiments I date my belief in the truth of Phrenology and Phreno-Mesmerism, nor do I see how they can be explained by any other possible theory.*

What, then, is this soul of man, expressing itself thus earnestly, but imperfectly, through the body, faintly adumbrating under excitation, like the cartoon of a great artist, all those marvelous faculties that must finally make it the king of Nature? What miserable skepticism is that which denies these evident truths of the relation of mind to matter, as of that of cause to effect, as the printed or written word expresses the more or less keen perception of the eternal *logos* or reason that inspires it! All that we can positively know of the individual man is indicated in his outward form, and through the study of that only shall we arrive at the most determinate notions of his nature. Subjective and metaphysical speculation may induct us into some elementary principles of the mind, but the details of its methods of expression and action, all that can be of most practical use in the daily necessities of existence, are to be best learned from the objective form.

A modern writer says: "Probably the most correct theory concerning the mind is that which regards the brain as a portion of organic matter capable of receiving and retaining in its substances, or plastic motions, the impressions or influences which radiate from outward objects." In other words, the eye is a photographic instrument, and the brain is analogous to the prepared plate. But besides "these influences which come in through the senses, and are caught and held in the brain, while consciousness is the brain's perception of its own existence," there is an infinite world of intuition to which the brain lies open. The mind has its involuntary powers as well as the body, and when consciousness is deadened, as in the experiments just narrated, the will, which is the concentration of all the faculties into the focus of individuality, becomes under the control of the operator. We are all, as it were, more or less positive or negative mediums, psychologized by our predominant ideas or opinions, or else by stronger wills than our own. How important, then, is it that the will should be exercised in true directions, and that we should become familiar with our own natures, by means of the general principles furnished by Phrenology! Without such study of our involuntary powers of mind and body as may enable us to measurably control them, we are in danger of being mere automata, played upon by any stronger will with which we may come into relation.*

* Those interested in this subject may find a mass of matter relating to it in the "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology," published at this office.

* We respectfully dissent from some of the views advanced above, and claim that other proofs establishing the truth of Phrenology rest on firmer grounds than those developed by mesmerism.—ED. A. P. J.

"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT."

WHO originated this expression I know not, but a truer saying never emanated from the mind of man. It applies not only to space but to time—to the past and to the future. In looking at a range of mountains in the distance, you do not see the difficulties of ascent; you see the ups and downs, the blue peaks rising here and there, the valleys between, but all looks smooth and easy. It is only by a near approach that we find the jagged peak,

the frightful precipice, the darksome cavern. Even the valley, so lovely in the distance, may be a loathsome swamp. The thirsty traveler in the desert sees in the distance the long-sought-for water—beautiful lakes, with lovely islands dotting their surface—rivers of pellucid waters gliding gently along, on whose banks grow the lofty palm; he hastens on, to find the lovely lakes and rivers changed to sand—the same weary, burning sand he trod before. Perhaps he sees rivers in the distance yet, and keeps on and on till he drops from exhaustion. So with us. In youth we look forward to the realities of life, and distance covers them with such rose-colored tints that we build air-castles in anticipation, and never doubt their reality. It is only as we grow to manhood that we find the precipice, the caverns, the swamps; that the gentle eminence we saw in the distance is of fearful height, the climbing of which may take years of toil, and that the beautiful lakes and rivers of youth are nothing but sand. How many there are who sink in the swamp of blighted hopes—who chase the mirage of happiness in the desert till they die!

But climb, climb the mountains, ye adventurous; you may not reach the top, but you will not sink. Dig, dig in the desert, and if you go deep enough you will surely find water; and after a toiling, useful life, when old age comes creeping on, distance will again lend its charms to cover up the rough spots in life, and as you look back the mountains again will appear smooth and pleasant. E. T.

Science and Art.

THE ART OF ENGRAVING,

HISTORICALLY AND DESCRIPTIVELY CONSIDERED.

THIS art is of very ancient date, for we find it mentioned in the Pentateuch. Soon after the exodus from Egypt, God commanded Moses to take two onyx stones and grave on them the names of the children of Israel,—twelve names, six on a stone. "With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engraving of a signet, shalt thou engrave on the two stones." The language implies a previous knowledge of the art.

The earliest history we have, however, of the art of taking impressions from engraving dates back to the year 1450, when a celebrated sculptor and goldsmith, resident at Florence, named Finiguarra, accidentally discovered that a damp cloth laid over the designs which he had been cutting in silver, retained a transcript when removed. He immediately began to use the discovery for copying his designs, and to him is awarded the invention of copperplate engraving.

ALBERT DURER, born at Nuremburg, 1471, an eminent painter, sculptor, engraver, architect, and no mean author, made great improvements in copperplate engraving, and is said to have been the inventor of wood engraving. Historians place the number of his pictures at 1,254 pieces.

LUCAS, an eminent painter and engraver of Holland, improved on Durer. Van Everdingen, a celebrated landscape painter and engraver, and Rembrandt, a very eminent painter and engraver of the Dutch school, were very successful in the art. In less than one hundred years after the invention, some copies after the great masters were produced, which have hardly been surpassed. Those of Marco Antonio after Raphael were so exquisitely made, that it is said the great painter himself was delighted with them.

FRANCESCO MOZZUOLI, an eminent painter, more commonly known by the name of Parmegiano, born at Parma, 1503, has been called the inventor of *etching*, an art in which he greatly excelled. He was regarded as the rival of Correggio, with whom he was personally acquainted; but his biographers say that he owed his eminence to the study of Raphael's works. To Durer is also ascribed the honor, and with more probability, as he was born thirty-two years prior, and excelled in its practice.

WILSON LOWRY introduced the use of diamond points for etching, and made other useful improvements in the art, and was the first who succeeded in what is called technically "biting in" well upon steel, an account of which we have fully described farther on. He was also the inventor of a ruling machine used sometimes by engravers to facilitate the progress of engraving. With this the skies, backgrounds, and even some parts of the figures are ruled in, thereby saving immense labor and expense. Those, however, who work for reputation rarely employ it.

Lowry was born at Whiteshaven, 1762. His father was a portrait painter. For thirty years before his death he was engaged by eminent publishers on their most extensively illustrated works, and when he died, 1820, he had attained to the highest rank in his profession.

In the sixteenth century, PHILIP ADLER, a German engraver, founded a school to teach his style of etching, which gave rise to the Hopfers and Hollar. Hollar was an eminent Bohemian engraver, born at Prague, 1617. He was brought to England in 1636 by the Earl of Arundel, on his return from the embassy to Vienna, and in 1640 was appointed drawing-master to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

REMBRANDT is said to have excelled all others in his *etchings*.

VIDO DA CARPI has the credit of the discovery of a kind of engraving called *chiaro-oscuro*, or more properly *claro-ob-scura*, from the Latin *clarus*, clear, and *obscurus*, obscure. It designates light and shade in painting or engraving.

To this period belongs GUILIO BONASONI, a Bolognese painter and engraver. In the latter art he specially excelled, and he engraved many of the chefs-d'œuvres of Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc., in a style of great beauty.

GEORGE VERTUE, an eminent English engraver, was born in Westminster, 1684. He worked for seven years under Vandergucht. He was patronized by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Earls of Oxford and Burlington, and the Prince of Wales. Among his engravings, which amount to five hundred, are the heads for Rapin's "England," twelve of distinguished poets, and portraits of Archbishop Tillotson and George I. Horace Walpole was deeply indebted to Vertue for the materials of his work, "Anecdotes of Painting."

NICHOLAS DORIGNY was born in France, and became the engraver of Raphael's celebrated cartoons at Hampton Court, for which he received the honor of knighthood from George I.

It may be interesting to our readers if we give a more special notice of these cartoons.

A cartoon is a drawing, on pasteboard generally, intended as a model to be copied in fresco or tapestry. In the years 1513 and 1514 Raphael furnished ten designs of this sort for ten tapestries, intended to adorn the Sistine Chapel at Rome, representing events from the lives of the Apostles, and displaying not only great dignity of form and great power of grouping, but a singular depth of thought and a wonderful dramatic tact. These were executed in distemper colors, chiefly by Francesco Penni, a disciple of Raphael, under the immediate supervision of the great artist. (When colors are mixed with size, whites of eggs, or other unctuous or glutinous matter, instead of oil, it is said to be done in *distemper*.)

These cartoons (French *cartons*) were copied in tapestry at Arras, in Flanders, and the perfected copies are kept in some of the rooms of the Vatican. Seven of the pasteboard models, after various vicissitudes, in which Cromwell bore his part, found a resting-place in the Palace of Hampton Court, England, and these are those referred to as being engraved by Dorigny. They have also been engraved admirably by G. Greatbach, size, 17 by 12 each, with descriptive text. A few years since they were imported from London to this country by H. A. Brown, but whether in the market now or not we can not say. Mr. Elliott, of Boston, has them in his collection, from Holloway's plates, but these are very expensive, $70 being asked for the set. They represent Paul at Athens, Charge to Peter, Death of Ananias, Elymas the Sorcerer, Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Beautiful Gate, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.

These drawings of Raphael for the loom are said to be the most perfect and finished work of this great artist.

ARTISTS' PROOFS.

Many persons do not understand what "proofs" are, and why they are so much more costly than ordinary prints. When a plate receives its last touch from the engraver it is in its highest state of perfection. Every delicate line can then be reproduced with absolute fidelity. As the process of printing is continued, it gradually loses its finer features—its sharpness or distinctness of outline, and its softness or spiritual expression, if the picture embodies that sentiment. Until the plate is entirely worn out, it may still be a beautiful subject; but after some hundreds of impressions are taken, it is not capable of satisfying the critic's eye.

Usually one hundred prints are taken from a plate, and generally on India paper; and usually each one receives the engraver's autograph. These are denominated "artists' proofs."

After these are taken, it is the custom of certain publishers to have the name of the artist and of the engraver cut in the plate under the lower corners of the picture. Then another set of proofs are taken, known as "proofs before the letter." Their number is usually limited to a hundred.

There are two other grades of proofs, known as "open-letter proofs," and "black-lettered," or simply "lettered proofs." The open-letter proofs are so called because the title is cut in skeleton letters; and the black-lettered proofs are taken after the skeleton letters have been filled out.

Prints, however, as a rule, are divided into three classes only — artists' proofs, India prints (bearing the title of the picture), and plain prints. Plain prints are on white paper, and bear the title of the picture. It is a cheat to print either artists' proofs or India prints after a large number of plain prints have been taken.

This explanation affords a valid reason why "proofs" should be higher in price than plain prints. With an honest publisher, one has the certainty that an artist's proof is the best impression that has been made, whereas, if several thousand prints are struck off, some of them must needs be of inferior quality. Few people, however, are particular enough to pay the extra price, when a good print can be obtained, usually, for half the sum.

Jews' prints are impressions taken from worn-out English steel engravings. After having taken as many impressions as a just regard for their reputation will allow, some of the first-class London publishers sell the worn-out plates to the Jews, who retouch them, and sell all the prints they can take from them at whatever price they will fetch. They print with great care, and often succeed in getting very good impressions. There are respectable publishers in the United States who purchase English plates, and take a great many impressions from them, which they sell at a low price. In this way pictures are brought within the reach of all classes; and so long as the publisher does not palm them off for a superior engraving, or at a high price, they are honorable, and doing a good service.

STYLES OF ENGRAVING.

Line Engraving is executed by carefully cutting into the plate a *fac-simile* of the picture to be copied. It is a method that requires great judgment, skill, and patience, in order that the finished work may not rather resemble a pen-and-ink sketch, than be a reproduction of the lights and shades, the delicate blendings, and the sentiment of the original. This work is greatly aided by the process of "etching," which is thus described by Mr. Spooner:

"The plates used for engraving are prepared by the manufacturer for use. In etching, the ground is first *laid*—that is, covered with a coat of varnish, capable of resisting the action of nitric acid. Next, the usual method is to lay the design, previously drawn on paper with a black lead pencil, upon the plate (the paper being previously dampened, and the design facing the ground); it is then passed through a rolling press, which transfers the design from the paper to the ground. The lines of the design are then scratched down to the metal with a sharp instrument called an etching needle. A border of wax is run round the edge of the plate; diluted nitric acid poured on and allowed to remain a sufficient time to "bite in," or corrode the lines made with the etching needle. When the lighter parts are sufficiently *bitten*, the acid is poured off, such parts stopped out with varnish, and the acid again applied. This process is repeated until all the parts have a sufficient depth of color. The work is afterward completed with the graver and burnisher. Etching with a soft ground is used to imitate chalk and black lead drawings. For this purpose a soft ground is prepared with wax and tallow, or lard, according to the temperature. The design is secured to the edge or corners of the plate. A point then traces the lines, and the soft ground underneath adhering to the paper is removed with it."

This describes the process when etchings, properly so called, are produced; but when used merely as an aid to line engraving, the acid remains only a few minutes and is poured off, when the wax is removed, and

the engraver finds that his work is well begun. Rembrandt and others of the old masters were in the habit of reproducing their compositions in this way, and, indeed, made impromptu sketches with the etching needle; but this can only be done by a perfect master of design and drawing.

After the etching is completed, the engraver finishes the work with the graver (a sharp three-cornered chisel), the scraper, and the burnisher. Months are usually required to finish even a small plate, and instances are known where engravers have spent several years' labor on a single picture. We who enjoy the fruits of their toil little realize the slow processes and difficulties of the artist.

Stipple Engraving is used to a considerable extent for doing the flesh in portraits, for delicate transitions of light and shade, and for satins, laces, and silks. The effects are produced by the cutting of small dots, the shadows being made by increasing the number and size of the dots. Charming effects are sometimes produced by this method, but the process is a difficult one, ranking next in this respect to line engraving. Both line and stipple are now frequently combined in engraving.

The Halls of England are said to excel all others in stipple, and "The Daughter of Erin," "Au Revoir," and the "Gallery of Beauty," are cited as remarkable examples of this style. Of our American engravers, Mr. Perine, of New York, bears away the palm; and when that popular engraving "The Better Land" was published, an art critic said of it, "We can not detect in it any inferiority to most of the works of either of the Halls, who are regarded as masters of stipple engraving." Another says: "It is regarded —we believe justly—as the finest stipple and line engraving ever executed in America on so large a scale." Our people showed their appreciation of it by purchasing 12,000 copies in a very short time.

MEZZOTINT.

Mezzotinto Engraving, from *mezzo*, middle, half, and *tinto*, Latin *tinctus*, painted. For an accurate description of this method of engraving we are indebted to one who stands unrivaled in the art among our American engravers. Wishing to have this process clearly and accurately defined, it being greatly misapprehended by many, and understood by few, we solicited a statement of the method, which was promptly and kindly furnished.

We are unable to find any record of the discovery of this style that is reliable. There is a legend in connection with its origin something on this wise: Charles I., while engaged in one of his hunting expeditions with his usual attendants or huntsmen, was attracted to the fact that upon the barrel of a gun in the hands of one of his attendants there had been carved or wrought a name with a fancy device, which proved to have been accomplished upon the rust which had accidentally accumulated upon the surface of the barrel, the rust having been removed in such a manner by the use of a common penknife as to leave the name in bright and brilliant outlines. From this it is supposed was afterward developed the beautiful art of mezzotinto engraving, which in its practical application to the development of pictures is of quite modern date, not more than about a half century. It has given to the engraver the means by which the emotions of the painter and his inspirational conceptions have been more successfully transferred by the engraver to his plate in delicate touches, more resembling those of the brush than any other style of engraving.

Pure mezzotinto engravings were for a time very popular, but it was found that this style did not give sufficient texture, and after the taking of a few thousand impressions its piquancy was considerably lost, so that now nearly all engravers who were educated in this style have had recourse to line and stipple combinations, which has brought about an improved stage of advancement on former methods. Sometimes aquatint is traced through the various parts of the engraving, a style of which we shall speak hereafter. These methods render the plates far more endurable, so that many thousand impressions can be taken before they become worn.

Mezzotinto engraving is performed on steel plates, of the same quality and hardness as line or stipple. The first process, according to the primitive method, is to raise a slight roughness or barb over the part of the surface that is to be engraved, in order to obtain a surface to hold the ink, which would other-

wise gather in blotches when laid on by the printer's roller. This effect is produced by an instrument called a cradle or rocker, a steel instrument resembling a chisel, with a spherical face cut into fine sharp points, varying in width according to the texture required. This is fitted to a handle, and by a dexterous movement of the hand is rocked over the surface of the plate until the requisite indentations are made, resembling the dots of stippling, but seen only by the aid of a magnifying-glass. The picture is then made by rubbing off the burs with scrapers and burnishers wherever the lights are desired; and when very deep shadows are required, the plate is roughened still more with the cradle or the ruletto.

We will now give the modern improved method of combined styles as it has been furnished us by the artist.

"The first process in engraving in mezzotint, according to the more approved modern form, is to secure a good outline of the subject to be copied, carefully and accurately done as in other styles upon gelatine paper, with a sharp needle or point. The lines thus traced are filled in with the scrapings from an ordinary lead pencil. Upon the smooth face of the steel plate is then laid an ordinary etching ground, which is a composition of white wax, Burgundy pitch, borax, and asphaltum, which resists oil. This is laid by beating the plate and applying the ground, then using a silk or kid dabber dexterously over the surface, producing an even ground. When this preparation is sufficiently cool, the previously prepared outline is transferred by laying the gelatine cloth with the traced side down upon the same in the exact place desired; then by gently rubbing over the back of the tracing with a burnisher, the outline is left distinctly marked upon the ground; the paper is then removed, and the outline serves to guide the etcher in his work. The etching is then commenced by the use of a simple point of steel and a magnifying-glass, and lines and dots are carefully and dexterously worked through the ground, leaving the steel bare at every stroke. When completed, a wall of wax is built sufficiently high around the work to prevent the acid from running off the plate. The acid is then poured on, nitric and acetic or nitric and water being generally used for most purposes, in strength according to depth or strength of the desired work.

This process requires great dexterity and judgment. The acid must be removed quickly for the more delicate lines, and water applied to remove all traces of acid, which being poured off, the surface is blown dry by the use of a common bellows. The lines which are then bitten sufficiently are closed up with asphaltum varnish, and the biting resumed as at first until the work is completed. Great care is required in the mean time to prevent the filling in of the lines with the sediment produced by the corrosion. This is obviated by stirring the acid continually with a common camel's hair pencil. The wall of wax is then removed, and the ground likewise, by the application of terpentine, dissolving the same. Such parts of the work which require deeper corrosion may be rebitten by laying a rebiting ground, which is a very delicate process, covering only the exposed surface of the steel, and leaving the lines clear and silvery in appearance, and entirely free from the ground. The same process with the acid is then employed as with the first bite. After this the etching is carved and worked up with the graver, or mixed with ruled or roulette work. To produce a better texture, if a portrait, the head may be stripped throughout, or simply the features and shadows. In either case, when the preparations of etching and stippling are completed, it is then ready for the mezzotint ground." This is the same as previously described in pure mezzotinto, so that we need not repeat it.

The ground thus prepared is ready for the scraper, and is removed from the plate according to the effect required. In the case of the highest lights it is entirely removed. In the manipulations of the mezzotint scraper, it resembles very much the feeling and work of the painter upon his canvas, except in this case he places in colors with the brush, while the mezzotint engraver removes color. After the subject has been brought up to a finishing state, the skillful and more delicate touches are made by the aid of the burnisher, dry point, and graver. This requires the finest judgment and most exquisite feeling, and develops the artistic qualities and the

mysteries of the art. The mechanical execution of a plate may be ever so good, and yet without the great requisite of artistic completeness it proves an unfinished failure.

Mezzotinto engraving to be successfully used is not easily acquired, but requires a mechanical ingenuity and studied experience, together with artistic genius quite equal to any other styles of engraving. Its blended softness in the rendering of flesh, however, gives it a predominance over other styles if properly wrought in combination with them. The most exquisite renderings of flesh, by that prince of mezzotint engravers, Samuel Cousins, Esq., of England, ought to give to this branch of the art of engraving the warrant of encouragement which it rightfully claims.

Aquatint Engraving—*aqua*, water, and *tinta*, dye—a method of engraving by aquafortis, by which an effect is produced resembling a drawing in water color or India ink. This peculiar effect is produced by covering the plate after the outlines of the design have been etched with a granulated ground, which permits the acid to act only in the interstices of its grain, now formed by pouring over the plate, in an inclined position, a solution of resin in alcohol. Originally the ground was formed by sifting over the plate a fine powder of resin, or of resin and asphaltum, and then heating the plate; but this method is now obsolete. This style of engraving is indeed but little practiced now; it is sometimes used in connection with other styles for representing delicate skies and flat surfaces. It is best executed on copper. It is very difficult to obtain a successful ground, which is positively essential for the corrosive process. The state of the atmosphere affects the laying of a suitable ground, so that on some days it is impossible to obtain the desired effect.

Aquatints are sometimes printed in colors, that is, two or three different colored inks are employed at the same time on the same plate. The colors are carefully put on those parts of the plate where they are required, with ink balls, or dabbers, and the impression taken in the ordinary way. This style is better adapted for colored prints than for plain. St. Non, a Frenchman, invented this method about 1762, and introduced it into England about 1780.

BANK NOTE ENGRAVING

is done in pure line. The vignettes are engraved on separate dies of thick steel, and are executed with reference to obtaining as good and perfect transfers as possible. The time expended in producing some of the vignettes on the National currency is immense. The die when completed may be transferred on a soft steel roller, which of course receives the work reversed; this roller is then hardened and the work impressed upon a flat steel plate to print from, and in its proper position on the plate. Other devices, numerals, lathe work, etc., may be impressed in like manner, and the whole combined and touched up by the hand of a skillful engraver. Bank note engraving does not allow of much scope for artistic rendering, the figures generally being very small and the work necessarily mechanical in the extreme. Yet many beautiful designs have been wrought out in this microscopic branch of the art of engraving.

YALE SKETCHES.

BY H. E. G. P.

ITS BEGINNING.

THE history of Yale College dates almost from the founding of the colony of New Haven. The same appreciation of education that had led to the establishment of Harvard while Massachusetts was struggling with the adversities of life in the wilderness, led to a proposition to establish a similar institution in each of the New England colonies. But this, Harvard justly opposed, arguing that the patronage of all the settlements could scarcely sustain one college, and that to establish another would be to sacrifice both. So the project was abandoned, and in its stead we find, in 1644, a provision for the relief of poor scholars in the College "at Cambridge in the Bay, aid was solicited from every one whose heart is willing to contribute thereunto, of a peck of wheat or the value of it." In 1652 the subject was again revived, but the testimony of "the most understanding men of New Haven town" asserted that town "to be a place of no comfortable subsistence for the present inhabitants there." How much it suggests of privations, of the ab-

sence of accustomed comforts, of the struggle for a frugal livelihood, of the want of implements, and of mechanics to make and use them, and of anxious vigilance against the Indians, whom they had found jealous, stealthy, and treacherous.

At the beginning of the last century the number of towns in Connecticut was but twenty-eight, with a population, according to Trumbull, of not more than 15,000, and "these scattered and poor, exhausted by Indian wars, with little commerce," and almost entirely dependent on the products of their fields and folds for subsistence and clothing. But in the midst of cares and discomforts that seem enough to have absorbed all their energies, the plan was faithfully cherished. There were very good reasons why it should not be forgotten.

The long, tedious horse-back ride through the wilderness, the unfrequent and uncertain correspondence depending on the chance conveyance of a neighbor's saddle-bags were enough to make parents hesitate to send and the sons to go so far from home. It was the topic of many a neighborly gathering and of many a fireside talk, and at last the little germ that had patiently waited its hour, commenced its life.

The intention had been to establish an institution under the patronage of the churches, and to call it "The School of the Church;" but this was superseded by a broader and more liberal plan, including "the arts and sciences." President Clap, in his "Annals," observes that "the original design of colleges and superior schools of learning was to educate young men for the ministry," and quaintly installs "Samuel, Elijah, and Elisha" as "Presidents of the Schools of the Prophets."

Ten of the principal ministers of the colony were nominated and agreed upon by a general consent, both of the ministers and people, to stand as trustees "to found, erect, and govern a college." They were "The Rev. Mr. James Noyes, Stonington; Israel Chauncy, Stratford; Thomas Buckingham, Saybrook; Abraham Pierson, Killingworth, Samuel Mather, Windsor; Samuel Andrew, Milford; Timothy Woodbridge, Hartford; James Pierpont, New Haven; Noadiah Russell, Middletown; Joseph Webb, Fairfield."

In the year 1700 these ministers met in New Haven, and adding one other to their number, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of establishing the college. Not long afterward they held another meeting in Branford, to which each member brought a number of books and presented them with the unostentatious formula, "I give these books for the founding a college in this colony."

About forty volumes were thus contributed, to which additions both of money and books were made.

The Rev. Mr. Russell, of Branford, was the first librarian, and the books remained there in his care the three following years; they were then removed to Killingworth.

A charter, drawn up with all the tautology that characterizes legal papers, was passed "by the Governor in Council and Representatives of his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, in General Court assembled at New Haven, October 9th, 1701," entitled "An act of liberty to erect a collegiate school."

The purposes of that school are *defined*, *set forth*, and *elaborated* in the following preamble:

"*Whereas*, several well-disposed and public-spirited persons, of their sincere regard to and zeal for upholding and propagating of the Christian Protestant Religion by a succession of learned and orthodox men, have expressed by petition their earnest desires that full liberty and privilege be granted unto certain undertakers for the founding, suitably endowing, and ordering a Collegiate School within his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, wherein youth may be instructed in the arts and sciences, who, through the blessing of Almighty God, may be fitted for public employments both in church and civil state."

To the clergymen who had been approved as trustees, "full right, liberty, and privilege was granted to them and their successors to erect, form, direct, order, establish, and improve, and at all times, in all suitable ways for the future, to encourage said school in such convenient place or places, and in such form or manner, etc." They were also endowed with the "oversight, full and complete right, liberty, power, and privilege to furnish, direct, manage, order, improve, and

encourage from time to time, and in all times hereafter, the said Collegiate School."

Vested with such unrestricted powers, all they lacked was the College itself, or, as with judicious modesty it was mentioned, "Collegiate School," "that it might the better stand in wind and weather;" and the means to furnish, direct, manage, etc., that school.

This not altogether insignificant deficiency was partly remedied by a donation of 600 acres in Killingly, and "all the glass and nails which should be necessary to build a college house and hall:" this timely gift was made by a Norwich gentleman, James Fitch. The College was located at Saybrook, and the Rev. Israel Chauncy, of Stratford, was appointed the first Rector. He was a son of the Rev. Charles Chauncy, the second president of Harvard, and had a high reputation for scholarship. He declined, and the Rev. Abraham Pierson, of Kenilworth (Killingworth), was appointed his successor. He received his education at Harvard, where he graduated in 1668.

The liberal impulse—better than impulse, the generous, self-denying principle that had helped Harvard in its struggles—was already receiving its reward.

Yale, for many years, was indebted to Harvard for its presidents, and a pleasant bond of reciprocity unites the two oldest American Universities.

Rector Pierson "was a hard student, a good scholar, a great divine, and a wise, steady, and judicious gentleman in all his conduct. He was for many years a faithful and well-respected pastor of the church of Killingworth."—*Clap's Annals.* He proved the wisdom of those who selected him, and his own administrative abilities, by a government so judicious as to secure the approbation of all the friends of the College.

He was the author of a work on Natural Philosophy, which was used as a text-book by the students for many years. He continued his residence at Killingworth, which adjoins Saybrook, his people strongly opposing any change, and the pecuniary inducements the trustees were able to offer him being too slender to make a removal wise.

For the first six months of its existence, Yale College, like Miss Alcott's "church of one member," had but one pupil, Jacob Hemingway. Afterward seven others, who had been preparing under private instruction, joined themselves to the solitary man. Their recitations were made to the rector and to the one tutor of the infant college.

For a number of years the commencements were private, "to avoid expense." At the first one, held at Saybrook, September 13th, 1702, in a house belonging to the college, there were *six* graduates. Rector Pierson held the office till his death, which is mentioned by Dr. Trumbull as occurring March 5th, 1704; President Clap gives the date as April, 1707. In the library of Yale College is an ancient, substantial, and very comfortable chair that belonged to Rector Pierson. It is of oak, dark with age; has an upright paneled back, flaring arms, and a wooden seat.

His successor, the Rev. Mr. Andrew, of Milford, was appointed rector *pro tempore.* The senior class removed to Milford to be under his instruction, and the other students, about twenty, remained in Saybrook under the supervision of two tutors. The locating of the College at Saybrook had been considered a temporary matter, and much dissatisfaction prevailed among the students, who were boarded in private families, often at an inconvenient distance from the recitation-rooms, and that dissatisfaction at last developed into open disrespect toward the tutors, whom they were so unreasonable as to find fault with for being too young, a fault, if it could be called such, that they mended as fast as time would permit.

The trustees summoned the students to a tribunal in April, 1716, "to explain the causes of their uneasiness and disorder." The testimony was indefinite, and the perplexed officials were fain to purchase peace by a compromise with the contumacious young gentlemen who had permission to go where they chose for instruction till the next commencement.

Most of them went to Wethersfield, to be taught by the Rev. Elisha Williams; "some went to other places," and a few, contented and law-abiding, remained at Saybrook. But these fled from the small-pox that broke out in that place, and showed their confidence in the hospitality of East Guilford people, by taking refuge with them.

The permission "to encourage said school in such place or *places*," proved not an altogether useless provision. Several towns clamored for its removal to their limits, and the trustees found themselves the unenvied arbiters of a dispute in which selfish and local interests were argued more vigorously than those of the College.

At a final meeting convened at New Haven, in October, 1717, their formal announcement of its establishment at that place terminated its nomadic existence. The reasons assigned by them for this decision were "the difficulty of keeping it at Saybrook, which arose partly from the uneasiness of the scholars, partly from the continual endeavor of some to carry it to Hartford, which they supposed to be at too great distance from the sea, and would no ways accommodate the Western colonies" (New York and New Jersey). "They looked upon New Haven to be in itself the most convenient place on account of the commodiousness of its situation, the agreeableness of the air and soil, and the cheapness of commodities." They were also influenced by an argument that rarely fails: a liberal subscription of £700 sterling for a college building. The library was increased by two valuable donations, one collection numbering over 800 volumes, including a gift from Sir Isaac Newton of his own works.

Gov. Yale made a further contribution of books, and also completed the necessary amount to finish the building.

NATHAN C. ELY,*

PRES. FARMERS' CLUB, AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

MR. ELY stands five feet eight inches high; weighs one hundred and sixty pounds; is well proportioned; has a light, flexible, quick, and steady step; a clear, musical, and ringing voice; a countenance full of kindness, dignity, and decision. His hair is quite dark, almost black; his eyes are dark, and his skin possesses a healthy, peachy hue. Since 1830, a record of his weight, taken from time to time, shows an almost steady and uniform increase,—a fact worth noticing in this place. In 1830, being then nearly twenty, he weighed 128 pounds; in 1835 his weight showed 135 pounds; 1840, he kicked the beam at 140; from 1845 to 1850—145 was the mark; in 1855 the register indicates 150; in 1865, 155 pounds; at the present time he balances 160 pounds. At this rate of progression he must wait about thirty years should he aspire to a membership in the "Fat Men's Club." He has a full-sized brain and a symmetrically formed head, which is high and long rather than low and flat. The perceptive faculties are large, and the reflectives well developed, conducing to a mind at once eminently practical and *available*. That he is clear and quick in his metal conceptions must be evident to all who meet him. That he is deeply interested in all that concerns the fullest development of all our material resources is also evident. Here is the story of his active life from boyhood up to the present time:

MR. ELY was born at Simsbury, near Hartford, Conn., about the year 1811. His genealogical tree shows a direct descent, on the maternal side, from the oldest New England stock, viz., from Bigot Eggleston, who settled in Windsor, Hartford County, Conn., in 1630. From his father, a gentleman of education, and at school, he obtained his early mental training, and at the age of fifteen became a merchant's clerk in Hartford. There he remained, discharging the varied duties of salesman, bookkeeper, etc., for six years. Leaving Hartford he came to New York city, and commenced business for himself at 109 Front Street. Steady and diligent as a worker, and prudent in his ventures, this undertaking proved a success, notwithstanding the discouraging prophecies of friends who saw only ruin awaiting him in the great commercial vortex.

He continued in business at the same place for twenty-one years, and then, in 1853, withdrew from it, leaving a younger brother his successor.

Mr. Ely's name is well known in New York

* The accompanying portrait, though well engraved, comes far short of doing justice to the warm, fresh, and genial expression of this live son of New England.

politics, but for its sterling worth and integrity. During his business career he occupied many official positions in the city government. Once he was assistant alderman, twice alderman, for three years he served as supervisor of the Seventeenth Ward, was commissioner of health in 1854, and for ten years a school officer. That he possessed superior administrative and parliamentary capacity is evident from the fact that he has been president, respectively, of the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Health, the Board of Supervisors; for ten years a bank director, and otherwise officially connected with important financial and municipal interests. The Peter Cooper Fire Insurance Co., which was organized through the efforts of Mr. Ely and others, elected him as its president almost in the outset, and that position he still holds. He was not elected to the chair of the Farmers' Club without having some experience and ability as an agriculturist as well as a parliamentary tactician. A few years before he retired from mercantile life he purchased a country residence at Norwalk, Conn., where he made it a practice to spend his summers. Horticulture possessing for him much attractiveness, he has engaged in it with no little enthusiasm. Seven years or so after his first Norwalk purchase he added to that twenty-five acres of land, and so secured all the room he desired for his rural avocations. He says of his agricultural operations, that "all the

PORTRAIT OF NATHAN C. ELY.

profits in *dollars and cents* 'can be tied up in a stone,' but the real enjoyment and comfort can not be estimated." He raises poultry of all kinds in great abundance, keeps some choice specimens even at his city residence, and is regarded as a *connoisseur* of fowls generally.

Mr. Ely was elected president of the Farmers' Club several years ago, and the choice proving most satisfactory to the members, he has been annually re-elected since.

Moore's Rural New Yorker, to which we are indebted for the engraved portrait accompanying this sketch, says, "that he, more than to any other one man, gives it its efficiency and wins for it public attention and attendance." We would further avail ourselves of the very sprightly and graphic portraiture of Mr. Ely, given in that paper, to conclude our article.

"There is nothing dyspeptic about the man. The Farmers' Club-room becomes brighter and breezier the moment he enters it. There is no red-tape nonsense about him. He cuts the string of a stupid story as he cuts the string about his letters, no matter who tells it. Promptly at one o'clock P.M. he enters the Club-room with a large package of letters from Club correspondents in hand. Off goes his overcoat. He shakes a shower of pleasant nods about among his friends, and proceeds to open and read the letters, giving the gist of them, often with most humorous interpolations. A letter read, he calls for comments from members, which must come promptly and pointedly. He has a ready way of relieving the Club of bores, of puncturing egotism at the highest point of inflation, and of striking heavy blows at all immorality and rascality. We never heard from him one word which could be construed as sanctioning any vice; we have heard the most emphatic protests against wrong and the most reverent reference to the wisdom and goodness of God. Mr. Ely has more practical knowledge than has been gained by the cultivation of his own land. He has profited by the experience contained in the thousands of letters from practical men which he has read to the Club. He has quick and correct perceptions of the relation and pertinence of facts. It will be a sad day for the members of the Farmers' Club when, from any cause, they lose their present chairman.

"Mr. Ely has been a successful business man. It is not difficult to understand why. He has been an upright one. His heart is full of kindness and good-will to his fellows. He is prompt to do a good deed, say a kind word, denounce a wrong and aid in righting it. Strictly educated in religious matters, his life has been exemplary. He is a liberal in opinion and acts, cultivates a broad Christian charity toward all sects, and aims to live in peace with God and man. Socially, he is one of the most genial of men."

GOOD MEN.—Live selfishly for yourself, and you will sit down at the end of life dissatisfied with human existence. You will be misanthropic, no matter whether you are surrounded by wealth or by poverty, by enemies or by friends.

Therefore take to your heart the motive which *is* beautiful and heavenly in *itself;* live to make *others* better, and you will make yourself rounder, sweeter, more effective in all you do, gladsome, cheerful, buoyant, never cast down, always ready for good deeds; and a beautiful warmth will pervade your home, will follow you into the street and into society, and noble beings will associate with you wherever you mingle wisely and lovingly with your fellow-men.

Great men are always *good* men. "A good man is God's best legacy to this straying world." Such never "fail." The truly good can not be unsuccessful.

"If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it."

* * *

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

We are journeying on to partake of the feast
Which a Father's hand has spread,
For we go from here to the Land of the East,
When the world shall call us "dead."

Our footsteps tend toward the rising sun,
Which never a cloud doth mar;
And Christ shall place, when the race is run,
On our brow the morning star.

We shall lave our feet in the placid tide,
And our pain shall be washed away,
For pain or care doth never abide
In the realms of His perfect day.

What though our suffering hearts beat here
'Neath the surge of sorrowing tears,
There, never a curse, nor never a tear,
Shall be ours in the blessed years.

Our hearts are athirst for the wine of bliss,
We long to partake of the feast
That is spread for the sorrowing hearts of this
Sad land, in the Land of the East.

NEW YORK,
APRIL, 1870.

CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

WEALTHY selfishness on the one hand, and low, lazy selfishness on the other, will pit themselves against each other; the one to "grind the face of the poor;" the other, by combinations and strikes, to bring on those *un*democratic and *un*republican mobs and riots which have no justification in a free country. Where monarchies prevail, and where laborers are *owned* by the rich, and are forced to work for a paltry pittance or starve, there may be good cause for organized strikes. When capital is controlled by a horde of indolent, titled gentry; where all the land in a kingdom is owned by about one-twentieth of the inhabitants, and where nine-tenths of the people are mere serfs, with no voice in the government, there may be good reasons for strikes, mobs, riots, and revolutions. Not so, however, in a free country like ours, where every man is his own master. Here, each of us may "hire out" to whom we please, and make our own terms; or one may learn a trade, or set up in business, without let or hindrance. Here, where we have a hundred millions of acres of virgin soil as yet untouched by the husbandman, one may have a farm for the asking, or at the cost of surveying the plot. Under these circumstances can "strikes" be justified?

If a man be not satisfied with his wages; if he can better his condition by a change of employers or a change of pursuits, it is his privilege and his duty to make the change. But he has no moral right to enter into league or conspiracy with others to prevent individuals from taking the vacant places. Are employers not to have a voice in fixing prices and in the selection of their employees? Men may combine and work together in crews, bodies, and communities; they may also quit work in bodies; but they may not override the law, or break the heads of those who refuse to join them.

When capital and labor shall be organized on true Christian principles; when Acquisitiveness becomes sanctified by Benevolence and Conscientiousness, we shall act on the golden rule, and "do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

Wealthy men, without godliness, are arrogant, vain, pompous, domineering; they have no care or compassion for others. They get all they can, and keep all they get. Mammon worshipers are common throughout the world—but they are not, as a class, the happiest,—quite the contrary. Than a grabbing, sordid, miserly man, nothing is meaner; nothing more loathing to a high-minded, benevolent, honorable nature. Mammon worshipers include misers, thieves, robbers, gamblers, pirates, and the worst specimens of humanity. Such creatures live in the base of the brain without having a ray of the goodness, greatness, and generosity of the self-sacrificing benefactor.

We do not object to riches *when honorably and honestly acquired* FOR A GOOD PURPOSE. It is not money which is "the root of all evil," but the *love* of it. He who loves money for its own sake is not only a sinner, but must of necessity suffer an ungodly desire, which will inevitably drag him down.

Nor is wasteful prodigality to be justified. Money is often used so injudiciously as to result injuriously to those on whom it is expended. Think of giving money to a drunkard, a gambler, an idle spendthrift. Of course it would only worse their condition, and do the recipient no good. One without economy has no business with money.

Both capital and labor have a high and a holy mission to perform. The comforts of life are to be attained. Children are to be educated. Christianity is to be disseminated throughout the world, the Gospel is to be preached to every people. Charities for the infirm, asylums for the insane, imbecile, inebriate, deaf, dumb, and blind, are to be established; churches built, libraries established, schools and colleges endowed, scientific exploring expeditions sent out, and a thousand other objects for which capital is needed. What a blessed thing it is that rich selfish men only hold their property in trust for a short time,—that they can take nothing—absolutely *nothing*—out of the world with them! He is the best man who makes the best use and disposition of all his talents, all his time, and all his money.

When "men of means" come to realize the truth of the saying, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," they will *seek* opportunities for laying up treasures in heaven by doing good in this world. They will lift up the lowly, lend a helping hand to the young, assisting them to help themselves, by giving them an education, teaching them some useful art, and so *preventing* them from coming to want or falling into vice and crime. Oh, the good that good men may do with their money! Why will so many let the lucre they possess corrode their own souls? Why will they permit it to come into the hands of wicked attorneys, to be frittered away? or leave it for dissipated sons, whom it will certainly ruin? "Put a fool on a horse and he will ride to the bad." God is not mocked A just retribution will come to the selfish, the wicked, and to the careless.

Capital and labor must be so adjusted that there shall be no clashing, no mobbing, rioting, striking, or unkind feeling —each must accord justice to the other, and all work for the good of mankind, and for the acceptance of Him who judges righteously.

BEATING ROUND THE BUSH.

PHRENOLOGY CRITICISED.

EVERYBODY *believes* in physiognomy. Few *know* anything *definitely* about physiognomy. Most persons who write upon the subject only expose their ignorance. One writes a long magazine article giving his "notion about the human ear," endeavoring to show that men who accumulate property—become rich—have ears of a peculiar shape, and he spoils clean paper, wastes good ink, and loses time in writing out his useless notions. Nobody is any wiser for his lucubrations. To treat Mr. Bagley—that is the name of the writer in *Putnam's Magazine*—fairly, we quote him as follows: "The external human ear is a sign or mark of the money-making or wealth-accumulating (for there is a distinction between these two) faculty, as much or more so than the 'organ of Acquisitiveness,' so called; for I am no phrenologist, but hold with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that you may as easily tell the amount of money in an iron safe by fumbling the knobs, as tell the quantity and quality of a man's sense by feeling the bumps on his head. I repeat, the external ear is a mark of the wealth-accumulating faculty, more so than any fancied internal 'organs.' I am prepared to go further, and to say that, without a certain conformation of the external ear,

you can not accumulate and retain (you may make it) money, and with that conformation you can not help accumulating it."

[From this statement the reader may judge how much Mr. Bagley knows about physiognomy. We put him, with O. W. H., of Boston, whom he follows, among the boys who have failed to get their lessons—at the foot of the class. This sort of twaddle which Mr. Bagley peddles on Mr. Putnam will serve one good purpose, namely, to call public attention to the subject, like the man who sounds the gong or rings the bell to call a hungry crowd to dinner. The dinner, consisting of a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," may be found in other books and journals than those written by Bagley and Holmes. For this "sounding the gong," we thank them.

The February number of the *Galaxy* has an article on "Expressions," which is an attempt, on the part of a Mr. Coan, to show that character *is* manifested through "the human face divine." We will let him speak for himself; for he, too, shows that his actual knowledge on "the science of mind" is somewhat limited:]

"EXPRESSIONS.—'While lecturing before a German university,' said Gall, 'it occurred to me, in a happy moment, that a certain protuberance on the posterior portion of the head, immediately above the cerebellum, was equally remarkable in women and in monkeys. Both of these animals are characterized by their fondness for children.'

"The conclusion of the phrenologist was not far off. This 'protuberance on the posterior portion of the head' indicated the organ of Philoprogenitiveness. As such it was announced to the world, and became immediately famous; as such it was duly registered in a thousand charts and treatises; and as such, since the time of Gall, the 'bump' has been manipulated by ten thousand students of Phrenology. The inference drawn in that 'happy moment' by Gall became at once part and parcel of a new cerebral science; and for more than seventy years it has held its place as one of the popular ideas of the world." [Was it not a happy moment when Newton, observing the falling apple, conceived the law of gravitation? Was it not a 'happy moment' when Franklin sent up his kite to bring down electricity? Out of this 'happy thought' has grown our whole system of telegraphing! It was, indeed, a happy moment when Dr. Gall observed the fact, that organization indicated character.]

"Another happy thought of the founder of Phrenology was the following: Gall had remarked, while yet a school-boy, that some of his mates easily surpassed him in the readiness with which they committed their tasks to memory, and that these lads had peculiarly large and prominent eyes. Subsequently he noticed the same peculiarity in actors. It does not appear that he inquired whether the power to memorize speeches was characteristic of dramatic talent; but he drew a conclusion as promptly as in the other case. An organ of memory must be the neighbor, if not the actual occupant, of the orbital cavity. Since that time popular Phrenology, grouping together a number of distinct mental faculties, has called them, collectively, Memory; and located their organ in the region of the eye; and many an indolent successor of Gall, upon school-room benches, the fortunate pupil of a phrenologically-inclined master, has escaped castigation for an unlearned task at the hands of a pedagogue who read 'deficient Memory' in the smallness of his eyes.

"A few years earlier than the time of Gall, Lavater published his elaborate work upon physiognomy. His acute glances turned the eyes of all Europe, with a novel curiosity, toward the human

face; for he claimed to found a science upon the facial expressions, to divine anew the open secret of character. [He failed, through a lack of knowledge on Phrenology, Physiology, and Anatomy.] A few years later, Goethe picked up a human skull in the Hartz Mountains; and, looking intently at it, saw, with the wonderful insight of genius, an 'open secret' of structure—saw that the cranium was but the expansion and flowering of a few vertebræ, as the blossom is the higher development of the leaf. These young Germans had eyes that actually *saw* what they looked at. Goethe had a definite and piercing insight into the organization of the material part of the man; Lavater and Gall had indefinite yet truthful intuitions of its relations with the principle of life. They told us that the spirit molded and informed us at will; they pointed out in the lineaments and in the brain the traces of the plastic soul.

"Views so original and interesting could not fail of popularity. The people looked to find in them the justification of their likes and dislikes—the scientific reason of their tastes. The new doctrines were caught up by thousands of admirers; seldom have theories won so wide a popularity in so short a time.

"To minds trained in the broad and patient methods of induction, and accustomed to apply crucial tests to the results of deduction, the brilliant generalizations of Lavater now appear hasty and misjudged; and yet their doctrines have a basis in scientific facts. The crudest thinkers may entertain profound intuitions. Though these are dim and full of shadows, they are often the morning twilight of a larger truth.

[Has Mr. Coan been reading our New Physiognomy? He puts our ideas in his own words as follows:] "The time has come for a completer philosophy of expression than either the physiognomist or the phrenologist has ever made.

"The whole frame and substance of man is charged with meaning. No single part or organ of the body enjoys a monopoly of expression. * * * Through us nature strives to reveal herself in every possible way. Forms, color, contours, motions, gestures, words, the voice, the palm, the handwriting, the quantity and the quality of the tissues, the complexion, the conformation of each member, manners, habits, tastes, antipathies—these and countless other outward manifestations depend upon and express the inner life. Confucius said, 'How can a man be concealed? How can a man be concealed?' repeating the ejaculation, as if humanity was indeed an open secret to his penetrating glance. It is not unlikely, indeed, that this acute observer found all the forms of expression almost equally indicative. But to us the most legible, if not the completest, revelations of character are inscribed upon the face or embodied in the structure of the brain.

"The proper data of physiognomy and of Phrenology are not, however, the main reliance of the popular practitioner of these arts. The phrenologist who fingers your skull by no means confines himself to the observation of your 'bumps.' [Who pretends that he does?] He knows that were he restricted to these he could give but a very meager account of you. [But better, far better, than can be given by any other means *without* Phrenology.] He judges of your character by all that his trained 'perceptives' can observe—by your speech and your silence, by your dress, your movements, your attitude, your temperament, stature, age, your hurry and your repose, your sex, and calling. A hundred things go to make up the estimate which perhaps surprises you for its correctness, and which the fluent

operator claims to have based upon his measurements of your brain. [No, no, Mr. Coan, you are wrong. The delineator of character takes the brain chiefly into account.] If, however, you restrict him to the legitimate data of his own science, he will often, perhaps generally, go wide of the mark. In one amusing instance with which I was acquainted, the same person presented himself on two successive nights to a popular lecturer upon Phrenology—the first time assuming the dress and the subdued air of a theological student, the second time appearing with the swagger of a rowdy. The phrenologist had been very successful in his descriptions of character, as long as his subjects made no effort to mislead. But he was completely deceived by the *acted* character, and described the same person, within twenty-four hours, as a devout recluse and as a 'Bowery boy.'" [We ask for the proof, and respectfully guess that the statement is hardly true.]

"Yet the ordinary procedure of the phrenologist is a simple thing, and appeals less to minute observation than to the vanity and ignorance of the subject. [Has Mr. Coan been duped by a tricky phrenologist? It would so appear. He probably judges others by himself when he says:] People like to be estimated according to their own opinion of themselves; and the gourmand is delighted with this accurate criticism, which he believes could have been dictated only by the profoundest science. Henceforth he finds gourmandism justified by Phrenology, and Phrenology proved by gourmandism. The next caller is a handsome youth of the sanguine temperament. The operator touches his cerebellum, and whispers, 'You are fond of the sex; you are a favorite with the ladies;' and the blooming youth wonders, in turn, at the skill of the man who has perceived in him nothing more than a constant and common attribute of healthy human nature. [A good hit, Mr. Coan; try again.]

"What are the possibilities of Phrenology? The brain is a labyrinth, a library, a palimpsest; not a hundredth part of its records are as yet legible by us, yet the phrenologist's lack of success does not prove Phrenology to be a failure. There can be no doubt that it is a just metaphor by which we speak of 'the head' when we mean 'the mind.' The spirit is indeed quite at home throughout the body, immanent in every part; no tissue is without some tinge of that delicate infusion; but its favorite seat is the nerve-substance, and its chosen home the brain. The brain is the palace where the guest and monarch of the body is entertained, whence his messengers and his commands are sent; it rules the body, it rules the planet. Its record is not more absolute or more complete than that of the face; but it incorporates impressions more completely with its substance. The face is a sheet of sensitized photograph-paper; the brain is the bulb of a self-registering thermometer. As that instrument, though deeply buried in the ground, is still sensitive to the surrounding changes of temperature, and receives impressions from countless phenomena—feeling the radiations of the stars and the warmth of the central fires, noticing the passing shower, and the flying shadow of the cloud, receiving the down-workings of all the surface heat and cold, and gathering into its bulb a million thermal pulses in order to strike the average of the year—so the brain of man is the exact sum and register of all his experiences, at once the record and the result of all his passions, thoughts, and deeds. To it we look for the completest meanings expressed in the smallest compass. The human brain, as far as we know, is the highest thing that has been as yet developed in the universe. [This is the kind of speculation which

has been attempted over and over again; glittering with vapid generalities, it affords no definite base for sound logical reasoning Give us the anatomy.]

"Phrenology, instead of claiming too much, has claimed by far too little. There are endless data in the convolutions of the brain; physiological science constantly discloses more and more of them, in spite of the difficulty under which it labors—that in studying the brain one must use the brain itself as an instrument. What Phrenology has already established it is not my object in the present paper to discuss. Let me point out some further possibilities of the sciences of expression.

"Though the brain is the special seat of the mind, it is by no means its only seat. The outposts of the physical kingdom are not unfrequented by the spirit. It is a modern theory that limits the intellect to the cerebral substance. 'The Greeks,' says Hiram Powers, 'did not consider the brain so much the seat of thought, and the exclusive home of the soul, as we moderns do; and this had its advantages in their art.' Had we the skill to decipher the fine outlying traces of the spirit, we should recognize in each of the tissues more than its merely physical constitution. Pope said, in his finical, alliterative way, that the divine nature was 'as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.' It was a saying which may be called at once profoundly true and profoundly false. Pope did not see that the adjustment of mind to matter is always an affair of proportion—that the spiritual principle does not inhere *equally* in each part of the man; yet he saw that no part of the man is quite devoid of the spiritual principle. In Coleridge's profounder statement, there is a 'universal immanence of all in each.' The generalization of the great thinker finds a democratic expression upon the street. There is no more philosophical formula than that of the *gamin* who first said 'things is mixed.' The aphorism is true, not only in the human body, but in every domain of nature. In each one a single characteristic predominates; but with it coexists a minor proportion of qualities the most different, remote, and antagonistic. Thus in the scale of organisms, which ranges from the most perfect animal to the lowest plant, we see the spiritual principle dominant in the higher life. As we range downward through the scale, its manifestation becomes less evident; and most plants seem, at first sight, to be quite devoid of anything besides the material. But scientific observation discloses to us their principles of life and of growth, their capacity of motion and of apparent sense; and further inquiry tends to make the arguments that treat of man's disembodied life seem almost equally pertinent to the lower lives of the vine and the fig-tree under the shadow of which he reads Plato's doctrine of immortality.

"Had we skill to read the mysteries that are expressed in each minor domain of the human body, we should find every portion of our physical frame to be charged with endless meanings, complex, subtile, and inconceivably varied, yet always definite and true. We may never be able to read all these meanings; our science can not become omniscience; but this limitation does not imply the incompleteness of the record which we study. It is because of our dullness, not because of the lack of expression in nature, that we fail to trace her infinite significances. [An honest confession, but why not say 'I,' instead of 'we?'] When our senses, through a refining development, become subtler, keener, more penetrant—when our science, armed with new methods, becomes more aggressive and fuller of insight, we shall find that the histories of men and of mankind are written not only in the face and in the brain, but in

every member of the body. [Aye, aye, sir, and this is exactly what intelligent phrenologists have, for the past thirty years, been training themselves to do.]

"Zoological science has already given us an intimation of these surprising possibilities. Who would have believed, a century ago, that the naturalist would ever be able to reconstruct, with no other guide than a single fossil bone, the entire skeleton of an extinct animal—to inform us of the personal appearance and of the habits of species that ceased to exist a hundred thousand years ago? Yet Owens, Professor Hawkins, and others have done this, and found their reproductions verified in the smallest details by the subsequent discovery of complete skeletons. The method that they have employed is capable of the largest application, and will lead to surprising results. Not only the bones of the skeleton, but all the parts of organization and all the phenomena of life are related. It is not inconceivable that by a scientific method more refined and perfect, yet essentially the same as that by which we have already learned to build up the complete megalosaurus or mastodon from a single vertebra, we may yet be able to construct an entire character from a single hair. [Then why not judge character by the living head or the dead cranium?] To do this would be but to take a long step farther upon the path which discovery has already entered. Though the achievement may long transcend the powers of science, yet it lies directly in the line of scientific progress. The same laws of unity and universal relation, which are now proved to pervade the domain of material existence, will be found to extend farther than has been supposed, and to link matter with spirit in ways as yet unknown. [We are on that same track, Mr. Coan, and hope to reach the desired point in good time.]

"In the domain of anthropology, we shall find endless new applications of this broad law of relation. Future physiologists will not be content merely to reconstruct the frame from its fragment. They will deduce the body from their knowledge of the mind—they will find the character implied in the structure of the body, and will build up the entire organism from its smallest manifestation. As we already study birds which have left no traces other than tracks in the hardened sandstone, so the least vestige of the human being may yet be found a sufficient clew to its inmost nature—to its past or its future history as well as to its present condition. [This is more than the most visionary enthusiast in practical Phrenology ever claimed or attempted.]

"Nor, when our knowledge of the signs of character becomes more complete, shall we be strictly limited to the study of those which are contained in the brain and in the face. If character is a record as well as a present condition, a perfect insight would divine not only the present state but the entire career of the man from intimations as slight as the lines on his palm, the quality of his voice, his step, his signature. The whole of man is contained in the least part of him. A dim perception of this truth has expressed itself in a hundred pseudo sciences. Even superstitions and *charlatanerie* have a scientific basis. Palmistry is not so much a false as an imperfect art; the handwriting is more expressive than it has ever been supposed to be. When they are rescued from the hands of pretenders and claimed by science, these half-expressed secrets will be found replete with intense significance. [Why not condescend to reduce these points to method? Why not give us the science?]

"All expression, indeed, is both *true* and *complete*. Palmistry and divination are not yet placed upon a scientific footing; nor have the more obvious signals

of character been fully interpreted. Faces even are less frequently books in plain print than hieroglyphs and obscurely-written palimpsests. Napoleon declared himself, according to Las Casas, 'convinced, by long experience, that no reliance was to be placed upon the expressions of the face.' [A mistake. Napoleon *did* select his generals by their noses.] This was simply a confession of inability to read those expressions. Though they may baffle and mislead us, they are never essentially false; they are simply too fine for our skill. [Instead of 'our' skill, say *my* skill.] We may yet find the face to be a legible book. [As it is.] Already we read in it the unmistakable traces of the stronger passions. We know comparatively little of the subtler indications; yet these are destined to be more and more perfectly understood. The milder and less frequent passions are not less inexorably, though more lightly, engraven upon the face than the stronger ones. Though minutely, they are perfectly, expressive. Every experience records itself upon our frame. [Our writer here makes use of very positive language, as if he *knew* what he was speaking of.] The very effort to conceal an emotion is itself indicative. The utmost that we can do is to translate into an obscurer cipher the record of that which we would hide. But the record is still there; and though it is modified, it is ineffaceable. Thus, we may so disguise love or hatred that only a single observer among a hundred shall detect its working. We may hide the more obvious signs of the passion; but the *effort to conceal* remains to be hidden; and this effort is itself an affection of the mind. Repression, as well as the most unchecked expression, is an act which disturbs the mental equilibrium, and leaves a more or less recognizable trace in speech, gesture, silence, or some other sign. Outward repose may be preserved; but the serenity that comes of effort can not be quite identical with that which is spontaneous; it is a semblance, not intrinsic; and the difference between the two betrays, and is the key to the secret. An old aphorism, and a very just one, declares that the perfection of art is to conceal art; and certain concealments are both practicable and indispensable, yet in the final sense it is impossible to conceal art. The face may reveal as much by its lack of expression as by its positive significances. It is like an algebraic summation; even inanity affects the total, as minus quantities are included in the result. 'Against stupidity,' said Schiller, 'the gods themselves are powerless.' But we may deduce whole biographies and histories from stupid people, who are simply the incarnation of unfit or dwarfing conditions. In proportion to our acuteness of perception we can deduce more and more of these conditions from the complex data of the countenance.

"Even with our present imperfect knowledge, we can understand enough of physical expressions to find in them a profoundly interesting study. [An admission in our favor.] When we recognize the fact that not only these but all other phenomena are related with each other and affect each other—when we see that each present fact in the universe is the result, outgrowth, and factor of every other thing that has ever existed or occurred, and that the slightest conceivable difference in the history of the cosmos would have made its present condition different from what it is, we shall be prepared to admit that the brain is not only the perfect exponent of man, but also the perfect exponent of all that is. Already we recognize principles that we believe to be universal. We find that no atom in the cosmos can escape from the net of gravitation which binds all together, an infinite web of force."

[We trust to the good sense of our readers to weigh the words of such critics, and to appreciate the strong admissions made here and there in favor of Phrenology. There are not wanting those who employ their cultured intellects in attempting by direct attacks to undermine our principles; but instead of dreading them, we are drawn to thank them for calling attention to the subject in the popular magazines, and feel that instead of injuring us, their course involves the disagreeable consequences of placing on record the humiliating confession that they themselves really know but little about the subject on which they write.—ED. A. P. J.]

CONSOLIDATION.

THIS is a good word. We consolidate railways, steamship companies, and churches. Even the Old School and New School Presbyterians have lately consolidated; and we look for the consolidation of the High Church with the Low Church Episcopalians in the good time coming, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion; and when the Hebrews, old and new schools, shall be united; when the Baptists and the Methodists of every complexion of doctrine shall come on one common platform.

Now, if we could manage to consolidate two-thirds of all the newspapers and magazines, the readers would get more real cream and less skimmed milk, or diluted literature. The first step in the line of magazine consolidation has been taken. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY initiate the movement. We open our arms to embrace *Harper*, *Putnam*, *Lippincott*, the *Atlantic* and the *Pacific*.

If all the "best thoughts" of all our best writers were run through a powerful condensing machine, *one* magazine—THE PHRENOLOGICAL—would supply the place of all the rest. It is the real grain the reader wants, and not chaff. In another place may be found the correspondence between Mr. Packard and ourselves relative to the consolidation.

THE OPEN WAY;

OR, FREE MORAL AGENCY vs. FATALITY.

AGAINST the objection that Phrenology leads to fatality, we have often been compelled to speak; and now a clergyman, who recently became a reader of this JOURNAL, puts the following questions to us:

"If a man be born with a very large 'bump' of Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness, without Conscientiousness, is he not, almost of necessity, liable to become a thief? Or, if one has such a fiery temper that he can not control it, is he not to be more pitied than blamed? Or, if a person be deficient in Veneration, and other moral and religious faculties, can he be otherwise than skeptical?"

And now, in the real New England fashion, we will answer these questions by asking others: Who made man? Is not the brain as much a part of man as the body? If God made the bone, muscle, and nerve, did He not also make the mind? Is one fated—predestined—to be born a male and another a female? To be light-complexioned or dark? White or black? Jew or Gentile? Christian or Pagan? If so, who is to blame? And how, or wherein, is Phrenology responsible for such conditions? The fact is, most men are cowards, and wish to shirk responsibility, and to charge their own wickedness to fate, or to the devil. If one has any besetting sin, such as drunkenness, or pilfering, or gormandizing, or licentiousness, he would excuse himself on the ground of a natural tendency inherited through deficient or predominating faculties, rather than face the fact that he yields to temptation *con-*

trary to his own convictions of right—that he seeks self-indulgence in forbidden ways. Is not *that* cowardly?

What is there more brave, more manly, more noble, more God-like than self-denial? And who, among men, are so perfect or so free from fault as not to be in danger of temptation? Aye, and sometimes to yield? But if fortified with the grace of God, he will make haste to repent, and try to sin no more.

We are free moral agents to obey or to disobey; to do right or to do wrong; to be virtuous or vicious; religious or irreligious; hopeful or hopeless; kindly or selfish; honest or dishonest men; and there can be no excuse based on the "bumps," unless idiocy be made to appear, in which case a man is, of course, not deemed responsible. But the fact that the organs of the mind may be increased or diminished by exercise, or the want of it; that we change, and grow better or worse; that we *may improve*, is an argument *against* the charge of fixity or fatality, and in favor of free moral agency.

Let us hear no more of these weak, whining excuses for getting "off the track." It is the duty of the superintendent to keep the track in good condition, free from broken rails or other obstacles. He must also see to it that the locomotive and other machinery be well appointed, with all the "brakes" well in hand, to be applied at the first signal. These and all the necessary precautions would prevent "smash-ups," and moral and spiritual ruin. Think of a railway train, freighted with the richest productions, besides men, women, and children, running on a down grade, near a precipice, with careless brakesmen and a drunken engineer! Imagine the peril! Or suppose ourselves traveling by steamer on one of our great rivers, or on the ocean, with a drunken captain or a tippling pilot, and a terrible catastrophe takes place—hundreds of human beings being swallowed suddenly by eternity, are we to excuse such carelessness because of the "bumps?" And yet, on examination, it would probably appear that the organ of Cautiousness would be deficient, and that managers had failed to "put the right man in the right place."

No, we can not believe that we are *fated* to be good or bad, but we believe that we may be either. Grace works through means, and is vouchsafed to those only who ask it, and who put themselves in the way to obtain it. We are responsible for the right use of the talents we possess—*not* for what we have not, and for what we can not attain. No short man will be punished for not being tall. No "red-head" is better or worse for the color of his hair, unless he practices deceit by coloring it. The question will be, Did he live in the love and fear of God? Did he do right? If so, he will "enter into the joy of his Lord."

Phrenology is no more chargeable with *fatality*, or with *materialism*, than the reader is with being young or old, comely or ugly, a male or a female, a Quaker or a Comanche.

FACT, OR FICTION.

IT is said by publishers of story papers that no periodical can succeed in this country without fiction; that novel-reading has become a passion with girls and boys, men and women; that the story papers—even those of well-known immoral tendency—have very large circulations, greatly exceeding that of the religious and scientific press combined. In view of these facts, the question is urged, "Why not open the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to the same sort of stuff?" Our answer is, We can not afford to violate our sense of right, propriety, and decency by catering to perverted passions, even though it would

bring us millions. We feel our accountability in this matter, and will not sell the JOURNAL nor ourselves to gain any amount of lucre. We appeal to sensible men and women, and submit the matter to them. If the JOURNAL can not find patronage by serving the best interests of mankind, rather than to debase or pollute them, it will retire to private life. But we are in for a "big fight." We believe ourselves to be on the right side. We can ask a blessing on our work. Noble spirits second our efforts. We receive warmest words of encouragement from willing helpers everywhere. We shall neither fail nor falter. We shall hold firmly to *fact*, and let alone severely *fiction*.

Truly Yours S S Packard

S. S. PACKARD,

EDITOR OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

MR. S. S. PACKARD, whose portrait is before the reader, looks to be the active, wide-awake, intense spirit he is. He stands about five feet nine, and weighs nearly one hundred and fifty pounds. His eyes are blue, his hair brown, his complexion fair.

His brain is decidedly large, nearly twenty-three inches in circumference, and its quality is of the best. The mental temperament greatly predominates, and he is of the high-pressure stamp.

By thoroughly temperate habits and careful regulation of his passions he has been enabled to continue in healthy and working order almost from infancy to the present. He is most emphatically an earnest worker. Indeed, there is an excess of energy—the propelling power being greater than the restraining. If he would live long, he must put on the brakes and slow up his mental locomotive.

He is capable of excelling in any one of a hundred pursuits. He has great versatility, vivacity, enthusiasm, and push. We count him among our rising young men.

The story of his life which follows is from his own pen, furnished at our request, but not intended for publication in this form. It is so fresh and unique, and withal shows so aptly, without intending it, the quality of his mind, that we hazard his displeasure in printing it as it is.—ED. A. P. J.

To the best of my knowledge, which depends entirely upon information from outside sources, I was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, April 28, 1826. You will remember that this town has the honor of having produced the great American poet, William Cullen Bryant, which should, in all fairness, exempt it from any further contribution to the world's list of great men, for a few generations at least. I can not say what the inspirational surroundings might have done for me, had I not removed from their influence at a tender age. Possibly a twin "Thanatopsis" may have slept in my brain—but if so, it slept the sleep that knows no waking. My father was a poor man. In fact—though I say it who need not—I never knew a person by our name who was not poor. "Poor *but* Honest," is the device on our family crest. I want no better.

Because my father was poor, he transplanted himself and his five boys—of whom I was next the youngest, and the laziest—in the then new country of Ohio, when I was but seven. I have a vivid recollection of the process of transplanting, in which are mingled visions of a thirty days' journey by land and water (horse teams and canal boats), a number of years' sojourn in log cabins with puncheon floors, clapboard roofs, and stick chimneys—accommodating tenements with parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and family bedroom on one floor, and boys' dormitory and general store room in the upper story, to which access was had through a hole in the ceiling by means of a ladder. Healthful homes these for growing boys, but rather more useful than ornamental. I think I was never intended for a pioneer. Roughing it never quite agreed with me. Hard work and coarse fare I liked much better in the abstract than in the concrete. It is very well to read in books of the early hardships of such men as Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and other luminaries whose after-success in life gives a halo of distant glory to the humble surroundings of their boyhood; but the actual contact with such surroundings is quite of another piece.

I did not like to work against such odds, but had no dislike to books and learning generally. I even undertook and accomplished, when but a stripling, the enormous task of reading the Bible through within a year—being moved thereto by the brilliant promise of a quarter of a dollar. I have often thought, however, that the evil effects of this achievement quite offset the good, for leaving out of account the fact that owing to a hole in my pocket I lost the quarter within an hour after it was mine, I am very much afraid that the accomplishment of the task placated my conscience for many positive neglects to read the good book in after-days when I could better understand its teachings; besides, it gave me a feeling of superiority over such of my wicked companions as had neglected this important duty. On the strength of this early education, I had serious thoughts of becoming a preacher, but as I grew older I thought better of it. I did want to be a printer, however, and to this day I can never understand why my decided preference in this matter was persistently over-

ruled. I always had a reverence for types, and although I have had considerable to do with them in my later years, the glamour does not seem to grow dim.

We settled in Licking County, Ohio. When about fourteen I instituted a strategic movement, which resulted in a permission from my father to go to a boys' academy at Granville, about six miles away—provided I would pay for my own board and tuition. The board part I managed readily enough by engaging to "do chores" out of school hours, and the tuition I held as a sacred debt, which I was only too glad to pay in after-days. I remember leaving home for this auspicious opening. I had on a pair of new shoes which, before proceeding far, I took off, carrying them in my hands until within a short distance of the academy. I was fearful they would not last out the term. It was in summer-time, and in a part of the civilized world where barefooted boys were the rule, instead of the exception.

My first real financial success was achieved at this academy, when I received a silver dollar as a premium for the best public recitation. It seemed to me at this time that money and fame were mine—only for the asking. I have often asked since without any adequate response. There was one thing, however, in which as a boy I excelled—my penmanship. I had always a taste for writing, and was permitted to gratify it—if not at too great expense. Peripatetic writing-masters were, in my fond imagination, the most talented, happy, and enviable of mortals. I early resolved that when I got old enough I would adopt this profession, and to that end I sharpened up my goose-quill pens and performed such antics on paper in fancy-colored inks as would and did astound the uninitiated.

At the age of sixteen I determined to enter upon my career, and with the consent of my father I started out on foot to try the temper of the world. The first day I walked thirty miles to the village of Eden, in Delaware County, Ohio; and here, after a fortnight of canvassing, I opened my first school. My prices were rather extravagant, being for a course of lessons, *fifty cents* a head, *payable in wheat;* but as wheat was, at this time, worth just fifty cents a bushel, it was a very easy matter to estimate the *bulk* of my accumulating possessions. At the end of six weeks I had finished my school, collected my wheat and sold it, and after paying my current expenses, found myself possessed of *four dollars and seventy-five cents.* This was the largest amount of money I had ever possessed, and I am sure that never since have I enjoyed such perfect consciousness of wealth. With the possession of wealth came a sense of responsibility, and never was money more conscientiously squandered than were these my first earnings. This school in Eden established my reputation and my manhood, and brought me the magnificent offer of seven dollars a month (and board), as a teacher of a district school in an adjoining town. This offer I gladly accepted, and fulfilled my part of the contract with the utmost fidelity. I engaged for ten months, and liberal as was the remuneration, I have always felt that I earned those *seventy dollars.* The "boarding" part was the most difficult and delicate of management, as any person will understand who has tried that process of living known as "boarding around." The week or fortnight set apart for the "schoolmaster to come to our house" is an event in the family which no one understands better than the schoolmaster himself. In the fall and winter the most "convenient" time for the schoolmaster is just after "hog-killing," for then fresh meat, in the shape of spare-ribs, sausages, and other fatty luxuries of a porcine kind are most abundant; and doughnuts and buckwheat cakes are in their prime. The schoolmaster who "boards around" in a country district for a whole season without contracting dyspepsia, scrofula, or cutaneous eruptions will have no difficulty in passing an examination before a life-insurance physician. This remark is general, and can not be said to apply with any special force to my experiences here; for I doubt if ever country schoolmaster was more kindly cared for, or bore away more tender recollections of happy days in school-room and at the homes of pupils. Of all my life-experience there is none greener in memory than my first ten months as a teacher.

My apprenticeship having been pretty well accomplished, and my purse replenished, I determined to go South, and set up as a

"Yankee school-teacher." Accordingly in the fall of 1845 I landed from an Ohio River packet at Maysville, Kentucky, and proceeded to the interior town of Mt. Sterling, Montgomery County. I spent three very happy years in Kentucky. The ready, unassuming hospitality of the people charmed me, and gave me a better idea of genuine politeness than I had ever had. It was my pleasure, ever to be remembered, to visit Henry Clay at his own home; to listen to the famous debate on Baptism between Campbell and Rice at Lexington, and to hear Cassius M. Clay speak against slavery at Winchester, while with a drawn pistol in one hand he maintained the right to speak as he thought.

In January, 1848, I removed to Cincinnati, where I spent two years in connection with "Bartlett's Commercial College." My next home was in Adrian, Michigan, where for twelve months out of the eighteen of my sojourn I alternately battled against and succumbed to the malarious fevers of that locality. That was a warfare which I have no heart to commend, or even to recall. The very thought of it—now twenty years removed—sends a chill through my whole system. I left Michigan as soon as I was able to travel, and on the 19th day of October, 1851, landed with my little family on the banks of the Erie Canal opposite the Eagle tavern in the village of Lockport, New York. I stepped upon the pavements of that solid old town with a consciousness of vigor I had not felt for months; but my ardor was somewhat dampened when an innocent boy who passed me exclaimed to his friend, "Jim, look there! There goes a ghost!" The "ghost" found a pleasant home in Lockport for a space of two years, and gathered strength of body and purpose to become what from boyhood had been my ambition, a country editor. In the fall of 1853 I established at Tonawanda—a village lying midway between Buffalo and Niagara Falls—a weekly paper, called "The Niagara River Pilot." Possibly, my friend, you may never have heard of this luminary. If not, it is no fault of mine. It was a model newspaper. I thought so then, and I dislike to think otherwise now. The editor was in earnest, and whatever may be said of his journalistic ability, his fidelity to his constituents could never be called in question. I have never heard any one say—resident or stranger—that the village of Tonawanda was the most delightful spot on earth. I hardly think it was myself; but there was sufficient in my daily duties to make its unpaved streets passable, its mixed society endurable, and its prospective greatness a matter of sure prophecy. It was this prospect that gave point and zest to my labor and courage to my heart.

I looked upon the overgrown and usurping city of Buffalo with a sort of mild commiseration, and sought to have the commercial world understand what was *so* patent to every interested landholder, that the only natural and capable harbor at the head of Lake Erie was this famous port of Tonawanda. I advocated with great zeal the closing of Buffalo harbor, the removing of its great business of transshipment to Tonawanda, the fixing of the western terminus of the Erie Canal at this point, and also that of the Ship Canal to be built by the General Government around Niagara Falls. In fact, if my paper had been as powerful in influence as my arguments were strong in logic and fervent in utterance, the result of my editorial labors would have been no less astonishing to the world than gratifying to myself.

In addition to my duties as editor and publisher, I took charge of the financial interests of the Tonawanda Commercial Company—a co-partnership of Cleveland capitalists, who had bought most of the real estate of the village by the acre, expecting to make a fortune in selling it out by the foot—and also accepted various official positions which where thrust upon me, such as village clerk, chorister of a church choir, superintendent of a Sabbath-school, etc. I also learned the art of telegraphy, and assumed personal control of the telegraph office—generally delivering my own messages. But at last I suffered a political defeat, which decided me to seek new pastures. I became a candidate for Canal Collector; and although I was assured from good sources that my name was "on the slate," a man who had more money than I took the position with its honors and emoluments. My political ambition was forever quenched.

In the fall of 1856 I was induced to join Messrs. Bryant and Stratton in their efforts

to establish commercial colleges in every city and village of the United States and Canada. In his Mormon lecture, Artemus Ward was wont to point out the connecting link of this chain in Salt Lake City, though I am not sure he was right. In 1858 I came to New York, and established the institution which I have now in charge. Of its success and standing I have nothing to say, except that I have honestly tried to meet the public want in this direction. In 1859–60 I prepared for the press three separate works on bookkeeping, which have fully met the expectation of publishers and copyright owners, from which the conclusion is naturally drawn that they answer a public demand.

In May, 1868, I commenced the publication of *Packard's Monthly*, with a view, first to give expression to the best thoughts bearing upon the subject of practical education, and next to test in some measure the feasibility of establishing a popular magazine without the aid of fiction. I will say frankly that I had no thought of entering into competition with any literary publication, nor even to make literary excellence a test in matter accepted for publication. Two single points I proposed to keep in view—first, that the articles published should be beneficent in design and scope, and next that they should be truthful. If these conditions were met, the more spicy and sensational they were, the better they were adapted to my purpose. In following out this design it became necessary to deal to some extent in the affairs of every-day life, and in allusions to prominent men and women now living; in all of which I have aimed to be governed by the purpose to present such points in individual character as would inspire the young to brave and virtuous deeds, and satisfy a healthy public demand for knowledge of the living and moving world of mind.

I have ever believed, and never more earnestly than now, that there is a little of the Great Father in every son and daughter who bears His image; and it has always been a pleasure—as I trust it always may be—for me to recognize, however indistinctly, the likeness. I would much rather be able to point out the good in an exceptionally bad character, than to exaggerate the evil which, in some measure, mixes with humanity in its best estate. It is to me a great satisfaction that this point in my purpose has been properly appreciated, and that the results have borne out my most ardent hopes.

ONE OF OUR SUBURBS.

NEW YORK is growing, and her population extends in all directions. Here are facts of interest touching our neighbors across the Hudson River, in New Jersey.

"The population of Hudson County, which has quadrupled itself in twenty years, now exceeds 150,000.

"The population of Jersey City, recently enlarged by the consolidation with it of the City of Bergen and Hudson City, is about 90,000.

"The number of houses built last year in Hudson County exceeds 2,500, and it is expected that this number will be largely overrun during 1870.

"The prices of Hudson County real estate, already considerable, are steadily advancing.

"The collector's returns of income tax show a revenue, from that collection district, which is only surpassed by three districts in New York city, by one in Massachusetts, and by one in California; while they also show that it contains a larger number of persons whose incomes exceed $1,000 than any other district in the country.

"There are now eight lines of ferries crossing the North River, and carrying to New York over 36,000,000 of people every year.

"Of this vast aggregate, the local traffic of Jersey City with New York counts for nearly 10,000,000, of Hoboken over 4,000,000, and of the southern part of the county, including Bergen Point, about 1,000,000."

Taking in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, etc., which are suburban parts of New York, our population would exceed 2,000,000. O that we were growing good as we are growing great! *When* is the good time coming?

A SCHEME FOR SWINDLING.—Here we copy a circular sent out to catch rogues and simpletons:

CONFIDENTIAL—*My Dear Sir:* We have a large stock of exact copies of U. S. Treasury Notes on hand, made by men skilled in the art, which we desire immediately to dispose of, even if sacrificed. They are arranged in packages, each representing over $500 of various denominations, 1's, 2's, 5's, etc., so ac-

curate as to be a perfect fac-simile of the genuine U. S. Note. We will not sell a package for less than $15, on receipt of which we will send it to you; or if you do not wish to trust us to this amount, we will send it to you on receipt of $5; the balance, $10, you can send to us as soon after you receive the package as possible. We trust partly to your honesty to do this, at the same time thinking that, as you will consider it to your interest to deal with us further, you will comply with our request. After you have ordered the package, any information we can afford will be cheerfully given. We would prefer to have the money sent by mail, registered, as it is less trouble, and saves both you and us the express charges. If you desire to avail yourself of this opportunity, you must do so at once, and address us carefully. You have our address. We offer special inducements to any one desirous of becoming our confidential Agent.

P. S. No samples sent. When sent C. O. D., *one dollar must come with the order.*

[There is no law to prevent these rogues from selling this trash; but there is a law which will shut up in States prison every mother's son caught *passing* these counterfeit notes. It is a trap. Look out, or get caught. No *honest* man would touch the stuff.

ORIGINS OF GREAT MEN.—St. Andrew, Apostle, was the son of a fisherman. St. John was also the son of a fisherman. Pope Sixtus V. was the son of a swineherd; he was also one. Aristotle, of a doctor. Boccacio, of a merchant. Columbus, of a wool-comber. John Basth, of a fisherman. Luther, of a miner. Diderot, of a cutler. Cook, of a servant. Hampden, of a carpenter. Talma, of a dentist. Gesner, of a bookseller. Salvator Rosa, of a surveyor. Euripides, of a fruit-woman. Virgil, of a baker. Horace, of a denizen. Voiture, of a tax-collector. Lamothe, of a hatter. Fletcher, of a chandler. Massillon, of a turner. Tamerlane, of a shepherd. Quinault, of a baker. Rollin, of a cutler. Moliere, of an upholsterer. J. J. Rousseau, of a watchmaker. Richter, of a country schoolmaster. Sir Samuel Borrich, of a silversmith. Ben Jonson, of a mason. Wm. Shakspeare, of a butcher. Sir Thomas Lawrence, of a custom-house officer. Collins, of a hatter. Gray, of a notary. Beattie, of a laborer. Sir Edward Sugden, of a barber. Thomas Moore, of a sword-maker. Rembrandt, of a miller. Benjamin Franklin, of a chandler. Cardinal Wolsey, of a butcher. Napoleon, of a farmer. [Yes, but who were their mothers? Give credit where credit is due.]

DEATH OF ANSON BURLINGAME.

THIS distinguished American died, after a very brief illness, on the 23d of February, in St. Petersburg, Russia, where he had arrived but a short time previously with his Chinese suite. His loss will be keenly regretted, not only by the Chinese Government—which had selected him to carry out a very important diplomatic programme with the leading nations of the world, and had, so far as he had carried it forward, warmly approved his conduct—but also by his fellow-countrymen, who, with scarcely a single exception, held him highly in esteem for his straightforward, manly character and solid abilities.

ANSON BURLINGAME.

As we have already published a sketch of Mr. Burlingame at some length, we will, at this time, give but a brief glance of his eminent career as furnished by an exchange:

"He was born at New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, on the 14th November, 1822, and spent his youth chiefly in active life upon the Western frontier, at one time in surveying land, and at another in taking part, singularly enough at so early an age, in making treaties with the Indian tribes on the outposts of civilization. The treaties which he subsequently made were of much greater historical importance, and mark an era in the world's progress.

"Mr. Burlingame's education was begun at the Branch University of Michigan, which seminary of learning he left to enter Harvard University, where he obtained a degree in 1846. Adopting the law as his profession, he entered upon the practice in Boston, but was soon afterward transferred to public station as a State senator. He was elected as such in 1852, and the following year was chosen a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts.

"From that time till his appointment by President Lincoln as Minister to China, in 1861, he was always prominent before the people of the United States, as he has since been prominent before the world. He was a Representative in the Thirty-fourth, the Thirty-fifth, and the Thirty-sixth Congress, serving four sessions as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His diplomatic service under the Imperial Government of China is too well known to need mention; but, perhaps, it is not extravagant to say of it that a mission of greater interest and dignity has never been confided to a statesman. He may be said to have been in the largest sense a "Citizen of the World," and the work upon which he was engaged at the time of his death, of bringing the vast Chinese Empire with its teeming millions and its immemorial semi-civilization into relations with the great Western nations, will long preserve his name as one of the foremost workers of progress."

CONCESSIONS.

NOW and then we find a writer on Physiology in the *regular* medical publications of the day making some acknowledgment of what medicine and physiology owe to Phrenology. The *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for January has the following on pages 195 and 197, which we take the liberty to copy:

"This work on Phrenology brings to mind the one great thing that must be said in favor of this so-called science. The division, excited by many of the books on this subject, is apt to prevent the reader from giving the credit that is due to the results achieved by the many scientific men who at one time and another have been favorable to the central idea around which the phrenological doctrine is grouped. It is mainly to the labors of those who have inculcated the doctrine of the localization of faculties, that the metaphysical conception of mind, as an entity separated from and at continual variance with matter, has become a thing of the past, and in its place substituted the conception of a force developed from and dependent on the changes induced in a material substratum, the brain. For their timely aid in achieving so great a work, not only in popular but in professional opinion, scientific men are their debtors, and it is but just that, in condemning their errors, we should accord credit to whatever of truth may be found in their system.

"No fact is more certain than that a living brain, normal in size and supplied with a due amount of good blood, will manifest the phenomena of healthy mind, and that the moral and emotional qualities of this mind will be the resultant of the conditions under which the brain is developed and surrounded. In other words, were it possible to accurately determine and appreciate the circumstances that have surrounded an individual, as well as the hereditary predisposition he possessed, his character could be determined with as much accuracy as an eclipse can be predicted."

A MAN who has a strong mind can bear to be insulted, can bear offenses, because he is strong. The weak mind snaps and snarls at a little; the strong mind bears it like a rock, and it moveth not, though a thousand breakers dash upon it and cast their pitiful malice in the spray upon its summit.

[Napoleon said, "He who can control himself is greater than he who controls armies." Parents will find their *greatest* achievements in controlling themselves—the next in teaching their children self-control.]

A MIND VIGOROUS IN OLD AGE.—An esteemed Shaker lady sent us some time ago the following item of interest: "My aged father, who is almost blind, completed his seventy-eighth year on the 8th of May, 1869. He has retained his intellectual faculties to a remarkable degree; for on that day he computed accurately, without the assistance of paper or pencil, the number of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds of his seventy-eight years, and gave us the results."

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

Contributions for this Department, to insure attention, must be short, pointed, truthful, and upon subjects of vital interest.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE transcript of a correspondence between the publishers of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY, which appears in another part of this consolidated magazine, will render unnecessary any detailed explanation of the step which has been taken, or the causes therefor. It is due, however, to those whom we may, without affectation, call "*our* friends," to say a word as to our own action in the premises, and also as to the future of the enterprise of which we have been so proud, and which, although somewhat changing its outward aspect, we have no thought of abandoning.

It is probably impossible to effect the consolidation of any two publications—which have been long enough before the public to make warm personal friends—that would be wholly satisfactory to all parties. In this instance we are free to say for ourselves, that at first the bare thought of consolidation with any periodical was repulsive—not from any vanity as to our own labor, nor from any depreciation of the labor of others, but for reasons which will be well understood. It is more than probable that we have attached greater importance to our little enterprise than its merits or achievements—present or prospective—would warrant; but if so, our friends have something to answer for in the premises, for surely never has more uniform kindness and encouragement been awarded to individual effort than have cheered our labors in establishing and maintaining the magazine into which so much of our life has gone.

We did not underrate the labor nor the responsibility. We expected to have to work even more arduously and longer than we have, to achieve the recognition and success which have come to us in such generous measure; but it was impossible that we should foresee all the contingencies which would arise. From the inception of *Packard's Monthly* to the present, we have attended personally to every detail of its production, editorial and otherwise. It was the child of our love, and we could not bear that any hand but ours should guide its footsteps or administer to its needs. And in connection with the labor thus entailed, we have had the sole management and direction of an institution having in charge the educational interests of many hundred young men. These various, and often conflicting duties have left us no space for rest or relaxation by day or night. They were duties which could not be delegated to others, and which required unremitting attention. Our mental and physical powers have been so overtaxed by this persistent strain that a respite of some sort has become imperative.

The union of our magazine with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL seems to cover these necessities in the best way, while it will enable us to keep our faith with the public and do justice to the hopes of those friends whose hearts we have almost felt beating against our own. While this consolidation will relieve us from the duties and responsibilities of the publishing department, it will secure to us all the advantages we have sought in the establishment of our magazine, and enable us to work in unison with one whose record is bright in the field of usefulness and beneficence.

Whatever incongruity our friends may think they see in this union, we have the best assurances that it will prove, in all respects, fit and satisfactory. And in this confidence we are willing to await the verdict. S. R. P.

THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK.

MORE than thirty years have now elapsed since, on the broad balcony of the Old State Hall in Albany, I witnessed the passage of a fine body of troops down State Street in all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Standing next me was a venerable old man with a fine, cheerful countenance, and of medium size, who appeared to manifest much

interest in the movements and evolutions of the military pageant before him, at times shaking his head as if expressing some disapprobation of their discipline or maneuvers.

"Fine marching, that, sir," I ventured to observe, as I saw his eye light up for a moment, as some well-executed movement caught his glance. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the veteran, enthusiastically; "that was well done! It reminds me of the good old times." "You have seen service, I presume," said I, expecting to hear the old Revolutionary soldier, as I supposed him to be, "fight his battles o'er again." "I have commanded battalions, sir, in the tented field, and I have personally reviewed, as Commander-in-Chief, every brigade in the State of New York!" "Ah! then I have the honor to address the great "Military Governor,' MORGAN LEWIS!" "That is my name, sir. After the lapse of more than thirty years, I can not witness such a spectacle as this without feeling myself young again, and in front of my brigades. In the autumn of 1805, sir, I visited, in my official capacity, every county in the State, and personally inspected the condition of its military. We were then apprehending another war with England, and I was anxious to be prepared for it. I had 'set squadrons' in order in my early youth in the Revolution, and I was passionately fond of the service; and even now my old blood warms when I hear the 'spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife,' and look upon the pomp and pageantry of martial display!" I could not but recall, as I listened to this burst of enthusiasm, that characteristic expression in one of his messages to the Legislature, which at the time subjected him to the full battery of the wits of the day. He was speaking of the importance of martial music as an indispensable adjunct of military discipline, and added: "In our military equipments, there is the almost universal want of *experienced drummers. The drum is all-important in the day of battle.*"

Gov. LEWIS was the third Chief Magistrate of the State, GEORGE CLINTON and JOHN JAY having preceded him in the Executive chair. At the period of his election he filled the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The opposing candidate was the celebrated AARON BURR, then Vice-President of the United States; and out of this contest grew the embittered quarrel which resulted in the death of the lamented HAMILTON. At a dinner-party in Albany, in February preceding the election, which was held in April, 1804, Hamilton, in the course of conversation, warmly assailed the political principles and conduct of Col. Burr. In reporting this conversation, Dr. Cooper, who was present, in a published letter to Gen. Schuyler, stated that Hamilton considered Burr "as a dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of Government," and added that he "could detail a *still more despicable* opinion" which Hamilton had expressed of him. Burr, smarting under the disappointment of his aspiring political views, and attributing his failure to reach the Presidency to Hamilton's persistent opposition, fastened immediately upon this unfortunate and unwarranted expression of Dr. Cooper, and a demand was made for a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of its truth. Hamilton declined compliance with this demand, as vague and indefinite, declaring his readiness, however, to avow or deny any specific allegation. This answer proving unsatisfactory to Col. Burr, the fatal duel at Weehawken was the result.

The administration of the "Military Governor" was a quiet one, covering only one term of three years. The foundations of the Common School system were laid, in accordance with his recommendation, by the grant of half a million acres of land owned by the State, the net proceeds of which were appropriated by the Legislature as a permanent fund to be applied to the support of schools. Party feeling ran high. DE WITT CLINTON, Mayor of New York, for which office he had resigned his place in the United States Senate, was commencing his brilliant career as a politician and statesman, and the eccentric orbit of his great popularity came unfortunately in contact with that of Gov. Lewis. The efforts of the latter to turn skillfully between the Federalists who had deserted Col. Burr immediately upon the duel with Hamilton, and the Republicans who were attached to Mr. Clinton, served only to precipitate his downfall. But between Mr. Clinton and himself, "another Richmond" won the field.

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS was placed in nomination as the Republican (Democratic) candidate for Governor, by the Republican members of the Legislature, and elected in 1807 over Governor Lewis by a large majority. Mr. CLINTON was removed from the Mayoralty of New York by the Council of Appointment. He had become unpopular through his connection with his brother-in-law, Ambrose Spencer, then a judge of the Supreme Court, and by his cold, repulsive, and somewhat dictatorial manners. The powerful influence of the Livingston fam-

ily was also brought to bear against him; and for the time being he was effectually shelved.

Mr. Tompkins, on the other hand, was personally exceedingly popular, and possessed the rare faculty of attaching to himself every one with whom he came in contact. As a judge of the Supreme Court, he held circuits in nearly every county in the State; and by his prepossessing appearance and fine manners rendered himself a general favorite with the people. It was his boast never to have forgotten a countenance; and so great was his insinuating powers of address, that no man ever left him without the conviction that he had gained a friend, even though he may have been denied a coveted favor. Nor was there the slightest insincerity or hypocrisy in this genial intercourse. His frank and kindly nature prompted and sustained all his actions; and his heart overflowed with friendly regards for all who came within the circle of his influence. He had not an enemy in the world. During his administration the second war with England was waged, the brunt of which was sustained by the State of New York. On or immediately adjacent to its territory the chief battles on land and water were fought, and the most splendid and decisive victories obtained. At Queenstown, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Plattsburg, Van Rensselaer and Wool, Scott, Ripley, Brown, and Macomb gained their maiden laurels, and on Lakes Erie and Champlain and the Atlantic coast Commodores Perry, Elliot, McDonough, and Lawrence crowned themselves with unfading glory. The indomitable and unswerving patriotism of Gov. Tompkins through the whole of this struggle was eminently conspicuous. He administered the financial affairs of the State with signal ability and efficiency; and when its coffers failed through the neglect or dilatoriness of the General Government, he procured the necessary sums for the support of the war by pledging his own personal security to the banks of New York, incurring liabilities for which he was never after remunerated, and which left him in poverty and pecuniary embarrassment during the residue of his life. After the close of his official term he was three times re-elected, and retained the Executive chair until his election to the Vice-Presidency in 1817—a position which he held during the entire period of President Monroe's term, ending in 1825. During the later years of his life he was a resident of Staten Island. In 1820 he became the unsuccessful candidate of the Democratic party for Governor against Mr. Clinton; and in 1821 presided over the State Constitutional Convention, to which body he was elected as a delegate from Richmond County.

Of DE WITT CLINTON—the greatest of all the Governors—it is unnecessary to speak at length. His greatness and his fame are "familiar as household words" to every son and daughter of the Empire State. His gigantic intellect and profound statesmanship have impressed themselves in characters of living light upon all the material, moral, and social interests of our vast community. His comprehensive and practical efforts in behalf of popular education; his scrutinizing survey and masterly development of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial facilities of every portion of our territory, and his rapid and intuitive conception of its immense capabilities and of the appropriate methods for securing them; his splendid contributions to every department of literary, scientific, and artistical culture, and the magnificent works of internal improvement which his genius conceived and his untiring energy and statesmanship accomplished—these lasting monuments of his mighty mind will remain while time exists.

> "Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness!"

True, he was ambitious, high-minded, covetous of place, power, and influence, haughty and reserved in his manners, and far from amenable to the ties of party or the fancied obligations of political policy. But what an ambition! How high and lofty—soaring in its eagle flight immeasurably above the highest altitude of those around him, with conceptions far beyond their utmost grasp, and vast undertakings in progress not especially conducive to the cultivation of social or conversational grace! And as for place, was it the Mayoralty of New York, the Senatorial honors, or the Executive Chair that conferred dignity and distinction upon him—or he upon them? The Presidency itself, to which he aspired, would, assuredly, have been graced by his occupancy, as it never has been since. Power and influence! When, in all the history of states and commonwealths, were power and influence ever used for higher or nobler purposes? Verily, here was a king among men, "born to command;" worthy of implicit obedience, implicit confidence, respect, and regard! And this man, with his imperial brow, commanding intellect, and noble mien, in the very height of his fame, and on the eve of the completion of his crowning work—the Erie and Champlain

Canal—was removed from the office of Canal Commissioner by a miserable and paltry combination of disappointed politicians.

"The soaring eagle, in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed!"

What a proud triumph over the petty malignity and vindictiveness of faction was that when, a little more than a year after that despicable display of political malice and rancor, half a million of the population of the metropolis and its suburbs turned out amid the roaring of cannon and pealing of bells to greet the splendid flotilla which came rounding the Battery, from Lake Erie on that Grand Canal which owed its existence and its grandeur to the persecuted statesman! And was not that shout which came from the throats of the vast assemblage, as his noble head was bared to the breeze, surrounded by the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the State, ample recompense for the insults and ingratitude of politicians?

Three years afterward, in the winter of 1828, this great spirit succumbed to the mighty pressure upon its energies, and while conversing with his family, he suddenly expired in his chair. He was at this time in the midst of his fourth gubernatorial term, having declined the offer, by President Adams, of the mission to England, and the candidacy for the Presidency in favor of General Jackson. An imposing granite monument—fit emblem of his greatness—surmounts his last resting-place in the quiet shades of Greenwood. *Requiescat in pace!*

S. S. Randall.

WHAT MAKES A GREAT WRITER.

THE characteristic of a false Criticism is types and standards of the stiff and unyielding sort. It resents what it calls Individualism or Mannerism, or whatever the rude term be by which it reproaches every departure of the author's mind from a fixed rule or a dogmatic lesson. It fails to appreciate the grand truth, that every author of Art must produce from his own consciousness; that he is *true* only in proportion as he does so; true only in proportion as the expression of his individuality appears along with the expression of the universality of Art.

We ask: What is the highest rule of literary composition? It is to write out of our consciousness: simply that we should look into our minds and write what we find there. This is the profoundest rule of all rhetoric; it is the secret of the power of every great literary man. He who can most faithfully express his consciousness—no matter what that consciousness may be, how apparently remote or strange or curious, how apparently *individual*—he is the greatest orator, the greatest writer, the greatest master of the hearts of men.

The difficulty is that men hesitate to express freely their consciousness; many artists and writers of real power, potentially great, remaining blind all their lives to the rule, that the freest expression of consciousness is the highest Art. It is at this hesitation that genius and mediocrity divide. The consciousness of man has its strange times. The ordinary man can not give to the world the curious, shadowy ideas that sometimes spring up in his mind; so curious, so remote that he can not imagine that other minds can receive them, and he stifles them as mysteries of his own individualism. How often does this occur in the universal experience! We have our strange thoughts, and imagine them strange to all the world. Not so with the confidence of Genius. It allows nothing to elude expression; it expresses boldly every mystery of its consciousness; and its triumph is the discovery that there is nothing in its consciousness, no matter how the ordinary man may have mistrusted it as an individual mystery, but what finds a response and reception in the consciousness of others. Genius dares to express its strange thoughts; while thousands of men of mediocre reputation die in the bitterness that they have left unexpressed something in their consciousness, and have not developed the powers they really possessed.

Men do not differ intellectually as much as is generally supposed. The common mind holds a broad equality with Genius: it is often repeating the familiar reflection, that it had the same thoughts, but failed to express them. They were dismissed in a hasty and imperfect consciousness. What the surprise to find our broken recollections, our lost impressions, the thoughts that sometimes flew across the dark depths of our minds, what we imagined were our individual vagaries, thinking never to catch them, or that others could never understand them, reproduced and assembled in a form of beauty and of power that speaks to the heart of all mankind, and proclaims the triumph of sublimest names!

For instance, how often does this reflection occur with reference to descriptions of scenes in nature; and how superior is the *subjective* method—the expression of the consciousness—in the management of description! One man may describe a scene accurately as to forms; he may tell exactly how the mountain looked, he may describe the line and the shadow, he may reproduce the glow of the sunset on his pages. His description is objective; it has a certain merit; he is an artist of words; he pleases, but he has not put his hand on the pulses of the heart. Another, visiting the same scene, does not neglect the outline; but he looks into his mind, and tells us with strict fidelity what he thought and felt at the time. He gives us his consciousness as part of the scene; instantly, it is animated, and we *feel* it; a few simple words have given life to the picture; a touch of consciousness has brought it before our eyes.

Niagara Falls, twenty years ago, when its surroundings were wilder than now, when the great scene had not yet lost the envelope of primitive life, is thus described by Margaret Fuller (d'Ossoli):

* * * "Daily these proportions widened and towered more and more upon my sight, and I got at last a proper foreground for these sublime distances. Before coming away I think I really saw the full wonder of the scene. After a while it *so drew me into itself as to inspire an undefined dread, such as I never knew before, such as may be felt when death is about to usher us into a new existence.* The perpetual trampling of the waters seized my senses. *I felt that no other sound, however near, could be heard, and would start and look behind me for a foe.* I realized the identity of that mood of nature in which these waters were poured down with such absorbing force with that in which the Indian was shaped on the same soil. For continually upon my mind came, unsought and unwelcome, *images such as had never haunted it before, of naked savages stealing behind me with uplifted tomahawks.* Again and again the illusion recurred, and even *after I had thought it over, and tried to shake it off, I could not help starting and looking behind me.*"

The italics are by Edgar A. Poe; done to illustrate the power of description in employing the effects rather than the features of a scene—*consciousness* rather than outward observation.

We may be assured that there is not a shadow of thought in the remotest corner of the consciousness of man but what, if seized by expression and uttered to the world will produce some response in the universal consciousness; and this is of the power and mystery of genius. It is more. It is the sublime, indestructible evidence of the universality of truth in the esthetics. We can speak or write nothing out of our consciousness, it matters not how mysterious the sentiment, how fugitive the vision; it matters not how we may distrust that others ever thought so, or felt so, but what will find some response in the human nature around us, and thus be proved true by the measures of a universal consciousness. The only limits to the proposition are in the faithfulness of the expression.

The truth of every form of literature is to express faithfully the consciousness of the individual. Every writer should write from the character and circumstances of his own mind; the rule of the highest art, the truest rhetoric, is subjective. If we write in our own blood, in the colors of our own consciousness, be assured we will write with a power that no rules of the rhetorician or lessons of the critic can ever give us.

What is the power of the great writer—he who opens our consciousness and makes us acquainted with ourselves? What the power of the great orator—he who touches with enchanter's wand the heart, and holds the gushing blood as coursers in his hands? It is consciousness speaking to consciousness; never doubting of words, of shades of thought, never doubting the delicacy of its own conceptions, never doubting the possibility of intercommunication; the orator and his audience, the *alter ego;* the identification of writer and reader; the power of the universality of truth.

In literature the law of consciousness is superior to the law of criticism. It should be so in everything where the first may be invoked. Thus it has often occurred to us in matters of legal evidence, how superior is the estimate of probabilities formed in our own consciousness to that of any formulas in the books, to determine a case of conflicting testimony. The subjective method is, after all, the last and supreme test of truth. What our consciousness tells us is true, is true, though a thousand witnesses rise against it. It is the source of all power of man over man; and to express it freely and faithfully is the highest conquest of the mind in all art and literature.

This simple principle of esthetics, founded on the universality of truth, gives us at once a catholic and generous criticism. It is a criticism which forgives everything but the false consciousness—the affectation of the artist.

Let him produce what is in his mind, and although there may be something of custom, and of education, and of circumstances which can only obtain a partial reception, yet beyond all this he is bound to express something of truth, to which a universal audience responds.

The task of literature is of expression, rather than of ideas. These are universal; else the universal mind could not conceive them. But while they remain in the ordinary or average mind unapprehended or undeveloped, the artist brings them out, draws them from the remote abodes of consciousness, puts them in shape, combines them, adjusts them in all possible relations, and proves to the common man that his own vague and unmeasured thoughts are elements of poetry in his soul. We have the same thoughts with the poet—else we could not appreciate him, could not enjoy him. In his combinations he may tax our understanding; but in the elements of them never, and in these last all Art is ultimately to be tried, and all humanity is called to the judgment.

Emerson says: "If we should meet Shakspeare we should not be conscious of any deep inferiority, but of great equality; only he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts which we lacked; for, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like *Hamlet* or *Othello*, we see the perfect reception this wit and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence find in us all."

Men may differ greatly in the comparison and combination of ideas. The question is rather intellectual than esthetical. But whatever the degrees of intellection, and whatever the degrees of Art founded on them, it must rest at last on the foundation of simple operations of consciousness, wherein is the broad equality of humanity. The truth of all Art or Literature is in the simple universal ideas of the sublime and the beautiful; and it is here where are at once the greatest equality of men and the greatest difference of men, in the sense in which we have already seen the man of genius and the average man, at once most equal and most unequal.

Much is said of the difficulties of language in expressing our ideas. But we are persuaded that the real difficulty of expression is *subjective*—the difficulty in our consciousness of shaping and determining our hidden and shadowy thoughts. Language is the objective problem of expression, and the lesser one. Let us once arrest and develop the idea, and words will be easy.

Thus, the task and discipline of the writer are subjective, rather than to be found in vocabularies and rhetorics. He who aspires to write with power, must first learn to explore his consciousness; his lesson commences in reflection, not in books; when he has learned to think clearly, he will write powerfully. The value of this lesson is in its uncommonness. Many persons attempt to learn to write before they have learned to think.

The great writer merely *thinks aloud*. He is simply the person who most faithfully expresses his consciousness. It is no occult art, no learned profession, as the vulgar suppose. The powerful writer is determined and brave to write out every shade of thought in his mind, absolutely sure that as long as it is part of his consciousness, it will obtain a reception in the world. The mediocre scribbler writes only what is commonplace and obvious in his consciousness, the common experiences he has found in other minds. He has no faith in the truth of his own consciousness, and he produces only echoes of the common thought. He has no practical conception of the All-Truth—that what is true to his consciousness is true to the universal consciousness. It is a difference measured only by degrees of expression; and yet we repeat, it is the difference between Genius and Mediocrity. *Edward A. Pollard.*

A PLEA FOR "BRIDGET."

So much is being said and written against that large, and, I think, most grossly misunderstood and unappreciated class of domestics that we contemptuously designate as "Biddies," that it seems but fair that some pen should be invoked for their vindication.

They are charged with incompetency, dishonesty, faithlessness, ingratitude, uncleanliness, intoxication, and a host of minor sins; though one would suppose that the enormities already mentioned were enough to condemn the whole breed to ignominious extermination.

And so they would, if these charges could be sustained; but, except in isolated cases, such as occur in any class—they can not; indeed, it seems a fair estimate to claim that, in seven cases out of ten, the shortcomings of "Biddy"

are as directly traceable to the mistress as to the maid.

These poor creatures come to us with their imaginations—always fervid—fired with visions of a land of freedom, and beauty, and wealth, but with their hearts aching with "the home-sickness," their naturally sturdy bodies weakened with the hardships and privations of a sea-voyage,—utterly unfitted by nature, habit, and ignorance of its peculiarities—to endure the frequent, sudden, and extreme changes of our climate, and wholly ignorant of the economy and routine of our households.

This is their condition when we "hire" them; and "*hire*" them is literally what we do, "only that, and nothing more." We make them feel by our every word and look that we consider them as belonging to an entirely different and distinct race from ourselves.

Now, while it is but just that the distinction between mistress and maid be clearly marked, and while it is manifestly the duty of the mistress to guard with jealous care her dignity as head of the household, she owes a duty—and a most sacred and solemn one—to every individual composing that household, and to none more directly than to the poor, lonely, helpless inmate of her kitchen, who is as her "handmaiden," and "the stranger who is within her gates."

And how is that duty discharged? Either by hasty injudicious chiding or by cold neglect—often a sudden dismissal for some offense, growing most probably out of ignorance, when the mistress feels that *her* duty is done if she pays the out-going "Biddy" her wages and gives her a "recommend," embraced in a half dozen hastily written lines; or, "Biddy" over-tasked, and suffering from the effects of repeated and neglected colds, falls ill; the mistress is "very sorry for the poor girl," but, "you see, in a large family like mine it is absolutely necessary that the work should go on regularly," and so the poor, lonely creature is hurried off to some hospital or squalid "boordin' place," where a few weeks' illness consumes the hard-earned and carefully hoarded savings of years. Is it to be wondered at that a "Biddy" so treated should resent against an entire community the coldness and cruelty from which she has so keenly suffered?

But, on the contrary, if the authority with which "Biddy" is treated be tempered with kindness—if she is taught to feel that in her mistress she has also a *friend*, one who will, perhaps, "write a bit of a letther to the mother in th' ould dart," who will advise with her as to the most judicious manner of expending her wages, who will open the drawing-room door when the young mistress is singing some sweet old Irish ballad, that the poor exile's heart may be saddened and gladdened by the "sounds from home"—if the children of the household be taught that in treating their inferiors with respect they are honoring themselves—if, in short, "Biddy" is made to feel that though her place in the home be lowly, yet it is distinctly defined, and that while she discharges her duty faithfully, she will be treated with affection and consideration, then, my word for it, she will be found faithful, grateful, and fond, and efficient so far as her knowledge—or the lack of it—will permit her.

Many housekeepers will shrug their shoulders, smile, and say, "This scribbling woman knows nothing of the matter,—*she* is no housekeeper!" The scribbling woman begs their pardon,—she *is* a housekeeper, and has been for more years than she cares to name—and "these things are spoken, and these things are true!" Many incidents from the store-house of her memory might be cited to prove them.

When the writer of these lines was little more than a baby, she had a nurse, a blithe, young Irish girl, to whom she was tenderly attached even in those early days. One morning the baby's mamma was roused by some unusual sound, and discovered the servant escaping clandestinely from the house. On being questioned, after many tears, the poor, pitiful waif told her story, the old, old story of guilt and coming shame; and sooner than face the cruelty of the world, this weak, guilty creature was about to rush—unsent for—into the presence of her outraged God. This girl's mistress, though she was a Christian woman, a wife, a mother, did not thrust the fallen woman from her—but sheltered, watched over, and protected her. And when the writer of these lines had grown to womanhood, and was fatherless, motherless,—she was not friendless; she still had her faithful "nurse," who was to the end "staunch and true;" paying the child in faithful, loving service ten-fold the debt of gratitude she owed her mother.

And so I could go on citing many instances—not merely of gratitude, but of disinterested kindness, self-sacrificing devotion; but I fear to prolong my screed to undue length and weary my fair readers—or, what is a much more terrifying danger to me, my publisher! If my poor appeal shall awaken in a single heart a feeling of pity and protective kindness to-

ward a class that needs and can appreciate both, I shall be more than rewarded; and if we mistresses will but steer our housekeeping barks more carefully, avoiding equally the Scylla of "Sally Brass" and the Charybdis of "Dora" in our domestic economy, we will find, not thoroughness, nor efficiency, perhaps —but who of us is without fault?—but we *will* find truth and honesty and good-will in "Biddy."

"CHEEK."

As a general thing, we deprecate the use of slang phrases; but there are some of them that seem so exactly expressive of a habit or characteristic that the most fastidious etymologist might be pardoned in the occasional use of them.

There is a kind of *guerrilla English* having its origin on the streets, along the wharves, among the newsboys, and elsewhere beyond the precincts of the schools. It annexes itself to the language in spite of dictionary-makers; it will not be frowned away by the disapproval of any LL.D.; it has its birth somewhere, somehow, because there is need of it; and presently it ascends from the servants' hall to the parlor, and gets a foothold on the tapestry; the newspapers adopt it, and thus we have it engrafted upon the language. The erudite graduate will tell us that this is all wrong; that we ought to draw every expression from the "well of English undefiled;" and that (for instance) the word *cheek* signifies nothing else than "that part of the face below the eyes, on each side." But facts are facts, after all; and people will continue to use this word in the highly expressive sense of "unblushing impudence," or "brazen effrontery." We have selected it from the great stream of slang running through the speech of the people as perhaps better calculated than any other to illustrate the wonderful expressiveness of this "guerrilla English."

"What d'ye think of young T——?" was lately asked in our hearing.

"A cheeky boy," was the answer. Could volumes have spoken more accurately of fast, saucy young America than that?

At table lately, a "lean and hungry" looking person, whose appearance denoted that "square meals" were with him as angel visits, coolly appropriated the whole contents of an uncommon dish, of which the supply was known to be limited. His opposite sat waiting for the dish to reach him; and as he saw it replaced, empty, upon the table, after this wholesale appropriation of its contents, his vexation and disappointment found vent in the one word, uttered with an emphasis that no amount of underscoring here can reproduce:

"Cheek!"

The other diners laughed and smiled approvingly, and the dinner-table private reddened from his nose beyond his ears. The lesson will not be lost on him.

We have all had some experience on the railway-trains with a class of people whose conduct can only flow from a plentiful supply of the quality named herein. We enter a car, and the first view tells us that it is full—or nearly so. No vacant seat attracts our eye. We walk on, and to us appears the figure of a spruce young man, with a look of hard decision about the angles of his face, sitting by the window, while a great valise beside him occupies the balance of the seat. We stop, we hesitate; we don't like to address him, for we don't fancy that look; but we do want a seat. He looks straight out of the window, and pretends to be unaware of our presence.

"Sir!" say we. "Sir——"

He turns his head, and contemplates us with a stony eye.

"Sir—is *the whole* of this seat taken?"

"Yes, *sir!*"

He hurls the words at us like a charge of shot. We murmur, indignantly, "Cheek," and pass on. No other word that we know of can describe such conduct.

"Here is this bill for that suit you're wearing, Mr. Blue Jay," says the exasperated tailor. "Do you propose to pay it, or not, sir? If I've presented it once, I have eleven times, sir."

"Ah, indeed?" blandly replies the Jeremy Diddler. "Well, now, I think you'd better present it again, and that'll just make the even dozen, don't you see? I never did like odd numbers."

Would anybody think of giving *that* any such mild name as impudence? It is *cheek*—downright cheek.

"Got any flour?" asked a fellow who sauntered into a country store, with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, yes, sir!" answers the merchant, with alacrity. "Extra and superfine—"

"Any sugar?"

"Certainly, sir; white and yellow coffee, crushed, powdered—"

"Butter?"

"Some just come in—sweet and nice."

"Eggs?"

"Plenty of 'em, sir."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," drawls the joker. "These things are all useful in a family, and I'm glad you've got 'em. Hope you'll not allow *your* family to be without 'em. Good-morning."

Can this be called anything but "cheek,"—and that of the very cheekiest description?

The careless donkey who treads on your corns at an evening party, and then remarks audibly that some people have feet as large as school-districts; the young scamp who proposes marriage to every pretty girl of his acquaintance, "just to keep his hand in, so he can do it gracefully when the right time comes;" the blood-sucker who offers to borrow five dollars on the strength of as many minutes' acquaintance; the adventurer who energetically courts a handsome widow, and winds up his visits by an elopement with her daughter; the man who asks a woman her age, a politician his "conscientious opinion," a girl if she has ever had an offer, and any one for the amount of his income—all these are memorable examples of a quality of mind that is and must continue to be known as "cheek."

We are not advocating the use of slang. We only say that some of this illegitimate English is most pungently expressive.

James Franklin Fitts.

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS A MISTAKE.

THE modesty of genius has become proverbial; and yet how few men of genius are really modest! They seem so often, but it is because of their self-discipline and of the difference between their possibility and performance. Men of superior ability can not fail to recognize it. The very character of their minds, their power of observation and analysis, must furnish comparison and introspection. What enables them to understand others compels them to understand themselves. No man of genius, or even of average cleverness, unless he live a wholly secluded life, can fail to see such difference as exists between himself and those who surround him. He must soon see of necessity how much superior he is to the average order of intellect.

One of the principal weaknesses of men of genius is inordinate vanity—a weakness they share with fools. It may be safely stated, when men believe intensely in themselves, that they belong to one or the other class—generally the latter. The genius has self-trust, because he measures himself against others; the fool, because he has no comprehension of his fellows and no standard of merit above himself.

What man of eminence in any field of labor or of thought who has come down to us was modest?

The great warriors, too numerous to mention, have been made drunk with self-love, and have actually fancied themselves God-like in their power. Napoleon, first of all captains, hardly knew until after Waterloo whether he or the Almighty controlled the universe. Wellington, every way his inferior, and only a little more than a competent general with dogged obstinacy and lucky opportunities, went to the grave with the conviction that Cæsar was only an orderly-sergeant compared to him.

As to statesmen, they have always been embodiments of the eternal I. Ollivier, Bismarck, Antonelli, and Gladstone, different as they are, have no such admirers as themselves. Men of science are almost invariably self-opinionated and self-worshiping. They claim to hold the only keys to truth, and each one thinks he carries the finest and fittest key.

Coming to artists, the class who deal with marble, canvas, and language, their vanity scarcely stops short of conceit. If we knew anything about Phidias and Praxiteles, we should find they were among the chiefest coxcombs of the Greeks. Raffaelle was a pampered, self-conscious voluptuary; Tintoretto was a supreme, toilsome egotist; Michael Angelo a semi-superstitious believer in the Church and his own inspiration.

Old Homer, if there ever were such a being, was fully alive to the wonderful beauty of his verses. Even Shakspeare, miracle of performance, in spite of all the notions we have of him, must have had as clear a perception of the immortality of Hamlet, Lear, and Othello as his most enthusiastic student has to-day. Who ever suspected Dante, or Tasso, or Newton, or Milton, or Racine, or Voltaire, or Gibbon, or Hume of the least tincture of modesty?

Among our immediate acquaintances, can we point out one that does anything well who does not know it?

Consciousness of the gift precedes the disposition to exercise it. All kinds of ability are self-recognizing. No man not positively stupid misses the measure of his mind. Were it otherwise, all spur to action and achievement would be lost. Before we attempt to do, we must feel that we *can* do. The modesty of genius is one of the most inapplicable of phrases; no nearer truth than if we should speak of the ability of fools.

LADIES' RESTAURANTS.

NOTHING strikes an American in England more than the absence of restaurants where a gentleman and lady can dine quietly, or go for an ice after the theater. It is true that they have in London establishments similar to ours, but not of the same magnitude, and in no way intended for the use of the gentler sex, unless it be the "confectioners," who close their stores about ten o'clock P. M., no matter how near they may be to a place of amusement.

The reason of this entire absence of ladies' restaurants is that John Bull can not understand how any necessity could justify a lady in dining at an "eating-house;" for everything in Great Britain is founded on the supposition that every woman has a home, and propriety exacts that she should invariably remain in it.

Those unfortunate women who, in consequence of having no natural protectors, are forced to provide for themselves, are looked upon with cold suspicion. To be one's own "bread-winner" is to a woman a positive reproach. In addition to the misfortune of having no home, they are treated as if such were their own fault; nothing is done to smooth away the difficulties and lessen the hardships of their hand-to-hand fight with the cruel and bitter world.

America not only recognizes the existence of women who *must* earn their bread, but assists them to do so, and for such principally is the "Ladies' Restaurants."

Numbers of respectable women have employment which keeps them on foot all day, and they never know where they may find themselves at dinner-time.

The "lady canvassers" for subscriptions to forthcoming publications, and those who solicit advertisements for ladies' newspapers and fashion magazines, may be cited as instances. The actress is another, who is at rehearsal nearly all day, and between "waits" snatches something to eat at the nearest restaurant. The tired music-mistress, miles away from home at dinner-time, follows the example of the actress.

The editress of a "ladies' periodical" may live on the Hudson, and must therefore lunch in town; so also must the teacher in the free-school, whose weary days are passed far too distant from her humble home to reach it within the time allotted her for recreation. She can, however, dine quietly, cheaply, and without remark at some adjacent restaurant.

Milliners and dressmakers usually have rooms on some fashionable street for their business, and eat at restaurants. This dispenses with a kitchen and a servant to live in the house; so by simply dining abroad and sleeping on a sofa-bedstead, this class of bread-winners make all their rooms available for the reception of their customers.

Apprentices to the above, shop-girls, book-binders, and almost all of the working class, are to be seen at the ladies' restaurants. But they are not alone the resort of those who live by their own labor; real, "fine ladies," who reside in distant aristocratic localities, lunch at the restaurant when they are "down town" for a day's shopping.

In no other city save an American one can such a sight be seen as that which is presented any day in some crowded ladies' restaurant about one o'clock: the "beau monde" and the working world all met for one common purpose—to sustain the "inner woman." The three-pile velvet cloak of the fine lady showing

in painful contrast with the rusty black alpaca dress of the tired girl who stands all day behind a counter for six or eight dollars a week; the jaded actress, overhearing with a sigh the lady who has been shopping telling a friend what she has bought; the young girl fresh from the Academy of Design hurrying over her light repast to get back to her drawing; the flaunting coquette simpering over an ice with slim Mr. Brown, whose figure looks so well on the velocipede. The gaiety of this scene is enhanced at night, when, after a performance at some theater, the cheerful, well-dressed young couples crowd into a restaurant, and over an ice discuss the concert, lecture, play, or opera.

Not the least singular use which is made of these restaurants by the gentler sex is that which in New York is called "a ladies' lunch." Only married ladies give these fêtes to married ladies. Whether they take place at home or elsewhere, they are costly, as everything must be furnished by the "Gunter" of the metropolis, Delmonico.

The hostess usually prefers engaging a room at Delmonico's, as her lunch is less troublesome and in better style than if given at home.

The first rule of a lady's lunch is, "No gentlemen admitted."

Oh! gentlemen! ye who affect a little dinner at your club with a few friends, picture to yourselves twenty or more (often fifty) stately ladies, in all the richness and extreme of Parisian fashion, sitting down to a sumptuous repast whence your sex is entirely excluded!

At the hour of two in the afternoon—for only in England does morning begin two hours after twelve o'clock M.—this female festival commences.

All is quiet and dignified until the edibles gradually grow less upon the flower-scented table, for even in midwinter the room is profusely decorated with flowers.

At these ladies' lunches every passing folly is ridiculed; toast after toast is given and wittily responded to; the tyranny and foibles of the late oppressor, *man*, are dwelt upon, the former being declared almost a thing of the past, now that woman is beginning to make herself heard upon questions relating to herself. Scandal of one's neighbor is forbidden, like the presence of the sterner sex, and as each lady in turn takes the floor she is listened to with eager attention and greeted with delicate applause; for be it understood this is no Woman's Rights meeting, but a social gathering of high-bred ladies, who in all they say only merrily and wittily "shoot folly as it flies."

Tired at length of talking and listening, they grow dull—yawn; and when the conversation hangs fire, they retire (if in their own home) to the parlor and sing, but find feminine praise of their voices most insipid, and dancing insufferably tame with lady partners. They order their carriages while there is yet daylight enough to make fresh visits to houses near, and heap up more social obligations, to be canceled in some future ladies' lunch.

The great metropolis of the new world, New York, is a combination of London and Paris; the home life of the middle classes is founded on the solid English model, while the out-door life and the tastes of the people are strikingly akin to the French; for is it not written that when a good American dies he goes to Paris? But to make sure of his heaven upon earth, almost every American sees Paris while yet in the flesh, and imports French tastes back into his native land. He has adopted the French "restauration" system, and improved upon it, just as John Bull put the more essential part to the shirt-frill of Gallic invention. He has made an "institution" of the restaurant, and for ladies has set apart the more costly and elegant.

He who lives long enough will perhaps see New York a reproduction of the fascinating continental capital, and Broadway a long, glittering boulevard, crowded on balmy summer nights with merry people drinking light wines *al fresco* at round tables overhung with green trees paling in the splendor of gaslight.

Celia Logan Kellogg.

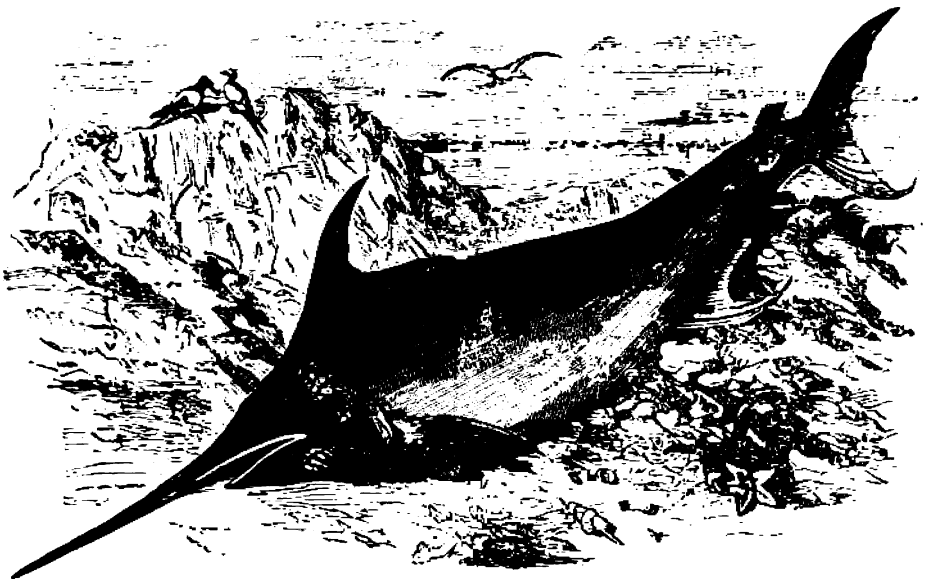
AT an hotel dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth-pick." "I know I am. Do you think that I am not going to return it?"

CONJUGAL.

"MY dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone;
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so," he said, "my love, not so;
But man and wife are *one*, you know;
And when *alone*, I'm weary."

THE SWORDFISH.

THE wonders of nature seem to be exhaustless. The more we learn of the living things that dwell on this planet, the more we must wonder at the wisdom of that omniscient One who formed the universe. Startling developments of strength, beauty, delicacy, and skill in organic life are nearly every day brought to light by scientific inquirers. The air, the ground, the water teem with animal life, in which the patient student can find rich and permanent entertainment.



THE SWORDFISH.

Among the inhabitants of the "briny deep" which are peculiarly interesting, the *xiphias gladius*, or swordfish, is perhaps one of the most conspicuous. Its name is derived from the singular prolongation of the upper jaw or snout into a long, flattened, tapering weapon, which it uses for defense or offense. The body is rather of a long shape, somewhat resembling the mackerel, and covered with exceedingly small scales. Our illustration represents the fish as somewhat broader and more bulky in the region of the head than it really is. Some writers describe it as possessing no teeth; it really has the jaws, and sometimes the sword, crowded with minute almost imperceptible teeth. There is one long dorsal fin, and but one fin under the body; the tail-fin is large and forked, and the sides of the tail are strongly keeled. In color it is bluish black above, and silvery white underneath, the one color merging gradually into the other.

It attains to a considerable size, some specimens having been found of twenty feet in length. In the Mediterranean it abounds in the greatest numbers, and is found also in the warmer parts of the Atlantic. On the North American coast, south of Nova Scotia, it is found in summer, and as its flesh is much esteemed for food, some attention is given to its capture by mackerel fishers, especially by those of Martha's Vineyard. The chase of the swordfish resembles whaling in miniature, and owing to the great swiftness and strength of the fish is very exciting. When one has been sighted, the fishermen row toward it and strike it with a harpoon made for the purpose, and after giving it a little play to tire it, draw the wounded or dying fish in. Sometimes there is danger of a small boat being upset or pulled under water by a large swordfish, and now and then boats are pierced and their occupants severely wounded by the sword of the angry animal.

The bottoms of vessels have been pierced by the swordfish. A piece of the hulk of an East-Indiaman, with a part of the sword of one of these fish deeply imbedded in it, is among the curiosities of the British Museum. In this case, such was the amount of damage done to the vessel, that it would doubtless have foundered had it not been that the fish was unable to

draw out the sword, and thus serious leakage was prevented.

Cuvier states that the swordfish will attack the largest inhabitants of the ocean, but is not sustained in this opinion by later observers. Its food consists chiefly of squids, mackerel, and cuttlefish.

APPRECIATED.—The *Methodist* is kind enough to speak as follows of this JOURNAL:

"We have heretofore had occasion to notice very favorably the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. With much pleasure we note the improvement made in this periodical. It now contains a wealth of highly interesting and instructive reading. Among the subjects which it treats with signal ability are, phrenology, physiology, and anatomy; physiognomy, psychology, ethnology, sociology, science, art, etc We cordially commend our excellent cotemporary to public patronage."

COPY OF CORRESPONDENCE;

WHICH EXPLAINS ITSELF.

389 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *November* 20, 1869.

MR. S. S. PACKARD—*My Dear Sir:* I propose, with the beginning of the new year, to change the form of my magazine, THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, from the quarto to the regular octavo, increasing the number of pages accordingly. It has occurred to me, that as you are working in a little different manner for much the same result as I seek, our efforts might be united in a single publication, to our mutual advantage, and to the satisfaction of our respective constituencies. Please let me know at your earliest convenience what you think of the suggestion, and believe me, in any case, Yours for the right, S. R. WELLS.

937 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *November* 22, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: I have carefully considered your very kind proposition to unite our efforts in a single publication. I can see many good reasons for the step, and but few against it, the strongest one of which is really the weakest—it being personal to myself, and therefore of but little moment to the public: I dislike to sink my identity. I will, however, be candid with you, and say that the labor which has come upon me in establishing my magazine is so far beyond my original calculations that, with my other imperative duties, it sometimes seems impossible to meet the demands upon my strength. Had you made this suggestion before my plans for enlargement were consummated, I am not sure but I should gladly have accepted it, if a proper basis could have been arranged. I may yet be able to see in it the best way.

You are right in assuming that in the main our objective points are the same, although the scientific specialty which you have adopted, and through the technicalities of which your progressive ideas are presented, is rather more restrictive than I should like, were I to consult my taste alone. However, this pertains more to manner than to matter. I am well aware of your superior publishing facilities; and do not undervalue the relief which I should experience in having this part of my labor and responsibility removed to broader shoulders than my own. I shall keep in mind your kind suggestion, and if I find my labor increasing beyond my strength, and we can agree upon a basis of union, I shall be very glad to cooperate with you.

With many thanks for your kind expressions and your candor, I am, with sincere regard,

Very truly yours, S. S. PACKARD.

S. R. WELLS, Esq.

937 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *February* 2[illegible], 1870.

S. R. WELLS, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* Referring to our correspondence three months ago, I would say that if you are still of the opinion then expressed, I am prepared to make you the following explicit proposition, providing that the financial basis can be satisfactorily settled:

1. The two magazines to be united in such way as to preserve the identity of each while working together harmoniously for the same general good.

2. Mr. Wells to become sole publisher, and to furnish the subscribers to *Packard's Monthly* with the consolidated magazine for the term of their subscription without extra charge.

3. To set aside from sixteen to twenty-four pages for the matter specially appropriate to *Packard's Monthly*, the same to be under the editorial supervision of Mr. Packard.

These are the main points for which I am tenacious, and to which others can be made subservient.

I make you this proposition at this time, for the reason that I am overborne with labor, and my health is giving way under it. My duties outside of the magazine are onerous and imperative, and I need the help which this division of labor will afford me.

Please let me know your views as soon as may be. Truly yours, S. S. PACKARD.

389 BROADWAY, *February* 26, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of yesterday is at hand. Your proposition is, in all respects,

acceptable, and I am prepared to confer with you at your earliest convenience as to the financial basis. Very truly yours, S. R. WELLS.

S. S. PACKARD, Esq.

FRUIT IN STONY PLACES.—At the corner of Eighth and Pine streets, in Philadelphia, is a four-story brick house having a very small yard in the rear, which is entirely paved with brick, except a space of a foot square in the corner where the L is joined to the main building. Here a grapevine starts from the ground, and has been trained in a single stem to the roof of the house. It ascends like a lightning rod, or rather like a cable, sixty-four feet without a branch, and on the roof of the house it forms an arbor, where, safe from thieves and dust, it annually ripens a rich crop of fruit, besides furnishing to its owner a little rural retreat in the heart of the city. There is no imaginable reason why any man who owns a city house should not connect this luxury with it. A space of a foot square is enough to plant the vine in, and its roots will then take care of themselves. If trained in a single stem, it will make fifteen or twenty feet of sound wood in a season, and when it has once reached the roof, the abundance of sunshine will insure its health and vigor.

THEN AND NOW.—In no department of civilized life is the advancement made during the past hundred years more striking than in traveling conveyances. Here is an advertisement printed in the *Weekly Mercury*, in 1759, which shows how our great-grandfathers traveled from New York to Philadelphia in colonial times:

"The Philadelphia STAGE WAGON and New York STAGE BOAT perform their stages twice a week. JOHN BUTLER, with his wagon, sets out on Monday from his house, at the sign of the death of the fox in Strawberry alley, and drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, when Francis Holman meets him, and proceeds on Tuesday to Brunswick, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the wagon of Isaac Fitzrandolph, he takes them to the New Blazing Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the same day, where Rubin Fitzrandolph, with a boat well suited, will receive them, and take them to New York that night. John Butler returning to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the passengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will again set out for Trenton Ferry on Thursday, and Francis Holman, &c., will carry his passengers and goods, with the same expedition as above, to New York."

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts.

PHRENOLOGY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

S. R. WELLS—*Dear Sir:* Through a recent conversation with an eminent scientific gentleman, in which the science of Phrenology received a rough handling from him, I was lead to meditate upon the reason why it is that that class of persons are in general so opposed, if not openly at least covertly, to this most important of all human subjects. The result of said meditations brought up the question, "Have not the advocates and professors of this science started at the wrong end?" My observations are, that they have been trying to educate and introduce the practice among those whose habits are already formed, while those who have the greatest interest in it are left to secondary considerations. Most men, by the time they reach twenty-five, have either been fortunate enough to have discovered the evils of many of the common vicious practices, or else are thoroughly steeped in them, almost, in fact, beyond recovery, except by the interposition of Divine power. If they have given way to the debasing practices of using tobacco, drinking alcoholic stimulants, and reading weak and trifling literature, no amount of argument, reasoning, or persuasion seems to have the least effect upon them; in fact, the agitation of the subject seems only to make them more determined in their course. But if you take the young, even of very tender age, keep constantly before them some noble principle, some high aim, or the shunning of the many prevalent vices, in almost every instance there will at least be signs of improvement in every stage of their growth. More has been done for the temperance cause by the Cadets than all other organizations. It is the young tree that must be trained, not the old and crooked giant of the forest.

Here, then, is the point I wish to illustrate: Instead of giving so much attention to the older classes of society, phrenologists should endeavor to inculcate their truths in the youth of our country, and should use every means possible to get the science introduced into our schools and colleges, or if it were possible, the opening a school where this and the sister science of physiology should be the main distinguishing features; the demonstration thus given of its truth and utility would do more for their advancement than thousands of lectures or practical examinations. Can not some persons be found to establish such an institution? W. G. P. BRINCKLOE.

[Capital suggestions. The public mind, till now, has not been sufficiently enlightened to permit the carrying out of these measures. Now, however, the field is ready for the cultivators.

Let the work of education begin with our youth. The common school, the Sunday-school, the seminary, the college, and the university will all be opened to those who qualify themselves to teach Phrenology. But where are the teachers? There are millions to be taught, while there are but few, very few, capable of teaching. Who will engage in this good work?—ED. A. P. J.]

SOME CRITICAL REFLECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR—*Dear Sir:* I am a firm believer in the science of Phrenology, the truth of which seems self-evident, and is attested before our face and eyes in the different appearances, actions, and capacities of individuals about us; yet I confess I am a little puzzled to understand how it can be definitely proved that each of the many faculties marked as constituting the human mind, has its seat, or is directly connected with a particular locality of the head, as marked. In the JOURNAL of February, 1869, is an article on the "Equality of Minds," in which the writer attempts to prove that all minds are equal in intellectual and moral capacity. I can not indorse that idea, for several reasons. It is contrary to my inferences from observation and many known facts. The objections I may urge to the idea that all minds are equal, may be included in those against the old-fashioned orthodox idea, that the spirit or mind can exist independently of the body, and must and will thus exist between death and the resurrection. You, sir, also say that "it can not die," and I am a little surprised that, with all your knowledge of facts connected with human existence, you arrive at such a conclusion. You also say that "mn is nota fated to be good or bad; but is so organized that he may be either--that he may live a virtuous or a vicious life," "it is optional with him; he may rise or fall; be temperate or intemperate, true or false; he may make much or little of himself." I can not exactly agree with you; I believe, as a general rule, like yourself, that those having badly constructed heads may be more or less improved, if tutored aright while young, and yet never can be as great and good as they might have been had they been blessed with the right kind of brains in the first place; neither can I believe those who have inherited a strong predominance of the lower propensities, Combativeness, Destructiveness, etc., which impels them to take a vicious and immoral course, have really much moral responsibility, any more than a horse or ox has, that possesses a very bad disposition. We all know that animals differ in their dispositions and temperaments, like mankind, and from the same cause. True, it is right and proper that we should have laws to punish crime, in order to protect life and property, and I am aware that it is natural for those depending upon public patronage to use such phraseology in speaking and writing as may seem to agree with popular opinion, or sometimes such as may be construed by two or more parties as sustaining "their creeds, doctrines, or ideas;" but I can not think that you really believe that even the very worst of mankind can justly be sentenced to everlasting future misery.

I will now mention a few facts which, I think, prove the idea that "the soul can not die," to be unsound. First, the growth and decay of the mind with the body; second, the mind sleeps with the body; and is really as insensible and as unconcious of existence during sound sleep as any inanimate substance. Now, is it reasonable to suppose that when the body dies the mind can exist, when it can not exist or remain active while the body sleeps? The same may be said of the mind when it becomes deranged or when under the influence of chloroform, in which latter state it is temporarily dead; neither existing here, for the time, nor in heaven, nor anywhere else. The sympathetic and mutual action and re-action of the mind and body upon each other also prove that the mind is so connected with the body that it can not exist independent of it; and as a consequence, it follows that all minds are not equal. It is absurd to argue that the mind can and will exist independent of the body, and at the same time be governed as to its development by the quantity and quality of the brain with which it is connected during this life. There is one question in regard to diet respecting which I would like to learn your opinion, viz.: is fat pork a necessary and healthy article of food for mankind? W. B. KIMBALL.

[To the pork question we answer emphatically No. About the few facts furnished of "the growth and decay of the mind with the body," honest men will differ. If the vital spark which animates the body be not eternal, then what is?—ED.]

REV. J. B. BETTELHEIM, M.D., whose initials many of our old readers may have seen in this JOURNAL, died at his home in Brookfield, Mo., not long since. He was a gentleman of extensive erudition, reading and writing the Hebrew, German, French, and English languages with facility; and also a great traveler, serving in the capacities of physician and missionary at different points.

What They Say.

J. A. H., of Washington, writes: "As an individual, I have devoted myself to the cause of, and am preparing to labor for, humanity. Science and religion must work together. All true science is religion. God is the author of both."

We trust J. A. H. will meet with great success in his eminently worthy undertaking.

AN Oregon lady proposes to establish a Manual Labor School, and asks for suggestions and advice on the subject. She remarks: "Every day bears witness that sending boys to college

does not send them to Congress, and that rearing them on the farm or in a workshop does not keep them from going there. That no pains should be spared in teaching young people to know themselves, their moral duties, and their social relations; for on these depend their usefulness to their fellow-man, and their happiness here and hereafter. She would have boys taught how to produce an abundant supply of the necessities of life, and other materials for the use and comfort of a family, on the smallest number of acres and at the least expense in the way of money, labor of man and beast, and wear and tear of building and land. She thinks girls should be taught to manipulate everything the farm produces, from a fleece of wool to a potato, with the greatest economy and with the help of all such machinery as can be adapted to domestic use. If any wish to soar higher, give them wings; but if you have to urge them to use the wings, they will rarely soar very high or very gracefully, and would do better to perfect themselves in the moderate sphere suited to their capacities." ——

A TELEGRAPH operator writes: "Hereafter please address the best JOURNAL in the U. S. to me, care W. U. Telegraph Co., Cleveland, Ohio, and I shall continue to be one of your infatuated. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

"I will most heartily add my voice and wave my hat with the tumult who have gathered around you and are cheering you on in your good work. May your shadow never grow less. "D. C. S."

A TEACHER'S OPINION.—I am much pleased with an article, contained in the January number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, entitled "What Can I Do Best?" I have been teaching more or less for fifteen years, and have been very successful in that profession. I attribute my success to Phrenology. Although comparatively a stranger to books upon the subject until within the last two or three years, I early commenced the study of human nature, believing this to be the only sure method of success in teaching. When I first enter a school I study the character and disposition of each pupil. The next thing in order is to gain their good-will and esteem. Having accomplished these two grand results, the difficulties of which so many teachers, especially young ones, complain, viz., keeping order, and securing attention to studies, etc., are entirely removed. What, then, should occupy the attention of the teacher more than the study of Phrenology, Physiology, and Physiognomy? These form the proper study of human nature. There are teachers who, like Judas, care only for the pay they receive; but those who are honest, and wish to excel in their profession, having for their aim the promotion of mankind and the diffusion of knowledge, can not better accomplish their object than by studying Phrenology and Physiognomy, and recommending and introducing it into their schools. I am fully aware that Phrenology has many enemies; hence it must not be urged upon the one-idea'd people too fast. It must grow—first the leaf, then the ear, and finally the full-grown corn. Phrenology may be said to be in the leaf yet; however, methinks I can see the shaping of the ear already. The teacher exerts an influence over the rising generation which scarcely any other person does. He can influence them in favor of Phrenology or against it. Self-government is the grand secret of success in life. Phrenology not only teaches us how to govern ourselves, but also how to govern others. No teacher need have any trouble who is thoroughly conversant with the principles of that science; and I would say to the brotherhood of teachers, take the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL one year, and if you are not a wiser, better, and more competent teacher at the expiration of that time, I will forever after hold my peace.

H. P. HAMILTON.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

PRAYER AND PHRENOLOGY.—Are the principles of Phrenology adverse to prayer?

Ans. We can not see how any person, who has some knowledge of the principles of Phrenology, can hesitate with reference to this subject, any more than one who deems himself a thoroughly practical Christian could hesitate with reference to his plain religious duty, although that very perplexing doctrinal theory called "Predestination" may have challenged his consideration. The very constitution of the mind, as demonstrated by phrenological science, includes certain elements of worship, reverence, love, and fear; so that man, in his relations to the Supreme Being, his Creator, feels impelled to acknowledge his weakness and subordination by appropriate attitudes, viz., the attitude of prayer, and the attitude of praise. In the destination, fatalism is but a constructive inference born of human reason on a subject which is far beyond human capacity. We are disposed to say, that because the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe knows from the beginning to the end the course of human life, everything related to this sphere has been definitely fixed, and so far as we are concerned, is irrevocable. So far as the absolute as a principle is concerned, our minds can not perfectly grasp it. To grasp the infinite, necessitates perfection of capacity, and we know that human nature in its present constitution is immeasurably below perfection. We can not understand the simple operations of nature, the simple growth

and development of vegetation about us; how absurd, then, for us to attempt to soar into the depths of eternity and grasp the infinite! If we bring ourselves to the consideration of things belonging to the infinite we are lost in a maze; mystery becomes piled upon mystery, and no satisfactory result can be obtained for the apprehension of what we call reason. We know that all things, whether related to man or nature, are subject to law. We know that law, as determined by Providence, is for our good; that we suffer because of its infringement, that we are rendered happy in accordance with our observance of its terms.

We are subjects of growth and development, coming now to phrenological principles, and our growth and development are in accordance with law. We are conscious of ability in the way of culture and improvement, and it would be well for us, whenever the intellect in its *ex parte* way endeavors to consider absolutisms, to offset the intellect by this consciousness; or, rather, infuse into its processes the warm promptings of the moral and spiritual sentiments. We shall thereby be rendered the happier and the better.

THOMAS PAINE'S CONSISTENCY.—For my own satisfaction and that of numerous friends I most respectfully request an answer to the following question: Did Thomas Paine, the great deistical writer, repent on his death-bed of the course he had taken, as charged by the different religious denominations, and embrace the religion of Jesus Christ?

Ans. According to the *North American Review* of 1845, Paine, in the distress of his last sickness, frequently cried out, "Lord Jesus! help me." Dr. Manly, who was attending him, inquired whether, from his calling so often upon the Saviour, it was to be inferred that he believed the Gospel. After a little interval Paine replied, "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Those who read this must form their own conclusions as to Paine's real feelings in the last trying hour. His sad and, perhaps, remorseful reflections may have prompted the appeal to Christ, and when one acquainted with his past life sought to obtain an admission from him, it is probable his old intellectual pride reasserted its supremacy to some extent, and prompted the indefinite answer, "I have no *wish* to believe on that subject."

CALVINISM — ARMINIANISM. — EDITOR JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I find the following in a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:

"A man with large Conscientiousness, relatively large Self-Esteem, and large reflective powers is a born Calvinist. A man, on the contrary, who has not large Self-Esteem or Conscientiousness, but large Benevolence, is almost of necessity an Arminian."

Is the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher phrenologically correct in his statement?

Ans. Yes. Mr. Beecher is thoroughly posted on Phrenology, and speaks from knowledge. It is an old saying that "birds of a feather flock together." Is it not a fact that people form themselves into societies in accordance with their tastes and inclinations? Do not Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, Shakers, Quakers, Perfectionists, and the rest choose those most compatible in sentiment? Is not character—in large measure—according to organization? Are not all boxers and all bullies more like each other than like well-organized clergymen? Do not all drunkards, thieves, and vagabonds resemble each other? Is not the same equally true as to honest men? Do not artists look much alike? Yes, Mr. Beecher is right.

IN the January number, on the 78th page, in reply to a question asked, the JOURNAL tells us that if the body gives ample nourishment to the brain, that the organs will increase in size or activity after the age of thirty. Now will the JOURNAL please tell us what course to pursue that the body may give ample nourishment to the brain.

Ans. Yes. Feed it on healthful food, exercise it freely in the open air. Sleep regularly and plentifully. Be temperate, use no alcoholic or other stimulants, no tobacco or other narcotic, no condiments, no midnight dinners or midnight suppers, no pills, powders, or other drug poisons. Restrain and regulate the appetites, passions, and social affections. Bathe the whole person every morning on rising in clean, soft, cold water—a quart is enough. Keep a healthy stomach, the bowels open, a clear conscience, pay attention to daily devotions, trust in God, and do your duty.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.—How do you designate character in penmanship? Please oblige a subscriber by giving this a small space in your *invaluable* JOURNAL. As my courting was all done by letter, my wife asserts that she read my character in my handwriting, and I assure you she could not have formed a more correct opinion of my character had she lived with me for years.

Ans. We have given, in "New Physiognomy," the philosophy of this, with illustrations, examples of penmanship, in the autographs of many distinguished men.

POP-CORN.—What is there in pop-corn not found in other corn, that heat should cause it to expand to such an enormous extent.

Ans. The outer coat is finer and tougher, so that the moisture when it becomes heated into steam is retained longer, the coat expanding and stretching until the vapor becomes greatly rarefied, and the starchy part so softened that when the explosion takes place it rolls out in magnified proportions.

MENTAL FACULTY. — Whatever belongs to the mind possesses a "mental" (from *mens*, Latin for mind) character. The different capacities or powers of the mind, which are original in their nature, are its faculties. The term *faculty* is usually applied in Phrenology to the organs in the intellectual department of the brain, while the moral and religious organs are designated as *sentiments*, and the physical or "self-protective" group as *propensities*.

TEMPERAMENT.—Do not all great men have some one of the temperaments in the highest degree, say 7? and is it not necessary in order that a man may accomplish much?

Ans. No. A well-balanced temperament is the best for anybody, but it is well that all the temperaments be possessed in a high degree. Some are low in all the temperaments, and consequently there is not much in them. They are like soft, porous wood, instead of being like hickory or boxwood, and they amount to but little.

HORSE CONSCIOUSNESS.—Some young men in a debating society, we are informed anonymously by one of the members, have been discussing the question, whether it was right to take the life of any animal that was conscious of its existence, unless that animal by its invasion of the rights and interests of man had thereby forfeited its own right to existence, and the question turned on the point whether the horse, for instance, was conscious of its existence, and we are asked to decide the question.

In respect to the right to take the life of animals there has been a mawkish sentimentality exhibited by some reformers, who maintain that we have no right to cause pain in taking the life of oxen, sheep, poultry, etc., for the purpose of sustaining our own life. Our reply to that is this: that if the ox could not be slaughtered, not one in a hundred of them would be allowed to exist at all. If six years of life with careful feeding, currying, and other attention, be a blessing to the ox, and if the pain of a moment in the process of being killed is not an offset for this six years of pleasurable life, then man confers a benefit on the ox in permitting him to live, though he takes his life at last. Moreover, as oxen are now generally slaughtered, their consciousness of pain is utterly suspended by a single blow, so that death gives them little or no pain whatever, and all the pleasure there is in life is a boon conferred for the sake of the flesh of the animal.

In civilized lands, bears, wolves, and some other animals are not permitted to exist, and the pleasure that belongs to life is therefore not conferred, while the ox, the sheep, and other animals have extended terms of joyous life which is fostered and protected by man, so that man is on the whole a benefactor and has the right, not to abuse animals and torture them, but to rear them that they may be slaughtered.

In regard to the horse having a conscious existence, we hardly see how anybody could raise an argument on that question. Of course he has not a philosophic, comprehensive sense of existence which the best order of human beings have, but he is endowed with instincts for self-preservation, and seems to rejoice in life according to its sphere as much as man does. He is conscious of pleasure and of pain; he has affection and hatred; he has a knowledge of his wants, and, in a limited way, a knowledge of the means for their supply; therefore we should say that the horse has a consciousness of its own existence, and of the pleasures and dangers and troubles attending it.

SLEEP.—How many and what hours of the twenty-four should a person devote to sleep?

Ans. This depends somewhat upon the constitution, age, temperament, and pursuit. A person with a slender body and a large head needs more sleep than one otherwise organized.

Most people sleep too little, and in cities and large towns incline to turn night into day and day into night. This may do for those who are wealthy and have no occasion to work or to do business, but it is death for those who have to go to business in good season.

We suppose about eight hours for very large heads and nervous excitability should be devoted to sleep; and it should be done during the darkness. Ten o'clock is late enough to retire, and if half the people would be in bed at nine o'clock it would be better for themselves and for everybody else. Some people need ten hours, some, perhaps, can get along with six.

SKEPTICISM.—When a man speaks or writes on religious or other subjects, I at once examine the speaker, or imagine the development of the writer, and lay the blame or merit of his performance to the uncontrollable circumstances of his birth. Does not this faith in Phrenology uproot faith in the sincerity of men?

Ans. When you see a horse built for strength, that is willing to pull and does pull a good load; or a poor, hump-back, thin, cadaverous-looking frame of a horse that makes a poor show of drawing, yet seems to do the best he can, does your knowledge of the physiology of the horse undermine your faith in his willingness for the performance of his duties? The parable of the talents should explain to you this whole matter, and the responsibility, moral and otherwise, which attaches to the conduct of men. Each man is in duty bound to do his best, and having done it, he gets his proper reward. Men speak with talent because they have talent, and your seeing those who have talent and those who have not talent, before they commence speaking, does not change their individual responsibility. For man must have talent in order to use it, and to be responsible for its use.

PORK.—Dr. Clark and others believe that certain meats produce certain effects upon those who eat them, corresponding to the nature of the animal eaten. Would a person who eats pork become thereby swinish?

Ans. We do not regard pork as a very good article of food, and those who eat that which is gross in the way of food become more or less gross in their tastes and tendencies. But the process of digestion converts nutritious material from its original condition and makes a new substance of it, so that the cabbage does not really make a cabbage-head of the man who eats it.

Literary Notices.

ECCE FEMINA: An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. Being an Examination of Arguments in Favor of Female Suffrage. By John Stuart Mill and Others. And a Presentation of Arguments Against the Proposed Change in the Constitution of Society. By Carlos White. One vol., 12mo; pp. 258. Price, $1 50. Cloth. Hanover, N. H.: Published by the Author.

If it be thought by some that our ladies are too fast in their claims for political recognition, they will find a "break" in Mr. White which will "slow" the machine. Than agitation of mind by candid discussion, nothing can be more desirable or healthful. All the more conservative, religious papers commend this book. Its perusal will stir up thinking minds, though it may change no one's opinion.

PRINCIPLES OF A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, in Accordance with which it is sought to Reconcile the more Difficult Questions of Metaphysics and Religion with themselves, and with the Sciences and Common Sense. By Austin Bierbower, A.M. One vol., 12mo; pp. 240; cloth. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

The work is divided into Four Parts, and treats on the following subjects: The Original Forces, The Possibilities, Application to Theological Questions, To The Infinite, The Ideal, The Question of Progress, and like matters. As these subjects have now fairly obtained a hold upon the public mind, it is altogether proper that people should avail themselves of aid in their clear and coherent consideration.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST. An Illustrated Magazine devoted to Practical and Popular Entomology. Edited by Charles V. Riley. Monthly. Octavo. Terms, $2 per year, in advance. St. Louis, Mo.: R. P. Studley & Co.

This serial is valuable for those who wish to understand the nature and habits of various insects and parasites. It is gotten up in excellent style, well illustrated, and worthy the largest circulation.

THE PLANTER'S NORTHERN BRIDE; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. One vol., 12mo; pp. 579; cloth. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Years ago, when we were young, we read Mrs. Hentz's stories with much interest, and have no doubt but that the new generation of readers will enjoy them quite as much.

WHY DID HE MARRY HER? By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "The Planter's Daughter," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 392; cloth. Price, $1 75; or, in paper, $1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The interest in the story of this book is created and maintained in a large degree by the relation of incidents in clairvoyance. The answer to the query, "Why did he marry her? is of course given in the last few pages of the book, so keeping up the mystery of the plot to the end. The moral drawn from the whole is, "all is well that ends well," but a better one would have been, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

UP BROADWAY, and its Sequel. A Life Story. By Eleanor Kirk (Nellie Ames). One vol; 12mo; pp. 271; cloth. Price, $1 50. New York: Carleton.

We wish this work many readers. Its design is evident from the following: "Out of the abundance of the heart the author has written these pages," and we have little doubt but that the reading of them will reach those hearts which have not already been "cicatrized." The author tells the sad stories of two loving and unloved ones who have been won and wedded, and whose misfortunes have compassed them about till suffering and hunger have left them almost—if not quite—to despair. Unfortunate social relations have caused the pen to be dipped in ink bitter with sad experiences. With Eleanor's large heartedness we sympathize, but can not entirely agree with some of her views on the marriage relation; still, while disagreeing, we can but admire her self-reliance and perseverance as illustrated in the Autobiography or "Sequel."

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Contents of No. VIII. Instrumental: Gratz an Leipsig Waltzes; Illustration on Waltzes; Immergrun Quadrille; Ida Galop; Coliseum Polka Mazurka; Sybella; Studenten; Der Schnellaufer Galop; Gertrude Polka; Mit Klingenden Spell March; Portland Fancy. Songs, Piano Accompaniment: Song of the Skylark; Kathleen Mavourneen; Musical Miseries; Dublin Bay; Brighter Days will Come; Roy Neil; If I had but a Thousand a Year; Blue Eyes; Yea, I'll Meet Thee in the Lane; Act on the Square. Monthly. Boston: Elias Howe.

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING. By W. W. Hall, M.D., editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*, and author of "Bronchitis, and Kindred Diseases," "Sleep," "Health and Disease," "Consumption," etc. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 277; cloth, with leather back. Price, $1 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Dr. Hall has written much on the subject of Health in its various relations, and the most of the much that he has written is valuable to mankind. His new book we advise everybody to read. The following are some of the subjects treated: When to Eat, What to Eat, How Much to Eat, Regularity in Eating, How to Eat, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, The Unity of Disease, Air and Exercise, Food Cure, Rest.

A CELESTIAL WORK.—We have received from our friend W. Ware, of San Francisco, California, a curiosity in the form of a book whose origin was in the Celestial Empire. It is interesting to both old and young as a "picture-book," and we have not yet outgrown our love for pictures. We are not versed in the Chinese language, and we can not tell what the stories are about; but the illustrations are more expressive of lack of thought than of its superabundance. Friend Ware will please accept our thanks for his kind thoughtfulness.

MINNESOTA AS IT IS—In 1870. Its General Resources and Attractions for Immigrants, Invalids, Tourists, Capitalists, and Business Men. (Principally from Official Authorities.) With Special Descriptions of all its Counties and Towns, their Topography, Population, Nationalities, Products, Business, Wealth, Social Advantages and Inducements to those in quest of Homes, Health, or Pleasure. By J. W. McClung, St. Paul. Containing a Township Map of the State, made expressly to accompany the book (Four Colors), and showing the Government Lands in every County, with Official Descriptions of every part of the State, by Government Surveyors, Topographical Engineers, Geologists, and Travelers. One vol., 12mo; pp. 298; cloth. Price, $1 75; paper, $1 50. Map, 50 cents. Published by the Author.

This rather elaborate title leaves nothing for us to add. Those who are seeking a home in this great Northwest State should consult the book.

HAPPY HOURS; A Collection of Songs for Schools, Academies, and the Home Circle. By Howard Kingsbury, assisted by Rev. Alfred A. Graley. One vol., small quarto. Pp. 188; boards. Price, 50 cents, or $5 per dozen. New York: Taintor Brothers.

We have heard this collection of music highly commended, especially for the use of schools. We will append some of the titles: "A Boy is a Boy," "A Farmer I will be," "Be Kind to One Another," "Bugle Song," "Don't Leave the Farm," "Fatherland," "Go Ahead," "Hunting Song," "Laughter," "Little Nell," "Neighbor Dobbs," "Memory," "Santa Claus," "Sign the Pledge," "Sleigh-Ride Song," "When We are Twenty-one," etc. There is also a department of devotional music.

GOTTSCHALK'S FUNERAL MARCH. Composed by A. J. Goodrich, author of "La Pacifique," etc., etc. Syracuse, N. Y.: Horace W. Coon, Publisher.

A composition exhibiting genuine musical capacity in the author, and a thorough appreciation of his subject. Since the publication of "La Pacifique" we have entertained rather high expectations with reference to Mr. Goodrich, and his "Funeral March" by no means puts us at fault. The harmonies of the composition are grand, majestic, and impressive, yet by no means monotonous.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER ANNUAL AND AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ADVERTISER for 1870, containing Valuable Suggestions for Western Farmers, Fruit-Growers and Florists: together with a List of Implement Manufacturers and Dealers, Seedsmen, Nurserymen, Stock-Breeders, etc., etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 119; paper. Price, 30 cents. Chicago: *Prairie Farmer* office.

A useful volume. Its illustrations alone are worth the price of the book. So also is the list of implement makers and dealers, seedsmen, nurserymen, etc. More than ten years ago we sought for such a list, and found to our surprise there was none. We then collected and published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL the first one of the kind in this country.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES, Original and Selected. By George W. Bungay. One vol., 12mo; pp. 288; cloth. Price, $1. New York: J. N. Stearns.

This author has created and compiled many of the richest current anecdotes and brief stories with which the public have been regaled by temperance lecturers. Of course everybody will want a copy of this racy, spicy, funny book.

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOL FUND—The Question of the Hour. By Rufus W. Clark, D.D. No. 10 of The Tracts for the People. One vol., 12mo; pp. 182; paper. Price, 40 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Rev. Dr. Clark believes in our common-school system, and defends it ably. He also believes in the Bible, and thinks its teachings entirely consistent with the best conditions of the highest civilization. He plants himself on Democratic Republican grounds, and aims to bring all to intelligent Christian—unsectarian—principles. Read his book.

HENRY J. RAYMOND and the New York Press for Thirty Years. Progress of American Journalism from 1840 to 1870. With Portrait, Illustrations, and Appendix. By Augustus Maverick. Published by Subscription only. One vol., octavo; pp. 501; cloth; Price, $3. Hartford, Conn.: A. S. Hale & Company. New York agent, M. F. Hobert, 176 Bleecker Street.

If Dr. Johnson was fortunate in having a Boswell for his biographer, so was Mr. Raymond in having a Maverick. This work is a work of love, based on real knowledge—personal experience. Mr. Raymond and Mr. Maverick were fellow-workers on, and graduates from the mother of many newspapers, the New York *Tribune*. And Mr. M. tells the story of a brief though most interesting and effective life. The work will be an encouragement to all real workers and self-dependent men.

THE ALBANY LAW JOURNAL, a Weekly Periodical devoted to the interest of the Legal Profession. Messrs. Weed, Parsons & Co., Publishers, Albany, N. Y.

The specimens of this new publication which have come to hand are in every respect creditable to those concerned in its preparation. To the bar not only of New York, but of the other States, it must prove a valuable aid, containing as it does digests and abstracts of the more important cases and decisions of the U. S. courts, the appellate and lower courts of different States, besides interesting information relating to English procedures. Young students-at-law will find this new Law Journal of special value.

THE AMERICAN BUILDER and Journal of Art, edited and published by Charles D. Lakey, Chicago, is one of the most useful, not to say one of the most elegant serial publications issued by the American press. Finer houses and pleasanter homes will be established throughout the West through its agency. Terms, only $3 a year.

THE MAIDEN WIDOW, a Sequel to "The Family Doom." By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Fair Play," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 313. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This prolific writer and these enterprising publishers are filling many libraries with "lots of light reading." Would it were as instructive as it is amusing!

HELEN AND ARTHUR; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 238; cloth. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

One of a series of volumes by this popular writer.

THE PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER OF THE CHURCH FOR 1868. By Joseph M. Wilson. Volume Ten. One vol., octavo; pp. 428; boards. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson.

A most valuable historical document. A world of patient work has been expended on this almanac, and the author well deserves the thanks not only of the Presbyterian Church, but also of all our countrymen.

C. MACCI PLAUTI CAPTIVI, TRINUMMUS, ET RUDENS. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By C. S. Harrington, M.A., Professor of Latin in the Wesleyan University. One vol., 12mo; pp. 278; cloth. Price, $1 25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The plays of Plautus are claimed to be free from objections in a moral point of view, and are recommended as suitable for students in Latin classics. The author's copious notes add much to the interest of the work.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART is published in numbers of 144 pages each, every two months, at $6 a year, in advance. Editors—Professors Silliman and Dana, aided by Profs. Gibbs, Gray, Newton, Brush, Johnson, and Verrill. Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Mineralogy, Mining, Botany, Zoology, Meteorology, Astronomy, etc. Subscriptions received at this office.

HIRELL. A Novel. By the Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Bound to the Wheel," "Martin Pole," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 157; paper. Price, 37 cents. This is No. 334 of Harper's Library of cheap select novels.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. With a new Map of Equatorial America, and numerous Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 356; cloth. Price, $2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A work which must find its way, sooner or later, to every well-stocked library. It is appropriately illustrated and beautifully printed. Readers who are fond of travel will relish this scientific though popularly written work.

THE PLANCHETTE MYSTERY; An Inquiry into the Nature, Origin, Import, and Tendencies of Modern Signs and Wonders. How to Work Planchette. 25 cents. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

Here are some recent notices of the little witch which we place on record.

The Church Independent, of La Porte, Indiana, says: "This is a very important pamphlet. The author conceals his name, but we happen to know him as a thorough-going philosopher and expounder of modern mysteries. He takes broad and scientific views. He bestows a passing notice on each of the theories *generally* proposed to account for the wonders of Planchette, and satisfactorily shows that there is scarcely any truth in them. He then takes the psychological view, and with great correctness and discrimination. Of course he condemns the evil and false connected with it, but he wisely discriminates."

Brooklyn Daily Times: "No one can read it without confessing that the author did not misuse terms when he called it 'a candid inquiry.'"

The Boston *Banner of Light* calls it "pithy and pregnant."

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin, Esq., author of "St. Leon," "Cloudesley," etc. Complete in one volume. Pp. 231; paper. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is rich reading, and will well repay a careful perusal.

EVERY SATURDAY is an illustrated journal of choice reading published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, at $5 a year. It is a handsome quarto of 16 pages, and will prove acceptable to the large class who enjoy good reading with pictorial illustrations.

THE SCIENTIFIC PRESS, an illustrated journal of science and industrial progress, consisting of Mining, Farming, and the Mechanical arts, is a credit to California, where it is published by Messrs. Dewey & Co., of San Francisco, at $4 per year. It is a handsome quarto weekly of 16 pages. In this we have an account of all the mining, agricultural, and manufacturing interests of that enterprising State.

MESSRS. B. K. BLISS & SONS, formerly of Springfield, Mass., now of 41 Park Row, New York, have just published their Illustrated Spring Catalogue of Seeds, etc., for 1870. This is, without exception, the most complete document of the kind yet published in this country. It is a large octavo of 120 pages, containing hundreds of illustrative cuts, giving prices of every variety of seeds, and is beautifully printed. Price, 25 cents.

THE LITTLE FOLKS, a two-page sheet, published weekly, at 30 cents a year, for little children, by Adams Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago, Ill. The 48 weekly numbers make a pretty little volume.

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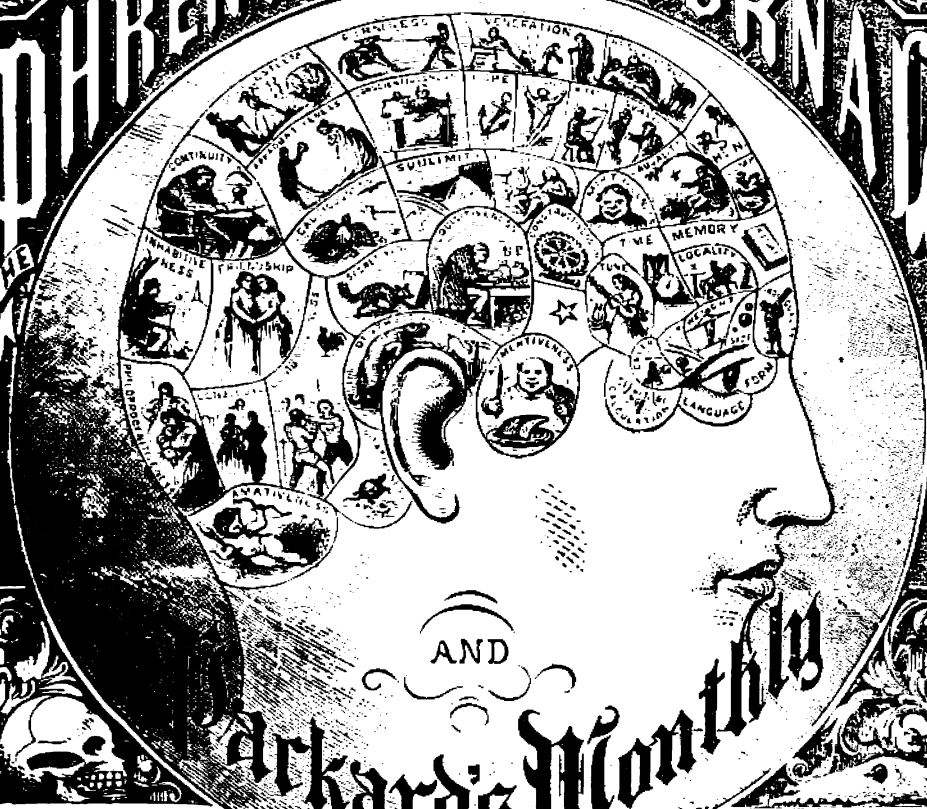
NUMBER 5.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL



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THE

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May, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL MERRILL, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

SAMUEL MERRILL,

GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

THE impression conveyed to us by this face, at first view, is that the natural habitude of its owner's mind is serenity. The poise of the mouth, the mild but steady eye, the heavy but smoothly modeled cheek-bones, and the well-proportioned sinciput, severally and collectively evince the man of harmonious thought and mild activity. The greatest breadth of the brain rests either in the part forward of the ears and at the temporal region, or above the ears in the region of Cautiousness. The head is therefore wide at both the parts specified, and the corresponding organic develop-

ment gives to his character some of its most marked peculiarities,—such for instance as a regard to prudential considerations in whatever he undertakes; an avoidance of heedless or intemperate measures, and a careful weighing of practical issues.

The strong, full brows show clear and facile discernment of facts; and the well-rounded upper forehead shows power to grasp the logical meaning of facts and adapt them to his purposes. He deals in no fine-spun theories; aims not to secure assent through sophistry; but squarely and broadly presents his proposition, and girds it about with an array of evidence in the shape of accumulated facts. He has a wealth of good-nature which ripples in his talk, his logic, his sympathy, and his gesture. He should be courteous, affable, and kindly, if the portrait represents the upper part of the forehead correctly. He should possess in an eminent degree that spirit of cordiality, that *bonhommie*, which sets the diffident at their ease, and provokes familiarity even in the timid. He has a good deal of steady, direct energy, an energy not so much contributed to by the impulsion of Combativeness and Destructiveness as by his stronger sense of propriety and duty. He is by no means wanting in ambition, but his strong sense of duty colors all his aims, and deters him from assuming more than he can efficiently sustain. He is nice in the appreciation of what is due to one's self-respect, and so esteems his reputation as among the choicest of his possessions.

The sprightly and improving *Western Monthly* is entitled to our acknowledgments for the materials which compose the biographical sketch following.

Among the eminent men of the Northwest Colonel Samuel Merrill, Governor of the State of Iowa, is worthy of special mention. He was born in Oxford County, Maine, August 7th, 1822, and is therefore in the fullness of manly vigor. When about sixteen years of age his father removed to Buxton, where he went to school, and where he became a teacher. He directed his studies in this direction, and after reaching his majority traveled in the Southern States with a view to teaching. The doctrines of the abolitionists had already aroused a considerable feeling of opposition in the South, and the young man from Maine discovered that his sentiments in this direction were a complete bar to employment. He therefore returned to Maine, and successfully engaged in farming a few years; and in 1847 removed to Tamworth, New Hampshire, where, with a brother, he carried on a mercantile business. In this, as he had been in farming, he was successful. Honest, sagacious, energetic, his worldly affairs prospered steadily and surely, none the less so because his manners were pleasing and his nature generous. He took an active but not noisy part in politics. In 1854 he was elected to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and again in 1855. As a legislator he made no noise, but quietly exerted considerable influence.

In 1856 he removed to the town of McGregor, Iowa—then, as now, a queer-looking place, narrow and long; then inconsiderable in population and trade, now quite a large city, of extensive business. Here he and his brother engaged in selling goods. As the town and the country round about increased in population, their business increased, and at last the house thus established became one of the most prosperous and extensive wholesale establishments on the upper Mississippi River. In the conduct of his business Mr. Merrill was prompt and exceedingly energetic, as well as correct. In his social relations he was genial. A strict Congregationalist, he was liberal in opinion and benevolent in disposition. No man in McGregor contributed more to churches and schools than he. No man labored more earnestly for the good of the town. Without himself knowing it, perhaps, he became very popular with the people. In 1859 he was nominated for the House of Representatives of the State, by the Republicans of his county. He was absent from home at the time, and knew nothing of his nomination till some time afterward. Business prevented him from

taking personal part in the campaign; nevertheless he was elected.

The Legislature to which Mr. Merrill was thus elected is remembered in Iowa for the unusual number of men of marked ability among its membership; but of them all, it is said that none exerted more influence than he, although no oratorical display ever escaped from his tongue.

His efficiency was particularly noticeable at the opening of the late war, when he rendered most valuable and generous services in fitting out the first regiments sent into the field. In the summer of 1862 he offered his personal services to the Government, and was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first Iowa Volunteers, and shortly afterward reported with his command to Gen. Fitz-Henry Warren, in Central Missouri.

His regiment experienced no small amount of the severities of military service. During the Vicksburg campaign, Colonel Merrill was severely wounded while a charge was made at Black River Bridge. His injury being in the hip closed his military career, as it was a long time before he recovered so much as to be able to walk with crutches, and even now an occasional twinge reminds him that there is some weakness left.

When he was sufficiently restored to health, he resumed the business of banking, and became the President of the McGregor National Bank, which took the place of the branch of the State Bank at that city. He was thus engaged when he was nominated for Governor, in June, 1867. He was elected in October of that year by a majority of about twenty-eight thousand votes.

He conducted the somewhat complicated and numerous duties of the Iowa governorship with marked ability and address, and with so much satisfaction to the people, that at the close of his term of office he was reelected for a second term by a very handsome majority.

THE BRAIN—CURIOUS FACT IN NATURE.—In the fish, the average proportion of the brain to the spinal cord is only 2 to 1. In the reptile, the ratio is 2½ to 1. In the bird, it is 3 to 1. In the mammalia, it is 4 to 1. But in man, it is 23 to 1. No less remarkable is the fœtal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then it grows into the form of that of a reptile; then into that of a bird; then into that of a mammiferous quadruped, and finally it assumes the form of a human brain, "thus comprising in its fœtal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man was in himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives.—*Utah Magazine.*

Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless *inner sight.*
Mrs. Hemans.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

SPIRITUALITY AND SIMPLICITY.

THE *New Jerusalem Messenger* (Swedenborgian) publishes, and the *Examiner and Chronicle*, Baptist, copies and comments on the following article on worship, which has some suggestions provocative of thought:

"All the externals of worship should possess spirituality. By this is meant that they should be the exponent of a spiritual idea, and should be calculated to call forth and develop a spiritual state in the heart of the worshiper. . . . Spirituality is the soul in the body, and the demand for it does not necessitate six acts of worship in the place of seven, or fifty in the place of a hundred, or *vice versa.* An elaborate method of worship may be most spiritual, and so may one non-elaborate. The forms of worship in the Catholic Church are not external because they are elaborate, but because they are not calculated to excite spiritual states. The peculiarities of their forms, together with the ignorance of their adherents, and not their number in itself considered, render them external. Nor is Quaker silence spiritual because exteriorly simple. It is doubtful whether any more spirituality can be shown in Quaker than in Catholic worship. It takes ideas to give a spiritual character to an emotion, and the presence or absence of these, not the presence or absence of a certain kind and number of acts of worship, gives or takes away its spiritual character.

"On the other hand, we must remember that mere sensuous impressiveness, or the

inspiration of awe, is not spirituality. To be impressed with the solemnity of a mode of worship without a comprehension of its ideas is only natural. Many think that elaborate forms of worship should be for the simple, to hold them in awe by their solemn impressiveness. The opposite is more true. The ideas of a mode of worship should be evident to the worshiper. Awe is a species of intoxication neither spiritual nor rational. A man in temple worship should be in a state as calm and collected and sane as any of his life. The emotional should not be elevated above the intellectual; they should go hand in hand. He should never be thrilled by a feeling that has no corresponding idea to give it form and balance; nor should he take an intellectual cognizance of truth without a corresponding emotion to give it life. From this it may be seen that the ideas and emotions of worship should be varied according to the capacity of the worshiper to perceive and appreciate them; the higher will be the more full, not the lower.

"In the third place, all worship of the Lord should be simple. By this is not meant an absence of things, but a directness of adaptation existing between a means and its object. There has been no word in worship more misunderstood than this word simple. Many suppose that it means an absence of parts in an organization; instead of which, it applies to their method of arrangement. If simplicity is mere nothingness, it will lead to the destruction of that to which it is applied. With this meaning of the word simple, we might say that it is simpler not to kneel than to kneel in prayer; it is simpler to sit than to stand in singing; it is still more simple not to pray or sing at all, and it is the simplest thing of all to do nothing. This is not said in ridicule, but because it is the legitimate bearing of this idea of simplicity. But true simplicity, that which is spiritual and correctly applies to worship, as already affirmed, is a directness of relation between the modes of worship and the ideas to be expressed in them. That mode of worship is complex, and not simple, which is not calculated to produce the effect intended; in which there is confusion, the mingling of various ideas and conceptions together; in which the states succeeding one another have no special relation to each other, and especially in which there are superfluous and unnecessary parts. Such a mode of worship as this is complex, of howsoever few parts it may be composed. But that method of worship which proceeds to the accomplishment of its purposes by a directness evident to all, which abounds in no superfluities, and in the whole of which a unity of purpose and idea prevails, is more simple than the former, though it contain twice as many parts. This is the simplicity that pertains to all the works of our Creator. It may be seen in the Word, in the works of nature, and in the human body; and it is the only simplicity worthy of imitation by us."

[Our readers will see, in the above, a recognition of the doctrines held by psychologists. It is believed that all our modes of worship will yet be conformed to intelligible if not to scientific principles, by which the greatest good may be realized by the worshiper.]

TO GIVE IS TO RECEIVE.

WE must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man, and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship, and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance.

The sky is mellower for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives its glory from the orb of day.

All things are tributary to each other. The glow-worm lights a traveler's path; the pebble turns the tide.

Rills fill the river; rivers send their vapors forth and fill again the rills. If love flows from our soul unto our neighbor's, something must be dislodged within his breast. It may be envy, pride, or hate—what matter it? or it may be sweetest strains of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers; but not, like earthly laborers, waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time, and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike

many hearts, and gather accelerated speed. Pass the cup around. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust and mold will gather on the cup that stands unmoved; and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use. * * *

NIGHT-FALL.

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall
  Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
  Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
  All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
  Wheel the swallows home in clouds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
  Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
  Underneath, and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan
  In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man
  As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
  From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
  Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

—*Longfellow.*

OUR PRESENT DUTY.

BY MRS. J. S. A.

THE living—give them kind words and loving deeds. Wait not to carve a eulogy upon the stone above their heads; keep not back the merited word of commendation while they dwell in the flesh. Too many, alas! too many shut the door of their hearts till the loved one has passed on; till the warm, loving heart has ceased to beat, and the willing hand is palsied in death. Then the words which should have cheered their souls in life ripple over their graves—words which, if given while they were with us in the flesh, would have linked them to our souls, and, now that they have risen, would, like a chain of love, have drawn us up to them. It is natural for us to idealize, and speak tenderly, lovingly of those men call "the dead." It is refining, comforting, and assuring to our souls to do so; but let us remember that the kind word and deed to the living to-day are better than any eulogy we may place upon the tombstone we rear for them to-morrow.

KNOWING;
OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

BY A. P. SPRAGUE.

PROEM.

THERE is an interminable web of Being, in the center of which is man; and from every point of his selfhood there radiates a line of relation to something not himself. There are also unseen silver bands that bind the different parts of his nature to each other in matchless integrity, constituting him a permanent individuality. These unbreakable cords lie without weight and without notice on the surface of his existence, yet their strength is all-sufficient, and his personality is self-demonstrative and enduring. The relations which man sustains may be divided into several general classes: he is related to his Maker; to his fellow; to the external world; and to himself.

It is the design of this series of essays—which are to be published under the supervision of the Editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—to investigate the third set of these relations, the class conversant about the cognizance of physical truth. The work, when completed, is not expected to supply any great and pressing need of the literary world; for upon the sea of literature, where we buffet the waves of contending opinions and the winds of contrary arguments, every class of men, every interest, and every department of life has its representative bark and book. The object to be attained is the presentation of a concise system of philosophy embracing sense-perception and its object in a new light and carried out to its application to destiny, interesting both to the general reader and the student of philosophy, compact, simple, complete, yet capable of great enlargement by the individual and fruitful in suggestion.

In a compact work of this character an argumentative establishment of hypotheses will not, however, be demanded, and it is very far from the writer's intention to insist upon their acceptance as conclusive. Their incorporation into the ground-work of the structure now rearing was, of course, necessary to its stability; and they simply evince the writer's views in regard to them—not the methods by which he has arrived at them or the sources he has examined. In the closing numbers the style will also be more expository than argumentative; so that even in a department where discussion seems to be imperative, there will appear a bare statement of conclusions in the

majority of instances. In one aspect the subject was small. But the smallest seed becomes a great tree; the apparently diminutive subject, on examination, becomes broad and deep, interesting and profitable. We attempt to comprehend it, and find that it extends its ramifications over all the avenues of knowledge.

The grain of gold when brought under the hammer spreads out and covers the face of the anvil. The little "I know," when pressed upon by the power of investigation, yields wondrously, and when applied to its object covers the face of nature. In another view the subject was large and weighty; nor did its greatness diminish on examination—it was found to contain the germs of a system of knowledge. There are the physics, metaphysics, esthetics, ethics, and economics of knowing; and there are obvious difficulties in the way of a symmetrical extraction, from these vast sources, of materials adapted to an essay of this size. Therefore the task was not easy.

The endeavor has been to select all that is fundamental and universal in empirical knowledge, and then to make a unique and attractive embodiment; if these papers shall afford intellectual enjoyment to any, or shall place science in its proper relation to man and to destiny before the consciousness of any human soul, the endeavor will have been abundantly successful.

THE KNOWABLE.

Before God, nothing; after God, everything.

Duration had continued indefinitely when Time was first measured off from Eternity and the designs of Deity with reference to our world began to be made manifest. Into the fathomless gulf of Being there poured the waters of a new life, and the rising mist was parted into an infinite variety of shape and color, then vanished to give place to the realities which had been shadowed forth. Matter was placed under the dominion of force and motion, heat and life were wrought into the foundations of the universe. For a while swift wandering masses rushed madly through disordered space, rending each the other with stupendous crash. The boundless realms where their huge unshapen forms rocked to and fro resounded with unhearable thunders; and all, save the throne of the Eternal, trembled and shook. But soon stern, comely Law wed dissolute, homely Chaos before an altar resting on vacancy and abiding forever. Ugly Chaos died; but Law remained, and their beauteous child, graceful Order, the wondrous offspring of an incongruous union, lived to bless and beautify creation. And now the atoms of matter, singly and in combinations of various number, are left to the regulated influence of force acting in accordance with the inflexible laws enacted by an Almighty law-giver. Under the powerful agencies which were at work, the aggregating atoms assumed the designed proportions; the creating and organizing forces were in exact adaptation and produced the desired transformation. The eternal fitness of things was developing itself. Through myriad of years the creating process was continued.

In every part were forming star and sun and planet. Countless molecules sped from the spacious reservoir of matter to the destined place in the mighty fabric of the growing universe. Gravity caught at and seized what came within its reach, appropriating all to swell the size of that body in which itself inhered. Gases, liquids, and solids were changing from themselves into each other. A crisis in creation is coming! a thousand stars approach completion, a score of systems are on the verge of finishing, and which shall be first to perfection? The answer comes to us from the throne of the Most High through His Sacred Word. The earth is full-orbed and ready for its atmosphere before the other globes through all space are ready for the reception of their photospheres. The flames that shot athwart the skies from elaborating spheres were now diffused by the air and there was light. Many cycles passed away when sun and moon and stars were done, and the wonderful spectacle of full-orbed worlds burst upon the eyes of angels. They had seen these bodies growing, although the process had been going on in darkness. The light of their formation had shone—it had been received and diffused by the peculiar ethereal substance where those angelic beholders had stood and gazed. Chemical action on so grand a scale had developed immense quantities of heat and light of awful intensity, so that the realms of space presented one vast scene of flash and spark and crinkled flame, interspersed with intervals of blackest gloom. After the completion of the physical structure of the heavenly bodies these sources of light became extinct, and the photospheres of the same bodies gave forth their luminous beams.

Joyfully those first bright rays fled on unresisted, undismayed, making a round red passage-way through the unknown void until

they reached our atmosphere, where tiny particles shattered their intense wholeness into countless fragments, and a mild pervasive luster shed itself around the new-made globe. Meanwhile, the several spheres had sought and found their orbits, and every orb with steady progress and majestic sway rolled round itself and round its central ball. The mighty gigantic machinery of the universe planned by intelligence supreme and perfected by omnipotence, was performing its magnificent revolutions while angel feet trod groundless realms to the music of its movement. And those angelic forms which before had feared to enter the vast dark laboratory where the universe had been forging, spirits that had not dared to plunge into the laboring abyss where awful forces toiling with each other and themselves were molding spheres in alternate flash and gloom, heavenly hosts did not now hesitate to enter the confines of the strange new system where there was light and harmony.

The earth went on through great successive changes, through long extended periods, and by the operation of vital influence organic existence was thrown around her; a cloak of rich and varied texture was folded round her rotund form. This robe was like a thing of life, for its surface and all its sides on looking at the light took up within themselves what part they chose, and giving back the remnant became a "coat of many colors." Then color being united with form, beauty was produced. Next, types of being with greater and more numerous attributes made their appearance. They had not only life and changeful form, but they had power of motion and organs that led back to a consciousness within themselves of what they did.

What is there, now, that creation is so far complete? There is a globe we call our earth, composed of a substance we call matter, and situated somewhere in space, revolving ceaselessly. Unevenness and variety relieve the monotony of its otherwise spherical shape. Here lofty mountains rear their heads into the clouds; while on either side vast level plains reach far away, or deep dark valleys lie long and low. The continents elevate their huge stern forms, and a watery belt wraps round their bases. The ocean, broadly stretching around earth's towering places and far across its sunken deeps, is murmuring, swelling, surging ever with the fullness of its uncontrolable self. And through all and over all is woven the web of life—of vegetable and animal life—making a huge ball a seat of activity, change, and beauty. Both animals and plants being endowed with the power of renewal and reproduction of their species in the germ of their constitution and in the influences they are sure to meet with on the ground of their existence, this scene is perpetually changing, and yet the same. Winged shapes of wonderful structure and exquisite beauty float the aerial fluid which enspheres our earth, singing notes of joy or uttering shrill triumphant tones. They are submerged in the atmosphere, completely enveloped in a fluid so subtile that they scarcely perceive it, and yet so necessary to their existence and motion that they could not do without it. Finny forms swim in seas and lakes and rivers immersed in water, absolutely surrounded with the liquid, yet they do not drown, but live and thrive within those depths, or do not live at all.

Everything teems with organization, motion, warmth, life, beauty, power, presenting an endless and curious variety of objects to note and know. Beneath the surface of this earth are hidden vast treasures, placed there when the world was making. In those vast natural vaults are entombed the bones of earth's dead self, where one can study the anatomy of her as she existed at various stages of her formation. Down deep is the history of her growth carved out on adamantine tablets stamped in ineffaceable characters on every stratum; folded, imperishable parchments, the records of her early life, lie strewn on the floor of her caverns.

Minerals and metals of great value, and susceptible of all manner of modifications, combinations, and uses, are imbedded in this same inexhaustible repository, this richest of all treasuries. Specimens of the finest chemistry of nature, the jewels of her own production and keeping, lie scattered near the surface, needing but the touch of the magic fingers of the light to be made to sparkle as with joy at being thus released from their dungeon and made surpassingly gorgeous. Some of them will take a beam right from the solar orb, shatter it into many rays, and reflect a maze of colored light so bright and so attractive that it seems a reservoir of beauty. In the dark rocky caverns of the globe not a crevice opens but opens a vein of rare curiosities, not a seam is sprung but reveals unthought grandeur and the previous action of mighty force.

Come out of earth, away from earth, and then force and matter, motion and form combined have individualized the planets as we have seen, and unified compactly the elements of the light-producing orbs—the suns of sys-

tems. The limitless azure deeps glow with the signal-fires of perfected existence, some shining by their own, some by another's light. How those mildly beaming spheres move forward without a visible guide in the grand round of their periodic revolutions! satellite around planet, these around sun, and these altogether without interference and with perfect regularity in conjunction with other systems around the central orb of all.

And the history of this, and more, is to be read. All past, all present, all future, all actual, all possible modifications of the great all are to be known. The knowable is perhaps limited only by that which was, and is, and shall be evermore. So the field is broad, and has produced immensely, and will be productive forever. It is ripe, and waiting for the reapers; it is ripening, and successive harvests will continue to whiten the ground. There has been, and is, and always will be work for the sickle, and sheaves for the harvesters to garner. What a perpetual harvest is this! how vast, how productive, how valuable is the land of knowable being! Perhaps the reapers we shall soon describe will not gather all the harvest; the finite eye, whose brilliancies we are about to disclose, may never be large enough to look at infinity. But let us wait, and patiently wait, for endless years are yet to be, and it is enough at present for us to be assured that there shall never be famine or want—that the knowable is inexhaustible. Now, who is the student of this universal history?

THE KNOWING.

The world is done; and it was made for some purpose. It was not sufficient that all these creating forces should have been brought to bear upon all these different masses of matter, and that there should have come forth a creation of such variety of form and power of producing impression. Had the world been less beautiful, it would not have been so important that there should be eyes to see it; or had it been less magnificent in design, or less wonderful in structure, it would not have been so imperative that there should be faculties to comprehend it. The world is done; and what is it for? To show the power, and the glory, and the intelligence of God to angels, beings already existent? No, for that had already appeared to them, and from the beginning. All this expenditure of wisdom and might, all this development of the possibilities that lay in the relations of matter and force must be laid open to the vision of a personality that could cognize and appreciate it.

All this preparation had been for the use and delight of an order of beings yet to be. That being was man. Man was made for the world, and the world was made for man. But it was necessary to make the world and fit it up in the style of its natural perfected state, in order that all influences which should come in contact with man and the constitution of his being should be made to harmonize therewith and promote his development—in order that all things should be adapted to his capacities and his endurance.

Had he been made before, his nature could not have endured the rude shock of contending forces and wild powers afloat in space and sweeping by the melting, heaving, growing earth. His eyes could not have endured the intense light of elaborating spheres which sent the fierce glow of their forming through all the realms. The flash of such fires would have withered the root of vision. His body could not have borne the awful heat of welding worlds and spheres of liquid fire that shed their bold, hot burnings throughout immensity.

But the world was ready; we are told God "took the dust of the earth and made an image and breathed into it the breath of life."

Man was made; creation had now put on absolute completeness; there was now the sensate and the insensate, the knowing and the knowable, spirit and matter, the sublimest combination of reciprocal facts and influences conceivable. No wonder the "morning stars sang together" and made space vocal with sympathetic delight. No wonder the atmosphere was resonant with bird-songs more joyful than ever, and the spheres gave forth a long, loud sympathetic sound, setting majestic harmony to the rhythm of their circling motion!

There was now somebody to listen and know they were singing and caroling and playing—the magnificent concert was not performed in vain. What a marriage was that when soul was united with body, when spirit wed matter, and there was formed a union surpassingly mysterious and wondrous! This was the crowning wonder of creation. It was easy to make material force operate upon material force; but what perfection of perfections in the art of making! what masterly effort in the combination of opposite elements was that which made material force susceptible of being operated upon by mental force, and mind capable of being influenced by matter and constituted an existence combining the antitheses of being! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.*

AN ETHNOGRAPHICAL REVIEW.

BY DR. OSCAR PESCHEL.

THERE is scarcely a nation or people on the face of the earth that has not attached some story or signification to the spots in the moon. And though the following survey lays claim to nothing like completeness, it may serve to incite travelers and missionaries, when they come in contact with heathen races, to hear from these sons of nature what they think about the so-called moon-face, or what has been handed down to them by tradition from their forefathers respecting it.

It is still a mystery why the moon has been connected with the hare in the legends and traditions of various races. The Namaqua Hottentots revere the man in the moon as a supernatural being, and at the same time they will not eat the flesh of the hare, because, with them, this animal is considered sacred.† "One day," so says their tradition, "the moon called the hare to her (or rather *him*, as they place the moon in the masculine), and commissioned that animal to deliver the following message to mankind: 'As I die and am again renewed, so also shall you die and again come to life.' Obedient to the moon's command the hare hurried with the message to the earth, but instead of delivering it as it had been given by the moon—'As I die and am again renewed'—said, 'As I die and shall not be born again.' On the return of the hare to the moon the latter asked him what he had said to the human race, and in reply the hare repeated everything that he had said. On hearing his report, the heavenly orb exclaimed: 'What! Thou hast said to man: As I die and shall not be born again, so also shall you die and no more come to life!'—and the enraged moon threw a stick at the hare, which cut open its mouth; and to this event is ascribed the peculiar formation of the hare's lip. The hare betook himself as quickly as possible to flight, and, according to the tradition, he is scouring across the earth even to this day. The old Namaquas, however, are accustomed to add, 'We still despise the hare because it announced such bad tidings to us.'"*

In the thirteenth fable of the celebrated Sanscrit Collection of Hitopadesa, the hare passes himself off before the King of the Elephants as the messenger of the moon, in order to save his family from being trampled to death by those thick-legged monsters, and in proof his assumptions appeals to the fact that the moon bears on its disk the hare as its heraldic symbol.† It is a fact that in India the moon is called a hare-bearer; and the moon-god is also built up in a wagon, drawn by two antelopes, and holding a hare in the hand. In what manner the Hottentots, the remnant of a race of men who were earlier spread over a much larger territory in South Africa, came to be possessed of a tradition which has so many features in common with a Hindoo one, is a problem as attractive as it is difficult to solve. But in India the spots on the moon are not always clothed with the same characteristics, for to some of the races there they are invested with the form of a deer (Humboldt), and for that reason our satellite also appears there under the name of a deer-bearer. The people of Siam have various notions about the shadows on the moon's disk; now it is a hare, now an old married couple, a grandfather and grandmother engaged in tilling the fields of the moon, and making up a heap of rice.‡ The Buddhists there, again, say that the founder of their religion strove during a period of six years to gain the greatest enlightenment in regard to the character of the moon-spots, but was not able to make out anything more than the simple letters OM in the disk (Bastian). The Japanese see in the shadowy outlines in the

* Translated by J. P. Jackson, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany. Dr. Peschel, the editor of the celebrated and influential ethnographical journal *Das Ausland*, is one of the chief authorities in Germany on what is styled comparative ethnology.

† Waitz: Anthropologie, Vol. II., p. 342.

* Anderson: Lake Ngami.

† Hitopadesa. Ed. by Voltz. Lps. 1868, p. 59.

‡ Bastian, Völker Ostasiens, Vol. III., p. 242.

moon's disk a rabbit in the act of pounding rice in a mortar, with the pestle.*

The Esquimaux, whose language induces us to assume that they migrated from Asia to the New World, and whom we may include in the Mongolian race, look upon the moon as the younger brother of the sun, which latter they consider feminine. By the waning of the moon they think that the sun embraces and kisses her brother, and the spots in the latter's face are supposed to be the traces remaining of her sooty hands.† The Mongolian Buriats have more elaborate significations. "There once lived in the forest," they say, "a man with his wife, who sent their daughter to draw some water. Vexed at the child's remaining long away, the mother in an impious mood wished her daughter in the sun and moon. No sooner wished for than performed. The sun seized her first, but afterward gave her up to the moon, her brother, on the latter saying that he had more need of a watcher because of his nightly wanderings. The girl, terrified at seeing the two heavenly bodies rushing at her, seized hold of the branches of a bush that grew close by, and when the moon bore her up in the air the bush was pulled up. And this she holds in her hand at the present time, while in the other she still bears the water vessel, just as it is to be seen in the moon."‡

The natives of Samoa, the largest of the Navigator Islands, relate the following: "During a famine Sina sat in the twilight, with her child, and was beating out a piece of the bark of the mulberry-tree to make *tapa* or clothing. Just then the moon rose, and in the woman's eyes Luna resembled exactly an immense bread-fruit. 'Why,' cried she, gazing fixedly upon the moon, 'why canst thou not come down and permit my child to bite a piece from thee?' The moon, indignant at the bare idea of being eaten, hurried down to the earth and took the woman, with the child, the hammer, and all the rest, up into the sky. For that reason it is a common expression on Samoa, 'Look up at Sina and her child, and her hammer and board.'"§ The South Sea islanders are, however, too busy creators of myths and too richly gifted with imagination, too far apart from each other and too isolated, not to have a great diversity of fables about the moon. The following tradition is current on Rarotonga, in Cook's group, distant nearly a thousand miles from Samoa: "One of the goddesses bore a son, the fathership of whom was claimed by two gods, each of whom substantiated his right to it so cogently, that to settle the matter the child was to be cut into two pieces, one part to be given to each of the claimants. The god who had received the head and shoulders immediately threw his portion into the sky, and from these became the sun; the other god, however, who did not know what to do with his part, threw it away into a bush. Shortly afterward the maker of the sun met his rival god, and asked him what he had done with his portion of the child, and, finding that it had been cast away, asked that it might be given into his hands. After getting possession of the other half of the child, the sun-maker at once threw it, too, into the sky, where it became the moon. As often as the horns of the latter are seen, the parents teach their children that these are the legs of the boy, while the dark spots which are visible in the full disk are pieces of the flesh which had begun to putrefy as it lay in the bush on the earth."*

The Potawatamie Indians of North America, after whom a county in Iowa is named, saw in the moon a woman seated weaving a basket, with whose completion the world must come to an end if, during the wane, a dog did not come to attack the woman and tear her basket in pieces.† A somewhat related notion is held by the Ossetes, an Indo-Germanic or Aryan race of the Caucasus, who see in the moon a bound demon, who, if he got loose, would cause great inundations.‡ The Incas of Peru explained the dark spots on the moon's face in a different way: "A lewd woman fell in love with the beauty of the moon (masculine), and in order to get possession of him she climbed up into the sky. Just as she was about to put her hands

* Bastian, Vol. V., p. 430. † Ibid., Vol. IV., p. 120.
‡ Das Ausland, 1866, p. 585.
§ Turner, Nineteen Years in Polynesia, and Pritchard's Polynesian Reminiscences.

* Sunderland and Buydcott, Mission Life in the Islands of the Pacific.
† Waitz, Anthropologie, Vol. III., p. 294.
‡ Ausland, 1868, p. 255.

on the object of her longings, however, he embraced her in his arms, and holds her fast to this day."* Here, too, we meet with the notion of a person being imprisoned in the moon because of punishable actions.

This leads us to the man in the moon proper, viz., the one in Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, who appears with a lantern, a dog, and a thorn-bush (Act V., Sc. 1); or the one in the Tempest, whom Stephano (Act II., Sc. 2) gives himself out to be, so that Caliban breaks out in the words:

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?
Stephano. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.
Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog and bush.

Shakspeare here plays upon a tradition which his generation had imbibed at the mother's breast, and which had already been mentioned by Alexander Nickam (1157), the foster-brother of Richard Cœur de Lion. "Knowest thou not," says he,† "the story of the peasant in the moon carrying a thorn-bush, and to which the verse has reference:

"*Rusticus in luna quem sarcina deprimit una*
Monstrat per spinas, nulli prodesse rapinas?"

Here, too, the penitent in the moon is a peasant who has stolen wood. At a later period a reference to the Old Testament became connected with the popular superstition. The patient sufferer in the moon's disk was then supposed to be that evil-doer mentioned in Numbers xv. 32–36, whom the children of Israel caught in the act of gathering wood on the Sabbath, and whom the Lord commanded should be stoned to death by the congregation outside of the camp. Much older, however, is an old Northland legend, of which weak traces are also found in England, and which Baring Gould has elucidated and explained in his "Myths of the Middle Ages." "Mani, the moon (masculine), stole two children from their parents, and carried them both with him to heaven. Their names were Hiuki and Bil. They had been drawing water from the spring Byrgir, in the vessel Soegr, which hung on the stang Simul, which they carried upon their shoulders. Even to the present time the peasants of Sweden are said to explain the moon-spots to their children as representing a boy and girl carrying a pail of water between them."* With surprise we here remark, that the drawing of water connected with the fancies in regard to the moon returns in a tradition of a Germanic race after we have previously met with it among the Mongolian Buriats.

In the period of the Middle Ages in Europe, the significations attached to the moon-spots were everywhere very different. Those that we find in Dante will occupy our attention later on; but Ristoro d'Arezzo,† who wrote in 1282, finds, like the makers of our peasant almanacs of the present time, that a human face is seen in the moon. A German cotemporary of this writer, Albert von Bollstädt,‡ gives us an excellent detailed account, and in regard to the spots in the moon says: "We assert that these delineations belong to the moon herself, whose material is similar to the earth. By repeated and sharp observations of these shade-spots, we find that they extend from the east toward the lower edge, and resemble a dragon, with its head toward the west, and its tail along the lower edge of the moon toward the east. The tail does not end in a point, but in the form of a leaf bordered with three circular lines. Upon the dragon's back, however, there rises the image of a tree, whose branches sink from the middle of the trunk toward the lower and eastern edge. On the curve of the trunk a man supports himself with head and elbows, and his limbs extend down toward the western portion of the moon's disk. The astrologists ascribe a dominating influence to this form."

Were we to adduce a greater number of significations connected with the moon-spots we should increase the wealth of phantom pictures by just as many variations; for the most diverse, and probably all, races have felt incited to the contemplation of that mysterious phenomenon in the moon's disk. And as mankind with teleological eagerness

* Commentarios reales por el Ynca Garcilasso. Lisboa, 1609.

† De naturis rerum libri duo, ed. Thomas Wright, London, 1863, p. 54.

* Quarterly Review, 1867, No. 244, p. 443.

† Composizione del mondo, lib. III., cap. 81.

‡ De Cœlo et Mundo, lib. II., tract. III., cap. 8. Lugd., 1651, p. 118.

likes best of all to find enjoyment in contemplating the nightly glimmering and twinkling in the realms of space, it has taken pleasure in transforming the disk of the moon into the theater of a human romance; for the thought that these spots represented some creature of our own kind lay as the basis to a majority of the legends; and the people at the same time thought of the inhabitant or inhabitants of our satellite as not happy, but either kidnapped and carried up, or as having climbed thither themselves, and there been detained. The one thing or the other comes to pass, however, in many legends on account of some wicked curiosity or as punishment for some crime. Such a character is given to the fables by the popular tradition among people who, as far as our knowledge or conjecture reaches, have never had intercourse with one another, as for instance, the Namaqua Hottentots, the Northern Europeans, the Samoians, and the Incas of Peru. The most plausible deduction we can draw from these comparisons is: that those spots in the moon's disk in which the people have been able to see all manner of imaginable significations, have to serve for spinning out a short story, which never fails of having a moral background. May not this, we might ask, be included among the list of signs showing that people, whether with blue or black eyes, with straight or woolly hair, with transparent or colored skin, with straight or imperfectly formed teeth, are still so closely related in mind that their thoughts and follies must more than once meet?

VIEWS OF THE OLD SCHOLARS.

The subject of the man in the moon permits us here the opportunity of giving some information as to the way we have succeeded in banishing the ghost-forms of man's own imaginative powers. The spots on the moon's disk have their scientific as well as their mythological history. The Grecian scholars of antiquity gave their attention, in a great many ways, to the not easily comprehended changes in the apparent form of our satellite, and deciphered happily what was enigmatical in connection with it. Heraclitus, the Pythagorean, considered the moon to be a semi-spherical shell, which only reflected light from its outer side, and which continually revolved around one axis. The sickle form, the growth and waning of the moon, were thereby passably explained. It was a very difficult thing to think of the moon as a ball and as a diminutive earth; for when the half-moon lingers in the day-sky like a fleecy cloud, we see only sky-blue on the place of the unilluminated half, and in those early times it was expected that the other portion of the moon, when in the crescent, would be seen as a black hemisphere, if it were a solid, circular body. Of the ancients, the one best acquainted with the moon was undoubtedly Anaxagoras. He did what the science of his day could best promote: he designed drawings of the spots, —in short, made charts of the moon, if such a pretentious name may be applied to such beginnings. Had these documents been transmitted to later times, succeeding generations might have been able to convince themselves whether the spots had changed any; just as strictly drawn maps of the moon at our day will enable future observers to decide what changes will have taken place on the moon's surface; especially whether there are still active volcanoes, or whether the moon has long been a "cold man" among the heavenly bodies. Anaxagoras saw even then in the spots elevations and depressions of the moon's surface, though he could only explain them as arising from the varied thickness of the satellitic material, of which the lighter rose higher, and the heavier remained nearer the centrifugal point.* Democritus, on the other hand, speaks distinctly of mountains and valleys of the moon, and later scholars of antiquity had even given names to some of the spots, as the "Ravine of Hecate," "Elysian Fields," "Plain of Persephone." †

We are even in possession of a work "On the Face in the Moon," from the pseudo Plutarch, which explains the spots in the disk as shadows of high mountains in the moon—a notion which could not have been valid in his times if clearness in respect to a full-moon illumination had been gained. In this treatise (Chap. III.), however, an hypothesis of Clearchus is mentioned, which can yet give us pleasure for its ingenuousness.

* Plut. de placetis philos. II., 25.
† Plut. de facie in orbe lunæ, cap. 29.

The moon was considered by him as a reflecting disk, and the dark spots were thought to be a reflection of the earth itself, the light places being caused by the continents, and the shadowy portions by the Mediterranean sea alone. That the moon does in reality receive light from the illuminated earth is shown in the ash-colored glimmer through which, close to the slender sickle, the unilluminated parts are seen, like a ball painted with India ink—an appearance which was even then correctly explained by Leonardo da Vinci, alike great as painter and astronomer.*

If we feel much attracted to the ancient Greeks on account of their knowledge of natural science, and their jealous searching for the truth, the

MIDDLE AGES

could, on the contrary, easily fill us with fear that the knowledge already won, which slumbered in unread parchments, would be extinguished. But even in antiquity there was no lack of acute conjectures about this plaything of the developing imagination, and the patient moon had to console herself when people thought they saw in her mask the features of a sibyl.† The strict inquiry for truth was then only the care of a select few. The bigoted mob of Athens persecuted Protagoras, and cast Anaxagoras into chains, because he had compared the divinely-worshiped sun with a red-hot meteoric stone.‡ And though, with the people of the Middle Ages, visible phenomena of the heavenly bodies, like the dark spots in the moon, had significations attached to them which remind us of those entertained by South African or Polynesian savages, there was no lack of great intellects who thought with a freedom equal to the most gifted scholars of antiquity. One Alexander Rekam repeated the fables of the cursed inhabitant of the moon only for the purpose of ridiculing excessive flights of imagination; but he himself saw in the dark spots elevations and depressions in the surface of our satellite.§

Dante, too, who may be accepted as a representative of the highest natural science of his times, who was initiated into the astronomical and cosmographical knowledge of the Greeks as well as of the Arabians, has left us a short treatise on the dark spots of the moon. In one passage (Inferno, XX.), the man with the thorn-bush is represented as the biblical Cain. This same idea is indicated in a later passage* as a popular delusion:

"But tell, I pray thee, whence the gloomy spots
Upon the body, which below on earth
Give rise to talk of Cain in fabling quaint?"

The poet then goes on to establish the physical cause of these phenomena of light. First of all the conjectures of the Ionian philosophers, that the moon is composed of rarer and denser substances, are refuted; for were the moon-spots the thinner places, the light must shine through during the total eclipse of the sun.

"The first,
If it were true, had through the sun's eclipse
Been manifested by transparency of light."

Nor could the spots be explained by assuming that the moon, perhaps, consisted of glass, underlaid with a reflecting metal at a greater or lesser depth:

"If not from side to side this rarity
Peers through, there needs must be a limit, whence
Its contrary no farther lets it pass.
And hence the beam that from without proceeds
Must be poured back, as color comes, through glass
Reflected, which behind it lead conceals.
Now wilt thou say, that where of murkier hue
Than in the other part the ray is shown,
By being thence refracted farther back.
* * * * * * * *
Three mirrors shalt thou take, and two remove
From thee alike, and more remote the third.
Betwixt the former pair shall meet thine eyes;
Then turned toward them, cause behind thy back
A light to stand that on the three shall shine,
And thus reflected come to thee from all,
Though that beheld most distant do not stretch
A space so ample, yet in brightness thou
Wilt own it equaling the rest."

Dante thus shows the fallacy of the Ionian theories, by showing that light is reflected from unequal distances with a like intensity. We remark, also, that the poet calls upon the sensuous test in order to establish the validity of the possible explanations which he brings forward. But his own theory will no longer satisfy us, for if we understand his extremely obscure words:

* Cosmos, Vol. III., p. 499.

† Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom., lib. I., cap. 15.

‡ Plutarch, Nicias, cap. 23.

§ Lib. I., c. 14. *Aliis visum est corpus lunæ, non esse rotundum, sed in quibusdam suis partibus esse eminentem, in aliis depressum.*

* Paradisio II., 49.

"Different virtue, compact different,
Makes with the precious body it enlivens,
With which it knits, as life in you is knit.
From its original nature full of joy,
The virtue mingled through the body shines,
As joy through pupil of the living eye.
From hence proceeds that which from light to light
Seems different, and not from dense or rare.
This is the formal cause, that generates
Proportioned to its power the dusk or clear."

then Dante conceived of the cone of rays which falls upon the moon not as homogeneous in all its parts, but as stronger or weaker in various places. It is indeed extremely difficult to determine with scientific accuracy Dante's explanations of the moon-spots, since he always speaks in language of double meaning and connects secret secondary significations with external objects. To him, the moon is not merely the companion of the earth, and the light not merely, as to us, that form of motion which can strongly affect the nerves of sight or be analyzed by a sensitive salt (spectrum analysis). But it is not so much of importance whether the correct explanation be given, as that the truth should be sought in the right manner.

MODERN DISCOVERY.

Just as in our ghost stories a pious crossing of the breast, the bell-stroke of the first hour of morning, or the cock's crow scares the specter into its nothingness, the lonely inhabitant of the moon, the hares, the dragon, the water-bearers, the wood-thief, or whatever else he may be, have been scattered like mist before only a fifteen-fold sharpening of our vision. Scarcely did Galileo get a knowledge of the discovery of telescopic perception by the Dutch spectacle-glass-cutters than he made a telescope for his own use. The knowledge that we now possess of the character of the surface of our satellite was one of the unexpected revelations which the new instrument made. "On the fourth or fifth day after new moon," writes Galileo in the *Astronomicus nuncius*,* "when the moon appears to us with brilliant horns, the illuminated and dark portions of the satellite are not bounded by a sharp elliptical line, but the edge is unequally rough and pretty much jagged. . . . All the small spots coincide in that the shady part lies away from the sun, while those parts facing the sun show clear edges of light. An exactly similar phenomenon is seen in regard to the earth, just after the daybreak, when the light has not yet penetrated into the valleys, while the mountains opposite the sun already glance in the light. And as when the sun rises higher the shadows in the valleys became constantly shortened, so do those smaller spots on the moon diminish as the disk enlarges toward the full." He then proceeds to compare the mountain chains of the moon with the eyes in the peacock's tail; and the great range in the center of the disk brings to his mind the plastic form of the kingdom of Bohemia; and he gives at the same time a method how to ascertain the height of some of the mountain summits in the moon, according to optical principles.

Then all was over with forms and faces in the moon; the world had grown richer by one atom of knowledge, but poorer by many poetic suggestions.

* Opere, ed. Eugen. Alberi. Firenze, 1843, tom. III., p. 68.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

BY REV. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE.

MOCK-MONEY.

A GREAT number of women and girls in Foochow gain their living principally by pasting tin-foil on paper. The engraving represents a woman engaged in this employment. Sitting on a wooden stool by the side of a bench, her mind is intent on pasting a square piece of tin-foil in the center of a much larger piece of common Chinese paper. A bowl containing paste is placed in a convenient position. With the utmost industry and tact she only earns from four to six or eight cents a day.

Paper on which tin-foil has been pasted becomes mock-money paper, or mock paper-money, so called because it represents silver. If the tin-foil is colored yellow, by a certain yellowish decoction, it is believed then to represent gold. That which represents silver is believed to become silver on being burnt. That which represents gold is believed to become gold on being burnt. This gold or silver, as the case may be, it is thought can be transferred to the dead in hell, where it is used by them as they please. Such is the current belief or language employed on the subject.

Immense quantities of this mock-money are mostly burned by the Chinese in their superstitious or idolatrous ceremonies. It is used on

almost all occasions of worship. The shapes and sizes of the paper on which the tin-foil is pasted vary considerably. Sometimes only the central part of the paper is covered with the tin-foil; at other times the whole side, or perhaps both sides, even when from six or eight inches to over a foot square. On some occasions the paper remains flat or level when burned; at other times it is dextrously folded up into various shapes, each of which has its distinctive name, and is used on specified occasions.

The business of preparing mock-money in its various styles occupies a large amount of capital, and employs a great many persons. A vast number of small shops keep it on hand among other articles for sale; and there are not a few establishments situated on the main streets of the city and suburbs devoted to storing and selling the kinds of mock-money representing silver and gold, and another kind of mock-money representing the copper cash, the only coin in universal use.

RICE COOKING.

This picture represents many things of interest, among which may be specified the shape of the furnace in common use in families, the usual style of dress worn by women, the fact that women generally do the cooking, and particularly this circumstance, that the cooking of the rice is done in the presence of a god of the kitchen.

MAKING MOCK-MONEY.

The god of the kitchen is often represented by a printed picture of himself sitting by the side of the goddess of the kitchen. On the same sheet are rude liknesses of various kinds of animals and many other things. This sheet is usually put upon the wall near the furnace. Sometimes several Chinese characters, written on red paper, are pasted up instead of the picture. Our artist seems in this engraving to have presented the god of the kitchen by two

words on a piece of board fastened on the wall of the room. By the sides of it are candles stuck on a pointed iron projecting from the wall. Under the piece of wood is a single short stick of incense, fastened in its place by something also projecting from the wall. The heathen Chinese, scarcely without exception, use the goddess of the kitchen in their kitchen.

The woman who acts as cook is seated on a bamboo stool in front of the furnace. Observe the silver wristlets on her wrists, her large sleeves, and the toes of her little shoes peeping

COOKING RICE.

out from beneath her pantalets, or rather pantaloons—for ladies, as well as gentlemen, wear pantaloons in China. She wears ear-rings, and has a fresh or artificial flower in her neatly combed hair. With one hand she arranges the wood in the furnace by means of a pair of tongs, and in the other hand holds a short bamboo tube, through which she is just going to blow the fire, the bamboo tube being the hand-bellows of the Chinese. A supply of fuel is ready at hand under the large and strong bench which supports the furnace.

The furnace is made of clay dried in the sun; it has no funnel, the smoke coming out of the mouth, if the iron vessel which contains the water and rice-steamer fits closely to the top of the furnace. After partially cooking the rice, our cook has put it into the steamer, which is made out of thin wood, with a cover formed of bamboo splints. The steamer is placed in the rice-kettle, at the bottom of which is a little fresh water, or perhaps the water in which the rice has been boiled is sufficient to answer the purpose. The fire is replenished with wood, or the embers and coals are stirred up and blowed upon. In a short time the rice is properly cooked. Oftentimes the rice is cooked without using the steamer, as in the picture.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—*Cowper.*

A MAN'S WOOING.

Winnie, darling! Flattering lover, surely
I can never be;
But I trust I love you truly, purely,
And eternally.
Worldly cares on heart and brain are pressing,
Cold and dull you know my life-hopes are;
Answer quickly, Will you be my blessing?
In my sky of life the guiding star?
Winnie, darling, love me!

For the war of Truth is fierce and stormy;
Bravest hearts should be
In the foremost ranks of Heaven's army,
Fighting manfully.
And the sternest soul will sometimes waver,
If true hope and courage stand not near.
Be you, then, my comforter and saver
In my nerveless hour of doubt and fear,
Winnie, darling, love me!

Little of the future God discloses;
But enough we see
To foretell no thornless path of roses,
Will our life-way be.
Clouds will gather, storms will rise before us,
As we journey toward the heavenly shore;
But with love within us, and God o'er us,
We may walk triumphant evermore.
Winnie, darling, love me! A. L. M.

THE COLOR OF HIS EYES.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

DID you ever look at people's eyes when you were considering their character?

We know that the subject has been treated—and ably treated—by a stronger pen and clearer brain than ours; but is that any reason why we should hide our lesser light under a bushel, and evermore keep silence on a matter so vitally interesting? The author of the "New Physiognomy" would be the first one to encourage free discussion. Indeed, the very fact that he has set others thinking will not be unacceptable to him.

Men's eyes—what curious interpreters they are of the hidden soul and self! There is no excuse for the woman who buys a blank ticket in the great matrimonial lottery. They do it,—the world is full of instances,—but why? What were their perceptive organs bestowed upon them for? They can drive sufficiently sharp bargains in flour, or calico, or sewing silk. Let them examine the quality of that other article, a husband, before they conclude the lifelong contract, or they may discover, too late to "exchange the goods," that the brand was inferior, and the fabric declines to wear!

Yes, we know that all enthusiastic maidens and novel-reading damsels will cry out at the idea of bringing love, courtship, and marriage down to such a level. But that is precisely where the trouble lies. Exalt the matter,—handle it with gloves,—subject it to none of the tests of ordinary life,—look at it through a mist of *couleur de rose*, and if you do not get thoroughly deceived and disappointed, it will be through no fault of yours. But view it sensibly as you would view any other contract, divest it of false glow and romantic illusions,—in fact, try to be as commonplace as possible, and you will have some chance of behaving wisely and well.

You need no seventh daughter of a seventh daughter to read the riddle of a man's character; the second-sight of a fortune-teller is of no use in deciding the question of all questions! Are you not a quick-sighted woman? and can not you look into your lover's eyes? The mouth tells all sorts of not-to-be-depended-on stories; the eye generally telegraphs correctly.

Do not believe in him if he has black eyes that laugh under their lashes and sparkle like a blackheart cherry in the May sunshine. He may squeeze your hand, but our word for it, he squeezes the next pretty girl's hand just as tenderly. It is his nature to flirt, and flirt he will. He is delightful at a croquet party or an archery meeting,—the very companion of all others to select for a summer's day picnic; but "the calico won't wash." Marry him, and he becomes transformed. He is the kind of man that will bang doors and scold until the room is blue, and knock over the chairs every time his shirt collar is not ironed correctly, or the dinner-bell does not ring punctually to the hour, or he is requested to inconvenience his royal self for the benefit of others. He will be loud-voiced and persistent; you can not conquer him, unless you scold louder, and bang the doors harder, which is bad for the nervous system. A woman must be fond of hot water and grape-shot batteries who deliberately marries a pair of these snapping black eyes.

Think twice about encouraging blue-eyed beaux. They quote Tennyson, and sing Moore's ballads delightfully. They write pattern love-letters, and take the tenor in a duet charmingly; but they will not do for husbands,—that is, speaking generally, with a wide margin for all the "nice" blue-eyed people that you and I both know, my dear little girls. The blue-eyed cavaliers generally like to look in the glass too much, which is not convenient when a woman chances to be pretty good-looking herself, and still less so when she is plain, contrasts being always to be avoided. They get low-spirited, and have the tooth-ache and the blues, and are as depressing to the domestic atmosphere as an equinoctial rain. They are harmless, to be sure, and will rock the cradle and poke the fire while their wives sally forth to chop wood and bring water. They get "slack," like bad fiddle-strings, and need screwing up forty times in a week, and their much-enduring wives deserve a front place in the Book of Martyrs!

Eyes that have a green light shooting through the irids are decidedly better let alone. There is something of the Othello about them, and a good deal of the "Quilp." They open their wives' letters, if they happen to be addressed in a masculine chirography, —listen at doors,—glide about in soundless slippers,—appear suddenly in your midst, when you least expect them,—have a habit of lifting the lid off kettles, to see what is for dinner, and peering into workboxes and bureau drawers. They are always asking questions, and have a decided objection to good-looking cousins-in-law. They walk as if there were a powder-magazine under foot, and look over their shoulders as if a band of savages might be expected to spring from ambuscade at any moment. They would have made fine members of the Detective Police, but are somehow unpleasant and inappropriate in the domestic sphere.

Green-eyed husbands have their disagreeable points, to say the least of it, but they are preferable, as a general thing, to the gray-eyed gentry. We do not mean the honest, stupid eyes that look like clouded marble, and are totally guiltless of any particular expression, but those dreamy, speculative orbs that seem to be looking through you at something beyond, as if you were a mere transparence. They are talented, but not exactly suitable for every-day use. There is no knowing in which direction they may break out. They are liable to be erratic geniuses, and get up grand schemes for perpetual motions, and reforming the whole civilized globe. They become editors, perhaps, and stalk about the house, musing darkly on leading articles and sensational paragraphs, and wake their sleepy wives at night with nightmare soliloquies on the subject of "copy." Or they turn authors at the shortest notice, and lead their wretched partners a dismal life,—or are transformed into rabid philanthropists who collect subscriptions for the Fejee islanders, and ignore the trifling claims of their family at home, to say nothing of the butcher and baker and grocer.

Thus gray-eyed men's wives are apt to become down-hearted, listless, and misanthropic. They go about with slippers that have gradually got down at the heel, and dresses torn without being mended. They seldom put on fresh collars in the morning,—"what is the use?"—and expect misfortune just as they expect a new moon, once in so often. Can any one find it in his or her heart to blame them for it? Only they should not have cast their fate into the same boat with these dreamy optics that have led them into the Slough of Despond.

But do not be afraid of brown eyes. We have the firmest faith in those kind, merry eyes that see when your cheek is pale and your step languid,—that are never weary of discerning a thousand little methods of easing a woman's necessarily hard lot. The brown-eyed man is rarely unreasonable, never mutters under his breath when strings break and buttons come off in his hand, nor sneaks out at the back door when the little folks begin to cry! His laugh cheers you like a draught of spring-water; he is better than forty old women to nurse you when you are sick. He knows, without asking, where the camphor-bottle is kept, and how much sugar to put in the gruel, and how to shut out the yellow sunbeam that pierces your brain like a dagger of fire. He never knocks the baby's head against the mantel when he undertakes to hold it, and knows how to walk across the floor without overturning every object in the room. He notices his wife's hair and ribbons; he likes to hear her play on the piano just as well as he did twenty years ago, and never forgets to put his slippers neatly away when he has done with them.

When a brown-eyed man lives and dies an old bachelor, somebody loses a splendid husband.

To be sure, there are exceptions to all these cases. We *have* known a pair of melting brown eyes take the kitchen tongs to his wife; and we have heard of blue-eyed men becoming Presidents of the United States. Grey-eyed men are sometimes ignorant of the sublime art of writing; and black-eyed husbands do occasionally become henpecked. But these are exceptions. General rules are safest to follow when a woman is making up her mind whom she will marry.

PETER CRISP'S SPECTACLES.

[We have seen the following good sketch in two or three of our exchanges, and now would give it further circulation. The practical lesson it contains is worth more than one utterance.]

PETER CRISP had something the matter with his eyes: he needed spectacles to help him to see. But this was no uncommon misfortune; hundreds of people, who do ten good hours' work every day of their lives, use glasses and can not get along without them. No; the chief trouble in Peter's case was not in wanting glasses: it was in the particular sort of glasses that he used. He had several pairs, which he always kept on hand, nobody knew exactly where: they seemed to be hidden somewhere about the head of his bed, for he often got them on before he was up in the morning.

One pair was what I should call smoked glasses, such as persons use in looking at the sun: they do very well for that purpose, preventing the bright rays from hurting the eyes. But Peter did not put them on to look at the sun with: he looked at everything through them. And as this made everything look dark and ugly, he was made to feel accordingly.

"I could iron these collars better myself!" he exclaimed one morning as he was dressing, after getting up with those glasses on. And a few minutes later, "Not a pin in the cushion as usual;" and presently again, "Who *has* taken my comb and brush?"

Had any of the children chanced to come into the room about that time, it would have been worse for them.

When he sat down to breakfast there was a deep wrinkle between his eyes, caused by the weight of the glasses upon his brow.

"That Polly Ann never did make a good cup of coffee in her life," he remarked. "My dear," turning to his wife, "I do wish you would take the trouble to go down once—just once, *only* once—and show her how."

Mrs. Crisp ventured to say in a low voice that she went down every morning. Peter had no reply to make to this, but he puckered his lips as if he had been taking quinine, frowned yet more severely, and pushed the cup away from him.

After this cheerful breakfast he put on his

hat to go to the store, but turned back from the front door and came to the foot of the stairs, where he stood calling out in a loud voice that he really felt ashamed of the black around the door-knob and bell-handle. In the street, a few moments afterward, a gentleman joined him, to whom he was as pleasant as possible. But when he got into the counting-room, it was plain he had the smoked glasses on still. Not one person about the concern worked as he should do, he said—none of them were worth a cent. It used to be different when he was a boy. Then he went out with a look of general disgust. As soon as he was gone the book-keeper was cross to the clerk, and the clerk scolded the boy, and the boy went out and abused the porter.

A few mornings after that, Peter had on what might be called his blue glasses. He was in a milder frame, but low in spirits. He was sorry to see the chamber carpet wearing out, for he did not know where another would come from. At breakfast he watched all the children taking butter, and took scarcely any himself. He begged Mrs. Crisp to put less sugar in his coffee. The frown was gone from his face, but a most dejected look had come in its place. Spying a hole in the toe of his boy's shoe, he took a long breath, and hearing that the dressmaker was engaged a day next week for his daughters, he sighed aloud. Walking down the street, he looked as if he had lost a near relative, and at the store all day he felt like one on the eve of breaking.

He had one more pair of glasses, the color of which could never be distinctly made out: they seemed more of a mud-color than anything else. He did not wear them so often as either of the others, but when he did they had a very singular effect. It was thought by many that they befogged him, rather than helped him to see; for after putting them on of a morning he would get up and dress, hardly speaking a word. At breakfast he would say nothing, and not seem to want anybody else to; consequently the whole family would sit and munch in silence; then he would rise from the table and walk out of the front door as if he was dumb; and although it was a relief when he had gone and made matters something better, still a chilling influence remained behind him the whole morning.

Peter had been wearing these glasses a good many years, when it occurred to him one day that things never looked very cheerful in his eyes, that he was never very happy, and that perhaps his spectacles had something to do with it.

"I wish I could get another and a better pair," said he. Then he remembered that his neighbor, Samuel Seabright, had to wear glasses also, but he always appeared to see well and to have a pleasant face on. Meeting him the next morning, he said,

"Neighbor, if it is not making too free, may I ask you where you get your spectacles?"

"Certainly," replied Samuel. "I am glad to tell you. They are good ones, and I wish every man with poor eyes had a pair like them."

"I would be willing to pay a good price for a pair," said Peter.

"That is not needful," replied Samuel: "they are the cheapest glasses you can get."

"Pray tell me where I can find them," said Peter.

"I got mine," said Samuel, "by the help of a certain Physician whose house you pass every day; and if you are truly anxious to get them, I know he will tell you how you can get a pair for the asking."

"I don't want them in charity," replied Peter.

"Then you can not have them," said Samuel.

"Well," replied Peter, in a humbler voice, "I'll take them for nothing, or I'll pay a big price for them, for I want them above all things."

"Ah," said Samuel, "that sounds more like getting them. You go to him and tell him how you feel, and he will attend to your case."

Then Peter did as he was told. The Doctor looked at his eyes, and said that the disease in them was one which kept him from seeing the good in things about him: all he could see was the evil.

"And those glasses you have been wearing," he continued, "have only made them worse, till there is a danger of your getting beyond cure."

"And is there no hope for me?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes," replied the Doctor, "if you will follow the directions."

"I will do so," said Peter.

"In the first place, then," he continued, "you must wear those glasses no more. Throw them away or put them in the fire, so that you will never see them again."

"I promise to do so," replied Peter.

"In the next place, when you are given a new pair," continued the Doctor, "you must always walk in the way which they show you to be right."

"I will try not to depart from it," said Peter.

At this there came an invisible hand that took off his old smoked glasses and put on new ones, made of pure crystal, which let the light through just as it came down from the sky. But oh, what a change they made to Peter! He went home, and as soon as he entered the door his house seemed like another place to him: it seemed filled with blessings.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that those glasses have kept me from seeing all these before?"

The next morning when he got up he told his wife what had befallen him, and how he felt in consequence.

"But," said she, with a loving smile, "how about those badly-ironed collars and the pins and the weak coffee?"

"Oh," he cried, "how could I ever let such trifles trouble me?"

"And then," she continued, "here is the carpet wearing out, and the boys' shoes and the girls' dresses."

"As for them," he said, "we will hope to get more when they are gone. But even if we would not have half our present comforts and indulgences, with you, my dearest, and our precious children, about me, I trust I may feel too rich ever again to utter one complaining word."

So the sunshine came into Peter Crisp's house, and he and all his family led a happier life because of his new glasses, which were a thankful heart. SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.

AGES OF EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.—The list of sovereigns arranged according to age is headed by the name of Pope Pius the Ninth, who is in his 78th year. Omitting the petty princes, the ages of the other sovereigns are as follows: King William, of Prussia, is in his 73d year; King John, of Saxony, in his 60th; the Emperor Napoleon, in his 63d; King William, of Holland, in his 53d; the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, in his 52d; Duke Ernest, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, in his 52d; Queen Victoria in her 51st; King Victor Emanuel in his 50th; King Charles, of Wurtemburg, in his 47th; King Charles, of Sweden, in his 44th; the Grand Duke Frederick, of Baden, in his 44th; the Sultan of Turkey, in his 40th; the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, in his 40th; King Leopold, of Belgium, in his 35th; King Louis, of Portugal, in his 32d; King Louis, of Bavaria, in his 25th, and King George, of Greece, in his 24th.

MARK M. ("BRICK") POMEROY.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

HERE we have one who is certainly built on the high-pressure principle. The Nervous or Mental temperament predominates much over the Vital; nevertheless, he would be accounted a well-made man physically, as he possesses a well-knit frame and a vigorous muscular system. He evidently is descended from a hardy stock and long-lived ancestry; and it is also evident that he has lived a temperate life, in so far as the indulgence of the appetite is concerned. He is thoroughly alive in every part of his organization. A quick observer, he is curious to examine into the new; fond of travel, and possessed of no little ability in the graphic portraiture of what he has seen and heard. He has a good memory of faces and places; recalls readily his experiences, even from earliest youth. He should also be known for his appreciation of order and method, and ability to keep things in place, to organize and systematize. He appreciates the value of property, not in the spirit of a miser, but from a desire to control and use it.

Benevolence is large enough to render him inclined to be more generous to others than just to himself; he finds it difficult to say No when appeals are made to his sympathies, and is apt to be imposed upon by adroit impostors; but he appreciates his privileges and rights, and is quick to resent encroachments when he believes that he is in the right.

He is resolute in defending a position which he has once taken, let the consequences be what they may. He has little concealment—in fact, he is almost transparent—yet Cautiousness is not small, enabling him to foresee dangers and to provide against accidents; in fact, we think that he meets with fewer accidents than most men.

PORTRAIT OF M M. ("BRICK") POMEROY.

He has good mechanical ingenuity. Had he given attention to mechanism or invention, he would have succeeded well in either; would have made a capital architect, engineer, or manufacturer.

He has much love for the beautiful; becomes at times greatly affected by circumstances which touch the emotions. He is impulsive in this respect; may seem at times to go to extremes and be inconsistent, a characteristic which may be said to grow out of his exuberance of spirit and lack of circumspection.

He is largely endowed in Language, and should use it with effect if accustomed to speak or write; is appreciative of his reputation, and will do only that which his judgment approves, yet he does not hold himself so much accountable to man as to his Maker; is never likely to turn either to the right or the left for the sake of praise or to avoid blame.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES P. SYKES.

When commended, however, he feels encouraged; when condemned, he seems strengthened to maintain his course.

M. M. POMEROY, but better known as "Brick" Pomeroy, editor of the La Crosse *Democrat*, daily and weekly, *Pomeroy's Weekly Democrat*, and the New York *Daily Evening Democrat*, is one of the many remarkable examples of the possibilities afforded by our social and political institutions for young men gifted with determination of purpose, and a disposition to improve every opportunity by constant and effective work, to rise from the most humble circumstances to wealth, influence, and position. To hold good rank among self-made men who have illustrated the journalism, literature, and the material progress of our country, is an honor of which any man may justly be proud. This is the only aristocracy allowable under our democratic institutions. In this noble group every man may strive, with a laudable ambition, to outrank all competitors; and his success and sovereignty can be cheered by high and low with the most hearty good-will and without detriment to manhood or to principle. Mr. Pomeroy is a born leader, and has won his way, thus far, by his indomitable pluck and almost incredible ability for continuous hard work. He is a strict temperance man; mild, quiet, and gentlemanly in manner; liberal and humane almost to a fault; always remembering every kind act which greeted him during his cheerless boyhood, and making it a reason for some prompt return, if he meet the doer ever in distress in after-time.

He is essentially a hard-working man, and a hard-working friend of the working-man. He believes in the toiling millions, and a great many of the toiling millions undoubtedly believe in him, as is evidenced by the immense circulation of his various journals. His style as a writer is colloquial, sharp, often unpolished, but evidently the outspoken thought and feeling of the moment.

He has one quality which indicates greatness, and that is, his remarkable ability to select a class of men to aid him in the management of his business who never fail him, but always, under all circumstances, work with him as a unit.

He is a wit, and at times inclined to indulge in the maddest waggery, yet a staunch advocate for the truth as he understands it. In the domestic circle and among his friends he is as cheerful, lively, playful, and simple as a child. In the exuberance of his feelings he sometimes says harsh things, or *outre* things that lead the more sober-minded to look upon him as a violent demagogue, one in a great measure devoid of conscience. If Mr. Pomeroy has one fault of organization, it would be found in this direction. Lacking the watchful care of a tender mother, and having to fight his way from the start, it would be strange if, in his single-handed combat with the world, he did not show at times traces of the Ishmaelite in his political writings.

One has but to read his *Saturday Night* articles, and other compositions bearing upon the well-being of society, to learn that his heart and his conscience, his mind and his hand, work ever earnestly in harmony for the *right*. His career for usefulness has but just commenced; and with the wider fields of observation opening before him, and the more varied and generous self-culture he is constantly achieving, we may naturally expect, should his life be spared, a distinguished and useful future for him.

To-day he is a power in the political organization to which he belongs, which can not be safely ignored or overlooked. It is said of him by his political associates that he is too independent, that he can not be bought to act the part of a subservient tool. Thus in this city he may be looked upon as one of the checks likely to interfere with the tide of extravagance and corruption so notoriously prevalent in the city government.

He has built up a splendid property in La Crosse, Wis., and his success in his enterprises in this city seem to be fully assured.

He holds a very high rank in Masonry, and is an active friend to all benevolent enterprises. His energy, perseverance, pluck, and untiring industry; his love of kind and of country; his devotion to temperance, and the elevation of the toiling millions; and his fearless advocacy of the rights of man and woman, we can heartily commend as examples for the young men of our country; but we do not agree with him politically, nor can we recommend his style of controversy as a model to be followed by the rising journalists of our country.

Mr. Pomeroy was born on Christmas day, 1833, in the then small village of Elmira, Chemung Co., N. Y. His father, whose name is Hunt Pomeroy, was at that time the principal jeweler and watchmaker of the town, but now a resident of California, where two half-brothers of M. M. Pomeroy also reside. Mr. Pomeroy's mother died about a year after his birth,

when he was taken into the family of his mother's brother, Seth M. White, a farmer and blacksmith, who was then living near Elmira, and with whom he lived till about sixteen years of age.

He is a compositor, having learned the trade with Mr. Thomas Messenger, of *The Journal*, published at Corning, N. Y.

Mr. Pomeroy is a popular lecturer, and also an essayist in his way. He has published the following books: "Sense," a book for hearts and homes; "Nonsense," a book of humorous sketches; "Pomeroy's Pictures of New York." A volume is now in press, entitled "Our Saturday Night." A "Life of Brick Pomeroy," with steel portrait, by Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, has been published recently.

CHARLES P. SYKES.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

(SEE PAGE 319 FOR PORTRAIT.)

THIS gentleman has by nature and by inheritance a capital constitution. All the elements which promise long life and vigorous health are his, and all he has to do, in order to keep himself in good condition, is to make the best of them. He is, however, very full of mental vitality as well as physical, and there is so much drive, push, and enthusiasm in him, that he is liable to forget his bodily needs.

He has excellent perceptive faculties, is ever on the *qui vive*, and nothing takes place of an unusual character within the range of his vision without his notice. He is by no means reckless, but vigilant, mindful of consequences, and full of forethought. He is decidedly original; has his own way for performing whatever he undertakes. In following a pattern, he would be disposed to make improvements upon the copy. He avoids anything like routine; has his own view of things.

There is not much credulity in his composition; he wants the evidence of his senses to convince him. Is a new subject presented for his consideration, he asks for proof to substantiate the statements made in its favor. His religion consists in integrity, in doing what he thinks right between man and man, and between himself and his Maker.

He is rather indifferent to the good opinion of friends, and brave enough to maintain his convictions, irrespective of what others may say or think. He has a strong will, but is slow in deciding questions. He usually takes an abundance of time to fully inform himself with reference to any new subject, but when once decided he is steadfast.

He has strong love of social life; wife, children, friends, and home command a high place in his affectionate esteem; and he is fond of those things which appeal to the esthetic taste, but lives more in the world of fact and practical philosophy than in the world of fancy. He has doubtless made his way in the world from early life on his own account, and so has strengthened his apprehensions of the useful and the practical. He is adapted to a line of life which requires those elements of character which are found in the manager, the superintendent, the director. He would have made an excellent navigator or scientific explorer.

Were he in literature or authorship, he would work for a purpose. As a writer, he is inclined to be more free in expression than as a talker, but he is at all times definite and pointed, aiming straight at the pith of a subject, giving the kernel, and concerning himself very little about the shell.

It is difficult sometimes to predict from the predisposition of the child what the future of the man will be. Too young to mold circumstances to his will; too feeble of will to grasp the chances as they occur, the goal achieved by manhood is rarely that which the ambition of youth aimed at. Thus it was with the subject of the present sketch; circumstances robbed the church of a good minister, and gave to the world a first-class business man.

Mr. C. P. SYKES is a New Yorker, having been born in the town of Eaton, Madison Co., Sept. 16, 1824. He is of mixed parentage, German and English, and in him the types have

blended graciously. His parents removed to Guilford, Chenango Co., in 1827, where he continued to reside with them until the death of his father, which occurred in 1829, a loss the importance of which he was too young to realize. Some years later his mother married Mr. C. Haven, who was a widower with a large family of children; but the household was so well regulated, that the utmost harmony and friendship reigned between the two families. Of Mr. Haven's family, one son became a member of the celebrated law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven, of Buffalo, which in the person of Millard Fillmore gave a President to the United States.

It was while living at Mr. Haven's house that the bias of the mind of young Sykes for the Universalist ministry became developed; but circumstances which he could not control militated against his adoption of that sacred calling. His stepfather having become sincerely attached to him, and observing in him traits of administrative talent, intrusted him with the charge of the home-farm, in preference to either of his own sons. Such unusual preference fortunately caused neither dissension nor heart-burning, for all willingly admitted his superior fitness for the position. He had up to this period been unable to pursue any regular course of education, notwithstanding his intense ambition to acquire learning. All the education he received up to his sixteenth year was gained at an evening school in the country during the winter months.

The responsibilities and duties which devolved upon him in his new charge allowed him no time to study, without which all hopes of the ministry must be abandoned. So with a sigh of regret he resigned himself to the duties he had undertaken, and applied himself to them with increased activity and determination. Previous to his leaving his long-time home, he married, and in 1854 removed with his wife to La Crosse, Wis. Here he established the *Daily La Crosse Democrat*. Although his early life would seem to have afforded but little of that sort of preparation necessary to fit him to carry on a business which specially needs an extensive knowledge of men and things, the early period of life at which he assumed responsibilities gave him an independence of thought, a decision and action, and a self-reliance which rendered his way, on entering the active field of business life, comparatively easy. He soon made his power felt, and by his promptitude and energy rapidly extended the circulation and the influence of his paper, while his exactness, strict probity, and his large and generous ideas, and his liberal, intelligent policy raised his reputation as a business man, and made it known and respected throughout the Northwestern country. At the period of his greatest business success, 1859, his wife died, leaving him with one infant son, Charles T. Sykes. This loss affected him deeply; he lost all interest in the business, and a desire, which constantly increased, impelled him to leave La Crosse.

At this period Mark M. Pomeroy arrived in La Crosse, in search of that very thing which Sykes was willing to part with. Their acquaintance rapidly grew into a warm friendship, and eventually Mr. Sykes sold his share in the *Democrat* to Mr. Pomeroy. Being thus freed from all business relations with La Crosse, Mr. Sykes sought out a new field of action, through the novelty and excitement of which his mind might recover its former healthy tone. He sought the regions of the Colorado, and soon became largely engaged in gold-mining operations. Here his brilliant business capacity, his decision, tact, shrewdness, and strict probity in all monetary transactions, stood him in good stead. He won the esteem and respect of every one in Central City, where he lived for several years, and through all the mining districts. Most of his operations proved successful, so that in three or four years he had realized an ample fortune, being the owner of a large portion of the gold-mining stock of that country, together with a portion of the only deposit of petroleum oil in the whole Territory. During this period he visited New York, and being armed with all the facts of the case, organized several important gold-mining companies.

The close of the war left the securities and the business operations in a very depressed condition, and Mr. Sykes shared the misfortune with many others, and found himself the loser of nearly all of his hard-earned wealth. Discouraged, but not subdued, Mr. Sykes went to work, and investing what remained of his capital in new channels, he succeeded in saving some portion, at least, of his lost fortune.

During all this period since 1860, the friendship which existed between Mr. Sykes and Mr. Pomeroy never cooled. Though separated by long distances, communication never wholly ceased. Mr. Pomeroy was constantly urging Mr. Sykes to join him and assume the position of publisher and general business manager of his paper, the La Crosse *Democrat*, which had

grown to a large circulation and wielded a great influence all over the States. Mr. Sykes, however, declined the liberal and flattering offer until Mr. Pomeroy established the New York *Democrat*, when he decided to accept the frequently offered position. In the spring of 1869 he assumed the publishing and business departments of that paper and of *Pomeroy's Weekly Democrat*, and the master-hand has been revealed in the extraordinary increase in the circulation and consequent influence of these journals. He has proved his ability to cope with the large ideas and the sharp practices of the New York publishers, and has taught all to respect and some to fear the power of a clear head and a strong will in business rivalry. He has systematized the whole business departments of the office, and has organized a department of express wagons to distribute the various editions of the *Democrat* rapidly in all parts of the city. But his boldest and most successful business stroke was the reduction of the price of the daily *Democrat* from two cents to one cent per copy. By this happy hit, the circulation and the advertising patronage have more than doubled, so that the success of the daily and weekly *Democrat* in a few months must be considered as unsurpassed in the history of newspaper enterprises.

Mr. Sykes occupies several important public and private positions, as trustee of hospitals, director of companies, to each of which he brings that clear-headed business tact and strict probity which have been the keystone of his fortunes through life.

Socially, Mr. Sykes has genial and pleasant qualities, and is extremely popular with all who know him. He is quiet, almost grave; but the sparkle of his eye when a little excited shows how keenly he relishes wit and humor, and that his mood is thoughtful, and not morose. The vicissitudes of his early life, and his acquaintance with many phases of suffering in the working-classes, have opened his nature to broad and earnest sympathy, and he knows how to give help at the right time, and also the magnetic influence for good of a word of kindly encouragement. The method of his sympathy was shown on Christmas day, 1869, when at his suggestion every member of the establishment, from the managing editor to the printer's boy, received a valuable memento of the estimation in which their services were held by the proprietor and the publisher. It need hardly be said that the work of the office has not been retarded by this act of liberality and kindness.

TRUE HEROISM.

BY GRANT F. ROBINSON.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields:
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years,
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers, and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Fowler.*

HEREDITARY GENIUS.

THE Richmond *Whig* publishes the following in a recent edition:

"An English writer, Mr. Francis Galton, has recently published a book entitled 'Hereditary Genius; An Enquiry into its Laws and Consequences,' which is attracting attention in England and in this country. We have not read this volume, but learn from the *Westminster Review* that Mr. Galton assumes that natural abilities are transmitted by parents to their children in the same manner as the form and features, and that it is as practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages, during consecutive generations, as to obtain by careful selection a permanent breed of dogs or horses endowed with any given quality.

"Experiments of the kind are not easily made in the human family. Successive generations of men and women can not be confined, like dogs and horses, under restrictions forbidding the access of any but the selected animals. In the great world,—and even among royal personages,—marriages are not entered into with reference to the genius of the parties. Political considerations generally determine the marriages of kings and queens, while worldly advantages or sentimental attachments control those of others. But that there is such a thing as inherited genius, few will be inclined to dispute who have been close observers. As in some families a strongly marked feature, a peculiar expression of countenance, or a distinctive trait of character, is transmitted through successive generations, so we have all seen mental abilities transmitted in the same manner,—and that not where "judicious marriages" have been entered into, but where the parties have contracted matrimony after the general fashion of the world. Some minds have moral and physical natures so strong, that in spite of ill-selected mates they transmit themselves to a remote posterity, as Scott represents the print of a horseshoe to have been stamped upon the brow of the Red-Gauntlet family.

"In prosecuting his researches, Mr. Gallon is said to have made investigations into the kindred of about four hundred illustrious men of all periods of history, to have inspected many pages of biographical dictionaries and volumes of memoirs, and to have instituted various minute inquiries into different aspects of the subject. He has traced the operation of the principle for which he contends along lines of descent or ramifications of natural relationship in the families of judges, statesmen, peers, commanders, literary and scientific men, poets, musicians, painters, divines, scholars, and athletes.—Among the many persons cited by him in illustration of his principle are those of Scipio, Seneca, Pliny, Herschel, Humboldt, Wollaston, Cecil, Bacon, North, Walpole, Napier, Fox, Pitt, Hallam, Coleridge, Wellesley, Sheridan, Mill, D'Israeli, De Witt, Colbert, Mirabeau, Bonaparte. Out of two hundred and eighty-six judges, more than one in every nine have been either father, son, or brother to another judge, and the other high legal relationships have been even more numerous.

"In our own country there have been many instances of a similar character, of which the Adamses of Massachusetts and the Bayards of Delaware are conspicuous examples. South Carolina has furnished several similar instances, while our own Virginia has contributed numerous examples, among whom the Prestons, the Floyds, the Roanes, the Pleasants, the Lewises, the Watkins, the Bouldings, the Bollings, the Marshalls, the Stuarts, the Pendletons, the Cabells, the Randolphs, the Campbells, the Gilmers, the Nelsons, the Randolphs, the Campbells, etc., are shining instances."

[That children "take after their parents," in mental as well as in physical characteristics, is no longer a question with observers. Consumptive parents are liable to impart to their children a tendency to this disease. Tendencies to insanity, to corpulency or leanness, to be tall or short, to be temperate or intemperate, to have dark or light colored hair, eyes, skin, etc., are transmissible. Being of a higher type of organization than the animal, with manifold faculties and traits of character, a far greater variety will necessarily be seen in human inheritance. Our recent work on "Wedlock" furnishes interesting material for study on this subject.]

NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

THERE are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. Sleeplessness becomes a disease, and is the precursor of insanity. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and our waking hours as the image of life. Sleep is not like death; for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues, and substances are replenished. Waking consumes and exhausts; sleep replaces and repairs; waking is death, sleep is life.

The man who sleeps little, repairs little. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the

quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die. There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy. Men are dissipated who overtax their system all day and under-sleep every night. A man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a drunkard and a suicide than the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, the editor, or the printer that works excessively all day, and sleeps but little all night.—H. W. BEECHER.

EARLY DECAY.—What breaks down young men? Is it hard study, or is it dissipation? It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named "Legion," for they are many—enough to convince every novitiate that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few short hours of sleep each night, high living, plenty of "smashes," and nameless bad habits make war upon every function of the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty, are overtasked, worn, and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Quack doctors can not save you. Fast young man, right about!

A QUEER EXPERIENCE.—A lady correspondent writes to the Boston *Transcript*: "A few nights since, upon retiring to rest, the gas being out and the room quite dark, the writer's attention was directed to her foot, which was illuminated by light, which upon examination was found to be phosphorescent, and proceeded from the upper side of the fourth toe of the right foot. Upon rubbing it with the hand the light increased, and followed up the foot, the fumes filling the air with a disagreeable odor. This lasted some time, when the foot was immersed in a basin of water, hoping to quench the light, but to no purpose, for it continued under the surface of the water, the fumes rising above. The foot was taken out and wiped dry, but the light remained. A second immersion of the foot followed and soap applied, with the same result. No more experiments were tried, and after a time it gradually faded and disappeared. The time occupied by the phenomenon was about three-quarters of an hour. The lady's husband substantiates the above facts, as he also witnessed them. Will some one please explain the above, as the emitting of phosphorus from a living body is new to the writer?"

Art and Science.

EMINENT ENGRAVERS.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

JOHN BOYDELL, a very worthy alderman of London, and most distinguished encourager of the fine arts, was born in Shropshire, 1719. His father, a land surveyor, intended his son to follow the same profession, but his proclivities were to be an engraver. He served Mr. Toms six years, then bought up the seventh and labored independently. His first published work was a volume of 152 prints, which he sold at the price of five guineas. With the profits of this he set about encouraging other professors of the art. He discovered the talents of Woolett, and employed him to engrave the two famous pictures of "Niobe"

and "Phaeton." He soon began a great foreign trade in English prints, and thereby realized quite a fortune. He established what might be called an English school of engraving, and conceived the idea of raising also an English school of painting, and selecting all the first artists in the kingdom, collected in the course of a few years at vast expense the paintings which formed the well-known "Shakspeare Gallery." Boydell can hardly have the credit, however, of originating the idea of this collection, for it more properly belongs to Henry Fuseli, who was born at Zurich about 1789. He early manifested a talent for painting, and used to employ himself while under his father's roof in making copies of the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. In 1768 he went to England, and on showing specimens of his painting to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter advised him to go to Rome. This he did, and studied the Italian masters for eight years, and afterward returned to England. It was Fuseli who then suggested to Alderman Boydell the idea of forming a Shakspeare Gallery, which was adopted, and he painted for it eight of his best pictures. In 1790 he became a royal academician, and during the next nine years he painted a series of forty-seven pictures, afterward exhibited as the "Milton Gallery." But to return to Boydell. Becoming embarrassed by the French war, which almost stopped his export trade, in which he had very largely invested, he obtained permission of Parliament to dispose of his large collection by lottery. He saw every ticket sold, but before the drawing he died suddenly from the effects of a cold contracted at the session-house in the Old Bailey. He was 86 years old.

Among a few antique engravings we have a very fine one engraved by Boydell, after the original painting of Berghem, who was an eminent painter, born at Haerlem in 1624. It is related of him that once when pursued by his father, he fled into the workshop of Van Goyen, who, to protect him, called to his pupils, "Berghem" (conceal him); and this, it is said, occasioned his new name. He had a great love for his art, and a special fondness for engravings, and he acquired a large collection. Berghem's landscapes and representations of animals adorn the most celebrated galleries. The engraving referred to is a landscape with cattle, and displays superior artistic taste. We read below the plate this inscription: "Published according to act of Parliament, and sold by Jno. (John) Boydell, Engraver at the Unicorn, the corner of Queen St., Cheapside, London, 1752." The artist's name is recorded at the right corner below the picture, Jno. Boydell, Sculptor.

Although more than a century has passed away since this engraving was executed, published, and sold by John Boydell, London, it comes to greet us in a fine state of preservation, and carries our mind back to the olden time and the engravers of those days. I read of the works of the great painter Berghem—his skill in portraying cattle, and, thanks to the graver's skill, I have borne from a distant land to my home a *fac-simile* of that eminent artist's work. I see before me the oxen, cows, goats, and sheep his pencil portrayed, not in their costly original, 'tis true, but a *copy* only. Shall I reject it as worthless because "only a copy?" Quite as considerately might I reject the steel portrait and printed autograph because "only a copy" of the original! I would much prefer the autograph just as it came from the pencil or pen, but as next best I value that which although "only a copy" affords an accurate representation of the style.

VIVARES—GRIGNION—BYRNE.

What do we not owe to that art which multiplies the copies of the rare originals of the old masters and places them within our reach? Here is another I value highly, for it is after Raphael—the immortal Raphael—a copy of his painting entitled "The Resurrection of Christ." This bears date, London, 1753, one year later than the former. I find the engravers' signatures, P. Vivares and C. Grignion. I turn to my old Cyclopedia and find, "Francis Vivares, a most ingenious and celebrated landscape engraver, died in 1780." I turn over the leaves and find, "Charles Grignion, an engraver, who acquired great reputation in England until his manner was superseded by a more fashionable and imposing style; he died in 1810, aged 94."

Thus you see these antique copper-plates carry me back not only a century, to the time when they were published, but also to the days of the "divine Raphael," the greatest painter in the world, who was born in Italy in 1483. And what a study is this same old picture with its unique style!—the Saviour just emerging from the tomb, while the Roman soldiers are terror-stricken, and some have fallen as dead men to the ground. But I must not linger here, pleasant though it be thus to do.

I turn to two other antique engravings, entitled "Morning after Both," and "Evening after Both." I might tell you of these two Flemish painters, who were brothers, and born at Utrecht about the year 1610, how one ex-

celled in landscape, choosing the renowned Claude Lorraine for his model, while the other excelled in painting the human figure and cattle, and he imitated the eminent Bamboccio. They often worked on the same picture, one sketching the landscape, the other putting in the figures. There is much of interest I could tell, but it will never do, for I am to write about engravers, and so will turn to the artist's name found as usual in the right-hand corner, "Engraved by William Byrne." Wishing to know whether said Byrne had sufficient artistic talent to enable him to correctly transfer the features of these companion paintings to the copper-plate, I refer to the Cyclopedia, and find the first record is thus: "William Byrne, *a very distinguished landscape engraver.*" That is very favorable, surely. I read on and find that his chief excellence consisted in his aerial perspective, and the general effect of his chiaro-oscuro (light and shade). Very important excellences these are. I learn, furthermore, that Mr. Byrne was the master of Landseer, engraver to the king, of whom I shall have somewhat to say hereafter.

Mr. Byrne died September, 1804, aged 62. His greatest works are, "The Antiquities of Great Britain," after Hearne; "Views of the Lakes," after Forington; and Smith's "Scenery of Italy." With this knowledge of the engraver, I can depend on these *fac-similes* of Both's paintings as affording a true rendering of the originals.

Our limits will not admit of special reference to all of these antique engravings, but we must say a word about one more of great beauty, engraved in pure *line* or copper-plate, by F. Vivares, and published by him one year later than the previous ones mentioned. It is after the splendid original by Claude Lorraine, and is entitled "The Great Annual Sacrifice at the Temple of Apollo in the Island of Delos." This temple stood at the entrance of a city built entirely of granite and marble by Erisichton, son of Cecrops, first king of Athens; and was afterward enriched by the Greeks to the admiration of all antiquity. The original of this picture by Lorraine is in the Pamphili Palace at Rome.

Another antique is a representation of the Last Supper in medallion. We know not the artist of this rare and truly elegant engraving. As we contemplate these pictures we ask ourself the question: "Has the art of engraving really advanced since their date?" They indicate great artistic taste, and a vast amount of labor in execution. The lines are very fine, the leaves of trees and shrubs very delicate, the perspective and chiaro-oscuro beyond that of modern artists.

It was almost by accident we chanced to learn of these rare engravings. A circular fell in our way months ago, a catalogue of a large variety of pictures published and for sale by a firm in New York. We give but little heed to such, but our attention was arrested by the "announcement" of the discovery of several "Rare Engravings" that had been imported from England by this firm, and were offered at a marvelously low price. Here was a "rare" opportunity to secure some antique copies after the old masters, too good to let slip, so we sent for a few at first for examination. Finding them to be of undoubted character, we thought best to secure the entire set, seven in all. Since we began this series, having correspondence with the engraver who kindly furnished us some valuable items of information in regard to the art, as his place of business was close by where these engravings were for sale, we asked him to step in and examine them, and report to us. This he kindly did, and expressed it as his opinion that they are among the finest specimens of antique copper-plate engraving extant.

We have departed from our regular method by sketching those eminent engravers of the previous century in connection with these specimens of their style, believing it would more fully interest, and that we might thereby deepen the impression we wish to make of our indebtedness, not only to those artists who by the process of chromo-lithography are enabled to reproduce in *oil* copies of the great masters, but also to the *graver*, who by his skill transfers to copperplate and steel in the minutest details those renowned and costly paintings, not mechanically merely, but with true artistic genius.

THE LANDSEERS

are a family of artists. The father, John Landseer, pupil of Byrne, obtained a high reputation by engraving a series of plates from the works of Rubens, Snyders, and others, and by his illustrations in Hume's "History of England" and Moore's "Views of Scotland." His best engraving is from one of the first paintings of his distinguished son, Sir Edwin Landseer, entitled, "The Dogs of St. Bernard." His early works, consisting of vignettes, have rarely if ever been surpassed. A quarrel with the Royal Academy on the question of admitting engravers to the rank and title of royal academicians, largely alienated him from the profession. Of his productions afterward, nothing of import-

ance can be noted except the "Antiquities of Dacca," a work chiefly of illustration. His literary and antiquarian productions consist of "Observations on the Engraved Gems brought from Babylon to England by Abraham Lockett, Esq., Considered with Reference to Early Scripture History," and "Sabean Researches," founded also on remains brought from Babylon by Capt. Lockett. Landseer was born in London, 1761, and died in 1852 at the advanced age of 91.

Thomas Landseer was the eldest son of John Landseer. He has excelled as an etcher, and executed many engravings in mezzotint after his brother Edwin's paintings. There is a very fine engraving of his from Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

Charles Landseer was the favorite pupil of Haydon, the eminent painter. He excels in *genre* pictures.

Sir Edwin Landseer is the greatest of the family; but as he is not an engraver, we shall say but little in respect to him. He was born 1803, and elected member of the Royal Academy 1827. No English painter of this century has acquired such universal popularity. His pictures have been regularly engraved, and for the copyright alone, aside from the price of the picture, he has received the sum of £3,000. At the Paris "Universal Exposition," 1855, a gold medal was awarded him—an honor accorded to no other British artist. His works are very numerous. Mr. Elliott, of Boston, art publisher, has more than two hundred steel engravings of different subjects after his paintings. An elegant mezzotinto engraving of "Landseer and his Connoisseurs," in Mr. George E. Perine's best style, embellishes the *Eclectic* for July, 1869, and a very interesting biographical sketch accompanies it.

YALE SKETCHES.—No. 2.

BY H. E. G. P.

SOON after the vote of the trustees establishing the school in New Haven, a building for its accommodation was projected.

This edifice, the first erected by the College, was commenced October, 1717, and finished the next year.

It was of wood, and contained fifty studies, the hall, library, and kitchen, and cost £1,000, to which sum Gov. Yale contributed liberally. For a structure of that period it sunk into an early decay, having become "a ruin" in 1785, in which year it was taken down.

Heretofore the commencements had been private, but the College was now in a comparatively prosperous condition, pleasantly located, its financial affairs improved, and its accommodation for students so much increased that their number doubled.

Its patrons, who in its feeblest days had never lost faith or courage, were now so inspirited that they marked its success by a *public* commencement, which was held at New Haven, September 12, 1718. "There were present the Hon. Gurdon Saltonstall, Esq., Gov. of the Colony of Conn." (what an aureola of substantial excellence and dignity titles radiated in those stanch days!) "Madam Saltonstall; Hon. Wm. Taylor, Esq., as representing Gov. Yale; the Deputy-Governor; sundry of the worshipful assistants, the Judges of the Circuit; a great number of Rev. Ministers, and a great number of spectators."—*Clap's Annals.*

In commemoration of Gov. Yale's generosity, the College building was named after him, and a memorial in Latin was entered upon the College records: "On commencement morning, this monument both of generosity and gratitude was with solemn pomp read off in the College Hall, both in Latin and English, then the procession moved to the meeting-house" (a plain unecclesiastical structure on the Lower Green), "to attend the public exercises of the day, wherein besides the oration made by one of the bachelors, the Rev. Mr. John Davenport, one of the trustees, at the desire of the body, made a florid oration, wherein he largely insisted upon and highly extolled the generosity of Gov. Yale. Eight candidates received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and several more were made masters."—*Clap.*

"After the orations, the gentlemen returned to the College Hall, where they were entertained with a splendid dinner, and the ladies" ("*not* too bright and good," etc.) "were, with an appreciative gallantry that has not been perpetuated, at the same time also entertained in the library, after which we sung the first four verses of the sixty-fifth Psalm, and so the day ended."

One would like to get some details of that "splendid entertainment," and be an honored participant of the decorous jollity that gave piquancy to the past. "Everything was managed with so much order and splendor that the fame of it extremely disheartened the opposers and made opposition fall before it."—*Johnson.* The annalist, mildly satirical, adds: "On the same day *something like* a commencement" was held at Wethersfield. The trustees

judiciously subdued the defiant party by conditionally granting diplomas to the graduates.

The following is the Psalm, copies of which are now extremely rare. It was sung to St. Martin's—vigorous, animating strains,—strains consecrated by lips long sealed in heavenly peace.

PSALM LXV.—(FROM STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS' VERSION.)

1. Thy praise alone, O Lord, doth reign
in Sion, thine own hill;
Their vows to thee they do maintain,
and their behests fulfil;
2. For that thou dost their prayers hear,
and dost thereto agree;
The people all, both far and near,
with trust shall come to thee.

3. Our wicked life so far exceeds,
that we shall fall therein;
But, Lord, forgive our great misdeeds,
and purge us from our sin.
4. The man is blest whom thou dost choose
within thy courts to dwell;
Thy house and temple he shall use,
with pleasures that excel.

5. Of thy great justice hear us, God,
our health of thee doth rise;
The hope of all the earth abroad,
and the sea-coasts likewise.
6. With strength thou art beset about,
and compast with thy power;
Thou mak'st the mountain strong and stout,
to stand in every shower.

7. The swelling seas thou dost asswage,
and make their streams full still;
Thou dost restrain the people's rage,
and rule them at thy will.
8. The folk that dwell full far on earth
shall dread thy signs to see,
Which morn and even in great mirth
do pass with praise to thee.

SKETCH OF GOVERNOR YALE.

Gov. Elihu Yale, whose generosity was so cordially acknowledged, though a native of New Haven, was of Welsh descent. His father, Thomas Yale, with the Rev. John Davenport and Gov. Eaton, who was Thomas Yale's stepfather, came to New Haven in 1638. The company to which they belonged was the most opulent that had come to these alien shores. They were nearly all from London, and "had been bred to mercantile and commercial pursuits."

The Yale family had for many generations held an estate near the old town of Wrexham, North Wales, which yielded them the comfortable annual income of £500. Elihu Yale was born April 5th, 1648. When he was ten years old his father returned to England, and he was there educated. He went to the East Indies when he was about thirty. There he acquired an immense property, and was honored with the appointment of Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. He added fortune to fortune in his marriage with the wealthy widow of his predecessor, Gov. Hinmers. He returned to England with such quantities of valuables accumulated in his long and prosperous residence in India, that he could find no place large enough to store them, and was forced to "a public sale of the overplus, and that was the *first auction* in England." That was in 1692. Some items, copied from a bill of sale after his decease, will help us to an idea of what the "overplus" implied: "Jewels, particularly that celebrated diamond ring on which is cut the arms of England and Scotland, formerly belonging to Mary Queen of Scots; five diamond and pearl necklaces; gold, repeating, and silver watches; silver *Philligrew* plate; pictures and limnings; a great variety of India cabinets and divers sorts of household goods; curious fire-arms; mathematical instruments; five snuffboxes; swords and canes; several parcels of fine silks, linens, and muslins, with many valuable curiosities in gold, silver, and agate."

The hand that was so apt in grasping treasure was molded to generous deeds, and after his return to England, Gov. Yale began to consider where he could most wisely bestow his gifts. Jeremiah Dummer, Colonial Agent at London, who in 1714 had sent 800 volumes of very valuable works to the College, gave additional proof of his interest by calling Gov. Yale's attention to the school in his native town. He was so favorably impressed with its worthiness, that in 1716 he made the first of the numerous gifts that eventually attached his name to the institution, and in which patron and college are mutually honored. No tinge of ambition sullied them, for had he desired to barter his wealth for fame he would never have selected a school whose growth and influence were hidden in the future of a nation then unknown.

He died in 1721, aged seventy-three years, and sleeps with his ancestors in Wrexham church-yard, "among the fair green hills of Denbighshire." His memory is sheaved with the love her sons keep for *Alma Mater*.

There hangs in Alumni Hall a full-length portrait of Gov. Yale, presented to the College by his grandson, Dudley North, and painted by Smybut. His features are massive, the expression genial, eyes dark and full, his form portly, suggesting small faith in an anchorite's fare. A long crimson brocade waistcoat, closely buttoned and reaching to the knees, an ample

outer coat of brown with broad crimson cuffs, and frills at the hand, a white curled wig reaching nearly to his waist, a necktie of point-lace, rivaling the wig in length, long hose and slippers with silver buckles, complete the sumptuous apparel. "He was a gentleman who greatly abounded in good-humor and generosity."

The library had been allowed to remain at Saybrook, but in the December following the commencement, gentler arguments having failed, the trustees dispatched a sheriff with wagons to bring the books to New Haven. When he reached the house where they were kept, he found it occupied and surrounded by an angry multitude who had assembled to resist him. He forced open the doors and placed a guard over the books during the night. In the morning his horses were gone and his wagons found broken. Others were obtained, the books packed, and an escort provided beyond the town. The self-appointed custodians preceded them, harassing and delaying them by destroying bridges on their road. They were a whole week coming, but the doughty sheriff eventually triumphed.

It was found, on unpacking the books, that more than 250 volumes and a number of very valuable papers had been destroyed or stolen during the affray. After that the unfriendly powers smoked the calumet (in metaphor), tacitly assented to a peace, and, to their honor, subsequently showed an active friendship for the College.

TRANSMITTED PHYSIOGNOMY.—The following excellent illustrations of the law of heredity with reference to facial features we find in one of our exchanges:

"William Howitt went to Stratford-upon-Avon to find material for his 'Home of the English Poets.' He visited among other places a day-school, and inquired whether there were any boys there at all related to Shakspeare. 'Yes,' the master said, 'I have one boy here who is descended in a direct line from Shakspeare's sister.' Then he marshaled all his boys before him, and said to Mr. Howitt, 'Now, sir, pick him out.' 'I cast my eye along the line of faces,' Mr. Howitt said, 'and selecting one instantly, said, "This is the boy;" and I was right.'

"A few years ago, a lady walking through a French picture gallery was respectfully accosted by an artist at work there, who inquired whether she was in any way related to Charles the Second of England. 'Yes,' the lady answered; 'my great-grandfather was a great-grandson of Charles;' and then said, 'Sir, I am curious to know why you should ask me.' 'Because, madam, the painter replied, 'I am employed here as a copyist, and copying lately a portrait of Charles, I observed in it a peculiar droop of the eyelid, different from anything I ever saw before; and as you came up the gallery, I noticed exactly the droop in the eyelid that had impressed me so much in the picture.'"

CONSTRUCTION OF PIANOS.—In an ordinary piano there are fifteen kinds of wood, namely: pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood, birch, mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech, and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America, and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability, and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is "voice." There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun-metal, and lead. There are in an instrument of full size 214 strings, making a total length of 787 feet of steel wire, and 500 feet of white (covering) wire. Such a piano will weigh from 900 to 1,000 pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse) fifteen or twenty years. The total manufacture of pianos in New York alone averages 15,000 per annum.—*Exchange.*

A BALL, one foot in diameter, just conceals the moon's face when held before it at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet from the eye. Consequently, a ball one mile in diameter, would do the same thing at one hundred and twenty miles; a ball of one thousand miles at and twenty times two thousand, or, two hundred one hundred and twenty thousand miles; and a ball two thousand miles cross, at one hundred and forty thousand miles. But this is about the moon's distance; consequently, the moon's breadth must be about two thousand miles. —*Appletons' Jour.*

MUSICAL.—Ole Bull, while in California lately, was the recipient of a valuable testimonial from his friends and admirers there. The testimonial is a beautifully wrought crown of gold studded with diamonds and pearls, the whole weighing nearly two pounds.

NEW YORK,
MAY, 1870.

GRACE.

IF good books, good magazines, and good newspapers be among the means of growth in grace, bad books, bad magazines, and bad newspapers must as surely tend to evil. The press, throughout the world, is turning out millions of pages of printed matter every day, a moiety of which may be claimed as tending to improve, refine, and elevate the reader. What class of literature has the largest sale? Is it not foolish fiction? Compared with works of science, fiction sells as ten to one. Compare the circulation of the popular story papers with the best, the most instructive journals of science and art! If the latter have a circulation of from five to thirty thousand, the former reach hundreds of thousands! The best religious journals are seldom profitable in a pecuniary sense to their editors or publishers. The story papers, police gazettes, etc., make fortunes for their proprietors, but what are they doing for their readers? The majority of mankind to-day live in their propensities. They practice self-indulgence, which stimulates and narcotizes their brains, blunts their finer sensibilities, perverts their minds, and renders them fit subjects for the physician, the almshouse, the asylum, the hospital, the prison, and a premature grave. But *they* (the readers of fiction) do not "see it." Readers of flash literature are sure "the stuff won't hurt *them*." Beginners in dissipation find only agreeable sensations, which lure them on. If remonstrated with, they promptly reply, "It don't hurt me. Besides, I knew a great man, a member of Congress, who was a great drinker of whisky, and he lived, though intoxicated half the time, to be over sixty years old. If whisky will injure *me*, why did it not kill him?" Again, if the young popinjay be urged not to smoke or chew tobacco, he replies, "Look at General Grant! Look at many of our physicians, clergymen, editors,"—and he might also include in this category every blackleg, horsethief, and vagabond, white, black, and red, who indulge in the "luxury,"—"if it be good for *them*, why not for *me?*" These poor fools will not realize that they are following blind guides, till too late. With a filthy habit fixed on them, it will, nine times in ten, go with them down to an untimely grave, having forever barred them from the exquisite enjoyments which are realized by a clear and unblunted set of faculties and sensibilities.

Drinkers of stimulants, smokers, snuffers, and chewers of tobacco and opium, as well as the consumers of foolish fiction, are already diseased. Instead of being even in the way of growing in grace, they are inevitably going down, down, down. We have, as an antidote, our Christian religion. If young men will take counsel of their higher sentiments and their better judgment, they will see more clearly whither they are tending. They will discard the bad habit, put away the temptation, and ask for Divine assistance to hold them to good resolutions. If they would grow in grace, they must also deny themselves "foolish fiction," and keep to the truth. *They must do nothing on which they can not ask God's blessing.* Let this be the test of every question. "Shall I read the productions of low, bad men?" Can

you ask a blessing on them? "Shall I indulge in the social glass?" Apply the same rule. "Shall I venture time or money on a horse-race, a cock-fight, a bull-fight, a prize-fight, or on any game of chance?" Can you ask a blessing on them? The very thought of bringing your actions before this high tribunal will deter you, and you will thus escape.

To escape evil influences, to fortify one's self in right directions, should be the study of every man and every woman. A knowledge of Phrenology will aid them in every worthy endeavor. It will teach them what is, and what is not, a proper exercise of all the faculties; show them why they should subordinate the propensities to the sentiments; in short, teach them *how* to become what they should be, high-toned and godly.

GOOD HEADS—BAD HEADS.

WHOM shall we publish? Readers send us photographs of their friends, and desire us to publish descriptions of them. In New England there are scores of men and women who deserve to be immortalized for their "noble deeds," and the same is true of hundreds in the great West. In the Canadas, and other N. A. British provinces, where this JOURNAL is read, there are public dignitaries, benefactors, poets, and philosophers whose friends think them great and good. So there are in the South. We have it in contemplation to show up some of the leading spirits of the Great Rebellion, and indicate what organs and faculties were most active in those champions of the "lost cause." Just now a letter comes to us from a Mr. J. H., of Blandinville, McDonough Co., Illinois, asking us to "Please give us in the JOURNAL a portrait and phrenological analysis of 'Brick Pomeroy,' author of 'Sense' and 'Nonsense,' and oblige thousands of your readers." We had anticipated the wishes of J. H. and others, and had procured a portrait of B. P., together with his friend and associate, Mr. Sykes, for the present number. The descriptions and biographies of these personages will be interesting, even to those who do not agree with them politically.

But we object to publishing descriptions of thieves, robbers, and murderers, as a rule, regarding that sort of literature as most injurious to public morals. Occasionally, as in the case of the French homicide, it seems due to science that we show the worst side of perverted human nature, as a warning to the world; but we will not cater to the appetites of selfish men, except in the way of a reproof or a rebuke.

We are glad to have readers name such persons as may be worthy of a place in these pages. Our object is to benefit our readers, rather than to flatter the vanity of upstarts. We have published descriptions of some persons not much distinguished nor very well known, though we usually aim to select such as we suppose will be interesting to our readers.

We have *never* published a portrait for pay. We have sought for years to procure the likenesses of some well-known public characters, without success. For example, so far as we have been able to learn, there never was a photograph taken of our two leading New York merchants, Messrs. A. T. Stewart and H. B. Claflin, nor have we been able to induce them to sit. Our readers were clamorous for a sketch of Horace Greeley, and it was years before we succeeded in getting a cast from his head and a biography for publication; but we were the first to give his portrait and character to the public, since which time his life has been written and scattered throughout the land. The same is true of Henry Ward Beecher and of dozens of others. We propose to keep on and continue to

serve up the characters of such as the public may wish to have, from *our* point of view. This is a field occupied by no other publication. Our readers must be patient, and they shall see "the lions."

HONESTY.

WHEN the Apostle Paul, in that chapter of his celebrated Epistle to the Romans which sums up in a most impressive and fervid exhortation the duties of a Christian, says: "Provide things *honest* in the sight of all men," he doubtless left it to be inferred that on no occasion and for no reason should a falsehood be told or a deception practiced. From this passage, and other passages of like import in the New Testament, the homely proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," may have been derived, or else it is a sententious and pithy concentration of the moral deductions of thoughtful minds in past ages.

There are some would-be philosophers who question the soundness of that proverb. They claim that circumstances give the proper color and moral tone to measures; that if success in worthy enterprise be sought, it may happen that the necessity will arise for the exercise of duplicity, or even direct falsehood, in which case the object in view may warrant such action. Washington's motto, *Exitus acta probat*, commonly translated "the end justifies the means," is cited by some who have recourse to such reasoning; but they have no measures of Washington, introduced during his public career, on which to lay the finger in illustration of their views of honesty *not* the best policy. Washington entered upon his official duties as the first President of this Republic amid much political agitation, and during both his terms of office party spirit ran high; but he sat in serene greatness above the turbulent waves of faction and commanded the admiration and love of his country, not by adroit diplomacy, the skillful disposal of places important and unimportant, or the ingenious management of those whom the Constitution accorded him as his counselors, but by the directness and candor of his language and actions—by the conspicuous integrity of his life and the nobility of his motives.

I can not but think that Washington would have translated his motto something after this sort: "The end approves or confirms the act." In other words, "look to the end for the confirmation of the course which has been pursued,—by its fruits ye shall know the character of my effort, whether it has been good or bad." He probably gathered some inspiration from that well-known sentiment of the great poet:

> "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's."

I believe that the enunciation of such principles as those contained in the often-iterated phrases, "The end justifies (or sanctifies) the means," "When among Romans, do as Romans do," "Match cunning with cunning," by men skillful in sophistry, has done much toward rendering dishonesty so prevalent among all classes of society as it notoriously is to-day. In the world of politics, deceit, chicanery, and fraud stalk unblushingly. Men trusted with responsible positions make use of them as vehicles by which they may secure selfish ends. We see here and there combinations of national, state, county, city, or town officials, who act, *not* for the good of the nation, the state, or community which has conferred its benefits upon them, and given them authority to apply its money and execute its laws and expects them to render faithful service, but in concert for the more effectual and secure consummation of schemes of personal enrichment. The term "Ring" is well known among the intelligent for its peculiar expression and apt designation of organized official duplicity and fraud.

Business men, highly appreciative of the old legal maxim, *caveat emptor*, are willing to reap what profits they may from the customer who relies more upon a salesman's representations than upon a close scrutiny of the goods offered for sale. Or, co-operating together, they seek to control the supply and price of some staple article, and thus compel the consumer in his necessity to submit to their extortionate demands.

Even in the pulpit, where society reasonably looks for some manifestation of approximate virtue, men are found who bend their high calling to serve low-born, selfish purposes. How often it happens that Christian ministers withdraw from stations where the cause they represented and led was to all appearances prospering, and where they were honored and esteemed by a large and generous congregation, and take others on the pretext that in the new spheres they will have enlarged and better opportunities for "doing their Master's work;" whereas the divine nature of their "call," if

analyzed, would have distributed itself among the thousand or two thousand additional dollars which baited those "calls."

In domestic life, we find the housekeeper lamenting the insincerity and occasional pilferings of servants to whom good wages are paid and many kindnesses accorded.

In the social circle we hear constant complaints of misplaced confidence, unjust reflection, and disreputable gossip. And so on through the many departments of American life the spirit of dishonesty seems so predominant, that the saying, commonly attributed to Sir Robert Walpole, that "all men have their price," seems practically true.

But can such a state of morals be avoided while so many influences exist in our atmosphere to divert the minds of ambitious men and women from the attainment of their ends by legitimate means? It is even expected that a public servant shall not neglect opportunities while in office to enrich himself; and he whose staunch integrity forbids him to add one "dirty shilling" to the meager salary given by government for his faithful discharge of important duties, and who retires from office poorer than when he assumed it, is looked upon as a wonder, a singular combination of timidity and honesty.

The circumstances of people are subject to such abrupt and frequent transitions; we see so many rolling in gilded opulence to-day who yesterday were scarcely able to meet the expenses incident to their households; there are so many incentives to speculative enterprise in the very nature of our unexampled growth and prosperity; and there are so many conspicuous examples of excessively rich men who control important public interests by the very weight of their distended purses, that the yearning for wealth and the contempt for poverty everywhere manifest are not to be wondered at.

"The poor," says an observer of the times, "advise their little ones to strive after position and wealth; the rich desire that their children shall not be compelled to take a more humble position than that in which they were reared. Examples of extravagance are set on every hand, until the minds of the people have become dazzled and crazed. Men begin business, often establish a good character, and a heavy and profitable run of trade, and intend, in many instances, to be honest under all circumstances; but when a season of depression comes they are led, step by step, into a disreputable course in order to bolster up their extravagant mode of living, or a false pride as to the position they occupy in society constrains them to hide from their friends and the community their true condition. Finally, they have collected enough dishonesty, little by little, to form in their own minds a degraded opinion of themselves, and as there may be no honorable escape from their position, except through humiliating confessions, they are fully prepared to strike out boldly, gather together what they can, and be off, leaving creditors and tried and true friends amazed at the announcement."

No amount of ingenious speculation can avoid the fair conclusions of a great moral and Christian principle; and no man of fairly balanced intellect and candid utterances would offset the claims of honesty by a plea of expediency. And although dissimulation, equivocacy, evasion, and falsehood abound in all the walks of civilized life, yet scarcely one man can be found whose moral sentiments are so blunted and marred that he can not feel some admiration and respect for him whose uncorruptible honesty dare assert itself, come what may, pecuniary loss, or personal disgrace at the hands of a mistaken and indiscreet public. But the truly honest man can not always remain under a cloud. Sooner or later the truth will dispel the prejudice and invidiousness which influenced public opinion, his character will shine forth in all the brightness of its purity and beauty, and they who were first to condemn will be among the first to approve and admire.

Dishonesty may have its gains, but those gains work no beneficent results; infectious-like, they seem to impart a moral poison to those who willingly share in them.

The rewards of honesty are many more than those of dishonesty, even from a worldly point of view. The young man who determines to do right in the start will command far better chances of ultimate success than he who seeks to profit by his opportunities to defraud, and besides these he will experience a sense of mental contentment and dignity entirely foreign to the consciousness of the other. The genuine happiness felt by the old merchant who replied to one who had asked how he made his money, "By hard work, and in it all there is not one dirty shilling," can only be appreciated by those who have "honest hearts and arms."

The man who can appeal to Heaven for the rectitude of his intentions in all things, who feels that to truth his highest and strongest allegiance belongs, and that nothing in the

way of money or social position could tempt him to turn away from that allegiance, is the true man, that "noblest work of God," most worthy the enthusiasm of the poet. D.

DEATH OF GENERAL THOMAS.

ANOTHER representative American has gone. Last month it became our duty to record the sudden death of one, in the prime of his manhood, who stood in the forefront of the world's statesmen—Anson Burlingame. Now we are called upon to make some mention of a soldier of sterling qualities, General George H. Thomas, who died on the 27th of March, from an attack of apoplexy. He was a man of large and ponderous physical organization, and had latterly become quite fleshy, so that his death from congestion, premature though it may be termed, was only what might have been fearfully looked for by himself and friends. A phrenological sketch, published several years ago, contains this allusion to some of his leading traits of character:

"There can be no timidity in such an organization, no shirking fire, but only the judicious prudence and thoughtfulness coming from a well-balanced intellect and sound judgment. The head is high, and the volume of the brain, as a whole, immense, being about twenty-four inches in circumference—the average size is twenty-two—yet it is not disproportioned to his body, but well rounded out in all its parts. There is nothing pinched up, out of place, or in excess.

"He is very large in Benevolence, large in Veneration, Spirituality, Hope, and Conscientiousness. Self-Esteem and Approbativeness are not large, and he is as modest, as unassuming, and as sympathetical as he is magnanimous, devotional, and great. Notice how broad and full the intellect! perceptives and reflectives amply developed, the most marked deficiency in the whole being the organ of Language. He talks little, but says much. There can be no redundancy of words in him; every word, like a well-directed blow with a hammer, drives the nail home, and clinches it. He wastes no words, but every sentence comes booming on, more like a ball from a cannon than like a whizzing bullet from a Minie rifle. His Constructiveness and planning talent would enable him to excel as a projector. He has both taste and original inventiveness, and planning talent. His motto, however, would be, Utility first, and beauty afterward."

General Thomas was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. His father was of English descent, and his mother of Huguenot. He was appointed from that State to West Point in 1836, graduated on 1st July, 1840, and was appointed to the Third Artillery. In the following year he distinguished himself in the war against the Florida Indians, and was brevetted first lieutenant for his gallantry. He

PORTRAIT OF GEN. THOMAS.

accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, and at Monterey won the brevet rank of captain. At Buena Vista, again, he distinguished himself nobly, and was brevetted major. On the close of the war he returned home, and in 1850 assumed the responsible post of instructor of artillery and cavalry at West Point. At the outbreak of the war Major Thomas was one of the few Virginians who held to the cause of the Union, and in May, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. He soon became a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and was sent to Kentucky, where he won the first important battle of the war, at Mill Spring, on the 19th of January, 1862. He served at Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, and Chickamauga, and was promoted to command the Army of the Cumberland in October, 1863. In the great battle of Chattanooga his troops bore a leading part; the celebrated assault on Missionary Ridge was made by three of his divisions.

During the campaign which ended with the capture of Atlanta in September, 1864, he commanded one of the combined armies under Gen. Sherman. When the march to the sea was undertaken, Gen. Thomas was sent back to Nashville to reorganize the fragments of troops that were scattered throughout the department, and concentrate them against Hood, who had shown his intention to invade Tennessee. The campaign, which was marked by the battle of

Franklin, and culminated in the battle of Nashville, was entirely planned and directed by Thomas. During this campaign Gen. Grant was repeatedly dissatisfied with the slowness of his movements, and on the eve of the battle of Nashville made an order removing him. But the order was not sent forward from the War Department, and Thomas's decisive victory on the same day soon justified the wisdom of his action, and put an end to all thought of relieving him of his command. Indeed, one of the characteristic features of his career is that he was never defeated in a battle.

After the termination of the war Thomas was assigned by President Johnson to command the district including Georgia, Florida, and Alabama.

When the law creating the rank of General was passed, Mr. Johnson was disposed to confer it upon Thomas rather than Grant; but this desire encountered nothing but opposition on the part of Thomas, and it was abandoned accordingly.

Thomas was next transferred to the command of Tennessee and Kentucky, where he remained, with his headquarters at Louisville. Shortly after the inauguration of President Grant, he was sent to San Francisco to take command of the Pacific coast. This office he held at the time of his death.

A writer in one of the New York dailies speaks of him as a man and a soldier in terms of high laudation, but not inappropriately. A paragraph or two will not be out of place here:

"Gen. Thomas was a man of solid judgment, great dignity, and disinterestedness of character; faithful to his duty under all circumstances; without ambition beyond his profession; endowed with the purest sentiments of patriotism and honor; a true friend, and a noble-hearted gentleman. His intelligence was comprehensive and substantial, but not rapid nor brilliant. As an officer, his plans were formed with deliberation and executed with steadiness. He was prudent without timidity, brave without rashness, impetuous in action without bravado. His firmness bordered on obstinacy, and the convictions of his mind were not easily shaken. He was endowed with great elegance of manners, and exercised a delicate care in the performance of every social duty. With all his dignity there was not the least haughtiness in his composition; his kindness of heart was as prompt toward a common soldier as toward the most distinguished of his colleagues. His men loved him; they had been in the fire with him, and knew he could be depended upon.

"No man was freer from selfishness. He had a horror of everything that looked like intrigue, and repeatedly refused the chief command because his confidence and regard for the officer whom it was proposed that he should replace would not allow him to accept the offer. After the battle of Perryville, Mr. Stanton desired that he should succeed Buell, but he declined; after the battle of Chickamauga he might at once have had the place of Rosecrans, but he would not; and he was finally assigned to the chief place in the Army of the Cumberland by a positive order which left him no option."

A PRODIGY IN CALCULATION.

THE rarity of harmonious mental development is palpable to all who take any pains to examine the characters of those who surround him. Here and there one is conspicuously above the rest in capacity and is looked upon with admiration, but should such conspicuous mind be analyzed, it would be found that its superiority lay in the natural development and culture perhaps of a few organs, while in other respects it did not rise above mediocrity. Now and then we meet with instances of unique development so extraordinary that they amount almost to insanity. There have been men who have shown great artistic ability, but in everything else were the veriest dunces. Some of the cretins of the Alps surprise us by their mechanical dexterity, but they are so lacking in intellect that to render their mechanical skill of service they require direction and guidance.

Everybody in America, or at least in the United States, has heard of Blind Tom, the wonderful musician, whose chief talent seems to lie in the great activity of Tune, while in other respects he is said to be but little removed from the idiot.

An instance of unique development in the direction of calculation has lately been announced to us, which is well worth a place in these columns. Our authority is the St. Louis *Republican*, which thus alludes to it:

"At or near Warrensburg, Johnson County, in this State, resides a poor widow woman, who has a son, Reuben Field, a mere

boy, untutored, and seemingly almost incapable of literary culture, who yet possesses most remarkable powers of mental calculation. As evidence of this, among many other evidences that might be cited, a gentleman of St. Louis, who had heard of his possessing this faculty, sent him the following figures, viz.: 145,145,145,145, asking him to square this number mentally, that is, multiply the number by itself, and send him the result, with the time taken to perform it, scarcely believing, however, notwithstanding the extraordinary accounts related of him, that he could be capable of the task. In this, however, he was mistaken, as were others to whom the proposition had been named. A letter has been received by the gentleman named, from a highly respectable and reliable citizen of Warrensburg, who states that in three minutes' time the boy Field mentally and accurately pronounced the result, 21,067,113,159,163,117,071,025, or written in words, twenty-one sextillions, sixty-seven quintillions, one hundred and thirteen quadrillions, one hundred and fifty-nine trillions, one hundred and sixty-three billions, one hundred and seventeen millions, seventy-one thousand and twenty-five.

"Though such exhibitions of mental power of calculation as the one exhibited in the above are not altogether unheard of, they are nevertheless rare. In this instance it will appear all the more marvelous when it is stated that this boy, Reuben Field, is almost entirely uneducated. Indeed, the letter referred to above says Field maintains it is of 'no use for boys to go to school, as he can't learn anything, and never could.' In fact, except in this matter of calculation, in which he is a marvel, he is said to be 'very ignorant in all other matters,' lazy, uncouth, disposed to wander idly from place to place, and, worst of all, perhaps, 'is very fond of drink.' Yet the letter states 'he can repeat the eighty-seventh line in multiplication backwards and forwards, and does many marvelous things in calculating mentally.' Let those who think the solution required in the proposition given above can not be a difficult one, because rendered by an illiterate and uncultivated boy, call to mind that this solution, by the usual forms of multiplication, requires the use of 191 figures, 144 multiplications, 23 additions, and 15 combinations of figures, and that this, by the ordinary processes of multiplication, is to be performed and retained in the mind until the process is completed. When they realize this, or attempt the solution itself, they will very likely come to the conclusion that Reuben Field is a prodigy in mental calculations."

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

SOME of the best discoveries and happiest experiments in the various branches of science have been made by chance. Watts, the engineer, took the lobster's tail for his model, when he was constructing pipes to convey water to Glasgow from the opposite side of the Clyde. Brunel, who constructed the tunnel under the Thames, took his first idea from the ship-worm, as he observed it perforate, with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the arched way was complete, and then daub over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish. The art of portrait-painting is believed to have had its origin in an accident. Corinthia, a young girl of Sycon, discovered her beautiful lover asleep; the lamp which burned beside him cast the shadow of his profile on the wall; struck by the likeness, and inspired by love, she traced it, and thus produced the first specimen of that delightful art. The hammer of a blacksmith suggested a subject for one of Haydn's best compositions. An artist in vain tried to give the drapery about which he was employed in his picture the graceful folds which could alone satisfy him; vexed at his failure, he was about to put the painting away, when a servant entered the studio and, putting to rights such things as fell in his way, he threw his master's cloak across the stand; it fell into the graceful folds so much desired by the painter. So an artist, in despair of imparting the expression of the excitement and heat of the chase to the noble horse he was painting, flung his brush impatiently away; it splashed upon the nostrils of the horse, and represented at once the foam, which was all that was required.

In every-day life our happiest thoughts seem to be chance comers.

AN ASSASSIN AND HIS VICTIM.

HERE are portraits of two Frenchmen—said to be likenesses—which must impress the observer that the originals are, or were, anything but saints. If a man may be known by his "look," according to Ecclesiastes, both these men are bad. Without the rules of science, no one would greatly err in judging the general character of these beefy, not to say "bully" fellows. If one be lower, coarser, and more brutal than the other, it is because of the more animal life he has led. In the one, low sensualism is clearly predominant; that he is selfish, base, bad, and a most miserable sinner is certain. The victim was on a plane a step or a degree higher; he had courage, while the assassin is a base coward. Neither imbecility, nor idiocy, nor insanity can be urged in extenuation of the crime. It was ambition, pride, conceit, and pluck on one side, and low brutality with fear, timidity, and cowardice on the other, that led to the meeting and the death. Both are low; one is simply beastly, with all the finer human sensibilities so completely blunted that he is unfit to be trusted with liberty. He ought to be put on a low diet, deprived of wine and tobacco, and the means of indulging his animal propensities. A few years at hard labor, in close confinement, under religious influences, would do him good. Both were educated in intellect, but not developed in the moral or religious fac-

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ulties. Both lived in their passions and their pride. Self, and only self, animated them. A godless life leaves its impress on the face, and controls the character. A life of kindness, justice, and meekness stamps the face and the character of the good man. We may

PORTRAIT OF VICTOR NOIR.

become what we will. If we would grow in grace, we must direct our thoughts in proper channels; must live self-denying lives; that is to say, must do as we ought in the sight of Heaven, instead of yielding to perverted appetite and passion.

What may be done with this assassin the courts will decide. His name—not his character—may save him from the gallows or the guillotine. He is a Prince, and a Bonaparte —was there ever a *good* Bonaparte?

Here is a brief account of the principals in the fatal affair:

Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte previous to this fatal encounter seems to have been scarcely known to the world outside of Paris. He is the third son of Lucien Bonaparte, and was born at Rome. His career, as it has been presented by foreign papers, does not reflect honor upon his name, but shows him to have been for the most part an adventurous, quarrelsome, and dangerous fellow. In 1848, on the strength of his father's well-known republican principles, he obtained a military appointment, but lost it in 1849 on account of willful acts of insubordination.

As a duelist and bravo he seems to have

sustained well the old Corsican prestige. After the assumption of imperial authority by Napoleon III., with which he seems to have manifested no sympathy, he lived in retirement, and though holding the rank of Prince, he has not been considered a member of the Imperial family.

Victor Noir, or rather Victor Salmon, commenced life as a linendraper's assistant, and, while so engaged, now and then wrote an article for the public prints. He was advised to devote himself to journalism. He sought a connection with some newspaper, and being of the liberal order politically, was made a reporter for the *Epoque*. From the *Epoque* he went on the editorial staff of the *Journal de Paris*, then threw up his engagement for a position on the *Rappel*. Soon after the *Marseillaise* was started by Rochefort, he became an assistant editor. The aggressive spirit of that hot paper suited him, although it is said that in physical respects, notwithstanding his size and muscular strength, he was gentle and totally unfamiliar with the use of arms. His fiery articles, however, frequently brought him into trouble, and he has taken a principal part in some duels, but without serious bodily harm until the altercation with Pierre Bonaparte.

The origin of the disastrous affair seems to have been this. A feud had sprung up between two Corsican journals, one of which, representing the republican party in that semi-civilized island, attacked the memory of Napoleon I., which in these days one would think was a sufficiently worn-out theme not to have excited the indignant notice of any of his descendants. Prince Pierre, however, as a son of Lucien Bonaparte, who had been a red-hot republican in 1848, and had shown his utter disregard for social distinctions by marrying the daughter of a working-man of the Faubourg St. Antoine, thought it necessary to take up the pen in defense of his famous uncle. But he simply indicted a vulgar and brutal tirade, in which he spoke of "strewing the bowels of these wretches—the Corsican republicans—about the fields." To this article, printed in the *Avenir de Corse*, he certainly had the courage to put his name. Its appearance called forth a temperate enough reply on the part of the local opposition journal, and a smart attack on the Prince in the *Marseillaise*, the appearance of which latter induced him to send a challenge to M. Rochefort, although the article was signed with another writer's name. The Prince in his letter told M. Rochefort that he would find him installed "neither in a palace nor a chateau, but in a simple house, No. 50 Rue d'Auteuil," and promised him that if he called he would certainly not find the Prince out.

While this was taking place, M. Grousset, the representative in Paris of *La Revanche*, the journal which had the feud with the *Avenir de la Corse*, took upon himself to send a challenge to Prince Pierre for the expressions made use of by him in the article of which we have spoken, and he intrusted his message to MM. Ulric de Fonvielle and Victor Noir, who thereupon called on Prince Pierre in the capacity of M. Grousset's seconds. The latter rode with these gentlemen in the same vehicle to Auteuil, which is between three and four miles distant from the Boulevards, and walked up and down with a friend whom he accidentally met there, while the two seconds sought an interview with the Prince. According to the account of the one who is alive to tell the tale, after presenting their cards they were ushered up stairs through a fencing-room into the salon, when a door opened, and Prince Pierre made his appearance. M. Grousset's letter was handed to him, and after reading it he crushed it up and returned it, saying to his visitors, "I provoked M. Rochefort because he is the standard-bearer of crapulism. I have no answer to give M. Grousset. Are you," pursued the Prince, "conjointly responsible with these carrion-mongers?" "We come," was the reply, "to fulfill a commission courteously." "Do you," persisted the Prince, "share the opinion of these wretches?" to which M. Victor Noir rejoined, "We share those of our friends." At this instant, says M. de Fonvielle, the Prince struck M. Victor Noir with his left hand, and drew a revolver with his right from his trowser's pocket, and fired point blank. M. Victor Noir, wounded fatally, rushed out of the room and dropped dead in the street. The Prince in the mean time fired at M. de Fonvielle, who was trying to draw a revolver he had with him out of its

case; after which he placed his back against the door and took a second aim; but M. de Fonvielle succeeded in escaping through another door before the Prince had time to fire. The latter, however, gave chase, and sent his second shot as he had sent his first, through M. de Fonvielle's overcoat, as the latter was descending the staircase.

Taking advantage of this crime committed by a Bonaparte, the rabid republicans of Paris, with the excitable Rochefort at their head, made it an occasion for a public outburst against the Government. The funeral of Victor Noir was attended by over 100,000 people, some thousands of workshops being closed throughout the day on account of the absence of the workmen. No serious demonstrations, however, were made, although a few of the streets of Paris were barricaded for a time. Napoleon's effective police system, and his prompt approval of the arrest of Prince Pierre, by the Minister of Justice, tended to allay the prevailing excitement to a great degree.

The Prince was tried at Tours, for the shooting of Noir, by a special commission, and his trial resulted in a verdict of acquittal. He was, however, sentenced to pay the family of the murdered man the sum of 25,000 francs. The verdict appears to have given little satisfaction, all classes in Paris expressing great astonishment. French papers announce that the Prince has been requested by the Emperor to leave the country.

IS PHRENOLOGY DEAD?

AN article, entitled "The Lingering Admirers of Phrenology," by Professor Cleland, in the popular *Science Review*, is deserving a few comments from the position which it occupies, as well as from the attempt to misshape its physiological and anatomical facts. If it had been entitled "A Lingering Effort to Obscure the Claims of Phrenology," the title and article would have harmonized better than they do. A thinking reader must see that the facts presented and admissions made in that article do more to confirm than weaken the claims of Phrenology, and all of the objections made to it have been more than once answered in phrenological publications of the day. Its physiological and anatomical facts deserve a place in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL as well as the *Review*. The readers of the JOURNAL, at least, would comprehend their bearing, and perhaps some of the readers of the *Review*, as they are supposed to be "scientific" men and women.

The article commences thus: "To slay those that are already slain may be excellent sport to employ the courage of Falstaff, but the reader perusing the title of this article may perhaps be disposed to ask why the pages of this *Review* should be occupied with the discussion of so dead a doctrine as Phrenology." Is it dead? What does this Professor admit upon this point? "They [Gall and Spurzheim] judged rightly enough that there was some connection between brain and mind. Much of the evidence that the brain is the organ of the mind is so palpable that it could not remain long hid." * * * "The reader is not to imagine, because it has been argued that different faculties are not localized in different parts of the cerebral hemisphere, that therefore it follows that there is no connection between the shape of the head and the mental character." And again: "It is obvious that the relationship of the amount of brain to the mental faculties is more than physiognomical."

The Professor, while thus acknowledging the connection between the mind and the brain, denies the action of the mind-faculties through specific portions of the brain. I will here notice one of his objections: "The convolutions have not the smallest correspondence with the phrenological organs which cross them, cut them up, and combine them in the most regardless fashion."

All the functions of life in the vegetable kingdom, and all the functions of life and action in the animal kingdom, are made through organs which were made for, and adapted to, the purposes of their action. Our jaws and teeth were made to masticate our food; our stomachs to digest it, to nourish the physical organism; our lungs to purify and vitalize the blood by pouring a stream of fresh air upon it. The five senses of the human organism—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling—were made to convey to the mind a knowledge of its surrounding relationships. The laws of mind are in har-

mony with the physical organism in which it lives, which it controls, and through which it acts upon material substances. Its organ of action is the brain; occupying a central position, its faculties radiate to the surface in special directions for thought as much as in special directions to control the voluntary or involuntary action of the physical system. When Professor Cleland can draw the distinct line between the faculties of the mind in their associated or united action, phrenologists can draw the exact line upon the convolutions of the brain, or rather nature will do it. WILLIAM CLARK.

MONTICELLO, IOWA.

[We thank Mr. Clark for his brief notice of the essay in the *Social Science Review*, and think it unnecessary to add further remarks.]

For Our Young Folks.

"I CAN'T."

FOR THE BOYS.

"I CAN'T do it, so what's the use of trying?" and the boy with impatient, fretful air and tearful eyes pushes his slate and book aside and bows his head in his hand. He had been given a simple problem from the day's lesson, which his kind teacher felt sure was quite within his powers, but at the first glimpse of its terms his countenance fell, his heart failed him, and without the slightest show of effort he murmured, "I can't do it, I *know* I can't."

Now, the fault with him did not lie in his inability to do the task assigned, not at all; for he was up to the average of school-boys; but lay in his want of resolution and firmness. He hadn't that pluck which faces real difficulties with an earnest determination to do its best, and so faltered from the mere thought of meeting obstacles in his work. It is very likely, too, that his easy, indulgent parents had strengthened his weakness by helping him over those difficulties in his lessons which seemed to him "so hard," a line of conduct which they should have carefully avoided. How many of our youth are weakened and permanently impaired for the rigors of mature life by inconsiderate parents, who think they save their children much trouble, anxiety, etc., by doing for them what they should be left, or encouraged, to do for themselves!

No boy or man would know how much he was able to accomplish if he did not go boldly to work at things which in the outset appeared very difficult; and it is wonderful, too, how many obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, melt away before the persevering! It is *work*, my young friend, honest, earnest *work* which accomplishes the greatest and best results in the various spheres of human industry.

Genius certainly can do much, but it is *diligent work* which is the surest element of success.

The spirit of "I can't" never moved the wheels of progress and civilization one inch forward, because it shrinks back from venturing into the unknown or attempting the untried. Where, think you, would be the great discoveries and inventions which this age values so highly—such for instance as the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the locomotive, the electric telegraph, the sewing-machine, the photograph—if that sentiment in the great minds that brought them to light had been that of "I can't?"

There is no encouragement, no hope, no cheerful energy, no force, no struggle, in "I can't," only a sodden, downcast, gloomy, petulant disposition, which demoralizes and disheartens. They who are a drag on the world, as they are an annoyance and a weight to their friends and associates, are those who have suffered the "I can't" spirit to get the upper hand in their characters, and so influence for the worst their minds and bodies.

A while ago I read a good story somewhere, which well illustrates the point I would enforce in the few sentences above given, and which I will relate as I remember it.

Tommy was a New England boy, the eldest son of a widow living in humble circumstances near Boston. Naturally bright and active, he was much beloved and indulged at home by his mother and sisters. In fact, they had got into the habit of doing nearly everything for him, until he thought that he could not bring a pail of water from the cistern to the house, or black his boots, himself. One evening an uncle, who was usually appealed to by Tommy's mother whenever she needed some advice in the conduct of her affairs, came to the house, and in the course of conversation said: "By the way, sister, it is time that boy of yours was doing something for himself. He must be fifteen years old now, and that is about the right age for a lad to get a good clerkship."

"Yes, I know it, William," faltered the lady, "but I'm afraid he's hardly strong enough to take and keep an errand-boy's place. You

know his constitution has always been delicate —besides, we can't think of parting with him yet."

"Tut, tut, the boy's as strong and hearty as nine-tenths of those of his age now in stores earning good wages. He's been home too much, and needs some of the outer world's discipline to develop and make a man of him; and in my opinion, if something is not done soon, he'll be spoiled, and amount to nothing."

"Well, brother," said the widow with a half sob, "you know best about these things, but do try to get poor Tommy a good, easy place— I wouldn't have him knocked about for the world."

The prudent uncle found a place for his nephew in the office of a friend, Mr. Shaw, of Boston, and the anxious mother, after fitting Tommy out in the best style her narrow circumstances afforded, accompanied him to the city and called on the gentleman. After introducing herself and Tommy, she said: "I hope, sir, that the work my son will have to do here may not prove too much for his strength." "Do not trouble yourself on that account, dear madam," said Mr. Shaw, who at once appreciated the condition of things; "my requirements will not be severe, and besides, I will promise you that whatever he can't do, I'll do for him."

After some further talk the widow departed, well satisfied with her son's employer. At the close of the day, when it was time to leave the office, Mr. Shaw said to Tommy, "I want you to be here bright and early to-morrow morning, to open the office, make the fire, and sweep out, and have everything shining by the time I show myself."

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy.

When Mr. Shaw showed himself the next morning, nothing had been done. There was no fire, and the litter of yesterday still cumbered the floor, while Tommy stood in the midst, looking helpless and tearful.

"How is this, Tommy?" he said, "why have you not done as I requested?"

"Oh, I can't, sir; I can't."

"Well, don't cry about it," said Mr. Shaw. "I told your mother, you know, that what you *couldn't* do, I'd do for you." And Mr. Shaw went to work, and in a jiffy had a bright fire crackling in the grate, and things cleaned up so that the office looked cheerful and attractive. Tommy concluded that he had found a splendid situation.

At night, when they were leaving, Mr. Shaw said, "Now, my boy, let me see what you can do to-morrow morning toward cleaning up and fixing things."

The next day, however, the same programme was repeated, the clerk doing nothing more than looking on while the master put the office in order for business. Then at night Mr. Shaw said: "Tommy, you must have learned by this time how to make the fire, dust and sweep out. To-morrow morning I intend to take a horseback-ride after breakfast, and will not be down as early as usual. Can you not promise to have everything in order when I come?"

"I guess so," answered Tommy. But the next morning Mr. Shaw made his appearance, riding-whip in hand, on a scene scarcely different from that of the two previous mornings.

"Here, Tommy, take this," said Mr. Shaw in a pleasant tone, extending the whip to him, "and give yourself a good trouncing."

"Oh, I can't, sir; I can't," whined Tommy.

"Well, don't cry, my boy. I told your mother, as you remember, that what you couldn't do, I'd do for you."

So Mr. Shaw did for Tommy what Tommy couldn't do for himself, and doubtless did it well, for Tommy never said "I can't" to him again, and found himself quite equal to the task of making a good fire and sweeping the office in the morning before Mr. Shaw entered it.

HORACE DEE.

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

Contributions for this Department may be addressed to S. S. PACKARD, care of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. To insure attention, they must be short, pointed, truthful, and upon subjects of vital interest.

YOUNG-WOMANHOOD IN AMERICA

ENGLISH girls have more liberty of action than French girls, and the American girl has a great deal more of it than the English girl. Upon her has been laid less of moral and physical restraint than upon the other two. This is why her head is held so high. This is why her eye is so keen and her voice so incisive. She is full of uncontrolled and undeveloped power. If she lack the balance, the even force of the English girl, and the sinuousness and skill of the young French woman, she has qualities which are generally lacking in both of them, and which to her are especially necessary in the present state of American social existence. She has force of will, presence of mind, and a fearless spirit.

American young girls in their teens, all over the country, are distinguished by certain general characteristics which, though superficial, give some index to national character. Nobody has ever called them stupid. Their bright eyes, rather attenuated features, and undue development of the nervous system, all attest their mental precocity. The growing girl is tormented by the wish to dress better, and to be prettier and more popular with the boys than any of the other girls of her circle.

Such are the aspirations which come between her and the pages of her French Grammar and the perplexities of piano practising. But she knows that French and the piano are to be, in some dim way, adjuncts of that conquering career which she believes that the future holds out to her; and so she forces her unwilling mind to take in just enough of these and other kindred tasks to enable her to pass muster creditably. This is not hard, because she is naturally quick, if not deep. For the rest, her time is divided between amateur flirtations, anxiety about the smallness of her waist, the length, color, and waviness of her hair, the cultivation of her complexion, ardent aspirations after expensive jewelry, writing sentimental letters to school-friends, and resolving the problem of getting her foot—naturally small and delicate, as a rule—into a shoe one or two sizes too small for it, according to her capacity for physical torture. One thing I had almost forgotten to enumerate. Considering the multiplicity of her occupations, she manages to do an immense amount of light reading. Nothing in the sensational line comes amiss to her, from the daily paper to the last new novel. She is not afraid of anybody nor of anything. Her complacency and her self-possession are unalterable. She has an *aplomb* which an English woman does not acquire till she is forty. Diffidence in the society of her elders is unknown to her. She is always sticking in her word upon every subject that comes up in conversation—whether it be the origin of the Pyramids, the age of the Sphynx, the pre-Adamite structure, the authenticity of the man in the moon, the present state of Europe, operations in Wall Street, the whole duty of man, the Suez Canal, or Mrs. Wiggles' last hop. And on each and all of these subjects, and a great many others, too numerous to mention, she has an opinion of her own, which she is sure is better than that of anybody else.

When this irrepressible girl gets a little older, and begins to investigate the subject of her Rights and Wrongs, what can you expect? When she gets to thinking about these matters, you may prepare yourself to hear from her. Curiously enough, up to the epoch when she begins to take an interest in the matter of her Rights and Wrongs, she invariably regards man as her humble servant, who is to be on hand to escort her to operas and concerts, ask her to waltz, or make one at croquet, pick up her handkerchief, carry her bundles, keep a seat for her in the cars, and give it up enthusiastically the moment she makes her appearance, allow her to flirt with him till she is tired of flirting, and then offer her a home as luxurious as his circumstances will permit, and allow her to do pretty much as she pleases ever afterward! All at once she awakens to the conviction that the aforesaid man is a tyrant, and that she is his slave. Remember, that I am not talking of the one-in-a-hundred sort of young woman—who is really superior, and who, though progressive, has right ideas on the woman question,

—but of the common run. I am very sorry to say that the ordinary young woman doesn't awaken to the conviction that man is a tyrant and that she is his slave until she has had "a disappointment," or is tired of flirting, or until pickles and pies, tight corsets and tight boots, heavy chignons and thin clothing, want of sufficient physical exercise, and want of a sufficiency of wholesome mental labor have made her misanthropic, or dyspeptic, or nervous.

Formerly, when young women were tired of flirting, or from one reason or another remained single, or became bilious and dyspeptic, they used to take to sewing societies. Now, they take to lecturing, either in public or in private, about their Rights and their Wrongs. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not trying to cast contumely upon the new reform among women, which, in many ways, is so noble and good; but I wish that the young women who make up their minds that it is their first duty to devote themselves to the elucidation of the Woman's Rights problem, would not talk so much, and so loudly, and so shrilly, and so aggressively about it.

They can all be reformers in private, but not one of them in ten thousand is called upon to be a reformer in public. The nature of the work they have taken upon themselves demands example rather than precept; and the young woman who neglects her personal appearance and her duties as a private individual or member of a family, to attend conventions, write essays, and promulgate her personal opinions on every possible occasion, both in public and in private, is just as obnoxious as the girl who spends all her waking hours in rubbing cosmetics on her face, dressing, shopping, and doing the "German."

There is a great vitality of will in the American girl of the Period, which is too often perverted into wrong channels, or frittered away on unworthy objects.

She is a power for good or for evil. Infinitely more so than the women of other countries; and now she wants to be at work, but she hardly knows what she wants to do, and when she thinks she does, she finds that she does not know how to do it. I blame her education for that, and not herself. But I blame her for ignoring the old land-marks in the history of the lives of the women of past ages, and for demanding new lights to walk by, without first pausing to make trial of the old ones, to prove if they be not sufficient lamps for her feet, before she clamors about the darkness and the straitness of the path before her. I blame her for not endeavoring to learn thoroughly that which she undertakes to learn; for not doing thoroughly what she undertakes to do; for not first testing by practice that which she is so eager to preach to others. There is no country in the world which presents so many distinct types of young-womanhood, both physically and intellectually, as our own. There is the New England girl, with her fair, clear complexion, vivid color, light-brown hair, and keen blue eyes. Generally there is in her physical structure a too great predisposition to make bone. Her mind is better balanced and her intellectual culture more complete and of a higher tone than that of the average women of the other States. There is the Philadelphia or Baltimore girl, in nine cases out of ten better shaped than her Boston sister, and with a better taste in dress, and a greater bias toward the lighter accomplishments. Then there is the Western girl, from Chicago, perhaps, who has bright eyes and a wide-awake expression, but who is likely to have a certain crudity in her physical conformation, and who may not have the finished mental culture of the Boston maiden nor the grace of the Middle States girl; but who has a certain fresh and undisciplined mental vigor of her own; a refreshing originality—an exuberance of speech and spirits, which is expressed in every word and movement; whose head is full of all the new notions about progress and reform, and who is always first among women to take up with novel ideas. Then there is the Southern girl, oftenest fascinating with a certain dangerous physical beauty, but taken in the average, alas! too often behind all the others in the way of mental culture; for she is as slothful of habit as she is passionate of Nature. Like all ignorant people, she is extremely bigoted, blind to proof, deaf to appeal, obtuse to reasoning when she has once espoused a cause. But she has a reckless, generous, inconsiderate courage in the defense of anything that is dear to her, which must excite our admiration, even when we condemn her course. She is singularly fearless and independent, and these are golden qualities when rightly disciplined; and what she needs for the development of all that is noblest in her is a better moral and mental training. As to the New York girl of the average class, she is oftenest pretty—or would be, were she not spoiled by high living, which sometimes makes her fat and puffy, and by late hours, which leave wrinkles around her eyes before she is twenty-three. Her natural capacity for improvement is unlimited; her

natural physical advantages very great. But too often you see stamped upon her pretty face the evidence of a gross materialism in thought and feeling, which is very repelling in so young a woman. The chief foes to her mental and spiritual improvement are: too much Broadway, too much of Stewart's up-town store, too much "German," and altogether too much of a rattle-and-clash sort of life. Every means of intellectual and physical development is ready at her hand; but she never has time for anything beyond the soul-killing routine of her set. She lives in a sort of Maelstrom, and grows old before she has ever once had time to sit down and have one serious thinking-spell all by herself.

She has one glaring physical defect, however, which is unpardonable—it is her walk. It is a shame and a disgrace to the young women of New York city, that while, with rare exceptions, they all know how to play the piano, to sing, and to dance, not one in a hundred among them knows how to walk decently and naturally. It is time a walking school for women should be started in this city.

But it is not in the large cities that we must look for our ideal of the average young woman of any one of the sections which those cities represent. Cities are to women what hothouses are to flowers. There is a sort of forced growth — a certain exaggeration of peculiar natural qualities, which the healthier life of the country is devoid of. To our country homes we must look for that development of much that is sweetest, soundest, and healthiest in young-womanhood; which only a quiet, natural, well-ordered, and cheerful life in constant proximity to God through Nature can give.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;" and in many of our pleasant village or country homes there are, at this hour, rare and lovely young women who are in every respect sources of pride to those around them—who are beautiful morally, intellectually, and physically. Some of these rare plants thrive in our city homes, under judicious treatment; but oftener they flourish best in out-of-the-way places that the world does not know much of.

One striking peculiarity in the emotional organization of the average American girl is that she seems to be deficient in tenderness,—tenderness for fathers, brothers, mothers, and sisters; tenderness, too, for little children. tenderness is an essentially feminine quality, which is shown in a thousand little ways, trifling in themselves, but which are true indices of the state of the affections. The American girl seems to scorn sentiment as a weakness unless it be lavished upon some confidential friend of her own sex, or upon a lover.

Now, tenderness is the talisman which keeps the atmosphere of the family circle at a summery temperature in all seasons. Tenderness is the quality which gives sweetness to the voice, softness to the eye, and gentleness to the hand. It is the exuberant overflow of a true, womanly nature. Alas! that the young voices of our girls should so often lack sweetness! Shakspeare says something about a low and gentle voice being a most excellent thing in woman, which has elicited the applause of the world ever since it was uttered — that their bright eyes should lack softness, and their delicate hands gentleness!

I think this springs from the fact that the development of the American girl is not an harmonious one. Indeed, the term "girl," when applied to her, seems a misnomer, for she appears to pass with one bound from childhood into womanhood; and the "maidenhood" so beautifully described by Longfellow in his poem, is too rarely hers. Where is the gracefully uncertain step, the wavering figure, the drooping head, the forehead that inclines, like a freshly budded lily, downward, the vailed eye, and the frequent blush which we associate with early girlhood?

The development of the inner nature seems also to lack something. If at all intellectual, our young woman is altogether too prone to cultivate her intellect at the expense of her heart; too prone, also, to attach more importance to the appearance than to the reality of things. Home duties and home affections do not take that prominent place in her life to which they are justly entitled. And—to come to the gist of the matter—I would be glad to see in her more devoutness, more spontaneity of feeling on the subject of religion.

By this I do not mean bigoted or formal adherence to any special creed, nor any rigid keeping to certain set forms; I mean that constant sense of God's presence, that implicit faith in his power and love, which is not the result of reasoning, but which comes naturally to a wholesome and unsophisticated nature; that silent and secret striving after purity and holiness, and charity, in thought and feeling, which make the outer life of a true woman so beautiful to look upon, though she never, by spoken word, assert her religious opinions.

This constant and involuntary lifting of the heart Godward, in all the affairs of life, is the essence of all religion, and has nothing to do

with set forms. Nevertheless, the presence or the absence of this emotion fashions, more than anything else, the acts and the habits of thinking and feeling of every woman. The spirit of the age oscillates between skepticism and a higher type of religion than has heretofore been possible to the great mass of mankind. In the small, slight hand of young-womanhood lies the religious destiny of the nineteenth century. If she tend toward materialism and unbelief, who shall save us from that toward which we are now drifting? Especially does the responsibility rest upon young women as prospective wives and mothers. We are very fast becoming a generation of little faith, believing only in what we see, and not in half of that. This may be all very clever and very astute; but it is very dreary to experience and to think about. Ours is so fast becoming such a prosaic, matter-of-fact life, with all the poetry and the religion flattened out of it.

Plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and plenty to wear! Gold and diamonds, and purple and fine linen, and a land running over with fatness, and starvation of heart and soul! We keep up such an incessant gabbling about what we are doing and what we are going to do, that we never have time enough for conscientious thought—none for the development of feeling, with all our preternatural acuteness and sharpness in worldly matters. This is the state of things which our young women are called upon to counteract, instead of helping along.

There is so much talk about fine feeling now-a-days, and so little living up to the mark. When so much is said and so little done, it is time to become suspicious of the utility of talk; and this is the Age of Talk—more so than any other age has ever been. Not a man or woman of us can get an idea into our heads but straightway it drives us as mad as if it were a hornet buzzing about in our brains, and we rush frantically to the rostrum to proclaim it for the edification of all other men and women, instead of quietly acting it out in our lives.

There's enough and to spare of line upon line and precept upon precept; but too little living up to our own preaching—too little of firm and quiet teaching by example rather than by words. Where are our still, strong men? Where are our meek and quiet women? Oh! young woman of the nineteenth century, I beseech you to think of these things! Make a little pause in the braiding of false chignons, in the preparation of costly garments, the donning of tinsel jewelry, and the raising of your voice in the lecture-room, and commune for a while apart with your own heart. Set up for yourself an ideal of pure and perfect womanhood, and do not allow the liberalistic tendencies of the day to cause you to depart from it. Don't forget what Shakspeare says about the low and gentle voice in woman; don't forget what a certain quaint old book says about a meek and quiet spirit, and about virtue being better than rubies. Don't forget how dear the whiteness of the lily is to the heart of man, because it emblems meek purity; nor how we love the violet, because it is associated with modesty. And no matter what you do, or where you go, resolve that you will never part with these three attributes of a perfect womanhood—purity, meekness, and modesty. They are never inconsistent with any of the stronger virtues which you may be called upon to exercise.

Young American women are so accustomed to hear themselves praised, that they are but ill prepared for censure. They are the spoiled darlings of the world. But living in a country where more consideration is given to women than in any other, they should reflect that more is expected of them than of any other women. It is not enough that they should be pretty, and dress tastefully, and talk glibly. Nor is it enough that they should go about making a noise in the world which they propose to reform. The height and the depth and the length and the breadth of true womanhood is higher and deeper and longer and broader than this.

I would like to write in letters of fire, that would never die out, before the eyes of every American girl: In all things, beware of SUPERFICIALITY. *Howard Glyndon.*

BATHING IN GOD'S LOVE.—As a man, fevered all day from heat and dust, at last throws himself into the ocean to cleanse and refresh himself, and comes out another man; so, driven and tossed about by questions in relation to life's pressing duties, we may bathe ourselves in the ocean of God's love, and rise prepared with new zeal for new labor.—*Beecher.*

THE AMERICAN OFFICE-SEEKER.

OFFICE-SEEKING is the evil genius of all governments.

It is the troubling and disturbing spirit that makes uneasy the head that wears the crown; that unsettles the supposed security of the empire; that breaks up states, unseats statesmen, and holds the world in constant agitation. Office-seeking—strife for position—has led to all the wars which history tells of, and the desolation and ruin it has wrought is not within human computing.

In the Eastern world, among the grand old kingdoms and monarchies, the history of the wars, and revolutions, and domestic outbreaks is the history of office-seeking. In America this is different. We have had rebellions of various magnitudes, and a gigantic civil war, but the history of these does not constitute the history of office-seeking in the United States, nor does it convey any intelligible idea of that nuisance—peculiar to our system of government—which has grown into such grand proportions, and not only become chronic, but seriously contagious. Its increase is a cause for alarm to the real patriots who are occupying influential positions, and there are fears that the efforts of the government will soon have to be directed to putting down the myriads of cormorants that have sprung up with the expectation of fattening upon the people, in order to save the government and the people from utter annihilation.

Under our republican system of government the President of the United States is invested with the disposition of almost unlimited patronage, and, as the country has grown, as the people have increased, and the business of the government magnified, this patronage has been decidedly augmented, until it is now, in the hands of expert manipulators, a vast political machine, with which candidates are made available, are nominated, and with which elections are controlled.

Office and office-seeking have always been the cause of much agitation and disturbance with the various Presidential administrations, but they have never so thoroughly occupied the attention and study of the Executive as during the later years of our existence. No sooner had the government been put in running order, with General Washington at its head, than there began a siege for office. The country was poor, the people impoverished from a long war, and those who could secure an income of sufficient magnitude to keep their families from suffering were fortunate. With such a condition of things there could be no wonder there were many applicants for the very few Federal offices which the first President had at his disposal. But there were many patriots in those days. They had proven their right to be trusted by their devotion and courage during a severe struggle, and Washington, with a keen sense of justice and anxiety for harmony, had little difficulty in making a judicious and amicable allotment of patronage. Jealousies, however, soon sprung up, and the administration was severely criticised and denounced, much after the manner of the present day, certainly quite as severely. It was at this time Washington discovered that men loved office better than they loved their country, and he gave warning of this in his farewell address. He saw what a strife there was for place; how tricky device and open dishonesty were practiced by those out of power seeking to possess it, and of those in office seeking to retain it. It was simply a clear realization of the teachings of history from the very beginning of all government.

Under the first Adams and during the administration of Thomas Jefferson the office-seeking mania was more noted than before. Many people had come to look upon even the pettiest office-holder as one of wonderful power, whose position and influence was universally coveted. The keen and shrewd management on the part of the second and third Presidents, both of whom had more regard for the people and the government than for the office-seekers, only prevented an open disturbance.

Jefferson was succeeded by Madison, who served two terms. It was during this administration that the famous Hartford Convention—instigated by a pernicious spirit and ambition for power—was held. The members of this seditious body broke forth in open opposition to the administration of President Madison, and even went so far as to render assistance to the British army during the war between England and America in 1812. The whole ambition of these disturbers was to break up and destroy the strength of those in authority that they themselves might get at the spoils. They failed in this, however, as the people had no sympathy with them, and had not become insensible to the importance of protecting themselves against the destructive agitation of office-seekers.

The ambitious patriots became very quiet after this, and President Monroe experienced no trouble. But it proved only to be the calm which precedes the storm, as the manipulations of the office-seekers during the Presidential contest in 1824 between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson invested that canvass with such an exciting and partisan spirit as the country had never then seen. The election of Adams, however, rendered it certain there would be little change in the existing Federal officials, and the "irrepressible outs directed their efforts to the campaign which was to decide the succession, leaving Mr. Adams a quiet and peaceable administration.

In 1828 Andrew Jackson was elected to the Presidency. This event changed the whole complexion of the administration. There was a sweeping change in almost every office; those who had held place under the previous administration being unceremoniously dismissed to make room for the friends of the new administration. Those who had rendered most assistance in electing Jackson, received the best positions, and the precedent then established is recognized to the present time. Still, with all the opponents turned out, there were not half enough positions within the gift of the President to satisfy those who sought them, and the disappointed ones threatened the gruff old President with every conceivable evil and persecution; but as he had been judicious in rewarding his supporters and gained the confidence of the people, he was reelected.

All the way down through the administrations of Van Buren, and Tyler, and Fillmore, and Pierce, and Buchanan, this interminable scramble for office was kept up, until it culminated in a fearful outbreak during the administration of President Lincoln. The land at this time literally swarmed with office-seekers, and they congregated in Washington from every part of the country. Thousands of intelligent and educated people who might have made good citizens, had given up all legitimate pursuits and thrown themselves body and soul into the seething mass of cormorant strugglers for office. So anxious were people for place that hundreds devoted their last cent to defraying the expenses of a trip to the Federal capital, and after reaching there were subjected to the greatest sufferings from anxiety and want of funds. There were from twenty to a hundred applicants for each position; and as all could not be accommodated, many poor, deluded politicians were compelled to enlist in the armies then forming, to save themselves from starvation. Such a wild and wholesale rushing for uncertainties by sane people it seems almost impossible to credit; but it is nevertheless true, and will remain as a fact in our history.

Presidents Johnson and Grant each experienced sufferings from the onslaught of the office-seekers; no administration has yet escaped their importunities, and none is likely to so long as encouragement, as at present, is given this class of disturbers. Within a few years a large number of additional offices have been created to satisfy their demands, but the more offices there are, the more self-sacrificing patriots there are coming to the surface to fill them.

Verily this is a nation of office-holders.

Politicians no longer appeal to the people, during an election canvass, to vote as shall be best for the people and the country, but they appeal in behalf of themselves, because "they have an eye" upon this or that office, and it is of more importance they should attain the position than that anything should be done to further the best interests of the country.

People no longer seek to qualify themselves for office that they may perform its duties as it was intended they should be performed. He who seeks office now, does not do it that he may serve the state or serve the people; he does it simply to serve himself. He seeks it for the honor of the name thereto attached, and for the opportunity, which nearly all public positions afford, of bettering himself pecuniarily.

After all, more men have been ruined than made by office. It has a demoralizing influence which forever unfits a person for other pursuits. It destroys his worth as a citizen, and renders him almost incapable of being anything but a politician. Every dishonest man is not a house-breaker, nor is every office-holder dishonest; but the science of office-getting has been reduced to such a disreputable condition that very few honest men care to have anything to do with it. The evil, in America, is gradually growing worse, and furnishes a problem which is most difficult to solve. Where will it end?

Through all the past ages it has traversed, leaving its mark upon nearly every page of history, and yet we find it in this year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, not one jot less than in all the gone years, only it has lost courage to besiege crowns, and has become distinguished for dishonesty.

James H. Lambert.

ELEANOR KIRK AT THE FIVE POINTS.

[THIS sketch was prepared as one of a series in *Packard's Monthly*, under the general title of "The Working-Women of New York." It is a simple record of facts, and will give our distant readers a correct impression of one of the worst localities of this great city—albeit it is much improved of late.—ED.]

"THIS makes you feel awful bad, don't it?" said Louisa, her sweet voice trembling with sympathy, as we passed down the rickety stairs, through the dingy halls, out into the blessed air. "Why is it that folks have got to be so miserable all the time, I wonder?" she continued, musingly.

It seemed to me that never before had I so thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated God's gift of sunshine. The warm, invigorating rays seemed to scare away at once the legion of dark spirits which had taken thorough possession of my soul while visiting these abodes of sin and sorrow. The child evidently expected an answer to her last query. Such questions are invariably posers. Bring all the intelligence which reason and education have given, to bear upon a child's simple and unstudied proposition, and it will be found of small account.

"God's ways, my dear, are not our ways," I made answer, drawing the cold little hand into my muff. "Perhaps we don't sufficiently appreciate the blessings with which we are surrounded. Think now of this beautiful day—clear, and not too cold; look up at the heavens—blue and almost cloudless, and reflect how good and kind our heavenly Father must be to thus minister to our love of the beautiful."

"Oh, yes," sighed Louisa. "That would all be very nice if folks hadn't got stomachs—and bodies. The sunshine is nice, but you can't eat it; and it don't keep us from needing clothes. Beautiful things only aggravate me. Of course, if I was sure of enough to eat, and good warm things to wear, *I* could have a nice time looking at pretty sights; but as it is now, I'd just as lief it would be cloudy as pleasant, and I guess a little rather."

There it was again: foiled with my own weapons. Very like throwing a tract to a hungry man had been my action toward this child of sorrow.

"Well, where now, little girl? you know you promised to be pilot on this occasion," I said to the suffering child, anxious to turn the conversation into healthier channels.

"Say, Revolution, where are you bound?" just then bawled one of the ragged boot-blacks who had accosted me when entering the house the day before. I just wish you could have seen this begrimed specimen of "Black-your-boots-sir." In spite of my poverty-stricken surroundings, I found myself laughing heartily; and Louisa, to whose face smiles were like angels' visits, showed unmistakable signs of amusement.

A pair of sparkling blue eyes—the only portion of the face free from smut—danced merrily in the little vagabond's head. What his features would have been after a free use of soap and water we would defy the most acute physiognomist of our acquaintance to decide. His clothes hung in tatters round the tiny body, while his feet, stockingless and almost shoeless, pressed the bare pavement.

"Well, sir, what will you have of me?" I inquired, as his keen eyes studied my face. "And what do you call me Revolution for?"

"That's just the way my old woman does," he answered, "asks two questions of a feller all in one breath—fust, How much have you made? and second, Have you been a good boy? To the last named I allus say Yis, and to the fust pretty generally I don't have much good news to tell,—though, by golly, I takes every darned red cent home I earn, anyhow."

"Johnny, what do you want? why don't you tell?" interrupted Louisa, with considerable show of impatience. "It's cold, and we don't want to be standing here all day."

"Wal, I'll tell ye," said Johnny. "I keeps both o' my eyes peeled, as a gineral thing, and I've seen ye bobbing in and out of these places, and knowed you hailed from that woman's office over there, 'cause I've seen ye come out o' there more times than I've got fingers and toes. I knowed, of course, ye was a visiting the poor and needy, and I thought I'd ask ye if ye wouldn't just drop in and see my old woman? I tell ye she's awful bad."

Whether the strange child turned to wipe away a tear at that moment, I was unable to tell; but after a short interval, which he employed in looking in every direction but ours, the while scratching his head vigorously, he abruptly turned with—"Now say, will ye?"

"Is it far?" queried Louisa.

"No,—it's just round the corner there,—under that horrid gin-mill. I'd a sot the old place afire last night, if it hadn't been for burning up the old woman. Yes I *would*, too," as I shook my head appealingly. "You don't know what a vile plague that hole is to me; and as for the old woman, I *know* it will kill

her! it came mighty nigh it last night. Black your boots, sir?" as a gentleman slowly passed us, evidently curious in reference to my companions. The stranger stopped short with—

"All right!—go ahead, my son;" while Johnny, apparently oblivious of everything except his customer, went briskly to work.

"Shall we wait for you, Johnny?" I inquired, a little annoyed in spite of myself at our awkward position, and disliking to leave the little fellow if it was in my power to do him a service.

"Hold on a bit!" replied the boy, without looking up. "Walk up and down kinder slow; I'll be through in just three minutes by the City Hall clock."

We did as we were bid, and in an incredibly short space of time the little ragamuffin joined us.

"Just look a here, now, just look a here!" roared the strange child. "By golly, if this ain't a streak of luck, then I dunno what luck is! Fifty cents for blacking a covey's boots! Not on account of the boots—not on *my* account, neither, but jist on *your* account, Revolution. He's barked up the wrong tree, tho', that feller has! ha! ha!" and here Johnny, quite overcome with his emotions, came to a dead halt, and kicked lustily into an old ash-barrel.

"For mercy's sake, child, be still, and behave yourself," I expostulated. "I shall be obliged to leave you, if you don't keep quiet."

"All right, Revolution! go it if you must; but if I hadn't a kicked something I should 'a busted. What do you think that old rat said to me? He hadn't more nor got his right foot planted square on the box afore he whispered: 'Say, Johnny, who *is* that lady a waiting for you?' Says I (now don't be mad, Revolution, because, you see, I had an eye to this," —holding aloft the currency—"and if I *do* laugh, 'taint because my stomach is full, or 'cause I've had much to speak of in the way of grub lately), 'She's one of 'em, I tell ye. She's round these parts for sumfin, I don't egzactly know what. I reckon she ain't one of the kind what tells her business much; but she's *some* —if not more.' 'Do you know where she lives?' said the covey. 'No,' said I; 'but I kin find out easy enough.' 'Wal,' says he, 'keep a still tongue in your head, and spot her. I'll be down by the *Herald* office at five o'clock, and if you tell me what I want to know, I'll give you a dollar.' 'All right, my hunky-dory boy, I'll be there without fail,' says I."

"Why, Johnny," said I, a little bitterly, "what in the world made you do so?"

"Fust, because I wanted money, and second, because I likes to get such old devils on a string—that's why. Golly, I've done it afore. You want to know what I shall do at five o'clock. You bet I'll be on hand; just trust me to draw that dollar out o' that old willain's pocket. I'll send him on an old sockdolager of a journey. This being honest 's played out. *Don't* look so solemncholy, Revolution! This is all the way such fellers as me has to speculate. You don't think," he continued, "that I'd get you or any other good woman into a scrape, do you? No, *sir;* but I allus will make all the spondulix I can off o' such old cusses as he is."

This was speculating with a vengeance; but expostulations were useless; and if the truth must be told, I never felt less like administering reproof than on this occasion. The keen little fellow must have thoroughly divined my thoughts, for with a sigh he continued:

"Served him right, Revolution; I knowed you'd think so; but here we are."

"But, Johnny," said I, just awakening to a sense of my situation, "we are in the Five Points."

"Yes," he answered, "there is the Pints, sure enough; but what's the matter o' you? Nobody 'ill touch ye. If ye'se got any spon, just tuck it in your bosom, that's all. Now hist your hoops a little, and follow me."

Down a flight of dirty stone steps into a dark musty cellar, in which after standing still a moment, and becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, we found was used for storing liquor. Casks, kegs, demijohns, and bottles lined the sides of the vault, while old champagne-baskets and empty vessels were strewn over the cellar ground.

"There, now, ketch your breath and come along, careful like," said our guide. "You needn't be scared; it's nothing when you gets used to it."

'Way in, a farther corner of this vault was partitioned off—a small room—into which we were very unceremoniously ushered. The rude door swung back on its rusty hinges, and I found myself in the most dismal place I had ever entered. All of a sudden the thought of our strangely unprotected position flashed over me, and I pressed closer the little hand of my companion, as I waited to become used to the uncertain light which flickered through the area grating.

"Don't be in a flurry, old woman," said

Johnny. "I've brought a lady of my acquaintance to see ye, and I reckon as how she'll cheer you up a bit."

"She's sick," whispered Louisa, catching the first glimpse of the recumbent figure in the corner. The invalid, perfectly accustomed to the dim light of the cellar, had had ample time to observe and mentally comment upon my frightened appearance, for in the kindest of tones she remarked:

"It was wrong in you, William, to bring these folks here; they are not used to such places; but please don't be frightened, dear. Nobody has ever raised a hand against me, and I've been here a good many weeks, except it was my own flesh and blood—oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and here the sufferer burst into a terrible fit of weeping. By this time I had recovered composure and taken in the whole situation. In this horrible hole—in cold winter weather, without a particle of fire, utterly destitute of everything comfortable—on a heap of straw covered with rags, lay a middle-aged woman of pleasant and even prepossessing appearance.

"We are not afraid," said I, advancing to where she lay, "only a little timid, on account of the darkness. But what is the matter? you appear very ill."

"I met with an accident last night," she replied, "and I am afraid my leg is broken."

"Have you had it attended to?" I inquired.

"Oh! bless your heart, no. I have no one in the world to do a good turn for me except Billy here—and he does all he can—poor boy."

"Wal, now you just stop crying, old woman, and let this lady see if there's anything the matter with your underspring. The Lord knows I hope not—for I had begun to think that mebbe some time another we should be able to pile out o' this hole! But a broken leg, my honey—jiminy! that's too much. In the first place," continued Johnny, "let me tell you how it come about. I've got a big brother h'm—"

"Hush, Billy; don't, Billy; for mercy's sake, don't. It's bad enough without telling of it."

"Now just you keep still, and let me say what I've got to—what will choke me to death if I don't git it out; and another thing," and here the little fellow grew eloquent, "'taint only an account of this madness that I'm bound to speak, but because something has got to be done, and that putty tarnal quick too—to keep the old woman from being murdered. As I was telling you, I've got a big brother—and that big brother is a devil—yes, and wuss nor a devil, for the devil *is* good to his own—wal, last night, after drinking enough rum to sink a schooner, he came in here—and 'cause the old woman said something that didn't egzactly agree with his lordship's stomach, he took that stool there and knocked his own mother down, and then knocked her after she was down."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Oh, dear!" groaned the sufferer, "I'm expecting him in every minute—and God only knows what I shall do."

"God *knows*—I suppose," put in Johnny, with a sigh. "But it would be a kinder nice if He'd tell once in a while what He knows, and what to do about it."

"Just so," responded Louisa, with a hearty amen in her voice. Who can wonder that these poor children's faith was small? Not those, certainly, who are familiar with such wretchedness. I found that the invalid was a widow, and had until lately supported herself by her needle (making men's drawers for six cents a pair!) and it was only recently, on account of rheumatism in her hands and consequent inability to sew, that they had been driven to these wretched quarters. I examined the injured limb, found it badly swollen—and dispatched Billy for a physician, a kind-hearted man, with whom I was well acquainted. It seemed to me an age before the messenger returned, bringing with him the doctor.

"Yes," said he, "the limb is broken, and the worst of it is, I can not set it here. I must have her in some *comfortable* place, to say the least."

An hour after, I had the happy satisfaction of assisting the patient into a carriage, which was to convey her to the hospital. Billy's gratitude knew no bounds.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" said he, rubbing his face with his ragged cuff. "I swear I'll never chaff a Revolutioner agin as long as I live—no—not even the old lady herself."

"The only thing you can do for me, Billy," said I, "is just to go on helping your mother at your very best as you *are* doing; and when you know of any one to whom I can do good, let me know, and I will do what I can."

"Whew! if I begin *that* biz," said he, "I can keep you and me busy from now till kingdom come. Misery is as plenty 'round here as flies in a butcher's shop. I can begin right now; come on! If you want to see as rare a lot o' *feminines* as would delight the eyes of a Five-Points missioner, here they are;" and so saying Billy opened a sort of rough door and ushered us into another apartment about the size of an

ordinary coal-bin. Its dimensions could not have exceeded six feet by four, and yet in this loathsome den, this worse than sty—reeking with damp and mephitic air, utterly unfurnished, except with a heap of rags and a bit of dirty carpet, dwelt four women—three sisters, and a daughter of the oldest sister. They were English, tall, fair, and comely, even in their squalidness. They earned a pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together, by making hickory overalls. To my extreme surprise, on conversing with them, I found they were well educated; one of them had been a governess in England; but they had not been taught sewing, and were equally ignorant of every other method of earning their living by their hands.

"Have you never tried to get teaching to do?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed, ma'am," was the answer, "I have applied to many, but have always been looked upon with suspicion on account of my poverty, and I have never applied to a man who has not met my application with insulting propositions."

The youngest of the four had frequently sought for work in any capacity, but could never obtain it. Her hands were too small and white for a servant's, and she had too educated and refined an air for such service; she could not earn her salt by her needle, so she was positively a burden on the other three.

"Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,"—

think of these four human beings, whose chief curse was that they were women, wasting their lives in this pen—the dimensions of which were scarcely sufficient to enable them all to lie down, and the only advantage of which was that it was so small that their four bodies sufficed to keep it warm.

"How do you do your cooking?" I asked, seeing no appearance of fire anywhere. I was answered with a wan smile.

"Cooking? It is little enough of that we have to do; but we have a furnace in the yard, on which we can boil water to make tea, when we are fortunate enough to get any."

Added to all this misery was the fact that one of these women was an invalid, subject to fainting fits, and it was for her sake that the luxury of a bit of carpet was indulged in. With a great pang at my heart that I was unable to take them at once from their misery, I bade them good-bye, promising to send some friends to their relief. It is no matter what was done —but sufficient to lift this suffering family from my soul, conscious that they were cared for. It is no pleasant matter to wade through the slums, creep through the dark alleys, and grope into the garrets and cellars of want, starvation, and infamy to find this wretchedness and bring it before the mind of the people. It is no easy weight on one's soul, to know that on these sad journeys of investigation we must meet many for whom we can do no more than to give a word of sympathy, which can put neither clothes upon their bodies, and food into their mouths, nor the work wherewith to obtain them into their outstretched hands. It is hard to leave them as we found them—in miserable want, to suffer, and starve, and die. From the Potter's Field the blood of these thousands cries out against the atrocious, murderous institutions of our society which condemn, amid plenty, industrious thousands of young women to starvation and death. We work—a few women—weak enough in some ways, perhaps, but strong enough in this, that other women may be the better that we have lived. We try, by God's help, to stand up against the doubt and misconstruction that meet us on every hand; but how much sweeter, more easy, and more efficient would be our labors if those who stand in high places, and wield the mighty influences of Pulpit and Press, would join heartily in the work; or at the worst would not disparage it.

This is professedly a Christian country, and this a Christian community; why should we forget that the mission of Christ on earth was to visit the poor, the destitute, the forsaken? and that the more miserable the creature, the surer he was of the love, sympathy, and aid of our Blessed Lord? For the misconstructions that have been put upon my own words—written and spoken—I care not at all. I have not wrought for commendation, except that which comes from an inward consciousness, which can not be affected by newspaper paragraphs. I started out in this series of articles to state "the truth, and nothing but the truth;" and if I have accomplished nothing else, this much I have done. The story of the poor and destitute of New York—it never has been written—it never will be—it never can be. Heart histories can not be known except to those who live them. But if anything I may have said shall have the effect to induce one self-constituted missionary to go into the "slums," and judge for himself or herself what truths there may be in another's representation, and what good may come from individual contact, I shall be content.

TO DAHOMEY AND BACK.—No. 1.

KNOWING that the curiosity of all the world has been very much excited about that little corner of the earth called Dahomey, and that its attention has been especially drawn toward it by the interest manifested by Great Britain within the past ten years, I thought it would not be uninteresting to the readers of this journal to give, in a few condensed letters, some truthful account of a country that should be especially interesting to Americans, as having been the seat of the slave trade, and the spot that civilized nations have devoted great attention to in their efforts for its suppression.

I believe I am the only American who has ever been through the kingdom of Dahomey, and to the city of Abomey, the residence of the king, Bad-ja-hung, a monarch of whom as wonderful stories are told as of Haroun-el-raschid.

I sailed from New York in a small brig bound for Freetown, Sierra-Leone, or a market, a term which implies a privilege to trade wherever you please after reporting at the point for which you cleared. We made Freetown harbor, all well, in the latter part of June, where we lay just twenty-four hours. During this time I received an application from an English gentleman, whom I shall call Brown, for a passage down the coast, with the understanding that he was to be landed as near Porta Nuevas as possible, or at the mouth of the Lazos, a small river running northward, bounding Dahomey on the east. On the passage I became aware that Mr. Brown was bound to the city of Abomey, though I never knew on what business; and my resolution was at once made, though I knew little of the place, to accompany him, if possible. On reaching Porta Nuevas, I found that fortune would favor me, as our trading could not be successfully accomplished for some weeks. Mr. Brown was going to Abomey by an entirely new route, that of the Lazos River, and so westward through Dahomey. The object of this was to make a passing call on the king of Ab-e-ku-e-tah, a slave-trading monarch enthroned by the Portuguese slavers on a small kingdom to the east of Dahomey, with whom he had some especial and private business. After sending runners from Porta Nuevas to the king of Dahomey, announcing his coming, and asking an escort from the west bank of the Lazos, just below Ab-e-ku-e-tah, to Abomey, we set out for the mouth of the river, accompanied by several messengers from the king, who were to go with us and point out the place at which we were to land and meet the escort. Twelve canoes made our flotilla for the voyage up, varying in size from eight oars or paddles down to the single power. In Africa, the simplest act of travel or exertion on the part of the white man must always be accompanied by the personal supervision of every negro within knowledge of it, and always with noise and parade. Therefore it was that our embarkation was attended by all the population of the country round, and by them made a day of grand rejoicing and a holiday. Those who could get a hand in carrying, pushing, pulling, or lifting, did so, making all the time a deafening noise with their shouts and yells; while those who could not, shouted and yelled in chorus, fired muskets, beat tom-toms; one enthusiastic darkey adding to the general hubbub by holding between his knees a pig of healthy proportions, from which he elicited, by taking a double turn on its ears, original music.

I had picked up at Freetown a Krooman, a bright, active fellow, owning to the name of "The Duke," though his real patronymic, a burden which these Kroomen throw off on the first opportunity, was Ac-coo. The Duke was an accomplished servant, and knew a little of everything, among the rest, as he declared, a little of Dahomian. On him we relied as an interpreter.

At last we were free from our shore-friends, and were passing up the river through a line of the richest vegetation in the world, and vast groups of the baobab tree, the largest tree in the world, the date palm, and the mahogany. The ground and far up the trees was covered with long, rank creeping-vines and gigantic grasses, that, with a wondrous luxuriance of growth touched the lower branches. The river in some places seemed to run through a mass of trees guiltless of a morsel of earth about their roots, which gnarled and twisted into a thousand shapes from the shore up, while their long, sweeping branches dipped deep into the water, and made a dwelling-place for millions of small shell-fish and land-crabs. As far as the eye could reach, the woods were alive with birds of every hue and size, parrots, cranes, partridge, woodcock, and guinea-fowl, while myriads of monkeys hopped and chattered among the branches. At every opening in the river we could see the herds of small antelopes grazing in the distance, with their

sentinels posted, and occasionally a leopard stealing quietly along the bank, turning back to take a curious look at our canoes, or stopping to lap a little of the river water; or sometimes a straggling few of the harte-beast, fierce-looking, but harmless.

We had been warned against trusting anything to the hospitalities of the natives, and were accordingly provided with everything for camp service, and working in the knowledge that wherever we camped at night we must recognize the fact that the king's power did not extend to this part of his dominions, and that we must take care of ourselves. We had scarce got ashore on the spot where we were to camp for the night when we were surrounded by hundreds of negroes from the neighboring krooms. These krooms are two, three, or more huts gathered together, the social compact being as much for defense against each other as against the beasts of prey. In traveling, the location of a kroom may be known as far as the eye can reach, by the appearance of a group of the cocoa-nut palm, near which they are always built, this tree being meat, drink, and everything else to the African.

It was necessary for us to post guards with long poles to beat back the natives, who crowded upon us through curiosity, many of them never having seen a white man before. They were Koosies, a large and powerful tribe, subject to Dahomey, and were the finest physical specimens of the black I had yet seen. One girl, apparently about thirteen, was grace itself, and so attracted my attention, that I was pointing her out to my fellow-travelers. She was not troubled with a wardrobe, a strip of cotton-cloth about her waist doing duty for all the elegancies of a Broadway belle. No sooner had I undertaken to admire the girl than her father, a white-headed darkey, standing near, offered, through the Duke, to sell her out entire for a musket, a can of powder, and two bottles of rum, a bargain I respectfully declined, and dismissed the girl with a present of a gay cotton handkerchief, price twenty-five cents, which must have made her the envied of the kroom for the next six weeks.

Here I first ate an African supper, cooked under the supervision of the Duke. It consisted of soup made from the large black snail, a solid, meaty crawler, sometimes weighing a couple of ounces, thickened with ground-nuts; kish-kish, a hashed mixture of antelope meat and shallots, palm-oil, and okras, well seasoned with red-pepper. Then came kata-kims, the meat from the claws of the land-crab, mixed with kau-kee, palm-oil, red-pepper (always pepper), and tomatoes, after which it is baked. Kau-kee is made from pounded maize, and answers for bread.

The chatter of the monkeys, the call of the tree-cricket, with now and then the screech of the hyena, were the sounds that lulled me to sleep—a good, sound, wholesome sleep—in the very midst of the African jungle, that spot where death is generally supposed to linger, to strike unerringly the white man who dares enter upon its bounds.

At daylight the Duke stood at my hammock with a bowl of cocoa-nut milk, as clear as water, and as cool as though just from the ice; and after a breakfast of fruit we were once more on our way. This day we came more upon the open country, and saw plantations of corn and cassava, fields of okra, tomato, and other vegetables we could not identify, and occasionally would glide by a kroom having some pretensions to style in architecture as compared with the hovels we had seen.

There was little variety in our journey, always the same grand luxuriance; for after once leaving the coast, there is none of that scorched aridity, even though the heat may be excessive, as it was upon the second day of our passage, when the thermometer marked 180 degrees under the shade of the boat awning. This want of variety made us all glad when upon the third day we made our destination, a small place called Dag-beh, just below Ab-e-ku-e-tah, where we were to remain until next day, while Mr. Brown went to call upon the king of that country, a call that was accomplished within the twenty-four hours.

At Dag-beh we found our escort awaiting us —three officers of the king's palace and twenty-four attendants. The officers bore as their tokens of authority each a "king's stick," a rod acting as a free pass, and making its possessor and party a dead-head to every part of his majesty's dominions. As we landed, Tu-rond-lee, the principal stick, stepped forward to welcome us, which he did in a set speech, informing us that we were now in the kingdom of the greatest monarch on earth; that this monarch had sent him to say we were welcome, and he, Tu-rond-lee, hoped we would appreciate the honor by coming down with something handsome in the way of a present to the welcomer, Mr. Tu-rond-lee.

After the speech-making we were led to a banquet prepared in our honor in a large uninclosed hut, where, after a great deal of polite-

ness, and "after-you-sirs," we were seated, the mob crowding the outside and watching eagerly. The feast was very similar to what we had already partaken of, with the exception of stewed parrots and monkey, both palatable dishes, and regular stand-bys in the Dahomian larder. The evening was passed in witnessing a dance of women, bold and lascivious—too much so for description—a dialogue between one of the sticks and the chief of the kroom, intended to typify the arming and going forth to battle, the capture of prisoners, and their decapitation; after which Mr. Tu-rond-lee favored us with his interpretation of a lion hunt, which principally consisted in balancing a musket in various ways more curious than useful. After this Mr. Brown, to add to the social harmony, sang "The Steam Arm," and I performed "Yankee Doodle" and "The Low-Backed Car" on a Jews'-harp which I had brought among the articles I had put together for presents, all to the wonder and delight of the citizens of Dahomey, though they received the demonstration gravely.

The next morning we were early on the move, our caravan being made up altogether of humanity, horses or beasts of burden forming no part, everything being carried, the greater part by women. An important part of our luggage was the money, it taking ten women to carry enough to bear our expenses on the route. To explain, the currency is cowries, a small sea-shell, which is the only circulating medium, two thousand of which pass for one dollar. To take with us, therefore, one hundred dollars, we had 200,000 cowries, a good load for ten women, and a princely sum to travel with. The heavier articles were slung upon poles between two men, besides which we had pole-slings for our own riding, a contrivance made by stretching a cord and a slip of matting from end to end of a pole, the matting answering for a seat, and the cord for a foot rest, the rider traveling always sideways. The country through which we passed varied, sometimes rich with agricultural beauty, and again, within a few hours' travel, a wild jungle. We saw within a day's journey, civet-cats, baboons, chimpanzes, monkeys, porcupines, ant-eaters, leopard, wild hog, and deer, as well as some unpleasant specimens of the boa, the deadly cobra, and the whip-snake, and birds of hundreds of varieties and grand and gorgeous plumage.

On the fifth day of travel we sat down before the gates of Abomey, and sent forward to announce our arrival to the king, while we prepared for our entry into what our attendants and the populace who were crowding inquisitively about gravely informed us was the most beautiful city in the world, and was called the "City of the King of Kings," but which certainly had anything but a promising look from the outside.

I shall reserve its description for my next.

J. W. Watson.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

BY ALICE R. THORNE.

TELL me, sailor, from your lookout,
Where my "bonnie bark" may be?
I can see but waste of waters,
But I know she saileth free.
Is she coming?—
My fair ship so long at sea?

Never bark with freight so precious
Sailed upon the treacherous sea;
And I smile to think how surely
Every heart shall envy me
My sweet riches,
When my ship comes in from sea.

I have watched through autumn's glory,
Watched through winter's cheerless cold,
Watched while roses bloomed and faded,
Watched while harvests turned to gold;
Watched and waited,
For my ship with wealth untold.

And I oftimes grow despairing
O'er the thought of what may be,—
How my ship with all her treasure
May be lost upon the sea,—
Tempest-smitten,
Sunk beneath the cruel sea!

Will you tell me—can you tell me—
If a ray of hope there be?
See you on the waste of waters
Anything to comfort me?
Any tidings
Of my ship so long at sea?

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

READING.

THAT there is a vast amount of time squandered in reading, no thinking person will deny; but it is scarcely the *thinking* person who squanders the time. Just *what* to read is a matter which requires careful attention, but it is of much greater moment to know *how* to read. This knowledge made practical will prove of more avail in the true purpose of reading—accumulating intelligence—than any other. It is what young people are most deficient in; and the lack of it leads to more waste of time and prostration of mental vigor than all other causes. The attempt to keep bad books or unuseful books out of the hands of the young is commendable enough, but it is rarely ever more than an attempt; for there is nothing that ambitious youth of either sex are more ready to resent than the allegation that they can not judge what is best for them. The girl who wanted to "see the folly" of attending balls because her mother confessed to have done so before her, was neither unreasonable nor very unwise; and the only risk to be apprehended in the experiment would be that her sense of sight might not be acute enough to *discern* the "folly" when presented. A taste for reading rarely comes by intuition. Like most other tastes, it is acquired; and it grows upon what it feeds. The safest and surest way to guard against an unhealthful or impure taste is to create a healthful and pure. If parents—or those who have the directing of young minds—instead of saying to the individual, "Such or such a book is improper for *you* to read;" or, "This is a good book, and will benefit you,—*therefore* you should read it," would put themselves in the place of those thus advised—remembering how such considerations would have affected them when of the same age, a more reasonable method would be likely to suggest itself. If the same care were taken to promote a love for healthy reading that is often expended in vain attempts to keep unprofitable books out of the hands of the young, they might be trusted to make their own selections with perfect safety as to the result. There is nothing more conducive to healthful mental activity than the careful and intelligent reading of good books; and the proper taste once acquired, it may with almost absolute safety be allowed free course.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

The sudden death of Mr. George Wakeman, the genial gentleman, the accomplished journalist, and the unexcelled stenographer, has cast a shadow over the community in which he moved, and filled the hearts of his friends with profound grief. Mr. Wakeman was known to our readers as the author of some of the best short sketches which have appeared in our magazine; the last of which, in our March number, on "Turgid Literature," has proved a special favorite with the press, and has been reproduced in all parts of the country. Mr. Wakeman was not, himself, a turgid writer. Few, indeed, of our young aspirants for literary fame could equal him in compactness of speech, or in clearness and felicity of expression. His mind was cast in a humorous mold, and whatever he said or wrote partook of this quality. As a companion, he was genial and entertaining; as a friend, true. Enemies he had none—or if he had, they were so through their own fault, and not his. His character was irreproachable; and amid the many temptations which beset him in his profession, he stood firm, self-conscious, untainted. He was a diligent student, and ambitious of true progress, not only in the details of his profession, but in the higher walks of literature. In whatever he did, there was an earnestness and a conscientiousness which not only bespoke the true man, but gave promise of better achievements in the future. His skill as a short-hand reporter gave him a prominence with the craft worthy of his ambition; for not only were his *verbatim* reports remarkable for their fidelity to the speaker's words, but his quick intelligence enabled him to grasp the salient points of a speech, so as to condense it without losing anything of its significance or character. His after-dinner speeches at the Press Club meetings evinced a talent which was as unexpected to himself as to his friends. With a manner as diffident and hesitating as that of a boy speaking his first piece, or a maiden receiving the addresses of her first lover, he would quietly let drop from his lips sentence after sentence of such odd and grotesque conceits as could come only from a generous reservoir of humor. His friends urged him to prepare for the lecture-field, and he had concluded to follow their advice. There can be no doubt that he would have achieved a brilliant reputation in this field had he been permitted to enter upon it. Without copying any of the acknowledged humorists of the day, in manner or matter, he would have equaled the best of them in the qualities which insure permanent renown.

Whatever he undertook to do, he did well, and he was as sure of fame and fortune in the lecture-field as he was to enter upon it.

He died at his home in Harlem on Saturday, March 19, and his remains were followed to their final rest by a retinue of as sincere friends as ever mourned a brother.

OUR JEWELS.

We speak of *our* jewels; and we say, knowingly, that they *are* jewels of the first water. Never were there any such; never will there be again—unless they are also *ours*. Lovely and beautiful beyond description are our jewels; fairer than the moon, brighter than the stars, clearer than the sun; full of all joy, and peace, and contentment of heart. They are God-given, and our title in them is sure and perpetual. They are inalienable; no power on earth or in heaven can wrest them from us. We do not fear to let our heart go out to them; for they are the treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves can not steal. Of what force to us is the platitudinous warning: "Don't set your affections so strongly on these idols. God may take them away and shroud your heart in gloom." God will *never* take away our jewels. He does not propose so to do. He may enlarge their opportunities for development by removing them from the untoward surroundings of this life; but it will be only that we may the more surely rest in their possession. Besides, that which is dearest to us He will not remove. Death can not rob us of the memory of happy hours. The voice which charmed our ears—the glance from loving eyes—the smile which thrilled our soul with ecstasy are our everlasting possession. We live in their present enjoyment, and fear nothing for the future. No sorrowful forebodings shall come between us and our jewels. We will wear them cheerfully, joyously, exultingly, in our heart of hearts; thanking God always for His mercy in opening to us this inexhaustible mine of human love.

CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

Nothing is more variable, unsubstantial, or unfair than the average of newspaper criticism. Saying nothing of the mere "puffs" for the benefit of the publishers of new books which stray away from the advertising columns of our daily and weekly newspapers, and appear under "Literary Notices," the more careful and learned disquisitions emanating from those who make literary criticism a profession are as apt to be one-sided, incomplete, and wholly prejudiced, as are the political screeds which the pressure of party expediency renders excusable, if not necessary. The pangs of indigestion, the resentment of personal pique, the obliquity of an undisciplined temper, or "that rash humor" for which our mothers stand chargeable, are too painfully apparent in the "opinions" which are sought to prove the making or undoing of authors and artists. And even if these infirmities were less apparent than they are—if, for instance, our critics had to test their eligibility to office through a competent physiological and phrenological examination which should insist upon the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," what security could we have of a just and intelligent rendering of the truth as God sees it? How often do we pause to think that newspaper criticisms are but the expression of individual opinions, and are worth neither more nor less than the opinion of other intelligent persons? They are, in fact, less likely to be unbiased and truthful, on account of the temptations presented for the display of erudition and detective shrewdness—to say nothing of the opportunity afforded to favor friends and punish enemies.

Æsop's lamb, who so bravely, from his secure position on the house-top, railed at the passing wolf, was, at the best, but a very young sheep; the courage and strength of his revilings borrowed whatever of dignity or force they had—beyond those of any bleating lamb—from his surroundings. "It is not you that speak," said the wolf, "but the roof of the house." The reverse of this saying would apply to a few newspaper critics. It is not the newspaper that speaks, but more generally the unimportant individual who for the moment stands behind it.

THE NEW POLITICAL ELEMENT.

The official announcement of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, by which full political rights are secured to all male citizens, without regard to color, marks another step in the great progress of our country which it is well to look calmly in the face, and accept at its full significance.

When, a few months ago, a colored man and a former slave was permitted to fill the seat in the United States Senate formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis, devout loyalists looked upon it as a Divine retribution, while many good people, North and South, deprecated it as leading to social degradation and political disintegration. It was an event in the direct line of national progress, and Secretary Fish's recent announcement is another. All that intelligent citizens need to do is to acknowledge this as an incontrovertible fact, and govern themselves accordingly. It may be a harmless pas-

time to denounce the new Senator as a usurper, or to insist that he is a lineal descendant of the orang-outang; but inasmuch as he can not be displaced by an invective, and has the bearing of a gentleman, with the average amount of shrewdness and intelligence which distinguishes our higher legislative court, it will be quite as wise to accept him—even under protest—and, like good citizens and sensible men, turn our minds to self-improvement and the laudable enterprises which constitute our individual and national greatness.

The Fifteenth Amendment having become a part of our organic law, and the negro a voting animal, we shall expect to witness the same tender considerations for the feelings of the colored race as have been exhibited toward the "benighted foreigner" whose induction into the honors, privileges, and emoluments of American citizenship has been attended with so little trouble to himself, and so much anxious solicitude to his friends.

The women are next in order.

ASSOCIATED EFFORT.

"No man liveth unto himself alone." This fact needs frequent enforcement; and he is the wise one who will bring it home at once without protest or special pleading. Society itself is the exponent, embodiment, and product of this fundamental idea. No member thereof either acts or can act "independently." It is the sheerest nonsense for any one to pretend that he does just as he wills. Nobody does this, absolutely. The veriest tyrant in his family is constantly under the influence of the weakest and least-loved member of it; and the person who makes the loudest boast of his superiority to circumstances is quite as apt as the most humble and self-depreciating to yield to extraneous influences.

The most of us even *like* to be influenced, and are quite willing to acknowledge it—to ourselves. We show both love and respect by subjecting our preferences and sacrificing our convenience to others; and we are happy when similar evidences of personal regard are shown to us. It is a noble thing for a man to stand up for the right in defiance of opposition; but it is still nobler to promote union of effort, and thus make action effective.

The large heart, the kindly spirit, the free, noble, beneficent soul that rejoices in all good, and cares not from what source it comes, is ready to join hands with all who are willing to work in the vineyard. And this is the spirit and the labor manifest in all the great developments of science, morals, and religion.

ECCENTRIC NODDERS.

There is no accounting for tastes. Can any student of human nature tell us why men inclined to drowsiness are so fond of sleeping in public places, and nodding in such an alarming manner as to convey the impression that they intend to discharge their heads in every direction of the compass? How do they do it? Have their necks the qualities of gutta-percha? Have they any ambition to show their cervical elasticity? Do they wish to prove conclusively that their necks can never be broken; to protest in their eccentric manner against the feasibility no less than the cruelty of hanging?

Observation through a series of years has shown us the marvelous skill men may acquire in the gymnastics of nodding. Though we never shall master the mystery of the execution, it would console us to know why they perform so wonderfully without demanding compensation from the public they at once so puzzle and delight. Whenever we see an ancient fossil or a youthful humorist balancing his head upon a fine point of his neck, whirling it round and round, and giving us every reason to believe that he is bidding an eternal farewell to its usefulness; and when we mentally exclaim, with much fervor, "Good-bye, old head!" he brings it up suddenly and startlingly from behind or before, we feel as if we had defrauded him of at least fifty cents in lawful tender.

What peculiar law governs the tribe of nodders, preventing them from going comfortably to bed? Are they unable to sleep upon a pillow? Do they hang their incomprehensible heads over the bedside and draw airy maps of Boston with their fluttering hair from midnight until morning, and find comfort therein? Is it necessary to the luxury of their repose to dart their heads at every quiet citizen near them, as if with hostile intent? and when he is excited about the safety of such brains as they may possess, to wake up, stare, snort, and fall to sleep again, a very Catherine-wheel of chin, nose, whiskers, collar, and cravat? We have concluded it must be so; that while common mortals have a bias in favor of pleasant chambers, they prefer ferry-boats, street-cars, theaters, churches, and parks to show what Nature has done for them in the way of India-rubber necks.

Brevities.

HOPELESS SORROW.

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own. —*Whittier.*

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.—The *Family Friend*, of Sparta, Ga., claims the honor of having first given to the world "The Boy of his Word," a neat little sketch published in our Youth's Department recently. We would by no means deprive that paper of one jot or tittle of the credit to which it is entitled for the original publication of "The Boy of his Word," or any other good thing, but would beg leave to remark, merely, that we caught said sketch floating around anonymously, and considering it a good thing, and suitable for the young readers of the JOURNAL, we garnered it in. If the *Friend* publishes such original communications often, it should expect to be dealt with *discreditably;* for there are not a few papers in this country whose contents are chiefly made up of purloinings.

THE GOLDEN STATE can boast a monster musical festival, which was gotten up through the efforts chiefly of Madame Camilla Urso, the well-known female violinist. The festival lasted several days, the first concert being given on the 22d of February.

The number of singers in the chorus, including 2,000 children from the different public schools, was about 3,200, while the orchestra numbered 150 instruments. The festival is pronounced a success, and most creditable to the esthetic enterprise of California.

FEMALE TOUGHNESS.—A student at Ann Arbor having remarked that men had more endurance than women, a lady present answered that she would like to see the thirteen hundred young men in the University laced up in steel-ribbed corsets, with hoops, heavy skirts, trails, high heels, paniers, chignons, and dozens of hair-pins sticking in their scalps, cooped up in the house year after year, with no exhilarating exercise, no hopes, aims, or ambitions in life, and see if they could stand it as well as the girls. Nothing, said she, but the fact that women, like cats, have nine lives, enables them to survive the present *régimé* to which fashion dooms the sex.

What They Say.

CONSOLIDATION ACCEPTABLE.—An old subscriber to *Packard's Monthly* writes to Mr. Packard as follows:

"*My very dear Sir:* I to-day received THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY, and forthwith express my delight at the change. Not that I disliked the "Monthly" in the least, for no other monthly or paper of any kind receives my entire notice until the contents have been conned over, except the "Monthly." My heart and hands are enlisted in the noble cause you have espoused, and I rejoice with you in your consolidating the two monthlies, for they are both the first of the land, and I am fully convinced that the combination of your power and zeal with that of Mr. Wells will make it the best *monthly for the young in the world.* I would not be without it for any price before the consolidation, and now, since the consolidation, I am more pleased with it. I have seen others of your subscribers, and they say they are much pleased with the change. Wishing you all the success possible, I remain, sir, very truly, yours, —— A. S. L."

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.—An aged physician of Iowa writing to us for ten dollars' worth of books, throws in a few remarks on the JOURNAL and Phrenology:

"Having been for nearly thirty years an observer of human conduct in connection with the principles and rules advocated in the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, I am disposed to say that I am now, at the age of sixty, prepared "to bear witness" in favor of the *general* truthfulness of Phrenology.

I am a constant reader of the JOURNAL. Indeed, in my opinion, but few papers are its equal in the variety of its reading and the general soundness of its reasonings, and the correctness of its deductions from the laws of nature, in whatever department it enters. It has often been asserted of physicians, that but few, if any, of orthodox standing have been willing to acknowledge openly their convictions in regard to the truth of the principles advocated in your JOURNAL. This may be true in some localities, but I know it is not applicable to all. —— J. P. G., M.D.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION MONTHLY says: "The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is full of matter interesting to those who do not, as well as those who do, take an interest in Phrenology. In the latter class we reckon ourselves, and we believe its numbers are rapidly increasing. For every one who gives the subject any attention must soon see that this system of studying the mind appeals more strongly to reason, and is more susceptible of proof than any other. Phrenology has suffered severely from charlatanism, and the pretensions of quack expounders and examiners, who, having merely acquired

its nomenclature, have attempted to practice one of the deepest sciences that ever engaged the human intellect."

PHRENOLOGY IN ALABAMA.—A correspondent writes from Dale County as follows: *Dear Sir*—You will please pardon me for intruding upon your time to suggest that, in my opinion, no better field is open for a good lecturer than in this portion of the South. A competent lecturer would be received here most cordially, and, as I can assure, with respect. It is true that but few here have learned much of the science, but they are eager and thirsting for useful knowledge. Here, in south Alabama, and the adjoining portion of Florida, *a good lecturer would succeed.* Feeling a deep interest in the dissemination of the science, I have thought proper to write as above. A. P. W.

SOME LIGHT FOUND, BUT MORE WANTED.—MR. EDITOR—*Sir:* Your "Brain Waves" in the January number of the A. P. J. interests me exceedingly, the more so as it partially explains some items of my own experience. Some fourteen or fifteen years since I was wont to listen every Sabbath to an eloquent preacher, Rev. Wm. Studley, then in Lowell, Mass., and I noticed that very frequently he preached on the subjects I had been thinking much of during the week previous.

This surprised and puzzled me, and I used to wonder whether persons whose minds were on the same intellectual and moral plane did not by some mysterious sympathy think the same thoughts. Yet that solution did not seem perfectly satisfactory, for I considered that minister far more gifted, intellectually, than myself. The sympathetic connection of mind in this case (if there were any) could not have arisen from social intercourse, for I never spoke with him.

"Brain Waves" hits the nail on the head, but does not drive it so far as to clear up the mists pervading the subject. What I particularly wish to know is this, viz.: What originates brain-waves? What is the first cause of motion? And what mental, moral, or electrical conditions are requisite in order that brain-waves shall be felt?

Some preachers' sermons do not come within gun-shot of me, *i. e.*, they do not interest me at all. Some preachers *seem* stupid, but perhaps it is *I* who am stupid. But I have noticed or imagined that public speakers are nearly as much dependent upon an intelligent and appreciative audience for a good discourse, as the audience is upon the speaker. I think that is more or less the case with extemporaneous speakers, and *entirely* so with trance speakers.

I believe in "brain-waves," or sympathetic soul-life, but do not understand its laws or modes of operating. Please enlighten our darkness. [We would like to do so, but——]

There are other facts in psychology or soul-life that I want explained, for instance, I (and I presume that other persons have like experiences) sometimes *dream* beautiful poetry, and other things as interesting, and waken in the midst of it, but can only remember slight fragments of it. Where does the poetry originate?

I have numerous works relating to Psychology, but can not glean from any the desired information. Oh, for light! light! more light! Hoping that light may come through the ever-welcome, eagerly-looked-for A. P. J., I remain a hopeful subscriber.

L. J. W.

[Can not some of our readers give us the means with which to satisfy our dazed correspondent?]

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.—Will you be pleased to give a subscriber the benefit of some information with reference to the many surnames extant, and their derivation?

Ans. Names, as the distinguishing appellations that attach to individuals, have been dependent upon innumerable extraneous circumstances; it is not surprising, therefore, that the extraordinary number of surnames extant should exhibit such a great variety. All names were originally significant, although in the course of ages the meaning of most of them may have lapsed from the memory of mankind. Every human being received a name, even in the earliest and rudest states of social life; and in the most degraded condition of human existence, the occasional necessity of speaking of absent persons would involve the use of some epithet, and that epithet would be to all intents and purposes a proper name. In the primitive states of society a single name was sufficient for each individual, and generally originated in some circumstances of birth, some personal quality possessed or fondly anticipated, or else was an expression of religious sentiment. We have numerous instances of this in the writings of Moses. In process of time the love of imitation led persons to adopt names which had been, and were, borne by others. These were generally the father's name, and were the earliest approach to the modern system of nomenclature, for example, Joshua, the son of Nun, similar to the modern William Fitz-Hugh, James Davidson, etc.

Among the Romans, by virtue of a very complete system of nomenclature, each person had usually three names. The first denoted the individual, the second the clan, and the third distinguished the family. As Christianity triumphed over paganism in Europe, the old pagan names were laid

aside, and new names derived from Scripture or church history were given to the converts, sometimes a whole company, to save trouble, being baptized by the same name. To obviate, somewhat, the great confusion and inconvenience to which this indiscriminate naming had given rise, nicknames, derived from occupations or from personal qualities, were used for several centuries; but as population advanced, even this became insufficient. At length recourse was had to the present system of surnames, so styled because written originally "sur" (French), upon or over the Christian or given names. These second, or surnames, may be divided into various heads: 1. Hereditary surnames, or those formed from the father's names; as for instance in 804, we find Egbert Edgaring, or Egbert the son of Edgar,—*ing* signifying progeny or descendant. Such names as Dering, Browning, Whiting are supposed to owe their origin to this source, and so to mean respectively, dear, tawny, and fair offspring. In Wales, until a recent period, "ap," or son, was the only surnominal adjunct used, as David ap Howell, Evan ap Rhys, John ap Richard, names which are now corrupted into Powell, Price, and Pritchard, etc. The Mac of the Scotch, and shortened into Mc in the Irish, meant son; and the O' from "Oy" of the Irish meant grandson; and Fitz from the Norman also means son, being a corruption from *Fils* or the Latin *filius*. Witz of the Russian and Sky of the Poles also mean son. 2. Those chosen from personal qualities, either mental, moral, or physical, such as Le Sage, Le Bon, Pratt or cunning, White, Reid or red, Brown, etc., etc. 3. Local surnames, or those taken from the place in or near which the person lived, expressing the country, as Scott and France; the estate or place of abode, as Kent and Middleton; or describing either the nature or situation of the residence, as Hill and Forest. 4. Those indicating title or occupation, as John Baker, etc., etc. Pre-eminent in this family of surnames stands Smith, originally meaning *any* mechanical workman, from the Anglo-Saxon "smitan," to smite, and not, as some have banteringly endeavored to derive it, as a veritable descendant in a direct line from Shem, son of Noah; thus—Shem, Shemit, Shmit, Smith.

Closely allied to the preceding are those derived from dignities and offices—as Knight, Squire, Lord, Earle, Duke, Prince, and King, although the last two or three were probably bestowed at first in derision. And so we might go on "ad infinitum."

ORGANIZATION OF THE SKULL.—At what age does the human skull become so hardened, that the action of the brain will produce no change in its shape that can be detected from the outside?

Ans. The skull, and all therein contained, like every other portion of the human body, is undergoing constant changes. According to the physiologists, the whole substance of a man is entirely changed in the course of seven years. There must be, therefore, a transference of matter from one part to another part, as well as a throwing off through the insensible perspiration and through other channels of much that has constituted part of the body.

In accordance with the temperamental condition of the person, and the related activity of the brain, as in the case of other parts, will be the waste of the material composing it, and the amount of blood appropriated to supply the loss through waste. The flow of blood is greatest toward those organs which are the most exercised, and it is but natural that such organs should increase in size from use. We have seen skulls the bone of which was in parts so thin as to be quite translucent; and inside, at those places, the brain appeared to have expanded, and there were channels which had been worn, as it were, by the blood in its circulation over the surface of the brain. The term "swell-head" is usually applied as an expression of contempt, but such a condition of the head is not so unusual as may be thought. When one suffers from a violent headache, he suffers from a congested state of the brain. This congestion produces expansion, and the skull is actually enlarged. Accurate measurements of the skull would show changes in the skull, although such changes might not be perceptible to the eye or to the hand.

SALT AND THIRST.—Why does a piece of salt when taken into the stomach cause thirst?

Ans. Salt produces an excitement of the mucous membranes, and stimulates their activity; hence the clamor on their part for something of a cooling, sedative nature.

FOOT ASLEEP.—What is the philosophy of a person's foot getting asleep?

Ans. This phenomenon is due to a suppression of the free circulation of the blood, and is in effect a primary stage of paralysis. Health demands activity. A state of entire inaction is unnatural. All the forces of the human economy are ever at work. A distinguished writer has said, and truthfully, "Action is life, inaction, death," and when, from any reason, the functions of any organ which contributes to the vital economy are deranged or suppressed, man suffers the consequence. So, with reference to the circulation of the blood, an unnatural attitude, when long maintained, is apt to be productive of that uncomfortable sensation known as a part of the body becoming asleep. The blood not being stimulated by the activity of the part, becomes sluggish in its movement therein, and the nerves, which depend for their vigor upon the blood, become unconscious, as it were. When we attempt to arouse the sluggish circulation in the part, the reaction of the blood produces a congestive condition, the nerves are rendered abnormally active by the forcible return of the life fluid, and the result is the prickling sensation experienced.

ANSWERING QUESTIONS.—It is not intended to make this department of the JOURNAL a private medical consultation office, but simply for the publication of such questions and answers as are likely to interest every reader. Here, however, is a correspondent who seems to suppose the public to be interested in such questions as should only be answered in a private communication. We print the letter, omitting name and place.

I wish to consult you, and get, if possible, your valuable advice on a subject, *to me*, very *important*. I am just twenty years of age, and I think that age is entirely too early to become faded, and lose my youthful, healthy bloom. I have never been very robust, but I have always, until the last eighteen months, looked healthy, clear, and rosy. Now, however, *most unfortunately* for me, I have lost my youthful appearance and look decidedly sickly and dull. I have always lived quietly in the country with my parents, and have never dissipated much, —I mean by that, that I have never attended many parties or lost much sleep. For the last twelve months I have been having chills and severe fevers; could get nothing to break them until about three months ago, when a druggist told me to take quinine and iron pills. I did so, and took them for two months, taking three per day, and greatly to my relief have had no more chills, but still I have not entirely recovered. My complexion is still dull, pale, and sallow, and the whites of my eyes very yellow. Now, how can I get this yellow out of my eyes, and cause them to look clear and bright? Do tell me if it is *possible* for me to get rid of it, and if there is any way to prevent red veins from coming so numerously on the eye; my eyes trouble me greatly, always look red; my father has weak eyes, and am I obliged to inherit them as an unfortunate gift from him? I would give a great deal to have them clear and strong; they are dark-blue. Is there anything in the world I can do to better their condition? If so, *please* tell me. I have been told that washing them in salt and water would benefit them,—would you advise me to do so? [No.] How is it possible for me to look more healthy, and fresh, and clear? I have an excellent appetite, it never fails, but still I look sickly and faded. There are a great many bitters, medicines, etc., claiming to restore a bloom and health to the appearance, but I am rather afraid to try any without first consulting you; could you tell me of anything to take to make my complexion and eyes clear? [No, not among all the quack medicines.] Would "Baker's Bitters" improve me? [No.] I think I am bilious [No doubt of it], or my eyes would not be so yellow. Please be *sure* to tell me something to take the yellow and red veins out of my eyes, for they disfigure my personal appearance so much. I shall look in the JOURNAL for your kind answer to these questions with the greatest *impatience*. Do you think mustard and vinegar unhealthy? [If taken into the stomach, yes.] Do you consider milk bilious? [It depends on circumstances.] Is molasses "healthy?" [Yes, if used moderately.] In the JOURNAL I have seen a great many profound questions very boldly discussed, and I wish you would take up the subject of *dreams*. [We have been discussing this subject, and also most of those referred to in the many questions following, for a long time past. Has our correspondent read us attentively?] What do you think of the Davenport Brothers? Suppose two persons are separated by many miles of distance, can the intense thought of one of those persons have any effect on the *absent person?* Do you know of any good blood-purifier? Do you think flannel ought to be worn winter and summer? At what age do you think a lady should marry? at what age should a gentleman marry? What do you think is a right difference of age between the gentleman and lady? Do you think a woman ought to say *obey* in the marriage ceremony? I think it is treating her as a *child*, and gross injustice to her for it to be in the ceremony, don't you? [See our work on Wedlock for answers.] Do you think sea-bathing healthy, and how often should one bathe? Are pickles healthy? What is the best dressing for the hair to soften it, and prevent its being dry? Is very coarse hair a sign of amiability? I have asked a great many questions, but I hope not too many to be answered in an early number of the JOURNAL. I live in the country now, but expect soon to live in town. A FRIEND OF THE JOURNAL.

[One question at a time, from any one correspondent, is all we promise to consider and answer, if we can, in the JOURNAL, but we will cheerfully reply to more than one by letter, if stamps be sent to prepay postage, and the full address be plainly given.—ED.]

LUCK.—We have not much respect for the word. It is used by gamblers. If one draws a prize,—when he had not earned it, or had not expected it,—he is said to be lucky. But then, the great law of "compensation" asserts itself, and the saying, "what is easily gained is easily lost," proves true. One who *earns* his money realizes its worth, and saves. One who finds, steals, or wins a fortune is not only very liable to lose it, but it is liable to induce fast habits, and so drag him down to ruin. Better depend on honest earnings, and dismiss entirely any hope for mere "luck," save as it comes by judicious fishing, hunting, or searching after knowledge. The inventor *may* become lucky, or he may lose time and money in attempting to make a perpetual motion.

IDIOCY.—Can a person with a slanting forehead, like that of Emerson, the idiot, ever become intelligent by cultivation and education?

Ans. He may not become a Franklin or a Bacon in intellect. It is not claimed that all men can attain the same degree of eminence; but it *is* claimed that even idiots may be *improved*.

CONSANGUINITY.—In the January number of the JOURNAL, speaking of "temperament and marriage," you say, "If each has a good degree of all the temperaments, it is well if they are similar."

Ques. If half-cousins or second-cousins have the same temperaments, *i. e.*, an equal amount of each, will it do for them to marry?

I have read "Wedlock" and several other works on temperament, but find no explanations touching this case.

Ans. It is safer to marry *out* of the family than in it. "Variety is the spice of life." Now that railways, steamboats, etc., are so convenient, why not go a little farther from home than to marry your cousin, or even your second cousin? Why not?

FOOD FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.—(Adrian College, Mich.)—Will you please give us your views of the proper kind of food for students through the JOURNAL? I have read with interest articles that have appeared from time to time in the JOURNAL having a bearing upon this subject, but have not yet been able to come to a definite

conclusion in regard to it. I am satisfied we do not get the proper kind of food in our college boarding-halls.

Ans. This whole question has been ably discussed by physiologists and anatomists, and their opinions are given in various works on the subject. We append the titles—with prices—of a few of the more important ones, covering the ground, from different stand-points. First, we give the meat-eaters, or advocates of a mixed diet; then the vegetarians, and fruit-eaters.

FOOD AND DIET. With Observations on the Dietetical Regimen, suited for Disordered States of the Digestive Organs, and an Account of the Dietaries of some of the Principal Metropolitan and other Establishments for Paupers, Lunatics, Criminals, Children, the Sick, etc. By Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S., and L.S. Edited by Charles A. Lee, M.D. $1 75.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION. Considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M.D. Illustrated, 50 cents.

THE STORY OF A STOMACH. By a Reformed Dyspeptic. Paper, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents.

VEGETARIAN, OR HYGIENIC.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN LIFE. By Sylvester Graham. With a copious Index and Biographical Sketch of the Author. $3 50.

PHILOSOPHY OF SACRED HISTORY, Considered in Relation to Human Aliment and the Wines of Scripture. By Dr. Graham. Muslin. $3 50.

FRUITS AND FARINACEA THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN. By John Smith. With Notes and Illustrations. By R. T. Trall, M.D. Muslin, $1 75.

HYDROPATHIC COOK-BOOK—VEGETARIAN. With Recipes for Cooking on Hygienic Principles. By Dr. Trall. Illustrated. $1 50.

PHYSIOLOGY, ANIMAL AND MENTAL: Applied to the Preservation and Restoration of Health of Body and Power of Mind. Illustrated. $1 50.

A SOBER AND TEMPERATE LIFE. The Discourses and Letters of Louis Cornaro. With a Biography of the Author, who is said to have died at 150 years of age. 50 cents.

Besides the above, "The Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia," $4 50, treats the subject in the light of history, anatomy, and physiology.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

BOOKS.—Notwithstanding the unsettled and depressed state of trade, publishers are active, and a good stock of literature is issuing from the press. The cost of paper and other materials which enter into book-making will come down with gold, and a new basis will, it is believed, soon be established, and a new point of departure reached. When this shall be attained, and men "know where they stand," such strides will be made by publishers as were never before known in this country. A new crop of readers—several millions in number—have been produced during the past few years, and they will want books! Free schools, based on our Democratic-Republican system, must be everywhere established; no trammels, no restrictions should be permitted on universal education. Leading-strings are for undeveloped children, not for well-grown men or women. Here, on this "sacred soil," we propose to grow a race of self-regulating, law-abiding human beings, who will establish a Government which will perpetuate itself where justice, mercy, godliness, and intelligence shall lead. Then give us books which are books.

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA. Notes of a Five Years' Journey Around the World, and of Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By Raphael Pumpelly, Professor in Harvard University, and some time Mining Engineer in the service of the Chinese and Japanese Governments. Third edition, revised. One vol., octavo; pp. 454; cloth. Price, $5. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

We are not surprised that this elegant and most interesting work should have reached a third edition. Of all the books of travel by any living writer, this has a great interest, especially for American readers. The author takes us on a pleasure trip almost around the world, and gives us views of things, foreign and strange, through his highly educated and practical intellect. He gives us the ethnology, with the customs, manners, and peculiarities of the people, and the geology, botany, natural history, agriculture of the countries. The book is dedicated to the lamented Burlingame—one of the most efficient missionaries the world has ever known—with whom the author lived some months in China. Let every American library—public and private—possess a copy.

THE SUN. By Amedée Guillemin. From the French. By A. L. Phipson, Ph. D. With fifty-eight illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 297; cloth. Price, $1 50. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Time was when it would have been considered irreverent by ignorant and superstitious people to enter into a critical scientific analysis of the composition of this great luminary. But here, in this nineteenth century, a learned Frenchman is actually found dissecting the sun! Hear him:

"The sun is the life of the earth. It is the common origin, the inexhaustible source, whence have been derived for millions of centuries past all terrestrial powers, all mechanical and physical energy, as well as the powers of all living creatures both vegetables and animals. It is the sun that constitutes our globe a region of light, heat, and movement—in a word, a region of life, instead of a dark, dreary, and silent desert."

For large and comprehensive views, for accurate descriptions of wonderful objects, we commend this series of illustrated volumes.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY. A Novel. By Mrs. A. C. Steele, author of "Gardenhurst." One vol., octavo; pp. 145. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 336 of Library of Select Novels.

HALLOWED SONGS. (Newly revised.) By Philip Phillips. For Prayer and Social Meetings. Containing Hymns and Tunes, carefully Selected from all Sources, both Old and New, and are of the most spiritual and reviving character; adapted also to Divine Worship. Small quarto; pp. 320. Price, 75 cents. New York: Philip Phillips.

The Methodists are famous for their revival songs. If they fail to *pray* a sinner into heaven, they bring down the power of a thousand voices and sing him into penitence and pardon. How many have experienced a "change of heart" through these soul-stirring tunes with startling words is recorded only in the Book of life. Mr. Phillips has made a capital selection of the most popular sacred songs and tunes.

THE TWO GREAT BOOKS OF NATURE AND REVELATION; or, the Cosmos and the Logos. Being a History of the Origin and Progression of the Universe, from Cause to Effect; More Particularly of the Earth and the Solar System; the Modus Operandi of the Creation of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; and how they are the Types and Symbols by which the Creator wrote the Logos. Illustrated by the first Chapters of Genesis. By George Field. One vol., 12mo; pp. 501; cloth. Price, $2 50. New York: S. R. Wells.

A book of original thoughts and ideas. The author has evidently studied books *and* nature. He strikes out into broader fields than many have dared to cultivate. He aims at the truth. His readers will judge whether or not he hits it. The book is most suggestive. It is not expected that all will agree with the author on all points. What then? Somebody may learn something from it if they be not prejudiced, illiberal, or bigoted. Give the gentleman a hearing.

LECTURE-ROOM TALKS. A Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of Christian Experience. By Henry Ward Beecher. Phonographically reported by T. J. Ellinwood. 12mo. Extra cloth. Price, $1 75. J. B. Ford & Co.

These "Talks" are the well-known and delightful expositions of Scripture and extempore remarks made at prayer-meetings, and on similar occasions, in the familiar and free intercourse of Mr. Beecher with his own people. Mr. Ellinwood's reports, both of *Lecture-Room Talks* and of *Sermons* (in *Plymouth Pulpit*), as published by the house of Ford & Co., are the only ones which Mr. Beecher authorizes or recognizes as his own utterances.

In 1849—more than twenty years ago—we published a description of H. W. Beecher in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, in which the following words occur:

"All things considered, taking his organic condition as a basis of our prophecy, we confidently predict that in ten years he will stand out as the strong man of the age, and for a quarter of a century he will be the master-spirit of his day and generation."

The reader who has followed Mr. Beecher the past twenty years, may judge as to the correctness of this prophecy. What other clergyman in America, or indeed in the world, is as much heard, read, and talked about to-day as this same Henry Ward Beecher? HE IS A PHRENOLOGIST.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By the author of "The Soprano," etc. Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 193; cloth. Price, $1 25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This, the first of a series on the great composers, contains sketches of Mozart and Mendelssohn. The author understands his subject. He can read character as well as music. Here is the analysis of young Mozart's features:

"A city parlor, gaslighted and containing a grand piano, plenty of books, a large rack for holding music, and sundry other articles both useful and ornamental. On the walls, several pictures, mainly portraits of men of foreign countries and other times. One of them is represented as a boyish young man, of handsome, intelligent, and striking features. About the bright-blue eyes is that look that belongs to men who have done great deeds in the world. The nose is long, pointed, and betokens refinement; the mouth is the weakest feature—it is sweet, but lacks strength. Great man as he may have been, his mouth gives an idea of credulous good-nature, that is a positive harm where one has to fight of this life. The chin, like the mouth, seems boyish and pliant. The uplifted hand, grasping a roll of music, and the wealth of wavy hair are simply elegant.

"Nature never deceives us. This is the face of a man of genius, but a weak, good-natured genius. A man so good and kind consequently often suffered at the hands of the unprincipled and designing.

"He was a musician—a tone master. His life was short, but so great was his genius, that in his brief years he did enough to make his name remembered, so long as men listen to church organs, or understand the wealth that lies in a grand orchestra."

THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF THE SIX DAYS OF THE CREATION. By John Phin, C.E., Editor of THE TECHNOLOGIST. 1 vol., 12mo. Price, $1. New York: S. R. Wells. 1870.

After giving a popular exposition of the recent discoveries of modern science in relation to matter and force, and especially in regard to the correlation and conservation of forces, an attempt is made to apply general principles to the development of the history of the chemical and physical operations that have resulted in bringing our earth into its present form; the author endeavors also to show that the record obtained from science coincides accurately and *literally* with the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. Of course, in any exposition of this kind, the result must turn largely upon the interpretation given to the word "day," as employed by Moses. Three prominent interpretations have been given of the term day. First, that it

signifies a period of twenty-four hours. Secondly, an indefinite period, consisting of millions of such days. The third is based upon the definition of "day" in the Scriptures, where we are substantially told that it is a period of darkness and a period of light, no limit of time being placed upon its duration. Accepting this last as the true definition of the word day, the author attempts to show that during the progress of creation there were six periods of darkness and six periods of light, and that each of those periods endured for an unknown but very great length of time. It is a new—scientific—view of the matter, and will cause much discussion among men of the "laboratory" and of the "cloth."

HOW CROPS FEED. A Treatise on the Atmosphere and the Soil as Related to the Nutrition of Agricultural Plants. With Illustrations. By Samuel W. Johnson, M.A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College; Chemist to the Connecticut State Agricultural Society; Member of the National Academy of Sciences. One vol., 12mo; pp. 375; cloth. Price, $2. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

Until recently, very recently, our agricultural literature—save that found in newspapers and magazines—was almost worthless. It consisted of reprints of European works scarcely at all adapted to American agriculture. But the advent of Messrs. Judd & Co. upon the field has changed the whole aspect of affairs, and we are now having a series of scientific works by our best American authors worthy the great interest they represent. "How Crops Feed" teaches such valuable lessons as all farmers must be most thankful to learn.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Volumes five and six. Pp. 474 and 495; 12mo; muslin. Price, $1 25 per vol. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

These volumes present some of the most interesting events in the history of England, and will be extensively read in our own country. We pronounce Mr. Froude one of the ablest historians now living. He is a scholar without eccentricity, he deals impartially with the facts, and tells the honest truth as he understands it. When we read Mr. Froude we feel sure of reading a thoroughly conscientious author. The publishers are rendering a most welcome service to a very large class of readers by placing this great work within easy reach of many scanty pockets. Everybody may now have the best history of England at a very small cost.

BRAKE UP; or, the Young Peacemakers. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," "The Woodville Stories," "The Starry Flag Stories," etc. One vol., pp. 303; cloth. Price, $1 25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Some men are "natural-born boys." They understand boys; sympathize with boys; and are boys no matter how old or how gray they become. We take it that Oliver Optic is one of them. In stature he may be a six-footer, or a Goliah; but in *spirit* he is just the one to instruct, amuse, and train the boys. He is a boy's man, and the right man in the right place. His books equal if they do not surpass in excellence those of Peter Parley.

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. From the Date of the Discovery and Settlements on Manhattan Island to the Present Time. A Text-Book for High Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Public Education in New York City. 12mo vol., 396 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1 75. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The author, for many years intimately connected with the management of our Public Schools, has written with *a full knowledge of what was needed*, and the result is a clear, compendious, and admirable digest of all the important events in the history of New York down to the year 1870. We predict an extensive sale for this handsome history. Will not the school superintendents of other States follow this example, and give us a succinct history of each?

SKETCHES OF CREATION: A Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in Reference to the History of Matter and of Life. Together with a Statement of the Intimations of Science Respecting the Primordial Condition and the Ultimate Destiny of the Earth and the Solar System. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan, and Director of the State Geological Survey. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 459; cloth. Price, $2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is a scholarly orthodox view of creation. The author takes kindly to science, but sees no incompatibility between the truths of Scripture and of science. His book will be popular with conservative readers, and terrify no one with a fear that his religion is to be upset by modern discoveries. In no other period of the world's history has anything like the progress been made in real science as in the present. We are getting into the core of things.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CRIMEA, GREECE, ETC., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey. One vol., 12mo; pp. 209; cloth. Price, $1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very fascinating recital of incidents of one of the most auspicious journeys ever made; is in narrative style, and was written at the time when those incidents were fresh in the mind, and take the style of verbal narration. All in all, it is one of those books that are pleasant to read, while much information is imparted at the same time.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE; or, the Joys and Sorrows of American Life. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Love After Marriage," "Robert Graham," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 52?; cloth. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A compilation of stories with the following titles: The Pet Beauty, The Fortunes of a Young

Physician, The Two Sisters and The Two Uncles, The Mob Cap—or My Grandmother's Trunk, The Peddler—The Sequel to the Mob Cap, The Beauty Transformed, The Drunkard's Daughter, Father Hilario—the Catholic, The Tempted, Aunt Mercy, The Village Pastor's Wife, Thanksgiving Day, The Stranger at the Banquet.

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THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

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June, 1870.

L. PRANG,

THE CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHER.

HERE is a well-developed organization; body and brain are in healthy and harmonious action, and there is a good degree of symmetry throughout. These features speak intelligence, kindness, respect, and culture. It is the opposite of the low, coarse, and gross organization. Compare it for a moment

with the portraits of the assassin and his victim, which were published in our last number, and observe the difference.

Here are self-restraint and self-regulation; the propensities are subject in a high degree to the intellect and moral sense. Such a nature seeks "to do as it would be done by," and unless very much perverted would live a conscientious and godly life. We should look, in one possessing such a face as this, for sympathy, charity, affection, honor, integrity, prudence, and good judgment, and also for taste, refinement, and a love for literature, art, and science.

The reader inquires, Has he not faults like other men? We reply, None that he may not correct. Should he smoke and chew tobacco,—should he drink whisky or other alcoholic liquors habitually,—should he engage in gambling, and with perverted affections live a life of a debauchee, it would soon alter the entire aspect of affairs, and he would look the life he led. The best may become perverted,—for we read of fallen angels; but we deny the necessity of any such results. It is optional for each of us to choose the sort of life we will lead. It is a happiness to meet such a spirit as this, and to hold him up to view as an encouragement for others. The following is the story in brief of a life eventful in many respects.

This gentleman, whose name has become familiar through the beautiful colored prints which decorate so many American homes, was born at Breslau, in Silesian Prussia, March 12th, 1824. Ill health in early youth did not permit him to attend school regularly, and at twelve years of age it was found necessary to relieve him from all studies. The consequent lack of a thorough school education he very seriously felt in after-life, and has sought to compensate for by energetic application to study when an improved physical constitution admitted such effort.

His chief education, however, has been found in practical business, mechanical, and artistic channels. When about fourteen years of age he was put to the trade of bleaching, dyeing, and printing cotton cloth and delaine goods in the manufactory of his father, and while there made chemistry, in its application to his calling, one of his principal studies. He learned to engrave on wood in the coarse style adapted to the preparation of the blocks used in printing cloth, and also on the brass and steel rollers which were used for printing muslin. Having made himself well acquainted with, and somewhat proficient in, these different branches, he was sent, at the age of eighteen, to Westphalia, where he entered the counting-room of an extensive milling business, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile affairs and of the business world in general.

He remained in this new relation until summoned home to enter the military service, as required by the laws of Prussia. He, however, had the good fortune to draw a high number in the lottery of conscription, by which he escaped the strait jacket so much abhorred by his independent nature.

His father having been unfortunate in his business, Louis accepted a proposition, made by a leading manufacturing house in Bohemia, to travel over Europe at their expense, and to gain all the information he could with reference to the advantages other prominent manufacturers might possess. During four years he prosecuted this undertaking with unremitting diligence. Vienna, Paris, Rouen, London, Manchester, Glasgow were visited in turn; and to secure an entrance into the great establishments which he had selected, he accepted any position that offered itself. His versatile capacities were considerably developed by this novel course of life. He became common laborer, dyer, printer, color-mixer, inventor by turns, and this valuable schooling doubtless laid the foundation of his subsequent success in the very complicated enterprise through which he has become so well known.

The German revolutionary movement of 1848 called him home from England, and found in him a warm advocate. Its unsuccessful issue compelled him to take refuge in flight from imperial authority. He escaped to France, and from Havre sailed for the United States, landing at New York in April, 1850. He went at once to Boston, Mass., in quest of employment in his legitimate business, but having failed in that, he tried his hand in other directions to earn a living for himself and wife; for soon after his arrival in Boston he married a young lady to whom he had been affianced for several years, and who had preceded him in coming to America by some years. He was in

turn a partner of an architect, publisher of works on monuments, manufacturer of porte-monnaies and jewelry cases, an engraver on wood, and at last a lithographer.

While trying his fortune in wood engraving, he was employed for a time by Mr. Frank Leslie, and usually worked sixteen hours a day, besides walking from and back to East Malden, where he lived, a distance of about five miles. He became known to a German lithographic printer, who proposed to him the formation of a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the lithographic printing business. Mr. Prang entered into the plan with a hearty good-will, and forthwith the new firm was established. This partnership began on a capital of two hundred dollars, lasted four years, and proved of pecuniary advantage. Neither partner had much money, but prospered because of their promptness and honest dealing. They made color printing their specialty.

In 1860 Mr. Prang bought out his associate and prosecuted the business alone, with gratifying success, until the opening of the war, when he was among the first business men to feel its depressing effects. But he was not without the resources which flow from a suggestive mind. He began issuing war-maps, and found the new field a most promising one; he also printed and sold in large numbers card-portraits of the generals of the war. At length, finding himself in the position to make the attempt, he commenced the publication of chromo-lithographs. The department of lithographic printing he had long since set his heart upon. His first productions were the small pictures of butterflies, mosses, autumn-leaves and buds, album-picture cards in oil, etc., which have been scattered in every section of the country. With a view to employing the most skillful artists, and learning and applying the most improved processes in his establishment, he visited Europe in 1868, and on his return prosecuted his artistic business with greater energy than ever, and with improved prospects of success.

The chromos which first awakened public attention in a special manner to Mr. Prang's enterprise is the "Group of Chickens," after the painting by A. F. Tait. This, probably, is the most successful chromo ever published in this or any country, something like forty thousand copies having been sold. The "Reading Madonna," after Correggio, is one of the finest, as well as one of the earliest, of Mr. Prang's issues. Among the many other chromos deserving mention for their faithful imitation of the original paintings, it must suffice to mention "Esopus Creek" and "White Mountains," after Bricher, the "Flower Bouquet," "Sunlight in Winter," "Going to the Bath," "The Sisters," "Easter Morning," after Mrs. Hart, the "Crown of New England," after G. L. Brown, "Family Scene in Pompeii," "Sunset on the Coast," after De Haas, and "The Yo-Semite Valley," after Thomas Hill.

The last-mentioned is one of the most beautiful of Mr. Prang's landscape chromos, and possesses special interest for Americans, as it represents with great fidelity some of the grandest scenery of our Rocky Mountain regions. The attention of the East was first directed to the magnificence of the Yo-Semite Valley by Bierstadt's splendid picture, "The Domes of the Yo-Semite;" and since the appearance of that painting several representations of different prints have been produced, but none surpassing Mr. Hill's. Probably in no part of the world can be found a greater variety of picturesque, rugged, and sublime landscape than in the Yo-Semite region. It is not in one, or two, or three scenes that its charm consists, but in the miles of scenery, where frowning cliffs, sometimes a mile in perpendicular height, and vast rocks of varied tint, moss-grown and bare, and banked, and fringed, and shadowed by the soft foliage of great spreading trees and drooping bushes, reflected from placid pools, and where velvety meadows associate with murmuring streams and wild flowers of varied beauty.

The illustration is but a wood-cut, and conveys little more than an idea of Mr. Hill's picture. It, however, furnishes the reader with some notion of the character of the great cañon. how nature, in her mighty convulsions in ages past, rent the vast rocks and piled mountain upon mountain.*

The American people are indebted to Mr. Prang for popularizing art in a most effective manner, and commensurately educating and elevating their taste for esthetics. "Good pictures," to use the words of a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "are a source of innocent and refined pleasure, and that is enough to justify their existence; and this new art, which enables me and other laborers to buy for five dollars all that we can enjoy of a thousand-dollar picture, is one that deserves the encouragement

* This chromo is sold only to subscribers, through agents appointed for the purpose. Price $25. Subscriptions received at the office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

it is receiving; and I can not but regard it as a kind of national blessing that the business of supplying us with these productions has fallen to the lot of so honest, painstaking, and tasteful a person as Louis Prang.

INFLUENCES.

SUNLIGHT infiltrating the hearts of flowers changes their pale complexion into more beautiful hues. The touch of frost wilts them. We are suns or frosts in social life. We bless or injure by our influence. Our affections are the batteries of life—the molders of our bodies—the fashioners of our characters. If the mental predominate, we have for effect the exact counterpart — the mental form; the mental attributes. If the passional predominate, then we have the sensuous type. The same ratio holds true with the spiritual. As the root gives forth the tree, as the fountain gives forth the stream, so the ruling affection of the soul shapes and directs the body and its senses and temperaments, and even thought and action; and determines, too, the status or plane of our character. The ruling affection, tinging every channel through which it flows, projects from those channels, from every organ of the body, from the brain and all its senses, its own magnetic sphere.

Spiritual affections are "leaves for the healing of the nations." How often do we feel the want of some blessed influence which shall dispel gloomy depression from our hearts and awaken our faltering energies! Animalized hands laid upon us in healing tend to drag down into a yet grosser association; spiritual hands touch magnetically the inner life, and lift up to holier affection and action. When Jesus healed, he said, "Be thou whole!" that is, be thou purified in soul and body. He *thoroughly* healed, for he was interiorally spiritual, and thence physically pure in all his habits of life.

Oh, for a healing like this, that will cleanse the inner life, make it a paradise of purities, and the abode of innocent angels! Thence will outflow a sunny physical health that shall be to the world the visit of an angel indeed.

J. O. B.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?—No. 5.

THE SALESMAN.

OF late years there has been a great rush of young men toward merchandising, a phenomenon arising partly from the supposition that it is easier than farming or mechanism; partly, perhaps, from another supposition, that it carries with it greater respectability, or that it affords a surer and shorter way to wealth than any other calling. Some succeed — many fail; those who are adapted to it succeed, and thousands of honest, well-meaning, industrious young men, after a vain struggle of years for position as salesmen, drift away into whatever business may offer itself, and thus life becomes to them, practically, a failure; for he who wastes the years between seventeen and twenty-five in endeavoring to secure success in a business, and finds he is at last obliged to take up with something else, is very likely to become discouraged, and to be disinclined to devote such study and labor upon a new business as will be requisite for success. There are instances, however, in which men have entered upon a new career at thirty, and taken eminent rank; but such men, we fancy, have the developments which qualify them for almost anything. As some plows can turn a furrow but one way, other plows are constructed to turn a furrow either way; so some men have a few faculties adapting them to certain specific pursuits, while others are able to turn a furrow either way, and succeed equally well. We have no doubt that a salesman would be all the better, as such, by having every faculty amply developed and well cultivated. Most men, however, are but partially developed, and to secure success in the midst of strife and rivalry, they need to use their strongest faculties in order to take and maintain a good position.

The salesman requires, first, an active temperament, and a clear, quick intellect, that he may be able to understand the qualities of goods and be able to explain their virtues and value to the buyer; an ample development of Language is necessary to render the address easy and the power of description good; large Form and Color to remember faces so as to recognize a customer a second time, and also to judge of form and proportion and color in goods. One should also have large Eventuality, to retain all the facts relative to business in general, or to former transactions with a given customer. The salesman also should have good moral development, a love of truth and integrity, remembering that honesty, even in traffic, in the long run, wins; while trick, and sharpness, and dishonesty, with as many prices as there are customers, is sure to bankrupt the man, if not in pocket at least in heart, but most frequently also in pocket. Our settled conviction, from many years' close observation, is, that whoever, having good sound sense and business capability, with good address and a genial disposition, shall tell the truth and give honest measure for an honest price, will win customers and fortune. In the hardest street in the hardest city an honest, truth-telling trader will be soon found out and resorted to, certainly by those who are truthful, and generally also by those who do not feel themselves sharp enough to trade with tricksters. It is sometimes said "there is no friendship in trade." There was never a greater fallacy. A man who has a strong social nature has a magnetic attraction for people; and he who can give a hearty welcome, a warm palm, and a firm grasp to customers, will win them and hold them. Suppose a man travels night and day, among strangers, a thousand miles to a great market town. He has left his family and friends, and his heart is hungry. He remembers, perhaps, a salesman who is cheerful and friendly; and when he crosses his threshold, his heart bounds with delight as with a smile that man takes him heartily by the hand, and in a moment becomes to him the family and friends that he has left behind, and it only remains to select the goods; they are already sold, and if the man be honest, and name only fair prices for the goods, why should not that man be a good life-long customer? Suppose a man has 500 such. They can not be coaxed away from him, unless goods are offered at prices below their market value by others. Suppose a salesman travels at certain seasons of the year, seeking new customers throughout the West and South. His intelligence opens the way, but his cordial, friendly spirit enables him to

consummate his errand. The cold, stern, stanch, dignified man, grim and severe in his manners, may be able to sell drugs to sick folks, or articles of necessity, where there is no competition; but in a large market town such a man would freeze out his prosperity. Occasionally such a man is wise enough to get a warm-hearted, sympathetic, genial man to sell his goods, and thus he secures prosperity through the influence of his capital.

The salesman needs Approbativeness, to give him a desire to please. He needs a knowledge of human character, along with a spirit of agreeableness; and if he is selling articles of taste, works of art, or things of elegance, he needs large Ideality, to appreciate and describe them. If he sells furniture, clothing, and especially hardware, he needs large Constructiveness and large perceptive organs, to give him mechanical judgment to understand and properly describe the goods he has to sell. No man should attempt to sell manufactured goods who has not nearly or quite enough mechanical talent to succeed in manufacturing them.

To sell books, one requires a literary taste, that he may appreciate the works he has for sale. Everybody supposes that the man who sells birds, dogs, or horses must be a fancier of those animals, that he may have a heart in the work, and be intelligent in respect to them; and that one who sells pianos, and other musical instruments, should have musical taste and culture. This law applies to literary and scientific works as well as it does in the sphere of mechanism. One should have a full degree of Acquisitiveness to be successful as a trader, that he may bear in mind the value of the small amount which may constitute his profit, and also that he may know that his customer will not bear too high a price. Men with little or no Acquisitiveness frequently will ask two prices for an article, thinking that their customer perhaps cares so little for his money that he will pay the exorbitant charge. We have noticed that spendthrifts are apt to charge enormous prices for their services; while a man who values a dollar for all that it is worth will do a good deal of work for a dollar, for he is so anxious to get *something*, that he will sell goods at a small profit that he may get his profit. If we desire to obtain anything at a low figure, we go to a man who thinks much of a dollar, for we are sure that he will sell as low as he can afford to secure our patronage.

The salesman, then, needs intelligence, talking talent, knowledge of character, integrity, manly sympathy, and strong affection; and to sell goods, he needs the qualities which are requisite to the production of the goods he has to sell.

Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.
Mrs. Hemans.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

KNOWING;
OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

BY A. P. SPRAGUE.

THE KNOWABLE—(*Continued*).

MAN is spirit, and he is body; he is material, and not material; he is divine, because he came from divinity; he is human, because he came from earth. He cognizes one part of himself with the other part; he knows, and at the same instant knows that and what he knows in one indivisible act. An intelligent feeling, willing, desiring personality with great power of expansion, was compressed into a mold of comely form and nature all unlike its own, and left to make its home and find its happiness in a grand, spacious, and wonder-filled world. An immortal essence was placed in an elegant rich vessel of flesh to remain a while receiving sensations and impressions, and gradually rising up into a great, proud, powerful personage. Bald incomprehensibility of intercommunication, how shall we ever understand the nature of this connection between soul and body! Region of clouds through which the sun is ever struggling! darkness from whose concaves stars ever twinkle! vapors in which beacon lights ever gleam. Marvelous clime, fertile in revealments and concealments! of it we are ignorant; through it flows intelligence; out of it we know all that we know at all. Mystery of mysteries, whose solution would unfold more developments than that of any other. The distinction between

the two essences thus combined is very broad between the point where consciousness ends in the inner temple of the soul and that where sensation begins at the outer door of the temple of the body. But as we proceed from the surface of the body inward along the nerves of sensation toward the seat of knowledge, matter gets so spiritualized that the distinction is lost; and as we proceed from the center of the soul outward toward the sources of sensation, spirit gets so materialized that we are no longer able to trace distinguishing attributes. And the wonder remains; the golden link of life is enveloped in a coating of mystery that no penetration can break or analytical process dissolve. Man wonders at himself; and in knowing knows himself the least. His soul rests in his body so naturally, so sympathetically, that it is hard to separate them; there is an incomprehensible liking between them, and yet no affinity—no likeness, but only a reciprocity. This fact of the dual nature of man, this fact of the incarnation of mind having been considered, the attributes of his being and his powers of knowing will naturally follow next in order. He might have had intelligence alone, a bare power to cognize what came within the scope of his capacities, a simple capacity to receive impressions involving a consciousness thereof, a naked ability to take up facts and store them away in the mental store-house.

But in such pure intelligence there is no enjoyment; there is activity and passivity, but not happiness. The knowable was not only to be known, it was to be felt; and so man had joined with this power to know a capacity to feel, a delicate tissue covering the nakedness of the perception, a sort of coloring fluid, an impartation of beauty and warmth to the cognizant acts of the mind. As the harmonies of a string when musically vibrating impart a "clang-tint" to the sound, so this capacity to suffer and enjoy diffuses its qualifying influence through the atmosphere of thought when the intelligent cords of the mind are struck by a sense-originated impulse. So many are the heart-strings that may be struck by impulses from the world without, and so delicious are the varied harmonies of feeling corresponding thereto, that the soul is affected as if a multitude of instruments were playing in endless succession in its music-chambers.

But this attribute was not enough in addition —he had united to these qualities of mind and heart a desire to possess or repel the objects presented by the perceptive faculty, a wish to obey the law of attraction or repulsion between himself and that which affected him agreeably or otherwise. And he had not only a choice, but a power of choosing—a willing. This will is the supreme ruler of the soul, and is bound only by the fundamental laws, the constitution of the soul. Man might have had these three or four great attributes, but then he would not have been more than animal—but simply the most noble of all. But he has another most glorious and strictly spiritual attribute that finds no parallel in the existences below him. It is the power to know a moral law under which his life is placed, and, perceiving which, he is ever afterward impressed with the thought that he can not escape the operation of its provisions. And over all the faculties, and just beneath the surface of consciousness, is the thin coating called temperament or disposition imparting characteristic quality to every act of the mind, giving complexion to the soul, more beautiful sometimes than the fairest face that ever shone, or more homely sometimes than the most ugly countenance that humanity ever had or saw.

Such is the mental nature of knowing man, a wonderful combination of powers, capacities, and capabilities inhering in a substance transcending everything material.

And in order to bring this symmetrical mental existence into a cognizant attitude before the illimitable knowable, it is provided with organs adapted to the conveyance of intelligence. It has a corporeal frame full of electric nerve-wires that transmit the news of the outward world with swiftness and precision. There are sentinels placed at the outposts of the spirit-realm who, all alert to catch the slightest movement in the sense-world, hesitate not to signify to the waiting intellect in quickest time and by the shortest route all that they observe. Their office is purely functional, mechanical, arbitrary; they have no discretion as to what they shall admit or exclude, communicate or detain. True, false, good, bad, pleasing, and displeasing, are all included in the invoice of intelligence. There are several principal gateways leading to the citadel of thought, one of which is assigned to each of the nations of the knowable land, the different worlds.

There are five races of men on the earth; and so there are five classes of sensations which come to us from the world around us which we are capable of receiving. All the inhabitants of the sound-world must come in through the winding avenue and elaborately furnished ante-chambers of the ear. All the

people of the light-world must come in through the little circular entrance which the pupil of the eye presents, and there remain an instant arrayed in gorgeous apparel or like paintings in a miniature gallery, when they are met by the friendly residents of a mysterious clime and borne on a railway of nerves in a lightning train to their destination. All the inhabitants of the taste-world must come in at the mouth and sit at the base of the palate or scatter themselves abroad over the gently curving tongue, and thence they will be escorted to the seat of intelligence. All the inhabitants of the scent-world must enter the nostrils and brush their garments against the delicate curtain that is suspended in those little reception-rooms, when the inmates will appear and aid them along corridor and up stairway to the magnificent chambers of the owner of the bodily mansion. All the people of the touch-world must surely come and knock at some one of the innumerable outer doors with which this bodily house is provided, then they will be admitted; and after having passed through long, dark, passage-ways, changing their garments and putting on finer apparel as they proceed, until at last, with their gross nature entirely changed, they are ushered into a world altogether unlike the one from which they came—a world of mental structure and peopled with ideas. And if there be another sense, as some affirm—a sensation of hunger or thirst, of sickness or health, it has reference only to the body itself; it belongs to the organism, and is a state produced by compounding sensations, and derived from influences not differing from the other sensations, only in complexity.

All this organic process, this exercise of sensational functions, this expenditure of nervous power is supported by another set of activities; fundamental and vital in their character. Starting, then, with the lowest and grossest of the servants of the mind, the digestive, respiratory, and circulatory apparatus, thence rising to the organs of sense, including the ganglia or nervous system, a more elevated class of servants, we come through the brain, the material vicegerent of consciousness to the mind itself. There we find this faculty of sense-perception to be the servant of all the rest, but carrying with it the independence of indispensability. The heart needs it, to bring in something for it to love and twine around and cling to forever. The reason must have it, to place within the scales of judgment hard, weighty facts. Imagination must have it, to furnish materials for its incessant and superb architecture. Memory must have it, to assist the chaste recording of the outward life. Fancy must have it, to provide material for the weaving of those exquisite robes with which she decks her fairy children. All desires, all pleasures, all ecstasies, and their opposites, all loves, all inspirations, all impulses, are somewhat dependent on this presentative faculty for the kindling and support of their spirit-fires, their warmth, their zeal, their continuance. The magnificent palace of the world is now provided with a resident. Its tasteful chambers are thrown open to a noble occupant; its velvet tapestry is trod by a being erect and fair; its exquisite paintings, done by a matchless artist, are hung to the view of an admiring beholder; its luxuriant couches receive a delighted reclining one; its spacious corridors resound to the step of a royal dweller; its elegant library, where repose the records of the building of the regal edifice, is sought by an appreciative reader The garden,

"Where sweet flowers bloom, and angels are the wardens;"

where shapely trees lift their tall heads and fruits hang thereon; where graceful arbors, decked with trailing vines and green, are set in sweet retirement; where placid, silvery lakes support light floating barques and laughing rills, or clear, pure, flowing rivers glide away—the garden, so rich, so rare, so full of beauty, fertility, and joy, is placed at the disposal of its owner. The beneficent Giver has found a noble receiver for his munificent gift. And what a resident is this who dwells in the palace! what an observer is this who walks in the garden, and how wondrously endowed is he who has received the gift!

". . . . What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

HOW WE KNOW.

The object to be known is made, and the knowing subject is also made; the world is in counterpoise with man in the balance of knowledge. The grand inquiry is suggested as to how finite intelligence shall begin to know infinite knowledge and the human soul become possessed of numberless truths of value and weight. That man must be affected by the world in which he is placed is inevitable, both from the design of the Cre-

ator and the condition of things. The latter reason is the result of the former, and demonstrates it; for that the intelligent subject and knowable object should be so related as mutually to influence each other in an harmonious, intelligible manner is no more than the result of a design and a pre-arrangement at the threshold of infinite wisdom. It would then seem to be necessary that man should only be placed here in the presence of the mighty array of facts in order to be impressed by them. But when it is remembered that everything in which finite activities are concerned must be conditional, and that condition is necessarily implied by the finite and contained in the idea of it, it will not be hard to see that knowledge can arise only when the proper relation is maintained between subject and object. This relation will always depend both on the power of impression by the thing to be known and the capacity to know of the being knowing. The vehicle for the conveyance of knowledge must also be taken into account. What though the tempest howl, and earthquake rumble, or thunders shake the heavens, and cannon peals smite the bosom of the air, the dead hear not the sound thereof. The sun may glare at noon-day in unendurable splendor, the lightnings may gleam at midnight through the awful darkness of the storm, but those who lie beneath the sod and clod perceive it not,—their eyes are closed. This is true, it is said, because consciousness of these objects is obtained only while soul and body remain together, and while the physical organs that serve the mind are quickened by the presence and immanence of sensitive life. But this is perhaps untrue. To say that the soul must remain in this body to be cognizant at all of physical truth is assertive of a dogma whose truth is not determinable with our present means of knowing; it is without the domain of consciousness, and of observation also. That the soul must be in some sort of a material body of however delicate texture in order to cognize matter and feel the effect of physical influences we believe is quite reasonable. Yet the popular idea may be true, that the dead see not and hear not in a physical sense, because their souls have been transferred to a region too remote. The reason then would be that they were beyond the reach of anything earthly, and not because they could not perceive it if they were here. But this discussion would lead us beyond the province of the present division, and we will proceed to the necessary conditions of knowledge while man in his dual nature remains on earth. It is requisite not only that mind should be within the reach of matter, but that the organism through which it knows should be in a normal healthful state. A diseased organism will not report faithfully the phenomena without. It will color and distort every object, and originate many false sensations by becoming involuntarily conformed to states corresponding to the effect of some real external object. In diseased states of the brain (upon which the mind is supposed to act without intervention), consciousness will be filled with the most unnatural, and consequently most deceptive, pleasing or harrowing perceptions. The patient feels all the sensations, and with equal vividness, that he would if objects had been really existent and in the relation of knowledge to him. In such unhealthful conditions of the brain the will seems to be deprived of its power over it in a great measure, and it is left to obey the law of repetition as far as it is permitted by the disease. The ordinary habitual states of the brain recur with alteration, on account of the tendency toward disorganization, sufficient to present to the mind familiar faces, scenes, and objects painfully distorted, clothed in monstrosity, shaped in hideousness, abounding in threatenings, and recalling in an exaggerated form old loves, old thoughts, old desires, and more especially the recent habitudes of thought of the patient. If a special organ is diseased, the same effect is produced, with this difference only, that the mind is able to detect the deception because the brain is healthful otherwise, and will truly interpret the reports of the other organs to test the result obtained through the diseased organ. The fumes of indigestion rising up and discoloring the retina, or affecting the optic nerve, or dimming the pupil, may produce to consciousness crinkled lines, as if in the air, and various unnatural shapes. But the other organs are not thus affected, and their testimony is to the contrary, which enables the mind to locate the

sensation properly, and attribute it to the true cause. The ear may be diseased so that the tympanum may be affected as if struck by the tumultuous waves of air from some sounding body, as is the case in ringing of the ears or rumbling noises in the head.

How is the mind to deal with this phenomenon of consciousness presenting an external body? The other senses being free and healthful, ascertain the facts of the case, and the mind readily locates the phenomenon. A defective organ has somewhat the opposite effect in the transmission of sensation. Diseased organs originate and invent sensations; defective organs fail to convey the natural and proper amount of sensation to the mind. The most charming music fails to affect the deaf man. He hears the beating of the air-waves on the ear-drum, mayhap, but it is mere faint sound, an unintelligible agitation, while his soul remains untouched by the beauty of melody, and responds not to the exquisite tones of the harmony without. One world is shut off from his perception all but entirely,—the world of sweet sounds, of grand harmony, of graceful melody,—the world of divinely inspiring music. The nostrils may be insensitive and fail to carry odors to the brain; the world of sweet scents, of perfume, of delightful fragrance, is closed to knowledge; the flower has lost one of its most tender and pervasive influences; the plant presents no delicate, rich aroma, and the imperfect man walks the earth deprived of many of the sweets of life.

The eye may be dim, or imperfect, or utterly inadequate to the performance of its duty; then the world of light and color, of ravishing beauty, of enrapturing vision, is marred, or blurred, or blotted out. Oh! the defect of the blind man's relation to the world!—it is unsurpassed by any other deficiency,—it is mournful, it is agonizing in the extreme.

But with a sound mind in a sound body, with an intellect eager to grasp whatever it may, and with an organism in perfect working order, let a man be placed in the world. Let him awake from sleep and night; let him arise in the morning putting on consciousness with his clothes, and he will find everything apparently as eager to be known as himself is to know. Whatever is not too attenuated for his organism produces an impression, makes itself felt. There arises a mutual sympathy between the knowing and the knowable that is increased by the acquaintance; and the longer the organ is directed toward the object, the more does it abstract and convey away to the deeply interested mind, and the more does the object give off and send away to the same cognizing substance. And were it not for the exhaustion of physical force in the organism by the continued use of the same set of nerves, and were it not for a corresponding exhaustion of mental force by the incessant use of the same powers of thought, this process of going out to the confines of sensation and meeting there the muniments of intelligence, would not cease at all. Things do not get weary of producing impressions, objects do not tire of manifesting themselves; there is a never-ending stream of sensation-producing materials flowing away from the fountain of being. No object ceases to be potentially productive of sensation when there is no one to cognize it. The hard, massive walls of the grand old castle with its ivy-mantled windows and moss-covered turret-tops stand out in the lone midnight, when every eye is closed in sleep, just the same as when the noon-day sun pours a flood of light upon it; it is as hard and massive as though touched and seen.

The snow, cold white robe of the north; the iceberg, mass of congealed splendors floating on an arctic sea; the icicles, crystallized glories of the polar clime, do not cease to be cold, or majestic, or brilliant because few or no human forms make their way into the midst of their chilling glitter. It is not matter, but man, that fails; not supply, but demand. Let the human mind apply itself to the cognizance of physical truth whenever and wherever it may, and so long as it has endurance to contemplate and discern, so long will the external world be prodigal of its gifts. This external world loves him as well as he loves it; he can not open his eyes but a thousand objects, arrayed in their best, rush on the beams of light to see which shall be first into the gorgeous optical chambers. He is amazed, bewildered, overwhelmed with the manifold attentions of many-colored

things that press upon his vision. He can hardly decide which to receive most kindly, which to devote his immediate and exclusive attention to. He can not do justice to them all; and yet they are so beautiful, so interesting, so lovable all, that it seems ungenerous to slight any. The finitude of his nature triumphs. And to avoid giving offense by partiality, even when vanquished he lets his eyelids fall, fairly shutting out the beauties of that outer realm that were thronging upon him with such irresistible lavishness. And all from impotency. After memory has selected a few of the perceptions of that maze of beauty and laid them tenderly away in her capacious, shadowy chambers; after consciousness has become calm and fit again for the reception of the testimony of the senses, the old, unconquerable, and legitimate desire for more seizes upon the intellect, the will communicates to the brain its mandate, and the eyelids rise again. The thick cutaneous curtain through which no outward form or beauty could press its way, is folded away, and the waiting externalities, not discouraged or insulted, again throng the wonderful little picture gallery. But sometimes it is as if matter was endeavoring to become spiritualized by passage through the all-transforming, transmutating organism, as if forms without self-knowledge, self-control, and everything but insensate power, were yet aspiring to an intimacy with those higher forms that know and rule themselves. And, on the other hand, it is as if an occasional concession were made by mind to matter in stooping to an acquaintance with it and to an admission of its influences within its spirit-halls; but soon becoming satiated with the company of these transformed materialitics, it banishes the gross aspirants, closes the door upon them, shuts every avenue of empirical knowledge, and retires to its sublime dignity of superiority and spirituality. But all the forms of matter are not so aggressive in their association with mind. There are many visions that vanish all too soon, before we are hardly and perfectly cognizant of them; and what would we not give to behold them again!

The poetess laments with the organist who drew forth a chord so grand, so pervasive, so potent, so full of life and deep-toned sentiment, that his fingers wandered the keys long and unweariedly for that one responsive chord, that he might feast his soul on its rapturous harmonies once again. But it was a "lost chord;" the organist could not find it, and I doubt if even the strains of poesy could requite him. In such times the mind forgets its dignity, its high estate, its spirituality, and sighs for the joys of sense. But the law to be gathered from an investigation of all the cases of knowing is this: that the grosser the object, the more aggressive is it, and the more retiring the mind; and the finer the object, the less aggressive is it, and the more eager is the mind.

The organ need not always be applied directly to the object, nor by means strictly natural. The organ may be represented by an artificial organ constructed by man, and not by nature. This representative organ, this instrument through which we cognize usually, has the effect to change the line of observation, to collect the materials of sensation, or to bring the object apparently nearer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Fowler.*

"HEALTH IS WEALTH."

A CLEAR bright eye
That can pierce the sky
With the strength of an eagle's vision,
And a steady brain
That can bear the strain
And shock of the world's collision;

A well-knit frame,
With a ruddy flame
Aglow, and the pulses leaping
With the measured time
Of a dulcet rhyme,
Their beautiful record keeping;

A rounded cheek,
Where the roses speak
Of a soil that is rich for thriving,
And a chest so grand
That the lungs expand
Exultant, without the striving;

A breath like morn,
With the crimson dawn
Is fresh in its dewy sweetness;
A manner bright,
And a spirit light,
With joy at its full completeness;

O, give me these,
Nature's harmonies,
And keep all your golden treasures;
For what is wealth
To the boon of health
And its sweet attendant pleasures!

A GREAT OCULIST.

OUR Vienna correspondent sends home the following very interesting description of the famous oculist Von Jaeger:

MY DEAR JOURNAL: Would you like to know something of one of the greatest living oculists? Then imagine yourself to have been with me yesterday in the pleasant dwelling of Prof. Edward Von Jaeger, Jr. The kind face of the good Professor was beaming all over with smiles as six or eight of us students entered his room in accordance with an invitation given in the morning. He greeted each of us in his own cordial way, clasping one of our hands in each of his own. We had been invited to see some of the preparations he has made of the eye; so no time was lost in useless words, as none had been previously lost in useless dress, though the Professor *did* honor us by appearing in a standing-up linen collar. I had never seen anything about his neck before except the old-fashioned broad satin stock.

The combined study and laboratory into which he led us was an epitome of everything neat, convenient, and tasteful. Two sides of the room were lined with glass cases containing the books and specimens. A third side was adorned with some fine engravings and a group of family pictures. Two windows looked from the fourth, between which stood a handsome cabinet, looking like a large sewing-machine; but when opened, it displayed a complete array of tools of every description, a small lathe, a vice, and all instruments necessary for a man of such mechanical genius as Prof. Jaeger. A similar cabinet contained a chemical laboratory. Several microscopes stood in the deep seat of one of the windows, and in perfect order around them were the many contrivances necessary for making microscopic specimens. A few busts adorned the tops of the glass cases, but besides these there was no display of art; the clean waxed floor had but one soft mat; and the first aspect of the room was that of severe plainness. With pardonable pride, the Professor threw open the glass doors, behind which were the results of twenty-five years of patient, unintermittent labor. In one case were over twenty specimens in wax, as delicately molded and tinted as the most exact wax-flower maker could desire, representing the human face, or at least the eye and part of the face as affected by various diseases connected with the eye. I turned, in astonishment, to the plain man beside me, and marveled that these were the work of his hands. In the next case were more than 300 little bottles, carefully sealed and accurately labeled, containing normal or abnormal eyes or portions of the eye, all of which he collected himself—most of them, of course, from the patients who have died in the hospital. For years he devoted himself to examining the eyes of the sick here, and as he found any abnormality, kept watch of the case till, sooner or later, the precious eye fell into his hands; so that the nurses came to look upon him as a kind of bird of prey, hovering about the sick, ready to pick out the eyes of death's victims. But all this seemed rough work, that any one might do, when we turned to the next case, and saw shelf after shelf of the most delicate microscopic specimens, prepared with an infinite amount of labor and skill in all the ways known to scientists in general, and in ways devised by his own unapproachable genius; for I do not believe there is a living ophthalmologist of more diversified talent than Prof. Jaeger. He seems to have inherited from his grandfather, the great oculist Beer, and from his father, also a celebrated oculist, a combination of faculties that but few possess.

We spent two hours in looking at a few of the rarest specimens of the eye under the microscope. It was marvelous to see how exquisitely the most delicate blood-vessels had been injected with various colors, so that the difference between the physiological and pathological conditions of the various parts of the eye was seen at a glance. To one not familiar with the uses of the microscope, and hence not appreciating the nicety of touch required for such fragile work, these specimens would not have been so beautiful; but to those who have spent hours in vainly attempting to cut sections through which light could be induced to pass, these seemed like the work of fairy fingers, and the sections themselves so airy and light, that one almost feared to breathe lest they should vanish from beneath the glass.

As we were admiring the various things to be admired, the Professor slipped out of the room, and presently returned with an armful of books, and, to our surprise, made each of us the recipient of one—an "andenken" (remembrancer), as the dear old man said. They were copies of one of his own works—"Ueber die

Einstellung en dis Dioptrischen Apparatis im nunsehlichen Auge"—which we were all glad to possess. The students present were all foreigners—Russians, Swedes, one Hollander, and three Americans. I am happy to say that the three latter did not, with the others, accept the Professor's cigars, which were freely distributed and as freely smoked. We stayed till the cuckoo clock in the adjoining room sang out the hour of seven, when we bade our honored teacher "good-night."

I would have been sorry had it also been "good-by;" but that farewell has not yet come, and this morning we met as usual in the ward. He begins his morning visit at eight. The door opens with a quick, soft motion, and the slight figure of the Professor appears, his gray hair brushed *up*, instead of down, to hide the baldness that these years of toil have wrought, his mild eye filled with a bright light, and his "Guten m-o-r-gen—guten m-o-r-gen!" ringing pleasantly through the room. He goes to the table; lays off his coat and hat himself, instead of allowing a nurse to assist him, as any other professor in Vienna would do, and in a trice is at the first bed. With exemplary patience he examines each case; listens to the various complaints of sleepless nights and stinging pains; pats the little ones on the cheek and puts down his ear to hear their childish woes, and has a kind word and a gentle tone for each and all. His numerous wards are probably the neatest and best ventilated of the entire hospital, and yet even here sloth sometimes creeps in. But nothing escapes his keen eye. We will be passing from bed to bed, intent only on the sick eyes we are examining, when all at once he will dart up to the table between the two beds, set it in the middle of the floor, and call for a spoon; with this he will scoop up the neglected dust and threads of lint that have escaped the broom, and hand it to the nurse with such an injured look, that it would be amusing if he were not so serious himself. This is quite a contrast to the way in which many of those in authority treat the nurses; for there are frequently loud voices heard in the wards when things do not go all right.

Having finished the morning visit, the Professor sits down on a low stool in the reception-room for patients, while his class of pupils gather around him. One by one the outside patients come in and sit on another stool opposite the Professor, who examines and prescribes for them; or, if an operation is required, he calls for instruments, and in a few minutes an iridectomy is made or a lens removed. It is pleasant to hear him soothe the fears of the patient, never losing patience with the most vexatious. He is himself a Protestant, being almost the only one in the medical department of the University, the majority being probably Jews; but he never makes any unpleasant remarks to his many Catholic patients.

In this way he treats many hundreds of patients—even thousands—in a year. He is always at his post, always cheerful, and always wise. The instruction he gives in connection with this clinic is very valuable; and there are few who attend it who do not feel with one of the students, as he expressed it to-day, that "Professor Jaeger is all ready to be taken up at any time the Lord shall send for him."

Besides Jaeger, there are two other ophthalmologists here who have a world-wide reputation—Stellwag and Aolt. The latter especially is said to be not only a skillful oculist, but a charming man personally. But more of them hereafter. Yours, BELLA C. BARROWS.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

THEIR MANAGEMENT.*

BY DR. JOHN W. THRAILKILL.

IT is physical power that your precocious child needs. Its body can not sustain the activity of its brain. Its brilliant intelligence is but the light of the lamp that is consuming its vitals. It loves intellectual excitement, is indulged in it, and is literally consumed by what it feeds upon. Let us philosophize a little. Animal life is maintained only by the continual expenditure of force. Every muscular movement of our bodies, every breath we breathe, every pulsation of our hearts, every thought that passes our minds, every dream that visits our slumbers, from the beginning to the end of our lives, costs us the life of millions of particles of matter in our bodies. Each particle that perishes must immediately give place for the birth of a living one, which is as instantly sacrificed for others, and so on. The stream of life is thus maintained like the flame of a lamp, that is fed from the oil it contains. Where there is such an unceasing expenditure of force, there must necessarily be a generating power be-

* This article, originally published in the *Missouri Republican*, was sent to us for republication, as its merits richly deserve.

hind adequate to its supply. As in the case of the lamp, the instrument itself must be kept in proper repair, and replenished constantly with oil, else it will flicker and die. It must also be constructed of solid, durable material which will wear well, and not be consumed by its own flame. Just so with the human lamp. The body is the lamp or instrument used by the mysterious agency called life, for the generation or production of that force which we have seen is so necessary to the continuance of our material existence. We must have bodies adequate to the manufacture of the force we expend, or we will be as lamps made of wood, and will be consumed by our own flame. In infancy our bodies are soft and unsubstantial—are not yet completed. All the force they are capable of generating should be applied in building up, constructing, and completing the physical machine; in storing up a magazine of power for future availability. And just so sure as that force is expended in an amount of mental excitement and mental toil above a healthy standard, just so sure will the generating power become exhausted and the machine ruined for future use. "Give me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, "whereon to work a lever, and I will move the world." The physical body is the fulcrum of Archimedes, and the mind the lever. Without the former is substantial, the latter is as powerless as a blade of grass in a whirlwind.

The objects to be sought in the management of precocious children are, first: to curb mental excitement and keep it within healthy bounds. Secondly: to permit the child to engage in no mental toil until its body becomes sufficiently developed and matured to spare without injury the necessary force which such labor requires. Thirdly: to furnish such opportunities as will encourage the child to take those exercises in the open air which all children so much love, and which are so indispensable to their physical developement and future mental excellence. For the accomplishment of these ends, it may be necessary, especially while the child is young, say under three or four years, to keep it much of the time away from promiscuous society. The little chatterer is sure to be a universal favorite, and every one will desire to engage it, and in that way its excitement will be kept up above a healthy standard. Feed your child on plain but nutritious food—milk, farinaceous articles, small quantities of the lighter sorts of meats, soft eggs, etc. All articles which are known to be brain stimulants should be avoided as so much poison—such as alcoholic stimulants, tea and coffee, highly seasoned dishes of every description, the stronger kinds of meats, etc. Precocious children should sleep much. Sleep is a panacea for infant ills: besides, the body grows in sleep much more rapidly than when awake, because the force generated is not otherwise expended. They should be much in the open air, and when they get large enough, send them out to romp and play with those of their own age. Remember that it is physical power that your child needs; and that if the development of its body does not keep pace with that of its mind, that the latter will destroy it. Send the youngster out, and let him season his mettle in the snow-storm, and measure swords with the keen edge of the north wind. Let him build snow-forts in February, and mud-dams in June. "Who would think of planting the mountain oak in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon in a lady's flower pot? Who does not know that, in order to attain their mighty strength and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest?" Give your child the indispensable benefit of the light of day, the all-vivifying sunshine. Millions of human beings perish with scrofulas and consumptions for the want of it, immured in dark poisons called dwellings. Above all things, keep your child from books and study and school until it is eight, ten, or twelve years old. The world is slow to learn that a firm and healthy physical body is the only substantial foundation for mental excellence. Your brilliant, precocious child, without a substantial body, is like the morning-glory, which opens its gay and fragile bloom with the birth of morning, and scatters free its fragrance on the ambient air, inviting every passer-by to behold its beauties and admire its gaudy hues; the honey-bee, the butterfly, and the humming-bird delight to nestle in its blushing bosom, revel in its downy lap, and sip the delicious dews from its virgin

petals. But mark you: as the day advances and the sun grows hot, its brilliant colors fade, and it withers and dies before the shadows of night return. Behold the contrast. The little acorn sprouts up through the rough rocks and scanty soil of the mountain desert. It is a rough, uncouth, knotty, dingy little scion; but it has mettle in it. When it is trod upon, it rises up again unharmed and defiant as before. Rocked in the cradle of the winds, and fed by the rains, dews, and sunshine of heaven, it gradually, year after year, emerges from its dull obscurity, and furnishes a grateful shade for those little flowers at its feet which were once its peers. In summer it gathers strength by planting its long feet more firmly among the stones of its foundation, adding new folds to its massy trunk, and new fingers to its wide extended arms. In winter it hardens its fibers in the freezing air, the pelting snows, the icy jackets of sleet, and by wrestling with the four winds of heaven, and sending them howling on their way. Thus stands the grand old giant of the forest, for ages a monument of power and the symbol of strength, defying alike the furious whirlwind, the roaring storm, and the fierce tempest. The eagle perches proudly on its lofty brow; the crow builds her nest securely in its craggy fingers, and man and beast rest from the summer's sun beneath the shadows of its wide-spreading boughs. Year after year it pours forth from its benevolent bosom a bounteous volume of autumnal fruits to feed the generations of hungry birds and beasts that flock around it and look up to it for sustenance and support, as the child to its mother's breast. It is majestic even in death. The handicraftsman hews out of its woody bowels the shaft, the architrave, and the beam, with which to rear habitations for man. The artisan carves its rough knots into things of use and beauty to adorn the parlors and chambers in the mansions of the rich. Its ample limbs furnish winter fuel for poor widows and shivering orphans; and its crooked knees are worked into the strong knit ships to carry the travelers and commerce of the world through the trackless waters of the ocean. Thus, like the giant oaks of the forest, stand the great men of the world, whose names emblazon the page of time, and command the emulation, reverence, and homage of mankind.

Mental cultivation and mental labor, so far from being unfavorable to health and longevity, are, on the contrary, when properly regulated, highly promotive of these ends. Nations which have attained the highest degree of cultivation are distinguished for the greatest average length of human life, and also for the most numerous examples of great longevity in individuals. Kein Long, emperor of China, in 1784 called all the old men of his vast domain together, and but four were found who exceeded one hundred years. Savages do not live so long as civilized men. Père Fauque, Raynal, Cook, La Perouse, Mungo Park, Bruce and others who have studied the character and habits of various savage tribes in different quarters of the world, tell us that examples of very old persons are very rare among them. On the other hand, where shall we look for more numerous examples of great longevity than among the great men of the world, the labors of whose minds have lifted civilized man from the lowest plane of savage barbarism to the grand temple of intellectual light and liberty which we now enjoy? I have before me a list of two hundred and eighty-four of the giant men and women of the world in intellectual and moral culture, embracing all ages and nations, the aggregate of whose ages is 19,096 years, an average of a little more than sixty-seven years. The shortest life in the list is fifty years, and the longest one, the venerable Hippocrates, one hundred and nine. It thus appears that mental cultivation and mental activity are promotive of health and longevity. And it likewise seems established that the only foundation for mental excellence is firm physical health and durability; for how, without these advantages, could so many individuals, distinguished for the greatest culture, have lived to so great an age? Accordingly, nine out of every ten of the great men of the world have been distinguished in early life more for physical health and power than for mental activity. "A dull boy, averse to mental toil, and fond of wild sports and feats of strength and agility,' is the early history of a vast per cent. of all the great men whose names are familiar to the world. In fact,

there is scarcely an example of an individual, so far as I am aware, whose talents have commanded the admiration of mankind, who can boast of a brilliant babyship, or who has owed his elevation to early *hot-house culture*. Genuine talent must ever be a thing of slow growth; and to be durable and useful, it must be supported and sustained by bones, muscles, sinews, ligaments, and vital organs that have been built up from childhood much of the time in the open air, and hardened, seasoned, and matured by exercise in sunshine, wind, and storm. He who would look for the talents and mental durability of a Clay, a Webster, a Calhoun, a Douglas, a Benton, in a man who grows up from infancy to maturity in the gloomy shadows of the school-house, will, in my opinion, be as surely disappointed as if he were to depend upon a team of turtle-doves to draw him across the country in a mail-coach. I appeal to the history of the great men of the world to sustain my opinion, that a scholastic course of three years, judiciously applied after the age of fifteen years, is of more real value in developing and educating the intellectual faculties, and giving them power and durability for future usefulness, than the whole life can possibly be previous to that age. I speak not of the sentiments and propensities, the training of which should begin with early infancy, but of the intellect. And my opinion is further corroborated and sustained by facts when the subject is examined by the light of physiology. Intellectual labor is more exhausting, is performed by the expenditure of more force, than physical labor. Science has rendered it possible, by means of the test-tube and chemical reagents, to determine approximately the amount of vital expenditure required for a given amount of mental labor. This is done by noting the relative amount of phosphorus secreted in the urine in the condition of phosphates. These phosphates are known to be the ashes produced by the burning of the vital lamp in the brain, in the process of elaborating thought. My language is somewhat metaphorical, but it gives the idea. It has been estimated that three hours of hard study produce more important changes of tissue than a whole day of muscular labor. How, then, can the feeble, precocious child sit four or six hours a day in the heavy air of the school-room, and perform an amount of intellectual labor which incurs an expenditure of vital force equal to the labors of a two-horse team during the same length of time? Is it reasonable to expect anything else but the exhaustion and premature decay of such a child? Such children live and die, and their names, with the hopes of their friends, are interred with their bones.

DISCOVERY OF PETRIFIED HUMAN BODIES.

IN a work entitled "The Natural History of the Human Races,"* lately published, we find described, on page 71, two petrified human bodies, and also that of a dog, discovered many years ago in a cave in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. The public are indebted to Mr. Jeffries, the author of the above volume, for the preservation of this discovery, which, to a great extent, like many other antiquities of the West, was lost sight of. He has been untiring in his efforts to present authentic facts, in order to show that this continent has been inhabited by mankind many thousand of ages past.

The peculiar positions in which the petrified bodies were found have excited comment, especially from those who are unbelievers in everything that they themselves have not been the discoverers or not seen. Though the vandalism of curious visitors to these interesting remains of man have virtually defaced and destroyed them, yet, fortunately, a likeness was taken before they were in the least disturbed, and has been preserved by an engraving in Dr. Joseph Comstock's work, entitled "The Tongue of Time and Star of the States," published in New York in 1838.

Mr. Jeffries' notice of these wonderful petrifactions, in his history above alluded to, has induced us to reproduce in our columns the engraving and remarks of Dr. Comstock.

"There are," he says, "in the Cumberland Mountains, especially in the neighborhood

* "The Natural History of the Human Races," with their primitive form and origin, primeval distribution, distinguishing peculiarities, antiquity, works of art, etc., illustrated with colored plates, etc. By John P. Jeffries. Pp. 380. Cloth, $4. S. R. Wells, New York.

of Laurel Ridge, Tennessee, many natural curiosities. The vicinity abounds with caves, in which are vaulted apartments, large and splendid, and which, viewed by torchlight, display a gloomy grandeur. It is a region of animal bones and of petrifactions, both animal and vegetable. Some are of men, and some of species of animals now extinct.

THE CAVE, AND THE DISCOVERY.

"But the most interesting of all the discoveries yet made is that by Messrs. Chester and Davis, about a mile beyond the Mammoth Grotto, in the mountains referred to, in a cave which they discovered themselves, of one hundred and twenty-five feet into the mountain. This cave is of difficult entrance, and in it was found the bodies of two petrified men, and a petrified dog. One of the men was holding a spear in his hand, in a balanced position, as though he was surprised and had just started on a quick walk. The other is in a sitting posture, with his head as it were leaning against a projected rock. The dog is in a lying posture, upon a flat rock, as if crouched in terror, or as about to make a spring, the features of the body not being distinct enough to certainly tell which. It is extremely difficult to conjecture what caused the death of the man in the erect posture, and how he should have died standing erect, with a spear in his hand."

It is not known positively as to which of the races these petrified subjects belonged, but evidently the Caucasian or Mongolian. The symmetry of body and limbs indicated Caucasian mold, while the head and face resembled the Mongolian type. As regards the time when the bodies became petrified, no age can even be approximated. Everything about them in the cave, as well as upon the surface of the earth above them, shows that a very great many years had rolled by since they first occupied their mysterious positions. Everything in their subterranean place of abode is of very antique character. The dog does not seem to be of any living species, but resembles the hound most.

HEALTH AND DISEASE IN CHARACTER.

A DYSPEPTIC man resembles a mill with the water-gate always open. The constant flow keeps the mill grinding with an incessant clatter; but as the head of water falls, however, the movement of the machinery becomes feeble and fitful. If we repair the gate, so that the water may be shut off during the night and allowed to accumulate, there will be an accumulation of power at the disposal of the mill-wright, and he will lose the dyspeptic character, and become regular in his digestion and recuperative in his habits.

The rich blood that flows in the arteries of a healthy man nourishes every part of the system—the brain to sustain thought, the muscles to give physical strength, and to all the vital organs, to prompt them to do their duty with energy and with watchful care; and hence he sleeps at night, and can rest when he is tired.

A dyspeptic man is never positively active. He is simply irritable, and acted upon by all exciting causes, which leave him with too little firmness to regulate his movements. He is at the mercy of every wind that blows. His character is a sort of grotesque wriggling and jerking, such as is produced by the puppet-holder.

If one could have his own will, he would be awake to the beautiful, the agreeable, and the good, oblivious to the painful experiences of the past, and insensible to the offensive in the present. This is beyond the power of the nervous dyspeptic, and is attainable only in good health.

The degree of health is not determined by

the amount of food digested, nor, necessarily, by the rotundity of the form. It is enjoyed by him whose supply of nutriment is equal to the demand of his system, and not in excess. A man with "shrunk shanks," concave abdomen, with cheeks sucked in and lips too scant to cover his teeth, may have money, titles, and position; but he is poor—wretchedly poor and miserable. He may have a large brain, and be ambitious of intellectual honors; in which case his caliber is too great for his metal. He will quiver from his own discharges, and do more damage to his friends than to his enemies.

Our half-starved man is so transparent and talkative, that all he is he has credit for, and he is often rated too highly.

A man in full vigor of health can restrain his speech and action; his mind is not leaky; and when he has thought enough to excite the dyspeptic almost to madness, he is calm and prudent, acting with decision and power, or remaining studious and receptive still. He may pour forth a torrent of eloquence in an irresistible flood that carries away his audience, but not himself. He rides calmly on the storm he has created, and of which he is master. He is a happy man. He loves himself, to be sure; but he is in love with all creation, and inspires love in all with whom he associates.

To sacrifice any degree of health for the gratification of ambition is to make a ruinous exchange. In the education of children, or in self-improvement, nothing should be considered an equivalent to the smallest degree of lost health. One idea in a healthy brain will bring about results better in every way than can be produced by a dyspeptic man under any circumstances; for ignorance is impossible to a man of good health and good natural abilities, who moves in the society of intelligent men.

An anecdote is told of a gentleman who received two applicants at the same time for the situation of coachman. He asked one of them how near he could with safety drive to a precipice that must be passed to reach the house. "I can drive you," said this applicant, "within an inch, with perfect safety." At this reply the other applicant rose to leave, remarking, as he did so, that it was of no use for him to compete for the situation against so great skill and courage. "Why," said the gentleman, "how near can you drive?" "If I were to drive for you," said he, "I should keep as far away as I could." "Very well," said the gentleman, "you are just the man I want."

I have known many parents to urge their children forward in their studies to the very verge of prostration, watching them closely to save them from going down altogether; and I am sure, could they know the consequences of their driving, and the ruinous depths of the abyss so near at hand, they would go to the greatest distance that absolute safety demands.

JOHN L. CAPEN.

A QUIET LIFE.—For my part, seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains, and the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted, but not a less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I can not, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors, for I have had constant attendance of those four famous ones—temperance, exercise, good air, and good hours. WM. HOWITT.

SETH GREEN,

FISH CULTURIST OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

THIS gentleman has a splendid constitution, a strong frame, and a well-developed body. He should be known chiefly for his energy, activity, and executiveness; for his integrity, sense of justice, and for his kindness. He has much versatility of sentiment and intellect; can transfer his thoughts from one thing to another with readiness, and so keep several interests in hand at one time, and is not inclined to dwell long on any one subject. He has a very fair appreciation of the value of property, but will be apt to be more generous to others than just to himself. Language is not well developed; he has more ideas than words, speaks with much brevity and emphasis. He can read character intuitively, distinguishing between those who are trustworthy and those who are not. He is fond of fun, youthful, and almost rollicking, and will be likely to continue so even into old age, for he possesses that hopeful, trusting spirit which is seldom cast down or desponding. He is sensitive and somewhat diffident; still, his large experience and practical judgment serve to make up in a great degree for

any deficiency in assurance and self-reliance. He has a higher appreciation of the useful than of the merely ornamental, though he possesses considerable taste and appreciation of refinement. He is well constituted to take the direction of affairs in some place of trust where watchfulness, vigilance, judgment of men, and integrity are the chief requirements.

PORTRAIT OF SETH GREEN, FISH CULTURIST OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

SETH GREEN was born on the 19th day of March, 1817, at Rochester, New York. His parents, who were Green Mountainers, had removed to that part of New York which so early in this century offered most liberal advantages to the settler for the purpose of farming, and his father subsequently became somewhat prominent in the political matters of the place.

In early life Seth evinced a fondness for the life of a fisherman, and fell into it by natural impulsion. His fishing career was commenced on Lake Ontario, where he has operated chiefly. He has, however, conduct-

ed large fisheries on other lakes as well, and has visited, for professional purposes, very many American lakes and rivers.

In fishing, he has used nets principally; and the extent of his operations may be inferred when it is mentioned that in some of his large fisheries for market supply he has used fifty miles of gill nets, and frequently employed on them a hundred men at a time.

Rochester has been his principal market, although he has contributed toward furnishing the whole State of New York, even including New York city, with fresh-water fish.

On one occasion, in 1837, while he was engaged in taking trout, his attention was drawn to a great commotion in the water, which on examination proved to be due to a school of salmon spawning. He immediately proceeded to prepare a place for them on the gravelly bottom; and having done so he ascended a tree which overlooked the spot, and from the branches watched the salmon for two days. This incident was what first led him to conceive the idea of propagating fish artificially, an idea which he has thoroughly and most successfully tested by practical experiment. He has also made extensive and patient investigations into the habits of many different species of salt and fresh water fish, visiting many different sections of the country in the progress of his labors. The information procured in this way has proved of very great importance, and has commanded the attention of legislators and economists generally.

The rapid disappearance of salmon, shad, and other important table fish from our rivers and streams, particularly in the Eastern and some of the Middle States, had so engaged public attention, that the Legislature of New York deemed it expedient to recommend the appointment of three commissioners, who should investigate the condition of the fisheries in the State, and report the results. These commissioners were appointed in 1868, and were ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour, Seth Green, and Robert B. Roosevelt. They at once proceeded to procure all the information within reach. Mr. Green's association in the commissionership proved of great value on account of his very considerable experience in all departments of American fishery, and especially on account of his minute knowledge of the procedure in artificial propagation.

The very interesting report of the commissioners, presented to the Legislature in March, 1869, embraced in detail the results of their examination, and set forth in the clearest terms the necessity for judicious legislation with reference to the production and propagation of the fish in the various lakes and rivers of the State. Pursuant to the report, suitable provisions were enacted, conferring authority upon the commissioners already named, to establish the artificial propagation of shad, white-fish, and salmon-trout in the waters of this State at such point or points as they may select, and to employ the necessary labor to conduct the same. Ten thousand dollars were appropriated to meet the expenses which might be incurred by the commissioners in carrying the statutory provisions into effect.

What has been done by the commissioners during the past year is briefly comprehended in their report of March, 1870, and according to its terms the chief part of the labor fell to Mr. Green. It is hardly proper to insert here the extended quotations which would be necessary did we make use of any portion of that very readable report, but we would refer those interested in the subject of pisciculture to it, and also to the report, first submitted to the State authorities by the commissioners.

Mr. Green has an extensive system of ponds near Caledonia, N. Y. about seventeen miles southwest from Rochester, where his experiments in fish-breeding are made, and from which large supplies of trout-spawn, salmon, and other fish are sent to all parts of the country. It was the intention of Mr. Green, and those associated with him in the enterprise, to raise fish for the market; but such a demand has been created for eggs, young fry, and well-grown fish to supply those who have taken to fish-culture, that they have more than they can well attend to, to meet it without selling a pound of fish for eating.

In recognition of his important services as a restorer of an important article of human food, the French Government lately presented Mr. Green a silver medal, bearing a complimentary inscription.

He does not favor the common notion, that trout and salmon can run up stream in rapid water, arguing that a trout weighing four ounces may make a leap of three or four feet, but would be compelled after each leap to take refuge behind a stone or some other barrier, to recover itself, and so work up with much difficulty.

A little volume on "Trout Culture"* has been given to the public recently by Mr. Green, which embodies in his pithy and concise style the practical features of fish-breeding and keeping.

Art and Science.

YALE SKETCHES.

BY H. E. G. P.

[CONTINUED.]

THE Rev. Samuel Andrew, of Milford, was chosen as Rector Pierson's successor, holding the office till some one should be found who would become resident rector. While the College remained at Saybrook, the seniors were established in Milford, under Mr. Andrew's tutelage. The hapless toy of events, beaten here and there by the varying fortunes of the College, its establishment in New Haven was followed by their removal thither, where they were taught by its two tutors. But the head in one place and the body in another was too flagrant a deviation from conventional arrangement to be a success. There was a lack of discipline, thoroughness, and subordination, and it was evident that only a resident rector could restore and sustain these essentials to the vigor of the College. In this stress, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, pastor of the Congregational Church in Stratford, was chosen, and entered upon his duties March, 1719. He was then about thirty-six years of age. It was quite natural that the people of Stratford should be reluctant to part with a pastor endeared to them by the ministration of nine years. The trustees applied a shrewd emollient. They bought "Mr. Cutler's house and home lot," and presented it to his church. If this "sop" did not altogether stanch their tears, it is to be hoped they flowed less bitterly. Mr. Cutler's administrative successes were so marked, that when the trustees met in September they confirmed his appointment. He brought to the service superior talents, which had been vigorously disciplined and cultivated by varied studies. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking Latin fluently and accurately. Dr. Stiles, whose acquirements give weight to his opinion, commends him as "a great Hebrician and Orientalist," possessing "more knowledge of the Arabic than any man in New England before him, except President Chauncy." To geography, history, and logic, philosophy, metaphysics, and ethics, was added "extensive reading in the academic sciences, divinity, and ecclesiastical history." His presence was authoritative and dignified, but toned with a courteousness that made him as popular with the students as with his peers. Under such judicious guidance the College could not but thrive, and for three years and a half its interests made steady advancement, when, without premonition, into the summer of its prosperity there dropped a thunderbolt.

The day after Commencement, September, 1722, Rector Cutler sent in to the trustees assembled in the library a paper, in which he expressed a doubt of "the validity of *Presbyterian* ordination." Great was their consternation! An apparition of the Scarlet Woman herself would not have been more appalling, for to them Episcopacy was a synonym for all the evils that had driven them from England's shores. And that it should break out at the head of an institution established to promote Presbyterianism, aggravated their dismay. The matter excited such a deep interest that the question was publicly discussed, Governor Saltonstall arguing in favor of Presbyterianism and Dr. Cutler opposing it. We can not doubt the distinguished champions dealt each other sound argument and some hard hits, and taking into account the sympathies of their auditors, it is not remarkable that the Governor convinced the majority that he and they were right.

In justice, it should be added that one or two others who had signed the paper were also so impressed that their skepticism was vanquished. It was with sincere regret that the trustees severed Rector Cutler's connection with the College. But to have retained him, if they could have so far stifled their sense of his error, would have excited the distrust of the people and proved inimical to the interests of the institution. He had the rare good fortune to retain the regard of those who opposed him

* Price, $1. May be had at this office.

for conscience' sake. "He was of a lofty and despotic mien, and made a *grand figure* at the *head* of a *college*." His portrait expresses no haughtiness. One must believe that the "lofty mien" was the outgrowth of a consciousness of innate excellence. He wears the academic gown and a shorter wig than Governor Yale.

When the trustees "excused" Rector Cutler, they also accepted the resignation of Tutor Brown. The two subsequently sailed for England, where they received Episcopal orders from the Bishop of Norwich. He was made Doctor of Divinity not long afterward by both Oxford and Cambridge. Returning to America, Dr. Cutler received the rectorship of Christ Church, Boston. Till his death he was a devotedly attached and zealous adherent of the Church of England. Full of years that were enriched with intellectual culture, Christian labors and instructions, the venerable old man ended his pilgrimage of eighty-two years in August, 1765.

To anticipate, if possible, and avert a repetition of such baleful heterodoxy, the trustees, by vote, made it essential that any aspirant for the position of rector or tutor should before them give assent to the Confession of Faith, and satisfactory evidence "of the soundness of his faith in opposition to Arminian and prelatical corruptions, or any other of dangerous consequence to the purity and peace of our churches."

Four candidates who were successively selected to fill the vacancy declined. There was an apprehension that the position was invested with peculiar difficulties, owing to "the general agitation arising out of the late declarations of Episcopacy." (Kingsley.) The virtues of "rotation" were thoroughly tested, the trustees, in turn, residing a month at the College and officiating. Some of them probably proved that there *was* a diversity of gifts, and that that of teaching the young idea had not fallen to them.

There were conflicts of opinion and discipline, and the burdened peripatetics cast many a backward glance of regret to the even tenor of Rector Cutler's days.

Heretofore the College, kept down by many perplexities, had been a grateful recipient of public and individual favors. Now, rising a little out of that low state, it had something to *give*. In 1723, its first complimentary diploma was given to Daniel Turner, conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Physic. It was done in token of their sense of his liberality in sending to the library sundry volumes of his own works on physic and chirurgery and a collection of other valuable books, principally on the same subject. (Clap.)

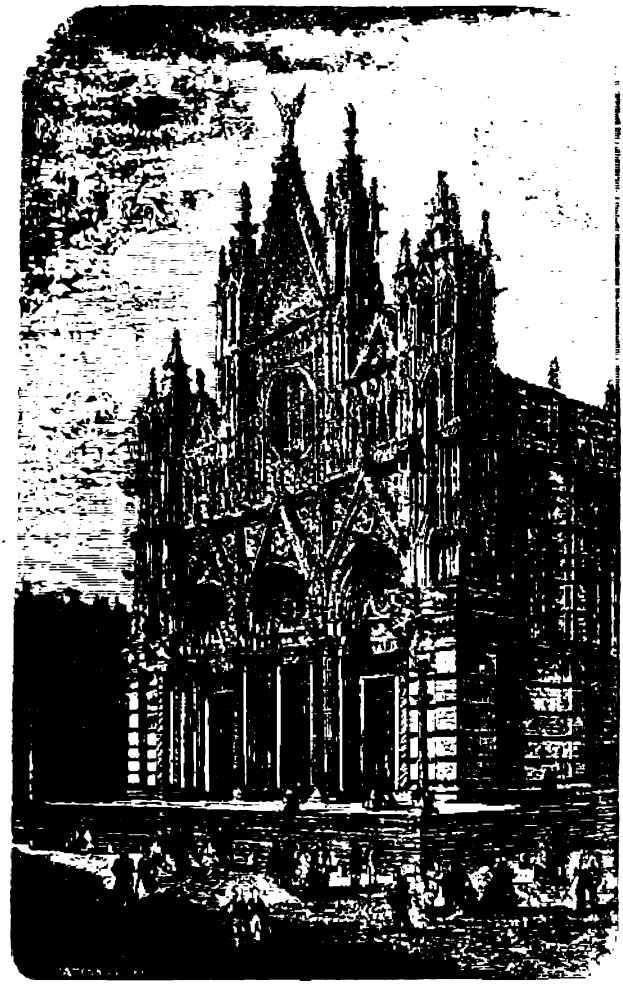
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA.

THOUGH Siena has lost the importance it once possessed as the capital of an independent Italian republic, it is still worthy the visit of the traveler. Everything, indeed, can be found there which is peculiar to Italian cities—a blue sky, pure air, rich works of art in great plenty, citizens celebrated for their pure Italian speech, and ladies, young and old, celebrated, as of yore, for their beauty. The people have gained by their amiability and high spirit the saying, that they possess gentle blood. They are now subject to Italy, but have the proud knowledge that their former republic played a very important part in Italian history.

The city has a very picturesque appearance, being built upon small hills, and the narrow streets descend almost perpendicularly into the valleys. Artists and friends of art find new pleasures at almost every step, and the climax of the sights of the city is undoubtedly the cathedral, which is with justice termed the crown of Siena. By many it is considered, viewed externally and internally, as the finest cathedral in the world. The architecture is magnificent and at the same time elegant, and almost overloaded with works of art. Above the main entrance is the image of the protectress of the city, the Holy Virgin, in a blue enameled ground-work, and surrounded by golden beams. Paintings, statues, bronzes, wood-carvings take up the attention at every moment, and allow for a time no good impression to be had of the whole edifice. Everything about the edifice, even to the ground-floor, is a wonder-work of art. Here alone do we see the glorious marble mosaics which Cicognard places with the most beautiful we have from the times of the Grecians and Romans. The mosaic pavement of the interior was commenced in 1369, and was not completed until the sixteenth century. The edifice itself is very old. As early as the year 1012 it stood upon its present place; as early as 1229 workmen were employed in building the present cathedral; in 1317 it was en-

larged; in 1339 the southern wing was to be lengthened, but after the great pestilence of 1348 the works were stopped. The exterior of the edifice was not completed till the fifteenth century. The beautiful façade was



THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA.

completed in the year 1380. It is probable that the plan of the latter was by Giovanni di Cecco, but the ornamentation and statues were derived from the old façade drawn as early as 1284 by Giovanni di Niccolo Pisano, a distinguished carver in wood. The cathedral is the repository of many treasures. One worthy of notice is the altar of the family Piccolomini. It has five statues cut by Michael Angelo. The Libreria Piccolominea dates from the last years of the fifteenth century. This celebrated collection of books was commenced by Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini Todeschia, who became, later, Pius the Third. Pius the Second, the celebrated Æneas Sylvias Piccolomini, was one of the most distinguished savans of his time, and his nephew was a worthy successor, but died too early. Assania Piccolomini was archbishop of Siena, and a friend of Galileo. When the persecuted old man had been released from the chains of the Inquisition, he found from him an hospitable reception, and was treated with friendship and honor. The explorer of nature, who had been persecuted in Rome, could live with the prelate in Siena, and pursue his studies undisturbed. Besides the two already mentioned, six other Popes came from the family Piccolomini.

Mr. Taylor, the American traveler, visited Siena on his first journey in Europe, and has given us the following account of his impressions of the city and its cathedral: "The towers of Siena are seen at some distance, but the traveler does not perceive the romantic situation of the city until he arrives. It stands on a double hill, which is very steep on some sides; the hollow between the two peaks is occupied by the great public square, ten or fifteen feet lower than the rest of the city. We left our knapsacks at a *café*, and sought the celebrated cathedral, forming with its flat dome and lofty marble tower an apex to the pyramidal mass of buildings. The interior is rich and elegantly perfect. The walls are alternate bands of black and white marble, which has a singular but agreeable effect. The inside of the dome and the vaulted ceilings of the chapels are of blue, with golden stars; the pavement in the

center is so precious a work that it is kept covered with boards, and only shown once a year. In an adjoining chamber, with frescoed walls and a beautiful tesselated pavement, is the library, consisting of a few huge old volumes, which, with their brown covers and brazen clasps, look as much like a collection of flat leather trunks as anything else. In the center of the room stands the mutilated group of the Grecian Graces, found in digging the foundation of the cathedral. The figures are still beautiful and graceful, with that exquisite curve of outline which is such a charm in the antique statues. [The present Pope, Pius IX., has had the celebrated group removed from the library into the Gallery of Fine Arts.] Siena has besides its cathedral a university of considerable interest, founded in 1330, famous more especially as a school of medicine, and which has sometimes as many as two hundred students. There are no remains of antiquity, though the city was founded as a Roman colony in the time of Julius Cæsar, under the name of Sena, or Sena Julia. In the middle ages it became one of the most powerful city republics of Italy, and at the height of its greatness is said to have contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. It has now, according to the census of the 31st of December, 1861, only 21,902. Of these only 12,534 could read or write. Siena produced a school of artists, of whom the most distinguished names are Guido da Siena, Simone Memmi, Sodoma, Beccafumi, and Baldassare Peruzzi.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH,

THE GERMAN WRITER.

THIS mental organization belongs to the impressible or susceptible class; the nerves of sensation are sharply awake and eager to exercise their functions. Here is observation of an accumulative order; the facts gained by such large perceptive faculties must be numerous and varied. Such a mind can accommodate a vast amount of material, keeping it well in memory until occasion may call for its use. Fertility of invention and facility of adaptation are indicated by the great breadth of the forehead, while ease and fluency of expression are well exhibited by the full and prominent eyes.

This is a kind and sympathetic nature, —not one, perhaps, that would take the field and battle sword in hand to vindicate a sentiment or help a friend; but rather one that would labor assiduously in peaceful, bloodless lines to secure a moral end, and therefore be the more likely to achieve the best results.

Auerbach is evidently stout and compact in physical organization, and possessed of that rippling good-nature, born of good health and a well-balanced temperament, which freshens and enlivens all who come within the radius of its influence.

Among the writers of continental Europe, few, at the present day, have succeeded in impressing themselves so deeply upon the American mind as Berthold Auerbach. His essays and stories possess that naturalness and that facility of narration which can scarcely belong to pure fiction. Besides, the refined literary taste and high culture exhibited in their preparation, and the purity of their moral tone, to say nothing of many other instructive features with which they abound, warrant critics in awarding their author the high position assigned him among living writers.

With his finished style as a writer there is associated a sturdy German sense of the real and the practical, which renders him so acceptable to the thoughtful, cultivated American mind. No author stands out in more conspicuous contrast with the prevalent gaudy, highly-seasoned, prurient, fictitious literature of the period, and no author more effectually confirms a distaste, once awakened in a reader, for sensational reading.

The great influence exerted by his works in Germany is due to their truthful portrayal of every-day German life, whether at court or in the humble cot of the peasant. And further than this, he seems to have become so conversant with the ways and usages of the people of other nations, the French and English in particular, that he successfully weaves in any foreign element whenever the plan of a work necessitates such incorporation.

Auerbach was born February 28th, 1812, at

Nordstetten, on the Suabian side of the Black Forest. His parents were Jews, of very humble pecuniary circumstances. When quite young, Berthold evinced a remarkably quick intelligence, and so awakened the appreciation of his parents, that they resolved to afford him all the assistance within the scope of their ability toward obtaining a university training.

They hoped to see him an active and progressive teacher of Hebrew theology, a leader in the synagogue. To Carlsruhe he was accordingly sent, where he studied Hebrew literature, the classics of Greece and Rome, and attended the Gymnasium. From Carlsruhe he went to the universities of Stuttgart, Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg.

He appears to have become unsettled with reference to the profession his doting parents had marked out for him early in the course of his student life, so that we find him making philosophy, history, and literature the chief features while completing his studies at the universities.

His education, especially the latter part of it, was obtained amid many difficulties arising out of his poverty. In 1835 he was arrested for some political reason, and confined for months in the fortress of Hohenasperg. In fact, he had some connection with a secret society organized for political purposes not in harmony, as may be safely inferred, with the Government. On being released, Auerbach determined to give his attention to literature, and in 1836 published an essay entitled "Judaism and Modern Literature." This was designed as introductory to a series of tales from the history of the Jewish race, but only two works were completed, "Spinoza" and "Poet and Merchant." In 1841, he published at Stuttgart a translation of the works of Spinoza, the celebrated Amsterdam philosopher. This performance drew the attention of scholars and authors to him, and gave to his name no little reputation.

But he was destined to use his pen in a wider sphere than for the discussion of philosophical theories relating to the nature of thought and the existence of some great *substantial* source

of being. In 1842, the death of his father, to whom he was warmly attached, drew him away for a time from the learned circle which he had become familiar with at Cologne. The scenes of his boyhood, freshened by a visit to his old home, after years of study and hardship in other climes, suggested new themes for reflection, and he conceived the purpose of depicting human nature as he saw it personified in the people around him. His "Educated Citizen" (1842), and then his "Village Tales" (first series, 1843), appeared, and were received with general favor by all classes, and determined his future course. He concluded that in writing of the people as he found them in his excursions and travels, he would win the best measure of success for his pen. But his object was not so much to please as to instruct the lower classes of his countrymen. As early as 1845 he entertained the project of publishing an almanac adapted to the comprehension of the masses, containing, besides his attractive stories, simply written articles on politics, science, and art. This idea he carried out in the "Gossip" (*Der Gevattensmann*), which was continued for seven or eight years, and then took a more extended form under the title of "Auerbach's Volkscalendar," which has been published annually down to the present time.

His "Little Barefoot" is well known as one of the most vivid and pathetic tales of humble life in any language, and greatly helped to advance him to the front rank of popular writers. This was soon followed by "Joseph in the Snow," and "Edelwein," which were as eagerly welcomed. The work which probably contributed most to awaken American interest in Auerbach is his "On the Heights," which takes a higher social range than his previous works, but shows its author to be as much a master in the treatment of aristocratic life in Germany as of rural scenes and incidents among the lowly.

The latest work translated and published in this country is his "Country House on the Rhine," which has fully met the expectations of the better class of American readers for high-toned sentiment, delicate humor, and faithful delineation of character.

Bayard Taylor, whose acquaintance with German literature is considerable, says:

"Auerbach belongs, indisputably, not only to the class of self-made men, but to the class of authors who possess independent creative power. His continued success has never beguiled him to careless over-confidence in himself; his studies for each new work are as thoroughly and conscientiously made as if it were the first, and should determine his place in literature. His sense of the literary art has matured with his years, and a careful reader of his works can easily detect his progress toward an ideal of proportion, of balanced strength, such as only presents itself to genuine and unfaltering intellectual effort."

He resides at Berlin, where he may be said to enjoy the freedom of the city, being welcome to come and go as he wills in all ranks of society, from the court to the working classes.

Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.—Cowper.

THE SKYLARK.

THE lark was singing his song on high,
Song so full of melody;
No other creature was near but I
Listening to his minstrelsy.
And thus he seemed to say, to say:
"Oh, come, sweet love, away, away!
Sweet love, sweet love, oh, come, oh, come!
With me, love, is thy home, thy home!"

Higher and higher he soared and sang—
Sang in joy's deep ecstasy,
Till far and near the blue vault rang,—
Rang with his song so wild and free.
And thus he seemed to sing, to sing:
"Oh, stretch, my love, thy wing, thy wing;
My love, my love, oh, rise with me,—
Our home is in infinity!"

ALFRED T. STORY.

LITTLE ORPHANS.

I WAS very lonely: a great and desolate void had suddenly been made in my heart and home, and day and night I listened for a sweet baby voice that never would thrill my soul again, or waken the echoes of the great rooms that once had been made merry by that dear presence.

Every mother who has lost her darling will know how I missed my little four-year-old pet, how at every sound I started up as if to welcome her to my arms again, only to return to a more solitary vigil.

One night I retired to rest feeling a greater depression of spirits than ever; selfishly

brooding upon my sorrow, I closed my eyes to a troubled slumber, and in a dream my angel-child seemed to appear before me. I reached forth my arms, calling her by name, but her voice checked me, and in a tone of ineffable sadness she said, "O, mamma, there are poor little orphan children!" That was all, and the vision faded. In the morning, as I threw open my window and the sunlight streamed through the room, I thought how I had been shutting out the light from my soul, and there seemed to come again the words, "There are poor little orphan children."

I am not naturally superstitious, but somehow the thought would come that my dream was sent as a warning and reproof. Poor little orphan children in the world, and I, widowed, childless, and alone, dwelling in the midst of every luxury.

My determination was soon formed, and that morning I visited the orphan asylum, telling the matron that I wished to adopt one of the children.

Passing around and looking into each little face, I prayed silently that God would aid me in my selection.

"You have seen all the children but one," at last said the matron, "but that one, I know, madam, you will never select for adoption; we have great trouble with her; she will not obey, no matter how sternly we speak, and even after severe punishment her will seems more unsubdued than ever. Her history is rather an obscure one; she was brought here by an Irish woman, who said that in a small room in the house where she lived, a lady (she called her lady) had died a few nights before, and that this child was the only one with her; they tore the poor exhausted little creature from the cold form, but she screamed so pitifully, 'Mother, mother, let me die too; O, mamma, speak to me,' that the woman's kind heart was touched, and she took a tender care of her until she could bring her here.

"I can not tell why it is, but the child seems to regard us as enemies; she has a violent temper, and at one time was actually found striking a girl larger than herself, but she would give no explanation of her conduct; the children said the girl had been tormenting her little sister, but we never believed it, for she was one of the best-behaved girls in the house."

"I should like to see this child," said I, breaking in on the matron's narrative; for as she proceeded I felt that the little orphan was misunderstood, and that unless a different course of education were pursued, her disposition would be ruined.

They led her in—a small, delicate-looking child with a pale, sad face, large, mournful, beseeching eyes, as if in wondering bewilderment that the world should have brought her so much sorrow; the hands were small and beautifully formed, and in every movement an indescribable grace was visible.

I observed that her apron was much soiled, and as the eye of the matron fell upon it, she said, not unkindly, but with a frigid indifference, "I am sorry to see you have been careless again."

The child's eyes changed from their mournfulness to defiance, and a fierce and bitter look crept over her features.

"What is your name, dear?" I inquired.

She looked up quickly, reading my face with a searching glance, and seeing only kindness there, the bitter look went out of her face, and her answer came in such a clear bird-like voice that my heart was won instantly.

"So your name is Alice," I returned, drawing her toward me; "would you like to go and take a ride with me this morning, Alice?"

Her face flushed with pleasure, and she answered, eagerly, "O, yes, ma'am, if you please."

When we were seated in the carriage, she said,

"I hope you will excuse me for coming in the parlor with that soiled apron on this morning; a little girl fell down, and I was trying to stop her from crying, and forgot that her hands were all muddy."

"How did you try, dear?" I said.

"Well," was the artless rejoinder, "I hugged her up close to me, and I couldn't help crying too; and when they came for me, I didn't look at my apron,—but I'm real sorry."

I told her I was glad she comforted the little girl, and that we must always do all the good we can in this world; and from

that moment I felt that I would love to train this young life with God's help in a path of usefulness and strength.

As we returned toward the asylum she said, sadly, "O, you make me think of my mother." I drew the little form to my arms, and told her I would be a mother to her, and she should be my little girl.

"And may I always live with you? and will you love me and teach me?" she said.

I told her yes, and Heaven knows I have never been sorry.

Once again my stately home echoed to a child's laughter; the long mirrors gave back the reflection of a tiny form daily becoming more graceful, and so I watched her growing up into a beautiful womanhood.

No mother ever loved her own daughter any more than I loved her, and no daughter ever was more faithful and affectionate than this dear child of adoption.

When pain has racked my body, she has watched by me night and day; and when adversity came sweeping away my long enjoyed wealth, with a fortitude and energy I never dreamed her to possess, she became our chief support, laboring with a cheerful determination, and keeping away every care and trouble from my anxious heart.

I am growing old now; silver threads are coming thick and fast, weaving their story of a checkered life.

But the frosts can not touch my heart, there are so many loving hands to keep it away; my daughter's affection never diminishes, and her noble husband is one of the best of sons, while our hearts are all knit together by the children.

And so in my serene old age I clasp my weakening hands and thank God that He led me to care for one of the "poor little orphan children." SARA KEABLES.

A REFORM AFTER HIS OWN FASHION.—A man long noted for intemperate habits was induced by the Rev. John Abbott to sign a pledge in "his own way," which he did in these words:

"I pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year."

Few believed he could keep it; but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting without having once touched a drop.

"Are you going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes,—if I can do it in my own way," he replied. And accordingly he wrote:

"I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years; and if I live to that time, I intend to take out a life lease."

A few days after he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"Oh! landlord," said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlord; "you won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes,—and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together;" and he poured out two glasses of whisky.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all;" and with this he drew the lump—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his sad reflections.

MARY SUDRO,

THE CHILD HEROINE.

ELYRIA, the chief town of Lorrain Co., Ohio, has been the scene of a very interesting incident, the most conspicuous actor of which was a little girl.

The periodicals and newspapers of the country had much to say with reference to the noble acts of daring and self-sacrifice of England's heroine, Grace Darling, and of the Newport lighthouse-keeper's daughter, Ida Lewis, when their respective performances in saving life were given to the public, and now we have a more than parallel in the courageous energy of Mary Sudro, who rescued three persons from drowning. She is a mere child, only eleven years of age; and in circumstances, where only fear and flight would be expected as the natural conduct of children of such tender years, she bravely hastened to offer that assistance which sug-

gested itself to her quick apprehensions as necessary.

To many of our readers the story may not be altogether new, but the case is worthy of frequent reiteration. The town of Elyria is situated on the Black River, which empties into Lake Erie. At a point on the east branch of Black River, near to and immediately east of the intersection of Fourth Street and East Avenue, is a place where it has been convenient for pedestrians who reside on the east side to cross the river when bridged over by ice. This convenient place for crossing the river is freely used when the ice is in a condition to form a safe passage-way, thus saving a rather long and circuitous walk to the regular bridge-crossing.

Early in March, a woman by the name of Beeze, with two boys, attempted to cross the river, although the ice had been somewhat weakened by the moderate weather of the previous week. Having made their way almost to the opposite shore, the ice suddenly gave way, and precipitated all three into deep water. They screamed for aid, and were heard by little Mary Sudro, whose parents reside on the west bank of the river not far from the river-crossing. She ran quickly to the water's edge, and with remarkable presence of mind caught up a long pole lying near by, and ventured out upon the weak ice. In fact, the ice was so thin along the bank of the river, that it bent under her steps, but she fearlessly advanced toward the struggling unfortunates, and succeeded in placing the pole within reach of the almost exhausted woman. Of course it was impossible for her to draw them out of the water; the ice was so weak, that on each attempt of the woman to regain its surface it broke away; but by means of the pole, sufficient support was rendered to keep their heads above the water until a number of men who were passing came to their relief. It did not prove so easy a matter to rescue the drowning party after all, since one of the men, in his efforts to help, narrowly escaped a watery grave.

The heroine of this adventure is the daughter of people in very humble circumstances, but who doubtless possess noble hearts and superior mental organizations. Her photograph, which was sent us recently by her friends, indicates remarkable force of character. The physical development is fine, the German element being well marked. She is, as all children should be, full and plump in body. The head is broad both in the basilar and superior regions; the anterior development is considerable. She has a large head for one so young. She is warm and earnest in her every action and expression. She is strong in her affections and sympathies. The tone of her features indicates more than average discernment for a child. There is no little reflective power, no little intuitive appreciation of the proprieties and expediences of life.

Taken altogether, we would say that of a thousand children we would account her as the one most likely to perform just such an act as has been placed to her credit. Although her act of self-sacrifice and courage has not created so much of a stir throughout the country as in the case of the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, yet no little attention has been aroused by it.

A gentleman of Baltimore was so impressed with the merit of her action, that he sent her a beautiful Bible, with an appropriate sentiment written upon the fly-leaf. Very many letters have been received by the editor of the Elyria *Constitutionalist*, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the particulars above given, all expressing a warm interest in Mary's welfare, and making inquiries with reference to her social condition, educational advantages, and other matters of a personal nature. She deserves attention, and that kind of generous interest which may open the way for her improvement and culture in things intellectual and moral.

How to Clean Oil-Cloths.—To *ruin* them, clean them with hot water or soap-suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, but very dingy and dirty when dry, and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to *preserve* them, and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and luke-warm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are dry drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub with a dry cloth.

Religion.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science falls.
—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

CHRISTIAN UNITY
AND CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THAN the so-called Holy wars, what wars have been more bloody! Than sectarian animosities and prejudices, what more un-Christlike? Let us thank God for the evidences of a growing Christian charity throughout civilization and the world! When it is considered that our *modes* of worship are scarcely anything more than matters of education and of taste; that the observance of certain "rituals or forms and ceremonies" are such as each order, society, or denomination may adopt for themselves; that it is not claimed that creeds or rituals are "saving ordinances," but simply intended as usages and methods, they will cease to be "bugbears," and no longer be regarded as hindrances, but rather as aids to worship. When it is considered that men are somewhat differently constituted; that—phrenologically—we look at subjects through different colored glasses, no one will wonder why one is an Episcopalian, another a Presbyterian, Baptist—Close or Open Communion—a Methodist, Disciple, Swedenborgian, Roman Catholic, or Israelite. Their education, training, and modes of thought have made them what they are. A knowledge of Phrenology begets the largest charity for all,—Christians, Jews, and Pagans. It is the privilege and the duty of the most educated and advanced minds to minister to, rather than to persecute, the less fortunate. So one denomination of Christians should lend a helping hand to every other denomination, and not backbite, ridicule, and slander. Let each help the other, and so help on the general religious progress of the world. Among the most fraternal of clerical utterances which we have met with of late are those of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher — a brother of Henry Ward Beecher—and we think it well worthy dissemination for its suggestions and instruction.* Mr. T. K. Beecher, like his brother of Brooklyn, is a minister of the Congregational persuasion. The following is the discourse:

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."—PROV. xxvii. 2.

If any man, however deserving, begin to show off and brag, speaking often of his past record and public services, he makes himself offensive.

But when a general gives credit to his brother generals, and ascribes victory to their wisdom and valor to the army, then all are pleased. Such words are twice useful—they profit him that speaks, and them of whom they are spoken.

In something the same way, we are offended when we hear or read the words which churchmen speak, in praise each of his own church or denomination. They seem conceited, arrogant, offensive. They promote vainglory at home and ill-will abroad.

But it has seemed to me that Christian pastors and prelates might be at least as courteous one to another as army officers are! And if we would note and praise the beauty of our sister churches more, and silence our own boastfulness, there might come to pass among Christian people a smiling charity and peaceful rejoicing.

I invite you, therefore, this evening, to view the beauty, the uses, and the truth that belong to those Christians among us who are popularly called—

EPISCOPALIANS.

In this city—Elmira—there are four kinds of church that have bishops, and therefore may call themselves Episcopal.

Roman Episcopal.
Protestant Episcopal.
Methodist Episcopal.
American Methodist Episcopal Zion.

But only one of these is generally known as the Episcopal Church, namely, the P. E. Church, represented in this city by two parishes and a mission.

This Episcopal Church in America is in fact a continuation of the Church of England. As gardeners lay down a branch of a vine

* Lecture on the Episcopal Church by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, pastor of a Congregational Society in Elmira, N. Y., preached at Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1870, and published with the author's permission.

and stake it fast and cover it till it takes root, and then cut it off and leave it to grow by its own roots; so the Episcopal Church in this land was a branch of the Church of England, which was laid down and rooted; and, by our Revolutionary War, was cut off to grow ever since with roots of its own.

The Church in America differs from the Church of England in those matters, chiefly, that must needs have been changed because these States ceased to be colonies and became a nation with differing political constitution. Instead of King, the Churchman in America says President; for Parliament, Congress. He needs a prayer quite new for his Legislature and Governor, for in England there were none such. But he drops all mention of the Gunpowder Plot, the martyrdom of Charles I., the accession and happy reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, and all other strictly English events.

The American Churchman omits, too, the Athanasian Creed, which is long and true, but has a dry and funny rattle to it that makes irreverent people smile.

Of all Protestant churches, the Episcopal best deserves the name REFORMED. She preserves so many of the usages and excellences of the Roman Church, and so few of her errors, that it is quite easy to perceive that she is a reformed Church. All other Protestant churches seem revolutionary rather than reformed.

The Reformation in England was more than two hundred years long. There were no volcanic convulsions; no one brilliant Fourth of July day in which the great reform was proclaimed. Nor was the Reformation purely and disinterestedly religious.

When the Pope (Urban V., 1365) demanded large sums of money in payment of tribute long in arrear, Parliament gave willing ear to the reformer Wickliffe, who denied the authority of Rome, and so excused the nation from paying its debt. Afterward (1380) this same great man finished a translation of the Latin Bible into English. He wrote tracts for the people. He revived preaching to the people. His disciples went diligently up and down the land, teaching and preaching the truth and the authority of Holy Scripture.

Thus, one hundred and fifty years before Luther was heard of as a revolutionary reformer (1518), the leaven of Bible reading and private thinking was at work among the English people.

But the Church in England was still Roman Catholic, notwithstanding the work that was going on among the people. The followers of Wickliffe, known in history as Lollards, have furnished thousands of names to the bishops' list of heretics, elsewhere known as the noble army of martyrs.

During the reign of Henry VIII. (1534), the Church in England was declared independent of Rome. This was perhaps the crisis of the English Reformation. King Henry was a man not unlike famous King David, in his love of women, his tempestuous piety, and intermittent conscientiousness. He was a many-sided, large-patterned man; a riddle to all small-eyed writers of history.

This curious king, having married his brother's widow by special permission of the Church, by-and-by applied to that same Church to declare the marriage unlawful, and when the Bishop of Rome would not grant this required divorce, Henry, the headstrong and hearty, declared it himself, married again, laughed at his own excommunication, caused himself to be proclaimed supreme head of the Church of England, and to prove that in all these steps he was quite right, he cut off any man's head who should dispute or deny the same, *e. g.*, Sir Thomas More (1534).

Thus, then, we come to a church independent of Rome, but not yet reformed. The Bible was in many churches; yet men, not a few, were slain for reading it and talking it. Among these, William Tyndale deserves our mention; for he translated the New Testament into felicitous English, and published much wise doctrine, in consequence of which he was duly strangled and burned.

The king multiplied Bibles, but cut off Bible-readers.

After Henry and his stormy ways, came pious and gentle Edward VI. to the throne, and at once the flower of reform began to blossom, and the Church to show the features which she wears to-day.

The English Bible was read by lessons at morning and evening service, as now. The Liturgy was translated and said in English.

The creed of the Church was packed in forty-two Articles, afterward reduced to the famous thirty-nine. Accordantly both the bread and the wine were given to the common people at the Sacrament. And other reforms and purifyings were set afoot.

Edward's reign was a short one (1547–53); long enough to introduce these changes, yet short enough to keep the Protestants from getting too much headway.

After him came the pious but gloomy and unhappy Queen Mary, who strove to bring the realm of England back to Rome. She caused persuasive fires to be kindled for the good of dissenting souls. She did what she could; but she could not undo the Reformation. Parliament and the people were too much for her. But her opposition kept the reformers from running into extravagance and cruelty.

After Mary came Elizabeth, who caused Roman Catholics at one extreme and Puritans at the other to feel her scorn, and suffer fines, imprisonment, and death.

Then came James I. of England, by whose order our present Bible was prepared and printed and authorized.

And thus from reign to reign the Church of England came down, acquiring little by little her present shape, and laying off the corruption and unreason of the Roman Church, as then existing and administered in that rude age.

The Prayer-book may be called substantially complete as we now have it, in the seventeenth century (1661). Thus this reformed Church of England filled up nearly three hundred years in her work of purifying and simplifying. And of all Protestant churches, therefore, she best deserves the name Reformed.

In this country, the first parish of this Church was probably that in Jamestown, Va., 1606–8. Down to the Revolutionary War, the Church in this land was under the care of the Bishops of London.

Shortly after the Revolution, an application was made to Parliament to allow an American bishop to be consecrated. But the Puritans and Presbyterians opposed the proposition, and so Mr. Seabury, the candidate, had to put up with a second-rate consecration at the hands of certain Scotch bishops. But at last, in 1787, Parliament allowed the Archbishop of Cantebury to consecrate three regular, first-class bishops for New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia respectively. Since then the holy unction has not been allowed to fail. With pious care it has been propagated. And the Episcopal Church in these United States stands to-day as truly and regularly in the line of Apostolic Succession as the Church of England herself.

After this mere outline of her history, it remains that I note some of her excellent uses and beauties.

1st. The Episcopal Church offers for our use the most venerable liturgy in the English tongue. The devotional treasures of the Roman Catholic Church are embalmed and buried in Latin. But in English there are no lessons, gospels, psalms, collects, confessions, thanksgivings, prayers—in one word, no religious form-book that can stand a moment in comparison with the Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church in the two-fold quality of richness and age.

The proper name, because truly descriptive, for this Church, would be Church of the Prayer-book. As is the way with all other churches, so here, the Church champions and leaders have many wise things to say about the Church and her prerogative. But the pious multitude that frequent her courts, are drawn thither mostly by love of the prayers and praises, the litanies and lessons of the Prayer-book.

And, brethren of every name, I certify you that you rarely hear in any church a prayer spoken in English, that is not indebted to the Prayer-book for some of its choicest periods.

And further; I doubt whether life has in store for any of you an uplift so high, or downfall so deep, but that you can find company for your soul, and fitting words for your lips among the treasures of this Book of Common Prayer.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death and in the day of judgment; Good Lord, deliver us.

As a consequence of the Prayer-book and its use, I note—

2d. The Episcopal Church preserves a very high grade of dignity, decency, propriety, and permanence in all her public offices.

In nearly every newspaper you may read some funny story, based upon the ignorance or eccentricity or blasphemous familiarity of some extemporizing prayer-maker. All of you here present have been at some time shocked or bored by public devotional performances. Nothing of this sort ever occurs in the Episcopal Church. All things are done and spoken decently and in order.

And so, too, of permanence and its accumulating worth of holy association—no transient observer can adequately value this treasure of a birthright Churchman.

To be using to-day the self-same words that have through the centuries declared the faith or made known the prayer of that mighty multitude, who, being now delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity:—

To be baptized in early infancy, and never to know a time when we were not recognized and welcomed among the millions who have entered by the same door:—

To be confirmed in due time, in a faith that has sustained a noble army of confessors, approving its worth through persecutions and prosperities, a strength to the tried and a chastening to the worldly-minded:—

To be married by an authority before which kings and peasants bow alike, asking benediction upon the covenant that, without respect of persons, binds by the same words of duty the highest and the lowest:—

To bring our new-born children as we were brought, to begin where we began, and to grow up to fill our places:—

To die in the faith, and almost hear the gospel words soon to be spoken over one's own grave, as over the thousand times ten thousand of them who have slept in Jesus:—

In short—to be a devout and consistent Churchman, brings a man through aisles fragrant with holy association, and accompanied by a long procession of the good, chanting, as they march, a unison of piety and hope, until they come to the holy place where shining saints sing the new song of the redeemed, and they sing with them.

Another excellent note:—

3. The Episcopal Church furnishes (to all that need such comfort) the assurance of an organic and unbroken unity and succession, from Jesus Christ through the Apostles, by a line of authentic bishops down to Bishop Huntington, of this Diocese.

King Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, with their proclamations and parliaments, are so conspicuous and fill so much space in the merely political history of the English Church, that many able writers deny that the river of Apostolic Succession, so dammed by them, could ever get around the dam, and flow along again pure and uncontaminated. I can not decide this question absolutely.

What I say is this: The Apostolic Succession in the Episcopal Church can be traced back so many hundred years into the dim past, that it is no shame to any man to say, "*I believe it to extend back to Peter, Paul, and John;*" and he who verily believes that the ordaining or confirming hand of the Bishop of this Diocese is electric with the spiritual life that proceeds from Jesus of Galilee, will find it a hand of virtue and worth. He who doubts it will find it a hand of form and ceremony.

And so, without stopping to decide the question whether our Bishop is really a successor of Paul or John, I say that the Episcopal Church affords so much evidence that she has in her Episcopate the true succession, that it is no shame to any common man to believe her. And if he believes in his bishop, he will get from him all the benefit that can come from bishops.

Brethren, many needy souls are not able to lay hold upon God one by one. They can not appropriate a gospel promise to themselves. Like Job of old, they say: *If I had called and He had answered me, yet would I not believe that He had hearkened unto my voice* (viii. 16).

Such extreme and exemplary humility asks for and needs a church ark, and the humble place and privilege of a private passenger. The ark of God that shall outride the deluge! The Church of Christ, in which is found salvation.

I say, then, that the claims of the Episcopal Church to be such an ark of God, or Church of Christ, endowed with sacraments, absolutions, and profitable authority, are for all practical purposes valid.

I leave historians and ecclesiasts to their endless words, and assert that the poor in spirit who seek comfort and salvation through

the offices of the Episcopal Church, are as well off in her as they can be in any church. And since many are profoundly prejudiced against the Church of Rome, I am happy to point all such to a sure welcome in the Episcopal Church, with sacraments, successions, and authority as good as the best.

4. The Episcopal Church is excellent in her provisions for Christian education and pious drill.

Churches that avowedly receive very young infants as members must necessarily provide education for these accepted children. Accordingly, the Episcopal Church is characteristically a church for the training of children, just as some sister churches are characteristically *revival churches* for the conversion of grown folk.

In the Prayer-book and Church Almanac you find the Christian year divided into periods separated by high days—monuments and memorials of Christian story. This Christian calendar agrees very nearly with that of the Roman Church. And he is an unusually well-informed Christian who can read over this catalogue of days, and in few words tell the story that each day celebrates! But a birthright Churchman, who has been quietly trained in a Church home for fifteen years, will need very little teaching more.

In connection with this calendar is a system of lessons, in following which the reader is led through the entire Bible each year, and through its more profitable parts monthly or oftener!

He who for years has been a Churchman, and yet remains ill-grounded in Scripture, shows himself an unworthy son of a very faithful mother.

By the lessons, gospels, epistles, psalms, and collects appointed for special fast or feast days, the events commemorated by that day are wrought into the memory of every worshiper. And by seasons, longer or shorter, of special religious effort and observance, this Church satisfies the same want which other churches satisfy by weeks of prayer, protracted meetings, and long revivals.

A good school is a dull place to any visitor who rushes in to find sensation and excitement. He will call it dry, poky, stupid. In like manner, many religious sensation makers and sensation seekers will promptly vote the Church calendar, and all its smooth machinery of pious drill, a very dull substitute for a regular, rousing revival. But, in the long run, the church that steadily trains and teaches will outlive the church that only arouses and startles. "If ye *continue* in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed."

5. This Church makes a distinction between her creed as a church, which all her officers must subscribe, and that much shorter declaration of faith which she expects from her children.

This Church never vexes converts with profound questions in theology. Of those who would receive the Lord's Supper she requires "that they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life; that they have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, and a thankful remembrance of His death, and that they be in charity with all men."

To any and to all such, asking no further questions, this catholic and most generous Church approaches, and by the hand of her priest, gives the consecrated bread with benediction: "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee; feed on Him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving." And with like words the consecrated wine: "Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee — and be thankful."

Citizens and Christians, all! Because this Episcopal Church is a reformed church and not revolutionary; because her book of prayer is rich and venerable above all in the English tongue; because her ritual promotes decency, dignity, prosperity and permanence; because her historic union through the Apostles with Christ comforts and satisfies so many souls; because she adopts her infant children and provides for them education and drill; and because with large hospitality she proffers her sacrament to all true believers of every name; therefore from her own Psalter let us take the words wherewith to bless her: "They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For thy brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity. Yea,

because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good."

[Here is an excellent example for Christian clergymen of every complexion of doctrine and creed. Let each observe what is praiseworthy in his neighbor. If the Roman Catholic Church be not what Protestants can wholly approve, let Protestants in a *Christian* spirit aid in its reformation and conversion. They can not hope to "wipe it out." So of Judaism, and every other religion. Men are not to be driven or forced into improved methods or religious principles, but they may be enlightened. They may be educated and reformed. But now there comes a rebuke on Mr. T. K. Beecher from a Boston newspaper, with a characteristic reply in the *Christian Union*, evidently by its editor, Henry Ward Beecher, and which the reader will find as interesting as any part of this article].

IS CHRISTIAN COURTESY A SIN?

When a clergyman of one denomination delivers an address so full of indorsement of the forms and ceremonies of another denomination that it is printed by this said "another" in cheap form for wide circulation, and is advertised in their papers, is it not about time for him to change his colors? We find that the Church Press Company, of Hartford, under the caption "What a Congregationalist can say of the Protestant Episcopal Church," advertises a lecture delivered by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. We call this a singular denominational phenomenon.—*The Watchman and Reflector.*

There are circles in every city where good manners would excite surprise; neighborhoods where anything but selfishness would be regarded as eccentricity, and people who would regard the recognition of any good qualities in other people as an undervaluing of their own excellences. Bnt is such conduct to be praised? or is it to be reprehended? It is justly regarded, in social life, as vulgar and illbred for one to praise himself at the expense of another; to laud and magnify his own house while at the same time pointing out the infelicities of his neighbors' families. A man may prefer his own home to any other, and yet admit that in some things other homes were superior to his own. Indeed, he must be immeasurably conceited who does not perceive on all sides of him things which he may well imitate.

That which is vulgar in the family is not delicate or honorable in the church. To affirm that church organizations in all their details as they now exist, are directly prescribed of God, or are other than the best legitimate arrangements of human wisdom, is a piece of ineffable conceit or ineffable ignorance.

Worship is divinely ordained, but the *methods* of worship are left to the judgment of wise and devout men. Government is of God; but the forms of governing are all human. There is no form of government either in things civil or religious that includes every excellence. That which is best at one time ceases to be efficient at another. The style of worship which aids and edifies men of a certain disposition falls powerless upon the souls of others. The Apostles left no pattern, either of worship or of government, to be of universal application. They were Jews. They had been reared under a dispensation of exact formulas and prescriptions. If there was anything that a Jew knew how to do, it was to lay down with minute exactness every atom of an ordinance, a formulated practice. If worship or government were to have followed any definite prescriptions, the Apostles were the very men who knew how to make the lines broad and unmistakable. Methodology was the very genius of Judaism.

The Mosaic ritual and ecclesiastic economy was as definite and literal as the streets of a paved city. But the gospels are like the heavens and the earth of a new continent, full of ineffable treasure, but without bounds or roads, free to the discretion of every comer. Judaism treated men as if they were children who could not think or care for themselves, while Christianity treated them as men who had reached the age of discretion and of liberty. There are but the mere traces of government in the New Testament, and the inference to be drawn from these is, that the order and government of churches was adapted to the local exigency, and was in some places of a Congregational type, in others with a hint of Presbyterian government, and in still others with a rudiment from which Episcopacy has grown. The true apostolic example in government and worship is, to choose that which is best adapted to the

nation, age, and condition of the people to whom they were given.

This, too, has been the teaching of Divine Providence. In spite of every endeavor at uniformity in worship and government, it has been simply impossible to repress the tendency to variety and adaptation.

Neither learned controversy, nor the influence of eminent piety, nor the coercion of civil power have availed. The one thing in all sects, in all governments, that is scriptural and universally binding, is LIBERTY. The churches are not bound to conform to any prescribed pattern, nor to follow any tradition. God gives to Christian men in every age the light which they need. The Holy Ghost shining upon the reason of Christian men affords them a perpetual revelation and an unerring guide. The enlightened reason of Christian men is the supreme authority on earth in matters of faith and practice.

But that enlightened reason has manifestly revealed the will of God to be an almost endless diversity and variety. And Christian churches, varying among themselves, in methods of worship, in governments, and in ordinances, are not presumptively right by their unity, but by their variety. Uniformity is the badge of death. Variety is the token of life. If variation is permitted and accepted, it is as harmless as free steam. If it is repressed and shut up, it is as dangerous as steam without a vent.

If such be the genius of Christianity, churches will develop just as families do. There will be generic likenesses and specific differences. And under such circumstances one may be a member of one sect, and yet perceive many most excellent things in the methods of another sect. It is but natural and Christian that one should perceive and express his appreciation of the excellences of the several groups of Christian churches. And it is a sad commentary on the condition of intelligent charity when one is thought to be untrue to his own sect because he heartily praises many things in another sect!

Have we not tried self-laudation long enough? If positive assertions and arrogant assumptions, and bigoted tenacity, and vehement denunciation and merciless ridicule of others, could have settled the internal controversies of Christendom, they would have been ended centuries ago.

Is it not time to bring common sense to the help of sectarianism? Is it not time to try kind feeling, generous courtesy, respect for each other's liberty, and a prompt sympathy for everything of good that one can see in another? Is it too much to hope that Christian sects will rise higher than venomous political parties? Is it extravagant to believe that a day will come when churches will behave as courteously toward each other as do respectable families to other families in a neighborhood?

Paul, writing to the Thessalonians, says, "Greet the brethren with a holy *kiss*." But the sects of Christendom have hitherto treated each other as if the command were "Greet the brethren with a holy *kick*." Is it not time for kicks and cuffs to cease awhile, that we may try what virtue there is in kiss and caress to establish good living?

THE SOUL DRESS.—Every good man's character is a pure and beautiful dress. It is a seamless robe. It is not lapped and whipped together by any sect-patented sewing-machine, but woven—*woven* by every pulsebeat of life out of such things as love, patience, meekness, gentleness, and hope; and smiles and tears are wrought into wondrous and beautiful adornment through every part. It is not a fashionable garment, because it is not a mere imitation of anything. Everything fashionable must necessarily be shaped and textured like something else, unoriginal, unsatisfying, and imperfect. Fashionists are like young pupils in school, writing lines of leaning letters across the pages of a copy book: "Many men of many minds; many birds of many kinds;"—but not a man or a bird of the many ever interests the mind of a writer of such copies!

The soul-garment is gracefully adapted to its wearer, and is always appropriate, chaste, and becoming. Clothed in this, apologies and embarrassments are covered thenceforth; and its possessor needs never to say, "Please excuse me this morning; I didn't expect to be caught in such a dress." The soul-dress does for working before breakfast, just as well as for entertaining company after tea. It is as appropriate in the kitchen as in the parlor; for Marthas as well as Marys may wear it and be beloved sisters still.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by Alexander Clarke.*

NEW YORK,
JUNE, 1870.

A NEW VOLUME!

WITH the—next—July number, a new volume—the Fifty-first—of this JOURNAL will be commenced. We now make two volumes a year. Subscriptions may commence with the months of January or July. The two volumes may be bound together in one; or they may be bound separately. In either case, the work will be convenient and complete.

Many subscriptions terminate with the *present* number. Now is the time for renewing. Those who wish for unbroken files should notify the publisher at once. Clubs are always in order. When renewing, we shall be glad to have present subscribers include the names of their friends and neighbors. A little effort on your part, dear reader, will enlarge our field of usefulness. Will you not lend a helping hand? Trusting in the kind co-operation of our friends, we leave the matter of renewals and extension in their hands.

INSANITY.

THE great increase of dissipation, demoralization, and crime, growing chiefly out of the late war, and the influx of a large pauper element from the Old World, gives activity to our courts and "sensation" to our newspapers. The popular plea now set up, by criminal lawyers in behalf of their clients, when nothing else can save the necks of culprits, is that of "insanity." Nor is this plea without reason. There are many *partially* insane persons, many semi-lunatics and demi-imbeciles among us, *outside* of the asylums. Indeed, it would be found, on a very close examination, that large numbers of people now at liberty, supposed to be in their right minds, are actually on the verge of dementation. Dyspepsia, consumption, bodily abuses, etc., lead to mental aberration, eccentricity, imbecility, and insanity. Tendencies to these infirmities are not only inherited, but they are often induced by our habits and present modes of living. Men impair their health by smoking, chewing, and snuffing tobacco, —by drinking alcoholic stimulants,—by strong tea and coffee,—by over-eating, —by inordinate affection,—by violent temper,—by too close application to business,—by idleness,—by gambling,—by an excessive activity of certain organs of the brain, and the inactivity of others. Such small causes as a violent sick headache, an attack of neuralgia, rheumatism, puerperal fever, and even tight boots and tight corsets, which impair the circulatory and digestive powers, throw the body and mind out of balance, inducing peevishness, fretfulness, irritability, gloominess, despondency, and *lead* to something worse. So sudden reverses of fortune, disappointment in love affairs, blighted hopes and unsatisfied ambition, supersedure in official position, loss of employment, the death of much loved friends, etc., may throw the organization out of harmony and cause undue friction and excitement in the physical and mental machinery.

The partisan politician, the over-zealous religionist, the poet, the musician, the inventor, the merchant, and even the philanthropist, may "get off the track," in pursuit of his calling, and become of "unsound mind," as thousands do who are of unsound bodies. Look into your asylums, and you will find among the inmates nine cases in ten where some bodily infirmity *preceded* the dethronement of reason. Dissipation is the *chief* means by which both body and brain are undermined. A strong, vigorous,

healthy constitution, with a high moral character in which the religious sentiments predominate, *very seldom* becomes insane; while late suppers, reading exciting fiction by the midnight lamp, deranging the stomach and the nerves by alcoholic liquors, tobacco, opium, etc., and becoming overwhelmed with business or work one can not manage or control, tends to diminish the vital power, and to render one *susceptible* to disease of both body and brain. The reader will be interested in the physiological testimony of Dr. Vance, of Bellevue Hospital, in this city, in the McFarland homicide, some of which will be found interesting, as follows:

I regard insanity as a result of disease of the brain, preventing the proper exercise of the mental functions; I look for insanity in disease of the brain; I would find symptoms in the senses and in false impressions; illusions do not necessarily denote insanity; a false impression made on the brain without any object we call an hallucination; a false impression of the mind we call a delusion, and that is proof of insanity; a person laboring under insane delusions may perform all the ordinary functions properly, and his disease may be limited by his delusion; when the functions of the brain are impaired, the function of the thought is also impaired; the brain is composed of gray-matter cells and white-matter nervous fiber to conduct sensibility; these cells are very minute, requiring the aid of a microscope; thought is the result of changes in this gray matter; a residuum is left by each act of thought, and from the action of these residua arises memory.

To possess sound, healthy thoughts, a person must have a sound, healthy brain, and it must be healthily nourished [by a healthy body]. Organic disease of the brain is a change in the structure, such as softening of the brain, inflammation of the members, etc., affecting the brain, so that we can detect it after death.

Functional diseases of the brain are such that we can find no appreciable difference in the structure of the brain, arising from the state of the blood; under alcohol, belladonna, strychnia, etc., there is functional disease; congestion of the brain is a determination of too much blood to the brain; joined with other symptoms, it is a strong proof of insanity.

Mr. Gerry here presented two colored plates of the brain in health and in a congested state, of which the witness said the first was too highly, the second too little, colored.

The witness resumed: When the mind was active the brain required more blood; in periods of quiet, as in sleep, less. If there was not enough sleep, the walls of the cells, not having an opportunity to contract, became permanently distended and the brain congested. Intense mental and emotional excitement was one of the most prolific causes of congestion of the brain.

Restlessness of the eye, throbbing of the carotid and temporal arteries, partial paralysis, increase of the pulse, and increased heat of the head were among the symptoms of congestion of the brain.

A patient suffering from congestion of brain complains, firstly and principally, of want of sleep. He complains very often of pain in the top or back of his head, sometimes of neuralgia in the face. They often speak of a change in their vision, sometimes of roaring sounds in the ears or other peculiarities of hearing. Sometimes there is uneasiness on one side, or even loss of power on one side.

In congestion of the brain we often find hallucinations, and sometimes delusions; in controlling this we usually use very large doses; I have known as much as three grains of morphine given in one dose; if we do not succeed in reducing it, it must go on to apoplexy, epilepsy, softening of the brain, or mania; the development of that mania might come on very suddenly; it would disappear as the congestion was quelled; we examine for insanity as for any disease of the brain; a change in the sensibility is one; they will imagine ants are crawling over them; or the sensibility of the skin may be raised, *hypercesthesia*, or diminished, anesthesia; or perverted ordinary causes of pain, producing pleasure. The sight may become much more acute; they may see but half an object, or may see double. When a person sees faces or horrible shapes in a room that do not exist, that is an hallucination arising from irritation of the brain. [Why not call it delirium tremens?] Similar results arise in regard to the sense of hearing. Sometimes the taste is perverted, and the food not tasting right, they will imagine they are being poisoned. There will be often an affection of the muscles; the walk will sometimes resemble that of a drunken man; in fact, the symptoms of alcoholic poison are much the same as those of mania; sometimes they become capable of unusual muscular exertion; there may be a partial pa-

ralysis affecting the organs of speech; sometimes there is incoherency; that arises from mental causes, a want of fixing the attention; they will sometimes become so preoccupied as to neglect some of the ordinary decencies of life; thus they will mutter, talk to vacancy or inanimate objects. I have seen letters from persons suffering under congestion of the brain, in which the character of the handwriting, as well as the words, were different from those of their healthy condition; when they sleep they usually wake with a start; and their dreams are habitually unpleasant, and if they take a particular line it usually points to a particular disease.

There is a record by a missionary of a Chinaman condemned to death by sleeplessness, who lived nineteen days, but after the eighth day he begged for death. The effort to procure sleep by protracted walking only exaggerates the disease of congestion of the brain.

In this disease there is sometimes a projection of the eye, and the muscles drawing it back, the eye is not quite in the right line, and is so peculiar as to attract attention. Acceleration of the pulse, without disease of the heart, is a symptom of disease in the brain.

In those suffering from the disease there is a general change of character. A prudent man may become a spendthrift; a careful man a careless one. The individual is usually either unduly excited or depressed, or each alternately. There is generally a loss of memory and a failure of the judgment, and a vacillating will; there will often be hallucinations at the first, which will lead to delusions; insanity in an ancestor predisposes the descendant to the same disease; there are other diseases which are hereditary, but especially in the nervous diseases, descendants of those affected are more liable to them; this may appear after the intermission of a generation; where it appears in a collateral relative, as in a cousin, without any apparent cause, there is a strong presumption that it came from an ancestor.

I found the prisoner McFarland of a nervous temperament; he is about fifty years of age; in view of his nervous temperament and the beliefs he may have had of an effort to withdraw his wife and child, and the facts shown during the trial in regard to his feelings and suspicions, the letters, the hallucinations, the constant return to the one subject, his sleeplessness, his want of appetite, his loss of home, his loss of family, his starting up, his absent child crying to him in his sleep, his suicidal tendencies, the involuntary movements of his muscles when under excitement, the appearance of his eyes, his mutterings, the change of his character, the nervous motion of his hands, his complaints of pain in his head, the impossibility of calming him, his rapid pulse, his strong resemblance to a cousin who was insane, the state of frenzy and distraction he was shown to have been in on the 25th of November, I should, as an expert, and after my examination of him, say, unhesitatingly, that he was not in his right mind and was insane at the time; according to my judgment, he was not at the time of the shooting in a state of mind to know the nature and consequences of his act; he could not distinguish between right and wrong; he was incapable of distinguishing right from wrong.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond gave his theory of insanity as follows: He divides the human mind into four parts, the perceptions, the emotions, the intellect, and the will. Any of these four divisions may become diseased and the patient become insane as to the faculties or part affected, without seriously impairing the others, although all the rest will of course be more or less affected.

Q.—Explain to the jury how the continued exercise of the brain wears away the tissue of the brain, and what is needed to repair it? A.—The brain is regarded as the organ which gives rise to the mind; the mind is the effect of the action on the brain, and in accordance with a well-known law of physiology, whenever an organ acts it must have an increased amount of blood go to it; and when the brain is thinking, or being exercised to a great extent, there is more blood in it than when the brain is quiet. If that condition is kept up for a long time, the vessels become permanently distended and enlarged. They lose their contractile power just as the india-rubber band around a bundle of letters, which is too big for it, will retain to some extent its increased size, and will not contract to its original dimensions. When persons have overtasked their mental powers, or their minds have undergone a great strain, they find it impossible to empty the blood from the blood-vessels, because the blood-vessels have lost their contractility. Such persons are very subject to wakefulness, which, by-the-by, is one of the principal symptoms of congestion of the brain.

Q.—Describe the process of nutrition; how, when the brain is worn away by action, it is repaired by sleep, and how necessary that is. A.—If the substance of the brain is used up more rapidly than new substance is formed the brain soon acquires a morbid condition.

If a man overtasks his mental powers, without giving himself sufficient rest for the nutrition of the brain, he soon becomes bankrupt as to brain material, for he is consuming his capital.

Q.—What time spent in sleep do you consider necessary to keep the brain in a healthy condition? A.—Fully eight hours for a man actively engaged in the pursuits of life—one-third of his time; when a man sleeps, the vessels of the brain contract, and there is very much less blood in the brain during sleep than during wakefulness; you can produce sleep at any time by pressing the carotid arteries to keep the blood from going to the head.

Q.—Then thinking wears away the tissue of the brain? A.—Yes, sir; and if not supplied, the brain becomes worn out; every act performed by any bodily organ is performed at the expense of the substance of that organ; you can not get any force without the consumption of material.

Q.—Can you give any instance of emotional mania? A.—Yes, sir; a gentleman consulted me a few days ago, and informed me that but for the pride of his family he should have killed himself long ago: but he did not want any odium to be attached to his children. He said there was no cause for it whatever, so far as his own circumstances were concerned, mentally, physically, politically, or in any other respect; that he ought to be one of the happiest of men, and was so regarded by his neighbors; but he had got into this condition, and was certainly on the verge of insanity.

Q.—If at any time the determination to die became stronger than this gentleman's regard for his family, would he die? A.—He undoubtedly would; and it frequently happens that the desire of death overcomes all other feelings.

Q.—Did this gentleman appear to have a well-balanced mind? A.—Yes, sir; and he performs the duties of a very important office with fidelity; and that is only one case out of numerous others; I have seen dozens of them.

Q.—We will now come to the will; what do you understand by a morbid impulse? A.—Morbid impulse is nothing more than volitional insanity; it is that condition in which a man has lost control of his will; there is a striking case in the books of that kind, of a nurse who went into the garden where her mistress was walking, and threw herself on her knees and begged to be discharged, and said that she never undressed the baby without feeling an impulsive desire to cut it to pieces, its flesh was so white: her mistress sent her away; but on another occasion, when the request was not acceded to, the child was killed.

The man who is drunk is poisoned, diseased, and *deranged*. No man who drinks alcoholic liquors habitually is sound or sane. He is not safe, should not be left free, but be shut up and restrained of his liberty until the effects of the poison may have been eradicated. We regard all drunkards, all habitual opium-eaters, and most tobacco users, as diseased. Their bodies, brains, and minds are the *worse* for the poisons.

OUR GOVERNMENT.

WHO HAVE WE FOR OUR LEGISLATORS?

IT becomes honest men and patriots, men who love their country, to take a serious look at the present aspect of affairs. Prudent men are inquiring, "What are we coming to?" Who are making our laws? And who are perverting them? Are we, as a nation, "on the road to ruin?" or are we still rising? Is justice to reign in our courts? or are our jury trials a farce?

Of late, some very bad men have been elected to very responsible offices. We find notorious drunkards sitting in our courts as judges; notorious gamblers elected to our State legislatures, and even to our national Congress! Some of our State officers are thieves and robbers. Assassins go unwhipped of justice. Rowdies and vagabonds perpetrate crime with impunity, looking to corrupt or lenient judges and to political influence to screen them from punishment. Here is a brief sketch, from the New York *Evening Post*, describing the state of things in our late Legislature at Albany. The writer says:

"I have made a careful study, during the session, of the morals of this Legislature. The result may be summed up in the statement, that they are lower, on the average, than those of their constituents; at least, of those constituents who claim to be at all respectable. This

is not a harsh judgment. With a few honorable exceptions, whose prominence makes the rule the more obvious, the members in conversation, in private life, and in public acts conform to an habitually low standard. Profanity is so common as to be almost uniform. Obscenity is hardly less so.

"License is very prevalent, and conspicuously so. The lobbies and galleries, especially of the lower House, are the common resort of women of loose character, whose dress and demeanor betray them, whose presence is the subject of frequent remarks, and who are not unfrequently encouraged by the personal recognition of members.

"Gambling is a common practice. Heavy games are played nightly, and with a number of Senators and Assemblymen the pursuit of the 'tiger' is a deeply-rooted habit. Doubtless gaming is sometimes a cloak for the transfer of bribes; but the fact that it is so shows plainly the light in which it is generally regarded. Drinking to excess is not so noticeable as might be expected. On some occasions there have been displays of partial intoxication, and the general expression of the House, a week since, on the evening of Gen. Thomas' funeral, was obviously indicative of a not-yet-evaporated 'spree.'

"As to the immorality for which legislators are principally denounced, a public action upon interested motives, there are many grades of it, from the refined partisanship of the ambitious leader to the vulgar rapacity of the man who sells his vote for money. It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to give anything more definite than inferences on this subject. The transactions of the Exchange for public virtue are accessible only to those who dare not divulge them."

Who nominated these bad men? Who voted for them? Did they procure their places by ballot stuffing? Are they indeed unconvicted felons, who deserve long terms in State's prison instead of seats in the Legislature? If the general belief be true, it would so appear. And are *these* the creatures to make laws for intelligent American citizens? Patience and good-nature are estimable qualities; and so are justice and executiveness. We warn the villains and vampires that there is a law *higher* than those of human enactment, and that law is self-defense and self-preservation against usurpers and robbers.

American common schools *shall* be preserved. Free religion *shall* be defended. Our free institutions *shall not* be perverted. We demand, and will have, temperance men—not drunkards—to be our judges. We demand, and will have, religious men—not profane, lustful libertines—to be our legislators. We demand, and *will have*, honest statesmen—not gamblers, boxers, and bullies—for U. S. Congressmen. To this end, we call on all members of the churches, the temperance societies, and on all Young Men's Christian Associations to UNITE their efforts to put down corruption in legislation, by selecting and electing only intelligent men, honest, temperance men, and godly men for all places of trust. It is only because intelligent, law-abiding citizens fail to combine, and fail to work together in a body, that drunkards, libertines, gamblers, and robbers have come to fill places which only godly men are fit to fill.

If the evils pointed out be not stopped ere long, our great republic will break down and become worse than a monarchy, or worse than semi-barbarous Mexico, or bull-fighting Spain, or priest-ridden and poverty-stricken Italy and Ireland. We call on our school-teachers, our temperance societies, our churches, and especially our Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the United States, to come to the rescue and SAVE OUR COUNTRY! May Heaven defend and reward all well-doers in this work of political reform and regeneration!

PHRENOLOGY IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. JAMES McLEAN, of the Crown Lands Office, in Victoria, Australia, writes us at some length, stating the condition of Phrenology in that land of gold, wool, and mutton. We quote a few paragraphs:

"Phrenology in this colony is but in its

infancy. True, there are some five practical advocates of its principles; but out of that five I fear it would be a most difficult task to produce a really good phrenologist. A few years ago the science was carefully advocated by Mr. Philemon Sohier, a Frenchman of considerable talent, coupled with a sound education; but owing to his having amassed a considerable fortune, he abandoned the high study and left the colony for France, where he now is. A gentleman (?) by the name of Hamilton has for the past few years occasionally practiced in Melbourne and the surrounding townships; but on account of his extremely nervous and remarkably egotistical nature, coupled with *rather* defective concentration and honor, he has not succeeded. * * * I have frequently lectured throughout this colony, and freely delineated character; but owing to my time being very much employed, and the rapidly increasing demands of my young family, I can devote but little time to its practice."

[Here, evidently, is an open field for competent phrenologists. Australia has at present a thrifty population of enterprising people, chiefly from England; and advanced views in education, science, politics, and religion prevail. The country is ripe for several first-class phrenologists. Who will go? We hope to include Sydney, a city of 65,000, Melbourne, of over 100,000, Adelaide, 20,000, Victoria, Bathurst, Liverpool, Maitland, etc., in our contemplated phrenological trip around the world.—ED.]

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

REV. J. P. THOMPSON, D.D., LL.D., author of "Man in Genesis and in Geology," has just delivered a series of discourses on the following very important subjects. Will he not consent to their publication? Here is the syllabus:

The UNITY OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH as derived from Nature, from the Human Soul, from Society and History, and from the Bible.

The first topic is the Reality of Religion, its universal necessity, and the method of ascertaining its truth by *Induction*.

Second—Truths of Physical Science that demand Religion for their solution; such as Law, Order, End, and Life. A review of the Positivism of Comte.

Third—Truths of Psychology that demand Religion for their solution;—Facts of Consciousness—Intelligence, Causality, Morality. A review of the Materialism of Büchner and Huxley.

Fourth—Truths in Society and History that demand Religion for their solution. The community of consciousness; race-identity, interdependence; laws of progress; the religious idea; solidarity; retributive forces. A review of Buckle and Spencer on Sociology.

Fifth—Hebrew Monotheism; originality and grandeur of the conception; its perfect development in Christ; the Bible as an historical Religion.

Sixth—The Biblical doctrine of God applied as a *theory* to the foregoing truths gathered by induction. He is the God of universal law and order and intelligent cause; the Author of life; a moral ruler; a providence in History, both guiding and retributive. The Christian theory meets all the facts, and conducts man to the highest development.

[Trusting the author will perceive the expediency of giving to the general public, in book form, these most instructive lectures, we tender him our thanks in advance.]

LIMPING STATEMENTS.—The medical magazine *Good Health* says that "the idea of this and that kind of food for particular organs,—bread for the feet, potatoes for the hands, and milk and fish for the brain,—is a will-o'-the-wisp, a modern *ignis fatuus*. There is no foundation for it in facts." It says, further:

"The best and the only safe way to preserve the brain, and every other organ of the body, is to eschew alcohol and all narcotic poisons, eat temperately of such food as has been found by experience to agree with the stomach, avoid late suppers and night-study, and sleep as much as nature requires. [Then comes the limping part.] We would also add, take such medicines, if necessary, as will cause the appropriation of every element necessary to the proper nourishment of every tissue and organ in the body."

Here the flood-gates are opened to quackery, and every one with a sliver in his finger, a cold in his head, or a sty on his eye, will "take such medicines" as will, in nine cases in every ten, only *worse* his condition. Think of the pills, powders, bitters, and other drugs and *dic*-stuffs which are taken into poor, weak human stomachs to torment the life out of them. And all these "foreign substances" must be digested, must enter into the circulation and poison the blood, and raise the mischief with one's internal economy. "Give physic to the dogs"—if you wish to kill them.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

THE following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible, had they not been given to us upon the highest authority.

Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides.

It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician. could repeat the Æneid; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

[A good memory depends on the following conditions, namely: good health, well-developed intellectual faculties, a clear, susceptible mind, self-reliance, and the power of concentration. A poor memory, while it may be owing to undeveloped faculties, is usually the result of physical weakness induced by gormandizing or dissipation. Smoking, chewing, or snuffing tobacco; drinking alcoholic stimulants, strong tea and coffee; taking much medicine; exhaustion from excesses, and bad personal habits; and going without sufficient sleep, are among the chief causes of weak memory.]

THE SALMON.

THE salmon is a native of nearly all rivers the water of which is clear and cold, and which empty into either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Within the past twenty-five years this fish has diminished greatly in numbers here, and the cause of this diminution is chiefly to be attributed to its having been fished for too much in the spawning season; besides, in many of the streams where salmon was once abundant, dams have been built, which serve to keep it from its customary habitat.

The salmon, like several other species of fish, possesses the home sentiment in a marked degree. No matter how much it may wander, it will return to the same river, to its old spawning ground, in the season of procreation. It will go out of its river, and swim perhaps all over the ocean, and afterward return to the same river. It does not matter how much storm or turbid water it may be obliged to pass through when on the return voyage, though he may not be able to see clearly a foot in front of him, he steers surely for his old home. The bottom of all rivers and creeks that have water adapted to salmon is dotted with springs; and these fish spawn and hatch wherever they find springy bottom, particularly at the heads of streams. The impression is prevalent, that salmon spawn and hatch anywhere, for the reason that they are seen during the breeding season in many different parts of the river;

but the fact is, they do not spawn in any place unless there is a spring close by or immediately beneath. I think the reason that salmon spawn near a spring consists in the fact, that if the eggs were deposited in a part of the stream which was free from springy bottom, many of them would become buried in sediment and not hatch out; but being deposited in the vicinity of or over springy bottom, they are kept clear from sediment by the upward burst of the water. In the great lakes the salmon appears to be strictly a shore fish, and has never been caught more than sixty rods from the shore, except in very rare instances.

The disappearance of salmon from our rivers is due to the prevalent use of trap and pond nets Lake Ontario in 1837 was well stocked with salmon. They were so plenty that they were sold at five dollars a hundred. In 1840 a trap net was sent to Canada from Scotland, and set at Bond Head by one Wm. Stroger; it was a certain catch for salmon, and in a little while its efficiency became well known not only on the Canada side, but also on the American side, although Stroger kept the nature of the trap a secret for a year. As soon, however, as it became known how the trap was made, everybody adopted it, and the borders of the lake teemed with trap nets to the great destruction of fish. It would seem as if the whole family of salmon that spent their summers in Lake Ontario were gobbled up by these traps in the course of five years, and fishermen wondered what had become of the fish. It would be well for me to say in this connection, that the salmon has its roaming ground as well as its spawning ground, and is just as regular in its visits to one as to the other; hence the likelihood of all the fish being caught by those fishermen who know their haunts.

By the application of the improved methods of fish culture our waters can be restocked with salmon, and so the good old times of good fish plenty and cheap may be recovered. Should one thousandth part of the money expended in agriculture be applied to the production of fish by artificial breeding, our interior waters would soon be full. There is such a thing, however, as overstocking with fish. A stream becomes overstocked when there is not sufficient feed in it for the use of its finny inhabitants; but in the case of salmon, however, it would be very difficult to overstock a river or creek, on account of that fish's habit of spending only a portion of the year in it, and while in fresh water it does not eat anything. With a very few exceptions, I have never seen any kind of feed in a salmon caught in fresh water. I am of the opinion that salmon can be raised in fresh water, and be made to weigh eight or ten pounds; and I also think that many kinds of salt-water fish can be acclimated to fresh water; at any rate, the experiment should be tried. Fish want salt water while they are in fresh-water streams, and they can find it in plenty at various points, for the reason that there are salt springs in all our lakes bubbling up from the bottom. One thing more. Salmon is the smallest feeder of the whole fish family; its stomach is not one tenth the size of a salmon-trout of the same dimensions. When it enters fresh water it begins to lose flesh, and becomes very thin and spare before it returns to its salt-water haunts. In the matter of artificial production, it may be unnecessary to say more than this, that salmon are bred artificially, and taken care of in precisely the same way as brook-trout. SETH GREEN.

THE LOUISVILLE BRIDGE.—The great railway bridge on the Ohio River, at Louisville, is one of the finest and most important structures of the kind in the country. Its total cost when complete will be about one and one-half million of dollars. The length of the bridge is 5,200 feet, or nearly a mile. It is supported by twenty-five massive piers. The longest span is over the middle chute, and is 370 feet. At this point the bridge is 90½ feet above low-water mark. There is a draw-bridge over the canal of 114½ feet clear span. The grade from the Kentucky side is 82 feet to the mile, the grade on the Indiana side being nearly 79 feet. A long and heavy embankment is necessary on the west side of the river, and that is nearly done. This bridge, in addition to its railroad uses, is built for street cars and wagons, the supposition being that at certain times of the day the railroad trains will occupy the bridge—only one-eighth of the twenty-four hours—

leaving it free the rest of the time for ordinary travel. The estimates of this grand structure tell the story of what it is. The masonry cost $476,952; the iron superstructure, $776,090—the whole cost amounting to $1,600,000.

HELP YOURSELF.

WE place little faith in the genius which expires without action. The poet may lament his fate in sorrowing numbers; the philosopher must pity both genius and poet. One might as well talk of a nightingale living a long life without singing, or a lark not greeting the morn. The music is in them, and will out, in spite of cage or bars, and can only be extinguished with life. Boy at the plow, imagining yourself a dwarfed Shakspeare, think of Burns singing a song while tugging the furrow, just as you are, which vibrated human hearts round the world. The secret of his success was that he was Burns. There are none like him, and none need expect to be, not even desire to be. The world hates duplicates; the last it always considers a caricature. Burns' age wanted a Burns, and he came. Our age desires different developments, and if you are the one called, be assured you will not die unwanted. This view of man's mission is liable to abuse. Believing that we are wholly creatures of circumstance, we idly remain awaiting the issue, waiting for a summons to take some great position. When thus benighted, we should consider that we are ourselves the greatest circumstance of our existence, and our own activity and energy must earn the place we desire. The French Revolution might have passed and never called the name of Napoleon, had he not, educated in its spirit, seized with masterly grasp the control of its discordant elements.

Cincinnatus may be called from the plow to the dictatorship of an empire; but never, had he not, by a long service, already shown his masterly genius for command. Such great turns of fortune never overtake the unprepared and waiting drones. They may wait to the day of doom, and wait till "God helps those who help themselves," and fortune is the helper of the energetic.

The individual may bide his time, gathering strength and preparing, only biding that he may be prepared in season to grasp the first opportunity he is "lord of;" then he makes a mark wide and deep in the hearts of mankind, as the path of an avalanche. See how it is with that. Through the long winter days it rests on the mountain's brow; day by day the snow falls, adding flake to flake; and the sleet and rain congeal to its surface, still it reposes, grasping the rocky brow with tighter hand, and amid tempests and clouds remaining. Spring comes, and the breath of summer warms the mountain. Then it is ready for the dreadful leap, for which all winter has been preparing, and with a thundering crash, reaching from chasm to chasm, and rolling in dying accents from crag to crag, it rushes to the plain. Generations of men unnumbered will behold its deep furrow, almost cleaving the mountain in twain. Had it not waited until prepared, had it fallen piece by piece, had it otherwise than thrown all the accumulated force of a year into the effort, the first grasses of spring would have obliterated its path. So it is with the efforts of men. They can waste their energies in fruitless efforts; they can waste in idle waiting; they can, by husbanding their strength till the proper time, shatter the world, and obtain the homage of generations they have benefited.

The old adage "Seize time by the forelock," should read, Seize circumstances by the forelock. Make the most of your surroundings, using them for stepping-stones to something higher. Never impatient, never content, active ever.—*Exchange.*

A HAPPY BOY.—"I say, boy, why do you whistle so gaily?"

"Because I'm so happy, mister."

"What makes you so happy?"

"'Cause I've got a new shirt; look a-here; ain't it nice?"

"It don't look very new. What is it made of?"

"Why, 'tis new, 'cause mam made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"

"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her mam give her."

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

Contributions for this Department may be addressed to S. S. PACKARD, care of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. To insure attention, they must be short, pointed, truthful, and upon subjects of vital interest.

LONDON BEGGARS.

THERE is no city in the world where begging is so thoroughly reduced to an art as in the British metropolis, London. That great and ancient capital, to which we are indebted for the expert cracksmen and pickpockets who now practice among us, has not yet, the Fates be praised, furnished us with a supply of its professional beggars. Nor do we believe that they could thrive here as in their native haunts. The American people are too active, there is too much business bustle, laziness is so much condemned, that the vagabond who might grow fat on London benevolence would have to turn his peculiar talents to some other account, if he would keep life and soul together here.

The London beggar in the olden time, if we may judge from what we gather from some earlier writers, was simply a lazy, droning, and groveling creature, but otherwise harmless. A really impudent beggar was rarely to be met with, albeit the truncheon of the M.P. was unknown, and the custodians of the public peace few and far between.

In the days of Queen Anne a farthing was looked upon as a handsome alms, and was generally given with some such remark as "Better times to you," or, "May your fast be short," while the young bloods of the period, whose charity was as extensive as their chivalry, would crack a joke with the mendicant and expect in return some good-natured repartee.

The "How now, varlet!" and "Out upon you for a knave!" which, according to the indefatigable novelist "James," were the addresses commonly used by a superior to an inferior, in a sort of jocular strain, would not be quite so well received by the professional beggar of these times as they were by those who carried on their trade centuries ago.

When men beg on this side of the Atlantic, whatever may be bestowed in charity is extended and received generally in silence. By the donor, the act of giving is considered a simple duty, while the recipient takes the offering as a right. However much this may appear unmannerly and ungracious, it nevertheless closely approaches the fact.

The lame beggar of London is mostly to be found in the parks and public gardens, unless he be, or would appear to be, a sailor "on his beam ends," when he generally selects the step of some conspicuous residence or public building.

Considering his real or apparent infirmities, as the case may be—for it is no uncommon thing to meet with those who are perfectly sound in limb, but whose make-up is admirably deceptive—the lame beggar of the park, from long practice, acquires extraordinary activity, and he will hop off the wooden or iron bench, which is selected with a careful regard to its conspicuousness, and "dot and go one" at a marvelous speed after a solitary lady whose appearance may denote, to his skillful eye, that she would rather give a shilling to be alone than be honored with the temporary and equivocal companionship of the hobbling supplicant.

These fellows know precisely in what manner to approach their victims, from their dress and manner. Their knowledge of human nature is immense. Let a shrewd, practical man of the world approach, or one who has his lifetime mentally reversed the proverb "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and they will scarcely take the trouble to move their hands to their forelocks. To seek alms from such as these, they feel intuitively would be but a waste of time and energy. But let a good-natured-looking individual draw near, and the lame beggar is by his side in a twinkling, cap in hand, and almost obstructing his progress, for how could that timid-looking and benevolent-browed man have the heart to thrust a "poor cripple" from his path? His "Help a poor cripple, gentleman, sir," for such is the stereotyped address to the unsophisticated, scarcely ever fails to bring him a copper, for which he will return a "thankee." But would the donor have a blessing in return for his charity, he must purchase it with silver, when the benediction "God bless yer honor thankee kindly gen'l'man sir," all in one breath, will follow the donor, who doubtless goes his way with a lighter heart and

a freer step, believing, in his innocence, that he has possibly saved some poor fellow-creature from want. If the aforesaid address be not successful, the pitiful cry, "I ain't broke m' fast for two days," will generally have its desired effect.

It is almost impossible to avoid the onslaught of this peculiar class, whose extraordinary activity may well lead one to believe that they are for the most part simply "make-ups."

The writer remembers coming upon one of these individuals while crossing Hyde Park some three years ago. He attempted to dodge the man—who was sitting on a wooden bench at the edge of the gravel walk—by making a slight detour on the grass and quickening his pace. But the attempt was vain. In three or four gigantic bounds, using his crutch as a stilt, the "helpless cripple" was by his side. He seemed to make a semi-circular swoop upon the writer, who was only protected from impudent importunity by the unexpected advent of the British beggar's inveterate foe, a representative of the Metropolitan police.

The sailor beggar is generally scrupulously clean, however mean his attire, and his glazed hat is seldom doffed in vain. He is rarely uncivil, but when he does let loose his vocabulary, his selections are by no means choice, and are not to be discovered either in Webster or Walker. If Jack imagines he detects a pious individual, he will vouchsafe a blessing, such as "May Heaven bless your honor!" without payment in advance; but woe be to him or her who is not prepared with the C. O. D., for Jack reserves unto himself the right of a codicil, which—like the "and never overtake yez" of the disappointed Irishman who had ventured a "May Heaven's blessing follow yez" on credit—is not of a complimentary nature, nor agreeable to ears polite.

There is one particular class of beggars who may be styled the "able-bodied" mendicants. They prey upon young girls and feeble and timid women principally, for men give not to such sturdy rogues. They not unfrequently carry a short stick or club, and their greatest dodge is to waylay ladies at corners, start out upon them from a dark alley, or rise suddenly from a shadowed doorway with an appeal—which sounds to the terrified female like a threat—for help,—"I'm starving, lady," "Give us a shilling to buy a loaf of bread," being their general cries.

Of the blind beggars, there is the decayed gentleman, who is to be found in a suit of black, with a neat studded shirt-front and long white cuffs, and a black-and-white comforter if it be winter time, leaning against the wall of Blackfriars, London, or Westminster Bridge. He utters not a word, but his poor glazed eyeballs tell too plainly the tale of his infirmity. He is no impostor at least, only the unfortunate tool and victim of unnatural relatives.

Then there is the burly red-faced beggar who walks the Strand and Fleet Street principally. He is pock-marked, and labeled "I am blind." A faithful and intelligent poodle carries a small wicker basket for the reception of voluntary contributions. An occasional tap from his master's stick when he is not attending to his duties, or is wistfully watching the gambols of vagrant dogs, denotes that if the man be blind, his other faculties are immensely keen.

Again, there is the little fellow who knows every street, alley, and door-step of the West End as well as and perhaps better than most of the residents who are blessed with sight. He may be seen frequently near the Oxford Circus and Pantheon. He does not ask alms, nor is he labeled, but his quivering eyelids, and the tap, tap, tap of his heavy cane, say as plainly as words could ask it, "Pity the blind."

We have not attempted here to do more than present a few types of the London beggars, for their histories could not be encompassed properly in a quarto volume. Those that we have touched on will be well recognized by persons who have visited the city wherein they ply their avocation.

The "dodges" of the professional beggars alone would, if they were explained, fill an ordinary-sized book. Women practice the most fearful barbarities on children in order to rob them of their health and make the tears flow, that they may the more readily touch the hearts of the charitable. There is one instance, to which the writer may refer in conclusion, where the barbarity of a female beggar eclipsed that of the most "untutored savage," or the atrocities of a Sepoy.

A woman sat on a door-step in the Edgeware Road—it is but a few years ago—during the busiest part of each day, with a child in her arms. This little creature's eyes were bandaged, and its cries were heart-rending. Every mother's heart felt for "that poor woman" with her blind child, and she reaped a rich harvest.

At length, prompted possibly by curiosity, or it may have been by certain suspicions that had been excited in his mind, a policeman desired to remove the bandage from the child's

eyes. Its screams were becoming louder and louder; but the mother, as she called herself, resisted the attempt, tooth and nail. The M.P. was not to be thwarted, however, and after a short struggle the bandage was removed. Incredulous though it may appear, this terrible creature, in the form of a woman, had placed beneath this bandage—what do you think?—two or three huge black beetles, which were slowly eating away the sight of the martyred child's eyes! What fiend could have invented torture more horrible? *A. Montfield.*

IS IT SAFE FOR WOMEN TO APPEAR ALONE IN PUBLIC?

SOME time since I had my indignation aroused by an article in the *Round Table*, which contained a long and elaborate argument to prove that it was improper and unsafe for women to visit, alone, public places of amusement, to travel "unprotected," to ride in our city cars, or even walk the streets in broad daylight.

I have long been fully convinced that but one of two ways can be the right one concerning women, and that one must ultimately be adopted: either the Turkish social system is correct, and women should be entirely excluded from public places, or else they should be allowed unquestioned personal freedom as human beings. Now, being myself a woman, and having a natural antipathy to the imprisonment of the harem, I claim my right, as a human being, with an independent will of my own, to come and go when I choose and where I choose.

The editor of the late *Round Table* may have a right to speak from his own instincts, and tell the world how *he himself* treats women when he finds them alone and unprotected; but we believe the vast majority of men will challenge his right to speak for them.

However, one woman's actual experience is worth more than the speculations of a score of men; and this is mine for the last fifteen years. For years my business interests frequently compelled me to be out late of an evening, and I became accustomed to walk the streets of a populous city, "unprotected," yet without thought of fear, and always unmolested. I have walked squares in Philadelphia at midnight, through streets where one might look for insult, if anywhere, just as safely as in broad daylight. I am a frequent rider in the city cars, and find them as safe as the pavement. I have traveled many times alone on the railroad through different portions of the country, and have yet the first unpleasant occurrence to meet. In the course of my travels I have found many *gentlemen*, and if there were others on board who were not, they did not seem in the least attracted by me. I have been in offices where I was the only woman, not only during the day, but late into the night, and must still add my testimony that I have met uniform courtesy, added to a manifested avoidance of anything that might annoy or offend. In days gone by it was no rare occurrence for me to go to the theater alone at night, but instead of ushers displaying special rudeness, as the *Round Table* editor assures women they are certain to do on such an opportunity, I have to thank them for their kindnesses to me, and have no doubt I often fared better in the way of a seat than I would have done if my husband had accompanied me to look after my interests.

But, reviewing my experience in my own mind, I thought to myself, "You are a plain, unattractive body, and for that very reason exempt from the annoyances that may befall others." So I called a friend in consultation—a lady of pleasing personal appearance and most engaging manners—one who at once prepossesses every stranger in her favor. I knew that she had exercised a freedom equal to mine, while her experience was even more extended. She has traveled alone thousands of miles, by car and steamboat, both in the North and South, and never hesitates to go anywhere, or do anything she really desires, through fear of Mrs. Grundy.

So we two met in conclave and gave the subject a thorough discussion, with one of the offending sex for an audience. Said she:

"My father taught me, when I was young, to go quietly along the street, never to indulge in loud talk or laughter, never to stare at passers or by-standers, nor to be constantly straining eyes and ears to catch an impertinent look or comment. I have followed this advice, and if people stare at me, I do not see them; if they make insulting or unpleasant remarks, I do not hear them. So, whether they do or not, I think and know nothing about it, and am not hurt. I believe," she added, "that it is this fear, or pretended fear of insult, that most often incites it. If a woman expects to be insulted, her manner generally shows it, and

there are men generous enough not to wish to see her disappointed. It is in a perfect self-forgetfulness and a total absence of fear a woman finds her best safeguard."

I remarked that the writer of the *Round Table* article lived in New York, and possibly that Sodom among cities might be essentially different from our own quiet Quaker town.

"I have," she said, "been in New York alone and a perfect stranger. I have had dealings with ferry-men, hack-men, baggage-men, hotel clerks. I have traveled up and down the principal streets, visited art galleries and other places of interest, explored Central Park, and found always the same courtesy—always the same freedom from insult."

So New York stood acquitted of any especial wickedness.

"But how about attending public places of amusement?" I asked.

"I am alone in this city, with only my mother and sister with me. I have no brother here—no cousin. There is no man upon whom I have the slightest claim to pay my expenses, and see me safely to and from such places. So when I wish to go to theater, concert, or opera, and feel that I can afford it, I shall not and do not hesitate to take my mother or sister, and go as independently as if I were a man. And I never yet have met any annoyance, and never expect to."

It is my belief that a real lady carries that in her demeanor—in her very presence—which turns every man who comes in contact with her, unless he be a brute, into a gentleman for the time being. I think all Americans, whether of high or low degree, have an instinctive chivalry that not only prevents them from annoying a woman, but leads them to become her *impromptu* protector when they see her annoyed. And the woman who dispenses with the one conventional protector is paying the highest compliment possible to the sex, saying as plainly as actions can say: "I do not fear you, for I know that I can trust you; and I know that if I am in danger I will find a hundred protectors who will see me suffer no harm."

While we see men bear so patiently the arrogance and assumption of many women who take the courtesies that the stronger sex pay to the weaker as their right, without a word or look of gratitude, we feel sure they can endure the modest independence of a true woman who never asks for help except she needs it, and then always gracefully receives it and gratefully acknowledges it.

Any woman whose experience is largely the reverse of mine and my friend's, I can not help setting down as possessing a strongly prurient imagination, in being constantly on the watch for annoyances, and fancying insults where perhaps none were intended; or else that there be something peculiar in her mien and behavior to attract the evil-disposed. She, at least, must be lacking the essentials of ladyhood.

And here permit me to say that the experiences which some literary ladies have taken such great care to spread before the world, touching the conduct of certain individuals who control editorial positions, must be exceptional. I can never believe that any responsible editor in this country would so far forget his manhood—to say nothing of his mother—as to insult an unprotected female, or to place himself at such a sure disadvantage as to make disgraceful overtures, knowing that they would be indignantly repelled. Our editors are neither demons nor fools, whatever else they may be; and any editor in any civilized American city who would so disgrace his profession as to insult a virtuous and modest woman, would not be permitted to hold his position for a day.

I do not expect to find all men saints, but I am certain that they are not all satyrs. There are brutes to be met with occasionally in the world who have no reverence for either God or humanity, and if a woman is unfortunate enough to meet one occasionally, let her console herself with the thought that it is only once in awhile; and if his mother, sisters, or wife must endure his daily brutality, which, of course, in the "sanctity" of domestic life he is privileged to make far more outrageous than he dare do in public, it will not seriously injure her for the once.

There are, in these cases, a convenient blindness and deafness that become a most impenetrable shield. It must be a persistent man indeed who will continue annoyances and insults which only rebound to him, without making any impression on his intended victims.

I believe if women really want their freedom in these matters, there is scarcely any obstacle in their way to prevent their taking it. Only let them, on all occasions, bear in mind that they are ladies, and behave as such. Let there be no assuming of masculine manners along with masculine liberty; and—though of course I can not speak of foreign countries from actual experience—I believe they may travel alone from one end of civilization to the other with perfect impunity. *Mrs. E. B. Duffy.*

MY BROTHER TOM AND HIS BOYS.

TOM is a useful member of society. He is an elder in the church, an officer in the Sabbath-school, a regular and active attendant upon the prayer-meeting and other meetings of the church and society, and is, withal, a very successful business man. He provides well for his family, and orders his household, in all respects, with suitable dignity and decorum. He is certainly no grumbler, and I doubt if his children ever listened to an unkind or really impatient word from him. His boys are remarkably well fed and well clothed. They sit up straight, and appear to pay good attention to the sermon every Sunday morning; I believe they always learn their Sunday-school lesson (I have often heard their mother tell them that their father would be greatly displeased with them if they did not), and every morning and evening are gathered around the family altar, and are repeatedly reminded to say their prayers when they go to bed. I suppose not one of them ever knew in his life what it was to be hungry, except the pleasant sensation of a wholesome appetite, which never seems to forsake, even for the first hour after dinner, a healthy boy. Not one of them ever felt the sensation of cold, except that comfortable one experienced by the well-clad lad on his skates or his sled, in the stimulating air of our Northern climate. Yet I protest that Tom neglects his family, *systematically*, *habitually*—I believe *wickedly*.

He works hard every working-day, and comes home to eat his supper, read his newspaper, and go to bed. If the "wee" *little* one creeps timidly to his side and lifts its inquiring face to his, he only sees it through long bills of debit and credit, or it is shaded to his eyes by certain symbols which indicate the "margin" on the price of lumber or of coal; and if he puts the fairy creature away ever so gently, he still *does* put it away, or calls the nurse to care for the child. *Very* well; he *pays* the *nurse* to take care of the child—why shouldn't she do her work? If an older one ventures, with an eagerness he can not entirely repress, to inquire if he may hope for a new sled soon, he is bidden be quiet—his father is tired; and if the more sedate first-born, just entering into his studies—those magic portals which lead to endless labyrinths of wondrous mystery in physics and mathematics—asks an awkward question, supposing that one so wise and great as *his* father must hold the key which unlocks them all, he is directed to ask his teacher, who is paid to tell him, and coldly desired to go to his mother and see if he can't learn to speak better English. On Sunday, Tom, of course, has no *time* to take these little ones by the hand and lead or point them heavenward! He is too tired in the morning for early rising. Saturday is with him the busiest day of the week, and of course he comes home later and more tired than usual on that night. His breakfast eaten, the chapter read, and the prayers ended, he must hasten to the Sabbath-school. Church duties hold his attention until they are all in bed for the night, and he goes to his pillow, not half so well acquainted with his own wild, ambitious, sturdy Bill as with Bill McGeorge, whom he has, in a conscientious discharge of his duty, persuaded to join his class in the mission Sabbath-school. And my brother Tom is no remarkable exception. What is true of him in this respect is true of many, *very* many others, as good and no worse than he.

Of all the blessed opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities God vouchsafes to man, none is so great and holy, and none so lightly assumed and so tampered with, as when one is called to be prophet, priest, and king in his own household. You, sir, who have invoked of high Heaven this grand prerogative, and who by Divine favor have been ordained to this holy office, accept and hold it, I pray you, with clean hands and a pure heart, remembering that you can find such privileges and opportunities to honor God nowhere else. Remember, too, that, having invoked and obtained these opportunities, there is now no middle ground. Through you, henceforward—in time and in eternity—God is honored or dishonored, and mankind are blessed or cursed. I speak not to those who, with perverted tastes and low desires, abandon the family hearth to seek enjoyment at saloons and club-rooms, but to Christian or Christian-like men, who sit, night after night, in the midst of your family group around the evening lamp, like a nightmare, hushing their prattle and their sports, that you may have rest and quiet, yet meaning, in your heart of hearts, to do your best for those whom you love with a strength far greater than you love your life. I conjure no man to do less of church, of Sabbath-school, or of mission work. The poor, the sorrowful, the lost of this world have claims upon you which, as you hope for heaven, you must not slight; but *do not*, I beseech you, earn for your children quite so much money, and come to them,

once in a while, able to give them a taste of your sympathy, your counsel, your love. Have you any idea how hungry they are for this? Their appetites may be dormant, never having been whetted by the taste; but try them by once letting them know the flavor, and it shall be a new rich joy to your own soul. Do not be content with saying that your boy knows you love him. No doubt he does; but tell him so. His heart will rush to yours with quickened power, and with an eagerness of which you little dream will its throbbings answer yours. Said a good man, in my hearing, not long since: "I do not remember that my father played ball with me more than two or three times in his life; but those few moments, forgotten by him in an hour, linger fondly in my memory still, and cause my heart many a throb of exquisite delight, when my mind wanders back to boyish sports or boyhood's home. I do not remember that more than once or twice he called me to his side, and with his arm about me told me that he loved me; but, as my hair begins to whiten, I would not exchange the memory of those blessed moments for any earthly good." Despise not to win those souls so linked to yours, then, by *any* or all innocent arts. Take your children, boys and girls, to your confidence; make them, by word and act, familiar with every avenue to your heart; let them have no excuse for breathing into any ear, of those who have a whit less right than you to hear it, the story of their temptations and sorrows, their conflicts, their defeats and victories. Make them thus acquainted with you, and learn to thoroughly know them. Study the character of that eldest boy of yours, and turn his mind, by gentle leadings, from its swift rush down the track it is taking to viler things, through the narrow but crowded gateway of dime literature.

Boys don't naturally love such things; but they do love, and must have, food, excitement, stimuli, and they will have it, healthful or unhealthful; and unless *you*, your son's appointed priest, feed him with milk and honey, your neighbor will surely press to his lips the sweetened poison which will take hold on the issues of his life. Oh, give him, I pray you, from the storehouse of wisdom you have garnered by long experience, with a liberal hand, and season it with that richest of earthly blessings, a father's love. The memory of a mother's constant virtue and unwavering love *may* win the boy back to the paths of rectitude; but a father's steady hand may, if it will, almost always hold him and lead him steadily there. It is for you, even more than for his mother, to make the memory of his earliest home the sweetest, the holiest, the happiest of his life. Do you not KNOW that, almost inevitably, your son will begin life by speaking, thinking, praying, or swearing as you do? Bind him, then, to virtue, to honesty, to truth, by cords which no time can sever, which no after-influences can break. So win him and hold him, that, as he becomes a man like you, it may be his pride and glory to be like you, because to him you are the illustration and the word of all manliness and godliness. You tremble as you see him coming to man's estate, and know that the way into and along the world, for this dear one, must be beset on the right hand and on the left, behind and before, with temptation in every form and wearing every guise. Against this, then, set your example and your teaching—a shield and a buckler, thickly overlaid with gratitude and love.

Having done this for all your children, you will have endowed them with a heritage greater and more precious than silver and gold, and houses and lands. Be not over-anxious, either, about that other best of gifts, an education in schools and colleges for your children. Stir up in their willing minds a taste for the hidden things of science and literature, and you will foster such a hunger and thirst for knowledge, that in due time "they shall be filled."

But on the other hand, of this be assured: you need not try to ruin your children. Leave only the ground unoccupied, and troops of evil spirits will march in, to build their fires and burn their sacrifices on your neglected family altar.

Emily Bissell.

THE MOTHER OF 100,000 CHILDREN!

A FEW months since a friend of the writer of these paragraphs visited Randall's Island, and was introduced to the retired matron of the Child's Nursery.

Looking at her visitor intently for a few moments with the perplexed expression of one trying to recall some half-forgotten memory, she said: "Any relation to Mr. Robert B——?"

"Oh, yes," the gentleman replied, "he was my grandfather." "Well," she answered, her

kindly face lighting up with a smile of welcome, "your grandfather got me my first place when he was Governor of the old City Hospital, now well on to seventy years ago! And one day when I met him on the stairs, he patted me on the head, and said—'Jane, thee is the *smartest* little girl I ever saw.'"

Jane Ley, of whom the above incident is told, was born in Caenarvon, Wales, in 1790. Her parents, if not of the blood-royal, were at least of royal blood in the sense that "true nobility finds its blazon in posterity," a proud conscience and an honest name.

The father was a well-to-do slate merchant, owning vessels for transporting his merchandise to the coast towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and he also owned and kept a general commodity store, such as can be seen here in country towns, where one may purchase almost anything, from a sheet of paper to a sheet-anchor, or from a pin to a plowshare.

In 1795 they emigrated to this country, and the story of their coming was somewhat in this wise: The only living son and eldest child had a decided *penchant* for roving, and the graceful ships riding at anchor in the harbor, looking, with their reefed sails, like huge birds with wings folded down to rest, were a source of never-ending delight and attraction to the boy, and a ceaseless terror to the mother. One Sunday he was missing from his seat at church. The parents, wondering at so unusual an occurrence, and fearing he was ill, hastened home, only to find him gone, and the ship on which he had embarked standing out to sea with all sails set!

The mother fell in a dead swoon at learning the fact, and nothing saved her from absolute madness but the knowledge that a clergyman and acquaintance from the same town was also on board.

The first news received, after many months of tedious waiting, was that the son had died of yellow fever while the ship was going out of New York bay on her return trip.

Then all wealth was worthless; home ties were loosed, and the land of strangers became a Mecca unto the bereaved; for the sorrowing mother said, "I must go where my boy is buried."

So the farms of Griffith were sold under the hammer, and with the two remaining children (girls) the parents embarked for this country, where they both fell victims to yellow fever within the year after their arrival, leaving their two children orphaned in a strange land.

Thus it was that, through these seemingly remote circumstances, the destitute babes of Manhattan Island came to have a second mother—better by far, in the majority of cases, than the first—and the world a benefactress; for the matron named in the first paragraph, and Jane Ley, *née* Griffith, was the younger of these two little orphan girls.

At ten years of age she was employed in the New York Hospital as nurse; and at fourteen, so great was her skill and power of command, all the worst cases of epidemic fevers and insanity were placed under her charge. Maniacs whom no woman of the hospital dared approach, and before whom strong men and doctors trembled, were pinioned by her with fearless facility and placed in the strait jacket. She tells an amusing story of an immense and muscular Irishwoman who whiled away her frantic hours in smashing things generally. One day visitors were going over the hospital, and coming upon my luny lady in all unconsciousness of her dangerous proclivities, began talking with her. They were soon brought to a realizing sense of the same, however, by seeing a heavy chair circling round about over their heads, preliminary to the descending crash! They dodged in all directions, each making a bee-line for the door of exit, while she, her eyes blazing with madness, and still flourishing the uplifted chair as if it were so much paper, endeavored to intercept them. Just at the critical moment, however, this brave little girl of fourteen steps firmly up to the side of the maniac, close under her arm, and said, looking steadily up into the fierce eyes—"Put that chair down; put it down, I say." The fury died slowly out of the face, the powerful muscles relaxed, and setting the chair quietly down, this maniac, intent on murder the moment before, walked meekly away to her room, subdued and apparently sane. It was this, I think, or some other equally brave act, that won the words of praise which lasted her a lifetime—"Jane, thee is the *smartest* little girl I ever saw."

More fever patients recovered under her care than with all the other nurses combined, the most violent and dangerous being given immediately to her charge. Her mode of treatment might be imitated to very good advantage, I judge, in some of our modern hospitals. It consisted of the utmost cleanliness. Every night the patients were sponged over the entire surface of the body. Three times daily their mouths and teeth were thoroughly washed with a bit of soft linen and clean cold water;

and when sweeping, all the doors and windows were opened, and she "always swept with the wind." For instance, if it blew east, she swept east, whether it was *toward* the window or *from* it; placing those patients too ill to be removed to another room always behind her, that they might not inhale the dust.

In 1809 she married and left the hospital. Soon after her first and only child was born, without warning or the slightest preparation, the husband was brought home to her one Saturday night a corpse! He had left home in the morning as well as usual. Some time through the day he complained to one of his companions of not feeling well, and was advised to go into another room and lie down for a little while. Within fifteen minutes thereafter his friend and partner went to inquire how he felt, and found him lying on the floor dead!

To relieve her terrible grief, the widow went back into the hospital, and took up her old work of ministering to others' ills; and there, after a time, in the person of one of her patients, she found her second husband. The circumstances were as follows: Several men were brought in off ship ill with a terrible disease from the effects of being unduly delayed at sea, and kept on salt and short rations. Among them was a fine-looking young man of superior address and ability. Some time during his convalescence the governors held their yearly meeting. The clerk, a dissipated fellow, was not to be found, and his report, when submitted, proved to be as difficult of understanding as he himself when "half-seas-over." Governors, doctors, and officials alike vexed their brain in the useless endeavor to comprehend or foot up the accounts. It was suggested that Mr. Ley be sent for. He came, solved the difficult problem in a twinkling, and very soon thereafter was proffered and accepted the clerkship, which he retained for many years, fulfilling the duties thereof with such excellence as to win the admiration of the governors and—the love of my model matron. In 1822 they were married, both still retaining their respective positions in the hospital until 1832, the summer of which year is known and referred to as "the first cholera season."

The few destitute babies of that time were received and sheltered at Bellevue; but the epidemic raged and spread with such fearful rapidity as to necessitate an immediate removal of the children from the hospital, both for their own safety and to make room for the cholera patients.

Here, then, were two quandaries: first, to get a place for the children; second, to find some suitable person to take charge of them.

There was not much time for deliberation, as every hour brought fresh reports of how the contagion was spreading and increasing; so they hastily decided upon a small farm-house on Long Island, known thenceforth as the Long Island Farm. Thus the first difficulty was partially solved; but the second—where to turn for a matron, was not so easy of solution.

Of course everybody interested thought at once of Mrs. Ley, and each one also felt that the disastrous effect of her loss to the cholera patients would be equal to the children's gain; but the cause of the babies triumphed, and she was persuaded to go down with them and remain for a limited time.

Her own account of her arrival there with thirty or forty children, some in arms, was extremely ludicrous. Every one of them was suffering from ophthalmia, some to so great an extent as to induce an involuntary opening of the mouth whenever an attempt was made to open the eyes. The house was entirely unfurnished, and nothing was taken for conveniences of cooking, eating, or sleeping, save the few things thought of and snatched up in the moment of hurried departure; and for a long time after their arrival she was obliged to make up beds on the floor, and so close that she was compelled to step over each one in her rounds to see that they were comfortably "tucked in."

It was somewhat wonderful that every one of these children recovered entirely under her care, and grew to be useful and respectable citizens, and all at some time in subsequent years returned to visit her, bringing with them wife or husband and children, and, later, grandchildren.

She had one wight there called "Butcher," so named by the other children from the fact of his "speaking a piece" in which that character was represented. He was an uncommonly bright boy with a large head and a sore one—so sore, so uniformly sore, that all the hair which had not fallen off had to be shaved off. This she did most effectually, improvised a salve, smeared his head, wrapped it in linen, drew over that a dried bladder, and again a close-fitting linen nightcap with long strings brought round and tied in a bow over the forehead, and in that grotesque head-gear he bobbed around among the other children for months. He had no relatives apparently, except an elder brother, who placed him there.

A short time since a knock was heard on the door of her private room, and in response to

her cheery "Come in," there entered a man, tall, handsome, imposing, and elegantly dressed. Taking both her hands in his own, he said, "You have forgotten me?" "No," she replied, "I never knew you, that I remember." "Why," said he, "don't you remember "'Butcher?'"

Laughing heartily when telling this, she said her *first* thought was his night-capped head by which she was wont to find him, and her next words were, "Well, Phil, how is the head?" Lightly running his fingers through his hair, he made answer, "It won't grow on some spots yet."

After this bit of jocularity they sat down for a good long visit and talk, he telling her all of his eventful history since leaving her—how he went West, followed her precepts of honesty and industry, made himself a home, married, grew rich, and was finally elected representative from his adopted State; that as soon as his duties would permit he had hurried on from Washington to visit her, as he would have hastened to a mother; indeed, he could realize no difference between the love and reverence felt for her and that which he might have had for an own mother.

And this is not an isolated case; for although neither representatives nor senators, yet there are some half dozen other men, occupying high social and official positions, who owe their safe transit through all the ills of babyhood and boyhood to her care. Of these and other interesting facts pertaining to this wonderful mother, the conclusion of this sketch will treat. *Mrs. S. F. Norton.*

MY NEIGHBORS.

SOME years ago I occupied an office in the second story of an old building in Boston.

The house was originally intended for a dwelling, and as such had been occupied many years previous, ere this street had become one of the avenues to the temple of Mammon.

I sometimes used to amuse myself, when seated in my arm-chair in meditative mood, with speculations on the former character of the house, and with a feather from the wing of fancy I would brush away the signs—those lichens that in a commercial atmosphere attach themselves to the front of buildings—and then after exorcising the spirit of traffic, the house would be peopled with tenants of my own selection.

Then were the murky old apartments furnished again with comforts and elegances; pictures shone upon the walls, and mirrors reflected faces as fair as those which had turned to dust years ago. At such times I seemed to be the only invisible presence, and I came and went unnoticed; I beheld greetings and partings, merry-makings and love-makings, and all that goes to make up human life.

I saw anxious expectation and watching for some one who was to arrive, and by-and-by the son or brother returned from a long voyage.

Great sea-chests were tumbled into the entry, and soon after all the mantlepieces broke out in eruptions of queer shells. In the depth of the silent night I looked into a chamber where a lamp burned dimly in a recess, and saw weary watchers bending over a bedside; and one said, "Poor fellow! he has gone on his last voyage." "Yes," said the other, looking at his watch, "he went out with the ebb;" and then he left the room, and I could hear him knock softly at the doors of other chambers, and there were whispered words, and sobbings, and lights borne to and fro, until morning.

Again, it is a rainy afternoon, and children are playing in the attic over my head. "Hide-and-seek" is the game, and a curly-headed urchin is "blinding," while his companions secrete themselves. Whoop! Now the little feet patter over the floor—nearer, nearer they come—pshaw! it's only a rat in the ceiling, and my dream is ended.

One of my windows commanded a view of an uninteresting yard in the rear of the building; and at first I marveled greatly at the number of old signs it contained, an assortment representing nearly every branch of commerce; but the matter was cleared up when I learned that this building was notorious for the number of failures that had occurred there.

Once or twice, also, I took a peep into the cellar when it was open, and I saw it nearly filled with old counters and shelves, and all sorts of disrupted fixtures, in all stages of dilapidation; and as I contemplated these sad tokens, I thought of Christian's finding the giant's cave with the bones of pilgrims scattered about the mouth of it, and I regarded these relics of victims to giant Debt with very solemn feelings.

When I first became a tenant on the premises, the room opposite mine, on the same floor,

was occupied by J. Bilks, merchant tailor; and as I am a neighborly sort of person, I soon after made an excuse to drop in. I am sorry to say there was nothing in the appearance of Bilks or his shop at all calculated to sustain his reputation as merchant and tailor. He was a slovenly-looking man, with coarse features, and black hair cut very short. But he received me courteously; and in the course of conversation, alluding to the barren aspect of his shop, he attributed the absence of stock to activity of business—a statement not very well supported by the appearance of two or three garments, rather ostentatiously displayed, which I took to be misfits belonging to an earlier period in his mercantile career. He also spoke of the untidy appearance of things generally, and excused it by saying it was so difficult to hire a boy that would suit him. On this point I must say that Bilks was guilty of a little false coloring; for the truth is, the dissatisfaction was on the other side; as he had a treacherous memory in regard to moneys payable—an eccentricity that was manifested on all occasions where he stood in the relation of debtor, and one often animadverted upon by his enemies.

On this account Bilks was rather unpopular; and indeed it is said he once admitted as much himself in a circle of friends, adding, however, that he did not consider himself the worst man in the world, as he had never been guilty of any atrocious crimes, such as committing a murder or cheating the printer, and consequently he thought himself a long march from perdition. My neighbor kept up his farce of business until a quarter's rent became due, and then—he disappeared.

The shop remained closed for a week or two, and I saw a great many errand-boys come and try the door; and about the entrance to that temple of fashion there were to be seen many short inscriptions, such as "Failed," "Bust up," "Bilks is a sucker," etc. The door was also decorated with a number of off-hand sketches of Bilks drawn from memory, with a trifle of exaggeration about the nose, and accompanied by the rare embellishment of a pipe in the mouth.

At length one day I saw the landlord, who occupied the lower store, coming up stairs with a bunch of keys and a small boy, and in a short time the tailor's door was thrown open, and his furniture, consisting of two rickety chairs and an old hat half filled with ashes (an elegant conception of Bilks' for a spittoon), was dragged out, hustled down stairs, and kicked into the cellar, and a placard informed the public that the apartment was to let.

"What have we here—a man or a fish?" I soliloquized, as one morning I stood before a showcase, suspended at the lower door, containing a large stuffed monkey, and bearing a card attached, with the inscription, "T. Hunter, Taxidermist." At first I was at a loss to determine whether the figure in the case was Mr. Hunter, whom some affectionate friend had embalmed with pious care, or whether the possessor of that name had taken the room vacated by Bilks; but I finally chose the latter supposition.

My first impression of Mr. Hunter, when he came into my office a few days afterward, was not a favorable one, as he had an awkward habit of carrying one eye very much askance, a proceeding contrary to all rules of propriety. He was attended also by a highly prejudicial odor, which is a natural concomitant of the vocation in which he was engaged. However, Mr. Hunter proved to be an exemplary neighbor, and I called on him a number of times; but the eccentricity in his visual orbs always distressed me; and something that appeared odd was, that his greatest treasure consisted of a hatful of these indispensable organs, which he was fond of showing me, although it afforded me no pleasure to be ogled by half a peck of eyes, even if they were only glass ones. On this account perhaps it is that I always associate him in my mind with Coppelius, in one of Hoffman's stories; and whenever I think of him I seem to hear that fiend crying out, "Eyes here—eyes!"

After a few weeks Mr. Hunter began to appear discontented, and to complain of a lack of business; and when once I brought forth a poor joke, by suggesting that perhaps the pet canaries and favorite tom-cats found it more conducive to their happiness to stuff their own skins, he received it in such a dismal manner that it was strangled at the birth. From the symptoms of his case it was easy to foresee the result; and hence I was not surprised at seeing his room empty one morning, he having, for private reasons, removed his property the night previous.

A few days after this exodus, I learned that the room had been hired by a man who was about to start a newspaper, and in consequence I indulged in many pleasing anticipations; for I have a predilection for newspapers, and a great veneration for the editorial character, and I esteem it a privilege to be admitted to the "sanctum," although I make it a point never to protract my visits beyond the duration of half an hour, and to religiously abstain from

meddling with exchanges. But for lively appreciation of fun and good fellowship generally, commend me to a whole-souled, genial editor. In this instance, however, I had built my house on sand; for although all the paraphernalia of a printing-office was brought up stairs, and I had an interview with the editor—who informed me that the paper was to advocate "Woman's rights," under the title of "The Amazon"—yet it pains me to add that this meritorious journal never appeared. I apprehend that the immediate cause of its non-appearance is found in the fact of the editor's wife eloping with a quack-doctor about that time—a circumstance which tended to modify his opinion on the great question of female claim to the corduroys. As he never made his appearance afterward, his subsequent fate is involved in mystery; but I saw his cases, stands, etc., decently interred in the cellar.

The next occupants of the room were two young men who compounded horse medicines; but from the evidence of my ears I am convinced that the greater portion of their time was set apart for the practice of songs in two parts. Their stay was limited, as they only hired by the week; and it is my impression that they took their departure in consequence of some law proceedings on the part of the landlord. They left no property behind them, if I may except a broken bottle and a nauseous effluvia, which latter had its origin in the drugs used in their prescriptions, and for a time it threatened to become a permanency, but was at last got under by a thorough course of ventilation. *Periwinkle.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL HYGIENE.

AT a certain medical institution where I once spent some months, the attendants were by a wag classed as Humbugs, Humbuggers, and Humbugged.

Whether or no we accept the above criticism as to classes of men, I think none of us can deny that every man is more or less a medicine.

We find among men Sedatives, Stimulants, Irritants, Excitants, and Tonics.

The Sedatives, though a useful, are but a small class, for there are but few people who exercise a calming, quieting influence over us. Life at present is one vast bustle. All is hurry and rush, as though the earth were a railroad depot from which the only train was about to start. Every man wants to be foremost in business; every woman wishes to excel her neighbor in dress or living. This turmoil of the world, this hurry and bustle of men for riches, the obstacles and opposition that constantly assail us in our plans, agitate the spirits and make needed some quieting influence.

Sedative men are not negative men; they are not men too idle to work, too lazy to possess an opinion; they are pre-eminently positive (though not aggressive) men. They are men of ideas, men of hope, men of eminent truthfulness, men who both by nature and grace possess a belief in an overruling Power that out from chaos brings order, that from misery evokes happiness. If they have not wealth, they possess what is of far greater value—contentment. Sedative men tranquilize the passions of those they meet, disarm anger, and bring the spirit into a meeker frame. The afflictions of the world are through them made to seem less; even martyrdom looks bearable, and ordinary trials of no moment. We go out from such contact happier, if not better, men.

Equally necessary to the world is the Stimulant. His ministry is opposite to that of the Sedative. He imparts vigor to the languid, infuses energy into the discouraged, implants desires in the heart, and lifts the despairing into renewed action. Such as he is he causes others to become, for through life what we have we impart to others. Languor is not alone of the body; it is a disease of the soul. Desires goad the soul to action; needs compel work—needs within as well as needs without, for the soul is the true man. Over-action or constant failure at times induces despair, and then is needed the ministry of the Stimulant.

The Irritant and the Excitant, at first glance, seem alike, yet no two medicines are more diverse in action than they. Excitement, in its first effect, is pleasant, and to a certain degree beneficial, but Irritation never. Irritants jar the soul, unwind the normal tension of the spirit, render the muscles flaccid and the nerves quivering, place in antipodal discord every spiritual fiber, and bring about an irremedial injury.

There are persons—many, too—who delight to use this Cantharidal power. They hector,

and vex, and plague old and young whom they can, and demoniacally laugh at their victim's discomfort.

The Irritant himself either belongs to the very thin-skinned or the very thick-skinned class of beings. If to the former, no reply can be made, as he so easily flies into a passion, and in his reckless anger so doubly strings. If to the latter, sarcasm, innuendo, or wrath as equally fail of affecting him, as a bullet fails of piercing the hide of a rhinoceros.

The Sedative, the Stimulant, and the Excitant each have their use; but the Irritant, who is generally a near relative to his victim, is not only an unnecessary, but a positively injurious, medicine. At his approach, his accustomed victim vainly looks about with a preliminary wonder as to what now is to be the subject of faulty comment. The subject and the occasion are both speedily found. If the doors are open, they should be shut; if shut, they ought to be open. If the victim is reading, he is reading always; if by the fire, that is forever his place. If he proposes a ride this morning, the afternoon is substituted, or tomorrow, or next week—anything in order to oppose and irritate. If the victim admires green, blue is brought up for his commendation. If he thinks it will rain, the Irritant wonders at his folly, as the sun is certain to shine. If he speaks of the pleasant day, the air is raw, the ground is damp, or clouds betoken a storm. Escape him you can not, because wherever you are, or however you think, he is, or thinks, just contrary to you. You do something. What for? You do nothing. Why don't you? You have something. Why have you? You have nothing. Why haven't you?

The Irritant destroys. The Excitant makes you the Expectant. Hope is his chief characteristic. Hope gives vigor, and you gain energy from him. Some remote end is brought close before your mental vision. Happiness springs up in your heart, and if the influence of the Excitant is not as permanent as that of the Stimulant, it is of the same general beneficial character, and should be placed among the desirable qualities of mankind.

Few people are Tonics; of these few, more are women than men. There are trials where Sedatives, Stimulants, and Excitants are of no avail. Tonics increase endurance. Life is no holiday dream that the awakening morrow scatters. Life is endurance. Without strength great trials can not be borne, and borne they must be by all. To many a child the mother is the Tonic that keeps him from bad company, that sustains him through discouragements, and points him to a bright future.

We may look at the diseases of the body and their remedies, and find in them the prototypes of the soul, its diseases and its remedies.

To sustain is life's great effort. For this we educate the child; for this we teach the man; for this is preached every sermon, and even for this came the Gospel itself. We pray ever for strength. Temptations assail us, crosses are before us, trials await us, but if we have Tonic power we bear them all.

TO DAHOMEY AND BACK.—No. II.

THE city of Abomey was almost a myth to the civilized world until the year 1724, when the then reigning king of Dahomey, running south on a war expedition, conquered the kingdom of Ardrah, and in one of its principal cities, near the coast, made prisoner of a Mr. Bullfinch Lamb, an Englishman, and the agent of the English African Company, whom he carried to Abomey and treated with great kindness and attention, but refused him liberty. He was the first white man they had ever seen, and the king kept him pretty much as one would keep a pet dog or monkey. Mr. Lamb remained some months in Abomey, corresponding with his friends, and was finally liberated. This was the first opening of trade with Dahomey. Since this it has been the policy of the kings to keep on good terms with white men, as they find an easy market for their slaves.

The kingdom of Dahomey was originally founded by Too-coo-doo-noo about three hundred years ago, and has remained under the same dynasty to the present time, when it acknowledges Bad-ja-hunz, the son of Gezo, for its king. At the time of its foundation it was confined to very narrow limits; but by conquest it has spread from north to south until it is 200 miles in extent, and from east to west 180 miles. Its population is about 200,000, of which 20,000 are free, the balance slaves.

Within an hour the sticks returned with orders for our immediate admission to the city, and in another hour we entered by the southern gate into the city of the King of Kings.

I looked about as we marched up the street, accompanied by almost the entire population of the city in every variety of costume and no costume, expecting to see shops and bazars teeming with Oriental magnificence, and a populace clothed in gay silks and barbaric jewels; but nothing met my eyes but semi-nudity, and rows upon rows of squalid huts, piles upon piles of bamboo, log, and mud erections. Occasionally some house, with a claim to notice by comparison, would be pointed at as the dwelling of some minister of state or some rich man; but the stores sadly lacked magnificence. There were gaudy cloths displayed, matting from the cocoa-nut palm fiber, woven with great beauty. There was rum and tobacco, gunpowder, and British muskets warranted to burst. There was fruit, meat, and vegetables in abundance, and water for sale at two strings of cowries per measure holding a little more than a gallon. A string of cowries is forty, and is worth two cents our money; and in consequence of the scarcity of water, every drop having to be brought about five miles by women, it is used only as a rarity, even milk being cheaper. To understand this value, it is only necessary to say that the wages of a workingman at Abomey rate at two strings of cowries per day, or four cents our currency.

The host to whom we were assigned by order of the king was called Ah-dah-ree-see, and one of the richest men of the kingdom. He was a good-looking, white-headed negro, about sixty, very courteous and quiet, with all the characteristics of an oily Yankee lawyer. He owned numerous houses in Abomey and farms about it, and called seven hundred slaves and as many head of cattle his property. He had eight wives, and was looking for the ninth, and his children might have been picked up blindfold in any street of the town.

The first delicate attention paid me by Ah-dah-ree-see was the presentation of two damsels of tender age to act as my valets—a present which I deputed to the Duke. My room was a spacious apartment, the walls of which were of unburnt brick, well smoothed inside, and floored with tiles of various colors. The furniture was of bamboo, and the couch, which was eight feet square, covered with beautifully-woven mats, gay in color and delicate in fabric; the cushions were stuffed with the same material, the cocoa-nut fiber; the seats of a quaint construction, made like a hollow box, the upper end of which was concave for a seat, and the feet raised from the ground on a protruding step; there were tables of bamboo and a chest of the same, beautifully stained; the ornaments were vases of pottery, native made, and approaching to the Etruscan in style, the manufacture of which is a royal monopoly; a wash-basin of knitted straw, water-tight, completed the furniture of the room.

I had scarce completed my toilet when a message came from the king that we were to eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow he would see us; therefore I had the balance of the day for sight-seeing, which was spent by summoning our bearers and examining the town. Through the streets we went attended by some thousands of the citizens, viewing every conjecturable style of hovel, some all open to the street exposing the domestic economy within; some without door or window, leaving it necessary for the inmates to make ingress and egress through the chimney; some elevated upon piles a story from the street; while others aspired to the dignity of a tower with a banner flying from the top. The streets were filled with turkey-buzzards, who disputed their bones with mangy, masterless curs that sneaked in and out of everywhere. We went to the market, a clean-kept shed, where all the gastronomic delicacies of Dahomey were exhibited: lean, stringy meat, sold by measure; antelopes and monkeys, skinned and dressed with the beauty of first-class butchery; the iguana, wild-hog, and porcupine; vegetables of every variety, especially tomato, a household article for centuries with the Dahomians; and every kind of fruit in profusion. A string of cowries, two cents, would purchase the choicest four pines, or a peck of the pawpaw apple, the sour-sap or grapes, or as many mangoes or cream-fruit as the buyer chose to carry away. Palm-wine was sold by the calabash at about three cents per measure of over a gallon—a liquor which, though forbidden by their law to be drunk, is consumed in large quantities. The edicts against drunkenness in Dahomey are very severe, the king instantly dismissing, which is equivalent to enslaving, any one from his service who is guilty. That a good moral may be taught, his majesty keeps a drunkard, who on all days of festival serves as "a frightful example," being fed almost entirely on liquor and only allowed food enough to keep him alive, and in that state is paraded before the people. Whether this exhibition has a good moral effect I can not say; but the fact is that drunkenness is a rare vice, and notwithstanding the plenitude of liquor, seldom seen.

With this cheapness of food it is plain that the laborer, notwithstanding his low wages

can provide himself with the luxuries of the land. A chunk of kan-kee, a dab of the produce of the butter-tree, a handful of fruit, and a glass of rum, and he is fed like a prince.

The greatest difficulty we found in seeing the city was the people, who followed us in thousands, a difficulty that upon being mentioned to our host, was rectified in our walks of after-days by a royal command, and wherever we went the people scampered from us as though we were a pestilence. There was nothing strange to the Abomians in such an edict, as there is a standing one as concerns the king's wives. Wherever the ladies go, they are preceded by a eunuch who rings a bell. At its sound, every man, no matter what his rank, must scamper and hide himself,—he must not be seen by or see the ladies of the harem.

The next day we received the messengers who were to escort us before the king, four sticks, but without vehicles or even pole slings: we were to walk into the presence of the greatest monarch on earth. With slow and solemn steps the procession set out, headed by Bohzreh, a serious old fellow, governor of the city of Abomey, and after a walk of quarter of an hour we arrived at the gates of the palace, where a sentinel was passing to and fro, picking up a stone from the right side of the gate, and carrying it to the left, to mark time, this being the ancient and reliable way of keeping the time in the kingdom of Dahomey. When the heap of stones was exhausted he struck a gong, the sound of which was returned from the inside, and a record of it made.

The palace of Dan-ge-la-cor-dah is a structure guiltless of architecture, built of unburned brick, and thatched with straw. The main building is an L shape, and extends over about four hundred feet of ground. Within the palace inclosure, where all the customs and reviews are held, several lesser houses are built, each and all, as well as the main one, being decorated with human skulls of every conceivable style, and displayed at every point.

In a few moments we stood in the presence of the king, whose coming was announced by the cry of the heralds, "Ah-Haussoo-lae-beh-Haussoo!" "Oh, king of kings!" and his majesty swept in to a flourish of tom-toms and a firing of muskets. He was a bright-looking, gentlemanly negro of about forty, his hair just beginning to streak with gray, and a look that made it hard for me to persuade myself that the man who stood before me was esteemed the most bloodthirsty of despots, one who valued the lives in his hands at less than a dog's purchase. He was clad in a blue silk skirt, reaching to the knee, and spangled with silver stars, crescents, and triangles. A light cloak of purple damask hung over his shoulders, and a broad-rimmed hat with plumes of ostrich feathers was upon his head. Sandals protected his feet, and gold rings, anklets, and bracelets of heavy weight completed his toilet. He waved his hand for us to be seated, and the ko-ton was dispensed with. With the aid of the Duke and a Portuguese mulatto, an *attache* of the king, we got along tolerably in interpretation, the king asking many questions about America, in a knowledge of which he seemed entirely at sea, and rather indisposed to believe the truth when it was told him. After a long talk lunch was served, a meal that spoke well for his cooks, and their attempt to serve us with English dishes and wines. Champagne and sherry especially were served in great profusion and of fine quality. The king closed this interview by shaking hands with us, and committing us to the care of his brother, Ah-bo-peh, and several other dignitaries, with injunctions that we were to be shown all the sights, and promising that at an early day he would hold a review and make a general *fête* in our honor.

The next few days were passed in seeing Abomey and its environs. The first visit was to the wealth of his majesty. The treasury was a long building attached to the palace, made safe by massive doors of wood and guarded by sentinels. Had the whole earth been ransacked for rubbish, I feel sure that no greater mess could have been brought together. Of gold and silver there was little, but of every conceivable article made by every nation there was a specimen. The first article that struck my attention was the model of a vessel of war, about twenty feet in length, of European make. There were French clocks and Yankee clocks, of which they had not the slightest idea of the use. There were pieces of mahogany and rosewood furniture, a piano, chandeliers, trunks, liquor cases, boxes of every kind and washtubs. There were parasols, washbasins, pots-de-chambre, coffee pots, jugs, cake baskets, bits of china, stuffed birds, an English barouche, and a four-post mahogany bedstead. It would be hard to tell what there was not, for the assortment comprised everything. My attention was more especially drawn to those articles appertaining to the Dahomian nationality, the first of which was the king's throne, a hollow square box, five feet in height, with a crescent-

shaped seat hollowed out at the top, and a step for the feet. It was adorned with skulls, three on back and front, and one on each side, once the property of Ardrah princes, who fell before the victorious arms of the former kings of Dahomey. There were numberless baskets, resembling in shape a butcher's tray, filled with skulls, each of which once belonged to a person of high rank, high enough to be thought worthy of having their skull so preserved. There were state parasols decked with the same *recherché* style of ornament, staves of office, and war clubs of every degree, all tipped off with a well-polished skull, and glistening in tempting array. There were the great war drums, and the little war drums, the first handsomely decorated with four-and-twenty grinning heads; and conspicuous above all the rest was the national banner of Dahomey, a white flag, bearing the figures of a man with a raised sword in one hand, a decapitated head in the other, and a prostrate, headless figure at his feet.

Every year, early in June, it is the custom of the king to parade all this wealth before his subjects; a procession of slaves, each bearing a single article, files out from the building, makes the circuit of the city, and returns with its burden to its place, there to leave it until the following year. *J. W. Watson.*

VIOLETS.

VIOLET, kind violet,
Oh, hear my heart-tuned lay!
Go tell my dear one, pray,
That every night and day
Some new delight I know.
Violet, fresh violet,
Thou art his darling flower!
Say his entrancing power
With glory gilds each hour,
And sets my soul aglow.

Violet, pale violet,
A dream of olden time,
Of chivalry sublime,
When Cupid in his prime
Enticed young hearts away.
Violet, pure violet,
My lover's presence brings;
O'er grief enchantment flings,
And up again there springs
Some tiny bud or spray.

Violet, faint violet,
Within my drooping heart,
For love will *not* depart,
And his unerring dart
Must soon my wounds betray.

Violet, soft violet,
Whose gold-brown eyes but laughed,
When shivering at the shaft
The blow I sought to stay?

Violet, wee violet,
There's no one in the land
Hath such a kingly hand;
It seems with incense fanned,
To odorize the air.
Violet, sweet violet,
There's none hath such an eye!
'Tis soft as elfin sigh;
Yet scorn-gleams in it lie,
To bid a world beware.

Violet, fringed violet,
There's none hath such a form,
Such noble soul and warm,
However dark the storm
Of sullen fate hath been.
Violet, chaste violet,
Forget not thou to breathe
My love to him! Then wreathe
A garland! Bid him sheathe
And guard my heart within.

Celia Logan Kellogg.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

To him who lives for self,
From birth unto his death,
The wind it cometh from the East,
And with a frozen breath.

To him who lives for man,
Humanity his part,
It is as though the gentle South
Bore fragrance to his heart.

To him who lives for God,
Eternal source of love,
His heart and soul will surely feel
The *calm* that reigns above.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

"Beautiful Snow," etc.

A RECENT report of the suicide of Maj. Wm. A. H. Sigourney, who, according to the papers, shot himself through the head, and was buried in Greenwood, has revived the discussion of the authorship of the popular poem, "Beautiful Snow." As most of our readers are aware, the chief contestants for this honor have been Mr. J. W. Watson and Maj. Sigourney, both of whom have been frequent contributors to our magazine. We have taken very little pains to investigate the claims of either of these gentlemen, and even if we had, we have no assurance that the matter would have been satisfactorily established. We know of no less than three literary men and poets who have for a time given themselves up to the subject, all of whom have been driven across their own track several times, and have finally concluded that the ways of poets and stray poems are past finding out. The many curious developments in this direction which have come to public notice within the past few years afford a perplexing study to psychologists, and are not without interest to the general reader. It seems hard that after going through the agony of inspiration or incubation, or whatever preliminary exercise is necessary in the production of a genuine poem, the "real, original" author should next have to wrangle and fight for the privilege of acknowledged paternity. Solomon found it an easy matter to settle a somewhat similar controversy; but there are no Solomons in these days, if indeed there be any children of poet's brains who could be injured by the segregating process.

The court of Public Opinion may be just, complete in its jurisdiction, and final in its decisions, but it is a tedious court in which to try a case. Some authors have found it so, and not having the patience to wait, have appealed directly to the established tribunals; but whether the result has been any more satisfactory, we have no means of knowing.

We believe it to be generally conceded that William Allen Butler wrote "Nothing to Wear," and that Wm. Oland Bourne, and not Miles O'Reilly, nor yet Horace Greeley, asked somebody to "tear down that flaunting lie." Whether Mr. Ball, of New Jersey, or Mrs. Akers, of some other country, first sung "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," tons of paper and gallons of ink have not sufficed to settle in the public consciousness.

Without doubt, *somebody* wrote "Beautiful Snow;" and although at least a dozen persons claim the honor, the probabilities are that but one had a hand in it. Mr. Sigourney says, "It is I;" Mr. J. W. Watson says, "It is I, and I will defend my claim to the law's extent." Others claim it for our old Buffalo friend, Hen Faxon, whose quiet grave was discovered, just after the war, upon a Southern battle-field. Mr. Watson has given the poem a durable form by publishing it in a recent collection of his own poems, and proposes to substantiate his right in a civil suit against the publishers of the *Galaxy*, who permitted some friend of Mr. Sigourney to present his—Mr. Sigourney's—credentials in the March number of that sprightly magazine.

If Mr. Sigourney has really made way with himself, as has been reported, thus appealing to a higher court, it may be well for Mr. Watson to rest in his prosecution, trusting to time and his own future endeavors to put the matter right. We have published several of Mr. Sigourney's poems, and have received several others that we did not publish. None of them —we are free to say—bear internal evidence that they were written by the author of "Beautiful Snow." The following complaint, which was sent to be read at the recent annual Press Banquet, will afford ready means of judgment on this point, if, indeed, it does not settle the probability of the suicide. All we choose to say in the premises is, that if these lines and "Beautiful Snow" were written by the same person, it affords the strongest proof we have yet seen that "poets are born, not made;" and is another illustration of the truth of the common saying, that "lightning never strikes twice in a place."

"'Tis done! I felt it long ago,
And felt that all would yet be blighted,
That all my fond desires would end in woe,
And ne'er again by Fame's bright spark be lighted.

I felt it in my soul, and in my dreams
The spirits told me all my hopes were vain,
That life's sweet rills and murmuring streams
Would never quench my heart's deep thirst again.

Then came the gloom—my aching heart's foreboding,
Like fading leaves, or birds on drooping wing,
And dreary winter's chilly hand unloading
All the joy that I was hoping Fame would bring.

And yet, alas! on Lethe's cloudy shore
I see the wreck of all that heaven or earth bestows,
The pearly tears,—the happy days of yore,
Like evil omens on the cheek of earthly woes!

And now in darkness I'm wandering alone,
No soothing hand rests on my aching head,

And Fame's lost voice seems like a spirit-tone
That brings a sighing memory from the dead!

I'll be resigned! for tears can ne'er efface,
Nor life's dark hour my dying hopes redeem;
But guardian spirits through the gloom will trace
The lines that mark my life's unhappy dream.

But History and Poetry require that, in order to achieve true immortality, one must die in the performance of his immortal deed. Should he live through it, envy and detraction will rob him of his glory, and a host of rivals will be found, and the Poet's individual immortality will be lost in the crowd.

Wm. A. H. Sigourney."

The Journalism of the Future.

THE New York *World* has a theory touching the future of journalism which, for the good of the race and the honor of a profession which we admire at a distance, we are happy to say we can see no reason for adopting. The following extract states the case briefly and distinctly:

"The journals of the future will be of two sorts—a journal for the few and a journal for the many. The former will be decorous and dear; there is reason to fear that the latter will be cheap and nasty. The one may be a paper 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen;' the other by blackguards for blackguards."

It would seem a dreary look-out for the ardent and conscientious young men of the day who are having their eye upon a journalistic life to take either horn of this dilemma, for although there should be nothing objectionable in "gentlemen" publishing newspapers for "gentlemen" to read, and there can be nothing inconsistent in "blackguards" writing for "blackguards," yet the future newspaper, as we have been pleased to see it, is not to be described by either of these diverse phrases. That a newspaper for the people—that is, for the community as a whole, embracing not only gentlemen and blackguards, but a much larger and more representative class—should be necessarily either "dear and decorous" or "cheap and nasty," is not according to any fair interpretation of the times. The great bulk of the reading public upon whom publishers of books and newspapers must depend in the future no less than the present, are neither "gentlemen" in the sense used by the *World*, nor "blackguards" in any sense. They are what is known in European countries as "the great middle class," and in this country as "the people," or "the masses." They are intelligent, industrious, honest, and full of integrity. Having neither time nor inclination to pursue mere speculative theories of any kind, they are nevertheless fairly up to the requirements of good citizens in having well-settled opinions upon all subjects which relate to the welfare of community, and instinctive impressions as to the propriety of what they read.

We are glad to feel that the press of the future must take its complexion from the *readers* rather than the *writers*, and we want no better guarantee that it will not be conducted in the interests solely of either gentlemen or blackguards.

How Not to Treat Women.

IF the Richardson-McFarland murder trial, which has dragged its slow length along until everybody wishes to see an end of it, should result in no other good than teaching men how not to treat women, it will be worth the cost in time and money. There is evidence that one man at least has learnt the lesson. That man is, or was, the leading counsel for the defense, Mr. Charles S. Spencer. By and with the knowledge and consent of his associates, in his opening speech he branded a woman, whom according to his own after-confession he knew to be good and virtuous, as "a panderer and procuress," and, in fact, everything vile and unwomanly. This was the great mistake of Mr. Spencer's life, and so he now views it. His next great mistake was not in confessing his error, which he virtually did, but in trying to exonerate himself by fixing a lasting disgrace upon his profession. In his explanatory letter to Mr. Tilton—which is the letter of a whipped school-boy, and not of a grown, hirsute man—while stating explicitly that he has "not the shadow of a doubt of Mrs. Calhoun's personal purity of character," he says, "No advocate in my position could have discharged his duty and done otherwise than I did." If Mr. Spencer believes this, the only possible course for him to pursue, as a gentleman and a Christian, is to leave the profession at once and take to sawing wood or some other unquestionably honest and honorable business. We accept it as an incontestable principle, that any calling which requires its votaries to ruthlessly malign a woman's character is not only an unworthy calling, but a wicked and illegitimate one. Mr. Spencer has been forced—not only by public opinion and personal shame, but by the edict of his associates—to withdraw from the trial which he so weakly and wickedly opened. It is a merited punishment, and one which we shall be glad to know has not only had a beneficial effect upon the culprit's

future career, but upon his profession and upon all who speak from the forum, the pulpit, or through the columns of the daily papers as representatives of public opinion and public morals.

The Randall Testimonial.

SAMUEL S. RANDALL, for the past sixteen years Superintendent of Public Instruction for the city of New York, recently resigned that position, upon which his friends—which means a great many excellent people—tendered him a complimentary banquet. This event came off at the Metropolitan Hotel, on Thursday evening, April 21. J. W. Gerard, Esq., presided; Rev. Dr. Bellows said grace, and a number of persons made excellent speeches. Mr. Randall has occasion to feel proud of his record as a teacher and a man; while the present condition of the public schools of this city—and in a certain measure, of the entire country — is such a monument to his intelligence, skill, and persistence, that no festive testimonial was necessary to make the record complete.

It is a fact not generally known, that to Mr. Randall more than to any or all other men is due the honor of initiating the system of Normal instruction which is such a feature in our public school system, and which has quite recently culminated in the establishment of a Female Normal School in this city, which bids fair to challenge the criticism and admiration of the educational world.

More than sixteen years ago the editor of this Department was conducting a weekly newspaper in the western part of this State, and took a warm interest in the school question, at that time receiving more than ordinary attention. Mr. Randall was at the head of the State Department of Instruction, which was then under the direction of the Secretary of State. We took occasion to write to many of the prominent men of the State for their views as to the proposed changes in school supervision. Among those who responded were Senator Seward, ex-Governor Hunt, Millard Fillmore, and S. S. Randall. Excepting Mr. Randall's letter, there was not one that gave any *opinion* whatever. They were politicians' letters, friendly, courteous, noncommittal. Mr. Randall, in a communication which filled a column and a half, laid down a full, comprehensive plan, embracing nearly or quite all the improvements in our school system which have since been adopted.

In speaking of what the proposed new law should cover, he says:

"1. It should recognize the right, and make the most ample and complete provision for the free instruction of every child in the State of suitable age.

"2. It should secure a fair and equitable distribution of the public funds, from whatever source derived—not by any arbitrary and inflexible standard, either of wealth, population, children, or attendance; but according to the actual necessity and condition of the districts interested.

"3. It should secure a thorough, systematic, and efficient general and local supervision.

"4. Normal schools for the training and preparation of teachers of the highest class should be established, and liberally endowed in different sections of the State; and also local institutions for the benefit of such teachers as may not have been able to avail themselves of a more thorough course of instruction."

It must afford the retiring Superintendent a peculiar sense of satisfaction and personal pride to know that these provisions, one after the other, have been made almost in the precise terms so carefully presented sixteen years ago, and that to his own efforts and persistence they are in a great measure due.

For one, we heartily congratulate Mr. Randall upon his resignation. It was due to himself and to a long life of laborious usefulness that he should lay aside the armor and pass into the more quiet paths of life. We do not fear that he will run into idleness. That would be impossible. He has too much vitality, and too great an interest in the moving world to become a mere passenger. Besides, the store of knowledge which in so many years of active public life he has been enabled to lay up is too rich a capital to leave unworked.

Very few among all our public or private citizens have enjoyed such opportunities for observing the men and measures which for the past forty years have contributed to our country's history as he, and it is to be hoped that he will make such use of the material he has in hand as will satisfy his friends and the public that in his retirement from official life he has done wisely.

Newspaper Ventures.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, in the first number of his new morning paper, the *Standard*, justifies his enterprise by claiming that our great metropolis could support *twenty* more dailies without necessary jostling. The calculation may be a careful one and founded in

clear prescience and sound judgment; but it is a fact which Mr. Young will not undertake to deny, that at least two out of every three new ventures in this line either drag along a slow and unprofitable existence, or flash upon the horizon with a blinding brilliancy, and then suddenly go out. There may be a general newspaper law covering this ground; but if so, it is as exceptional and uncertain in its application as any of the well-settled theories of Political Economy which are so positively and persistently put forth by the leaders and disciples of the various schools.

It is said that "old bachelors' children" are the best governed children in the world; and upon the same principle, nobody can conduct newspapers with such skill and assurance of success as those who practically know nothing about it; and these are the very persons who are always ready to account for any great success or conspicuous failure in the newspaper business; as well as to indicate how the really successful journals might be made more so. Probably among all the pursuits which men engage in, not one can be found more intricate in its nature and more uncertain in its pecuniary results than journalism; and "outsiders," who have never for a moment grasped an editorial pen, have no more knowledge of its multitudinous phases than of the inhabitants of Saturn. On this account, and for other reasons, we have not much faith in theories as such, but we have not the slightest doubt that a newspaper enterprise, like any other business project, may be so planned and adjusted to existing wants by experienced brains that its success may be as well assured as that of any legitimate calling. There are not *too many* newspapers in this country, but there may be too many of a kind.

Personal.

It is due to the conductor of this department, no less than to the many friends of PACKARD'S MONTHLY in its old form, that a word or two be said here and now. It was not to be presumed that the consolidation of the two magazines would please every one of the subscribers of both; and, in fact, neither of the publishers could have calculated upon the almost universal acquiescence—to say nothing of the enthusiastic concurrence—which has resulted. There are a few disaffected individuals, however, and they have done just as we would have them do—just as we would do ourselves—spoken their mind. We are solemnly assured that the disgrace of being "swallowed up" by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is something too intense for adequate characterization; that it would have been better for our readers and more creditable to us to have "died dead;" that to step from the conduct of a sprightly magazine, such as was PACKARD'S MONTHLY, to engineering a "department" of the organ of "bumpology" is to step from the sublime to the ridiculous, etc. This on *our* side. What dire scathings our colaborer has had to endure for admitting into the pure atmosphere of his chaste JOURNAL the "cheap sensational" emissary of "wickedest" men, we don't know. Whatever they may have been, he has charitably kept them from us.

It would hardly seem worth while to notice these exceptional criticisms, and we would not do it but for the fact that they *are* exceptional, and in such direct contrast with the volume of good-will which has found expression in private letters and through the public press. We stated at the outset that the union between the two magazines was a genuine one, based upon the true idea of union—congeniality and reciprocity. We could not see then—as we can not now—why, in uniting our magazine with that of Mr. Wells, it would necessitate the abandonment of our business for that of "selling plaster busts," any more than it would require of Mr. Wells that he should leave a profitable and honorable publishing business to engage in the schoolmaster line; and yet the New York *Tribune* was kind enough to drop this inference for the information and benefit of whom it might concern; and, as might be expected, a few newspapers in the interior have thoughtlessly echoed the noble and courteous sentiment.

In the course of a few months, if not sooner, it will begin to be understood by those who care to know, that it is possible for two magazines such as the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY to *unite* without either "swallowing" the other, or in any manner losing its identity or its zest; and it will not be from lack of disposition or energy on part of those who control the departments if the combination do not prove in every way a benefit. So sure have we been of this ultimate conclusion, that we have not given a serious thought to any of the few bewailings which have reached us. After the present number, our friends will be able to judge more intelligently of the probable future of the "consolidated magazine."

Brevities.

THE LATE NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD.—The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, noticing the death of Nathaniel Rothschild, nephew and son-in-law of the late Baron James de Rothschild, of Paris, and son of the old Nathan de Rothschild, of the London Stock Exchange, observes that the last eighteen of his years might be called existence rather than life: "There are many persons in Paris who can still remember the *beau jeune homme*, so elegant in person, dress, and manners, who was the life of the Jockey Club, the race-course, and the ball-room. When still under forty years of age his sight first began unaccountably to fail him, and then gradually his other senses and limbs, until literally nothing was left but his mind. The soul seemed to survive the body, and the latter, unable in any way to serve the wants of the former, may be said to have sat for eighteen years in an arm-chair waiting for death. Arms, legs, hands, eyes, every member had lost the power of being useful, and made their unhappy owner absolutely dependent upon the care of others. Nothing remained of this extraordinary existence but the mind. But that was wonderfully brilliant to the last; and from his arm-chair, even, Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild made his existence felt, it may almost be said, over the world. Perhaps such a life was not harder to bear for him on whom it fell than for the still young wife, who left the world and society to devote herself to supply the privations of her husband."

OUR DUTY.—Each individual has a work to do in reforming the evils of the times. The preacher and the schoolmaster are not the only laborers in the moral vineyard. The world is composed of individuals: the state is made up of citizens. If they live true lives, the state will withstand any shock. If they be true to themselves, God will be the shield of their country in its hour of peril. We must learn to think less of the shifting modes of the times and more of what constitutes the real dignity and grandeur of humanity. We must strip the hour of the tinsel with which it is bedizened and make ornament be of some use. Let all work for *real* progress, and no one will complain that the world appears to be going backward.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD died in April last, at the advanced age of eighty-four. She has a reputation almost world-wide in educational matters. The Troy Female Seminary, which for upward of forty years past has stood at the head of schools for young women, was founded by her in 1821.

ALBANY MEDICAL COLLEGE. — Dr. Thomas C. Durant, of New York, a graduate of this College and an early student of Drs. March and Ormsby, has given $15,000 to endow the "March Professorship." Drs. E. R. Peaslee and Meredith Clymer, of New York, and Dr. William Seymour, of Troy, have accepted chairs in the Faculty of this College.

AN HONEST LIVING.—A young Boston man, who proposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there, armed with letters of introduction to business men. These presented and the usual compliments passed, one New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do.

"I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

ERYSIPELAS may be relieved or cured by the application of the earth-treatment. A subscriber writes us that she made use of earth taken from a flower pot, and experienced immediate relief.

A CURIOUS AFFAIR was consummated lately at Galesburg, Illinois, in the shape of a marriage, the principals of which were both octogenarians. They were betrothed in early life, but for some reason the engagement was broken off, and in the long interval before their reunion each had been twice married, and twice left alone by the death of their companions.

"HE who would thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow naturally,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a consequence that,

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would out-do,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good at that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be,

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

What They Say.

PHRENOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.—A correspondent writing from Columbia City, Ind., says: "I know from experience that no person can teach school successfully without some knowledge of Phrenology; consequently I claim that every teacher in the land should read the A. P. JOURNAL. It would be a great satisfaction to me if you would devote a portion of every number to the subject of school teaching and school government."

[We have anticipated the wishes of our friend, and commence in the next number a series of articles on Physical Education, which will cover the ground suggested. We look to our teachers, preachers, editors, and others, who have to do with developing and directing the human mind, to help us in this work of improvement and civilization. Let every one help, by inducing his fellow-teachers to examine the principles we teach, and then to apply the same. It is a good cause.]

CANVASSING FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—An earnest friend of Phrenology, who has been the means of adding a considerable number of names to our subscription list, writes from Elgin, Ill., as follows:

"DEAR EDITOR: I send names herewith of two more subscribers; I have a few others promised. If I could spare the time, I think I could raise quite a large club. Like any other undertaking, it needs to be faithfully pursued to be successful. Whenever I have leisure, you may be sure I shall work faithfully for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. I think it more interesting than ever this year, and I have heard many compliments from my subscribers, who all seem to be much pleased with it in its new dress.

"I must thank Phrenology and Physiognomy for much of my success in getting the few subscribers I have already secured. A few of them were personally known to me, but the others were not. When I first attempted the getting up of a club, I felt quite put out and discomfited by the blank expectant look with which a stranger will favor you on being unexpectedly addressed, and as a consequence presented my request awkwardly; and upon their looking slightly at my specimen number, and informing me that they were 'quite well supplied with reading,' 'had little time to read,' 'could not afford it,' 'would think about it,' that 'it wasn't exactly their style,' that they 'were unprepared to take it just then,' or that they 'didn't believe there was much in Phrenology anyway,' I was instantly vanquished, and yielded the field without a struggle. But after repeated failures I summoned courage to take another course. I determined not to let the declining party have all the talking to do, but to put my knowledge, such as it is, of Phrenology and Physiognomy to the test, and interest them through such traits as I found in their faces; and if at last the No was still there, I would not be abashed by it. I found this a splendid way (excepting the time it takes), and I found myself waxing eloquent in a manner that astonished myself. —— B. H. R."

A MINISTER'S OPINION.—EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I am the only subscriber to your most worthy JOURNAL here [Blountsville, Ala.], but I shall use my utmost efforts in getting a goodly number to take it in our village. Few know its value. Assuredly its noble reading matter is to my mind what the most nutritive diet is to my body. It is a thrice welcome visitor to my household, and I shall ever regard it as the product of the earnest labor of the strongest minds. It solves many difficult questions, throws light and luster in the field of science, and strengthens religious faith. I can not be without it. I was much delighted to know that your JOURNAL and PACKARD'S are united. May the union prove a peculiar benefit to yourselves and to your readers. Believe me, sir, I am your obedient servant,

J. A. B. L., Minister of C. P. Church.

ELECTRIC ACTION OF THE ORGANS.—MR. EDITOR: As you are investigating all strange actions of the mind, I will tell you what happened to me not long ago. It is the only instance of the kind that I ever heard of. I was walking home from church one dark night, and as I went along thinking intently of what I had heard, a little dog barked, suddenly, close beside me. Being naturally somewhat timid, for a moment I was frightened. But now comes the strange part of my story. At the first sound of the dog's barking I felt distinctly a shock or thrill passing from the location of the organ of Cautiousness forward through the brain to my heart. During its passage, it seemed to me that the brain was pressing out against the skull all along the line it traversed. The sensation was alike on both sides of my head. It lasted but a moment, yet it was sufficient to be very plainly noticed.

Now, it seems to me that this is a striking proof of the truth of Phrenology, and that Cautiousness is on the alert, whatever the mind may be engaged upon. WAUSEON, OHIO. P. O. M.

EYES.—W. Q. J., an interested but evidently late reader of the JOURNAL, is apprehensive that serious results will follow the sprightly article of Mrs. G. W. Wyllys in the last number. Mrs. W.'s style is quite well known to most of our readers, and we have very little fear for the consequences of her blue, black, or gray eyed humor. W. Q. J. takes the matter too much in earnest, although we are inclined to commend the sincere tone of his letter, and his appreciation of scientific precision.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY are consolidated. They were both excellent magazines, and sufficiently kindred in spirit to allow of consolidation. They will still be distinct, but in one cover. The com-

bination of the solid with the attractive, in this JOURNAL, the immense variety of subjects treated, and the practical aim of all its articles, give it great value. $3 a year. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

As Mr. Wells has long treated of marriage, phrenologically, and taught "how to choose a partner," it is to be presumed that he has taken Mr. Packard's phrenological measure, and found him all right. We congratulate both parties on the union.—*Christian Standard.*

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

THE TEETH AND FINGER NAILS.—A correspondent writes us from Silver City, Nevada, and asks—"Is there not an attraction between the teeth and the nails? If so, how? My grandfather and my father practiced cutting their finger and toe nails, all their lives, on every Friday, and they never had the toothache in their lives. They lost some of their teeth, but did not know when or how. Grandfather was sixty-nine, and father sixty-eight, years old when they died. I have followed them in like manner. I am forty years old, and do not know what the toothache is; neither do I want to know,—and neither do I ever expect to know. If you think this worthy a place in the A. P. J., very good."

Ans. The only "attraction" discoverable is in the circulation of the blood. The method of paring the nails at certain times of day, and on particular days of the week, indicates *method* in that as well as in other things. There is merit in this; but that it has any more effect on the teeth than on other bones of the body, we do not see.

MIRTHFULNESS; HOW CAN IT BE SUPPRESSED?—A young lady writes us from North Carolina, as follows: "What will you advise a young person to do who has large Mirthfulness, and whose father is a clergyman, and a good father, too, only he thinks it is a sin to laugh more than once a day. This clergyman has no nursery in his house, and but one sitting-room, so that old folks and young are frequently together. The children find it impossible to keep sober all the time. They love to please their father, but have been utterly unable to conquer mirthfulness. Their father had large Mirthfulness when he was young, but now keeps it entirely under. He is a strong "character," has a powerful constitution and predominance of mental temperament, and wont think it is good to laugh; he conscientiously accounts it vanity. His children also have a predominance of mental temperament, and, like their parents, have large Approbativeness and Combativeness. He is satisfied with the conduct of his children, excepting their mirthfulness, and for that they have been reproved thousands of times. As a natural consequence, the old gentleman's temper is spoiling. If you can "restore harmony," it will be the next thing to a gospel."

Ans. It is said "there is a time for all things." It is no time to "laugh and carry on" in a religious meeting, in prayer time at home, at a funeral, or on other "solemn occasions." When one wants a real "good time," a hearty anti-dyspeptic laugh, such as will "stir the blood," and not disturb the neighbors or old folks, let him or her retire to a private room,—the attic is the best place; and to start the thing, "make up faces" before a looking-glass. In a moment the face will begin to shorten, and a te-hee will be heard; then a te-hee-hee, a haw-haw, and a whaw-whaw. The face will be suffused with warm blood, and the whole system thoroughly warmed. Keep at it five or ten minutes. Have a real hearty "break-down;" laugh all over—nobody will see,—no one need hear you. Then wash your face, comb your hair, and you will be ready for sober duty. This may be done twice or thrice a day, when necessary. Your symptoms—such as yawning, stretching, grunting, fretting, scolding, fault-finding, etc.—will indicate when a rousing good laugh would do you good. In itself, it is not wicked to laugh. The wickedness of it, if it be wicked, is in letting others—who have no laugh in them—see you do it. Our prescription is inexpensive,—may be taken any time of day, and is "a sure cure." Try it, and *then* induce all the "sobersides" in the house to take a dose. No more bitters, tonics, pepsin, or after-dinner lozenges will be needed. The above is a substitute for negro minstrels, comedies, theaters, billiards, and games of chance.

SELF-DESTRUCTION.—If a man is a burden to others (through sickness), and no benefit to himself, and has no prospect of being any better, is it any harm for him to kill himself?

Ans. That death—when it occurs—is a relief in some sicknesses, there can be no doubt. It is a merciful provision of nature, that, when the vital principle shall have been exhausted, we may find rest and repose. There is nothing, however, in science or in Christianity that justifies such taking of life as the inquirer alludes to. There is said to be a custom among a tribe of North American Indians to this effect: when in old age the senses have become blunted, the teeth are gone, and sight and hearing have failed, the helpless Indian wraps his blanket around him, walks into the forest, selects a seat, and there, declining food or drink, calmly remains until death comes and his soul wings its way to the spirit-land. The philosophy of this may well apply to barbarism, but can not to Christian civilization.

LOPSIDED.—I frequently meet persons with one shoulder larger than the other; does sleeping habitually on one side cause this? if not, then what does?

Ans. Yes; if a babe be permitted to sleep always on *one* side, it would tend to throw the head out of proportion, and make one shoulder, one hip, leg, and arm larger than the others. Tight lacing, sitting at a desk with one side of the person ele-

vated higher than the other side, tends to throw the frame out of proportion. See our next number for the commencement of a series of articles on PHYSICAL EDUCATION, which will cover the ground of many such inquiries.

THOMAS PAINE AGAIN.—In the last number of the JOURNAL is a question and answer in reference to Thomas Paine. Now, I beg to submit a question or two. 1st. Have Paine's arguments in support of Deism and against Christianity, Mohammedanism, etc., ever been successfully answered or refuted by the adherents of either of these religions, or any one else? or is it possible to refute them? 2d. If the Bible of the Christians were the *word of God*, would it not carry the evidence of its *divinity* within itself? and the same with regard to the Bible of the Mohammedans, the Koran?

Ans. 1st. Viewed in the light of experience since the days of the French Revolution, and considering the able reviews of Hume, Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Paine and others by many distinguished defenders of the Christian faith, it might be regarded as a most unnecessary work to bring into notice a philosophy which is regarded, or at least treated, by the more recent schools of skeptics as unsound. The "Age of Reason" has proven so very *unreasonable*, that notwithstanding the powerful intellect and political popularity of its author it has utterly failed to affect materially the Christian world, and has almost passed out of notice. Indeed, the reasonings of Mr. Paine himself in relation to the existence of God, when carried to their logical results, are sufficient in themselves to overthrow his arguments against the claims of Christianity.

Opponents do not now assume the open, bold, and defiant attitude of Voltaire and Paine, but in the more plausible, subtile and insidious philosophy of the rationalists, while bowing obsequiously before the exalted virtues of the Christians' Hero, stealthily undermine the foundation of the spiritual structure he has reared in the hearts of humanity. In all modern systems of opposition, however, whether of atheists, deists, or rationalists, the assault is upon the supernatural or miraculous element in the Christian system; and whatever facts, reasonings, or arguments may be adduced sustaining this characteristic of the system, must be competent to set aside the fundamental assumptions of Paine or Strauss or Renan, or any other of the different classes.

2d. "The Bible of the Christians" is, in a general sense, the "word of God," and "carries within itself the evidence of its divinity." It certainly opens with an authority altogether superhuman in its very first chapter, where it announces to frail humanity the grand drama of Creation. There are no whys, nor wherefores, nor metaphysical speculations, nor geological suppositions about stratified formations; but in the simple tones of the Infinite addressing the finite, man, proclaims the announcement, "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*" It gives us the origin, bondage, wonderful and marvelous delivery, and continued miraculous history of a nation whose presence and identity are everywhere recognized among men. It exhibits to us the institutions, ceremonies, observances, and rites of this nation, together with the records of its seers, prophets, and historians, running through a period of nearly two thousand years, all pointing with unerring certainty to the culmination of Jehovah's purposes in the advent, miracles, signs and wonders, sacrificial death, and resurrection of one of their race, Jesus of Nazareth.

As correlative to this grand development, it presents to us the history of the great nations of the world in prophetic figures and symbols, so that we read and may read the reflection of prophecy in the revolutions of the nations through subsequent ages, showing indubitably that the God of history is the God of prophecy. In view of all the accumulated evidence thus radiating from the sacred volume we might exultingly ask, what would be internal evidence of its divinity if this is not?

These questions were handled in a masterly style by Mr. Alexander Campbell in a debate held in Cincinnati in 1829 with Mr. Robert Owen of Lanark, Scotland, in which the skeptical philosophy of Hume, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Paine, and the most ancient and modern atheists and deists of note, was passed in review and thoroughly refuted. The volume containing this discussion is still in print.

The internal evidence of the divinity of the Bible is very fully set forth, and authorities extensively collated, in a recent work by President Milligan, of Kentucky University, entitled, "Reason and Revelation, or the Province of Reason in matters that pertain to Divine Revelation defined and illustrated."

TOBACCO.—I am twenty-six years old, and have been smoking and chewing tobacco for the past seven years. What can I use to quit it?

Ans. A little elixir of self-denial is needed. Take a good dose every time you think of, or hanker for, tobacco, and in a few months you will recover from the disease. Whisky is a very common, though a very *bad*, antidote, and only fools take it.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," etc. In three volumes. Vol. III. containing the Events from the Proclamation of the Emancipation of the Slaves to the End of the War. Pp. 701; octavo; cloth. Price, $3 50 per vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Peace, peace, let there be peace within our borders. Just now, after the Fifteenth Amendment to our Constitution, which enfranchises all our male citizens who are of lawful age, it is meet

that the final chapter describing the grandest—as it was the maddest—rebellion on record should be written. Dr. Draper *aims* at impartial history. The spirit in which he has written is indicated by these words quoted from the great dramatist:

"Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

Clear, comprehensive, kindly, patriotic, and impartial, the author has told the story of the struggle. The publishers have illustrated and printed the work in the best style, making it as desirable in binding as it is in matter.

PRINCIPLES OF A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY. An Essay toward solving some of the more difficult Questions in Metaphysics and Religion. By A. Bierbower, A.M. 16mo.; pp. 240. Price, $1 25. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

An able production by a young metaphysician, designed to justify the Divine administration on the principle that even Divine power can not be expected to perform contradictions. It is a brief and clear theodicy well worth study. The author discusses original forces, possibilities, application to the Infinite, the ideal, the question of progress, etc. "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Let the agitation go on.

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1870.

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July, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN, THE COMPOSER AND MUSICIAN.

BEETHOVEN.

A POETIC, artistic organization of the highest type this palpably was. The mental temperament in its powerful predominance was of that fiery-spirited, nervous sort which quickens every energy of a man's nature and exhausts his vitality very early if he have not active recuperative powers. Early in life Beethoven

possessed a strong, enduring organization, and the portrait, though representing him as a man well on in years, shows the fire of his nature yet undimmed, and traces of that wiry endurance for which he was remarkable. His was a head much above the average size, and packed with a brain of the finest quality. Its great superior breadth indicates how intensely susceptible to influences of an emotional type he was; and how naturally he could live in the realm of his ideal creations and imaginings.

Such a man realizes the unreal. His ideas are food and life to him. He takes notice of the real without him that it may furnish suggestions for or stimulate the thought within. Such a man has an exhaustless fancy, and needs but favoring circumstances, ease, and comfort of body to find perfect enjoyment in its creations.

How great the development of that faculty which can see visions and dream dreams! How great Ideality and Constructiveness! This was no practical, plodding nature, but one which lived in the heights above the practical and plodding. Shall we who believe so much in the realities of human life deprecate such a mental constitution? By no means. He had his part to perform as well as we. He was born to instruct, to charm, to elevate the human soul; to furnish his fellow-mortals with some of the instrumentalities of high and pure enjoyment. He lived more for others than for himself; and in dying left to man a legacy—his imperishable music — more valuable than that bequeathed to posterity by the greatest warrior with whose name all written history rings.

This wonderful composer and musician was born at Bonn, December, 17, 1770. Musical talent was congenital with him; his grandfather, from whom he was named, had been a bass singer in the Electoral chapel and in opera, and kapelmeister to Maximilian Frederick, and his father Johann was a tenor singer in the Electoral chapel. Before he had attained his fifth year, such was his musical precocity, that his father, a man of intemperate and improvident habits, entertained the project of deriving fame and profit from its cultivation and exhibition. His home instruction soon proving insufficient, he was placed under the tutorage of Pfeiffer, oboist in the chapel, and next under Vand der Eder, the court organist. But the child-musician soon advanced so much that more accomplished teachers were required, and Neefe, a composer of some reputation, undertook the direction of young Ludwig's studies. A musical periodical, published about 1781, says of the boy: "He plays the harpsichord with great skill and power, reads well at sight, and, to say all in a word, plays nearly all of Sebastian Bach's 'Wohltemperirten Klavier,' placed in his hands by Herr Neefe. He that knows this collection of preludes and fugues in every key (which may almost be called the *ne plus ultra* of music), will know what this implies. Herr Neefe has also, so far as his other duties allow, given him some instruction in thorough base." In his thirteenth year he composed sonatas for the pianoforte and some variations on a march, which were published at Mannheim.

On the death of the Elector Maximilian Frederick, in 1783, Maximilian Francis succeeded, and, fortunately for Ludwig, evinced much interest in the maintenance of the court music. Count Waldstein, an intimate friend of the new Elector and a practical musician, soon discovered the genius of the youth, and became his protector. Through his influence Beethoven, in his fifteenth year, was appointed Assistant Court Organist. In his eighteenth year he went to Vienna, sustained by the Elector, there to study under Mozart; but he had scarcely got to work when tidings of his mother's serious illness recalled him to Bonn. She died, and Ludwig undertook the care of his two young brothers, Kaspar and Nicholas, his father's continued bad habits rendering him incapable of their proper support.

For four years he maintained himself and his brothers on the small income derived from his position in the Elector's service, and

from the few pupils he could secure; and when they had become able to provide for themselves, he again accepted the Elector's kind offer, and went to Vienna. There he made a permanent settlement or home.

No Mozart, however, received him into his affectionate patronage, for Mozart had died the year previous. But Beethoven was a master himself, and perhaps needed only a little public experience to develop his great powers to their highest degree.

He made his appearance before the critical public of Vienna simply as a pianist, and at once won the most encouraging approbation. The only competitor he had in that field was Joseph Woelfl, and the only feature in which there was anything like rivalry between the two musicians was that of execution. Woelfl possessed astonishing skill in this respect, while Beethoven excelled in energy, spirit, and originality.

The first five years of Beethoven's career in Vienna were to him very happy ones. His great talents and genial disposition made him welcome everywhere, especially in court circles.

In the mean time he was perfecting his knowledge of musical form, studying with Haydn, and afterward with the renowned Albrechtsberger, kapelmeister at St. Stephen's. His application was close and thorough, and probably the more so because the expulsion of his patron, the Elector, and the annexation of Cologne to the French empire, left Beethoven free to remain in Vienna and do as he pleased. The science of composition he thoroughly mastered, and then commenced to publish works which startled the musical world not only by their finish and excellence, but by the rapidity of their appearance.

So fertile was his musical talent in composition, that his career promised to be in no respect behind that of Handel, or Bach, or Mozart; but about 1797 he commenced to suffer very seriously from a difficulty in hearing, which of course greatly limited his productiveness, and also induced deep depression of spirits. The original cause of this misfortune was a hemorrhoidal difficulty and a resultant chronic weakness of the bowels, attended with violent colic. He described the symptoms of his case in language like this: "I may say that I feel myself stronger and better in consequence [of the treatment received from physicians], only my ears—they are ever ringing and singing day and night. I can truly say that I pass a wretched existence. For the past two years I have almost entirely shunned society, because it is impossible to tell people I am deaf."

In the summer of 1802 he had a severe attack of illness; and thinking it would prove fatal, addressed a letter to his brothers, in which he depicts his mental sufferings in strong terms: "Being of an ardent, sanguine temperament, and peculiarly susceptible to the pleasures of society, yet at this early age [he was then but thirty-two] I must withdraw from the world and lead a solitary life. When I at times have determined to rise superior to all this, oh, how cruelly have I been cast down by proofs doubly painful of my defective hearing, and yet it has been utterly impossible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder,—scream,—for I am deaf.' Ah, how could I proclaim the weakness of a sense which I ought to possess in a higher degree than others; which sense I did possess in the highest perfection, a perfection equaled by few of my profession. Alas! I can not do this. Forgive me, then, if I draw back when I would gladly mingle with you. * * * But what humiliation, when some one standing by me hears a distant flute, and I hear nothing, or listens to the song of a herdsman, and I hear no sounds. Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair; a little more and I had put an end to my life. One thing only, Art, this restrained me."

After recovering from his illness, though he had little hope of ever hearing well again, he became more cheerful, and applied himself to his labors of composition with great industry.

Two or three times he received flattering offers to leave Vienna. In 1809 he was strongly tempted to respond to one, when several friends of music, with the Archduke Rudolph at their head, raised a subscription to provide a pension sufficient to retain the composer at Vienna. During the remainder of his life he was much secluded from the world.

As his deafness increased, he became more and more isolated from society; yet in

his sad solitude he produced symphonies, overtures, quartettes, etc., which rank among the immortal creations of the world's composers.

Much of his music, particularly his pianoforte sonatas, are transcripts of his inner life. Magnificent and powerful in conception, they could only be the productions of great musical talent, ministered to by the deepest moral sentiment. He has *painted* character as no other master has in music. His overtures to "Prometheus" and "Coriolanus" are replete with feeling. The experiences of the heart are fairly delineated and made tangible.

It would occupy much space to attempt to give an enumeration of the various works of Beethoven. Some authorities in music have divided them into three classes: the first class including his earlier compositions for the pianoforte, his trios for stringed instruments, and his sixteenth orchestral work; the second class extending from the sixteenth to the eightieth work, comprising his greatest creations — his symphonies, overtures, etc.; the third class comprehending his later works.

Among the more elaborate of his compositions may be reckoned the "Heroic Symphony," produced in 1804; "Battle of Vittoria," and the Seventh Symphony, 1813; "The Glorious Monument," a cantata sung at the Vienna Congress in 1814; the "Missa Solemnis," or Grand Mass in D. minor—a three-years' labor; the Ninth Symphony, with chorus, completed in 1824; Op. 115 and Op. 116, grand overtures.

The only dramatic work which he completed is "Fidelio," which was not well received by the Viennese on its first production, and so discouraged Beethoven from attempting a second opera.

About the year 1816 he became involved in a lawsuit with reference to the custody of a son of his brother Karl. Karl had contracted an unfortunate marriage, and dying in 1815, left his son by will to the care of the composer. Karl's widow, a woman of bad character, refused to part with her son, and Beethoven was obliged, greatly to his chagrin, to resort to legal measures. The suit lasted five years, during which time the subject of it was sometimes in possession of the mother and at other times of the uncle, but the uncle finally triumphed. This nephew became all in all to Beethoven. No pains or expense was spared on his education. But greatly to the grief of the composer, he fell into dissolute and extravagant habits, and neglected his studies; and having attempted unsuccessfully to commit suicide, he became subject to the severe laws of Austria affecting such cases, and was ordered to leave Vienna. Beethoven, sick at heart, but unwilling to part with the young man, accepted an invitation extended by his brother Johann to retire to the latter's estate on the Danube, about eighty miles from Vienna. But the associations of his brother's household proved insupportable, and determined him to return to the capital. The journey of two days, made in cold, wet weather, was too much for his delicate and broken constitution, and he reached Vienna, with his nephew, laboring under a severe cold. It was not until two or three days after his arrival that medical attendance was procured, when the illustrious musician was pronounced in a dangerous condition. The physician was unable to do more than afford him a measure of relief from pain, and he slowly sank until the evening of March 26, 1827, when he breathed his last in the midst of a violent thunder-storm.

Thus passed away a man whose unsurpassed conceptions in the realm of musical art brought about a new epoch in the development of music. "As Gothic architecture is the artistic record of the aspirations of the ages during which it grew to perfection, so the orchestral works of Beethoven are the musical record of the great ideas of his time in the form and likeness which they assumed in his mind. Haydn and Mozart perfected instrumental music in its form; Beethoven touched it, and it became a living soul." *

* A musical festival of large dimensions, inaugurated with the view to a centennial celebration in honor of Beethoven, is in course of preparation in New York city at this present writing. Several distinguished musicians, among them Mr. Gilmore, of Boston Jubilee fame, are interested in it. Four or five thousand musicians and vocalists are expected to participate in the melodious exercises; and a building capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons is to be made out of the Empire Rink. The festival opens about the last week of June.

MEASURING MEN.—No. 1.

BY AN APPRAISER.

THE first pair of scales of which we have authentic record was made in the Garden of Eden. The Creator took some dust, shaped it, breathed into it, and called it man. He hung in his skull a pair of scales, and we are told by Moses —— (last name unknown), that from failing to use them rightly both he and his wife got cheated the very first time they made a bargain. They tried to weigh the pleasures of sin against its penalties. They put the apple on one side, and the penalty on the other. They thought the apple was the heavier. Who that is orthodox does not know that they made a mistake?

That once happy couple bequeathed to every one of their normal descendants a pair of these scales. In other words, an intellectual and moral judgment which not only ascertains the size, weight, form, color, and relation of material objects through the physical senses, but computes, measures, discriminates, and compares in the realm of morals and ideas. So about one-half of our life is taken up with weighing men, things, ideas, and actions.

In our own day, as they did in earlier times, we are constantly trying to weigh mankind in bulk. Men think if they put their origin and destiny in one scale and themselves in the other, they can tell what humanity is worth. So in order to get the proper weights, we go about asking "Where did I come from? Where am I going? Was my great-great-great-ten-hundred-thousand-millionth grandfather a gorilla, a monkey, or a porpoise? Or was I made just a little lower than the angels to start with, and have kept there ever since?" As there has always been a past behind man, and a future before him, so there have always been men that have tried to measure themselves by the one or the other. The eternity behind us is black. So far as human history is concerned, we can not see back but a few thousand years; beyond, it is the darkness of ignorance. Within the last sixty years, science has sought with its lamp, pick, and hammer to cut a channel through to certainty. It has progressed, achieved, uncovered pearls of historic truth, but still labors in the domain of conjecture, and when it strives to go beyond, the lamp goes out and will not be lighted. So we look into the distant future to cast the horoscope of past temporal things, but no torch of discovery has been lighted that can reveal the facts of the ages to be. Hope paints an expectation. Faith accepts it. We may send these exploring into the future, but so long as we are anchored to earth by these bodies, we can not go there ourselves. We may not forbid this fluttering in the unknown. This world, it seems, is hardly large enough for the scope of human faculty. Providence gives us a wide margin on each side for its exercise in the *was* on one side; the *to be* on the other. The only condition exacted is that we shall be faithful to the *now*.

But *we* do not purpose, in measuring men, to go off this world at all. Our tape line is no longer than a human life. Neither do we purpose to measure humanity in bulk. In spite of philosophic fraud and metaphysical cavil, the wrangle over subjective and objective, the *me* and the *not me*, we affirm, audacious as it may seem, that every individual man may be practically certain of his own existence, and actually learn to distinguish himself from everybody else. One fool met another. "I heard you were dead," said the first.

"But you see I am not," said the other.

"Well, I believe my friend is much more trustworthy than you are."

This fool of Hierocles preferred statement to fact; we prefer fact to statement, and if anybody says we do not exist, we beg leave to differ from him.

Again, so far as a practical appreciation of myself and my neighbor is concerned, it matters not to me whether I am descended from an ichthyosaurus, a megatherium, or some fishy cotemporary. In this country, a man need not think less of himself for the doubt that hangs about his ancestry. Indeed, we might rather derive encouragement from knowing that in the carboniferous or in the cretaceous era we were else than human, and less than human. If we have grown from fishhood or monkeyhood into humanhood, we may possibly grow into something better than this before we stop.

I do know that *I am;* the analytical ques-

tion is, *What* am I? the synthetical, What *can* I? What is my caliber? Was I cast for a six-inch gun, a fifteen-inch, or to throw ounce balls? Every man coming into this world with a full equipment of faculty has either a niche ready for him, or else he has to hew one. Genius being economical, such hewers are few. But the effective men are those who know what souls they have, and how to use them. Every generation must take up the burden of the preceding one. How much can you lift? Where do you catch hold?

The house is built according to plan; the columns, the chiseled stone, the cornice for the front. The best bricks are put there, too; the common, in the rear; and sometimes there is an unseen inner wall of still humbler brick that bears its proportion of the building's weight. So in the structure of society there must be columns, and capstones, frieze, and cornice, all shaped and chiseled for the front, while the great masses are the common but indispensable brick that form the sides and rear and make up the greater part of the structure. (This comparison is justified by the popular notion that a first-rate man is a first-rate "*brick*.") Here again we meet the vexatious question, Am I a common brick, or was I made for the front? Am I a shingle, a clapboard, or a tenpenny nail? Sometimes men succeed in deciding this question for themselves; sometimes society decides it for them. "Some are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them." Others go through life without ever attaining any definite knowledge of themselves. They have perhaps an idea that they are somebody. But their estimate of themselves is often more positive and offensive than correct. We do not propose in these articles to give any infallible psychometrical rule, but simply to consider a few facts and principles which lie at the basis of a true estimation of ourselves and others.

Department of Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless fewer sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

KNOWING; OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

BY A. P. SPRAGUE.

HOW WE KNOW—(*Continued*).

IT will be observed that the eye is the organ most frequently and efficiently represented. The eye is the most objective of the organs of sense; it takes up within itself the least of the sensation in transmitting it to the mind, and adds the least of itself to the perception. It would seem then quite natural and logical that the eye could be represented, the sight extended and assisted by a supplementary artificial organ like the telescope or microscope, and still have the perception quite unalloyed. Actual experience has proved this deduction to be correct; or, rather, this theory admits of practical verification, and so furnishes a just and true explanation of the fact stated, that the eye is most effectively represented and aided by instruments. But in all these contrivances the general and immediate amount of sensation received by the organism is diminished, while the special and derivative sensation is increased. The extended landscape can be seen with the eye in a single direction almost; its rays can be all received at one instant by the eye. But distance dims the view, and nothing but color and outline present themselves, and these very indistinctly and with diminished power. The same landscape viewed with a spy-glass appears near and distinct; but only a small portion of the original field of view is visible at once, and it is necessary to change the line of vision often and with regularity, bringing in adjacent portions successively, until the whole is brought within range. Thus there is a gain of precision at the expense of time; and the

effect of wholeness and conformation, the pleasure of immensity and of the combination of a large number of objects in one scope of vision, is lost. And as the optical instrument aids none of the other senses, the charm produced by the assistance of those other senses in giving information of other qualities of objects, this pleasing feeling of certainty, arising from the number of the sources of sensation, is not experienced.

The moon, when seen by the naked eye, appears in the perfection of its form, and with an appearance of rotundity; while its dark background of velvet of unknown thickness and richness, and its surrounding hosts of flaming stars — a celestial body-guard—combine to render the scene an impressive panorama full of beauty, sentiment, and pleasure. But point your long, cylindrical tube, full of lenses and mounted on complex machinery, toward the "pale-faced moon," and she becomes so large that you can not see all her face at once; you do not know whether her form is circular or square,—whether she is plane or spherical; the majestic, mysterious, illimitable canopy of ether is hidden by herself; her brilliant sidereal admirers are not to be found; her footstool of cloud and silver is not there; herself is monstrous, unnatural. Your wondering vision is met only by alternate light and shade on an unequally illuminated surface of vast extent which you attribute to the existence of mountains and valleys all barren and still. Gradually, by a change of direction in the telescope, or by the motion of the moon itself, you obtain detached views of the enlarged disk which you have difficulty in regarding all the while as the face of that lovely, mild, and gently beaming orb you watched on a summer's eve. But at the expense of time and sentiment, for the present, this representative organ, this celestial telescope, has put you into possession of great and otherwise unattainable truths. The impression just described, however, only endures during the process of knowing; the reaction comes, and sentiment rushes back to clothe intelligence, now grown larger in its rich and pleasing habiliments; wonder mingles with admiration, and you retire from your astronomical observations repeating—not with the intense regretfulness and the keen despair of the dying Copernicus, but with a sigh that nature demands rest and you must close your eyes for the remainder of the night to the celestial glories—

> "Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
> With all your feeble light;
> Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
> Pale empress of the night;"

and you seek your couch filled with exalted meditations and expansive thoughts. Your intellect is bursting with the idea of the infinity; your heart is dilating with the feeling of awe; your body sinks into insignificance,—it is as light as nothing; surely you are all soul. Your imagination "careens around the flaming boundaries of the universe;" you stand by a sea with only one shore, and that shore your selfhood; in the immeasurable distance you faintly discern a thousand fairy barks floating out into immensity. The adventurous mariners beckon, the allurement is sufficient; into a light skiff that rides the summit of the nearest wave you step, and ere you are aware, you are far out on the limitless deep. You glide countless miles; you enter a region of pervasive mist; soft murmurs lull you; dim visions enchant you; lovely beings embrace you, and you are borne away on the ocean wave through the misty realm to the isle of dreams, where you behold glories that are not, nor were, nor ever will be.

Another vicarious organ is the microscope, whose apparent enlargements are almost incredible; and after gazing in wonder through the magnifying lens, you remove the glass to become assured that the enormity you behold is but a tiny frame, a drop, an atom. By this assistant of vision, however, particles of matter, too minute to be otherwise perceptible, become susceptible of inspection: limbs, tissues, orifices, and vessels too delicate to look at with the naked eye, are rendered visible, and are spread out on a background ten thousand times as large as real. Feeling is outdone, for that which is so small you can not perceive it by the touch, is made so large as to astound the vision. But there is no immediate advantage obtained by the use of this instrument through which we cognize the world of least things. The perception is attained by excluding all other objects from the field of view, thus depriv-

ing us of the means of comparison, and by changing the direction of the rays of light so as to form an image whose parts are made at a much greater distance from each other than those of the original object. There is the same deficiency and sufficiency, the same taking away from one element of sensation and adding to another element that we have discovered in the other of these twin-assistants of the visual organ.

The ear may be also assisted by an artificial auditorium collecting the pulsations of faint sounds, and presenting them in their aggregated form to the natural ear. The ear-drum is beaten more vigorously by the waves of sound when the air is condensed in the ear-trumpet, on account of the increase of elasticity. Wherever a medium may intervene between the organism and the object, in that case a representative organ may exist. It is so with vision and its object, with hearing and its object, and also with feeling and one of its objects, heat. The sensation of heat upon any portion of the body may be intensified by the intervention of any substance that will transmit and concentrate the rays of heat, as in the familiar example of the sun-glass; or by means of any instrument that will simply concentrate, as in the case of the concave mirror and the red-hot ball. The taste is never assisted by an artificial organ; the palate and the tissues in which the sense of taste resides, require the immediate presence of the object. The particles of matter that cause this sensation do not diffuse themselves through the air; we are not able to know the flavor of a peach while in the hand; and there is consequently no representative organ for the palate. Odorous particles float in the atmosphere; there is apparently a medium for the transmission of odors; but it is found that these particles are material particles of the object itself, and not modifications of the medium, as in the case of the transmission of sound; and we really have a portion of the object in contact with the nose when we smell anything. The fragrant rose is constantly giving off delicate atoms of itself that float away on the grateful air and meet the delighted nostrils. This fragrance might be intensified, it is true, by the compression of a greater number of particles in the same receiver, or by the condensation of the atmosphere which contains a given number of odorous elements; but a contrivance that would do this would not be strictly a representative organ for the nose, inasmuch as it is all the while the least parts of the flower itself separated from their source that are welcomed into the repository of odors. These invisible odorous particles are castaways from the ever-parturient petals of the flowers, and the nostrils wondering why such sweet little ones are thus forsaken, shelter them in delight.

Then, some of the senses will have an agent, and others will not. With the exception of heat, which is disseminated in the same manner as light and sound,—that is, by transformation in the medium, the sense of touch requires of all its objects immediate presence.

The spiritual senses are content and glad to be represented by an agency that will do the work of knowing, in some respect, better than themselves; the sensual senses are restricted in their operation to one mode; they can not delegate their office nor call in assistants.

There is also another set of derivative modes of knowing, and this has reference to the object knowable, not to the subject knowing. It is not requisite that the object should be presented in its natural and normal condition to the organs of sensation; nor is it necessary that the object should be paraded directly before the observant organism. The thing to be known may be modified; or it may be represented; and we shall therefore have a modified and a vicarious object to consider. The manner of knowing suggested by the former of these is that pursued in chemistry, in anatomy, and in all sciences which change the form of the thing to be known in order to investigate its properties and the laws governing its formation, existence, and relation to other bodies.

If we desire to know the composition of a metal, we subject it to the action of heat; gradually its component elements are separated and caught in receivers, and we are permitted to examine each in its purity. With crucible and blow-pipe and flame we soon transform the fairest as well as the roughest of Nature's mineral and metallic

productions into substances, visible and invisible, utterly unlike the original.

If we wish to know the properties of substance with reference to each other, they are placed together under peculiar conditions, and by a law to us perfectly arbitrary they combine to form new bodies, they modify each other, they destroy each other, as it were, or they will have nothing whatever to do with each other. But in this way the law of their mutual action is discovered, and many of their individual properties reveal themselves. Animate nature is cut to pieces, and bone, sinew, blood, and membrane are examined by the critical eye of the anatomist. The organic structure of animals is thus laid open to the entrance of knowledge, and the operation of vital forces is inspected at the inner penetralia. These processes of investigation are all sacrificial of the idea of the beautiful, and detrimental to taste during their progress; but when once finished, and the results thereof are combined with the previous knowledge of the object in its natural state, there is produced a beautiful and curious mental state, a kind of mixed knowledge, which the mind holds doubly valuable.

If the thing to be known is represented, there is no augmentation of knowledge absolutely, but only with reference to certain individuals. It is necessary that some eye should behold the Pyramids before they can be revealed to the intellect of any one. It is requisite that the lurid glare of Etna's volcanic fires and her awful crater should be seen by some one before they can be made known. But after they are once apparent to the vision, they may be imaged forth on a surface by the beholder, so as to impart a like visual perception of many of their beauties and sublimities. This physical fact is the foundation of painting, drawing, sculpture, and all arts that represent and imitate the object. It gives rise to history, through which we have present knowledge of the dead past.

The world as it was could not be presented to the organism, and so men made hieroglyphics and rude characters anciently to represent and perpetuate the scenes and deeds of their time; medievally they had manuscripts, and in modern times they have the ubiquitous newspaper and its nobler companion, the printed book. In presenting the object to the mind in this way, there is always much defectiveness on account of the difficulty of representation. The presentation is only partial, and the remainder must be supplied by the mind itself. Who would not rather stand on the Rhine hills and look down at Avignon and the palace of the Pope, than scan the most exquisite design of the fair villages and the old edifice? Who would not prefer to behold the mazy sheen of a glittering iceberg, than witness the best attempt at representation? To sit in the Pantheon, or to look at an Athenian legislative body, would have been better than to see perfect pictures thereof. To look upon a friend is preferable to the possession of his photograph. Besides, many of the muniments of intelligence can not be thus preserved. You have heard a magnificent orchestra perform, sending a celestial thrill through the heart-strings,—and could you represent it? It could be repeated, not imitated. Did you ever eat a delicious grape, or drink the pure wine of it? And could you delight the taste of another by physical representation? You might please the imagination, but not the palate. If you recline in an arbor at evening amid a wilderness of flowers, and smell luxuriant odors, you do not attempt to describe the charming sensation by anything but words.

It is no wonder the mind loves to know things immediately and in their normal state; no wonder it shrinks from the complexity and artificialness of knowing a modified or a represented object through a vicarious organ. It is unnatural. In all derivative modes there is a sacrifice of generality to specialty, of complexity to precision, of greatness to intensity, of universality to proficiency, physically or mentally. The fact has a counterpart in the moral universe when a man sacrifices personal ease and social pleasures for profundity and lays himself on the altar of the general intelligence of mankind. These derivative modes were originally used for the sake of convenience, and their continuance and improvement are due more to the wants of man than to his natural love for truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVAGE.

CIVILIZED.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

INTRODUCTION.

THE author was induced to prepare the following for sundry reasons. He was requested to do so, and did not think it kind or complaisant to refuse—the subject is one of great importance, involving the highest perfection and earthly happiness that man can attain, to say nothing of its bearing on his future condition—and it has rarely, if ever, been treated on the ground and under the extent of principle that justly belong to it. But the chief reason for its publication was a belief that it contains some seminal truths not generally known, which, when fully developed and reduced to practice, will lead to results of much usefulness in the work of education.

The subject is treated altogether *physiologically*. And that such is the nature of education can not be denied. Every change it produces in those who are made the subject of it are strictly physiological. This is as true of moral and intellectual as of physical education. All the beneficial effects of training arise from the improvements produced by it in organized matter, rendering such matter, whether it be brain, nerve, muscle, lungs, or of any other description, a better piece of machinery for mind to work with. A knowledge of these truths is peculiarly important, as they show the essential connection between mind and matter, and make it clearly appear that for its sound and vigorous operations, the former depends on the condition of the latter. Hence the importance of a strict attention to the health of pupils, even independently of their corporeal suffering from disease. Their mental character is no less concerned in the issue.

Let no one allege that this view of education involves materialism, or any principle unfriendly to morality or religion. The charge would be most unjust. The entire subserviency of matter to mind is acknowledged in it; and that is all that the doctrine of spirituality can require. It must not claim to take from matter the rank and attributes conferred on it by its CREATOR. Without further remark, the essay is respectfully submitted to the reader's unprejudiced judgment.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT—WHY A NECESSITY.

Every excess is an evil; and that of the liberty of the press, which, turned to licentiousness, defames, misleads, inflames, and demoralizes, is among the most deplorable. Were any one to pronounce the sentiment here advanced to be unfriendly to the doctrines of republican government, my reply

would be, that it is not unfriendly to morality or Christianity, but concurrent with both. Nor is it less so with the spirit of genuine republicanism, which embraces and upholds the *general good*, and is therefore hostile to the corruption, fraud, and falsehood to which too many of our public presses unblushingly minister.

For this condition of things, stored with the elements of such fearful calamity, there is but one remedy—*the advancement of the people in intelligence and virtue.* I say "advancement;" for there is reason to apprehend that the stock of those attributes now possessed by us is too limited for the work to be performed by them—the eradication of existing and the prevention of future and more grievous evils. It is to the improved mental character of the rising generation, and those who shall succeed them, beyond that of the generation now at maturity, that our hopes can attach themselves with any reasonable prospect of being realized. On the redeeming influence of such improvement alone can the American people safely and confidently rely for the attainment of that degree of national prosperity, greatness, and glory, and that amount of individual happiness, which is placed within their reach, if they do not neglect or abuse their privileges.

Two questions of moment here present themselves. Is the amendment referred to within our reach? and, if so, What are the means by which it may be compassed? I answer, Yes: the end can be attained; and

AN IMPROVED EDUCATION CONSTITUTES THE MEANS.

To represent it fairly, and recommend it to the acceptance and encouragement it deserves, I may safely add that it is the only means. To rely on any other would be a *deadly* fallacy. By that alone can our safety be secured. And by that it *can* be secured, provided we avail ourselves of it as wisdom dictates and duty enjoins. But we must avail ourselves of it promptly, else the opportunity may be lost to us forever. It is not only "in the affairs of *men*" that "there is a tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The same is no less true of *nations.* And I may truly add, "On such a full sea are we now afloat; and we must take the current as it serves, or lose our venture."

The influence of education on the condition of our country, were it judiciously conducted and generally diffused, would be irresistible; and its issue would be precisely the improvement we require. Not only would the people receive from it the intelligence necessary to guide them in public affairs; they would be improved by it in their entire character, moral and social, intellectual and political, and enabled the better to control their passions and give them a safe and useful direction. Prepared to perceive the public good with greater clearness, and to pursue it with purer intentions and a steadier aim, they would be less susceptible of the rage and sway of party, and more effectually guarded against the machinations of unprincipled demagogues and aspirants to power who might wish to mislead them for the promotion of their own selfish and sinister purposes. Thus would the nation become a nursery of abler statesmen and more virtuous patriots, and have its highest interests more certainly secured.

POPULAR VIEWS.

Fortunately for our country, these sentiments are not new; nor are they limited as respects the number of those who entertain them. They are taking root in the public mind with the most gratifying rapidity, and promise to be productive of invaluable fruit. There is reason to hope that, as the issue of them, education will be no longer neglected in the United States, but improved and extended in proportion to our demand for it. Already is the interest awakened in favor of it broad and deep; and it is beginning to be regarded in its true character, as constituting not only the corner-stone, but the foundation and cement of civil society. Already is it beginning to be looked to as alone calculated to rescue human nature from the dominion of animal propensity and passion, and to bestow on it the highest perfection of which it is susceptible. The uneducated—whether whites, blacks, or the roving children of the forest—will soon be considered, and justly so, as occupying nearly the same level in the scale of being. Nor is this all. There is cause to believe that the period is approaching when to be wholly uneducated will be held dishonorable and out of fashion; and that will do much to complete the

spread and triumph of education. As respects the points on which they bear, honor and fashion are everywhere despotic.

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS AT PRESENT.

That these views are not fallacious, but that the salutary change referred to is in progress, appears from an abundance of concurrent testimony. So do many other facts which might be easily cited. Teachers, of every rank in their profession, are not only better rewarded, but held in higher estimation than formerly. It is no longer true, as it once was, that persons unfit for anything else, on account of indolence, infirmity, or some other disqualification, are employed as instructors. Men of character and competency alone are now considered worthy of the trust. Already is this the case in many parts of our country, and promises soon to be so in all of them. Annals, journals, and libraries are established; lyceums are opened, institutes erected, associations formed, essays published, sermons preached, conventions held, and discourses delivered for the advancement of education. Such measures are calculated to form, foster, and diffuse a taste for it, excite ambition in it, and, rendering it popular, insure its success. For popularity, whether it attach to projects fitted for good or for evil, is a current which nothing can withstand; and fortunately, in the present instance, it sets in the right direction. In fine, a large portion of the talent of America being, in some way, enlisted in the cause of education, and the general bent of society concurring with it, an effort so powerful and well directed can scarcely fail to produce an era in the annals of our country memorable alike for the diffusion of useful knowledge and the advancement of human happiness. In the vocabulary of such numbers, united and resolute, intelligent and persevering, there is no suitable place for the terms *impossibility*, *failure*, or *defeat*. To confederacies of the kind, all things, within the scope of human means, become practicable and easy. But my business is not to speak of education in the abstract, but to remark on one of its branches. To that task I shall now proceed.

EDUCATION DEFINED.

That I may the more easily and certainly be understood in my subsequent exposition of it, allow me first to make a few observations explanatory of what I mean by the term *education*, as my understanding of it may differ, perhaps, in some degree, from the view taken by others. Any theoretical difference, however, that may exist between us on this point, will have no influence in creating a practical one on others of more immediate usefulness.

Let me state here, that, in giving my definition, I must speak PHRENOLOGICALLY. As education relates to the operations of mind, as well as of body, it must be considered and presented, as well summarily as in detail, with a reference to some system of mental philosophy. But of all the systems I have examined (and I have looked carefully into several of them), that of Gall and Spurzheim is the only one I can either believe or understand. As soon would I bind myself to discover the philosopher's stone, or to concoct the elixir of life out of simples, as to find substantial meaning in many of the tenets of fashionable metaphysics. Indeed, the dreams of alchymists, and not a few of those of metaphysicians, have a strong family likeness. And well they may. They are the twin-brood of common parents, Error and Superstition, and were ushered into life during the Dark Ages. These are my reasons for speaking in conformity to phrenological principles, in the definition I am about to offer.

By education in the abstract, I mean a scheme of action or training by which any form of living matter may be improved, and, by perseverance, reared to the highest perfection of which it is susceptible. I say, "any form;" because the lower orders of living beings, vegetables not excepted, may be cultivated and improved as certainly as the higher, and on the same grounds.

THE CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

That it may produce the desired effect, the scheme pursued must conform to the constitution of the race of beings for whose improvement it is intended; and, in the present instance, that race is our own. No one, therefore, is capable of devising and arranging such a scheme for the amendment of the general condition of man, nor even of comprehending and skillfully applying it, unless he be thoroughly acquainted

with his constitution. Hence, without such an acquaintance, it is impossible to become an able and successful instructor. He that would rectify or improve a piece of machinery, must first understand it in its structure and principles. Under the want of such a knowledge of it, to touch it is to impair it, except it be saved by the intervention of accident. In like manner, he that would alter human nature for the better, must know it *as it is*. Special education, designed for a given purpose, is a scheme of training in accordance with that purpose. I need scarcely add, that general training does nothing more than improve general powers; while special training fits for some definite and corresponding pursuit.

HUMAN CONSTITUTION: BODY—MIND.

By the constitution of man, as just referred to, I mean his material portion, in its organized and vital capacity, that being, as I feel persuaded, the only part of him *we* are able to improve. The mind being a spirit, whose nature and qualities *as spirit* are concealed from us, and with which none of our faculties are fitted to make us acquainted, we do not possess any means, nor can we conceive of any, calculated to produce in it either amendment or change. Its subtile and inscrutable character places it beyond our action and influence. Nor, as will appear hereafter, does the work of education require it to be changed. It only calls for an amendment of the instruments with which it works. So exalted is my view of spirit, that I believe it to be competent, without any interference from us, to the highest actions for which the body is fitted. To amend it, belongs only to HIM who made it.

It occurs to me, that he who believes in his power to improve spirit by making it stronger, larger, more active, or in any respect better, has a much less exalted opinion of it than he has of himself. A capacity to amend implies a superiority, in the amender and his machinery, to the thing he improves. But the whole machinery of education is material. To contend, then, that education can improve *the abstract mind*, is to assert *the superiority of matter to spirit*. This is neither quibble nor sophistry, but a deduction of reason and a dictate of common sense. Nor will anything but a spirit of sophistry attempt its subversion. Except the teacher be superior to the pupil, he can not instruct him. Much less can he do so, being greatly inferior. Spirit, being the superior, *may* modify and amend matter; but for the converse of this to be true, seems impossible.

THE ORGANIZED SYSTEM OF MAN

constitutes the machinery with which alone his mind operates during their connection as soul and body. Improve the apparatus, then, and you facilitate and improve the work which the mind performs with it, precisely as you facilitate steam-operation and enhance its product by improving the machinery with which it is executed. In one case, steam, and in the other, spirit, continue unchanged; and each works and produces with a degree of perfection corresponding to that of the instruments it employs.

As respects several of the functions of the mind, the correctness of the foregoing theory is universally admitted. Seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, as well as voluntary muscular motion, are as true mental operations as judging, reasoning, remembering, or calculation by numbers. And the former are as susceptible of improvement as the latter. But when improved, no one considers the result as consisting in any amendment of simple spirit, but of compound organized matter. When, for example, vision is improved, the amendment is uniformly referred to the eye, the optic nerve, and that portion of the brain immediately associated with them, they being the organs by which the mind sees, and without which it can not see. Is hearing improved? For the same reason, it is not the mind, but the auditory apparatus that is amended. Of the other senses, the same is true. If either of them be improved, it is the organ that is meliorated in its condition, not the mind that uses it. Nor is this truth less obvious as respects the instruments of voluntary motion. The opera-dancer, the tumbler, and the swordsman, do not, in acquiring expertness in their occupations, improve their minds, but their muscles and joints, with the nerves and portions of the brain that have the governance of them. These positions are so plain, that to state them is as much as to prove them.

THE BRAIN THE ORGAN OF MIND.

Respecting the higher mental operations, the same may be affirmed with equal safety. In performing them, the mind works with the brain as its machinery, as certainly as it does with the eye in seeing, or the muscles in dancing and swordsmanship. Is any form of memory—say the memory of words, or that of places—rendered more apt and retentive by judicious exercise? We have no reason to believe that the mind or spirit is amended, in this instance, any more than in those heretofore enumerated. It is a portion of the brain—the organ of language or locality—that is amended. By practice, man becomes more powerful and adroit in reasoning and judging. Here again

THE MIND IS NOT CHANGED.

The belief to that effect has no shadow of evidence to sustain it. The improvement in this case, as in the preceding ones, is confined to the organs with which the mind reasons and judges. Arguments, not to be refuted, could be adduced in favor of this statement, were the discussion admissible. Indeed, for man to claim the power of operating immediately on spirit, and either amending or deteriorating it by any means he can employ, is an assumption perfectly gratuitous, and, in my opinion, not a little extraordinary and arrogant. It is enough that he is able to change matter and control it to his purposes *by material agents*. And all the means used in teaching *are* material. There is good reason to believe, as already stated, that nothing short of the CREATIVE WILL that brought spirit into existence can modify it, either for better or worse. When we wish, then, I say, to improve mental operations, we have only to amend the organs which the mind employs in performing them. And it will appear hereafter, that this is a proposition of great importance in the scheme of human improvement. For no other reason would I have ventured to introduce it, aware as I am that its correctness is not likely, at first, to be generally acknowledged. Allow me, however, to repeat, that a difference of opinion on this point will have no tendency to create a difference on many that are to follow. The difference will be in theory, not in practice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER,

AND THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE question of the source of the Nile is one which has occupied the attention of the intelligent since the most remote times. That the feeders of a river upon whose banks a people among the earliest in civilization dwelt should have remained so long entirely unknown, will always remain a geographical curiosity. It would be an interesting task to find out how many of the great minds of different ages have given attention to this subject, and how many have sought in vain for a solution of the mystery. Cæsar said that he would willingly give up his fame as master of the world for that of discoverer of the source of the Nile. It is a matter of no little surprise that for so many centuries this discovery was refused to the united energy and research of civilization bordering on the Mediterranean, to be at length granted to the perseverance of men of our own times. To Speke and Grant must be conceded the honor of solving the problem of the Nile's source, unless, as some geographers maintain, the watershed of Africa be proved to be still farther south than the Victoria Nyanza, which these two Englishmen discovered. Another name, however, will always take a prominent place in the history of Nile discovery, and that is, of Sir Samuel White Baker, whose portrait, together with that of his lady, we present in the present number of this JOURNAL, and whose story we shall here briefly relate.

The journeys of Krapf and Rebmann to

the foot of Kilimandjaro and other snowy mountains in the east of Africa, believed by them to be the ancient and almost fabled "Mountains of the Moon," and the explora-

PORTRAITS OF SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER AND HIS WIFE.

tions of travelers up the White Nile, pointed to the conclusion that it was among these that the sources of the great Egyptian river would finally be discovered. The attention of the London Geographical Society, however, was called to the rumors gathered from the natives, pointing to lakes in the regions south of the equator as the true source of the Nile; and in June, 1867, they dispatched the renowned travelers Burton and Speke thither, who were successful in discovering Lake Tanganyika, in the fifth

degree of southern latitude and the thirty-sixth degree of eastern longitude, and a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains, overhanging the northern half of the lake, and 10,000 feet high, considered by Speke to be the true Mountains of the Moon. On the shores of Lake Tanganyika Burton was laid up by illness, and his companion, after surveying the northern portion of the lake, left him there to recruit his health, while he (Speke) proceeded northward to discover another huge "nyanza," or lake, of the existence of which he was informed by the natives. This he accomplished on the 3d of August, 1858, when he discovered the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza. In his journal he says of this immense sheet of water: "I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers."

Speke had then the idea of descending the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza, but being unprepared for the journey, he was compelled to return to Europe. In 1861 he again started for the lake regions of Africa, accompanied by Captain Grant. They approached the nyanza from the Zanzibar coast, reaching first of all the town of Mashoude, on the western side of the lake. They then went northward, and crossing the equator finally reached, in the center of the northern coast, the parent stream of the Nile, one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, and forming falls twelve feet high, which Speke christened "Ripon Falls," in honor of the President of the Royal Geographical Society at the time of his starting the expedition. The nyanza was found to receive the waters of several smaller lakes, which derive their moisture from the Mountains of the Moon; and in exploring these districts the two travelers spent a whole year in various kingdoms; and meeting with a variety of adventures, "they passed through the heart of what remained of the *terra incognita* of Eastern Africa." They reached Gondokoro, on their return journey, in March, 1863, and received a brilliant reception in England as two of the most daring and successful of modern explorers.

While Speke and Grant were on their great journey, Sir Samuel W. Baker was preparing himself for his work, the narration of which it is proper to preface by a few biographical details.

He was born in the year 1821, at Thorngrove, in Worcestershire, England, and was educated as a civil engineer. At an early age he went to the island of Ceylon, where his love of the chase led him into the recesses of the island, and gave evidence then of that fondness of adventure which was afterward destined to make his name famous as an explorer. The result of his life in Ceylon was published by him in two very interesting works—"The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," and "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon." He subsequently superintended the construction of the railroad which connects the Danube across the Dobrudscha with the Black Sea. In the year 1860 he married a young Hungarian lady, Florence Sass, a lady possessed of much talent and enterprise, in whose company his subsequent great journey was completed. Hardly a year elapsed after the marriage before Baker was preparing to follow Speke and Grant to the sources of the Nile, going up the stream from the Mediterranean Sea. His intention was at first kept secret, he fearing the public disappointment at failure. He left Cairo in April, 1861, first devoting his attention to the Atbara and the Blue Nile, the chief affluents of the Nile, which descend from the highlands of Abyssinia. In the mean time he was also perfecting himself in the Arabic language. He reached Chartoun on the 11th of June, 1862, leaving again in December, having in his pay an escort of ninety persons, besides twenty-nine camels and asses, and three large boats. On the 2d of February, 1863, Gondokoro, the head of the navigation of the Nile, was reached. It had been Baker's intention from the first to support Speke and Grant as much as lay in his power, as they must touch at Gondokoro on their return journey. On the 15th of February the two travelers arrived, worn out with fatigue and clothed in rags. The surprise of all was intense. Baker immediately recognized his friend Speke, who, on his part, had no thought of meeting him in Central Africa. Speke was most exhausted. The whole stretch from Zanzibar to Gondokoro had been made on foot. They told

Baker of the Victoria Nyanza, which they had just discovered and explored, and said that the natives had described to them another great lake, named Luta Nzige, which they had been unable to visit. They themselves now wished to return to England as quickly as possible; but Baker resolved to visit this lake, to which the two former travelers attributed great importance, and regretted that it had been impossible for them to explore it on account of the unsettled condition of the country, through which no stranger could pass and where many tribes were engaged in deadly conflicts. Speke said that he considered the Luta Nzige the "second source of the Nile." Baker was glad to hear that there was something left for him to do. On the 26th of February Speke and Grant descended the Nile for Europe, and on the 26th of March Baker started from Gondokoro toward Central Africa.

Baker and his lady had a long and dangerous journey before them, and the difficulties presented by the wild, savage country were not the greatest. He was suspected everywhere of being a spy sent from Europe to report on the slave-trade carried on in the interior, and every effort was made to force him to give up his expedition. The people whom he had hired in Chartoun all turned against him, and only two blacks remained true. The difficulties which he had to overcome in Gondokoro are so remarkably characteristic of the condition of the country, that we can not avoid giving them some notice. Baker had nearly three tons of baggage, and nearly all his animals of burden had died. He therefore engaged Mohammed, the leader of the natives of the Maltese ivory merchant Andrea Debono, who, accompanied by Speke and Grant, had arrived in Gondokoro with ivory. Their destination was twelve days' journey southward. But the slave-traders living in Gondokoro resolved to prevent Baker's going into the interior at any price, and the Arab Mohammed was the first to raise a conflict against the traveler. The servants became mutinous; but Baker determined to be master. Placing five loaded double-barrel rifles, a revolver, and a saber beside him, and holding a sixth double rifle in his hand, and the two blacks standing behind him, also well armed, he had the drum beat, to call his people before him, each in such a manner that his flint should be covered with his cloak. Lady Baker stood behind her husband, in order to watch if any of the Arabs should attempt to throw back their cloaks in order to grasp their weapons. Baker determined to shoot down the mutinous ones on the spot. Sixteen men appeared. At first they refused to give up their arms, but by the administration of some well-directed blows at the leaders, Baker got possession of the flints, and dismissed the rascals. Baker and his lady were then left to the care of only their two true blacks. Other parties of ivory traders came in, but all were influenced by the Gondokoro traders and the Turks to refuse to accompany Baker on his journey. His expedition stood almost on the verge of ruin, but he determined never to return, to pitch his tent there, and wait until a favorable opportunity arrived for starting. "My expedition," he says, "upon whose outfit I had spent the greatest care, was ruined; my people had gone, after they had attempted to murder me. In that wild region there is no law beyond that of brute force. Human life is considered of little value; murder is something to pass away the time, and who is there to bring the murderer to account? For myself I had no fear, but I thought with horror how it would fare with my wife in case I lost my life."

At last a party of seventeen natives arrived, whom he engaged to transport his baggage; and on the 26th of March, 1863, after many and great difficulties, the journey to the interior was commenced. He was able to procure neither guide nor interpreter, and had started off hurriedly, in order to get ahead of the Turkish traders, who had threatened to stir up a noted chief living in the mountains of Ellyria, between Gondokoro and Latuka, against his expedition; and now everything depended upon his reaching that place before his enemies. After a forced march he reached the valley of Tollogo, the natives of which had never before seen a horse or camel, and passed through it without molestation, and also through the difficult mountain pass of Ellyria. A beautiful sight here awaited them. The valley stretched far away to the south, and on the declivities of

the mountains lay intrenched villages. But Baker was pained to see the Turks before him; however, he came to an understanding with their leader, Ibrahim, and this difficulty was overcome. The natives, instead of being hostile, now came crowding into his camp. The traveler was now in a country where no European had been before. On the 30th of March he left the valley of Ellyria. The river Kanieti forms the boundary between Ellyria and Latuka, where the travelers crossed, it being from forty to fifty yards broad. On the right bank lay the village of Wakkala, which numbered about seven hundred houses. The surrounding country is rich in elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, rhinoceri, and antelopes. Soon afterward they rested in Latowal, one of the most important districts of Latuka. There they met another party of traders, and the two came to strife. His people refused to go farther with him; but by means of a little well-timed severity, he brought them, with the exception of three, to obedience. The caravan now reached Tarrangolle, the chief district of Latuka, which was Ibrahim's station. The people of this place were astonished at the sight of the camels and the white woman (Lady Baker), the like of which they had never seen before. They were the finest people Baker had found in Africa, standing almost six feet in height.

Baker left Latuka on the 2d of March, 1863, passing over the Madi Mountains to Obbo, returning in the same month to Latuka, where he had left his provisions. Here great misfortunes befell him and his party. Two of his horses died, and within a few days five asses and two camels. Lady Baker was also taken ill of a fever. The small-pox broke out among the Turks, and a number died. On the 23d of June, Baker again left Latuka, with his lady, and returned to Obbo by a different route. He found everything changed; the Turks had devastated the country, so that the natives either could not, or would not, furnish provisions, and he and his sick wife could get nothing to eat besides small bitter corn. Baker's skill in hunting here availed him nothing, as the grass was everywhere too high. In his diary he says: "I am tired and weary of the expedition, but I will proceed farther. God alone knows the end." Then Baker, too, became sick. Their household troubles were also extreme. Rats and white ants were a plague in the hut; and when the former had been killed off by arsenic, the stench arising was unbearable. Now and then a snake paid them a visit. The cattle were wasted by the attacks of the tsetse fly. Within a few weeks the asses lost all the hair from their legs and ears, and died one after the other. On the 16th of July the last horse died, for the tail of which Baker bought a cow.

It would be impossible in our short space, however, to follow Baker and his courageous wife through all their wanderings and obstacles. On the 13th of August he had a conversation with a female slave, who had been sent there as a spy among the Turks by Kamrasi, king of Unyoro, and had been made prisoner. She had heard of the Luta Nzige Lake, calling it, however, Kara-wutan Nzige, and corroborated what he had heard from some traders, that Arabs went in large boats to Magungo; that the water was deep and had large waves; and also mentioned a waterfall. On the 23d of August Baker's last camel died, and the further journey had then to be made on foot and on oxen. From Obbo he went toward Shua, through Nionga's land to the Karuma cataracts, described by Speke. After many delays and disappointments, his journey was at last crowned with success. He first saw Luta Nzige, near Vacovia, on the 14th of March, 1864. "It lay before me," he says, "like a sea of quicksilver, an unbounded horizon of sea to the west and southwest, and shone brilliantly in the midday sun. In the west, fifty or sixty miles distant, blue mountains rose seven thousand feet above the sea. I can not describe the triumph which I experienced in this moment; now I had the reward for so many hardships and for my tough endurance. I called it the Albert Nyanza Lake—the Victoria and the Albert Nyanza both are the sources of the Nile."

Whether these are the true sources is not here our object to discuss; at any rate they are the great feeders. Baker then went northward in a boat along the east coast of the lake to Magungo, where the "Victoria Nile," which flows out of the Victoria Nyanza, falls into the Albert Nyanza. It leaves the lake

again at a place to the north, which Baker did not see, and thence flows, as the Nile, to Gondokoro, Chartoun, and through Nubia and Egypt.

With the success of their expedition all their cares and sufferings were at an end. Once in crossing a marsh Lady Baker sank down under a sunstroke, and lay on a litter, which was carried by some of their people for a week, insensible. They arrived in England in 1865, and were warmly welcomed everywhere. In 1864 the Geographical Society had already awarded the patron's medal to him, and in 1865 he received, in recompense for his extraordinary feat of travel, the order of knighthood. In 1866 he published "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources," giving the results of his African travels and explorations. We hardly need to speak here of the expedition of which Sir Samuel Baker has now the command, which has been fitted out for the purpose of farther exploring and bringing under the rule of law the fruitful lands and barbarous peoples lying on the Upper Nile near the great lakes which form its source. It carries us back to the times of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, when we read of this undertaking, and that Sir Samuel Baker is to be Governor-General of the lands he conquers. Already the expedition has reached Gondokoro. The sympathies of the whole civilized world go with this brave and energetic man; and it is to be hoped that his life may be spared to see the infamous slave-trade of the Nile land put an end to, and the country brought under a mild and beneficent rule, and the people progressing in the arts of peace.

It would perhaps have been next to impossible for the Viceroy of Egypt to have picked out another man so well qualified by nature and education to undertake the command of such an enterprise as Sir Samuel Baker. In personal appearance he is imposing, calculated alike to command awe and admiration, being magnificently built, and over six feet in height. He is also possessed of immense physical strength; and that he has a herculean power of endurance, his toilsome journey to and from the Albert Nyanza testifies. His portrait indicates a man of immense will, an indomitable resolution, and a courage that knows no fear. He likewise possesses great intellectual power, well qualifying him for research and a perfect mastery over the physical sciences.

There is need of but few words of praise with reference to Lady Baker, who through all of the hardships and suffering accompanied her husband on his expedition of discovery, and is with him on his second journey. She has proved herself capable of undergoing the fatigues and sufferings incident to a journey of discovery in a wild and savage country, over high and rugged mountains, across deep rivers, and through almost impassable swamps; now amid incessant rain and now beneath a vertical sun. She has proved to the world, in a way more convincing than all the speeches of woman's rights orators, that woman is not a creature merely qualified to adorn herself and look pretty, but to be a companion and helpmate to man in the hardest and most serious paths of life.

J. P. J.

LUMINOSITIES.

I NOTICED, on page 325 of the May JOURNAL, an article under the caption of "A Queer Experience." It was an extract from the Boston *Transcript*, and gave a description of a luminous toe. The fair correspondent closed her communication with the following request: "Will some one please explain the above, as the emitting of phosphorus from a living body is new to the writer?" Observe what Mr. Herbert Spencer has to say upon the subject:

"Most of the evidence goes to show that this evolution of light, as well as the evolution of heat, is consequent on oxidation of the tissues. Light, like heat, is the expression of a raised state of molecular vibration, the difference between them being a difference in the rates of vibration. Hence, by chemical action on substances contained in the organism, heat or light may be produced according to the character of the resulting molecular vibrations. The inference that oxidation is the cause of this luminosity does not, however, rest only on *à priori* grounds. It is supported by experimental evidence. In phosphorescent insects, the continuance of the light is found to depend on the continuance of respiration; and any exertion which renders respiration more active, increases the brilliancy of the light. Moreover, by separating the luminous matter,

Prof. Matteucci has shown that its emission of light is accompanied by absorption of oxygen and escape of carbonic acid. The phosphorescence of marine animals has been referred to other causes than oxidation. In some cases, however, it is, I think, explicable without assuming any more special agency. Considering that in creatures of the genius Noctiluca, for example, to which the phosphorescence most commonly seen on our own coasts is due, there is no means of keeping up a constant circulation, we may infer that the movements of aerated fluids through their tissues must be greatly affected by impulses received from without. Hence, it may be that the sparkles visible at night, when the waves break gently on the beach, or when an oar is dipped into the water, are called forth from these creatures by the concussion, not because of any unknown influence it excites, but because being propagated through their delicate tissues, it produces *a sudden movement of the fluids and a sudden increase of chemical action.* Nevertheless in other phosphorescent animals inhabiting the sea, as in the Pyrosoma and in certain Annelida, light seems to be really produced, not by direct re-action on the action of oxygen, but by some indirect re-action involving a transformation of force."—*Spencer's Principles of Biology*, vol. i., p. 46, American edition.

My explanation of the phenomenon is this: The owner of the luminous member removed a tight shoe, and produced a sudden movement of the fluids and a sudden increase of chemical action.

The husband of that lady should render her entire obedience—she is well qualified to show him the right path. ZENO.

RAVAGES OF WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

[India has a most salubrious climate, a rich soil, and is otherwise greatly favored by all that is necessary to develop body and mind into all that the Creator intended them to become. But its ferocious wild animals, and the miserable condition of the people, make that country hardly desirable as a dwelling-place. Ignorance and superstition prevail. The fanatical Fakirs, the weak-minded kings and rulers, and *other* beasts, must be driven out or reformed and civilized before India will rise to a respectable position among the nations.]

IT has been reckoned that at least ten thousand people die every year in India of snake-bites. The new plan of injecting ammonia into the wounds may tend to diminish the number of deaths from snake-bites, if it succeeds in India as well as it has in Australia; but the havoc caused by tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, if not greater in fact than it was some years ago, has at any rate been serious enough to draw from Lord Mayo a demand for help on the part of the local governments in devising measures to abate the evil.

Man-eating tigers are the special terror of the countryside. The taste for human flesh either grows with indulgence, or becomes a last resource of tigers of advanced age, whose energies are no longer equal to the demands of their appetite. We had always imagined that the latter was the true way of accounting for the ravages of the "man-eating" class, and the mangy appearance for which they are remarkable. It is certainly a curious fact that the tigers in the Oudh jungle seldom prey on man, being plentifully supplied with wild pig and other large game. There, too, they are such cowards that herdsmen armed with *latties*, or iron-bound sticks, often drive them away from their own cattle. A driver of a mail-cart will also scare them away by merely sounding his bugle. Elsewhere, however, they are either bolder or have less choice of food. In the central provinces it is a thing of yearly occurrence to hear that a man-eater has posted himself near some district-thoroughfare, whence he falls on unwary travelers and toiling peasants, until, emboldened by practice, he even carries off his prey from within the village inclosures. In the Chanda district alone one of these brutes killed, in a short time, 127 people, and stopped all traffic for many weeks on the road from Mooll to Chanda. A tigress in Chindwarrah slew, according to native estimates, 150 people in three years, causing the abandonment of the villages, and throwing 250 square miles out of cultivation. Another old tigress in Kurnool carried off sixty-four human beings within nine months, stopped the post-runners and police-patrols, and scared away the laborers employed on public works. One of his vic-

tims was the head constable. The brute's average allowance seems to have been one man every three days. It was only by keeping together in numbers and making a horrible noise with "tomtoms" that travelers could safely pass that way. At last a broad strip of jungle was cleared away from either side the road, and in due time the beast was hunted down.

A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

In the Bhagalpore district alone of Lower Bengal as many as 1,434 people were killed by wild beasts in six years. During the same period 13,401 deaths from wild beasts were reported for Bengal Proper, of which 4,218 are ascribed to tigers, 1,407 to leopards, 4,287 to wolves, 174 to hyenas, and 105 to bears; the balance being set down to boars, jackals, buffaloes, elephants, and mad dogs. On the other hand, it cost the Government £6,500 in rewards to secure the destruction in the same time of 18,196 wild beasts, of whom 7,278 were tigers, 5,663 leopards, 1,671 bears, and 1,338 wolves. In one year the loss of human life in the Central Provinces amounted to 506, many of whom were children; while 518 tigers, 895 panthers and leopards, 534 bears, 467 wolves, and 475 hyenas, were put to death. The wolves of Oudh in the same year killed 5 men, 2 women, 72 boys, and 80 girls. Each of the other provinces adds its quota to the butcher's bill. Of the numbers of cattle slain and of the loss entailed on their poor owners no regular estimate can be formed; but one man alone in South Canara complained of having lost 50 head of cattle through wild beasts; Captain Rogers tells of a tiger who killed half a dozen in a few minutes, and it is well known that thousands of villagers are continually reduced to utter poverty, followed by a long term of bondage to money-lenders, through the ravages of these unpleasant neighbors. The very spread of cultivation tends to increase the suffering caused by their neighborhood. In the Neilgherries, for instance, the clearing away of jungle for coffee plantations drives the wild animals to seek their prey from the villages at the foot of the hills. On the other hand, the planting of new and the conservation of old forests may afford new haunts or new means of living to the

beasts of prey. Superstition also plays no small part in the maintenance of these intolerable scourges. The Gonds, for instance, instead of mustering in force to hunt down the tigers who wage war against them and their herds, have an idiotic way of regarding the tiger as a divinity whose wrath it is unsafe to arouse. If one of them falls a prey to the divinity's appetite for human flesh, the rest of the family are forthwith tabooed as displeasing to the object of their reverent dread, and must expiate their offense by costly sacrifices, which may leave them penniless, but will restore them to their caste-rights.

The head-money granted by Government, to the tune of £15,000 a year, tends, no doubt, to keep the nuisance of wild beasts in some check. As much as a hundred pounds has been given for the head of a man-eating tiger. But the rewards are sometimes granted on very slight evidence; for it is well known that a cunning native will bring up an old head for a new one, or sew a tiger's skin over the head of some smaller animal, and thus cheat a credulous or careless official into passing an unfounded claim. Perhaps the present scale of rewards would bear amending, if, as we understand, much too little is offered for the cubs in comparison with full-grown tigers. The quickest way of extirpating the brutes would be to encourage the destruction of young animals by a larger bounty for their heads. Sportsmen naturally shrink from attacking these scourges with other than the sportsman's usual weapons; but even Captain Rogers in his report avows himself a thorough convert to the use of traps and other wiles against foes so widely destructive.—*From the Indian Mail.*

[A liberal investment in the Oneida Newhouse Bear Trap and the Thunderbolt Rifle would be the means of slaying thousands of these miserable pests.]

"A JUST CAUSE MAKES A STOUT HEART."—This is a truth, and enables the advocates of free education, free government, free temperance, free religion, and Phrenology to hold up their heads and proclaim their opinions without fear. Convictions based on knowledge make "stout hearts defend a just cause."

WE MUST REST.

WORK wastes a man. Brain work draws upon all the system. Provision is made for a regular repair of a regular wear, but not for an irregular waste or complete exhaustion. Men need bodily and mental *recreation.* Food does much. Sleep does much. A change of scene and of employment does much. No man need be idle for an hour. Idleness is not recreation. But no man can put himself to a particular kind of work, and keep constantly at it, without weakening not only his capabilities for other employment, but also for that special work to which he has devoted himself.

Business men must learn that it is not so much the *strong pull* as the *long pull* that does the whole life work. A man might break his back or rupture himself by an attempt to lift a warehouse, and he would fail. But he can begin at the top and remove every piece of wood, every brick, every bolt, until no sign of the warehouse remains. But he must do this in detail, and take intervals of rest to accomplish the work.

It is just so in business of any kind. No great fortune is to be made in a day. But there are days that require the coolest, healthiest brain, and the full strength of manhood to carry the business man safely over, or to give such impulse to his business as shall push him far forward. If he be worn out early, those days of crisis will be his ruin.

Men must learn the great value of wise rests, pauses, breathing-places. The horse must not be lashed up a long hill from bottom to top. The wheels of the truck must be *scotched* until the beast of burden takes breath. Our city railway companies do not take up a horse and drive him from the Central Park to the Battery, back and forward, day and night, getting all they can out of him *at once.* That would be a *fool's economy*, which the satirist ridicules in the fable of cutting open the goose that laid the golden eggs. Give the goose oats and grass and rest, and take the day's golden egg daily.

I am not talking morals, I am talking business sense. As an investment, in a money point of view, whether a man believes or not in the Jewish Sabbath or the Christian Sunday, nature has written the law of rest as

plainly as the law of activity in every man. Rest is as necessary to activity as activity is to rest. When there is a given and limited supply of water to run a mill, it is sheer folly to be pouring it over a wheel which is stopped by obstructions. Quit feeling that you are working when you are only spilling your life.

Let our business men live much by living long. To live long they must live wisely. Wisdom is in knowing the capability of the machine you work, You will lose your steam, or burst your boiler, if you attempt to drive by a five-horse-power-engine machinery which requires ten-horse-power to move it.

Recreate! Have your evenings for other work, home work, reviving brain work, purifying heart work. Take your time for the country. In the old myth, whenever Antæus was wounded and fell, the touch of his mother Earth renewed him. Go in the summer and roll in the grass. You will not come back to your work any greener. Have your Sundays, not for drumming up customers nor in writing up books, but for rest of body and mind and soul. Have your little benevolent pet schemes, some poor family to help, some little sweet flower of goodness in a hidden nook to cultivate, almost anything that is not your regular, every-day, routine business.—*Dr. Deems.*

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

REFORM FOR WOMEN.

WHAT does it signify that women are complaining so much in the sphere in which they are at present acting? What do they need at the hands of society to place them where they would or should be? These are questions that must be answered understandingly before the coveted reforms can be inaugurated. Woman at present occupies a sphere too contracted for the exercise of her powers, physical or intellectual, but chiefly intellectual. Nature formed her for exercise, physical and mental, and bestowed capacities for the outworking of strength of constitution, physical and mental. Bodily exercise is necessary to the development of the physical powers, and without this exercise there is no proper development of the physical nature. This is precisely the rule with the intellectual nature. As society is at present, there is a large class of women who exercise in a perpetual round of domestic duties that permit of the development of physical strength to a certain degree, but does not allow of the perfect unfoldment of the physical powers, from the fact that the exercise is too much indoors, and too laborious, or continued through too many hours of the day. Kitchen and nursery "drudgery," as this sort of exercise has been called, is honorable, I was about to say, *above every other employment;* yet it must be admitted that, as it is now done, it is cramping to the energies of the women who are compelled to perform it, from twelve to sixteen hours of the day. It leaves the physical energies prostrated when the labors of the day are done, with no strength, desire, or time for mental exercise, or even for the diversions that are as necessary to individual well-being as the daily bread.

Mental culture, with this class of females, is a thing not to be thought of generally. The school-days are *remembered*, and perhaps the habit of reading, in some measure, cultivated, but generally to so small an extent that the mind is almost a blank as regards the information that really ennobles, cultivates the intellect, and furnishes food for thought, and a fund from whence to draw to furnish the infant intellects committed to the mother's care with the necessary instruction to set them in the path of improvement in knowledge while under the home roof and the mother's influence. *Study*—who can think of that who has the care of a family on her hands, with the labor also? While

woman stands in the place of instructor to the children of a nation, that nation owes it to her to provide means whereby she may be qualified for her position. M. M. K.

BOOK-HAVING vs. BOOK-READING.

IT can not be denied that ours is a Republic of books, if not of letters. The number of volumes published and sold during the past two years has been enormous, and in spite of high prices the fever is still unabated. But this taste for books does not necessarily mean a taste for reading. Many buy books as they do pictures—*for ornament.* Hence the exquisite styles in which books are now published. A salable volume nowadays must be a work of art. This luxurious taste is fast running into useless extravagance. Even in book notices the *matter* seems of secondary importance. Soft, tinted, or laid paper, crape cloth, beveled edges, half morocco, full morocco, calf antique, etc., these are the stock epithets of numerous advertisements of literary wares. Encouraging as this may appear to a superficial observer, the close student of American life and thought knows better than to pronounce Americans a *well-read people.* Newspapers and periodicals are skimmed, novels are indiscriminately devoured; but few of the really good books are patiently, thoughtfully, and lovingly read. We find them, it may be, in every gentleman's library, beautifully bound, and ready to speak in helpful words if they can gain an audience. Men know their money value and reputation as they know the value and fame of a Claude or a Raphael. But they are satisfied with the nominal possession. They have ordered their library for furniture, for show. As fast as finer editions are published, the old are sold and the new purchased. "I have the most elegant and expensive edition of Dickens in the market." "Ah! I presume you take great pleasure in reading his beautiful volumes." "Oh! no; I haven't time to *read* them."

If novels go unread, what shall we say of history, science, philosophy?

The ambition of the day is books, book-making, book-having, but rarely enough *book-reading.*

It is a coarse taste, this parading our walls and libraries for admiration and valuation. A few plain books and one good picture truly read and studied would make the owner richer and his home dearer than walls covered with unappreciated paintings and a library of unread but costly works.

We are the veriest slaves to fashion. Because it is stylish to have a library, a library is ordered. The books of the hour and the books of all time are indiscriminately purchased. The reception-room for this literary furniture is all that eye could wish. A green velvet carpet covers the floor. Green-and-gold fresco adorns the ceiling. A chandelier, with an Argand burner that can be lowered at pleasure, hangs over a table of costly wood. Magnificently carved cases line the walls, and magnificently bound books stand upon their shelves. But where are the owners of this treasury of the world's best thought? Assume them to be a newly married pair. All the possibilities of life are before them. They have both the time and the means to cultivate mind and heart. Where are they? Out in the gay world, chattering with the brainless rout of a ball-room, while an illustrious company are at their home waiting to talk with them in sweet and improving words. Their ears would have tingled with delight had they received an invitation to a living author's levee, but they have a standing invitation,—not to the living author's small talk, but to the dead author's best thought. They fritter away precious time in company that does not ennoble, or shed sentimental tears over some vapid farce or sensational tragedy, while the apostles of truth and the masters of the drama almost break the silence of their deserted home with words of wisdom and cries of healthsome laughter and noble passion. It is far better to *read* Shakspeare beside the evening lamp than to *hear* Shakspeare mouthed and marred in the garish playhouse. But thorough, thoughtful reading is unfashionable. True culture and refinement are not absolutely essential in America, for the reason that the counterfeit is as current as the real. Hence libraries are bought for show, not for use.

Osymandias, the oldest known king of Egypt, wrote over his library, "The Physic of the Soul." A more appropriate inscrip-

tion for a multitude of private libraries today would be, "The Lust of the Eye."

Would it not be well to stop amid fortune-making and fortune-breaking and give a thought to the soul? Are we satisfied with the type of national manhood that we are all contributing to express? Are we not building with untempered mortar? There is a world of meaning in the Great Teacher's question: "For which of you, intending to build a tower, setteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish." Have the American nation counted the cost of the social tower it is building? We trow not. Extravagance, dissipation, superficiality soon bankrupt any people. Unless a holier ambition shall guide American politics, and a profounder culture engage American society, there is danger that generations to come shall mock an unfinished work, saying, "This nation began to build, and was not able to finish." Ruskin's solemn warning to England may well be rung on this side the Atlantic: "A nation can not last as a money-making mob; it can not with impunity,—it can not with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence." Wealth corrupts, knowledge saves, a Republic. Every voter ought to be a thinker. The life of the masses must be employed in intellectual pursuits of some kind, or it will spend itself in vice and violence. We therefore hail every agency to beget a love of reading in the people. The Young Men's Christian Associations are destined perhaps to play an important part in molding the taste of American young-manhood. Associations are springing up in cities, towns, and villages all over the country. According to their abilities, they provide for their members free lectures, free classes, free libraries, free preaching, and free gymnasiums. Body, mind, and soul are generously cared for. But notwithstanding the intellectual activity awakened by these admirable associations, it none the less devolves upon that potential nondescript—*society*, to transform this money-loving, theater-going, small-talking people into careful readers and thinkers. In a word, *reading* must be FASHIONABLE.

When a knowledge of books, rather than a knowledge of steps and bows and compliments, is the condition of entrance within the guarded circle of the best society, then there shall be a flocking to the libraries, an unlocking of rosewood book-cases, and an all-absorbing interest in "conversing with the mighty dead." But this honoring of books, this homage to brains, must begin at the top of the social pyramid. Thus signaled, the lower and larger classes will be quick to copy according to their means and measure. We can not, however, expect that education will be made a social touchstone all at once. The best society is conservative. Conviction must precede revolution. But in view of the desirableness of a deeper and calmer culture, all educational questions ought to receive the most patient and unprejudiced examination. Their solution is the solution of the Republic's fate. A well-instructed, well-read people will be a thoughtful people, and a thoughtful people will be a right-voting people. But we must remember that it is not book-having but book-reading that informs the mind and purifies the heart.

WOOING.

A LITTLE bird once met another bird,
And whistled to her, "Will you be my mate?"
With fluttering wings she twittered, "How absurd!
Oh, what a silly pate!"

And off unto a distant tree she flew,
To find concealment in its friendly cover;
And passed the hours in slyly peeping through
At her rejected lover.

The jilted bard, with drooping heart and wing,
Poured forth his grief all day in plaintive songs,—
Telling in sadness to the ear of Spring
The story of his wrongs.

But little thought he, while each nook and dell
With the wild music of his plaint was thrilling,
That scornful breast with sighs began to swell—
Half pitying and half willing.

Next month I walked the same sequestered way,
When close together on a twig I spied them;
And in a nest half hid with leaves there lay
Four little birds beside them.

Coy maid, this moral in your ear I drop:
When lovers' hopes within their hearts you prison,
Fly out of sight and hearing; do not stop
To look behind and listen!

—*Western Monthly.*

SUMMER TIME IN THE FIELDS.

In the fields where the clover blossom
And the daisy's yellow head
Tell us of the ripening season,
Green and gold in beauty wed.
Birds of varied hue there singing,
Streamlets 'mid the turf there singing,
Nature wears her smile most winning,
Green and gold in beauty wed!

In the fields where lambkins gleeful
Roam about with careless feet,
Where the lowing kine so peaceful
Crop the springing verdure sweet,
There the sunny hours are joyous;
Nature radiant, nature glorious,
Breathes her gracious influence o'er us,—
Man's full heart and nature meet. H. S. D.

mirthfulness would turn the corners of their mouths the other way; and instead of looking like crying babies, they would look like happy, laughing babies. Try it.]

UP IN THE SKIES.

BY MISS FRANCES L. KEELER.

NIGHT after night, when all is hushed,
With clasped hands and wondering eyes
I kneel at the window, striving to solve
The mysteries written up in the skies.

Up in the skies! so far away
That my soul is lost in its upward flight!
And my heart stands still as my inner life
Goes groping round for a gleam of light!

Sometimes I wait till my spirit hears,
As it ripples down through the blue abyss,
Such music sweet from the silvery spheres,
That I know no thoughts save those of bliss.

And angels float in heavenly grace,
So near the earth, to my glad surprise,
That their snowy pinions brighten my face
Till I lift my hands, and the vision flies.

Still, night after night, I watch intent
As the constellations set and rise,
Striving, though striving in vain, to translate
The language traced in the far-off skies.

But of this I'm sure: though the shadows fall,
And the glory is hid from my longing eyes,
Yet, by-and-by, I shall know it all,
For Christ hath prepared me a home in the skies.

JOHN McCAULEY PALMER,

GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

WITHOUT being symmetrical, regular, or handsome, there is something striking and attractive in this face. One peculiarity of it is its unusual length. The nose is a conspicuous feature, and so are the prominent brows and the mobile mouth. The heavy jaws and high cheek-bones indicate constitutional energy and strength.

The mental character of the man is exhibited in sharpness, scrutiny, liveliness and facility of expression, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of adaptation. The brain is well built up in the crown, and relatively narrow in the region between the ears; hence his energy partakes chiefly of the nature of ambition, into which his marked positiveness largely enters, imparting to it thoroughness, steadfastness, and directness.

He is a man of powerful will; all his undertakings are conducted, by reason of the frankness and openness of his nature, in a way that leaves no doubt or uncertainty in the minds of others as to his object. He is successful by reason of the very directness and audacity of his effort, rather than because he brings to bear any particular shrewdness or policy. He weighs well whatever he thinks conducive to success. He can not be said to be an off-hand judge of men and things, for although he is remarkably quick in judgment, yet he has a due regard to the bearings of the several matters which relate to them.

Some men are said to have comprehensive minds because they gather in at one view the whole of a subject, no matter how extensive it may be, and are incapable, as it were, of dissecting it, and drawing inferences from the separate parts. Governor Palmer is of that order of mind which, unconsciously it may be at times, analyzes whatever may be brought to his notice, and frames an opinion with the conclusions drawn from the scrutiny of the whole. He thinks in the abstract rather than in the concrete, although his final conclusion is, as it were, a concreted idea. There is great flexibility, versatility, and perseverance in this organization.

Within a few years comparatively, Illinois has taken a leading position among the States of the Great West, and now bids fair to become the Metropolitan State—if one may be allowed to use such a designation—of the Union. In the politics of the nation she has exercised, through the able statesmen

sent by her voters to Washington, a very conspicuous influence. Her representatives in Congress have done honor to her and the principles they advocated, by their broad and comprehensive judgment, their liberal mental culture, and practical insight into the fitness of things. By "liberal mental culture" we do not mean so much the intellectual training and acquirements of the schools and colleges, as that general development of the faculties which the varied employments of a new and a rapidly growing country foster in naturally clever and impressible minds. It is but necessary to mention the names of such men as Stephen A. Douglas, Richard J. Oglesby, ex-Governor Trumbull, Senator Yates, and the lamented President Lincoln to indicate our meaning on this point.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN M. PALMER.

The subject of this sketch has no small claim to rank among the leading spirits of Illinois if the following brief record of his private and public career be no perversion of the truth, and certainly we have no warrant for thinking otherwise.

John McCauley Palmer was born in Scott County, Kentucky, September 13, 1817. Up to his fifteenth year his life was passed in the varied round of farming operations, with very meager advantages for study; then his father removed to Madison County, Illinois, and there recommenced his agricultural pursuit. Young Palmer was industrious and ambitious, and made the most of the opportunities for mental culture which were afforded by the change of residence. He attended school when he was able to do so, and read what books fell in his way. At that time there was no paper published in the State of Illinois, but matters of high political interest, especially the speeches of leading men, were printed and circulated, and much of such matter formed the reading of the young men who aimed at something higher than the mere drudgery of a farm.

Palmer resolved to become a lawyer, and studied and read with so much zeal that in 1840 he had been admitted to the bar, and commenced to practice. He settled in the town of Carlinville, Macoupin County, and there has remained to the present time. In his chosen profession he soon gained a good reputation, not on account of his oratorical powers, but rather on account of his superior mental ability and earnestness.

Like most Western lawyers, he took an active part in politics, and in 1847 was elected a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention of Illinois. He held the office of Probate Judge in his county for several years, and was elected to the State Senate more than once before he had attained the age of thirty-eight. For fourteen years he was a warm and diligent worker in the Democratic ranks; but when the famous Kansas-Nebraska bill agitated the country he felt himself compelled to choose between two courses, either to relinquish his well-known anti-slavery sentiments, or to withdraw from his connection with the Democratic party. He chose the latter course, and became prominent as a leader in the organization of the new political party which grew out of the Kansas-Nebraska bill controversy.

In 1859 he contested the special election to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the death of Hon. Thomas L. Harris, but was

defeated by John A. McClernand, who afterward distinguished himself as a general officer. In 1860 he was one of the Presidential electors, and in 1861 was sent as a delegate to the Peace Convention which met at Washington, and sought to avert the threatening calamities of war.

The conflict once begun, Mr. Palmer abandoned the olive branch for the sword. He responded to the President's second call for troops by enlisting in the ranks; but no sooner was this action known, than he was elected Colonel of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. His regiment was ordered to Northern Missouri, where it was subjected to some severe service. Although Colonel Palmer had taken part in no actual battle, yet he exhibited so much soldierly capacity, that in December, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and assigned to another department. In March, 1862, having a division under his command, he participated in the laborious operations of General John Pope against Island No. 10, and in the advance of the Union forces consequent upon the brilliant successes won there.

In the siege of Corinth he operated under Gen. Halleck, and contributed in no small degree, by his boldness and sharp discernment, to the favorable results recorded of that campaign. At the hard-fought battle of Stone River he commanded a division which, for several hours on the 31st of December, held the advance of the right wing, and maintained its position unflinchingly, while other portions of that part of the army were swept away by the foe. For his gallantry in this great battle Palmer was appointed a Major-General, and served under General Thomas, and subsequently under General Sherman. In the Grand Army of the latter he commanded the Fourteenth Army Corps, until Atlanta was abandoned by the Confederate forces; and shortly after the occupation of that city he asked to be relieved.

In leaving the theater of active hostilities, however, he was not permitted to relinquish everything military, for not long afterward the disturbed state of affairs in Kentucky called for Congressional interference, and to General Palmer was intrusted the administration of its government, a post which he faithfully and discreetly filled. In fact, he evinced so much sound statesmanship in that and other important political positions, which he was called upon to occupy, that in 1868 the Republicans of Illinois nominated him as their candidate for Governor, notwithstanding his earnest declination of the honor when it was proposed to him. The result is known; he was carried into the office by a very large majority, and his firm and manly administration of the affairs of state have given general satisfaction to all parties.

"Governor Palmer," in the language of the *Western Monthly*, "is in a peculiar manner a Western man. The fine sunshine and the free winds of our Western prairies have warmed and liberalized a character manly and large by nature. There has been no dwarfing process brought to bear upon him. He develops and grows like the Northwest, not knowing what it is to remain stock-still. He was considerable of a man twenty years ago; but ten years ago he was a marked man among a thousand. Those who heard him at Crosby's Opera House, or on the hustings in 1868, or have read his messages of 1869, will agree that he has become a person who has reached the full stature of a statesman. His military record shows that he has the genius of command.*

LOCALITY OF THE STATES.

IT is an old maxim that "time makes ancient good uncouth." One of the ancient goods that time has certainly made uncouth is the geographical distinction of the States of the Union. Hitherto they have been distinguished as the Eastern States, which comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; the Middle States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; the Southern States, comprising those which lie along the Atlantic coast south of Delaware and on the Gulf of Mexico; and the Western States and Territories, comprising all the rest of the Union.

At the time that this geographical division came into use, it was no doubt a perfectly appropriate one. The New England States lie east of the others, the Middle States lie between the Eastern and the Southern, and so on. At

* Our portrait is a copy of the excellent steel engraving which appeared in the number for November last of the *Western Monthly*.

the organization of our government we had no Western States; Kentucky, the first of the States so designated, being admitted in 1792; Tennessee, the next in order, was admitted in 1796; Ohio in 1802; Indiana in 1816, and Michigan in 1837. The other Western States followed these and each other in rapid succession, until now a belt of commonwealths stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But as new States have been formed farther and farther toward the setting sun, the old nomenclature has become more and more absurd.

Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio extend to within about 300 miles of the Atlantic coast. The territory of the United States is about 2,500 miles in length from east to west. We think that a better division of the States, in regard to locality, might be made by dividing this distance into three as nearly equal parts as may be, and that the States lying in the eastern third of this division should be denominated Eastern States; those lying in the middle third, Middle States; and those in the western third, Western States. Such an arrangement would be manifestly proper, and would answer for all time to come. States could be more minutely indicated as Southern, Southeastern, and so forth, as convenience might suggest.

A division of this kind would comprise in the Eastern States all the States east of the Mississippi River; in the Middle States, all that part of our country which lies between the Mississippi and the meridian of about 32° west from Washington; and in the Western States, all that part of the Union which lies west of that meridian.

But it may be asked, what are the advantages of such an arrangement? We think they are several and obvious. In the first place, it would do away with the absurdity of reckoning among the Western States certain States that extend to within 200 or 300 miles of the eastern sea-coast. In the second place, it would give our people a more correct idea of the extent of our national domain. Eight out of every ten of our people have very false ideas of the vastness of our country. If a journey of two or three hundred miles from the eastern seaboard will bring us into the so-called *Western* States, it certainly is well adapted to impress a wrong idea of the size of our territory upon the mind. But if after a journey of nearly a thousand miles we only then begin to enter the Middle States of the Union, we can more nearly appreciate the extent of our country.

Indeed, we think this quite an important point. Let our people be properly taught the vastness of our country, and they will esteem it all the more highly. The Mississippi River, which, as we have seen, would be the western limit of the eastern tier of States under the scheme we have been considering, is usually regarded by those living in the Atlantic States as being in the far west, while in fact it is a long way east of the center of the Union. Under the present arrangement, more than three-fourths of the whole country is comprised in the Western States and Territories. Many of these States and Territories are sufficiently large to make four or five States of the area of New York; and when they shall be divided into these smaller commonwealths, as will ultimately be the case, this evil will only be increased, and the Western States, so to speak, like Aaron's rod,

"Will swallow up the rest."

We who have so recently passed through a terrible civil war, know what sectional spirit means, and we know to what an overweening idea of self-importance may lead the people of any section. The people of the South, many of them, rallied in defense of a bad cause *as the people of the South*, more than through any other motive. Local, sectional pride overcame every other holier impulse. The vast constellation of Western States in a similar manner would naturally cohere together on any important political measure, and mere local ambition alone might stifle the dictates of judgment and the voice of a higher patriotism.

Finally, such a geographical division of the States as we have suggested would have the additional advantage of being a correct and proper division of the country. To say the least about it, we might as well be *right* as *wrong*, when we have the means of being right in our hands.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

TYPES OF THE BEYROUT POPULATION.

ACCOMPANYING this are some portraits which are types of the present population of Beyrout, the ancient Berothai of the Old Testament. The East is not only the land loved by artists, the country of sunny skies, of luxuriant vegetation, but it is also a country inhabited by a greatly varied population, by people as picturesque as they are deficient in high moral and intellectual qualities.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader

that Beyrout is a flourishing commercial town, situated in a most interesting position

DRUSE OF BEYROUT.

on the coast of Syria, at the foot of Lebanon, about fifty-five miles from Damascus and 147 from Jerusalem. It is the chief seaport, market town, and emporium of the European and Asiatic trade with the shores of Syria, Palestine, and Cilicia, and like all Oriental commercial centers, while its resident population is made up of the representatives of very many and diverse nations, Mohammedan, Jew, Christian, etc., its streets are thronged with strangers drawn thither by curiosity or business, or what not, who in their curious costumes present a motley but picturesque spectacle. From among them we select first,

THE DRUSE,

who represents the remarkable tribe living in northern Syria among the mountains. He is well formed, brave, and industrious in many respects, but vindictive and revengeful. Between him and the Maronite, since 1840, the most serious warfare has been waged, barbarities being practiced which finally aroused the attention of Europe to such a degree, that in 1860 an expedition was sent to Syria to protect Christian residents there, and adjust the native difficulties The Druse has some civilization, although somewhat fanatical in religious matters. He is a conspicuous element in the population of Beyrout, being of the class generally employed as laborers, porters, etc.

THE FAKIR

is the representative fanatic of Islamism. The fakirs may be said to possess all the religions of Asia, and to exhibit their most extravagant features of superstition. They imagine that they please their divinity by subjecting themselves to the strangest physical tortures. One will take an attitude and remain it for years. Another will cross his hands, and keep them crossed, permitting the finger-nails to grow into his flesh. Some are seen with an arm fixed in an upright vertical position, it having become so from being kept thus for a long time by the devotee. The most distinguished of these bigots become in the end saints. Our subject has as yet only the harmless mania of shaving one side of his head.

The most cruel and bloodthirsty of the

MOHAMMEDAN FAKIR.

Syrian peoples—the most inimical to the welfare and prosperity of the country, are the

MARABOUT TURKS.

In religion they are malicious fanatics, given to the most violent methods of proselytism, and of consequence to unscrupulous persecution of those who differ from them in faith. They are fine-looking men, and as recognized subjects of the Ottoman power, they esteem themselves a privileged class, and are able, because of Turkish prejudice in their favor, to act a very dangerous part. The Marabout Turks of Arabia and Egypt, though of the same stock, are of a very different stamp, being independent, possessed of no inconsiderable civilization, and comparatively tolerant in the matter of religious belief. The

MARABOUT TURK.

BACHI BOUZOUCK

is another type of the predatory tribes with which the Holy Land is afflicted. He is a military bandit of the worst description, and "one whose existence," to use the words of a French writer, "is one of the thousand reproaches of the Turkish empire."

The women of Beyrout, one of whom is represented in the engraving, deserve a share of our attention. Like the females of all Mohammedan cities, they live secluded, almost cloistered, lives. They appear to possess a spirit of religious devotion, induced in great part by their restricted condition, which in many respects is not unlike that of the nun in Christian lands.

With the breaking down of the barriers erected by Turkish prejudice, the rich and historic land of Asia Minor will be laid open to the redeeming influences of European civilization now knocking at its very doors. The opening of the Suez Canal, and other great accomplishments of modern progress, can not fail to introduce speedily a new order of things in countries where the darkness of ignorance and bigotry prevails. In Palestine and Egypt, however, dwell a people whose capabilities for the highest order of civilization have been demonstrated in the ages past, and whose low condition to-day is due almost solely to the repressing, stagnating influence

BACHI BOUZOUCK.

of Islamism This influence once removed by a liberal, tolerant government, and immediate advancement would result.

WOMAN OF BEYROUT.

The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, the canal, as powerful coadjutors of a Christian civilization, will help to illumine the dark places of remotest lands, and hasten that millennial period when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

WESTERN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THE second meeting of the Western Social Science Association was held in Chicago, June 8th and 9th. The co-operation of nearly all the officials of State institutions in the West, also of many college professors and other men of equal eminence and ability in other walks of life, was secured. Funds have been obtained, in part, for the publication of a volume of transactions. The whole should be published at once. The following valuable papers were read on this occasion:

History the Teacher of Social Science.—Rev. T. M. Post, D.D., St. Louis, Mo., Lecturer on History in Washington University.

The Present Political Crisis in England: considered in its Bearings on Political Science.—Goldwin Smith, Esq., Ithaca, N. Y., Lecturer on History in Cornell University.

The Treatment of Insanity.—Chas. A. Lee, M.D., Peekskill, N. Y., of the Medical College, Buffalo.

Schools for Idiots and Feeble-Minded Children: their Utility and Necessity.—C. T. Wilber, M.D., Jacksonville, Ill., Superintendent of the Illinois Experimental School for Idiots.

Industrial Education in Europe and America.—Rev. J. M. Gregory, D.D., LL.D., Champaign, Ill., Regent of the Illinois Industrial University.

The Articulate Instruction of Deaf Mutes.—Miss Cornelia H. Trask, Jacksonville, Ill., of the Illinois Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

Present State of the Prison Reform in the United States.—Rev. E. C. Wines, D.D., LL.D., New York, Secretary of the N. Y. Prison Association.

Criminal Law.—A. W. Alexander, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

Minority Representation.—Hon. Joseph Medill, Chicago, Ill.

Criminal Abortion.—J. R. Weist, M.D., Richmond, Ind.

The Air we Breathe.—Wm. H. Churchman, Esq., Indianapolis, Ind., Superintendent of the Indiana Blind Asylum.

The Great Danger.—Hon. Isaac McKinley, Richmond, Ind.

Public Charity in the Northwest.—Rev. Fred. H. Wines, Springfield, Ill., Secretary of the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities.

A capital subject for discussion in this Convention would be the best methods of stocking the prairies with fruit and forest trees. Let this subject be brought before the people, and considered with reference to its hygienic, pluvial, climatic, and other influences. Who will give us "a paper" on prairie forest tree planting?

We trust this young, liberal, and progressive Association will take up the subject of Phrenology in their discussions ere long, and show it up.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Many people complain of their bad luck in life when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom. Mr. Cobden, the distinguished English liberalist, thus wrote of luck and labor:

Luck is everything waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at 6 o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence. Labor strides upward to independence.

NEW YORK,
JULY, 1870.

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE!

WITH this number we enter upon the last half of the year 1870, and commence the Fifty-first Volume of this JOURNAL. It is a half-way station, where we stop a moment to take new reckonings. So far, all things have proved auspicious. Readers express themselves satisfied with both the matter and form of the JOURNAL. Mr. Packard brings spice, variety, and spirit to his department; and each contributor gives his "best thoughts" to the magazine in general. The present seems a favorable time for renewed efforts in the way of introducing the JOURNAL into new circles, and we venture to call the attention of our patrons to the fact that clubs and renewals for Volume Fifty-one are now in order. It is our intention to do all in our power to place the JOURNAL on the highest moral, intellectual, and scientific grounds, compatible with public appreciation. Standing on invulnerable truth as revealed in Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, we seek to teach man to know himself.

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

LIBERTY! Freedom! Independence! What enthusiasm these words kindle in every patriotic soul! "About this time" American orators are in training for our national anniversary, the FOURTH OF JULY. The Constitution, with its Fifteenth Amendment, will be exalted and glorified; that all men are born equal —not with an equal degree of talent, but with equal rights before the law; and that, in *this* country, "one is as good as another while he behaves himself as well," is now the order of things. In the Old-World monarchies, where rulers are *born* to their position—where profligate princes and imbecile lords—Dundrearies—are supported in place and power at the expense of the people, through taxation and military force, the word LIBERTY has no such significance as it has to free and independent Americans. Here, we are at liberty to choose our public *servants*—we do not call them *rulers;* there, the people have no other rights except to obey arbitrary authority. The right of private judgment is only accorded to freemen, natural or inherent. This right is incompatible with monarchical or pontifical rule. A true Republican Democracy can not co-exist with the rule of popes, priests, kings, queens, or emperors. In a true Democracy, SELF-GOVERNMENT and universal representation is the rule; under a civil or a religious monarchy there can be no such thing as individual freedom, liberty, or independence. The pope, the king, the emperor, or the czar, when speaking of the people, speaks of them as "*his* SUBJECTS," and so they are. Here, the *people* are SOVEREIGN; there, sovereignty is inherited, or, as in the case of France and Spain, after a revolution the crown is usurped or bestowed. In either case it is contrary to enlightened civilization.

The love of liberty is inherent in man, in beast, and in bird. The child is always impatient of restraint. Beasts and birds thrive best when at liberty in forest and in field. The boy, like the young eagle, is subject to parental authority and care. Each is expected to have his liberty as soon as he can maintain himself and defend his rights. His natural course of development is progressive. He is helpless, as a child; but from a pupil in the rudiments, he becomes a student in science, art, philosophy, mechanism, commerce, legislation, religion. Then, at a proper time, he is released from "leading-strings," and becomes a teacher, a mate, a captain. Now, having learned

how to use his body and his mind as a personally responsible being, he throws off parental restraints, and holds himself accountable to God, to himself, and to his fellow-men. He is now a self-regulating, self-controlling, independent human being. He fears nothing but sin, bows only to God, and is a freedom-loving, independent human being. With him liberty is not license; he asks for no special "indulgences" which are hurtful; he is a slave to no appetite, passion, or prejudice; he eats only healthful food, drinks no stimulants; his affection is not lust, and his prayer is for the race of man, rather than for "me and my wife, John and his wife—we four and no more, for God's sake;" he sees good men in other churches, and God in everything; his religion is not bigotry, but is faith, hope, and charity, with real devotion, and a willing spirit dedicated to the service of God and humanity.

Such a man sympathizes with the liberty-loving everywhere, whether it be in Cuba or in Canada. The oppressive yoke of the tyrant will not be worn by one who has tasted liberty, providing he be a manly, self-controlled man. But, alas! for too many of our perverted fellow-humans—they are still slaves to one folly or to another. One has an ungoverned temper, and he sins through his violence; another has a passion for gambling or horse-racing; another sinks his manliness and his right to freedom in drink; one is the slave to lust and to inordinate affections; another is mad with fashion, or vanity, or avarice, or egotism, or sensuality. He alone is free, or fit for freedom, "whom the truth makes free." Education, industry, sobriety, patriotism, liberality, kindness, justice, and godliness are essential to *Liberty*, *Freedom*, and *Independence*. When we possess all these, we shall be in the line of patriotic promotion, and may throw up our hats and hurrah for the Fourth of July!

VACATIONS.

SCHOOL-CHILDREN need occasional vacations for rest, recreation, and recuperation. So do adults whose pursuits are sedentary. Even a horse, long in house and harness, renews his lease of life by a season in green pastures. A change of diet, of air, of scenery, and of habit is good for man, bird, and beast. Do not wild geese go north in spring and summer, and south in fall and winter? Even the fish change their quarters, going up stream at one season, and down stream at another. Change, change, eternal change, seems to be the order of nature

Excursions by river, rail, and sea are parts of our modern civilization. Many a lingering invalid is restored to health by a pleasure trip to the mountains or to the sea-shore. Any change is better than stagnation to a poor, tired, humdrum, tread-wheel life.

The housewife has her routine duties, year in and year out. It is the same thing over and over again, with such slight variations as cooking, washing, ironing, baking; and baking, washing, ironing, and cooking. Is there any wonder that she yearns for a change, especially when tied down to these duties with a cross husband, and sick children to care for night and day besides? Is it surprising that she should break down in middle age, and leave her husband a widower and her children motherless? The treatment *that* woman needs is not Radway's Ready Relief, nor other doctor's stuff, but a Radical Reasonable Relief, found only in a "VACATION." She must be released for a season, and given time to recuperate, or she will become an angel before her time.

Take our city clergy: their work is ceaseless, their duties many; such as two, three, or more new sermons a week—prayer meetings to attend—the sick to

visit—baptisms to administer—marriages to solemnize—funerals to attend; and with his daily records to make, what time has he for rest? He must have a good constitution indeed, and he must live a *very* temperate life, if he hopes to endure and live his three-score years and ten. His work is also routine, with little or no change, while his mind is almost constantly on the stretch. He must sympathize with and aid the poor, the afflicted, the dying. He must be the confidential friend and adviser of the moral transgressors, and minister to all sin-sick souls. No wonder he has bronchitis, sore throat, dyspepsia, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, and nervous headaches. He, too, needs *a long vacation every year.* Give him a two months' respite, and a "pass" up the Lakes. Let him make a voyage to Newfoundland—a capital place in which to recuperate—say in July and August; or to the Highlands of Scotland; a trip across the Rocky Mountains, to the Yo-Semite Valley, or to the fishing banks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, will be found invigorating. Your rector, pastor, priest, or rabbi will return to you with body and mind refreshed and strengthened, and he will preach you no more hopeless, despondding, jaundiced sermons, but the inspired and living Word. With a *healthy* preacher and a well-ventilated church, the congregation will not go to sleep, nor be "completely fagged out," listening to an exhausted and exhausting receiver.

So the editor, teacher, physician, artist, merchant, banker, bookkeeper, shoemaker, tailor, jeweler, one and all, need rest and relaxation in order to *grow*, and *this* is the season in which to do it.

If one can get away but a week, let him or her take the week; but do not quarter on the busy farmers. They have enough to do without entertaining idlers. Go to hotels private resorts or camp out, Adirondack fashion. It will do you good to rough it in the woods.

Farmers enjoy more variety and material life than any other class. In the spring it is plowing and planting; in summer, mowing and reaping; in autumn, gathering in the crops and fruits and preparing for winter, when they have a season of comparative quiet. Instead of the tiresome routine of the professional man, the artisan, housekeeper, and mechanic, the farmer enjoys a constant change of occupation, breathes out-of-door air, eats healthful food, drinks pure water, sleeps soundly at night; his real wants and his temptations are few; and, like Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez, he is often "monarch of all he surveys." He also has his national holidays, his fall fairs, cattle shows, etc., which keep him bright and up to the times in all the labor-saving machinery and modern improvements. He *ought* to be a healthy and a happy man.

Then let boys and girls, men and women, horses, oxen, birds, insects, and fish enjoy such vacations as their natures require. Man thereby will live longer and perform his duties better, and God will be more faithfully served and glorified.

MARK LEMON.

ON the 23d of May last the ocean telegraph announced the death of Mark Lemon, the well-known editor of the London *Punch.* For several years past he had suffered much from excessive corpulency, and his sudden death was what might have been reasonably expected. His constitutional tendency to plethora was much increased by the easy, self-indulgent life he led. He was intellectually somewhat active, however, particularly when a young man, as he early entered upon a literary career as a writer for the stage. He produced, either alone or in copartnership with other writers, upward of sixty plays, chiefly of the comedy order. One of them is the "Serious Family," well known to theater-goers in this country.

In 1841, in company with other well-known humorists, such as Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Brough, and Shirley Brooks, Mr. Lemon commenced *Punch*, which early became celebrated for its lively hits at the times and fertile wit. As its editor, which

PORTRAIT OF MARK LEMON, IN 1860.

position he occupied from 1843, he showed much tact and good management. Besides his labors on *Punch*, he contributed to other publications, writing both prose and verse, and toward the close of his life lectured frequently before the London public on subjects selected chiefly from *Punch*.

We have previously published a lengthy sketch of Mr. Lemon in the JOURNAL, and in it we improvised an epitaph which closes as follows:

"He had a sharp eye, and a sharper pen, for the follies, frailties, and sins of others, and a jocund leniency toward his own."

Is it a harsh judgment?

BUSHEL HEADS.—Can it be a belief in Phrenology which induces small-minded women to wish to seem to be great by having the semblance of large heads? or is it the sham of foolish fashion? We may assure the dear creatures their admirers think no more of them because of the stuffed bag of dead hair, flax, or hemp hung on their heads. Indeed, sensible lovers will think something less of them for the foolishness.

Now that warm weather is upon us, copious perspiration will result from much bodily activity, and if the *chignon* be worn at such times, it will smell badly. Besides, those organs of the brain covered by the thick, heavy pad will become unduly heated, excited, and probably *perverted*, by this most unphysiological and unhealthy foreign fashion. Headaches will follow; and even aberrations of mind will be traced to loading down the head with such artificial abominations as these. What are they but generators of brain fever? Do they not draw the blood to those parts, and produce abnormal action? Certainly they do; and the amative propensity, with its adjacent organs, are the ones injuriously affected.

If ladies prefer to wear their hair in curls, braids, or in nets, of course it is their privilege to do so; but to pile on those ridiculous "waterfalls," vulgarly so called, indicates something *worse* than foolish vanity. If modest and virtuous women realized the significance of the present head-gear, they would drop it for very shame. As it is, many sensible women, disgusted with the "swell-head" style are cutting of their hair, *à la* Anna Dickinson, Laura Holloway, Florence Nightingale, Gail Hamilton, etc. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"WHY WILL THEY DO IT?"—We wish religious newspapers would not advertise quack medicines. Their subscribers would much rather not have the minds of their children polluted by the filthy stuff. The *editors* of these papers, we are charitable enough to believe, would rather not have those falsehoods told.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

S. S. PACKARD, EDITOR.

THE consolidated PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY presents itself to its many readers and friends this month as in some degree embodying the purpose which prompted the union. For evident reasons it has been impossible to arrive at this point sooner; and even now the editors have no feeling of exultation, nor any thought that the work which comes thus harmoniously from their hands is perfect. The strongest hope they dare indulge is, that those who wish well for the enterprise shall be able to see in this imperfect fulfillment an earnest of better things in the future; and to understand that two distinct, but not inharmonious, literary enterprises may unite their efforts under one general impulse without either losing its identity or "swallowing" the other. The conductor of PACKARD'S MONTHLY speaks on his own behalf when he says that nothing which has transpired in his intercourse with Mr. Wells has, in the smallest degree, shaken his confidence in the belief at first indulged, that his highest hopes of a clear, straightforward, high-toned independent magazine may be realized in connection with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL quite as readily and fully as in a separate periodical; while the transfer of the responsibility and laborious details of publication to other and broader shoulders has afforded such positive relief as to amount almost to ecstasy.

The original compact between Mr. Wells and the publisher of PACKARD'S MONTHLY secured to PACKARD'S MONTHLY "from *sixteen* to *twenty-four* pages" in the combination. Hitherto the average space has been under this estimate; but there has been a steady aggressiveness on the part of the little monthly, until in this, the fourth month of the consolidation, it stands confessed in its original symmetry of *thirty-two* pages. And here it proposes to stand for the next six months at least, an earnest, cheerful, satisfied co-worker with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, trying, to the best of its ability, to supplement, by a less technical application of truth, the special work which for the last twenty-five years Mr. Wells has so faithfully and intelligently prosecuted.

The subject of Phrenology, in its immediate and remote bearing upon individual life and society, will be left in the abler hands of the conductor of the JOURNAL, while it will be the pleasure and purpose, hereafter as heretofore, of the editor of these thirty-two pages to concentrate into each monthly issue as much as possible of the bright, fresh, untrammeled thoughts of brave thinkers and good writers upon all questions of human interest and human weal. And while we have no quarrel to wage against the fabricators and readers of wholesome Fiction, we shall endeavor, as much as lies within our power, to show that so long as the great mines of Truth remain unworked, they afford plenty of better, nobler, more beneficent, and more profitable labor for facile pens and cultured minds.

Whether Truth is really "stranger than Fiction," however, depends upon the kind of truth and the kind of fiction. Some truths are not at all strange, while most fictions are so utterly strange and unreal as to be perfectly harmless, except to very tender minds. We make no war on "nursery tales," or "the parables of

Christ," if, indeed, the latter may be in any sense called fiction. Truth, in our vocabulary, means a little more than it did in Mr. Gradgrind's; and we trust ever to be ready to seize upon it wherever it is found, on Christian or on heathen ground. But while we are sticklers for truth in the abstract, we do not propose to be indifferent to its concrete surroundings. With no assumption of a "mission," we nevertheless feel it incumbent upon us to be both decent and entertaining; and we shall always strive for so much of excellence.

The present exhibit must be accepted, in spirit if not in fact, as a fair indication of the scope and bearing of this department. The old readers of the MONTHLY will recognize here some familiar and welcome names, and, what is more to the purpose, some familiar and welcome work. With no desire or aim to intrench upon the domain of the daily newspaper, we yet recognize the fact that the world and its multifarious interests is around us; that we are in it and of it; that to properly improve the lessons of the *past*, and to make sure our hold upon the *future*, it behooves us to look well to the *present*. We shall esteem it as within our province to note the temper of the times; to take cognizance of such events as leave their impress upon society; and to present, from various points of view, such pictures of the moving world as shall enable the thoughtful reader to add to his knowledge while indulging in a healthful zest for entertainment.

Edward Everett relates a conversation held by him with the Duke of Wellington, at a ball in Windsor Castle. The conversation turned on the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Everett very naturally desired to correct or confirm his own impressions of that decisive conflict, and put a few respectful questions in a way which implied that he expected in the answer something authentic and satisfactory. Said the hero of Waterloo, "Many an intelligent private soldier could answer your queries quite as truthfully and satisfactorily as can I. Look around you, and tell me how much of all that is transpiring in this room you would be able to authenticate of your own knowledge. A general impression of the entire scene you may have, with a positive conviction of what is occurring within your limited vision—and this is all. To give the history of this ball adequately would require a hundred historians, and then it would not be complete. So it is with a great battle. The general commanding sees less of the real conflict than many a subordinate officer or private soldier; and no one person, whatever may be his opportunities, can take in more than a small part of all that goes to insure a great victory or a great defeat. The history of Waterloo has never been written—possibly never will be—for the reason that some of its most capable historians passed away with the smoke of battle, while others who survived have chosen to bury its deeds and its lessons in their own hearts, or, at the most, to confine their stories to limited circles of personal friends."

And thus it is with the histories of Life's battles, which come within our scope. While we would not ignore or undervalue the official statements of the great generals—with their tabular details and imposing rhetoric—we still look for the vital truths, which constitute the real history of the conflict, to the almost unconscious utterances of the brave soldiers who, from various parts of the hotly-contested field, bring their simple stories of personal strife—of dangers, sufferings, victories, and defeats, which make up the rounded record of the day. And we shall permit them to tell their own stories in their own way, subject only to such general supervision as shall secure these pages against aught that is unbecoming or of evil tendency.

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

OF all the men I have known, Albert D. Richardson was one of the noblest and bravest and best. My intimate friend for sixteen or seventeen years, associated with him in various relations of life, and knowing him under circumstances that put character to the severest test, I never found him wanting in high manhood, in perfect loyalty, in entire adequateness to the occasion. My experience was not different from that of any of his numerous friends. They all knew him as I knew him; they will bear evidence to his earnestness, his truthfulness, his patience, his charity, his generosity, and his courage. No one thrown in contact with him but felt the largeness and sweetness of his nature, the strength and beauty of his faith in everybody and in everything, his complete sympathy with all who were unfortunate or in affliction, and his chivalry, bordering on the romantic, that was ready to do battle in any cause he believed to be just.

As my friend was wont to say, Destiny seemed to have joined our fortunes whether we would or no. With certain spiritual antagonisms—just enough perhaps to prevent social monotony and a sinking of individuality—we were harmonious in essentials, and where inclination led one, circumstance seemed to force the other. He has frequently said: "If we hated each other, Junius, we couldn't get apart. Fate is too much for us. Our mental wrangling is seasoning to our intercourse. We should think each other stupid if we didn't quarrel sometimes; shouldn't we, old fellow?"

Our differences were about abstract things. In concrete matters we got along admirably. While we disputed warmly at dinner or during a quiet lounge up Broadway, we were one when in trouble, or when friendship was needed.

Richardson and I were about the same age —to be exact, I was eight days his junior—and when we first met, we were, if I remember, in our nineteenth year. The meeting was at Niagara, in the International Hotel, when the house was crowded to suffocation. I shared a room with a large faction of the Democratic party, and being a privileged guest, I was given the table for a couch. Awaking from the only sleep I had succeeded in securing—it was long after sunrise then—I saw on the floor below me a blonde, pleasant-faced youth who greeted me with:

"We've taken our bed and 'board' together; how do you like it, old fellow? Is it as good as Dante?"

"Nearly as good as his 'Inferno,'" was my reply; "but as a general thing I should prefer that to this."

The young man on the floor was Albert D. Richardson, who explained to me afterward that I had attracted his attention on the cars by my apparent absorption in the "Divina Commedia," which I had taken with me as a refuge from myself.

This peculiar introduction led to a long talk about various things; to our breakfasting and dining together, "doing" the cataract in company, and returning in the same train to Cincinnati where both of us at that time happened to be living. He was then connected with the *Daily Sun*, a newspaper since deceased, and I with the *Commercial*, for which I wrote sesquipedelian fustian under the impression that it was eloquence.

Before the end of the first day of our acquaintance we felt as if we had known each other for years. Each had the other's antecedents, experiences, and idiosyncrasies as soon as they could conveniently be related.

I learned from him that he was born in Franklin, Mass., in which vicinity his ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred years, and that his earliest known forefather was John Richardson, chiefly distinguished among his cotemporaries by the fact that he did *not* come over in the Mayflower. He was of the genuine old Puritan stock, and for fifteen or sixteen years led the life of a New England farmer's son, alternating between the farm and the district school. For the drudgery of the former he had little liking, not to say a positive aversion, while for information on all subjects rather than for routine study, he had an unappeasable hunger. Writing seemed his vocation from the first, and he felt more at home in acting as editor of a school paper called the *Wreath Offering* than in anything he had ever done.

Books were always his delight, and he hung over novels and poetry and accounts of travel and adventure to the neglect of what were considered the solid branches. Every month he grew wearier and wearier of his narrow surroundings and of vexatious restraints, and made up his mind to seek a larger and more congenial life elsewhere. "I want to do something for myself," he frequently declared; "I want

to be independent; I want to see something of the world;" and to this keynote of his being he set his future career.

In his seventeenth year he went to Pittsburg, Penn., without any definite intentions, but with entire confidence in his ability to take care of himself. The desire to write still possessed him, and soon after reaching Pittsburg he sent several stories and pieces of verse to the *Waverly Magazine* (Boston), and furnished various squibs and sketches to the daily press of that city; at the same time following the time-honored New England habit of teaching school. What he wrote for the press brought him into notice, and resulted in his connection with the *Journal*, now deceased, in the capacity of reporter. The theater had great attraction for him, so much that he wrote several plays,—one for Barney Williams.

After remaining ten or twelve months in Pittsburg, he sought a wider field in Cincinnati, where he attached himself to the editorial staff of the *Sun*, the journal I have mentioned, and was subsequently on the *Unionist* (he and I were among the pall-bearers at its funeral), the *Columbian* (its grave is almost forgotten now), and the *Gazette*. At this time he made an engagement with the Boston *Journal*, to be its correspondent in Kansas, where he was drawn by the turbulent scenes engendered through politics, and by his love of freedom and adventure. He settled in Sumner with his family—having been married two or three years before in Cincinnati—and in addition to his duties as correspondent he was Secretary of the Territorial Government, and Adjutant-General of the Governor.

In 1859 he made an overland trip to Denver and the Rocky Mountains with Horace Greeley, between whom and himself there sprang up a friendship that ended only with his death. They parted company at the mountains, Mr. Greeley going on to California, and Richardson bending his way to New Mexico as far as the Rio Grande, visiting Taos and Santa Fé.

In 1860 he went from the East back to Colorado as correspondent of the *Tribune*, and became with his firm, fast friend, Thomas W. Knox, one of the editors of the *Western Mountaineer*. The two published a vigorous, bold, and independent paper, which gave great offense to the gamblers, ruffians, and outlaws of that then wild region. They were frequently threatened with assault and assassination; but as they did not shrink from telling the truth, and were prepared for energetic defense the threats were never executed.

After the election of President Lincoln, Richardson returned to New York, and believing there would be trouble in the country, he was appointed at his own request to make a secret journey for the *Tribune* through the South, writing letters to the paper describing the exact condition of affairs in the then Slave States. This highly important and hazardous mission he performed with signal ability, and after many narrow escapes—his usual coolness and good fortune never deserting him—he reached home about a week after the whole nation had been aroused to arms by the firing upon Fort Sumter.

Anxious to enter the field, and be independent, and see as much as possible of the War at the same time, he accepted the position of correspondent, and went to Missouri. He witnessed a good deal of the early fighting in that State, and made his first regular campaign with Fremont. He was present at the capture of Fort Henry; took part in the Shiloh campaign and in the siege of Corinth; was at Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and the downfall of Memphis. In that city he and Knox were appointed editors, by military authority, of the *Avalanche* newspaper, and for some time discharged the task to the satisfaction of the army and the disgust of the native Memphians. He assisted, as the French say, at the siege of Cincinnati the following autumn, and when the rebels were driven off and pursued in hot haste, Richardson joined the Army of the Potomac.

In April, 1863, he went down the Mississippi to Young's Point, Louisiana, where General Grant, after the failure of various strategic movements, had resolved to attack Vicksburg from below. A number of gunboats and transports had already run the batteries when Richardson arrived at the Point, just in time to join an expedition of the same sort for which I had been waiting for two days.

Telling him and his companion, Richard T. Colburn, then correspondent of the *World*, of my intention, they concluded to go with me. The expedition consisted of two large barges loaded with forage and provisions, propelled by a little tug lashed between them. Never was an expedition associated with any danger more recklessly fitted out. If our enemies had prepared it themselves, they could not have added to the probability of its destruction and that of all on board. The hay from the bales that were on the upper part of the barges was loosely scattered about, so that the explosion of a shell might ignite it instantly. There was

not a small boat, or even a bucket, on either of the barges or on the tug to aid in escape, or to extinguish fire, and the whole thing was poorly planned and miserably managed (except for obituary readers) in every particular. Moreover, the river had fallen a good deal within a few days, rendering it very difficult to pass the sand-bar opposite Vicksburg, and causing many predictions of old pilots that we should run upon the bar, and be shot to pieces by the heavy batteries lining the Mississippi shore for several miles. The night, too, was exceedingly bright, and the moon, which was at the full, would be in the zenith just about the time we got within range of the hostile guns.

When we went aboard, a little before midnight of Sunday, May 3, 1863, the prospect was not particularly inviting to a man who had any desire to be dragged about in a Fourth-of-July procession in 1913 as one of the survivors of the Great American Rebellion.

"This is a magnificent man-trap," I remarked to my companions; "but the greater the risk, the more interesting the adventure, I suppose. If we don't have a sensation this time, boys, we might as well despair."

Then Colburn: "We needn't go if we don't want to; and we do want to go. Besides," he added, with his philosophic tendency, "by a strict consideration of the doctrine of probabilities, our chances of getting through safely are as twenty to one."

Richardson laughed and said: "I don't know much about the doctrine of probabilities, Dick; but I know I've set out to run the batteries, and, by Jove, I am going to do it, always provided the batteries don't interfere with my purpose."

An hour and a half later, we were floating slowly along to the music of the grand gunpowder orchestra which the "gentlemen from the Confederate States" were playing for our reception. It was a superb pyrotechnic display, and we should have enjoyed it extremely but for the occasional groan of some poor fellow wounded by a flying fragment of the shells constantly bursting around and above us.

We had been more than half an hour under the tremendous fire from the batteries above, batteries below, and batteries in front of us, when a plunging shot in the shape of a ten-inch shell crushed through the tug, and, exploding in the furnace, threw the blazing coals over both barges and set them on fire. In two minutes our whole expedition was wrapt in flames. We were hopelessly wrecked, and yet the rebels kept working their guns with inces sant fury for fully twenty minutes longer.

We had had more of an adventure than we had anticipated. Shot, shell, steam, fire, and water, giving us an opportunity to die by balls, burning, scalding, or drowning, were sufficient to gratify any love of mortuary variety we might own. To that was added capture—the last thing we should have dreamed of under the circumstances.

An ill-fated enterprise was ours truly. Out of thirty-four, including fourteen picked soldiers, eighteen were killed and wounded, and the remainder were all taken prisoners. At Thermopylæ one man escaped and bore the news to Sparta. In our little undertaking the casualties exactly equaled the number that took part in it.

I remember how supremely cool Richardson was on that highly illuminated occasion; how calmly he smoked his cigar, and watched the shots from the almost interminable line of guns, and talked with Colburn and myself about the skill of the gunners and the exactness of their range.

After we had launched the wounded on bales of hay, and had only a few feet of unburned space to stand upon, he took off his coat and gloves and boots, and making a small bundle of them, said, smilingly, "Well, boys, I'm going to put to sea. You'd better sail soon, if you are not salamanders." And so he floated off, seated on a bale of hay, from which a ten-inch round-shot, striking very near him, and lifting a column of water at least thirty feet in the air, displaced him suddenly, with a serious loss to his by no means superabundant baggage.

All who were unharmed and could swim would have reached the shore in safety, and been back in our camp before morning, had not the rebels, with the same disregard for our freedom that they had shown for our lives, come out in armed boats and interfered permanently with our natatory recreation.

Colburn and I had arranged our aquatic campaign, when, hearing the sound of rowlocks on the other side of the still burning wreck, we kept very quiet, and were floating with our faces only out of water. We had fully convinced ourselves we should be unnoticed, when a yawl full of gray-uniformed soldiers darted across us, and we were dragged into the boat, even while we were congratulating ourselves upon being unseen.

Carried to land, we were glad enough to meet our dear friend Richardson, who, we

feared, might have met with another round-shot less accommodating than the one that had contented itself with giving him nothing more serious than a plunge-bath. He grasped our hands cordially, and said, "Pretty lively night, boys, isn't it? I wonder what we are to have next! Whatever it is, I guess we can stand it. I thought several times, Junius, that there was a fair prospect of a couple of vacancies on the *Tribune* staff;" and he laughed as pleasantly and musically as if we were sitting down to our own mess-table.

An hour afterward we were pacing up and down in the yard of the Vicksburg jail, and observing by the broadening dawn all around and about us such a crew of wretches and ruffians as made us, being New Yorkers, think we were at home and near the polls in one of the lower wards on election day.

Richardson and myself then and there began our prison pilgrimage, which we continued nearly two years. We were entertained, though not so hospitably as we could have wished, at seven of the military hotels so notoriously mismanaged by Jefferson Davis & Co. The terms for board were extremely moderate; but the accommodations, I am bound to say, were not of a character to reflect credit upon the directors of the So-Called.

At Vicksburg, Jackson, Selma, Atlanta, Richmond, and Salisbury, we enjoyed every variety of captivity from entomological researches to tunnel-digging; from subsisting on baked sawdust, styled, for the sake of metaphor, corn-bread, to flirting with starvation and small-pox.

I remember, when we were thrust into a damp, dark cellar in Richmond one evening, that there was an animated contest among several large tribes of rats as to which of them should eat us. "Rich." (so his friends usually called him) and myself were generally on opposite sides; but in this juncture we combined against the rats. With the aid of a stout stick we found in the darkness, our boots employed as defensive weapons, and various physical evolutions, we succeeded in driving our rodent foes from their intrenchments. But we could not get rid of the close, mephitic atmosphere, which at times was almost suffocating.

After pondering on the situation for a while, Richardson burst out laughing, and said, "This is a delightful place. A man of vigorous constitution who had never violated any of nature's laws might, if he had good luck, live here twenty-four hours·" adding, "indeed nature, who is always merciful, would be cruel if she let him live any longer."

In Castle Thunder we ate and slept and walked and talked with the small-pox for several weeks.

"Why don't we catch this infernal disease, Rich.?" I asked one day.

"Because," he replied, "there isn't enough to go round; or it may be that they won't let us have it, knowing if we had it, we'd break out."

In the same prison, for an attempt to escape, we were thrown into a cell with half a dozen thieves, burglars, and cut-throats, who had served the rebel army by supplying elastic substitutes. Few of them could read, not one could write; yet they asked me so many questions, that Richardson, always facetious, took me into a corner, and inquired gravely, "What do these learned gentlemen think about Dante? Do they hold that Beatrice was an actual woman, or only a type of the purely spiritual? I should like to hear what that fellow with one eye knocked out had to say about the books of the Vedas. If he is a little befogged concerning them, that gentleman with the end of his nose bitten off must have a clear conception of the subject. What the devil is the use of having a nose like his, Junius, unless it enables him to understand the Hindoo mythology?"

When Richardson and myself were transferred to Salisbury, N. C., as "hostages for the good conduct of the Government" (the rebels never knew how droll they were), we, with several others, were put in charge of the hospitals crowded to suffocation with our enlisted men, who died like sheep with the rot, from want of proper food, clothing, and shelter. The mortality among the prisoners there was even greater in proportion than at Andersonville.

Richardson, though in delicate health, from a severe attack of pneumonia, from which he never wholly recovered, was untiring in his exertions to mitigate, as far as possible, the deplorable condition of those nameless heroes and unrecorded martyrs. The little that he had was divided with them freely, and he constantly sought to comfort, by kind offices and by kind words, the suffering thousands among whom his lot had been cast. At all hours of the day and night he might have been seen bending over the poor fellows who lay tossing with fever or perishing of inanition in horrid pens, in squalid tents, in holes dug in the ground, and striving to cheer them with all his manly strength and womanly tenderness. They learned to look for his genial face, and to ex-

pect his words of encouragement, as if he had been sent to them as a spirit of good and a minister of charity.

Brave men, who had stood in the front of battle until danger had become their familiar, often sent for Richardson when they knew their end was approaching, that he might bear some final message to wife or mother, or sweetheart or sister, and that they might die clasping his friendly hand. Many a courageous soul went out from that scene of horror to eternal peace beseeching God's blessing upon the noble gentleman who in the sufferings of others forgot his own. Not one of all the captives of Salisbury that still survive but will bear evidence of the generous heart, the pure mind, and the magnanimous character of him who was in days of affliction a balm to their wounds and a comforter in their distress.

So deeply interested was Richardson in the condition of his fellow-prisoners, that on more than one occasion he refused to avail himself of an opportunity to escape—and to no man's heart was liberty dearer than to his—because he believed he could still do good to men more unfortunate than himself. Frequently he said to me: "This is horrible beyond the imagination to conceive. If anything could shake my faith in the Love and Wisdom that rule the Universe, my faith would be shaken here. You are skeptical, I know; but be sure it will all come right in the end. We see but a part; for we are human. To see the whole, which we shall some time, is divine. It may be I can give no reason for my belief; but that everything happens for the best, and is guided in some mysterious way by the all-pervading spirit of Love, I feel as involuntarily as I think and breathe."

December 18th, 1864, we escaped from Salisbury, and on the 13th of the following January he announced his safe arrival at Knoxville to the *Tribune* in the now famous dispatch:

> "Out of the jaws of Death,
> Out of the mouth of Hell,"

which in twelve words told the whole history of his long and terrible captivity.

Since then every one knows of his continued connection with the *Tribune*, of his interesting and brilliant letters, of his very clever and highly popular books, "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," "Beyond the Mississippi," and "Personal History of U. S. Grant."

Every one knows, too, of the tragedy which rolled down its dark curtain upon a young, hopeful, vigorous, sunny, and earnest life, and shut it out from bereaved hearts and mourning friends forever. But every one does not know—for his fair name has been defamed by his own guild with a mendacity and malignity that no honest nature can understand—what nobleness of purpose and excellence of character were wrapt up in him whose great heart was so suddenly stilled.

Such faults as he had were on the surface. Those who knew him best loved him most. Self-willed and inconsiderate he may have seemed at times, because he believed so implicitly in himself. The activity of his mind and variations of his mood made him appear not infrequently inconsistent and unsettled. Occasionally, too, his strong will and determination made him unmindful, for the moment, of the feelings and opinions of others; but at the same time no one was so ready as he to see his own mistake or fault and to acknowledge it to the fullest. It is possible that in some things he overrated himself; but never half so much as he overrated his friends. His faith in and admiration for those who were near and dear to him—and they were many—were so extravagant, that those not acquainted with him might sometimes have deemed him insincere. And yet he was the soul of sincerity and truth. He never falsified; never prevaricated; never was hypocritical; and that he was so truthful not seldom made him misunderstood; for common natures regard speech as bearing an inverse ratio to character.

Richardson expected much of his friends; but was willing and happy to give more in return. He seldom remembered a fault, and never forgot a favor. The esteemed of his boyhood were the esteemed of his manhood; the loved of yesterday the loved of to-day and of to-morrow.

If I were called upon to name his chief virtues I should say they were integrity, independence, charity, loyalty, generosity, courage, and devotion to whosoever and whatsoever seemed to him right. If I were to choose an epitaph for his tomb it should be, "Here lies the true Man who never deserted a friend."

No time-server, no tuft-hunter was he. He had words of sympathy and a helping hand for the humblest and the poorest; and to be in need of aught that he could give was the surest passport to his favor. He never cast off or neglected any one that he had employed. His good-will and good offices followed him everywhere. The unsuccessful and the unprosperous went to him as to an appointed almoner, and he bestowed not only money but time and trouble, and yielded, what few of us

yield, the preciousness of self. Hundreds that are unknown but not ungrateful in this great city, and in every region and place that he inhabited, mention his name with reverence, and honor his memory because they found in him, even though they had no claim upon him, a genuine and a steadfast friend.

Richardson's coolness and self-possession under the most trying circumstances were unsurpassed,—were beyond those of any man I have met. He was cheerful, and could jest in the very face of death, which had absolutely no terrors for him.

I have seen the dark doors open before him again and again, and he looked through the shadowy spaces as serenely as if Armida's enchanted garden lay beyond.

When last stricken down by an assassin's hand, and the surgeon came to his side, he said with perfect calmness, though suffering intense agony:

"Well, doctor, the wound is mortal, isn't it?"

"Yes; I have no doubt of it."

"How long shall I probably live?"

"You may die in two hours, and you may live twenty-four."

"Do you think I can live till to-morrow morning?"

"I think you will."

"Very well. That's enough;" and he sent for his secretary to arrange his affairs.

A sympathizing friend asked at his bedside a few hours after the occurrence, "How did this terrible thing happen, Albert?"

"Principally from the fact that the man who has been hunting me has improved as a marksman. Though killing a man at four feet who doesn't see you isn't very remarkable shooting after all."

That sounds ghastly perhaps; but it was Richardson through and through.

There was more of the Christ-like element in him—I say it reverently—than in any man whose true nature has been laid open to me; for he was full of gentleness, patience, charity, and fortitude, more inclined to bear than to do wrong. Even the rude and reckless his frontier life cast him among never jested upon his honor or his integrity, though it is the custom of such to jest of vices they believe not only pardonable but often becoming. Above all was he delicate and chivalrous, to the last degree, to the opposite sex. He was their defender and champion ever against misapprehension, and aspersion, and injustice. Not one of all the good and pure and distinctly fine women he knew all the country over can be found who will say he treated her differently from what he would have had other men treat his sister, or wife, or mother. He believed, and often quoted, the beautiful words of Richter: "Unhappy is that man whose mother hath not made all other mothers venerable!" All his feelings of sympathy and affection with and for women were associated with marriage; and so profound and unvarying was he in this, that I have frequently in our badinage accused him of being a matrimonial monomaniac. The idea of charging such a man with being, under any circumstances, a seducer, an adulterer, a libertine, would be ridiculous if it were not infamous. How fortunate it is for the memory of my much-wronged friend that they who have assailed him are conscious that their slanders are blistering lies! Venom can not harm where truth is the antidote; and down to Albert D. Richardson's inmost soul Nature had made him Gentleman.

* * * * * * *

I have written what I have been urged to write, not with any intention to vindicate my friend, for he needs no vindication; but hurriedly and in a crude and rambling way in the hope to convey some truthful impression of the gentleman who was my associate and companion under cloud and sunshine, in ease and difficulty, in the field and in prison. We have shared the same tent; we have slept under the same blanket when we had but one between us; we have crept into each other's arms to keep warm on the frozen ground and under the wintry sky when flying from captivity to freedom; we have nursed each other when borne down with fatigue and disease; and now, that he is no more; that he has been foully slandered; that he has given his life for the noble and gentle woman he loved with purity and honor, and hoped to shield from the many evils that beset her, I am prouder than ever to call him friend, and lay the chaplet of my earnest appreciation upon his untimely tomb. I have felt bitter and revengeful when the cruel howl of ignorance and malice has been raised over his grave; but I have thought how sweet and tender and all-embracing was his own charity, until it seemed like a friendly duty if not to forget, to try to forgive. His life and death make me believe his insight was clearer than mine; that, however appearances may seem to contradict it, All *will* come right; and that Love and Wisdom are the rulers of the sphere.

THE MOTHER OF 100,000 CHILDREN!

BY MRS. SARAH F. NORTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

WELL, this little Long Island farm-house, only temporary at first, was soon decided upon as a fixed and permanent affair, her remarkable ability as there developed going very far doubtless toward influencing the decision. After a time the building was enlarged and the upper floors divided off into dormitories; but that arrangement was so entirely antagonistic to the little woman's habits and ideas of cleanliness and health that she quietly determined in her own mind to effect a change. Watching her opportunity to take the tide at its flood, she went to work with such logic and persuasion as to convince the authorities and gain the desired consent; consequently all the partitions were torn down and the whole thrown into one large room. This she divided through the center by a large draw curtain, apportioning one half to the use of the boys and the other to the girls. Her reasons for desiring the change, as given by herself, were as follows:

First, that the two large gable windows at each end of the building would secure thorough ventilation.

Second, the space otherwise occupied by the numerous partitions would add by so much to the space around each bed.

Third, it would facilitate the work of making beds, and there would be no shelter for bugs.

Last, but by no means least in her estimation, it would be more sociable and home-like for the children.

Apropos of her excessive cleanliness: She was known and very highly appreciated by the family of one of the then leading lawyers, whose family contemplated a trip to Europe. The whole matter, however, was made contingent upon securing Mrs. Ley's services while absent, as the wife had conceived the idea that her house and home-treasures could be properly cared for by no one else. Failing in this, the journey was of course postponed. A gentleman friend, to whom Mrs. Ley was also known, happening into the lawyer's office one day, expressed his surprise at their not going, and was told the reason. "Well," said he, "B——, has Jane any faults that you know of?" "Yes, one." "What is it?" "She's too clean."

Every other day, aside from their usual morning ablutions, all the children were washed and combed, beginning with the two or three eldest, who were then assigned the task of doing the same service for each two or three others until all were thoroughly cleansed, and all passed to her for the final inspection.

Once a week all the beds were put out to air, and bedsteads and every inch of board in the sleeping-room scalded and scoured to the last degree of cleanliness. All the baking and washing for this constantly increasing family was then done by hand, and all under her supervision, and the greater part of it with her assistance, until they were transferred to Randall's Island, which I think was in 1859.

Here everything was established on an entirely different basis,—a department for each grade, class, and sex, and a matron for each, thereby relieving her of a care which with her increasing age was becoming too onerous. The following extracts from a letter addressed to her by the Commissioners reveal the estimation in which she was held by them:

"MRS. JANE LEY—*Dear Madam:* In respect to your own request to be absolved from your heretofore active duty, the Commissioners have examined the record of your official connection with this department, and find upon that record the full indorsement of your exemplary and faithful action from the time of your appointment; as it appears that your services with the department commenced on the 24th of July, 1832, making your term of employment twenty-nine years.

"It is with the utmost pleasure that the Commissioners accord to you the rest which 'three-score years and ten' of fidelity and conscientious duty, well performed, have a right to claim. Nearly thirty years you have acted the part of mother and protector to the children of more than 20,000 mothers; bearing with their restless spirits through the vicissitudes of infancy, smoothing their pillow of sorrow and sickness by night and by day, looking to their hopes for preservation and elevation here, while endeavoring by precept, example, and incessant effort to prepare them one by one for a future of temporal and spiritual blessing.

"Throughout the length and breadth of our country you have hearts beating in thankfulness for your past kindness, and every day you live these reminders of your efforts will appear to you with melting expressions of gratitude for your motherly care in behalf of many of the worthiest sons and daughters of our favored land. Very respectfully and cordially, your obedient servant, S. DRAPER, *Pres.*"

This, the tribute paid by authorities to worth. She was placed upon the retired list, still

retaining her salary, and still also retaining a general supervision of all the departments. Not only were the interior arrangements of all those nursery rooms on Randall's Island modeled after her plans and suggestions, but nearly every hospital in the country has sent agents to get ideas from the same source, and take the plans as there demonstrated; and from Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, Baltimore—every city, East, West, and South, there came the most urgent appeals and brilliant offers to induce her to go and take charge of their hospitals, both nursery and invalid.

No inducement, however, could prevail with her; her invariable reply being that she found work here which seemed to demand her, and she could not leave it.

Nearly all the noted persons of Europe who have visited this country have been introduced to her by the Commissioners, and always with the remark that she had done more to build up our present system of charity than all other persons connected therewith combined.

Expressing to her my indignation at the insignificant salary paid, $550, for such services as hers must have been, she answered that the consciousness of having been of such service to the world was compensation in itself; that as nearly as possible every child had been treated by her as she would have treated her own. And the number as estimated by Isaac Bell is about 100,000 in all.

No place in the world presents such an appearance of polished cleanliness as the place over which she still presides. The floors look absolutely downy in their whiteness, no difference of color being perceptible between them and the tables or any other piece of wood accessible to scrubbing implements and materials. Indeed, so striking is this wonderful cleanliness that people are wont to joke her about it by asking which are the tables, and which the floors? Rufus King on his first visit to the Long Island Farm, and while Governor of the State of New York, was seen several times to stoop down and touch the floor. Presently, and in explanation of such extraordinary conduct, he turned to Mrs. Ley and said, "What kind of a carpet do you call this, Mrs. Ley—German, Scotch, or English?" "Oh," she replied, "that's a Welsh carpet."

Contemplating a visit to this rare woman, the imagination would undoubtedly picture a decrepit old woman living entirely in the past, as old people are apt to do, captious, complaining, and very much opinionated; or still worse, incoherent of speech, tremulous and obtuse.

There would be found instead a medium-sized, plump, pleasant-faced, cheery-voiced, bright-eyed woman, going briskly about her duties with a lightness and elasticity of step belonging to very few of the fashion-freighted women of to-day who have not yet celebrated their fortieth birthday.

I believe, however, by way of parenthesis, that birth-day celebrations are not very strictly observed when the figures begin to point toward the meridian.

Comment upon her wonderful preservation of health and appearance, and this mother matron will explain that it is entirely due to a constantly active, conscientious, and moral life. That regular hours, wholesome food, honesty, sobriety, and the golden rule have been the plummet-line of her life; and, so far as she was able, she had impressed the same principles upon every child for whom she had cared.

She will tell you that she dressed always with a view to comfort and health; that when she bought a bonnet the selection was made for use and not for show; and, with an amusing little shake of the head, "I don't wonder women nowadays are puny, ailing, and unable to work, with their mountains of clothes, thin shoes, and wisps of bonnets,—I should think they would all die with the earache!"

Touch the all-absorbing topic of the day—woman's rights—and she will very temperately observe that times and customs have changed so much that it may be necessary for women to vote to bring about some great reform, but she had found her life-work, and done it; and it left no time for thought of anything else.

She will acknowledge, however, to the injustice of the great difference between her salary and that of the male officers, when put in the following words: "But, Mrs. Ley, you may be regarded as the real founder of this institution; your admirable management made the undertaking more possible; your plans and suggestions have done a great deal toward simplifying the work and making the interior arrangements, models to be followed by every similar institution in the country; and yet the men who acknowledged your superiority to themselves by adopting your plans and listening to your counsel received five thousand per year, probably, while you were paid the paltry sum of five hundred." Given 100,000 children in thirty years, and the amount she received per head per year for taking care of them was about six dollars and a half.

Stir olden memories, and the response will

be an interesting history delightfully told of the early days of New York. The impalpable barricades of Time will fall away and bring you face to face with George Washington, with no intervening object save the face of the narrator.

As the talk goes on, the curtain of years will roll away, and lo! Manhattan Island becomes a forest of somewhat scrubby trees and underbrush, and marsh, and miniature mountains, reaching down to Anthony Street, the outskirts of the city on the west, and very much below that on the east. There will be seen a great pond, variegated and spotted with frog-spawn and fringed with "cat-tails," covering all that space east of Broadway from Canal Street down almost to the Battery. It was known as the "Collect," so called from the fact that into its waters was dumped all the refuse of the city. Running along its side was an elevated plank walk, with a rope railing, extending up the hill above the pond to the point where Spring Street now is. On the top of this hill some enterprising—Yankee, doubtless, had set up a revolving swing, where the young men and maidens, in smart attire, sauntered at sundown for a walk and a bit of innocent pastime.

On summer days the scene would be enlivened by sailors—French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, turbaned and tanned—doing their washing at this pond, and overtopping the surrounding bushes with their clothes spread out to dry.

On the very site of Stewart's store, corner of Chambers Street, in one of a row of shanties, might be seen the now great millionaire standing behind his own little counter dispensing pins by the row, muslin by the yard, and taking and giving things in trade with the country people, who rode into town once a week from Washington Heights, Yorkville, or Manhattanville.

Thus with low chat and reminiscence the hours and the outside world would alike be lost, until the corners of the room growing shadowy and indistinct, startles us all of a sudden with thoughts of a journey to go by land and sea before reaching that seemingly far-away place—home.

Emerging into the open air with the sense of just waking from a Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, you may hurry away through change of boat and car unconsciously, lost in astonishment and reverence for this woman wonder.

Neither in her face nor in her manner nor conversation are to be seen the slightest indications of extreme age; and no one, without being told, would ever guess that she had lived and toiled and sorrowed through almost a century of years. "Mother" is the all-pervading sense of her presence. It meets one at the threshold of her door like an embodied brightness heralding her welcome; beams from and around her like the Shekinah of old, and follows the inflections of her voice like the resounding echoes of music among the hills, or the soft undertone of loving content whispered adown the years from myriads of infant voices. Indeed, the refrain from all her lullabies is in her speech with something of the tearful sympathy she must have felt for each baby added to her charge.

THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK.—Second Article.

BY S. S. RANDALL.

WILLIAM L. MARCY.

AFTER the sudden death of the "Great Governor," De Witt Clinton, in February, 1828, the administration temporarily devolved upon Lieutenant-Governor Nathaniel Pitcher, a very respectable but common-place man, who had been elected on the Democratic ticket in opposition to Gen. James Tallmadge, of Dutchess, through special local influences in the southern tier of counties. At the general State election in November, Martin Van Buren, then United States Senator, succeeded to the gubernatorial chair, which, however, he occupied for only two months, having been transferred in March, 1829, by President Jackson, to the head of the State Department at Washington. Of him it is unnecessary to speak in this connection. The residue of his official term as Chief Magistrate of the State was filled by Lieut.-Gov. Enos T. Throop, who, at its expiration, was elected Governor. His administration was characterized by no important event, and his abilities as a statesman were not of a high order.

He was succeeded in 1833 by William L. Marcy, who occupied the chair of state for three successive terms, and was, in every sense of the term, one of the most able and accomplished statesmen who have adorned its annals. His first appearance in public life was

in the fall of 1814, during the second war with England, when, as a volunteer officer, he captured, on the St. Regis River, the first British flag taken in that contest. Soon afterward he was appointed Recorder of the city of Troy, whence he was transferred to the position of Adjutant-General, and in 1828 appointed Comptroller.

In 1828 he was transferred to the bench of the Supreme Court, and in 1831 elected United States Senator, a position he continued to hold until his election as Governor. In the discharge of the duties of all these high offices he exhibited the most varied and brilliant talents, executive and judicial. As an accomplished writer he had not his equal in the State; as a politician he was shrewd, prudent, and eminently successful; as a judge, clear-headed and comprehensive; as a statesman, second only to the highest; and as a man, irreproachable, honest, incorruptible, and dignified. Almost wholly destitute of oratorical ability, he nevertheless exerted a commanding and powerful influence as a political leader in the State and National councils. After the expiration of his third official term as Governor, he was transferred to the head of the War Department at Washington by President Polk, and during the whole of the Mexican war distinguished himself by the efficient and vigorous administration of that important and responsible position. During the administration of President Pierce he occupied the position of Secretary of State; and in the summer succeeding the close of that administration suddenly expired while on a visit to Saratoga, having been found dead in his chair at his hotel from an affection of the heart.

Gov. Marcy was in all respects one of nature's noblemen. Of portly and commanding presence, dignified and gentlemanly manners, "in his bearing and deportment every inch a king," he was admirably fitted to grace the judicial, senatorial, ministerial, and administrative positions he was called upon to fill. And yet with all these personal prerogatives, so well adapted to attract the respectful regards of men, he was most unassuming and genial in his intercourse with all classes of his fellow-citizens. No man could be more firm and immovable in his convictions of official duty; and no man could with superior tact and grace dismiss disappointed applicants for official positions or official favors without for one moment losing their personal friendship and regard. During the whole of his long and varied career in the highest walks of public life he never made an enemy or lost a friend. His personal integrity, frankness, and unreserve were proverbial. He never stopped to calculate personal consequences, or to weigh the effect of his actions upon the public mind, so long as they commended themselves to his own sense of propriety and rectitude. An amusing instance of this utter indifference and insensibility to appearances will be familiarly recalled by his cotemporaries, in the *naive* item in his official accounts as a judge, innocently and unconscious of any unusual absurdity spread before the public in the printed documents of the Legislature, "*To mending my pantaloons, 50 cents.*" He saw in it nothing beyond the fact that while engaged on a special circuit, in which his expenses were to be audited and allowed, his "inexpressibles" had become desperately frayed, for the restoration of which he had actually disbursed from his uninjured "breeches" pocket fifty cents,—and "when found, made a note of," wholly oblivious of Mrs. Grundy "or any other man." The incident served only as a rallying-point for his friends in his political campaign for the Governorship, and in the shape of a huge pair of pantaloons with an enormous patch labeled "Fifty cents"—"Breeches Marcy!"

In his prompt order for the extradition of two brothers—Irishmen—who had absconded from England to avoid the penalty of crime, and who, on landing in America, enlisted a powerful interest among their adopted countrymen in New York, he sternly refused to listen for a moment to any considerations or representations at variance with the obligations of international comity, although at the imminent hazard of his re-election as Chief Magistrate; and subsequently manifested an equal degree of firmness in repressing the popular excitement growing out of the Canadian insurrection, the leaders of which had taken possession of Navy Island.

His administration of the War Department during the Mexican war brought into strong prominence his executive and military talents and his independence of character. Pitted as he not unfrequently was against the *ex cathedra* views of the greatest captain of the age, that indomitable warrior—the stalwart veteran of Lundy's Lane, Vera Cruz, Contreras, Churubusco, and Mexico—was reluctantly compelled to yield to the superior prowess of his polished pen and digest his "hasty plate of soup" with what appetite he might. In the Senate, however, his total absence of all oratorical power prevented him from measuring his intellectual

strength with those gigantic gladiators, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton, who, in those palmy days, kept the field against all comers. But when as judge, secretary, governor, politician, editor, or statesman he sat down to his desk, "thoughts that breathed and words that burned" flowed in compact and powerful array from his well-stored and well-disciplined mind; and no man might safely venture to dispute with him the palm of victory on this his chosen battle-field. His diplomatic dispatches while at the head of the State Department were among the most masterly specimens of that difficult art.

In his social relations, while unbending as he frequently loved to do from the severer toils of statesmanship, no man was more attractive, genial, and delightful. While regaling his nostrils with his favorite maccoboy, and indulging in his dearly loved game of whist with a few cherished and familiar friends, he gave a loose rein to the exuberant play of his cultivated imagination and richly stored intellect; and none who were so fortunate as to participate in these Attic banquets can ever forget the charm of his conversation, the brilliancy of his repartees, and the attractions of his manner.

But it was in his annual addresses as President of the Board of Trustees of the Albany Female Academy that he was accustomed to display the fullest measure of his intellectual stores. From the rich treasures of ancient and modern lore he drew forth and arrayed in all the glory and beauty of the highest eloquence their varied lessons of wisdom, goodness, and truth; and as the rich and sustained music of his illustrations, exhortations, and counsels rolled over his crowded and breathless audiences, men "took no note of time," and youth, beauty, and fashion forgot for an hour their supremacy in the greater might of intellectual power!

In the meridian of his fame, usefulness, and strength—"with his garland and singing robes about him"—in the maturity of his brilliant faculties, crowned with honors and dignities and fresh from the reins of empire, in full view of still higher laurels and yet more extended fame, this great and good man—the clear-headed, cool, and sagacious statesman, the upright and learned judge—the able senator—the successful war minister—the consummate diplomatist, was with fearful suddenness summoned from among us. His biography remains as yet unwritten. Eminently worthy will it be, when given to the world, to grace the annals of the Empire State—eminently worthy to occupy a niche in the pillared gallery of her favorite and distinguished sons, next to those of Hamilton, Tompkins, Clinton, and Van Buren. Like theirs, will the memory of his greatness and his sterling qualities of head and heart long be cherished and transmitted down the file of the ages, as the worthy representatives of the earlier and nobler days of the Commonwealth and the Republic!

ANGEL FOOTFALLS.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

PITTER-PATTER on the carpet
  Comes the sound of tiny feet,
And the blending of their footfalls
  Makes a melody complete.
I can hear it in the sunlight,
  Then it seems a carol gay;
And they enter with the moonbeams,
  But their joyous fairy lay
Changes to a soothing nocturn,
  As the night succeeds the day.

Other people can not hear them.
  It is granted me alone
To discern a precious presence
  In each timid tripping tone.
Some have listened; but my wee ones
  Shrink from strangers. So, you see,
Outside ears have never heard them;
  They but come to comfort me.
I alone may know my darlings
  By their footsteps' melody.

One was taken while he studied
  How alone to cross the room;
And I hear his timid stepping
  Out into the midnight gloom.
Now he totters! Insecurely
  Dimpled feet have touched the floor,
And he falls, but angel brothers
  Lift him, as in days before;
And again he ventures forward,
  Pit-pat! pit-pat! o'er and o'er.

So I recognize each stepping;
  And though dear ones all have flown
From beyond my longing vision,
  I am never quite alone.
Old and deaf to earthly soundings,
  I can yet discern a strain
Keener hearings ne'er discover;
  All their listening is vain!
And I know by every footfall
  Earthly loss is heavenly gain.

ONE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

BY ALEX. L. REDDEN.

I NEVER see two men wrestling playfully together but it reminds me of an incident which took place under my eyes while I was in the army in 1864.

Our regiment, which was a cavalry one, had been in quarters for more than two weeks; and our men were beginning to wish for some more exciting occupation than picking the worms from their "hard tack" at meal times, and playing with their horses in the intervals.

One bright, fresh morning, just after early rations, the bugle rang out shrill and merrily, "Boots and Saddle!" and it made the hearts of most of us leap with joy to think we were going to the front again after being such a long dull time in quarters.

We were soon filing out of camp at a cheery but somewhat jerky trot; and when we got forward on the road to Dabney's Mills, the jerkiness of our trot was considerably augmented, though we went on at a pretty good pace considering the fact that we were going over one of Old Virginia's "corduroy" roads. They are made by simply leveling the ground and laying down poles and saplings from three to eight inches in diameter. They certainly are the roughest roads to travel that ever were invented either in city or country. I have seen horses fall on them and break both fore-legs. A good horse will not average three miles an hour over one of these roads. We traveled some twenty miles before reaching the Mills, which were very near what was at that time the "Front." They were not more than three quarters of a mile in the rear, I think, and they were then being used as a hospital for our wounded.

After halting at the Mills for an hour or so, we continued on our way to the front; and in a short time we came in sight of our inner line of breastworks. There we found everything quiet, except when an occasional shot was given by us and returned by the Johnnies —"just by way of keeping each other awake" —as we used to term this pretty little pastime.

No second halt was sounded until we came to the outer line of our works, when the bugle again rang out a sharp, clear, decisive peal, and the order came to dismount, feed the horses, and take our own rations.

Some New York regiments were encamped along this outer line; but the one at whose headquarters we stopped was the —th Michigan. They were all fine, tall fellows, full of life and fun, and continually playing all sorts of tricks on one another.

One of the men in our cavalry squadron, by name Tim Sanders, a Kentuckian by birth, offered to wrestle with any of the Michigan boys for a chaw of tobacco. The offer was speedily accepted by a young Michigander whom his comrades called George. George was a tall, muscular young fellow, about six feet two inches in height, long, sandy, straight hair and heavy yellow mustache, evidently one of the crack men of his regiment and the life of the little group around him, laughing and joking and—I must confess it—swearing with everybody within a circuit of a hundred yards around him. Our champion, George, was also a tall, sturdy young sinner, some six feet, or nearly so, in height, but he had black hair and sparkling black eyes; he was, however, equally as sprightly and full of sport as his opponent, and was also a great favorite with his fellow-soldiers.

The terms of the match were easily settled, being these: that neither man was to "kick shins," and that they were to wrestle "side holds." As near as I can remember, the following was the conversation that prefaced it:

"I say, chum," said George, "I'll bet you a chaw of tobacco that I kin throw you every time."

"I'll bet you two chaws you can't," said Tim.

"Well," said George, deprecatingly, "I haint got but one chaw left out of the two plugs that I had last—weeks ago."

"Well," responded Michigan, "I'll try you for one chaw, then, just for the fun of the thing."

Then turning to one of his comrades, he added,

"Say, Jack, hold the stakes, will you? till we git through; and don't chaw more'n half of it up, 'nuther. If you do, by —— I'll throw you afterward for 'nuthin!"

"I say, Tim," responded Jack, who was unconcernedly sprawling at full length on the grass, not in the least disconcerted by the threat contained in his friend's last sentence, "I say, Tim, if you win the stakes I'll go two more chaws agin you; and then we'll have a spell at it!"

The men of our squadron and the Michigan

regiment had formed a circle around the contestants, some leaning against their horses, and some stretched on the ground on their blankets; and a continual stream of bantering words was kept briskly flowing. Some of them bet pipes and tobacco on the issue—the odds being in favor of the young Michigander. Belts and coats were thrown off, George saying, "I'm hard up for tobacco, and by jingo I'll try hard to win them two chaws;" and the two went at it in a lively and really good style; and for about ten minutes neither seemed to get the better of the other.

Suddenly, while every face wore a careless smile—while upon every tongue a bantering word still lingered,—there came right into our midst a solid shot. It struck nothing but the poor fellow from Michigan. Him it hit fair at the waist, tearing him completely in two, while the loud laugh was yet bubbling up from his throat—the light of anticipated triumph still in his eye, and the flush of confident success upon his cheek.

The two men, so full of life and health before, suddenly stood transfixed as if by a thunderbolt. Then one of them reeled and fell to the ground a sanguine mass of riven flesh and bulging entrails, while the other, who received the full wind of the shot, though otherwise untouched by it, stood for a moment as if petrified, his hair rising up straight upon his head, his eyes wide open in a hideous maniac stare, his whole face convulsed by a terrible and idiotic smile. Then with a loud, unnatural laugh, made doubly horrible to us by the sight of the mutilated body lying before him, he fell prone to the ground. When, after a long time, by the aid of whisky and cold water, he was brought back to life, he was a raving lunatic, the concussion of the shot being of such force as to bereave him entirely of reason. The poor fellow who was struck never spoke a word or made a sign afterward, though he survived in an unconscious state about three hours after he was taken back to the hospital. Our man never recovered his reason so far as I have heard.

We had all of us been used to seeing death in every shape, but the whiteness of sudden fear fell upon many a face in that group of soldiers as the terrible messenger of death clave a passage through us, and passing by everything else went to its destination as unerringly as if sent by some invisible marksman.

TWO WOMEN OF THE PRESENT.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

THERE is nothing on earth more difficult than to draw truthful, and at the same time satisfactory and interesting, pen-pictures of one's personal friends. To depict virtues without flattery, to touch upon faults without offense, is almost an impossibility. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are personal friends of the writer, and to her the dearest and best of the sex they have striven so long and so successfully to benefit.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

This woman is a stumbling-block and rock of offense to many of the opponents not only of Woman's Suffrage, but of women's rights in general. Certainly she fails to fill their idea of a "strong-minded woman," which is a being deficient in all the gentler and more tender qualities of her sex. The fact is, Mrs. Stanton has that rare mixture of masculine and feminine traits which when possessed by a man is called genius! but which in a woman is not apt to be dignified by the critics with so complimentary a name.

"Don't talk to me about Mrs. Stanton," said a hard-headed, hard-hearted man of the world not long since, who boasts that his wife is quite as much his property as the horse, dog, or establishment he had bought with an *inherited* fortune. "A woman who will go roaring round the country in the style she does, can not be possessed of the least womanliness or love for her children. She has children, I hear?"

"Yes, *sir*, *seven* of them," we replied proudly, and with a little sniffing of the air, which in a farmer's horse would be called "fractious."

"What kind of children are they?"

"They will not suffer by comparison with yours," was the rather curt reply.

"I have a genuine horror," he continued, "of females who are not domestic. My idea of a perfect woman, nobly planned, is a pleasant face, a bright eye, a graceful figure with a good sized waist, arrayed in clean, well-fitting calico set off by spotless linen—with a broom in her hands."

For the edification of this man, and that of the world at large, allow me to say that Mrs.

Stanton has a pleasant face, a good figure, a sizable waist — sometimes wears calico, with the immaculate adornments he has a liking for, and is said to be as thorough and systematic a "sweepist" as she is "talkist."

Let us imagine an old fogy of the most fossilized sort being persuaded to listen to one of this lady's lectures. He walks into the hall, under protest of course, and is fully prepared to be disgusted and repelled by a bony, hard-featured, defiant woman whose every look will be a thrust, and every word and gesture an offense to his ideal of what is ladylike and becoming. As he sits awaiting with prophetic dread the entrance of this virago, behold a plump rosy woman, apparently about forty-five years of age, comes with gentle dignity to the front of the platform; a woman whose every look and gesture proclaims her "to the manner born"—whose natural pride in the good blood she bears in her veins gives her a dignity and queenly presence that many a taller woman might envy; a lady with handsome, round, regular features, a winning smile, and a beautifully-shaped head crowned with curls of snowy white; nothing about her but her earnest, steady, keen eyes to show that she is strong-minded. Our fossil is first amazed—next bewildered—then fascinated—then convinced—not exactly of the doctrine of woman's suffrage, perhaps—but at any rate that a woman to be an advocate of that doctrine need neither be a fright nor a fury.

Intellectually, Mrs. Stanton is sharp and clear, cutting with Alexandrian sword through the hard knots of argument that many men waste so much time and patience in untying. But the sharpness does not in the least infect her manner, that is rounded, and softened, and polished to a degree rare even among women who are acknowledged "*reines du salon.*" Although her mind is what is generally called masculine, there is nothing in the least mannish about her; in her speech, gestures, general appearance, and dress she is only pure womanly. She is what we might imagine one of the old Roman matrons to be—Cornelia, for instance.

About her lecturing there is a sure magnetism; she takes captive her audience, not by her reasoning and dignified speech alone, though both are rare, but by her actual presence as well, so much so, indeed, that she would doubtless possess the lawyer-like power of convincing an audience of what she was not entirely convinced herself.

Mrs. Stanton is a natural diplomat, and as President of this Republic she would never fail for want of executive and manipulating power.

Socially, this lady is even more pleasing than on the platform. Her lively sallies, sharpened by a wit that flickers like heat lightning through her conversation, making it brilliant without being scorching, have made converts to the cause of woman's suffrage from among a social class which its sterner and more rigid advocates could never reach. As she informed a recent audience, she has been married thirty years, during which her quiver has been gradually filled with fine sons and daughters. To be a mother of sons, is a blessing to a strong-minded woman. It naturally modifies her judgment of a sex to which her theories place her in an antagonistic position. It has had this effect upon Mrs. Stanton by her own confession.

There has been considerable fault found with this lady's management of her children. Her boys were allowed to jump, and shout, climb fences and trees, tear their clothes, stub their toes, and bark their shins, without the least reproof from their mother. The girls were actually driven out to walk and run, and were even allowed the privilege of jumping and climbing fences with their brothers. It is said that a New York landlord, whose house the Stantons occupied for some time, determined on several occasions to invite Mrs. Stanton to find other premises. It was extremely aggravating, when he called, to see the boys coming down stairs, one after another, astride the banisters, and to hear the girls on the second floor executing a double shuffle, while the glasses on the elaborate chandeliers shook and rattled in apparent sympathy.

"I will not let this opportunity pass," he would say to himself; "this family must find other quarters. But," to use his own words, "just then Mrs. Stanton would come in smiling, and extend her plump little hand, comment upon the day, the general news, and make herself so agreeable, that upon my honor I hadn't the heart to say a word. Sometimes she would remark, when a bang and a whoop somewhat more startling than the preceding noises would issue from the stair-way or room above, 'What a noise those children are making! but they do take so much comfort, Mr. ——.' What *could* a man do under such circumstances? She made me respect her, for I knew that those children were not instructed to deceive me. There was no slinking into corners because the landlord had called."

Mrs. Stanton's writings are characterized by

the same logical force and clearness, the same *esprit*, and the same choice and dignified diction. As editor of the *Revolution*, she has exerted a great influence over public opinion, the spicy little sheet having created no little consternation in the camp of the ultra-conservatives.

There may be a little too much of the "gay Greek" in the reckless way in which she overrides all criticism, and insists upon woman's right to do whatever she pleases, even to violating the rules of grammar, because she had no hand in making them; but if she is a little excessive in her claims, her manner of making them is so sparkling and graceful that she will be readily forgiven. There is a slight inconsistency about her in one respect, as there is indeed about most persons. With all her professed irreverence for prerogatives, she is not entirely democratic, the most hateful of aristocracies to her being that of sex.

As a wife, Mrs. Stanton, like another wife to whom reference is often made, is above suspicion, although her advocacy of the right of uncongenial married partners to divorce has caused the unjust aspersion that she is a free lover. Indeed, that term is becoming exceedingly comprehensive nowadays, and would include, according to many, all women who claim in any degree the right of self-protection from abusive husbands. On this subject Mrs. Stanton is more than eloquent. It is safe to predicate that the remainder of her days will be more blessed, if possible, than those that have preceded them, on account of the peculiar sacredness of her future work. She sees with that accurate, straightforward, far-seeing vision which has always characterized her judgment, that the political rights of her sex are almost won. She has piloted the bark of woman's suffrage into calm and easy sailing, and can now intrust the helm to the hands and brains she has so successfully educated, while she seeks this new avenue of labor—the education of wives, and the alteration of our divorce laws.

Mrs. Stanton is as resolute and independent as she is brilliant and logical. When asked on one occasion by a person whose conscience was in rather a fussy condition, how she could consent to receive money from George Francis Train for the purpose of carrying on the *Revolution*, she replied: "Mr. Train, in my estimation, is much purer than many men who abuse him. He may be fanatical in some respects, but as far as I know, he is an honest man. Still, that is neither here nor there. If the Prince of Darkness himself should come to me and say, 'Mrs. Stanton, here is money which you may devote, if you please, to the enfranchisement of woman,' I should say, 'Devil, I thank you.'"

As a mother, Mrs. Stanton is wise, thoughtful, and loving, and is like Solomon's wise woman in looking to the ways of her household. Whether she knows how to darn stockings, that most highly lauded and strictly exacted of feminine accomplishments, is a question that must be left to the imagination of the reader, for concerning this point the writer is not informed. In the words of the immortal Rip, "Here's to her health, and her family's! May they live long, and prosper!'"

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Some one lately made the remark that Susan B. Anthony was the other half of Mrs. Stanton. This is true, and not true. True, inasmuch as these women undoubtedly in many respects supplement each other; not true, inasmuch as either of them has quite enough of individuality to stand alone. To those who have not seen Susan, let us venture a description of this often-wounded and well-scarred but invincible veteran in the cause of her own sex. It has been said of her by some that she is unwomanly, and that her aggressiveness in the cause to which she has devoted her life proceeds from a naturally belligerent taste. Those who know the dear woman best will indignantly scout the accusation. She has, as it were, adopted all womanhood as her child, and fights for it as naturally and unselfishly as the lioness fights for her young. There is not a selfish fiber in Susan's body, nor a selfish thought in her heart. Her devotion is as entire and as oblivious of all personal reward as that of any human being who ever lived.

You who are sitting by my side in the lecture-room, tell me that you have never seen her. Well, then, here she comes—this woman with the earnest business face, peering unpretentiously but eagerly through her eyeglasses, as if in search of the one jewel it has been the object of her life to find, namely, justice and equal rights with men for her own sex. You notice that though the smooth bands of brown hair on each side of her face are as yet unfrosted, there are lines of care and suffering there. These, my friend, are her scars, more honorable to her than the smoothest, rosiest cheek and whitest brow to its possessor. You notice, too, that she is plainly, almost negligently, dressed; that she affects no particular amenities of manner; that she is di-

rect, straightforward, downright in all she does or says. She plunges into her subject with quaint, unstudied earnestness. Even her wit —and she is by no means destitute of that quality, though genuine and of the first water —is not polished and rich like that of Mrs Stanton, and seems to be a sort of surprise even to herself. And yet your laughter, when you shall respond to it, will seem to come from a deeper, heartier source than that which you accord to her more brilliant coadjutor. It is as though you had suddenly come upon a valuable diamond in the rough, and you feel it to be the more real from that very fact.

Susan's earnestness and impetuosity sometimes make her blind, but never squint-eyed. She may not see but one point at a time in her excess of zeal, but she always sees it straight. Hers is not one of those clear heads that can arrange and plan a complicated scheme without confusion to itself; in keeping many irons in the fire she would get burnt occasionally. But this would not prevent her keeping them in still. She will carry her point by sheer dint of a perseverance that is indomitable. Should she become badly scorched in any enterprise, she will show the fester alike to friend and enemy, and say, "I got that by such a performance. I shall try another plan."

The expression of Trollope's old brickmaker, "Its dogged that does it," was never more applicable to any one than to her.

As you sit here watching her really handsome face, you will see how she has resolutely seared herself to this very doggedness of purpose. If you are a physiognomist you will observe that that face is not indicative of a heart naturally indifferent to love and sympathy. There is suppressed yearning in it—that heart has felt all woman's craving for the tender things of life—and there has been a remorseless hand laid upon it—crushing it down—a hand that said, "In order that I may work, you must cease to plead."

The German woman, who after looking round at all the women's faces in the car she was leaving, to find a safe temporary nurse for her baby, proved herself a good judge of character when she chose Susan for that office. Susan has probably not a "gift" toward babies. It is scarcely possible to imagine that she ever uttered a word of baby-talk in her life. It would not even seem that in her theory of the universe they form at all an important part. But this has grown out of her entire devotion to one idea. There are infinite possibilities of motherhood in Susan's face—possibilities that indeed have become facts since, as before remarked, she has adopted as her child the woman of the nineteenth century.

Susan has been called an egotist. If to know that she is the hardest-working woman in the cause for twenty years, and to say so for the purpose of stirring up the minds of her supiner sisters be a proof of egotism, so be it. It will little reck to Susan what you call her, so long as she is able to reap any fruit of her labor, or even see promise of harvest.

But our idea of egotism is something vastly different from the simple self-abnegating zeal with which this woman uses herself as an instrument toward the accomplishment of the cause to which she is devoted. The ubiquity of Susan is proverbial. Wherever anything is to be done for women, there is she in the midst of them, inspiring them with new courage, applying the wholesome lash of reproof if necessary, and setting things generally in running order. You want to see her on business—go to her office in the *Revolution* building. She was here yesterday; to-day she has gone to Boston, Chicago, or Kansas even, to attend a convention of some kind.

You never would suppose, you say, that we women could endure so much. She is seldom so wicked as to be fatigued or have a headache or nerves like other women. Oh, no; she has no time for such nonsense. Her heaven is not one of rest, but of activity, to the verge of what would be distraction to most women.

In her devotion to the cause of one sex, is she unjust to the other?

Perhaps so. It would be rather remarkable if she were not. She has been snubbed, abused, hooted at, ridiculed by the sex that professes to hold all womanhood in honor. We think that she has a strong element of justice in her nature, and is able not only to see but to give credit to any generosity she may have experienced at men's hands.

Susan's worst enemies, it is painful to say, are women. There are one or more who, believing that slander would accomplish their purpose, viz., the dethronement in public estimation of this noble woman, have been unscrupulous in their defamations. But, thank God, they have utterly failed, and have brought down upon their own heads the disgrace they planned for hers. There is nothing more characteristic of Susan, nothing that shows in a more amusing light her utter inconsequence as to side issues, when an object is to be gained, than the headlong way in which she manages finances. If money is needed, money must be

raised somehow, and whoever gives it is her angel for the nonce. Though Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony work well in harness, there is little similarity between them. Both are earnest workers for one cause it is true, but their modes are different.

Mrs. Stanton seeks the goal with calm and stately steps, in which there is a cheerful alacrity, which does not prevent her from plucking a flower here and there by the roadside; while Susan, her eye on the distance, pauses not by the way, but plunges on regardless of briers or roses. For long weary years this glorious woman has fought the good fight of woman's enfranchisement, and to her, more than to any other, or all others, is present success attributable. She fought for higher wages for women, contended that for work performed as well, they should receive equal pay with men. She has done more than any or all others to secure to women honorable and lucrative positions in printing and editorial offices, and as type-setters, proof-readers, and reporters. Susan cleared the track for a woman's rights newspaper, and after torture and abuse sufficient to kill a dozen ordinary women, she succeeded in establishing it; and now, to promote its success, she has proved the unselfishness of her nature by resigning it to others, whom she knows possess the necessary means to make it a paying as well as an interesting and instructive journal.

Susan never was called a poetess, and yet there is both poetry and pathos embodied in her good-bye to the *Revolution*. "I feel," said she, "as a fond mother must after having bound out a pet child she was unable to support."

Was there anything ever written in the English language equal to this in power and aptness of expression? The *Revolution* was Susan's baby—as dear to the precious old maid as was ever infant cherub to the heart of its mother. She has bound out her darling. God grant that both mother and child may do well!

The woman of the nineteenth century is

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Rebels and foes may snatch at her crown, but her points of character, her integrity of purpose, her wonderful devotion to the sacred cause of womanhood, will keep the diadem secure; and to her in coming ages will be ascribed the words—

WOMAN'S DELIVERER.

MY NEIGHBORS.

BY PERIWINKLE.

[CONCLUDED.

AFTER the lapse of a few days I learned that the apartment had been hired by an artist, a young man of slight figure and quiet, gentlemanly appearance whom I had encountered once or twice on the stairs, and whom I made it in my way to visit soon afterward. I can recall now the interest his face awakened in me, that pale face, with its high, broad forehead and dark, thoughtful eyes, and that habitual expression of sadness, as if some old grief had cast its shadow over a whole lifetime.

This young man and myself soon became fast friends, in spite of the disparity in our years, and in reviewing the circumstance of our friendship I can not tell what feature in his character most merited my regard; whether his piety and moral worth, or his mental culture and depth of thought beyond his years, or his lively fancy, engaging manners, and childlike simplicity of heart. But with all these estimable qualities, and with ability in his vocation the artist was guilty of a perpetual sin against society—he was poor. Now I have enemies who may be base enough to attempt to ruin my character by asserting that I felt more interest in this young man on account of his poverty, and they may pelt my conduct with such abstractions as "sympathy," "benevolence," and the like rubbish, and accuse me of quoting the maudlin line

A man's a man for a' that,"

thus seeking to place my views in antagonism with time-honored, world-wide doctrine; but I warn all such to beware how they render themselves liable to an action for slander.

But to return to the story. I was a frequent visitor at the artist's room, and when I saw the assiduity with which he wrought, and the cheery, hopeful spirit he manifested, I could but respect him. Sometimes his wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, would come tripping up the stairs and open the door softly, and then his countenance would light up, as if she brought sunshine on her innocent, girlish face, and long after I had withdrawn I

could hear her merry, chirping voice filling that dim chamber with gladness.

There was one thing that puzzled me when I thought of my neighbor, and that was the tinge of sadness on his countenance, which I fancied must be something superadded to his ordinary cares. But of his personal history he said little, merely casually mentioning once that he had no parents living, and that his wife was also an orphan; and when I thought of these two friendless young creatures straying hand in hand through this unpitying world, really my heart warmed with something like paternal feeling toward them. One day, after we had been neighbors for several months, as I was about stepping out of my room I heard the sound of voices on the landing, and when I opened my door the speakers were so much engaged that they did not notice my appearance.

In the open doorway stood the artist, and facing him was a young man whose handsome features bore marks of dissipation, and who appeared to be partially intoxicated. Just as I stepped out I heard the stranger say to the other, "You lie! you have got money, but you won't give it to me!" and then raising a stick he held in his hand, he struck him a heavy blow on the forehead. How it went to my heart to see a wicked hand raised to smite that pale, suffering brow! I rushed forward just in time to prevent him from falling to the floor, and the assailant seeing me turned and fled. How the fatherly feeling came over me, as I led the sufferer to a seat and stanched the blood that was flowing from the wound.

"My poor boy," said I, the words escaping me involuntarily, "tell me what does this mean."

"Not now," said he, "some other time;" and then he covered his face with his hands and began to weep.

I went out and busied myself in procuring a carriage, and soon had him conveyed to his home. The next day the artist's room was closed, and the next, and the afternoon of the second found me on my way to his humble residence on the outskirts of the city. On my arrival, I was admitted by the young wife, who informed me that her husband was dangerously ill, that the physician whom they called in had pronounced his wound a slight one, but from the shock to his system, which was somewhat debilitated, he feared a fever might supervene. Then I received an explanation of the affair I had witnessed.

I heard that some years previous to this the artist had been left with a widowed mother and a younger brother dependent on his exertions for support. This brother, then a fine, handsome lad, had been an object of especial solicitude to him, and he had spared no pains and self-denial in order to afford him whatever would be conducive to his happiness. But alas! his affection was ill requited, for the youth on growing to early manhood had fallen into evil courses, and had gone on step by step in vice, until he had become utterly worthless and abandoned, and his conduct had broken his mother's heart and hurried her to the grave. This young man it was who had committed the assault, and my informant continued, "He wouldn't have refused to give him the money he demanded, but it was an impossibility, as he had expended almost his last dollar the day previous in paying a fine to save his miserable brother from imprisonment."

As I was about to leave I took out a sum of money and tendered her, saying, "I have engaged your husband to paint a pair of pictures for me, and as I have reserved this money for them, will you accept the payment in advance?" I must have been very awkward, for the flush of honest pride that burned on her cheek told me that she detected the ruse. Then came a struggle, and she sank down on a seat and burst into tears. "Dear me!" thought I, "how perplexing!" and laying the money on a table, I made a hasty retreat.

The next time I called I found the worst apprehensions realized, and the patient was in the delirium of a fever. Many weeks of illness ensued, during which I visited the sufferer frequently, and at last, one calm Sabbath afternoon, I set out for the house, not without some apprehensions that this might be my last visit. On arriving I was informed by the person who admitted me that the fever had left the patient in such an exhausted state that he could not possibly recover, and a short time previous he had fallen into a slumber, from which it was doubtful if he ever awoke. I stole softly upstairs to the chamber, where by the bedside sat the young wife, holding one of the sick man's hands in her own, and as I stooped to look at him she whispered, "I am glad you have come, for he expressed a wish to see you before he died, and perhaps he will awake."

I took my position by the bedside and waited in the hush of that silent chamber. Over the bed hung a print of Christ calling little children—a picture that I never see without thinking of a little golden-haired girl that we laid to rest long ago, on a bright May day, when the children we saw in the streets all

seemed to be bringing garlands to lay on her grave. Yes, twenty May days ago, for so I compute the time, a little child went to sleep among the flowers.

The yellow sunlight streamed through an open window overhung by a vine, that made shadowy leaves on the wall and the picture; and as they moved to and fro, I thought of a multitude waving branches of palm and shouting Hosanna!

As I stood musing thus the sick man awoke, and on seeing me his eyes assumed a momentary brightness. Reaching forth his wasted hand to me he essayed to speak. I took his hand and bent down to listen, but the words died away on his lips. Then slowly and with an effort, as if groping in the dark, he raised the passive hand of his wife and placed it in mine; and thus, clinging to his only earthly friends, the poor artist closed his eyes forever.

A breath of wind swept past the casement, the shadowy leaves were lifted from the picture on the wall, and as I raised my eyes to where the sudden flash illumined the inscription, making it seem as if the words were spoken with a smile, I read,

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Many people thought it very odd when a young woman, and a stranger, was adopted into my household, but I am happy to state that by the help of good constitutions these quidnuncs have survived their anxiety.

Sometimes when I am sitting in my little library room, I hear a light step on the stairs, and a voice says, "Uncle, the chaise is ready," and then my adopted niece and I ride out to a pleasant cemetery, in which I have a little inclosed lot, where rest side by side the little child who died long ago, and my poor friend; and as I stand by the spot where sleep the child in years and the child in heart, and watch the shadows of a silver maple playing upon the graves, I think again of waving palms, and where the sunlight falls on a little headstone, I read the words:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE INVISIBLE MONSTER.

A VERACIOUS GHOST STORY.

IT finally drove me from Paris. It was too terrible to endure. Why it should have happened to me—Jonathan Selveridge, banker, of the city of New York—is yet an insoluble mystery.

I am not an imaginative man, and am, I think, far from being a timid one. And still that incomprehensible thing absolutely forced me to change my lodgings twice in Paris, and ultimately to quit the city of ease and luxury.

A man in business from his youth upward doesn't reach the age of seven-and-forty without having most of what the sage Mantilini would call "demnition nonsense" taken out of him. Moreover, I am troubled less, perhaps, than my kind generally, with uncomfortable fancies.

Toward the latter part of last May I decided to go abroad for a time, for no other reason than that there was nothing whatever to keep me at home. I passed the summer and early fall in Germany, Switzerland, and upper Italy, and arrived in Paris toward the end of September, intending to make it my residence for the winter. Determining at once to go into lodgings, and desiring to be quietly situated, I selected *apartements* in the Rue Monsieur le Prince.

Returning to my rooms one night after an evening at the Grand Opera, I walked leisurely up two flights of stairs and up the third also, my chambers being on the fourth floor. At the landing of the last staircase I was stopped—stopped suddenly, abruptly, as if a door had been shut in my face. At first I thought some one was standing in the way, and that I had involuntarily paused while my mind was upon something else; so I stepped aside and endeavored to proceed. I could not. Something prevented me. I began to grow numb, while I snatched a match-safe from my pocket and struck a light. Nothing visible was there. The long corridor was wholly empty, with no sign of human presence save a faint line of light under a neighboring door. My breath grew thick, almost strangling me. As suddenly as it had come, the thing, invisible, intangible, departed, and I hurried to my own bedroom.

Once locked in and the candles lighted, I dropped into an easy chair to reflect on the strange occurrence. It was something utterly beyond an explanation. It was plainly not the result of a mental illusion, for my mind had been absorbed in the remembrance of the opera, and I had been humming an air as I came up stairs. I am no believer in Spiritual-

ism, mainly, perhaps, from never having witnessed any of the so-called manifestations; and I am an absolute disbeliever in ghosts. Yet I had been stopped, and forced to pause against my will, by an impalpable presence which I felt without seeing.

I blew out the tapers and went to bed, hoping that sleep would drive the painful circumstance from my mind. But I could not sleep. At times the absurdity of a man of my years and quiet habits being the subject of a spiritual visitation made me laugh heartily; but again the idea that an unseen power had controlled my will, despite my effort to the contrary, gave me at least a peculiar sensation.

Rolling and tossing about,—falling, at last, into an unrestful slumber,—I waked in the morning with a nervous headache. Seeking the cause, and remembering my experience of the previous evening, I determined to call upon the proprietress of the house, ostensibly to pay the rental of my apartments, really to make inquiries regarding any legends or ghost-stories that might exist in connection with the establishment. Without result. She had been there but a few months, and evidently the place in her estimation was but an ordinary domicil. I despised myself for the hold the trifling affair had taken upon me. It was nothing—a mere accident—I repeated in my own ears a hundred times. Still I couldn't get rid of it. I rarely crossed the staircase landing without thinking of it. Finally it disturbed me so much that I left the house and engaged rooms at one of the smaller hotels in the Rue Saint Honoré.

The circumstance soon passed from my recollection.

One night I lay on the bed reading. The book was Carlyle's "French Revolution;" and I had been wondering whether, in case the mutterings of discontent which were then trembling along the undercurrents of Paris should break out into open rebellion, I should leave the city or see it through; when I felt the same numbing sensation, the lack of vitality, which had seized me on the memorable night I have mentioned. This time it was tenfold stronger. There seemed to be something proceeding from the closet on the opposite side of the room. The candles were still lighted, the fire burned brightly; still I could see nothing. I was only conscious of a terrible oppression as if some heavy substance were bearing down on my breast and crushing out my life. Instinctively I struggled to a sitting posture. I tried to unfasten my collar. My hands refused to obey my brain. I felt if I relaxed my will for a single instant, that I should die. Suddenly it had come; suddenly it went. I fell back in a profuse perspiration. The candles still sputtered in their sticks, the fire still blazed. I had not been asleep. I glanced at the clock as I had done just before the manifestation; but a single minute had passed; it seemed like a thousand years. I sprang up and flung wide the closet door. There was nothing in it but my own wardrobe. I was perfectly assured of that before I opened it. My ghost was totally invisible, and that was the horror of it. I was willing to deal with any number of mortals or any visible enemy; but to be followed by a being without a being was more than weak humanity could endure.

The next day I left Paris. I ran over to London, wandering about there restless and discontented. Fate drew me back. I returned to the French capital on business, and staid at the Grand Hôtel, determining that if society could exorcise the specter, never to be alone.

A few days of peace quieted my nerves; for I was beginning to discover that I had those troublesome possessions. My mind had been much exercised on the subject, more especially as I had not mentioned the experiences to any acquaintance. Though unadmitted to myself, I was a little ashamed to acknowledge to others that I had thought so continually of it. But when a quiet man has a sensation he is apt to dwell upon it.

On the evening of the ninth of November I played several games of chess with a friend and fellow-boarder in his room. About half-past eleven I retired to my chamber, and immediately disrobing went to bed. Soon after the little clock on the mantlepiece struck twelve, and as I lay counting the strokes, I became aware of the same singular, bodiless presence that had visited me, I had almost said attacked me, twice before. I remembered for the first time that both the former occurrences had taken place about the same hour. Had midnight, then, its reputed magic power of calling forth ghosts from their graves and spirits from the other world?

Again the sensation of stifling, the intense strain of mind and body. I managed to get out of bed,—to stand erect. My brain seemed to tell me to try to cope with it bodily. I felt as if by struggling forward I could drive it back. With every nerve tense I essayed to crush out the unseen thing. I grew colder, with the tingling sensation in my veins that

precedes the numbness of freezing. I knew it was a question of strength between it and me. The master would absolutely control the slave. The room seemed to grow colder and colder. Each step I took forward froze my blood as if I were clearing my way through an iceberg. Every breath I drew could be plainly heard. I thought I must be dying of cold. Gradually the dull drowsiness that precedes the fatal sleep took possession of my senses. My head sank on my breast. My eyes were like lead There was a strange ringing in my ears as there is in those of a drowning man. My limbs refused their office. I had a sense of stumbling first, and then of floating off as if my body had been volatilized. The tingling sensation, the difficulty of respiration, the ringing sound were gone. They were succeeded by a soft, almost delicious languor. I yielded to it instinctively, and soon an oblivion so complete and sweet stole over me that I remember dimly I wished I might never think or remember again. I lay upon the floor in absolute unconsciousness till the next day at noon, when I seemed to awake from a dreamless sleep. At first I could recollect nothing of the previous night, and greatly wondered at my position. But I soon remembered all, and became painfully aware of a soreness of my flesh and an aching of my bones. I know not whether they were caused by my nervous efforts in the struggle, or by my fall and sleeping so exposed for twelve hours.

Paris was agony for me. The dread thing poisoned all its pleasures. I determined to return to America. If I was to be haunted, pursued by an unghostly ghost, I preferred it should be there.

Since my arrival I have attended numerous *séances*, made countless inquiries among believers in what is called Spiritualism, but have found no hypothesis on which to base an explanation of the phenomena.

I give no opinion, for I have none to give.

I live in constant dread of another visitation. I am willing to admit that I am physically and mentally afraid of it. What is it, what can it be? Who can tell me? I would give all I am worth and twenty years of life to know.

PASTOR'S WIVES vs. BURGLARS.

BY C. H. REQUA

WE are blessed with a noble pastor, whom we of course love very dearly. He has labored long and earnestly among a "disobedient and gainsaying people" at the expense of his physical strength. So obvious became this fact that the official brethren recently waited on him and urged him to take a vacation, which he finally concluded to do. He is blest with a good wife, whose misfortune it is to be of a nervous temperament, which rendered her singularly apprehensive of burglars during her husband's absence unless there was a man in the house. The writer, ascertaining the state of affairs, volunteered to play the part of "peeler,"—which is slangology for watchman—and faithfully patrol the parsonage, yard, fences, appertaining thereto, etc.; which comprehensive term includes the roofs of the neighboring houses. The good lady felt more at ease after such a promise, for if she doubted my invincibility, she placed implicit faith in my revolver. The first few nights were calm and pleasant, and nothing occurred to disturb our repose. But March is a treacherous month (I think I shall skip it next year), and on the third night and part of the following morning old Boreas began to "swap" shutters throughout the neighborhood. Ours alighted in old Brown's yard, and his flopped into ours. His were not worth the blowing down—ours were; therefore we'll "render unto Cæsar"—his name is Patrick, but that don't matter—"the kindling wood that is Cæsar's," provided he will bring ours back, "prove property," etc. Now imagination had but little to stretch in order to conjure up a fellow at the back door, or footsteps in the dining-room. I had no idea it was going to blow so hard, and therefore slept very soundly; much more so, in fact, than common, which was doubtless owing to a deprivation of my wonted rest through sickness on the night previous, and the broom handle had nearly perforated the ceiling ere I was aware that I was the individual referred to in the yell, "Mr. Requa, Mr. Requa! come down quick and shoot a burglar." So heartrending was the cry that I thought surely a robber was below waiting for me. "Aye, aye!" bawled I. (*Fortissimo.*) "Hope to gracious they go before I get there!" (*Pianissimo.*) I don't like burglars, I never did. I believe that "evil commu-

nications corrupt good manners," and give them as wide a berth as possible. Nevertheless, when they call on me, the least I can do is to go down and—shoot them; so I sprang up hastily, donned my coat for my pants and *vice versa*, ignored my vest, elevated my hair, scrambled into one boot, and dragged the other on as I tumbled down stairs with teeth and trigger clicking simultaneously. Lest some one be tempted to accuse me of cowardice, I would again call attention to the blustering wind, a powerful draft of which coming through a keyhole counteracted the heat of the furnace; furthermore, I had precious few garments on, and mighty little of them, as my haste had made them "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." The quaking domestic met me at her mistress' door, or rather she thrust one arm and a light out, after which she quickly shut and bolted it, and gave directions on the key of B flat through the keyhole. This "handwriting-on-the-wall" business I confess I didn't like. It really looked as if they were afraid, and did more toward shaking my nerves than anything else. However, I rose with the occasion, and murmuring

"On, Stanley, on!
'Go' for 'em, Marmion!"

or "Had I the wings of a dove," I forget now which, I burst suddenly into the back parlor, tumbled over a chair, and found myself the sole occupant of the room. I would here state that the light went on one side of the chair, and my revolver and self on the other; we kept together for safety. Setting my barked shins once more in motion, I strode through one room after another with rather more caution than I had used in the first, and without further mishap (save an inadvertent application of my elbow to the keyboard of the open piano, which promptly responded to the touch, producing a sound which for *volume* will never be equaled), until I had patrolled my "beat" several times. Whoever intruded had vanished before I could catch him, and, strange to say, bolted the doors after him. *Veni! Vidi!! Vici!!!*

FIVE GLIMPSES OF A WESTERN EDITOR.

BY W. H. BABCOCK.

COLONEL JOHN WILDER, recently shot and killed by one James Hutchison in Kansas City, is the subject of this article. He was a man of rare ability, perhaps the foremost editor of the border, and a man who served his country faithfully in war and sustained in peace his principles with moderation. Therefore, now that he is deceased, I think he deserves some more lasting memorial than a newspaper notice. Besides, in these glimpses I am sketching not merely him, but representatively a large and valuable class of men, from as many different stand-points and under as many different circumstances.

On the first occasion I entered his office in company with a friend in search of employment. We found him seated at a table, surrounded by scores of half-clipped exchanges, and doubtless quite busy, but nevertheless very urbane. There was a frankness and evident fellow-feeling in his manner such as is seldom met with. In person he was thin of face and slight of figure; his age probably did not exceed thirty-three, and he wore a plain business suit. There was a total absence of all pretense in his manner, and yet he was obviously wanting neither in self-esteem nor ambition. "I came out, gentlemen," said he, "just as you have done, to practice law, but concluded, as you say, that the profession was overcrowded here, and turned editor instead. If you have any money, as I don't know that you have, you had better buy real estate with it in some growing town of moderate size. If I had done that, I should be a wealthy man now, and in Congress besides. I have no reason to complain, though, for I have done pretty well. No doubt I shall get around to that by-and-by." As we passed out, after a pleasant and exhilarating chat, I could not but reflect that if he ever attained the eminence for which he seemed to long, it would not be through the prestige of an imposing appearance.

A week or more had elapsed. It was the evening of my first day's work as temporary local editor of the journal. Some one said a fire had just occurred up town. At once I started to learn the particulars. Almost the first figure I encountered on arriving at the scene of excitement was the Colonel, almost disguised in a dingy old cap and disreputable-looking clothes, fit only for slopping through the mud. He was busy "taking the item," but readily turned the notes over to my keeping. He evidently was not afraid of appearances, and believed in seeing that the work

of the paper was all well done, if he had to do it himself.

A fortnight or so went by, and I saw him in another place. On the previous night I had been detained (by no fault of mine) in making a report before the hour of going to press. Somehow the matter had been misrepresented to him; and, in common with other attachés of the establishment, I reaped a good share of blame. As soon as I entered the office, I noticed that his face, usually impassible, wore a harsh and vexed expression; and with the remark, "How do you like that?" he laid before me my report, headed by some not very complimentary allusions to certain parties unnamed. I tried to explain, but he would listen to no explanation. Some words ensued between us, when I pronounced the implication false if it referred to me; and he, seeming to think from my earnestness that perhaps I was right, checked his anger and retired to his sanctum. When we next met I had little difficulty in convincing him of his mistake.

I saw him for a fourth time in church, dressed as he seldom dressed on ordinary occasions, and looking the highly-bred gentleman to perfection. I had my own reasons for not believing him to be very devout; yet not once did I observe his attention distracted from service or sermon. I could not but admire the decorum and dignity of character that produced a semblance of reverence which even devotion does not always create.

The fifth scene closes his life drama. As I was sitting in the office of the city attorney (being, with a friend, engaged in performing the duties of that position during the absence of the incumbent), I heard a pistol discharged apparently in the street near by, and rushed through the recorder's office into the hall of the court-house. There, staggering up from the southern end was Wilder, his face contorted with pain, his hands clasped over his side, and his body half bent. As I opened the door, he glanced up and exclaimed, "Oh, Babcock!" in accents of suffering. I took him in my arms and helped him into the office, on reaching which he dropped almost instantly. Doctors were sent for, post-haste, and friends gathered, but they could do nothing for the rapidly-failing man, who lay there upon the floor moaning with every breath, speechless and almost senseless. A few minutes more and even the moan ceased; then the eyes rolled in the socket; the pulse died away, and only a corpse remained where John Wilder had been.

QUITS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

I AM the victor, Philip May!
  You knew it the moment we met to-night.
You had not looked for such easy grace,
  For our parting left me crushed and white.
My lips were curved in a quiet smile—
  You had seen them stiffen with sudden pain—
Did you think as you searched my eyes, the while,
  Of the times they had looked for you in vain?

Did they tell you the story you hoped to read?
  —The tale of a lingering love for you;—
Why did you quail and falter so,
  'Neath the level ray of their frozen blue?
Why did you drop your faultless voice
  To the tender tone of the olden strain?
—You can not recall the early trust
  Whose delicate life by scorn was slain!

You're foiled for once, my king of hearts!
  Mine was too high to break for you.
I might have loved you long and well,
  Had I proved you noble and good and true.
But when I saw that the thing I loved
  Was not you, but my soul's Ideal,—
When I knew you selfish and hard and cold,—
  I had no fealty for the Real.

You are not my master any more!
  Your thrall of the olden time is free.
The broken wing of the bird is healed,
  And I scorn your pliant tongue and knee.

Have you forgotten your spoken words?
  I shall remember them till I die;—
My heart went down in the dust to you,
  And low in the dust you let it lie!

You have mistaken me all the while;
  I do not miss you, nor want you now!
The lesson you taught me is potent yet,
  Though it left no line on my open brow.
Clever player, of cunning touch,
  The chords are jangled and will not chime!
Well, are the throbs of a tortured heart
  Set to the flow of a pleasant rhyme?

But God, he knows that I had no hope
  Ever to lure you back again;
And the wish went out with the Long Ago,
  And never can come to me again.
How dared you dream you were dear to me?
  Or speak of things that you should forget?
I blush to think a kiss of yours
  Ever upon my mouth was set!

The love that I bore you, Philip May,
  Nearly killed me ere it died;
But one dark night the stubborn thing
  Was sternly stifled and pushed aside.
And the arms of a true love took in me,
  Whom you left to moan at your heart's shut door;
I'm clothed about with his tenderness,
  And wrapped from loneness, evermore!

CAPTURE OF HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

BY MAX VANDERBILT.

DURING the month of December, 1863, General Grant's headquarters (with which I was connected) were at Holly Springs. We had left La Grange, Tenn., and without any serious engagement reached Holly Springs. Establishing headquarters here, the troops were put in motion, and Pemberton driven from behind his works on the Tallahatchie. Oxford was occupied on the 8th of December, and the army pushed on to Water Valley. Our railroad communication was with Columbus, Ky., and Memphis, Tenn., a long line to protect and keep in repair, and one that afforded fine opportunities for the guerrilla band to seriously imperil our army by destroying the numerous bridges, or burning the trestle-work so common to this country. At each town, station, bridge, or trestle, troops were stationed. A little squad watched by a trestle during the day, and at night a company would be sent out as a reserve. A bridge was left to the watchfulness of a regiment perhaps; and Holly Springs, with its immense quantities of commissary and quarter-master stores, thousands of bales of cotton, the arsenal full of munitions of war, and General Grant's headquarters (where he had left everything except what was actually needed in the field), was left to the command of Col. M——, of the —th Wisconsin Volunteers. He had troops enough to hold it against thousands, if he had made the preparation that a loyal officer would have made.

General Grant and part of staff (and also his wife) had gone to Oxford, leaving a couple of staff officers, his clerks and one of his children at Holly Springs. General Van Dorn, at the head of a mere squadron of rebel cavalry, had passed around the flank of our army and was marching to Holly Springs. He knew perfectly well what was in the town, and how badly his half-starved and almost naked men needed the rations and comfortable clothing stored there. Col. M—— had been warned of Van Dorn's approach twenty-six hours before his arrival, by General Grant, and for reasons known only to himself he made no preparation for an attack. Van Dorn at the head of his cavalry rode into Holly Springs as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared, without the loss of a man or horse. As I had to join the General at Oxford that day, I had just arisen, when I heard an alarm on the street and the patter of many horses' feet. I told Capt. H——, with whom I roomed, to go to the front hall door and ascertain the cause of the alarm. Without putting anything on him but his under-clothing, and holding it with one hand, and rubbing his eyes with the other, he went to the door, and opening it was met with the morning salutation of "Surrender, you d—d Yankee." I waited for no such invitation, but made my escape to the stable in the rear, and threw a saddle and bridle on Surgeon M——'s horse, when I was joined by a clerk and one of the General's body-guard. Our plans were soon formed: we must escape to Oxford and inform the General. Fortune favored us, for we met no enemy. The rebels had ridden to the court square before they commenced to plunder, and we had time to escape to the Oxford road, and after a hard ride we entered Oxford in safety. General Grant's feelings can be better imagined than described when he was informed of the capture, and Mrs. Grant was anxious about the safety of her child. Thus Col. M—— permitted Van Dorn at the head of a mere squadron to capture this important post and destroy all its valuable stores, without striking a blow in its defense, or scarcely rising from his couch. He was cashiered, but should have been shot, together with Lt. Col. ——, who walked over to the enemy with sword and sash hanging to his traitorous body. General Van Dorn was not long in finding our headquarters, where he met Col. T. S. Bowers (since killed in a railroad accident), who was furnished an escort to conduct him to the "pen" that contained all the prisoners, cotton dealers, and sutlers. The clerks and others connected with headquarters took refuge in every place that offered any chance for concealment. One crawled under the house with a book under his arm, and fancied himself safe; but a close-observing Johnnie discovered him, and the gentle admonition of "Come out, you d—d Yank," brought him forth. Another, with an order book under his arm, took refuge over the well, on a board across the frame-work immediately over the mouth of the well, which was uncovered. He saw several rebs searching the outhouses, and one or two had come to the well and drank, yet he remained unnoticed. Finally one fellow, apparently more thirsty than his comrades, took the gourd that hung at the well and filled it with the cool water, and putting it to his lips, threw back his head to drain the last drop in the gourd, when his gaze met that of the scared clerk above him. The gourd dropped from his hand at the same in-

stant the record book dropped from the hands of the clerk, and both touched the water at the same time, full fifty feet down. Mr. Reb soon recovered from his surprise, and extended an invitation to "Yank" to accompany him to the "pen," where his fellow-clerks were waiting to receive him. Maj. ——, of the —th Illinois Cavalry, swore he would not surrender in such an inglorious manner, dashed through the rebel ranks at the head of forty men, and wheeling in the street cut his way back and escaped to La Grange, Tenn. General Van Dorn seated himself on the steps in front of headquarters, and amused himself by reading the papers as they were brought from the officers by his staff, and then consigned them to the flames. He paroled everybody, and left as he came, without any trouble. Next day General Grant sent him ten prisoners in exchange for those he captured, belonging to headquarters, and ordered all to resume their duties.

The cotton buyers, of whom there was a score, fell an easy victim to the merciless Johnnies, who made them "shell out" their greenbacks in a hurry. The rebs were seen riding in every direction, attired in new blue coats, blue pants, and blue caps, and greenbacks stuck in their bridles. A stranger arriving about that time would have supposed Uncle Sam had some jolly cavalrymen. Rebel hearts beat under those blue coats, and many a Union soldier was afterward deceived by those same blue clothes; thinking he had met a friend, he met a "Surrender, you are my prisoner!" General Rawlins (since Secretary of War), on his return from Oxford, ordered me to search th town for missing stationery, and other articles taken from the house. A great amount of stationery I found in the houses close by, and each one I asked where they obtained the article, replied that a servant had given it to them, and he had found it. Likely. That surrender cost the Government two millions of dollars, and proved Col. M—— a traitor.

WAS ST. PAUL A BACHELOR?

BY MRS. H. V. REED.

IT seems to be a pretty general impression that Paul was a bachelor, and many ladies of the present day have formed an opinion of him which is decidedly unfavorable.

Those who are strongly interested in the suffrage movement appear to be greatly exercised by his advice to woman, and disposed to rebel against it; but it must be that they who condemn him so rashly have not read *all* that he has written on the "Woman Question," and we protest against his being condemned unheard.

This article has been suggested by the words of a recent writer, who pitches into Paul without a bit of mercy, calling him an old bachelor and blaming men and women for ever believing in his instructions. Now, I am in favor of universal justice, and we women must always be careful not to condemn our friends.

I believe, and propose to show, that Paul was actually a married man, and a strong advocate of "Woman's Rights."

The Corinthian church had written to him for directions upon the subject of matrimony in a time of great persecution, and, *under the circumstances*, he seems to think that for the time being the unmarried had better remain so.

No candid mind can think for a moment that Paul intended to disapprove of God's ordinance. He gives directions for the greatest faithfulness and affection on the part of the married; but he says, "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows that it is good for them if they abide even as I." This is his advice—not by commandment, but by permission.

The word *unmarried* in the above text is *agamoi*, and applies to those who have lost their companions, and Belsham renders it "widowers." In this sense it is properly joined with *h'eera* (widow), hence the idea of the writer is plain.

Eusebius, Clement, and other historians speak of Paul as a married man, and according to the best historical evidence we can get, he was at the time of writing this epistle a *widower*.

And thus he remained true to his dead, and admonished other men who had lost their wives to pursue a similar course.

Is there anything very objectionable in this advice? If there is a woman in America who is particularly anxious for her husband to marry again after her death, we should like to see her.

The Apostle's "advice to wives," in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems to be very offensive to some because he admonishes them to *obedience*.

Husbands, however, are very fond of quoting it. If there is but one text in the Bible with which they are acquainted, it is that; but do you ever hear the twenty-fifth verse from masculine lips? Listen: "*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it.*" There, gentlemen, is your rule of conduct—don't forget, and, by the way, how do you like it? Oh, where is there a greater love than this? and what an exalted opinion Paul must have had of woman to deem her *worthy* of such affection! Rest assured that obedience will gladly follow a love like that.

When men are honest, loyal, and true—when they tenderly love and shield even at the sacrifice of self, then woman will "honor and obey" without any objections or regrets.

Don't look incredulous; some of us are blessed with just such husbands, and think we know how to appreciate them. You never hear this class complaining of rebellious wives.

If *all* men were what they should be, "Woman's Rights Conventions" would pass away forever, and wives would be too happy at home to ever seek the platform. Let those who are annoyed by these "manifestations" seek to abolish them by a radical improvement of the male sex.

But in the face of such advice as the above a lady writer says: "Though he might have understood the management of the women of Macedonia, he wasn't *quite up* to the womanly intellects of the nineteenth century."

My own impression is that Paul's method of domestic management is just what the "womanly intellects of the nineteenth century" would best appreciate and profit by, but what, alas, few of them are blessed with. Any woman would be satisfied with an affection like that, and if she wouldn't, why, she doesn't deserve any.

Let those who are troubled with unappreciative wives try Paul's recipe, and if this tender care and surpassing love does not win them back, they are made of very different material from the rest of womankind.

Again, the lady says: "In my opinion an old bachelor, whether he be saint, apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor or teacher, hasn't the slightest business *to express an opinion* in reference to other men's wives." Well, it is drawing the lines pretty close in these days of free speech if a man is not allowed to *express an opinion* because he isn't fortunate enough to have a wife. Is that to be the rule of action, or rather *inaction*, when women are candidates for office? To be sure, we are not willing for bachelors to criticise other men's wives very freely, nor shall we permit sharp-nosed old maids to find fault with our husbands, or prescribe rules for the management of our children. They may feed their canaries and train their cats and poodles as they please (provided of course the cats and poodles can stand it), but they can't manage our babies.

And if they haven't any room for the milk of human kindness in their veins, they needn't spend their time in whining about Paul's ideas of matrimony. His admonitions faithfully followed lead to the highest and purest happiness that mankind is capable of. He represents the husband as being the head of the family, and every man ought to be worthy of that position; then he exhorts him to "*Love his wife.*" Ah, yes, Paul, that is the keynote of true matrimony—this never-failing, never-changing love—that lives through storm and sunshine, through prosperity and adversity, always growing stronger as the years go by. Love which is founded upon mutual respect and the admiration of moral worth, will live when beauty is lost and vanity dead. Again, he says: "So ought men to love their wives *even as their own bodies.*" There's another test. How many can walk up to that without flinching?

Tobacco and whisky would be neglected sometimes if this advice were followed, for women *do* like to have their husbands *clean* and sober. How many men, think you, would tolerate a wife that chewed tobacco, or kiss a rosy mouth polluted with the filthy weed? No wonder men can't kiss each other!

Again, in the last verse of the chapter, the Apostle repeats his charge, to render it if possible more emphatic: "Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself, *and the wife see that she reverence her husband.*" We can't object to that. When man places himself upon the Bible pedestal, and shapes his conduct by the high standard that inspiration has given, woman will gladly reverence him.

No man who is truly worthy the affection of a noble woman is obliged to complain of a lack of respect on her part. Woman will reverence man if he will allow her to do so. She clings to him even in his vices; and if he filled the grand ideal of Paul, he would rejoice in a love and happiness of which very few of them have any conception.

Paul was one of the earliest advocates of "Woman's Rights;" he says, "There is neither male nor female, but ye are all *one* in Christ." There's equality for you—how can it be ex-

pressed more strongly? Because a woman is taught to respect her husband—because she was forbidden to *habitually* speak in public, or to interfere with matters which it was a man's business to attend to, it does not follow that when God fitted her for any work she was denied the privilege of using her gifts. Anna was allowed to prophesy in the temple as well as Simeon, and Paul commends several women for their efficiency in teaching the Word.

His prohibition of a woman's prophesying or praying with her head *uncovered* is certainly an acknowledgment of her right to do so under proper regulations. He does not claim that she is of less importance than man, but that she is and should be more modest, hence he desires her to be vailed, in accordance with the Oriental customs on appearing in public.

The Bible gives to woman a position of delicacy and also of dignity, while it admonishes her to act with becoming modesty and self-respect. Surely she must be very far "out of her sphere" who finds fault with its perfect consistency.

THE ELECTRIC POST.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

AND has it come to this at last? And is it the last? or the best? Solomon, Socrates, and Solon, what were the visions of your future, or your conceptions of human progress? You little red-nosed boys here in the street, trooping tippeted to school with books belted to your sides like cartridge-boxes, what are your notions of the opening years of the next century, when you shall be middle-aged fathers of just such looking boys as you are now? Have you any idea of the facts you will have laid up in your memory and experience when you shall have come to that age? Just go and make a bow to that old man at his barrow, and ask him what he can remember since he was just such another boy—what about books, and schools, and newspapers, ships, and railways, and letters sent and received by post. He will tell you at seventy many things that you may tell to boys in your day when you come to his age.

THE ELECTRIC POST! What ages of progress are multiplied into the measure of these three words! In King David's time, men who ran on foot were the swiftest postmen known in the world; and two thousand years later it is probable all the private letters written in a month in Christendom might have been put in a peck basket. No wonder those were dark ages, when families in the same country separated by a score of roadless miles were farther apart, by way of correspondence, than friends now divided by a thousand leagues. It is rather strange that so many learned to write at all as were found in those times. It was not so much for writing letters that they did it, as for helping their memories in the matter of accounts. How little news was made, and how old it was when printed in a paper with a page eight inches by twelve!

Here, before us, is a copy of the London *Times*, of 1793, with the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. How many subscribers could it number on the morning of that day? How many copies of that thrilling edition were bought? how many borrowed? There are milestones on all the public roads from London to the extreme ends of the island, giving the distance from the metropolis. It would be well to have milestones on the high road of public progress, to show the stages by which a nation advances from the first thin line of civilization. A book-stall containing a copy of every book, magazine, and newspaper published in 1800, and the total tally of all the letters sent by post that year, would be a good point of departure for measuring the progress of the century.

The era of macadamized roads forms a new period even in that mental progress which has required and produced the Electric Post. The difference between four and ten miles an hour in locomotion tells with an effect hardly to be estimated on the mental and social movements of a people. Under this new impulse, these soon demanded the iron railway and the iron horse for the land and the steamship for the ocean. The people marveled at these almost magic faculties of movement and communication. They boasted of them and rejoiced in them, as mighty agencies for abolishing alienating distances, and for socializing countries widely divided by sea and land. But while they were exulting at these bewildering capacities of speed, the people of these countries found the railway locomotive and the steam-

ship too slow for the necessities of their intercourse. They demanded couriers as fleet-winged as thought itself; and what they demanded they won. Science went out into the broad field of nature's wild elements and bridled the lightning. It put a human hand upon its forked tongues and stilled its thunder; —stilled its old voice, that shook the mountains, below an infant's lisp or breath. Yet thus stilled and tamed to the touch of fingers trained to the piano, it runs on errands at its own wild speed among the thunder-clouds of heaven. Nor is this half the wonder. Human science has not only tamed it to this mild mood and movement, but given it breath and bottom that it never had when it run its old red races in the heavens. What were they in length of course compared with its run across the ocean's bed between the two hemispheres? No more than an inch to a league.

And now we have the ELECTRIC POST. Who can grasp the fact in its compass and detail? To think of it. Here is the General Post-Office of the greatest letter-writing nation in the world filled with lightning pianos, playing their clicking tunes night and day; and every bar of the music is a message written in plain English words perhaps on the other side of the country, or in one of the British isles. Is this a final consummation, or only a way-post of progress in the lightning's mission among men? When the British Post-Office has sheaved all the telegraph lines in the kingdom in one bundle in its hands, and threaded every town and village with an electric wire, will that be the end final and complete, or the standing-point for another onward bound? When it has brought all these iron rays into harmonious working at home, will it connect with them the wires that cross the seas and oceans and all the continents they embrace, and then go on from stage to stage until we shall have a UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC PENNY POST?

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

PERSONAL PORTRAITURES.

OUR friends the phrenologists lay down as a primal truth, that "the proper study of mankind is man." Some incisive female talkist has amended the aphorism to read "the proper study of mankind is *woman*," which is, after all, a distinction without a difference. However, rather than to run a tilt against either women or phrenologists, we here admit that a most excellent study for men and women is—men and women; and have made good our claim to candor by devoting a fair share of our space to this very interesting study. We have our own ideas of how this thing should be done; and if they differ from other people's ideas—as no doubt they will—the very differenee will be an advantage.

We are quite willing to leave to the encyclopedias and family registers all the interesting statistics which cluster about the genealogical tree; and even to turn over to our *confrere* the rich materials from which ideal characters may be so scientifically and certainly constructed, reserving for our use the simple individual presence fixed in the memory and heart of the historian, and reflected thence with as little indirection or ornamentation for appearance' sake as possible. The one disadvantage which follows this plan—at least some may consider it a disadvantage—is, that our portraits will most frequently be drawn by loving hands or burst from loving hearts, and thus, perhaps, lack in stern truthfulness what they seem to gain in imputed charms. This we can not remedy, and we would not if we could. We know of no person so fully competent to speak of the character and traits of another as he who has seen that other in all vicissitudes and under the most varied influences. That person is apt to be a friend; and if he speaks as he feels and verily thinks, he will use the language of friendship. And so he should. For our purpose we would have him use no other. It is a pleasure to know what there is of good in a man or woman. Never fear but all there is of evil will be known.

We can not better enforce our theory than by referring to the personal sketches in the present number, all of which were written at our solicitation, and, in the main, according to our desire.

For the past six months and more the dark side of Albert D. Richardson's character has been constantly, persistently, devilishly held up to public gaze, until those who did not know him personally have had occasion to think of him as a gross, designing, villainous libertine, without respect for the rights of others or regard for his own conscience. Against this baleful picture we have purposely set the

loving tribute of his best friend. It is a pleasing portrait with the bright colors laid on unsparingly and the shadows carefully toned down; but it is just what we expected from the artist. He has put his name upon it, and there they stand — picture and painter. Let each one judge for himself.

Quite recently, two women who have made enough noise in the world to entitle them to some consideration, have stepped aside from a well-prosecuted and important field of labor, not to rest in idleness, but to gather strength for renewed efforts. They have been fixed in our camera, and appear in these pages so true to life, that to those who know them no personal designation was necessary. To a large class of readers who have heard of these women only as leaders among the "strong-minded," Mrs. Kirk's pen-portraits will be interesting, and should be instructive.

Mrs. Norton has made no false touches in her picture of "The Mother of 100,000 Children." The portrait is worthy of any setting, and will be admired by *connoisseurs* no less than by those who see only with the heart.

The brief delineation of one of "the Governors of New York" is also of our sort; and in its promise of future work of the same kind is more than acceptable. We can promise nothing better in the future than these sketches; but if something better should come, we shall claim it with quite as profound an air of proprietorship as we do these.

FOR THE STOMACH'S SAKE.

A New York clergyman, "in good and regular standing," has secured immortality in the compounding of a new beverage, known among fancy topers as "Smyth's Recuperator," and among the groundlings as "Gin-and-Milk." From the testimony of a veracious reporter, it is a most excellent stomachic, and we don't doubt that it will speedily become a national, if not a ministerial beverage. Mr. Smyth found the mixture an agreeable tonic after an exhaustive Sabbath morning's discourse, and a "recuperator" for the not less exhaustive duties of the Sunday-school which followed. It was a "spiritual" comfort to him, whether or not it shed through him spiritual blessings upon his parishioners. What its effect may be upon the coming man it is hard to predict. To an impartial observer, however, it has not appeared recently that the community was suffering for a greater variety of drinks; and there are those illiberal enough to suggest that the Rev. Smyth might have bent the powers of his great intellect in a direction which would have yielded better returns upon the investment. Evidently, the great inventor of the Recuperator thinks otherwise; as he has used the accident of his sudden fame to throw off the strait-jacket of religious bigotry and to stand before the world as a self-justified Reverend Mixer of Gin-and-Milk. Inasmuch as every independent religionist proposes to get up a private translation of the New Testament, we shall expect, in Mr. Smyth's translation, to see Paul's advice to Timothy fixed up in this style: "Drink no longer water, but use a little *gin and milk* for thy stomach's sake, and *because of* thine oft infirmities."

EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN.

The recent act of Congress which secures to the women in governmental employ the same pay which men receive for the same labor is a movement in the right direction, eminently just in itself, and commendable as recognizing a principle of right. It now remains with the women to make of this a *step* in the way to a full and complete recognition of the right of woman to the fruits of her labor. The general outcry on this subject from the *leaders* in the "woman movement" has been as illogical and senseless as it was earnest and obtrusive. What has been oftenest claimed for women has not been "equal pay for equal labor" with men, but equal pay for *unequal* labor. A mistaken notion prevails as to the willingness of employers to compensate for labor done without invidious distinction on account of sex. Wherever this distinction has been made, a little candid investigation will show that the grounds of distinction lie in the relative value of services rendered, and the extra considerations which women claim *because they are women*. Does any one doubt that as a general clerk a boy may be much more useful than a girl can be? And this usefulness does not depend on his clearer judgment or keener insight into the nature of his duties, but upon his ability, as customs are, to do more things; to make himself "*generally* useful." The same distinction exists, in the majority of business positions as between men and women. The woman may be just as intelligent, just as capable, just as honest, and *just as efficient* in many directions as the man, while in others, from a decent respect for the laws of society, not less than from a necessary observance of the laws of Nature, she can not hope to compete with the male worker. In many kinds of employment there are no more restrictions thrown around women than around men; and

in these it is well to observe, they are always able to command equal compensation. As authors, actors, musicians, public speakers, and often as teachers, women have no cause to complain of a distinction against them.

If, then, they are anxious to enter all fields of labor as competitors with men, they have only to *do the work as well, and ask no favors.* There is no prejudice against the sex which the sex does not create. If the female clerks in the Government offices accomplish the same amount of labor, and do it as well as the males, there can be no good reason why they should not receive the same pay. It is a question of figures, and not of gallantry. There is, underlying it, however, a question of gallantry, which it will harm nobody to consider. If women prove themselves as competent as men to do clerical labor, and are in all respects as efficient and acceptable, they should have it to do *in preference* to men. This much is due them because they are women, and because at present the world is not so wide to them as to their brothers.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

THE great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortunes and extravagant living will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word Success. What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true type of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When Mr. Greeley talks of "self-made men," who are the bright examples he holds up to view, and whom does he ask our young men to pattern after—the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues, or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart, and Vanderbilt? Whoever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt and that class of pure philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others, that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth. While we laud to the skies such men as Peabody, who having lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth, and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as suited his fancy or his ambition, we are quite apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow-feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich save in the blessings of those whom they have helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, or the old ones amended, so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

THE INTEGRITY OF THE PEOPLE.

THERE are times when the strongest-hearted grow faint in contemplating the political future of the country. The disgusting details of party wrangles; the rapacity and self-abasement of office-seekers; the mismanagement—to use no harsher term—of the public funds; the disregard in high places of the best interests of the people—make up a picture such as it is hard to contemplate with hopefulness. The question which every honest and earnest man asks himself is, Are things getting better, or worse? How is it?

The country has recently proven its ability to maintain itself as a government by the people for the people. It has passed through one of the most terrible civil struggles known to history, and come out—as we are prone to think and say—renewed and strengthened by the conflict.

In the Northern States, at least, the years of the war were years of unexampled prosperity: fortunes were rapidly achieved, and patriotism was boiled down to a tangible consistency. Those who went into the service and escaped mutilation and death are among the honored of the land, and have opened to them places of trust and emolument quite equal to their deserts; the public debt, which — whatever its size or condition—is always a convenient club for official heads, is accepted by those who are to pay it as a sacred obligation, and is being reduced as rapidly as it should be; the South, which was devastated by war, is arising in its strength like a giant refreshed by slumber, and with the curse of slavery blotted out, has entered upon a career of glory and prosperity never before dreamed of; intelligence and liberal ideas are being disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land; the right of speech and of opinion was never more sacredly observed; the citizens of extreme sections meet upon a common plane of brotherhood and good-will; and everywhere is contentment—except among politicians—such as this country has not seen in years before. The country may be going to ruin very fast; but the people who have learned to confide in themselves and each other have pretty conclusively decided not to go to ruin with it. So long as they are prosperous and happy, it would seem that there is little occasion to predict speedy destruction.

Our Mentorial Bureau

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

SOCRATES.—Who and what was Socrates? and what is meant by the Socratic mode of reasoning?

Ans. He was a Greek philosopher, born, 470 B.C., at Athens. Alcibiades, Crito, Xenophon, Aristippus, Phædon, Plato, and other noted men were among his pupils. His system of philosophy is valuable in that it has a practical bearing on human life and society. He was the first to proclaim that "the proper study of mankind is man," and that the interests of mankind should be considered with the view to their improvement and general benefit. The very simplicity and benevolent character of his teachings found him many enemies in Athens, who finally succeeded in procuring an indictment to the effect that he denied the ancient divinities of the state, and his teachings inculcated perversions of the old religion, and therefore corrupted the youth who listened to them. On this charge he was condemned to death by the ruling faction. This sentence was carried into effect by his drinking a cup of poison—hemlock.

The Socratic mode of reasoning consists in asking questions whereby the answerer of the opponent in an argument unconsciously is led to make fatal admissions. Socrates resorted to this device to compel his pupils to think for themselves, and be on their guard against fallacies.

BRAIN AND SKULL.—1. Do the brain proper and cranium attain their full size by the time the person is seven years of age or thereabouts? Does the cranium ever increase in size, except what it increases by the growth of more scalp?

Ans. Gray is the standard anatomist of the world, and he maintains that the brain increases in size and also in weight until the person is 25, 30, and even 40 years of age, and all our observation corroborates his statement.

2. Is it a fact that shrunken eyes, sharp nose, and sharp features generally indicate a thin skull?

Ans. The reverse of these conditions generally indicates a skull different from that with the conditions named. Some persons with sharp features and shrunken eyes may have a thick skull; but probably seven out of ten with light sharp features have skulls thinner than those who have more blunt features and obtuse angles of the face. But there is a sure test as to thickness and thinness of the skull, viz., laying the hand firmly upon the head, and have the subject speak or cough, when there will be a sensible vibration; those having thin skulls will evince a much greater degree of vibration than those having thick skulls. There are some skulls so thick that they scarcely vibrate at all.

CASH—STERLING.—Please to favor your readers with a brief account of the origin of these well-known and important terms. J. K.

Ans. The term "cash," generally understood in business negotiations to signify ready money, is derived from *caisse*, a French word meaning a chest or safe where money is kept. In a French banking-house the apartment or place in which the money is deposited is called the *caisse*. In an English banking-office this apartment is called the telling-room; and as is generally known in this country, those officers who receive and pay money are called the "tellers."

The term *sterling* is believed to be a corruption of *Easterling*—a name given by the English in former times to a person from the continent of Europe, and therefore from the east, in relation to England. The original Easterlings were ingenious artisans who came to England from Germany in the reign of Henry III. to refine the silver money; and the coin they produced was called *Moneta Easterlingorum*—the money of the Easterlings.

SALT.—Is salt injurious to the teeth?

Ans. It is a question in dispute whether salt is fit to be eaten. If it be not fit, and unnatural, it will injure the general health, and with it the teeth. If one eats salt in any considerable quantity, the kidneys instantly attempt to rid the system of the surplus. The disease called scurvy is mainly induced by the long use of salt provisions at sea. Nearly every article of food contains some degree of the salt element, enough doubtless for health, and the eating of salt, as it is commonly practiced, is more the result of habit than a demand of nature; and if this be so, any considerable quantity of salt will injure the health and thereby do damage to the teeth. Sugar injures the teeth, also, in

an indirect way, by causing an acid, creating a feverish condition of the stomach, and the teeth, as connected with that system, suffer most signally.

SELF-GOVERNMENT. — Is man capable of self-government? Some say he is not, but is governed by a supernatural agency. Others, that not all men are capable, but some have such large animal faculties and deficient moral faculties, that they are incapable of self-government? What is *your* opinion on the point?

Ans. In a barbarous or savage state, man is not self-regulating, but is governed chiefly by circumstances in which intellect and moral sense play but a small part. But when man is educated and Christianized,—when he becomes self-denying, so that he holds his propensities in strict subjection to the will of God, then he *may* become self-governing. Without education and the Christian religion, man is, no matter how old in years, only a child, and lives less a spiritual and more an animal life. It requires the development of the superior portion of man's brain to make him self-governing. Such men govern their appetites, abstaining from whisky, tobacco, etc., while those less developed are slaves to appetite and propensity, and are not therefore self-denying or self-governing.

BOILING WATER.—Does boiling water make it any more healthful for drinking purposes?

Ans. If the steam which escapes in the boiling be condensed, pure water is the result, and this of course is better adapted to the purposes of humanity than that taken from the well or cistern and used without distillation. If you examine the bottom and sides of a tea-kettle which has been in use for some time, you will find hard incrustations which have been formed from solid earthy matter deposited in the process of boiling water, for the reason that this universal fluid as collected from the ground contains more or less salt or alkali in solution, and when a given quantity is placed in a closed vessel and boiled, the steam as it escapes reduces the solvent capacity of the water left, and the salt or alkali which can not be retained in solution falls to the bottom or adheres to the side.

SLEEP.—I sleep nine hours every night, yet when I go to church I can not help getting sleepy or going to sleep, though the sermon be interesting. When I am reading a book which interests me, the same results follow. Why is this?

Ans. There are many reasons why a person sleeping nine hours every night may be sleepy when reading, or sitting still listening to a lecture or sermon. The book need not be dull, though books are not always sharp; the sermon need not be dull, though sermons are not always bright; and yet some persons will be sleepy under those circumstances. One may work too hard, so that the physical system becomes exhausted, and as soon as he sits down, sleep is thereby induced. But nine times in ten sleepiness might be avoided by eating lightly. Laboring men eat as heartily on Sunday as at any time; so do most active business men, and this tends to cause drowsiness. Men are not apt to be sleepy when hungry. The circulation is sometimes imperfect, and the person requires active general exercise to maintain the equilibrium of the circulation and the wakefulness of the mind consequent thereon.

Is there any difference in the pulsations of the heart of the different races?

Ans. Yes, as well as in individuals. Those in whom the Vital temperament predominates, have better and quicker circulation, hence quicker pulsations of the heart. In the Motive or the decidedly Lymphatic, the blood flows much slower. So of races. In the inhabitants of temperate regions the blood circulates more freely than in the languid and luxurious people of the tropics. Cold quickens the pulse. But among the Esquimaux, owing to their habits of eating grease, etc., and their lazy mode of life, this principle is not carried out.

BLUSHING.—Can you inform me, in your Answers to Correspondents, if there is any way whereby I can be cured of *blushing?* I, a man of thirty years, blush almost continually when in company, or when I am looked at or spoken to, that is, generally so. *Sometimes* I can be as sociable in company and as conversational as any, but the most trifling occurrence will upset me and cause the blood to rush to my face. Why is this? Can I be cured of it? Was any one else ever so? I have not told you all the particulars of my case, because I presume you are as well acquainted with this phase of human nature as you are with others, and will know without my telling what I have to suffer from this, to me, awful misfortune. I am not what can be called bashful, and yet I *blush* when I think any one is looking at me. I would give all I have if I could get rid of this very annoying feature in my "make-up." Will you come to the rescue?

Ans. Instead of regarding the opinions of others, instead of feeling embarrassed in the presence of others, try to realize that your accountability is rather to God than to man. Then, so steer your course of life as to be approved by the Divine will. Do this, and you will soon rise above that foolish sensitiveness which now makes you blush so easily. Are your motives good? Can you say "Thy will be done?" If so, you need not blush at what others think, say, or "look."

HOW TO CULTIVATE LANGUAGE.—By talking, reading, speaking, of course. For the rules to cultivate *all* the organs, read the work entitled "Education Complete."

HE CAN NOT TALK.—I have a cousin, a boy six years of age, who is almost devoid of articulation, being unable to say anything except "papa" and "mamma," and that not very distinctly, although he can laugh as loud, hear as well, and appears to be as intelligent as the generality of boys of his age. His throat was examined by a physician, who discovered nothing unnatural in its formation. Can you suggest any way by which he can be taught the use of language?

Ans. We can form no opinion on which to base a course of training or treatment without seeing the boy. If he be not an imbecile, we think he

can be made to talk. Let us have an interview, after which we can advise you.

AN IMAGINATIVE CHILD.—Seeing you are so kind as to answer questions, I would like to ask one. We have a little girl, now nearly five years old. She is in the habit of telling off long stories to her older sister, or all alone to herself, about nothing she ever has seen or done; she tells them as facts, and there seems to be considerable in the stories thus told. Her grandmother says, "Let her tell them," as she thinks that her Conscientiousness, which is very large, will prevent her from telling intentional falsehoods. I have been afraid this practice would make her untruthful, and will be thankful if you will advise me how I am to manage in order to have this trait result in good, and not evil.

Ans. Children live much in the world of imagination; they are alive to "fairy tales," and other marvelous creations of fancy. As they grow older, and come to experience the realities of life, they come down to the material substance. Be not concerned about the little girl's poetizing. No evil need be feared. The study of natural science will correct any excess toward such falsities living in the spheres.

What They Say.

FROM A STATE'S-PRISONER. — Here is the copy of an interesting letter from a culprit, now serving out his sentence for theft or robbery, which he sends with drawings of a new invention. We print the letter, with his remarks about the heads and characters of his fellow-prisoners. We infer from his crimes, his drawings, and his mode of escape, etc., that he must have large Constructiveness, with small Cautiousness and Conscientiousness. We follow "copy" as to capital letters, punctuation, etc.

Conn State Prison, may 8th 1870.
Mr. S. R. Wells, Honored Sir.

some three years ago I sent you something (I forget what) from the New Jersey state Prison. By the sentence of the Judge I should have been there yet. But one night I got up in my sleep and after scratching a hole through the Roof let myself down to the street and walked off. some ten months afterward I awoke and found myself locked in the Baggage Room at Meriden Conn. it seems that during my Protracted sleep I wandered into a store in the city of Hartford and appropriated $10,000 worth of silk all of which was contrary to the original charter Granted the Godly settlers of this most christian commonwealth. hence my Present abode. With this I send you a Drawing of a simple But Practical and Valuable invention, the utility of this invention is so manifest that a Boy 12 years old could not fail to see it. the invention is not Patented But it is secured by Witnesses. I want to sell a half interest for $1500. if you will find me a customer *Promptly*, I will give you $500 for your trouble. I have a Brother in York. should he call Please show him the invention. this Place is a fine school for the study of Craniumism. we have curious heads here including everything from the Webster type down to the original *what is it*. then we have heads that were never described in Books or shown in Pictures. Great Wooden Nutmegs filled up with soft soap and saw Dust. others seem to have come into the World without any Definite form and attained ther present proportions from the kicks and cuffs of adversity. others again seem to have been sent into the World empty to be filled up by passing Events. But for some Reason the Right events never transpired. or if they did they found the shell too hard to Penetrate. not the least Remarkable thing is that the least Promising heads seems to be Best Balanced. But the heads here like many things Recorded in history are too Profound to be comprehended, save by the maker.
Please direct to D. K. care of Captain W. Weathersfield, Conn. yours with respect * * *

ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.—Preparations are now being made to hold a Grand National Exhibition of Industry, commencing early in September next. Exhibitors of American productions who may wish to compete should send stamp for particulars to "Corresponding Secretary of American Institute, New York," who will forward printed circulars, giving full instruction. Let science, mechanism, and art, including agriculture, horticulture, pomology, and all other interests, be represented in friendly rivalry. Let each show the best productions won from earth and air, in the shop, studio, or manufactory. Medals, diplomas, and honorable mention await men of merit.

SAVING SKULLS.—The skulls of lions, tigers, bears, elephants, wild boars, etc., may not be deemed the most suitable for parlor ornaments, but they *would* be just the thing for a scientific cabinet or museum. We are glad to learn that some of our subscribers in the Western wilds are collecting rare specimens of both animal and other skulls. One writes us from Oregon that he has lately secured more than thirty varieties of bird skulls, from the eagle, hawk, crow, etc., down to the humming-bird. Trappers would confer a favor on science by saving the skulls of wolves, wildcats, badgers, beavers, otters, foxes, minks, muskrats, etc. Let them be nicely cleaned and placed on exhibition. Every city, town, and village ought to have a public museum as well as a public library. Reader, suppose *you* take the initial step, by gathering a cabinet of skulls—at least of beast, bird, and reptile, if not of human crania. We will take, at our Cabinet, 389 Broadway, what you may not wish to keep. While we live, let us save.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

LIFE AT HOME; or, the Family and its Members,—including Husbands and Wives, Parents and Children, Brothers, Sisters, Employers and Employed. By Rev. William Aikman, D.D. One vol., 12mo. Price, $1 50; extra gilt, $2. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

It is refreshing to an anxious mind to listen to wise counsel in matters of such moment. Hus-

bands and wives are instructed, parents are admonished, brothers and sisters advised, lovers are directed, and a true course of life pointed out to each member of the family, which, if followed, would prove to one and all a heaven on earth.

In his preface the author says: "At a time when the sacredness of the marriage relation is so much called in question, and when the bonds which hold the family together are in danger of being lightly esteemed, any attempt to exalt the family life may be hopeful of good.

"The failure to reach the highest happiness of married life, and the best results of family training, are caused, we may believe, not so much by willfulness as by ignorance or inexperience. If at the outset a few cautions and suggestions, founded on maturer thought and larger observation, were received, mistakes could be corrected and errors avoided which too often occasion long years of disappointment and sorrow. If this book shall make such suggestions, its design will be accomplished."

This book should have a place on the center-table of every drawing-room. It is beautifully printed, on fine toned paper, and bound in excellent style. We commend it to clergymen, teachers, and others as every way suitable for a present and a keepsake.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, the Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece and the Positive Teaching of Christ and his Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. One vol., 12mo; pp. 531; cloth. Price, $2 75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a great work. The author reviews the religious theories of all the noted writers from pagan Athens in the times of Plato and St. Paul, down to the French skeptics of to-day. He treats them with the broadest Christian kindness, according to science every established claim, and seeking only to prove the truth. That he makes out a clear case in favor of Christianity every candid reader whose mind is not obtuse will admit. We thank the author for this his most scholarly contribution to science and religion. Honest doubters, skeptics, and worldly-minded men will find real knowledge and real comfort in this most admirable treatise.

POPULATION—Its Law of Increase. By Nathaniel Allen, M.D., of Lowell, Mass. Price, 50 cents. May be had at this office.

The *Revolution* says of this treatise: "Here is a work of much more than ordinary value and importance, from a source entitled to the highest consideration. Dr. Allen has studied his subject as have few if any other students of it in the country. Patiently, toilsomely, he has pursued it for years, entering upon it, too, in the first place, with a thorough preparation to investigate, fathom, and solve its most mysterious problems. The pamphlet before us is an address delivered at the meeting of the Western Social Science Association in Chicago, and now first given to the public through the press. In a subsequent discussion of the subject by the Association, after the delivery of the address, Rev. Dr. Beecher said: 'The paper of Dr. Allen, if published at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, would return a thousand-fold, so great are the underlying principles of our natural and national life, and so ably treated in that document.' And would even the American Tract Society purchase the copyright and scatter it everywhere, in cheap but readable form, it would be worth more to the human race than anything it ever published. It can not be too highly recommended."

THE MEN WHO ADVERTISE; an Account of Successful Advertisers; with Hints on the Method of Advertising, including the American Newspaper Rate Book, containing Advertising Rates of leading Newspapers, etc. New York: Nelson Cheeseman, publisher for George P. Rowell & Co., newspaper advertising agents, No. 40 Park Row.

A magnificent volume of 872 royal octavo pages, printed with beautiful type, on the finest of tinted paper, containing a complete list of all the newspapers in the United States, together with their claimed circulation, politics, religion, etc. Some 200 or more pages are appropriated to brief biographical descriptions of some of the most liberal advertisers and successful business men. We regard the work as not only unique, but well-nigh indispensable. The enterprising publishers certainly deserve much credit for their great undertaking as well as for the excellent manner in which it has been executed. The work sells for $5.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M.D., thirty-six years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. One vol., 12mo; pp. 308; cloth. Price, $1 75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is the history of an eventful and most useful life. A native of New Jersey, he spent the best portion of his active life teaching and preaching Christianity to the heathen. A most interesting account of his life and labors is given in this volume, which also contains portraits of Dr. Scudder and his good wife.

THE LIFE OF BISMARCK, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By John George Hesekiel, author of "Faust and Don Juan," etc. Translated and edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of one hundred Illustrations by Diez, Grimm, Pietsch, and others. One vol., octavo; pp. 591; cloth. Price, $3. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Bismarck is a grand character. He will stand out conspicuously on the page of history. Original, ambitious, executive, he is a master spirit, comprehends the situation, and outgenerals the most cunning politicians. He is, indeed, a power on earth. His life, as described herein, equals any romance. The author and the publishers deserve a general vote of thanks for the admirable manner in which they have brought out this life.

Old Series, Vol. 51.
AUG. 1870.

KNOW THYSELF.

New Series, Vol. 2.
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THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LI.—No. 2.] [WHOLE No. 379.

August, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DEMOREST.

MADAME DEMOREST.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

WHO has not heard of the intelligent, sprightly, ingenious, and vivacious Madame Demorest? What is it that has given her the power to acquire so extended a reputation? Is she really great, or is she simply fortunate—lucky? In the American sense of the word, she is "smart." In the English sense, she is "clever." Working for the public, in a certain sense, she belongs to the public, and now we present her to each reader of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. "Mrs.

Brown, permit me to introduce to you Madame Demorest." "Madame Demorest, this is Mrs. Brown, who desires to make your acquaintance." [The ladies bow, shake hands, and each is glad to meet the other.] The Madame feels quite at home among the JOURNAL readers, and will be kindly invited to stay. And now, instead of talking about the weather, we will talk about each other.

Madame D. What a very interesting JOURNAL the PHRENOLOGICAL has become! Its talk about heads, faces, and character interests me much. I have sometimes felt curious to know what you would say of me.

Editor. You are a good subject for analysis. Your features are well cut, distinct, well defined, and easily read. The shape of the head [she takes down her hair] and the general contour and "make up" indicate that you are your father's child; that is, you inherit much of his firmness, decision of character, and self-esteem, which gives you confidence and self-reliance, love of liberty, executiveness, force, ambition, desire for promotion, and a practical business intellect. You may have your mother's sympathy, affection and devotion, intuition, sensitiveness, taste, etc. That prominent chin indicates, among other traits and conditions, great recuperative power. The nose is not only defensive but slightly aggressive; its prominence and point show culture and a well-developed character; the nostrils are well marked, showing excellent breathing power. The bright, black eye is very expressive and penetrating. There is amiability, mirth, and affection in the mouth and lips. The abundant black hair, the olive tint of complexion, and the prominent features indicate a predominance of the motive and mental temperaments.

Madame D. possesses great activity and great powers of endurance. She has taste, skill, constructiveness, method, application, enterprise. She is kindly, just, generous, hopeful, trusting, believing, and religiously disposed. If she "studies to please," it is in order that she may thereby beautify and improve. Such a nature can not live an idle life, and she is happiest when most fully occupied. She can write, teach, invent, cut, make, and with practice she could draw, paint, and model. In short, she is every way a wide-awake, go-a-head, self-helpful, energetic, and efficient lady. If it be objected to, that she is a leader of the fashions, we reply that she *seeks* to bring common sense and comfort, rather than expense and show, to the many fashionable sufferers. Her dresses will fit and prove becoming. What is prettier, in the way of ladies' attire, than the short dresses of to-day which she has done so much toward introducing into general use?

Here is a biographical sketch of Madame Demorest.

The lady who has the industry, courage, tact, and talent to do the very things which so many other ladies talk about and write about, is a public benefactor. She shows beyond controversy that woman is man's equivalent. In the face of adverse events, she grapples with difficulties which would dishearten any commonplace person. Joan of Arc, inspired with an idea of patriotism, kindled the spirit of enthusiasm in the hearts of her countrymen, and led them on to battle and victory. Grace Darling, seeing men and women on board of a wreck, tossed from wave to wave and in danger of being overwhelmed in the merciless waters, pushed her little boat from the beach and, seizing the oars, hastened to the rescue of her suffering fellow-mortals. Florence Nightingale, visiting the sick and wounded soldiers in hospital and camp, won a reputation Wellington might envy, and at the same time she touched tenderly the hearts of the heroes whose wounds she dressed, so that they kissed her shadow when it fell upon their pillows. These were all womanly women and have aided vastly in the grand work of educating and elevating the race. Madame Demorest, doing an immense business; Anna Dickinson, making eloquent speeches; Kate Field, writing brilliant essays, are aiding the great work of reform

and lifting their sex to a higher plane of civilization and culture. All thinking men and women who seek to make the world better than they found it, hail such heroines as Mrs. Howe, the author of the best battle hymn of modern letters, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the aged champion of the oppressed, as the most illustrious teachers of mankind. The subject of this sketch was born at Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1825. She is the daughter of Henry D. Curtis, and the eldest of a large family, all of whom received the advantages of a liberal education. Her parents still reside on the old homestead in the suburbs of the town. Miss E. Louise Curtis, (Madame Demorest's maiden name,) not satisfied with the dull routine of village life, sought opportunities to enlarge her sphere of action and usefulness. She loved the country with its enchanting landscapes, the music of flowing waters, the songs of birds, the sisterhoods of flowers, the simple habits of the people, and especially that part of the country in which she lived, because it was classic ground, covered with historical associations. Saratoga county is sacred soil, because it has been baptized with the best blood of the nation.

When she was eighteen years of age, her parents, after much solicitation on her part, yielded to her wishes and permitted her to begin life on her own account, instead of the usual apprenticeship in an establishment. They furnished her with means with which to commence business, and provided her with an assistant, a professional lady from a neighboring city, to aid her and give the instruction she needed in the technical details of her chosen profession. Miss Curtis thinking she had acquired all the knowledge of her art which village experience could give, left her country store after a year's trial, and accepted an engagement to enter upon a wider sphere of business in the beautiful city of Troy, where she remained for a considerable time, winning the confidence of those with whom she associated, and showing plainly that she had the ability to manage affairs and deserved to rank with those who are "born to lead and control." Her next engagement made her superintendent of a large establishment, where she continued to educate herself for a better position and a higher destiny. After two or three visits to New York and a short sojourn at the West, she finally returned to the great commercial metropolis; for women and men of great commercial and financial skill gravitate toward the great centers of trade, as naturally as particles of steel fly to the magnet. In New York she soon after married Mr. Demorest, a gentleman whose happy temperament and broad and generous nature enabled him to appreciate her rare business qualities. His active energy and experience joined to her taste, artistic skill, and foresight, enabled them to establish a grand emporium of fashion in America. The amount of skill and labor united with untiring perseverance, and the employment of several hundred persons requisite for this vast undertaking, would have appalled most people, but like Napoleon crossing the Alps, they were determined to make seeming impossibilities possible.

Madame Demorest, aware of the importance of advertising, determined to have the very best styles, and to let the public know the fact. In this way she won for her fashionable emporium a reputation which reached across the continent and to the capitals of Europe. She opened branch houses of the New York emporium in the most important cities and towns in all parts of the country. Her business now penetrates every village, town, and city in all the States and Territories of the Union. Madame Demorest not only imported, designed, and arranged fashions for ladies, but she made a specialty of designs and patterns for the entire wardrobe of girls, boys, and infants. She also invented many new improvements in articles connected with ladies' and children's dress, for which she has obtained letters patent, and which have become very popular, and are being sold in large quantities by the trade.

In 1860 Madame Demorest issued the first number of the *Quarterly Mirror of Fashions*, a journal which became very popular, and in the short space of three years achieved a circulation of sixty thousand copies. During this time Mr. Demorest published the *New York Illustrated News*, and the two publications were eventually consolidated into *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly and Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions*. The new publication soon became a great favorite, and its circulation increased rapidly and continually. It is now one of the most widely circulated monthlies in America. Many of the most popular and distinguished writers of prose and verse make it the medium of their best efforts. It is finely printed, elegantly illustrated, and full of the most interesting matter in all the various departments. Mme. Demorest has occupied a large share of public attention by her active interest in all the benevolent movements of the day, especially where woman's interests were predominant. She was also one of the original projectors of the club

of ladies known as Sorocis, and now holds the position of treasurer in the club.

In person Madame Demorest is tall, erect, and symmetrical. Her finely formed head is crowned with heavy dark hair. Her face is of the French type of beauty, and lit up with a pair of keen black eyes which kindle with electric light when excited in conversation. She writes easily, and her sentences are compact, terse, and vigorous. At the time when the subject of woman's labor and wages was the exciting topic of the N. Y. daily press, a series of well-timed and logical articles from her pen on the practical relation of capital and labor settled the controversy. Were she to devote her mind to letters, she would soon create for herself an enviable position among the noticeable writers of the day. She is, at the present time, one of the foremost business women in this country or in the world. She has in her employment a large number of women, all under her supervision, and she manages them quietly, having her own way without assuming to control and govern. The dignity of her manner commands the respect of her subordinates, and her kind, generous, womanly treatment of them wins their esteem and love. In connection with another lady of ability and experience she has just added to her labors and responsibilities the task of an entirely new business. She has embarked in an extensive tea trade. Her associate, with an abundant capital, has already started for China, to purchase directly from the producers, and in a few months she will be sending the luxuries of the Flowery Land to every town and hamlet now reached by her magazines and fashions.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

BOOK-KEEPING

WHEN a young man, desiring a situation that is pleasant and profitable, looks through the range of business occupations, and finds one man sweating and begrimed with dust and dirt, toiling at some laborious trade, he instinctively recoils; but when he finds another, in a cool and airy office or store, neatly dressed, of gentle manners, with everything tidy, quiet, and respectable about him, perhaps waiting upon a customer, disposing of some article of elegance or luxury, or perchance standing at a desk, with ledger and daybook open before him, and everything around wearing an air of wealth and quiet respectability, he is instinctively attracted to it, and a desire is awakened in him to be a salesman or a book-keeper. He does not inquire whether or not he is well adapted by nature, education, and habit to either position. He does not stop to analyze the patience, the nerve-shattering labor, the head-work, the heartaches, the rivalries, the competitions, frets, and jealousies which may form a part of such an elegant life, as he imagines it to be.

So long as business is done, there must be book-keeping. It requires brains and integrity, and a fair degree of talent and culture to fill such a position. It is important and respectable, and good men, and only good men, should fill such a post. What, then, is required to qualify a man to be a good book-keeper?

The temperament should have enough of the Mental to give a studious tendency as well as clearness and activity of mind. There should be also a good development of the Vital temperament,—not that phase of it which gives a man broad shoulders and a deep chest with a small abdomen, but that which gives one a rather large digestive apparatus and a tendency toward the lymphatic, the quiet, the patient, the moderate. One who is not anxious to knock about and be here, there, and everywhere, but one who can bear confinement without weariness, and mental labor without nervousness. The plump, genial, easy-going man should be the book-keeper, yet he should have intellectual force enough to make him thoughtful and skillful. He does not need a large base of brain; the less Combativeness and Destructiveness he has the better.

It has often been a matter of question with us whether it was proper for stalwart, vigorous men to keep books—to stand or sit at a desk making a record of transactions when they are so well qualified to strike out manfully and make transactions to be recorded. Why not give place to the lame, the slender, or to women who have the requisite brain and bodily strength for this vocation, and go out like men and win manly success in more active pursuits? A strong man with vigorous health and limbs, and brain enough to keep accounts, can rise above the best achievements of book-keeping as a profes-

sion. Those who are engaged in it should look beyond it, and work and hope for a higher, wider, and more remunerative place in the business world. We speak not merely of copyists and scribes who have no talent for anything else, but of those first-class accountants who have clear minds and strong bodies. These can grow out of, and advance higher than to record other persons' transactions. He who possesses, in addition to the talents required by the accountant, those talents and forces which enable one to guide and control men, to wield large business operations, should make the contracts, mold and manage the customs, and let the record be made by others who can not, as yet, fill his place.

In the matter of talent, the book-keeper should have an ample development of Calculation, for this is indispensable to perform the necessary amount of figuring with accuracy and dispatch. The book-keeper must not make mistakes, and if he have the genius to run up two or three columns of figures at the same time, and to work out rapidly in the head the calculations which are necessary in order to make extensions, all the better. He needs large Eventuality, that he may carry in his mind the history of the customers and the transactions of the house. If he fail in this, he will be always neglecting something which ought to be done, or doing wrongly many things. He should have large Order, to make him systematic and neat. His organs of Form and Constructiveness should be large, to give him the mechanical talent requisite for handsome penmanship, and the disposition to combine and tabulate the business in such a way that the transactions of different months and years can be spread out on a given page so as to show at a glance the aggregate and comparative business of months and years. Cautiousness should be large enough to keep the mind wakeful relative to dangers and mistakes; and if the book-keeper have large Causality and Comparison, to give the necessary generalizing judgment, combined with prudence, which is necessary to the practical guidance and management of business, he will be prepared to give a note of warning to the proprietors, who are absorbed in buying and selling, whenever the capital has become too much spread, or when bills receivable bear not the proper relation to bills payable.

If one is merely a book-keeper, and simply makes a record of transactions without any comprehensive thought relative to the soundness of the business which his work represents, he will lack elements necessary to the highest order of success.

The book-keeper, moreover, should have enough Acquisitiveness and Conscientiousness, the former to give a keen sense of the law of profit and loss, so that if business is going behindhand, or is conducted in a manner not profitable, he shall be apprised of it. It will also tend to make him sharp in making collections, and in seeing to it that his leniency does not damage the concern. His Conscientiousness should give him unqualified integrity of purpose, especially if he have the position of cashier. With Conscientiousness and Cautiousness, to give prudence and integrity, and enough of Acquisitiveness and reasoning power, to appreciate what is fit and proper to be done, a man will not be likely to permit himself to engage in any speculations, any use of other people's money, even innocently, that might jeopard his reputation or the soundness of the house. Defalcations do not always begin with dishonesty, but with excessive Hope and deficient Caution. One who has in his very organization the feeling, "touch not, handle not" other people's money for personal uses, has the right and only safe principle. Defalcations probably do not generally commence in rascality, but in that incautious, extra-hopeful riskiness which men sometimes permit themselves to indulge in.

The book-keeper should have large Continuity and Firmness, to give him patience and steadfastness. He should have Benevolence and Veneration, to give him kindness and respect, that he may be popular, conciliating, and placable. A man who has to make bills and receipt them, who has collections to make and moneys to disburse, needs nearly all the Christian graces to fill his position acceptably. If, like a bull-dog, he stands at the strong box and snarls at every man who presents a bill for payment, he does injustice to his employers, injury to the business, and renders himself unpopular, and all the patrons of the house unhappy. Affability,

courtesy, dignity, and deference on the part of a book-keeper will win respect, secure patronage, and lay the foundation of success.

AS a man is born, so is he. There is a bias given in birth which he never outgrows. Though the circumstances of life may change him vastly, yet he gets direction from the parental creative powers, as they combine to form life, and give impress to that life according to the manner in which they blend. If the blending of feelings be perfect, perfect results follow; if discords and ill-feelings prevail, what should we look for but children given to all sorts of vices? Through this one great channel spring all the ills of society. *The marriage relations underlie them all*, and create all the murderers, robbers, villains, idiots, and insanities which now belong to the world. Such conditions are all foreign to the original design in the creation of man, and result from the violation of these higher laws of our being. Had there never been any transgression of the laws of being, humanity would now be perfect in all its developments; but, far away back in time, when reason and intellect began to take the place of instinct, and selfish policy to usurp the place of love, then evil originated; and in the transitional change which has since been slowly going on, mankind have run mad with vice, and so covered up their better natures in self-degrading abuses that they know not self or its right and proper uses. Were it not for the wisdom of Divine rule, this transitional state of man would have proved his ruin; but, amid all his ignorance and evil tendencies, there has been a Divine love implanted in his nature, to carry him steadily onward, and keep him ever ascending the steps of a natural order and progression. Now begins to dawn, however, the age of reason and love, when man shall learn to know self by force of his mighty intellect, and to govern self by an understanding of the laws of his nature, and the great principles of truth inherent therein. He shall see wisdom displayed in every act of creation, and learn to appreciate fully the part he is to play in the universal whole, adapting himself thereto in strict accordance with the demands of nature and of Deity.

CHARLES S. WOODRUFF.

THE ten largest libraries in the United States, with the number of books in each, are as follows: Library of Congress, 183,000; Boston Public Library, 153,000; Astor Library, New York, 138,000; Harvard Library, Cambridge, 118,000; Mercantile Library, New York, 104,500; Atheneum Library, Boston, 100,000; Philadelphia Library, 85,000; New York State Library, Albany, 76,000; New York Society Library, 57,000; Yale College Library, 50,000.

THE LANGUAGE OF GOD IN NATURE AND IN REVELATION.

BY J. WEST NEVINS.

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."—GENESIS xi. 1.

IN the last analysis possible to the thinker, there seems to be but one substance in all nature, that which we call matter.

The most wonderful attribute of matter is, then, thought, or the power of perceiving the existence of that matter.

Herein, we have expressed—God, as the Thought, or self-conscious thinking power; and matter, as the substance upon which he acts; and from these two are evolved all the vast phenomena of creation.

Whatever then exists materially is an expression of the thought of the Universe; and this is the deathlessly imprinted language which immortal minds must ever study. In other words, the modifications of matter that are revealed to our sensoriums by means of our bodily senses, are the expressions of the thoughts of the creative consciousness of Nature; and when we have mastered any form of this eternal and universal language, and thereby understand the thought behind it, we may, with the addition of practical or mechanical skill, repeat the processes of creation, and modify them, as far as is permitted in the scheme of Providence, to our own use.

"Humanity," says Pascal, "is a man who lives perpetually and learns continually." Man, upon this planet, has been busy, since his creation, in studying this infinite lesson, which Nature the great school-mistress holds up to him in her ever-open book of revelations, in which he who runs may read.

Much has been accomplished; but more yet remains to be done. The first steps have

been taken toward making this earth a more perfect human residence, a fit place for a god in the flesh to live in. The preliminary labor has perhaps been the hardest; as the rude encounter with the stern powers and laws of nature is as much more difficult to the body and more trying to the soul than that combat with them in which the intellect has learned to sway them to its own use; as the rude plow of early agriculture was a more trying instrument to handle than the modern steam machine, which, by the simple movement of a throttle valve, furrows in a day a surface of Mother Earth as large as an ancient kingdom, and with an expenditure of muscular exertion within the power of an infant.

The science to which this magazine is devoted furnishes a striking illustration of man's progress in the study of the universal language of Nature. Men are ideographers, or thought-symbols, in that symbolical mode of expression; and Gall, like Champollion, made the first shrewd guess at Nature's meaning in man's variously-shaped cranium; and Thought, in the consciousness of man, reading the creative thought expressed in his outward organization, will yet complete the solution of the riddle of the Sphynx, till every convolution of man's body will be found to correspond with his mental characteristics.

The law of development by which man's consciousness has more and more clearly apprehended the eternal language of thought as expressed in outward nature, and has thence proceeded backward or interiorly, "self-searching with an introverted eye" into the partial analysis of some of the laws of thought itself, as a means of expressing more clearly his ideas, is beautifully exemplified in the history of Writing.

Man began like the school-boy with "pot-hooks and hangers;" and, in primordial periods, made rude marks to express his ideas, as in the Papuan, Patagonian, and Esquimaux types of the present day. Then came the monumental days of ancient Egypt, and the picture-writing of the Mexicans and Peruvians. Interveningly in the law of expression, came that half-phonetic, half-hieroglyphic tongue, the Chinese, in which there is a rude attempt at simplifying the relation between utterance and its written symbol by means of the analogy of sound and sense; finally, the alphabetical age and the printing-press. The science of Phonetics, and the art of Phonography, next appear, and accepting the primary marks as the simplest and readiest symbols, make them the means of expressing the sounds of the human voice, and so marry thought and sense together.

The next step will be the thorough analysis of the sounds of the human voice as the nearest possible expression of thought in Nature.

As Gall established the relations of the configuration of the brain to the general laws of the mind, so the new philosopher will establish the relations of the human tongue, throat, and mouth to the laws of thought by which they were formed; and thence build up a language which, being, as as nearly as possible, the exact echo of thought in sound, will afford as infallible a means of expressing thought as Phrenology now does of reading character.

The head may be said to be thought taking life in matter, as the ear in music, and the eye, sight, on their way to consciousness. The mouth and tongue are then the trumpet and sounding-board of thought, and the laws that govern the one, must govern the other.

The Eternal Logos or Reason, that Word which was in the beginning, has been once perfectly expressed upon our planet in the human form and voice, uttering the ethics of the Heart; as it was, previously to Moses, in written laws, as the necessary material guidance of that chosen people who represented the Understanding; or that foundation upon which the religion of the Heart was to be reared. But it is yet to declare itself in a Head, the incarnation of Science or Itself; the Word made flesh again; the Temple of the Holy Ghost completed; the tongues of fire incarnated and uttering the language of perfection; the verification of the words of St. Paul.

"And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."—1 Cor. xv. 28.

This analogy between mind and matter is also perfectly illustrated in the printed type, the as nearly absolute expression of the thought as can exist in the present imperfect condition of language. The more closely the human understanding pursues and apprehends these analogies by means of the unconscious or intuitive use of which the whole phenomena of mind, as in memory and association, are evolved, the more it will learn of its own nature, even as a skilled physiognomist or phrenologist may study his own character in his own body, and find the best real reflection of his whole being in the looking-glass.

This analogy between sound and sense is unquestionably perceptible in languages of which it has, in all probability, been the origin. It is sonorously revealed, for example, in that high-sounding tongue, the Italian, in the phrase, *Il tuono rimbomba a lontano;* or, in our less resonant English, "the thunder resounded from afar." Can the roll of the distant electric forces be better expressed than in these words?

This echo of thought in sound is not merely fanciful. It is a suggestion of the law of universal analogy, to which the poet owes that metaphorical skill which makes comparison the brightest power of illustration that he possesses. It is a revelation of that infinite one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; and out of its continued, careful, and analytical study must come, by a logical necessity, a Unitary Science, the *Prima Philosophia* dreamed of by Plato, predicted by Bacon, and upon the effort to establish which Mr. Buckle, the enlightened historian of civilization, exhausted his energies. By means of this last and ultimate Science, accordant with Reason and Revelation, the Universal Tongue, which was confounded at the building of the Tower of Babel, lest man's insane ambitions should misuse it, will be restored to earth. The great motto of Nature, "Unity in variety," the infinite, eternal, continual TURN OVER of the universe, by which she repeats, in every process, the same ever-recurring method, once perceived in its simple, elementary exegesis, will supply a direct means of scientific study and operation, which will give mathematical direction and definite purpose to every effort of the human mind.

This era of the fulfillment of the natural expectancy of humanity, adumbrated in all Poesy, and distinctly revealed as fact, though indefinitely as to time, in the Revelations of St. John, may be now commencing; and I have endeavored in what I have hereinbefore said, to suggest some faint glimpse of the scientific possibilities by which it is to be accomplished.

RESURGAM.

THE winds are moving o'er the troubled sea
Of death, and helpless barks, from moorage swept,
Are tossing out of time.
The motley throng that crowds the strand of life,
Stands gazing out upon the lessening sails
As, one by one, they dimly drift away
Into a long eternity.
With painful care each mortal turns to draw
His little shallop in, to furl his sails,
And drive his loosening stake, afraid to launch
Away upon the drear and boundless main.
'Tis nature that the young and beautiful
Are loth to leave the happy courts of time.
But why do old, tried sailors on the tide
Of life recoil and moor their well-worn barks
So close upon mortality's domain?
And why do earth's unfortunates, who owe
The world but little for its charity,
So tightly clasp their cruel destiny?
We all cling closely to the breathing world,
And fain would clip the darkly-rushing winds
Of sweeping Death, to warp his destined course,
And tarry here in sweet content for aye,
Because an earnest whisperer within
Convinces us that this is not the end
Of life to man, whose rising soul will pierce
The dread unknown and solve all mystery.
This daring flight to regions unexplored,
Through distances untried, unnerves the will
And tempts our foolish fears.
How many argue this poor life as all,
And man's career as ended at the tomb,
And make themselves no better than the flies
That frolic in the sunshine for an hour,
Then drop into the dust to rise no more!
They fight their own conviction, and attempt
To smother every mark of inborn truth,
Because, forsooth, philosophy has failed
To trace their passage to a higher sphere,
And doubly prove their immortality.
Because they have not heard a passing note
Of melody from heaven's happy fields,
Or seen a wandering angel on his course,
They lose all patience with the plans Divine,
And concentrate their all upon the hope,
The cheerless hope of falling into naught.
They shut their eyes upon the common faith,
And close their ears against the voice of love.
Oh! how they wrong themselves who thus ignore
A life beyond the grave, and starve the soul,
When manna comes in droppings from on high,

And wells of life are springing all around!
How happy those whose hopes o'erleap the tomb
And fix upon the skies! whose faith demands
No higher proof of everlasting life
Than consciousness and revelation yield!
The stars that set, arise again; the flowers
That die, spring forth in brighter hues;
The seasons pass, but come again in smiles,
And thus all nature catches at the truth
Reflected from the soul. The mind runs back
In memory and gathers up the past;
It builds its airy castles high in hope,
And deftly climbs into futurity.
Though tethered here so low, it soars away
Above these earthly shores through heaven's gate,
And roams in fancy 'mid celestial bowers;
And must it then return again at last,
From all those lofty heights to these low vales,
And hide itself forever in the dust?
The glorious sun dispenses light to all
Alike; the showers come tinkling joyful down
Upon the waving corn, and challenge not
The merit of the waiting swain.
The wicked flourish here like spreading bays
Whose woven branches overreach the good,
Who live like humble flow'rets in their shade.
Humility is bearing ills in vain,
And Faithfulness is toiling here for naught,
Unless a day of recompense arise,
And Justice crown her uncompleted work.
It can not be that One so wise and good
As He who fashioned man and lodged him here,
Would plant within his breast a lying hope,
And water there a blind and foolish faith
To lead him o'er a smoother way to death.
We feel ourselves immortal, not because
Our fathers taught us we should live for aye,
But truths come swarming round on every hand,
That God is true; that things *are* what they seem;
That life is not a farce, and we the dupes
Of chance.
We're only captives here, and dusky fiends
Keep plucking at our chains; but airy forms
O'erhead invite us up to brighter spheres.
Then let humanity arouse itself,
And raise its trailing wings. Let man arise
From this low attitude and harder press
The seraph on his flight.

"PALSAM."

Department of Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

SANITY vs. INSANITY; OR, JUST WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

BY C. B. BURNS.

IN 1867, near the close of two years' work among the freedmen, I enjoyed the good fortune of spending a couple of days with a friend who then occupied the responsible position of matron in a leading lunatic asylum of the South. The incidents of this visit were extremely interesting, and afforded topics for much reflection afterward. Especially have my thoughts reverted to the marked contrast between the physical treatment and the mental treatment administered to the patients. A simple sketch of this informal visit, with a few details, may not be unacceptable to the many who take an interest in the manifestations and treatment of that terrible disease which necessitates the establishment of these safe and humane retreats.

On approaching this particular institution the visitor is charmed by the natural beauty of its elevated situation, and by the fine taste displayed in the arrangement and decoration of the grounds. Shade trees, single and in groups, young orchards and vineyards, grassy mounds and beds of flowers, smooth gravel roads for driving, and bordered shadowy paths for meditative walks meet the eye on either hand. In front of the handsome ivy-covered structure, which forms the main building, is a miniature lake surrounded by rocky grottoes. These are enlivened by flowering vines, mosses, and lichens that find nourishment within the crevices. Beautiful water-lilies display their pure white petals on the surface of this limpid pool, and innumerable gold-fish sport amid the dark-green leaves, or expose their bright scales to the sunshine as they dart for the crumbs you may scatter on the water.

Behind the edifice are gardens and green-houses. In these are flowers of every form and hue, rare tropical plants as well as the choicest varieties of vegetation common to the climate. Air-plants hang in graceful luxuriance above, and a gigantic *Victoria*

Regia lives and propagates in its huge tank. Foreign varieties of grapes are trained to bear abundantly under glass, and dwarf orange trees, with blossoms on this bough and green or ripe fruit on that, excite the interest of a visitor. The whole place is in truth a paradise of beauty, and is justly an object of pride to the city near which it is located.

At a short distance are the necessary out-houses, the stables, a laundry where all the washing is done by steam, a smithy, work-shops, and so forth—every arrangement speaking of liberality both in plan and execution. Within the establishment all is in keeping with the exterior. The utmost cleanliness, order, and neatness prevail. The rooms in the main center building are occupied by the superintending physician and his family, the assistant physicians, the matron, and some other officers of the institution. The right wing is divided into wards and apartments for the male patients, numbering at the time of my visit about one hundred and fifty, and the left wing is devoted to the female patients, of whom there were then over a hundred.

Throughout all this extensive establishment the visitor is gratified to see the ample and judicious provision that is made for the health and, as far as possible, for the enjoyment of its unfortunate inmates. The sanitary arrangements seem perfect. The floors are beautifully white and polished, seeming mutely to say, "Leave no trace of your presence on us." Paint, wood-work, and window-panes, closets and corners, all bear witness to the most careful supervision. I was laughingly told that one day in each week a delegation of the male attendants came on the ladies' side to look for dust and cobwebs, while a party of female attendants inspected the male departments in search of dirt and disorder; and that by this rivalry things were constantly kept in "apple-pie order."

Twice a week the patients are bathed with warm or cold water, as the physician directs. All who can be trusted to the care of a single attendant are permitted to walk or ride out every day. The wards for the females are six in number; and in these the patients are placed according to their degrees of insanity. Some wards are necessarily provided with strong lock-up cells. These are small rooms, high, well lighted, and ventilated, but entirely destitute of furniture. These are used only when a frantic woman destroys everything within reach or becomes otherwise unmanageable. Tight cribs are also seen; barred cages are they for those who can not be kept on an ordinary bed, and who are nevertheless weak and need rest. Tight jackets and handcuffs can not always be dispensed with in the wards for these worst cases; but only those who really require such appliances, to prevent them from doing mischief to themselves or others, are placed in them. The largest amount of freedom is allowed that is compatible with safety. No officer or attendant may use the least harshness in word or action toward a patient, no matter how aggravating the circumstances. Self-control is esteemed a requisite in those who must constantly exercise control over others. Force is sometimes necessary; but in such cases the law is to employ at once sufficient to secure the desired end, and no more.

Long and sad would be the narrative that should contain the soul-histories of the few with whom the writer conversed, and the phases of whose madness were observable. One old woman, tall and gaunt, with disheveled gray hair streaming down her back, followed us persistently, begging for something to eat. "They haint gi'n me a mouthful since I come here," said she in pitiful drawling tones. Yet as I entered the ward she was sitting with a plate in her lap filled with substantial food. Having dispatched this, she commenced her eternal plaint, "Do bring me su'thin to eat," and she caught hold of my dress imploringly. "I will certainly bring you something next time I come," I replied. "What will you bring me?" she asked. "A chicken pie," said I. "That's just what I want; go and get it right now; I'm most starved; now, won't ye?" There was no getting rid of her importunity; she followed me everywhere until we left the ward, and the double-locked door shut up within proscribed limits this miserable creature and her attendant fiend of insatiable hunger.

Perhaps the most affecting and inexpli-

cable case I noticed was that of a young woman who, as we passed by, gathered up her skirts close to her person and stepped back, saying in low tones of deepest self-loathing, "Touch me not, I am unclean. Don't you see I am eaten up—all rotten?" This poor girl is possessed by the idea that she has become the victim of a seducer who has infected her whole being with disease. Yet strange to say neither the investigations of physicians nor the inquiries of friends can find any cause for a belief that she has ever improperly associated with any person. In such cases plain words of instruction and consolation from the intelligent matron or nurse must be of more benefit than physicians' prescriptions.

In the ward appropriated to convalescents, the individual tastes, as well as the greatest possible enjoyment of all the inmates, are sought to be gratified. Employments of various kinds are provided, and much of the necessary sewing of the establishment is done by the patients at their pleasure. Each has her own neatly furnished bedroom, with the charge of her clothes and personal property. The wide hall is hung with festoons of fresh evergreens, and the walls are decorated with handsome colored pictures and steel engravings. Stands of lovely flowers in bouquets or growing in pots were placed here and there at the sides. Here also was a book-case well filled with interesting books, principally volumes of travel and works of the best poets and novelists. Being greatly pleased with the admirable selection of reading matter, I inquired of the patient who was showing me round the ward, "Who selected the books?" She said, "Miss Dix selected and sent them." She recalled the visit of this philanthropic lady to the asylum with evident satisfaction, and remarked that she wished Miss Dix would return and bring as many more different volumes, for she had read all in the library many times over. This patient was a fine-looking, well-dressed elderly lady who had passed the greater part of her life in the asylum. Several times she had been returned to her friends, but the care of her business and property soon unbalanced her mind, and she had to come back.

Connected with the hall was a large parlor handsomely furnished. It contained a piano and music. On the tables were games of chess, checkers, backgammon, fox-and-goose, puzzles, and so forth. A door opened to a pleasant closed veranda, where fresh air and a delightful prospect could be enjoyed in fine weather. Observing that no late publications or magazines were on the tables, I was informed by the matron that such reading had not been admitted since the opening of the war on account of the allusions to it, which nearly all the newspapers and periodicals contained, and which might be likely to agitate and confuse such unbalanced minds.

With the inmates of this convalescent ward the writer spent an agreeable evening. Some had received superior educational advantages in early life, and had moved in the best Southern society. After supper, at which plenty and propriety were both observable, we adjourned to the parlor. I asked one of the ladies to take a seat at the piano, which she did after some hesitation. Soon another and another came near and joined with the music. They played and sang old tunes and songs, and then asked me for some newer ones. I sang several, till they could strike the chords which formed an accompaniment. A preference was shown for sacred music. The favorite melody, "Shall we gather at the river?" especially pleased them; showing that, in some respects, the tastes of those called demented are much like those of people who flatter themselves with the belief that they are sane.

Another hour passed in agreeable conversation, though it was hard to keep it from running into a history of their maladies and confinement in the asylum, topics which it was of course best to avoid. When speaking of the beauty of the grounds, and the many sources of enjoyment within their reach, one of the party said, earnestly, "Yes, we might feel almost satisfied to live here if we didn't know that "*day and night those doors*," pointing to the heavy ward doors, "*are locked upon us*." How dear is liberty, even to those who would abuse its blessings!

At nine the night-bell rang, and we separated with many expressions of satisfaction and pleasant "good-nights." Within fifteen minutes after this nine-o'clock bell, every light throughout the establishment is expected to be put out. A watchman passes

round the building at intervals all through the night, and challenges any light he may see, even though it be in the doctor's own room. Sleep came not easily to me, for I could not but think of those who were pacing their cells unable to take repose. I was told that some patients have been known not to sleep for six successive weeks. However, not a sound reached me after the lights were out; the unrest was all confined within the walls that held the sufferers. But I lay thinking of the individual cases that had especially attracted my attention.

There was a pale, melancholy girl with whom I had held a long and interesting conversation. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and had to be closely watched to guard against a suicidal mania which occasionally came over her. Calm and self-possessed, she told me that she had been religiously exercised from early youth, but had never succeeded in "getting religion." Her pious friends reproached her with hardness of heart and unbelief, until at last she became convinced that she had committed the unpardonable sin and was beyond the limit of salvation. Her distress of mind was so great that it culminated in fits of insanity, during which forcible restraints were necessary to prevent self-destruction.

In another ward I had seen a still more distressing case, where the misery was more intense and the victim knew no respite. As I passed with the matron near this woman, who was young and good-looking, she threw her arms round us both, and with eyes filled with tears, exclaimed in the most piteous tones—tones whose horror and despair sink deeper into my heart with every recollection of them—"Oh! do you think God will burn me in hell forever? I never did anything very wicked; but I can not repent, and they tell me that I shall burn—*burn* always." Assurances of God's love for even the vilest sinners, from the matron and myself, were of no avail. This unhappy being had no reason left to grasp another idea but the one which had taken possession of her mind.

The next morning was Sunday, and at half-past eight such patients as could be trusted to behave decorously were assembled in the chapel for religious services. Accepting the invitation to be present, I inquired of the matron if she was not going in. "No," she replied, with a sad smile, "I have enough to do with crazy people all the week; on Sunday everybody here goes crazy." I looked at her in some surprise, but she gave me no further explanation, and I went on, thinking of her odd remark. The room set apart for a chapel was filled by about forty male patients and as many female, besides a few attendants. The superintendent, assistant physician, and minister were together near the stand. It was a glorious bright morning in June. A light rain the night before had freshened the foliage and the flowers, which sent lavishly up their incense of thanksgiving. The morning light streamed through the vines which nearly shaded the windows, each beam seeming to be a pathway leading from earth to the upper glory.

Just as service began, a little bird perched himself upon a rose-bush near by, and poured forth a joyous song of praise, its every note quivering with love and joy.

The minister turned the leaves of his hymn-book, and I listened for some words to be given out which should unite our hearts and voices in harmony with the sweet influences of nature that the All-Father had spread so bountifully around us. I was thinking how much good it would do the dejected-looking mortals assembled there to unite in some "Glory hallelujah" song which should electrify their whole beings, and make them for a few minutes at least forget their grief and misery. But as there were no such exultant choruses in the hymn-books used, my expectation was flitting between "Welcome, sweet day of rest," and "My God, how boundless is thy love," when the silence was broken by the solemn voice of the minister who, having called the number of the hymn, proceeded to read the first line, "And am I born to die?" Both the words and the doleful tones in which they were uttered acted as a complete damper on all joyous aspirations. It was as if a great chain had been thrown over the assembly, linking all tightly to earth.

A faint hope rose within me that the act of prayer might have the effect of opening the preacher's heart to brighter themes. But no, the prayer was evidently inspired from

the same source as the hymn, and that chain whose simple weight our spirits had hitherto felt, was now to be drawn more tightly. The preacher announced his text, 6th Revelations, 8th verse: "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and the name that sat on him was Death; and Hell followed after him." In a moment I saw the meaning of my friend's assertion, that "on Sunday everybody went crazy." Surely, thought I, it is strange that the injudicious policy of such religious exercises is not clear to the directors of this asylum, especially when there is a suicidal mania pervading it, two patients having accomplished self-destruction within the past two months, notwithstanding the vigilance of the attendants, and one being now in a precarious condition from an attempt. Throughout the sermon the minister stuck close to his text, which is a sufficient comment, and the services concluded with a hymn beginning,

> "My thoughts on awful subjects roll,—
> Damnation and the dead."

On rejoining my friend I said, "It is plain to me now why you do not go to the chapel." "If I did," she replied, "I should go crazy too." "But are such sermons frequently preached here?" I asked. "That is the regular preacher," she said, "and those who attend say that his sermons are all pretty much alike. In my opinion, such preaching neutralizes much of the good influences we bring to bear on our patients during the week, so that I often wish we had nothing but Sunday-school for them."

In closing this simple statement of facts I would merely ask, Is it not time that some attention was given by scientific physicians to the proper religious medicine for the "human mind diseased?"

SOUL MORTAL OR IMMORTAL!

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL — *Dear Sir:* The writer of the article headed "Some Critical Reflections," in the April number of the JOURNAL, p. 290, presents some questions which have often occurred to me; and I suppose his organization must be similar, in some respects, to my own, *i. e.*, Hope and Spirituality small, and Causality large. He is evidently a non-believer in Holy Writ, or he would not look elsewhere for satisfactory evidence of the immortality of the soul. He says: "I will now present a few facts which I think prove the idea that 'the soul can not die,' to be unsound." He mentions first the growth and decay of the *mind.* The mind and soul he evidently takes as one. Some writers divide man into three parts. The body, mind or spirit, and soul; the body being the mortal part of the two latter. This is a division that I must say I do not clearly understand myself. On talking with a physician who holds this tripartite belief, he endeavored to explain in this way that each fitted into the other, but were distinct and could be separated: first the body, then the soul, then the spirit or mind; and that the mind gave size and shape to the soul, and the soul to the body. I remember to have read somewhere a similar division also explaining the functions of the three separate parts. 1st. The body is the earthly house of the soul; then the spirit, or mind, inhabits the soul, and is free to live and act, governed by good or bad motives or principles as it will; and as it lives, so will it form the soul, and so will the body exhibit the nature of its tenant, the soul. This much by way of explanation of the three-part theory.

And now to answer, as well as in me lies, the other dogmas of your correspondent. He says that "the growth and decay of the mind with the body prove the mortality of the soul." This does not always happen. Some retain their faculties in all vigor apparently when the body is worn out. Some die by accident—the mind in full life. The soul may be in full life though clogged by the decaying body. If we chain our hand, and thus confine it, it will not be able to perform its function, yet the full life-power is there. The seed grows and decays,—but to bloom again.

2d. He says "the mind sleeps with the body, and is insensible and unconscious of existence during sound sleep as any inanimate substance." This is not always the case. The mind is often very active in dreams, while the body is resting, and the fact of the mind returning to the body on its (the body's) awakening, proves that the mind can be suspended without death resulting.

When we do not dream, the mind certainly must *exist* although it is not active, because it returns again, with its memories, proving that it is the same mind. If the mind had been annihilated during sleep, then there should be another mind to the reawakened body.

The mind is not dead when it is deranged, because it is often restored, and consequently has only been diseased.

Your correspondent also instances a dead mind while under the influence of chloroform. I can speak upon this point from experience, having been under the influence of chloroform for fifteen minutes, during which time a limb was amputated, and my mind went entirely away from my body, leaving the body insensible, while my mind seemed to *exist* in a conscious, sensible condition away from the body.

I think your correspondent fails to prove what he sums up in his last paragraph on this subject, that the mind can not exist independent of the body, and be governed as to its development by the quantity and quality of brain. FELIX.

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—FERRIER.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

[CONTINUED FROM JULY NUMBER.]

THE GRAND DIVISIONS, AND THEIR DIFFERENCE.

EDUCATION is usually divided into two branches, Physical and Moral. More correctly might it be divided into three—Physical, Moral, and Intellectual. Nothing is more certain than that the Intellectual and the Moral powers may be educated separately; the former being amended, while the latter are not; and the converse. Facts in proof of this are abundant. There is as real a distinction between moral and intellectual education as there is between physical education and either of them. It will appear, however, presently, that they are all three so intimately connected, that the improvement of any one of them may be made to contribute to that of the others. Nor can it be otherwise, except through mismanagement. Moral action, intellectual action, and what, for want of a better name, I may call physical action, have their seats and instruments in different parts of the human system; and those parts are essentially connected by sympathy, and other ties more mechanical and obvious. One of them being injured or benefited, therefore, the others are affected in a corresponding manner. Deriving their being and sustenance from the same source, and serving as elements of the same individual person, each of whose parts is necessary to the integrity and perfection of the whole, it would be singular were it not so. To illustrate my meaning and prove my position.

INTERDEPENDENCY OF BRAIN AND BODY.

The condition of the morals of every individual depends on the condition of the moral organs of his brain, the condition of his intellect on that of his intellectual organs, and the condition of his physical powers on that of the remaining portion of his body, including the cutaneous system, the digestive, the respiratory, the circulatory, the secretory, the absorbent, the muscular, and some others. And all these parts are so mutually dependent, that no one of them can be either materially injured or benefited alone. More or less, the others correspond to the condition into which it is thrown. Are the digestive, the respiratory, and the circulatory systems, or either of them seriously deranged, the brain suffers, through all its divisions, for

want of a sufficient supply of good blood to nourish, vivify, and strengthen it. Is the brain itself materially deranged, it is incompetent to prepare, in due quantity, and of sound qualities, its *matter of influence*, whatever that may be, and transmit it to the other parts of the system. They therefore suffer in turn. Hence, I repeat, that moral and intellectual education, which consists in amending the condition of the brain, and physical education, which is the improvement of the other parts of the body, are indispensable to the perfection of each other, and, of course, to that of the whole system. Physical education is to the other two what the root, trunk, and branches of the tree are to its leaves, blossoms, and fruit. It is the source and *sine qua non* of their existence. Injure or improve it, and you produce on them a

APOLLO.

kindred effect. Hence, physical education is far more important than is commonly imagined. Without a due regard to it—by which I mean a stricter and more judicious attention than is paid to it at present—man can not attain the perfection of his nature.

ANCIENT GREECE

might be cited in confirmation of this. May history and other forms of record be credited, the people of that country were, as a nation, physically and intellectually the most perfect of the human race. And there is reason to believe that their unrivaled attention to physical education was highly influential in producing the result.

In truth, the ancient Persians and Greeks, as well as some other nations of antiquity, appear to have cultivated that form of education to a much greater extent than the moderns do. Nor were they without their reasons for this. For their standing in war, in common with their influence in peace, individuals among those people were greatly indebted to their personal strength. The cause of this was that they were, in a high degree, deficient in the improvements of art, especially in their knowledge and command of the mechanical powers. Their chief substitute for this want was their own bodily powers. It was incumbent on them, therefore, to increase those powers in the highest practicable degree. The invention of gunpowder has brought the weak and the strong to an equality in war; and the improvements made in mechanics have done nearly the same in relation to the arts of peace. Hence, as respects the general business of life, the moderns have much less necessity for personal strength than the ancients had. And as mankind act from motives of necessity and interest much more than from those of any other sort, physical education, the chief source of superior strength of person, has been greatly neglected, especially by the higher orders of society, for two or three centuries. Knowledge being now the only ground of great power and influence, *intellectual education* receives at present a much more *exclusive* attention than it formerly did, and much more than comports with the benefit of our race. Even *it*, however, would profit greatly by an improved condition of physical education.

RATIONAL TRAINING.

This brings me immediately to my task. Before actually entering on it, however, suffer me to observe that if, instead of treating technically of moral, intellectual, and physical education, authors and others would speak correctly of the education of the different portions of the body, each portion being trained according to its organization and character, they would be more philosophical and intelligible than they are. I am persuaded they would be also more instructive. The skin, for example, must be educated by one mode of discipline, the stomach by another, the lungs by a third, the muscles and

circulatory system by a fourth, and each external sense and cerebral organ by a method corresponding to the peculiarity of its nature. In this view of the subject, which is the only rational one, the training of the brain, in all its departments, by whatever name they may be called, is as truly a *physical* or *physiological* process as the training of any other part of the body. I shall not, however, out of mere conformity to these principles, employ at present any new terms or phrases, as those already in use are sufficient for my purpose, and will be better understood than such as I might substitute for them. It is of physical education, then, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, that I am now to speak.

This process may be defined that scheme of training which contributes most effectually to the development, health, and perfection of living matter. As applied to man, it is that scheme which raises his whole system to its summit of perfection. In this are included the highest tone and vigor of all parts of the body that are consistent with a sound condition of them; for the tone of a

WELL-ORGANIZED FEMALE.

vital organ, like that of a musical instrument, may be too high as well as too low.

Physical education, then, in its philosophy and practice, is of great compass. If complete, it would be tantamount to an entire system of Hygiene. It would embrace everything that, by bearing in any way on the human body, might injure or benefit it in its

WELL-ORGANIZED MALE.

health, vigor, and fitness for action. It must be obvious, therefore, that in a single essay I can consider it but partially. To give a full development of it, volumes of writing would be necessary, and days would be required to read them. So numerous are the elements which enter into the aggregate of the scheme, that I can but barely refer to most of them, and speak of a few of them very briefly.

Were I to commence at the real fountain of physical education, and trace the stream to its close, I should be obliged to refer to a period anterior to the birth, or even the formation of those, of the promotion and perfection of whose health and strength I should be treating.

THE PRIMARY REQUISITE.

The first and most important element of physical education is to procure for those to be educated a constitution of body originally sound. To this the soundness of parents is indispensable—it being a law of nature that constitutional qualities are *hereditary*. If the stamina of the child be defective, it is not to be expected that the health and vigor of the adult can be made perfect. The primitive deficiency, though it may be lessened, can never be entirely removed. As well

may you look for the erection of a solid edifice to endure for ages out of decayed materials.

The constitution of the child may be irremediably impaired by various causes. Of these, the

MARRIAGE OF THE FEEBLE AND INFIRM

is one,—children inheriting the constitutions of their parents. Under this head are included all persons having a well-known constitutional tendency to any form of disease; the more especially if that tendency be a family inheritance. Of this description are those who are predisposed to insanity, idiocy, pulmonary consumption, asthma, gout, dyspepsia, scrofula, and other affections known to be transmissible from parents to their offspring.

EARLY MARRIAGES,

by which I mean those that take place before the *full maturity* of the parties, is another. Sound and perfect fruit can not be the product of immature and feeble trees. This truth is well known to skillful agriculturists, and scrupulously observed and practiced on by them in their efforts to improve their domestic animals and the products of their grounds. It is neglected and run counter to only in what are termed efforts to improve the human race. To improve the human race! rather say to deteriorate it! While man is the laborious improver of everything else, as well in art as in nature, strange as it may appear, he neglects, or rather deteriorates, himself; not remembering that self improvement would not only be a source of the purest pleasure to him, but would qualify him the better for effecting every other form of it by increasing his powers.

BETWEEN OLD AND YOUNG.

Another cause is marriage where the husband is far advanced in life, while the wife is in the vigor of womanhood. The issue of such connections are rarely possessed of sound constitutions. They often exhibit some of the elements of old age even in their youth. And no instance is remembered at present where they have been long-lived, or distinguished by mental or bodily powers.

PAUPER UNIONS.

A fourth cause is the marriage of the indigent, who are unable to provide for their offspring a competent supply of wholesome food. Hence the universal degeneracy of the poor —of those, I mean, whose nutriment is scanty, of bad quality, and imperfectly cooked. For the cooking of diet is of great moment, and the cookery of the poor is always defective.

A fifth cause is a long perseverance in

FAMILY ALLIANCES,

—marriages, I mean, between those nearly allied to each other by descent. Be the immediate reason what it may, the fact is indisputable, that the descendants of parents thus related degenerate; and the families, in time, become extinct. Witness the present royal families of Europe, that from sceptered pride and state policy have long intermarried with each other. Some of them can now scarcely muster heirs, in the direct line, to occupy their thrones—and such heirs, that the whole of them united would not form a well-gifted man! Yet those families, now so degenerate, were once signalized for high and noble qualities in the midst of the most noble, and were on that account clad in purple and decorated with crowns. Nothing but commanding attributes, mental or personal, or both, could have raised them, at first, to regal power. To the nobility of Portugal I might particularly point. They were once the pride of Europe. But by intermarriages, continued for centuries, they are now a most degenerate race. By intermarrying with commoners, the nobility of Great Britain, Turkey, and Persia avoid degeneracy and continue among the finest people of their respective nations.

ANTE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

The last cause I shall cite as operating before the birth of the child, is the state of health of the mother during gestation. Unless that be sound, the constitution of the offspring will be necessarily impaired. It is in vain to allege, in opposition to this, that the infants of delicate, enfeebled, and even sickly mothers are sometimes healthy and robust. They would have been more so, had the health of their mothers been in a better condition.

The avoidance, by married women, therefore, of everything that might injure them, can not be too strict. Nor is this all. They should take more exercise in the open air than they usually do. The feeling which induces many of them to shut themselves up in their rooms for weeks and months before parturition, is an excess of delicacy—were the

term less exceptionable, I would say false delicacy—and ought not to be indulged. Their food should be wholesome, nourishing, and easy of digestion, and should be taken in quantities sufficient to give them their entire strength, and maintain all their functions in full vigor. Their minds ought to be kept in a state of tranquillity. In a particular manner, the effects of frightful appearances, alarming accidents, and agitating and impassioned

MOTHER AND CHILD.

tales and narratives should be carefully guarded against by them. The blighting operation of the "Reign of Terror," in Paris, on the children born during that period, furnishes fearful evidence of the influence of the distracted and horrified condition of the mother over the system of the unborn infant. An unusual number of them were still-born. Of those who were not so, a number equally uncommon died at an early age; and of those who attained adult life, an unusual proportion were subject to epilepsy, madness, or some other form of cerebral disease. Pinel tells us "that out of ninety-two children born after the blowing up of the arsenal at Landau, in 1793, eight were affected by a species of cretinism, and died before the expiration of the fifth year; thirty-three languished through a miserable existence of from nine to ten months' duration; sixteen died on coming into the world, and two were born with *numerous fractures* of the longer bones! The latter effect must have been produced by the inordinate and deranged contraction of the uterus.

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

The sound nursery-education of children consists chiefly in the judicious management of diet, cleanliness, clothing, atmospherical temperature, respiration, muscular exercise, sleep, and the *animal* passions. I say "animal passions," because children in the nursery have no other kind. Of the education of the moral feelings I shall speak hereafter. I do not say that no degree of moral education can be communicated to children at a very early period. Their moral organs, however, being as yet not only small, but very immature, can not be operated on to much advantage. An attempt to excite them powerfully might even do mischief.

For many reasons, infants are best nourished when nursed by their mothers. Though exceptions to this sometimes occur, they are rare, and might by well-regulated conduct be rendered much more so. When children have passed the period of lactation, their diet should be simple, nutritious, and easily digested; and they may take it liberally, and at shorter intervals than adults. But they should never be gorged with it, nor allowed to eat until their appetites are cloyed. Of all solid substances, whether animal or vegetable, they should early learn the importance of *thorough mastication*. They should be taught that to swallow such articles without chewing them is indecent as well as injurious; for they will often do, in defiance of danger and positive prohibition, what they would not do in violation of good manners. High-seasoned condiments, and other provocatives, should be carefully withheld from them. So should unripe fruit and crude vegetables,—all their diet being thoroughly cooked. Indeed, children are, on an average, much more injured than benefited by eating undressed summer fruit, of whatever kind it may be, and whether it be ripe or green. One reason of this is, that they are permitted to eat too much of it, and to take it at improper times. Everything either highly stimulating or difficult of digestion should be prohibited food. Such diet is bad enough for adults; for children, tender, feeble, and susceptible as they are, it is poison, destroying life, at times, in a few hours. Infinite mischief is done by giving children a "*little*" of a prohibited article, because "the dear creatures wanted it, and held out their little hands for it!" A transgression of this kind by a nurse should be visited on her by an immediate dismissal. Let it never be forgotten nor overlooked that,

like all other parts of the body, the stomach may be strengthened by skillful training. Let that organ receive suitable aliment, in proper quantities, and at well-regulated periods, and it will be as certainly improved in its powers and sympathies as the brain, external senses, and muscles are by their appropriate kinds of action. Nor is it less impaired and enfeebled than other organs by too much or too little action. It is subject to all the laws that govern other portions of organized matter. Suitable exercise, indulged in to the proper extent, strengthens it, while excessive and deficient action weakens it and unfits it for its functions. Too much attention can not be paid to the bowels in the earlier years of life, and, indeed, throughout the whole of it. Their condition should always be free, inclining to laxity, rather than the contrary. Let them be regulated by diet and regimen, if possible. Should that course, however, prove unsuccessful, the necessary laxatives must be administered.

CLEANLINESS.

The cleanliness of children is indispensable to the healthy action of their skin, and through that to their general health; and the water used in cleansing them should be tepid. Though vigorous children may bear bathing in cold water with impunity, delicate ones can not. Even the former, if in the slightest degree indisposed, may be injured by it. It being, moreover, not always easy to ascertain whether children are in perfect health or not, tepid water is always safest. Nor is infancy the proper period to attempt to produce hardihood of constitution by exposure to a low temperature. Practice founded on the opposite opinion is often productive of serious, not say fatal results.

I shall only add, under this head, that personal cleanliness, as one of the minor virtues (for it deserves to be so called), is much less attended to and esteemed in the United States than it ought to be. Nor does this charge implicate only the neglect of children. Adults are still more negligent of cleanliness in themselves. During weeks and months water touches no part of many of them, save their hands and faces—and at long intervals their feet and ankles. This is downright *uncleanliness*, not to give it a harsher name. Were the inhabitants of our country to use some form of ablution much more frequently than they do, they would be purer, more comfortable, and healthier than they are

CLOTHING AND TEMPERATURE.

The clothing of infants should be soft, fitted to absorb moisture from the skin, and retain the natural warmth of the body, and so fashioned as to be loose and free. The tight bandaging of children, and every other form of pressure made by their clothing, is pernicious. Health has been injured, and life destroyed by it. This is true, more especially, of undue pressure on the abdomen or chest—the parts on which it is most frequently made.

A HEALTHY CHILD.

The temperature of a nursery ought to be comfortable. It should neither chill with cold nor flush with heat. To the tenderness and susceptibility of infancy all extremes are hurtful. Means to prevent the apartment from being traversed by currents of cold or damp air should be provided, and nothing neglected that may tend to secure an equable temperature.

The respiration of infants is immensely important, and can not be too vigilantly at-

tended to. The air breathed by them should be fresh and pure. Let nurseries, therefore, be spacious, clean, and thoroughly ventilated. Nor is it unimportant that they be well lighted—I mean the windows. The influence of

LIGHT

on animal life is not sufficiently appreciated. Facts as well as principles show that it is much greater and more salutary than is commonly believed. Darkness long continued is scarcely less pernicious to tender animals (and children are such) than to plants. Account for it as we may, light co-operates with oxygen in imparting to the arterial blood the brilliancy of its scarlet. Not only the complexion, but the blood itself, the source of complexion, loses much of its florid hue in miners, criminals confined in dark dungeons, and other persons long secluded from the light. During suitable weather infants should pass several hours daily in the open air. The constant housing of adults is bad,—that of infants far worse, because their delicacy and sensitiveness are greater. Respiration acts primitively on the lungs; and those organs are invigorated and otherwise benefited by the laughing, shouting, crowing, and occasional *crying* of children. However unpleasant the latter sound may be, it is a natural one. And nature is, in all things, our best guide; though we must not abuse her, or suffer her to be abused, by any sort of excess. Crying, within proper bounds, is *good exercise* for the lungs and other vocal organs of children; and suitable exercise is a certain source of strength to every portion of the body. The late Professor Rush, who was noted for his pithy, antithetical, and sagacious remarks, said, in his lectures, that though the usual adage respecting children was "Laugh and be fat," he had learned from observation that they might also "Cry and be fat." And he was right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHYSICAL INDICIA OF DISEASE.—Life, indeed, might not inappropriately be compared to a web of cloth made of the purest American cotton, and each stoppage in nutrition to a flaw. Thus each disease, each temporary illness, although not producing an actual gap, would weaken the web by introducing into it an inferior quality of cotton. Do we not every day see around us evidence of the flaws in the human webs? Look, for example, at the teeth. Are the furrows we occasionally see across them not the tell-tales of the severe illness of youth? Are they other than the marks of arrested nutrition? So again with the nails. Do they not, after a smart attack of scarlet fever, indicate by their grooves the severity of the illness? Can the falling out of the hair after typhus be said to be due to anything else than temporarily arrested nutrition? Even the mind itself does not escape the general ill. Bad tissue deposited produces bad memory. Old people remember distinctly all that occurred to them in their youth, when good tissue was being laid down; but forget the occurrences of the previous day, when in old age the material is of an impaired quality. So also it is found, and for a similar reason probably, that it occasionally happens that, after a severe illness, little is remembered of what occurred during it.

ELEVATION AND HEALTH.—In the period between last February and June, 1,192 persons died in Palermo, in Italy; 605 on the ground floors, 365 on the first floor, 119 on the second floor, and 104 on the third floor of the houses.—*Cor. Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

[In New York, and in many other cities, hundreds of clerks, porters, and others live and labor much of their time underground. Horses are kept in underground stables; and much disease is thereby generated. Young men get rheumatic, horses become blind, and premature death relieves them. Horses and human beings, to live and thrive, require fresh air and sun-light. Lizards, turtles, and vermin can live and thrive amid the fungus and decay of darkness.]

INTERESTING TO DRINKERS.—The internal revenue reports show that in Cincinnati 42,000 barrels of saloon washings, valued at two dollars per barrel, are redistilled annually, yielding an average of two and a half gallons per barrel of spirits recovered therefrom. These washings consist of slops that accumulate in the drinking saloons. The slops that accumulate in the higher class of saloons command a better price, owing to the fact that gentleman are not expected to drain their glasses.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE DUTIES OF MOTHERS TO THEIR DAUGHTERS.

ENOUGH has been said in regard to the duties of parents to demand an apology for further discussion; but there is one point upon which the thoughtful writer can not dwell at too great length: it is the duty of *mothers to their daughters*;—not to their sons, for boys look out for themselves and defy restraints, if not before, then after, they are twenty-one. But it is different with girls,—they are either to marry, or serve mothers. Boys go out and become workers in the greatfield; girls stay at home to dust parlors, entertain company, and return calls.

There is no justice in this state of things, and the sooner girls find it out the better. They are self-abnegating, but surely there is no merit in their martyrdom. Mothers teach their daughters that all they have to do is to uphold the credit of their family by living in refinement and luxury at home and leaving the world and its workers to their destiny. Don't believe it, girls, even if you have to doubt your mothers. Rather use your own eyes, and listen to the whisperings of your own consciences. Your mother has no right to lay her burdens upon your shoulders. It is her place to be the matron. If she accepted the lot before you were born, let her retain it while health and strength last. In times of sickness or misfortune you will not need to be asked to lend a helping hand; but under ordinary circumstances resent the foul imputation that you have nothing else to do. Rise up and assert your own individuality, and like a sensible girl say to her that you are unwilling to become a nonentity in your day and generation. If you have an education, use it; if you have talents, apply them. Work, work, but not without compensation,—just and ample compensation for both soul and body. Resist all overtures to become the mere assistant of the hired girl, and live down the prejudice existing in the heart of your kind but thoughtless mother.

It is not heresy to teach this doctrine to girls, nor are we traitors to the mothers of the land. But it is time some friendly hand was extended to that vast army of sensible girls who after leaving school are expected to eke out the best years of their earth-lives waiting for a home of their own, and spending their best faculties in preparing favorite dishes and embroidering slippers. "It is nonsense," says the mother, "for my daughter to work. We have plenty to give her when we are gone, and I wish her to help me." Intense selfishness hidden away under disinterested magnanimity. "But," we reply, "has your daughter no individuality of her own? Is she not of sufficient importance to be consulted in this all-important matter of the disposition of the very best years of her life?" "She can read and inform herself," you reply. But what stimulant is there in such a course? She will soon tell you that she knows as much as most of the people with whom she is thrown, and the keen appetite and strong relish for knowledge she acquired at school gradually leaves her, and she becomes as commonplace as the most ordinary of her set. You are directly responsible for this, mothers; and did you but know the strong yearnings of that loved child's heart, could you but see he grand impulses stifled and confined to meet your insignificance, you surely would not look upon her with the self-complacent air which now adorns your face.

She is doubtless a good girl; but she might have been—she ought to be—a great woman doing service for herself and rendering tribute to God. No justice underlies the excuse that you would shield her from contact with the world. She is strong and self-reliant; let her go forth and stand side by side with the sinewy frames that are battling for

great principles. Pioneer work will not be as hard for your girls, mothers, as the laborious, stupid, senseless drudgery of a well-to-do fashionable home. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

WINE IN THE CHURCH;
OR, WHO MADE HENRY A DRUNKARD?

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"ADELLE, how can you allow your children to drink wine?" asked Aunt Abigail somewhat impatiently, as they lingered over the dinner-table.

"My dear Abbie, do you not know that every one in society drinks wine? We should lose standing at once if we were to exclude it from our table."

"My impression is, that more people lose 'standing' from drinking wine, and its kindred forms of intoxicating liquor, than from excluding them altogether from their homes," replied the pertinacious Aunt Abigail.

"You mistake, dear sister," said Mrs. Melrose. "This wine is not intoxicating. It is the same kind that is used at our church in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Our beloved pastor, Reverend Dr. B——, uses it himself in his own family; and he says if it is only kept sacred for the altar of God, and for the Christian home, it will do no harm."

"Sacred wines! sacred whisky! sacred strychnine, logwood, and fusil oil for the Christian home, and the altar of God! Why does not the eloquent and learned Dr. B—— advocate a little swearing, gambling, or pilfering, just to be kept sacred to the memory of our beloved Redeemer?"

"Why, sister," interrupted Mr. Melrose, now coming to the rescue, as his fashionably pious wife was evidently fainting, "you are too irreverent! You should not associate such vile things with those kept holy to the Lord."

"No, brother, we should not; and that is perhaps the strongest argument against the use of the common alcoholic wine of the present day at the communion-table. It is associating a vile and sinful thing with the hour of pure devotion and holy feeling. It is the serpent at the altar!"

"But you know, sister, that Jesus used wine at the Last Supper, and said, 'Drink ye all of it.'"

"No, dear brother, we have no sufficient proof of any such belief. Some of our ablest commentators have thought the wine of the passover to be but unfermented grape-juice; and even that was very much diluted, if we may believe John's archæology upon the subject."

"Pray, Abigail, don't let us have a theological discussion here at our dinner-table. We leave all such matters to Dr. B——. He has traveled much, and eaten of the grapes of Hebron under the vines. He has bathed in the sacred stream of Jordan, and brought home a bottle full of the muddy water in his pocket. He has followed the footsteps of Jesus all over the Holy Land——"

"And kissed the Blarney Stone in exactly the same spot where St. Patrick kissed it," interrupted Henry, a bright-looking boy of about fifteen.

"Hush, Henry; you should not talk that way of our pastor."

"You see, Abigail, our conversation is having a bad effect upon the children already!"

"If it will only open their eyes to the evil of this habit they are acquiring," said Aunt Abigail, pointing significantly to Henry's already emptied glass, "and close their mouths forever against the wine which 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' it will have proved a very good influence."

"We drink none but the purest wine, and only a single glass is allowed to the younger members of the family. Our children are all carefully and religiously trained, and we trust none of them will ever disgrace us by becoming intemperate."

"Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," muttered the spinster, warningly, as she left the room.

"I do wish Abbie would not come here visiting," said Mrs. Melrose. "Of course, as she is your sister, I must treat her with courtesy; but she has such odd ways and precise notions!"

* * * * * * *

Ten years pass, and Henry has become a man. He sits with his affianced bride in her father's fashionable church. At her request, and the wish of his intended father-in-law, Dr. B——, he is about to profess religion, and partake of the communion.

The wine is poured—how it sparkles in the cup! how strong it smells! He has been afraid of late that he loved it too well, and once or twice, upon a festive occasion, he has indulged a little too freely; but there is no fear here. The learned preacher pours the draught; gray-haired deacons pass slowly round with it; young men and maidens, intelligent, grave, and sober men, beautiful and thoughtful women, all partake; why should he hesitate?

He did think, the last time he awoke with a horrid headache, and a dim remembrance of being assisted home from his club, that he would never taste wine again. He had some faint fears of a time when his Emma's happiness, as well as his own manliness, might be forfeited by his present course.

She is by his side now; in a few hours she will be his wife. She passes him the cup, having first pressed it to her rosy lips. How fortunate he has not yet signed the pledge! He drinks, and his half-formed resolution is gone. The good deacon looks surprised at the long, slow draught. He looks surprised again when Aunt Abigail, who has partaken of the bread with the others, sits grimly with folded hands and compressed lips, and will not even pass the cup to the one beyond.

The holy rite is over; so also is the faint glimmering of hope for the young man. Oh, my fellow-sinners! say not that ye did it in memory of Christ. How know ye what were the contents of His cup? Did He in any place call it *wine?* Was it the fermented wine of our day? And if it were, doth He not say, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life?" Do we in all things else, in raiment, in place, with unleavened bread, and Jewish posture, and previous washing of feet, keep the sacrament as He ordained it?

* * * * * * *

Ten years more—a miserable man lies dying upon his pallet in the hospital. The horrors of delirium tremens are over now. He is feeble; he is conscious; he is penitent.

Where is his fashionable mother? In the solitude of an invalid's chamber she buries her grief for her only son. His wife? She has long since obtained a decree of divorce, and returned to her father's house. His father still goes the round of business life, but no smile ever brightens his thin visage. He has no wine upon his table now. The eloquent Dr. B—— preaches to his parishioners with added pathos upon the terrible sin of intemperance, but on the first Sabbath of each month "fills high the cup with ruby wine."

Aunt Abigail alone soothes the last hours of the erring man, receives his last words:

"I learned to drink wine at the home table, around the altar of family affection; my resolution to reform was drowned at the table of the Lord, in the cup filled to the memory of Christ. You, Aunt Abigail, alone warned me. You alone have not deserted me."

"Nay, Henry, there are truer Friends still with thee: the Father who ordained the home, and the Saviour who instituted the Supper. They will go with thee through the dark valley.

"Mistaken man has perverted the institutions of the Most High; but His power is over all, and He shall yet bring light from the darkness."

GLIMPSES OF "LIFE AT HOME."*

FAMILY BOARDING.

THE family must have a home, and the hotel or the boarding-house can never give it. To have a home which is not all a name, you must have a door which shall open to yours as to no other hand, a threshold upon which you step as the drawbridge to your castle, a house over which you may go with the unthought consciousness that it is yours alone. Its halls must not be the thoroughfare of a hundred passers, and your rooms your only domain.

This hotel life has a disastrous effect on a family of children. It renders family training and true government very difficult and almost impossible. If, to avoid the subtile and unfortunate results of promiscuous intercourse, the little ones are confined in their apartments, their physical as well as mental health must suffer; if they are permitted to be abroad, they are subject to influences entirely beyond the parental control. If the child be interesting or sprightly, he is petted and spoiled; if he be dull or peculiar, he is soured and injured by neglect; and in either case the little one bears the unfortunate consequences of the evil circumstances by which he is inevitably surrounded.

If parents do not need a home, their children do; and though it should be the smallest of all homes, they should have one. The number of its apartments and the style of its furniture are but of small account in comparison with the thing itself. If I were advising a young married couple, I would say: *As soon as possible make yourselves a home;* feel that married life is all incomplete without that. If you can not get it at once, fix it as something to be striven after unfalteringly till it is obtained. It is easier to enter upon the cares and the work of house- (better say home-) keeping at once, than when the indolent habits of boarding have taken away your heart for it. While you are

* Life at Home; or, the Family and its Members. By Rev. William Aikman, D.D. One vol. 12mo. Price, $1 50; extra gilt, $2. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

alone, only husband and wife, it would be better if you had a home, and tenfold more so if God should give you children.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

It is an almost daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and many and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonders at for having never found a wife! Who shall tell you all the secret history of the bygone time! of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment, dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of a fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out toward him, and many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board where a silent, if not sullen company of animals come to feed; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses are in order; let there be some music in the household, music not kept like silk and satins to show to company, but music in which father and mother and sister and brother join; let the young companions be welcomed and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments; in a word, let the home be surrounded by an air of cosy and cheerful goodwill; then children need not be exhorted to love it, and you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

REMEMBER THE OLD FOLKS.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother. Do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told. Do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say—"I am well," if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say with a warm-hearted son—

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee!"

THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.

ON the evening of the 8th of June last, while entertaining a party of friends at his house in a suburb of London, Charles Dickens, the eminent novelist, journalist, etc., suddenly expired from an attack of apoplexy. Stricken down by the inexorable messenger at a time when he seemed in his average health and in exuberant spirits, his death has created a profound impression on both sides of the Atlantic, and writers of all schools and phases of opinion have hastened to declare their regret at his loss, and their admiration for his intellectual genius.

What were the phrenological developments of Charles Dickens? These. a large brain, chiefly developed in the front, side, and back head. The intellectual lobe, including both groups of perceptives and reflectives, was considerably above the average in size. Language was very large; Ideality, Sub-

limity, Imitation, Mirthfulness, Human Nature, Constructiveness, and Benevolence were well marked. His Veneration and Conscientiousness were moderate; so also were Spirituality and Hope. His plane was not so high as that of Milton, Shakspeare, or Sir Walter Scott. The heads of those worthies may be likened to three-story houses. The head of Dickens was more nearly like that of Byron, though with much less Ideality.

Dickens lacked the spiritual, the devotional, the more exalted human characteristics, though he possessed boundless sympathy; and he knew, like a dramatist, how to touch the affections and the sympathies of others. Deep and active *charity* comes of Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, and Spirituality, sanctified by the Holy Ghost.

There are many degrees of goodness, as there are of talent. One has worldly goodness; another has worldly and spiritual goodness combined. One is very social, another intellectual, another artistic. One is charitable, another godly. Another combines one, two, or more of these qualities; another combines them all. Mr. Dickens stood on a plane neither the lowest nor the highest—it was a middle plane. He will be so judged by his successors. The head and character of Charles Dickens, the most popular of all the story-writers of his day, afford a

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.

most interesting study for the phrenologist. Here is a short life-sketch.

Charles Dickens is so well known to Americans—only a year or two ago he was among us—that it would be a work of supererogation to give the reader a lengthy account of his life. The following epitome will suffice.

He was born at Portsmouth, February 7th, 1812, his father being at that time employed in the office of the paymaster of the marine. While very young he was taken to Chatham, where he received his education up to twelve or thirteen, when he was placed in a college in the neighborhood of Rochester. There he evinced a quick intelligence and a superior memory, and particularly a great fondness for reading. Leaving college he entered the office of a London lawyer, who had been for a long time associated with his father.

He felt no taste or inclination for the long robe and wig, but for more than two years he labored at the dry duties of an attorney's clerk, and then, convinced that the law and he had little sympathy for each other, he devoted all his faculties to secure a footing in literature. Taking a reporter's position on the staff of the *True Sun*, he earned a modest stipend by his sprightly contributions of items of public interest. Next he attached himself to the *Mirror of Parliament*, a sheet in which the debates of the English legislature were published at length, and shortly afterward he became associated with the *Morning Chronicle*. It is through the last-named paper that the early literary productions which laid the foundation to his fame found their way to public notice. He ventured some sketches which appeared under the title of "Sketches of English Life and Character," and whose originality of conception and seizure of quaint phenomena in character attracted general attention. These sketches by "Boz" were collected and published in two volumes, with illustrations by Cruikshanks. In 1837 he commenced the publication of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." which were issued in monthly parts, illustrated. This undertaking proved highly successful, contributing to his purse, and to his reputation as a writer. In 1838 he was offered the editorship of *Bentley's Magazine*, and accepted it; and the same year wrote the story of "Oliver Twist." "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock," "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge" appeared in the course of the next three years, and were successively welcomed by the masses. His visit to America in 1842 resulted in the appearance of "American Notes," of which little need be said. In 1843 "Martin Chuzzlewit" was published. In 1846 he started the *Morning News*, a Liberal paper, and in it published his "Pictures of Italy," the results of a short tour in that classic land.

Resigning the editorial conduct of the *Morning News* he devoted himself to story writing, and brought out "Dombey and Son" and "The Haunted Man." In 1850 he commenced the publication of "David Copperfield," in monthly parts, in a periodical originated by himself called *Household Words*, whose circulation in a short time advanced to 60,000 subscribers. Through this agency his "Child's History of England," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorritt," "Great Expectations," and "Tale of Two Cities" were given to the world, extending over a series of years until 1859, when *Household Words* was merged into *All the Year Round*.

In 1862 Mr. Dickens commenced his readings from his own works, which he continued until within a short time before his death. "Our Mutual Friend," and several other shorter stories appeared meanwhile. In 1869 he made his second visit to America and successfully toured the country, giving readings in the principal cities.

He married, when about twenty-six years of age, Miss Hogarth, the daughter of a lawyer who had been an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott and Jeffrey. The union did not prove a happy one, and after twenty years, during which several children were born, an agreement to live apart was entered into between Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. The cause of their domestic unhappiness, as stated in the document of separation, was "uncongeniality of temper, implying no dishonor to either party."

Mr. Dickens' life may be looked upon as an abstract of his numerous and remarkable works. His personality lives in them, and the chief feature of his character, charity,

reathes through them. He was an earnest worker, yet he knew how to enjoy the comforts of life and society. One of his favorite recreations was the organizing of dramatic entertainments at home, to which he invited his literary friends and others.

As a writer, he occupied a place quite apart by himself. He viewed life and character as no other man saw them, and at the same time he exhibited a mastery in handling his subjects which won respect in the outset of his career. A writer of the people and from the people, his sprightly delineations of eccentric character made him as familiar to Americans as to Englishmen, the good in his works winning our esteem and theirs. He had his faults; but we believe his literary labors sprang from a good motive and were pursued with a good aim. At any rate, they exist, and his record is in them.

The obsequies of the great writer were performed on the 14th of June, and his remains were deposited in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley read the burial service, and many eminent men participated in the solemn ceremonies.

GENEROSITY,

ITS CONSTITUTIONAL BASIS.

BY JOHN L. CAPEN.

I AM frequently called upon by students of Phrenology to account for what they think to be discrepancies or exceptions to the rules of the science. Sometimes one has been found with small Self-Esteem, who appears to be very conceited; or one has large Conscientiousness, who is considered false and dishonest; or it may be one is favored with large Benevolence, who is thought to be stingy and selfish.

Those who have had to contend with but few difficulties of this nature; who have, from the first, found the character to agree generally with their delineations, have not, according to my observations, been the most useful men in the profession; while, on the other hand, I have known some very important prognostications of the character and talent of public men made on their entrance into office, and drawn from strictly phrenological data, prove strikingly true; predictions, too, which were made by amateur phrenologists, whose early difficulties were so great that I had some reason to fear they would not persevere long enough to become established in the science.

Are there, then, exceptions to the laws that govern character? Certainly not!

Are the difficulties met in learning those laws great?

Yes; they are great, mainly because they are numerous; and they appear greatest to those having the most intelligence and scope of mind capable of bringing before the reflective faculties the greatest number of facts at one time. The balance of the faculties, the size of a particular organ, the quality of the brain, its activity, the temperament, the health, every one of these conditions has an influence upon every faculty of the mind.

The phrenologist who can grasp the greatest number of them and give them due consideration will be most successful, though he will feel greater embarrassment in endeavoring to combine them at the outset than he who never attempts to go deeper than "Bumpology."

The ability to reason phrenologically must be acquired, and there is no royal road to this branch of learning. I apprehend that many who study Craniology in reference to the discoveries of Dr. Gall, overlook the important fact that the whole of the science of the mind is not included in those discoveries; that their chief importance consists in the fact that they are the connecting link between fragments previously possessed and since acquired. The fact that the faculties of the mind are many, seems to make it difficult for some to perceive that it acts as a unit. No important lesson is to be learned from the development of any one of its organs until the balance of them all has been found.

The *name* of an organ has too much influence with many. The solitary action of any one organ can not produce intelligence; and could it be known exactly what that organ's primary individual function is, and it were designated accordingly, the name would probably be very different from anything we now recognize as a distinct mental faculty.

If the student have little knowledge of human nature, little acquaintance with the conduct and motives of mankind in general, and hence if he be unable to analyze character, his progress must be slow; and if he have not a firm moral character and a decided love of truth to keep him honest and humble, he will be very likely to become dogmatic and to substitute his speculation for truth. In this condition of mind he can not bear to be criticised, nor will he admit of any doubt about his assertion. He requires no Ecumenical Council to declare his infallibility!

Let us suppose, for an illustration, that a phrenological problem be set an examiner to describe the character of a stranger with such justice and accuracy that his mother may say that she could not have done it so well; and to be brief, we will confine our observations to one trait—generosity. A little reflection shows that this trait of character implies two conditions in harmonious development: first, sympathy to feel for the weaknesses of others; and second, confidence in one's own strength. We would not expect a man who felt poor to give liberally; nor would we look for generosity in any form from one who is oppressed with anxiety about his own necessities.

The size of the organ of Benevolence, with the quality and activity of the brain, may be taken as indicative of the power of sympathy. Dull minds are excited mainly through the senses, by the propensities, and by strong motives of necessity, and hence exhibit none of the finer feeling of humanity, even when the form of the head is good.

Again: Have we a princely mind, or a beggarly one?—a mind that feels rich, or one that feels poor? Let "Cautiousness" be so large and "Self-Esteem" and "Hope" so small as to produce a constant fear of impending evil and an inability to meet it, and there is no possibility of generosity.

Find a man of firm muscular development, good health, an active brain and nervous system, who is afraid neither of physical danger nor of work, with large Benevolence and Conscientiousness, full Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Self-Esteem, enough of Acquisitiveness to provide amply without making him avaricious, large Hope properly corrected by full Cautiousness, and our second condition is represented.

Put these conditions into one man, and it will be found that "e'en his failings lean to virtue's side." If he be a little vain, it will not be of his wealth, his titles, or of his mustache, but of his manliness, which he will endeavor to maintain. A man might, perhaps, without these elements of strength, be so good as to be good for nothing, but Nature's good and generous men are made of solid materials. To expect a man to be religious, moral, just and generous in the degree of the predominance of the moral organs over the selfish propensities, is to expect that one who can not take care of himself will make provision for others.

These are a few of the more important considerations in the study of character which must never be lost sight of. Few and simple as they are, their faithful application will be sure to suggest enough additional items to give a correct conception of the person to whom they are applied, while stupidity will be sure to omit enough to produce a caricature.

We have considered only the constitutional elements of character, which is all the phrenologist is strictly accountable for; yet it is a very important truth that ideas are the food of the mind and affect it very greatly.

This may seem to be a difficulty in practical Phrenology; the phrenologist, however, soon finds the difficulty more theoretical than practical, for he soon learns to detect a clew to the real standing and character of his subjects.

Vanity in a phrenologist of limited intellect generally takes advantage of this fact, and notes the bend of the shoulders, the looks of the fingers, the worn spots on the clothing, and other signs of the occupation, to make a "good hit;" and in this way he reduces a noble science to a species of fortune-telling.

Such men mistake entirely the duties and responsibilities of the professional man who is frequently required to correct errors of opinion, and who should always have sufficient self-respect and honesty to give a truthful opinion whether it please or not. Nor will he be without his reward in the way of appreciation, for truth, even when unexpected, commends itself to the judgment, especially when it comes from an impartial source.

HANDS.

JEWELED hands, so soft and white,
Dimpling round the coins of gold,
Holding friendship's clasp so slight
That the pressure soon grows cold.

Busy hands, that ceaseless toil,
Feeling ne'er a love-caress,
Shrinking not from labor's soil
With a pretty daintiness.

Weary hands, that trembling droop
Only to be raised again,
While the aching head must stoop
With a prayer for ease from pain.

Quiet hands, that calmly lie
Folded in a lengthened rest,
Catching not the hours that fly
Ere the sun sinks in the west.

Idle hands, ye feebly hold
Silken clues to plaisance fair!
Busy hands, ye search full bold
In work's conquered lion's share.

Quiet hands, a rare repose
Chains ye with its perfect spell;
Ye have touched a thousand woes
Olive boughs to grasp as well.

NEW YORK,
AUGUST, 1870.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

WHAT is there in nature more wonderful than the various and extreme changes and conditions to which the human system is capable of adapting itself? The human body can endure extremes of heat—thriving under the equator with the thermometer at 115° or 120° Fahr;—and of cold at 30° below zero! It can subsist on fish, flesh, or fowl; on nuts, roots, fruits, vegetables—yea, on insects, snails, frogs, lizards blubber, oil, hogs, and on elephants! It can eat opium, tobacco, clay, calomel, and strychnine, and live! It can drink—without being instantly killed—poisonous liquids, which set the brain and nervous system on fire! A healthy man can live on a plank, in the open sea, exposed to the elements, nine days, without food or water. Man can outwalk and outrun—on a long stretch—the fleetest animal. He can live in caves, huts, tents, wigwams, cabins, or houses. He can live if you cut off his hands, feet, and scalp; if you break his bones, knock out his teeth, and a part of his brains, and riddle his body with shot; and he has lived ten days with a bullet in his heart—instance Bill Pool; and many years with a large opening in the stomach, as large as the palm of a lady's hand—instance St. Martin, described by Dr. Beaumont. It will be conceded from these statements of fact that the powers of human endurance and tenacity of life are indeed remarkable. But what of the force of habit? This: although capable of almost inconceivable temperamental changes and modifications, we are, by the lives we lead, daily casting the molds of our characters. Through the food we eat, the air we breathe, the blood we make, tissue, nerve, muscle, and bone are formed. We *grow* into comely or into uncomely form, feature, character. And although we are not actually *stereotyped*, the natural tendency of matter—earth, tree, and man—is to a certain degree of fixedness. For example, if we live regularly—as is the custom of men—we retire at a certain hour, sleep a certain length of time, and rise within ten minutes of the same hour. We take our meals with the same regularity, and pursue our avocations day after day, week after week, for months and years, with the same uniformity. Is it singular that we take on fixed expressions by these regular habits?

Feed a child for years on certain kinds of food,—say beef, pork, or mutton,—and then if you suddenly change his diet to that of fruits and vegetables, will he not be liable to "hanker after flesh?" Or to go back of this: suppose a nursing mother to indulge freely in wine, porter, beer, "bitters," or other alcoholic stimulants, will not her milk be largely impregnated with them? And will not the babe acquire an appetite for the same? And will not the "habit" become fixed for life, with both mother and child? And as it with this, so it is with other things in which we indulge. If the father chews, snuffs, or smokes tobacco, the odor associated with his practice pervades all things with which he comes in contact—breath, clothes, rooms, railways, steamboats, hotels, parks, streets, etc. Go where you may, the users of tobacco carry the pollution with them,

and neither women, children, or babes can escape the tobacco stink. Is there any wonder that the nastiness becomes inwrought with the very marrow of our bones? and that young boys steal every opportunity to indulge, and to imitate the example of their noble papas? If the "habit" be thus formed early in life, it sticks tighter than a brother, requiring the greatest self-denial to break it off.

Habitual opium eaters are in the same category, and drag out miserable lives of intoxication and excitement. Oh, for a little more manly fortitude and Christian self denial!

There are other "habits" in which young men and young women—aye, even boys and girls, sometimes—indulge—through ignorance, it may be,—to their endless misery, if not to their complete ruin. Who is to blame for this? Did the father, the mother, the teacher, or the guardian do his or her duty in these cases? Enlightenment, instruction, and knowledge is what was wanted.

God has given to man an intellect through which he may be taught to *know* the difference between good and evil, right and wrong; and a moral sense to fortify and strengthen him against yielding to temptations. But if he become perverted, either through inheritance or through self-indulgence, he will surely be *punished*. Physical transgressions are punished by physical sufferings, and moral transgressions by mental anguish; sin, in any form, inevitably begets sorrow, suffering, punishment.

In forming our "habits," let us see to it that they be in keeping with the laws of our being, and in harmony with the Divine will, that we eat only healthful food; that we regulate our tempers; cultivate and discipline our social affections, our intellects, and our religious sentiments. By these means we shall resist temptations, and escape those sufferings which follow transgressions.

"The tissues of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

WHAT WE WANT.

FOREMOST among the many things we want in order to develop the resources of the "Great West" and the immense "Southwest," now almost a wild waste, are two trunk railways, one running through Minnesota from Lake Superior, across the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific, and another running southwest from some point on the Atlantic, say Norfolk, Virginia, through Tennessee, Arkansas, and New Mexico, to California. Two such railroads, with the Union Pacific, would open up for settlement and cultivation vast regions of some of the best land in the world for agricultural purposes, and also some of the richest mineral districts ever worked, besides furnishing homes for a hundred millions of people. By such means, also, we would place ourselves as a people in more immediate commercial relations with all the countries on the Pacific, and with Asia, Africa, and the great island nations of the Pacific. Telegraphs will follow, if they do not precede the railways.

In the second place, we want cheaper ocean postage,—say two, three, or four cents (twopence) per half ounce, at most. The educational influences growing out of such a measure would be immense. Every ignorant, thick-thumbed European clodhopper would set about acquiring sufficient education to communicate, by writing letters to friends in the new country. And this increase of intelligence would raise the grade and standard of the man.

Thirdly. We want the franking fraud abolished. That "privilege" is so abused,

that every one—even those who use it most—regards it a great swindle on the public. There are *no* good reasons for its continuance, but many for its early *dis*continuance. The Postmaster-General advises that it, and all *honest* men desire it. Let those who oppose it, in or out of Congress be marked.

Fourthly. We want commercial and naval school ships, in which American boys may be educated and trained, in all of our principal seaports. We must build up an American marine, and be dependent no longer on Europe or the Old World for seamen. We have plenty of material with which to build the best ships in the world, and may soon have enough intelligent Americans to man and navigate them.

But what about a settlement of the Alabama claims? The five or six hundred millions of dollars' worth of ships, destroyed during the late war by our English friends and cousins, would go far toward building us a nice little navy. We trust honest and "loyal" Englishmen will attend to this right soon.

Fifth. We want the English system of Free Trade,—namely, the admission free of duty into this country of such raw materials as our mechanics and manufacturers may wish to work up for our own profit, while all *European* manufactured articles must pay enough duty to prevent them from competing with the American. Our reasons for this recommendation are briefly these: In the old-country monarchies, capitalists control labor, something as Southern planters did theirs. They pay what they please for services, and the mechanic there simply lives from hand to mouth, with no hope or prospect of greatly bettering his condition. *Americans* should not be brought down, through European pauper labor, on a par with those paupers. The time *may* come when we can, by improved methods, compete with "all the world;" then we will open our ports and abolish our custom-houses. We propose to take up the tariff question at another time, and show our readers the bearings of Free Trade on American industry.

Sixth. We want free schools in all the States and Territories, for all children, of every race and color. Instead of supporting lazy Indians in idleness and giving them annuities of firearms, we propose to place them on farms, under Quaker supervision, and to present them with plows, hoes, seeds, reapers, and other implements of husbandry, with teams, that they may work the ground, grow crops, and raise stock with which to feed and clothe themselves. Educate young Indians, and they may come into civilization and perpetuate their race; otherwise, they must soon become extinct.

Seventh. We want an honest administration of the Government. To secure this, we must elect for office only intelligent, temperate, and honest men. We want no more boxers, bullies, gamblers, swindlers, or blackguards in our State or national legislatures. We have enough good men for all positions of trust. Let us choose or appoint no others. Should there be any question or doubt as to fitness or competency of certain persons for certain places, we beg to suggest that Phrenology will throw light on the subject. If one's general character be not clearly revealed to his fellow-men by his social, intellectual, and religious life, to enable them to judge of his fitness to represent them, then he should be dropped, and a good man, one well known for high qualities, should be selected. The success or the failure of our Republic depends largely on the persons chosen to administer our laws and our Government. Americans, this is *your* country, and it is yours to protect and to defend. Will you do it?

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

THE poet was right. This child of the forest has an "untutored mind." In intellect he is still a child, no matter how old he may be in years. The best speeches of his greatest chief are but childish prattle;—instance the incongruous gibberish of Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Red Dog, and the rest.

In organization he has all the bones, muscles, nerves, and faculties common to other men; but many of his faculties, especially those of the higher intellect, are still rudimentary, latent, or undeveloped. His perceptives—instincts—are large and very acute; while the reflectives—reason—are small and weak. He is quick to see, but slow to comprehend;—a good *looker*, but a poor *thinker*. Lacking Causality, and the power to reason and understand cause and effect, why and wherefore, he gives way to the most foolish superstitions. He is also without much Acquisitiveness, and lacks economy. He saves little; lives from hand to mouth, as all his progenitors have done from the beginning. The wild game, buffalo, bear, and deer have supplied him with meat. He had little or no occasion for economy; nor has he a very rigid sense of justice or appreciation of the feeling of "mine and thine." What he wants, he feels at liberty to "take," with or without permission. He is a constitutional pauper, seldom saving or laying up stores for a stormy day or for future use. He has but little Constructiveness or power of invention. He makes bows and arrows, hooks and nets, canoes and wigwams; but how very primitive and simple are all his mechanical contrivances! It is in these things he is to be "tutored," educated, drilled, disciplined. But he has large Self-Esteem, Firmness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Cautiousness, and Secretiveness. He is proud and willful,—warlike, revengeful, and cunning. He is given to war and to robbery. This may also be said with equal truth of many professedly civilized men. The Indian is a great raider; without a permanent home, he follows the chase, and when irritated slaughters and scalps all not of his own tribe who come in his way. He is often set upon by graceless white scamps who, under one excuse or another, contrive to cheat, swindle, and rob him, selling him whisky and tobacco, and in other respects demoralizing him, and thus exciting him to war on the innocent.

The question, "What shall be done with the Indian?" puzzles our statesmen. Border ruffians, who want his lands, seek to exterminate him. The more humane propose to educate, civilize, and improve him. Our view of the question is this: We must take them as we find them; locate them, place them under the wisest tutelage; teach them the arts of civilization, agriculture, mechanism, and fit them for citizenship. The present generation of adults will improve but little. They will soon pass away,—as well as ourselves; but the Indian children can be instructed and trained for civilized life,—the boys to till the soil—the girls to perform domestic duties. This is legitimate work for our missionaries. The Friends—Quakers—have taken hold, in connection with the Government, and so far have rendered good service. But we want several thousand religious men and women to go among the Indians and teach them civilization and Christianity at the same time. We have got pretty well through with the Freedmen's Bureau;—now let us establish a great national INDIAN BUREAU, which shall include in its operations *all* the red men on this continent. Organize a corps of farmers, mechanics, and school teachers to locate among the different tribes, and so plant permanent settlements, all subject to this Bureau. In the course of a few years all the tribes could be made self-supporting. Instead of worthless trinkets as annuities, give them agricultural and mechanical implements, books, etc., the use of which they may learn, and in time earn their own living. Such a man as Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, should be appointed president of the Bureau; then choose a score or more of good phrenologists to select from the churches the right sort of persons for teachers, and the enterprise of civilization would go on successfully.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS,

THE AMERICAN AUTHOR.

WE have in our cabinet a bust cast from the head of Mr. Simms some twenty-five years ago, when he was a young man. This bust shows among other prominent organs, large Self-Esteem—as seen in the pose and attitude of the portrait, and also in the whole physiognomy. The upper lip is large and long. Observe the distance from the nose to the mouth. His Firmness was also large, and he was very decided

and tenacious of opinion. The intellectual faculties were fairly developed, the perceptives predominating. The personal appearance of Mr. Simms was striking. He stood about six feet high, and weighed not far from 180 lbs; his complexion was fair; and his manner was that of assurance, self-reliance, and great dignity. He was very spirited, quick to resist, and resolute. He was also generous, courteous, and affectionate. The following biographical sketch sums up the active life of this Southern gentleman and author.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Many years ago William Gilmore Simms had won a high reputation as a novelist and essay-

ist, and no small credit as a poet. In the South, where he was born, and where he made his residence for the greater part of his life, he exerted no small influence in political and literary circles. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17th, 1806. At the early age of seven, Pope-like, he "lisped in numbers," or, as we are told, "began to write verses"; and during the latter part of the war of 1812 one of the chief employments of his leisure hours was the composition of rhymes illustrative of military incidents which came to his knowledge.

He was a sickly child, and his parents lived in rather humble circumstances, consequently his educational advantages were somewhat limited. When but a little past ten years of age he became a clerk in a drug store, and remained there several years. At eighteen he entered a lawyer's office in Charleston, and commenced to study law. Four years after he was admitted to practice as a member of the South Carolina bar.

But not finding his tastes subserved in the preparation of briefs and in the examination of titles to real estate, he abandoned the law for literature, and in 1828 became associated in the publication of the Charleston *City Gazette*.

During the excitement attending the "nullification" measures of South Carolina and other States in 1831 and 1832, Mr. Simms advocated the Union side of the question, and the result was the loss of his subscribers and the ruin of his newspaper enterprise. He came to New York soon after that, and published the best of his poems, "Atlantis, a Story of the Sea," which procured his introduction to literary circles here.

From 1832 to 1856 he exhibited remarkable fertility of imagination and industry, sending forth in rapid succession the productions of his pen. The list of his poetic, narrative, historical, biographical, and novelistic works is too long to be detailed in this place, but some of the more important of them may be mentioned, viz.: "Monody on the Death of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney" (1825), "Lyrical and Other Poems," and "Early Lays," (1827); "Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal" (1833); "Southern Passages and Pictures," a metrical composition (1839); "Donna Anna," also in verse (1843); "Lays of the Palmetto," a series of ballads descriptive of the deeds of South Carolina soldiers in the Mexican war (1848); "Norman Maurice" and Michael Bonham," two dramas.

As a writer of prose romance he is probably more extensively known than by any other productions of his pen, and no author has drawn more from local or revolutionary history for his subjects and illustrations. To the department of history and biography Mr. Simms contributed a "History of South Carolina," South Carolina in the Revolution" (1854); a "Geography of South Carolina," and a number of articles on the "Civil Warfare of the South," and the "American Loyalists of the Revolutionary Period." Among his miscellaneous works are "Views and Reviews in American Literature," "Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside," and "Southward Ho!" (1854.) He also arranged and annotated an edition of the seven dramas ascribed to Shakspeare, but not included with the ordinary edition published of his works, under the title of "A Supplement to Shakspeare's Plays."

During the last twenty-five years of his life Mr. Simms resided chiefly on his plantation, near Midway, S. C., where he occupied his time with literature and rural pursuits, taking no part in politics except in the way of an occasional article for the papers or magazines Now and then he appeared before the public in the character of a lecturer; his last appearance, only a few weeks before his death, was before the Charleston County Horticultural Society, when he delivered an address on "The Sense of the Beautiful." He died at the residence of his son-in-law in Charleston, June 11th last, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

An edition chiefly of his romantic works is now in course of publication by W. J. Widdleton, of this city, more particular mention of which is made in another part of the JOURNAL.

ROUND THE WORLD.—We start from New York and circumnavigate the globe in our imagination thus: To Buffalo or Cleveland, 423 or 625 miles by rail, in seventeen hours; thence to Chicago, 538 or 355 miles, in twenty-one hours; thence to Omaha, 490 miles, in twenty-three hours; thence to San Francisco, 1,950 miles, in ninety-three hours; thence to Yokohama, 4,714 miles, in twenty-one days; thence to Hong Kong, 1,670 miles, in six days; thence to Calcutta, 3,500 miles, in fourteen days; thence to Bombay, 1,219 miles, in two days; thence to Cairo, 3,600 miles, in twelve days; thence to Alexandria, 100 miles, in five hours; thence to Marseilles, 1,800 miles, in six days; thence to Havre, *via* Paris and Rouen, 575 miles, in thirty hours; thence to New York—home again—3,150 miles, in nine days. Thus swinging round the circle, 23,739 miles, in seventy-seven days and twenty-one hours, steady travel!

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

S. S. PACKARD, EDITOR.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

MR. CHARLES READE has done a good deal toward putting people in other peoples' places, and, in so doing, has exhibited, more or less clearly, many of the difficulties, as well as the evils which environ the perpetual conflict of labor with capital. Had his book been written in this country, in full view of the new issue which is upon us, it might—and it might not—have shown some way out of the entanglements which the "Chinese problem" is weaving about us. There is, however, no logic like that of events; and if our wisest statesmen, with the experience of years in prophecy, could mistake the premonitions of a four years' civil war for those of a sixty days' "scrimmage," who will undertake to say what revolutions in political and social life will grow out of this little Chinese cloud! The North Adams shoemaker could hardly have dreamed of the fame which has so suddenly come to him, while endeavoring, in his own way, to stick to his last. Like another Samson, also somewhat famous, he has brought the temple about his ears by attempting to carry off its pillars; and, unless the Philistines of St. Crispin can manage to get his head in Delilah's lap, there is no telling what may not happen. But one thing is sure to happen, in any event, and that is the best thing—the people of this country will be drawn to consider and understand the aspects of the labor question as never before; and, if we can be allowed a little latitude of prophecy, the intelligence which will grow out of discussion will prove a perpetual safeguard against the periodical outbreaks which, for the last twenty years, have disturbed the healthful equilibrium of the labor market. The violent harangues of politicians and professional "agitators" touching the recent experiment at North Adams, are as necessary and ornamental as are the bubbles which rise to the surface when the water is troubled; but they no more represent the sentiments or the interests of the great body of the people than air represent water. When a bubble bursts, there is very little substance left, because there was very little to leave; and so, when the *froth* of the present commotion has settled down into its quiescent state, and the great stream of progress is permitted to move along in its majestic sweep, it will be found that this great conflict between labor and capital is really no conflict at all.

There is no motive so powerful as selfishness; in fact, it is the *only* motive that accomplishes anything in the physical world; and selfishness, sanctified and directed by intelligence, will settle all the differences between labor and capital. The only thing that need be feared is that ready device and pest of a Republican Government—legislation. If Congress and the General Court of Massachusetts will let Mr. Sampson and his Coolies alone, the Chinese problem will solve itself. If the skilled workmen of this country cannot compete in hand-labor with the untrained and ignorant sons of Asia and Africa, let them make a better use of their brains in directing where others shall follow. It is important that shoes should be made; but it is not important that intelligent white men should make them; and surely not if ignorant yellow and black men can make them cheaper and better.

Come, let us reason together.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BY CLINT ROUDEBUSH.

THERE is insufferable cant about all things that men do. Perhaps this reaches its height in talk about Art. The artistic spirit, the Art nature, the laws of Art, and kindred phrases, flood one's ears with an ocean of platitude. There are artistic preachers and artistic listeners, the artistic walk, the artistic smile, the artistic gesture, the artistic mechanic, and the artistic farmer. Pies are made by artists,—and poems. Yet it is difficult adequately to talk about any imperishable work without using this very word, ART. All high work, built after the enduring ways of immortal things, is built of material (thought and emotion) and after the manner (style) which can in no other way be named so well as the manner of the elements of Art.

To separate the mountain of books that want this perfection from the mole-hill of books that possess it, is a valuable work of criticism. There is no efficient way to arrive at this separation except by speaking not at all of deficient work, leaving such to die as soon as possible of inanition, and by speaking in praise of the great creations unperceived or vilified. An author may have the gift of writing adequately for an age, up to its utmost need and appreciation, as Lamartine or Southey; yet his work, not being fused in the high fire of the gods, dies with him. So well may he fulfill the best that can be appreciated in his time, that his work will deceive the very elect. Shelley praised Southey without limit, and wrote "Queen Mab" in the rhythm of "Thalaba."

I would say—did not persons worthier to speak than I say differently—that Tennyson writes adequately only for his time. From everything that my mind permits, and I have made the utmost effort to bring myself in accord with the opinion of those whose opinion I greatly respect, I can not persuade myself that Tennyson is eternally great. Can we speak in the same breath, with as certain content and as full confidence, the names of Æschylus, of Shakspeare, of Hugo, and of Tennyson? The mere technic of writing was never before brought to the same finish as now. This is the period of rhetoric. Ten thousand are adepts at fine writing. In this sense Tennyson is the first standard. On this account may not our time overestimate his place in the eternity of the masters of poetry?

Criticism, in an established sense, is limited to recognizing in a negative way. It is the microscopic rectilinear investigation,—the perception of details, and the field for whims and prejudices,—the measuring all work (the starry symphony, the river-flowing song, the heaven-symboled epic) by the same conventional yardstick. Creation is something apart, as every creator knows. It is beyond telling in words. Of such quality is it, that the creator himself can not judge of its real merit. Byron was about to destroy the manuscript of "Manfred," on account, as he supposed, of its worthlessness. Disraeli did his utmost to prevent the republication of "Vivian Grey." Appreciation holds somewhat of a middle ground between creation and criticism. The purpose of this paper is to endeavor to express a just appreciation of the genius of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Why this author's works are ostracized as they are by some very worthy and liberal persons,—why they are looked at through smoked glass, and forbidden things seen on account of the glass—not on account of the work,—is anomalous. How any one can read them, insensible to the effect of their beauty, their music, their eloquence; insensible to their divine passion, which is the soul of all great and generous things thought or felt or imagined or done in the world; insensible to their ineffable fervor and rays of light inextinguishable and full of flame; perverting consummate pictures of beauty—pictures of the fibre and blood of life wrought in ideal and poetic ways—into unseemly and unclean daubs, is inconceivable of one having the germ of poetry in his soul. And this ostracism is not sincere. All that Shakspeare, Pope, and Burns wrote is accepted by all. Here is no dissent,—all praise; nothing improper,—everything correct. Yet Shelley was a heretic; and Swinburne, it can not be denied, is something of a pagan. The brut-

ish roar about Shelley's "Cenci" comes from the same throats as that about Swinburne's "Anactoria." Throw poetry in its high and imaginative senses to the winds, leave the reader some human feeling only, some possibility of compassion, the least power of rising above the fact of mere animal existence, and he can not read that immortal poem without being made higher and finer; and without any deleterious effect, unless elevation and rapture of compassion be deleterious; and there will come into the soul of the reader a feeling of elevation, aspiration, and divine emotion exactly commensurate with his susceptibility of high and far and rapt influences.

Leigh Hunt said of "The Cenci:" "Besides grandeur and terror, there are things in it lovely as heart can worship. The utmost might of gentleness and of the sweet habitudes of domestic affection was never more balmily impressed through the tears of the reader than in the unique and divine close of that dreadful tragedy. Its loveliness, being that of the highest reason, is superior to the madness of all the crime that precedes it, and leaves nature in a state of reconcilement with her ordinary course."

I quote this tribute to Shelley in this connection because he had the same kind of vituperation visited upon him that now is visited upon Swinburne. As time passes, Shelley is considered more as a poet and less as a person; the power and beauty of his creations, not the poverty and spleen of his readers, have sway. I make no comparison of the subjects, nor the manner of treatment of these two poets,—only a parallel of their vicissitudes.

Swinburne himself has given a most spirited answer in "Notes on Poems and Reviews" to this cant of criticism. It is to be regretted that in a few brief instances therein he is betrayed into the same kind of intemperate invective against his enemies as that with which his enemies assault him; with this difference, that in their case unfairness is apparent, and in his the fury of his reply is in all disproportion to the paltriness of their attack.

It seems to be more indigenous to the English than to other peoples to be intolerant of what a narrow vision and an iron four-by-four ugly morality names forbidden things. The English, as a class, have less sense of beauty, less power of expression through Art, than any other highly civilized European nation; and we manifest more according to the English tide of blood than of the other tides along with it that meet, mingle, and make us a new and amalgamate nation. Undeniably at the substratum other races have more poetry than the English and ourselves. At the substratum and all through to the pinnacle, other races, *en masse*, have more knowledge of Art, and more tolerance of Art for Art's sake. Singularly, England has had more than her share of the immortals that stand upon the pinnacle. The English people is the one out of whose world-gathered language Shakspeare sculptured the dramas wherein figure all deep and eternal types of men; in which Milton sang with the voice of one of his own archangels; by which Shelley soared in the farthest blue; through which science and the modern spirit has given this nation dominion over the world, —a people that in all the arts, save music, the divinest one, have chronicled the immortality of the human soul; yet this same people at the start is the worst, the coarsest, the commonest herd that speaks any intelligible dialect. This seems to be because a sense of beauty is not aroused in this people so early as in others.

Apart from his personality as a poet, there are blessed reports of Swinburne as a man. It is said that he manifests a lively interest in all discoveries of science, gives enthusiastic attention to reform and all movements for the welfare of men. An eminent Englishman now in our city asserts that Swinburne is the only prominent one of his countrymen, not excepting John Bright, who thoroughly understood the cause of the republic, fervently believed in its success, and ardently desired it during our great struggle. One or two commemorative poems written at the time show this without stint.

In the writings of no other great writer is the unalloyed passion of friendship so limitlessly manifested. The fervor and eloquence of his praise has no equal. The jealousy of cotemporaries shown by most writers is contemptible; Swinburne's recognition of cotemporary writers is beyond praise. His

independence and truth surprise and carry one away like a revelation. His discovery and proclaiming of gifted ones unknown to fame is a new element among writers. He speaks of Miss Rossetti's writing the finest religious poem in any language; and in equal praise of persons entirely unknown to letters. Enthusiasm and worship and championship gleam in words that encircle the praised one with a diadem of imperishable splendor. His praise melts, suffuses, transmutes, transports with the white and fiery flame of his own ardor—and while it is fiery, it overflows with tenderness and unquenchable love—it is burdened with the sonorous sadness of the sea; it leaps and surges and is vast like the sea; it is tender and full of every hope like morning; it is undissuadable and full of glory. See his praise of Hugo; of Arnold; of Blake; of Landor; of Mazzini; of Balzac; and of Baudilaire. Of the last he says: "We may see again as various a power as his, may feel again as fiery a sympathy, may hear again as strange a murmur of revelation, as sad a whisper of knowledge, as mysterious a music of emotion; we shall never find so keen, so delicate, so deep a unison of sense and spirit."

Witness stanzas, every one of which is a rapture, from his poem "To Victor Hugo."

"In the fair days when God
By man as godlike trod,
And each alike was Greek, alike was free,
God's lightning spared, they said,
Alone the happier head
Whose laurels screened it; fruitless grace for thee,
To whom the high gods gave of right
Their thunders and their laurels and their light.

"Not without thoughts that ache
For theirs and for thy sake,
I, born of exiles, hail thy banished head;
I, whose young song took flight
Toward the great heat and light,
On me a child from thy far splendor shed,
From thine high place of soul and song,
Which, fallen on eyes yet feeble, made them strong.

"Praised above men be thou,
Whose laurel-laden brow,
Made for the morning, droops not in the night;
Praised and beloved, that none
Of all thy great things done
Flies higher than thy most equal spirit's flight;
Praised, that nor doubt nor hope could bend
Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the end."

A poet, or one having accomplished any great work, would rather be praised by Swinburne than by any other writer,—not alone becuse he has such splendid capacity for praising, but because as well he praises that only which is admirable, and only those who do admirable work.

Among the great writers of English prose whose styles are great or glorious or perfect, Macaulay, Byron, Disraeli the younger, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Matthew Arnold, Elizabeth Sheppard, and Swinburne stand prominent. They are all masters of unequal merit, and in different ways. Comparison may help to show their qualities. To compare them in any exact way would be without any satisfactory result. As well might one so compare a rose with a stalk of wheat; but hereby one may be helped to perceive the perfect rose and the perfect stalk of wheat. To harmonize, for instance, the style of Swinburne with the style of Thackeray were futile; but their styles may be contrasted in certain phases, as one color brings out another or as one sound measures another; yet to compare their styles, as such, may deaden one another as one color may deaden another, or make confusion instead of music as one sound against another may.

Byron's prose, the little that is extant, is certainly very brilliant, very passionate, unsurpassably powerful, and very nearly perfect. It is not so high as Elizabeth Sheppard's; it is more tense and condensed. Disraeli's is as brilliant, as poetic, as correct as Byron's; it is not as powerful; it is more graceful. Disraeli's prose has a quality that no other English writer's has—at least no other has to as great a degree—the quality of rhythm. This quality is perhaps more markedly exemplified in "Contarini Fleming" than in any other of his works.

Matthew Arnold's style is more nearly perfect than Swinburne's, but it lacks vitality, with which Swinburne's is surcharged. Arnold's style might be called, at times, prolix, though it never has the defect that is usually defined by this word; this word, however, as nearly tells the special defect as any word will. Yet if I were to select one sentence of the most perfect style in English whose balance, finish, cadence, accuracy, simplicity within complexity, freshness, and unexpected turn of meaning, or, to use his own beautiful descriptive phrase, fullest of "natural magic."

it would be this, from his "Influence of the Celtic Race upon English Literature:"

"If I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic."

The foregoing opinion of this quoted sentence should have its application limited to statements of criticism, statements below the atmosphere of poetry.

Macaulay's style has balance and flow like Disraeli's, but is not, like Disraeli's, replete with imagination. It is heavier than Disraeli's, more redundant than Thackeray's, less fervent than Swinburne's, less powerful than Byron's, less gleaming and swift than Poe's, less delicate than Hawthorne's, less rich in fancy than Elizabeth Sheppard's (as indeed are all others), and it is less ideal than Arnold's; but in the matter of mere rhetoric his style perhaps is more complete than any of these.

Swinburne's style of prose is the most intoxicating of all of these; but its richness at times surfeits. It is the most vivid and the most splendid; it errs in excess of color. The language used by James Russell Lowell in his beautiful "Life of Keats" (beautiful, yet somewhat stilted, though not nearly so stilted as his "Memoir of Shelley"), may be applied discrteely to Swinburne: "He offends by superabundance and not poverty. That he was overlanguaged at first there can be no doubt, and in this is implied the possibility of falling back to the perfect mean of diction. It is only by the rich that the costly plainness which at once satisfies the taste and the imagination is attainable."

Thackeray's style lacks the color and glory of Swinburne's, but it is always bright and correct and never more than sufficient and never less. Thackeray's work is more nearly perfect than Swinburne's, but his way is not so high.

There is a strong point of likeness in the prose styles of Swinburne and Elizabeth Sheppard,—an excess of richness. But there the similitude ends. In hers there is at times an uncertainty,—never in his; they are mystical alike, but not alike uncertain. The utmost glory and the utmost weakness of her style are shown in a passage upon pride, in that supreme romance that celebrates in high rhapsody the master passions of love and of ambition—the romance named "Rumor." A mind incapable of one stroke in her great way could see her defect herein and easily could remedy it. Why she did not master another difficulty, a difficulty of which at times she was master, and make her style supreme, seems strange when one perceives her abundant vitality, her marvelous faculties of form and of music, her rich and exalted imagination, the romance, the ideality, and the radiance of her gifts.

While the prose styles of all these writers are fine, I consider Macaulay's the most rhetorical; Disraeli's the most rhythmical; Thackeray's the most nearly perfect; Poe's the most limpid; Elizabeth Sheppard's the highest; and Swinburne's the most fervent, the most eloquent, and the most intoxicating.

Though in a brief, swift (Swinburne's flight is always swift, if not always high), fragmentary way, where else can be found such criticism as Swinburne's upon Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit?" Where else such expansion and such discrimination, such newness and such trueness, such far-seeing and such close-seeing, such ideality, and such exactness,—where else an appreciaation so fair, so lofty, and so poetic? His criticism is not entire laudation; it is not an excuse to find nothing but perfection or imperfection in a writer.

Concerning imagination, much must be taken for granted. One does not expect to measure it. Its ways are ways of wings, of ideals, and not of things. Its field is all the atmosphere,—it is as limitless as the empyrean. It has no prescribed channel,—it can have none, else it were not imagination. The forms, odors, sounds, colors which greet the senses from without, and the ideals which arise within the soul, enwinged by imagination, constitute poetry.

No way of logic is sufficient to prove or to disprove whether or not a writer be a poet. Something satisfactory may be arrived at through reasoning by association. Here are several definitions of poetry, all differ-

ent, perhaps all true: Blake says: "Allegory, addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime poetry." Poe: "I would define the poetry of words as *the rhythmical creation of beauty.*" Again: "In the contemplation of beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation or excitement of the soul which we recognize as the poetic sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from truth, which is the satisfaction of reason, or from passion, which is the excitement of the heart." The Zoroastrian definition of poetry, which Emerson defines as "mystical yet exact," is "apparent pictures of unapparent natures." Shelley says: "It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings in the vivid presence of which within his own mind consists at once his inspiration and his reward." Swinburne: "Color and sound mixed into the perfect scheme of poetry." Again: "To art, that is best which is most beautiful; to science, that is best which is most accurate; to morality, that is best which is most virtuous." Swinburne speaks of "the imagination which apprehends the spirit of a thing, and the understanding which dissects the body of a fact."

One need not quibble about truth. Such questions as *what is truth?*—as if the inquiry were about some extinct animal—some quadruped or biped, with certain curious peculiarities, as if it were covered with hair or fur or wool or feathers or scales, seem to my mind inconceivably flat, and to arise in minds that have no form of thought; or at least to be the children of the brain when it had better be asleep. Art has ways of truth,—its own; science has ways of truth,—its own; but they are different ways. All the play and gleam, light and color, all shades of thought, all waves of emotion, all leaping radiance of passion, all rapt self-forgetfulness, every melancholy image, *expressions as of the soul* shown in the human countenance, might be said to be of the domain of poetry. Expression of the physique shown therein, the muscles thereof, their names, their offices, their structure, the skin that overlays them, its qualities and uses, the features and their functions, belong to anatomy and physiology,—to science. The fibers, the tendons, their interlacing, the winnowing fan of feathers, which make the wings of a bird, belong to science; but the uplifting vibration, the spiral cleaving of the air, the riding upon the wind, belong to poetry. The wings are for science,—the flying for poetry. Water—H. O.—is water as science. Water, as the billow, as the cascade, as the crested foam, as the river, as the sea, the interpreter of the soul, is water as poetry.

There has been published a book of his poems, "Laus Veneris"—praise of beauty in woman—which is a collection of many of his shorter ones. By Shelley's definition and the Zoroastrian, one of these, "The Triumph of Time," attains a perfection that can not be surpassed. It is a divine portrayal of the struggle of a great soul with a great passion. Its sentiment is unusual—in books—and in men, except those capable of love as unselfish as profound. Its execution is as faultless in every technical sense of verse as it is perfect in exciting the very emotion of the sufferer—you are the sufferer to the degree that you are capable of emotion. It does what no other poem does. It is a new cast; it has no prototype. By Blake's definition this poem is sublime, in its ideal and exquisite sense of allegory. Likewise by Poe's, *the rhythmical creation of beauty.*

By one of his own definitions—"color and sound mixed into the perfect scheme of poetry"—he is the supreme of poets; for no where else than in his poems are color and sound so marvelously mixed. As proof one need not make selections. Read anything that he has written,—only open your ears to sound, your eyes to color, and your soul to an ineffable blending. Perhaps color divides into more numerous and newer shades and closes into a more fiery brilliance, and sound goes more subtly after the far ways of music, and their unison becomes more varied and passionate in his Sapphic "Anactoria" than in his other poems,—it is superfluous to say unlimitedly other poems: in this sense there is Swinburne only to compare with Swinburne. How tame and spiritless the goody singers—many of his English and American cotemporaries,—it would be invidious to cal names—appear beside the regal splendor of

this one with whose "tunes men's ears take fire and ring."

He is an inspired master of the technic of verse—rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, cumulative cadence, melody, and symbolism.

In speaking of one of the gems from Blake's "Songs of Innocence," he says: "A scheme in which the soft and loose iambics lapse into sudden irregular sound of full anapests not without increase of grace and impulsive tenderness in the verse. Given a certain attainable average of intellect and culture, these points of workmanship, by dint of the infinite gifts or the infinite wants they imply, become the swiftest and surest means of testing a verse-writer's perfection of power, and what quality there may be in him to warrant his loftiest claim." Certainly this opinion can not be gainsaid; and as certainly he has put himself successfully to this test in many instances.

As an example of the perfection of his rhyme, see "Hesperia." Or take the last stanza of "The Garden of Proserpine:"

> "Then star nor sun shall waken,
> Nor any change of light:
> Nor sound of waters shaken,
> Nor any sound or sight:
> Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
> Nor days nor things diurnal;
> Only the sleep eternal
> In an eternal night."

His use of alliteration and of the refrain is like Byron's use of rhyme, as if no other word irrespective of its office of rhyme would do as well. In these respects Poe is greatly distinguished; but their use seems not so native with him as with Swinburne. With Poe an effort is apparent; he is in a degree mechanical. It might be said that in respect to alliteration Poe writes after the manner of Swinburne. Should it not be said that it is the manner of the one who writes it the most originally, and not of the one who writes it first? "A Match," "Rococo," "A Ballad of Burdens," and "Dolores" are marked examples of the use of alliteration and of the refrain.

As an example of cumulative cadence take one stanza from "The Triumph of Time:"

> "I wish we were dead together to-day,
> Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,
> Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,
> Out of the world's way, out of the light,
> Out of the ages of worldly weather,
> Forgotten of all men altogether,
> As the world's first dead, taken wholly away
> Made one with death, filled full of the night."

And again, the last stanza of "Feragoletta:"

> "Oh, bitterness of things too sweet!
> Oh, broken singing of the dove,
> Love's wings are over fleet,
> And like the panther's feet
> The feet of love."

In cumulative cadence Keats equals Swinburne; in a few instances surpasses him; notably in this from "Endymion:"

> —— "Who, of men, can tell
> That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
> To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
> The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
> The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
> The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
> Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
> If human souls did never kiss and greet."

In a briefer way, in one line, Swinburne folds phrases over each other, so to say, with surprising effect:

> "Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
> Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
> A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
> *A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.*"

As a specimen of symbol as well as of cumulative cadence, here are five lines from "A Song of Italy" (to my mind the most eloquent ode in English):

> "And I beheld the hours
> As maidens, and the days as laboring men,
> And the soft nights again
> As wearied women to their own souls wed,
> And ages as the dead."

The melody of his verse is incomparable. The melting beauty of the music of his verse sounds in the senses as the images of it glow in the mind. Poetry usually expresses beauty by images; his poetry does this equally by its music. This element, at times, as in "A Song of Italy," is so strong and intoxicating that one loses sight of its effect as pictures, being surcharged with its effect of music.

The magical poem, "Hesperia," is interfused with symbol. It is beautiful beyond wishing it more in every respect. One is caught up into an ethereal air; time is overcome, and earth and mortality, the roll of the far sea and the lap of its caressing waves thunder and murmur across an atmosphere now serene, now dazzling; Hesperia, the beautiful west wind, plays with your hair like the breath of love; she rides upon the

storm like the passion of the world; all ineffable things float about you and take your breath; imagination is set loose; and all that is lovely or melancholy or eloquent; song and night and morning; love and death and immortality; the sea of every emotion and the star of every hope, arise, abide with you, sing, shine, subside, and leave you on the gray side of life. And yet this poem, one part with another, is more unequal than his others. Sustained power, as the critics' phrase goes, is a power of his. The opening and the close of this is loftier than a certain strain in its course and is in another atmosphere.

Swinburne, in a wonderfully fresh and life-giving sense, individualizes words, adds fire and radiance to them, gives to them a tone that no other has given. I do not now refer to his diction, as a style, but to single words. Witness the word "sweet." A kindred gift with Homer's that gives rise to such modes as "Achilles swift of foot," and "Agamemnon king of men."

He has the trick of giving words a vivid patness, a power which he shares with Byron. This is greatly shown in "Felise."

Many new poetic distinctive aspects reveal themselves to him, as, for instance, expressed by his phrase *back-blown hair* From "A Song of Italy:"

"Whose back-blown flag scared from their sheltering seas
The unknown Atlantides."

From "Hesperia:"

"She laughs, and her hands reach hither, her hair blows hither and hisses,
As a low-lit flame in a wind, back-blown till it shudder and leap."

He notes far-off indications such as the subtlest sight alone perceives. He shares this gift eminently with Browning; but Browning's field for noting such far-off indications is more spiritual than Swinburne's, as Swinburne's is more sensuous than Browning's. Yet in this respect Browning frequently enters upon the domain of Swinburne, and Swinburne frequently upon that of Browning.

Swinburne has written four long poems in the form of drama: "Atalanta in Calydon," "Chastelard," "The Queen Mother," and "Rosamond." "Atalanta in Calydon" is Grecian with the atmosphere of Swinburne. "The Queen Mother" is French with the atmosphere of Shakspeare. Aside from an influence of mythology, which is strongly rooted in the spirit of our author, and aside from the name, the names of the characters and the place of action, "Atalanta in Calydon" is not Grecian at all, but Swinburnian. "The Queen Mother" never would have been written in the form it is written had not Shakspeare preceded. Lately a critic speaks of the resemblance of Thackeray's "Esmond" to George Sand's "La Dernière Aldini;" but contests the originality of Thackeray's treatment of "Esmond" on the ground that it is the manner of treatment, and not the matter treated of, that determines whether or not a work be original. By this standard, "The Queen Mother" is not, and "Atalanta in Calydon" is, original.

Swinburne's tragedies approach naturally a complete culmination. There is no anti-climax, no excess of retarding incident, and they are unflaggingly replete with vigor. They bear resemblance to undisputed masterpieces in the facts that they leave upon the mind the full impression of the terror of the disaster without there being anything fearfully unreconcilable with the course of human occurrences. The disaster in every case is inevitable, and the means are as if they could not have been otherwise; yet up to the culmination, and especially immediately preceding the same, it seems that no calamity is to be. The last enemy in "Atalanta in Calydon,"

"The heavy horror with his hanging shafts,'

is destroyed, and all is clamorous of triumph, when the scene changes, and by certainty of causes, causes unseen until their effects are shown forth, occurs the fateful death of Meleager and the death by madness and sorrow of Althæa. Chastelard, after everything is wrought up to his ruin, an inevitable consequence of his nature and of the Queen's and of those surrounding these, is left a way of escape, which he refuses, a consequence of a subtler element of his nature, and afterward as a more pronounced exhibition of this element destroys his reprieve; and by these interruptions, which are so natural that they could not have been otherwise, the culmination is heightened; in the reverse sense that an anti-climax destroys the effect of a story or drama.

His characters are not weak, not commonplace, and not unnatural. They are not half-drawn, and they are not overdrawn. They are not inconsistent with themselves. They do not exchange places. They are essentially original. The dramas are in no sense copies, except "The Queen Mother," in manner of treatment. The descriptions of the characters are idyllic and true to the outcoming of their lives, from Denise who

> "Is all white to the dead hair, who was
> So full of gracious rose, the air took color,
> Turned to a kiss against her face;"

to Atalanta,

> "Pure, and a light lit at the hands of gods."

But it is doubtful that if Æschylus or a successor had not invented the drama, if Swinburne would have written in this form; it is more than doubtful if this be the happiest mode of his muse.

Like the masters that have endured the destructions of the civilizations of the times in which they wrote,—the masters that prevail during new civilizations, and are not lost sight of with the changes and accidents of new eras and new races,—like these he is a distinct light; a new and distinct color is shed forth from his spirit; his work has a new and distinct illumination. The scope of his work is large; his forms are new, and the light irradiating them is fresh. But his work seems encumbered with some personal shock; its light is refracted; some fateful weight of misery seems tied to the feet of his flying song, some poison to influence and embitter the very life-blood of his verse. The least unhappy and most pathetic effect of this is shown in "The Triumph of Time;" the unhappiest and dismalest effect in "The Leper" or "Les Noyades."

How great, how true, how individual, how long he may endure, can not be named until different times come upon the world, new civilizations, and new literatures. But incomparably and without any chance of gainsaying, it can be asserted that nowhere else has there been such music in verse since the Greek; and that his eloquence is unrivaled by any cotemporary poet.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

BY PHEBE EARLE GIBBON.

THE following narrative was told to me nearly as printed, though not in the same connection. I have also omitted some of the original matter. It was given by a resident of Lancaster, who had known Mr. Stevens in that city about twenty years, and, by reputation, in Gettysburg, earlier in life.

I think that it is generally correct. One of the principal anecdotes has been related differently by two gentlemen of reputation, each of whom differs from the other in his version.

I begin with the earliest date:

Mr. Stevens had a brother who was club-footed in both feet, and so was Mr. Stevens when he was born. A doctor, who was a friend of his father, got him to take Thaddeus to Boston, when he was about two years old, to be operated upon.

Thaddeus noticed, of course, the operation of straightening his best foot, and at about eight years old he undertook to straighten the other himself. He walked on the top of his foot, over and over, reel-footed. He got two straight pieces of board, like those that women used to wear, and straps of leather.

He bandaged the leg and brought the strap around the toe, to bring the sole down. Then he sat up on a chair and studied his lessons. His mother taught him. He persevered in this till he was ten years old and had got tired of confinement. He had then altered his foot, as it was during the rest of his life. His foot was a great mortification to him while he was a young man; "But," said he, "when I got older and had more sense, if I saw people looking around curiously, I put it up and introduced it into company."

There lived with him, at one time, in Lancaster, a young colored man, who could make shoes. He had a bench in one of Mr. Stevens' rooms, and made shoes for him, made them for the little foot.

One very cold spell, when the snow was deep, and Thaddeus was about twelve or fourteen, Mrs. Stevens got anxious about one of her neighbors, whose husband was away from

home. She said, "Thad, you must go and take her something. I can't rest in my bed to-night." So she wrapped up some things,—a comfortable, a loaf of bread, and some candles, and sent him with them.

I tell you she nearly sacrificed this child that night. He fell in the snow once or twice, and got up with difficulty, loaded as he was. When at last he reached the house, he fell against the door and gave up the load. The woman—I think her name was Phebe—bathed his hands; and when he got warm, he took some rails off of the fence, and cut them up on the door-step. He did not leave the house until the next morning.

The writer here said: "I should think that his mother would have been frightened."

"She trusted to Providence," was the answer.

He learned to make shoes well enough to make them for himself and the family.

He was able, too, to make his own trowsers, or, as he would say, "When I wanted to go to a ball, I could make my own breeches."

He taught school part of the year, and earned enough money to go to college. When at home, he would get up early, make the fire, milk the cows, and sit down to his studies.

At college, he boarded himself, bought a jug to keep his molasses in, and a basket for his bread and cheese. His mother made links of sausage, which were cooked, and he ate them cold.

One of his college pranks was to drive a flock of sheep up the stairs, upon the roof. "We chased them about, and tried to get them down, but first one leaped off, then another and another, till the whole flock went off and broke necks and legs." When the matter was inquired into, one collegian peached, and there was the mischief to pay.

Not long after, the young man who informed walked out with some of his companions, who had invited him. They were met by a party in disguise, who seized him and gave him a thorough ducking. He was very much afraid of water, and was soon ready to swear never to tell tales again. The last year Thaddeus was in college, a friend lent him eighty dollars, to finish his studies. His mother spun wool and colored it, and had it fulled—(that is what they called weaving then). Out of this cloth his graduating suit was made. "I tell you," said he, "that was the grandest piece of cloth that ever was made." The eighty dollars was paid several years after.

The writer inquired about the newspaper report, that some lady whom Stevens loved had slighted him on account of his deformity. The narrator replied,—"Oh! they just get these things up. It's not true. I asked him about it. He said, 'A person doesn't forget those things that happened when he was young. There was a girl there, in Vermont, who was beautiful and very intelligent. I think I loved her. This calf-love—isn't that what the old women call it?—sticks to you.' She went away to boarding-school and he to college, and when they got back—'I thought her more beautiful than ever. But I was poor and she was rich. I looked at her, plead poverty, and came away to Pennsylvania.' She married afterward—a Presbyterian minister. Did better, I reckon. But a body doesn't forget these things. How they cheer you!"

The writer had read, in one of the papers, a glowing account of Mr. Stevens having bought a slave, in Maryland, from a tavern-keeper, who was very anxious to raise money for the races, the slave he was selling being his son. Mr. Stevens, it was said, was induced to buy the young man, by the entreaties of his wife, whom he had himself also assisted some time before. I inquired concerning this matter.

The narrator replied nearly as follows:—"That was Eph. that he bought—Ephraim Woolrich, who lived with him in Gettysburg. Eph.'s wife was Kezia. Mr. Stevens helped her to get her freedom. She was a slave in Shippensburg, and she ran away and was put into jail. Stevens said to one of his acquaintances, 'McCleery, I want you to see a sight.' Then he took him to the old prison in Gettysburg, and there they found a woman sewing carpet-rags. Stevens said she was the handsomest being his eyes ever beheld, and dressed in rags. She was white, and he spoke to McCleery: 'My God, is it possible they hold that woman in bondage?' But she got clear. In court, inquiry was made, and they found that she was born after the Emancipation Act was passed in Pennsylvania. Some time after, Mr. Stevens was traveling in Maryland, and he saw Kezia. After hesitating, she told him that she wanted him to help buy her husband. 'Your husband! Why, I hope you did not marry a slave!' 'Yes, sir; he is the bar-tender here.' And in the bar Mr. S. found a man with blue eyes. Mr. Stevens did not feel able to buy him then, but after Kezia's walking up twice to Gettysburg, he consented, and paid $850 for him. Mr. Stevens took them to live with him to work out the freedom money. It turned out that Eph.'s ways were not agreeable, and he left in two years.

When Mr. Stevens kept house, his friends got into the habit of going every evening to play cards with him, and then the wine and brandy were brought in. Peter Steward, a colored man, lived with him, and if the liquors were not forthcoming, the company, all of whom knew him, would say, "Pete, where's that good French brandy?"

Mr. Stevens found that this was going too far. The wives were complaining of his keeping their husbands out so late, and one French lady would say, "Oh, that bad Thaddeus!" After a while Mr. S. brought it to a close. One time when the three callers had got to that state that they had to be helped home, Mr. Stevens took two, and Ephraim the one that was hardest to manage. Stevens handed one into his own kitchen gate, and after waiting on the other home, he thought that he would look in quietly on his way back, to see if the first one had got along well. He found him safely seated in a tub of clothes that had been put to soak for washing. He had thought that there was a board across. Mr. Stevens would laugh afterwards when he told the story. "There he was, sitting looking up at the moon! You call that a sitz-bath nowadays, don't you? He was very happy sitting there. May-be the water drew the inflammation away from his brain." Stevens handed him in at the side door, rapped twice, and hurried away. The night gave him time to think. The next morning he got up and took Eph. to the cellar, with the axe, and staved in the cask of brandy. Eph. begged that it might be saved. I guess he wanted some for his own little parties, but Mr. S. went on, till he emptied whisky and sherry altogether upon the cellar floor.

Mr. Stevens took the pledge. The writer has heard that he abstained from intoxicating drink until after he removed to Lancaster, when it was prescribed by his physician.

Till December, 1844, there was no liquor bought for the house.

But although Mr. Stevens did not drink wine, it was presented to him by clients. A gentleman of Lancaster has told the writer of a case where, having been engaged in a suit, his client sent him wine, saying, "I know that he's a teetotaler, but I'll send him some."

It was rather a peculiar state of affairs to have wine in the house thus. Stevens would say, "Send a bottle of that wine to Mrs. F., or to Mrs. B., or to Mrs. V. C."

He had had a "Dutch" housekeeper. After she left, when Mrs. Smith came, he would ask the latter occasionally to look after the wine She reported that she found none, only a lot of empty bottles. "Mary must have drunk the wine with her Dutch beaux." His wrath was amusing, and is said to have been forcibly expressed. "Drank my wine, did they? drank my wine? The —— Dutch hogs! They could as well appreciate a barrel of swill as that wine! I'd rather have that wine again than their —— Dutch necks."

Mr. Stevens was very fond of hunting; when I was a child, and he lived at Gettysburg, I have sat beside the road and seen his hounds go by.

He and some others started a deer-hunt one cold morning, and followed so long that the rest of the party got tired and went into a tavern, where they were drinking and playing cards, while Stevens and the hounds went on alone. The deer ran down in the direction of Emmetsburg; but toward evening it had turned back to the neighborhood that it started from. The men in the tavern hearing the sound of the dogs, ran out quite lively, in hopes to catch the deer that Stevens had followed so long.

It now showed signs of being exhausted, and had taken to the creek, where ice had formed. Stevens, seeing their intention, rode into the water, breaking the ice, and seizing the deer by the horns, got it upon the bank of the creek, where he stabbed it. "You sha'n't have *my* deer, you —— lazy scoundrels." His clothes froze before he got them off; and when he afterward suffered from rheumatism, he attributed it to this exposure.

Oh! he would be glorious when you got him on that deer-chase,—and the fine horse that he had! He had a dog-house at Gettysburg, and a large pack of hounds.

Mr. Stevens did not go back to Vermont till he was pretty well off, and then he went every year or two. He bought his mother a farm, and one of his brothers worked it. I guess it was about his second visit after he bought the farm that he went in his private carriage and took his colored man with him—Peter Steward. Peter died afterward in Mr. Stevens' house in Gettysburg, and had a very large and respectable funeral.

When they went in this way to Vermont, Peter liked to make a display with the horses and carriage, and tell of Mr. Stevens' wealth. The carriage was a fine one, one of the best made in those days, but Peter would say—"This is not our best carriage—we have another at home."

On one of his visits he could not find his mother's house. He inquired for Mrs. Stevens,

—Aunt Sarah Stevens,—whether she did not live around there.

They pointed out to him a new two-story frame house. He went in, and his mother received him with, "Well, Thad!"

Afterward he asked about the change in her house, and she told him that the old house was not convenient, and she had moved it down the lot—I think near a spring, and made a buttery of it. She took Thad down to see her firkins of butter and hoops of cheese.

"Think of her building a house at her age."

He brought home some of his mother's rich cheese,—and there was a little brought to the table at a time, to make it last.

Mr. Stevens moved to Lancaster because it seemed to be a good place for business.

He had failed, and he owed $98,000, besides $40,000 security for another person.

About this time he visited his mother, and told her his troubles. "Oh, Thad!" said she, "how sorry I am!—how sorry I am! but I don't see any way for you but to go to work and try to pay the uttermost farthing." He was then fifty years old, or more. He paid it all, and when he died his estate was valued at about $150,000.

When he moved to Lancaster he wanted his mother to come and live with him; but she said, "I can't live in that bilious climate, and you have no Baptist church there, Thad."

"Well, mother, I'll build one, or buy one, if you'll come." He bought a little church in Chestnut Street, and a Baptist congregation met there for several years.

His mother died, I think, in '54, at the age of eighty-eight. After her death there were sent to him home-made table-cloths and towels, gold beads, half a dozen silver teaspoons, two silk dresses, a silk shawl, and one of her Bibles. There were two family Bibles: one went to Judge Stevens, out West,—the other came to Thaddeus.

I said to him sometimes, "Your mother's spirit is hovering over you."

"Oh, I don't know; do you believe that the spirits of the dead know anything about the living?"

"Yes, I do."

"She said to me once, 'I'm afraid you're not as good a Christian as I'd like you to be, Thad. I'm afraid you don't go to church enough.'

"'Why, mother, can't a person be good without going to church?'

"'Oh!' said she, 'you forget—you get lukewarm.'

"'But, mother, according to your religion, once in grace, always in grace.'

"'But, Thad, I'm afraid you've never been in grace.'

When Mr. Stevens was sick he would be covered with his mother's blankets. Once he proposed to wear one of her blue-and-white coverlets to travel in, like a shawl, but I would not let him.

He would not have the knots untied in the coverlet fringe, because she tied them "with those industrious hands."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Stevens met Mr. Buchanan at a wedding a few years ago, and bowed twice to Mr. B., but he refused to speak to Mr. S. A young gentleman, who was assisting at the wedding, urged Mr. B. to sit at the upper end of the room, where Mr. Stevens also had been placed. Mr. B. answered, "Young man, will you allow me to take care of myself?" and refused to sit with Stevens.

"Foolish fellow!" said Stevens, "he took offense at some trifling thing I said in a speech."

(The remark, which the writer has heard several times alluded to, seems to have been one made by S., after Buchanan's appointment as minister to Russia, many years ago.)

"The gentleman has gone to hide his burning blushes amid the frozen snows of Russia."

After that speech Mr. B. would not speak to Mr. S. They would meet at Bedford Springs, a very favorite place with Mr. Buchanan. In walking on the portico they would meet, and Stevens would bow, but Buchanan would pass in his usual way, with his head on one side, and take no notice of Mr. S. Some gentlemen would say, "Why, you and Mr. Buchanan don't speak!". Mr. S. would answer, "Oh! we're friends!—we're friends!—we're very intimate." While Mr. S. was in Congress, he continued to send documents to Mr. B., and on Buchanan's death he moved that the House should adjourn as a token of respect. But they refused, one member being very firm. "Stubborn as a mule," said Mr. S., "stubborn as a mule!"

Some months before his death Mr. Stevens said, "I should like to live through this term of Congress."

"You will live," I said, "if you will allow yourself to be carried. But if you will walk up those Capitol stairs, you will snuff out some day, about half way up." He consented to be carried, and two men that worked at the Capitol were spoken to about it.

"We'll carry him with the greatest of pleasure," they answered, and showed how they would carry the chair. But it mortified him to be carried, and it seemed as if he could not do enough for the men. He paid them every month; he would send them thirty dollars.

Mr. Stevens' lunch was taken to the Capitol, though he said he could get it himself. He was very fond of cheese, and one day when I went over to the Capitol, I found him seated with the Impeachment Committee, and he was treating them to a great lunch of crackers and cheese. "Oh!" said I, "why do you eat cheese? it will not be good for you."

He was very sick afterwards. "Oh!" he said, "*verdammte* cheese!"

Shreiner's Cemetery, where his body was placed, is quite small, and seems to have been intended for a family grave-yard, such as are not uncommon in Lancaster County.

It is in a great degree surrounded by small dwellings, being in an humble part of the town. I looked through the paling at the monumental stones, to find that erected for Mr. S., and then asked a passer-by concerning it. He told me that Mr. Stevens' grave was in a corner, and not marked by a stone. He pointed out the plain, grassy mound.

A gentleman of Lancaster makes the following statement:

About a year before his death Mr. S. said to a friend:

"Have you any place to be buried?"

"No; it has kept me too busy to live without troubling myself about being buried."

"I thought you had a lot somewhere."

"No; I don't want to be buried."

"Well, if you were buying a lot, how would you like Woodward Hill?"

"For beauty of location, I should prefer Woodward Hill to any other place about Lancaster; but when a man is dead he would care nothing about that."

"Yes; but some of his friends might. I think I shall buy a lot there; the place is very beautiful."

Woodward Hill Cemetery slopes down to the Conestoga, and looks upon the undulating land. scape, the fertile hills beyond. In this lovely spot was laid the body of James Buchanan.

When Mr. Stevens looked at the charter, he found that it excluded colored persons from being buried there, as did the charter of Lancaster Cemetery, in which he had formerly owned two lots, but had returned the deed to the trustees. So he was laid in Shreiner's graveyard.

Mr. Stevens left by will one thousand dollars to beautify, to adorn with flowers, the grave of his mother.

MABEL.

BY J. W. EDDY.

How busy Time is working now;
He is carving some new wrinkles
On my brow;
And I know
On me glow the frosty sprinkles
Of his snow.

Always he works with restless might;
Noiselessly as star-gems twinkle
In the bright
Crystal height,
Where no foot-falls ever tinkle
Through the night.

An artist, too, beyond compare;
Mabel grew 'neath his caresses
And our care,
Wondrous fair;
Sunset tangled into tresses
Was her hair.

Her eyes were of a sapphire hue,
Or of skies whose depths are bluest,
And we knew,
As she grew,
All her life was love the truest
Through and through.

But why did Time take from the skies
All their deepest blue and rarest
For her eyes,
When so nigh
Angels waited for our fairest
One to die?

I'm sure it must have been to show
How from heaven to earth the angels
Come and go;
How God's love
Sends to us his sweet evangels
From above.

And when He takes them back again,
'Tis to make His heaven dearer
For our pain—
Loss is gain,
If through it our hearts shall nearer
Heaven attain.

But you must rest, and so must I.
Time will sing to us his cheerless
Lullaby;
When we die
Can we say to Time a fearless
Long good-by?

"PERSONALS" AND "MATRIMONIALS."

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

ONE of the worst effects of a constant contact with vice, even if it be but a sidewalk familiarity or the more intimate knowledge bred by a newspaper acquaintance, is that it leads to a certain matter-of-fact toleration of things which at first startled, annoyed, or disgusted us.

With the young, especially, the transitions from shuddering horror to toleration, and from toleration to curiosity, and thence to a half incredulity as to the utter vileness of vice—an incredulity like that of the child who has been warned that the dog will bite him if he keeps poking his fingers into its mouth, yet who never can quite believe it until he actually gets bitten—are especially rapid. Generally, nothing but bitter experience is sufficient to render people cautious in matters about which their curiosity is excited. So few of us are born naturally cold-blooded, cynical, and sedate. We try very hard to believe all the homilies that those who have seen more of the world than we have are in the habit of reading to us, yet a thousand sermons seldom do as much good as one bitter, bitter bit of experience!

Still, there are some things which it would be better that very young people—and very young women especially—should hear and see and know as little of as is possible,—things in connection with which all of us should esteem ourselves fortunate in proportion as we are able to get through life with little seeing or hearing of them.

These are the very things which a certain class of papers—some of them professing to be respectable—others the avowed mouth-pieces of the *demi-monde*—and even of that *monde* which is a step lower, but both of which are secure of an entrance into respectable houses, either openly or surreptitiously—are continually keeping before the eyes of the young—and often otherwise—ignorant. Mystery is so suggestive! Innuendo is so provoking! It is so hard not to get to thinking about the meaning of things that one does not understand! But it is terrible that our boys and girls should have their curiosity sharpened upon forbidden subjects by having so-called "advertisements" relating to such subjects constantly coming under their eyes as soon as they are able to spell out words in the newspaper which lies upon the table in the family sitting-room, or which they find thrown around in the kitchen. For the papers which make no secret of their vile trade in assignations and seductions the laws ought to have—and, if we are in earnest in the matter, surely will have—a remedy. But what are we to do about the papers that call themselves *respectable*, that do not creep in at the back area, but come boldly up the front steps? papers that nobody blushes to be seen reading in broad daylight, and yet certain parts of whose advertising columns are converted into intelligence offices for loose men and women, and fallow fields wherein the seducer sets his infamous trap?

A constant keeping before the eyes of young people of the fact that a great many persons in this uneven world are living vicious and scandalous lives so far as morality is concerned, and yet seem, in spite of all laws of compensation, to be having a good time of it, must inevitably, in many cases, be fatal to a high moral tone of character, if nothing worse. Those who are old enough to reason from cause to effect know that there never was a truer saying than that: "The way of the transgressor is hard," or that every offense against physical and moral health brings sooner or later—but inevitably brings—its own sore punishment with it. They know how the giddy, painted, butterfly-like career of those who live upon impulse and not according to reason—whose days are days of sloth and whose nights are nights of license—often culminates in one awful hour, when the wronged soul revolts and takes its revenge upon the body which has sought to stifle it. But how is a young girl of fifteen or sixteen who picks up a newspaper and has her attention caught by a so-called matrimonial advertisement to know anything of all this?

At first she only reads "Personals" and "Matrimonials" from piqued curiosity—just to see what extravagant things are really written and printed; and to wonder at and try to guess the meaning of what she doesn't clearly understand.

But from this daily reading she falls to thinking how exciting it would be were she to see a "Personal" addressed to herself. She begins to look greedily at the descriptions which appear among the Personals—she has a sort of wild hope that she shall find herself also described some day after so much reading

about other ladies in black dresses and blue bonnets, who have unawares stumbled upon a "true lover" in walking down Broadway or in getting in or out of a stage. She means no harm, poor little fool!—most of the harm of this kind begins with meaning no harm.

But one of the saddest effects of so much improper reading has been an insensible deterioration of that true original modesty which instinctively feels that a masculine gaze too free and too prolonged indicates lack of respect. She begins to court such looks—even to answer them, and to dress so as to excite attention. She only wants to get a "Personal," and she never asks herself what is to come after that, for it isn't in the nature of youth to look much beyond the present hour. She may be the daughter of a clergyman or of any other man of equally excessive respectability—well brought up and in process of being well-educated; or she may be a poor girl who works for her daily bread; it is all the same as far as effects go,—for young girlhood has much the same romantic aspirations and unguarded impulses all the world over, irrespective of class. The daily or weekly newspaper with its revolting details of seductions, elopements, adulteries, and mysterious love affairs goes everywhere, and is really the most impressive sermon upon morality that can be preached when we know how to read it aright; but this the very young do not know how to do; with them, the result is a certain degree of hardness and indifference on such subjects,—just as during great pestilences or wars familarity with death dulls the terror of it in men's minds.

The personal or matrimonial paragraph, with all its fascination of mystery, is usually—if they who run could read aright—the *Devil's promise to pay*. From reading and becoming interested in such notices there is but one step to answering. Many a girl who would never dare write one is yet bold enough to answer one. Thousands of girls who *do* answer them have no conception of the vile meanings which are hidden beneath the peculiar language in which they are written. To those who do understand, it seems impossible that any one should misinterpret; but the credulity of youth which has never been in personal contact with vice is simply sublime—its innocence which thinks no evil in the midst of vile innuendoes and double meanings is infinite. It believes that all that it hears and sees is as true as it appears to be on the face of it; and takes for granted that there is no harm in the rest—especially that which it does not understand. The romantic girl of fifteen or sixteen who sits down to answer and bid for in secret one of these devil's bribes, really believes, in her heart, that she has a chance of getting a rich and handsome husband who will take her to Europe, and in other ways make her life a second paradise on earth; for plenty of fine dressing, opera, balls, Saratoga, Europe, and her own way, are paradise to the mind of the modern American girl,—and it is very, very hard to see all these fine things ready to fall into one's lap for the asking, and not hold out one's apron to catch them!

And the men who write these advertisements know this. One in a thousand of them may be sincere—that is as much as saying that he is either a fool or a lunatic. But the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are not sincere; which is equivalent to saying that they are knaves.

Sometimes girls answer them "just to see what will come of it," or "just for the sake of getting a letter." That letter either makes an appointment or solicits one. We should be frightened if we could know how few girls who have gone thus far are able to draw back.

And what is the fate of a young and unknowing girl who walks alone and unadvised into the meshes of a secret acquaintance with a clever and unscrupulous man, who is her elder in age and in all sorts of experience? Usually, nothing but a miracle can save her, and her feet go down into that house whose foundations are built above the chambers of death! It is useless to ask men who are base enough to conceive these things to refrain from publishing them. But the men who are their accomplices—those who aid and abet them by printing these infamous blotches which a too careless public opinion allows to disfigure the newspaper literature of our country—generally profess to be responsible members of society. They call themselves honorable men—they often boast of their personal morality—they have respectable wives and innocent daughters—these amiable modern Pilates who do this dirty work for the filthy minds that have conceived it, and then figuratively call for water and wash their hands of all the evil consequences that are inevitably to ensue!

But no, *gentlemen!* you can not do that! These consequences lie at your doors as much as they do at that of the seducer and the libertine whose money has bought you. Wash your

hands as you will, they are so filthy that every clean-souled man ought to hesitate about touching them. If the dram-seller is in complicity with the dram-drinker, then you have as much again to answer for; whenever by the reading of these unclean things, which can not come into existence but through you, some young girl is corrupted and ruined, you are just as responsible for throwing this harm in the way of the young and the unknowing as if you went out into the streets and pimped for houses of assignation; and your calling is equally as infamous—the only difference is, that you make yourselves the go-betweens of every man who offers you from a dollar to ten dollars for that service. You sell yourselves cheap!

It is in vain for parents to warn and for friends to preach—for the good to deplore and the ignorant to wonder at the increasing deterioration of our national morals while you persist in doing these things—in keeping open these vile sink-holes of all corruption through which so many thousands of the young of both sexes in our midst disappear from happiness and respectability year after year!

TO DAHOMEY AND BACK.—No. 3.

BY J. W. WATSON.

FROM the treasury we went to the sacrifice ground, a place of about five acres in extent, the spot whereon the king holds the yearly customs and slaughters a few hundred of his slaves, prisoners, and subjects. The customs, as they are called, occur in the spring or early summer; the principal one, See-que-ah-hee, or the watering of the kings' graves, in which all the people go in procession to the royal cemetery to perform that ceremony, comes off in April, and at its celebration three hundred victims are slaughtered. The next in importance, Eh-que-noo-ah-toh, is the throwing of the presents. At this fête the army, the chiefs, and the principal men are gathered in the sacrifice ground with the king and his ministers, on a raised platform, from which they fling to the people below, strips of cloths, strings of cowries, fruits, or anything else they have to spare, which are scrabbled and fought for, after which about two hundred prisoners and slaves are lashed in a sitting position, in tray-shaped baskets, and thrown out to the crowd, who slaughter them, tearing the bodies limb from limb, and giving way to the most frightful bloodthirstiness. Another of these customs is the display of the king's wealth, or the fête of Eh-bah-tong-eh-beh, at which there is less slaughtering and more eating and drinking. After this comes the fêtes of "The Feast of the Troubadors," "The Feast of the Spirits of the Dead," and several minor ones, at all of which a certain amount of sacrifice takes place, accompanied with scenes of the most sickening horror.

From my host—Ah-dah-ree-see—I learned much. He was a man not only of great wealth, but of high education, writing and speaking perfectly seven languages, four of which were African. His Arabic was pure and beautiful, and a copy of the Koran, in his own writing, presented me, would rival the ancient missals in beauty. This gift of languages is common, it being nothing out of the way to find a native Dahomien speaking and writing from five to ten. Ah-dah-ree-see was willing to gossip on any subject save that of the king, and only shook his head mysteriously to all questions put to him on that point. From him we learned that no one grew rich but by permission of the king, and that his wealth was always at his majesty's disposal. A rich man has the same privilege as an *attaché* of the court, and upon his death is entitled to have a boy and a girl slaughtered upon his grave. He gave glowing descriptions of the warlike deeds of his countrymen, of their conquests of the Egas, the Anagros, the Ardoahs, and the Abe-ku-e-tahus, and especially he dwelt upon their fight with the Attahpans, at which he personally assisted with seven hundred slaves. These slaves compose the majority of the male part of the army, and are owned by the king and the principal men. When they are led to war they must fight; if they do not, their fate is even worse as prisoners with the conquering tribe where they rarely escape sacrifice, or at least being sold to the slave dealers. Should they fight and take prisoners or spoil, it belongs to their masters, after paying the king's tax. It is from these prisoners of war, and such as incur his majesty's displeasure, that the slave gangs are composed, which are constantly driven to the coast. The value of an able-bodied prisoner

at the city of Abomey is about sixteen dollars, but when once he is upon the coast his price goes up to forty dollars. From this trade is the revenue of the king derived, for though merchants and brokers of his own and the neighboring states penetrate to the city sometimes for trade, he derives little profit from legitimate commerce.

My host also gave me lessons in the Dahomien language, of which I shall inflict no more than to show its voluminousness. The word "jug" is simply expressed by saying, "see-noo-noo-ee-a-voo-tong." The "moon" is "hah-ee-hing-flah-doo-wee." Should I wish to compliment a Dahomien belle by telling her that she is "pretty," I have only to say "ee-nin-dagbeh-dagbeh."

At last the day came that had been set for the review, and all Abomey donning its holyday attire, hastened to the great square of the palace of Dange-la-cordah. When we arrived the king was already seated in state, with the royal cup-bearer on one side and the holder of the royal spittoon on the other. Behind him stood the master of the wardrobe holding the king's hat, while within reach was the dignitary who had charge of his majesty's war-club. There was a curtained inclosure on his right hand, containing his wives, of which, by way of warning as we entered, the heralds were shouting forth the most terrible denunciations on any one who should even dare to gaze upon their beauty.

Our arrival was hailed with grunts of satisfaction and firing of muskets; a Dahomien must fire a musket for everything, and has a happy faculty of coming off unhurt when the musket bursts, which the Dahomien muskets have a way of doing. We advanced to his majesty, who stood up to receive us, a condescension which was hailed with a shower of grunts. The royal cup was handed us, the horns blew, and the drums beat, and more muskets were fired. The king then took the cup, and two attendants stepped forward with a cloth, which they held before his majesty while drinking, to shut away the view of the crowd; the vulgar must not see the king eat or drink.

In the echo of the horns and drums the music of the advancing troops was heard, and the army of Dahomey commenced filing past. First came the amazon soldiers, a body of five thousand women, the guard of the king and the usurpers of all the military honors. They are divided into regiments designated by a mark on their cap-fronts, as the crocodile, the serpent, the lion, the hawk, etc., and are officered by their own sex. These women are the wives of old soldiers or the principal men of the kingdom, and are strictly watched, death being the instant penalty for lack of chastity. They are served by eunuchs, who are rewarded for bearing the news of frailty, if they prove the charge. In time of war these women receive from the king one dollar each for all the prisoners they take, and are allowed to retain a certain share of their spoil. Their dress is a close-fitting tunic reaching to the knees, a belt in which is secured a long dagger, a pipe, and a box containing powder and ball. They carried muskets much resembling the old style of ducking guns, and quite as ineffective for war purposes. They had a proud step, and their movements were well performed. They have privileges which are accorded to none others, one of which is smoking in the king's presence. When one of these damsels takes a fancy to a certain man for a husband, her first step is to ask the king's permission. This granted, she dispatches by the hand of a trusty and ancient amazon a glass of rum to the gentleman; this he drinks at once, the ceremony is over, and the pair are wedded.

Next came the male troops, seven thousand carbineers, each battalion designated by some change in uniform, or by banners. These are mostly slaves, and seemed nobodies in comparison with the females.

After the review the king's ballet corps, composed of about thirty women, made their appearance, clad only in one loose cotton gown. Their motions at first were slow, but they soon warmed to the task. Reckless of the exhibition of natural charms, they drew their scanty robes into every conceivable twist, shouting and singing wildly. They came together in a tangled mass, heads where heels should be, and heels nowhere, and then at a signal from their leader cast their robes at the feet of the king, and stood as nature made them. Next came a dance of men with heads half shaved, but after the performance of the king's ballet corps, all else was leather and prunella.

During these dances there wandered from point to point a fellow curiously clad and painted, who spoke in a loud voice to whom he pleased, even to the king himself, and whenever he spoke the crowd laughed heartily. This was the king's jester and executioner, two offices of great honor and profit. Another anomalous painted and tattooed individual, who seemed to have everything his own way,

and held a post of honor near the king, was the royal fetish man, a prophet. No expedition or undertaking, Ah-dah-ree-see gravely informed me, could be successful without the indorsement of this gentleman.

After the dances came music from the band, not exactly Bellini or Verdi, and then the banquet, which we did not share with the king, his majesty retiring behind the screen to lunch with his harem. When the eating was over, the performances of the day concluded with speech-making by the officers of the amazons, the strength of which consisted in praises of the king, and hopes that the time would soon come for war, each gentle maiden reciting with the most emphatic gestures how she would give it to the enemy, if the king would only be kind enough to give her a chance. They were evidently "spilin for a fight."

The day after the review we started upon an exploration without the walls of the city. It was my desire to see the manufactures, the royal weaving places, the potteries, and dye-houses, but I found this impossible, these establishments being sacred; no foot enters the portals but the wives of the king. The slaves who work in there are never suffered to come out, and the profits are royal property. We accordingly started for the country, and were soon passing through a tract of most beautiful cultivation. Groves of fruit, and the great African staple, the cocoanut palm, being abundant, while in the far distance loomed up the Dab-a-dab hills, glorious through the sultry atmosphere. The people of the country not being restrained, we soon had a retinue of some hundreds, *sans* wardrobe, *sans* modesty, running after us. It will not be so great a slander upon some of our small farmers to say that they are not so far advanced upon the Dahomien school. Their implements are self-invented and rude, and yet they do the work, while their barns and storehouses often show great ingenuity and thrift. The cattle were good though small, and everything had a look of spontaneous growth, without labor. Among the sight-seeing of this day we visited the palace of A-grim-go-meh, the country house of the king, an extensive building some miles out from the city, having all the characteristics of the other palace, skulls included.

That night, over our usual rum-and-water, I announced to my host that I had partially made up my mind to renounce my allegiance to Yankee-land, and get out my naturalization papers in Dahomey. The old fellow, considering it gravely for a few moments, assured me, in real earnestness, that he did not believe I could do better, that I stood on the right side of the king; of this he was assured; it was a matter of court gossip; and if I chose to stay, there would be facilities both in a business and a matrimonial way that would make a man of me and delight him.

This was our style of life in the city of Abomey for several weeks, until a message arrived from the coast that made it necessary I should instantly leave, and, as a consequence, I demanded my passport and transportation by the shortest route, which was directly south to the port of Whydah. This was soon arranged, and I had my parting audience with the king, receiving in return for my presents, some beautiful articles of pottery and mats, and the attendance of four sticks to see me safe through. The restriction was removed from the citizens, and I set out amid the farewell demonstrations of thousands, to whom I distributed ten heads of cowries—ten dollars—as a princely scattering.

I made my arrangements to travel early in the morning or late in the day, on account of the excessive heat. After leaving Kameah, the name of the village by the summer residence of the king, we entered upon the very garden of Dahomey, a land teeming with agricultural beauty and wild luxuriance. After passing through the towns of Ilomea, Doonoo, and Whyboo, we entered upon the land of the Ardrahs, now part of the kingdom of Dahomey by conquest. Through all the route every attention was paid to the sticks that accompanied us. Whatever we wanted was forthcoming, and no demand made for payment, though a present was eagerly taken. The roads were good, and every few miles we were stopped by gates, through which we could not pass without paying toll; this being the only thing in the way of "king's taxes," our sticks were powerless to pass through dead-head. The general appearance of everything was the same as in the neighborhood of the city; the only things which struck us with a newness was the fact that every cock on our route was muzzled, wearing a species of net-work over his head. The explanation was that every cock that crowed was by an ancient law forfeited to the king, therefore the muzzle. The next odd matter of our journey was an insight into an institution called the "King's Court." A difficulty having occurred between two women at a village below Doonoo, the quarrel was embraced by the men, and for a while bade fair to be a rumpus of the first water.

In the midst of the jangle an old man rushed in, a respectable citizen with a heavy bank account and unimpeachable business reputation, though holding no office, bent his head to the ground, muttered some words, rapped three times with his cane, and instantly the whole crowd sat down, and were silent. The affair was then entered into with all decorum, the evidence taken, weighed, and the judgment given, from which there was no appeal. This was the "King's Court," and can be convened by any one whose age or responsibility warrants the authority.

We were now passing through a grand country where not a sign of stone was to be seen. The only drawback to our enjoyment was the insects. Numberless were the battles with bugs, centipedes, millipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, roaches of enormous size, and ants of every color.

At the end of the sixth day we reached Whydah, the only real slave port on the coast.

It may be expected that I should say something of the human traffic on the coast, but to this I have two objections: one, that everything has been said of it that could be; and the other, that I did not set out with any such promise. I can only say that no state of slavery can be conceived more terrible than that of the negro in his native land.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND PROGRESSION.

BY C. A. BELACHER.

AT the birth of the Japanese there is little or no church ceremony gone through with, beyond the presentation of the child at the temple. But the government demands that the child be brought to the mayor or prefect of the town or district in which it is born, when a record is made on the books, of its parents' names and date of its birth. The child is furnished with a certificate, giving in it the name, county, and date of the birth of the boy or girl, as it may be, on which is a signature of the officials of the district. This birth-certificate is at all times carried on the person of its owner in a girdle that goes round the body, and is regarded as sacred by him; it is surrendered to the authorities only on the death of the person to whom it belonged, and is then destroyed. This is a most important law with them; it is also a great help to the police, where their espionage is so strict that they know your very thoughts at times—at least, persons would think so who have come under their guard. A person fleeing from justice here has very little chance to escape, the whole country being divided into districts, these into precincts, over which there is an official who knows every person in his district; and strangers passing in and out of his gate which he has to guard, must have a pass from the mayor of his district; and if not provided with one, he is subject to a strict examination; he has also to produce his birth-certificate, wherein his true name is given. Hence there can be no deceit with him; and if a person's name is given out as being wanted, he does not get far without being arrested. In a great many cases innocent parties have suffered imprisonment, as the officials were in doubt as to their real character; for a person once convicted there of a crime is always afterward watched, and if caught the second time is made a head shorter. These strict rules being enforced have had a very salutary effect on the pilfering propensities of the lower classes of the natives. A family or single persons can not move from one place to another without being provided with a certificate as to their good or bad character, which is delivered to the officials of the village in which they intend to live, where it is all recorded and kept.

Often while traveling in the country I have been questioned as to whither I was going, my business, how long I was going to stay—in fact, they are regular Yankees in regard to asking questions; but they do it in so pleasant a manner that I could not get affronted. All along the road the children greet you with a "good-morning" (*ohio*), and "Where are you going?" (*doco mora mora.*)

I will mention here a case that came up during my residence among these people. One of the largest American houses had lost 100 boos, equal to $33⅓; these were in packages wrapped in paper, these were in a vault under ground, but having become damp were taken out by the Chinese compradore to dry; he was assisted by some of the Japanese servants, and when on replacing them one package was short, search was made for it, but it could not be found; so that in a few days it was forgotten and charged to "profit and loss." About a month afterward the prefect of police called on the mer-

chant and informed him that one of his servants was spending much more money than his salary would afford. The merchant recollected this loss and informed the prefect of it, who immediately arrested the servant, who confessed that he was the robber, and restored the greater portion of it. The thief was punished by imprisonment and whipping with the bamboo, which cut at every stroke; the servant was liberated after his term expired, came and asked pardon of the merchant for his offence, and asked to be taken back, which he was; he has since been a good and honest fellow. Such is the fear of prison and whipping, that the natives say they would rather die than have them inflicted the second time.

I will here give an idea of a few laws as they were interpreted to me: A person guilty of stealing 40 rios, equal to $53⅓, is punished by death, which is by beheading. Arson is punished by the burner being himself burned. A woman is never beheaded, but is transfixed; that is, a spear is forced through the hollow part of the neck, directly over the shoulder-joint, going through all the vitals and appearing near the hips; two of these spears are used, crossing each other. The minor offenses are punished by imprisonment and whipping.

I will give a description here of the manner in which they behead offenders. The person to be executed is led to a hole in the ground the size of a grave, where he is stripped to the waist; he is then placed on his knees in a stooping position, his head inclined forward, when with one stroke of the sword his head is cut off. The body is immediately put in the hole dug for its reception; the head is put in a bag and taken to the town in which the crime was committed, where it is exposed on the principal bridge leading to the city; and under the head is a handbill with the person's name, his birthplace, parents' names, and in fact everything concerning him since birth; under all is the ominous word *obeni* (beware), which means a great deal there.

As a general rule, the Japanese are a very honorable race of people. Till foreigners came there locks were unknown; but they are now learning the use of them—in fact, they are becoming civilized, according to our interpretation of the word.

No doubt that a few alterations might be made that would benefit both ruler and ruled; but even now they are in a great deal better state than they will be fifty years hence, if foreigners continue to make the inroads on their long-established customs that they have for the last ten years.

One custom has been broken down which has had a very good effect, and has made the lower and non-official portion of the people think a great deal more of foreigners. In old-fashioned times, when princes of royal blood were traveling along the road and came to the outskirts of a town or village, they would send their men forward with word that all houses should be closed on their approach and all streets carefully cleaned. Often princes would be passing all day; but as long as they were, the people had to stay in closed houses; their business was neglected, and very often their stock in trade ruined, or appropriated by the retainers of these Oriental snobs. They have, when traveling, frequently quartered their retainers, 300 of whom I have seen with a prince at one time, on the inhabitants, paying them or not as they chose to, very often giving *I. O. U.'s* to the people, which were never honored. The foreigners have broken this up a great deal by meeting these lords, and in many cases have taken part of the road, which was for a long time a point of honor with them; that is, to have the whole highway to themselves, allowing no person on it while they were there. This is so no more; the foreign "beasts," as we are called, have broken their pride; we have also taught them, instead of prostrating themselves on the ground as a mark of respect, touching the hat is all that is sufficient. This was long a sore point with the officials, but it is now wearing off. Princes now go along the roads the same as beggars; they can have their retinue with them if it pleases them; but all are now equal in that respect. We have made these changes; but have they been beneficial to the people? The princes do not like to have their power slip from their hands so easily as that. What they lose in respect or attention they grind from the people in shape of money. Another custom has been partially done away with,—the shaving of the crown of the head. This is continued; but an order emanating from the late Tycoon, who was favorable to foreign innovations, permits all the Japanese who chose to, to wear all their hair. Only a few have availed themselves of the privilege. But a great many more would do so, but they fear the ridicule of their companions.

As a progressive people, they certainly take more kindly and quicker to foreign changes than any other Oriental nation. It is now hardly ten years since the country became hab

itable for foreigners; but now the general government has a navy of thirty vessels, besides the men-of war that are owned by princes for private purposes. They have at a place called "Yu-costz-ka" a navy-yard, equal to any in the United States, with docks for the largest-sized men-of-war, and machinery in it capable of manufacturing engines, guns, and all implements of any pattern. In the words of one of our distinguished naval officers, they have more machinery, all of the latest pattern and invention, than they can get ready to work in the next three years, although they employed about 5,000 men in the yard.

Their army is clothed with foreign cloths, in European style, and armed with American guns, rifles, and carbines. They have purchased arms of every make and nation; but at the present time their greatest desire is Spencer's carbine; these have been sold in great quantities. Still, with all their progression and improvements, they are not the least more happy with them than they were without them. We have increased their wants, and in making more of these they become more envious; consequently the princes, then, who have those ideas, will soon begin to think about increasing the area of their estates, saying, "It takes more money to support us now than it did before the foreigners came here. We have plenty of arms and ammunition; why not try our neighbors' mettle, and seize their lands if they be the weaker party?"

Heretofore these people were as contented as could be; but with our boasted civilization we have gone among them and sown the seeds of discord—the harvest to be reaped in a long and bloody internal war.

In China they have had the full benefit of civilization, and are now carrying on wars which commenced with the entrance of foreigners into their country, and will only end when the long-haired race are extinct.

We have government contracts in this out-of-the-way place. One of our representatives to that country was furnished with a considerable sum of money, with which to buy two or three vessels of war. Since they parted with their money they have received only one ship, which has nearly sunk two or three times; the balance of the money has been refunded by the United States Government, the Japanese concluding not to take any more condemned ships at our own price and then to get fearfully overcharged. The French and Dutch representatives are also furnishing the government with clothing machinery. The naval officers were under the tuition of the French. The English have until recently had control of the army; at present some enterprising Yankee has charge of it. It is to be hoped, for the character of our nation, that he will have much more success than his predecessors had. I witnessed the drilling of a company of men who were under instruction three months; it was certainly not very creditable to their instructor; although on our national day, during the absence of our men-of-war, I saw a light field-battery served as well as it could have been by foreigners.

During the early part of the year 1868, immediately after the opening of the port of Hiogo, I was a witness to a strange scene, and also of the power the priests hold over the poorer and least enlightened of these people. Their story ran in this wise: that about the period of every sixty-six years, the gods, to give evidence that they are pleased with the efforts of the faithful, cause a shower of gold and silver money to fall only on the houses of those who have been strictly attendant at the temples. This sudden and mysterious visitation of the *needful* naturally astonishes these people, as it would, no doubt, us; but these simple-hearted people have so much faith in the priests' teaching that they do not think long enough to have a doubt about it, but accept it as the truth—because, do not the agents of the priests exhibit the money that was poured down? This was the cause; the effect was to make the men assume the garb worn by women, and the women the clothes worn by men;—also the drinking of a great quantity of saki. During ten days this orgie is kept up, the people visiting the temples night and day, and making themselves hideous with the noise they make, singing their hymn of rejoicing. For the benefit of your musically-inclined readers I will give you the words:

"E-Jcohu-ni-e-ca—
E-Jcohu-ni-e-ca—
E-Jcohu ni ca—
E-Jcohu ni ca—
E-Jcohu-ni-e-ca."

The translation of which is: "Isn't it jolly? isn't it jolly?" The air to it must be heard to be appreciated; and when a crowd of five or six hundred are singing, each and every one in his own key, you may be sure it is anything but pleasing to sensitive ears.

New Year's (Shugnatz) is the grandest of all the festivals here. It is a period of great rejoicing, and continues for two weeks, during which the theatrical companies, conjurers, of which they

have plenty, and in fact all parties who contribute to the enjoyment of the people are all busy, and keep their places of amusement going night and day. The houses of all the natives, rich and poor, are thrown open most of this time, business being at a stand-still. Eatables and drink are free to all, when saki (native liquor) and rice in various forms are consumed in large quantities. The buildings where the theatrical entertainments are given are thrown open to the public; street performances are given; every man's purse is his neighbor's, and all are happy together. Merchants and laborers are arm-in-arm in the street who probably never before saw each other; but such is the spirit in which these people enter into this festival, that all rank and caste are thrown aside for the time. The houses in the principal street are gaudily decorated with banners pendant and lanterns, which at night have a very beautiful effect. The houses are dressed with the native flower, the camellia japonica, which in this country is attainable for a mere nothing. In America they would cost a small fortune. One thing in particular called my attention; it was an immense effigy of the Evil One, built on an immense frame, weighing, from appearance, nearly half a ton. This is carried by a score or two of men divided into two parties, belonging to opposite portions of the town. One party is trying to carry it toward the part of the town that is occupied by their opponents in this match of strength and endurance, and they are as much opposed by the people on the other side; so that after an hour's work they would sometimes be in the place from whence they started; but being forgetful, they will often push in the direction opposite which they want it to go. From sunrise till sunset these people will toil for the mastery of the situation; that is, to get to their opponents' village, where a grand carousal awaits the victors, provided by the defeated.

Another feature of the festival is the wrestling matches that are gotten up by the princes of the surrounding country, who have men of great stature and immense weight who look more like cattle fattened for a fair than men who practice feats of strength and agility. They perform (or wallow is the proper word) at all the entertainments, and are much applauded by the natives, although I could see but little in it. These monstrous men are kept much the same as a sportsmen keeps his hounds, the princes making boasts of the number they keep. During this period of enjoyment, which is rather lengthy, and would be rather tiresome to foreigners, the utmost good-nature prevails.

MRS. MERKINS' IDEA OF MATRIMONY.

BY L. Y. HARRIS.

YES, I am Mrs. James Merkins, and I sincerely wish that I was Anne Marie Stubbs, spinster, with nothing but my own whims and humors to trouble me. Here am I, a comparatively young woman, with ten children. There is the baby, now, screaming as if five hundred needles had been run into him. People talk about the *comfort* of a baby; queer idea of comfort such persons have; perhaps they would think purgatory comfortable. Why, I never have one moment's freedom from anxiety, except when he is in my arms fast asleep; not always *then*, for if his cheeks look a little redder than usual, I feel sure that a fever is coming on; or if his breathing seems slightly irregular, I am perfectly confident that it is the commencement of croup, that bugbear of all young mothers. If he is on the floor he sticks everything he can find into his mouth. I just took out two carpet tacks, and if he could only succeed in swallowing the hammer, his happiness would be perfect. Yesterday I found him sucking an old cigar-stump, and he struggled manfully when I insisted upon relieving him of it. He is his father's own child, there is no doubt of that. If there is a pin on the floor, he stumbles over it, his face constantly representing the national colors as faithfully as the flag itself—excess of patriotism more painful than pleasing. There's a red bump on his right temple; and as for his unfortunate little nose, it has endured as many bumps and bruises as that of a professional prize-fighter. From the purest Grecian it will certainly develop, through cruel usage, into an unmistakable Roman. He is always putting his little mischievous fingers into the cracks of the door; his left thumb has been squeezed five times; it makes my flesh creep when I think of it, all the flesh that I have left, which is not much. What a fool I was to get married! There's Sarah S., just my age; she looks ten years younger, fat, smooth, and fair, and yet she imagines her trials are terrible. I

would like to have her change places with me for a while, and I rather think she would rush back into the arms of lonely spinsterhood, as to a haven of celestial peace. Oh, dear, there's Charley coming, with big white spots on his knees. I made those pants just two weeks ago, out of cloth an inch thick, that I fondly flattered myself would last three months at least; but every anxious mother knows what those white spots forebode. He *will* play bear, and crawl on his knees. I have a great mind to sew a piece of leather over each knee, until the bear-fever subsides. I hear Sarah Jane and Mary Adeline quarreling in the parlor. I always know, when I see those two together, that anarchy and confusion will soon follow. I wonder where they got such tempers—from the Merkins' side, of course. Ma always said *her* household was like a dove's nest. I am afraid she would compare mine to a den of wildcats; all the children resemble Mr. Merkins, excepting Angeline, and she is an angel; people say she is just like me.

There's a scream from Harry! I hope he hasn't fallen into the hot water; it would be just like him—he has been scalded three times. I believe he and Sammy are coming down with measles; and to crown all, Mr. Merkins intends bringing a stranger home to dinner. I hate strangers! and there isn't a morsel of meat in the house; we are out of bread also, and Mr. Merkins grows savage at the sight of a soda-biscuit. It always seems as if he selected the most inconvenient times to bring home company, and if everything isn't *comme il faut*, he sulks for a week. I sometimes think that my noble lord is more of a child than any of his sons, and he expects *them* to be men by the time they are three years old. Considerate creatures men are! Mr. Merkins wants me to invite Miss Stanton here, so that he can enjoy her intellectual conversation. He says her mind is like a beautifully cultivated garden, "rich flowers of thought," etc. I rather think, if she had married at sixteen, and had had a family like mine, the "rich flowers of thought" wouldn't have blossomed quite so luxuriantly; cooking elaborate dinners for cross-grained men, and wiping irrepressible little noses, has rather a nipping effect upon flowers of that description, I can tell Mr. Merkins. He sits and drinks in the words of Miss Stanton as if she were a revised edition of the Delphian Oracle, and after she goes, he always asks me in his blandest tones and manner, "My dear, why don't you read such books as Miss Stanton reads (Mrs. Willard's "Sexology," for instance), instead of wasting your time over so many novels?" Waste my time, indeed; I only wish I had the chance. If Miss Stanton went to bed every night as completely exhausted as I am, after all the innumerable duties of the day, I suspect she would soon be horrified by discovering that "Alonzo and Melissa" were more suited to her state of mind than Mrs. Willard's "Sexology." I think, after administering repeated doses of pap and peppermint, she would find the atmosphere less exalted than it is at present; she would find her sympathies expending themselves rather upon poor little aching stomachs than upon expended brains; and as for Mrs. Willard's book, I would not read it through if I had the united brains of all the strong-minded women existing. I do not think Mr. Merkins will have another chance very soon of enjoying those "flowers" before mentioned. Perhaps I'm selfish, but it is not particularly agreeable to have my husband compare another woman's mind to a beautiful garden, and then amiably insinuate that my own is more like a waste of pig-weed; if there is any woman able to bear it in a dutiful and saintly manner, she deserves to travel with the lofty Mrs. Swan, or the beautiful Circassian. But I should very much like to find the time for cultivating my mind; it is rather difficult, with all my family, and only *two* servants,—*poor*, at that. Good girls are obsolete, and Mr. Merkins never allows me money enough to buy anything ready made. I wish a law could be passed obliging men to put all their money into their wives' hands. Wouldn't I make Mr. Merkins dance a little, to get his weekly allowance for cigars and pale ale? He spends enough in one week to keep the baby in aprons a year. I hope I'm not vindictive, but I would like to see the tables turned a little. If there isn't Mr. Merkins walking down Washington Street with Miss Stanton! I'll give him black tea for supper; he *detests* it!

A PRAYER OF THANKS.

For the lifting up the curtain,
For the drawing back its vail,
That keeps our mortal vision
In its boundary weak and frail;
For the comfort, gracious Father,
Following thy chastening rod,
For life's beauty, light, and glory,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

BAD BOOKS.

BY WATSON M. ROGERS, LL.B.

IT is narrated of a man who had distinguished himself as a soldier on many a hard-fought field; who had occupied leading positions in social, political, and professional life; who had drunk deep of almost every cup of honor, that a few days before his death, after reading one of the volumes of Sterne, he remarked to his friends who were with him: "Had I read Voltaire less and Sterne more, while young, the world would have been wide enough for Hamilton and me."

Sad and bitter reflection! but there was no remedy. The subtile reasonings of the wily Frenchman had long been instilled in his mind,—had become part and parcel of himself; and the great Hamilton had been, for more than a quarter of a century, quietly sleeping with his fathers. No stings of conscience could revise his past, nor help to unlearn and undo the evil. No bitter remorse could recall that beautiful morning when, on that picturesque little island that seems floating on the bosom of the noble Hudson, two of the foremost men of their time met in mortal combat,—when Aaron Burr slew Alexander Hamilton.

It is well known that Burr was a man of unscrupulous ambition and ungoverned passion. To the crimes of murder and treason he added that of the libertine. At his touch, virtue and purity sickened and died. He marched through the earth like a conquering demon, spreading destruction where he went, and leaving behind him in his path the sacked, pillaged, and blackened remains of what were once the temples of purity and honor.

On altars dedicated to obscene gods were slain, for the gratification of his own foul lust, the best and fairest beings earth ever knew!

A man who had lived thus could do no less than die abhorred and detested. It is said that for many years after his death no stone showed his burial-place, lest it should be the mark on which popular indignation might vent itself.

From his own mouth we know that the *great crime* of his life resulted from reading one bad book, and who shall say that all his faults did not emanate from the same fountain of evil? Indeed, that they did is more than probable. Nor was the iniquity derived from this source confined to him and the author whom he read. The name of both tempter and tempted is legion. Go where you may and both will be found.

Neither does the catalogue of bad books end with those of infidel reasonings; there is another class, no better, but worse in their effect and influence, because more widely circulated and more extensively read,—we allude to the common, light, impure, and often obscene literature of the day. Paradoxical as it may seem, this species of literary productions may always be known by the outside clothing. The former class comprises, in many instances, the reasonings of enlightened, highly cultivated minds, while the latter usually emanates from the minds of those who love to pamper lust and passion. The first is read only by the few, the second by the many.

The great extent to which the publication of the lowest class of novels and obscene papers has reached, admonishes us to be deeply concerned, if not alarmed, for the welfare of the young.

Go about the shops and stores of our towns and villages and see;—see the gaudy cover; see and read the high-sounding title;—see the lewd picture that sends the crimson blood to the cheek of modesty, and you get but a faint idea of the bountiful repast spread out. Nor is the market glutted; the supply is governed by the demand. It is scattered, too, with an unsparing hand. In respectable Christian homes, as well as in the lowest brothels of corruption and vice, this same thirst for tales of disappointed love, suicide, piracy, and murder may be seen.

The danger to be apprehended is two-fold:

Those who have accustomed themselves to read that which is trivial, seem to lose, in a great measure, the retentive and reasoning faculties of the mind. They read to be entertained, not instructed,—or oftener, what is infinitely worse, to "kill time!" They find nothing desirable to remember, nothing sparkling with wit, no appeals to the nobler impulses of man. They find no food for reflection, and the result is the mind becomes paralyzed by being surfeited with trash of the lowest order. All taste for pure, elevated literature of any kind is destroyed.

The mind having long traveled in the extravagant regions of fancy, no longer desires common-place, matter-of-fact material; the natural appetite is vitiated, destroyed.

As the human stomach, when overloaded with indigestible viands, refuses to perform its duties and becomes diseased, so the mind,

when overcrowded with an unnatural food, suffers a like derangement. That it may possess power, it must be fed on a pure material.

It were better never to have learned to communicate ideas to the immortal part by means of the printed page, than, having done so, prostitute its noble faculties to so base a use! The moral results are terrible beyond conception. False ideas of life are infused; all the baser passions are aroused. All faith in the virtue and goodness of mankind is destroyed. "Religion, love, patriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again!"

The fair-haired boy, whose sparkling eyes and broad brow indicate intelligence, whose integrity and honor can be read in every act and word, imbibes the dreadful poison. With a miserly care he hoards up his pennies to obtain the coveted volume. When obtained, schemes and intrigues are resorted to that the secret shall not be revealed. He conceals it beneath his desk at school, in the barn, woodhouse, or chamber at home, and when the teacher's face is turned or the parent's attention withdrawn, he eagerly sucks therefrom the accursed venom. His body and soul are absorbed in its contents. His whole life is one of imagination. He reads the tale of bold adventure, of daring capture, of midnight assassination and bloodshed. The school-house, the shop, and the farm no longer furnish scope for the exercise of his faculties. The society of home is too tame for his heated temperament, and breaking loose from them all, he plunges madly into the world, to live a life of wretchedness and crime.

The cherub girl too, whose lips have oft repeated at her mother's knee the simple prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven," is drawn into the meshes of the tempter's snare. At the midnight hour, alone in her room, she pores over the corrupting book. She hugs it fondly to her bosom, while it sucks therefrom her mental and moral life-blood.

Years pass by, and the once lovely girl is a moral maniac. Deaf to reason, nature, friends, and God, she is sucked up in the whirlpool of shame, only to sink deeper and deeper, until the grave shall hide from the sight of men an object of loathing and disgust.

Young friends, stop and reflect. Many of you, we fear, are treading dangerous ground,—are imbibing dangerous principles,—are forming dangerous habits.

As you would have clear heads and clean hearts; as you would avoid the life of the libertine and the debauchee; as you would avoid misery and crime; as you would drive from yourselves the corruptions of lust and passion, touch not the unclean book, look not upon the impure page. It is the broad road "that leads to death, and many there be who go in thereat."

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

BY LAURA M. DOOLITTLE.

IN the autumn of eighteen hundred sixty-two I made the journey from Washington to New York. The excitement consequent on the war was at its height. Nothing else was talked about. Men, women, and children were alike eager and anxious. The whole North was at work trying to aid our brave boys in the field. We can scarcely recall even now the intensity of those days, and though only seven years have passed, are already beginning to forget. Never during the whole struggle was the loyal heart more anxious than at the period of which I speak. It felt that it had endured enough of discouragement and defeat, and though there was no thought of failure, yet hearts were sick with hope deferred. The railroad trains were thronged with officers and soldiers. Many, returning to their regiments after sick leave, wore a serious air as if girding their spirits for the coming strife, and feeling the weight of the harness they had put on anew. Perhaps a dim presentiment of Antietam, so soon to follow, oppressed their souls. Others, with light hearts and joyous faces, were on their way home. Others again, just out of hospital, were seeking health in their native air. All were objects of interest. The sight of a sick soldier touched the heart as if his suffering had been that of a brother.

Our train stopped at Philadelphia, and to reach the New York depot it was necessary to cross the city in the horse-cars, a distance of two miles. It was nearly dark when I arrived. As I stepped from the platform I saw two

soldiers, one of whom was with difficulty bearing along an invalid companion toward the cars. There was the usual amount of the hurry and jostling of a crowd of people intent upon securing seats, yet every one gave way for the invalid soldier. When he reached the door several persons offered him their places, but his companion said, "No, he is too weak to sit; he will have to lie down on the floor." We folded shawls for a pillow, and he lay down. His frame was large. He had evidently been a man of great physical strength, but was now a mere skeleton. The weary expression of face, and the appealing look of those large lustrous eyes I shall never forget—eyes, too, from which hope had not gone out, for was he not going home? home to wife and children?

"Your friend is very ill," I said to the soldier.

"Yes," he replied, "he was taken prisoner at the first Bull Run, and was exchanged only a little while before the seven days' battles. He had hardly got strong before he had to go into the fight again, and was wounded at Malvern Hill. He has suffered everything, poor fellow! I am afraid it is almost over with him. He went into the army from pure love of country, and there was no braver spirit, but he seems to have lost all heart, and the only thing now is to get him home to Maine. I was afraid I should never accomplish it, but I knew he would die if he staid, so I started with him, weak as he is."

"You know him, then?" I asked.

"Yes, we were neighbors."

Just then the invalid feebly moved his hand toward his breast pocket, and the friend, understanding his wish, drew from it a card photograph, well thumbed, the corners rounded with wear, and put it in his hand.

"It is the picture of his wife and children," he said, as he resumed his seat.

The sick man gazed at it with a look of unutterable longing, his brow knit as if with pain, and tears flowed from his eyes. He motioned to his friend to put the picture back. An expression of intense anguish came over his face, his whole frame seemed convulsed. In a moment, however, he became calm, and his look gradually changed to one of repose. For several moments he lay thus, and we thought he had fallen asleep. Soon a deeper stillness came over him—a stillness one feels—a stillness which has but one meaning. He was dead.

There were no dry eyes in that car. Strong, hard-faced men wept like children, and there, in presence of the dead, we thought how bravely he had gone forth to do battle for his native land; of the tearful, yet hopeful farewells at parting with friends; of the weary marches, scanty rations, cold bivouacs, dreary sick days; of the tortures of that barbarous prison-life; of the yearnings for familiar sights and neighbors' greetings; of the hope which the expected welcome home to embrace of wife and caresses of children had inspired; and of the house, with its darkened windows, unnatural stillness, and breaking hearts, and wept afresh.

A superhuman beauty stamped itself upon the features of the dead. All look of suffering had vanished, and even the hard, sharp outlines of the face seemed softened. It was that beauty of which Byron speaks:

> "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
> Ere the first dark day of death is fled,
> * * * * * *
> Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
> And marked the mild angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there——"

a look often seen upon the faces of those who have just died, as if the glorified features which the spirit puts on when it has escaped from the sinning, suffering body, were reflected for a moment upon the worn-out clay it leaves behind.

Several of the passengers staid to assist in carrying the body to a hospital, where it was coffined for removal home, while others hurried on their journey with a new and deeper sense of the sufferings and sacrifices of our soldiers.

A STORY OF PIUS IX.

BY W. F. WILLIAMS.

ROGERS, in his "Italy," has described the Popes as

> "Men gray with age, each in a triple crown,
> And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
> That can alone, as he would signify,
> Unlock heaven's gates;"

but the incident we have here to record occurred many years ago, long before this description would apply to the present incumbent of St. Peter's chair.

Every visitor to Rome will remember the

church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, formerly the principal hall of the Diocletian baths, and remodeled and adapted for religious purposes by Michael Angelo when in his eighty-fifth year. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and eight of the colossal columns of granite that support the central part, remain in the position they originally occupied in the old hall of Diocletian. It is, perhaps, this singular association of classic history that chiefly renders this church interesting to strangers; but apart from this, there is much in it to gratify the curious visitor. Pictures, of course, abound, as in all Roman churches, the list including a fresco, which was removed hither from St. Peter's, when the paintings in that glorious basilica were replaced by imperishable mosaics; and among the statuary is the celebrated statue of St. Bruno, by Houdon, of which Pope Clement XIV. said that it would speak did not the rules of its Order impose silence. Pius IX. holds this church in most affectionate remembrance, and some years ago enriched it with a new pavement of variegated marbles.

The Pope has good cause to view the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli with special favor, if the following incidents, which have never been published here, but are devoutly believed by the faithful in Rome, be correctly reported. The story runs to this effect: that when a young man, enjoying the friendly protection of Pius VII., he had intended to enter the army; but was prevented by an incurable bodily infirmity from joining the *Guardia Nobile*. The disappointment was a bitter one; and the Pontiff sympathized with his grief. One day the young Mastai received the following note:

MY DEAR MASTAI—Come to see me to-day at two o'clock. I have something to communicate to you on the part of our heavenly Father. PIUS VII.

At the appointed hour Mastai was in attendance at the Vatican, where the Pope received him kindly and gave him his hand to kiss. The following conversation then ensued:

"My son," said the Pope, "have you never thought of entering into the holy sanctity of an ecclesiastical life?"

"Often, Holy Father," returned Mastai, "and especially since suffering from this incurable disease wherewith it hath pleased God to afflict me; but the obstacle that prevents me from pursuing a military career, I fear will equally prevent me from becoming an ecclesiastic."

"It is true, my son; but you are still young, and hope is the property of youth."

"But, Holy Father, my disease can never be healed."

"'Never' is a word we ought only to listen to when it comes from God——"

"And the physician," interposed Mastai.

"Doctors are not infallible," replied the Pontiff, "therefore hope, my son, and believe."

"Believe in the doctors?"

"No,—in God. His Son, who raised up Lazarus from the dead, can, if it please Him, heal the young Mastai; and He *will* heal you, I am sure, if your faith is ardent, and your mind prepared to receive His mercy."

"I believe in God the Father Almighty," said Mastai reverentially, "more than in myself."

"Well, my son, have faith and hope. Unite your prayers with mine. Let us, during nine consecutive days, implore the Lord that He may concede to you the healing that medical science denies. Return at the end of nine days to receive from my hands the bread of eternal life, and then we shall know whether our prayers have been heard."

This conversation took place one afternoon in summer; and for the next nine days the unfortunate invalid youth went daily bareheaded and barefoot under all the scorching heat of an Italian sun to the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli. There he kneeled at the feet of the image of the Madonna, praying with such fervor that his face was bathed in tears.

At the end of the nine days he again sought an interview with the Pope, and received from his hands the sacrament of the bread and wine. His disease still remained; but from the day in which he partook of this communion, his buoyancy began to return, and the paleness of his cheek gave way to the usual rosiness of youth. The improvement continued, and in a few weeks he was marvelously—and, as he believes, miraculously—healed; nor has the dreaded disease, once deemed so incurable, since returned.

Mastai seeing in this wonderful cure a direct manifestation of the will of God, decided to devote himself to the Church, and abandoning all idea of military life, began in his eighteenth year his theological studies. His subsequent career is known to the world. A priest, a bishop, a Pope, are the words that sum up his biography; while in the latter capacity history will record his pontificate as one of the longest on record, culminating in the great Ecumenical Council, which, whatever may be the practical result of its deliberations, must mark an epoch in the Roman Church.

The curious reader may wonder how a conversation like the preceding could be so minutely preserved and related, for all this occurred long before the era of the "interviewing" reporter of the period; and even to this day none of "our correspondents" have ventured to subject the Pontiff to an "interview." We do not pretend to explain away this difficulty, but can only say that the story as here recorded is given at much greater length in the cheap little biographies of the Pope that are hawked about the streets of Rome, and the sale of which, if not directly authorized, is certainly permitted by the Papal authorities. Moreover, the noble church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli is a mute but impressive witness of the incident, and to this day the tourist may see the image of the Madonna before which the boy Mastai kneeled in supplication, little dreaming then that he would ever be a Pontifex Maximus.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

"AMERICAN HUMORISTS."

WE have before us a group-photograph of three genuine Americans. The artist has printed under the group, "American Humorists," whether with or without the consent of the originals does not appear, nor does it matter. They are "Josh Billings," "Mark Twain," and "Petroleum V. Nasby." The autographic inscription, by one of the victims, —"The Three Graces"—is quite as funny and as apt as anything either has said. Without this hint we should hardly have selected the group from among a hundred for its gracefulness or beauty. There can be little doubt, however, that these men are what the picture-vendor styles them, "American Humorists," and quite as little doubt that they understand their individual relations to the public. But while there is nothing in the appearance of either that would forbid the suspicion that, under proper aggravation, he might be able to "slop over" in a humorous way, there is certainly very little, in form or expression, to suggest the presence of irrestrainable jollity. "Josh" is a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered, ungain mortal, with dark complexion, great staring eyes, immense mustache, a luxurious growth of straight black hair, combed backward without parting, and a turn-over collar that might excite the envy of Dan Bryant or the popular translator of Victor Hugo. To see him in his restful position, with his long bony legs stuck angularly into the foreground, his head settled down between his obtrusively awkward shoulders, and his innocent, lack-luster eyes looking quietly out from under their overhanging cliff of brow, one can hardly understand how persistently and unsuccessfully this man has labored to master the difficulties of English orthography, and how very quaint and funny he often is, despite his senseless and wholly abortive efforts at wit in the baby-trick of bad spelling. There are, in fact, but a very few instances of success in torturing English orthography for fun's sake. Thackeray, in his "Yellowplush Papers,"—confessedly speaking by the pen of an English flunkey,—held an advantage in this direction which he used with powerful effect; in occasional instances, also, Artemus Ward was enabled to make a point in bad orthography, which could not be made so well otherwise; but even he so overworked the vein, that it became feeble and unproductive. "Josh Billings" has written and said many wise and funny things—some, we are free to believe, which will outlive the author; but we have yet to see a sentence of his which would not have more point and zest if the words were properly spelled. There is some genius and originality in "Jeemes Yellowplush's alphabet-twisting," and some of Artemus's efforts were specimens of high art; but "Josh" always misses the mark. The only purpose his vile orthography can serve is to worry and perplex the reader, and thereby destroy the flow and effervescence of his often brilliant sentences. As we look into his great innocent face, and think how much his manners, if not his morals, might be improved by a little attention to the rudiments of English education, we can not resist the schoolmasterly instinct to tell him so.

Mark Twain is a quiet, unostentatious, modest-looking genius. He is permitted to *stand* in the group, to show—as we presume—that he is head and shoulders above his co-humorists, which we honestly believe him to be. There is very little in Mark's personal presence that would stamp him a funny fellow, and the fact that he really is funny, and that

the world has made the discovery, is as much a continual surprise to him as it can be to anybody. In fact, so contradictory are his characteristics of appearance, speech, and action, that we never think of doubting anything strange which may be said of him—not even what he may say of himself, which is the strangest of all. We are, hence, quite prepared to swallow the veracious account of his babyhood, as published in his *Galaxy* "Memoranda," and shall never hear of a boy bearing the name of Samuel that it will not remind us of the vexation of soul and tribulation of body through which, at the tender age of two weeks, he was induced to accept this indignity at the hands of an austere and uncompromising father.

Mark Twain is the most even, certain, and self-poised of all the humorous writers of the day. There is nothing forced or unnatural in his style, and if his situations are grotesque and astounding—as they generally are—they come upon the mind with such charming freshness and oddity that they seem, for the moment, not only possible, but unavoidable. Instead of appearing to be the objective to which the quaint verbal extravagances point, they stand out in the stream of talk like incidental boulders, causing musical ripples, but not permanently obstructing the onward course of the stream.

More than any other writer who engages to make men laugh, Mark despises the cheap tricks of type and punctuation. His manuscript is wholly free from underscoring or other marks so frequently used by gushing scribblers to point out the hiding-place of poor jokes. He evidently feels that if the humor is not apparent, it is scarcely worth looking for, or caring for. And it is generally apparent. There is also a wholesomeness in his fun which is commendable. His humor is a moral tonic without cant or affectation. The little bladders of folly which he assails are punctured with such exquisite grace and good feeling, such avoidance of exultation, such tenderness even, that it is indeed a question whether it be not a luxury to come within the focus of his strictures.

Mr. Nasby, who has fattened on Federal patronage at "Confedrit X-Roads, which is Kentucky," until it is difficult to draw the line between his rotundity and his obesity, is in appearance the impersonation of a jolly fellow; but shows very little of the immense energy which distinguishes him as a journalist and a politician. We believe he deprecates the title of humorist, though he does confess to have given a great many people the Locke-jaw—whether in laughing at his jokes or yawning over his public lectures, we are not apprised. As we look at his mild, round, unintellectual face, we are almost inclined to recognize him as a good-natured uncle just returned from California with a pocket full of gold-dust which he would like to shower upon his relatives if they will take the trouble to turn him upside down and shake him. We don't believe that any ordinary occurrence would disturb his night's slumbers; sociable cats in the back-yard, or baying dogs next door, are alike indifferent to him; inkstands and old boots are as safe in his bedroom as the bed on which he lies, or the roof that covers him. If he tackles the world vigorously, he also takes it easy. He may die before he grows old, but it will not be from worry, or excesses of any kind. He is worthy to be one of the "three graces," and there we will embalm him.

The necessity laid upon such men must be terrible to contemplate. To be forced under all circumstances to be jolly; to indite roaring funny-graphs under the impulse of a jumping toothache; to tickle the ribs of the public with one hand while administering Winslow's Soothing Syrup to a crying baby with the other; to crush down the sorrows of an aching heart that the thoughtless world may laugh and grow fat; to rack one's brain for hours in search of a wonderful climax or a grotesque turn to a sentence only to see the results appropriated, without a "thank you," by every seven-by-nine newspaper in the land; these are a few of the rough places in a humorist's path, and should be considered when we are disposed to turn up our noses at his occasional poor jokes.

"GIN-AND-MILK" AGAIN.

The *Rev.* Chas. B. Smyth, who has succeeded, after much painstaking, to get his name in the papers (however questionably), seems determined to keep it there at whatever cost to reputation, morals, or decency. When, a year or two since, he rose to the surface as a champion of virtue by attacking the "Black Crook" outrage, the sympathy of many good people was with him; for whatever objections they may have had as to his method of attack or his prudence in following it up, they were willing to see at the bottom a commendable purpose. In the light of subsequent events it is quite a question whether the moral support of these good people—

quiet and undemonstrative as it was—was as acceptable to the reverend champion of virtue as the nightly caricaturing to which he was subjected in the Black Crook representations. The Reverend Gin-and-Milkist is a lover of notoriety. He likes to see his name floating around in the newspapers, and it seems to matter very little to him in what company or with what luggage it floats. Having outlived the Black Crook exaltation, he invited a newspaper reporter to take a Sunday lunch with him, to whom and at which time were disclosed the virtues of the new compound which appears at the head of this article, and which seems destined to become immortal. Evidently the great compounder thinks so, as he has already begun to arrange for his future achievements and renown under this device.

Striking boldly out on the advice given by Paul to Timothy, which has been misquoted and misapplied by every rum-guzzler from the days of the Apostles to the present, he has initiated his new rôle with boldness if not with success.

At his recent lecture at Steinway Hall, on "Practical Temperance, as opposed to the fallacy of Total Abstinence," after issuing—his agent says *selling*—2,200 tickets, he had an audience, according to the *Tribune*, of about 150 persons. Whether these or any of them came to learn the best methods of compounding fancy drinks, or to ascertain how much gin and milk it will take to make a *temperance* man, or through mere curiosity, we don't know. We can only congratulate Mr. Smyth on his success as a Temperance lecturer. He did considerably better in point of numbers than did John Allen, the wicked man, who, profiting by a like notoriety, undertook to enlighten the people from the rostrum. Poor John soon learned what will sooner or later dawn on the intellect of the Rev. Smyth, that a notoriety founded on wickedness alone is not the best stock in trade for a reformer. The class of hearers whom this new light of temperance would naturally expect to attract, have little to learn from him. Those practical Christians who so reverently obey Paul when he says "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," but who would as soon think of walking barefooted on hot coals as to obey him in abstaining from meat if thereby a brother may be saved, have nothing to learn from this babe in vice. They can teach him more about mixing liquors, and other cognate crimes, than he ever dreamed of. He may felicitate himself upon the work he has done and is doing for the devil; but he will find when his wages are due that he has been only a poor bungler of a workman. He will hardly be able to earn his salt without more courage and energy. Gin-and-milk may be a good catch to start on, but it is altogether too mild a mixture with which to earn perpetual laurels. There is but one of two courses for Mr. Smyth to follow—let him either, boldly and without hesitation, strike hands with the devil and become a respectable sinner by virtue of such courage, or come out like a man and a Christian, renounce his evil ways and take to a virtuous life in word and deed. His present attitude has not enough force in it to be even contemptible.

THE LESSON OF MR. DICKENS' DEATH.

THAT must indeed be a useful and beneficent life, the work and memory of which can make it seem like base ingratitude, if not brutality, to speak the truth concerning him who bore it. But the truth should be spoken, nevertheless; and when we say that notwithstanding the great debt which Charles Dickens has rolled up in his own favor and against the Christian public, he was guilty of an irreparable wrong, we say only what all men know, but which for reasons, sufficient and insufficient, most men keep to themselves.

The great novelist had an instinctive as well as an educated hatred of shams; and yet—we say it without bitterness—his whole life was, in a certain sense, a sham. He was a keen observer and a faithful and fearless reporter. What appeared to him a wrong, and especially if that wrong bore upon God's weak ones—was attacked with promptness and vigor, and with such thorough knowledge of its assailable points, and such unerring skill in reaching them, that very little remained for others to do. How few of all the intelligent people of England, comprehended the full bearing of the irresponsible and brutal systems of private instruction, in vogue in that enlightened kingdom, before

the days of Squeers and Blimber, and Smike and little Dombey!

In this country, thank God, no such evils are known, for the very good reason that they cannot exist. But there is an evil which is co-extensive with Christian civilization—an evil, before which imperfect systems of education; stagnation of public justice in connection with chancery courts and debtors' prisons; gambling, thievery, and American peculiarities sink into nothingness. That evil is the one from which Mr. Dickens himself most suffered; and to which, so far as human judgment may decide, his untimely death is attributable. That evil—although there may be a softer name for it—is gluttonness.

Mr. Dickens died of apoplexy, brought on by over-eating and over-drinking. This is the truth, bluntly stated. The great novelist, when in the flesh, did not hesitate to utter truth because it might offend. He even took occasion to put it in such unquestionable shape, that it could not but offend. His right to do so has never been contested. Even the toadies and lickspittles of this free country, quickly forgave him for putting them in his books without flattery. And after twenty-five years of reflection and growth, the entire American nation are ready not only to forgive what at first seemed a miserable return for well-meant hospitality, but to commend the faithful critic for his truthfulness as well as his fearlessness.

Very few men who have ever lived have done so much to bless mankind as Charles Dickens; and this encomium is good against all the charges that have been, or may be brought against him, touching his Christianity or his orthodoxy;—and yet, if through causes which he might have averted, he died ten years or ten days sooner than he should have done, who will hold him guiltless? The care of such a life was a responsibility of no common kind; and that responsibility under God, was with Mr. Dickens himself. Sermons on temperance are of little account; few heed the *words* which are spoken for sobriety and prudent living. But the sermon which Mr. Dickens preached at Gad's Hill on the 9th of June last, is one that should have weight. No book that he has ever written or ever could write, can possess a tithe of the power for moral effect that inheres in the circumstances and surroundings of those last moments. Warnings he had had in plenty, but he heeded them not. Appetite was more to him than sentiment, or even than life; and so, at his own well-filled board, with his festive friends about him, he passed to his account.

The tidings of his death—as was proper—filled the two hemispheres with mourning. Tears of genuine sorrow fell in showers of tenderness, in remembrance of all he had done for the world. Shall no one weep for what he left undone? And shall we do his memory the great injustice to forget that with all his wonderful gifts of discernment, he failed to recognize as an evil that which destroys and perverts, more than all other evils combined, the very sanctuary of God—the human soul? But if, in his life, he failed to present this evil in its proper light, the manner of his death will render such work unnecessary. The case could not be more strongly put. Will the world read it aright?

"UNIVERSAL AMNESTY."

The beneficence of this sentiment cannot be more plainly presented, than through the lessons of the recent riot in this city, when a body of peaceful Orangemen, celebrating the "Battle of the Boyne," were attacked with murderous intent and murderous results by a rabble of Irish Catholics. The Battle of the Boyne occurred nearly two hundred years ago, and was the occasion of a disastrous defeat of the Catholics and a victory for Protestantism under William, Prince of Orange. It would seem scarcely possible that the memory of a feud so signally settled two centuries ago should engender such bitter hatred between brothers; and it would not be possible but for the extraordinary means which have been used to nurse the hatred and keep it warm. Leaving out of the question the fact readily admitted, that no bitterness is so deep and ineradicable as that engendered by religious differences, the memory of the Battle of the Boyne would have died out long ago, or been so softened by time as to have called forth no feelings of hatred and strife, but for the great unwisdom of those who sought to perpetuate the strife by establish-

ing an anniversary which should keep its painful memories fresh.

In the light of this lesson may be discerned the wisdom of such men as Mr. Greeley, who have constantly and persistently sought to bury the unprofitable memories of our recent civil strife; first by a general amnesty act, and next, by holding to the adjudications of victory without constantly recurring to the humiliations of defeat. It was a happy thought that gave to our Decoration Day a significance beyond the mere assertion of victory, and recognized in the sleeping heroes, bravery and devotion to principle without assuming to regulate the consciences or to pronounce upon the mistaken zeal and patriotism of those who gave the best proof of their earnestness and fidelity in the sacrifice of their lives. Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House was the signal close of a long and bloody strife, and the virtual reëstablishment of peace and prosperity throughout the land. The occasion was received in all the loyal States with unbounded enthusiasm and joy too deep for utterance. So grand and glorious is the memory of this day, which established in the eyes of the world the integrity and perpetuity of the Republic, that its annual recurrence can never fail to bring a thrill of joy to every loyal heart—and there are many loyal hearts who laid down their arms at Appomattox—and yet it is neither necessary nor expedient that the anniversary should be marked by any outward demonstrations. This magnanimous country can afford to accept such grand results as the establishment of its institutions upon the basis of equal rights to all, with calm satisfaction if not humility; and nothing is added to its moral power or permanency by an obtrusive exaltation that cannot fail to open wounds that are better healed.

What every friend of the country should labor to promote is fraternity of feeling, north and south, and a material and moral growth that can come by no other way.

THE "WORLD OF LETTERS."

WAS there ever a zestful boy or girl who did not expect, before death, to be known in "the world of letters?" It is an innocent ambition, and one that may often be made the means of real progress in the better purposes of life. Even the "larger growth" of children may be benefited by the hope, however faint or unfounded, of waking up some fine morning, famous.

The difficulty which may be apprehended in the pursuit of this magic "world," is akin to the trouble which possesses so many earnest souls, who cannot decide for themselves whether they have experienced that most desirable of all blessings, a change of heart; and it is said by those who have made this a matter searching study, that often they who have the greatest doubts as to possessing this mercy, are the nearest to the gate of heaven; but how anybody can decide the matter with certainty, either for themselves or others, we have yet to learn.

There is such a thing, we know, as "*professing* religion," and there is such a thing as making a profession of literature—and living by it. Whether the ability to support one's self with one's brain and pen, should be accepted as a claim to recognition in the world of letters, may be a proper subject for consideration; but who is to consider it, and from whom must come the credentials at last? This may be a question of very little importance to the unambitious world—but it is a question which is more often asked than answered by the young men and maidens who are fixing their eyes upon the many-tinted future, and dreaming of mansions in the Temple of Fame in such majestic beauty before their radiant vision.

To such tender minds, the dweller in Bohemia is a kind of demi-god—or goddess—as far removed from the dull realities of material life as light from darkness. To revel in one's own thoughts; to create imaginary worlds, and people them to one's taste; to stand as a sponsor for children who grow into angels by the stroke of a pen; to mould society; control great political movements; make and unmake presidents and kings; to wreath the world in smiles and deluge it in tears, through the mighty magic of the pen is a power which many crave; but which few possess. The "world of letters" is a dominion, the boundaries of which have never been defined; but it is no *terra incognita*. It is around and about us, and however limited our knowledge or purposeless our lives, we are in it and of it.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage*

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—ASTROLOGY—DIVINATION.—The Zodiac is the name given by the ancients to an imaginary band extending around the celestial sphere. It was fixed at about 16° in width, for the purpose of including the apparent path of the sun, and the courses of the five planets then known—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. The "signs" are the constellations of stars in the zodiac, to which names were assigned according as the ancient fancy discerned forms or similitudes in them. Thus the group of stars known to astronomers by the name *Aries*, Latin for Ram, was so called because the ancient observers traced a likeness to that well-known animal. The remainder of the twelve signs, one for each month, are called—*Taurus*, or the Bull; *Gemini*, or Twins; *Cancer*, or Crab; *Leo*, or Lion; *Virgo*, or Virgin; *Libra*, or Scales; *Scorpio*, or Scorpion; *Sagittarius*, or Archer; *Capricornus*, or Goat; *Aquarius*, Water-carrier; *Pisces*, or Fishes.

Astronomers of modern times have found this system of advantage in determining the position of the sun and planets at any epoch, and also in determining the dates of ancient memorials, for in Egypt some of the crumbling monuments have the signs of the zodiac traced upon them, showing the position of the stars at the times respectively when the sculpture was executed. The "going up" and "down" of the signs alluded to by our correspondent refer to the appearance and withdrawal of the sun in them as the months roll on.

The use of the human figure in some almanacs at the present day, those especially circulated by quack doctors, is a relic of the old astrology as applied to fortune-telling.

The important parts of the body, head, shoulders, arms, heart, etc., were made up into twelve, and each assigned to some one of the "signs" of the zodiac. It was pretended by the sorcerers that that part of the body would have a dominating influence in a person's destiny which was indicated by the "signs" or month reigning at the time of his birth. Of course such a method of divination, like all other fortune-telling, is absurd, and only practiced by designing villains.

WHAT TO SLEEP ON.—That material which is clean, cool, somewhat spongy or elastic, soft and thoroughly dry, may be converted into the convenient article we call a "bed," and prove a good one. Curled hair of standard quality, worked up into a mattress, makes a bed, or the foundation of a bed, which is equal probably to any contrivance of the kind in common use for health and economy. A skillfully-made spring mattress, in our opinion, furnishes at once as comfortable a couch as one may desire, and needs but a few accessories in the way of sheets and coverlids to complete the presentable equipment a neat housewife so highly appreciates.

Mattresses, bolsters, and other bed apparatus stuffed with prepared sponge are said to be light, elastic, and cool to an unsurpassed degree, and are therefore desirable for use, especially in the warm season of the year. Well stripped and dried corn-husks make a good bed for a short time.

SLEEP.—NIGHT WORKING.—Editor *Phrenological Journal:* In the May number of your magazine I read an article entitled "Necessity of Sleep." This subject deeply interests me. But the article did not explain to me what I would like to know upon this subject. I am a night-watchman by occupation, and I wish to know whether a man can do as well on seven hours' sleep in the night-time as seven hours' sleep in the day. If so, what part of the day should he sleep, and at what hours should he get his meals? I generally sleep in the morning, going to bed without any breakfast. I eat lightly when I get up, and before going to work I eat a hearty meal between 1 a. m., and 2 a. m. I eat a lunch.

Some two years ago I went by the above rule; I stood it about ten months, when I was taken sick with the intermittent fever and dumb ague.

Do you think that night-work was the cause of it? If you will be so kind as to give me your opinion on this subject, you will confer a great favor on me. Yours, &c., L. O. D., Ill.

Remarks.—Night is the proper time to sleep. It is said that persons in solitary confinement, where it is dark in their prisons, form the habit of sleeping in the night and awaking with the rising sun. We have never known persons to maintain their health properly who work at night and sleep in the day-time, and we judge that one who works at night should sleep two hours more than he will require to sleep if he works by day. And the

same is true of horses. If worked at nights they become nervous, excitable, and thin in flesh in spite of good care and an abundance of good food. We think our correspondent could hardly adopt a better plan in the way of eating than he has done. His having the intermittent fever and the dumb ague may have been the result of damp nights and of a moist climate. His having fever and ague would depend somewhat on the kind of food he ate. If it consisted largely of fat pork, fine flour bread, with a good deal of sugar, he would get bilious and have intermittent fever and ague in a climate adapted to produce such diseases; and working during the damp night air would aid in developing the disease. A man who works at night and misses the beneficent influences of the sun, should eat a good deal of tart fruit to keep the liver wide-awake. He should make free use of lean beef, and not eat much fine flour bread or pies, cakes, and other articles in which sugar and butter are prominent constituents.

A BUSINESS MONTH.—Why are three hundred and sixty-five days counted a year in computing interest in New York and some other parts of the United States and Great Britain, while in most parts of the United States only three hundred and sixty are counted, which answer to 12 months, 30 days in a month?

Ans. If one is reckoning interest for a part of a month, thirty days are easily divided into fractions, and that is near enough for ordinary transactions. A lawful month is one-twelfth of a year, but in paying board, rent, or interest on a fraction of a month, thirty days answer very well for a month. Sharp, honest business men almost every where reckon interest by the number of days according to the fractional part of the year they constitute, and consequently are more accurate in their calculations of interest.

WHO IS HE?—Editor A. P. JOURNAL: Dear Sir:—Can you tell me who Henry Comb Burns is? Whether he is really a grandson of Robert Burns, the poet, or not?

Ans. We have not the pedagree of H. C. B. at hand, and have no means of procuring it. Can any of our correspondents enlighten the inquirer?

MARRIAGE—INSANITY.—Being a subscriber of your JOURNAL, I ask you, as a favor, to answer the following question, viz., Should I marry a young woman whose mother died insane? Would it be doing right?

Ans. In the eye of the civil law there is no objection to your doing so. Nor are we aware of anything in the Scriptures opposed to it. But in view of the fact that children are expected to inherit not only the bodily conditions and temperaments of their parents, but also their *mental* tendencies, we think it a very serious question as to whether persons who are infirm, imbecile, or insane ought to become parents at all. Dr. Andrew Combe, the distinguished physician and physiologist, refrained from marriage because of a consumptive tendency. Very few others seem to be so considerate. Can an evil—unsound—tree bring forth good, sound fruit? Would it not be better for sound and sane men and women to marry than for those who are defective? What says common sense? What says science?

NOISE IN THE HEAD.—Being afflicted with a ringing noise in my head, which I fear may result in deafness, I desire to know the best method of treating it.

Ans. The symptom described is one common to so many diseases, it precludes any definite answer. It may be the prelude to either functional or organic disease more or less serious. Let the patient consult a first-class aurist, and refrain from dabbling with quacks. In the *Hydropathic Encyclopedia* may be found a description of the ear, its anatomy and physiology, with the diseases to which it is liable, and their treatment.

SORE EYES.—I am a student in college, but can not study. My eyes are weak and inflamed. What shall I do?

Ans. Drop your books for a season and try outdoor life on a farm, or go on board of a New England fishing-smack and catch mackerel, cod, or other fish, and breathe the sea air for a time. By such means bodily health may be thoroughly restored, and the eyes will also be improved. Bathing them in soft cold water will afford some relief.

HOG MEAT.—Contemplating the original design of the Creator as to man's diet, and the injury of the use of swine flesh, and looking at Moses' design of prohibiting their use, and the class of animals he placed them in, is it right for man to use swine as a diet?

Ans. We agree with the Jews on this question, and think that the less we eat of *that* quadruped, the better it will be for the human race. But there is a difference in the *quality* even of hog meat. One fatted in field or forest on nuts, roots, corn, and pure kinds of food, would be less objectionable than if kept shut up in a close, dirty pen, rooting and wallowing in his own filth, fed on still slops or the offal of a slaughter-house. Much of the pork eaten is diseased, full of trichinæ, and causes the death of those who eat it.

KLEPTOMANIA.—When any organ of the mind becomes morbidly irritated, there will be excessive action in that organ. If it be Amativeness, there will be *inordinate* affection. If it be Approbativeness, there will be egotism, vanity, jealousy. If Self-Esteem, there will be haughtiness, self-sufficiency, and a disposition to domineer. If Alimentiveness be perverted, there will be gormandizing, smoking, chewing, drinking. If it be Destructiveness, there will be cruelty. If Acquisitiveness, which is frequently over-active or diseased, the persons crave many things they do not need, and "take" that which is not theirs. Women who are well educated and true in their

social relations, occupying good positions in society, are sometimes attacked with an irresistible inclination to steal, which is kleptomania. The remedy is good health, plenty of work, self-denial, and the Christian religion.

PRIVATE answers are given to private questions. We do not propose to make this JOURNAL "a *private* medical consultation office." We can answer here only *public* questions. S. F. R. should send his address with stamp for special answer.

What They Say.

OUR NEW COVER PAGE.—Our readers are delighted with it; and so are we. It is beautiful, significant, and appropriate. It combines the two distinct ideas that govern the consolidation. It is emblematical, and not literal. Those of our friends who have innocently suffered under the impression that the studious gentleman in the corner represents Mr. Wells or Mr. Packard can lift off the pressure. Such was not the design. The angel with the wreath, however, they both desire to appropriate—for both are looking forward to the approval of friends, which is thus symbolized. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY covers the field of science and literature; and that fact is plainly indicated in the new cover page.

J. H. L., of St. Paul, Min., a former agent of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, says: "I must apologize for my rash criticism on the consolidation. I did not comprehend its nature. In my innocence I imagined it to be a kind of *ruse* to enable PACKARD to die easy. I see it all, now, and can say that it meets my hearty approval. The cover combination is a happy conceit, and will please all the old friends of PACKARD, while it can displease nobody. We have now in one beautiful magazine all the best qualities of two; each of which was master in its own field."

P. VAN E., of Brooklyn, says: "I protest no longer. The July number has opened my eyes, and all I care to know is, that 'whereas I once was blind, I now see.' The consolidation was a happy thought, and I wonder I could not have seen it before."

HOW HE GAVE UP TOBACCO.—A correspondent writes from Barnesville, Kansas: "I noticed in the June number of your JOURNAL the inquiry of a tobacco-chewer as to what he should do to discontinue the use of the nauseous 'weed.' Your advice is probably the best which can be given, but allow me to tell him how I quit after chewing inveterately and smoking moderately for more than ten years. I had tried hard to shake off the disgusting habit, making resolutions time and again, and breaking them as often, for five or six years, until I had concluded that I was a slave to it, past all hope of redemption. But good fortune so ordered it that I became a subscriber to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL in January, 1870, and after reading 'The Confessions of a Smoker,' and sundry other articles on the tobacco question, among which was one by Mrs. Stowe, I resolved to 'try again.' Knowing my proneness to break a resolution to abstain for life, *I resolved* to quit the use of tobacco in any form for the term of *one week* from that night! (the night I read said article.) I succeeded in keeping the resolution, and then concluded to try another week, which likewise proved a success, and another, and so on for six consecutive weeks, when I resolved never to touch again the 'unclean thing.' It was a severe trial at first; but the longer I abstained the more determined I became, and now, after three months' abstinence, I have no desire at all for it. I think any one by adopting the above mode can relinquish the use of tobacco. Try it. C. A. M."

SPANISH.—Here is an extract from a Spanish letter referring to the JOURNAL, which may interest our readers: "Es un periódico enteramente científico y digno del género humano; so fuente de toda ciencia. TRANSITO L. MATA."

ANTI-TOBACCO LEAGUE.—EDITOR OF JOURNAL: In your April number, page 244, I observe the following sentence: "We form societies against the sale of liquor, and why should we not against the 'filthy mouth' practices, and shun them?" There is no reason why we should not form societies in order to stay the "Tobacco evil," and I hope that many such will be formed.

I write now to inform you that at least one has been formed in this city. About a year since a number of earnest men started an association for the promotion of the principles of Temperance with the following pledge: "We promise, relying on Divine grace, to ABSTAIN from all INTOXICATING LIQUORS as a beverage, and from the use of TOBACCO, except when they are prescribed medicinally by a physician, and that we will discountenance as much as possible, by our advice and example, their use by others."

This pledge has been taken by about 170 persons. A number have been reclaimed from the use both of liquor and tobacco, and we trust that many boys will be saved through this association from evil habits.

We meet on the second Monday of each month, from May to November, in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Eleventh Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and will be very happy to see our friends who, like your correspondent in the April number, wish to overthrow both the tobacco and liquor evils. R.

APPRECIATION. — The sprightly New York *Star* of May 23d thus alludes to us:

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY.—We have watched with considerable interest the wedded life of the PHRENOLOGICAL-PACKARD'S MONTHLY. When one journal "unites"

with another, it generally means that one publisher wishes his publication to die quietly and respectably, and without exposing the financial difficulties that prompted the union. As large fish swallow small ones, large newspapers take in little ones and —digest them: that is to say, for a short time the small paper makes a show in the columns of the larger one, but soon is seen no more; except, perhaps, in very diminutive type it has its epitaph in the head-line. It is not so with PACKARD'S MONTHLY. It has entered the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and there holds its own. Packard must have the bump of Combativeness fully developed, and Wells finds it impossible to control him. We can imagine the friendly little discussions that must take place between Wells and Packard about "matter," when Wells, for instance, thinks his article on "bumps" should have the preference of Packard's on "beggars." But, as previously stated, Packard "sticks," and the combination makes a readable and first-class magazine. We believe the union has improved the JOURNAL, for although we greatly admire articles tinctured with Phrenology, at times it is pleasant to read one that contains no reference to the organs of the brain. The JOURNAL for June is a very excellent number, and its table of contents is varied, and the articles themselves are for the most part entertaining and instructive. The religious department is good this month, and Packard has many first-rate articles in his portion of the magazine, the most interesting of which are: "Is it Safe for Women to Appear Alone in Public?" by Mrs. E. B. Duffy: and "My Neighbors," by "Periwinkle." We leave the reader to peruse the others, and judge for himself or herself. We will only say in conclusion, this "marriage" is "a success."

OUR JOURNAL IN ENGLAND.

AMERICAN readers may be edified by the following old-country newspaper notices of this JOURNAL, which have been received by us. We give the more spirited parts of several lengthy notices, omitting mere flattering allusions to the editor. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the prompt, efficient, and zealous co-operation of our esteemed London agent, Mr. Burns—who supplies Great Britain with all our publications—for placing the JOURNAL within the reach of English readers.

The London *Liberal Review* says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is published in New York; but as it treats upon general questions, it is almost as suitable for English readers as for American. As its name denotes, it is devoted to the furtherance of the science of Phrenology, but it by no means confines itself to that object alone; it contains much interesting matter. The articles are for the most part short. * * * Under the head of "Literary Notices," we learn that the works of English authors are published in New York at remarkably low prices; and though we may envy American readers, we can not help pitying the English authors who are thus deprived of all profit in their works. For instance, the price of Mr. Mill's book on "The Subjection of Women" is 50 cents. Froude's latest volumes of the "History of England" are published at $1 25; and Tennyson's "Holy Grail, and Other Poems," at $1 cloth; 25 cents in paper.

The *Fife Herald*, of Cupar, Scotland, says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a copiously and carefully illustrated periodical devoted to Phrenology, yet ranging freely and vigorously through science and literature, though its phrenological tendencies are not more frequently than properly displaying themselves. There is an admirable sketch, along with an engraved photograph, of Lesseps, the great promoter of the canal between Port Said and Suez. Not less interesting is the similarly illustrated sketch of Samuel Fisher, the U. S. Commissioner of Patents; and the portrait and obituary of George Peabody give us a far better idea of the great philanthropist than we have seen in any British journal. The many other contents, bearing on Science, Art, and on Phrenology, are able and concise articles. We must not omit to mention that the *head* on the cover of the JOURNAL is mapped out into different bumps, and that these are most ingeniously represented by pictures as well as by their names. For instance, *Firmness* has beneath it the picture of a man dragging forward an ass by a halter, the ass resisting with the utmost firmness. We have no such instructive and entertaining organs of Phrenology as the JOURNAL in England.

[Observe how an Englishman gets things mixed. When speaking of terms—dollars and cents—he reckons in £ s. d. Think of the JOURNAL at $30 a year!]

The *Advertiser*, of Ulverston, says:

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Illustrated from life. One copy a year 30 dollars; single numbers 30 cents. London: J. Burns, publisher, 15 Southampton Row, W.C.

This magazine, which though circulated in England is really American, is a complete storehouse of information of all kinds. It contains illustrations, phrenological notices, and biographies of some of the leading men both of Europe and America. G. Washington, E. M. Stanton, and Father Hyacinthe are among those noticed in a recent number. The following lines, extracted from its pages, will serve to show that the Americans are not without patriotism:

"Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,—
She hears the dark Atlantic roar."

The *Peterhead Sentinel*, of Scotland, says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a scientific magazine containing a great variety of useful and instructive matter, and would be read to advantage by every one who wishes to cultivate his moral and intellectual faculties, and who takes pleasure in the great study of humanity. The number before us contains upward of thirty different papers on a variety of subjects, and is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts.

The Kendal *Mercury and Advertiser* says:

Mr. J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, the agent in this country for Mr. Samuel R. Wells, the eminent phrenologist of New York, has forwarded us the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for critical notice. We have derived a large share of information from a perusal of it, and think that its extensive circulation throughout Great Britain would be advantageous. * * * The issue before us opens with an excellent portrait of the great Washington, to which is subjoined a comprehensive biography, as viewed from a phrenological stand-point. We can verify the sketch of the man, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," and the likeness seems to us true. Passing on from that, several original and extracted articles, with contributed poetry of surpassing merit, arrest our attention. The portraits and phrenological sketches of Father Hyacinthe, Edwin M. Stanton, and other celebrities, are well executed and carefully set down. The essays and anecdotes are judiciously selected and to the point. The miscellaneous, correspondence, and critical departments manifest cultivated care and discriminatory arrangement; on the whole, the JOURNAL is "wide awake," and we should be glad to see more of it in the households of this country.

The (Irish) *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin,—home of the great philosopher and friend of phrenology, Archbishop Whately,—says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is an American monthly publication. Its title proves its theme; but while specially devoted to Phrenology, it contains a startling variety of matter on all sorts of subjects. It contains about 100 pages, quite a book, and is sold for 30 cents. We believe a large number of queer folk in Dublin would very willingly have this JOURNAL, in which the hob y-horse is rocked with great vigor. [Just so.]

The Coventry *Herald* and *Free Press* says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains a long list of interesting articles, far more instructing than belongs to ordinary monthly issues. The illustrations are good.

Notwithstanding the neglect, and even contempt, of men of science, Phrenology is by no means dead, but

has taken that hold of the public mind which only truth can do. It is the only real mental Science; and more than that, it is Mental Science, that is, Physiology, Psychology, and Metaphysics made easy. This JOURNAL, of which fifty volumes have been published in America, is now to be obtained here in an improved form. It is full of interesting and instructive matter, and is cheap, and we most cordially recommend it to our readers.

The Wakefield *Express* says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—a magazine that deserves to be more widely known—is now issued under a new and more attractive form. It contains numerous illustrations, and is what it aims to be—a first-class monthly journal devoted to science, literature, and general intelligence.

The Walsall *Free Press* says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a first-class monthly journal, devoted more especially to the discussion of phrenology, ethnology, physiology, psychology, physiognomy, health, education, science, literature, and general intelligence, and advocates all progressive measures calculated to reform, elevate, and improve mankind. In the current number there are several good articles on the use of tobacco and other narcotics. "The Mission of the True Physician," which the writer contends is to teach people the laws of life and health, is pointed out and clearly defined. There are also several portraits and biographical sketches of eminent men.

Soulby's Ulverston Advertiser says:

The word phrenological is by no means an index to the large compass of its subjects. It is a first-class monthly magazine.

The *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette* says:

From New York comes the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The science to which it is devoted is apparently thought more of across the Atlantic than in England. The specialty of the magazine is the publication of portraits and biographical notices of remarkable men.

The *Poole and Southwestern Herald* says:

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will be read with interest by all who class Phrenology among the sciences, while it also contains a large amount of general reading which can not prove otherwise than attractive.

On the whole, our English cousins take our JOURNAL kindly, and we look forward hopefully to the time when we may speak through its pages to all the world. Is not this a laudable ambition?

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

LIFE AND ALONE.—One vol., 12mo; pp. 407; cloth. Price, $1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Felt & Dillingham.

A love story, a lecture, a sermon, and a life's experience are put into this very interesting volume. Pleasant summer reading for those who have leisure.

THE YOUNG SHIP BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND.—By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Author of "Leon Ben, of Elm Island," "Charles Bell," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 304; cloth. Price, $1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Felt & Dillingham.

A capital story for boys who will have to work their way up in the world, and who need encouragement and good influences to keep them in the right. The revd. author has not forgotten that *he* was once a boy.

HAMMER AND ANVIL. A Novel. By Freiderick Spielhagen. From the German, by William Hand Browne. Author's edition. One vol., 12mo; cloth. Price, $2 00. New York: Leypoldt & Holdt.

This author's stories are grand in conception and are written with the appearance of more strength than harmony, and will please those best who have ability with leisure, or, in other words, strength, but an indisposition to use it in the way of benefiting the world. To such people the author will be a boon in the way of helping them to pass their time profitably.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—An illustrated magazine for boys and girls. New Series. Octavo, monthly. Price, $1 50 a year. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

This is one of New York's old favorites, and looks as if it had been well kept. H. B. Fuller is the publisher. We will send *Merry's Museum* and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL one year to a new subscriber for $4.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE. AN illustrated miscellany for family reading. New series. Monthly. $3 a year. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Messrs. Pott & Amery, Nos. 5 and 13 Cooper Union.

This is one of the best magazines published in *any* country. It ought to have a world-wide circulation.

WINNER'S NEW SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN, in which the instructions are so clearly and simply treated as to make it unnecessary to require a teacher for practice. More than 150 operatic and popular airs are added, forming a complete collection of the best melodies of the day. Oliver Ditson & Co. Price, ——.

Here are such instructions as are necessary for one who would become a Paganini or an Ole Bull.

LA BELLE FLEURETTE POLKA. By W. Vienna Demarest. New York and Boston. C. H. Ditson & Co. Price, 60 cts.

This piece must have a run, or a hop. It is brought out in the most beautiful style.

THE AMERICAN BUILDER AND JOURNAL OF ART. Monthly. Quarto. $3 a year. Chicago: C. D. Lakey.

A worthy, indeed it is a most worthy publication. Chicago and the West may well feel pride in this beautiful and useful Journal.

THE TECHNOLOGIST. Especially devoted to Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building. Vol. 1, No. 6. 1870. Price, $2 a year. New York: Industrial Publication Company.

A capital magazine for scientific readers, and too cheap by half.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCLYCOPEDIA and Universal Dictionary. Of this work, which will be completed in fifty numbers, we have received numbers 32 and 33. It is published in Philadelphia by T. Ellwood Zell. Price, 50 cents a number. The work should have a place in *all* libraries.

"COME HOME, MOTHER!" By Nelsie Brook. One vol., 18mo; pp. 143; cloth. Price, 50 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

A thrilling temperance tale which carries conviction to the heart of every reader. Think of a woman—a mother who drinks!

THE HISTORY OF HORTENSE, the daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc., etc. With engravings. One vol., 18mo; pp. 379; cloth. Price, $1 20. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Johnson had a Boswell, and the Bonapartes have an American Abbott. If B. was jealous in perusing every thing of interest relating to his subject, so is it we judge with A., and the matter in this history will be new to many American readers, and is as lively as any romance.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "Framley Parsonage," "Orley Farm," "Small House at Arlington," etc., etc. With illustrations. One vol., octavo; pp. 300; cloth. Price, $1 25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This author seems to grow in favor with American readers. He writes vigorously and well. The Publishers have illustrated this volume with many full-page wood-cuts.

THE AMERCAN NATURALIST increases in interest. Its *aims* are progressive, although one of its contributors opposes Phrenology. It i, published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass. Terms—$4 a year, 35 cents a number.

It is suggestive, and will repay perusal for those interested in the physical sciences.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and National Publication House. Presented at New York May 10th, 1870, with the appendix, containing a list of the Officers, Life Patrons, Life Directors, life-members of the Society. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House

A subject in which we are much interested, and we wish "every body" would read the very interesting pages of this report. It is rich, witty, and encouraging. Price, 50 cents.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. A Sequel to "Consuelo." By George Sand. Author of "The Corsair," "Fanchon, the Cricket," "Indiana." Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. Complete in one large 12mo vol.; pp. 329; cloth; gilt. Price, $1 75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Those who have read "Consuelo," to which "The Countess of Rudolstadt" is the Sequel. will not be satisfied until *it* has also been read. It is a pleasant book to read, but not quite as exciting as its forerunner.

THE NEW YORK COACH-MAKER'S MAGAZINE. An illustrated, original and practical journal, devoted to the literary, social and mechanical interests of the craft. New York: Edited and published by E. M. Stratton. Price, $5 a year or 50 cents per copy.

The June No. commences vol. 12 of this useful magazine. No one in that line should be without its regular visits. The suggestions found in each number are worth the price of the volume.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS. Published by Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass. We have received a package of these powerful aids of social reform, and pronounce them well calculated to instruct and warn people with reference to the nature of the tobacco practice. They should be broadly distributed.

MARSHALL'S WASHINGTON.—If any portrait of any man be worthy a place in every American dwelling, that portrait is of George Washington, the "Father of his Country." The presence of this portrait can inspire only high and patriotic sentiments in every observer. Does one love his home? Here is the likeness of one to whom he is more indebted than to any other. Is one proud of the great nation of which he is a member? Washington was one of its chief founders and defenders. In all the world there is no other name more respected among men than the name of Washington. So far as we have heard, Marshall's portrait is counted the best. George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, Geo. S. Hillard, F. O. C. Darley, A. B. Durand, D. Huntington, H. W. Beecher and Gustave Doré, and others praise it. The steel plate has been valued at $10,000; Proof copies have been sold at $50.; Plain prints at $10; and now in *connection with the Christian Union* and PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, only $5; that is to say, a copy of this magnificent print, MARSHALL'S WASHINGTON, and *The Christian Union*, and THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will be sent a year, for $5, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE is a new Eight Page Weekly, devoted to "The Emancipation of the People, by an Educational Course, rather than favoring a Coercive Policy."

Be it known that there are two parties or schools in Utah. The one follows the lead of Brigham Young, and his policy; the other party dissents, and goes in for what it believes to be "Progress and Improvement," socially, intellectually, and spiritually. What may come of the agitation by the new movement. we cannot predict. Certain it is, they make a spirited newspaper, displaying real ability and real pluck. The only part we can take in the contest is to wish success to the right. Of course, all Mormons will read the Salt Lake *Tribune*, and all Gentiles may do so by subscribing. Terms, $5.50 a year. $3 for half a year. Specimen numbers, 10 cts. Messrs. GODBE & HARRISON, Publishers, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Old Series, Vol. 51.
SEPT. 1870.

New Series, Vol. 2.
NUMBER 3.

KNOW THYSELF

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND Packard's Monthly.

CONTENTS.

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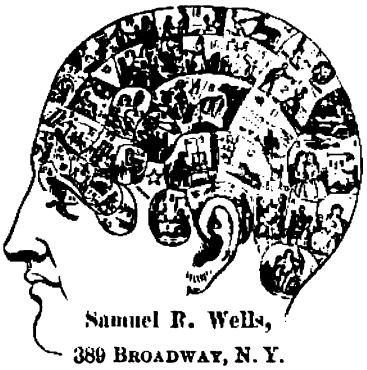

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One who wishes to get a practical knowledge of Phrenology and Physiognomy in the shortest possible time, and without burdening his mind with theoretical speculations, will find this just the work he needs. It begins at the beginning; describes the brain and the skull; illustrates the temperaments; shows how the organs are grouped together in the cranium; points out the location and function of each organ, with the corresponding physiognomical signs; gives practical direction for the cultivation or restraint, as may be necessary, of each organ; explains fully the "Art of Character Reading," showing how to proceed in an examination, how to find the organs, how to distinguish temperaments and other physiological conditions.

The work is thorough, methodical, carefully considered in every part; and at the same time simple, concise, popular in style, and adapted to the comprehension of all. It does not claim to be exhaustive; but we can confidently assert that so much truly useful matter on the subject treated, with so many fine illustrations, can nowhere else be found in the same compass or for so small a price.

For sale by all booksellers and sent by mail, postpaid by S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 B'way, N. Y.

The Bee-Keepers' Journal

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Sample Copy Free, or On Trial, Three Months for Ten Cents, or (balance of this year), **Four Months Free** to new subscribers for 1871, and **two fine Engravings,** or choice of a **Book,** from "Book List," Free to each subscriber. **The Journal and Agriculturist is a Large Illustrated Double-Quarto Forty-Column Paper,** containing Five Departments, viz.: Bee-Keeping, Agriculture, Home and Fire-Side, Ladies', and Youth's Departments, making it the **Cheapest** and **Best Agricultural and Family Paper in America,** for only **$1 a year.**

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THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LI.—NO. 3.] [WHOLE NO. 380.

September, 1870.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN SARTAIN.

JOHN SARTAIN,

THE EMINENT ENGRAVER ON STEEL.

THIS gentleman has a very excellent organization for health and long life, and also for mental activity, physical vigor, and endurance. There is such a balance between the temperaments as to produce harmonious action, together with smoothness, energy, and vigor; the result is, an easy, working, effective organization.

He appears to have inherited his strength and endurance from his father; his susceptibility, activity, and taste from his mother. We seldom find one that is more active, more earnest, or efficient.

He has enthusiasm tempered by coolness. He has an indomitable will; engages in enterprises with a determination to succeed; yet his ambition and strength increase in accordance with the multiplicity of difficulties. He not only has determination, but the courage to meet and master obstacles. He dwells with patience and persistency upon whatever he undertakes to do, until he has given it the finishing touch, and whatever he undertakes is done thoroughly and well.

His social affections are prominent elements of his character; is gallant to woman, fond of children, and very fraternal and cordial in his intercourse with friends. He is frank and candid, inclined to speak and act as he feels; is cautious in reference to danger, but transparent and spontaneous in his intercourse with friends; enjoys making money, but uses it with liberality. He is upright in spirit, just in judgment, hopeful and ardent with reference to the future; is devout, and respectful, and sympathetical, and kind to those who are in need.

His ample Constructiveness lays the foundation for ingenuity and excellence in art. He is dexterous in the use of tools; and with his large Ideality and Form would show fine skill and taste in reference to artistic work and in everything esthetic. His immense perceptive organs give him wonderful powers of observation. He judges of the qualities of objects, especially color; is orderly and systematical in all he does, and attends to detail to the last degree. He has excellent reasoning powers, and he is able to plan, invent, and comprehend remote conditions and relations, and with his fine perceptives and excellent mechanical and artistic taste he will show a high order of talent in that direction. He judges well of human character—reads men like a book, and is well adapted to exert a commanding influence among men.

We are indebted to the *Nineteenth Century*, a bulky quarterly published in 1848, and to other publications for the interesting facts which will constitute the following biography.

Mr. Sartain was born in London, England, in 1808. He manifested at an early age strong proclivities for pictorial art, and having by self-taught practice acquired some ability in delineation, he was placed with an engraver to learn the general branches of that profession. At the age of fifteen he had made sufficient advancement in drawing, as well as in the use of the graver, to attract the attention of William Y. Ottley, the eminent writer on Art, and the great authority in England on all matters relating to the old masters of painting in Italy, and of the history of engraving. This gentleman was keeper of the prints in the British Museum, and was known as an artist, a collector, and author. When scarcely twenty years old, he proceeded to Italy, where he remained about ten years, employed in taking copies of the most esteemed and valuable paintings, and on his return to England he produced a series of *fac-similes* of the original drawings of the best masters, under the title of the "Italian School of Design," a magnificent work, consisting of eighty-four plates. He also produced other very important works. He died in 1836.

Such is the brief history of the master under whose direction Mr. Sartain was employed for two years in engraving the series of plates referred to, displaying from this artist's drawings the progress of art from the restoration under Ciambue, in the thirteenth century, to Luca Signorelli, at the close of the fifteenth. Besides engraving these throughout, he also finished the plates begun at Rome in 1793 by the Italian engraver Piroli for this same folio. These were all in the line style, and the volume published in 1826 was the pioneer of the several works since by other authors, drawing attention to the merit of the Pre-Raffaelite artists of Italy.

Early in 1828 Mr. Sartain was attracted toward mezzotinto as a more effective and less tedious method, and soon after engraved two prints in this style from pictures by Henry Richter: "The Tempest" in the mixed manner, and the "Tight Shoe" in

pure mezzotinto. In 1830 he came to America, abundantly supplied with letters of introduction for both New York and Philadelphia, but settled in the latter city through the friendly persuasion of the eminent artist Sully, who, backing up the advice with a commission, settled the point. There was no other engraver in the country at that time, nor for ten years later. But in those early days encouragement was not what it afterward came to be, and a part of his time was occupied in drawing on wood for engraving, in designing vignettes to be engraved on bank notes, and in painting life-size portraits in oils. In this department of art Mr. Leland states that Mr. Sartain *excels* in certain points; rising far above the average artists of portrait painting, and manifesting that happy appreciation of light and shade which indicated a *genius* in the fullest sense of the word.

In 1842–3 he was proprietor and editor of *Campbell's Semi-Monthly Magazine*, and during the latter portion of the time also editor of *Sartain's Union Magazine*.

In addition to these abundant labors, a large portion of his time was devoted to the public welfare in various institutions; for example, as Director in the Pennsylvanian Academy of the Fine Arts, where his labors as Corresponding and Recording Secretary were not the lightest performed.

One of the chief obstacles which forced him to turn aside to other things was the difficulty of getting his plates properly published when they were engraved, and he did not return to his early chosen profession until he had made arrangements for the printing of his own works. He had a hard struggle at first; Art was little appreciated in America; he was the first to introduce mezzotinto engraving in this country, and he had to encounter the usual difficulties meted out to pioneers. The three principal cities of the Union did not furnish him sufficient employment to procure his daily bread. What a contrast with his position to-day! He has long stood the acknowledged head of this special department of engraving.

He is a rapid worker, and has engraved more plates than any other man *living;* possibly the *dead* need not be excepted. As an illustration of his rapidity of execution we will cite an instance. When he was conducting the *Foreign Semi-Monthly*, events in Spain having imparted great interest to the character of Espartero, and so rendered his portrait desirable to embellish the number about to be issued, he sat down to his task at midnight, and the next morning at six o'clock it was finished, ready for the printer, including the lettering on the plate. The etched outline and the mezzotinto ground had been previously prepared.

For nineteen years Mr. Sartain engraved a plate a month for the *Eclectic*. Such was the constant pressure on his time that he was frequently late with his work. He began to scrape up a portrait of Sir Robert Peel for that serial at ten minutes before two one afternoon, and at five o'clock the same afternoon a proof was mailed to New York, showing the plate ready to print, except the lettering yet to be done under it!

Some might very reasonably suppose that work thus hastily thrown off must needs be defective. It is not, however, slightly done. Having this portrait in our collection of *Eclectic* engravings, we have placed it before us for criticism. It compares favorably with other steel portraits; it is not coarsely and negligently executed. That it satisfied the editor of the *Eclectic* is evident from a note afterward sent to Mr. Sartain, in which he says, "Give us something good this month. Can't you give us something like Sir Robert Peel?"

In the hands of Mr. Sartain the style of mezzotinto underwent a change of application, and consequently of its methods, in adapting it to the production of small book illustration. Formerly, when copper was the only metal used for the manufacture of engravers' plates, this style was employed chiefly on large and important compositions, the impressions from which would command a high price, the limited number of good prints from so soft a metal rendering it necessary to cover cost. Richard Earlom's fine plates belong to this period. He was an eminent mezzotinto engraver, born in London in 1740. He was employed by Boydell to make drawings from the celebrated pictures at Houghton, which he afterward engraved in mezzotinto—an art in which he was his own instructor.

It was about the time of Earlom's death that decarbonized steel-plates were adopted

instead of copper-plate, and thus a wider field for this branch of art was opened, which became perfected in the hands of Samuel Cousens, of London. The credit of the discovery has been attributed to Mr. Charles Warren; but Mr. Sartain informs us that he has reason to believe this to be a mistake. He has in his possession a small engraving by Lupson from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, entitled "The Infant Samuel," which he has reason to believe was the first plate of that metal engraved on. It measures 4¾ inches by 6½.

As we have elsewhere remarked, pure mezzotinto is now rarely used in engraving, because it weakens the plate too much. *Stipple* and *line* are more or less added to give force and durability.

Of the numerous large plates executed by Sartain, one of the earliest of his highly popular works was entitled "The County Election," after a picture by Bingham. It is given in the mixed style, and contains a multitude of figures full of expression and character in elaborate detail. Its success was such, that after supplying a large American subscription, it was purchased from the original proprietor at a great advance on its first cost, and published simultaneously in the principal capitals of Europe.

Since the publication, however, of that popular engraving, the most important of his large works have been given to the public. Of these the largest is "Christ Rejected," after West's celebrated picture, and containing more than one hundred heads. This plate, exclusive of margin, is three feet long and more than two feet wide. "Men of Progress," or "American Inventors," after Professor Schussele's great picture, is of the same length, and careful in finish.

Mr. Sartain, though now sixty-two, an age when most men are disposed to retire from active life, and in rest and quiet enjoy the fruit of years of hard toil, seems not to become lax, for he is still in the midst of other public duties, executing several large plates, one soon to be completed, after Boutelle's fine landscape of the Valley of the Battenkill, N. H., a very elaborate, and almost a line engraving.

We would like to speak specifically of the monumental designs and bronze decorations for Washington and Lafayette from this master-artist, so much admired for their tasteful elegance, but we must not enlarge more, though much of interest remains unwritten. We can not omit, however, one item more, viz., Mr. Sartain was the first to reprint in this country Hood's popular "Song of the Shirt," also "The Drop of Gin," and "The Bridge of Sighs."

MEASURING MEN.—No. II.

BY AN APPRAISER.

IN guaging men and character there are two principal standards: one by which men judge themselves; one by which society judges them. These seldom coincide, and it is difficult to tell which is most commonly distorted.

Every man has a standard of his own. There are few but live by some platform which they have cut out for themselves, or somebody else has cut out for them. Nearly every one, high or low, that has a spark of ambition in his soul, keeps some ideal light ahead of his achievements. The what-I-would-be is the secret of all ambition—the incentive that lights the fires of purpose and gets up steam for an effort. A great deal of steam is sometimes wasted, and explosions may occur from too high a pressure.

This ideal man is to be clothed with personality; the actual man must furnish the stuff. So men cut out their life by pattern, often finding at its close that they had not cloth enough to make the coat they fain would wear. They had measured wrong to start with. The world sees only the failure, and laughs, chides, or condemns. Could it see the charts by which men steer, their patterns, their ideals, a kindly charity might acquit their intentions and pardon their error.

A few in this world actually do attain the height of their ambition—especially if their ambition be a low one. By frequently repeating a falsehood, say the books, one may persuade himself of its truth; so there are some people who, cherishing certain intellectual and moral aspirations, find it less easy to attain them than to persuade themselves that they have done so, when everybody else

knows that they are not what they think themselves to be, and possibly not what they ought to be.

One of Paul's most effective sarcasms in regard to such persons is where he says: "If a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Solomon would have said that the man was a fool. Paul was too much of a gentleman to use such an expression; but the irony of his criticism may easily bear that rendering.

Some people fall into the mistake of measuring themselves almost entirely by their derivation. Too weak to maintain an independent character of their own, they cling to that of their ancestors. Of course "blood will tell." In judging a man, as in judging a horse, we must take into account the sources of his life; but simply as data for prediction. The jockey expects his Morgan colt to prove his blood on the course, not bear his name merely in the stable. The tree will bring forth fruit after its kind; but to keep up the quality we must keep up the culture. When apples get to be rotten, one kind is about as good as another. There must be a law of inheritance; if known and observed, there would be no more reason for family degeneracy than there is for Bartlett pears or Golden Pippins to revert to the original fruit.

Across the ocean they are more tolerant of titular humbug than we are. Some young Lord Addlepate claims to be a descendant from the Duke of Norfolk, or the Duke of Suffolk, or some other folk; and though he may scarcely have a drop of the old duke's blood in his veins, his titular connection gets him a scrape and a bow from every obsequious worshiper of pedigree. Possibly it would mortify his self-conceit if he realized that every bow of this kind is offered to his great-grandfather and not to himself.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,"

have not yet met that "inevitable hour" which Gray foretells in his Elegy; nor can it be expected that they will till all the fools die, an event unlooked for in the nineteenth century. Heraldric devices and armorial bearings are still carefully guarded by the snobbish portion of the English gentry, whose inherited titles are striking evidences of their own degeneracy. In this country there has come to be a reaction. That man is counted more worthy who has *risen* from a lowly birth to an honorable fame than he who comes down from a lofty ancestry to a titled or dishonorable obscurity. As long as America lives, she will never forget her Rail-splitter, her Tanner,—and perhaps I may add her Tailor.

Were armorial bearings intended to show one's lineal *a*scent rather than his lineal *de*scent, they would have more significance. Then admit the development theory, and no one need be without a coat of arms. The lowest in intellect might still reflect with satisfaction that he is several pegs higher than his monkey progenitors. The troglodytes might ride emblazoned on McFlimsey's coach; and what should prevent Patrick from painting a chimpanzee *squatant* on his hod, with *Qualis Eram* for a motto?

Frequently we find the best of men in the worst of circumstances. Not unfrequently we measure the circumstances and think we have measured the men. A ragged coat on a man's back is a most unfavorable circumstance for him. There is a tendency to form the same opinion of him that we do of his coat, which could hardly be a respectable one. Yet that ragged coat may cover more of worth and manly excellence than our own broadcloth; and if we knew its history, every rent and tatter might seem an honor instead of a disgrace. When shall Pope's lines cease to rebuke us?

> "Worth makes the man; the want of it, the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather and prunello."

There are some who really think too little of themselves. They rob their own self-esteem to pay deference to their neighbor's. This may strike you at first with surprise but perhaps you may be able to recall one or more among your acquaintances whose excessive modesty defeated all his struggling ambitions. We do not say that such cases are common in Washington or New York, but that they do actually exist in some places. The writer once knew a person so excessively modest, that whenever he wrote of himself he always used a little *i*; but the schoolmaster afterward corrected this orthographic diffidence. Truly modesty and amiability are desirable things to sweeten character; but it is quite as desirable to have a little yeast to make it rise.

In measuring men, the world is usually less indulgent with us than we are with ourselves. *Success* is the world's standard. Reputed success may be actual failure. Success may mean a name, an accident, rather than a quality; a good bank account, a splendid house, a prosperous business, the best pew in church, and a big butcher's bill. If gold would purchase character here and happiness hereafter, this would be an excellent standard; and one's chances for heaven might be quoted on Wall Street with as much flippancy as his chances for earth. But "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (life)? What if that house did cost you a half a million of dollars, if you parted with your soul to get it? That house may be your tomb, and you a dead man; yes, cold, icy dead to all humanizing sympathies, your blood unwarmed by love or charity, your conscience frozen, and the greedy worm of avarice still feeding on the remains of your heart. Take your ledger, strike your balance sheet, and engrave it on the door-plate of your Fifth Avenue tomb, that men may mourn when they read such an epitaph.

We may not rely on the world's judgment; but there is enough moral sense in it to judge men's actions by their principles—the only true criterion of judgment. Every man at his death has an inquest on his character, and the world pronounces a verdict which is not always recorded on his tombstone. Besides, if a man's life does not fit his pretensions, the world knows it, and points its finger at him. How many have wished that that finger might be amputated!

OBJECTIONS TO PHRENOLOGY CONSIDERED.

SCARCELY a month passes that we do not receive one or more letters asking an explanation of some objection which skeptics and opponents have propounded. Most of the objections, however, which are now made, have been made by the generation just passing away, and have been often answered. Whoever will refer to the files of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for the last thirty-three years will find fierce discussions of disputed points, and, as we think, triumphant vindications of the great truths of our science. We, however, have a source of faith which is not produced solely by logical argument. We have the logic, to be sure, and we have, in addition, the practical facts. Every day proves to us, beyond question, the truth of Phrenology. Persons of learning and experience who come under our hands assure us that we have read them and their friends accurately, and we know we do it, by an application of phrenological principles.

Some time since we asked our readers to send in such objections as they heard their friends propose, or which they themselves entertained, and we promised to reply to them at a suitable time. In the present article we present some of these objections, and our responses.

QUESTION. If Phrenology is true, why is it not more generally accepted? and why do men of talent sometimes oppose it?

REPLY. The most sublime and valuable truths have always obtained tardy recognition from the general mind. Eighteen hundred years have not been sufficient to convert half the world, nominally, to Christianity; and even Christian nations have many men of talent and learning who are skeptical on the subject.

QUESTION. "By their fruits shall ye know them," saith the Scriptures; but Phrenology says, "By their bumps ye shall know them." How do you reconcile that passage with your teachings?

REPLY. When Phrenology was not known, the "fruits," or *conduct* of men, was the only means available by which to estimate the stranger. The "bumps" indicate what the fruit is likely to be; so the statement resolves itself into simply this: "Estimate men by what they really are,—not by their dress or professions." In the absence of any science of Physiology or Pathology, wait for the disease to break out and then treat it; but when you have learned the symptoms, you can treat for diphtheria, small-pox, measles or consumption before the disease has become so seated that it is too late to save the pa-

tient. If by Phrenology you can see beforehand what temptations the boy will be most likely to yield to, you can shield and guide him accordingly; or if he has indications of talent for education, in literature, science, art, mechanism, or merchandising, he may be trained accordingly, and thus be made the most of, and not be blindly put to wrong pursuits, and at thirty years of age find out the mistake by the *bad* "fruits."

QUESTION. How can phrenologists determine the size of each organ when there are evidently no protuberances on the skull?

REPLY. We have been laboring for a third of a century in lectures, personal conferences, and through the pages of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and other works, to prove to the world that we do not estimate the organs of the head by "bumps or protuberances," but by distance from the *medulla oblongata*, or capital of the spinal column; on the same plan as the size of half an apple would be estimated by the distance of the surface in every direction from the core. A head perfectly balanced has no bumps or protuberances; an apple does not need to be covered with knots in order to be large in every part, nor need it be covered with hollows or cavities in order to be small;—it can be smooth and large all over,—it can be smooth and small everywhere.

QUESTION. How can you tell when an organ, say Constructiveness, is large, that it is not neutralized by other large organs?

REPLY. The harmony of character is made up of the combined action of many different faculties, and even opposite ones; for instance, caution and courage, kindness and severity, prudence and positiveness. If this were not so, the character would be one-sided and warped. The fighting cock and the terrier dog are all courage and no prudence; the rabbit and dove are all prudence and no courage. Some men are almost as much out of balance. We have the pugilistic and the pusillanimous. We have also the model man who has power for every occasion, talent, tact, prudence, courage, firmness, and gentleness; in short, he is well rounded and ample in every department of force, feeling, and intelligence, and has no special "bumps" on his head, because he has no marked excesses and deficiencies.

QUESTION. The great English preacher Rev. Frederick W. Robertson used to object to Phrenology on this ground, that he was subject to and suffered much from severe pains in the back of his head, while his forehead seldom ached at all. If the forehead is the seat of intellect, and the back-head the seat of the social emotions, why should the back-head, which has none of the labor of thinking, ache? and the forehead, which does all the labor of thinking, not ache at all?

REPLY. Headache more often comes from some physical disturbance than from study or mental labor; and he who overworks mentally, and thereby depresses the physical health, will more likely feel the recoil of the bodily difficulty in the base or back-head than in the forehead; since those portions of the head, being animal and emotional, have more relation or sympathy with the body than does the anterior or intellectual portion of the brain.

QUESTION. If Phrenology is true, is not fatalism the natural result? If mental action depends on organization, how can there be free-will and accountability?

REPLY. Phrenology alters nothing in regard to the subject one way or the other. Character existed thousands of years before Phrenology was known. All the organs and faculties had free play before the phrenologists learned their location or gave them a name. The Creator has organized nature, including man, and all his functions, mental and physical. The whirling spheres of the planetary system obeyed the law of their being, while, in ignorant wonder, man misunderstood entirely and misrepresented the facts and laws of their motion. The human heart, brain, and stomach also had laws of action before the days of Harvey, Gall, or Beaumont. They simply explained facts as old as the race, and changed no law or fact one whit by their discoveries, but they greatly increased man's knowledge of himself. If there is fatality in respect to man's mental power and limitation, Phrenology is not to blame for it. That question Phrenology leaves just where it found it. As we understand Phrenology, however, it does not teach fatalism in any such sense as that fatal word is generally understood. Of course man has his human sphere; he can not transcend it; but within that sphere there is large liberty of choice and action. A man of ordinary intellect can not

rival a Webster or a Chalmers, nor is he required or expected to do it; and his responsibility is in exact ratio with his capacity. The parable of the talents (Matt. xxv. 14–30) tells the whole story, and shows a harmony of theology with Phrenology as well as with judicial law and common sense.

QUESTION. THE FRONTAL SINUS, or opening between the external and internal tables of the skull, seems to preclude the formation of a correct judgment as to the organs above and about the root of the nose.

REPLY. This subject has been harped upon very often, but it offers nothing insuperable against Phrenology as a system of truth. In some cases one might be misled as to the size of two or three organs; but the skillful observer will generally be able to estimate the presence of this opening when it exists, and its approximate size when it is considerable.

The frontal sinus, or opening between the external and internal tables of the skull, occurs above the root of the nose, in the region of Individuality, and sometimes extends up to the margin of Locality and Eventuality. Figure 1,—A and B,—illustrates the subject of the frontal sinus or opening. A, shows a child twelve years of age, and the opening is represented entirely below the base of the brain, and up to that age it could offer therefore no possible impediment to the correct examination of all the organs across the brow. When the voice changes and the person emerges from child life to adult life, the frontal sinus increases in size and extends upward. Sometimes it is very slight; at other times the opening is greater. The celebrated Dr. Rush maintained that the frontal sinus constituted a kind of sounding-board for the voice; that those in whom it was least had the most shrill voices, while those in whom it was the largest had the more grum voices. Before the voice changes from childish treble, the frontal sinus is known always to be small. Woman has less of this sinus than man; and we believe those who have light, sharp, soprano or tenor voices have less than those who sing a deep alto or a heavy bass. We believe, moreover, we can generally determine those who have a large and those who have a small frontal sinus by the external appearance of the head, temperament, etc.

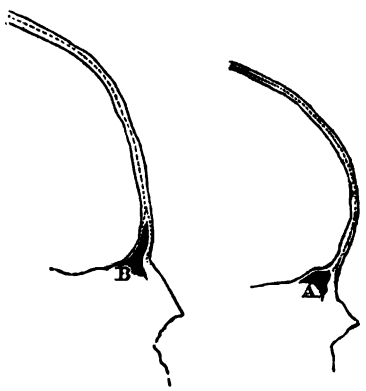


FIG. 1.—FRONTAL SINUS.
A. Childhood; B. Manhood.

In fig. 1, B, the sinus is seen to have risen from below the base of the brain to some extent upward. We have judged of many skulls relative to the size of the frontal sinus, and then sawed them open, and compared our estimate with the facts. It will be seen, therefore, that up to twelve years of age the frontal sinus offers no difficulty to the practical phrenologist, and in most cases comparatively little afterward.

QUESTION. Some assert that phrenologists maintain that "large brains mean great intellects, and weight of brain means mental strength." But they say this is false, because man is inferior to some apes in the relative proportion of brain to body. One physiologist has been guaging the skulls of various quadrupeds and weighing their contents. There are beasts whose instinct approaches reason, and they style such intelligent; but this high instinct is not in accordance with their cerebral development. They range a few animals in the order of brain-weight in the following declining scale: cat, dog, rabbit, sheep, ass, pig, horse, and ox. The last two have the same amount of brain in proportion to the capacity of their bodies, but the cat has six times as much brain in proportion to its size as the horse—the pig has more in proportion than the horse, and the sheep more than the pig.

REPLY. A large and weighty brain does not necessarily mean "great intellect," for the whole brain is not devoted to intellect. Som heads are large everywhere except in th forehead, and the intellect is weak, while th other qualities are strong. Proportional size of brain to body is not requisite to th possession of talent. Some of the small bird are said to have more brain than man in pro portion to the size and weight of the body; but how large *is* their brain? They ma

have, relatively, more muscle than man in proportion to the entire weight of the system, but does that necessarily give them greater absolute muscular power? Birds, cats, and apes are, for obvious reasons, largely endowed with the power of motion, and their nerves of motion are extremely ample. The brain which is necessary to preside over these activities should be, and is, ample. The bird, which requires great wing power in proportion to its weight, and as little weight as possible, needs as much brain to carry on its active energies as many a dull and inefficient animal with a much greater size. The little, active canary bird will use up as much brain power in the generation of motion in one hour as the dull turkey buzzard would in a week.

The cat is slight in frame, but very active, and stronger than any other animal we know of its size; but the cat is not very intelligent, and its intellectual region of brain is not large. The chief parts of its brain are devoted to activity and strength, and to those ferocious and secretive traits for which the cat is remarkable. The food of the cat is not bulky, hence it does not need a big frame in order first to grind coarse and bulky herbage, and then, like the ox, require a large reservoir in which to soak and macerate it for digestion. The whole family of carnivora, from the lion and eagle down, have very great strength for a given effort, but when fed on their normal food never get fat; while the horse, ox, sheep, and pig, which feed on bulky grass and grain, become fat, large, and heavy. In short, the cat's phrenology harmonizes with its character. Another fact should not be lost sight of. The horse and ox have a great frame, partly on account of their bulky vegetable food, hence they have great weight. Their very food at one time contained in their system will outweigh the whole body of twenty cats; hence the ox and horse must be weighty. Observe what a large head the horse and ox have as compared with the size of the brain, the object of which is to constitute a great mill for the grinding of their food. Besides the bulky digestive apparatus, the horse and ox need and have large and heavy frames, to give harmony to the parts, that all the bodily functions may be properly carried on. Comparisons between large and small animals—between birds and horses—can not be made with fairness or success, because the conditions are so unlike. The sheep has a much greater digestive apparatus than a wolf, and so has the rabbit much more than his natural foe the cat; and why not compare the strength and courage of these animals according to their stomach? When we compare the brains of eagles and geese, we find in the former very great width in the region of Destructiveness; while the goose, partridge, and pigeon are narrow in the same region and relatively wide in the region of Cautiousness. The brain of the cat is wide in the base, or carnivorous region, while that of the rabbit is narrow in the same region and wide at Cautiousness.

The way to study comparative Phrenology is to compare the carnivorous tribes of animals with one another—the herbivorous in the same way, and then study contrasts; but this comparison of cats with horses according to relative size of brain and body is by no means to be depended upon. The elephant and the whale have larger brains than man; but a considerable portion of brain in each case is allotted to the carrying on of the bodily functions, and relatively much less brain is devoted to the intellect than is the case with man. To carry on the physical functions of such a mountain of organic matter must require a large amount of brain force, indeed nearly all that the great animal possesses.

QUESTION. I am a believer in Phrenology, and have derived much benefit from it. Some objections have been urged, which with my present information I am unable to explain.

I. It is asserted that the posterior lobes of the brain are much smaller in the quadrumana (four-handed animals—monkeys, etc.) than in man; and that they are altogether wanting in the carnivora (lion, wolf, cat, etc.); and that the middle lobes are wholly wanting in birds and reptiles.

II. They assert that the present system of Phrenology leaves undetermined some portions of the cerebral surface, viz., the convolutions lying in the base of the cranium, and those surfaces which meet at the median line.

III. They say that the brain may be molded in such a manner as to undergo considerable alteration of the external form, without any change in its internal structure or in the relative development of its several parts.

REPLY. I. As to the different lobes of the brain in animals, birds, and reptiles, we remark that so far as lobes of brain are concerned, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether their outlines and demarkations can be traced so as to compare with the human brain. If the statement proves anything, it

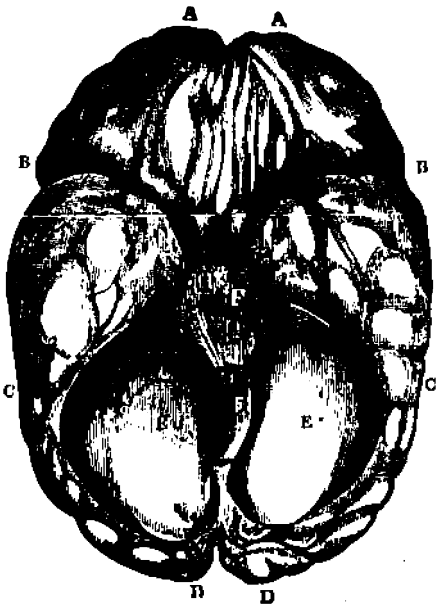


FIG. 2.—BRAIN, BOTTOM VIEW.

Anterior lobes from A, A to B, B. Middle lobes from B, B to C, C. Posterior lobes from C, C to D, D. Cerebellum, E, E. Medulla oblongata, F. Spinal cord, S, proceeding from the medulla oblongata, cut off below the skull, and laid on the cerebellum (see Brain, Side View). Fissure of Sylvius, dividing between the front and middle lobes of brain near B B.

proves too much. If well-defined middle and posterior lobes can not be discerned in birds, carnivorous animals, or reptiles, it does not prove that the enormous middle lobe of the brain in the tiger, dog, and cat does not in their character represent both middle and posterior lobes in man. If the bird seems to have a posterior lobe of brain, and not a middle lobe, who shall say it does not represent not only what the objector calls the middle lobe in the dog and also the middle and posterior lobes of man? There is just as much reason to say the lobe in a bird is middle as to say it is posterior; and of the dog that his is posterior and not middle. They do not seem to be divided like the human brain, but the fibers which make up the objector's middle lobe in the carnivora, and his posterior lobe in the bird, may each have all the characteristics of the human two lobes. Suppose in man the ridge of Sylvius were removed so that the fissure of Sylvius did not mark a division between the anterior and middle lobes of the brain, would that change the origin of the fibers or the character of the convolutions which constitute these two lobes of brain? The argument is this: A, has a lot of land, and he divides it by fences into three lots. In the first he raises corn, in the second wheat, and in the third grass. B, has a similar lot of ground, but he has it divided by one fence into two lots, or has no fences at all, but he raises the same crops as his neighbor. The fences, or the absence of fences, evidently do not change the character of the soil nor of the several crops raised upon the three sections of its surface.

The optic nerve, for instance, is connected with the middle lobe of the brain in man—the bird has an optic nerve—where does that originate if it have no lobe of brain corresponding to the middle lobe in man and in carnivorous animals? The form of the skull and brain of the cat, bird, and man differ; but so far as they possess faculties in common, the brain and nervous centers serve their respective purposes in like manner. All fruits need not be alike in form to have similar characteristics.

It has been a standing objection to the doctrine of special organs in the brain, that there were no fences or lines of demarkation in the brain showing where one organ left off and another began, as we see in the compartments of an orange. To this old objection the phrenologist replied that a single branch or bundle of nerve is sent off from the spine to the arm; that this bundle of nerve is inclosed in a common sheath, and no man can tell by examination that it is not individual or homogeneous in function. There is no fence, no partition, no dividing line; it looks as nearly alike in structure as custard in a quill; yet experiment has proved that one half of that undivided bundle is composed of nerves of motion and the other part nerves of feeling—functions quite as opposite in character as the functions of hearing and seeing. Now let us ask what is the need of a fence or line of demarkation between the lobes of the brain? Take a cauliflower and

trace the fibers from the stem to the developed surface of the full-grown plant, and you have a fair analogue of the manner in which the brain is developed from the top of the spinal cord. In the medulla oblongata, or just above it, there is a connection and power of co-operation between each and all parts of the brain, and it is of no earthly consequence whether the brain is divided into several lobes or appears to be all one lobe. If it does its work, and has powers in any degree analogous to those of others, it may fairly be presumed that the organism is practically and essentially similar. The tiger, cat, and eagle have a stomach for the digestion of flesh. It is small, sack-like, and simple in each, perfectly adapted to the quality and required amount of food. The turkey and hen, feeding on different food, and having no teeth, have a crop or sack in which to soak corn and other seeds, and a gizzard half full of pebbles to triturate or grind the food; while the horse or ox has four or five stomachs in which to macerate and afterward digest grass and twigs of trees. The ultimate of all these several apparatuses is *digestion*, and the upbuilding of their systems by nutrition. The apparatus may be of different construction in each, but the end is similar; which proves a substantial similarity in the character of the apparatus, if not in its form, size, and relative position. So a dog may have a brain which learned anatomists may say has a front and a middle lobe only, and a bird a front and a posterior lobe of brain only; but it matters not one whit what name we may give to divisions of the brain, or whether these divisions appear alike or not, or whether we can trace divisions at all. Does the brain in the cat or eagle do what it does in the man? if so, what need is there of similarity of appearance? Brains may and ought to differ in form and other appearances as much as the eggs of birds differ. Each brain is related to the mind and character of its possessor, and so each egg carries in itself the gray goose or the brilliant peacock, according to its interior quality and character.

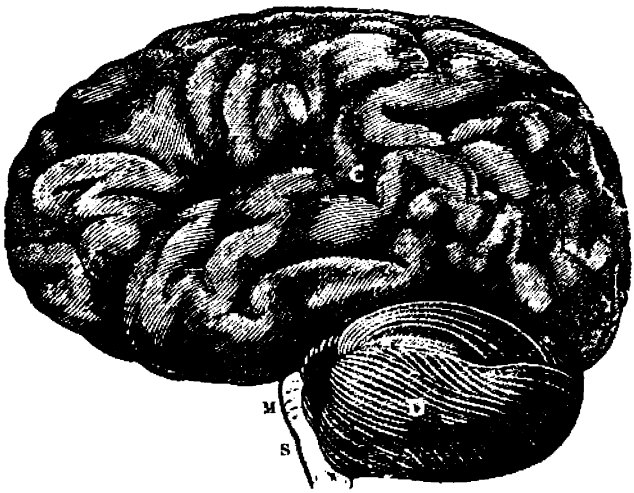


FIG. 8.—BRAIN, SIDE VIEW.
C, Cerebrum. D, Cerebellum. M, Medulla oblongata. S, Spinal cord, where it passes out of the skull.

II. Respecting the unappropriated portions of the surface of the brain, we remark, that we regard the base of the brain, especially of the middle and posterior lobes, as devoted to the vital functions. That part of the brain nearest the spinal cord and the body is appropriately devoted to presiding over the physical functions.

Among the lower animals which have but little brain, it is nearly all base. They have powerful vital and muscular functions, and these we think are presided over by the brain located in the base of the skull.

Man has the same bodily needs, and also such a supply of brain as is needed to carry on similar functions according to their power respectively. As man is expanded in mind, so also is he in added portions and amounts of cerebral development. His brain rises, expands, and is more amply developed in the regions of intellect, morality, and esthetic taste. The unapproachable base of brain, therefore, we allot to animal and vital labor, and leave it there.

It is a doctrine taught by some phrenological observers, that vitality seems to be proportioned to the depth of the middle lobe of brain. Drawing a line from the external angle of the eye to the occipital spinalis, or

sharp bony point above the nape of the neck, if the opening of the ear is much below that line, the man has vital or life power in proportion. Hence this is called the "life line." The convolutions of brain along the median line of the hemispheres offer a point more difficult of solution. There may be traits of character which modify conduct, the organs of which are located along that line. We shall study the matter, and if no light dawn on our research, we shall still be thankful for so much as has been revealed. Since what is accepted by phrenologists enables them to describe strangers by the dozen so that their acquaintances readily recognize the general truthfulness of the descriptions given, and are able to assign to each of their friends the written delineation made from an inspection of his head, we challenge the world to produce a mental philosophy equal to it. Give us something better, gentlemen—something as good—half as good, or cease to spend your judgment and wit in opposition to the best system of mental philosophy the world has yet seen.

III. "The brain may be molded," etc.

Yes, that is true, and really *needs* no reply. Some children have so little bone-food before and after their birth (the mother living on superfine flour bread, sugar, butter, etc.), that their skulls are not strong enough to sustain the weight of the brain, and the result is that it settles out of shape; the back part sometimes droops so that the whole crown is two inches lower than the top of the forehead. But the quality and character of that brain may be unchanged. We have such children brought for our inspection as often as once a month. The flat-head Indian, by gentle and steady pressure, causes the heads of infants to be flattened in front, and the sides expanded; still the subject is not thereby made an idiot, though an unnatural pressure or disturbance of the normal form of brain is to be deprecated. A melon, when little, might be put into a long square bottle, and it would grow long and with square corners to fill and conform to the shape of the bottle and still be a melon, retaining its general characteristics, but if it had a better chance, a more natural growth, it would become a better melon.

QUESTION. How can the size of the brain indicate the degree of mentality, as the brain is composed of two portions, the cortical and the white; the cortical or gray matter alone being concerned in evolving thought? If a head be large, how can you tell whether the size be made up of the thickening of the cortical substance or by the length of the white fibers?

REPLY. This question involves the subject of physiology or temperament. The depth of the convolutions of the brain is greater in those who are sharp, clear-headed, and intelligent, than in those of dull, sleepy natures, and the temperamental differences in persons it is the office of practical Phrenology to estimate and determine. There is a wide difference in the texture, strength, and elasticity of hickory and chestnut timber. One does not have to split open a piece of timber and examine its interior structure in order to know its quality. The quality is the same outside and inside. The same is true of the quality and temperament of different persons. The coarse and flabby or the fine and tough are as quickly discerned and understood as are chestnut and hickory timber. We judge by quality and temperament as to the depth of the convolutions and as to the amount of the gray matter of the brain.

QUESTION. If different parts of the brain were the seat of different faculties, its convolutions should be separated in such a way as to indicate such divisions; but we find none of this.

REPLY. This is an old objection, but of late years it is seldom offered by an anatomist. Every anatomist knows that the spinal cord as it passes from the brain contains, within its covering, nerve fibers which go to every minute part of the body and limbs; that the nerves of the little finger and little toe are entirely separate from those which are distributed to each of the other toes and fingers. Yet these nerve fibers are not fenced off and separated from each other. Moreover, the nerves of feeling and of motion, though widely apart in character and function, are sent to the extremities side by side, growing together, as it were, and no eye or microscope or anatomical wisdom can tell which is which by their appearance. And the organs of the brain are not fenced off, for nature doubtless supposed men versed in anatomy, at least, would not demand any test respecting the brain which they do not

require respecting the divisions of the nervous system.

QUESTION. The cerebellum is small in the monkey, yet his amative propensity is prodigious.

REPLY. We have several monkey skulls, and they do not bear out the statement that the cerebellum is small. Moreover, we are not certain that the monkey is specially distinguished for the amorous tendency. Rabbits breed oftener, but they do not exhibit perhaps so many amative traits, nor so much of anything else. If this propensity should be measured by results, some other animals would bear off the palm. The monkey looks so much like human beings that his amatory tendencies attract more attention. We could name animals and birds which evince more amative tendency than the monkey,—indeed, those which seem to think of little else.

If the cerebellum of the monkey is relatively small, it proves too much for the class of observers who make the objection; for they maintain that the cerebellum is not the seat of Amativeness, but is devoted to muscular co-ordination. Now if this be so, where is the animal with such wonderful muscular power and balance? If the cerebellum be devoted to muscular action, it should be large in the monkey, for he is the prince of animals for muscular activity, accuracy, and strength.

QUESTION. The cerebellum is larger in the gelding than in the stallion. How could this be if it is the organ of Amativeness?

REPLY. This proves nothing, for the animal is in an unnatural state. The ox is larger than the bull. His horns are four times as large, and his whole organization is enlarged. Breeders of poultry for the larder are in the habit of spaying both the male and female chickens, and they grow as big as turkeys. And this proves little for Anatomy or Physiology. The animal is in an abnormal condition, like that of the ox and gelding. The human eunuch is changed in his appearance, size, strength, voice, and mental dispositions; and consequently little can be learned by the study of such specimens.

Flourens attributes to the cerebellum the power of associating or co-ordinating the different voluntary movements. This opinion is reached by experiments in vivisection, or cutting away a part of the brain of the living subject. Dalton, in his work on Physiology, says:

"If the cerebellum be exposed in a living pigeon, and a portion of its substance removed, the animal exhibits at once a peculiar uncertainty in its gait, and in the movements of its wings. If the injury be more extensive, he loses altogether the power of flight, and can walk or even stand with great difficulty. * * * If the entire cerebellum be destroyed, the animal is no longer capable of assuming or retaining any natural posture."

Professor Dalton goes on to state a very important fact, and one that we are puzzled to understand on the theory he is maintaining, viz.:

"We have met with another very important fact, in this respect, which has hitherto escaped notice. That is, that birds which have lost the power of muscular co-ordination from injury of the cerebellum, may *recover this power in process of time*, notwithstanding that a large portion of the cerebellum has been *permanently* removed. Usually such an operation upon the cerebellum, as we have mentioned above, is fatal within twenty-four hours, probably on account of the close proximity of the medulla oblongata. But in some instances the pigeons upon which we have operated have survived, and in these cases the co-ordinating power became re-established. In the first of these instances, about two-thirds of the cerebellum was taken away. Immediately after the operation the animal showed all the usual effects of the operation, being incapable of flying, walking, or even standing still, but reeled and sprawled about in a perfectly helpless manner. In the course of five or six days, however, he had regained a considerable control over the voluntary movements, and at the end of sixteen days his power of muscular co-ordination was so nearly perfect, that its deficiency, if any existed, was imperceptible. He was then killed, and on examination it was found that his cerebellum remained in nearly the same condition as immediately after the operation—about two-thirds of its substance being deficient, and no attempt having been made at the regeneration of the lost parts. We have also met with three other cases similar to the above, * * * and in a little more than a fortnight the animals had nearly or quite recovered the natural control of their motions."

Professor Dalton's candid inference from the teaching of these cases is this:

"It is probable that the loss of co-ordinating power, which is immediately produced by taking away a considerable portion of the nerve center, is to be regarded rather as the effect of the *sudden injury of the cerebellum as a whole*, than as due to the removal of a por-

tion of the mass. Morbid alterations of the cerebellum, furthermore, particularly of a chronic nature, such as slow inflammations, abscesses, tumors, etc., have often been observed in the human subject, without giving rise to any marked disturbance of the voluntary movements."

REPLY. We think this plain statement of Professor Dalton answers itself. It seems to prove what we have all along confidently believed, viz., that the shock to the nervous system, the injury being "so near the medulla oblongata," was amply sufficient to produce all the symptoms. The fact that the animal recovered entirely his muscular control without "any attempt having been made at the regeneration of the parts," is ample proof that the control of the muscles did not depend upon the part injured and taken away. But the clincher is yet to come, and this settles the whole matter, and we give it in Professor Dalton's own words before quoted:

"Morbid alterations of the cerebellum, particularly of a chronic nature (not a sudden shock), such as slow inflammations, abscesses, tumors, etc., have often been observed in the human subject, without giving rise to any marked disturbance of the voluntary movements."

If the cerebellum had been suddenly and violently ruptured in the human subject, a similar disturbance might have occurred; and if "slow inflammations, abscesses, tumors, etc.," had occurred in the cerebellum of the pigeon, no "marked disturbance of the voluntary movements" would have occurred. Thus this Gibraltar of objection melts like wax under the calm gaze of reason, by the showing of facts furnished by the objectors themselves.

Professor Draper repeats the substance of Professor Dalton's statement relative to vivisection of the cerebellum and the co-ordination of muscle. He also speaks manfully and frankly as follows, relative to the cerebrum or great brain:

"Upon the size and development of the cerebrum the position of the individual in the scale of intellect depends, the anterior lobes seeming to be the special seat of intellectual power."

In the last work of the great German physiologist and "renovator of the Dutch Institution for the Insane," just published in London (July, 1870), entitled "Pathology and Therapeutics of Mental Disease," the author "assigns to the anterior lobes the processes of ideation, and to the middle and posterior the emotional functions." That is right, gentlemen. Go on, and you will ultimately be able to accept the doctrine of special organs in the brain for each particular faculty. You have done well "as far as you have gone."

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Rosenau.

CURIOSITIES OF BREATHING.

THE taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is generally thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed in proportion to his girth around the chest; yet observation shows that slim men, as a rule, will run faster and farther, with less fatigue, having "more wind," than stout men. If two persons are taken in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing, the next instant, it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if rebreathed without any admixture of a purer atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the

rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fireplaces.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months, by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way at the end of the journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single out-breathing as the week before; hence the best way to keep the fell disease at bay is to maintain lung development. It is known that in large towns ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York where only two die of that disease in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not greatly prevail in hilly countries and on high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarefied, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence the hill should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.—*Hall's Health Tracts.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

[CONTINUED FROM AUGUST NUMBER.]

EXERCISE.

THE muscular exercise of children should be regulated with more judgment and care than is usually bestowed on it. Crawling is their first mode of progression. In this they should be encouraged, and induced to practice it freely; and it ought to be somewhat protracted. Nurses and parents, especially young parents, are generally too anxious to see their infants beginning to walk, or rather to totter along in a form of movement that can hardly be called walking. Hence they induce them to make premature efforts to that effect. The evils likely to arise, and which often do arise, from this practice, are plain. Owing to the immaturity and flexibility of their bones and the feebleness of their muscles, the lower extremities are frequently bent and misshapen by it; and the children, falling, injure their heads, or other parts of their bodies, by bringing them into collision with hard, cutting, or puncturing substances. The precise age at which children may begin to walk with safety can not be settled by any general rule. The progress toward maturity being more rapid in some of them than in others, the periods of their fitness to walk will be earlier or later in corresponding degrees. But none should be allowed to walk until the firmness and strength of their limbs are sufficient to sustain without distortion or injury the weight of their bodies. Observation on individual cases, therefore, aided by experience, must give the rule. On the subject of sleep, as a means in physical education, a few remarks will be offered hereafter.

CHILDISH PASSIONS.

The passions of children, if indulged, are growing evils. Hence they should be vigilantly held in check from the earliest period. If not thus restrained, they become noxious weeds in the garden of the mind, deprive valuable plants of their nourishment, and blight them with their shadow. To speak in language better suited to my subject: if instead of being curbed they are fed and fostered, they become the ruling elements of character, and insure to the individual a life of trouble—not to say of accident, disease, and suffering. A large proportion of the evils of life, as respects both health and

fortune, is the product, more or less directly, of unruly passions. The higher and milder virtues, social as well as moral, can not flourish under their dominion. In a special manner, children should never be allowed to obtain what has once been denied them by breaking into a passion about it. Such an act ought to be always visited by a positive privation of the thing desired. And the ground of the denial should be made known to them. Never let a child have reason to believe that a gust of passion is a suitable means to gratify a wish. Teach him, as far as possible, to know and feel the reverse. And should he become offended at a pet or a plaything, neither beat it yourself, nor allow him to beat it, by way of pacification or revenge. Such procedure is aliment to vindictiveness, and leads to mischief—perhaps, in the end, to maiming and murder. As relates to matters of this kind, ignorant and passionate nurses are among the worst of family nuisances. They often blow into a flame the sparks of passion which without their aid would have slumbered and gone out. These may be deemed small and trivial matters. In themselves they are so, but not in their consequences. Let it never be forgotten, that "little things are great to little men," and more especially to little children. A fiery education in the nursery may heat the brain to the verge of inflammation, and aid in the production of actual inflammation or madness—impair health in sundry other ways by excessive excitement, render unhappy the days of others, as well as of the mismanaged individual, and lay the foundation of a blasted reputation. It is believed that an education of this kind injured immeasurably the late Lord Byron; and Earl Ferrers expiated on a gibbet the fruit of a similar one.

TRUTH AND CANDOR.

But it is not what is called the *temper* that is alone injured by a nursery education unskillfully conducted. Habits of deception, falsehood, and even theft, are not unfrequently encouraged and formed by it. This can scarcely fail to lead to serious mischief, it being the natural course of things that seeds sown in infancy yield fruit in maturer years. The slightest disposition, therefore, in children to deviate from truth and candor, either in words or actions, or to appropriate as their own what does not belong to them, should be promptly suppressed. It arises from irregular action in certain organs of the brain, which if not checked runs to excess and turns to a moral disease. The organs referred to belong to the animal class, and being thus exercised become so powerful and refractory as to be no longer under the control of the moral and reflecting organs; and the elements of vice are finally rooted in the constitution with such firmness as to frustrate all attempts to remove them; so important is early training to the character of our race, yet so lamentably is it neglected and abused! In such cases health of body suffers in common with soundness of mind, the undue exercise of the animal organs of the brain being hostile to both. In fine, the regulation of the nursery, though too generally intrusted to ignorance and thoughtlessness, is a charge of great importance, imposing a responsibility far more weighty than it is usually considered. Too often are those who are fit for little else converted into nursery girls.

DENTITION—SMALL-POX.

The teething of children is a process requiring some attention. Provided, however, health be otherwise maintained, it is much less dangerous than is usually considered. The only reason why the young of the human race do not cut their teeth with as little difficulty and suffering as those of the inferior animals, is because they are rendered, by the treatment they receive, especially by improprieties in diet, unnaturally tender and sensitive. Gastric and constitutional derangement is the chief cause not only why infants do not cut their teeth with ease and without sickness, but also why they suffer so much from diseases of them in after-life. More attention to general health than is now paid, not alone during infantile and youthful, but likewise during adult age, even to the close of life, would greatly limit the business of the dentist. To the cleanliness of the teeth and gums of children strict attention should be paid.

It need scarcely be observed that, as a preventive of small-pox, children should be vaccinated at an early age. The practice, therefore, may be regarded as an important element of nursery education. The neglect or improper procrastination of it devolves on parents a responsibility as weighty as almost

any other respecting infants of which they can be guilty.

DUTY OF TEACHERS HEREIN.

As already mentioned, however, these things affect you who have the care of children, as teachers, but remotely; yet they *do* affect you, because your profession calls you to witness their products, and to remedy as far as possible the mischief they have done. The pupil of the *nursery* carries, as the fruit of his tuition there, a given character into your schools. And that character accords with his previous training. I doubt not that many of you have learned to read and decipher in children a correct record, and one not easily mistaken or forgotten, of the family government of their parents. Were fathers and mothers apprised of the fact that their offspring are correct informants at the bar of the public of what they daily see and hear and experience at home, a sense of reputation alone, in the absence of higher motives, would induce them to amend their domestic discipline. Such at least ought to be its effect. Children trained to obedience and attention in their own dwellings will not, when they enter seats of instruction, leave those valuable qualities behind them. But if they are neglected by their parents, they can scarcely fail to be strangers as well to a sense of duty and decorum as to the practice of them. In fine, when children are irregular, vicious, or even sickly, the fault and the misfortune are, in a much higher degree than is usually imagined, attributable to the neglect or mismanagement of those who have had the superintendence of them. You are prepared, I am confident, to concur with me in the sentiment that some of the greatest difficulties experienced in schools, as related to every branch of education, arise from the faults of domestic discipline. Let parents and guardians do their duty, and the business of school tuition will be not only facilitated but enhanced in its usefulness.

HOME TRAINING—FORCING.

Children ought not to be too soon dismissed from an education *exclusively* domestic. They ought not, I mean, to be sent to school at too early an age. A practice the contrary of this threatens to be productive of serious not to say irreparable mischief. Parents are often too anxious that their children should have a knowledge of the alphabet, of spelling, reading, geography, and other branches of school learning, at a very early age. This is worse than tempting them to walk too early, because the organ likely to be injured by it is much more important than the muscles and bones of the lower extremities. It may do irremediable mischief to the brain. That viscus is yet too immature and feeble to sustain fatigue. Until from the sixth to the eighth year of life,—the seventh being perhaps the proper medium,—all its energies are necessary for its own healthy development and that of the other portions of the system. Nor ought they to be diverted by serious study to any other purpose. True, exercise is as essential to the health and vigor of the brain at that time of life as at any other; but it should be the general and pleasurable exercise of observation and action. It ought not to be the compulsory exercise of tasks. Early prodigies of mind rarely attain mature distinction. The reason is plain. Their brains are injured by premature toil and their general health impaired. From an unwise attempt to convert at once their flowery spring in a luxuriant summer, that summer too often never arrives. The blossom withers ere the fruit is formed. For these reasons I have never been an advocate of "infant schools." Unless they are conducted with great discretion they can not fail to eventuate in mischief. They should be nothing but schools of pleasurable exercise, having little to do with books.

INFANT SCHOOLS HURTFUL.

As those institutions are now administered they are serious evils. The passion in favor of them, becoming more extensive in its prevalence and acquiring daily greater intensity, is among the alarming portents of the time. It is founded on the want of a correct knowledge of the human constitution, and of the amount of labor its different organs can sustain with safety at the different periods of life. Perhaps I should rather say it is founded on the fallacious belief that it is the infant's mind *alone* that labors in acquiring school learning, and not any organized portion of his body. This is an error which, if not corrected, will prove fatal to hundreds of thousands of the human race. It is not the mind, but the brain, the master organ of the sys-

tem, essential to the well-being and efficiency of every other part of it, that toils and is oppressed in the studies of the school. Nor, tender and feeble as it is, is it possible for it to endure the labor often imposed on it without sustaining irreparable injury,—an injury no less subversive of mental than of corporeal soundness and vigor.

Were parents fully sensible of this (a truth which Phrenology alone can teach them), they would no longer overload the brains of

PRECOCIOUS CHILD'S HEAD.

their mere babes with study any more than they would their half-organized muscles and joints with unmerciful burdens of brick and mortar. They would even know that the latter would be the least destructive practice of the two. Under such circumstances we should hear no more of the "Boy's Book," and the "Girl's Book," and the "Child's Own Book," with such other slipshod, catchpenny trash as now encumbers our bookstores and parlors. These would all be exchanged for the Book of Nature, which truly is the "Child's Own Book," and which, being traced for that purpose by the Divinity himself, is faultlessly prepared.

PROPER CHILD LIFE.

Instead of seeing infants confined to inaction in crowded schoolrooms with saddened looks, moist eyes, and aching heads, we should then meet them in gardens and lawns, groves and pleasure-grounds, breathing wholesome air, leaping, laughing, shouting, plucking flowers, pursuing butterflies, collecting and looking at curious and beautiful insects and stones, listening to bird-songs, singing themselves, admiring the bright blue arch of the heavens, or gazing at the thickening folds of the thunder-cloud, and doing all other things fitted to promote health, develop and strengthen their frames, and prepare them for the graver business of after-life; and instead of pale faces, flaccid flesh, and wasted bodies we should find them with ruddy cheeks, firm muscles, and full and well-rounded limbs.

Exercises and pastimes such as these constitute the only "infant school" that deserves to be encouraged; nor will any other sort receive encouragement when the business of education shall be thoroughly understood. The brain of infants will be then no longer neglected as a mass of matter of little import-

NATURAL CHILD'S HEAD.

ance,—skin, muscle, and bone being thought preferable to it. On the contrary, it will be viewed in its true character as the ruling organ of the body and the apparatus of the mind, and its training will receive the attention it merits. I repeat,—and the repetition should be persevered in until its truth be acknowledged and reduced to practice,—that most of the evils of education under which the world has so long suffered, and is still suffering, arise from the mistaken belief that in what is called moral and intellectual education, it is the *mind* that is exercised, and not the *brain*. Nor will the evils cease and education be made perfect until the error shall be exploded. Knowing nothing of the nature of mind, and supposing it to be, as a spirit, somewhat *impassive*, we are neither impressed nor apprehensive than any degree of action will impair it. Indeed, we can form no conception of an injury done to it as a separate essence. Perhaps the most rational belief is, that it can suffer none. But the case is different as respects organized matter. We witness, daily, injuries done to it by injudicious exercise. Nor is there perhaps any portion of it so easily or ruinously deranged by excessive action as the brain, especially the half-formed and highly susceptible brain of infants. Let this truth be realized, and

faithfully and skillfully acted on, and human suffering from hydrocephalus, rickets, phrenitis, idiocy, epilepsy, madness, and other cerebral affections will be greatly diminished. It would be infinitely wiser and better to employ suitable persons to superintend the exercises and amusements of children under seven years of age in the fields, orchards, and meadows, and point out to them the riches and beauties of nature, than to have them immured in crowded schoolrooms in a state of inaction poring over horn books and primers, conning words of whose meaning they are ignorant, and breathing foul air.

After these remarks on what falls more especially within the province of others, I shall now consider briefly a few of those points of physical education, in which instructors have an immediate concern.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DECAYING RACE.

THE AINOS OF JESSO.

IT is a matter of deep interest to the ethnologist to notice how some races gradually decay and become extinct, while others, in spite of every unfavorable circumstance, still live and thrive. Of the latter it is only necessary to mention the Jew, the Negro, and the Gipsy. Of the former we have had a recent example brought before our notice in the almost complete extinction of the aborigines of Tasmania. The gradual dying out of the North American Indians is another case in point. Still another striking instance of this gradual degeneration and decadence of a people is exhibited by the Ainos. This tribe inhabits Jesso, the northern island of Japan, and the southern island of the Kurile series. They were first seen by Spangenburg in the year 1739, who called them the "hairy Kurileans." They are also called by the Japanese "Mosinos," which signifies the "all-hairy people."

The island of Jesso possesses a very unfavorable climate, and a soil which is far from being fertile. The southern portion of it, which is the most fruitful, is occupied by the Japanese. The latter number about 100,000, and have two important towns in the island, Hakodadi and Matsmai, the latter of which is the residence of the feudatory prince who holds Jesso under fealty to the Tycoon of Jeddo. The number of the Ainos is estimated at 50,000, and every year they have to send a deputation to the feudatory prince, with a tribute of fish and furs, to do homage and repeat a formal declaration of submission to their Japanese conquerors. They occupy

AN AINOS OF JESSO.

the interior of the island, seldom or never visiting the chief towns, except in the spring or fall, for the purpose of bartering their furs and dried fish for rice and other necessaries.

These people are short and thickset in figure, and awkward and ungainly in motion. But they possess considerable physical strength, which is the only indication of their ever having had any prowess in war. They are timid and shrinking in disposition, and seem to have lost all spirit under their long and harsh subjection. Although the wildness and uncouthness of their appearance at first sight strike the beholder with fear and repugnance, yet they are described as being a quiet, well-disposed people. The Ainos do not belie the designation of "all-hairy," since Esau himself could not have been more hirsute than they are. The hair of their head is thick and matted, and forms an immense bunch. Their beards are exceedingly long and dense, and cover nearly the whole face, and are generally of a dark color. They have, however, prominent foreheads and mild, dark eyes, which soften, somewhat, their otherwise savage

physiognomies. Their limbs, and in fact almost their entire bodies, are covered with an abnormal profusion of hair. The color of their skin is a little paler than that of the Japanese, but it is bronzed by constant exposure. The Ainos women have the fashion of staining the lower part of the face around the mouth with a dark-blue pigment. They have a peculiar way of carrying their children upon their shoulders, and when traveling the mother places her tender charge in a net and slings it over her back. While young, the children are of a sprightly and intelligent cast, but on growing older they acquire the downcast and dejected disposition of their parents.

As to the origin of these people little is known. Their own traditions represent their ancestors as having come from the west, that is, from some place in the direction of the continent of Asia. Yet there is no known people in Corea or Mantchuria bearing any resemblance to them. The interior of Asia, at least the borders of Tartary and Siberia, have been explored by the travelers Huc, Fleming, and Atkinson, but as yet no hairy people have been found. Geographically considered, Jesso would seem to belong rather to the Kurile islands than to Japan; and the stunted stature of the Ainos, together with their ordinary methods of hunting and fishing, seem to affinitize them to the Kamtschatkans. But those people have none of that superabundance of hair which, as it is so striking a peculiarity of the Ainos, would be participated in to some extent by any related race. Nor does the language of this people afford any clew to their origin, for there seems to be no tongue, certainly none of Eastern Asia, which has any affinity to theirs. They have no written characters, but they have possessed their rude bards or sagas, who, in verses orally transmitted, have kept alive their exploits on mountain and flood. The world will not quite lose these wild strains, since a French missionary, the Abbé Nermet, was preparing some years ago a translation of them.

All details of the history of this peculiar people are lost; but they cherish the remembrance that their ancestors were the equals, if not the masters, of the Japanese. This is supposed, says W. Martin Wood, in a lecture at a meeting of the London Ethnological Society in 1865, to have been in the sixth century before Christ, at a period coeval with the reign of the first Mikado of Japan. The Ainos were then in possession of the northern portion of the island of Niphon (from which word the name Japan is incorrectly derived); but they appear to have become dispossessed of it by the Japanese, and gradually driven across the Strait of Tsongar into Jesso. Their final subjugation was not accomplished until the close of the fourteenth century, when they were completely reduced by a Japanese general, and compelled to render tribute at Jeddo.

The language of the Ainos is simple and easy to be learned; it appears poor, but it is very figurative. As an especial peculiarity of these people, it is worthy of note that their lawsuits are settled by a single combat, in which the contending parties use a strong cudgel as a weapon. J.

INEBRIATION HEREDITARY. — Dr. Turner, in his "Second Annual Report of the N. Y. State Inebriate Asylum," states that out of 1,406 cases of delirium tremens which have come under his observation, 980 had an inebriate parent or grandparent, or both. He believes if the history of each patient's ancestors were known, it would be found that eight out of ten of them were free users of alcoholic drinks.—*Medical Record.*

The same is true of narcotized parents and grandparents. If the father's blood be tainted with tobacco or opium, the child *necessarily* inherits a love for the same. He may overcome, though probably there will always remain a *hankering* for the foul stuff, and as we see in society, the majority of boys will fall into the habit of their parents, and so become diseased. There is a fearful responsibility resting on parents; and *self-denial* becomes a bounden duty. If fathers would have their sons and daughters grow up temperate and virtuous men and women, they must *themselves* live temperate and virtuous lives.

EFFECTS OF MERCURY.—In the *Philosophical Transactions* an account is given of Dr. John Wilkins, who describes the quicksilver mines at Priuli, Venetia, in the year 1666, and says that although the miners stay under ground only six hours at a time, all of them

die hectic, or become paralytic. He saw there a man who had not been in the mines above half a year before, so full of mercury, that on putting a piece of brass in his mouth, or rubbing it between his fingers, it immediately became white like silver; and so paralytic was the unfortunate man, that he could not with both hands carry a glass half full of wine to his lips without spilling it—though, the doctor quaintly adds, he loved the wine too well to throw it away. Shaking palsy and salivation appear to be the consequences of exposure to the vapor of mercury. Barometer makers and looking-glass silverers are both liable to these affections. Dr. Christison relates a case of a barometer maker and one of his men, who were exposed one night, during sleep, to the vapors of mercury from a pot on a stove in which a fire had been accidentally lighted. They were both most severely affected, one with salivation, which caused the loss of all his teeth, the other with shaking palsy, which lasted to the end of his life. Chemists who have to work much with metallic mercury often suffer from the pernicious effects of it.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

MEN AS LOVERS.

"Had I lover, noble and free,
I would he were nobler than to love me."

WAS there ever such an accident as a *model* lover? A man so endowed with common sense and that fine equipoise of character as never to do a weak and silly thing because he loved? A man so gifted with beauty of soul and expression of feeling as to photograph on the vision of his *amante* only pictures that exalted her beyond herself?

Love should make a man heroic, purify him, fortify him against temptation, make him eloquent, brave, and tender. If this were always true, everybody would be wishing that all men were lovers of some woman.

Some one within a month has said that "a man in love has a license to make a fool of himself." Whether love grants them a *per se* license so to do, or not, most of them do; and half of their follies are millstones to their success, and demoralizing rather than elevating.

To attempt to make laws or rules for lovers would be like writing the Ten Commandments upon the seashore at tide-rising. But, sympathizing with young men in love (and just how it happens I do not know), and having observed the mistakes of a variety of lovers, leads me to give what I believe to be "excellent advice;" and advice from a woman ought to be regarded by young men as of considerable value.

Every young man has his dream of love—a dream woven of the noblest and finest fancies of his being. He fairly revels in the air-castle he builds of the future, and gazes on his good angel with as delicious a rapture as Murillo did on the realized glory of his Madonna. He awakes one day with the belief that he has found her, and goes about the winning of her. But how? He visits her on Sunday nights, and stays so late that she yawns with weariness, and says she is "glad he is gone," as the door closes after him. He goes home, sleeps a little, appears late at breakfast-table next morning with a sort of shame-faced look, blushes and writhes under the banter of the family, and is ready to declare any moment that "Fanny is a nice sort of a girl to flirt with; but as for being in *love*, *that* is the farthest out of the question."

In the first place, it is an imposition on any well-bred girl to keep her up later than half-past ten o'clock, when you have opportunity to see her often. If you always leave her with the wish in her heart that you had stayed

longer, you gain so much. Never run the risk of wearying her with your presence. If you do, she is sure to be asking herself if she wouldn't tire of seeing you around forever, and is quite afraid she would. Be just as earnest and straightforward in your loving as in your honorable dealing with men. Impress your friends with the worthiness and seriousness of your love, so that vulgar and senseless bantering will appear to them as such.

Love is religion, the supremest happiness. Wear it manfully and proudly, but holily.

Woo a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman, it is to have a lover, whom she wishes to love and honor, weak and vapid, over-yielding, and half afraid of her. She longs to tell him to "act like a man!" A man who has not the faculty of making obedience a sweet thing, and making his own way appear the *best* way, fails to possess the secret of giving or receiving the highest happiness.

The manly, honest expression of love is devoid of silliness or fulsomeness. A man who conceals or denies his love from fear of being laughed at, is a coward. Jacob's fourteen years of service for Rachel is a record of love of which there is none finer or more heroic.

Every good thing in life has its price, and a true woman's love is, next to Heaven, worth the winning. If any man doubts this, he may take to his soul the unction that he never possessed it, else was incapable of appreciating it; and for the love of some women I do not wonder that men have been willing to sell their souls.

What a touching, eloquent thing that was of the lover who, a little time ago, stole the body of his betrothed to keep it from burial, and placed it in a cave where he could see it and feel it. People called it insanity. It might have been. We do insane things every day, and with not half the provocation. A man, remembering his early love, feels sympathy at once with him, and from his heart says, "I don't blame him." He was merely governed by his intense feeling, with utter disregard of customs.

Never make a miserable plaintiff of yourself in an *affaire du cœur*, by telling a woman you love her before you have unmistakable proof that you have won her love. So long as she is in doubt about your affections, she places increased value upon them. But assure her of their possession, and if she does not already love you, ten chances to one she never will. It is not that she is light and fickle, but possessing that peculiar human appreciation which hungers after that which is just beyond reach.

In the matter of gift-making, let your gifts, if any beyond perishable ones, be few, but fitting and characteristic of yourself. Frequent giving enhances the worthlessness of gifts.

A love that has no element of Divinity in it is not love, but passion, which of itself has nothing ennobling. That was a beautiful inscription on the inside of an engagement ring: "Each for the other, and both for God."

Long courtships usually result in the best and truest marriages. Why? Love is a teacher, and fits men and women for higher relations to each other. A man possessing right feelings, and the power of repressing them, puts a new and divine ambition in the soul of the woman he imbues with his love. He becomes the one incarnation of God to her. She finds herself praying to be made worthy of so grand and true a soul. Like a penitent at the mercy seat, she weeps because of her weak and foolish failings. She wants to be beautiful and good, and without flaw or blemish for his sake. This regeneration is the lover's special mission. If he fail to make the woman better, nobler, truer, and more beautiful, his loving is a failure,—there is a lack of sympathy or genuineness.

"How easy it is to be a true woman!" fell almost unconsciously from the lips of a man in the presence of a woman whom he believed to be true, and whose truthfulness seemed to lie simply in being her natural and frank self. He was a true man, and it seemed a very easy thing for him so to be. He had been a lover half his life. Love in its best and highest phases had purified him as by summer showers. It had developed him, as by sunshine. It lifted him above the insipid plane of sentimental dawdling, simpering speeches, and mock agonizing. He would have been no cringing, fawning, trembling asker of a woman's heart, but having won it,

might have gone down on his knees to thank God for it. Had he failed,—and such a soul could hardly know other than victory,—he would neither have gone to ruin, nor put on an air of don't-careism. He would have accepted it as one of the aids given him for self-elevation, for marriage need not be the only blissful fruition of a great love. There may be help gained, ambitions rightly grooved, self-respect won, love for all human kind engendered, God brought nearer, and all of life sweetened and enriched by the exercise and development of the whole sympathies of the heart, without ever winning or wearing the crown, that most people deem the royal insignia of happiness. It might make a man better to worship at the outer shrine of some one woman's heart all his days, than to enter into the very inner temple of another's. Washington Irving loved one woman all his life,—one who passed from his human keeping before he called her wife. But the beauty of his life, the loveliness and charm of his character attested to the vital and enduring religion of his love that entire absence of tangible life could not destroy.

All honor to the lover with whom a woman *dare* not trifle,—one with so true and firm a sense of right as to put the bare idea of deception or trickery in scorn,—one too just to be obstinate or ungenerous, and too thoughtful and tender to let an unkindness slip from him.

A man at twenty, without definiteness or aim, without money, trade, or profession, loves a woman and asks her to be his wife. For what? He could not tell. To make her miserable, perhaps. He would not so intend; but if he looked the matter over, he could see no other result. He is like a child crying for sugar-plums. At twenty-five, he would aver he needed her for his salvation. At twenty-eight or thirty there is an expansiveness about a man that seems comprehensive enough to include a woman. There is enough of fiber and pith in his sympathies to care for and cherish a woman, and his whole being feels the need and necessity of some creature to fill his heart and keep his sympathies in exercise. He appreciates his own deficiencies and understands how a woman can supply them with her diverse yet harmonious nature. He is the strong, well-balanced, educated man, having seen enough of the world to allow him dispassionate judgment. The ardor and passion of youth is not lost, only modified and intensified into richer, deeper, and more quietly demonstrative elements. He is self-possessed, the awkwardness of early manhood toned down to smooth pleasingness, and the stiffness of trained good manners has become the graceful medium of natural repression and acting. True, he has lost much of this universal faith in mankind that was such a beautiful phantom of his youth, and so he prizes the loyalty and truth that he finds with the deeper thankfulness. His self-possession breeds faith and confidence in his strength and judgment. He seems to carry about him a license to assume the care and happiness of others. He is not pompous, egotistic, or servile. He commands self-respect, and creates self-respect in others. He recognizes his queen, although she shields herself behind the bayoneted fort of sarcasm, or uncouth garb of showing her worst phases most prominently. He woos, and wins

"the lady's faith,
Nobly, as the thing is high."

MARY A. E. WAGER.

THE SEXES.—The *Woman's Journal* pithily remarks: When God settled the solitary in families, he decided the question of the relation of the sexes. While brothers and sisters continue to be born, it will be safest and best that men and women should be associated in all the affairs of life. They need each other. Not that either is superior to the other; men are not so much wiser than women, nor women so much nobler than men; it is only that they were originally meant to live together, and it is several thousand or several hundred thousand years too late to improve that arrangement. Men are bad enough, no doubt; but, as Aunt Chloe's remarks in "Dred," "Dey's enuff sight better than nuffin." On the other hand, women are often weak and silly, and that delightful shrew, Mrs. Poyser, is finally obliged to admit, in "Adam Bede," "I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men."

[It will come to be admitted in time, when Christianity shall be accepted, that the rights

and privileges of the sexes are the same; but that our spheres of action may be different, each should help, and not impede the other.]

MY PRINCESS.

TO W. R. E.

FAIR lady! whose eyes, I ween, like stars,
Have been trying to peep through mystery's bars,
Because full of wonder
About a Prince who, for many a day,
It seems, has been roaming, without coming your way,
Your heart-bars to sunder;—

Perhaps I am he, for sometimes I've caught,
In the "lone stilly hours," sweet driftings of thought,
And dreamed of a tone
Which has shaped for my soul an ardent desire
To hunt for the one who thus makes me aspire,
And make her my own.

Do I watch for a tread when the glory of day
Lays a carpet of flame down the westerly way,
Over which souls may roam
Till they find their own bright scintillant star
Bursting through cloudlets, as if to unbar
The door of their home?

Do I double each harmony life has for me,
Because mine all run in that sweet mystic key
Which accords with your own?
Methinks that 'tis so, and I oft thrill again
By catching, in spirit, thy life-harp's refrain,
And voice's low tone.

But—as I sit dreaming about you here—
Are you far from my side, or hovering near?—
I *very much* wonder.
And perhaps I'm too old for the Prince,—what say you?
As in years I range somewhere about thirty-two;—
Will that keep us asunder? C. B. R.

MODERN HEAD-GEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY inquires, "When will the time come for woman to have the right to exercise good taste in the matters of dress in spite of fashion?"

Some say she might do it now, if she would; but, in truth, the majority of men desire their own wives, daughters, and sisters to conform to the prevailing style.

They may make fun of some hideous fashion *in the abstract;* but for all that, few of them would be pleased to escort a lady to an evening party who has chosen to dress merely sensibly, but without regard to fashion. The sad truth is, that we are all slaves to that imperious Madame Fashion. Even the most sensible scarcely do more than modify the extravagances of the prevailing style. In the progress of ages, that may come when every one will have a fashionable right to adapt *individualities* of costume. The idea that the same style of toilet, or the same mode of dressing the hair, is sufficiently becoming to be adopted by all ladies, is simply absurd. If the popular taste were not so warped, we should occasionally see *heads* now, instead of masses of hair.

The form of the head is often a peculiar mark of beauty, and is always indicative of a characteristic individuality which is pleasing.

However, the probability is that the masses of artificial hair worn will so weaken the natural growth, that women ere long will be compelled to cut their hair short in order to save a remnant. Therefore we may hope some time to see the natural shape of the head.

Where are our brave women? women brave enough to ignore a foolish, nay, an absolutely *injurious*, fashion? We shall now look for freedom—not slavery—for intelligent American women.

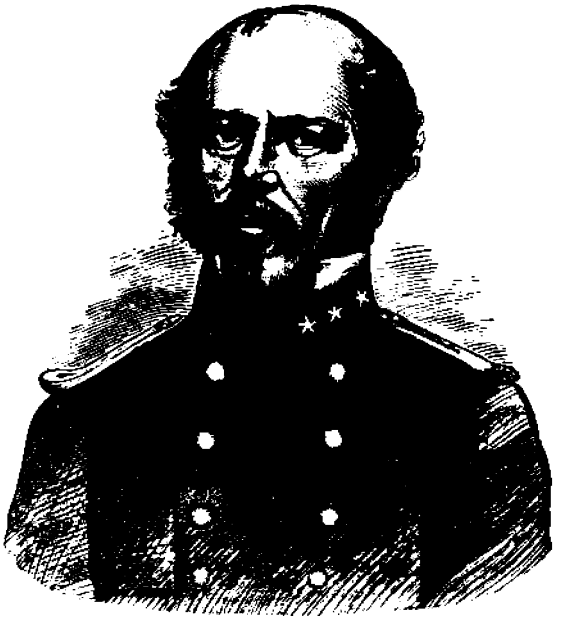
GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,

LATE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

IN the late terrible political upheaval which involved the rival sections of our country in the horrors of "civil war," among the many names that rose to the surface and took a position of eminence, that of General Joseph E. Johnston, of the Confederate Army, deserves prominent mention.

This gentleman has a temperament indicating enough of the Motive to give strength, endurance, and elasticity to the physical powers; and a large degree of the Mental, which gives a strong tendency to clearness, activity, and power of mind. The whole head and face indicate fineness and toughness, sensitiveness and power, susceptibility and endurance, clearness, compactness, and force. The head appears to be high and broad. The height gives unyielding firmness; the elevation at the crown indicates power, dignity, self-reliance, coolness in times of trial, sense of reputation, desire to make a mark, and to be respected. He appears to have large Conscientiousness, which makes him punctilious as to duty, and disposed to hold every one strictly to his responsibilities.

He has a fair degree of Cautiousness, which renders him prudent and guarded in forming his plans, and in their execution. His width of head shows courage and executive force; there is Combativeness enough to enable him to stand his ground, and Destructiveness enough to make him executive and forcible. We judge him to be a man of high temper, is thoroughly in earnest in the prosecution of that which he is convinced is his duty. He would be an ardent lover, a steady friend, and a warm opponent; is dignified, ambitious, upright, persistent, respectful, sympathetic, a man of rules, disposed to abide by them himself, and to exact obedience on the part of others.



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

yet having an excellent command of it; his word is law; he speaks and is obeyed, because he is in earnest. He is a clear, strong thinker and a natural critic; comprehends men at a glance; reasons soundly and broadly on first principles, appreciates facts, and knows how to gather and use them. He is orderly and systematic to a nicety, and where he has control he is the entire master; but everything must go by system. His tastes are fine; he has a sensitive relish for the beautiful and the grand. He has all the signs of affection and gallantry; would be a reliable friend and a manly foe. He acts up to his convictions, and

His Language appears rather large; he would make a fine writer, a good conversationist, and a good public speaker. The head is massive. There is a good deal of power, criticism, self-reliance, and manly uprightness in this organization.

He is not above the medium height, and weighs, perhaps, one hundred and fifty pounds; is erect and stately in his bearing; grave, dignified, and imposing in his manner, but graceful, gallant, and thoroughly polite. His carriage, his florid complexion, his neatly trimmed gray hair and closely cut beard, divided into mustache and side whiskers, give

him a precise and vigorous appearance, peculiarly attractive.

His figure is symmetrical; his limbs well proportioned; his shoulders, broad and finely set; his chest, full, strong, and muscular; his head, splendidly poised: in fine, he is a man of mark, and would be conspicuous anywhere.

GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON, the eighth son of Judge Peter and Mary Johnston, was born on the 3d of February, 1807, at the old homestead, Cherry Grove,—now Longwood,—near Farmville, Prince Edward County, Virginia. The Johnston family is one of the oldest and most honored in Virginia. Dating back to early colonial days, it has given warriors to the armies of the colonies and the nation, and statesmen to the early assemblies, conventions, and to the national legislature.

He very early displayed unusual quickness of intellect and a bold and enterprising disposition. His parents had been careful to teach their children to obtain complete mastery over mind and temper, and to this cause may be attributed the remarkable self-control exhibited by him under trying circumstances.

General Johnston does not come under the head of our "self-made men," that honored class of which America can boast some names as illustrious as gild the records of any nation. Born under the sun of prosperity, his domestic training was of the most superior and efficient quality, and his mental and moral education was thoroughly and carefully conducted from his babyhood.

In 1825, through the influence of Mr. John C. Calhoun—who had been Secretary of War—young Johnston was entered as a cadet at the Military Academy of West Point, then in the zenith of its reputation. In this position the bent of his mind and his inclination were fully gratified. He graduated in 1829, in the same class with General Robert E. Lee and others who distinguished themselves in the late war on one side or the other, and was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. At that time, owing to the delightful condition of *peace* which overspread our country, there was small opportunity for distinction in the profession of arms, and therefore we find him at the close of seven years still a lieutenant. He was then appointed Commissary of Subsistence, which commission he resigned after holding it a year, upon receiving the commission of First Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. This rank he held until the breaking out of the Florida war in 1836.

He went to Florida in the capacity of Adjutant-General to General Winfield Scott, and held the position while General Scott had command of the army. Throughout this war Johnston's conduct merited the highest praise and drew upon him general attention. Upon one occasion, during a severe encounter with the Indians, he acted with such valor that he was brevetted "captain,"—a meagre recompense, indeed, for services such as his had been; but in those days promotion in the army was hardly won, and necessarily slow.

About this time, with his Florida laurels fresh upon him, he won the hand in marriage of the daughter of the Hon. Louis McLane, of Delaware, who had been for ten years a Representative, was afterward a Senator in Congress from that State, and served in other important official capacities.

In September, 1846, Lieutenant Johnston became a full captain by seniority. The Mexican war had now begun. On the 16th of February, 1847, Captain Johnston was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Voltigeurs by brevet, and in this capacity sailed with the expedition under General Scott.

After the capture of Vera Cruz, when the U. S. army advanced, Col. Johnston made a most daring reconnoissance of the enemy's line, strongly posted on the heights of Cerro Gordo. In this reconnoissance he was severely wounded, having so nearly approached the enemy's works that he was struck by a musket-ball. His wounds—at first feared mortal—incapacitated him to take part in the battle of Cerro Gordo, which occurred six days afterward. He recovered, however, in time to resume his command in the subsequent battles of the Mexican war. He distinguished himself at Molino del Rey, and was again severely wounded at Chapultepec. These numerous casualties, while they add a luster to his reputation as a soldier, and attest his energy and courage, gave rise to the oft-quoted *bon mot* of Gen. Scott: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of

getting himself shot in every engagement." He was several times brevetted for "gallant and meritorious conduct" during this war, and at its close was retained a Captain of Topographical Engineers.

In 1855, when Congress authorized two additional regiments of "horse," he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in one of the newly created regiments—the First Regiment of Cavalry—commanded by Col. E. V. Sumner. While holding this position, he was temporarily detached to important topographical service west of the Mississippi. He was engaged in this duty in June, 1860, when he was appointed Quartermaster-General of the United States, with the full commission of Brigadier-General.

While the question of this appointment was pending, Gen. Scott was requested by the Secretary of War to recommend for this important position an officer of the army distinguished for talent and promise. General Scott declined to confine himself to a single name, perhaps in avoidance of invidious distinction, and perhaps from a comparative estimate of merits,—but recommended for selection *one* of the following four: Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Gustavus F. Smith.

Johnston received the appointment, and was engaged in the responsible duties of United States Quartermaster-General when his native State seceded from the Union. Convictions of *principle*—whether mistaken or not we will not discuss here—imposed upon him the duty of separating himself from a service for which he entertained feelings of the highest respect and deepest affection.

When secession became an accomplished fact, General Johnston at once resigned his commission and tendered himself and his sword to the service of Virginia. He was forthwith appointed to a high command by Governor Letcher; but feeling that he could be more useful in the Confederate service, he tendered his resignation to the Governor and offered himself to President Davis, then at Montgomery, Alabama. He was immediately commissioned Major-General, and ordered to take command of the Confederate forces at Harper's Ferry.

The early movements of the war in the spring of 1861 around Harper's Ferry and Winchester—consisting in bold, strategic movements, by which General Johnston proved skillful in circumventing and neutralizing the operations of Patterson in the Valley of Virginia, and which had their crisis in the first battle of Manassas—are too well known to be recapitulated. The victory at Manassas, though a splendid triumph, proved a barren one, and why? Because, it may be, of the ineffective condition of the Confederate commissariat—under the management, or rather *mismanagement*, of Commissary-General Northrop—preventing the bare possibility of following up the Confederate victory. Had this been done, the history of this country and of the world would have presented perhaps a far different page.

After the failure of McDowell at Manassas, he was superseded by General George B. McClellan, who, having also in view the conquest of the "Rebel capital," but by a different route, conceived "a change of base." This movement was too long delayed, and being apprehended by General Johnston, he, too, effected a change of base, and with such skill and address, that his retreat in the face of his enemy was accomplished with the safety of his entire army and stores, of which notice was given to the enemy by the smoking ruins of his deserted camp around the hills of Centreville. The history of no retreat on record furnishes evidence of more superior military wisdom; and establishes General Scott's sagacity when he said: "Beware of Lee's advances and Johnston's retreats."

General Johnston with his army in fine health and spirits maneuvered on the "Peninsula," and covered therefrom the retreat of Magruder, threatened by McClellan at Williamsburg. By the middle of May, 1862, two vast armies lay in three-fourths of a circle around Richmond, the city being threatened by the Union forces, amounting to over 100,000 men. On the 31st of May occurred the battle known as "Seven Pines," in which General Johnston reaped success in his designs, but as usual he experienced personal *misfortune*. He was severely wounded. It was the last battle he was permitted to fight on the soil of his native State. It cost him his health and bodily strength for more than a year; but during this period he nevertheless took upon himself responsible service.

But his misfortune cost him still more dearly —what he prized far above health—the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, to the formation of which he had exerted all the resources of his military sagacity. To this command Gen. G. F. Smith received temporary appointment, but was superseded by Gen. R. E. Lee, who held it until his surrender to Gen. Grant.

The next most important field of operations to which Gen. Johnston was assigned, was in Mississippi—supporting Pemberton in the rear and checking Grant in front of Vicksburg. In reference to the surrender of this city, General Johnston differed most essentially in opinion from President Davis, and having emphatically demurred at the action of Pemberton, there originated much sharp recrimination between these two officers, and a degree of jealousy and dislike between himself and the Confederate President.

Despite his unpleasant relations with Mr. Davis, after the defeat of General Bragg at Missionary Ridge in the fall of 1863, it was soon made evident that General Johnston's services were requisite for the reorganization of the "Army of the Tennessee," and he was placed in command. He found this army totally demoralized, but the material of which it was composed was redeemable, the prospect for reform hopeful, and he applied himself with his usual assiduity to accomplish the task. Of his success in this enterprise an intelligent writer of this period says:

"Gen. Johnston is, unquestionably, a great captain in the science of war. In ninety days he has so transformed this army that I can find no word to express this transformation but regeneration. It is a regenerated army. He found it, ninety days ago, disheartened, despairing, and on the verge of dissolution. By judicious measures he has restored confidence, established discipline, and exalted the heart of the army."

In opposition to the views of Mr. Davis and General Bragg, who recommended an offensive campaign, he inaugurated his usual system of strategy—holding in check, and circumventing and harassing an army more than double the size of his own, and of much superior appointment. Under such circumstances he had no choice but to conduct a wary retreat, and to inflict a succession of skillful blows upon the columns of the enemy when incautiously exposed, or while unprotected by intrenchments. But this mode of warfare did not suit the impulsive and exacting temperament of many who did not understand and could not appreciate bloodless victories. His plans of strategy were admirable. He gave up territory, but he saved his army. He gave up ground, but he decoyed his enemy from his base of supplies that he might turn upon him and sting him to destruction. He intended that his defensive campaign should culminate at Atlanta. He had well-nigh reached the gates of that city, and the goal of his endeavors. General Sherman was in close pursuit, but doubtful what would be the value of his cheaply conquered territory.

The minds of some of the people of the South grew restive at the onward progress of Sherman, and President Davis, yielding to the whisperings of clamor that took shape in censure of Johnston's movement, in a moment most unexpected to him relieved General Johnston of his command. This occurred on the 17th of July, 1864. There had been mutterings of disapproval of Johnston's strategy on the one side, but now, on the other, there was a thunder-storm of indignation. The hearts of a large majority of the people were filled with the most direful forebodings. This unfortunate measure did indeed prove "the beginning of the end." Then began the final and general ruin. As a writer says, "It was like the opening of the fourth seal, and the appearance of the pale horse in the Apocalypse. Destruction followed."

Gen. Hood, Gen. Johnston's successor, was expected to fight the battle of Atlanta, *nolens volens;* he was committed to it in his appointment to the command of that army. He fought it, and lost. He was brave, lion-hearted, but not equal to that dreadful emergency. Atlanta fell; then, in consequenc Savannah, Charleston, and Columbia. Th Southern Confederacy was cut in twai Sherman had little to oppose him in his vic torious march through the heart of the South The field was opened, and he traversed it There was a vigorous demand upon th President for the reinstatement of Genera Johnston.

Popular clamor refused to be stilled, and would brook no resistance. After having lost more than half of his army on the ill-starred soil of Tennessee, in deep agony but conscious integrity General Hood retired before the reappointment of General Joe Johnston. Time had nobly vindicated the military talent and sagacity of the latter. Johnston succeeded in temporarily checking Sherman's march at Goldsboro, in North Carolina, but too late to retrieve the broken fortunes of the Confederacy. Richmond, the capital, and principal stronghold of the aspiring nation, was upon the eve of surrender. It went down and out amid the thunders of exploding shells.

Lee surrendered his depleted and worn-out army to Grant a few days after the fall of Richmond; and ten days after the surrender of Lee, at a farmhouse near Chapel Hill University, North Carolina, Gens. Johnston and Sherman met, and agreed upon a convention; and therefrom resulted the surrender of his army.

The hopes of the Southern cause that had so paled before the downfall of the Army of Northern Virginia flashed up into a ruddy glow as long as Johnston held command of a force; at his surrender it had nothing tangible to cling to, but only the forlorn shadow in the Southwest,—soon to vanish into nothingness.

One of the most intelligent of the Southern biographers says of General Joseph E. Johnston:

"It was characteristic of Johnston clearly to perceive what was proper to be done, and he did not know how to play courtier to people or President. Against popular clamor, against executive favor, against all the considerations which ordinarily nerve men into concession of principle to the ends of policy, he persistently, obstinately, nay, often indignantly, stood to his own just, wise, sterling, and deep-rooted convictions. It is difficult to determine whether he possessed more of the qualities of Fabius, Marlborough, Washington, or Greene."

In comparison with Lee, he says of him:

"He may have lacked Lee's rotundity of character—its even development, but he had a wider vision, and perhaps a better military instinct and sagacity."

A Northern historiographer thus discourses of Johnston's Atlanta campaign, and the qualities of its commander:

"A more laborious campaign than that of Atlanta was never undertaken, and it is difficult to say which soldier deserves the most credit for the movement, Sherman or Joe Johnston. The retreats of the latter were not less admirable than the flank marches of the former. Johnston showed as clean heels as Sherman did a fully guarded front. His camps were left barren,—Sherman found only smoking camp-fires, but no spoils were left behind him. It was looked upon by the officers of Sherman's army as the 'cleanest retreat of the war,' and it is very evident that had Johnston remained in command, and been allowed to continue his Fabian policy, Sherman could never have made his march to the sea, and the capture of Atlanta would have been a Cadmean victory. Johnston proved himself a very superior soldier—in fact, the superior General of the Southern armies. If it could be said of any of the rebels, it could be said of Johnston, that, in in fact, he was

"The noblest Roman of them all.

A PRACTICAL THEORY OF SUCCESS.

SUCCESS is the accomplishment of an end. It is the guage by which every man measures his fellow, whether he himself has or has not attained it. He who attains it is ever the source of admiration, perhaps of envy. The end may be a design, the perfection of an idea, the acquirement of property or position, the invention or the adaptation of a new principle; but be it whatever it may, it is still a point aimed at, a target to which the hopes of life are turned. No man who desires to hit a target aims to the right, or the left, or beneath it. His first thought is to know if the instrument he uses has the power to carry to the target, next the currents or influences which may diverge his shot from the proper point. Then he endeavors with all his power of muscle and will to hold his aim direct to the center he would strike. If he hits it he has accomplished the end in view—has a perfect success. And as the hit diverges from that center, so fails his success of perfection. The effort, if properly direct-

ed, can not fail at least of an approximation to the perfect end designed.

As the marksman holds his rifle with all the strength of mind and body steadily and fixedly to the one point, so he who would be the admiration of his fellows, a successful man, must make a practical adaptation of the marksman's rules to the business of life. Success is simply the result of fixedness of purpose and persistent effort; the unswerving retention of an idea, the practical pursuit of a calling, the entire devotion of the energies to the development of one character of business, trade, or manufacture. "Whatsoever thou doest, that do with all thy might."

Of the thousands of young men who yearly come to New York for a home, it is probable that not one hundredth part of them ever attain the success which they are so full of confidence will be theirs when they first set foot amid the rushing throng of our great city. Some return to their country homes disgusted; some fail in the race and droop by the wayside; others are wrecked in the maelstrom of dissipation; the many get into a system of plodding life, live or rather exist on the meagre salary of a clerk or book-keeper, are married, add their quota to our ever-increasing thousands, and die unthought of and unknown. But are all these men failures? By no means. Could we enter their home circle we should see that the tired, neglected clerk often attains that which is seldom the lot of the wealthy employer—happiness and content. He has failed as the world classes success, but he has attained a nobler prize—the government of himself, of his passions, and his ambitious hopes.

Whatever any man would accomplish and do well he must thoroughly learn. He must make himself master of what he would undertake, and never while following it lose sight of the study of its details and its general bearings. Nine-tenths of the failures which occur have their cause in the persons failing having engaged in operations outside of their legitimate business—in no way connected with or analogous to it. Put too many irons in the fire, and one is sure to burn,—none to be properly managed; put only one in, and watch it, and you are sure to have it heated thoroughly for use. Concentration of force is a principle of nature in every department. An aggregation of metallic matter produces our rich veins of ore,—diffused through space they would be useless. The concentration of energy, the constant study, the turning of every idea to bear on the era to be accomplished is the sure guarantee of success, whether it be the accumulation of a fortune by actual work, or the getting one with more apparent ease by marriage. The principle is ever the same; still, the latter is often attained more by an exercise of the heels than the head, by the skill of a fop's tailor than any heart or brain of the fop.

It is fair to say, though, that but few men ever are an absolute success without having at one time in their lives made a failure; yet the principle of success seems born in some men. Those who fail and despair call it luck; we call it an inborn faculty of "sticking" to a thing. To acquire this power of concentrating energy and thought, most men have to go through a training, a scholarship of experience. This, alone, will not always give success, but it is *the* principle; there must be also a determination to save, a careful study of all the influences that bear for or against the business undertaking. If a time arrives when that business ceases to pay, and judgment tells that it can not be revived, it must be dropped forever. We would not say give up a business merely because it does not pay, *pro tem.*; but if a man is master of his business, has made it his whole study, he knows how soon, if at all, it may be revived, how much labor and capital it will take, and can draw his own inference whether the game is worth the hunting. It is probable that Com. Vanderbilt has never assigned to any one his reasons for so suddenly and so thoroughly quitting the steamboat business; yet we can infer that with an eye single to the control of the commercial interests of New York, he saw that the railroads centering there were (at least to be) a greater power than the marine transportation; that the great grain carriage of the West would give him more of the elements of the power he now holds, than all the steamship lines. We all know that he changed; and as singly as he devoted himself to his first, he has as undividedly attached himself to his present interest.

Success, then, in whatever branch of busi

ness or social life it be desired, is simply the result of persistent effort, making every means turn to the end aimed at, and never acknowledging defeat; but if defeat come, willing or unwilling, immediately rallying for another contest, and ever aiming at the highest point of possible attainment. Combine with these abstemiousness of habit, utter regardlessness of sneers or contempt, respectful, perhaps humble demeanor to apparent superiors, retaining self-respect and innate consciousness of power, never seeming to know but ever knowing, polite in manner, but firm in a position taken; and if there is another rule we would place above all these, it is study the faculty of holding your tongue. "Be sure where, when, and to whom you speak."

This is our theory of success, and we submit that it meets with practical illustration in the lives of all those men who are to-day our merchant-princes, railroad kings, or their bankers. What man has done, man may do.

Our Country.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,—
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.—*E. J. Pulsifer.*

WONDERS OF AMERICA.

IT is not for Americans to speak of the antiquity of their nation, or of cities laden with the art and lore of centuries. We can not point to the grand accomplishments of ancestors hundreds of years agone; we can not lay a finger on the historic page and say, "Thus did we centuries ago." No; but we can proudly exhibit our unparalleled progress, and we can challenge the countries of the Old World to produce the like of some results which a few decades have served to develop upon our soil. We have some wonders, natural, and the consummations of our peculiar energy, which command attention as the greatest of their kind on the face of the earth. Among these wonders are the following:

The Falls of Niagara, which form the greatest cataract in the world. A river three quarters of a mile in width, fed by the waters of three great lakes, is suddenly contracted in its course and plunged over vast rocky cliffs in two columns, to the depth of nearly two hundred feet.

There are other water-falls on our soil which exhibit most striking characteristics, although far exceeded by Niagara in the volume of water discharged. In the Yo-Semite Valley there are several falls, one of which has a total depth, made by three leaps, of 2,634 feet. The Bridal Vail fall, in the same remarkable valley, has a depth of 940 feet, and the Royal Arch fall, 1,800 feet. Besides, the Yo-Semite Valley affords the finest scenery of a varied character, in a region of limited extent, known to man. It is only accessible at the lower end by two trails that abruptly descend 2,000 feet. The walls for six miles are nearly vertical, and in some places are a mile in height, and are composed of pure white granite. The valley is only a mile and a half wide at the broadest part, and in most places is less than half a mile. This adds to the apparent height of the perpendicular walls on either side.

The New York Croton Aqueduct, the largest and finest work of the kind in the world. Its length is over forty miles, and it cost twelve and a half millions of dollars. In its course it passes over a bridge 1,460 feet long and 114 feet high, which is a splendid triumph of architectural skill.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the largest and most interesting cave in the world, wherein one may make a voyage on a subterranean lake and catch fish without eyes.

The Philadelphia City Park, the most extensive public garden under the control of a municipal government in the world. Its area comprises twenty-nine hundred acres.

The largest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles

long, irrigating a valley of the richest fertility, whose extent is four hundred thousand square miles.

The Pacific Railroad, over three thousand miles in length, and spanning a whole continent, from ocean to ocean.

The Iron Mountain of Missouri, which is regarded the greatest mass of solid iron in the world. It is three hundred and fifty feet high and two miles in circuit.

Chicago, the leading grain port of the world, and, so far as we know, the most rapidly developed city in wealth and population the world has known. In 1831 there were twelve families settled on its site. In 1840 the census returns showed a population of 4,470. In 1860, 110,978, and in 1867 the number of inhabitants exceeded 200,000.

Besides these "wonders," there are other interesting features which might be cited, were we disposed to compare our national resources with those of other countries; such, for instance, are the apparently exhaustless deposits of gold and silver in California and the Rocky Mountain territory; of anthracite and bituminous coal, especially the former, in Pennsylvania; of copper in the Lake Superior region; and of petroleum in many parts of the Union

When one calmly reflects upon the past history of our nation, and contemplates the wonderful progress made within a few brief years, his imagination can scarcely span the possible advancement of the next hundred years.

WHY DOES WHEAT DETERIORATE HERE?

THE question heading this article is one that not only interests the agriculturist, but also every individual of every trade, art, or profession; for upon the continued liberal production and good quality as well as quantity of wheat are all more or less dependent in this our beloved land.

Without attempting to speculate on the probable consequences of its failure, I pass to the consideration of some of the natural laws governing the production of wheat, and to show therefrom why there is a decrease both in product and quality, etc.

There are certain natural laws governing the production of all plants which come from the seed. In the first place we have a soil in which the plant fixes itself, throws out its roots, and through the medium of which the larger part of the plant-food is supplied. This soil, in order to develop the plant to perfection, must hold, or have supplied to it, all the elements, in an available state, which enter into the plant. Next, the seed needs be perfect of its kind, or we can not produce the plant in perfection. These are the two great essentials to start with; the rest, after we have furnished a suitable climate, depends more upon intelligent culture than upon contingencies.

The theory of analysis of the soil, which has been promulgated from certain sources, claiming that if a soil be lacking in any element necessary to the development of any product, all that is necessary to supply this defect is to add this element, has not taken into account that the ingredient thus added might form new combinations with substances already in the soil, which combinations might be hostile, or at least unfavorable, to the full development of the plant. Experience has taught us that analysis of the soil is no absolute guide as to its adaptation to a certain product; yet for all that, chemical analyses of soils furnish data from which quite important results are obtained. The analysis of the soil of two different fields may prove exactly alike, and yet there will be a great difference in their yield of the same plant.

A soil must be put in the best possible mechanical condition to develop its capacity for producing a given product. Plants are supplied with roots in order that they may fix themselves in the soil and draw therefrom their needed pabulum; this pabulum must be elaborated to a certain condition in the soil that lies in contact with the feeding roots; the roots can stretch out by growth and gather this food, but the prepared food is incapacitated from moving to accommodate the plant. If the soil is finely pulverized loose and light, it admits the elements, air moisture, and heat, which act as solvents to prepare the plant-food therein; and it admits of the free passage of the roots to take up this food for the plant. If the soil is compressed, in lumps, and only partially pulverized, the plant-food is unevenly distributed,

portion being locked up beyond the reach of the plant, consequently the plant will not thrive therein as it would were the soil more broken up or pulverized.

The wheat seed is stored with starch and cellulose, designed to furnish food for the young plant up to a certain stage; these substances must be acted upon by some outside influence to develop the embryo plant and nurse it to that stage when its roots are capable of drawing the requisite food from the soil.

We, as agriculturists, have, in our extended culture, produced, and introduced from other countries, many varieties of wheat; these, from carelessness or other causes, have become mixed, and are grown together, and made into flour together; this of itself may not be sufficient reason for any material deterioration of quality in the flour; but the different varieties ripen unevenly, vary in hardiness as well as in many other essential points, and thus mixed together cause variableness. The successive production of wheat from the same soil extracts from that soil a certain set of elements and substances, thus reducing the capacity of the soil to furnish those substances in the abundance needed for successful tillage; but the greatest and chief reasons for deterioration lie in careless selection of seed and improper preparation of the soil.

We hear much said about the accidents to which the wheat crop is liable; such for example as insect enemies, rust, blight, winter-killing, etc.; but we have little doubt that with suitable underdraining, deep plowing, breaking up well, judicious selection of seed, and sowing it at the right time, and proper covering and fertilizing, these accidents would be largely overcome.

Rotation of crops with careful culture tends to keep land clear of weeds, and gives the wheat crop the whole benefit of the soil, sun, and air. Unless the wheat can have the exclusive occupancy of the soil, it can not be expected that best results can be obtained.

The most direct road to obtaining pure varieties and clean seed is to select a single grain or head of wheat, and to plant and cultivate it in our best garden soil, and increase the growth from the produce of this first seed, always planting in finely pulverized, well-prepared soil, and keeping the product perfectly free from admixture with other varieties or any foreign seed, and never attempting the growing of any greater number of acres than can be done *thoroughly* in every particular.

According to statistics in the Agricultural Department, there were planted in 1868, 18,460,132 acres of wheat in the United States, averaging 12.1 bushels per acre, valued at $17.29 per acre. Could we by any means increase this average product but a single bushel per acre, or increase its quality in a like ratio, there would be added in a single year to the increased wealth of the country a sum equal to the value of 18,460,132 bushels of wheat.

THE LATE M. PREVOST-PARADOL.

SCARCELY had the nation heard of the arrival of this eminent Frenchman as the new representative of the French Government at Washington, when it was startled by the report of his suicide. A most genial sentiment welcomed him to our shores, for it was well known that he had been one of our most earnest friends in France during our late struggle, and had won a high reputation for intellectual ability and nobility of character. He was born in Paris, Aug. 8th, 1829; achieved distinction as a schoolboy, and at the early age of twenty-six was appointed Professor of Languages at Aix. In 1856 he engaged in journalism, writing for the *Journal des Débats*, and became celebrated for the skill and energy of his attacks upon the policy of Louis Napoleon,—saying the bitterest things oftimes, but in such a way that the paper could not be made liable to prosecution. Subsequently he became connected with the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and maintained a similar style of writing. He has published several volumes of essays on political subjects, the most important of which is "Etudes sur les Moralistes Francais" (Studies on the French Moralists). In 1866 he was admitted to the French Academy.

His act of self-destruction was committed while he was laboring under a temporary aberration of mind, due it is supposed by some to the great excitement into which he was thrown on receiving the intelligence that

Napoleon had declared war against Prussia, as at the time of his departure from France, only a few weeks before, affairs were in a condition which augured nothing of so dreadful a contingency. It is said that the well-known publicist Edmund About will take the position so sadly vacated.

FAITH: WHAT IT DEPENDS UPON.

ED. PHREN. JOUR.: In one of your late JOURNALS I noticed an article from a correspondent entitled *Faith*. Your correspondent makes this proposition: that if the spiritual (so-called) group of faculties overbalance the reflective, a man will be of easy faith, *i. e.*, accept conclusions from incorrect data and imperfect reasoning. On the other hand, if the reflective faculties predominate, belief (or faith) will come only as it is forced home by an incontestible array of facts. According to this, the easier the faith the less liable to be correct. Very well; so far, good. Following upon this, however, he attempts to make *belief* the creature of the will. I attempt to say that it is no such thing; that a man believes what he is obliged to believe, or what he thinks is forced upon him. We decide in our own minds upon a theory by the weight of evidence, *pro* and *con.*, as it is brought to our view. It is impossible that our actual belief should be otherwise than honest. A man's organization may make him blind to particular objects, or imperceptive of certain lights and shades of thought; but for this he is not responsible no more than for the result of his reasonings. Therefore, given the organization and early education, over which he could have exercised no control, his thoughts are grooved to certain channels, and his belief, the result, is a forced conclusion. He believes as he breathes, by reason of powers over which the mere will is powerless; and he changes his belief only as circumstances outside of himself modify his mental action by adding new links and starting-points to the chain of thought. Government and society for their own safety rightly hold man responsible for his acts in so far as they affect them; but no individual, society, or government has authority to hold a man responsible for *belief*.

Your correspondent says disbelief results from a negatively conditioned mind, or words to that effect. Consequently, in so far as the reflective faculties would predominate over the spiritual impulses, a mind would be more negative. On the other hand, if the reflectives were overbalanced by those — in which case the man would know less — he would be yet the more positive in character.

This is a play of words merely. What is the difference if we say we *disbelieve* a thing is so, or we *believe* a thing is not so? We view a subject or question having two sides to it, and we say one or the other is correct. Between two propositions of opposite character we accept but one, of course.

Your correspondent, again, says that a man may *will* to reject the truth. He can not do so and know that he is doing it, for it is not in the nature of things. He might reject the application as to actions, but not the belief or truth itself. It is not for our worthy friend to say what truth is. That is a question which has been the theme of the world for all time since man's creation, and it is by no means settled yet in most of the departments of research. In an argument, he who claims superintelligence at the very outset begs the whole question. G. N.

BROOKFIELD, MO.

CHILDREN.

[Out of the nursery come the fruit-trees of the orchard; and out of the human nursery come our men and our women. If we would have them "grow up as the young plants," and "as the polished corners of the temple," we must train and educate them aright.]

OH! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.

NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER, 1870.

OUR REPUBLIC.

WILL IT LAST?

IN his "Future of Nations," the great Hungarian orator, KOSSUTH, took the ground that all kingdoms, empires, republics, and nations *not based on Christian principles, must of necessity pass away.* That it has been so, from the establishment of human government on earth, history proves. Dynasties based on force—"people held in subjection by guns"—will be but temporary. When constitutions are framed in accordance with the Divine will; when RIGHT instead of might becomes the rule; when, in short, we seek the good of others, rather than our own honor, profit, or convenience, we shall build on foundations which are everlasting.

These foundations are JUSTICE, which knows no compromise with error; HOPE, which sustains through all trials, reverses, and even through death; FAITH, which trusts in the Divine promise, even though the reason can not comprehend it, the ear hear it, or the eye see it; CHARITY, which seeks to lift up the lowly, places the weak in asylums, educates the ignorant, opens hospitals for the needy, ministers to the poor, and in a Christ-like spirit "goes about doing good;" and GODLINESS, which worships, adores, and meekly submits to any and to every cross which Divinity imposes for our good.

On these principles we may build a structure which will be eternal, because true. But see what they impose! Are we, as individuals or as a nation, sufficiently developed in those high and holy qualities even to make a commencement? We have the Bible, and Christ to guide us. Eighteen hundred years' teaching has lifted us out of cannibalism into Christianity, out of slavery into freedom, and out of monarchy into democracy—self-government!

Is not this progress? We need not refer to steam-engines, locomotives, mowing machines, sewing machines, telegraphs, Phrenology, phonography, common schools, and a thousand other evidences of improvement.

The point we make is this: that when our civil laws conform to the laws of God—based on faith, hope, humility, charity, and RIGHTEOUSNESS—we shall have a Government—a Republic—that will last.

The way to attain an end so much to be desired is for each and every one of us to become what we may and what we ought. We must be temperate, intelligent, law-abiding, law-sustaining, and self-governing citizens. We must provide the means by which all children shall be educated in accordance with temperament, capacity, and natural ability. Instead of doctors and quacks to treat and cheat the sick, we want teachers who will instruct the people on the laws of life and health, and how to keep in health. We want clergymen who shall not only preach the Gospel, but practice it, and also to heal the sick. We want honest and honorable lawyers, not miserable "shysters;" judges beyond bribery, and legislators with minds capable of comprehending the wants of a nation, and fortitude to defend the right against foes within and foes without. We want healthy, intelligent wives, capable of becoming companions

and mothers, "helpmeets," rather than high-heeled, crooked-shanked, "bushel-headed," hump-backed, fashionable flirts. We want men with clean mouths, pure breath, strong muscle, high morals, honest, intelligent, temperate, industrious, ingenious, persevering, constructive, and religious. "Not possible?" Indeed! Then are the requirements of Christianity beyond our reach? and may we not attain all these conditions? By the grace of God we may; and let us promise that, by the grace of God, we will. Monarchy is not peace, but war. Freedom with Christianity is peace, prosperity, happiness, and PERMANENCE.

CIVILIZATION AND WAR.

"WAR is a tremendous evil." This brief apothegm of Webster sums up the testimony of all history with reference to armed strife between nation and nation.

Civilization has for its object the promotion of the arts of peace, therefore civilization is opposed to war. But in this year, 1870, we have a spectacle presented of two nations claiming for themselves a degree of civilization unsurpassed on the face of the globe, moving against each other in all the splendor and ferocity of battle array. The dreadful results of combat do not deter them from the wholesale butchery they have made preparations to inflict. To say that William I. of Prussia and Napoleon III. of France do not know the terrible desolation a war fiercely maintained between two strong and obstinate peoples inevitably brings upon their respective counries, is to impeach them with willful ignorance of the histories of Prussia and France, histories whose every page almost is stained with the carnage of battle, or scorched with the flames of pillaged and burned cities. To say that these monarchs are fully aware of the disastrous consequences of such a conflict, but willfully hazard them, is much more reasonable, and impeaches them with a want of philanthropy and Christian virtue.

What right has a man whom circumstances may have placed in a seat of authority, to endanger the happiness and lives of thousands, and tens of thousands? What right has any one man to disturb the peace of a continent, and so disturb and hinder the cause of progress and enlightenment? Can that civilization be boasted of which permits a man to precipitate a bloody war on account of some trivial diplomatic impropriety, or on account of some occurrence which has crossed his selfish aims at aggrandizement? Can that be true civilization which spurns every effort to conciliate the turbulent nationalities?

War, in the language of the old jurists, is the *ultima ratio regum*—the last recourse of kings; but it would seem that in the new civilization recognized by the contending nations of Europe, it has come to be the capricious recourse of kings.

While there is much to be admired in national pride—that well-disseminated feeling which inspires a people to rise to the defense of their country or assert its rights—there is much to be deprecated in the fact that ambitious and unscrupulous rulers too often take advantage of the patriotism of their subjects and enter upon a conflict in which all the expense and damage must be met by the latter. True national pride would serve to avert threatening war rather than court it.

Were the diplomatic relations between different powers carried on in an honorable, upright, frank manner, a *casus belli*, a ground for serious disagreement between two nations, would be next to impossible. It is the jealousy, distrust, and

cupidity of rulers which lie at the basis of diplomatic misunderstandings.

It is clear enough that if the precepts of common philanthropy or moral duty had been applied to the Franco-Prussian imbroglio at its inception by the French and Prussian rulers, the calamity of war would have been indefinitely postponed. A little calm reflection, a little forbearance, an appreciation of the real needs of country and people, would have dispersed the clouds of national difference and welcomed the olive branch, fit token of the plenty and prosperity which accompany peace.

Looking the situation in the face, the best that can be hoped for it seems to be that it prove short and decisive, not only as relates to the matter in dispute, but also with reference to all other questions which might have become, otherwise, pretexts for future quarrels, and that Peace may thereafter

"Spread her white wings o'er the land." D.

BEER GARDENS.

OUR Teutonic fellow-citizens have brought with them from Germany their love for lager bier, and for out-of-door places in which to drink it. The Englishman takes his mug of ale, brown-stout, or brandy with his dinner, while Scot and Irishman prefer whisky. It is claimed by those who indulge, that a "moderate" use of these substances contributes to one's good, and there are some who seldom go beyond moderation in their use. Persons have been known to use one or the other of these beverages for years without intoxication. When the habit becomes *fixed* on a person, however, it is said to be most difficult to throw it off, even though his judgment be satisfied that he is injuring himself thereby.

In America, the conditions of food, climate, temperature, etc., render European customs as much out of place as would be the etiquette and customs of a monarchy. If we go to Turkey, we are expected to do as the Turks do. If Europeans come to America—to stay—they are expected to adopt our usages, as well as to conform to our laws. We would have them leave their dram-drinking, old pipe smoking, and their *limberger* or *schweitzer*, as well as their sectional hatreds, religious prejudices, and clannishness on the other side. Here they may find more healthful aliment on which to subsist, and out of which to make American citizens.

Our bodies, our brains, and our minds are developed in accordance with what they are fed on. Good food and good drink make pure blood and strong bone, strong muscle, strong nerve, and strong mind, with good memories, good morals, and all things favorable for making good citizens.

There is no occasion here for strikes, mobs, riots, lynching, or anything of the kind. It is expected that Europeans who come among us will conform to our laws and usages, rather than bring the obnoxious habits and customs of the Old World to curse the New. Become at once what your children and their children are to become, viz., American citizens.

DR. JOSEPH S. HILDRETH.

THIS eminent physician died at his residence in Chicago on the 22d of July, at the age of forty years. Dr. Hildreth had been suffering from neuralgia for several days, and had resorted to various remedies for the alleviation of his pain. He suffered so intensely that he was induced to take chloroform. He inhaled it for a considerable length of time in the afternoon, and about nine o'clock in the evening he took a dose of hydrate of chloral. While under the partially deranging influences of these combined remedies, he resorted to a still more powerful one—gelseminum—in the hope that it would relieve him from his pain. Unhappily he committed an error in judgment as to the quantity, and took an overdose. Dr. Bevan, Dr. Miller, and Dr. Byford were immediately called to his aid, but the poisonous influences were so strong that it was found impossible to arrest the effects of the drugs. The doctor became insensible, and expired about five o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Hildreth was born in Cohasset, Mass., on May 1, 1830. He graduated at Pennsylvania University in 1856, and went immediately to Europe for the purpose of pursuing his studies. He remained for some time in Berlin, and other

German cities, and completed his studies under the celebrated Desmarres. After a residence of three years on the European continent, during which time he cultivated his favorite studies with remarkable earnestness and perseverance, he returned to his native country in 1860 and settled in Detroit.

In 1862 he married the daughter of Senator Howard, of Michigan, and soon after went to Washington, where he was appointed by the Surgeon-General to establish a hospital for the treatment of eye and ear diseases of soldiers. Under Dr. Hildreth's management this institution became completely successful.

He went to Chicago in behalf of the Government and took charge of the Army Eye and Ear Hospital, to which soldiers were sent for a considerable period from all parts of the West.

Subsequently, Dr. Hildreth commenced to practice in his specialty of eye and ear diseases, in which he acquired a high and extensive reputation. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence and skill in his profession, and he devoted himself with enthusiasm to his studies. It may be said that very few physicians have kept up their studies more assiduously, or have labored more earnestly in a noble calling than he. His lectures before the Chicago Medical College on diseases of the eye and ear are still remembered by the students with gratitude, while many of the most valuable contributions to the medical journals emanated from his pen. He originated several modes of treatment of eye and ear diseases while he had charge of that department in the County Hospital, the excellence of which have been fully acknowledged by the medical profession. At the time of his death Dr. Hildreth was at work on a book in which he was recording his valuable experiences in the army.

Cut off thus suddenly in the very flower of his manhood, and in the midst of a career of usefulness and promise, his death will cause deep sorrow throughout a wide circle of personal friends, while it is to be equally deplored as a loss to the medical fraternity, of which the deceased was one of the brightest ornaments.

It was our pleasure to know Dr. Hildreth from the day he entered the Pennsylvania University, and we bear cheerful testimony to his talent, acquirements, and worth.

THE GREAT CALIFORNIA WALKIST.—Dr. George M. Bourne, the elderly Californian, of whose "pedestrianic" abilities we have spoken in a former number, writes us that he lately walked from San Jose to San Francisco and back, a distance of 110 miles, in thirty-eight hours' walking time. Dr. Bourne is sixty-four years of age, and a strict vegetarian, believing that "superior energy" is imparted to both brain and body by unbolted wheat bread, vegetables, and fruits.

Alluding to the sporting men who walk for wagers on prepared foot-ways, the Doctor says: "Taking the rough-and-tumble of a country road by day and by night is a very different thing from a "set" walk within inclosure, etc. I am satisfied that whisky, tobacco, and animal food, under like conditions of age and other antecedents, never could accomplish. I feel that thirty miles a day, 'day in and day out,' would be but child's play for me."

The Doctor speaks enthusiastically, but there is some reason for his boasting. His handwriting is beautifully clear and symmetrical. And if he walks as he writes, he must pace gracefully. We doubt whether Weston can flourish the pen with more ease and finish.

THE GREAT GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS.

KANT — HEGEL — FICHTE — JEAN PAUL — BÖRNE.

IN Germany the range and influence of speculative philosophy has been greater than in any other nation of modern times. The somewhat sluggish yet deeply reflective Teutonic mind found a field well suited to its capacities when Leibnitz published his philosophical writings, although it did not fairly become aroused to its full vigor until Kant's masterly treatises challenged the admiration of the world.

The singular expansion of German literature in the latter half of the eighteenth century is still a subject of wonder and comment, and the metaphysicians of the nineteenth century owe, and all succeeding centuries will owe, a great debt of suggestion and instruction to such thinkers as Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and Jean Paul Richter, who flourished then, and with others of less brilliancy completely emancipated philosophical speculation from the trammels of a foreign idiom, and gave it a character which may well claim comparison with the philosophy of Greece.

In Kant we find a grand development of the reflective intellect, with a temperament contributing to earnest and unremitting thought.

Fichte united observation with meditation. Having a powerful discernment and a ready susceptibility, he could appreciate the new and valuable principles uttered by others, and arrange and apply them in his own cogent manner. In Hegel we find a man of strong individuality and positive utterance. His philosophy, as a matter of course, to be in keeping with his organization, was pronounced and definite. Jean Paul's disposition, as well shown in the portrait, was of a lively, sprightly, humorous turn. His large perceptive organs appreciated the incongruous and inconsistent, and furnished such material for his mind to analyze and elaborate. His philosophy, if he had any at all, would not appear as a system, but as a collection of thoughts upon such topics as claimed his attention.

There is much of the sharp critic in the long face of Börne. He was a man, doubtless, given to the consideration of a few subjects, rather than many—one of those whom we designate at the present day as "men of one idea." He was in all probability possessed of much refinement in manner and conversation, and entertained lofty political aims.

PORTRAITS OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS.

KANT.

Immanuel Kant, one of the most influential of metaphysicians the world has known, was the son of a saddler, of Scotch descent, and was born at Konigsberg, 22d April, 1724. He was educated at the university of his birthplace, and after taking his degree commenced to teach and lecture on logic, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and mathematics. In 1762 he was offered, but declined, the chair of Poetry in his university. In 1770 he was appointed professor of logic and metaphysics. He lived to be nearly eighty years of age, dying February 12th, 1804. His private life was quite uneventful; he remained a bachelor to his death, preferring the society of his books and pen to wedded life. He scarcely ever went outside the walls of Konigsberg. His unimpeachable integrity and honor, his somewhat austere morality yet courteous bearing, his bold advocacy of political liberty, his profound learning and originality as a thinker, made him to be very highly respected.

His system of philosophy is of a nature which would require an extended article to render it altogether intelligible. Suffice it at present to say that the central point of

his system is found in the proposition, that before anything can be determined concerning the *objects* of cognition, the *faculty* of cognition itself, and the *sources of knowledge* lying therein, must be subjected to a critical examination. Before Kant, no thinker had grasped clearly the conception of a critical philosophy. His criticism had a twofold aim: 1st, to separate the necessary and universal in cognition from the merely empirical—*i. e.*, from the knowledge we derive through the senses; 2d, to determine the limits of cognition.

Rejecting the views of orthodox theologians with reference to the nature and being of God, Kant based his belief in Him on the inward necessities of a practical morality.

His leading works are the following: "Thoughts on the True Estimation of the Active Powers," published in 1747; "The False Hair-splitting of the Four Syllogistic Figures," 1762; "Observations on the Beautiful and Sublime," 1764; "On the Form and Principles of the Sensible and Intelligible World," 1770; "Critique of the Pure Reason," 1781; "Basis of the Metaphysics of Ethics," 1785; "Critique of the Practical Reason," 1788; "Critique of the Judgment," 1790; "Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason," 1793.

FICHTE.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born at Rammeau, in Upper Lusatia, on the 17th May, 1762. In his childhood he was more given to silent musings than to play; would wander away to elevated places, and there spend much time in gazing on the prospect spread out before him. At thirteen he was placed in the gymnasium of Pforta, and in 1780 he entered the University of Jena, where he first gave his attention to theology, but subsequently to philosophy. After leaving the university, he supported himself for many years by teaching, chiefly in the families of noblemen.

In 1791 he went to Konigsberg, where he became acquainted with Kant, and was an ardent disciple of that great thinker. In 1794 he was appointed to the chair of Philosophy at Jena University, and at once began to expound his metaphysical theories with great earnestness. In 1795 his "Doctrine of Science" was published, in which he seems to have broken away from Kant's careful and precise methods of speculation, and exhibited his own idealistic theories. In 1799 he was obliged to vacate his professorship on account of a charge of atheism being preferred against him, an impeachment which he vehemently denied. Going to Berlin, he commenced to lecture on his own account, and obtained no small reputation in this new sphere. In 1805 he was made professor of Philosophy at Erlangen, with the privilege of remaining at Berlin in the winter, and continuing his public lectures.

In 1810 the Prussian king committed to his charge the preparation of a new constitution for the University of Berlin, and when that institution opened under the new *régime* Fichte was unanimously elected rector. He filled this important post with great success for only a little more than three years, when he contracted a fever prevalent in the Berlin hospitals, which were at that time crowded with wounded and sick soldiers, his wife having but a short time before recovered from a violent attack of the same fever which she had taken while performing the self-imposed duties of a nurse to the sick. Notwithstanding the most assiduous attention Fichte gradually sank, and died January 27th, 1814.

He was a most enthusiastic philosopher and teacher. His speculations were strongly pervaded with transcendentalism. Freedom, absolute, spontaneous activity for its own sake, is not with Fichte, as with Kant, the condition and presupposition of moral action, but is itself the highest expression of the problem of the moral law.

The devotional spirit of Fichte is manifest in his later works, in which he brings out the theistic character of his metaphysics. His most conspicuous writings are: "Critique of all Revelation," 1792; "Doctrine of Science," already mentioned; "System of Ethics," 1798; "On the Destiny of Man," 1800; Lectures on "The Nature of the Scholar," 1805–1806; "The Way to the Blessed Life, or the Doctrine of Religion," 1806.

JEAN PAUL.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, better known as "Jean Paul," and called by his countrymen "The Unique," on account of his singular humor and sentimentality, was born in Bava-

ria, March 21st, 1763. From the gymnasium at Hof, Jean went to the University of Leipzig to study theology. There, however, he gave his attention to no one particular branch of literature, but roamed over the whole, making notes as he read. The materials thus collected appear in profusion on the pages of his works, doing duty as metaphors or illustrations.

His early student life was a fierce struggle with poverty; many a day passed without his tasting a morsel of food. It was some time before he obtained a recognition as a writer; his first publication involved him only in greater debt than he was before, and he was finally obliged to fly from the city to avoid imprisonment. In 1786 he obtained the tutorship in a family at Topen, and a few years after removed to Schwarzenbach, where he took charge of the education of the children of several families. With so little favor were his "Praise of Folly," "Greenland Lawsuits," 1783–1785, and "Selection from the Devil's Papers," 1788, received, that it seemed as if his literary efforts were doomed to failure; but the publication of the "Invisible Lodge," in 1793, turned the scale. This was followed by "Hesperus," in 1794, which made Richter well known outside of Germany.

A few more publications made Richter the most eagerly read in Germany of the authors of his time. His singular conceits, gay and sprightly consideration of grave or gloomy subjects, his serial fancy, and burlesque reflections on life and manners, and his rippling descriptions of nature, rendered his earlier works very popular; and as his native humor spices those of a philosophical character, they have been read very extensively.

Toward the close of his life he became very infirm, and was totally blind the last year. He died on the 14th of November, 1825.

His magnificent "Dream of the Dead Christ," from "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," 1797, was translated into English by Carlyle, as was also *Flegen Jahre*, or "Wild Oats." A work on the Immortality of the Soul, and some treatises on Esthetics and Education, comprise the more important of his reflective productions. His influence on German literature is conspicuous to-day.

HEGEL.

George William Friedrich Hegel was born at Stuttgart, August 27, 1770. His inclinations leaned toward the clerical profession, and to that end, after a thorough education in lower schools, he studied in the theological institute of Tubingen. After leaving the university he taught in private families, and continued his religious studies. In 1801 he became a tutor in the University of Jena, where he joined the metaphysician Schelling, with whom he had studied as an associate at Tubingen, in the editing of *The Critical Journal of Philosophy*.

The disastrous defeat of the Prussians by Napoleon at Jena, in 1806, had such an effect on educational interests that Hegel was obliged to seek the means of subsistence elsewhere. At Nithammer's request he went to Bamberg and edited a political paper for two years. In 1808 he was appointed rector of the gymnasium at Nuremberg, and remained in that position until 1816, when he was called to take a professorship of philosophy in Heidelberg. Two years later he was appointed to fill the rectorship in the University of Berlin, which Fichte had occupied a few years before.

His lectures on philosophy were largely attended, although his delivery was exceedingly poor. In the midst of his activities he was suddenly cut off by cholera on the 14th of November, 1831, and buried beside Fichte.

Hegel's philosophy started from the same position as Schelling's—the principle of the identity of knowing and being; but departs from Schelling in that this identity can be apprehended only through an intellectual intuition, of which the understanding can give no account. The process of thought with him involves three stages—positive, negative, and the union of both. The point from which all knowledge must start is thought simply and in itself, the science of which, logic, forms the first part of Hegel's system. But thought exists out of itself in nature, and the philosophy of nature accordingly ranks as the second part. Returning from nature, thought becomes conscious of itself in mind, and consequently the philosophy of mind forms the third part of the system.

The Hegelian philosophy is very elaborate, and has exercised a marked influence in Ger-

man metaphysical literature, several classes of thinkers founding their claims to consideration on this or that proposition of the great philosopher.

Among his works are, "The Difference between Fichte's and Schelling's Systems," 1801; "Phenomenology," 1807; "Science of Logic," 1812–1816; "Encyclopedia of Philosophical Knowledge," 1817; "Philosophy of Right," 1821; besides several volumes of essays and reviews.

BÖRNE.

Ludwig Börne, famous as a political philosopher, was born of Jewish parentage, May 18, 1786, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and died at Paris, February 13th, 1837. His father's name was Baruch, but when Ludwig in 1817 became a convert to Christianity, he adopted the name of Börne. He studied at Berlin, Halle, Heidelberg, and Giessen. At the latter place he applied himself chiefly to political science. He became known as a writer by publishing at Offenbach the *Staats Ristretto* and the *Zeitschivingen*, whose political tenets led to their suppression by the Grand Duke.

From 1818 to 1821 he edited a family paper entitled the *Wage*, containing philosophical criticisms on the stage, which were very highly esteemed. Subsequently he published his views of political questions, and usually arraying himself in literature against the existing order of things, but lived in retirement. About the year 1830 he founded a new paper at Paris, called *La Balance*, the object of which was to bring about a closer intellectual and social union between France and Germany. The ability displayed in his letters on governmental policy and social relations excited great admiration both in Germany and France. He was a warm sympathizer with Jean Paul, and his *Denkrede auf Jean Paul* is the finest reviewal of that thinker extant. Börne's political letters are in great part included in *Gesammelte Schriften* (17 vols., 1829–31) and *Nachgelassene Schriften* (6 vols., 1847–50).

A monument to his honor has been erected in Père la Chaise, and his old home in Frankfort has been restored and decorated.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition—opposition is what we want, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is a stimulant of the best faculties of man—the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

A NEW AMERICAN DISCOVERY—METALINE.

THIS is a metallic substitute for a lubricant. With metaline for bearings, no oil is necessary. The theory involved is this: bearings wear because the surfaces brought into contact are never truly smooth; they always resemble, more or less, two brushes drawn over each other, the prominences and cavities interlocking. Oil or grease acts as a lubricant, because it keeps the surfaces apart, and prevents interlocking. Metaline acts by filling up all the cavities, however small, in the shaft or bearing, producing a perfectly true surface, with which there can be no interlocking, and consequently, although friction remains, there can be no cutting, while heating is reduced to a minimun, and deprived of its evils.

The London *Engineer* says: "We had the pleasure of seeing one of the bearings running at 10,000 revolutions per minute; also a dozen cotton spindles running at 3,000 revolutions, and a little steam-engine driving them, making 100 revolutions per minute, with all the bearings screwed down hard, and not one drop of oil or lubricant of any kind. We saw, and therefore we believed."

At the office of the American Metaline Co., No. 61 Broadway, Franklin E. Bradshaw shows a steam-engine, counter shafting, saw mandril, spindle frame, etc., that have been running in metaline for over a year. The spindles in the frame are making 5 to 6,000 revolutions per minute, without heat or apparent wear. One spindle has a load upon it of 5½ lbs., and has been running for over ten months, seven hours per day, at from 2 to 7,000 revolutions per minute in a step and bolster of this article. There is no oil, no heat, and no wear.

Readers interested in mechanism should look at this valuable discovery.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

S. S. PACKARD, EDITOR

THE hope of the country is in its young men; the hope of young men is in the strength of their integrity and the incorruptibility of their lives. It is a question worthy of profound thought whether the tendency of the age is toward a liberalism which is likely to end in social demoralization, or whether, through the intense materialism which seems more and more to direct our energies and shape our lives, we shall preserve intact those higher sentiments of honor, honesty, and accountability to God which, in all ages and under all circumstances, have proven the rock of safety and the key to true progress.

In his "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens seems fully to comprehend this peculiarity of public hope and public apprehension, which, though not confined to any age, seems specially appropriate to the present time: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we were all going directly to heaven, we were all going directly to the other place," etc. Thus are our hopes, wishes, apprehensions, and fears forever mingling and forever opposing, and thus will it ever be that the season of Light to one is the season of Darkness to another; that the very circumstances which to some are full of promise, of life, of the verdure of spring, to others are but the forebodings of chilling frost, of despair, and death.

There can be no doubt as to the real progress of the world; for, notwithstanding the conviction which is often forced upon us that individuality of character and pureness of life are being lost sight of by those who are soon to assume the direction of affairs, not one among us all would welcome back the days of fifty years ago. Never in the history of the world was there such hope for the future as now; never such opportunities for individual progress; never so many accepting and using those opportunities.

It is not true now, it never has been, it never will be, that vice prospers and virtue has no promise of reward. It is not true now, never was, and never will be, that those who live temperately, deal justly, and respond in their every act to the demands of conscience and the best good of society, have not an even chance in the race for worldly prosperity and recognition. The young men of to-day need to be self-guarded against the glitter and show of a false life, however it may seem to carry with it the approval of men and the favor of riches. Shrewdness and the dishonesty which gives it space for action may serve a temporary purpose. They may even win applause from thoughtless men and women, who really do not intend to countenance the wrong; but in the end, surely, that life which has the clearest purpose of well-doing will be the successful life, and no temporary glitter can long blind the world to this fact.

The hope of the country is in its young men. The hope of young men is in their ability to put aside the glitter of a false life, and to grow strong by the practice of manly virtues.

THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY OF FRANCE.

BY CHARLES LEMPRIERE, D.C.L.

[The following article was prepared for us nearly one year ago, and has the distinctive merit of reflecting the popular impression at that time. We print it now for that reason.—ED. PACKARD'S MONTHLY.]

THE man Louis Napoleon, his system of government, and the mode adopted to make it palatable to the nation he rules, are all so obnoxious to the usual current of thought which prevails on this side of the Atlantic, that a reverse to his policy would be highly acceptable to the majority of Americans. But history is a different thing from daily prophecy such as certain writers habitually indulge in on both sides of the Atlantic; nor are there lacking means of explaining why results confidently assured have not been realized. It must be worth while to consider carefully and impartially what are the moving causes for action in so highly civilized a nation as the French, and one so nearly connected in past and present amicable relations with the United States.

The subject of a declaration of national will especially deserves American thought, and the manipulation of its expression is not without its peculiar interest after the late revelations of the machinery employed in our Presidential election. The present circumstances of the Empire at this juncture, and the parliamentary crisis it has just passed through, appear to warrant certain conclusions, both as to the stability of the Dynasty and the prospects of European peace generally.

Napoleon was accepted as practical Dictator in the chaos which succeeded the events of 1848. In two years he succeeded in founding what is now called "personal" government. For fifteen years it has been on its trial, and the country has just decided that it must be changed, leaving the initiation of the maneuver and the mode of its adoption to the Emperor himself. So far as can be gathered, such a decision is acquiesced in by the masses,and the result is patiently waited for by the whole population of France, amounting to forty millions. About eight have voted at the ballot boxes, probably less than half the adult males entitled, and of this number about two-thirds have supported the Government. By the increase in the ranks of the opposition, the Emperor promptly recognized a desire on the part of his people for an extension of parliamentary government as distinguished from personal, and has declared his willingness to accept the position, and to prepare a scheme to submit to the representatives in council. The world at large waits in anxious expectation. Without controversy Napoleon is the ablest man in his dominions. He saved them once in a great peril. He has conducted the affairs of the nation with judgment, and certainly with unprecedented success, and has on all occasions showed himself to be completely awake to the wants and aspirations of his people. He has always been his own minister, though he has had the judgment, and we may add the good fortune, to find excellent coadjutors, a fortune which seems almost hereditary; but his plans and his speeches are his own, for they bear an unmistakable personality.

Louis Napoleon is a standing example of how much latitude is to be allowed to the interpretation of the vulgar idea, "Measures, not men." Like his great rival, Count Bismarck, and still more the late Italian patriot Cavour, he seems to have been sent by a special Providence to direct the events of the age.

They all are seemingly men of circumstance; but unlike the ordinary run of men, instead of adapting themselves to circumstances, they have adapted circumstances to themselves, and controlled them to their ends. As has been frequently remarked, not one of the antecedents of Louis Napoleon gave any indication of the vigor of administrative talent he has since almost uninterruptedly displayed. His early life, marked though it was by very extraordinary vicissitudes, passed in the commonest phases; and although at times he showed some fair promise of development in engineering and military studies, more particularly in his strictures on artillery practice, there was nothing from his pen or in his speeches which foreshadowed a commanding or even a practical intellect of a high order; while, on the contrary, his actions in his early manhood were marked by a reckless extravagance of design, and a corresponding absence of the requisite caution in proportioning materials and means to an end proposed, which in the minds of most men seemed to warrant the general apprehension of him that he was a visionary. It is, however, to be remarked that even in his early and wildest projects he seems to have exercised to a very powerful degree that mystic magic of personal attraction, together with an intuitive, and as it were magnetic, influence to

draw to him firmly men of ability and resources, which attaches partisans unhesitatingly to a leader with an affection and faith surpassing almost all other endurance. The officers and men who accompanied him in his two expeditions to Strasbourg and Boulogne, which might not unfairly be termed Quixotic, were unanimously imbued with faith, perfect faith, in his fortunes. And the grateful remembrance of their faithful adherence seems in a great measure to warrant it by the constant and handsome acknowledgment of it by the Emperor at all times and on all occasions. Many of them, still alive and far removed from the scene, still speak of them now in the same terms which they used on the occasions themselves. Be that as it may, when the events of 1848 opened out the way into France for him on the expulsion of Louis Philippe, he was not slow in taking advantage of them, and certainly he showed his adroitness in turning to his favor the reactionary feelings called out by the severity of repression used against the rebellion of June in that year, imperatively demanded of Cavaignac, and unhesitatingly rendered by that honest but somewhat obtuse Republican, and which ultimately cost him his rejection from the Presidential chair, and his exile from his country. Everything Napoleon turned into the scale of his own fortunes. Stories, some of them the most improbable in their nature, of the causes of the large majorities he obtained on his nomination as President of the Republic are very rife, and to those who know the depth of ignorance prevailing in the rural districts of France, are not wholly without foundation. It is said that at the ballot many of the old peasants voted for him as his uncle, the great Napoleon, returned to his beloved France from his long exile at St. Helena, and would not be persuaded otherwise. But whatever were the sources whence his undeniable popularity was derived, they have never failed in supply, and late events point unmistakably to their being in greater force than ever.

After the tremendous convulsion of society at the end of the last century, France has gone through several organic social changes—military despotism, mild and senile aristocratical rejuvenescence, vulgar and shameless Plutocracy—resulting in the renewed earthquake of February, 1848. Though bolstering up their damaged reputation by such names as Lamartine and Arago, the Provisional Government of that day fell after four months' gross mismanagement, if not worse, of the public moneys, an exhibition of utter incompetency to conduct public business at home and abroad which earned the indignant contempt and abhorrence of almost every class and profession in the nation. Their expulsion and defeat cost Paris dear. Many of the regiments of National Guards, recruited by shopkeepers, lost in the four days' fighting in the streets, nine out of ten killed! and one regiment in the Clos de St. Lazare was annihilated without yielding one step. But the necessity was so urgent and so well understood that they persevered to the bitter end, so terrible to them was the uncontrolled anarchy and the unbridled rule of the dangerous classes, far more numerous, bloody, and turbulent in Paris than in any other city in the world, except perhaps New York. In Paris, republicanism has nothing but the prostituted name in common with the republicanism of America, or the ancient glories of the noble institutions of Greece and Rome. That second experiment of the union of atheism and licentiousness in naked and hideous deformity terrified even the philosophers of France, the last class of the community to be moved by the ordinary feelings of humanity. Therefore the seizure of the reins of power by a strong hand was a positive boon to the overwrought apprehensions of Capital and Trade. Even the *coup d'état* of December 10—the forcible arrest of the Generals Changarnier, Lamoriciere, and the rest; the apparently useless fusillade in the streets, that damning spot on the escutcheon of Louis Napoleon—was condoned for its beneficial results on the manifest security of property and life. And here we may remark on the supposed policy continually ascribed to him by certain of the papers, of inciting disturbance to show how easily he can put it down. Jupiter is not represented with his thunders in his hand. It is enough that they are ready to his touch. France will never forget the lesson of that day, nor require a second proof how readily his appliances of altering the boulevards, building central vast barracks, and macadamizing the streets have prevented the slightest chance of barricading Paris upon an outburst of popular armed insurrection. Both they and he know better. From that day the enemies of Napoleon have been divided into three camps more antagonistic to each other than to their common adversary—the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Reds, nor have they ever been able to agree upon any common cause. The first care Napoleon exercised was to put commerce on a sound basis, and the constant aim of his policy has been permanently and persistently to insure

the material prosperity of the nation at large, and it must be conceded with the most astonishing and satisfactory results. Hence, though he has three times given way to the national instincts for war so indelibly stamped on the French character, he has been almost unanimously supported by the sympathies and the willing purse of the whole nation, while the commercial supremacy of the Mediterranean Sea secured by the fall of Sebastopol, and the not equally creditable cession of Savoy to France by Italy as the price of French assistance in the suppression of the detested Austrian tyranny, reconciled the people to the lavish expenditure of men and treasure; and even the failure of the ill-advised expedition to found a Latin Empire in Mexico, though it told severely abroad against his prestige, was played over successfully at home by the profuse decoration of the troops, and the immense amount of plunder wrested from that most wretched but most wealthy of helpless and besotted countries. The material welfare of France has never been so promoted and fostered as in his reign. The moral and political have lain dormant. There has never been any sign of revival in the life of either during his rule. The spasmodic attacks of the party and press of revolution have invariably resulted in the most disastrous and even ridiculous defeats. Even the celebrated debate on the Mexican disgrace, though the facts could not be denied nor the inevitable conclusion obscured, though led by the most celebrated orators and statesmen against the Government that have been heard in that or perhaps any other country, and though the results could neither be excused or even palliated, and there was no attempt to do either, yet it exhibited the spectacle of a magnificent forlorn hope where the officers are speedily and hopelessly annihilated, the supporting body never appeared in the breach, and the army whose approach they were supposed to herald and clear the way for, never existed at all. The seventeen names in that celebrated minority stamped the martyrdom of that party. It seems to have been reserved to the old age of M. Thiers to enact the *rôle* of Quintus Curtius without the slightest consequence from his theatrical self-immolation. That distinguished orator, statesmen, and author has lived the life of a stormy-petrel for a period far beyond what is usually granted to ordinary politicians, and the imposture recorded by the verdict of literary criticisms on his historical truth and accuracy has been apparently ratified by the crowning defeat of his political activity. The greatest of living French statesmen and authors was once being congratulated on his recovery from a severe illness. He smiled, and showing Thiers' "Consulat et l'Empire," said, "You see I am well enough to read—romances!"

The fact seems to be that to the French mind France is the world, and Paris is France. The Frenchman can never colonize. Even among the fleshpots of Egypt his soul yearns for the Boulevards. An Ishmaelite abroad, he is the most devoted and consistent of nationalists at home, and no sensation experienced by the Swiss exile at the *rond des vaches*, so often the theme of novelists and poets, can equal the centripetal attraction of France and Paris to the expatriated Frenchman. And yet among themselves the most remarkable characteristic of the nation is an entire absence of the principle of cohesion. France is a nation of individuals, yet theirs is the very genius of organization. The material character of the national intellect impels them to mathematical accuracy and excellence in the ordinary as well as the extraordinary occupations of life quite as much as in the higher walks of science. There, indeed, she has enrolled the unrivaled names of her sons in the scroll of undying fame. It is this capacity of the Emperor Napoleon, above all others, that appears to be the basis of his invariable success, viz., the high, wide, and deep scope of his administrative ability joined as it is no doubt to marvelous tact and a very powerful style of popular oratory. Witness his address to his army on their entering Paris after the Crimean campaign, which is quite a model of effective eloquence. The *Times* of London, December 30, 1856, says: "His Majesty, urging his horse to the central point from which the mass of troops diverged in a fan-like form, uncovered and harangued them in the following words, delivered with that imperial clearness and strength which seem to belong to the ruler of the French: 'Soldiers, I come to meet you, as the Roman senate of old came to the gates of Rome to meet the victorious legions. I come to tell you that you have deserved well of your country. My emotion is great, for with the happiness of again beholding you are mingled painful regrets for those that are no more, and a profound chagrin not to have been able myself to lead you in the field. Soldiers of the Guard and of the Line, you are welcome! You both represent that army of the East whose courage and perseverance have nobly illustrated our eagles, and recovered for France the rank which is her

due. The country, attentive to all which has been accomplished by you, welcomes you with so much the more pride as it measures your efforts by the obstinate resistance of the enemy you vanquished. I have recalled you, though the war is not ended, because it is just to replace by turns the regiments which have suffered most. Each will thus go to take its share in the glory. The land that maintains 600,000 soldiers is interested that there should be in France a numerous war-trained army to serve her as occasion requires. Carefully, then, preserve your habits of war. Strengthen yourselves in the experience which you have gained. Hold yourselves in readiness to answer the appeal of your country. But to-day forget the trials of a soldier's life. Thank God for having spared you. March proudly among your brethren in arms, and your fellow-citizens whose acclamations await you.'"

Witness another not less well-designed and far-reaching piece of Machievelism, his reply to the successful French exhibitors at the great Exposition at Kensington, in London, during the summer of 1862. It must be borne in mind that there had been a great panic in England at the unfortified state of the ports and coasts, and large sums of money had been voted by Parliament for the purpose of putting in order all the existing fortifications and erecting new ones on the most expensive scale, and with all the most modern scientific improvements. Of course in such a matter the press had not been idle or silent. Napoleon said, "Gentlemen, a vast deal of unnecessary alarm has been created by the discussion of the probabilities of invasion of England by France, but you have invaded England at the special invitation of England, and to the mutual advantage of England and France."

Paris is the delight of the nation. He has made it a city of palaces. Like the Roman Emperor Augustus, another nephew of a great Cæsar, Napoleon can boast that he found his capital of brick and he will leave it of marble. The roads, canals, bridges, docks of France are the very best and most carefully preserved in the world. His army, the pride of every living man, woman, and child in his dominions, is the most effective and perfectly organized piece of machinery that the wealth and power of monarchs or the most energetic and patriotic enthusiasm of aroused peoples have ever been able to accomplish. His navy, from a very neglected condition, rivals if it does not surpass the British in number, armament, and appointments, while the regulation, order, and administration, in a word, neatness of its working, is a perfect example to all the others. The department of public justice is equally admirable—simple, impressive, and inexorable. The judges are the very cream of the intellectual talent and vigor of the nation. The police has become the byword of other *régimes*. Crime in Paris is never a necessity—it is a profession by choice. In the provinces it is almost invariably the result of brutal appetite and the consequence of low moral culture. The notoriety of crime is never attractive in France, expect to the family of criminals, and the unsparing severity of repression robs it of its charms. Napoleon allows of no pet *politicians* in his Tombs. Nor do well-meaning but mischievous philanthropists make his prisons a desirable haven for the destitute and starving poor. He has opened up opportunities and chances of advancement in life to the aspiring and energetic young man of all classes, in almost every branch of industry, art, and science, for no details however small or however intricate are beneath the notice of Government. The Continental traveler can not fail to remark the divergence of French and Prussian bureaucracy. The Prussian, though equally all-pervading, is made almost purposeless, as it were, annoying and irritating to the last degree, while the personal arrogance and even insolence of the Prussian official in condescending to explain to the bewildered stranger the inviolabitity of the system, contrasts notably with the almost apologetic affability of the Frenchman. In a word, France at this moment presents a very marvelous spectacle of order, at all events externally, in very strong relief to what meets the eye in every other country. The events of the past few weeks seem to intensify the cursory observation.

A vast and most unprecedented amount of political excitement has prevailed throughout the crowded centers of population. What is called the spirit of the age has been loudly proclaimed as against him and the system embodied by him. What has been the result? The Legitimists have to a man invariably supported him heart and soul. The Orleanists are nowhere, or have gained Ollivier and Daru in the new ministry; and the Constitutionalists have been signally defeated. Only the Reds remain; and instead of three sets of enemies he has but one to try his strength against. With almost the single exception of Jules Favre, a man whose character and talents would adorn any country and any age, their

candidates are men who promise no advantage to the councils of the nation. Raspail, Bancel, Rochefort, and the others, have been long known, but neither their actions nor writings have inspired confidence, still less respect, at home or abroad. Victor Hugo has entered again into the arena, but novelists of his stamp have, without a single exception, failed of doing more than excite a spasmodic and effervescent sensation in practical life. The fact is, that the nation recognizes the imperious necessity of repression. Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles they know are safe under his rule; and although such a cramping of the free liberty of speech and action would be intolerable to other people, they prefer it to the chances, or rather certainties, of the other method of meeting popular opinion. At all events, they have the right to choose their own way of conducting their own business, and if they are satisfied no one else has any right to complain. Napoleon has already intimated his desire to inaugurate immediate reforms in the direction pointed out, viz., Parliamentary government. And his supremacy in the House of Representatives has removed all fear that their overriding his policy would drive him, as it would inevitably have done, to foreign aggressive war to expel one kind of national excitement dangerous to him by another much more attractive and more congenial to the temper of the nation at large. To judge from all appearances, the danger to France does not show any evidence of coming from the political quarter of the horizon, at all events during the life and energy of the present Emperor. He is the living embodiment of the immoral but undeniable sentiment of the nineteenth century "Nothing is so successful as success." But the social, moral, and religious condition is a subject of far more apprehension. Education is mainly in the hands of the priesthood; the family controls such of it as exists not entirely so. Every Frenchwoman who has passed a life of disorder or extravagance invariably becomes devout in her declining years. What that means it is not in our province to describe. But from the Empress downward, through all the circles of the Empire, that influence is unremittingly pushed. The Church presents in its policy the same discipline, neatness of order, and administration as the Government, and with much the same external results. In no country will you find such a body of active, intelligent, well-ordered, self-sustaining priesthood as in France. But what is the practical result on the morals and social status of the kingdom? Religion is a double word. Its Latin signification is binding together, and in this sense France is religious, for dissent is extremely rare. But there is a higher, deeper meaning in the abiding and living sense of duty to God, our neighbor, and to our own souls. How much of that is there? Does a Frenchman ever converse on it even in the domestic circle, if, as we said before, any such exists? Does one find any trace of it in the writings of any layman, or indeed any churchman, apart from dogma or doctrine? Is not French life essentially the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life in every phase of its existence? The omnipotence and omnipresence of polluting selfishness pervades the whole atmosphere and obtrudes itself at every turn. It is "the representation of the doctrine of interest and the theory of sentiment," so vigorously denounced by their own philosophers. It is materialism in its most seductive form, but only vailing hollowness and baseness.

In no country is unbridled luxury and licentiousness so shameless, nowhere the sacred ties of personal and family honor so openly derided. If not reveling in scenes of luxurious sensuality, the ordinary pages of French literature speak of disregard of conjugal and other relations, successful intrigue, and deliberate chicanery, holding up to imaginary example models of men who have outraged every principle of personal honor. This may seem a somewhat harsh and overdrawn picture, but any one who has tried to find books of light literature fit to put into the hands of pure-minded young women will realize its truth. Yet French ladies are not ashamed to read it, and only notice a reprehension of it by the national shrug of the shoulders. It is true that many noble-minded men in the Church have striven to stem the torrent, but they have never accomplished anything beyond making themselves fashionable. Their works died with them. The cause of failure is the spirit of indifference, an incapacity of realizing the duty of a conscience void of offense. Infidelity, as such, takes no hold on the heart or the intellect of France. Renan, the most able exponent of views which profoundly exercise vast masses of thinkers in Germany, makes no way with Frenchmen. He is talking about matters with which they have no great concern. How this apathy will be roused, and when, is a momentous question. The close of the Emperor's life will open a great struggle. If he shall have left in power men thoroughly possessing the

people's confidence, and his rule has kept pace with the progress of the liberties of the nation, as they themselves interpret them, the hands into which he commits his son and imperial successor may be strong enough to curb the disturbing elements. But this is always under the proviso that no period of national suffering or disgrace should intervene to break the present sense of security in the national material prosperity. No Bourbon prince's promises will pass as current coin however lavishly given or craftily designed. The wealth and intelligence of the country are unquestionably decided against any renewal of the experiment of a Provisional Government. The views of the wisest and ablest of the opposition statesmen are rather for a fair and gradual extension of political liberty, than any violent subversion of the powers that be and a consequent return to anarchy. The Empire is undoubtedly founded on the expression of the popular will, and the education of it to demand and enjoy a freer exercise of self-government seems to be the view of the reformers. Jules Favre says, "Independence, disinterestedness, political courage, are the elementary rules. We only require to remember them to do our duty." Cousin says, "There is no error more profound or more dangerous than to regard the principle of authority apart, independent, and deriving its force and legitimacy from itself. Far from strengthening it, it takes from it its most solid foundation; legitimate and moral authority is only justice, and justice is only respect for liberty." These truths the Emperor Napoleon is too wise to ignore, and the intimate acquaintance he has invariably shown with the wants and wishes of France must lead him in self-defense, if not in true honesty of purpose, to concede such measures of liberty as may be safe and profitable without opening too wide the sluices of revolutionary agitation. Many indications of such a policy have been given by him lately, and from so cautious a promiser they are the more reliable. On the whole, the experiment of the late appeal to the people, and the manifestation of renewed confidence in his government, gives a strong guarantee for the peace of Europe. With an army so prepared at all points, and an easy exchequer, Napoleon might have been tempted to checkmate a popular vote against him by a still more popular war against Prussia. That fear is now allayed. Peace will enable him to continue the development of the vast resources of France, and to mature plans for the political enfranchisement and reforms needed, and, under Providence, a prosperous and happy reign may continue.

WESTERN EMIGRATION

BY T. B. GARDNER.

IN discussing matters of national importance men should be logical. By straining the rules of logic we can make a falsity appear to be the truth; but after all, the result of logical reasoning is the truth in its purest simplicity. We may attempt to prove that black is white, but before we get to the end of our reasoning we shall show ourselves at fault. If a man owes a hundred dollars, and has but ninety to pay it with, he will preserve his reputation by stating that fact to his creditors. Thus it is with all matters, both national and personal. There is nothing to be gained by misrepresentation in any sphere of life. The question of Western emigration is one of financial importance both to the nation and individuals who are induced to engage in the development of our occidental provinces by representations both of Government and persons at the East, who are interested in Western schemes. So far as the natural attractions of the West are concerned too much can not be said by the most ardent admirer. Between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains there is as fine scenery as the most skillful artist ever sketched or painted or poetic imagination ever pictured in its most enthusiastic flights. The gracefully rolling prairies decked with an interminable variety of the most brilliant flowers growing upon a bed of the richest green, present a picture rarely equaled upon the canvas of the most ardent admirer of nature; while as one approaches the lofty range of mountains the observer is awe-stricken, as well as filled with admiration at this remarkably picturesque phase of nature. Rising from the verdant and ever-blooming plains are the lower mountains, backed by the snowy range in almost everlasting white; the whole scene presenting an aspect that can but charm the eye and awaken the most enthusiastic admiration.

Thus looks the scene to the tourist at his ease; but to him who goes out with fond anticipations to take his part in the conversion

of all these charming surroundings to the use of the nation and his own personal advancement, the sentimental is lost sight of in the more personal and utilitarian view. Nature, in all her attractiveness, does not seduce his mind from the great end; and if he pauses in his onward march to yield even for a moment to the inspirations of his surroundings, the effect is only to inflame his hope and add to the fire of his ambition.

There are three classes of Western emigrants to-day. First, the farmer and mechanic, moving from a Western State to the new Territories, where they expect to find a new and pleasanter field for the gratification of their love for a frontier life. They have almost from infancy been accustomed to "roughing it," and would sleep as well in the open air on a pallet of straw with a couple of army blankets over them as most of us would upon a bed of down in our comfortable homes. They are by nature the legitimate pioneers, and in the long run are the ones who best succeed pecuniarily during the first years of a new community. They expect privations, and laugh at hardships that would make one unused to their experiences falter, if not turn back.

The second class of emigrants (if they can be termed such) are the agents of some of the rich companies who are *pretending* to develop some of our mining Territories, or enrich themselves by land speculations, but who by their misconduct are injuring the West and bringing harm to more people than they benefit. The less of such emigrants the better. They are of the class who believe in the saying "that misery likes company," and to get others into the same predicament they have fallen into, induce facile correspondents to indite flaming notices, and exhaust their ingenuity to present fictitious attractions to draw new victims into the snare. There are by far too many of such in the West.

The third class of emigrants (and those who are the hardest to get there, even temporarily) are sober-minded, practical capitalists. It is hard to convince them that the West offers better inducements for investments than they can find at the East. There are many portions of our Western country that have just reached that point in the course of development where a judicious investment of capital will produce the most beneficial results to the territory itself, as well as amply remunerate the capitalist for the use of his money. This is peculiarly true of Colorado. While she possesses the richest mines of any of our territorial possessions, she has been in many respects the most unlucky of our mining districts. Mismanagement and downright robbery have prostrated her; and the cause of many of her misfortunes lies at the doors of some of our avaricious Shylocks at the East, who by a most ridiculous as well as wicked system of operations have impoverished themselves and their friends, as well as brought the Territory into disrepute. Notwithstanding all such drawbacks, her mines are now in such a condition as to render sensible investments both safe and amply remunerative. As it is, there is no doubt that her mines will make a better exhibit this year than ever before. Many from this state of things may be led to infer that there is a sure and easily acquired fortune to be had by emigration to the mining districts of Colorado. This is not so, except the emigrant has sufficient capital to buy and work a lode himself, or to erect reduction works for the treatment of the ores from the mines now working and ready for development. There is no surer and safer investment on the face of the earth than in the reduction of the silver ores of Georgetown, and in saving the treasure in the ores in and around Central City and Boulder. A dozen companies with a working capital of $500,000 each could erect their works and be kept busy the entire year with more profit than from almost any other kind of investment. Such is the emigration Colorado needs at present. The advent of such institutions will furnish a demand for the influx of laborers and mechanics and consequently will provide a market for the ranchmen, whose farming products will be in demand at profitable prices. There is this season an unhealthy emigration in this direction which is to be regretted. What is most wanted there is cash capital applied to the development of the mines. The proximity of the Union Pacific Railroad to Colorado renders a trip to the Rocky Mountains simply a pleasure excursion to a locality where the salubrity of climate and beauty of scenery will more amply repay for the visit than a sojourn at any of the more fashionable and older places of summer resort. Business may be united to pleasure in this journey of five days, and even a cursor view of Colorado will demonstrate to an practical mind that capital can be well em ployed there.

Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa at present offe better advantages to the farmer and mechani than any other of the new districts in thi locality, for they have in a measure passe through the embarrassments some of the othe Territories are just entering—which are cause

by misrepresentation consequent upon the speculative fever which the presence of mineral wealth always induces. Such travelers as Mr. Richardson, whose appreciative nature and happy situation prompt admiration for the beauties that surround him, may remark that "some brushes will paint the sky in rose color, and others in black; some eyes see the shield in silver and others in brass to the end of the chapter," etc.

There is no phase of nature that to the appreciative soul does not tell a pleasing story and excite the happiest emotions, if the heart is in a responsive state; and nowhere in our vast domain, I may perhaps say on the face of the earth, does nature in her exterior appear so grand, so romantic, and so charming as in the districts before alluded to. Bowles may with his graceful pen attempt to describe; Richardson may go into ecstasies and indulge in all candor in fond remembrances; induced by the charming scenes around him; Bierstadt may exhaust his almost inexhaustible ingenuity to copy the originals of nature upon canvas, but they will all fail to hold the picture up to nature as seen from their point of vision; but to too many who go out from comfortable homes in the Eastern States, with ill-digested plans and ignorance as to their future material surroundings in the far West, these songs of admiration very often prove to be only enchanting strains that allure for awhile, intoxicating for a time, leaving the victim at last in the slough of disappointment and despondency.

The great West is not to be disparaged. Her future is brilliant and successful. She may yet be the controlling section of our country; but to bring this about, and throw her vast resources into the treasury of the nation, requires practical effort, hard labor, and honest co-operation from the East, particularly in the investment of capital.

BRAIN-TELEGRAPHY.

BY F. G. FAIRFIELD.

I SEEM to be in a quaint, old Teutonic town, in a quaint, old Teutonic library, *vis-à-vis* with a quaint, old Teutonic professor, with a skull-cap on. You can always tell a Teutonic professor by his skull-cap, that is, by its looking as if it had been dipped in oil, and afterward scientifically subjected to the deposition of several layers of dirt. Distrust the genuineness and authenticity of a Teutonic professor with a wholesome skull-cap! Ten to one you'll find vestiges of alien blood somewhere in the pedigree of the creature. They have a philosophy of the skull-cap—those leathery-looking professors Teutonic—and, for scientific reasons, insist that it shall be coated exactly so thick with oily nastiness; the scientific reasons being that oil and nastiness in proper quantities mixed, are non-conductors of ideas, and that consequently, when a professor once gets an idea in his head, it never gets out again as long as he is careful not to take off his skull-cap. The reasons are economical reasons. Professors need to be economical of ideas sometimes; and German professors always are so.

I seem to be seated in a quaint, old Teutonic library, in a Teutonic town, *vis-à-vis* with a lank, leathery Teutonic professor who looks like a huge dried fig, or a huge elongated bit of dried beef. Really, I am in New York, at least in body; and the professor, so far as physical presence is concerned, is a myth. I have been reading Professor F. G. Bergmann's "*Centologie Generale*" for several days, having become thoroughly inoculated with his theory of aboriginal anthropistses. Yesterday I came to the conclusion that it would be a capital idea to interview the old gentleman; but how to circumvent the limitations—that was the question.

I had sundry nervous twinges the very moment the idea entered my head, but minded nothing about them; being personally a mere ganglion, a network of nerves terminating in a head-center, without any *physique* to speak of, and being, consequently, subject to nervous twinges without any occasion for them.

Yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as I was sitting quietly at my desk, pen in hand, there came a shock so sudden and powerful as to resemble a spasm of epilepsy; and when I came, or seemed to come, to myself I was sitting *vis-à-vis* with a little leathery old man—a sort of worn-out shoe of humanity with a skull-cap on its head.

"Glad to see you," muttered the little mummy, with a smile that made that leathery cuticle of his rattle—"glad to see you, sir, very."

Muttered, did I say? The old gentleman made not a sound during the whole conversation, either in Teutonic or English—wagged

not that leathery tongue of his even once. There was a sort of internal understanding between him and me: that was all. I understood by a sort of telegraphy mental what he intended to say, but did not; and he seemed to understand by the same process what I would have answered, that is, the answer that was in me, but was unarticulated.

The leathery lips smiled; Dr. Skullcap looking like one of his own anthropistses.

"Dr. Bergmann, of course," I thought to myself, having no intention, however, to inform him what I was thinking about.

"Dr. Bergmann, certainly," answered the Doctor mentally, yet just as intelligibly to me as if I had heard with my very ears exactly what his answer would have been had he answered audibly at all. There was nothing in the matter at all akin to mesmerism—nothing at all mysterious about it. I was not even *en rapport* with the Doctor partially, being in full possession of myself and quite master of my own volition. There was something so natural in conversing without saying anything, and so easy withal, that I began to ponder why people had not taken to it before.

"Brain-telegraphy," remarked my *vis-à-vis*, internally of course—"the strangest discovery of the age."

"Discovered, no doubt, by the most remarkable man of the age," I replied with a semi-quotation from the dead Dickens.

"The world," went on the Doctor, "has trodden for years on the verge of a great discovery, the germ of which was planted in the cultivation of what is termed perception. When you reflect that every human heart-beat communicates its impulse infinitesimally to the whole universe, you will readily understand that it only needs a certain nicety of perception to feel the pulsation of every human heart; to count them; to miss the beat of a single one the instant it stops; to take note of the beat of another the very instant it begins. Man perceives through the senses; but they are only the conditioning of perception, and it is possible to attain a sensitiveness of perception that enables you to feel, to know, to take cognition of a thing, without intervention of sight or hearing,—which is perception, pure, simple, and unconditioned. They who must see or hear in order to know are fossils in civilization. For my own part," went on the Doctor, "not a motion of the universe escapes me—not a motion either of matter or thought. I could manufacture a valid cosmogony, as I have evolved a valid ontology. Talk about philosophy! I have no need of it. I know, and need not, therefore, cogitate."

I was conscious that Dr. Bergmann had not spoken a word—had not even moved his lips; yet I had comprehended his remarks just as circumstantially as I should have done had he really been talking to me. "I am curious as to the *rationale* of this phenomenon of conversing without talking," I thought. "I wonder if Dr. Skullcap has any explanation to offer."

"You are curious," replied the old gentlemen, "as to philosophical grounds. I never reason about a matter. Matters of fact are matters of fact. What is, is,—and I am perfectly aware of it. I need not trouble myself as to what might be (or may be), which is the province of all philosophy. A man who could evolve a daily transcript of the motions of the universe out of his own consciousness can have no occasion to speculate."

"What a capital reporter you'd make," I put in mentally by way of answer—"what a famous newspaperman! Not but that newspapermen have been known to evolve facts out of their consciousness before now. That is common enough; but, unfortunately, facts so evolved have not always proved reliable. By the way, Dr. Skullcap, why can't you issue a daily? That is your vocation—not a doubt of it."

"There is," began my *vis-à-vis*—"there is no reason why perception should not be so developed as to be unconditioned. It is all folly to have to see and hear in order to understand,—all nonsense, the whole of it. Science has never done more than dodge the limitations which it could not overcome. The true way to absolute knowledge is by cultivating that faculty which I term perception, and which feels and knows without intervention of the senses. You and I converse easily, fluently, without uttering an audible word; and that is what I call overcoming the limitations—for the perceptive faculty is susceptible of an education that enables it to take cognition of all intellectual motions. A thought is to the universe of consciousness what a heart-beat is to that of matter. In a word, it is motion which must be felt through a certain medium; for consciousness (human) is nothing more nor less than force, and is governed by the same law of undulation that is illustrated in the action of other forces. A great part of all which is termed intuition is simply suggestion, the communication of a thought-wave from one central ganglion to another; and there are thought-waves just as there are light-waves, heat-waves,

and the like, and every thought-wave that emanates from every ganglion affects every other ganglion,—imperceptibly in most instances, indistinctly always, but affects it, nevertheless, even to the modification of the usual current of suggestion. Let one great mind set itself to the solution of a scientific problem, and others in different parts of the world will be at once concentrated on that problem; and that, too, without the slightest visible collusion,—which is in harmony with my theory, that every thought-wave imperceptibly but usually affects every central nerve-battery. A perception sufficiently sensitive is all that is necessary to apprehend these thought-waves distinctly, to translate them to oneself, to tell whence they came, and in what brain they originated; and this constitutes the basis of brain-telegraphy, to make which valuable as a means of communication through interminable distances it is only necessary voluntarily to give it particular direction to a particular individual. This sensitive acuteness of perception is the ground of all that is seemingly occult in so-called spiritualism and clairvoyance; and yet it is just as susceptible of logical analysis as is the working of any other faculty. There is no more mystery about it than there is about sight and hearing ordinarily exercised; and the day comes nearer and nearer when it will constitute a means of communication quite superseding the electric telegraph both in accuracy and rapidity, as well as in secrecy and inexpensiveness. The coming man will not write letters,—will not talk, except for the pleasure of it,—will not telegraph by cumbrous batteries. His means of communication will be the thought-wave, intelligently directed and controlled."

"But how, how," I interrogated, mentally, for this mental conversation seemed to me to be the most natural thing in the world, and I had lost all inclination to talk,—"how is this to be done? and how is a man to know that his thought-wave has not miscarried?"

"Know!" thought the Doctor, in answer to the interrogation, "know! Why, sir, in this system of brain-telegraphy you can consciously direct every thought-wave. In a certain sense, you can accompany it; thus assuring yourself of the infallibility of your messenger; and you may sit and converse with your friend at a distance of 3,000 miles just as naturally as though you were both sitting in the same room. In rare instances this acuteness of perception has developed itself before us as a faculty of the human mind. The old Highlanders used to call it second-sight; elsewhere it has been termed sorcery; at present it is popularly known under the *nom* of clairvoyance; and there is no more of anything supernatural about it than there is about the action of magnetism and electricity. The next century will see it in general use, and accounted to be the most natural thing in the world."

"Then the next century will have no newspapers," I reflected dubiously, wondering what would become of the Othellos of newspaperdom when their occupation should be gone.

"None, certainly," rejoined Dr. Skullcap reflectively,—"for every man will be his own newspaper, when mental telegraphy shall have become general, and perception shall have become immediate and unconditioned."

"Every man his own newspaper!" I reiterated mentally, and seemed to recover suddenly from my spasm of epilepsy, or whatever else it may have been.

SCRIPTURE NAMES.

BY J. R. HOOD.

I AM Huz, and my twin-brother is Buz. I am certain we should not have chosen these names for ourselves, if our tastes had been consulted. They are Scripture names, to be sure, but they do not seem to me at all sacred, and they are decidedly not agreeable. I am not up in Hebrew, and can not tell what they signify. Our full names are Huz Jones and Buz Jones. To the latter the ornamental appendage of "Esq." has been for some time attached, since my brother achieved the dignity of "justice of the peace and quorum." What the "quorum" may be I can not tell; I doubt if Buz can.

You will, perhaps, ask how we came by such odd, alliterative Christian names as Huz and Buz. I will tell, as it was told me, and I have good reasons for believing the story. Our father, John Jones, was of contemplative rather than active habits, though neither literary nor studious, and as able-bodied as any man in the neighborhood. According to my recollection he spent most of his waking hours upon the bench outside the village grocery in

summer, and upon the settle inside the same public institution in winter, wrapt in quiet thought, broken at intervals by brief scraps of conversation with chance comers,—for my father was a man of few words, as well as deeds. He was, in truth, one of the most passive and amiable of men, and I am sure our mother appreciated his virtues, though she did sometimes drop a sad word or a tear at the general unthrift which distinguished our homestead.

When Aunt Tabitha, who charitably gave her services to mother as nurse, entered the kitchen, one morning, and informed father that Heaven had sent him a pair of twin-boys, he was more excited than at any previous or subsequent crisis of life, and in his amazement and confusion he exclaimed, "Oh, thunder!" This was his only remark, and he took his hat and walked straight to the grocery.

When we twins were about a week old, mother called father into the bedroom, lifted the sheet a little from our faces, and said, "What names shall we give them?"

"Some that are short and easy," father replied, in the spirit of his established philosophy of life.

"And Scriptural," suggested mother, who supplied what piety we had in the family, as is the case with not a few mothers. Father continuing silent and meditative, mother asked, "Can't you suggest any?"

"What say to Lot and Ham?" said father, after a long pause.

Mother only sighed feebly.

"Pshaw!" burst in Aunt Tabitha, in her indignant way, "never do in the world! There's lots of Lots about, and Ham had a curse on *him*, and was black too—so our minister thinks. Don't give the dear little boys bad names, whatever you do, for good names are about the only inheritance they'll get, I'm thinking."

"Don't now, aunty," mother gently interposed, with a flush of pain and shame briefly lighting her pale face. "John, dear, open the big Bible, and see what names you can find there."

So father took down the family Bible, and opened it upon his knees, and, beginning at the first chapter of Genesis, ran his finger slowly along the lines.

"I s'pose Cain won't do," said he, "nor Seth," evidently determined to take no notice of names of more than one syllable; "what do you say to Cush and Phut?"

Aunt Tabitha looked vexed and just ready to burst out again, but mother shook her finger at her, and remarked to father, "I think you will find names that we shall like better."

"Reu and Lud are good enough names," said father, evidently growing weary of the unusual study, "or Hul and Mash."

"Oh, dear me!" whispered Aunt Tabitha, in a tone of vexation and despair.

"Bother!" exclaimed father, who was growing impatient, "we'll take the very next short names we come to."

And he turned over the leaf, and read the twenty-first verse of the twenty-second chapter of Genesis. "Yes, and here they are—Huz and Buz—and Huz and Buz they shall be."

Aunt Tabitha hurried out of the room, expressing her feelings by closing the door sharply. Mother put her handkerchief over her eyes as if to shut out the excess of light, and said not a word. Father calmly closed the sacred book, and returned to his accustomed seat at the grocery. The thing was settled beyond appeal, and we poor unconscious and guiltless infants were from that hour Huz and Buz, hopelessly and forever.

How much we suffered while boys from these odd names I should vainly endeavor to tell. They furnished to the rough jokers a perpetual text for vexation, and I often felt that I could better bear so many hard blows than the quips and jibes continually flung at me through my most unchristian Christian name. Nebuchadonnezer or Beltshazzar could have been no worse in my estimation. Buz was less tormented than I, for he was not as sensitive, but took all things lightly and carelessly. And Buz has got on smoothly in the world. I doubt whether the people where he lives, and whom he serves as justice of the peace, know what is hidden beneath the initial B. of his name. "B. Jones, Esq.," suffices them, and they ask no questions. But I, Huz, am of a different nature. I am sensitive to ridicule. I dread it, I anticipate it, and am harrowed by it. It was always so, and I have suffered untold agonies from the awkward monosyllable which adheres to me. It has, in fact, been the bane and blight of my life, as I shall tell.

When a well-grown lad of sixteen, I determined to run away from home and name, and went to the shire town of the county, and engaged as apprentice to a blacksmith. The other boys in the shop soon discovered my unfortunate name and how easily I could be annoyed by it. As boys will, thoughtlessly, not unkindly, they took advantage of my weakness, and amused themselves by tormenting me. I think they had no idea how keenly

I suffered. "Be you Huz or are you Buz?" was the refrain of an absurd song they all chanted in chorus, half the time, it seemed to me. I bore it as I could till I was nearly crazed, and then I went home and told my mother I was tired of blacksmithing, and thought I had better go and seek my fortune in the world. She saw no opportunity for me at home, and consented. Father was placidly indifferent, though he did arouse himself when I left, and said, "Come home and see us, Huz, when you feel like it."

A full account of my adventures would be tedious. Failing in many efforts, and the mockery and contempt of my name clinging to me everywhere, I at length shipped before the mast for India. I left the ship at Ceylon, and engaged as clerk in an English mercantile house, gained the confidence of my employers, and eventually became a member of the firm. At thirty I was rich. No one in Ceylon had ever asked the meaning of my initial H., and I was at peace.

At length it became my duty to go to England on business. There I was welcomed into good society; and there, alas! I met the charming Aramintha. She was all grace in form and movement, all poetry in intellect and speech. She did not walk; she floated through ether. She did not talk; she opened her lips, and sweet little poems dropped out. Her taste in flowers and fabrics was most exquisite, and her dress seemed to be a part of herself, and not something put on; her garments did not adorn her, but she illuminated them. She either possessed consummate art in the display of her charms, or she was in such sweet harmony with nature that she unconsciously conformed to the laws of beauty, in form, color, drapery, and all that goes to make the attractiveness of a well-dressed woman. I thought then it was all nature. I mistrust now it was carefully studied art. No matter; as I saw her, clothes and all, she seemed to me too ethereal for earth, and I thought it presumption in me to love her. But I could not help it; a few interviews enchained me, and I felt that my life would thenceforth be desolate unless Aramintha would share and glorify it. She was evidently aware of my admiration, but took it so much as a matter of course, and was so passive and self-possessed, that it became altogether more difficult for me to declare myself. A little maidenly discomposure would have smoothed my path. Nevertheless it was a great deal that she did not utterly despise and repel me, that she accepted my devotion with something like complacency, and I determined to take the first opportunity to lay my heart and fortune at her feet.

The favorable moment soon came. I met her "by moonlight, alone," in her father's garden. I quoted to her all the poetry I remembered; talked sweetly of flowers and fragrance; described to her the delights of life in the Orient, and finally gathered courage to speak the admiration and love that burned in my heart.

Just then the father of Aramintha emerged from the house and approached us. Aramintha gave me a glance of tenderness, suffered me to raise her queenly hand to my lips, and said, hastily, "I can not answer you till you have gained my father's consent."

This was enough. I saw that I had won her, and I knew that her father would take a purely business estimate of the matter, and felt sure he would consider me an eligible partner for his daughter. I determined to present the case at once, and hastened toward him, Aramintha lingering behind a little, but near enough to hear the conversation. The old gentleman heard me through, looked glum a moment, was evidently weighing me in his mental balance against some one else whom he had selected for a son-in-law, and then asked, abruptly, "And what may be the extent of your resources, Mr. Jones?"

I told him frankly the amount of my property and my expectations for the future. I could see that there were other figures in his scales outweighing mine. His next question was, "And your name, Mr. Jones, is?"——

I was appalled. The old feeling of shame and mortification came back upon me with all its former power; but there was no escape, and I said, with all the calmness I could command, "Huz, sir, at your service."

"I beg pardon; please repeat; I think I did not understand."

"Huz, sir."

"Huz? Huz? A very queer name;" and he cast a significant glance at Aramintha, who was slowly falling back from us, with a look of dismay and vexation shading her beautiful face. There was an awkward pause. I looked from one to the other, and read my fate before it was spoken. Aramintha was first to break the silence.

"No matter, father; I am sure you are right. Good-night, Mr. Huz—Mr. Jones, I should say."

Then she glided toward the house, and I could hear her whispering impetuously to her-

self, "Mrs. Huz Jones! Monstrous! Impossible! And only twelve thousand a year! Not the wealth of Ind could tempt me!"

My illusion was not dispelled by her words. I only felt that the sweet, refined, poetical Aramintha had received a fearful shock from my barbarous, cruel, Christian name. She was lost to me from that moment. She would not even see me again. I was going to suggest that my name might be changed by Act of Parliament for any one she might choose, but it was of no use; "Huz" had closed the avenues to her sensitive soul, and I was forever cast out.

I was blighted. I felt that life had nothing more to offer me. I did not return to Ceylon, but transferred my business to my partners, and trusted them to make a just settlement with me. I returned to my native village. My father had died, and my mother had been supported by my annual remittances in more comfort than while he lived. I live now with my aged mother, wholly excluded from business and society. I see only my mother and the cat, and by my special request my mother addresses me only as "My son." I never read in the Old Testament where father found my fatal name. My only ambition is to escape human notice, and be allowed to die in peace. With fair attractions of person, a kindly heart, and an ample fortune, I am a recluse and a misanthrope. I am hiding from the bane and blight of my Scripture name.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

THAT the female sex in America is in a transitory state, a state in which the old and the new are parting company, none will deny. The old, with its ideal women, goddesses of mythology and its real women slaves, and the new, with its ideal and real rapidly blending and becoming what the world is already better for knowing, earnest, thoughtful, self-reliant women, are separating forever; and we recognize in the bustle and agitation, in the extravagant expressions and premature actions, a state of things harmless within itself since necessary to this condition of separation, but which is full of promise for that future, opening now before the wistful eyes of pioneer women.

That the women of the Northern section of the United States are already reaping the benfits of this change from the old to the new is a truth all are ready to assert, and is productive of countless blessings to their less fortunate sisters.

Southern women are behind in this progressive stride; but since their condition is due alone to their former system of slavery, and as its baleful influences have been removed, we are looking hopefully for a reaction on the part of the mothers and daughters of the Southern States.

Much has been said of the difference between Northern and Southern women. There is no real or inherent difference in the characters of the pure feminine Americans of the two sections. Their national peculiarities are the same, their circumstances have been widely divergent. The one has been reared in an atmosphere bracing and invigorating to both the physical and intellectual being, and taught early the dignity of well-directed labor; the other, under the enervating, exhausting influences of a Southern sun, accustomed always to be served by the hands of inferiors, and educated only in those trivial accomplishments that are said to adorn the drawing-room. Until recently there has been no necessity for exertion, and the noble women of the South have allowed the golden opportunities of the past to move unheeded by, since helplessness and not effort was considered a badge of superior refinement; and they are left to-day stranded by the tide of human progress, powerless and suffering, many homeless and destitute. In a land where poverty has always been an ensign of degradation, its wide-spread prevalence now disarms the strongest hearts; and it is only in the bosom of woman that a hope remains, and this hope in her is the *birthright* of *motherhood*. So deep and prevalent is this holy emotion, that if there comes a time when the duties of a wife and mother conflict, the latter will triumph. To the results of the war, more than to any other circumstance, is due this intense interest felt by mothers for their young, and with it there is nurtured a strong conviction that through their subservient state is the present unhappy condition of many of their children to be attributed. The prevalence of this new idea, and the steps mothers are taking to reform their household governments, is an argument in favor of the

imperceptible influence of this woman's movement, and a strong point in favor of its ultimate triumph.

Women have always been held in bondage through this very sentiment, and what woman is there strong enough individually to resist her persecutor, when at best her victory is fruitless—when to vindicate her womanhood she yields her children? But the majestic marshaling of a whole nation of women gives courage to the individual, and the mother is aided in saving her young, aye! even if in so doing she has to cut adrift the blazing ship upon which once all her treasure was embarked, and escape with only life and them.

As yet the craving for a broader, freer existence is dim and confused; but intuition is strong, and there is a deep, earnest feeling, and in some instances a more defined plan of action on the part of the women there, and all that is now required to foster and develop this expression is encouragement. And who, may we ask, are more fitted to encourage and animate the women of the South than those of their own sex in the North, who are strong, and who will not cease their efforts until every relic of barbarism is wiped from the law of the land?

All honor is due to the women who, through years and years of civil degradation, have yet upheld the structure of social life, and struggled for development amid the polluting scenes of a servile institution.

The world until recently has not acknowledged the existence of this class of women in the South, nor are they entirely convinced now that in the section once devoted to the interests of slavery there exists a type of women whose lives from the cradle have foreshadowed a destiny away from the narrow confines of home; women who have listened incredulously to the hackneyed falsity that "home and protection" for women came from their docility and subjection to men, and who have heard always the cant of "*protection*," rightful misnomer for insult, and the vengeance of society for open resistance to threats.

It is from this class that we are to look for leaders in the great movement inaugurated for the elevation and amelioration of the whole body of Southern women. They are those whose unshrinking courage claims and defends the right for which no strong arm has been raised, the dues that are not reckoned by the outward standard of value, the courage which works in obscurity as cheerfully as in the blaze of popular admiration. With our present false ideas it will take many years for women to arrive at the high estate ordained for her; but until it is reached by all, until *womanhood* is established as the *superior title*, until side by side she stands the acknowledged equal of man before the law as she is before her Maker, will this work be unceasingly performed, to which has been devoted the talents and time of those who are able in gifts and rich in opportunities.

A DREAM OF BATTLE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"FORWARD! march!" the brave captain said;
Then through the storm of fire and lead,
Where the warm rain was falling red,
As the fragrant flowing wine,
Moved the trained troops of gallant men,
Over the hills and through the glen,
Down to the classic Rhine.

Amid the smoke so hot and dun,
With man to man and gun to gun,
Free as water the blood did run;
The blood was thicker than wine.
Cannons thundered through the summer air,—
Bullets like bees buzzed everywhere,
On the green banks of the Rhine.

On prancing war-steeds, strong and fleet,
Through fire and smoke and leaden sleet,
Like foaming seas the squadrons meet
On the nation's boundary line.
The sky seems a Plutonian bell,
Loud tolling many a hero's knell,
On the banks of the river Rhine.

The brave battalions halt and wheel,—
Before them gleams a hedge of steel,—
Behind them red-mouthed mortars peal;—
The bound'ry is a dead line.
Rifles ring out upon the air,
And saber clangs with saber there,
Where rolls the rhythmic Rhine.

The purple vineyards trodden down,—
The shattered dwellings in the town,—
The aching head which wears the crown,—
The regiments that fell in line;
The red sod smoking in the sun,
Show the sad work that war has done,
Where flows the river Rhine.

There hero, horse, and shattered shell
Show where the fated missile fell,
Shrieking into the crowded dell.
Oh, many mustered out of line
Have a long furlough from the sky;
They live,—for heroes never die,
Who fight for freedom on the Rhine.

WANTED—A PHILANTHROPIST.

BY J. APPLETON MORGAN.

"A clergyman, writing home from Saratoga, says of the belle at the hotel hop: 'She wore a dress valued at my yearly salary; her jewels would have bought a house of worship at Podunk Crossing, while her headdress would have furnished it with a cabinet organ.'"—[*Evening Paper.*

IT might be remarked, in passing, that were the above a faithful estimate of the lady's wardrobe, judging from the salaries usually commanded by ministers of the Gospel, who look with calculating and gangrened eye upon the pleasures of the world's children, she was very shabbily dressed for a Spa *soirée*.

To an economical mind—I mean to a mind that has any conception of the true economy—there is no such thing as waste. There is nothing lost; there is nothing without its par value and its par advantages in all this wide world.

The grander the consumer, the happier the producer. Publicists like Dr. Lieber and Mr. Greeley, despite their little spâts about Free Trade and Protection, will agree as to that. The producer, once poor, thrives by the wants of his fellow-men and becomes rich. His daughter is a huge consumer, and by her very frivolity and extravagance (as our clerical sage would say) is helping a dozen, aye, a hundred poor producers, such as her papa was once, to grow rich, as has he.

Had the mind of the Podunk pastor but traveled over the well-worn ground; had his thoughts, instead of running back at once to his salary and his cabinet organ, mused on the lapidary, the stone-setter, the importer, and the retailer who had drawn a profit from the damsel's diamonds; the cultivator, the weaver, the factor, the storer, broker, jobber, wholesaler, retailer, cartman, express-man, and porter, who had derived a percentage from her silks; the landlord who had been satisfied; the bread that had been eaten by all of these, he might have seen with a wider and clearer vision how it was that parsons were paid or cabinet-organs purchased at all. Thought travels faster than lightning, and his mind's eye might have discovered that identical silk dress, "valued at my yearly salary," paying for the Gospel according to Podunk; putting bread into his children's mouths, and coaxing melody out of the cabinet instrument aforesaid.

Have we a Philanthropist among us? Have we among us a whole-souled man or woman who can see God in the world of art as well as in the world of nature?—who can see in the universe of art, of fashion, and of society, a finger of the same sublime omnipotence that grooves the rocks and stirs the ocean to its fury?

> "Happy the man who sees a God employed
> In all the good and ill that checker life,"

says the greatest poet. Does not the same goodness that clothes the grass of the field clothe also the Avenue belle? the man as well as the swallow? Why can not mankind sing the buoyant benedicite that every bird is twittering: "O, ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever!"

I love to believe that everything has its good purpose, guided thereto by a kinder and more forgiving Friend than any human heart can be, and I love to imagine sometimes that I can trace his gentle purposes. Now I believe in cities, I believe in luxury, in wealth, in elegance; in gilded temples and gorgeous pageants and palatial houses, and can never be lectured or scolded into understanding that only the poor are the children of the great Father; that a man must be ragged and an outcast to feel his tenderness and care

If we only reflect that the same God who rules the peaceful country, rules, too, the noisy town; that the same hand which guides the rustic plow, guides just as surely for its own inscrutable ends the index in the crazy gold-room, whose faintest fluctuation in that bedlam jargon the quiet wires are spreading from China to Peru; are telling to Occident and Orient; if we only remember that nothing that is left uncontemplated in the scheme of Providence, or fate, or destiny (for men call it by different names sometimes), then, neither the dazzling opulence of the Hill, or the squalidity of Cow Bay, that our great town brings so startlingly near together, are signs of wrong and folly, but rather of design and of hope. And if we had the tiniest modicum of faith apiece—the bigness of a grain of mustard-seed would be amply sufficient—we could see all this.

This is not uncharitable; this doean't mean that the rich shall refrain his hand from doing good to the poor. But it does mean that while the rich man is slow to relieve his needy neighbor, a higher economy than he or we can recognize is turning his very prodigality into charity, taking from his extravagance to feed the destitute, making the passions and the weaknesses, no less than the wrath of man to praise him.

I believe that nothing is wasted. Not a poor

dollar can we squander, do the little best we may. We can not throw it into the wave; we can not tear it into inch-bits, or light our bachelor cigar with it, without doing good to somebody; helping to pay the national debt with it, may-be. Even the miser who hoards his thousands is public-spirited in spite of himself. "He heapeth up riches, and can not tell who shall gather them." Some day his gold will be scattered into the thousand channels from which it was withdrawn. He piled it up when currency was a drug, and it was unmissed; his spendthrift heirs (for a generation of spendthrifts invariably follows a generation of misers; Providence sees to that) will throw it back upon a cramped and fitful market, perhaps, and work a good work; who can tell?

We short-sighted humans are prone to volunteer a good deal of domestic casuistry, to account for God's doings. I remember, during the early days of the rebellion, a blessed old deacon said to me: "We never can succeed as long as we fight on the Lord's day; that's the reason why we were beaten at Bull Run; it was a judgment on us." "You dear old innocent," I thought, but didn't say, "didn't the rebels fight at Bull Run on Sunday? if my memory serves me, they did more fighting than our boys, and no such awkward judgment was visited on them." I don't think his endeavor to put reasons into the breast of the Almighty was a success, but I have heard hundreds of people do it since. For did not our troubles all work wisdom in the end? Every battle lost in the beginning was a future battle won, and won, too, when it was worth a dozen defeats. Every disaster then was a dress-rehearsal for a general, a platoon or a division, and when the crisis called for the lesson, we did not find that its lesson had been forgotten.

I remember in that delightful book "The Innocents Abroad," something like this: "There they are," said the captain of the Quaker City, "down there every night at eight bells, praying for fair winds, when they know just as well as I do that this is the only ship going east at this time of the year, but there's a thousand going west. What's a fair wind for us is a head-wind for them. The Almighty's blowing a fair wind for a thousand vessels, and this tribe wants Him to turn it clear around for one ship, and she a *steamship* at that! It isn't good sense; it isn't good Christianity; it isn't common charity; avast with such nonsense!"

The Avondale holocaust was a horrible rehearsal for Delaware and Lackawana, but nobody knows how many thousands of poor fellows will reap safety and confidence from the lesson, just as every shipwreck on the boiling waters has been a life-preserver to the sailor since, and just as that cannon-ball before the Crimea, which, after it had plowed a ghastly gap through the allied lines, opened a hillside spring to slake the thirst of three armies.

Verily, for all our parsons preach, and for all our people pray, we are only the whitest of whited sepulchers. I wish there was faith enough in the world to give us just a mustard-seed grain apiece all round!

IS THERE ROOM ENOUGH IN THE WORLD?

BY BURTON W. POTTER.

AMONG the greatest social and political problems which are now agitating the minds of men is the all-important and ever-recurring question, Is there room enough in the world for every individual to develop the highest capacities of his nature? The ancient tradition, which made Alexander weep for a larger world, expressed one of the deepest feelings of human nature. Perhaps many of us can look back to the joyful, happy days of youth, and say with Goethe,

"I had nothing, and yet enough."

But as soon as we begin to realize the responsibilities of life, we begin to feel the need of more room. Notwithstanding the truth of the Emersonian theory, that the configuration of the earth is such that every one stands upon its highest point, yet we find ourselves trampled down and almost suffocated by cruel monopoly and unfeeling competition. A soldier surrounded on every side by mortal foes is not harder pressed than many a one in the battle of life. Among the lower animals, the stronger species prey upon the weaker,—but men prey upon each other.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Fourierism, Shakerism, and all other isms combined, have failed hitherto to make room enough for all, or at least to relieve society of those unable to take care of themselves, and every day adds new proof of the prophetic

truthfulness of the divine saying, "The poor ye have always with you." Benevolence has exerted its power, if not in vain, at least without complete success. The exiles from home and country now wandering over the face of earth, indicate that no nation is large enough for all its children. The great Empire State of the American Union is sometimes too small to hold the directors of two railroads; and Mr. Dyer in portraying the "Shady Side of Metropolitan Life" has shown pretty conclusively that the great metropolis of the Western World has a great many inhabitants who are crowded too much for health, happiness, or mental growth. The learned professions of law and medicine are so crowded with competitors, that the young and unsuccessful members are reduced to the sad necessity of almost rejoicing when a successful practitioner starts for the land whence no traveler returns. The church prays that young men may become preachers of the Gospel, but statistics show that the preachers are already far in excess of the pulpits. The complaints of small pay, in many cases just, of the occupants of pulpits, prove without the aid of statistics that competition holds its tyrannical sway in that profession, even when millions of human beings have not heard the name of Christ.

In this scramble for subsistence and the prizes of life, the weak, the ignorant, and the unfortunate go to the wall. At this moment, in the full blaze of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, thousands of leprous, dirty, and sore-eyed beings, the sight of whom is almost enough to make one doubt the immortality of their souls, are walking the streets of the cities of Christendom. They who lounge on soft sofas, sit in easy-chairs, fare sumptuously every day, may never think of the question at the head of this article; but who can number the uncounted hosts struggling with poverty and neglect to whom this question is of momentous importance? Where can not be found restless and ambitious young men, working their way upward through envy, selfishness, and mountains of gold, who would like a little more room?

It is this terrible pressure and competition which cause people to look back longingly to the golden ages of the past. There are a few real and many pretended reformers who think they were born in advance of their time, but the great majority of men think if they had only been born a few centuries earlier, they would have made a fortune or achieved an immortality of fame. The young farmer in the East, who hasn't inherited a fortune, believes if he had come upon the stage of life before land became so valuable, he would have stood a better chance of owning a good farm. The gold adventurer wishes he could have been among those who first reached the golden shores of the Pacific. The politician persuades himself that the reason he is not in the Presidential chair is because the country has become so populous and fertile in those of his craft that his chances are few in comparison with what they would have been had he lived in earlier times. The preacher mourns for "the good old days" when the people full of hope and rich in faith honored the occupant and obeyed the teachings of the pulpit. The young lawyer thinks if he had lived in times when an office could have been rented in any building on the face of the earth on which his shingle could have hung alone in legal glory, his case would not have been quite so desperate as it is. Thus, people imagine that their chances are not commensurate with their merits, when perhaps they are too lazy to work out their own success. No doubt the young men of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as they stood amid the architectural works and magnificent columns which told of past glory, or looked upon the triumphal monuments of bygone heroes who had entered the temple of fame before it was full, mourned to think they were born too late. But there was time enough after them for Jesus to establish a higher and purer faith; time enough for Columbus to bring to light the lost Atlantis; time enough for Napoleon to conquer empires more powerful than Cæsar or Alexander ruled; time enough for Shakspeare and Milton to surpass Homer and Virgil; time enough for Luther, Humboldt, Newton, and Washington; and there is now time and room enough for any young man with good native abilities, who has the will and perseverance, to place his name as high up in the temple of fame as any who have gone before him. When he is crowded too hard by the competition of others, let him remember the wise saying of Webster, "There is always room enough higher up," and that "for suffering and enduring, there is no remedy but striving and doing." But it will be said, "Everybody can not be above everybody else." In a collective sense this seems to be a self-evident truth, like that famous doctrine of Malthus and Mill which teaches that population must be restrained by inexorable human laws, because it is clear that the soil with proper cultivation will increase in productiveness up to a certain point, after which no art or care of man can improve it

But there is no limit to the increase of population. Hence there will come a time in every nation when population will outgrow the productiveness of the soil. Heretofore, population has been restrained by war, famine, infanticide, earthquakes, floods, or the discovery of unknown lands has relieved the pressure of overpopulation in older countries; but in the future, people must live on land already known, or sink beneath the surging ocean of humanity. This seems to be as good philosophy as the other; but there always has been room enough, and plenty to eat, for all who have been willing to work. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a kind Providence has so arranged the laws of nature that no one need be crowded to death who will show by his acts that he believes labor the source of all human excellence, and that there is no room is this world for the idle and the lazy? We rather prefer to console our hearts and calm our minds with a philosophy which teaches that the capacity of the earth is equal to the horse-cars, in which there is always room for one more.

Likewise we admire the genial philosophy of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, which recognizes the influence and prestige that contributors well known in the literary world would bring to a magazine, yet believes that young men without the shadow of great names can possibly say something as "new, interesting, and instructive" to its readers as some of the best known contributors to the oldest magazines. In other words, it believes there is room enough in the world for Emerson, Parton, Curtis, and all the other literary giants to live, and at the same time allow others to speak out the thoughts which are within them, and, if possible, to make local habitations and names for themselves.

Perhaps an article on this subject ought not to be closed without saying a word on the competition of the sexes—a question which is now forcing itself upon the consideration of all thinking men and women. Is there only room enough in the world for half the race to engage in any honorable calling? or is there room enough for every member of the human family to rise as high in every useful occupation as his or her energy and perseverance will permit of? It is a well-established principle of political economy that every man will do the best to confine himself to the business for which his capabilities are most suited; and if he works at his appointed calling with a sincere and earnest purpose to achieve the noblest results which can come from faithful attention to his work, this, being conformable to the eternal laws of nature, would yield him a good degree of security and contentment without the possibility of doubt. Those who oppose the proposition to give women an opportunity to choose what calling they will follow, have never given any good reason why this rule of political economy is not as applicable to women as to men. Everybody must live. And the only question is, is it better for half the race to do the work necessary to support the whole in comfort and happiness? or is it better to let every individual of the race engage in such occupation as he feels the Almighty has fitted him for? Those men who would arbitrarily prevent women, who are obliged to look out for themselves, or who choose to do so, from entering any calling of their choice for fear their competition will lower wages, must doubt their own abilities for holding their situations on any other ground than scarcity of labor in their department of industry. Any man who fears competition, needs it to draw out the noblest attainments of which he is capable. There is room enough in the world for every one to develop his faculties to the fullest extent and to live "true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature."

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

SHALL THE WOMEN HAVE A CHANCE?

IT is very evident to all who have given the matter any candid thought, that Miss Anthony will never give rest to the soles of her feet or the souls of her countrymen until she has accomplished her task of enfranchising women. She has, by her own admission, lived fifty years,—thirty of which she has devoted with singleness of purpose—as well as singleness of life—to the thought which now animates her efforts and gives her a name in the world which many envy, but no one has yet succeeded to divest her of. She is good for thirty years to come, and unless she grows old faster than during the last thirty years, will at the end of that time be only a blooming young maiden. She should, however, in all fairness, be allowed a few days of respite before that

period of matured girlhood; and inasmuch as those days will never come until women are raised to an equality with negroes, we claim in all justice to a noble woman and a good citizen that women be allowed to vote.

We think, also, on broader grounds, that it would be only fair and equitable that women should have a chance at things generally. For nearly four thousand years the male human has tried to meet the conditions of that fearful but just sentence which placed him and his posterity outside the Garden of Eden. To be sure, the punishment was inflicted upon Adam, the representative man, because he "hearkened unto the voice" of Eve, the representative woman; but we all know that the counsel of Eve was very different from the counsel of Susan, which is enough to know on that point.

It is very evident, also, that in those primitive days a little more was expected of man than of woman,—that, in a certain sense, the male individual was considered the representative of the race which was to be. It is a fair inference, too, that that distinction was intended to be perpetuated, at least for a time. It was, of course, prescribed as a part of the curse; but unless we ignore the plain rendering of history, we can not deny that the fact was placed beyond any doubt in the minds of our first parents. Let Miss Anthony focalize her spectacles upon the following record:

When the Lord, in the cool of the day, came into the garden to call his disobedient children to an account, he overlooked Eve, the prime transgressor—the instigator—and "called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?" and thus took him first to account, as the party mainly responsible, although no one will deny that the burden of his crime was in hearkening to the woman, who first conceived of the transgression, and then insidiously set her husband on to do it. This view of the case was evidently taken by the Judge himself, as clearly shown in Adam's sentence: "And unto Adam he said, *Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife*, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for *thy* sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*, till thou return to the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Here is the warrant—as Miss Anthony is aware—under which Adam and his male posterity have assumed the burden of bread-winning for all creation, and of strutting about generally as the representatives of the race. But the privilege of sweating for bread would be a small thing to concede, did it not go hand-in-hand with the right to rule, which is plainly given in Eve's sentence, viz.: "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, *and he shall rule over thee.*"

We have emphasized the last clause of this sentence, not because we deem it more binding than the rest, but to offer it as a palliation for the crime which Miss Anthony and her followers are so prone to charge upon the tyrant man.

We understand perfectly that the male descendants of Adam have made but indifferent work of this matter of ruling over women. On the whole, they have succeeded about as well as Adam did in ruling over Eve; but they should not be blamed for the attempt when the authority is so explicit. In the matter also of supplying family needs, men have made very bad fists of it, for with all their perspiration they have often failed to meet the requirements. It is true that in the days when this duty was first enjoined, the prevailing styles of dress rendered it a more simple matter to supply the wardrobe; but yet if men will turn to the Bible for authority to constitute themselves masters, they should be willing to accept the attending conditions

We shall leave the weightier part of this argument, touching the rights and duties of such women as have no husbands or other natural male champions, and come to the point which we had first in mind, viz., that after a trial of four thousand years, with the judgment of God upon them, and the authority of his Word to sustain them, men have failed in the practical enforcement of their lordly assumptions, and have no longer any claim to superiority, except in individual cases where it has been fairly earned and creditably borne. We are not at all sure that under the same circumstances women would have done any better; but there can certainly be no objection to giving them a chance to do the best they can.

If nothing will satisfy the heart of man but the recognition of his superior rights, let him earn that recognition by superior acts, and no one will withhold the consideration—not even Miss Anthony herself.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CRITICISM.

In a discourse on "The Church in the House," recently preached in this city, Bishop Ames says: "There is this difficulty in sitting in judgment upon the Word of God: those who undertake to discriminate must claim at least equal, if not superior inspiration to the authors of the sacred books; so that criticism always presupposes on the part of the critic an ability to do the work better than the one who did it."

If this is true, then farewell individual judgment and individual responsibility; welcome priestcraft, cant, and ignorance. The Pope of Rome could ask for no better sentiment to give binding force to his dogma of Infallibility; and all efforts directed to public enlightenment and individal progress are worse than wasted —they are wicked.

It has generally been believed—and possibly there are those who will live and die in the fallacy—that the best test of the innate truth and force of opinions is the average sense of enlightened and thoughtful people; and it has sometimes happened that men endowed with superior wisdom have gathered encouragement and strength from the appreciation—which is but another name for judgment and knowledge—of a simple, untaught mind.

If it be true that "criticism presupposes on the part of the critic an ability to do the work better than the one who did it"—a sentence which we would almost dare to criticise, but for the penalty attached to such rashness—then, indeed, are we blessed with orators and painters, and musicians and actors, beyond power to enumerate; for there can be no appreciation without judgment, and no judgment without criticism. Even Bishop Ames himself —although in his very profession he assumes to know more and to be better able to dispense knowledge than those who listen to his discourses and profit by his teachings—is not above the criticism of some of his most ignorant hearers. In fact, it is a part of his work —and a part which we are sure he does not neglect—to challenge criticism, and to profit by it.

It is a fact which Bishop Ames should know better than almost any other man, that it is the province of teachers to guide their pupils to heights unattainable by themselves. And how very often is this done! Where are the vocal trainers of Nilsson, Patti, and Parepa? Who has heard of their achievements in the art through which they have led their *protegés* to fame? What would be thought of the wisdom and spirit of any one of these wonderful songsters who should object to a teacher's direction and criticism, upon the ground that she already excelled him in execution? Many an artist has been more profited by the honest criticism of an untaught child, than by the more learned but not necessarily more just deductions of a technical umpire.

It is impossible not to look with suspicion upon opinions which it seems necessary to environ with such sacred superstition. It too closely resembles the cheap tricks of the juggler whose great concern is to divert the eye from the real to the pretended performance. We do not believe it necessary to so embargo the Word of God. If man's reasoning powers are of any use whatever, they should be permitted to have scope in the matter of his eternal welfare. We believe the Scriptures were given by inspiration; and we also believe that they are for the edification and strengthening of the human soul. We are satisfied in this belief. If there be those, however, who are not so satisfied, we claim for them not only the right but the duty to use whatever faculties God has given them to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

WHAT IS CHRIST-LIKE?

A terribly righteous individual who has access—through some inscrutable reason—to the columns of a Christian paper published in Chillicothe, and who signs his name J. M. Long, takes exceptions to Mr. Browne's saying of Albert D. Richardson: "There was more of the Christ-like element in him—I say it reverently—than in any man whose true nature has been laid open to me."

In characterizing this assertion of Mr. Browne's, the righteously indignant Long is permitted thus to air his piety, grammar, and good breeding: "We say, emphatically, that the man who can be guilty of sitting down and deliberately writing such reckless and heaven-daring stuff, and thus outraging the moral and religious sense of all mankind who have one lingering particle of decency left in their nature, is no better than the base libertine on whom he would bestow his blasphemous laudations;" and again: "What idea this writer may have of the nature of Christ we know not, neither are we personally concerned in knowing; but we do know that it is little less than blasphemy to compare such a base adulterer and impure debauchee as Richardson to the pure and Holy One," etc.

It does seem a little strange that any indi-

vidual—and especially one who assumes the livery of Christ, and to speak for Christ—should condemn a fellow-man in such a wanton manner for an honest estimate of Christ's character while confessing that he neither knows nor cares "what idea the writer has of the nature of Christ."

Had Mr. Long taken the trouble to finish the sentence which he quoted only in part as his text, he might have been enlightened not only as to Mr. Browne's opinion, but possibly as to the true character of Christ. Let us see:

Mr. Browne says, "There was more of the Christ-like element in him—I say it reverently—than in any man whose true nature has been laid open to me; *for he was full of gentleness, patience, charity, and fortitude, more inclined to bear than to do wrong.* * * * Above all was he delicate and chivalrous to the last degree to the opposite sex. He was their defender and champion ever against misapprehension and aspersion and injustice. Not one of all the good and pure and distinctly fine women he knew all the country over can be found who will say he treated her differently from what he would have had other men treat his sister, wife, or mother." These are the qualities which Mr. Browne calls Christ-like, and for the so pronouncing of which he is denounced by a professed Christian as a "base libertine." What ideas this outraged follower may have as to the character of his professed Leader, it is hard to guess; but it must be presumed that they are orthodox, and not to be held in common with libertines and seducers. Mr. Browne spoke of Mr. Richardson as he had known him through an intimate acquaintance of more than sixteen years; and in this estimate of his character he does not differ from other reputable gentlemen who knew him well, among whom may be mentioned Horace Greeley, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles, and others of like reputation. In fact, it is not known that any person who ever knew Mr. Richardson had any less favorable opinion of his qualities. No one claims for him perfection; in fact, there is little doubt that he was a great sinner; but so are we all—even the best of us—and that must include Mr. Long. But are we never on that account to admire or appreciate individual qualities or to see in them aught that is divine? Again, will Mr. Long assume to say that because he has no assurance of Mr. Browne's piety, according to any recognized orthodox standard, he, Mr. B., is not competent to judge of Christ's character? And, beyond that, if to possess "gentleness, patience, charity, and fortitude" is not to possess qualities such as Christ possessed, we must thank Mr. Long to be a little more explicit, and give to the world the benefit of his more matured and well-fortified opinions. If these distinct virtues—so far as they go—do not render a poor sinner Christ-like, we confess that we should like to know what Christ *is* like.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

MR. BEECHER is reported as saying at one of his Friday evening *conversaziones*, in reference to the filth of the gentlemen's side of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, that he had been tempted to write an article on the subject, and unless there was a change for the better, he should do so. We have not learned the effect of this timely threat upon the directors of the Union Ferry Company, but from the fact that the article has not yet appeared, we infer that these functionaries have exercised the better part of valor, and cleansed the gentlemen's cabins.

Mr. Beecher is a great man and a genuine reformer. As a pulpitist he has few equals, and if he has any superiors, they have not dared to assert their claims. As an editor, also, he has achieved great fame and comfortable salaries. Before Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton went into the sewing-machine business with the *Independent*, Mr. Beecher won imperishable laurels as its editor. As a manufacturer of "Star Papers" he was a decided success; and his recent resumption of his old business in connection with the *Christian Union* is a matter of national importance, and great satisfaction to the enterprising firm of Ford & Co. Mr. Beecher's articles are usually powerful. A recent one on Cats was received with the highest appreciation and much feeling by the entire feline race, and has already been translated into every cat-tongue in the known world, and been reproduced in concatenating harmony in all the back yards throughout the country. Judging from this and other data we are inclined to feel a great respect, if not reverence, for newspaper articles—not Mr. Beecher's alone, but all sensible articles which are written in the interest of virtue and decency. We are a little fearful, however, that the quiet self-assurance of Mr. Beecher's threat may have an untoward effect on embryo journalists. All sensible and honest people know that the desire for power—or what is the same, personal influence—is one of the strongest of all human emotions; and the mere suggestion that a great evil may be demolished by a newspaper article may prove too much for the wholesome equanimity of young writers. It is this fear that has in-

duced us to say here—mildly but firmly—that there is a difference between Mr. Beecher's articles and those of ordinary editors. We know, in fact, of editors—other than the Brooklyn divine—who have, in their own way, and with what force of logic and invective they had at command, inveighed against this very evil to which such notable reference is made. Had their efforts been fully successful, it would not have been necessary for Mr. Beecher to take the matter in hand. We would not discourage young and enthusiastic journalists, nor underrate the power of the press, but we will say that if public abuses can be banished or remedied by newspaper articles, then are our newspaper writers very derelict in their duty.

JUST SO.

RIDING homeward on the Third Avenue cars a few days since, we fell into a quiet conversation with our friend Professor ——, who is not only an eminent scientific electrician, but a practical telegrapher and a man of ideas. He has the superintendency of the Fire Telegraph lines of the city, and to facilitate matters, has three or four wires, with instruments attached, running into his own private library. It was the day after the recent heavy thunder-storm, which occurred on that terrible night of the Nathan murder, and he was explaining the effects of lightning upon the telegraph wires and instruments. The conversation finally spread itself out—as conversation is apt to in a Third Avenue car, or wherever else two men may meet, both of whom like to talk; and from coasting along beside the wonders of telegraphy, and touching upon the vast improvements which were going forward, we gradually drifted out to sea upon the vast problems of the Science of Electricity, and the nature of this subtile agent which all men use and which uses all men, but which no man has yet been able to define or comprehend. "But what, after all," says our friend, the Professor, "is this agent which we call Electricity? Its power and its beneficence we know, and many of its laws we have been able to discover and apply; but its essence—what is that? What is its original form and consistency? Where its hiding-place? Is it visible to the eye? Has it dimensions, color, tangibility? Will it ever be known save as an unseen and unexplainable *force?*"

We ventured to reply, that when the exact nature and attributes of the human soul were discovered and understood by the human mind, electricity and other forces of nature would cease to present these unanswerable problems; but whether that knowledge would ever come in this life was a question quite as difficult to answer as the series he had propounded.

At this point of the conversation a pale-faced, student-looking young man, who had been abstractedly looking over the pages of an open book, touched our friend gently on the shoulder, and with that exquisite, self-satisfied air which so becomes the ardent, hopeful, egotistic sophomore, and in a voice at once impressive and oracular, remarked:

"The Human Brain is an Electric Battery, sending out its currents to the Extremities of the System. The Soul-Power is thus nothing more nor less than Electricity."

"Very true," said our friend, "and now, will you be kind enough to explain what this Soul-Power, which is nothing more nor less than Electricity, is? What is its semblance, its color, its ponderosity, its consistency?"

"Oh," replied the budding sage, "that we can not understand as yet!"

"Just so," said our friend, "that is what I was remarking."

At this juncture a gray-haired, contemplative old gentleman in the corner, quietly reading the evening paper, broke in with deliberate tones, and without lifting his face or his eyes,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

The doubts which at once sprung up as to the intended application of the quotation served as a wet blanket upon the embers of speech, and silence supervened. So the great question remains unsolved.

AN AMERICAN VESSEL OF HONOR.

IT may be well to announce at the start that this article does not allude to the "Dauntless," the "Henrietta," or even the "Alabama;" but to an entirely different sort of vessel, viz., the SPITTOON. We claim this to be, if not the most ornamental at least the most useful vessel in the land of the free and the home of the brave. As in the case of Hobensack's pills, no family should be—and very few families are—without it. It has the place of prominence and honor in our hotels, railroad cars, club-houses, Young Men's Christian Association rooms, churches, and private parlors. It is fashioned in various shapes—plain, ornate, and grotesque, and is embellished with the most beautiful designs and pleasant devices. In a drawing-room car, the other day, we saw some decidedly *récherché* and taking patterns, done in the best quality of stone china, with embellishments in green

and gold. They were distributed with great taste and liberality—after the manner of "individual" salt-cellars and butter-plates at our first-class hotels and restaurants—a separate vessel being allowed to each lady and gentleman. Also at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga some exquisite specimens are in use in the parlor and dining-room. They are urn-shaped, evidently suggested by the fact that they are to contain not only the ashes of defunct cigars but the defunct cigars themselves.

There is one phase of the spittoon question which we are fearful has not received proper attention from our eminent statisticians and political economists, and that is, the suggestiveness which leads to extravagance and waste. There are persons now living who can well remember how saving of their "chaws" our old-fashioned munchers used to be, not only in the size of the "quid" and the infrequency of its renewal, but in the great care to exhaust its virtues before casting it out to be trodden under the foot of man. Before the days of spittoons, when it became necessary to forego the quid for the stated ceremony of eating and drinking, it was the custom to remove it gently from the mouth, and placing it carefully upon the mantel, in the vest pocket, or beside the plate, return it to its place as soon as the inevitable duties of the meal were over. This was upon occasions when it was deemed worth while to forego the juicy morsel for anything more nutritive. Of course no genuine chawer would be silly enough—either in the former or later time—to discard the "cavendish," "pigtail," or "honey-dew" for ordinary side dishes or between-meal tidbits. Ministers of the Gospel, and other public speakers, formerly as now used their own discretion whether to remove the quid of tobacco before attempting to enforce the *quid pro quo*, or to mix spittle and speech in a manner sure to excite the warmest solicitude of the hearer, if not to facilitate the efforts of the speaker.

In the matter of pulpit spittoons, we trust to be pardoned for suggesting that it would be a great improvement to have them placed on or above the sacred desk rather than *under* it; as it would be a saving of time as well as of unripe conclusions if after the second hymn, when the sweet morsel *must* be removed preparatory to the heavier work of preaching, to have the receptacle near at hand, and within view. We have seen ministers at this critical moment go through the difficult maneuver of dropping the head behind the pulpit for the purpose of ejecting the quid, when if the spittoon had occupied its place of honor beside the Bible, no such miserable subterfuge would have been necessary. The pulpit spittoon might be made to conform in design to its architectural surroundings, and thus stand as a happy illustration of the *utile cum dulce*.

We believe this vessel to be an enemy to conservatism and economy, if not to national prosperity. We have seen no figures touching the manufacture of spittoons as an industrial benefaction, but, at the best, we fear that what may seem a blessing in this direction is more than counteracted by the wasteful extravagance of expelling unfinished or half-chewed cuds—familiarly called "old soldiers"—cigar stumps, and gastric juice which is so clearly attributable to spittoons. We are aware that there is a saving clause in the fact that, as a rule, the cigar stumps are fished out by enterprising lads with bare feet and dirty faces, and thus become the means of exciting envy on part of the less fortunate, as also of replenishing the army of free-smokers.

The most delicious and appetizing thought about the spittoon is that—at least once or twice a year—it has to be washed out, or in some inscrutable way cleansed. On this point we confess ignorance, having never witnessed the process, nor felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of our stomach to imagine how it is done. That it is somehow accomplished we are prone to believe, from the fact that no spittoon which we have yet seen was limitless in capacity. Evaporation is a powerful agent, but we hardly think that evaporation can be relied on to do the entire work. It may dry up rivers and reduce the boundaries of lakes and seas, but the spittoon is a receptacle of such mixed streams of nastiness that mere drying up would hardly satisfy the decent demands of society. There can be no reasonable doubt, we think, that at some time, and in some way, spittoons *are* cleansed; the opinion being founded, not upon the fact that in the history of man one was ever known to be clean, but in the reason already given, that they are of limited and positive dimensions.

We have called the spittoon an *American* vessel, not because it is unknown in other lands, but because it is not so well known or so generally appreciated elsewhere as here. Some fine poet has given to the world a very fair conundrum asking what home would be without a mother. We can answer that question, for we have seen homes thus deprived; but what a home would be without a spittoon is more than we can say at the present writing.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

SMALL PEOPLE.—How can I grow? I am nineteen years of age, and a trifle under five feet in height. I have a brother in the same fix. My father was a small man, being a trifle over five feet. My mother was a little taller, relatively. We use no stimulants. Will occupation, diet, etc., have any influence in my case? Please answer this through the JOURNAL for the benefit of "small specimens of humanity."

H. A. P.

Ans. You have doubtless inherited your short stature from your parents; but you could have been taller than you are, the health being good, if your food had been mainly that which promotes the growth of bone and muscle. Oatmeal, beans, peas, and lintels, with lean beef and fruit, would be the best diet for the development of stature and strength in a case like yours. If these articles had constituted your diet from childhood, you might have been two inches taller in consequence. Small people when raising families should use as a diet the articles referred to, and feed their children on the same, and not give them fine flour bread and pastry, buckwheat cakes, and such articles. Read the article on Breadmaking in our Annual for 1871, now ready, price 25 cents.

HE WISHES TO BECOME A NAVIGATOR. What books shall he study, or where can he be instructed in navigation?

Ans. There are nautical schools in nearly all of our seaport towns, where special instruction is given in this great and useful interest. We *ought* to have free school-ships in every port, in which boys could be thoroughly trained for this service, as they are in England. *Then* we should soon have a body of first-rate American sailors, and not be dependent on the riff-raff or "flood-wood" of foreign countries.

In New York we have a nautical school, under the care of the SOCIETY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ADVANCEMENT OF YOUNG SEAMEN, at 72 Madison Street. The teachers are Messrs. Brownlow and Thoma, who are thoroughly competent. Parents who have sons difficult to manage should send them to a naval or to a military school where training and discipline are features.

ÆSOP.—Who was Æsop, the author those noted fables? at what time and where did he live?

Ans. He was an ancient Greek writer, who, according to Herodotus, lived in the latter half of the sixth century before Christ, *i. e.*, about 2,400 years ago. It is believed that many fables written by others have been attributed to him.

VINEGAR PLANT.—What is its origin?

Ans. It is a fungus composed of branched threads in a tangled mass, which is tough and crust-like, or leathery. It is found in decaying bodies, and in fluids undergoing acetous fermentation, which it greatly promotes.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—We are not to sit in judgment, or, rather, we are not to pronounce against the motives of the thousands and tens of thousands who seek to better their own condition and that of others by joining the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Rechabites, and the rest. But as for ourselves, we find enough to interest and occupy us *fully* in such good works as are commended by the highest authority, and which are clearly defined in science and revelation. If there are not real mysteries enough in nature, we may institute artificial ones to any extent. Personally, we have no time or inclination to work secretly, or to withhold from loved ones an equal share in all there is of us, present or prospective. If we should be invited to take a step in the dark—a step on which we could not ask God's blessing, we should decline to take it. If entertainments be proposed in which the family may not participate, we should decline them. In short, *we* decline being a party *to any* secret society whatever

PIMPLES—FIRMNESS—MEMORY.—My face is covered with pimples—how can I get rid of them? How can I improve my Firmness and my Memory?

Ans. 1. Quit eating too much sugar, butter, and fat, and avoid every form of social dissipation. 2. Read the "Self-Instructor in Phrenology and Physiology" and the book on Memory, and they will tell you how to improve and how to restrain each one of the faculties and propensities.

CORNS ON THE TOES.—Insignificant as these things may seem to be, they are often most painful and troublesome. A lady asks us:

"What will *cure* corns on the feet? I know that roomy shoes, stockings, etc., will *prevent* them; but after one is so unfortunate as to have them on the feet, is there anything that will remove them? I have asked your advice in similar cases, and have benefited by it, so I concluded to write to you this time, knowing that if you don't know of a remedy, nobody does. I inclose a directed envelop for your reply.

"Yours, very respectfully, E. P."

Ans. Corns are usually caused by tight boots and shoes. Even tight stockings will aggravate if they do not produce corns. Breaking in new boots may produce a crop of corns. Chinese women, and other foolish persons who have more vanity than common sense or regard for comfort, punish themselves and spoil their feet by wearing shoes *too small*. Remedy: let the shoes and stockings be *easy* to the feet. Wash the feet—we may as well include the whole person—in cold water every morning. Those who now have young corns may wear a little soft cotton on them, and get relief. If the corn be hard and the skin thick and horny, it may be softened in warm water and then cut away or picked out. After this, place some cotton wool over the toe to protect it from the stocking, wear comfortable shoes, and the corn will disappear.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—We are of the opinion that Dr. Caldwell has reference to the nature of mind as *human*, when he speaks of the incapacity for change. That the mind can expand, grow, be cultivated, *et cetera*, the whole bearing of his essay goes to prove; and it is his object to indicate the results of a long professional experience with reference to the training and culture best adapted to render the growth and expansion harmonious and efficient. J. S. P. will perceive the views of Dr. Caldwell more and more clearly as the essay unfolds.

YOUR ENGAGEMENT RING.—Nearly all the publications on etiquette have something to say with reference to this subject, and there is very little difference of opinion among the Chesterfields of American society, all agreeing that at the time of the engagement, or as soon thereafter as practicable, the gentleman shall furnish a gold circlet, which his affianced shall wear in token and confirmation of the engagement made. If the gentleman be wealthy, he may provide for the purpose a diamond ring, a single stone one being considered the more suitable. We are of opinion that the most appropriate offering of this nature is a plain gold ring of the finest quality, an inscription being cut on the interior, giving the initials of the parties and the date of the contract. When the ring is presented, the proper way is for the gentleman to slip it gracefully on the finger of the lady; the forefinger of the left hand is the one selected by custom for the engagement ring.

We are not in favor of massive love tokens of this kind. We frequently meet with young ladies whose fingers seem quite weighed down by a great clumsy ring. This is certainly bad taste. In selecting a ring, reference should be had to the character of the hand owned by the lady. If she have long, slender fingers, the ring may be comparatively broad. If the hand or fingers are short and dimpled, we think it should be comparatively narrow; the weight in any event ought not to exceed four pennyweights, that is, the fifth of an ounce.

PILGRIM FATHERS AND MOTHERS.—Can you give us the names of the passengers of the Mayflower? or inform your readers where they can be obtained?

Ans. Write to "the gentleman in charge of Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Mass.," and (if you inclose a prepaid envelope addressed to yourself) he will tell you the price of the book which will inform you all about the Pilgrims, their journey, their landing, sufferings, and ultimate success, with engravings of the town, coast, and everything interesting relative to the subject.

What They Say.

BUSHEL HEADS AGAIN.—A lady writes us commending our remarks on Bushel Heads in the July number, and wishes us to suggest that a fashion of short hair be at once inaugurated; that all liberty-loving and independent women take the lead, and thus emancipate the slaves of long hair and Bushel Heads at once. Why not? Sensible women have come into short dresses, then why not short hair? Poor pagan Chinamen are slaves to long hair—the queue—also to long finger-nails, and many of them to feet so small that they can scarcely waddle. Other foolish fellows shave the tops of their heads, still others their faces. All unnatural habits; and we can not see why sensible American men and women should make fools of themselves by following *any* fashion except for health, comfort, taste, economy, or convenience. *We* advise short hair for men, women, and children, and no *shaving* of heads or faces.

USE THE LEISURE HOUR.—One of our subscribers, J. P. S., warmly discusses the subject of improving the spare moments by reading. There is scarcely an employment which does not afford intervals of leisure which, if rightly used, would in the end roll up a rich balance of instruction and mental benefit to the account of the discreet man or woman who availed himself or herself of the golden opportunities. J. P. S. instances the learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, who accumulated such an extraordinary fund of lingual knowledge "at the forge," "becoming conversant with *fifty-two* languages from those small beginnings and smaller progresses, found in the intervals between heating and hammering the iron.

With such an illustration in view, none need despair of attaining a mental condition which shall be creditable.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY, published by Samuel R. Wells, New York, rarely fails to contain valuable hints and suggestions on a variety of practical subjects both of interest and importance to the general reader. It appears in a very attractive dress, which, with its entertaining and instructive miscellany, should make it a welcome visitor to all who prize in their reading not only what pleases the eye, but what conveys substantial and useful information.—*The Interior.*

"THE PLANCHETTE MYSTERY."—DEAR MR. WELLS: You send me the following letter from a correspondent, and ask what I have to say about it:

NEAR E. CITY, PASQUOTANK CO., N. C.

S. R. WELLS—*Dear Sir:* Please send me June number P. JOURNAL. * * * I admire you still. Never but one complaint—"The Planchette Mystery." Why intensify my curiosity? Promise a solution of a terrible mystery, and leave the mystery unexplained, and then bow yourself away from your excited, bewildered, and too confiding friend and victim with a polite—"I withhold my name, and have nothing to say." Call you this *backing up*, or *deserting* your friends at the critical moment? B. B. C.

If there be any "mystery" still involved in this matter, which ought to be and can be explained, I suppose that I, as the author of the publication referred to, am responsible for it. If your correspondent had mentioned a little more *specifically* the difficulties under which his mind is laboring, his case could possibly have been met more directly. I would say, however, that whatever "mystery" it may be for the explanation of which I am held responsible, it can not be the "Planchette Mystery," for that is presented in the publication simply as a "*mystery*," the elucidation of which, in the light of the undisputed and indisputable *facts* presented, belongs to my readers as much as to myself. If, however, I did not put forth any explanatory theory of my own, I certainly claim the credit of exhibiting, in copious quotations, a number of ingenious theories propounded by others.

Among these is the theory of a "floating, circumambient, atmospheric "mentality," offered by "Clarkey" in *Putnam's Monthly;* the theory of *animal magnetism*, *opium*, *hashish*, and *monomania* presented by Rev. A. D. Field in the *Ladies' Repository;* the *Devil* theory, urged with great vehemence by our Catholic friends; the theory of the *automatic and involuntary action of the mind*, propounded by the Rev. Dr. Patton of the *Advance;* and the theory so pertinaciously insisted upon by Mr. J. T. Headley in *Hours at Home*, that the phenomena are referable to *electricity* and *magnetism*, to which, however, the ingenious writer forgot to add the equally probable theory of *sheet lightning*. I offered no theory of my own except that, with the benevolent intent of helping friend "Clarkey," of *Putnam's*, out of a difficulty, I suggested that the force which moved Planchette might be "a little fairy, snugly cuddled up under the board."

As these several hypotheses exhaust the whole circle of supposable mundane forces, and trench a little upon the sphere of the supermundane (or rather inframundane), one could have imagined that each reader might have eked out from them an explanation of the "Planchette Mystery" to suit himself. It was not to be supposed, of course, that any one of them would go beyond the sphere of mundane causes, and imagine that these wonderful phenomena are, what they almost invariably claim to be, the product of the spirits of our departed friends; for Mr. Headley assures us that this is "too absurd a proposition to be entertained for a moment."

I do not deny that in the last sixteen pages of "The Planchette Mystery," as you published it from your JOURNAL in a pamphlet (that portion of the lucubration which comes under the head of "*Planchette's own theory*"), I practiced a little innocent artifice, purposely, however, throwing over it a vail so thin and transparent, that I supposed every one might see through it. I said:

"Having thus exhibited these several theories, and, to an extent, discussed them *pro et contra*, it is but fair that we should now ask Planchette—*using that name in a liberal sense*—what is *her* theory of the whole matter? * * * And perhaps if we are a little skillful in putting our questions, and occasionally call in the aid of Planchette's brothers and sisters, and other members of this mysterious family, we may obtain some satisfactory results." —(*Pamph.*, p. 29.)

Now I have been for many years on speaking terms with all the members of this wonderful family, from that clever damsel, Miss Clairvoyance, who has now a sprinkling of gray hairs, down to this latest-born child, Miss Planchette; and as I plainly intimated my intention to call in the aid of the *whole family*, using Planchette as the representative and mouthpiece of the whole, I think I had some cause for surprise on being asked afterward, as I was a few times, "Did you really get all those communications through that little board?" I certainly did intend to give, in that imaginary dialogue, a fair reflex of what I understand to be the more important teachings of the whole thing, from clairvoyance downward, direct and indirect, verbal, phenomenal, and inferential. I think I did right, however, in passing the grist through my own mill before giving it to the public; and if I was obliged to bolt out cartloads of bran, I submit that there was some substantial, wholesome *flour* left. If what is said under the head of "The Medium—the Doctrine of Spheres," is duly pondered, I think it may be found to contain the germs of a new, universal, and *Christian* philosophy, both of natural and spiritual things, and their correlations.

The pamphlet, which you published, and have

for sale,* contains several pages not printed in the A. P. JOURNAL, in which Planchette defines the distinctive characters and purposes of the three past *great Divine Epiphanies* or *Dispensations*, prophesies a *Fourth*, now at hand, and tells us something about the prospective and final settlement of the long existing feud between *science* and *religion*.

Of a lucubration intended solely to excite *thought* and *reasoning*, and which must necessarily stand or fall upon its own merits, it was not deemed that the author's name could be of any great consequence to the readers. But as this name appears to have been the subject of considerable inquiry, there is perhaps now no reason why I should not end this part of the mystery by subscribing myself, very respectfully, WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

54 SOUTH THIRD STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.

BRAIN WAVES — A MISNOMER.—In this astronomical, geological, and psychological age of our world there appears to be a great desire existing with regard to the wonderful, the mysterious, and the eternal future, and many who investigate these matters (in my opinion) form some strange and delusive conclusions. For instance, take this matter of the so-called "brain waves."

A correspondent of the JOURNAL, in the May number, seems to think that the article entitled "Brain Waves" in a number of the JOURNAL hits the nail on the head with regard to what is *supposed* to be sympathy of thought, or the same thought existing in different minds at the same time, and that there is some unknown cause or medium existing in space, which, set in motion, floats across the unbounded intellectual gulf, and touches and originates the same thoughts in all minds in the same latitude. But the same correspondent asking for more light can not have his questions answered without showing "brain waves" to be not only a misnomer, but a delusion. 1st. If these waves *do* exist, they are not brain waves, but spirit waves, or waves of the mind. 2d. Thought is not originated by waves, or some universal communicating medium, but originates in the mind by the mind being presented with a picture. Our minds can have no conception of anything without we see the thing or a picture of it furnished by some one that has seen it, and in accordance with the completeness of the picture will our ideas be correct or incorrect. [What about those objects not seen by the eye, but which depend for their acceptance entirely on faith?] Adam and Eve had no knowledge of good and evil, or of their condition, until their eyes were opened.

Two persons placed under the same circumstances, surrounded by the same objects, will possess the same thoughts if their minds are of the same quality or character. [Were there ever two brains or minds just alike?] And if some ministers' sermons "do not come within gun-shot" of your correspondent, it is because they are not presented in a manner that will drive impressions from the hearer's mind that have been placed there by circumstances and objects with which he was surrounded during the week. And if the minister should preach the same thing your correspondent was thinking about the week previous, depend upon it the minister was surrounded and impressed by the same circumstances and objects. To illustrate. When President Lincoln was assassinated, it was such a thrilling and horrible deed that it made an immediate impression upon the minds of all persons throughout the civilized world, but more deeply upon the American people. And surely it was not mysterious for a minister to preach concerning the sin of murder, while I or some one else in the congregation was thinking of it.

[The subject is still open, and "light, light, more light" is wanted.]

WANTED, IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—Here is a call for our publications and for a hygienic physician. We will supply the books, but where is the physician? The following letter explains itself:

WYNSTAY ENFIELD, SYDNEY, N. S. WALES.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 389 Broadway, New York—*Dear Sir:* Some seven or more years ago I had an invoice of books from you, and I now write to ask you to be so good as to forward me by return of post a catalogue and price list of your hygienic books. State price in gold, payable at New York; also state freight *per* Pacific Railway to San Francisco. We are very badly off for some one like Dr. Trall in Australia; if we could only induce one or two of his pupils to come, they would make a fortune, and be a blessing to this land. Now that we are brought into direct communication with your great country by your Pacific Railway and our line of steamers *via* New Zealand and Honolulu, it lessens the distance between us, which will be of great mutual advantage, and I hope will bless us with the presence of some of your hygienic instructors among us. If you could induce a physician to come here, I would be glad to render him every assistance. I retired from business about two years ago, and would have plenty of time to lend a helping hand to emancipate the people from their slavery to drugs, but they are quite prepared to receive some clever person, as a great many have had their eyes opened by books distributed among them by myself and other friends to the cause. Believe me, yours faithfully, RICHARD WYNNE.

[There. The reader now has the whole matter before him. The writer of the above letter is a wealthy gentleman and a thorough-going reformer. He seeks to displace the use of poisonous drugs and the floods of patent medicines and other quackery by real intelligence and hygienic agencies. Let us help him to do it. He has our best wishes. America and Australia are now to be nearer neighbors, thanks to the enterprise of the nineteenth century.]

* THE PLANCHETTE MYSTERY; An Inquiry into the Nature, Origin, Import, and Tendencies of Modern Signs and Wonders. How to Work Planchette. 25 cts. S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office, at prices annexed.*]

LIFE, LETTERS, LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853. Complete in one volume. 12mo; cloth; pp. 840. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Probably in the whole catalogue of those who have labored in the Christian ministry one could not be found who won so eminent a place in a shorter space of time as Frederick W. Robertson. Entering into the work of an evangel, with his soul on fire he at once aroused attention. He was brilliant and emphatic, yet of the most delicate tenderness. Breaking away from the restrictions of technical theology, he preached wholly from the point of view of his emotions and convictions.

His nobility of character commanded universal esteem, and those who enjoyed his personal friendship could not but fervently love him. As his sermons were delivered mainly from notes, scarcely a complete one has been preserved, but the collated fragments have found a world of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. All the charm of naturalness, freshness, warmth, and sincere and earnest conviction appear in them, without the slightest trace of bigotry or class prejudice. This new and complete edition of Mr. Robertson's life, lectures, etc., is exceedingly well gotten up, and of a price adapted to the needs of the general public. ——

HUMANITY: Its Fountain and Stream. By Deacon Dye. Illustrated by one hundred Engravings, giving one Portrait, taken from Nature, of each Distinct People now known to the Civilized World; among which are all the Reigning Sovereigns of Europe, President Grant, and other Rulers. Each Portrait is Colored, giving the Complexion of every Distinct People. One vol., octavo; pp. 91; cloth. Price, $3. New York: Published by the Author.

Mr. J. S. Dye, of bank-note and bogus-money notoriety, has really made a very curious book under the above title. In a brief review the *Albion* says:

"The author claims—funnily enough—to have given to the world therein the only intelligent theory concerning the original condition, complexion, and geographical distribution of the human race. Red, he informs us, was the color of man originally, and black, yellow, and white are variations from it, produced by climate and social habit. He scouts—without, however, attempting to scientifically disprove—the theory of Darwin, that all animal forms, man and beast alike, had a common origin, and only reached their present state by successive stages of development. Much of this odd book is devoted to the ancient pagan world, and statistics of a miscellaneous character bearing upon the people of the earth from the creation downward."

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN (a Senator from Maine), delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives, Forty-first Congress, Second Session, Dec. 14th, 1869. Published by order of Congress. Washington: 1870.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Hon. Willard Warner, U. S. Senator, for a copy of this most worthy tribute. Mr. Fessenden was one of the earliest patrons of phrenological works in this country. At his suggestion the editor of the JOURNAL examined the head of a murderer—afterward convicted—in the Portland jail, and found him to be so near an imbecile as to be an irresponsible person.

FREE RUSSIA. By William Hepworth Dixon, author of "New America," "Her Majesty's Tower," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 359; cloth. Price, $2 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Dixon is a capital book-maker. He knows what will sell. We like the word "Free," and credit the author with using it properly. Russians will demur at much in the book, as do Americans at much he says of us in "New America." But let us once understand the organization of the writer, and we shall not only know what to expect, but how to make due allowances for what he may write; for, be it known, an author, speaker, artist, and actor puts *himself* into his production, even though he paints the Madonna. Mr. Dixon's work has much in it to interest Americans; and Americans desire to know all they can about Russia. Here is an easy method of seeing —with the mind—that great empire.

AS REGARDS PROTAPLASM, in Relation to Professor Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life. By James Hutchison Stirling, F.R.C.S. and LL.D., Edin. One vol., 12mo; pp. 71; paper. Price, 25 cents. New Haven, Conn.: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

Very suggestive, and indeed we may say instructive. Were it not for the investigators, we should make no progress in science. Here is a step ahead in material investigation. Several editions have been already published.

LIFE IN UTAH; or, The Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism. Being an *exposé* of the Secret Rites and Ceremonies of the Latter-Day Saints, with a Full and Authentic History of Polygamy and the Mormon Sect from its origin to the present time. By J. H. Beadle, editor of the Salt Lake *Reporter*, and Utah Correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. One vol., 12mo; pp. 540; cloth. Price, $2 25. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company. Sold only by subscription.

Another "book of martyrs." Was there ever a religious sect not persecuted? We may, with almost equal propriety, inquire was there ever a religious sect that did not persecute? The history of Mormonism is pretty well understood already, and every one judges for himself as to its merits or demerits. Suffice it, Mr. Beadle regards the whole thing a great imposition, and his work is

written in this spirit. What Mormons will say of it may be imagined. They will retort that Mr. Beadle is bad. Of course the book will sell as a sensation, and the publishers will "put money in their purse." We do not see clearly the future of Mormonism. We do see that polygamy in America is fated. Instead of extending, it will contract, and ere long be discontinued, except where practiced clandestinely. ——

SONGS OF YALE: A New Collection of College Songs. Edited by Charles S. Elliott, A.B. One vol. 12mo; pp. 126; cloth. Price, $1. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

The author has performed his task most admirably, and the publisher has availed himself of every facility of the printer's art to present the work in the most acceptable manner. It is at once neat, tasteful, and artistic. Old and new College songs—the words set to music—are given, and we can see, in imagination, the students—each with a copy—sitting on the College green, singing the joyous songs. Many a happy memory will be revived in perusing these pages.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, NILE, RED SEA, AND GENNESARETH, etc. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. One vol., 8vo; pp. 404; cloth. Price $2 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"A Record of Rob Roy's Cruise on Ancient Rivers, Lakes, and Seas in Bible Lands." This is the neat dedication by the author. Readers who would look at the country through which this author passed, and at the people through most intelligent eyes, may do so by reading this book. There are many full-page illustrations, giving views of historical towns, mountains, and other objects. It is just the book for every private or public library. ——

MARRIED IN HASTE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Heiress," etc., etc. Price, $1 75 in cloth, or $1 50 in paper. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"Married in Haste" is the name of an entire new novel, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is very vivid in description, very acute in perception of character, and as absorbing in interest as any of her previous efforts, and if anything exhibits a finer tone.

JOB TUFTON'S REST; or, Ways and Means. A Story of Life's Struggles. By Clara Lucas Balfour. One vol., 12mo; pp. 332; cloth. New York: National Temperance Society.

Mrs. Balfour is one of the most popular writers and lecturers on temperance in England. In this handsome volume she gives pictures of life's phases, such as must impress every reader, and tend to fortify one against many temptations. The book should be placed in the hands of all young people.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, and Accompanying Documents, for the year 1869. Transmitted to the Legislature, January 20th, 1870.

A document containing the present condition of prisons and prisoners in the United States; with accounts of discipline, treatment, punishment, etc., with suggestions for prevention and of reformation. It is the most complete statement yet presented to the public in this country.

MATERNITY: A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers. By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A.M., M.D., of Washington, D. C., Graduate of the Gymnasium of Literature and Science, Mantua, Italy; of the Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical College; Clinical Student of the Philadelphia Hospital, Blockley; formerly Associate Physician of the New York Lying-in Asylum, etc. 12mo; pp. 451; cloth. Price, $2 25. New York: J. B. Ford & Company.

The title of this excellent work suggests its nature; it is well suited to take a place on the shelf in the inner sanctuary of domestic life. It is comprehensive, furnishing in clear but brief terms the advice so often needed by mothers with reference to the food, clothing, and remedial treatment required by children, whether regularly or contingently. ——

SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND SAYINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. To which is added a sketch of the Author by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's Sermon. Paper, 50 cents; 8vo; pp. 110. New York: Harper & Brothers.

JOHN. A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Agnes," "Life of Edward Irving," "Brownlows," etc. Paper, 50 cents; 8vo; pp. 110. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The above recent publications have been received from Franklin Square. The title of the first conveys a full idea of its character, and nothing short of a reading would be sufficient to stay the appetite of an admirer of the great novelist. Of the second, the author's name—Mrs. Oliphant—is a guaranty that it is not wishy-washy or lack-a-daisical. ——

THE HEIR OF GAYMOUNT. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke, author of "Hammer and Rapier," etc. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Van Evrie, Horton & Co.

This is a reprint in complete form of one of the popular stories published in *The Old Guard*, a monthly magazine issued by the above-named firm. ——

THE PORTRAIT IN MY UNCLE'S DINING-ROOM; and Other Tales. First published in America in *Littell's Living Age*. Contents: "Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-Room," "Olivia's Favor," "A Tale of Halloween," "Mrs. Merriden's Fortune," "Little Miss Deane," "Late for the Train." One vol., 8vo.; pp. 107; paper. Price, 38 cents. Boston: Littell & Gay.

The fact that the tale was published in the *Living Age* is presumptive evidence that it is regarded as having real merit.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND Packard's Monthly.

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Terms—$3 a year; Single Nos. 30 cents.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN.

Edited and Published by

SAMUEL R. WELLS,

389 Broadway, New York.

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

Agreeable to previous announcement the great Fair opened on the 8th of September, under encouraging circumstances. The number, value and variety of objects exhibited, are greater than ever before. The place—Coleseum—on 3d Avenue, between 62d and 63d streets, is a Grand Museum of the products of Industrial Art. To name and describe them would fill pages. They are to be *seen*. What a school is here! Study the silent teachers, and the rattling, buzzing, hammering, dulling, boring and pumping machines! Watch their marvellous movements, almost instruct with intelligence! Here are the very materials which go to make up ponderous volumes — Encyclopedias. Then why not study them in motion? We advise parents to treat themselves and their children to a visit. Strangers in New York should not leave the city without looking in at this Great Fair.

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PORTRAIT OF DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT,

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

ON Sunday, August 14th last, Admiral David G. Farragut, whose heroic and successful attack, in 1862, on the strong fortifications defending the approaches to New Orleans, and his impetuous assault on and capture of Mobile in 1864, made his name especially distinguished, died from paralysis at Portsmouth, N. H. He had for some time been suffering from heart-disease, and had gone north early in July with the hope of finding relief and rest in re-

tirement from active duty. Being regarded generally as the leading officer of the American navy, and highly esteemed as a man, aside from his eminent qualities as a naval leader, his sudden death has occasioned no little public sadness.

He was a man of medium size, of compact and vigorous organization, and harmoniously developed in head and body. Hence he enjoyed excellent health; and not being warped mentally or physically by excesses or deficiencies he was self-poised and equable.

His head was rather high for its width, rendering the moral and self-governing organs very influential. He had a clear sense of duty, an upright spirit, a firm and determined will, a sensitive regard for the good opinion of the world, and just enough Self-esteem to give him proper self-reliance without arrogance or egotism.

His Cautiousness was only *full;* hence he considered danger without trepidation, and studied the chances for success in times of peril without losing his presence of mind. He had a full degree of Combativeness and Destructiveness, which rendered him courageous without being quarrelsome, earnest without being fractious or petulant. He was not selfish in money matters, but never wasteful or inclined to undervalue the fruits of labor. His large Benevolence and Hope contributed to render him generous, cheerful, sympathetical, and joyous. Ten minutes in his company was enough to reassure the despondent and build up the hopes of the depressed.

His intellect was pre-eminently practical, and though he was a theorist and critic to an extent sufficient to plan what he ought to do, yet he never lost sight of the practical facts and details of the subject. See how full the middle line of the forehead is! how prominent the arch of the brow! how sharp the central ridge which runs up to the hair! In accordance with these indications, he was quick to see; had an excellent memory; great power of analysis, and first-class talent to read character.

The reader will notice the fullness under the eye, and the prominence of the eyeball, which are signs of large Language. The Admiral was not only an excellent conversationalist, and had a ready use of words, but he was also an excellent linguist, speaking many languages; and was known when a young man for his ability to speak almost any tongue. Wherever he might be stationed when on a cruise, a few weeks' time was sufficient to give him some practical knowledge of the language spoken at the place.

Without large Imitation, he copied others but little. His ways and manners, though genial, mellow, and affectionate, were his own. His strong social feelings rendered him companionable; his excellent memory gave him material for conversation; his large Language gave him excellent talking ability, hence he always had something to say, and knew how to say it, and was the center of social attraction wherever he went.

Those strong features, that well-set nose inclined to the Roman, that long and strong upper lip and firm compression of the mouth, that square and manly chin, combine to indicate courage and dash without rashness, persistency and steadfastness without obstinacy, and ardent fraternal feelings.

We ought to state that his intellect was eminently intuitive, inherited from his mother; that his judgment acted instantaneously upon facts, and that he rarely had occasion to modify his first impressions. That is a scholarly head, a sympathetic, moral, self-reliant, energetic nature, which carried an immense amount of power, and yet carried it with a gentleness and sociality which made him a good companion for even children; and

in his unguarded social hours, no man not a phrenologist would recognize in him the hero, the valiant warrior that he really was.

David Glascoe Farragut was born July 5, 1801, at Campbell's Station near Nashville, Tenn. His father, Geo. Farragut, was a native of the island of Minorca, one of the Balearic group in the Mediterranean, and came to this country about the commencement of the Revolution of 1776. Here he soon after enlisted in the Federal army, and rose to the rank of major. Subsequently he went into the Navy, and served a short time. Having married, he settled in the section of country now known as East Tennessee, on government lands which had been assigned to him as part payment for his military services. At eleven years of age David received a midshipman's appointment under Captain Porter, with whom his father was on terms of friendship. The war with England having broken out, the youth was given a berth on Porter's own vessel, the Essex. Of the personal history of the young midshipman during the cruise of the Essex but a mere outline can be furnished.

He was present at the capture of the Nocton, December 11th, 1812; of the Albert, March 18th, 1813, and of the Peruvian corsair Nereyda, in the same month. On May 29th, 1813, an English whaler of eight guns, called the Atlantic, was captured, and Farragut having been transferred to her, served as an acting Lieutenant, and cruised in company with the Essex and a fleet of eight captured vessels, which were converted into war ships. Not long afterward the fleet was reduced to three vessels. The Atlantic was re-named the Essex Jr., and her command was transferred to Lieut.-Commander Downes, while Farragut returned to duty as midshipman on board the Essex. On March 8th, 1814, occurred the conflict in Valparaiso Bay between the Essex and the Phoebe and Cherub, two English cruisers, commanded by Captain Hillyar. The engagement was a very severe one, during which young Farragut exhibited remarkable coolness and endurance, standing at his guns even after sustaining a severe wound in the side. Porter was obliged to surrender to the great and superior force of the British vessels, and in his dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy mentioned the young midshipman, Farragut, in terms of approval, regretting that he was "too young for promotion."

Shortly after peace was restored Farragut was appointed to service in the Mediterranean squadron. There he became acquainted with the Rev. Charles Folsom, the chaplain of the fleet, who conceived a great liking for the young sailor; and afterward, when he had been appointed U. S. Consul at Tunis, he requested Farragut to accompany him. David resided at Tunis under the care of Folsom for three years, and then returned home.

Mr. Folsom being a gentleman of high culture and refined moral sentiment, contributed in no small degree toward forming the tastes and molding the character of his young friend. Many incidents have been related in which the conduct of the distinguished sailor exhibited that healthy moral tone which could not have been else than the result of correct moral training and pure principle.

One instance is very fresh in this connection. On the night before the celebrated attack on Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, the crew of the flagship Hartford, expecting a battle, asked for a distribution of liquor, a custom generally observed on war vessels just before going into action. "I have no particular objection to your having a little grog," he said, "if there is any on board; but I have been to sea a good many years, and have seen some fighting, but *I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me to do my duty.*" Then, without waiting for an answer to his argument, he added: "I will order you two pots of hot coffee at two o'clock tomorrow morning, and at eight o'clock I'll pipe you to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

He availed himself of the many opportunities of leisure afforded by his Mediterranean services to acquire two or three languages, and it is said that at the time of his death, such had been his appreciation of intellectual acquirements, that he was master of several languages.

He served in 1821, '22, and '23 in the Greyhound, under Lieut.-Commodore Kearney, who gave his attention to the breaking up of the piratical establishment at Cape Crees, Cuba.

In 1823 he was ordered to the Norfolk Navy Yard, where he remained on shore duty for ten years. He had been appointed a Lieutenant previously.

In 1838 he was appointed Lieut.-Commander of the sloop Natchez, and ordered to the West Indies. Two years later he was promoted Commander, and took charge of the Decatur for a cruise in the South Atlantic. During the fourteen or more years following, he performed various services, now on sea, then on land, until about 1854, when he was appointed Captain, and assigned to the San Francisco Navy Yard.

Remaining there until 1858 he was ordered to the Brooklyn and the Home Squadron. Subsequently he was placed on the Naval Retiring Board and stationed at New York.

On the breaking out of the late war, Farragut, whose wife, friends, and associations were all Southerners, boldly declared his intention to cast in his lot with that flag which he had sailed under so many years. This decision rendered it necessary for him to leave Norfolk, where he was stationed at the time, and come North. He took up his residence at Tarrytown, N. Y., and lived in retirement until summoned by the Government to take part in the offensive movements against the South. He received his orders on the 20th January, 1862, and two weeks later sailed in the Hartford, his flagship, for New Orleans. On the 16th of March his fleet of steamers, gunboats, and mortar vessels opened fire upon the strong fortifications which protected the water approaches of New Orleans, and continued it for a week, the enemy responding to his attack with equal zeal. Concluding now that some other course must be adopted for reducing the forts, he assembled his officers to consider the next move. He was warned by the officers of English and French ships of war in port at New Orleans that "no fleet could pass up the river without a miraculous interposition," but he answered:

"You may be right. But I was sent here to make the attempt to take New Orleans, and I shall try it."

To the council of war which discussed his daring enterprise as laid before it, he gave a reply which even more clearly indicates his positiveness and boldness of character. His order for the battle contains these words:

"Whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly. When in the opinion of the flag officer the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. He will make a signal for *close action*, and abide the *result—conquer, or be conquered.*"

In the battle which ensued, it is stated that the Hartford, in which Farragut sailed, steamed so slowly past the forts that the vessels following her were in danger of running into her in the excitement of the hour. With the utmost coolness Farragut ordered his flagship to pass the fort and engage it at close quarters. His example was not lost upon the other officers of the fleet, Capt. Craven, of the Brooklyn, particularly distinguishing himself by his coolness and the admirable service of his ship. It was not lost upon the observing Farragut, and after the fight was over he took the hand of Craven in both his own and generously gave him the credit of the victory. "You and your noble ship have been the salvation of the squadron," he said.

The immediate result of this great battle, it will be remembered, was the occupation of New Orleans. Butler's troops were no sooner in the city than Farragut and a portion of his fleet steamed up the Mississippi River to attempt the capture of Vicksburg, whose batteries only prevented the passage of the river from its mouth to Cairo. The passage of the batteries at Vicksburg on May 28 was the principal event of the brief siege and bombardment of that city, begun in 1862. It accomplished nothing, and Farragut ran down again in a few days and returned to New Orleans. He engaged shortly after in several operations in East Louisiana, but little remained to be accomplished by the fleet until an army could cooperate in the siege of Vicksburg. His fleet was finally retired to Pensacola, where it engaged in effective blockading duty in the Gulf of Mexico. While thus employed the Admiral captured Corpus Christi, Sabine Pass, Galveston, and other points difficult to blockade.

It was not until July, 1864, that he made an effort to reduce Mobile. Forces under General Canby were ready to move against the city, and the first step necessary was to reduce the forts defending the entrance to Mobile Bay. For this purpose a large fleet was assembled, the Hartford still being his flagship. In his order for the battle he intimated that the fleet would attack at the flood-tide, in order that if a vessel became partially disabled in her running apparatus, she would drift with the current into the fight.

The rebels had several powerful war steamers and four rams, besides the terrible iron-clad ram Tennessee, to assist in defending the forts, and the conflict when once begun was a terrible one. Its details are too familiar to need reiteration here. It is known especially that during this engagement the Admiral lashed himself to the rigging of the flagship and watched the fight from that position. This was not an act of reckless daring on the Admiral's part, but the calm resolve of a commander who felt it his duty to be in a position to see his whole fleet. In the line of battle the Brooklyn and Hartford were lashed side by side, the first-named being nearest the enemy's forts and vessels, and in order that he might see their movements and actions he lashed himself to the shrouds of his vessel.

record in history. Its success was complete.

This battle was the last engagement which the Admiral directed, and won for him the promotion of Vice-Admiral. He returned to the blockading duty in the Gulf, and toward the close of the war was sent to the James River. After the close of the war he was sent on a cruise in the Franklin to European waters, and everywhere met with the most marked consideration and courtesy from distinguished personages of all professions, royalty itself deeming it no condescension to meet him on the familiar footing of friendly regard.

Since his return home from that cruise the Admiral has been in bad health and suffered at times severely, so that his death was to him the welcome approach of a merciful release rather than a dreaded visitant.

He was married twice. His second wife survives him.

But a few months since, General N. P. Banks delivered a speech in public on national affairs, in the course of which he alluded to Admiral Farragut in the following suitable terms:

"Admiral Farragut," he said, "commanded the naval forces during the whole period of the war, from the capture of New Orleans to the conquest of Mobile. History presents no naval character superior to that of Farragut. His naval victories equal the greatest of the achievements of Duquay Trouin of France, Van Tromp of Holland, and Nelson of England. The conquest of Mobile has given him greater reputation, because it occurred at a moment when, at the close of the war, the eyes of the world were turned upon him. His success was not a victory merely, but the harbinger of certain and general peace. But as a naval exploit it bears no comparison with his passage of the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson. The daring conception and the heroic execution of this enterprise is without parallel in naval warfare. No one who participated in the campaign of 1863, of which the passage of the batteries was the initiatory step, can ever forget it. The immediate consequences of this movement were then and are yet imperfectly appreciated by the country, but it is not too much to say of its success that it was the first step in the conquest of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the freedom of the Mississippi. In war, Farragut was a Homeric leader—one of Plutarch's men. In peace, his artless simplicity, his integrity of character, his patriotic impulses, his sound sense, and just judgment the advantage of a withdrawal of his name from vain and acrid partisan strife, and received in his lifetime that compensation for noble actions which can be bestowed but upon very few men—the universal and just homage of mankind. Fortunate is it for us, his associates in war and peace, that we find in him the first President of our Association, and a true type of the soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy of the Gulf."

Previous to the late war, it has been said that Admiral Farragut exhibited but little of the great talent and address which made him so conspicuous then. The reply to this will apply to many other brilliant names, viz., that circumstances did not arise which required the display of such ability, the country being in a state of comparative peace down to 1861. Besides, the Admiral was a man of modest disposition, retiring from rather than assuming a position not necessitated by the occasion. The war with the South breaking out gave him a great occasion, and proved him equally great in meeting its contingencies.

IS THERE NO RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD?

Is there no resurrection of the dead?
Shall those who've suffered, those who've wept and bled,
Never rejoice in life again?
Shall these temples of the flesh forever lie
Hidden in obscurity, forever die
Victims to Death, as monarch grim?

Shall these wonders of divine, immortal art,
These habitations of th' immortal part,
These structured walls of mortal clay,
Glorious monuments of a builder's might,
Illuminated by a spirit's light,
Forever crumble to decay?

Shall all these mystic powers forever fade,
Of body, mind, in all their pomp arrayed?
Are pilgrims to this land of gloom
Forever clad in the robes of sorrow?
Does no promise of a glad to-morrow
Disperse the darkness of the tomb? BOY POET.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

EDITORSHIP.

THE following question has been received, and we take it as a text for our article on this subject of editing:

"What abilities should one possess, and what books should be studied, to enable him to become a first-class composer and correspondent for a daily or weekly journal?"

To be a first-class editor or correspondent, one ought to know as much of the subject-matter on which he writes as can be known; certainly he ought to know more respecting it than those who read his articles. We may therefore say, first, that an editor ought to have a comprehensive intellect, which signifies, first, a large development of the perceptive organs, which give prominence to the brow and lower part of the forehead. These faculties enable their possessor to gather knowledge rapidly and accurately; to see all that is going on; to appreciate whatever is related. They give also the basis of scientific knowledge or power to acquire the necessary knowledge for scientific subjects, that he may be intelligent in that direction. These faculties also enable one to acquire knowledge from books and retain it. He should have, secondly, the reasoning or philosophical faculties well developed, that he may comprehend the logic and the law of things. The majority of American editors will be found with the lower half of the forehead more amply developed than the upper half. They are fact-gatherers rather than thinkers; and the result of their labor is very apt to contain much crude matter. Many editors are much more like the farm-rake, which gathers up wheat and tares, hay, thistles, and thorns together, than like the winnowing mill, which separates the chaff from the wheat. As evidence that the generality of editors are mere observers and not deep thinkers, it may be observed that if one of the editorial fraternity happens to possess large reasoning organs, and ventures to reach out in the realm of ideas, he is laughed at through many of the newspapers as being a "philosopher," a "dreamer," a "speculative theorist." If all editors and newspaper writers had large Causality and Comparison, they would not jeer and laugh at a man who inclined to originality of mind, and boldly struck out into the untrodden realms of thought.

In one aspect of the subject, the editor is required to be merely an arranger of the matter produced by others—a digester, a critic, a compiler. One who edits a great Review is not expected, for he has not the time and probably not the varied learning and information necessary, to write well upon all subjects which go to make up the contents of the Review. One man has spent his life in the realm of chemistry, another in mining, another in metaphysics, another in mechanics, another in medicine, another in agriculture; and these several subjects can be presented by those who have made them a specialty, respectively, more clearly and forcibly than any one man can be expected to do. But an editor of such a Review ought to have a first-class head and first-rate culture, so that he may estimate the labors of these special coadjutors; otherwise, if he were acting as a mere bricklayer, putting in place the productions of others, he would be likely to give to the world a good deal of crude matter.

A political editor needs an excellent memory to hold the general knowledge which is requisite to the editorial profession, that he may remember the history of politicians and legislators, the history of nations, of science, of literature and law, and also that he may remember what he himself has said and done before. An editor should be able to carry in his memory all that he has ever written and published, so that he shall be consistent,—that one year's experience shall give him light for the next year's labor. But we would not make a man a slave to the past through a retentive memory. We would have the man open to progress, to improvement, to new truths, and to reforms; but we would have his memory sufficiently tenacious not to forget the pit from which he had been digged—the old errors and ignorances in which he had at some time floundered. We have known reformers who forgot the ignorance and weakness from which they had emerged, and seemed to take delight in charging with wickedness and folly those who occupied the same position which, but a few years before, they had left. This is as ridiculous as it is for a man who, by accident or energy, has made himself rich, and then turns around and abuses and denounces "poor people" because they are poor. It is both ridiculous and pitiable to read the editorials of some newspapers; to see how to-day subjects and persons will be petted and praised who, five years ago, were vilified and denounced. A better memory of the past should serve to correct such folly in the present. Besides, an editor needs conscience in strong measure. He wields a wondrous

posed. An editor who lacks conscience, and has excessive selfishness and severity, can slaughter reputation, can plant thorns in the pillow of innocence without incurring legal penalty, and without the power of undoing his own mischief. An editor, therefore, should be truthful, just, upright; he should have large Benevolence, so as to be tender of other people's feelings and interests.

On the other hand, an editor should have courage—no position needs greater; having a selfish world to deal with, he should be willing to utter the truth, and to back it up, when justice demands that an unpleasant truth be spoken. A want of courage in an editor is as bad as a lack of courage in a soldier; for while cowardice or treason in a soldier may cause the loss of a battle, a lack of courage or conscience in an editor may poison the public morals, and, perhaps, contribute to the loss of a battle as well. An editor should have large Language, that he may write with ease and facility; he should have good taste, that his style may be smooth and elegant, and that his publications shall not offend the tastes of his readers. We would not give him excessive Benevolence and Ideality; while lack of Combativeness, Firmness, and Self-Esteem renders the editor pusillanimous, and leads him to soften the truth until its very back-bone is withdrawn; but there is such a thing as manly courage, unflinching determination, serene dignity, and unflinching justice, combined with kindness, affection, and proper consideration for the rights, prejudices, and even the ignorance of others. Men of power should carry that power gently; one does not lose his vantage ground, who really possesses it, by trying a gentle method of accomplishing results. He who has a hundred cannon at his back can afford to be polite to an opponent, and request the favor of a compliance with his wishes. A general who is capable of backing up his request need not insult a foe when he demands his surrender. An editor who has the best of a controversy can afford to be modest; he who has a clincher for an argument can afford to suggest it, instead of rudely cramming it down his opponent's throat.

An editor also needs large Cautiousness and Secretiveness, so that he shall not rashly into wrong by the expression of undigested opinions. There is quite as much wisdom in the silence which large Secretiveness imposes as there is in the dashing courage which large Combativeness inspires; but with large Benevolence and strong social affection, the editor will be inspired by general good-will to the weak and the wicked, as well as to the good and the noble. This good-will will give him a tendency to put the best face on everything; to remember that the accused may have a good defense; that there is generally another side to every bad story. A rash, unkindly man, as editor, will hunt the accused before he has time to enter his plea of "not guilty," or to "put himself upon his country" for defense.

Moreover, and finally, an editor should be imbued with a religious spirit, that he may ever remember that the noise and bustle, the excitements and strifes, of to-day are of less consequence than those subjects which, while they have their roots in time, have the life to come for their complete development. An irreligious witticism may raise a laugh and give its author a momentary popularity, but that witticism may sting the heart of innocence; may blunt the moral susceptibility of some weak brother who would otherwise lead a virtuous life. For if the editor be endowed with sufficient wisdom to do his intellectual labor well, and a sufficient amount of moral and religious feeling to desire the greatest good of the greatest number for time and for eternity, he will feel that his publication is like a voice that reaches to the ends of the earth, and not only speaks to the human race of to-day, but that it continues to speak when the hand that penned it is still, and is a record for all time. A clergyman may chance to speak to five hundred people, a lecturer to a similar number, but an editor may speak to millions; and his thoughts may be copied for the reading of other millions, besides remaining in print for coming generations to peruse.

Our correspondent asks, "What works should be studied to enable me to become a first-class writer?" We hardly need answer this question. We have often said to persons who were receiving private phrenological examinations at our hands, that an editor,

a lawyer, or a minister should know everything that can be known, in order to completely fulfill the duties of their respective offices. All literature, all science, all history will aid the editor, and the more he can have of general culture the better.

In the first place, he should be a good English scholar or a master of his mother tongue, whatever that be; if he can have classical learning, all the better. He should be well read in the history of nations, and especially in the history of individuals; for if such history be properly written, it will open the character, and motive, and purpose, and effort, as well as reveal the result.

The editor should understand human nature physiologically, phrenologically, and theologically. It is not enough that the editor study external things; he should study men, mind, the inner life of humanity, that he may know to whom he is talking, as well as what he is talking about.

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Fowler.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

[CONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

SYMPATHETIC CONSTITUENTS OF THE BODY.

HAVING hitherto intentionally omitted it, I find it necessary to my purpose now to observe that the human body is composed of a variety of sets of organs, some of which are so predominant in their influence as to assimilate the condition of the others to their own. They exercise, also, a powerful influence over one another. If one of them be deranged, it deranges the others; and if either of them be healthy and vigorous, the soundness of the others may be considered on that account the more secure. Of the control of all or either of them over the rest of the body, the same is true. If they be sound, it is sound; if diseased, it is diseased. To execute the task of physical education, then, it is necessary chiefly so to watch and regulate them as to keep them unimpaired.

The organs alluded to as possessing a predominance are the skin, the digestive system —composed of the stomach, liver, pancreas, intestines, and lacteals,—the blood-making and blood-circulating system—made up of the heart, lungs, and blood-vessels,—and the cerebral and nervous system, comprising the brain, spinal cord, and nerves. The muscular system is also important, not only in itself, but as contributing by its functions to the perfection of the others. Physical education, as an aggregate, then, consists in the proper education of these several sets of organs. Train them in the best manner and to the highest pitch, and the individual has attained his highest perfection.

TREATMENT OF THE SKIN.

Of the education of the skin I have already spoken, under the heads of cleanliness, clothing, and temperature; for the chief action of temperature is on that organ. On these points, therefore, I have but little to add. The same attention to them required in the nursery is required in the school. The temperature of school-rooms should be comfortable in all sorts of weather, and the cleanliness and clothing of pupils such as may best contribute to the health of the skin. The rooms themselves should also be clean. The covering of all children, especially of delicate ones, had better be too warm than too cool. And pupils should never be allowed to sit in school with their clothes and feet wet or even damp. The most vigorous constitutions have suffered from such exposure. Persons may *exercise* with impunity in damp clothing and with wet feet, but not *sit still*. Nor should children be exposed to

of such a cause.

CARE OF THE STOMACH—IMPROPRIETIES.

The education of the digestive organs has been briefly noticed under the head of *diet*. It is matter of regret to me that time does not permit me to enlarge on it, as it is infinitely important in physical education. Long-lived individuals are generally remarkable for the soundness of their stomachs. Many of them have never experienced nauses, and rarely an impaired appetite. Improprieties in diet are the most fruitful source of the diseases of children. Nor are they much less so to those of riper age. Eating too much, and of unwholesome articles, is a national evil in the United States; and were I to add, a national disgrace, the charge would scarcely be too severe. Do you ask me whether it is more so in the United States than elsewhere? I answer, Yes; and the reason is manifest. Such is our happy condition, did we not abuse it, that it is much easier to procure the means of indulging to excess in the United States than in any other country. And experience in common with history teaches us that mankind are prone to the gratification of the palate, and other animal appetites, in proportion to the facilities of indulgence they enjoy. I confidently believe that the thirteen or fourteen millions of people [now about forty millions] inhabiting this country, eat more trash *for amusement* and *fashion's sake*, and *to pass away idle time*, than half the inhabitants of Europe united. Unquestionably they consume a greater amount of such articles in the proportion of *five to one* than an equal number of the people of any other country I have ever visited. Shame, if not prudence, should drive them from a practice which might well be called disgusting. No wonder that European travelers ridicule us on account of it. In a special manner should children and youth be guarded from its influence, calculated as it is to weaken their constitutions and injure their intellects, and thus reduce the men of America below the standard they would otherwise attain. Nor will human nature ever reach the perfection our fine climate, abundance of wholesome food, entire freedom of mind and body, and other favorable influ- that the Americans have it in their power, if they be true to themselves and use with wisdom the advantages they enjoy to become, bodily and mentally, the most perfect people the world has produced, might easily be shown, had I leisure to sum up the evidence which presents itself.

EFFECT ON THE BRAIN.

It is well known to every teacher that children are comparatively dull after dinner, and often sleep over their tasks. Why? Because they have dined on improper food, or eaten to excess of that which is proper. In such a case the exercise of the brain or of the mind, if the latter word be preferred, proves injurious by producing indigestion. It expends, in the organ of thought, that portion of vitality which should now center in the stomach, to enable it to master the enemy within it—to convert the oppressive load of food it has received into chyme and prepare it for chyle. Daily assaults of this sort on the brain (especially the tender brain of children which is not yet completely organized), by errors in diet, can not fail to do it permanent mischief. But, as already observed, the regulation of the diet of children belongs chiefly to family government. As respects the serious evils, however, arising from errors committed in it, teachers should be neither inattentive nor silent. Due representations and remonstrances made by them to parents and guardians might be productive of good. They have a better opportunity than most other persons to witness the unfavorable effect which the practice objected to produces on the mind.

Those organs of the body to which the attention of teachers should be more immediately and earnestly directed are the lungs, the heart and blood-vessels, the muscles of voluntary motion, and the brain and nerves.

NEED OF GOOD AIR IN SCHOOLS.

The chief measure requisite in the education of the lungs is the procurement for pupils of a competent supply of salubrious atmospheric air. And I need scarcely add, that to remain salubrious it must be regularly changed. Independently of any deleterious impregnation it may receive, stagnation alone injures air as certainly as water. The object

here referred to involves the most important considerations, as it is impossible for health to be secured without it. The attainment of it depends principally on the site and construction of school-edifices. The buildings should stand in elevated, dry, and healthy positions, remote from swamps and low, humid, alluvial soil. Or if there be such nuisances in the vicinity, rows of bushy trees should run between them and the houses, the latter being erected on the windward side,—on that side, I mean, over which the prevailing winds of summer and autumn pass before they reach the miasmatic ground. On no account, if it can be avoided, should a school-house stand in a flat, damp, alluvial situation. And should there be no preventive of this, let the edifice be erected on an artificial hillock, or in some other way elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the ground. By this means the pupils being placed beyond the reach of the miasm that may be formed below them will breathe a wholesome atmosphere. A stagnant atmosphere, however, as already mentioned, can not long remain wholesome, more especially if it be charged with animal exhalations. To prevent, therefore, in schools, these two sources of mischief, the rooms should never be crowded, and ought to be so constructed that their ventilation may be perfect without rendering their temperature uncomfortable in cold weather. This state of things, so highly desirable and so easily attained, is not usually found in houses of instruction for junior pupils. On the contrary, the rooms are, for the most part, crowded, sometimes jammed with children, too hot in winter when the windows are closed, and too cold and swept by currents of chilling air when they are open. In such places delicate children, especially if their lungs be more than commonly sensitive, can scarcely fail to contract disease. Or should they escape actual disease, their delicacy and feebleness will be increased. For the preservation of health and vigor when possessed, and their restoration when lost, a supply of salubrious air is as necessary to the lungs as a supply of sound and nutritious aliment is to the stomach. The one is not more essential to the production of healthy chyle than the other is to the formation of healthy blood. And we shall endeavor to show presently that without such blood not a single function belonging to man, whether it be physical, intellectual, or moral, can be in unimpaired health and perfection. For heterodox as the sentiment may probably appear to some persons, it is, notwithstanding, true that florid, well-vitalized arterial blood is as necessary to give full vigor to the intellectual and moral powers of the philosopher, statesman, and patriot, as it is to paint the roses on the virgin's cheek and the coral on her lip. The reason is plain. That they may be in the best condition to perform their functions, the intellectual and moral organs, like other portions of the body, require a supply of well-prepared blood. And to form such blood is the province of the lungs, using as their principal means unadulterated atmospheric air. But no room, even moderately filled with human beings, can retain a pure atmosphere, however judiciously it may be constructed for ventilation. Children, therefore, should be confined in such a place but a few hours at a time, and not many hours in the entire day. That they may enjoy perfect health, a considerable portion of their time should be passed in the open air. There, the food of their lungs will be wholesome and their respiration free, and they will derive from that function all the benefit it is calculated to bestow.

LUNG EDUCATION.

Another useful measure in the education of the lungs is for pupils to practice declamation and singing. Such training strengthens those organs as certainly as suitable exercise strengthens the muscles; and it does it on the same ground. I again repeat, and it can hardly be too often repeated, that it is well-directed exercise alone that invigorates and improves every form of living matter. Its effect thus to invigorate and improve constitutes one of its most imporant laws. Nor is its ameliorating influence confined to living matter. It improves dead matter also. By judicious use, a bow grows better, and to the improvement of violins, flutes, organs, pianos and other musical instruments by being skillfully played on, all experience testifies.

As respects the salutary influence of singing, declamation, and other forms of loud speaking, on the lungs, Dr. Rush often said, and perhaps has left the fact on record, that in

the experience of a long life he had never known a singing-schoolmaster, an auction-crier, a watchman who called the hours of the night, or an oysterman who cried his commodity through the streets, to be attacked by pulmonary consumption. The influence of declamation by the sea-shore amid the roar of the surf, in strengthening the lungs of Demosthenes, might be cited as testifying to the same effect.

EFFECTS OF ACTIVITY.

The mere formation of good blood, however, is not alone sufficient to satisfy all the demands of the system. That fluid must be also circulated actively to every portion of the body, else the purposes of vigorous health are not subserved by it. To this end the free and competent action of the heart is essential; and to that, again, voluntary muscular action is no less so. However useful well-vitalized arterial blood is as a stimulant to excite the left side of the heart to the requisite degree of motion, experience proves that it is not alone sufficient for the purpose. Every one knows that when he is motionless, his pulse is slow and comparatively feeble contrasted with itself when he is engaged in exercise. So is his respiration. Even when our exercise is moderate, we inspire a third or fourth oftener in a given time than we do when we are still. Our inspirations are also deeper and fuller. More air therefore is received in an equal period into the lungs. But, other things being alike, the larger the volume of air that enters those organs is, the more completely is the blood vitalized and matured; and if correspondingly circulated, the more efficiently does it contribute to the perfection of every function of the system. Hence the health, vivacity, strength, and florid complexions of persons, whether children or adults, who exercise and respire freely in the open air, and the comparative paleness, delicate health, languor, and weakness of those who pass their time in a state of inaction, even in the most spacious and comfortable dwellings. This truth is amply illustrated and confirmed by contrasting the agriculturist who labors in the field, or the hunter who roams the forest, with the secluded man of letters, or with the manufacturer who closely pursues his occupation in a small and ill-ventilated workshop.

EXCESSIVE BRAIN-EXERCISE HURTFUL.

In all parts of the world and under all circumstances highly studious and literary men have infirm health. The reason is plain. They exercise their brains too much, and their muscles, hearts, and lungs too little. Hence the whole frame is first debilitated, and ultimately deranged. The lungs and heart failing

A DYSPEPTIC—FROM LIFE.*

somewhat in their functions, the brain does not receive a sufficient amount of well-vitalized blood. Its vigor is diminished, therefore, by a twofold cause: exhaustion from its excessive labors and a defective supply of sound arterial blood, which is its *vital food.* Though, in a given time, then, a literary man may accomplish a greater amount of work by inordinate and unremitting cerebral toil, he can not do it so well. In a particular manner the product of his mind will have less brilliancy and power. It will be like the fruit of advanced age contrasted with that of the meridian of life, like the "Odyssey" of Homer compared to the "Iliad," or Milton's "Paradise Regained" to his "Paradise Lost." Another cause of the infirm health of literary

* This gentleman, a minister, died in the midst of his usefulness from disease of the digestive organs induced by excessive mental activity and a resultant disregard of his physical requirements.

men is that they eat too much, or indulge in food too difficult of digestion. This renders them dyspeptic. Their stomachs being debilitated in common with their other organs, the diet used by them should be of the most digestible kind; and it should be taken sparingly. Let such characters take more muscular exercise in the open air, and eat less, and they will enjoy much more health of body and vigor and productiveness of mind.

LIGHT—FEMALE GROWTH.

As heretofore mentioned, light itself, which acts on us more freely and to better effect without doors than within, is friendly to both vegetable and animal perfection. Shut up in *entire* darkness either man, or quadrupeds, or birds, and you injure and enfeeble them. Casper Hauser, Baron Trenck, and many other persons that might be named, furnish memorable examples of this. *Partial* darkness, therefore, must produce on them an effect differing only in degree. It has been observed that, other things being equal, dark workshops are less salubrious than well-lighted ones. To the perfection of our race, then, liberal exercise in the open air—a much larger amount of it than is taken by children at school, especially female children—is essential. Never will mankind attain the high standard, either bodily or mental, of which they are susceptible, until females, not only while children, but also during adult life, take more and freer exercise out of doors than they do at present. I do not mean that they ought to run foot-races, wrestle, spar, fence, vault over six-bar gates, or in any other way hoyden it. Such masculine feats would suit neither their taste, delicacy, nor intended pursuits; nor are they requisite. No; I mean that they should, as a duty to themselves, their cotemporaries, and posterity, indulge in graceful and becoming exercise in the streets, gardens, fields, lawns, roads, and pleasure-grounds to a sufficient extent to invigorate their frames, heighten their beauty, and strengthen their intellects. Should they even climb lofty hills and craggy mountains, breathe the pure air, and enjoy the spirit-stirring and inspiring prospects they afford, the excursions would be beneficial both to body and mind. For I repeat that exercise, judiciously directed and indulged in, improves the latter as certainly as the former. Walking, then, is one excellent form of exercise for females, and riding on horseback is another. It is praiseworthy in them, moreover, to learn to walk elegantly, because graceful motion adds to their accomplishments and increases their attractiveness. The air of Josephine in walking was fascination; and an American lady in London threw a spell over royalty by the grace of her movement in quitting the drawing-room. But by *elegance* in walking I do not mean primness, mincingness, or anything artificial. Far from it. Let all be natural; but nature should be cultivated and improved. Let ladies afford reason to have said of them what the poet of Abbotsford said of his Ellen Douglas:

> "A foot more light, a step more true,
> Ne'er from the heath-flower brushed the dew;
> E'en the slight hare-bell reared its head,
> Elastic from her airy tread."

In truth, that same lovely Ellen, though reared on a secluded island amid the Highlands

ELLEN.

of Scotland, was mistress of many other attributes, several of them the mere result of health, and that health the product of lake and mountain exercise which the most high-bred and courtly female might be excused for envying. For the same poet who had he written nothing else, has immortalized himself by immortalizing her, further tells us that—

"Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace
With finer form or loveller face.
What though the sun with ardent frown
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but look in Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every freeborn glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy sparkled in her eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh! need I tell that passion's name!"

Carriage-riding is, at best, a semi-sedentary occupation, and does but little good in imparting strength. A lady possessed of a fine figure, who dresses with taste and rides gracefully, never appears to more advantage than when seated on an elegant and well-gaited horse. Nor can she indulge in a more salutary mode of exercise. For younger females it is equally beneficial. As riding on horseback, moreover, requires some boldness of spirit, the practice tends to lessen that female timidity which is often inconvenient and injurious to its possessors as well as to others. However desirable sensibility may be in a reasonable degree, like all other qualities it may become excessive, turn to evil, and impair health. Experience teaches us that it often does so, especially in feeble persons, in whom it is most prone to become inordinate, *on account* of their feebleness. To restrain it, therefore, so as to hold it within due bounds by invigorating exercise and judicious exposure to something bordering on danger, or at least resembling it, is an end that should be constantly aimed at in the physical education of females—and also of males who have anything of feminine susceptibility in their temperaments. Peter the Great had an instinctive dread of water, of which he was cured by being repeatedly precipitated into rivers. On the same principles Frederick III. had a troublesome excess of sensitiveness obliterated.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO-SMOKING ON CHILDREN.—The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, published in San Francisco, says:

"It seems that the habit of smoking has taken possession of the boys in France to such an extent as to elicit serious inquiry as to its results. An able writer describes his experience on the subject, and comes to the following conclusions: 1. The pernicious effects on boys are incontestable. 2. They consist of pallor, chloro-anemia, palpitations of the heart, diminution of the normal number of red globules, and impaired digestion. 3. The ordinary treatment for anemia, etc., is ineffectual so long as the habit of smoking is persisted in. 4. Boys who are addicted to smoking exhibit a want of intelligence, and have a liking, more or less decided, for strong drinks. 5. Those who abandon the practice before any serious organic lesions are produced recover their health perfectly. This subject concerns hundreds and thousands of boys in California. We may see daily in the streets of San Francisco scores of little human apes, scarcely old enough to dispense with frocks, puffing cigaritos and long nines with all the airs of their exemplary parents. Beardless youths strut everywhere in thoroughfares and public places, sucking their sweet Havanas and merschaums, and illustrating the benefits by a disgusting display of sunken eyes, lank cheeks, and bestial mouths—degenerating into animals instead of growing up to manhood."

[We commend the above to the serious attention of those whom it concerns. Those who "don't care" will some time suffer the consequences of their transgressions. Our duty is to sound the alarm and give the warning.—ED. A. P. J.]

PURITY OF ICE.

BESIDES the fact that ice is lighter than water, there is another curious thing about it which persons do not know perhaps, namely, its purity. A lump of ice melted will always become purely distilled water. When the early navigators of the Arctic seas got out of water, they melted fragments of those vast mountains of ice called icebergs, a short account of which the reader will find in another place, and were astonished to find they yielded

only fresh water. They thought that they were frozen salt water, not knowing that they were formed on the land, and in some way launched into the sea. But if they had been right, the result would have been all the same. The fact is, the water in freezing turns out of it all that is not water, salt, air, coloring matter, and all impurities. Frozen salt water makes fresh-water ice. If you freeze a basin of indigo water, it will make it as pure as that made of pure rain water. When the cold is very sudden, these foreign matters have no time to escape, either by rising or sinking, and are entangled with the ice, but do not form any part of it.

KNOWING; OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

HOW WE KNOW—(*Continued*).

THERE are also different modes of knowing, corresponding to the different periods in the existence of the knowing subject. We make no new division when we divide the life of an individual into the religious, philosophic, and scientific periods corresponding to infancy, manhood, and age. In the first part of our lives we know objects as having power over us, as making impressions upon us, thus producing in us a large feeling of dependence. The infant in its mother's arms has just begun to be conscious of something which satisfies its wants, which nourishes it. Every object is supposed thus to be beneficial to itself; and its little mind takes up the half-formed perception of an external object and completes it according to this simple belief. Infancy and early youth are the age of faith, the period in which the mind projects outward a large part of itself and clothes every object with the projection. With what it already knows as beneficial and pleasurable to itself, it forms a pre-perception, as it were, of every other object as beneficial or pleasurable, until it is found to be otherwise by experience and further observation. This may be termed

THE POETIC PERIOD.

In it the individual knows every object as having a nature like itself, as having life and feeling and intelligence. The child rambles the fields, investing all nature with his own mental state. Is he glad? the lambs that frisk about him are glad, the trees and flowers wild are glad, and he tries to talk with inanimate things. He looks only at the outside, the externality of objects, and makes out the ideal complement of their nature with a part of his own nature. The rill surely laughs, for does he not hear it? The birds are talking to him, for they are saying something and there is no one else to listen. The mountain is a sober giant that he does not like because it is so big; but the little mound is good to him and lets him sit upon its mossy back. The great, strong horse will not hurt him for he looks so kind; and he caresses the large, fine dog, supposing him to have a nature like his own. He would caress a wolf in faith, and pick up the pretty snake that crosses his path in simple belief of its harmlessness. The peculiarly believing and confiding disposition of the youthful intellect leads it to stop always at appearances in its investigation of truth. There is very little unmixed knowledge of things in the youthful mind; the perception is always through a colored glass, which renders the vision of the external world as pleasing and deceptive as the successive views of the camera obscura. There is a perpetual twilight with all its poetic and softening influences around the soul.

> The eyes with dim beauties are filling;
> The ears with strange music are thrilling;
> The heart for fond loving is willing,—

and a mythical form comes in at the gateway of knowledge to be welcomed and loved and embraced by the youthful resident of a mysterious dwelling.

THE PERIOD OF CONJECTURE.

Not generally and characteristically is it so with the person of maturer years. Having learned that some things are not what they seem, he is led to a further and more critical inspection of things with reference to their use and nature, but mainly with regard to their antecedents. The young man begins to philosophize, to inquire, to investigate, to know causes. His great occupation is to trace back to their source the impressions made upon him without examining minutely

He strives to discover how the appearance came to be at all, in what manner it was produced, what were the antecedent conditions. And this he does, not so much by critical examination of these sources and conditions as by the operation of his own reason—by adding to the fact a probability. This period is properly one of conjecture, and not of knowledge; for there is little attempt at the increase of the meagre stores garnered through previous and early years, but instead there is an explaining of how they were reduced to possession, and from what fields they were gathered. Philosophy, when applied to physics, is very uncertain and unsatisfactory. It will then be difficult for the person just coming to maturity to prosecute with satisfaction the physical studies. He is inclined rather to the liberal sciences, to logic, to rhetoric, to metaphysics, to ethics, and to the development of the social tendencies.

THE PHILOSOPHIC PERIOD

is unfavorable, naturally, to all certain knowledge of the nature of objects; as philosophy does not pretend to know what it arrives at, and states by sense-perception, and needs facts only as a basis of argumentation—a foundation upon which to rear its magnificent temples. And the philosopher spends his time in erecting a stately palace into whose construction he puts a million of thoughts; while the man of science, as we shall see, is occupied in building a mammoth coliseum out of a million material facts. But who would not rather have either of these possessions than a mansion however superb for the body alone in which went a *million* of dollars? Who would not rather dwell in a grand palace of noble thoughts than live in a princely residence of material structure? But it is better to have both of these dwellings—the one invisible, the other visible, the one mental, the other material—fitted up with all that taste and love and goodness will approve.

THE PERIOD OF INVESTIGATION.

Having found that the imperfect and dreamy knowledge of early life is not reliable and permanent, and having found that philosophy based upon such knowledge is uncertain in its conclusions and very treacherous, the individual goes again into the field of they are and in their purity. He has come to the conclusion, that the proper purpose of living is to observe and classify, not to invent and project nor guess and theorize, and his over-ruling desire is for facts. This is the extreme scientific impulse—the legitimate reaction from allowing philosophy too great a share in the mental exercises of the mind just matured. The human intellect, in its passage through this life, first touches against poetry, tenderly and slightly, by which it is turned aside if it impinges too harshly, and its direction changed; it then comes in contact with philosophy, which is very elastic and yields to the pressure; but if it pushes too hard or too far in this direction, it strikes against the impenetrable surface of mystery, whence it glances or rebounds into the arms of science, which never releases the unfortunate soul till death comes to its rescue.

But naturally the scientific spirit, the spirit of inquiry, of knowing minutely and carefully and copiously, of waiting for further developments, is characteristic of the person in advanced life. He is then well fitted mentally to proceed in the investigation of physical truth, the development of sense-perception, the sturdy application of the energies to the discovery of all that is knowable, and to the classification and arrangement of facts according to an excellent method. The experience of the periods he has passed through furnishes him with endurance and patience, while it takes away any surplus of zeal or wild enthusiasm which might retard rather than assist the critical examination of the great world around.

A TENDENCY.

It is quite unfortunate that the peculiar spirit of knowing in each of these periods is apt to be overgrown. It is quite detrimental to the perfect development of ourselves that in youth we carry the poetic and religious feelings too far, that in maturity we push philosophic processes too much, and that the reaction being powerful, the scientific spirit rushes in to drive out both philosophy and poetry and gloat over the spoils. It certainly would be well if we could bring the poetic and dependent mode of knowing along with us into the philosophic period, and combin-

ing the two modes protract the combination into the scientific period, then introducing the mode appropriate to this latter time of life. There would then be formed a beautiful and symmetrical trio of knowing spirits.

The old man is to be admired who is not only scientist but also philosopher and poet, for his is a broad and noble character. This fact that we do not become prepared mentally to enter thoroughly into the investigation of physical truth until late in our lives is, of course, a reason why the world does not progress even more rapidly in its scientific discoveries. We pass through two whole periods of our precious lives before we have learned how to know, before the intellect has become capacious enough to receive multitudes of facts, and wise enough to direct the operation of our organs of sense and the instruments which facilitate investigation.

It requires a long time to get into the scientific way of knowing; it is necessary to acquire whole systems of knowledge in order to get accustomed to the modes of investigation, in order to create a lasting spirit of calm critical analysis of external objects, in order to understand what is already known, so as not to go over the same ground in an original way uselessly, and finally to arrive at scientific truth never before revealed.

And so we can not be expected to know much before leaving this vesture of decay in which our spirits dwell; how great this knowledge is, it will soon be time to consider.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

The world, too, has its periods of knowing. In the earliest ages man walked the earth with an eye only to appearances. He was only poetic and religious. With tradition in his mind, and superstition in his heart, and a mystery in his life, he invested all things with a secret conscious power, a hidden personality capable of untold workings on dependent beings. He sought no further, he did not investigate, he believed. And by the side of every bubbling fountain, under every cooling shade, beneath the waters of every placid river, on the top of every rugged mountain, mid the mazes of the woody forests, in the gloomy recesses of the cavern, in the deeps of ocean, on the bosom of the air there reigned or dwelt or reposed a deity, a satyr, or a nymph. The life of those first men was an unceasing self-projection outward over all, and not a reception of realities. They had architecture, painting, and sculpture, some of them; but these were not so much the result of the knowledge of the combinations of which materials were susceptible as they were expressions of ideas—the same impressement of the selfhood upon insensate matter. This age of the world produced the Theogony, and the Iliad near its close.

THE TRANSITIONAL STAGES.

But there came a change, and the characteristic of the leading race of which we write, was neither a poetic superstition nor a systematic unsentimental mode of investigation. There was enough of knowing; and the human soul sat in its dwelling with a curl upon its lip, a hauteur on its brow, dignity in its posture, and sufficiency in itself. Philosophy was king, and a noble monarch was he, though he lived unfortunately early in the world's history. This was the age of the schoolmen and the mystics; these were the middle times of humanity. To this period also belong properly the universal and profound philosopher Socrates, the chaste and massive idealist Plato, the accurate logician and probable materialist Aristotle, who planted the germs of systematic philosophy; and all lived in signal advancement and in silent contempt of their own time. But there came another change. Philosophy began wearily to decline, its vigorous reign was relaxing, its throne was beginning to crumble, its magnificent reign, inaugurated with such pomp and prospective success in the royal palace of the moral universe, was likely to prove almost a failure. Philosophy was nearly dethroned, but made a famous compromise with science, the young and acute aspirant for the crown, and now both sovereigns rule, though the younger is monarch of the many.

The scientific spirit has fairly captivated us, and behold the result in the mode of the world's knowing! We are said to be in the efflorescent period, the age of maturity and rounded development, the bloom of our collective existence. But this age had better be a modest rose having within itself the sweet perfume of a true religion and the rich coloring of poetry and the sug-

gestions of the beautiful relations which philosophy loves, and containing the delicacy of texture and adaptation of parts which it is the province of science to disclose. It had better be this blushing rose than a stately dahlia without odor, a scientific and rationalistic body however dignified and beautiful without a soul.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PHRENOLOGY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

WHEN I was very young, I borrowed my uncle's phrenological chart and conned it over, and after a time every member of our household, from gray-haired grandfather down to the very cat, had to submit to my manipulations.

My thoughts by day and by night ran upon that particular study—now, a science established, and controlling many minds; and if I had learned properly to estimate my capabilities, I might have made a first-rate examiner—who knows?

Every visitor who came to our domicile learned that "Mary could read heads first-rate," and Mary, of very diminutive stature, had often to stand on a stool behind the willing victims and finger their bumps.

Mother Bowles, an old nurse, and a great favorite with us children, came to see us one day. Her physiognomy was, to say the least, peculiar. Her nose was so set that I can liken it to nothing but a small triangle in the flesh, and her eyes were continually looking past each other.

I well remember what a time she had in taking off her elaborate dress-cap, under which she wore another of silk, then untwisting her parti-colored hair, with many "bless-me's!" and "la, sakes!" and also with what reluctance I passed my hands under the poor, thin, whispy locks.

But such a head! if each particular hair did not stand up, I am sure each particular bump did. It was none of your smooth, unangular craniums, but as ridgy as the horns of a rhinoceros.

"Laud a massy me! hear the child!" she cried, her hands extended, while my brother Ben sat at a distance drawing her portrait and laughing to himself.

"Mother Bowles," said I, "you've got an awful bump here, and it's Philoprogenitiveness."

"Laud, I haven't got anything like that, have I?" she asked.

"Yes you have; it's the biggest bump in your head."

"Well, I never knowed it;" said the old lady, with a rueful look, "I s'pose I can't help it, though. 'Twon't do me any great harm, will it, after all these years?"

"I never heard of that's sending any one to States Prison,—did you, Molly?" chuckled Bob.

"Look here, I won't have anything to do with it;" cried Mother Bowles, catching up her cap in her nervous fashion. "If I've got such things in my head, I don't want to know it. Children can teach their grandmothers now-a-days; not that I am above bein' teached by a child, but I'm not going to have *my* fenologies made public property."

"But it's good," cried Ben.

Her hands were stayed.

"Yes, it *is* good, Mother Bowles," I said.

"Laud a massy!—tell a body what it is, then. Such a powerful long name as that ought to be good for something."

"Well, it just means that you love little children dearly."

"Lauds! you don't say! well, it's as true as gospil. You're all my children, every one on ye, and my children are al'ys cute. Never had a simple one out o' the hundred an'

thirty; some on 'ems nigh twenty-year-old to-day. Well, what else are you going to tell me?"

"You like good things, don't you?" I asked, "candies, and sweets, and everything that tastes nice?"

"Well, I reckon I do. It's a sort o' failin' of mine, I alleys thought. I'm a real child for peppermint-drops, to this day, and al'ys have 'em in the house. Why, the girl's a witch. When Seth—he's my grandson—comes in from the city, he never forgets to bring me a box o' the best—the rale stuff, and I tell you I do enjoy 'em."

"You think a good deal of your minister," I said.

"There you hit it; I guess I do. Why, there ain't nothin' I wouldn't have on my table for the minister, blessed man; and my seat's never vacant in the tabernacle, not if I can help it. *Them's* privileges I couldn't do without. Everything else I can—but not the gospil."

And so I went on, questioning, and she expressing her wondering surprise, until, about an hour afterward, with both caps safely mounted on her yellowish-gray hair, she turned about and looked at me as if I were some heathen curiosity.

"Well, I never, Miss Willis," she exclaimed, speaking to my mother, "see such children as yourn. They beat everything. Where in the world did your Mary learn so much? Why, laud! I sh'll never feel as if I owned myself—which I don't, the Lord forgive me, when I came to your house—and she's a little one yet, was the littlest of all when she was a baby. Cur'us, how knowledge does run and spread over the yearth; I didn't know there was anything o' that kind in *my* head."

Mother Bowles spread the news, and our company increased.

Mothers brought their sons, and maiden ladies brought their knitting. As we were social people, and never minded the trouble, it did not matter much; but I always knew what was coming when the maiden ladies screwed their faces up very tight and gave a half-scared glance around the room as they asked, in a suppressed whisper, if I wouldn't "tell their heads." Of course, I was always pleased to do so, and sent one of them off in a terrible rage because I told her she liked the company of gentlemen better than that of ladies. It proved to be true.

Another, who always went by the euphonious name of Aunt Sadice—the children used to whisper that she was christened Saducees—came to our house one afternoon with a small basket of cherries for me, but when pressed to stop declared that she was in a dreadful hurry. As she kept giving me peculiar glances, however, and sat nearly an hour after proclaiming that she *must* be going, I took pity upon her, and asked her if she didn't want me to examine her head.

"Laud! there's nothin' in it of no consequence, I guess," said Miss Sadice, "but then, if 'tain't any trouble, I *would* like to know whether any of uncle Keziah's fambly is sick."

"But," said I, "I don't tell anything like that."

"O, ye don't? Why, there's a man over in Berks that tells all sorts o' things by the bumps, whether you're going to get married, and how your folks is. I thought you had a gift, too."

"She means a clairvoyant," said mother; "Mary only tells your disposition, and such things."

"Laud! I know my own disposition, I should *hope*," retorted Miss Sadice. "I sh'd like to hear something I don't know."

"Perhaps she will tell you," said mother, laughing inwardly.

"Pray don't mention Deacon Sykes," murmured the fair spinster, as she blushingly sat down—by which little speech I lost my composure, and had to go out for a glass of water, and be a long time drinking it.

After she had gone, I said to my mother, "If I hadn't known Miss Sadice, I should have said she had a propensity to take other people's property."

Noticing a peculiar smile on my mother's face, I inquired the reason, and—well, I learned that the neighbors were particularly watchful when the unfortunate woman was around, and that she had been known to purloin a few articles of value.

That established my faith.

Not long after Miss Sadice's visit, a neighbor with whom we had recently become acquainted, brought over her Peter—said Peter being a stout boy of twelve or thirteen.

"Your Mary can tell most everything," she said to my mother; "I wish I could learn what trade that boy is fit for."

Peter grinned in my face, and I grinned in Peter's face. Evidently, he was quite unaccustomed to girls. What a short-haired head it was! almost as smooth as a bullet.

Peter's mother stood wistfully by.

"It don't do much good to send him to school," I said.

"Not a bit," echoed his mother.

"And I don't think he will ever stick to a trade of any kind."

"Been to 'em all," said Dick, with a giggle—"you're bully! I don't want no trade." His mother's face was the picture of distress.

Not long after that I learned that Dick had been sent to sea, the great longing of his life—and to-day he is a jolly, red-faced captain, and the owner of two of the finest ships that sail the ocean. So much for Phrenology.

I might tell of many more experiments on my part, and of their almost wonderful correctness, but time and space will not permit. I can only add that I have always been a firm believer in Phrenology, that under my advice, as I became older, a few children with glaring peculiarities or unusual faults have been so molded in consequence of attention to the laws of this science, that the world has gained, instead of lost, by their happier culture.

THE FEVERISH PURSUIT OF MONEY.

THE devotee to the god Mammon must, if he desires success, devote every hour of his life—apart from the few daily hours applied to eating and sleeping—in getting and keeping other men's earnings, and in doing this, other men's wants and sufferings are ignored and the human in his nature is blunted. He cannot enjoy the pleasures of life, not even the air he breathes, the food he eats, or the water he drinks. Wife and children are to him a very secondary consideration.

The feverish pursuit of wealth is to be deprecated and avoided by all men whose desire it is to "live while they live." Money, I grant you, is a requirement in life's travels, but in getting it make haste slowly, very slowly. Do not start in life with the intention of accumulating a fortune and then retiring to enjoy it. This retiring on the getting of a fortune is one of the great mistakes of life, for no man or woman should think of retiring from life's work until they retire to their graves. The man who lives a true and pure life, works until he is forty, sixty, or ninety years of age—every day of his life, until the day comes when, tired of life's work, he longs and desires to leave this world and he lays down to sleep, and in sleeping, without fear or pain, his soul escapes to higher realms.

Do not let the getting of money interfere with your endeavors for a true life. Get it by all legitimate means, but get only what is required for your present wants and to guard against prospective accidents. In doing this you insure more practical enjoyment and happiness than ever was dreamed of by the man whose sole object in life is the getting of money. —*John Cowan, M.D.*

COMMON PHRASES IN THE FAR WEST.—In a mining camp in California, when a man tenders you a "smile," or invites you to take a "blister," it is etiquette to say, "Here's hoping your dirt'll pan out gay." In Washoe, when you are requested to "put in a blast," or invited to take your "regular poison," etiquette admonishes you to touch glasses and say, "Here's hoping you'll strike it rich in the lower level." And in Honolulu, when your friend the whaler asks you to take a "fid" with him, it is simply etiquette to say, "Here's eighteen hundred barrels, old salt." But "drink hearty" is universal. This is the orthodox reply the world over. In San Francisco, sometimes, if you offend a man, he proposes to take off his coat, and inquires, "Are you on it?" If you are, you can take your coat off, too. In Virginia City, in former times, the insulted person, if he were a true man, would lay his hand gently on his six-shooter, "Is he heeled?" But in Honolulu, if Smith offend Jones, Jones asks (with a rising inflection on the last word, which is excessively aggravating), "How much do you weigh?" "Sixteen hundred pounds—and you?" "Two tan to a dot; at a quarter past eleven this forenoon; peel yourself—you're my blubber." The sentimental method of asking a person to drink is in the formula, "Suppose we shed a tear." The operation, strange as it seems, is identical with "taking a smile." There is a frequent

toast in some places which seems to contain considerable truth, viz.: "Well, here's another nail in my coffin." On the Mississippi River they take a very practical view of the ceremony, and say to their friends, "Won't you come and wood up?" thus implying that strong potations supply the fuel of life. In cholera times, a false notion prevailed that imbibition would prevent one from taking that disease, and a popular style of invitation was, "Let's disinfect." This may as well be offset by a mention of the Western bar-room salute, "Won't you hist in some pizen?" The last form, however, is almost too strictly correct and literal in its character to be appropriate in this article.

THE LEADING GENERALS OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WITHIN a few weeks past, stirring events have taken place in Europe, events which may alter materially the boundaries between France and Prussia. These events, the reader need not be told, are those relating to the war precipitated by Louis Napoleon of France. The nature or origin of the war is discussed in another place. As for the events themselves, the series of fearful battles which have been fought between the very large and finely equipped armies of the French and Prussians, the newspapers have furnished the fullest details supplied by both telegraph and special correspondents. The number of soldiers—infantry, cavalry, artillery—actively engaged on each side in these battles is estimated at over half a million, while the reserve forces on either side amount probably to as many more.

NAPOLEON III. OF FRANCE.

The generals commanding, especially on the side of the French, are men of military skill and energy, which have been tested in former warlike operations. The more eminent of them we have seen fit to procure, in portraiture, and set before the readers of the JOURNAL.

Of William I., the Prussian king, and Napoleon III., much need not be said. It is well known that the former succeeded his brother Frederick William IV. in the occupancy of the throne in 1858, and that his reign has been characterized by a mild, though straightforward policy, in the main, acceptable to his subjects, although many claim that his views of government are not as favorable to progress and intellectual freedom as they should be. Napoleon's remarkable career needs no comment; it is a commentary on itself. From the moment of his usurpation of imperial authority to the present, he has governed France with despotic sway, exhibiting at times an energy and *finesse* in the carrying out of a favorite project which were as worthy of admiration as their aim was of censure. His last *coup de main*, fastening a war on unwilling Prussia, has proved a most unfortunate measure for himself as the sovereign of France, and for France herself as the sufferer for his indiscretion.

Giving our attention first to the commanders of the French armies, we will consider

MARSHAL MCMAHON.

This officer stands first in renown. His career heretofore has been very conspicuous as a military leader. As might be inferred from his surname, he is a descendant of an old Irish family whose leading representatives took a prominent stand for the Stuarts when

He was born at Sully, in France, July 13th, 1808, and in early youth, it would seem, selected the profession of a soldier, entering the military school of St. Cyr at the age of seventeen.

He obtained some prominence soon after entering upon active service, in Algeria, where, in repeated engagements, his bravery and skill commended him to his superior officers and insured rapid promotion. Entering heartily into the plans of the home government with reference to their African colony he early secured the notice of the Court, and became one of the military commanders in Algeria. On the opening of the Crimean war he was assigned to the command of a division of infantry, under Marshal Bosquet. It was during this war that he laid the foundation of his military glory by the ever-memorable and successful assault on the Malakoff fortifications at Sebastopol, which had generally been considered impregnable. In 1857 he returned to Algeria, forced the revolting Kabyles into submission, and was soon after appointed commander-in-chief of all the French forces there on land and sea. The outbreak of the Italian war, in 1859, caused his return to France, when he was assigned to the command of the Second Corps of the Army of the Alps. His title of Duke of Magenta was obtained by his brilliant victory in the important battle of that name.

His appearance is that of a steady, self-contained, systematic tactician. He is a man of practical ideas, especially appreciative of precautionary measures, but energetic and persistent in carrying out the details of a plan he has once approved. There is no small amount of the bull-dog in his character, if we may use an illustration from comparative anatomy.

was born February 13th, 1811; studied at the Paris Polytechnic School, and entered the army at the age of twenty. After six years of uninterrupted warfare against the Kabyles and other hostile tribes, he was assigned to the foreign legion, and sent into Spain in 1837, to suppress the Carlist movement in that country. He returned to Algeria in 1839, joined the expedition against Milianah and Morocco, and was for several years Governor of the Arabian subdivision of Tlemcen. During the Crimean war, where he was in command of a brigade of infantry, he is said to have distinguished himself by his bravery and by his talent for organization. When the Russians had evacuated Sebastopool, Bazaine was made Governor of that place. We next hear of him as commander in charge of the expedition to Mexico, in 1862. The disastrous results of this attempt to establish a foothold on the American continent, whereby a new French empire might be inaugurated, were more owing, doubtless, to the hostile sentiment s strongly expressed t the United States th to any other in ence.

William III. of Prussia.

The Marshal's broad and well-bui head exhibits a disposition to lead an over others. He appreciates place, dignity, and assumption. He has a will, and not so much conscientiousn be over-scrupulous about the charac designs. He has more than avers in the understanding of facts and tions; can organize measures wi and skill. He is a man of syster Perhaps a little less self-relia assertion would render him m as a man and more successfu He is, evidently, a person of and of true military bearing

Next in order we have—

MARSHAL CANROBERT,

who was born about one year after McMahon, viz., June 27th, 1809, and entered the school of St. Cyr also in 1825. In 1828 he joined the Forty-seventh Regiment of the line, taking the position of Second Lieutenant, and was sent with the military expedition to Mascara. He fought in several engagements against the hostile tribes in Northern Africa, and assisted at the storming of Constantine in 1837. He was sent back to France in 1839 for the purpose of forming a battalion for the foreign legion out of the dispersed bands of Carlists. Succeeding in this, he returned to Africa in 1841, where he was intrusted with the command of a battalion of chasseurs on foot and of the Sixty-fourth Regiment of the line, suppressed the rebellion of Bon Maza, and during eight months of desperate fighting forced most of the revolting tribes of Kabyles into submission. He was engaged in various parts of Northern Africa for nearly eight years, led some of the most daring and adventurous expeditions into the interior, and everywhere distinguished himself by his coolness, bravery, and quick adaptation to the warfare he had to resort to. Returning to France, he proved himself one of the stanchest friends and firmest adherents to the Second Empire. He was made General of Division in 1853, took part in the expedition to the Crimea, and when Marshal St. Arnaud felt his end approaching, he transmitted the command of the entire French army to Canrobert in accordance with an order given in a private letter by the Emperor Napoleon himself. He won laurels at the sanguinary battles of Inkermann, Balaklava, and Eupatoria, and because of Lord Raglan's refusal to co-operate in an assault on Sebastopol, he resigned the command in favor of General Pelissier, and soon left the Crimea.

MARSHAL MCMAHON.

MARSHAL CANROBERT.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

Canrobert also performed distinguished service in the Italian campaign of 1859, having command of the Third Army Corps. The battle of Solferino was gained by the French chiefly through his skillful generalship.

His portrait shows him to be a man of solid ability rather than dashing or brilliant. He would be prudent in preparation, but thorough and strong in activity. No half-way measures meet his approval. We think Canrobert to possess no small degree of policy and shrewdness, and when he has anything to do, he means to do it if he can, despite the results of his severity on those who may stand in his way.

VON MOLTKE.

These Frenchmen are educated soldiers, having made the science of war their study from youth. This being understood, it will not be considered at all remarkable that their more marked characteristics are other than gentle, mellow, and kind. They furnish excellent illustrations of the molding influences of training and long association upon the features and disposition.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

VON MOLTKE.

This efficient officer probably ranks first among German soldiers. He was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, October 26th, 1800. His first military services were performed in the army of Denmark, subsequently he offered his sword to Prussia, and was accepted, and in 1822 made a Second Lieutenant. His superior abilities soon won consideration and advancement, for it was not long before he was taken on the general staff of the Prussian army, where he found the proper field for his capabilities.

In 1835 he went to Constantinople for the instruction and organization of the Turkish army; distinguished himself in the campaign of the Sultan against the Viceroy of Egypt, and returned to Prussia rich in honors and experience. He made rapid advances in the

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

army until he was appointed Chief-of-Staff in September, 1858, in which position he has remained up to the present day, rendering services in the arrangement and appointment of the Prussian army which are considered of the highest value. He planned the campaign against Denmark, and won great distinction in it.

The most conspicuous display of ability and energy, however, was made by him in the conduct of the war against Austria, in 1866, where his every maneuver obtained an advantage over his enemy, and a few battles decided a contest which in the beginning promised to be protracted and desolating.

General Moltke has a strong face. His intellect shows comprehensive grasp and keen insight. He is appreciative of theories; can enter into the philosophy of a subject, and discuss it in the light of its logical bearings. He is the man to plan and prepare measures; for his scientific judgment, careful reflection, and prudent foresight cover the range of operation, and provide against contingencies. He, though a soldier, is the opposite of a precipitate man, but is cool, steady, wary, and steadfast, and yet progressive. Although seventy years of age, he is robust and active, taking his prominent part in the war of today with a vigor scarcely equaled by the much younger generals.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES

has a military record which gives him a high position among the generals of his country. He was born on the 20th of March, 1828, and, as is the custom with the princes of Prussia, entered the army at an early age. His natural tendencies strongly sympathized with military life, and he made rapid advancement in the acquisition of soldierly science. In the Schleswig-Holstein war he distinguished himself and was appropriately promoted. In the Austrian campaign of 1866 he was called to the command of the First Division of the Prussian army, and at once marched to the frontier and commenced offensive operations. As if in imitation of the famous saying of Cromwell, he addressed his men on the eve of battle with the brief exhortation, "May your hearts beat toward God, and your fists upon the enemy."

His successive victories over the Austrians gave him a high reputation as a general, and in the opening of the present war he was assigned to one of the most important commands, that of the Army of the Rhine.

The whole contour and expression of Prince Charles' face indicate earnestness, spirit, and emphasis. He has a special regard for facts, and draws his inferences from statements and appearances quickly and sharply. He is appreciative of the details which enter into any plan or arrangement to which he has given attention, but is not the one to care about small matters. He likes large enterprises, big jobs,—those which can be manipulated with vigor and energy. His Cautiousness is not large enough to deter him by doubts and misgivings from attempts to carry his point by concentrated effort, whenever opportunity offers.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

Frederick William is the only son of William I., and heir presumptive of the throne. He was born about the year 1831; completed his civil education at the University of Bonn, and was then introduced to military science, as a private in the Royal Guards.

After a short term of service in the ranks he received command of a company, and rose by rapid promotion to the grade of General. In 1856 he married the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince as well as his cousin Prince Charles took part in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the little kingdom of Denmark suffered the loss of some territory; and, though not engaged in actual fighting, cheerfully shared in all the hardships suffered by his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved, in consequence, a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. During the war with Austria he again commanded the Second Army Corps, and took part in the great battle of Sadowa. His timely arrival, after Prince Charles had been engaged all day with the enemy, decided the fate of the battle, which might have ended otherwise but for his reinforcement of fresh and enthusiastic troops.

The Crown Prince has a finely organized brain and face. The brain is well developed in the region of Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Conscientiousness, and as compared with that

of Prince Frederick Charles, is narrow in the base. Hence, while he may lack the latter's energy and executiveness, for kindness and sympathy his character is more distinguished than that of his cousin. He has many of the elements of the scholar and thinker, and is better adapted to organize and plan than to execute.

Department of Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless *inner sight*.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

WILL THE MAN OF THE FUTURE BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS DREAMS?

MAN virtually inhabits two worlds, in the first of which he fancies himself awake, and in the second of which there is little, if any, conscious recognition of the mood of wakefulness. Experiments, with a view to bridge over the Styx that intervenes between waking and dreaming, have often been attempted, but without success; and the fact that an interval of unconsciousness occurs between the two intervals of consciousness appears to be invested with all the universality of a natural law. The late Edgar A. Poe was among the first to institute and make *memoranda* of experiments looking to the actual analysis of the transition, and professes, in an essay on the subject, to have brought the state of drowse under the dominion of the scientific method.

Poe states the result of his experiments to have been the capacity on his part to control by volition and to subject to rational analysis the condition of drowse which precedes dropping off, with the consequent capacity to startle himself into wakefulness at will, or to prolong at will that delicious twilight of human consciousness expressed in going to sleep. In the course of his paper, which is so exceedingly brief as to occupy only a couple of pages of the *Marginalia*, the erratic poet and critic suggests the possible availability of drowse-fancies for literary purpose, and hints at the intention to produce a series of pencilings on the way to sleep-land, which, however, were never written.

Votaries of the scientific method indulged of course in the expressive shrug of skepticism; but the theory was fortunate enough to occasion considerable criticism—elicited, partly, no doubt, by the originality of the proposition, but more particularly by the minuteness with which the experiments were set forth and the lucidity of definition brought to bear upon a topic so vague and subjective. There was more kernel under the husk, however, than was generally admitted; and had Poe been persevering enough to pursue his investigations, taking accurate notes of experiments made in different and varying physical and mental moods, the acute master of criticism might have approximated to the solution of a subtile problem.

As it is, on the other hand, the paper is interesting on account of a certain strange suggestiveness, which hints at the possibility of bridging the Lethe which intervenes between the state of waking consciousness and that of dream-consciousness. Throughout the whole literature of dreams there is not on record a single instance in which the individual has passed from drowse to dream—in which the candle of consciousness has not been snuffed out for a brief interval to be relighted in dream-land—in which, in a word, the individual has been able to fall asleep consciously.

The dream, therefore, is a species of waking up, and represents, in as far as it is conscious at all, the sudden blossoming of the consciousness into weird forms of its own, more or less independent of sensuous suggestion. What dreams the *ego* may have in profound slumber, the impressions of which are never transmitted across the border, constitutes another question. In somnambulism, which must be classed as a state of dream, for example, instances are recorded in which sleepwalkers have done extraordinary things, carrying no recollection of them across the interval—have lived, moved, acted in another

world, with all the method common to waking consciousness, without the faintest recollection of anything from the instant of falling asleep to that of waking up. Well-authenticated instances, in which somnambulism has become a habit, have been unnoted—a habit so methodical in its phenomena that the subject would get up at exactly the same hour night after night, and proceed to avocations with all the regularity of clock-work. It is recorded that a certain clergyman, now living, has often found his sermon written in the morning and in his own handwriting, without the faintest recollection of having stirred from his bed; and observers have stated that this somnambulist, after falling asleep, was regular in getting up at a certain hour of the night; that he regularly supplied himself with his accustomed bottle of wine before sitting down to write; that he would sit and write for hours as steadily as if he had been awake—waking up in the morning without the remotest memory of having dreamed anything even. It may, in fact, be stated as a general law of somnambulism, that the subject transmits from the one state of consciousness to the other no recollection whatsoever—not even the impression of having dreamed disagreeably or otherwise; while of the condition of dreaming *per se* and of its impressions the most vivid recollection is frequently transmitted. In exceptional instances even, persons have been conscious of their dreams as dreams, and have been able by force of will to wake themselves up whenever their dreams became disagreeable.

The possibility of controlling one's dream-fancies and impressions by volition is naturally suggested by these exceptional instances; the difficulty of doing so, that is, of applying the principle universally, being located in the apparent impossibility of passing consciously from wakefulness to dreaming. By experiment frequently repeated, a great deal can be done in this direction; and it is no doubt feasible to habituate oneself to the voluntary control and ratiocinative analysis of one's impressions down to the very point of dropping to sleep; but here intervenes that bridge of slumber by which one is carried over to dream-land—that ferry of sleep which no passenger ever consciously crosses. Subjectively speaking, therefore, the problem to be solved by experiment is the smuggling of oneself across the ferry without the snuffing utterly out of one's candle of consciousness—the getting across the bridge without paying the toll of making the passage in utter darkness, that is, with a dark lantern of consciousness, no matter how little the light; and so far as the subjective method is concerned, he who succeeds first in evading the vigilance of the toll-man or the ferryman, and in getting across with a distinct recollection of every step of the way, will have eliminated the unknown quantity from the problem. That done, "the mountain is passed," as the great Frederic said when he gave up the ghost; and, the mountain passed, the way is easy, and the bringing of the dream-condition under the control of the will is practically possible.

It is a valid conclusion, therefore, that the subjection of the mood of dreaming to voluntary modulation, so as to enable the dreamer to control the phenomena and imagery of the condition by impulse of will, is not necessarily impracticable. Instances are mentionable of persons who are conscious of dreaming, that is, have a double consciousness in connection with the mood—the upper current consisting of the dream imagery with its impressions, appealing to the *ego* as reality; the under-current, of the ratiocinative analysis of the condition as unreal and the perfect consciousness through all of its utter unreality. The connection between analysis and control is demonstrated by the fact that, whenever in dreaming one is doubly conscious, there always exists the ability to wake oneself by mere effort of will. It was one of Poe's pet ideas to render the mood and its imagery available for literary purposes—to be able to uprear palaces of dream, modulate, subject to analysis, and reproduce them in poetic creation; and the realization of his hobby was not so practically impossible as his cotemporaries imagined. In fact, inherent possibility of doing so has been since proved by more careful analysis and more extended observation of the laws of dreaming, dream-suggestion, and dream-consciousness; and within fifty years, no doubt, the validity of voluntary dreaming as a state of consciousness will have been established. What practical modification of the mood may be brought about

by introducing the element of voluntary control, which is in itself a limitation, it will remain for experience to develop. The problem once solved, the idea of mental slumber will have been differentiated from that of physical slumber; and through the medium of the latter, the recuperation of the physical system may take place without that unconsciousness, mental and physical, included in the term sleep.

The conclusion opens into dim vistas of the esthetic, the gates of which have been long shut to humanity; the condition of slumber being transmitted into an elysium controllable at will—a delicious imparadisation to be taken consciously, to be consciously modulated, to be understood consciously as belonging to oneself and thus to be enjoyed as one of the luxuries of living; and, lastly, to be consciously remembered as reproducible at will. The coming man may, therefore, create his own dream-world; thus amassing for himself a sort of esthetic utilization of the one-third of existence now absolutely zero so far as consciousness is concerned; and sleep may be made to assume to him the complexion of a delicious and ecstatic esthetic revery subject to conscious control—a Utopia of the beautiful to which the man retreats while the process of physical repair is going on.

To recur to the objective and scientific. A similar condition in which the subject lies in the imparadisation of a delicious slumber, supposing himself completely awake, is frequently producible by an exactly graduated dose of morphia, under the influence of which the patient, who has been so sound asleep physically as scarcely to have moved for hours, will declare that he has not slept a wink—in a word, that he has not once shut his eyes, when, in point of fact, he has been locked in profound physical slumber. In these instances, there is an actual passage, not by volition but by narcotism, from the condition of wakefulness to that of dreaming, without the intervention of that valley of forgetfulness best depicted by the phrase, dropping to sleep; and, by scientific application of narcotism, the conscious passage of the bridge of slumber is effected. The same phenomenon occurs more or less distinctly in the slumber of persons addicted to morphia, to hashish, or to any agent of narcotism, that is, the mental somnolence is more or less imperfect—an effect due to the action of narcotics on the nervous system in sharpening and intensifying the sensuous perception. The true sybaris is the condition of narcotism, especially that of morphia, the effect of which is almost prismatic, and, perhaps, quite analogous to spectral analysis in its transmutation of perception into coloring. There is no necessity to pursue this fact to its logical deduction in the possibly habitual separation of the two elements of sleep—mental and physical slumber—since the state of consciousness induced by narcotism is abnormal.

The element of scientific value is found in the fact that the differentiation of the two may take place, and that perfect physical sleep may occur without mental somnolence. This proposition accepted, the habitual differentiation of the two by resort to scientific methods is possible; and it is not contended that any agent has actually been developed which affects the result unerringly. In most nervous temperaments, narcotism is more or less distinctly active in this direction—in other words, there is slumber of the motor without corresponding slumber of the sensor nerves, which puts the proposition *in parvo*, scientifically speaking; but, in minute analysis, narcotism is too little understood, too vague in its definition of the state of consciousness, to admit of scientifically formulated conclusions further than this: that, in narcotic slumber, the condition of double consciousness is always more or less distinctly developed. Observation has proved, however, that this double consciousness, in which the *ego* is conscious of itself as dreaming and conscious of itself as dreamer, occurs in many instances in connection with normal physical conditions, in which the process of dropping to sleep appears distinctly; and that somebody will be first to perform the original thing of taking a conscious journey to sleepland, and supplying the world with accurate pencilings of the trip, all the analogies are in favor of concluding. He who shall be first to effect this, with accurate analysis of its impressions, will have contributed subject-matter of inestimable value to the study of the laws of sensuous and imaginative suggestion;

and that the microscopic iris of scientific analysis is distinctly fixed upon the investigation of the subject is obvious from the tenor of recent papers emanating from high scientific authorities.

Scientific investigation has, in fact, assumed a speculative phase within the past ten years, that seems likely to develop something; and thinkers are beginning to test practically the capacity of the scientific method to solve the general problem of speculative philosophy. Considering man as an algebraic equation, earnest students everywhere are endeavoring to apply the unerring methods of scientific induction to that which has heretofore been regarded as a question of metaphysical method. The theory of brain-waves, recently started in England, presupposing the existence of a subtile attenuated medium acted upon by the mental force in analogy with the undulatory hypothesis, illustrates the rapidity with which the scientific method is enlarging its borders, so as to include within the circle of its generalizations the philosophy of all subjective phenomena as well as that of the objective. The theory, the validity of which it is needless to discuss, has the merit of accounting scientifically for the occurrence of certain phenomena, as, for instance, that of second sight, without presupposition of preternatural agency; and, perhaps, by-and-by, some scientist may propound a theory of dream-waves that will solve the problem of the dream-waves with equal ingenuity. Patient observation of facts and phenomena having pretty thoroughly stocked the *arcana* of proof, the progress of science is henceforth to be marked more distinctively than heretofore by progress in methods of induction.

The most manifest tendency of the scientific is observable in the abridging of processes; and why may not the process of sleep fall into the category of processes to be abridged, deducting for immaturity, senility, sleep, eating, and other natural processes? The real period of human activity in the world is very short. Between immaturity and senility, the duration of a really robust organism scarcely averages twenty years. The man is mature at twenty-five, senility begins at forty-five; or, mature at thirty, senility begins at fifty—leaving not more than a score of years in which, in the fullest sense of the verb, the man may be said to live.

For eight hours of sleep on the average, from the twenty years deduct.....	6⅔ years.
For the four hours actually needed on the average for the proper performance of the functions of eating, digestion, and the like, from the twenty deduct.....	3⅓ years.
The total deduction, during the twenty years of maturity, which must be made for limitations of physical condition, is, therefore.....	10 years.

It appears that, on the average, the normal man lives only ten years—has only ten years of normal physical and mental activity. The rest of the term is taken up either by the period of efflorescence, youth, or by that of senility, or in the natural processes of recuperation; so that out of the sixty or seventy years of vital duration the normal man actually lives only ten years of full physical and mental manhood. Out of sixty or seventy years as an animal he ekes only ten as a man, and, going off gradually into a long drowse of senility, drops to sleep at last and is put to bed by his friends.

Again, if from this possible ten years of normal activity there be deducted a fair consideration for accidental or incidental cessations of work, it will be found that, on the average, the period is lessened by at least one-tenth, leaving nine years as the normal average of human activity. The realization of this average by any individual presupposes a normally good constitution; and, in fixing it, no account is taken of the vast army of invalids—invalids in the definition of the word as not exactly valid humans—to take whom into the evolution of the average would reduce it to four years as maximum, making no note of persons dying under twenty and not, therefore, to be regarded as mature plants.

The importance, therefore, of any scientific discovery the tendency of which shall be to rescue even a small portion of the period consumed in slumber from inutility or other than negative utility, can scarcely be overstated; for the normal man scarcely comprehends how utterly he is the victim of limitations, until the calculation is exhibited.

The generalization is grounded upon the

acceptance of the general estimate that normal humanity in good health must sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. Exceptionally lymphatic organizations need from eight to ten hours of slumber; exceptionally nervous, from six to eight—the nervous or cephalic organization recuperating with correspondingly greater rapidity. Regarding the cephalic temperament as that in the direction of which physical progress tends, the deduction is valid, therefore, that as humanity progresses in perfection of organism, the period of slumber will be correspondingly lessened —for the more perfect, sensitive, nervous, and ethereal the organization, the greater is its freedom from the ordinary physical necessity for continuous slumber. Historically speaking, the remarkable men of the world have been small sleepers. The elder Napoleon did not need over six hours, and so subordinated in his constitution was the instinct of sleep that he had the faculty of controlling it within limits adapted to the occasion. Napoleon was, perhaps, exceptional in this respect, though less so than is generally supposed. In this age of restless business activity, individuals possessed of the capacity to impress themselves sufficiently, previous to dropping off (with the necessity for recovering themselves from slumber at a certain hour), to recover themselves at a given hour, are by no means rare; and it is not uncommon for a business man to make a sort of alarm-clock of himself on any special emergency. The strangeness of that faculty, by which the apparently dormant consciousness appears to measure duration with almost the accuracy of a clock, points to the hypothesis that it is possible to transmit both volition and consciousness of duration through hours of profound slumber, with sufficient emphasis to enable them to start up into normal activity at an hour fixed upon previous to dropping off. The *data* of the induction are ample; and as to its processes, words need not be wasted, since the conception of the fact is enough. The determination to wake up at a given hour can be made to measure intelligently the duration of slumber, and to cut it off at a fixed and predeterminate point; and, this proposition accepted, the hypothesis that one may control one's slumber by volition is valid.

In some quarters, considerable speculative ingenuity has been wasted in the attempt to prove that dreams may be controlled by certain dietetic conditions. It is undoubtedly true that dyspepsia induces disagreeable dreams; equally true that a good digestion tends to sound sleep; and, no doubt, certain dietetic conditions may tend to induce agreeable moods of the jack-o'-lantern consciousness illustrated in the mood of dreaming. In a word, as a general principle, the dietetic condition affects the color rather than the form of the mood, and is modified so materially by suggestion of a rather occult kind as to be non-susceptible of emphasis in the modulation of coloring even. On the other hand, certain dietary elements have a direct influence on the rapidity with which recuperation takes place during the interval; and, as normally the subject awakens when the recuperation is completed, something in the way of abridging the interval may be accomplished by scientific administration of them. Strong beef tea, for example, taken previous to dropping off, greatly hastens the progress of recuperation; and a man who is accustomed to sleep eight hours may safely abridge the duration one eighth by drinking moderately of beef tea before going to sleep. Raw oysters and all phosphorescent food have a similar effect, though in a less degree, being less concentrated; but could an extract of oysters after the model of Liebig's extract of beef be produced, greater benefit might undoubtedly be eked from it; and the subject certainly presents itself as a legitimate field for scientific investigation, with a view to win something from the grip of the tyrant. The age is fast—eats fast—digests fast—assimilates fast—thinks fast—acts fast —lives fast—should sleep fast, but has not reduced sleeping to an art sufficiently exact. In the abstract, it is granted by scientists that one may sleep rapidly or sluggishly; but nothing has ever been practically won from the fist of the pickpocket who steals eight hours from every twenty-four, under the pretense of needing them to recuperate humanity, and renders therefor neither receipt nor guarantee.

Anesthesia, as yet imperfectly understood, may possibly be made available in abridging the process; but an anesthesia is even less

natural in its falling asleep then narcotism, and will need substantial modification of method. As it is, it dispenses altogether with the going-to-sleep-process, and smothers the consciousness—throttles it suddenly and wholly, without normal twilight of drowse. In narcotism, slumber steals gradually upon the patient, with a delicious velvetiness that is fascinating; and one may drop off, imagining that one is awake, and yet being mistaken in so imagining. Down, down, down, by winding ways, past vistas of Elysian gorgeousness, through tangles of unearthly beauty, past palaces of ghastly magnificence, by tinkling fountains so real in their music that you would make affidavit to having heard them—down, down, down, through mazes of imparadisation you travel, taking notes by the way, from wakefulness to drowse, from drowse to dream, never once losing yourself during the whole transition; and, at last, you sleep—sleep profoundly—imagining through the whole interval that you are thoroughly awake.

The action of anesthesia is far less pleasurable. The last thing you remember is the surging of great waves of darkness into your head as it were, and your candle is snuffed out utterly. Bubbles of dream may come to the surface afterward, but you sleep so heavily that you scarcely observe them—waking up with an indistinct remembrance of something, and feeling as if you had been actually dead and somehow had come back with a great gasp.

It is obvious that material modifications of the anesthetic must occur before it can be made available for fast sleeping; and very little indeed is the advantage of anesthesia partial, which operates almost like a stimulant. As evident it is that narcotism will never prevail popularly as an element of slumber.

The natural progress of civilization on the other hand, by refining the organization, abridges the period of slumber imperceptibly, century by century; while, as a generalization, it may be stated that cephalic organizations have, in proportion to the preponderance of the nervous system, the capacity for a certain control, by conscious volition, over the mood of dreaming; and thus, as the evolution of the coming man approximates nearer and nearer to the historical climax by that individual represented, physical slumber is gradually differentiated from mental—the coming man sleeping, not in the sense in which the man of the period sleeps, but translating himself at will from the mood of wakefulness to the Elysian twilight of consciously enjoyed drowse.

Thus the coming man effects the intellectual utilization of sleep; transmuting into a fairyland of the beautiful—controlled, modulated, evoked by his own volition—wasting into drowsy perspective or throbbing with volcanic energy in all its imagery, in answer to the mere impulse of his will.

Thus, through ages of evolution, there comes a man whose slumber, abridged to the utmost brevity of duration, is an Al Araaf of voluntary and voluntarily modulated dream—a paradise, say, of at most a couple of hours.

FRANCIS GEARY FAIRFIELD.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin, and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind—
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little, never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring—
God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little tolls thou didst not shun,

Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

THOUGHT AND BRAIN GROWTH.—One of our leading medecists writes: Persons who talk most do not always think most. I question whether persons who think most—that is, have most conscious thought pass through their minds—necessarily do most mental work. "Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing when you are sleeping." So with every new idea that is planted in a thinker's mind. It will be growing when he is sleeping. An idea in the brain is not a legend carved on a marble slab; it is an impression made on a living tissue, which is the seat of active nutritive processes. Shall the initials I carved in bark grow from year to year with the tree? and shall not my recorded thought grow into new forms and relations with my growing brain? Mr. Daniel Webster told one of our greatest scholars that he had to change the size of his hat every few years. His head grew larger as his intellect expanded. Illustrations of this same fact were shown me many years ago by a famous phrenologist in London. But organic mental changes may take place in shorter spaces of time. A single night of sleep has often brought a sober second thought which was a surprise to the hasty conclusion of the day before.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Department of Art and Science.

YALE SKETCHES.

BY H. E. G. P.

[CONTINUED.]

ELISHA WILLIAMS, son of the Rev. Wm. Williams, was born at Hatfield, Mass., Aug. 24th, 1694. He entered the Sophomore class of Harvard when he was fourteen, and was "educated under Mr. Tutor Remington." He graduated in 1711, and about the year '14 married and made his residence in Wethersfield. At the time of the disaffection and dispersion of the students in 1717 he was appointed tutor of those who went to Wethersfield, and retained that position two years. At the age of twenty-seven he was ordained and settled as the first pastor of the church in Newington, a parish of Wethersfield. His duties in this retired pastorate were performed with an ardor and efficiency that made him "a shining mark," and the trustees were amply rewarded for their many disappointments in the good fortune that placed him at the head of the College. He was chosen at their meeting in September, 1725, but not installed rector till the year following.

Baldwin concisely chronicles the ceremony. "In the library room, in the presence of the trustees, he gave his assent to the *Confession of Faith* and rules of Church discipline agreed upon by the churches of the colony in 1708. After dinner he delivered a public oration in the hall, and the trustees successively came and saluted him as Rector." The College took a new lease of prosperity. The students were almost entirely clerical aspirants, and their grave studies had overshadowed the graces of a lighter literature.

The new Rector's taste for *belles-lettres* led him to introduce and sedulously cultivate them in College. A fresh impulse flowed into the sluggish routine of the curriculum. Decision, uniform discipline, tact, and enthusiasm subdued the rebellious, stimulated the dilatory, and energized the studious. It was no evanescent change, but a steady gain during the thirteen years of Rector Williams' presidency. But in 1739, his health, which had long suffered from the southerly winds of New Haven, became so much impaired that he was compelled to resign. "He had presided with wisdom, gravity, and authority, and aiming beyond mere intellectual cul-

ture, applied himself with care and assiduity to guard and secure the students both from whatever might blemish and wound their moral characters, and from errors and mistakes in matters of religion; and to form their minds, not only to useful knowledge and learning, but to virtue and real piety." A portrait of Rector Williams, traditionally pronounced "good," hangs in Alumni Hall. He returned to Wethersfield, and its bracing inland air soon improved his health. Too energetic to enjoy the immunities of invalidism, he accepted the nomination, and was elected member of the General Assembly and Judge of the Superior Court. In 1745 he went as chaplain of the army that reduced Louisburg, Cape Breton. His marked abilities led to his promotion to the colonelcy of the troops sent from Connecticut against Canada in 1746. England graciously covered herself with the glory of these military successes, and left the impecunious colonies to struggle with victory's inevitable shadow—debt. In 1750 Col. Williams went to England to secure if possible the pay due the Connecticut troops. Though unfortunate in his mission, personally, the law of compensation worked kindly for him, giving him, a widower of several years' standing, a wife, "a lady of superior accomplishments." They came to Wethersfield in 1752, and in the interval before his death he pursued the avocation of a merchant. He died there in 1755, aged sixty-one years. When in England he formed a warm personal intimacy with Dr. Doddridge, who in one of his letters speaks of him as "one of the most valuable men upon earth; he has, joined to an ardent sense of religion, solid learning, consummate prudence, great candor and sweetness of temper, and a certain nobleness of soul capable of contriving and acting the greatest things without seeming to be conscious of having done them." In Col. Williams' character, his own unwearied mental activity, his versatile but apt and orderly intellect, his gentle and complaisant disposition recognized many salient and harmonious traits.

At this time the only laws in use in the College were in MS., and were copied by each student for his individual use. In the library of Yale is an ancient MS. of 1727, from whose time-stained pages the following were copied.

Each student was required daily "to exercise himself in reading Holy Scripture." "No scholar shall use ye english tongue in ye College with his fellow-Schollars unless he be called to publick exercise proper to be attended in ye english tongue, but schollars in their chambers and when they are together shall talk lattin." Fancy the conversational miseries and exigencies from a dearth of "lattin."

They were required to be in their rooms at nine o'clock, and a lenient curfew allowed them lights till eleven P.M., after that darkness ruled the hours till four A.M.

"Nor shall any under-graduates go at Court elections, keeping High days, or go a hunting or fowling without leave from the Rector or tutors."

"Every student shall be called by his sirname, except he be the son of a nobleman or a knight's eldest son."

Signed, E. WILLIAMS, *Rector*.

It was during this presidency that Dean Berkeley, of Derry, made his liberal gift. He came to America in 1729 with the intention of establishing at Bermuda an Episcopal college for the education of pastors for the colonies. The help promised him by Government before he sailed was never given, and after a residence of two years and a half at Newport he abandoned his cherished project and returned to England. Dr. Johnson, also an Episcopal minister, enlisted the good Dean's interest in the College, of which he was both a graduate and a tutor. When Dr. Berkeley left America, he deeded to the College his farm and homestead in the vicinity of Newport, the rents of which were to be given to the successful competitor in classics.

The library also received an important addition of 880 volumes of valuable works, including "copies of most of the Greek and Latin classics, the most approved works in theology, history, the sciences, and general literature. (Kingsley.) These books he had personally selected for his contemplated College at Bermuda, and with but few exceptions they were "of the most valuable editions, and in the best style of binding."

An astonishing picture of the Dean and his household graces the Art Gallery of Yale. Posterity must bend in admiration before the preternatural humanity that nerved the

originals to bequeath to us as portraits that rigid, grotesque-featured group, and that impossible baby.

As Rector Williams' resignation had been anticipated, no demoralizing interregnum was permitted. The trustees immediately nominated Rev. Thos. Clap, of Windham, as his successor. He had been a tender and faithful pastor; his discourses Sunday after Sunday, year after year, were fresh, practical, impressive, often profound, comforting the devout and hungry soul with some uplifting recollection. That another could teach and lead them as he had, seemed impossible, and they were so unappeasable that the point was referred to a Council of the Churches. Unfortunately for the parish, their decision was favorable to the College. "He was well known for his familiar acquaintance with the whole course of academical studies, more particularly with the different branches of pure mathematics and with astronomy. He was considered a man of great energy of character and uncommon qualifications for business. Soon after his election he entered upon his new office, and the expectations which had been formed of him were not disappointed. His first object was, according to the means within his control, to put the institution in the best order in all its departments." He naturally gave prominence to those studies in which he was most interested, and as a consequence formulas and theorems were more popular than rhetorical nicetics. He made a vigorous preceptor; a cotemporary complains that he was too apt to regard "boys as men."

In compliance with the wish of the trustees, one of his first official acts was the completion of a body of laws.

In 1725 they had proposed it to Rector Williams, but his ill-health prevented. These laws were a digest of those of Harvard and the statutes of the University of Oxford; "important customs" were included and legalized, and some new laws were framed.

The whole, after a critical examination by the trustees, was accepted in 1745, translated into Latin, and published in '48. The title-page informs us that it was the first book printed in New Haven.

The philosophical apparatus of the College comported with the modest pretensions of the institution. A pair of globes and a few of the most familiar mathematical instruments were its humble nucleus. In 1734 a reflecting telescope, a microscope, and a barometer were purchased by subscription. A set of surveying instruments was presented by Joseph Thompson, of London, and a few years later Dr. Isaac Watts added a pair of globes. In 1749 Dr. Franklin, who within a year or two had commenced his experiments, sent the College an electrical machine. It was perhaps to one of these identical jars that Dr. Daggett, intent on perfumes and ignorant of electrical apparatus, touched his guileless nose, with dire results.

In 1789 Rev. Dr. Lockwood, a graduate of Yale, gave £150 for the purchase of philosophical instruments; other gentlemen increased the amount to £300, and Dr. Price, of London, who made the purchases, and who exceeded the sum intrusted to him, generously "begged that the College would accept this difference as *his* contribution."

The library had never been catalogued, and was of course comparatively useless for consultation. Pres. Clap energetically remedied this by grouping and numbering the books, which were then arranged in three catalogues. The first specified the books as they stood, the second gave them alphabetically, and the third topically. The dusty, lumbered shelves became instinct with helpfulness, and the library was no longer a gloomy, neglected room.

THE ARTIST AND HIS MASTER.

A YOUNG artist had produced an exquisite picture, the most successful of all his efforts, and even his master found nothing in it to criticise. But the young artist was so enraptured with it that he incessantly gazed at his work of art, and really believed that he would never be able to excel what he had already produced. One morning, as he was about to enjoy anew the contemplation of his picture, he found his master had entirely erased his work of art. Angry, and in tears, he ran to his master, and asked the cause of this cruel treatment.

The master answered, "I did it with wise forethought. The painting was good, but it was at the same time your ruin."

"How so?" asked the young artist.

"My beloved pupil," replied the master, "you love no longer your art in your picture, but only *yourself*. Believe me, it was not perfect, even if it did appear so; it was only a study, an attempt. Then, take your pencil, and see what your new creation will be, and do not repent of the sacrifice. The elements of greatness must be in you before you can be fully able to produce them on canvas."

Boldly, and full of confidence in himself and his master, he seized his pencil and produced his exquisite masterpiece, "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia," and the name of this artist-student was Timanthes.—*Translated from the German by* LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

JAMES P. WICKERSHAM,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THIS portrait shows a sharp, earnest, direct organization. The Mental temperament predominates, but the Motive is well marked, supplying a great amount of energy and force to the otherwise active and sprightly mentality. The appearance is that of one who has closely applied himself to some professional or scholarly pursuit and reduced greatly the vital resources of a constitution naturally hardy.

If this be a good portrait of Mr. Wickersham, he should seek with the assistance of the hygienic instrumentalities to improve his health—to restore the apparent loss of balance between brain and body, else he may suddenly break down in the midst of a highly useful career.

His head is that of a thinker; the prominence of the upper forehead and the deep-set eyes indicate that. The organs of the top-head are largely developed, and combining with his reflective intellect, give him character for steadiness, earnestness, prudence, dignity, sympathy, and foresight. He is a man of delicate feeling, yet emulative and progressive. He rarely attempts to execute a measure without having first carefully and perhaps elaborately considered it. His is a suggestive, inventive nature, with much more planning, organizing talent than mechanical, executive ability.

MR. WICKERSHAM was born in 1823, in Chester County, Pa., about two miles from the house originally built, in 1705, by Thomas Wickersham, his lineal progenitor. On both his father's and mother's sides he descends from the Quaker settlers of that section, who emigrated from England during the proprietorship of William Penn. His parents are both still living, and are noted for their integrity and strength of character.

James entered school at the age of seven, and though he was prevented from attending regularly, he was, while there, always at the head of his classes. When, in 1834, the question of free schools came up, he, though but eleven years old, took a lively interest in discussing it, and even contended with its opposers. He was a great reader, and at the same time an expert in all the athletic labors and sports of the day.

He spent some six sessions at the Unionville Academy, Chester County, where he made great progress in mathematics, natural science, history, and the English, French, and Latin languages. This was all he had of theoretical education. His literary degrees are all honorary. At sixteen, rather than work on the farm, he determined to make a move for himself, and accepted an assistant teacher's position in the Academy where he had been a student. In 1841–42 he taught a common country school at twenty dollars per month, returning to school and study himself after his school closed. This alternation of going to school and teaching he continued until 1845, when he became principal of the Marietta Academy, located at Marietta, Lancaster County, Pa.

Mr. Wickersham's success as a teacher was marked from the first. Resolutions, extra pay, and premiums from his employers are the best proofs that his services were highly appreciated. As a consequence, his promotion was rapid, permanent, and profitable. He was but twenty years of age when he became principal of the Marietta Academy. At twenty-three he married Miss Emeline I. Taylor. In 1854 he was elected Superintendent of Schools for Lancaster County,

other Superintendent in the State. In 1855 he founded and temporarily presided over the Lancaster County Normal Institute at Millersville, which formed the basis of the first Normal School in Pennsylvania and was the pioneer of Normal instruction in this and other States. Resigning the position of principal of this school in 1866 with the intention of going to Europe, and completing on his return a series of works on the "Science of Teaching"—which he had already commenced—he was prevented from carrying out his plan by accepting the appointment by Gov. Curtin to the State Superintendency of Public Schools, in which position he served one term, and then was reappointed by Gov. Geary and unanimously confirmed by the State Senate.

PORTRAIT OF JAMES P. WICKERSHAM.

city, borough, and county superintendents have been increased; thousands of children brought into the schools; greater interest awakened in Teachers' Institutes; and, in fact, all possible means used to give greater efficiency to our noble free school system. He has written many articles for the newspapers and magazines, mostly of an educational character. He assisted in organizing the Lancaster County Association, and was its second President in 1853; assisted in establishing the State Teachers' Association, and was elected its fourth President in 1855; he assisted in establishing the National Teachers' Association, and was elected its seventh President in 1865; is now President of the National Superintendents' Association, com-

posed of the leading educational men of the nation. His address before the National Association in 1865 on "Education as an element in the reconstruction of the Union," and his address on "An American education for the American people," delivered at Indianapolis before the same body, have been widely published, translated into the French and other languages, and distributed all over Europe and South America.

While at the Normal School, Mr. Wickersham prepared two volumes—"School Economy" and "Methods of Instruction"—which were published in Philadelphia, and have had a large sale, being used as text-books in nearly all our State Normal Schools, and bought and read by most teachers and educational people.

Mr. Wickersham's record during the late war was much to his credit. He spent a great deal of his time and money in raising, arming, and equipping several companies, and would have accompanied them; but Gov. Curtin protested against such action, saying "he could get ten Colonels to one Principal of a State Normal School," and through the influence of the Governor and other friends he was persuaded to remain, though afterward he did raise a regiment and go to the front with them during the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863. Since that time he has been a prime mover in organizing the "homes" and schools for the education of the orphans of deceased soldiers and sailors, and in furthering the interests of all our State charities.

Mr. Wickersham is a warm advocate of phrenological truth, and does not hesitate to declare his convictions with reference to it. In a letter to us he writes:

"My attention was called to the subject of Phrenology when at school, about the year 1840, by a public lecture on the subject. The views presented were new in the neighborhood, and caused considerable discussion. The consideration of questions relating to Phrenology for some time thereafter occupied a prominent place in the proceedings of lyceums and debating societies for miles around. As I was very fond of taking part in the discussions of such associations, I was soon almost compelled to make myself acquainted with the leading doctrines of Phrenology. In debate I sometimes took the side in favor of Phrenology, and sometimes that against it, but the more I studied the subject the more of truth I thought I began to see in it. Eventually the science became to me a favorite study, and I read with great interest Gall, Spurzheim, the two Combes, and the works of other authors as fast as they came from the press, and was a subscriber to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. As a result of all this reading I began to study human nature from a phrenological point of view, and to guide my own life by the light thus appearing to me. At a later day it led me to the study of general metaphysics, which has been a source of profit and delight for many years.

"It is possible, doubtless, to determine more or less accurately the character and mental qualities of individuals from an examination of their heads, but the liability to err in the effort to do so has always seemed to me so great that I have never relied upon it to any very considerable extent. Phrenology profited me much more in a different way. What a man is, appears in what he does. Character has sure signs written all over the body, and manifested in every word spoken and in every act done. The chief practical advantage I have derived from Phrenology has been to enable me to rightly interpret these signs, and it is only just to say that my success as a teacher and a school officer is largely attributable to the power thus attained. All teaching and all school government must be mere arbitrary guess-work without a knowledge of human nature—the inward springs of thought, feeling, and will, and the power to read their signs as outwardly manifested. I have a thousand times thanked the Providence that made me acquainted with the key that I have successfully used to unlock the rich stores of knowledge I have derived from the study of man, and for the light that has been the principal guide of my professional life."

ICEBERGS AND ICE-FIELDS.

IN every part of the ocean the mariner has to guard against the perils of hidden shoals and sunken cliffs; but the high northern waters are doubly dangerous, for here, besides those rocks which are firmly rooted to the ground, there are others which, freely floating about, threaten to crush the vessel to pieces.

To these movable shoals various names are given. They are *icebergs* when they tower to a considerable height above the waters, and *ice-fields* when they have a vast horizontal extension. A *floe* is a detached portion of a field; *pack-ice*, a large area of floes closely driven together; and *drift-ice*, loose ice in motion, but not so firmly packed as to prevent a vessel from making her way through its yielding masses.

An Iceberg.

The large ice-fields which the whaler encounters in Baffin's Bay or on the seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland, constitute one of the marvels of the deep. When they first descend from their northern strongholds, the ice of which they are composed is from ten to fifteen feet thick, and their surface is sometimes tolerably smooth, but generally covered with numberless ice-blocks, piled upon each other in wild confusion to a height of forty to fifty feet, the result of repeated collisions. Before the end of June they are covered with snow, which, melting, forms small ponds or lakes on their surface.

Not seldom ice-fields are whirled about in rotary motion, which causes their circumference to gyrate with a velocity of several miles per hour. When two such fields come into collision, each weighing many millions of tons, imagination can hardly conceive a more appalling scene.

Icebergs are formed by fragments falling from the glaciers of the northern highlands. They are often of huge dimensions. Dr. Hayes measured one, and calculated that its cubical contents were about 27,000 millions of feet, and its weight some 2,000 millions of tons. Capt. Ross mentions another, 4,169 yards long, 3,689 broad, fifty-one feet high above water, which was aground in sixty-one fathoms; its weight was estimated at 1,292,397,674 tons.

In a high sea the waves beat against an iceberg as against a rock, and when there is a swell, the noise made by their rising and falling is tremendous. Their usual form is that of a high vertical wall gradually sloping down to the opposite side; but frequently they exhibit the most fantastic shapes.

The wonderful beauty of these crystal cliffs never appears to greater advantage than when clothed by the midnight sun with all the splendid colors of twilight. "The bergs," says Dr. Hayes, describing one of these enchanting nights, "had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal. One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruins had suddenly taken fire. In the shadow of the bergs the water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of color made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern near by exhibited the solid color of the malachite, mingled with the transparency of the emerald, while in strange contrast a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body. The bewitching character of the

scene was heightened by a thousand little cascades which leaped into the sea from these floating masses."

Though often dangerous neighbors, the icebergs occasionally prove useful auxiliaries to the mariner. From their greater bulk lying below water—about one-eighth only of their mass, by weight, rises above the surface of the water—they are not perceptibly influenced even by the strongest gale, and thus their broad masses not seldom afford protection to ships mooring under their lee.*

A GREAT Polar expedition is being organized in Sweden, for 1871 and 1872, under the direction of Professor Nordenskjold, the celebrated scientific leader of the Swedish expedition of 1863. Parry's attempt to reach the Pole by pushing on to the north of Spitzbergen, is to be repeated, and it is proposed to winter on one of the Seven Islands. Professor Nordenskjold intends to proceed to Greenland this summer to purchase dogs for the sledges, procure some necessary information, and make what other preparations he can to facilitate the carrying out of the purposes of the expedition.

Department of Religion.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.
—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

"LIBERAL CHRISTIANS,"

A LECTURE BY REV. THOS. K. BEECHER, PASTOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ELMIRA, N. Y.

[The following candid discussion of a sect or society of Christians—usually denominated "heterodox"—by one professing orthodoxy in the matter of fundamental belief, will be found interesting and, in no small degree, instructive to the reader who, notwithstanding his religious convictions, can be candid and generous, and give all a hearing.—ED. PHREN. JOUR.]

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."—ACTS x. 34, 35.

THE number of Unitarians and Universalists in this city (Elmira) is by no means inconsiderable. They are not, however, gathered into any one church, but are found among the attendants upon all our churches; and wherever found they are rendering peculiar and important service to the cause of truth and religion.

To indicate and gratefully acknowledge some of these services rendered by Unitarians and Universalists to the cause of Christian truth is the intent of this lecture.

A Unitarian is, strictly speaking, one who affirms that God is a unit, and a unit only—as Jesus quoted to the scribe, *The Lord our God is one Lord*, and as the scribe unreproved replied, *There is one God, and there is none other but he.* Consequently a Unitarian denies that the Son and the Holy Ghost are very God.

A Universalist is, strictly speaking, one who affirms that all men shall be sooner or later saved, not one shall be lost. God, he says, *will have all men to be saved. In Christ all shall be made alive.* Salvation, safety, is universal say they, and so they are called Universalists.

But these definitions do not do justice to the people who are called Unitarians and Universalists. Indeed, they find it impossible to describe themselves or write their own creed.

Neither do these two classes of people belong together. Although they warmly agree upon many topics, yet the two denomination fuse and flow too reluctantly in one stream to be called LIBERAL CHRISTIANS.

To one familiar with the history of Christian doctrine and the growth of systematic theology, the existence and usefulness of Unitarian and Universalist protest-ants seem well-nigh inevitable. They must needs come to pass. It can not be otherwise.

Men must reason. Men must pry into the unknown. Men always believe more than they can prove. If they build up from the

* From "The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions." By Dr. G. Hartwig.

bottom a substantial temple, fact on fact, they are scientific reasoners. If they take wing and fly up on high to make discoveries, then they are prophetic or poetic reasoners.

Of course the scientific reasoners are the safest reasoners. If astronomers, for instance, reason aright, the punctual planets will prove the reasoning true. If they reason erroneously, the stars in their courses will fight against them. The safety of scientific reasoning is in this fact, that we are compelled to verify our conclusions by new appeals to nature herself. We can build our house very high, but it will surely fall unless it be founded upon a rock, and be built up like one house of a great block or one tower of a great temple, agreeing in style and strength with the rest of the structure.

But when men have certain great spiritual facts or thoughts given to them, relating to beings and worlds and experiences unseen yet influential, they can not help reasoning about them, adjusting them so as to show their consistency, or arranging them so as to discern their law, and gain some momentum or help toward the computation of truth not yet revealed.

These reasonings are scientific in their form, but not in their substance. When two such reasoners compare their views, it is not like the comparison of two astronomers looking out at the stars, or two chemists reperforming the same experiment, or two accountants summing again the same stubborn figures. But it is two thinkers telling their thoughts, two dreamers comparing dreams. The stones of which they build their imposing structures are not stubborn facts of the external or material world, but are ideas which have no existence except in the minds of these giant thinkers. In the outward world these ideas live in words. But what word ever spoken by man is equivalent to the idea which he meant to express by it. These dreamers, therefore, or theologians, are in fact comparing words, though they suppose themselves to be comparing views; and their structures are built of words; and their reasonings are word-reasonings; and their strifes are "strifes about words."

In process of time these word-heaps will become so vast and high that none but the more learned can rightly appreciate their structure. The unlearned have neither time nor ability to follow the subtile word-trimming and word-fitting; and so, as common people believe an almanac though they can not compute one, so the common people of the church believe the creed though they can not build it or prove it.

Thus the fathers cease from doctrine, *i. e.*, teaching, and begin dogma, *i. e.*, assertion, "*the which except every one do keep whole, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly*,"—they pleasantly assure us.

The only check upon theological rationalism is the collision that must come to pass between theologians. But if unfortunately any one phase of rationalism gain the ascendancy over all others so as to be able to destroy or silence the rest, then at once this victorious creed becomes the chariot of reason run away headlong; and no man can predict to what lengths of essential absurdity yet verbal consistency the uncontrolled steeds will not go.

Of these general principles the history of every doctrine in the Christian church affords illustration. I will exhibit two or three.

I. *Of the Trinity.*

Opening the New Testament we find the words Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We find Trinitarian proof texts, and, of course, Unitarian proof texts also. Early Christians receiving the facts of the gospel, out of warm hearts began their doxologies, in which we discern a certain threeness, neither more nor less than what we discern in the New Testament. By-and-by some are annoyed by the insult offered to reason by saying that three are one and that one is three. One class will hold fast the intelligible *one* and question the mysterious *three*. Another class will hold fast the experimental *three* and question the mysterious *one*. It must needs be, if men reason about God, they will become rationalistic Unitarians, or else rationalistic Trinitarians, between whom I know not that there is any great choice.

It happened—I say *happened*, that rationalistic Trinitarians at one time and another in influential councils of the church have out-voted Unitarians; and so, ages long since, by vote of the majority it was settled

what was orthodoxy and what was heresy. And when Trinitarians had purged themselves of all Unitarian errors, having turned out the heretics and consigned them to a double death, then began a magnificent riot and runaway of reason, triumphing in creed statements, of which common men judged as they did of old-fashioned medicines—the worse they taste, the better the physic—the more startling the statement and seemingly absurd, the deeper the reasoning that demonstrates it and the piety that accepts it without question. Thus dogma took the place of doctrine, or, in plain English, *assertion* took the place of *teaching;* and uncontradicted doctors smote reason in the face in the name of religion. I can not better make you understand these statements than by reading to you pure and simple what we call the Athanasian Creed.

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.

"Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

"And the Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

"Neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance.

"For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost.

"But the godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal.

"Such as the Father is, such is the Son and such is the Holy Ghost.

"The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, and the Holy Ghost uncreate.

"The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.

"The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal.

"And yet they are not three eternals, but one eternal.

"As also they are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated, but one uncreated and one incomprehensible.

"So likewise the Father is almighty, the Son almighty, and the Holy Ghost almighty.

"And yet they are not three almighties but one almighty.

"So the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.

"And yet there are not three Gods but one God.

"So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord, and the Holy Ghost Lord.

"And yet not three Lords but one Lord.

"For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord; so are we forbidden by the Catholic religion to say, There be three Gods or three Lords.

"The Father is made of none, neither created nor begotten.

"The Son is of the Father alone; not made, nor created, but begotten.

"The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son; neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

"So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.

"And in this Trinity none is afore or after other; none is greater or less than another.

"But the whole three persons are co-eternal together and co-equal.

"So that in all things as is aforesaid, the unity in Trinity and the Trinity in unity is to be worshiped.

"He therefore that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity."

And yet I venture to say no unlettered man ever did so think of the Trinity; neither can he so think of the Trinity if he try; and he who tries until he succeeds, will probably have so damaged his understanding by the effort as to be saved, not by the creed he has swallowed, but because of the compassion universally accredited to the feeble-minded, the crazy, or the otherwise irresponsible.

So long as the Orthodox Church flaunts the Athanasian Creed as a banner, so long there will be need of opposing ranks to declare the rights of reason and of private judgment.

But whenever, as by the Episcopal Church in this country, this creed banner is furled and warlike Trinitarianism ceases its unchristian threatfulness, straightway the errand of Unitarianism *in that direction* ceases; and we shall find, as we find to-day, conspicuous Unitarians praying to the Lord Jesus, and conspicuous Trinitarians preaching the humanity and graces as well as grace of Jesus of Nazareth.

In this so great congregation doubtless more than one-half of you have never listened to an old-fashioned Trinitarian or Unitarian sermon. You would find it hard to believe that such discourses were ever written, or being written were listened to. But if at any time pastors begin to preach the Athanasian Creed, depend upon it the Spirit of God will raise up equally mistaken Unitari-

ans for their destruction. Even as in India the devastation of the wild hog is something tempered by the ravening tiger. That land, however, is most to be desired as a home which is neither cursed by wild hogs nor saved by tigers.

Against another dogma of rationalizing or system-making orthodoxy, Unitarians and Universalists equally protest.

II. *Of man's depravity and its origin.*

Every man has found it experimentally true that when he would do good, evil is present with him. If any man say he is without sin he deceiveth himself. We can not do the thing that we would. Death has passed upon all, for that all have sinned. Here is a universal, experimental truth, common to all religions, certified by every intelligent conscience on the globe. Here is a fact. Reason begins to inquire as to the age of this fact, and the cause of this fact, and the history of this fact, and the dimensions and degree of this depravity. Such inquiries are natural. They are inevitable.

So will come to pass orthodox reasoners. And partly from Scripture and partly from their own deep and gloomy consciousness they will develop the doctrine of man's total inability, his utter and entire depravity. Being unable to find its beginning in this generation, and as little in the one preceding, and so, back and up the stream of time, they come by a logical necessity to the first man. What can they do except say that "In Adam's fall we sinned all." One doctor in one way and another in another will show the reasonableness and justness of lodging a whole race and its destinies in the loins of one man, and making the issues of heaven and hell for inconceivable millions of the groaning and rejoicing, to depend upon the behavior of one man at one trial or test of his virtue.

Now when men have been promiscuously damned for a generation or two, and every priest and every preacher has denounced them because of their sin (and this indeed they deserve), because of their sin not only, but also has called it original sin—sin that was born with them—sin that came from father Adam—sin that damned them before they were born—sin that compels a million or more of helpless heathen to curl in everlasting anguish to every one saint that has escaped and attained the heavenly felicity! by-and-by insulted reason, bruised and sad at heart, will hear a strange new melody in the simple words spoken a thousand times—"*Our Father which art in heaven*," and by a blessed insurrection will burst the bonds of a long captivity; and will deny with Pelagius that babies are born devils, and that all men sinned in Adam, and are justly condemned for his transgression, and that God hates men and stands a consuming fire, their most dreadful enemy.

So it will come to pass that the same quality of mind that protests against the Athanasian Creed in its excesses will also protest against the cold, inhuman theories as to evil in Adam and the consequent perdition of his posterity.

On a doctrine like this you readily perceive that Unitarians and Universalists will be in very close sympathy. By-and-by, when these Christian brethren have suffered hardness as good soldiers a sufficient length of time, the effect of their protest can be very readily detected in the teachings and creeds of all the so-called Orthodox Churches. There is not a church in this city, nor a minister of the gospel of any creed, who dares to preach as his own faith any one of a half a dozen sermons of the fall in Adam and the imputation of his sin to his posterity—sermons of men like Timothy Dwight, or Dr. Bellamy, or Dr. Emmons, or Jonathan Edwards.

But, citizens all, whether orthodox or liberal, religious or irreligious, rationalistic or simple-minded in your faith, I take you all to witness in this hour that by the testimony of your own condemning conscience accusing and not excusing; by the spectacle of your past life and its pathway strewn with broken purposes of good; by the fearfulness of your own thought of judgment and exact reckoning with God; by the volume of those many secret thoughts, unlovely, selfish, sinful, which you dare not confess to your nearest friend, by these resistless evidences and testimonies I certify and accuse you that ye are erring, sinful men; that we all, like lost sheep, have gone astray. And while I thank Unitarians and Universalists for having something humbled the heartless rationalism of

orthodoxy, and compelled something like meek and gentle utterances from the theologians of to-day, yet the fact, the gloomy, dreadful fact with which these theologians BEGAN their reasonings neither Unitarian nor Universalist, alas, can ever deny or destroy. No heresy can ever extirpate sin and death.

In the same general way rational Universalists have been needed as a counterpoise to the rational damnationists. Be it always remembered that religion is above reason.

III. *Of Everlasting Punishment.*

The Christian religion has this in common with all other religions, that it is a plan of salvation—a plan by which men may escape, or at least hope to escape, the evil to come; evil which can not be better expressed than in the words of Scripture, "a fearful looking for of judgment to come and fiery indignation."

Men must reason. They will theorize as to the detail of this eternal woe. By-and-by we shall find the pious poets of perdition hardening their visions slowly into dogmas of damnation.

Men will become so wonted to a lurid background to the gospel picture that they can with difficulty conceive of a gospel or a grace of God, if by any chance the pit of hell should prove to have a bottom, or the fires thereof be quenched.

Richard Baxter could not perfect his "*Saint's Rest*," except he first depict the sinner's torment. Hear him:

"The principal author of hell-torments is God himself. As it was no less than God whom the sinner had offended, so it is no less than God who will punish them for their offenses. He hath prepared these torments for his enemies.

"The torments of the damned must be extreme, because they are the effect of divine vengeance. Wrath is terrible, but revenge is implacable. When the great God shall say, 'My rebellious creatures shall now pay for all the abuse of my patience; remember how I waited your leisure in vain, how I stooped to persuade and entreat you. Did you think I would always be so slighted? Then he will be revenged for every abused mercy!'

"Consider, also, that though God had rather men would accept of Christ and mercy, yet when they persist in rebellion, *he will take pleasure* in their execution.

"The guilt of their sins will be to damned souls like tinder to gunpowder, to make the flames of hell take hold upon them with fury. The body must also bear its part. That body which was so carefully looked to, so tenderly cherished, so curiously dressed, what must it now endure!

"But the greatest aggravation of these torments will be their eternity. When a thousand millions of ages are past, they are as fresh to begin as the first day. If there were any hope of an end, it would ease the damned to foresee it; but *forever* is an intolerable thought. They were never weary of sinning, nor will God be weary of punishing. They never heartily repented of sin, nor will God repent of their suffering.

"What if thou shouldst see the devil appear to thee in some terrible shape! Would not thy heart fall thee and thy hair stand on an end? And how wilt thou endure to live forever where thou shalt have no other company but devils and the damned!"

That the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is no longer thus represented by Christian preachers and theological writers, and that the moral sense of all who hear these terrible words is shocked at their inhumanity, is due in large measure to the determined and incessant protest of Universalists.

Thus as to the Trinity, the origin of evil, and the nature of eternal punishment, we have noticed a little, in detail, the chastening which speculative and pseudo-scientific orthodoxy has received at the hands of protesting Unitarians and Universalists. In these particulars their work has been a negative work—strong and passionate denials.

But they have also been allowed to afford valuable affirmative contributions to the general consciousness of the Christian church. Writers like Thomas à Kempis have sufficiently developed the mystic and passionate sympathy of the Christian soul with Christ; but the Christ of Thomas à Kempis and of similar writers is not a man pure and simple. And we owe to distinctly Unitarian writers the emphatic assertion that Jesus was a real man. Ernest Renan, while he shocks every Christian reader by his scientific incredulity, his denial of miracles, and his rejection of Christ our God, nevertheless profits also every Christian reader by the breadth and depth and greatness of that historic man Jesus of Nazareth. Be it remembered always that Jesus was a model man as well as a revealed God. To deny or forget his humanity is as great a loss to the Christian as to deny or forget his divinity. It is as important to know what manner of man we may hope to become as it is to know what manner of being God is.

For wholesome views of what the race of man has become by reason of sin, I bid you consult the testimony of the so-called orthodox. For equally wholesome views of what man may become by the grace of God, I bid you consult the delineations of Jesus Christ furnished to us and to the church of God by the better class of Unitarian writers.

That is a truly Christian church in which the members adore the sovereignty of God with Dr. Emmons, and walk with Jesus whom Dr. Channing loved but feared to worship.

In like manner of the Universalists I note: The changeless love and fatherhood of God is their contribution to Christian consciousness.

Many men are timid in giving utterance to this great truth lest they seem to subtract from the justice of God as a "righteous moral governor." Having unconsciously built up the law into a towering pile that overtops God himself, theologians unwittingly present us with a God who seems in perplexity how to indulge his fatherly inclinations without damage to his government. How can he be just and yet justify, is the question that fills theologians with anxiety.

The Universalist has reminded us that the fatherhood of God, and that he has a heart, are truths quite as important as the governorship of God, and that he has a head. The Christian truth is, that God who was in the dying Christ can not be more emphatically revealed than he was then and there as the great-hearted, devoted, self-sacrificing, loving Father; and at the same awful moment all may read, too, that the wages of sin is death; sin when it is finished bringeth forth death, and God will by no means clear the guilty.

At our peril we let go of either truth—the love of God so magnified by the Universalist, or the terror of the Lord so incessantly proclaimed by the orthodox.

—We may notice, too, that these Unitarians and Universalists have usually rendered their testimony at considerable cost to themselves.

Contrary to what we should expect, magnanimity and compassion are not attributes of God popularly acceptable. The masses of men being selfish and inclined to tyrannize, readily accept a tyrannical, passionate, tormenting God, for such a God they would themselves be if they had a chance. And although one would suppose that men would like to hear the sweet sung prophecies of universal and indiscriminate salvation, yet as a matter of fact the priests and preachers who scare people and then admit them to safety at a reasonable cost and by a mode sufficiently mysterious have always been more popular than the philosophic and philanthropic Unitarians and Universalists.

Whatever of excellence, then, and of credit belongs to men who assert unpopular convictions at cost to themselves is due to great numbers of Unitarians and Universalists. There are regions, of course, such as Boston and Cambridge, where scholarly and rational Unitarianism or Deism is at once an elegant speculation and a popular creed. But as a general rule these brethren are in a minority, and when they hold fast their faith, and with reasonable modesty declare their dissent from prevailing creeds, their courage and independent thought is truly an excellence; and their chastening effect upon the general Christian consciousness is not the less to their credit in that it has been rarely acknowledged and never welcome.

It will be found, too, that these brethren are promoters of intelligence and defenders of our public schools as being in themselves a positive good regardless of and separable from religion. They will be found at work with the more intelligent of all denominations in every enterprise of public spirit and material welfare.

Being less encumbered with metaphysical theories and dogmatic systems than many, they can liberate a larger force of money and work and enthusiasm wherewith to attack and destroy the evils of to-day. These brethren will see and declare that to-day is the matrix of to-morrow. That this year is mother of next year. That our life in the flesh is the germ of our life in the spirit, and that he who does the best possible thing for to-day is doing also the best possible thing for to-morrow and for all days.

Their danger will be of excessive worldliness, which very tendency is the antidote and limit for excessive other-worldliness, which is superstition.

Not dreaming that I have anything near exhausted my subject, I must nevertheless make an end.

As in previous lectures of this course, so

in this, I have carefully abstained from indicating many vital points upon which I suppose Unitarians and Universalists, each in their way, have erred from truth—erred as widely as they say that I have; our differences are fundamental. They have been topics of controversy between earnest men ever since the second century.

As a mathematician I shall never attempt to square the circle. I shall never again invent perpetual motion. These two problems have received sufficient attention. For the same reason, I here and everywhere decline to take part in any controversy that for sixteen hundred years has attracted earnest minds disputing as to the Godhead, the person of Christ, the origin and term of evil, and the destiny of the human race. A controversy that has raged so long is not likely ever to come to an end. The problems involved are insoluble until being born again we see the kingdom of God.

Nay, more. Upon opening the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, a tranquil and contented Christian can not fail to perceive that there are very broad and plain testimonies there given, which, at least, seem to justify the so-called errors of Unitarians and Universalists. And I know not in what direction to look for an authoritative and final exposition of Scripture.

So long as they call on God, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting, and with me are prompt and heartful in saying "Our Father which art in heaven," who am I that I *need* judge the servant of another? What am I that with condemning zeal I should denounce my brethren?

Without meaning to or needing to surrender one point of the faith called orthodox, nor softening one of its hard and exact lines of what I call truth, it has seemed to me altogether impossible that citizens of one city and incarnate souls worshiping God as one great congregation—differ as they may upon their speculative and dogmatic systems—may not also walk together in mutual respect and in co-operations absolute and whole-hearted in "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.

"For of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away,

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearls they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sounds of pain;
The thunder organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

LAW.—Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power, both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—*Hooker.*

NEW YORK,
OCTOBER, 1870.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

GREAT wars, which imply wide-spread desolation and distress in the countries where they are carried on, have rarely depended on any substantial cause for their inception besides the aims and ambition of a grasping, domineering, covetous monarch. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, Napoleon I. are examples of great rulers who sought to add kingdom to kingdom or province to province from the mere desire of conquest and glory. The splendor of their military genius has somewhat dazed the judgment of historians with reference to the true characterization of their motives and conduct; and admiration and reverence have been accorded them much oftener than reproach.

The great contest which now claims the attention of the world is attributed to a wanton and ruthless exercise of authority by the French emperor. Eagerly awaiting a pretext for precipitating a quarrel in arms with Prussia, he caught at the overture of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, which had in view the elevation of that younger son of royalty to the Spanish throne. But at the solicitation of the Prussian king, as Mr. Bancroft, our minister to Berlin, informs us, Leopold finally declined the crown. His withdrawal from the candidature, however, was not sufficient. Napoleon III., in the greatness of his presumption, because a really powerful nation rejected war on such an alternative, demanded that the Prussian Government should pledge itself to prevent any member of the house of Hohenzollern from becoming a king of Spain, lest the "balance of power" in Europe should be disturbed. To this arrogant and supercilious demand King William properly refused to accede, whereupon Napoleon instantly declared war.

So great, so terribly grave a measure, undertaken on such paltry grounds, at once aroused the indignation of all the other European nations,—they did not entertain the alleged apprehensions of Louis Napoleon with reference to the disturbance of the "balance of power;" and they hastened to protest against the course of the French Government.

We find the venerable statesman and publicist of France, Thiers, saying to the deputies of the Corps Legislatif: "Public opinion will turn against us; the journals of Europe will be against us."

The language of an American writer fitly applies to the case, viz.:

> "When the candidacy was abandoned, France had no more reason to attack Prussia than she had six months ago. Undoubtedly France wants the Rhenish frontier. But she did not dare gravely to allege her cupidity as a justification for a tremendous war. The wretched pretexts of the declaration show, therefore, only that she was resolved to fight. She believed herself strong enough to break the peace of Europe in the hope of acquiring more territory in the universal tumult, ravage, anguish, and desolation."

Napoleon, although endowed with a representative capacity in the matter of government, could not be said to fairly represent the sentiment of the French masses with reference to inaugurating a war which might be expected to assume a continental character. Napoleon trusted that when he gave the

signal, the leading nations of Europe, at least, would spring to arms, and that national pride, jealousy, spleen, chagrin, and envy would hold a high carnival of blood amid the clash of steel and the explosion of cannon, and that out of the resultant disorder and anarchy he would reap glory and dominion for his dynasty and France.

The French people at large had no sympathy with such an aim. Probably they had no premonitions of a contest for such object, and we think M. Thiers' statement, above mentioned, may be taken as representing their real opinion. Although a volatile people, the French enter no more heartily into the prosecution of war-measures, especially when they are brought to their very doors, as in this last instance, than other nations, unless some well-defined principle is held up on which they may found a reason for shedding their own and a neighbor's blood.

It is very evident that Napoleon counted on taking Prussia at a disadvantage. But he "reckoned without his host." Instead of finding a startled and terror-stricken people when his finely appointed troops threatened the Prussian frontier, he found well-organized and powerful armies drawn up to oppose his invasion. His haughty challenge aroused Germany, not to internal contention, but to united effort. The several states forgot their real or imagined grievances, and at the call of William rose enthusiastically to make common cause with Prussia. And so the war began, and has been prosecuted with terrible vigor on both sides. Armies of upward of one hundred thousand men each have been hurled against each other, and tens of thousands of earnest, courageous hearts have bled and died on the various battle-fields.

The event of the conflict so speedily and unexpectedly brought about is before us. The armies sent into the field under the command of tried leaders have been overwhelmed by Prussian forces greatly superior in number at least to those organized at the will of the too confident Emperor. Napoleon himself a prisoner, has lost his throne, and probably that empire — now substantially a republic — which he had expected to enlarge will lose no small portion of its border as a compensation to Prussia for the expenses and suffering of a war so incontinently forced upon her. Had Napoleon given victory to France, he doubtless would have strengthened his hold on the imperial dignity; but now his failure only provokes the resentment of Frenchmen for having betrayed their confidence and brought misery and disgrace upon them.

It is to be hoped that prudence will not be lost sight of by either Prussia or France in so exciting an hour as the present, and that their difficulties may be speedily arranged, and the further shedding of blood be averted. To what purpose; of what value to mankind in any respect is such fearful waste of treasure and blood? Such is the state of European politics that a king or monarch can throw a people into war at any moment. Well may a cotemporary ask—

"Is that a thorough system of government which permits a ruler to absorb from the working element of the people a million of sturdy, active, useful, necessary men, and to keep them in the idleness and dissipation of camp life? Every year of a standing army is a loss to the active industry of a country, as well as a drain upon the resources of its people by taxation and conscription. The crime of this war is the crime of the European system. France and Prussia may make peace to-morrow; but there will be no peace so long as the armies of France and Prussia are kept on a war-footing. To-day it is Prussia and France. To-morrow it may be Prussia and Austria. The existence of these armies is the existence of a danger which can only be removed by the adoption of a republican or constitutional system;"—

whereby, we would add, the whole people shall have a voice in all measures, especially those of war, which are of vital importance to them individually as well as collectively.

FOSSILS.

MOST men after reaching middle life sink into a state of intellectual torpor. Life is to them no longer the theater of ambitious activities or aspiration, but seems to have become a mere stage of lingering intellectual indifference. They live more in the past than in the present. Some have a *quasi* activity, and urge their old and dried-up theories with a vehemence which is impatient of question; always having recourse to the doctrine, that age and experience bring the only substantial wisdom, and that what they have seen and known must be accepted as final evidence on any disputed point.

Such men are like barnacles, in that they do not move from their moorings, but unlike barnacles, in that they do not grow by sucking nutriment from favoring circumstances.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," is one of their pet sayings, and on it they rest with unlimited confidence to relieve themselves from any responsibility arising out of the new relations produced by reforms and improvements in our social and political economy. They hear with regret of discoveries in science and art. In the midst of your glowing panegyric on the benefits derivable from this or that new invention, they shake the head sorrowfully, and speak of the "good old times" when such "new-fangled" things did not disturb the peaceful order of life.

There is much that is mythical in those "good old times," if the records of history must be accepted; for during the last hundred years every decade is marred by some events—sanguinary and destructive to human interests in a greater or less degree—which are a reproach to modern civilization. But those events, and the thousand others of eminent importance in the ages past, seem to belong to a series of progressive developments—to the working out of some grand universal problem; the ultimate of which shall be the "gude time coming," as Scott expresses it.

"The term "fossil" very aptly defines the intellectual status of these lingerers on the horizon of progress. They are but crystallizations of rusty ideas, dull and effete symbols of old thoughts and practices.

They will now and then be found foisting themselves in the ranks of the conservative, and appropriating some of the merits which proper conservatism is entitled to receive; but they differ widely from the true conservative; for while the latter operate in society as a salutary check upon intemperate haste in the reception and application of new theories, fossilism doggedly obstructs the wheels of progress, and would prevent entirely the trial of new measures.

To be liberal-minded in advanced life one must possess an intellect naturally strong and clear and well matured by varied culture. We can instance very few men of sixty who will bring a mind free from bias to the consideration of a novel principle. There is, however, a sort of peristaltic action kept up by varied study and discussion which prevents the mind from settling into a rut. That the study and discussion must be varied and not exclusively devoted to some particular subject if we would attain comprehensiveness and clearness of judgment is too evident to admit of question.

Indeed, it is freedom from bias which chiefly characterizes the great intellectual lights of an age, enabling them to

apply efficiently their experience and learning to the resolution of the frequently occurring social and political problems of modern progress.

THE LATE REV. DR. NADAL.

THIS eminent Methodist preacher and educator died the 20th of June last, at his residence in Madison, N. J. He was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland in 1815; had a good primary and academical education, but did not receive a regular collegiate course till after he had entered the ministry and had become somewhat noted as a preacher. At the age of thirty-three, after careful private preparation, he presented himself for and passed a collegiate examination, receiving the degree of A. B. This is not the first instance of a Methodist minister commencing to preach without an adequate education. Some, indeed, in the outset of their ministry, have been scarcely able to do more than read, and have carried their English grammar and Greek testament in their saddlebags as they rode through the country proclaiming the truths of the Gospel. Little by little they thus acquired an education sufficient to enable them to become Presidents of Colleges. The subject of this sketch, during the term of his ministry, was stationed successively in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Brooklyn, N. Y., and New Haven, Conn., and became a presiding elder. Two years ago he was called to the chair of Historical Theology in Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J. He was a man of excellent abilities, very strong social feeling, ardent patriotism, an earnest worker, and an honest man.

MORBID SENSITIVENESS.

MANY freaks of nature, as they are called, are occasionally brought to light. There is also a class of persons who are called freaky, fidgety, peculiar, nervous, etc. A correspondent calls attention to the subject of morbid sensitiveness in the following question:

"I have been informed that there are persons who are so constituted that the mere sight of some particular, though harmless, animal instantly throws them into convulsions. Shakspeare, in his *Merchant of Venice*, makes old Shylock use this language—

"'Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Can not contain their urine.'

"Now, will you inform your readers what are the physiological causes and phrenological indications of such a state of mind?

D. A. K."

ANS. It will be easier to add to the list of eccentricities than to account for them. For instance, there are persons to whom cheese is so offensive that its presence in a room causes an uncontrollable nervous agitation, accompanied by nausea; another goes into convulsions if strawberries are brought within smelling distance. We saw a gentleman hastily leave his seat in a rail car and stand for a quarter of an hour on the platform in the cold because two persons in the seat forward of his ate each an apple. He explained to us his utter disgust. The smell to him, he said, was worse than that which emanates from rotting onions; yet he could eat apples cooked, and was fond of them. He thought the eating of an apple in a public place an outrage. "How many persons," said he, "are liable to dislike the odor of an apple?" We told him the odor of fruit, especially of a good apple, was generally very agreeable to people, and the chief aversion to apple-eating in company was the crunching sound made by the eating process. He expressed surprise that anybody could tolerate the smell. We know of a man who can not eat rice; it produces a choking sensation, so that he can not swallow it. His family cooked some nice dish, and for an experiment put a little rice paste very deftly mingled with the other material. He ate for a time with gusto, but soon experienced the old choking sensation, and vomited violently, almost going into spasms.

There is hardly an article of food, a flower, or an odor (musk, for instance) to which some people are not strongly averse.

No one reason will cover the ground of these aversions or meet all the cases. That there is a good reason for each case, there can be no doubt. We have generally attributed such aversions to some pre-natal cause, on the

same principle that birth-marks are enstamped on the face. Sometimes the mother can recall the occasion, but more frequently not. If such influences can be brought to bear as to transform the face or limbs or general contour of the physical system, is it more strange that peculiar effects may be produced on the tastes, dispositions, prejudices, and preferences?

Aversion to articles of diet, moreover, may have been caused by eating too much of them at some early but forgotten time, and thereby the gustatory or olfactory nerves were affected ineffaceably. Boys have been made sick by eating an excessive quantity of toasted cheese, hot gingerbread, or other things, and ever afterward the bare smell of the article was enough to make them leave a table or a room, to say nothing of partaking. We remember once thinking Pope's lines extravagant, viz.:

> "Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
> Die of a rose in aromatic pain;"

but cases of painful sensibility in regard to different things which have come to our knowledge, and a personal sense of faintness when brought into close proximity with many tuberoses at once, have changed our opinion of the subject. The nervous apparatus is "a harp of a thousand strings," and it is wonderful that so delicate an apparatus should show so few aberrations, considering the number of persons and the variety of conditions to which they are subjected.

A LAST WORD!

As our annual Course of Instruction in Practical Phrenology is to commence on the first day of next month, we take this latest opportunity to announce to those who may desire to attend, that there is still room for more applicants. Those who have an honest purpose to do good in a large way, and are not so rich that they can afford to work for nothing, will find in this field ample opportunity to "do good and get paid for it."

Those who would learn how to understand human nature as revealed in physiology, phrenology, and physiognomy, will find our class just the place to gain a lifetime of knowledge of themselves and others in a few weeks. We read character on certain fixed principles, —these we teach, explain, and illustrate by means of our large collection of skulls, busts, and portraits, affording an opportunity to learn Phrenology such as can not be found elsewhere.

We offer the accumulated results of a lifetime of labor and investigation to all who may attend. Those who think they would like to receive instruction either this year or the next, may obtain full particulars by inclosing a stamp and asking for a circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology." Address this office.

WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE,

FOUNDER OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

In speaking of the phrenological character of this eminent patriot, we will quote the language of Dr. Spurzheim:

"The forehead in this portrait is broad and high; hence the organs of the perceptive and reflective faculties, Individuality and Language in particular, are large. The sincipital region, from Benevolence backward, rises higher and higher to Firmness. The lateral regions are considerable, but still subordinate to the superior parts of the brain.

"The character of William is depicted as uniting magnanimity, secresy, prudence, equanimity in all situations, singular penetration and sagacity, popular eloquence, a retentive memory, and the art of conciliating men's affections. His cerebral organization explains his various endowments. The brain was large, generally; all the upper region, and particularly Firmness, in great proportion. The portrait, from which the one given here is copied, is inscribed with the motto, *Je maintiendrai* (I shall maintain). Cautiousness, Secretiveness, and reflection acted as prudence and sagacity, and his noble sentiments produced magnanimity. Such a leader will always render justice to whom it is due.

"If his memory has been reviled by the advocates of despotism, it has received and deserves the highest honors from a people who gratefully acknowledge him as the principal author of their freedom and independence."

There are a few famous historical personages whose lives represent the great movements of the world and the progress of the human race. These not only afford us types of greatness in character, but they form also compendiums, as it were, of history. Among them must be ranked William III., Prince of Orange, the Protestant champion of the sixteenth century, and the founder of the Dutch Republic.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE.

This distinguished man sprang from the illustrious house of Nassau, a family claiming an antiquity as high as the most exalted sovereigns of Europe, and whose leading names have represented ideas regenerative and progressive in the spheres of politics and religion.

Our subject, who is also often termed "William the Silent," was the eldest son of William Count of Nassau. He was born in the castle of Dellenberg, in the province of Nassau, in 1533, the same year in which Elizabeth of England was born. In his infancy he was taken from his father by the famous Emperor Charles V., who delivered him to his own sister, Mary Queen of Hungary, to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith, which he outwardly professed until the revolt of the Netherlands against Philip of Spain, which was brought about by that monarch's attempt to establish in the Low Countries his infamous Inquisition. For nine years our hero was gentleman of the Emperor's bed-chamber. So much was his intellect and modesty admired by Charles V., and so sagacious yet daring were his policies of war and government, that the Emperor encouraged the counsel of the young prince, and confessed to his intimates that the youth had often furnished him with notions and hints which otherwise he should never have thought of. Indeed, so great was his confidence in the capacity of the Prince of Orange, that in the absence of the Duke of Savoy, general of his armies, Charles advanced him to the rank of generalissimo, though William was then but twenty-two years of age; and at a time,

too, when the young warrior had to match himself against De Nevers and the Admiral of France, two experienced generals. He was also sent to France in 1559 as a hostage for the execution of the peace of Cambray. While in France he met the great Admiral Coligni, and an agreement of sentiment led them into a bond of friendship. Between these two heroes there have been traced many coincidents, such as their wisdom, their habit of silence, and the veneration in which they were held by their parties, but more particularly their championship of the same religion, the one in France, the other in the Netherlands, and the fact that both were proscribed and a price set upon their heads.

The marks of favor bestowed by the Emperor upon William made for him many powerful enemies among the Catholic nobles of Spain, and these influenced Philip to suspect the young prince of infidelity; but notwithstanding that, Charles V., when he resigned to his son the kingdom of Spain, recommended William to king Philip's special favor. His "most Catholic Majesty" had already taken upon himself the imperial championship of the Romish Church, and in the Netherlands was laboring in person to establish there the "Holy Inquisition," for the effectual suppression of the Reformed religion. After an ineffectual attempt to carry out his darling policy in the Low Countries, and when ready to embark at Flushing for Spain, Philip publicly upbraided the Prince of Orange for having by his private cabals hindered the States from submitting humbly to the will of their king. This at once brought about an issue. Prince William now openly asserted the liberties of the people, and joined himself to the Reform nobles, Counts Egmont and Horn, whom Cardinal Granville, director of affairs under the Duchess of Parma, had resolved to destroy. The duchess, who was king Philip's sister, and at this time Governess of the Low Countries, found it, however, expedient to recall the odious cardinal, but resolutely proceeded to establish the Inquisition. This she sought to do through the administration of the popular Prince of Orange. But William, to avoid the oath which would bind him to extirpate the heretics, desired to resign his government of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and Burgundy, which the Duchess of Parma refused to permit.

The nobles, instigated by Prince William, petitioned against the Inquisition, and at length, the crisis having come, the prince in 1566 held a conference at Dendermonde, with Counts Horn and Egmont and his own brother Lodowick, to consider upon the best measures for their own safety and that of their people. But coming to no resolution, the prince told Egmont that he would secure his own safety by retiring into Germany, where he would abide his time to render his country service. "Farewell!" said his friend Egmont at parting, "farewell, prince without a land!" "Farewell, count without a head!" replied William, who foresaw the fate of the Protestant nobles in the Netherlands who had resisted the establishment of the Inquisition. Already had the inquisitors declared those guilty of high treason who had not opposed the heretics in the States, and thus in effect had condemned all the nobility. The prince therefore deemed it prudent to fly from his native country and await the course of events. The Prince of Orange escaped. Meanwhile the terrible Alva was sent by Philip of Spain with a veteran army, composed of Italians and Spaniards, to succeed the Duchess of Parma in the government of the Netherlands. This monster established a council of twelve judges, of which he himself was president. It was called the "Council of Troubles," but it has been more fitly named the "Council of Blood;" for it condemned and executed a vast number of the lords and gentlemen, among whom were Counts Egmont and Horn, and thus fulfilled the prediction of William. When the news was carried to Rome that Alva had seized all the great lords of the Low Countries, the Pope asked whether the "Silent Man" was taken; and when they told him "No," "Then," said he, "the duke has done nothing at all!"

Being condemned by the Council of Trouble for not appearing before its tribunal, William of Orange took up arms to redeem the Netherlands from the dominion of the Spaniard. He sent a body of Germans under the command of his brother Lodowick into Flanders, where he defeated the Duke of Aremberg, governor of Friesland; but the

prince himself was soon after routed by Alva's troops, and very narrowly escaped capture. Nothing daunted, William raised another army of 24,000 Germans, with which he joined 4,000 French under Lord Genlis. Before entering the Netherlands he published a manifesto vindicating himself, and setting forth his reasons for taking up arms. Having passed the Maes between Ruremond and Maestricht, he entered Brabant, but not being able to draw Alva into an engagement, and no place declaring for him, his soldiers mutinied and deserted, for the army were in want of provisions. He retired to Strasburg. but not, however, until he had first seriously weakened the enemy by his movements. The prince now with the small remnant of his army joined and assisted the French Huguenots, with various success. Being advised by Admiral de Chastillon to give out commissions for commands at sea to several persons of quality of the Reformed faith, who had been driven out of the Netherlands by the Duke of Alva, William by this stroke of policy made himself master of Holland and Zealand, which declared for him and acknowledged the Prince of Orange for their Stadtholder.

Meantime the prince had raised in Germany a greater army than the first, and again entered Brabant, hopeful that the people, weary of the cruelties of Alva, would fly to arms at the approach of a deliverer and join him. Ruremond first received him; Louvain furnished him with money, and Malines opened her gates to him. But reverses followed. Mons, which had been seized by his brother, was now besieged by Alva's troops, and the prince was unable to relieve that place, for his own soldiers again mutinied for want of pay. He also came nearly being slain by 300 Spanish horse, which broke into his camp and pierced as far as his tent. But a Providence saved him—its instrument a humble but sagacious creature. It was a little dog who lay in his bed. The tiny pet by its keen instincts, ere the slayers had time to execute their purpose, awakened the prince by scratching his face.

Having thus narrowly escaped with his life, which moreover was not too secure while in the midst of discontented soldiers, William again disbanded his army, and as the provinces of Holland and Zealand had declared him their country's hero, and chosen him for their Stadtholder, he betook himself to those places, and engaged in vigorous measures of reform by expunging from the services of the churches the Romish ceremonies. On the other hand, the Duke of Alva's son punished Malines most severely for opening her gates to the Prince of Orange, after which he routed the Marquis of Bergues, took and plundered Zutphen, retook and destroyed Naerden with infinite barbarity, and was no more merciful at Haerlem, which place surrendered to him after an obstinate defense. Philip of Spain, at length sensible of Alva's cruelty and its ill effects, recalled him, and sent Lewis de Requesnes in his room.

In 1574 Middleburg, the capital of Zealand, was recovered by the States. But though the Prince of Orange met with great success to his arms through his captains on the sea, ill-luck befell those on the land. His brother Lodowick with an army from Germany was not only defeated, but both he and his brother Henry, with Christopher, the Count Palatine, were slain. William was sensibly affected by this heavy stroke, but it did not abate his constancy in his country's cause, nor quench the fire of his courage to battle for her redemption.

After the death of his brothers the prince relieved Leyden. Letters from the besieged were brought to him by pigeons, and by the same winged carriers his answers were returned; and as a token of perpetual acknowledgment for this service, he embalmed seven pigeons in the town-hall. At this time he also founded the University of Leyden.

The proposed treaty of peace at Breda not succeeding, Requesnes made himself master of Zuriczee, in Zealand, but the Spanish soldiers having mutinied for lack of pay, sacked Maestricht and Antwerp, which caused those provinces, that had until then continued firm to Philip, to call the Prince of Orange to their assistance. All the States now, excepting Luxemburg, entered into the famous Treaty of Pacification at Ghent, in 1576, in which they agreed by solemn oath to assist each other, and free their country from the yoke of the Spaniards and all other foreigners. This treaty the haughty king of Spain

was forced to ratify, and recall Requesnes; but Don John of Austria, the king's brother, who succeeded to the governorship of the Netherlands, favored the Spaniards who had been declared public enemies, and the States by the advice of the Prince of Orange took up arms against him. At length Don John, influenced by the advice of the Emperor Rodolph and the Dukes of Cleves and Juliers, concluded with the States a perpetual edict, by which the Pacification of Ghent was ratified with a general amnesty, and the privilege of holding the States granted, while the Spaniards were to leave the country. But William with the States of Holland and Zealand protested against the edict, because several matters touching religion had not been sufficiently provided for. The edict was not long observed, and Don John having surprised the castles of Namur and Charlemont, the States in turn demolished the castle of Antwerp and joined the Prince of Orange. William now having the advantage was resolved to force the States another step into Protestantism. When assembled at Brussels he refused to grant them the free exercise of the Romish religion in Holland and Zealand, and would not relax his resolve unless by the will of those two provinces. Notwithstanding this, his reception at Brussels was upon a magnificent scale, and he was declared Governor of Brabant and superintendent of the finances of that province. But these honors and his matchless reputation raised an emnity against him among many of the nobles of the first rank, who privately made an offer of the government of the Netherlands to the Archduke Matthias, who accepted it; but the prince by his prudent address and timely submission so gained upon the archduke that he got himself declared by the majority of the States their Lieutenant-General, and the archduke, in consideration of his great abilities, intrusted him with the entire management of affairs.

Don John, being declared an enemy of the Low Countries by the States-General, recalled all the foreign troops, and coming to an engagement with the army of the States at Gemblours, the latter were defeated; but Amsterdam falling into the hands of the States more than balanced the defeat.

Next came the death of Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, succeeded him in the government of the Low Countries in the name of Spain; while in the name of the revolutionary States the Prince of Orange laid the foundation of the commonwealth of the United Provinces of the Netherlands by the first union made at Utrecht between that State and the Provinces of Guelders, Zutphen, Holland, Zealand, Friesland and the Ommelands. This union, denominated the Union of Utrecht, was ratified by all the governors of the Provinces and the States, from thenceforth took their device "*Concordiâ parvæ crescunt.*" * Thus was laid the foundation of the Dutch Republic.

Not yet, however, had the Netherlands established for itself political and religious independence; not yet was the power of Spain and Rome broken, and its dominion in the Low Countries cast out forever. For in this year king Philip's appointed Governor of the Netherlands, the Prince of Parma, stormed and took Maestricht, and other reverses befell the States which induced them to call to their aid the Duke of Alenson, in consideration of which they were to acknowledge him and his posterity after him as their sovereign princes. They, however, secured themselves by the provisions of the treaty which bound the Duke to leave religion as it then existed, to preserve the privileges of the Provinces, maintain the assembling of the States-General every year, which should also have the right to meet at their own pleasure; that he should put no man into employment, place, or government of the Provinces without their consent, and if he invaded their privileges or broke the treaty he should forfeit his right, and they should be absolved from their oath of fidelity and have power to choose a new prince.

William had been most solicitous for the Duke of Alenson to accept the offer of the States because the king of Spain had just issued a terrible proscription against himself: but it may be presumed that it was by his masterly management and policy that so much had been guaranteed in the treaty to the States, and so much reserved in promise for himself. In the mean time William answered Philip's proscription against him,

* In harmony the small grow.

and the States would have published the document, but some of the Provinces considering the reflections on Philip not prudent in them to indorse, contented themselves with a decree setting forth that the Prince of Orange was wrongly accused; that he had accepted the government at their earnest desire. They offered to maintain a troop of horse for the greater security of his person; they desired him to continue to defend their liberties, and promised all obedience and deference to his commands and counsels, which they considered as having no other aim but their safety and good.

THE PROSCRIPTION.

In the charges of the proscription published against the Prince of Orange, Philip alluded to the favors he had received from his father, the Emperor Charles V.; and said that he himself had made William Governor of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and Burgundy, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Privy Councilor; that being a stranger he had loaded him with benefits and honors which he repaid with ingratitude; that he had instigated the nobility to petition against the establishment of the Inquisition; that he had introduced heresy into the Low Countries and invaded the Roman Catholic religion by breaking down images and demolishing altars; that he made war against his liege lord and opposed all accommodation, even the Pacification of Ghent, and had broken the perpetual edict. The king denounced him as ungrateful, a rebel, a disturber of the public peace, a heretic, and a hypocrite; that he looked upon him as a Cain, a Judas,—as one whose conscience was seared,—as a wicked, perjured, and injurious wretch who had children by a nun whom he had inveigled from her cloister to marry him; as the author of the troubles in the Low Countries; as the plague of Christendom and the enemy of the human kind. For these reasons king Philip outlawed the Prince of Orange, giving his estate and his life to those who could take them; promising on the "word of a king and *as a servant of God*," 25,000 crowns to any one that could take him alive or dead, and impunity for what crimes he might have committed before, and to ennoble him in case he were not already a gentleman. The king of Spain declared, moreover, that all the adherents of the Prince of Orange would forfeit their nobility, honors, and estates if within a month after the proclamation they did not separate themselves from the prince and return to their obedience.

THE REPLY.

Having submitted the examination of his previous conduct to the States-General, the Prince of Orange said he was compelled, though against his inclination, to disclose the enormities of Philip of Spain. He would have contented himself by simply answering the proscription and proving it unjust, but his enemy who drew it up, and the Prince of Parma who published it, not having been able to make an end of him by sword or poison, were now endeavoring to destroy his reputation by their malicious scandals. As to the benefits whereof he was reproached, while making due acknowledgment to the Emperor Charles, he protested against the charge of ingratitude; for to the contrary of having received benefits from him, he had suffered great loss in his service. The prince detailed the circumstances of his own relations with the Emperor, and then reviewed the important services rendered by his illustrious ancestors to the house of Austria, Charles V. himself being greatly indebted to one of his family for the imperial crown. Touching the reproaches of his having been made Governor of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and Burgundy, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Privy Councilor, the prince denied owing these to Philip, for they were conferred by Charles V., and he declared that the king himself had forfeited the order of the Golden Fleece, which provides that its members shall be tried by his peers, whereas the king had caused Counts Egmont and Horn to be tried and executed by Alva's "Council of Trouble." As for the governorship of Burgundy, it was the prince's hereditary right; and as for the position of Privy Councilor, it was due to the policy and intrigues of Cardinal Granville, who hoped thereby to secure his own ill administration under the authority and popularity of the Prince of Orange.

Then came the point which sorely touched William—the charge of his having drawn a nun from her cloister and married her,—to which he replied, that it was a popular

objection made on purpose to render him odious to the people. It was this which led the prince, by way of a set-off, to disclose the following enormities of the king of Spain. William said that he who takes upon himself to accuse another ought to be himself innocent of all blame, but it was impudence in the king, who was himself covered with crimes, to reproach him with a marriage solemnized according to the laws of God; that when the king espoused the Infanta of Portugal he was at the same time married to Donna Isabella Offorio, by whom he had three children; that he murdered his own son for having spoken in favor of the Netherlands, and poisoned his third wife, the daughter of king Henry III. of France, in whose lifetime he publicly kept Donna Eusratia, whom he forced the Prince of Ascoli to marry, who died of grief at this treatment; that since that time he had not been ashamed to marry a daughter of his own sister by the Emperor Maximilian; that it was strange that one blackened with such enormous guilt should object to his, the prince's, marriage, a marriage which had been approved by his father-in-law; that his princess had entered into vows in her nonage, and all human compacts made merely on the principles of self-interest were null in the sight of God.

As to his being a stranger, the prince said his ancestors had for ages possessed earldoms, baronies in Luxemburg, Brabant, Holland, and Flanders, while Philip was born in Spain, a country always at enmity with the Netherlands. But it will be said *that he is king*. And let him be such—answered the hero and founder of the Dutch Republic with noble scorn—let him be such in Castile, Arragon, and Naples, in the Indies and in Jerusalem, and lord of Asia and Africa, if he pleases; but for me, I can only acknowledge him in the quality of duke and earl, whose power is limited by the privileges of the country which he has sworn to observe. And let his Majesty and the Spaniards be informed, if they are yet ignorant of it, that the barons of Brabant have often made their princes feel their power when they have attempted to exceed their authority beyond its lawful and natural limits. The prince charged to the conduct of the king and his delegates the just revolution of the Netherlands, and assured the States-General that he had been present in debates and councils when the Spaniards had devoted their all to a general massacre, agreeably to their practice in the Indies, where they cut off and exterminated thirty times as many people as there were in the Netherlands; and he affirmed that when hostage at the court of France he had it from the mouth of Henry I. that the Duke of Alva was then concerting a method for the extermination of the Protestants, not only of France and the Low Countries, but of Christendom in general; that for this purpose they had determined to set up the pitiless Inquisition in the Netherlands, whose severities were such that the least contempt exhibited for an image was cause sufficient to devote a man to the flames. As to his being the author of the petition against the Inquisition he confessed it, and that he was always in his heart of the Reformed religion, his father, Count William of Nassau, having introduced it into his territories.

To the charge of having formed the Union of Utrecht, which was made his greatest crime, he observed that everything salutary and expedient for the States was disagreeable to Spaniards resolved upon tyranny and oppression; and owned himself the author of that treaty; besides, he hoped to be recognized as such throughout Europe, and exhorted the States to the strictest concord for the preservation of their rights and liberties.

The touches of biography introduced by William in his noble vindication will make up the reader an historical picture of Philip of Spain.

FURTHER MILITARY OPERATIONS.

The Spaniards, much to the discomfiture of the United Provinces, were still victorious; they took the city and castle of Breda; but the Duke of Alenson now advancing with 10,000 foot and 4,000 horse to the assistance of the Netherlanders, and their spirits being kept up by the heroic Prince of Orange, the States held a General Assembly at the Hague, wherein they declared the king of Spain to have forfeited the sovereignty of the Netherlands, broke his seal of arms, and commanded the people no longer to acknowledge him for

their ruler or swear fidelity to him. The Duke of Parma took Tournay from them, but the Duke of Alenson having arrived with his army, soon turned the tide of success; the States swore obedience to him as their sovereign prince, and great rejoicings were had which were interrupted by an attempt of one Jauregny, a Spaniard, to assassinate the Prince of Orange with a pistol-shot; the ball entered under the right ear, and penetrating through the left cheek broke several of his teeth. The assassin was slain upon the spot by the prince's halberdiers; and so great was the grief and consternation of the people that they held constant prayer in their churches as long as the prince was considered in danger; and when he was pronounced convalescent, gave thanks to God for restoring to them the "Father of their country."

It was not long before a rupture took place between the Duke of Alenson and the States, for that prince thinking his authority too much abridged by the treaty, attempted to enlarge it by seizing Dunkirk, Dendermonde, and other places; but missing Bruges and Antwerp, he entered into a treaty of resignation with the States, and retiring into France soon died of grief; while the Prince of Orange, whom the Flemings believed to be concerned in the duke's design upon Antwerp, retired into Holland to free himself from their suspicion and jealousy. In Holland William thought his life in greater security, and he behaved with such winning address to the populace, that the people thronged the streets to see him wherever he passed; and he never wore his hat in the presence of the reverent multitude.

While in the height of this popularity, on the 8th of July, 1584, four years after he had laid the foundation of the republic by the Union of Utrecht, he was assassinated at Delst by Balthazar de Guerard, who shot him with a pistol loaded with three bullets. He died almost immediately, giving utterance only to the prayer: "Lord, have mercy upon my soul and this poor people." He died the patriot and martyr for his country, and his last words well became the "Father of the Dutch Republic." His assassin, who won his confidence under the assumed character of a devout Huguenot, suffered death with great constancy. He was doubtless instigated directly or indirectly by the king of Spain.

In his day William of Orange played a nobler and more stirring part than all the crowned heads of Europe. He had four wives. His third wife, the nun, bore him six daughters, the eldest of whom was ancestress of the present royal family of England, and her second daughter was the mother of Marshal Turenne. He left sons also to battle for the liberties of Europe against Philip of Spain, and his great-grandson, William III. Prince of Orange and king of England, consummated the work so well begun and so vigorously carried forward by the martyred patriot.

A TRUE MAN.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still!
And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

Curious Advertisements.—Some English journals contain a class of advertisements which are seldom seen in American papers. They are called "Exchanges," and are inserted by those who wish to exchange one article of any description for another of equal value. *The Queen*, a lady's newspaper in London, appears sometimes with two hundred such advertisements in one issue. To an American reader, manyof them would be amusing, as, for instance:

"I wish to find a happy home for a very handsome setter; color, liver and white; he is extremely gentle and good-tempered with children. Wanted in exchange a harp music stand or musical box playing four tunes. John."

"I have a very handsome Indian scarf, for which I want a child's silver cup or a little silver candlestick. Jonny."

"I want to exchange an old Latin Bible more than 300 years old, full of curious pictures, for real pearl ornaments, old point lace, or old china. Hector."

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

A SEVERE domestic affliction—the death of an only daughter—has made it impossible for Mr. PACKARD to bestow any attention whatever on the present issue. The material which is here set apart to represent his department was in part furnished by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The November number will be a clearer indication of the future plan of combination.—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

BY E. M. CHESLEY.

THE mind's office is exploration and investigation. It never sleeps the slumber of perfect satisfaction. New fields for its exercise continually open around it, and from its untiring researches truth is ever evolved. How marked, how varied the changes in the interpretations of the Bible and in the principles of those interpretations within the last few hundred years! Man progresses, and science sheds her light as time rolls on. Advance there has been, from an almost profound ignorance, upward and onward to a clearer and clearer understanding of God and Nature. The more man searches into the history of creation, the more plainly does he behold the evidence of unchanging law and progress on great established principles, as contradistinguished from immediate and special interference.

Formerly man has lived in the realm or sphere of prejudice. To-day the world seems liberal-minded. We welcome the era. The peculiar and spiritual doctrines of Christianity, how variously have they been conceived of! We look for loftier, better, clearer ideas of the teachings of God as man ascends the mountain of knowledge. The constitution of nature and the constitution of mind point to this conclusion. "Do men fear truth? They fear in vain. It is immortal, and can not die. Do men fear error? Let them know that error is mortal, and can not live." The spontaneous promptings of the wisdom-loving element in man should never be hushed to silence. It is elevating to the soul to study Nature. Thereby we learn to grasp those great leading principles by which Deity controls and actuates the universe. Upon the subject of special providences much erroneousness of opinion has prevailed. This may be attributed to a want of true scientific knowledge, and to a sort of credulousness sometimes obtaining among men not directed by reason.

The multitudinous systems of heavenly bodies floating throughout immensity perform their revolutions beautifully and harmoniously in accordance with fixed law. These bodies themselves have advanced to their several progressive stages of formation and development through the potent energiés of instrumentalities no more arbitrary and interventional. Vegetation springs forth from the bosom of mother earth, the seasons come and go, the leaves of the forest fade and fall, men live and die, and everything performs its allotted functions in accordance with—special direction. If the various operations of Nature were controlled and caused by immediate Creatorial interference and influence, how happens it that that Divine power never fails to work in accordance with fixed principles already established, and that everywhere around us certain causes always produce certain effects? Unchanging and eternal law governs all these things, and the plant can by no means flourish except when and where the appropriate conditions are supplied.

The great storm of October last was thought, at the time of its occurrence, by many of earth's inhabitants, to have been a special interposition having in view the punishment of man, or some other Divine purpose in reference to man. As this event will readily serve as an illustration of a class of phenomena to which may be applied the general principles of the reasoning applicable to it, let us for a moment consider the question. Many minds, in view of that wide war of the elements, doubtless asked themselves many questions concerning the philosophy of special providences. Now, if that great storm was the result of a special Divine action to the end that man might be influenced, how was it that the British astronomer was able to predict the occurrence? Was he by some rare gift enabled to read the pur-

pose of the Almighty and reveal that purpose to men? Most certainly not. He interpreted Nature as governed by law. He read the storm about to be as the necessary and natural result of certain great physical causes and conditions inseparable from the universal constitution of things. Were those physical causes and conditions directly instituted to accomplish the desired end? Most assuredly not. They themselves sprang into being necessarily because of the grand general regulations dominant throughout the universe of worlds and co-existent with them. Here it may be said that the phenomenon was evidently a part of the course of Nature, but that natural laws and physical causes might have been so ordered from the beginning as to speak to man at this particular time in tones of unmistakable displeasure. This we believe to be the idea of the most enlightened advocates of the theory of special providences of to-day. The conditions, circumstances, states of finite man must be, according to the advocates of this theory, dependent in a great degree upon themselves, else man would be unpunishable. Now, did Deity, in establishing the great eternal laws of creation, looking adown the centuries of time and contemplating the numberless incidental and variously conflicting states and circumstances of the inhabitants of this little earth which is absorbed as a drop in the grandeur of the ocean of infinity—make those all pervading laws dependent on them? or was the higher end kept in view, viz., the greatest good of the whole? Does it not seem the more reasonable to suppose that in order to the successful accomplishment of this last-named purpose, the storm of which we have been speaking had to take place? that it was a link in the great chain of endless causes, existing independently of man and his relations, which themselves were the natural outflowings and developments of these same anterior principles, fused as it were into Nature from the grand Central Fountain of Life? Had the phenomenon under consideration and the sinfulness of man any connection? The thoughtful mind at once and emphatically answers, No. Indeed, it must be evident that had the laws of our solar system been so otherwise arranged as that this occurrence should not have been, then in all probability the conditions of this world and the circumstances of its inhabitants would have been very different from what they were at that time or previous; inasmuch as it may safely be said that the very circumstances—(to meet which it has been seriously thought that there was no reason why that storm was not instituted)—were dependent upon the laws themselves, instead of the laws being arranged to meet them. The same may be predicated of very many other instances of so-called special providences.

Let us illustrate the point. A certain good man, whose lands from certain causes are parched for want of rain, prays long and earnestly for copious showers. A certain other good man whose lands from certain other causes are abundantly watered, prays for a cessation of rain ere his beautiful crops are ruined. Now, shall Deity answer the prayer of the first man? Then surely he deals unjustly with the second man, and *vice versa*. The question then is, shall the Creator be influenced at all in this matter by the numerous conflicting and individual desires of mortals? or shall he institute a system of cause and effect governing this department of Nature which shall best subserve the general good and do injustice to none? In this let us behold the method of the Creator's government. The course of Nature never turns for man. Such events as that before considered must be, else the harmony of the great system of things would be deranged and God's immutable laws be violated. In tracing out the principle of special providences in all its bearings, we find a clash of arms resulting from a conflict of belief with reason.

Let us rather consider that the stupendous systems of cause and effect in Nature will ever in conscious majesty move on, developing their grand natural and universal results and working out the problem of eternal progress untrammeled. If special ends are subserved then let us consider them as being subserved by the self-integrity of Nature's beautiful operations in all their intricacy. "If God governs the world by the special and local exercise of His almightiness, and has power to effect all things other than through the course of natural law, why does He not displace sin with good, slavery with justice, poverty with plenty? Why does the Deity permit famine, disease, sin, woe? Why are we created with attributes of justice and capabilities of happiness, and our instincts of benevolence violated and our conceptions of the principles of distributive goodness wounded by the manifestations of God's so-called special providences?" By a belief in immutable law we know and feel the sublime assurance that impartial and everlasting justice will ever be dispensed, and we learn to love, not fear, the Author of our being.

These principles we believe to be in perfect accordance with the highest Christianity. Although we speak of prayer as not being answered to the violation of Nature's laws, yet is there not abundance of room for its beneficial and marked influence within these limits? The fire that warms us is just as much a blessing, produced in accordance with the principles of combustion, as though given us by a miracle. Although there may be no particular and local intervention of Divinity to punish or reward, yet, generally considered, we believe that the principles of cause and effect in Nature are the best for man. Happiness being the result of obedience to law, and suffering and premature death of its violation, man is thus led to respect and obey his Creator's institutions.

If in Nature we see proofs of the workings of fixed law; if the idea of special interposition attached to events necessarily the results of established principles of action be unreasonable and contradicted by all analogy, what shall we say? By what other light than that of reason shall we judge of the Bible and interpret its teachings? Did the Infinite intend that His works should contradict His word? Does His word, properly understood, prove that God is ever and anon interfering with the operations of His laws? What gather we from the teachings of all those sciences which unfold the beautiful and stupendous processes and principles of Nature? She speaks to-day in tones of deep convincing eloquence.

The truths of Nature can never be overthrown. But need we fear them? Every interiorly enlightened mind feels the sublime assurance that they are divine. God presents instruction to man according as he is able to receive it. The Scriptures speak according to optical not physical truth, and make no attempt to correct very many grave errors then existing. The representations of the position of the earth relative to the sun, of the manner of the production of rain, of the physical system of man, and of the intellectual operations illustrate this point. To-day, the words of the Bible are not generally considered inspired, but the immortal truths are inherently divine.

Neither is inspiration omniscience.

There seems to be a tendency still abroad in the world of attributing every—shall we say trifling?—event having a show of peculiarity about it, to special guidance and interference. That these views are being modified, and more ennobling conceptions of God's government are being substituted, is certain. The cause of true religion is no doubt much injured by such tendency on the part of some really good and sincere men, but in whose natures the principle or element of marvelousness is so predominant as to sway reason. There is need of much caution in the case of these.

Two vessels are upon the ocean. A great storm arises. One survives the blast; the other is lost. The one which rode out the storm contained a missionary to the heathen. Was this a special providence? Had natural causes nothing to do with it? Are not the law-governed realms of the physical and moral distinct in this particular sense? A few weeks after we hear of the death of that good man at the hands of those he would reform and Christianize. Our views of special providence now become confused and obscured. The mind is not at ease.

A man dies. It is thought that he is called away at a special time and for a special purpose. The physiologist sees in his death the results of violated organic law. Is he right? Kind reader, judge for yourself. We tread on delicate ground. Our subject concerns the religious beliefs of humanity. But the nature of truth is our apology. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice. The law believer feels the force of this. But does the passage prove that when the gun of the sportsman is pointed at the bird, the order of sequence between his resolve and the death of the sparrow is to be miraculously interrupted? Every hair of the good man's head is numbered, but he suffers equally with the bad when the organic laws are violated, and reaps the blessings of an obedience to them. If an accident happen, he is just as liable to lose his life as another. Therefore the passage proves not special guardianship to the perversion or suspension of natural law.

Whence are those beautiful principles of man's mental constitution and the laws which govern mind's manifestation? Inflexible causation reigns here. There are laws governing the spiritual elements of man's nature yet undiscovered, sufficient no doubt to account for many peculiar phenomena now attributed to the instrumentalities of spirits and angels. Whence those principles of the science of human life, those laws of Nature in harmony with which man placing himself reaps good? Inflexible causation reigns here. Deny it, and you take away from humanity the incentives to reform. Admit it, and you lay the foundations of future progression. Science demonstrates laws and forces in the great economy

of Nature by which change, formation, and progression are ever carried on. And this in the realm of mind as of matter. "No new plan or motive of action can ever enter the Divine Mind, and whatever plans we find developed in God's governments must have been perfectly formed in the counsels of eternity. God acts on the universe under the guidance of those fixed principles we call law."

"Those are only crude and imperfect notions of religion which suggest the idea of inducing God to change His laws and measures previously formed. The chief efficacy of our devotions is derived from the good dispositions which they raise and cherish in the human soul."

"The Being that made the world governs it by laws that are inflexible because they are the best."

The laws of God, then, being established, are not subject to various interference and modication. In fact, this is not now claimed by the most enlightened advocates of special providences. But were the laws of Nature arranged from the beginning so as to meet the variously conflicting and incidental circumstances of man? Let us again consider. The laws that regulate and have regulated this earth and its relations are intimately connected with the universal constitution of things. The production of our globe and its progress through the different geological ages were dependent on the laws of the solar system. The seasons, winds, waves, tides, cold and heat, thunderings and lightnings, volcanoes and epidemics, etc., are connected with operative principles far back of them. For them to have been arranged from the beginning to meet the special ends above suggested, would have necessitated a construction of the laws of the whole universe with reference to them. For all are but parts of one stupendous whole. Now, were these vast and general regulations, destined to work out grand general ends, made dependent upon such casualties? Which would naturally be most dependent, the one upon the other, the laws of the great system or, the circumstances of man? Do not the latter, in great measure, flow out of or from the former? A peculiar necessity having at one time demanded a peculiar manifestation concerning the welfare of the race, argues not even the possibility of the continuance of the same.

Modern scientific discoveries differ no more from the seemingly plain statements of Scripture regarding creation, the flood, and many phenomena of Nature, than does the truth that God works to-day by law, not by miracle, differ from statements of Scripture seemingly opposed to it. Of this latter class perhaps the strongest is Mark xvi. 15–19, and yet these signs are not now made manifest. "Ask, and ye shall receive." But if we ask for that which in God's wisdom—owing to his laws—must be otherwise, will it be granted? Surely not. The Bible evidently supposes a large margin for the exercise of human reason and human research. This investing the whole subject with an atmosphere of mysteriousness is not good. If special providences are contended for, we should examine well the grounds of the evidence. Objection may be taken to our representation of the prayers of Christians. Such are supposed to be selfish and conflicting when seeking special interference such as has been previously alluded to. But if, realizing that law governs natural phenomena, men ask not the Creator to change his modes of action, the case is of course very different. It has been said that in numberless ways unknown, by the dispensations of Providence, good is accomplished. True. The principles of cause and effect in Nature are productive of great good. Through gradual unfoldment and expansion the sublime and wide-spread operations of the universe tend toward grand results. Its laws being instituted by an all-wise Creator are no doubt the best, and although various darker shades and manifestations ever and anon appear, still we believe that these are only the receding waves of that tide that is ever rolling onward.

Reader, do we feel any less respect for the Creator and his works from a consideration of the principles we have been endeavoring to unfold? Is the contemplation of unchanging laws, developing grand natural and universal effects, non-ennobling? To-day we are passing into deeper views of Nature, science, and man, as related to the immutable forces of the universe, — the methods of the Divine action. Do such principles as these give us narrower views of truth? Do they deny man the privilege of prayer? Can there be no reforms effected? Can there be no higher influences exerted under the present constitution of things?

Whereas, before, if Nature seemed discordant, may we not, in the light of law, catch faint glimpses and more ennobling conceptions of sublimity, unity, and uniformity?

Let us hope that a vast future awaits the human race, a future in which truth shall be more and more evolved—a future of progress.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

BY J. STANLY.

WE often hear of the eccentricities of genius, how men of the most brilliant talents and mental power are at times whimsical in habit, peculiar in thought, and extravagant in style. To such an extent has this idea proceeded, that eccentricity is frequently regarded as a mark of genius, while genius without eccentricity passes unnoticed. Some of the greatest writers of the day owe their popularity to their eccentricities as much perhaps as to their genius. The strange habits of Tennyson in often appearing in public unshaven and with unkempt locks, and dressed, too, more in accordance with Roman than English taste, have won for him no little distinction. Carlyle would certainly lose many admirers were his style less disjointed, his constructions less arbitrary. Emerson, too, would undoubtedly lessen his reputation did he keep up a continued fire of words, rather than occasional showers of sparks, brilliant scintillations though they are. Not alone has the genius of writers of the past helped our remembrance of their works and lives; their eccentricities, too, keep their memory green, and are the more eagerly seized upon "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Coleridge is better known as the "opium eater" than as the author of "Christabel." The credulous simplicity and timid bashfulness of Goldsmith, the haughty pomp and blustering dignity of Dr. Johnson, accompany everywhere their names. The genius becomes forgotten in the eccentricities that have immortalized Poe and Chatterton. Thus every age swells the list of the failings and foibles of genius; while popular delusion or ignorance, pleased to have discovered something human in those they had generally been taught to respect as divine, suffers talent to become disregarded, shadowed, and forgotten.

To trace any necessary relation between eccentricity and genius is difficult. Genius, the inspiration of a divine power, is from its very nature inconsistent with any peculiarity in mind or manner. Still, theories have arisen which aim to prove their intimate connection, if not ultimate co-extension. Some declare genius to be a mental disease. Excessive study promotes it. Men of genius devote their entire lives to study; and in a few years' time their whole nervous system becomes unstrung, the mental faculties worn out. The drugs which are taken at this point to stimulate thought derange it, shatter the mind, and produce insanity, to which cause all eccentricity is to be traced. These effects, they argue, conclusively prove genius to be a mental disease, the approach of which is so insidious as to altogether escape notice.

Others are not so extreme in their views. They regard genius to be simply an abnormal development of some mental faculty. Just as men are born with prodigious muscular power, so nature at times produces wonderful mental qualities. In some, the faculty of imagination is largely developed; in others, the power of thought. In the one case, the result is an imaginative genius, like Coleridge; in the other, a metaphysical one, like Hamilton. This abnormal development of one faculty, however, is generally obtained by a proportionate diminution of the power of another, and thus the mental equilibrium is at once disturbed, creating a disordered fancy and unsettled habits, or, in other words, eccentricities.

These theories are somewhat true. Excessive study does promote disease, and the abnormal exercise of one faculty generally does result in the injury of the rest. But the conclusions are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted, as indeed would all other theories be that aim to prove any necessary connection between genius and eccentricity. The fact is, we can not account for the eccentricity that sometimes accompanies genius in any other way than we can for that which appears in ordinary minds. We forget that men of genius are men after all, as susceptible to influences and as impulsive as ourselves. We vainly imagine genius to be the personification of perfection. It would be unreasonable to suppose that even gifted minds escape those errors to which we are all liable. Genius does not postulate infallibility, though of course the highest genius exists where the moral, religious, and intellectual faculties alike come into play.

The situation of genius, moreover, is peculiar. We do not all stand upon the same plane, so that our actions are equally scrutinized. Those who have obtained the highest rank in science and literature stand, as it were, above the "common herd," and are conspicuous for their vices as well as virtues. The latter, which in many cases would be unnoticed were their position less exalted, now acquire the greater prominence. The fairer the surface, the fouler the

stain. Little vices in little men are thus unseen; little vices in great men are an anomaly. We are shocked at any violation of the ordinary rules of life, wrapped up as we are in the calmness and commonplace character of our own existence. Our usual composure becomes intensely ruffled when the violator stands upon a higher level than ourselves, vainly expecting genius to be free from eccentricity, as though the mountain torrent would sweep along as smoothly as the woodland rivulet. Virgil himself was almost conscious of the truth when he wrote, as Conington happily translates it:

> "Can heavenly natures nourish hate,
> So fierce, so blindly passionate?

The eccentricities of genius should excite our surprise no more than the peculiarities of ordinary mortals. They are in both cases actuated by precisely similar causes. When they display themselves in matters of dress, speech, or style, self-conceit lies at the very basis. When they appear in acts of vice, the cause is plainly the lack of self-control. In no way does genius affect the result. The extreme deference usually paid to genius may awaken a man's self-conceit, thus causing him to show his entire disregard for the common rules of life by despising them. Genius is not to be blamed for this, but the man's own inordinate self-love, which would have been soon frowned down if hero worship had not so deified him and palliated his conduct.

The struggle between good and evil, without which life would be a void and existence a myth, thus appears in the career of men of genius as it does with us; but the fight is fiercer, because their natures are fiercer. If in the protracted conflict they slip and err like the rest of us, it only strengthens the invisible bond by which all men are connected. David sinning, is human; Moses in anger at rebellious Israel, is human: if both had been perfect, their lives would be considered legendary and their characters typical. If Hercules had failed in but one of his mighty labors, we might regard him as a man; Samson rose, sinned, and fell, and we can not question his humanity. The foibles of genius make talent more satisfied with its humbler station, and prove a closer equality between men than is generally known or acknowledged.

It is unfortunate that we give way at times. It is sad when we see great intellects slaves to some ungovernable degradation. Honor, duty, his own self-respect are lost, while the man who ought to have become a blessing to humanity at large, with all his talents wasted and body destroyed, dies, leaving no conscious echo to his genius save the poet's words,

> "It might have been."

A REMEDY FOR BLUE MONDAY.

BY N. SIZER.

EVERYBODY knows the duty of the clergyman, but few know his trials. He is a man of serene appearance and decorous conduct; is generally neatly dressed, highly respected in community, and to the casual observer is being

> "* * * carried to the skies,
> On flowery beds of ease."

He is by many thought to have an easy life; some think he has chosen that profession to avoid work, and that he obtains money very easily, considering the smooth and apparently agreeable life he leads.

The average American minister finds his position no sinecure. The education necessary to attain his position, and the study and talent required to fill it acceptably, would, in any other pursuit, win a larger reward in every worldly sense.

The truly devoted minister, who rightly considers his high commission, labors earnestly not only to instruct, but to counsel and guide wayward and selfish men to duty and to God. All he has of talent, culture, or influence he willingly devotes to his work, and laying largely aside his bodily ease and comfort, as well as his pecuniary interests, he feels bound to serve the church and the people as a duty owed to God and his conscience. Such labor saps the health and depresses the spirits. Some ministers preach three times of a Sunday, and no wonder their Mondays are "blue"—that the mental becomes too strong for the physical. If a minister undertakes to recreate or rest, some people will call him lazy, especially those who think nothing is labor but that which is bodily. A writer in the *Christian Advocate* proposes the following "remedy for blue Monday:"

"I know a minister who takes a washing

machine and a wringer every Monday morning and does up the family washing, and he does not hesitate to acknowledge it when occasion demands. He declares, moreover, that it is a perfect arrangement all around, whatever may be said about the originality of the idea. They keep no servant, they prefer to be alone, and thus to save their children from corrupting associations. His wife has all she ought to do without the washing, and besides, he is much stronger than she, and better able to do it. By doing it himself instead of hiring it done he saves fifty dollars a year, which he scrupulously devotes to the replenishing of his library, and he values the books all the more from having twice earned them. It gives him physical exercise that he needs, and such as does him far more good than play, or than exercise for the mere sake of exercise, which amounts to about the same thing. It occupies his time, which otherwise would hang heavily on his hands, for he does not feel like studying on Monday morning, and he finds it a poor time to make pastoral calls. It gives him a more active participation in household duties. It cheers his wife, and secures to him so much more of her society, which he still enjoys as well as when they were academic class-mates together. She, in return, is able to devote time and vivacity to occasional literary labor and to the mental culture of their children. Moreover, it helps to make labor honorable in the eyes of all their people, especially of those who think deeply enough to appreciate it. We can but commend any man who is large-hearted and free-thoughted enough to give such a proof of his regard for his wife, his people, and his books."

To this we add a scrap from another writer in the same paper, and subjoin our comments:

"There are in the United States about sixty-one thousand ministers of all denominations. Their average salary per annum is computed to be about $700. This would make $42,700,000 annually paid by the American churches in clergymen's salaries. If we assume each clergyman to represent three persons, a wife and two children, making four in all, we have then 244,000 persons to be supported out of this salary fund, and this gives just $175 to each one. The average salary of three-fourths of the ministry is less than $600, and this very materially reduces the average per head to each member of their families. In cities and large villages ministerial salaries generally stand at a fair rate of liberality, especially in the wealthier congregations. Yet this class represents but a small fraction of the whole. When taken in connection with the whole, so as to make the general average, we have about $700 for each minister, or $175 per head for ministers' families, on the basis of four persons to each family."

One of the causes of blue Monday is the miserably small salary of ministers. The corroding anxiety as to how the angel of respectability may be kept in the house and the wolf of want away from the door, does more to break down the health of ministers and their families than all the study and mental labor they perform. The use of the washing machine and wringer was excellent exercise; it served to draw the blood and nerve-force away from the wearied brain, promoted digestion, *saved a dollar a week* for food and other comforts, and more than all, saved the poor man from the worriment, deprivation, and shame which the want of the dollar would have occasioned.

We require ministers to live in good houses, dress well, entertain company genteelly and liberally, and blame them for being worldly and selfish if they work or traffic to increase their income. How would the people who criticise ministers and their wives like to make the effort to feed, clothe, and educate a family for $175 a year for each member? We think the most of them, before a single year was ended, would be led to exclaim,

> "Dear Lord! and shall we *ever* live
> At this poor dying rate?"

The "Shady Side of a Pastor's Life," by Mrs. Hubbell, contains a world of truth, and as we happen to know the parishes in which she learned the "Shady Side," we indorse the practical correctness of her facts and inferences.

Dr. Lyman Beecher had an iron constitution, inherited from his blacksmith father, which he maintained by sawing wood, working in his garden, and by shoveling sand in his cellar on Sundays and rainy days, to keep his body and brain in good working order. A good deacon of his church was once terribly shocked at seeing the Doctor with his coat off, shoveling a heap of sand from one side of the cellar to the other, Sunday noon between the services. To his remonstrances the Doctor replied, "God knows I must have the exercise, and my people would be shocked if I were to do something useful, like sawing wood, so I pitch this sand across the cellar every Sunday once or twice."

If ministers worked more physically they would think more vigorously, and have less of the blues on Mondays and other days. If they were paid better salaries they could have

exercise and some release from nerve-shattering anxiety and chagrin incident to poverty, sick wives, and the vain attempt to keep up respectability and an open house for the people of the parish and for church agents and missionaries besides. Better health would help to raise them above despondency, and more *green*backs would save them from the *blues*

IN THE SHADOWS.

Sitting in the shadows, love,
Neither word nor sign
Breaking through the harmony
Of your soul with mine.

Through the silence thrills a chord
Mightier than speech,
More than any whispered word,
Linking each to each.

Through the murk and through the rain
Comes a breath divine,
Touch of blessing, stilling pain,
With your hand in mine.

Do you know the adage, love,
Caught from legends old?
"Speech is silver," so it runs,
But the "silence—gold."

Speech drops chains of silver down
Love's deep mysteries,
Where we find her buried crown,
Golden silences.

And your life, so near to mine,
Seems with mine inwrought,
Till a hint, a touch, a sign,
Answers to a thought.

And if every phrase most meet
Failed us at command,
Leaving naught but glances sweet,
We could understand.

If you love me, speak not now
Words, however dear;
Only kiss my tired brow,
And my soul will hear.

Then my heart will hush its cries,
And the world will seem
Gliding into Paradise,
Through a fairy dream.

Words may do for sunny ways,
Songs for happy faces,
But whene'er the stream of days
Runs in shady places,—

When lost treasures, dim with dust,
Throng the darkened room,
And the trailing robes of trust
Vanish in the gloom,—

Oh! the blessed quietude
Falling like the dew,
Till I whisper, "It is good,
Love, to rest with you!"

Life may run in shady ways,
If at last there be
Rainbows of the rainy days,
Circling you and me;

Waiting through the shadows, love,
For the word divine,
Speaking forth the harmony
Of your soul with mine.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. C. BACH.

BY GEO. E. PATTEN.

THIS youngest and eleventh son of the immortally renowned father of fugue movement in the art of music was christened Johann Christian Bach, although he has been often called "Bach of Milan"—from his residence in that city; and is still oftener referred to as "Bach of London," from his long settlement there.

He was born at Leipzig in 1735, and died in London in the month of January, 1782. As his father, the great Sebastian, died when he was but fifteen years old, he had much less of the inestimable advantage of his thorough instruction than had been enjoyed by his brothers. He completed his musical studies, however, under his brother, the distinguished Carl Philip Emmanuel, who, as a court musician at Berlin, was in a position to give him a good home, and also necessarily an introduction to the best society of the town.

Christian's talent, which was of the family stock, soon attracted much attention; his most excellent playing of the harpsichord was admired, and his compositions were nearly all quite successful. His disposition was so wholly different from that of the other members of his family as to create much comment. Most of his brothers partook of their wonderful father's quiet dignity of self-possession and equipoise, while *he* was enthusiastic, and even most passionate in his devotion to the society of women, so much so, that the gallantry of his nature, by too great a preponderance of this excitability, became mere sensuality. This

inclination brought him of course into association with many noted females, and among others with the Italian singers belonging to the opera in Berlin, and by whose attractive powers he was persuaded in his nineteenth year to go with them to Milan.

He had resided but a short year in this Lombard city when, by the kind interest of the Empress, he was appointed organist of the Duomo. He here composed several light operas in the Neapolitan style, by which he secured very great favor.

In 1759, according to M. Fetis and Dr. Schilling, but thought by other authorities to be in the year 1762, Signora Mattei, who was directress of the Italian opera in London, engaged him to go to England; which he did, and never left that country again except for an occasional visit. In 1763 he produced his opera *Orione ossia Diana vendicata*, with most decided success. In this composition the clarionet was employed for the *first* time in England; and the peculiar richness and elaboration of the instrumentation is said to have "exceeded anything that had been heard." He became almost immediately thereafter a universal favorite in the metropolis. He was engaged by the Queen as chamber musician, organist, and composer, positions of much honor and considerable profit. He wrote almost unceasingly for the opera, and gave concerts in conjunction with the famous Abel, *the* performer on the viol da gamba. He produced countless instrumental works, all of which were extremely popular.

While he had lived in Italy his playing on the harpsichord had become sadly neglected, and he now proposed to resume his thorough practice; but as he did not do so, his finished execution was never regained. It is doubtless because of this reason that he never wrote any real difficulties for his instrument; and as his music was very easily understood and easily played, "it was as much admired by the ladies as he was himself." He often received reproofs by letter, from his brother Emmanuel, in which he was called a "renegade from the classical style of his father." Also those around him spoke to him of the great difference between his music and that of his conscientious teacher his brother, and he used to reply—"Emmanuel lives to compose, but I compose to live." It is said that "it was his love of pleasure and his gayety of character that induced the prevalent lightness of his music, rather than his want of ability to write in a more earnest style;" as is proven by some motets which he wrote for Germany; some masses he wrote for Rome and Naples; and even some pieces he composed for the English Church, all of which are warmly praised by very severe critics.

It was in 1767 that Cecilia Grassi was in London as prima donna at the opera, and had been but a short season in that position before Bach married her. Doubtless his so-called "gallantries" were much reformed and improved by this marriage, but unfortunately it did not cure him of another very sorrowful propensity, "for his habit of drinking became so strong that he now, never, or certainly very rarely, wrote save under spirituous excitement." Such a course of life never is very long in its continuance, and thus he died at a much younger age than his brothers, leaving many debts, which amounted to about four thousand pounds. His brilliant popularity did not long outlive him. The Queen, as a tribute to his memory, sent his widow a present of fifty pounds to carry her to her native country, and also a pension of eighty pounds a year. The greater number of his compositions are given by M. Fetis in his "Biographie." Thus expired the vivid life of the last of a truly remarkable family, whose founder will be ever revered and fondly treasured by all intellectual musicians as the great father of fugue movement.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

MR. BERGH'S SOCIETY.

IT is a common thing to speak of a "horse-laugh," but few persons, after all, have seen a horse *laugh*. If such a thing were possible, and if laughing, with horses, were indicative of mirth or pleasure as with men, there is one person in this community who would be apt to know all about it, and that person is Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Judging from his rather grim, fixed features, and his sad, earnest expression of countenance, we should say that Mr. Bergh rarely laughs himself, and this is another reason why his special friends and *protégés*, horses, dogs, and calves, should laugh for him—but more especially for themselves. We have just looked through Mr. Bergh's Fourth Annual Report, and find the reading very interesting and suggestive, especially with the thermometer near ninety in the shade.

In face of the facts here set down, Mr. Bergh can afford to be made the butt of ridicule for senseless and soulless newspaper paragraphists. Here are a few items under the head of "Arrests and Convictions" which are very refreshing. We clip at random:

"*June* 4. Hugh Galeger, kicking a dog and abusing Mr. Campbell. Held in $300 to keep the peace by Justice Dodge.

June 7. William Fagan, driving a horse, very lame, shoulders, back, and hip afflicted with raw sores. Fined $10, by Justice Riley, or ten days in prison.

June 12. Thomas Farrell, driving a horse before a brick-cart, with sores on both breasts, and lame. Fined $10 by Justice Riley.

June 18. James Leonard, driving a horse with raw sores on its back and on both sides of its neck. Fined $10 or fifteen days' imprisonment in the county jail, by Justice Walsh."

The year's record shows nearly five hundred such arrests for cruelty to horses, cattle, dogs, etc., in the majority of which cases the party arrested was convicted and punished. Such a record should make a man almost satisfied with himself, and content to be made the subject of misunderstanding and unfeeling criticism. A merciful man like Mr. Bergh can even have compassion on the poor fools who can not comprehend the sublimity of living for a purpose. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a living power in our midst, and its example and influence are being extended to all parts of the country, thanks to its efficient President, and to a progressive public sentiment.

THE FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET.

There are men of education and refinement, living in the midst of the highest civilizing influences, who obstinately maintain the inaccuracy of well-settled scientific truths. A striking illustration of this lately occurred in England, and the controversy, for controversy it was, related to the rotundity of the earth, and repeated in miniature the celebrated Galileon contest.

It appears that a Mr. Hampden threw out a challenge by which he offered to pay £500 to any one who would prove the rotundity, which challenge was taken up by Mr. A. R. Wallace, who lodged a similar sum with the editor of *The Field*. To test this point, six miles of the Bedford level were used, three signals, each 13 feet 4 inches above the water level, being put up three miles apart. Mr. Wallace asserted that if he were correct, the central signal would appear elevated about 5 feet above the line joining the two, Mr. Hampden holding, of course, that they would all be in a straight line. Although the diagrams of what was seen by the telescopes used at both ends, and acknowledged to be correct by Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hampden, show the central signal more than 5 feet above the line of the two extremes, the latter coolly claims the victory, and threatens to bring an action against the editor of *The Field* (who was appointed umpire by Mr. Hampden himself) for fraudulently deciding against them. In other words, the gentleman claims to have won what he has fairly lost, and persists in his obstinate refusal to admit a fact when demonstrated before his eyes.

Medical Education for Women in Paris.—A Boston paper, of a date evidently previous to the collapse of the Napoleonic dynasty, says: "The Empress is at last going to have a wish dear to her heart realized—the foundation of a *free* medical college, for ladies, in Paris. The supporters of the plan are Nelaton, Milne-Eduards, and ex-Minister of Public Instruction Duruy. Three-fourths of the parishes of France are without a 'medicine man;' the Sisters of Charity, with their stock of simples, is all the healing art within reach; and though the law is very severe against unlicensed practitioners, it winks at the substitutes created by necessity. Sweden has taken the lead in this matter, and by the cures of the doctresses a sensible diminution has been the result in the death-rate of the rural populations." Here is an acknowledgment which is of some value to lady-physicians, especially in the way of encouraging them to persevere in so useful a department of effort.

Mr. Hanlay, a California antiquary, has published a work in which he shows that there were Chinese living in the land of gold a thousand years before the Spaniards invaded it. The German savant Neumann, who produced some proofs to much the same purpose several years ago, thus finds strong confirmation in Mr. Hanlay.

Gray, the celebrated poet, greatly dreaded fire, and kept a ladder of rope in his bedroom, so that he might the more readily escape should the house take fire at night. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knowing this, roused him in the middle of a dark night with the cry of Fire! Up went the window, and down came Gray on his rope ladder as fast as he could, plump into a tub of water, which was placed there to receive him.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—I would like to hear what you know about spirit manifestations, such as writing on a slate without visible hands or anything else visible, and how furniture can be suspended in the air without visible agency.

J. E. T.

Ans. This subject has had many explanations. It is generally attributed to the spirits of the departed who once lived on earth. Some disbelieve this theory and attempt to account for the phenomena by clairvoyance, or magnetism, or human electricity. Others deny the phenomena, and say they are optical delusions or a deception of the sense of sight; others, again, accept the phenomena, and charge them to the devil. We have given the subject some thought, and as to which of the above opinions is the right one, or whether each is true in part and false in part, we candidly confess *we do not know;* and as we never promised to explain the subject, and as others make it their business to do so, we modestly decline making the attempt.

FLAT-HEAD INDIANS.—I was asked some time ago by a non-believer in Phrenology if our science would prove true in case of the Flat-headed Indians. He said that he could compress an infant's head into almost any shape, and yet its mind would remain sound. I replied that it would prove true, and that the compression of infants' heads only displaced the organs and did not destroy them. Was I correct?

Ans. You were correct with reference to the Flat-head Indians whose heads are compressed by a gradual process while in their earliest infancy; but with reference to the somewhat extravagant assertion of your acquaintance we can not definitely answer. We do not know that a child's head can be "compressed into almost any shape," and yet without a disturbance of the mental powers, and we must say that we do not believe a series of experiments would confirm his judgment in the matter.

Our article on "Objections to Phrenology," in the September number, contains some allusion to the Flathead-Indian question, and other information which is of value to you and others in discussing the science with the skeptical.

WHITE NEGROES.—Do negroes ever turn white? and can you furnish any instances, if so?

Ans. On the authority of the recorded investigations of several eminent writers we say, Yes. Quatrefages, in the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques*, mentions the following instances in support of his assertion that true negroes, descended from negro parents, can become white, either wholly or in part, without being albinos. The first he mentions is of a woman named Françoise, kitchen-maid to a Colonel Barnet, who was the daughter of a black father and a black mother, and had not a single white among her ancestors. Until her fiftoenth year she looked just like an ordinary negress. At that time the skin around the nails and mouth began to grow white. In her fortieth year her whole body was rose-colored, with the exception of the neck and along the whole length of the spine and shoulders, where the skin was brown, with black flecks. Upon the black portions the hair remained black, but she was everywhere else white. The woman was not sick, and the skin performed its natural functions.

A second case is adduced from Dr. Hammond. A young negro, son of a negro and negress, among whose ancestors there was not a single white, was bitten when about sixteen by a dog. The terror produced thereby caused the following phenomena. During a space of twenty-five days after receiving the wound, his skin became perceptibly paler; then the skin of his body became covered with white flecks, which finally merged into one another, and when he was twenty-five years old his whole body had a white skin, with only single brown flecks. The lower portion of the face was white, the upper portion, on the contrary, black; the crown of the head was white, though the hair remained unchanged, while the hair in other parts of his body was not white, but blonde.

A third case is brought by Quatrefages himself, who says that Admiral Fleuriet de Langle had related to him not long ago that on the Gaboon there is a village inhabited by white negroes only; they have a rose-colored skin, blue eyes, which bear the light very well, and white, crispy hair.

CRAMPS.—I am subject to cramps, which catch me in my side, or elbow, or foot, and they come upon me any time, and are therefore

very inconvenient as well as painful. How can they be remedied?

Ans. You are doubtless living wrongly in some way. Do you stimulate? Do you use tobacco, spices, or coffee? Are you overworking? Something must be disturbing the harmony of your nervous system. It might be well for you to consult your family physician; he can inquire into your habits, and find out all your conditions.

THE BIG PROTECTED BY THE LITTLE.—I have heard it said that there are some large and powerful wild beasts which owe their safety from danger to small animals or birds. Can you instance any in support of the statement?

T. H. B.

Ans. Yes; and the following are among the most striking examples which now occur to us. The rhinoceros, for instance, is generally accompanied by a little bird, which, while the rhinoceros is standing or snoozing, feeds upon the larvæ in his skin. The rhinoceros can not see well, and besides, his sight is impeded by his horn; but the little bird can see, and on the first approach of danger utters a shrill cry and flies away. This note gives warning to his huge friend, and he gets away too. The buffalo also has a similar friend. While the buffalo is feeding, his little bird friend is picking out the insects on his back. When the bird sees danger he rouses the buffalo to a sense of it by flying away.

CHARACTER FROM LIKENESS.—If I send you my likeness, can you write out my character from it? and what are your charges for so doing?

O. E. P.

Ans. Send for "The Mirror of the Mind," with a stamp to pay the postage, and that will tell you how to have likenesses taken for that purpose, also the measurements, etc., which we require, including the charge.

TOO MUCH BLOOD.—What ought one to do who has a predominance of the Vital temperament and makes blood too rapidly, causing a heaviness of the head at times?

Ans. You should avoid eating sugar, for that tends to produce heat. You should avoid coffee, tobacco, and spices; these three articles tend to disturb the action of the heart and throw the blood unduly to the brain.

PREVENTION OF DAMPNESS.—Will the JOURNAL mentor be kind enough to suggest some process by which dampness may be reduced or prevented altogether in the foundation walls of my house? My cellar and first floor pantries are very much affected by the rising moisture. Articles of food can not be kept long in them before a green mold exhibits itself, or they are otherwise spoiled.

HOUSEKEEPER.

Ans. We take the following recipes from a leading scientific paper, and think they will help you to abate your domestic grievance.

"Asphalte well applied on foundation walls will prevent the rising of damp on walls, and its durability is known to withstand different temperatures. Another method is as follows: Three quarters of a pound of mottled soap are to be dissolved in one gallon of boiling water, and the hot solution spread steadily with a flat brush over the outer surface of the brickwork, taking care that it does not lather; this is to be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours, when a solution formed of a quarter of a pound of alum dissolved in two gallons of water is to be applied in a similar manner over the coating of soap. The operation should be performed in dry, settled weather. The soap and alum mutually decompose each other, and form an insoluble varnish which the rain is unable to penetrate, and this cause of dampness is thus effectually removed.

What They Say.

ON DREAMS.—Dreams have elicited the interest and agitated the minds of many among all nations and in all ages. The sacred records of men, who "exhaled" their "lives" thousands of years ago, tell us of instances where kings and the wisest of their time were puzzled as to the nature of these singular phenomena.

We read in Genesis xli. of the dreams of Pharaoh, and their interpretation by Joseph; and the annals of past history furnish similar notations on the subject.

Though human wisdom has taken marvelous strides of progress in nearly all departments, and made discoveries that would appear to men of the gray past as miracles, the mystery of the specific action of the human mind in dreams and congenial phenomena has not yet been satisfactorily disclosed, and certainly merits to be looked into more closely.

The "agent" which causes the "dead mass of matter," the "lump of clay," to voluntarily move, plan, and act, must have an origin; it must be emitted from the great Center whence all life comes for some purpose; and in order to accomplish its object, it steers independently toward its point of destination—the human body.

This shows that the mind, that spoken-of agent, is only acting through the body, like an engine is set in motion by means of steam; and from that it may justly be deduced, that the mind also possesses the power of following its duties to certain limits independently of this adopted body; that it may rove about in a certain area of the universe at its pleasure; that it is capable of separately communicating the results of its "roving" to its chief seat in the body, the "brain," the body, meanwhile, appearing unconscious; and that, at times, these communications may influence and exert the brain in such an extraordinary degree that the whole system is affected by it. This last deduction may account for those convulsive motions and abrupt utterances frequently made while a person is sleeping.

My hypothesis may not be considered compatible with the understanding of some, but how may the phenomena be accounted for otherwise? A. K.

LOVE IS BLIND. — Cupid is always painted with a band over his eyes. Indeed, he is expected to "go it blind." May not science open his eyes? Referring to our recent work on WEDLOCK, the *Journal of the Telegraph* says:

"Authors may talk of conjugal selection as they please, but there is only one way to go about it, or, rather, that men and women ever pursue. A man takes a fancy for a woman, and marries her for no reason he knows of but the fancy. A woman does the same. You can't argue them out of it. Tell the woman the man is a brute, a villain, a thief, what you like, she'll go it blind and have him any way. So of him. Still, good advice may stick on some sensible hides, and we recommend them to "Wedlock." It is neatly got up, and will be read. Our philosophy of marriage is to love and wed. Genuine love will stand the test of time the longest."

What about compatibility? affinity? and being "not unequally yoked," etc.? A knowledge of Phrenology will indicate who can and who can not live happily in wedlock. Why not consult it?

A NEW POET.—The following may have been intended for a joke upon us; but whether a joke or not, we deem it a sufficiently risible, if not ridiculous, effort to warrant our printing it. It evidences the fact that the "fine frenzy" visits all classes of people, and gives them at some time a turn for "potry."

Mr Editor—New york Dir Sir
I take the plasure of droping you A few lines which will inform you of a resont little occurence in my neighberhoud
thair was A Child got lost A few days ago and we hunted for it two days before we found it
and I was asked to make a peice of poetry on it I went to work and soon Completed it and I thaught I would send it to you if you want to publish it you will please forbair with all mistakes and Correct them I have A very poor Education but if I live I will have A beter one Yours Respectfully
S B B

THE LOST CHILD.

BY STEPHEN B. P., TEXAS.

O the night is dark and dreary
the wind blose loud and aril
and I from home and wery
the forest ringing stil

the nighting-gale not singing
nor not A star appier
the forest yet A ringing
detructtion to my year

the winds are whispering deth
while the trees are bending oer
my hart just akes within my brest
I know Ill ner see home nomore

my mother's hart is akeing two
O whisperd where am I
while thunder an lightning Victori view
when I in the forest O to die.

As there is some room here for improvement in verse making, we trust our contributor will strive to make it.

STILL MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.—A repentant subscriber writes of his experience, and theologizes somewhat as follows:

"I noticed in the August number an account of how a man quit the use of tobacco. Now, I have had a little experience in a similar line. I used it more than twenty-five years. It destroyed a good set of teeth for me, cost me ten thousand dollars, and wasted ten years, the best part of my life. I found out, too, that I could never go to heaven unless I quit using it, as it is written in the good Book that no unclean thing can enter therein. I have not been able to ascertain that they have dishes or vessels in heaven to spit such filth as tobacco juice and cuds in, especially since no one may be found there that would clean them. Language fails to convey in words how filthy the tobacco habit is. The smell is observable all along the great lines of travel. All taverns and railroad stations are sinks of filth, made so by those who will chew and smoke."

JUST AND TRUE.—This duplex magazine, THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY, for August, is before us, both barrels heavily charged with small shot, but calculated to do good execution. For the many who like short and lively articles, it is better than all the heavy and long-winded monthlies in existence. —*New York Star.*

SOUTHERN WOMEN'S BUREAU. — Now that the country has been reconstructed, the negro enfranchised, the women of the South find themselves in new relations with the world. Abolishing "the peculiar institution" releases two classes at the same time. It frees the blacks, throwing them on their own resources, and it frees the whites from the care they once had of "looking after the help," caring for the very young and for the aged, leaving them free to engage in other pursuits. Hence this new organization, whose circular we copy below.

SOUTHERN WOMEN'S BUREAU.—This Society of Ladies has been formed in the City of New York, for the assistance of Southern Women who desire to be educated in the various Professions and Arts, and also for those who are already sufficiently cultured to accept positions of trust and responsibility, in procuring a proper opportunity for their uses and a pecuniary return therefor, and to benefit the thousands of our women who, through the progress of modern ideas, have been left in circumstances which require the utmost effort of brains and hands to secure the comforts of life.

It is the design of this Bureau to render such counsel, aid, and information as shall make the active life of cultured working women a blessing to themselves, and redound to the honor of all womanhood.

Information will be furnished gratuitously, through this office, as to the best and least expensive methods of acquiring the various professions which are suitable for women and also for procuring situations for competent WRITERS, MUSICIANS, TEACHERS, PHYSICIANS, REPORTERS, ETC.

Aid and friendly counsel will also be given in regard to transportation, and in securing either temporary or permanent homes for those who seek the means of livelihood, and are strangers in this city.

All earnest women, both North and South, are desired to aid in giving general circulation to the fact of the existence of this friendly Society, and also to assist women in the acceptance of the benefits which it desires to bestow.

Circulars will be furnished to all who will be kind enough to aid in their distribution.

By order of the Bureau, Mrs. CHARLOTTE FOWLER WELLS, *President.*

LAURA CARTER HOLLOWAY, *Corresponding Secretary.* Address, Secretary of the "Southern Women's Bureau," 33 Park Row, Room 26.

[We heartily second this movement. If we are indeed to become a thoroughly united people, we must work together, help each other, and bring the *women* as well as the men of North and South together in fraternal working relations. As yet, aristocratic and conservative customs prevent Southern women from engaging in such pursuits as have long been open to the women of the North. Through this bureau it is presumed progressive ideas will be disseminated in the South, and that much good may grow out of it. So may it be.]

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

A CONSTITUTIONAL VIEW OF THE LATE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES; its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results. Presented in a Series of Colloquies at Liberty Hall. By Alexander H. Stephens. In two volumes. Vol. II., National Publishing Company: Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, etc.

The second and completing volume of Mr. Stephens' important work is on our table. It is only a matter of justice that both sides of a great question, especially one which led to the bitterest of consequences, internecine strife, should be considered. In a dispute involving great principles, neither side can be all right or all wrong; the side which may be advocating a cause untenable, or indiscreet, or inexpedient, can advance some points or principles of unexceptionable tone and character.

It is not natural that a whole nation would cordially accept the ordeal of war with another nation when it was altogether in the wrong. So it must be admitted that in the recent conflict, which Mr. Stephens has seen fit to term "the war between the States," there were certain grand national principles morally and physically correct which obtained the cordial assent of the Southern people and warmed them up to meeting the terrible issue with arms in hand. A mere fallacy like that of the perpetuation of slavery could not have so closely united them.

Of course Mr. Stephens, as a representative Southern man, gives us his views of the late war from a Southern point of view, and discusses them with the calmness, dignity, and superior ability which have distinguished him as a statesman for many years. As would be expected, the merit of the work is high. In fact, we regard it as by far the best Southern history which has appeared. Among the features worthy of note we would mention: The history of the earlier days of the Confederate Government, and particularly that portion of its existence at Montgomery as a "Provisional Government," which is given to the world for the first time in these pages (Mr. Stephens took part in the Provisional Congress, as a delegate from Georgia, and was intrusted with many important duties); the conference between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners at Hampton Roads (Mr. Stephens was the principal negotiator on the Southern side in these proceedings); the much-vexed question of the non-exchange of Prisoners of War; and the peace movements in the South.

The work is embellished with several finely executed steel engravings of conspicuous men of the North and South who took part in the military and civil transactions of the times. It is for sale by subscription. Agents are now being engaged in canvassing for it as well as distributing it to subscribers.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. A Tale of Love, Selfishness, and Retribution. By Miss Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens. Paper. Price 25 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

It would be strange if some of the father's talent in authorship had not descended to his children. The above-mentioned novel indicates that a daughter at least can write stories.

THE NEW TIMOTHY. By Wm. M. Baker, author of "Inside," "Oak Mot," "Life and Labors of Daniel Baker," etc. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 344. Price $1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A really well-written novel, and in its style and treatment thoroughly American. Its sprightliness engages the attention in the very beginning, and the variety of incident introduced maintains that attention to the end. The leading subject may seem commonplace enough to most readers —a young candidate for clerical reputation; but the author's manipulation, while there is nothing besides the purest in principle and sentiment evinced in that manipulation, is at once so sincere, so lively, and the striking contrasts of character are so full of humor that a novel-reader however *blasé* could not but find it attractive. We must commend the publishers for bringing out a really good book.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September is more than usually interesting. Like all other magazines this has its one leading feature, and it should not matter when literary character is the point at issue, whether that leading feature be the advocacy of Protestantism, Mohammedanism, or Catholicism. The reviewer should not allow religious prejudice, which by-the-way is the one most likely to crop out, to warp his judgment. If we are not Roman Catholics, we feel obliged to confess that in the *Catholic World* that sect has a noble organ, worthy to rank with the highest representations of American literature. Its arti

In glancing over its pages we were much interested in the review on Mr. Galton's "Hereditary Genius," and in the admirable reasonings embodied in the serial entitled "Dion and the Sybils." The final reflections of the first-mentioned paper breathe the purest Phrenology, a fact which impresses us with the notion that the writer is no stranger to our science.

BEAR AND FORBEAR; or, The Young Skipper of Lake Ucayga. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," etc. Illustrated. 12mo; cloth; pp. 311. Price $1 25. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers.

This new book for the reading of the many youthful admirers of "Oliver Optic" is the sixth and last in the "Lake Shore Series." It is a sort of inland sea tale, abounding in striking incidents in which the writer endeavors to show "that fidelity to duty prospers even in this world, and that evil-doing brings pain and misery; and if he has awarded 'poetical justice' to each, it will only make the contrast the more evident."

THE HARD-SCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Lim Ben of Elm Island," "The Young Ship-Builders of Elm Island," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo. Price $1 25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Such books as the above designated one represents, are very acceptable to most bright boys. The incidents of moving adventure find a ready sympathy in their ardent imaginations. The events related in "Hard-Scrabble" purport to have occurred in a comparatively primitive region where the youthful heroes of the story have a hard struggle with circumstances to make their way along, but as a general thing success attends their efforts in agriculture, ship-building, and in hunting down thievish bears. The time and *locale* of the story add to its interest, the former being the Revolutionary period, the latter an island supposed to be somewhere near the coast of Maine.

INDIANA. A Love Story. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," "Fanchon, the Cricket," etc., etc. With a life of Madame Dudevant. Translated from the French, by George W. Richards. Complete in one volume. Bound in morocco cloth, gilt. Price $1 50.

The new edition of the works of George Sand, now being issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a very handsome one. George Sand is considered by many critics the first novel-writer of France. She has presented great truths in the guise of fiction. "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," and "Jealousy," already have been brought out by the Petersons, and now we have the fourth volume of the edition, "Indiana, a Love Story." This last novel is well written; the characters are boldly drawn, and the passions of the heart analyzed with the skill of an artist. as deep waters, and hardly a ripple occurs to break their beauty and elegance.

KILMENY. By William Black, author of "In Silk Attire," and "Love or Marriage?" One vol., octavo; paper. Price 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is number 341 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

THE PRINCES OF ART: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. 12mo; cloth; pp. 340. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Moderate in size, and printed in large clear type, this really handsome volume offers much valuable information in a compendious form with reference to those eminent children of Art who adorn the world's history. The foreign author has done literature a service by making this compilation, and sketching the noble lives in such smooth and elegant language as to render it especially attractive to the reader. Phidias, Praxiteles, and Polycletus have a place in the book as representatives of the ancient architects and sculptors, while Zeuxis, Aristides, Parrhasius, Apelles are among the ancient painters enumerated. The list comprises about thirty brilliant names. For those interested in Art studies, this volume will prove a convenient handbook of the "old masters."

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN. Being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World. By Edward P. Hingston. 8vo; paper; pp. 155. Price 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An apt entitling of the deceased but long-to-be-remembered humorist. There is a freshness and a cleverness in the sayings of "A. Ward, Showman," which will ever arouse the mirthful in him who appreciates genuine humor. These reminiscences will find a ready acceptance from the numerous friends of the lamented American wit, as they open up many new phases in his character and experience.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D., Literary Editor of the Philadelphia *Press*. With Personal Recollections and Anecdotes; Letters by "Boz," never before published; and uncollected Papers in Prose and Verse. With Portrait and Autograph. 12mo; cloth; pp. 484. Price $1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The number of volumes of a biographical character treating of Charles Dickens which have been thrown upon the public or have been commenced by writers during the brief interval which has elapsed since the death of that writer, is astonishingly large. As all must have been hastily prepared, they can hardly deal fairly and calmly with their subject, except in the mere presentation of well-known facts. To give a correct view of an important character, to present judiciously the incidents and manner of his life, requires in the

first place an able writer, and next much careful investigation. A proper biography of Mr. Dickens has yet to be written, and there is ample time for its appearance. Mr. Mackenzie's new book has more the character of a sort of appendix to Dickens' works than the character of a biography, and will be read, doubtless, with interest for the incidents, letters, anecdotes, sketches, etc., it contains, which are fresh and new. The "First and Second Meetings of the Mudfog Association" is an excellent exhibition of Dickens' powers as a burlesque writer.

ALCOHOL AS MEDICINE, and how its use affects the Temperance Cause. A Discussion between an M.D. of Newark, Ohio, and Thomas F. Hicks, M.D. Paper; pp. 32.

This discussion is worth a wide circulation; for the fact is apparent that so long as alcohol is generally prescribed as a medicine, the temperance cause will find in medical men one of the strongest elements which obstruct or hinder its progress. "There is now much popular ignorance concerning the real nature of alcohol and its effects upon the human constitution. There has been erroneous teaching on the scientific question. Of the right kind of teaching there certainly has been a deficiency, or the public would not, as they now do, 'hug the delusive phantom' as to the value of alcohol, either in sickness or in health."

A careful reading of the pamphlet will do much toward giving one some correct impressions on the subject. It is issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE LANCASTER SCHOOL MOTTOES, published by Mr. J. P. McCaskey, of Lancaster, Pa., are well adapted to the purpose designed. As an attractive and moral feature in a schoolroom they are worth much more than the price asked. For the set of 30 mottoes on twelve stout colored cards, 8 x 14 inches, the price is $1 10—sent postage paid.

MAN AND WIFE. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," "The Moonstone," etc. With Illustrations. One vol. 12mo; pp. 239; cloth. Price $1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is more sensation. Such exciting predicaments, perplexities, and trials as are portrayed, we beg may not be the fate of many poor human beings. Mr. Collins seems to delight in sensation, crime, and social eccentricity.

ONE NAME BELOVED. Ballad. Words by Thomas C. Lotto, Music by H. P. Danks.

We have received this new piece of music from William A. Pond & Co., New York. Price 30 cts.

THE HAPPY MULETEER. Balero. Sung by Mr. Barrani in the "Crown Jewels," written by E. Fitzhall. Composed by J. H. Tully. This is a lively rippling song, having many points of attraction. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are among the publishers. Price 35 cents.

NOS. 37 AND 38 OF ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY have come to hand. The work is now extended to *Malpighiaceae*—an order of plants so named in honor of the eminent anatomist Malpighi. The comprehensive character of this extensive work becomes more and more apparent with its progression. A dozen or so numbers more will complete it. T. Elwood Zell, of Philadelphia, is the publisher. Price of numbers 50 cents.

EIGHTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. 1870–71.

We find from this well-printed circular that the movement made eight years ago for the education of women to practice medicine has been entirely successful, and that the institution known by the above title has secured a substantial footing. The regular session for 1870–71 will open on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, and continue twenty weeks. For particulars relating to lectures, terms, etc., address the President, Mrs. R. B. Connolly, 42 Park Av., or the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE WRITINGS OF ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY. With illustrations. One vol. 8vo, pp. 425; cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Miss Thackeray writes well. Her stories are natural as life, and aim to convey something useful, as well as to entertain. The present volume contains some ten or more stories.

THE INTERIOR is a large eight-page Religious Weekly. Arthur Swazey, editor. Terms, $2 50 a year. Western Presbyterian Publishing Co., Chicago, Illinois.

The Interior represents a large body of the energetic, progressive, aggressive, and most advanced minds among the thoroughly orthodox in the Presbyterian Church West. The paper has taken an advanced position, and will no doubt continue in the lead. We believe it will receive, as it deserves, a large patronage.

HOURS AT HOME will have soon passed away, at least the name will, since its publishers announce that a periodical entitled *Scribner's Monthly* will take its place, and appear early in October for November. Dr. J. G. Holland, the well-known author, will edit the metamorphosed magazine, and such improvements are promised by Messrs. Scribner & Co. as will doubtless commend it to the reading public.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, now known as *The National Standard*, and published weekly, devoted to Reform, Radical Politics, and Literature, remains under the editorial management of Mr. A. M. POWELL. Wendell Phillips, Lydia Maria Child, Frederick Douglass, Julia Ward Howe, Hon. George W. Julian, Louisa M. Alcott, and other able, well-known writers are among its contributors.

Old Series, Vol. 51.
NOV. 1870.

KNOW THYSELF.

New Series, Vol. 2.
NUMBER 5.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND Packard's Monthly.

CONTENTS.

Terms—$3 a year; Single Nos. 30 cents.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN.

Edited and Published by
SAMUEL R. WELLS,
389 Broadway, New York.

THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LI.—No. 5.] [WHOLE No. 382.

November, 1870.

JULES FAVRE.

THE fall of Louis Napoleon and his empire, and the endeavor to establish a republic, called Jules Favre to the head of affairs; and for the first time in his life he has a field adequate to his powers.

He needs a republic in which to develop his strength. He has a splendid

body, a massive head, great strength of constitutional temperament, and he has endurance and fire enough to make him strong.

What a noble forehead! how broad! how ample! What strong features! That firm and angular nose, that protrusive under lip, that massive chin, that speaking eye, that breadth of head, giving power and severity, and the height indicating moral tone—all show him to be a man of power.

His large Benevolence gives him sympathy and tenderness when the circumstances favor its manifestation, and it serves also to give him an enlarged spirit of benevolence for men in masses, for the great community—it makes him democratic; while his Self-Esteem and Firmness, his Destructiveness and Combativeness, give him wonderful anger against oppression and wrong.

We copy the following spirited description from a late number of *Appletons' Journal:*

"French eloquence has never been without its living representative; and it is eloquence and not rhetoric which has made the reputation of the great orators of France. To-day the leader of the opposition in the French Chamber, the aggressive liberal, to whose talents the imperialists are not able to oppose a man of equal power, the boldest and bitterest orator of France, the Wendell Phillips of the French republicans, is Jules Favre. By his early training, his serious youth, his political aim, he is closer to us than any living Frenchman, save Laboulaye. He represents the severe and strenuous of the French character. In private life he is one of the most amiable, in public life one of the most dreaded and irritating, of men. He was born at Lyons in 1809; the son of a merchant, he was brought up in a pious household and taught the most pure and rigid principles; he is serious as Guizot, but without his ascetic nature. When he left his paternal home, to complete his studies in Paris, 'he associated himself with all the religious societies of the epoch, and was one of the warmest instigators of the *Society of Good Reading.*' Does not this read like the story of a good young American? Those who were edified by his irreproachable conduct as a student in Paris, were scandalized later to find him among the revolutionists of 1830. Confounded with the 'mutual workmen' of Lyons, whom he defended, on coming from the Palais de Justice he fell into the midst of the fight between the soldiers and workmen, and narrowly escaped the shots that were directed against him. He gained his house, which was at once besieged; after four days of confinement he sought to reach the house of the *préfet*, but was made prisoner on the street; a court-martial was at once improvised to decide whether he should be dispatched on the spot or carried to the *préfet;* it was determined to take him to Préfet Gasparin, who gave the order to liberate him.

"A biographical bat, who flaps his wings freely and intelligently only in the twilight of tradition and amid the ruins of royalty, turns from the negative virtues of Jules Favre's first years to his bold and laborious service in the cause of the new principles, and discovers only that the great advocate and the eloquent republican had forgotten the holy teachings of the paternal hearth. He failed to see that the exercise of reason and the exhibition of moral courage are the finest witnesses of a superior mind and heart, and justify education far more than the docility which keeps so many well born Frenchmen in the enfeebling leading-strings of church and state.

"Jules Favre's first public appearance in Paris was in 1834, as one of the defenders of 'the accused of April.' The majority of the accused, instructed by advocates and journalists whom they had summoned, contested the legality of the prosecution, and determined not to make any defense unless they were allowed to choose their own defenders. The court had excluded all but licensed advocates from the list, thus violating an old right which permitted the accused any defense they might summon. Favre, from Lyons, comparatively unknown, but even then 'master of an incomparable elocution and of a fine intelligence,' opposed the decision of the committee for the defense. With great personal courage and tenacity, he withstood the will of his professional and political compatriots, and announced his intention to plead for all who wished to employ him. The prisoners from Lyons judged it best to accept his offer; he then made his famous defense of 'the accused of April,' charging the government with having 'nourished insurrection, and prolonged the struggle between the soldiers and the people.'

"If Favre was a man merely seeking a theater for the display of his talents, no finer occasion could have been more audaciously seized and held than his part in the famous *procès monstre*, as it was called. Old republicans found it difficult to forgive him his hardy opposition to the common will in making any defense of his clients under the exceptional and illegal circumstances of the prosecution.

"Favre's reputation was made, in spite of animosities engendered by the famous trial; animosities and opposition had only deepened his sense of personal force; his ardent mind, plunged in the chill bath of opposition, came out the more finely tempered. Until then he was but an advocate and journalist of Lyons; after the famous trial of April, his name was inscribed as an advocate of Paris, and the career which he has so admirably filled was fairly opened.

"Under Ledru-Rollin, Minister of the Interior, he filled the office of Secretary-General; he was associated with George Sand in editing certain celebrated historical circulars, which compromised the republic and disturbed the lovers of order in France. Elected representative of the Loire, he resigned his office. He opposed President Napoleon, sustained the prosecution against Louis Blanc, and was unfriendly to Cavaignac. After the *coup d'état*, he did not participate in political life for six years. Elected member of the *Conseils Généraux* of the Loire and Rhone, he refused to take the oath prescribed by the new constitution. In 1857, his own party vainly opposed his nomination in Lyons for the *Corps Législatif*.

"As an advocate, his career has been full of brilliant efforts. In one of his most famous suits he pleaded for the Marquis de V——, who demanded to be divorced from a young wife of sixteen, for the reason that she had taken 'the strange determination,' in marrying him for the title of marquise, to be wife only in name. Her family had encouraged and sustained her decision. The court of Rome had declared the marriage null; the chain of the civil marriage remained to be broken. Favre's plea against the civil marriage made a profound impression.

"In 1858, he pleaded for Brasiane, and later for Bel-Hadji, an Arab chief, who was condemned to twenty years of forced labor. He went to Napoleon at the camp of Chalons, with the young son of Bel-Hadji, and supplicated pardon for his client; it was granted. The following year he defended Orsini—probably his most celebrated defense.

"Last year, Favre was elected member of the French Academy.

"Jules Favre is certainly one of the boldest and most incorruptible of cotemporary Frenchmen in politics. For several years he has been the unquestioned leader of the opposition in the French Chamber. In him, eloquence holds its theme in elegant and sober French. His enemies say that 'Nature has gifted him with a particular eloquence;' that 'his lips let flow in honeyed words the gall of his heart, and distill a poisoned ambrosia;' that 'he would condemn to death with the choicest language, with an imperturbable elegance of expression, his dearest colleagues.'

"Those who know him best bear witness to his goodness of heart, to his unostentatious generosity; and, it may be said, that a generous heart alone could nourish his eloquence, which is bitter only to the oppressors of the people, and withering only to those who deceive them. Since Ledru-Rollin, Favre's voice has been the sweetest and bravest of the extreme left of the French Chamber. He is called 'a skillful dialectician, a rude struggler, a dangerous adversary in debate.' His chief strength is his use of methodic and cold argument, and the clear narrative by which he conducts his hearers to the issue of a question.

"He has been called the ugliest-looking man, but one, of the French bar. Time, and the preoccupation with noble thoughts, have given a beauty of their own to his irregular but sympathetic face, the most striking trait of which is the projection of the under lip; the mouth is scornful. The struggle of thought and the gravity of life are expressed in his face, which is sad, but not ascetic. His voice is winning and clear. He may well be sad, for all the music of his voice, and all the persuasiveness of his tongue, have not saved France from organized injustice and unscrupulous power. Organization is stronger than eloquence in the long run.

"Jules Favre, Victor Hugo, and Alexander Dumas are the three men most frequently caricatured in Paris; the fact indicates that they are the three best known and most interesting men in France. Caricaturists take pleasure in representing Favre as Jove, grasping his thunder-bolts, and scowling from the Olympian calm of his eloqueuce.

"The style of his elocution, and the statement of his thought, are closer to Wendell Phillips's than to any other American orator with whom I am acquainted. He is neat, clear, incisive; but he has at times more heat

and more sensibility than Phillips, yet the same hardly-contained scorn, the same pointed and penetrating phrase fatal to its object. It seems as if no intellectual heat could be greater than that which burns under the calm front of the French orator. He has what the French call a noble rage, but he is never violent, and he does not saw the air with his arms; he is not a gesticulating Frenchman; he is not volcanic in his eloquence, like Mirabeau; nor tormented, like Victor Hugo; he is not pell-mell, like Beecher; he is serious, ironical, chaste, indignant, questioning, and accusing—a type of intellectual force and artistic expression between Benjamin Constant and George Sand; something between Theodore Parker and Phillips. He appears to have that rarest courage, the courage of opposing his own friends and party. He has never preferred anything to his own conviction; it has always been his master, always sacred to him. Jules Favre, in the French Chamber, the caustic critic, the indefatigable censor, the watchful aggressor of imperialism in France, is a noble figure among the chief agents of agitation and progress who goad and threaten arbitrary power with words of matchless eloquence. Favre in France, Castelan in Spain, Bright in England, and our American agitators, speak for the people, and resist all invasions of personal liberty; they are the leading advocates of representative government, which is the only government possible for an instructed and self-respecting people."

We clip the following from the New York *Tribune:*

"When the present war between France and Germany had broken out—after the Emperor had left Paris for the field, and the French army had suffered a defeat which was prophetic of the doom of the Empire—Jules Favre startled France and the Legislature by rising in his place and proposing the establishment of a provisional government. The proposition raised a tremendous uproar, and one of the Emperor's most servile tools instantly cried out for the execution of martial law upon M. Favre and the members who had supported him. But the republicans assumed an attitude of defiance before these menaces, and displayed such determination and strength that the imperialists were only too glad to secure the restoration of order. M. Favre's proposition was defeated for the time being; but it had served a valuable purpose. Again and again, during the progress of the campaign, he charged the disasters of the French arms upon the Emperor and the imperialist leaders—accusing them of imbecility, corruption, and incompetency, and demanding their overthrow in the name of France. At the same time he always demanded the most energetic prosecution of the war into which France had been plunged; and, on the very day of the Emperor's surrender—but before the prostration of the Napoleonic power was known in Paris—he declared in the Legislature that the French people were 'unanimous for defense until death.' As soon as the Emperor's capture was known in the Legislature, M. Favre seized the opportunity to introduce a measure declaring the throne vacant; and now also he brought forward a proposition similar to that which he had previously introduced, for the establishment of a provisional government. When the 'Council of Ministers" was appointed, M. Favre was offered the leading position in the Council—the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Gen. Trochu was assigned to the place of President of the Council, but he has very properly confined himself to his duties as military commander of Paris, while M. Favre has been the real head of the provisional government since its establishment early in September.

"We do not know that any better man could have been found in France for this highly responsible place. He enjoys the confidence of the intelligent classes in France more than any other republican leader; and he also enjoys the highest respect of his colleagues in the Ministry, as well as of the liberal members of the Legislature. We are convinced that if any man in France can furnish wise guidance to the sorely-tried French people at this crisis, it is M. Jules Favre."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY GEORGE INNIS.

All nature bright and joyous seemed
When Summer held her queenly sway,
Whose thousand beauties scarce redeemed
The short-lived period of her stay.

But, ah! too soon the early frost
In darkness crept along the plain;
Meek Summer saw her labor lost,
And gently gathered up her train.

Now Autumn greets us as of old,
With bracing air and winds that sigh,
While forest banners, red and gold,
Unfurl beneath the clear blue sky.

Dissolving scenes of shade and light
Display the landscape's varied hues,—
Now shrinking from the mists of night,
Now smiling in the morning dews.

The ranks of tasseled corn that stand
  Like lancers ready for the fray.
Soon garnered by the farmer's hand,
  Will like a vision pass away.

The sea-fowl screams along the shore,
  While whirling in his quest of prey;
And the deep sea's incessant roar
  Gives token of a stormy day.

The arching foliage of the trees,
  That shades the lane and public street,
Rude shaken by October breeze,
  Will soon be trampled under feet.

The forest trees, whose giant limbs,
  Rocked by the gale, now moan and surge
In solemn cadence, sadly sing
  Departed Summer's funeral dirge.

The graceful flowers and bright green grass
  Awhile with us incline to stay,
But from our midst they soon will pass,
  When sunbeams fall with slanting ray.

Then we will look, with longing eyes,
  For joyous Spring or Summer's bloom;
Yet ere we see the wished-for prize,
  We first must pass through Winter's tomb.

If beauty dwells within our souls,
  'Twill lift the vail of dark despair;
Whatever season round us rolls,
  Eternal Summer lingers there.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

THE CLERGYMAN.

"If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good thing."—1 *Tim.* iii. 1.

BY common consent, the minister of religion stands first among men; not that he is necessarily a better man than any other, but because his vocation takes hold of the highest interests of humanity, deals with the better part of man's being and the ultimate destiny of the race.

The vocation of the farmer covers the sphere of food for the body and the raw material for its clothing. The noble horse, the patient ox, and the faithful dog receive their food at the same hand which feeds the king, namely, the farmer. Of course there is a collateral relation between food and mind, between all the higher human powers and possibilities, and the proper nutrition of the body by means of food. The mechanic ministers mainly to the wants of the body as they relate to the present life. Every profession that has for its field of effort the physical, the bodily, the temporal, must take a rank second to those which relate to mind and to morals. The teacher who instructs the young, the orator who leads and inspires the cultured mind to higher aims and better deeds, ministers to something above that which wears clothes and needs a tight roof to shelter it.

The minister of religion is a teacher of the intellect as well as of the affections, though his patent duty is to lead the soul to virtue and to God. With such a function, with such an aim, what manner of person ought he to be "in all godliness and honesty?" One who has a just estimate of the duties and relations of the clergyman might well hesitate and say in view of entering upon it, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

In the first place, we may remark that a minister need not be perfect; the Apostles were not,—they had weaknesses, frailties, tendencies to wrong-doing, liabilities to temptation, like other men. Had the original Apostles been perfect, had they been endowed with genius and almost superhuman virtue, common men might hesitate in an attempt at following them; but they were simple-minded, plain-hearted, common people, in the main, who commenced their labors with the poor and for the poor; and with the exception of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, Paul, there was little to commend them intellectually. Paul was evidently chosen to his great work because he had breadth of intellectual power, outreaching strength of thought, and the high attainments of learning which his large culture "at the feet of Gamaliel" had given, so that his fellow-men who were great in talent and eminent in learning might find in him an equal and a teacher.

The minister, to meet the wants of such persons, should be equal at least to the highest and best in his congregation; therefore those who seek the sacerdotal office should "covet earnestly the best gifts;" and it may be, perhaps, justly stated that a man should not consider himself called to preach unless he has good, clear common sense, and a full share, at least, of native moral power. Let us enumerate some of the desirable qualifications, natural and acquired, of the clergyman.

HEALTH.

In the first place he should have health. The theology and moral teaching of the world has had the dyspepsia already too

long. Men called to that office have honestly supposed that they must shut themselves up from all sympathy with the outward world, and that they must walk with measured step, speak with bated breath, and move with unnatural circumspection under their "awful responsibility;" thus they have breathed gently, eaten gently, and exercised gently or none at all, until their breadth and strength of native constitution have been dwarfed, dwindled, and wrecked. Their intellectual culture may have been as great as with a constitution so treated it could be, but they lack stamina; their teachings are dry and exclusive; there is no muscle, no brawn in their utterances,—consequently men of muscle and brawn are not reached by their imbecile and unmanly ministration. Such hearers of such preachers are made to think that a religious life is well enough for women, children, and weak men, but that it is not required by or adapted to brave, strong men. The clergyman should have health, because his labors are severe. To think clearly and vigorously, the body must be healthy and ample. The most eminent men have bodies as well as brains; and in spite of the half-contemptuous fling which goes the rounds of the newspapers, and is sneeringly lisped by bloodless ministers about

"MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY"

in the nineteenth century, it has a hundred times more philosophy in it than most men believe. When we look in upon bodies of clergymen in convention, conference, or synod, we observe that the men who have broad shoulders and deep chests are the ones who lead. They may not be the most learned, but they have the bodily power that gives vitality to enforce what they know. They have the throbbing heart, bounding pulse, and earnest energy that drives home their utterances.

Boys in school and elsewhere pay great respect to a good bass voice. They somehow feel that behind that bass voice there is power, and they confess it, accept it, and yield to it, without it being exerted; so the orator whose vitality enables him to express his glowing thoughts with power, is the one who magnetizes his congregation and carries it with him.

A frail, thin man might read a robust discourse full of power and sentiment; but if he piped it with a cracked voice and a lack of stamina, one-half the power of that discourse would be lost. We do not forget the gentle and eloquent Channing. The fine grain and weak voice of that eminent man carried refinement, beauty, and eloquence; but the thoughts of Channing if they could have been uttered from a deep fountain of vitality would have been more widely influential.

BAD HABITS OF CLERGYMEN.

The clergyman should understand physiology, that he may know how to take care of his health and learn to say No! when the kind-hearted parishioner urges him to indulge in cakes, pies, confections, strong tea, coffee, and other delicacies, as he is making his parochial visits. One-half the illnesses of ministers, even of those who graduated from the theological schools healthy, is owing to the labored writing of sermons, and the high living incident to the pampering spirit of fond parishioners, and the lack of manly exercise which, by public sentiment, seems to be denied to them. Some clergymen, unfortunately, use alcoholic liquors, to the damage of their health and occasionally to their shame and the scandal of the church. Nearly all use strong coffee and tea; and since the use of alcoholic stimulants has become measurably unpopular, thousands of ministers have adopted the use of tobacco in some form, to the ruin of their health, the utter prostration of their nervous systems and their memory, and the demoralization of their manliness. Shut out by popular opinion from the invigorating labors and exercises by which other men keep themselves built up, many clergymen resort to some stimulant or narcotic with the delusive idea that the temporary excitement is a source of strength and upbuilding. The result is dyspepsia, nervousness, throat disease, and general debility. Ministers should at least be temperate in all bodily appetites. Lawyers, physicians, artists, anybody, may play a rousing game of base-ball or quoits; may ride rapidly; may row and swim, and work in the field; but the minister must wear black gloves, polished boots, and faultless linen, and prune his manners down to prudery, or else his ill-instructed parishioners will criticise him.

PHRENOLOGICAL ENDOWMENTS.

A clergyman should have a large brain as well as a good body, so that he may be able to sway the minds of the public. He should, in fact, be equal to the ablest man in his congregation, so that none shall have excuse, that none shall be unfed. He should have the force of character which comes from a well-developed base of brain. When Nathan preached to David, it required as much courage to say "Thou art the man," as it would have required to lead an army.

COURAGE.

The minister should have enough natural courage not to be afraid to look men in the face and speak strongly and plainly to them of their sins. He should also have the governing powers, namely, Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Conscientiousness, that he may have stability, dignity, and the love of justice, and not be afraid to utter his monitions. He should have a judicious and manly policy, originating in Cautiousness and Secretiveness, that he may be prudent in action and speech. A babbling, talkative, gossiping minister, who tells to one parishioner the faults and caprices of others, is unfortunate to say the least, and thereby makes himself contemptible and unsuccessful. In the administration of parochial affairs the minister needs great prudence and circumspection combined with stability, dignity, and courage; and those who succeed in maintaining an influential position in the same parish for a lifetime are known for these qualities.

POWER TO INSTRUCT.

A clergyman should be "apt to teach;" and what does this mean? It has three elements: first, good perceptive power, ability to see everything, and appreciate all that is seen. He should see in the very grass and trees, in every insect that wings the air or creeps upon the earth, a lesson of industry, of beauty, or of Divine oversight. He should have scientific knowledge, especially physiological, and these perceptive faculties, properly trained in every direction, would double the power of the minister. He should preach health. He should explain laws that apply to the body and the mind. He should be able not only to obey law himself, but to teach the public how to eat and drink so as not to pervert this human temple of the living God.

MEMORY.

He should have an excellent memory, not of things physical and material only, but of general history, of incidents, of all the facts and affairs of every-day life, as well as of biblical history. The clergyman who can remember the given name of every man, woman, and child in his congregation will find this fact an open door to their affection and friendship. He should make himself acquainted largely with secular matters. He may be familiar with agriculture, horticulture, and mechanism, with banking and commerce, with mining, and with seamanship. The Master illustrated moral truth by the vineyard, the winepress, old and new wine; with navigation and fish-catching; with sowing grain and the harvest; with bread-making and with the shepherd's tender care of his flock.

With such knowledge, the minister can exert a wonderful influence upon all sorts and conditions of men, and lead them to see a relation between the life that now is and that which is to come. They will thus be made to feel that their pastor knows what they know, and is also wise in "the things of the kingdom." The minister should understand and preach God's works as well as his word, and thereby enlarge the faith and give breadth to the thoughts and character of his people. He should evince a knowledge of their cares and business and a sympathy with all that laudably occupies their six days' labor. He should show that religion is not merely a Sunday garment, but one that covers the whole week, with its cares, joys, and labors.

PHILOSOPHICAL TALENT.

He should, moreover, have theoretical or reasoning power, ability to grapple the causes and reasons of things, and set them forth with clearness and power. He should be a philosopher as well as an historian; and if endowed with the esthetical faculties, those which give the love of poetry and romance, of beauty and refinement, all the better; for when the strong argument has been reared, when the great walls of defense against sin and wickedness have been piled in grandeur, only half the faculties have been gratified. It will not make the walls any the weaker for having the vines and flowers of beauty thrown over their ruggedness.

HUMAN NATURE.

The clergyman should understand human nature clearly and sharply; should be able to read men quickly and accurately, as taught by Phrenology and cognate sciences. He should also have eminent power of illustration, so that by parable or simile he may make truth vivid and practical. He should have Mirthfulness, to appreciate wit and to show what is ridiculous and absurd, and on proper occasions to enjoy with his people a hearty laugh. He should also have strong social affections, that he may sympathize with people in domestic afflictions, and know how to rejoice with all that makes the home and the family an emblem of heaven.

MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

And pre-eminently should the minister possess moral power. When we see a man in the pulpit with a head only a story-and-a-half high, we pity his people, and we pity him.

The top-head should be ample, broad and long as well as high, indicating not only great devotional feeling, whereby he may lead the devotions of the most devout and spiritual, and also be able to cultivate the devotional feeling of those who are weak in that respect; but he should have ethical power, and ability to teach integrity; and not only should this be true of him, but he should be able also to sweep over the human heart an influence that shall awaken its sympathy and inspire its philanthropy.

PARTIAL MORAL DEVELOPMENTS.

We have known men in the pulpit who were eminently devoted, and their whole service seemed to center and circle around this one feeling. In its place it is good, but it should not be alone. We have known others who would bring out in strong relief the justice of God and his law; they would teach justice among the people, and thus train a congregation to be upright but hard, regarding the Deity, not as a loving Father and Friend who "pitieth them that fear him as a father pitieth his children," but rather regarding Him simply as a sovereign, grim, severe, and distant, "who will in no wise clear the guilty." Another, with extra Benevolence, and with but little Conscientiousness, will say little of the justice of God, and but little of justice among men. He will amplify the benevolent spirit of Deity; will teach kindness, liberality, and philanthropy among men; but fail to teach the ethics of religion as applicable to human affairs. These elements belong to human nature, namely, devotion, faith, integrity, and philanthropy; and those who would teach in the highest and best sense should be able to lead the faith and devotion of the most faithful and the most devout; should be able to treat topics pertaining to the realm of integrity and ethics, whether they relate to the nature of God or the duties of man, so as to brace and strengthen the weak and guide and regulate the strong; nor should the principle of benevolence be neglected in this world of selfishness and strife. We need "line upon line and precept upon precept," not only to keep the heart warm toward the great God as the Father and Creator, and to be "just and fear not," but also to be sympathetical, tender, and forgiving.

The man who can walk these fields of influence, who can discharge these duties amply, may well be called "Elder Brother," "Father," "Bishop."

MEASURING MEN.—No. 3.

BY AN APPRAISER.

"SELF-KNOWLEDGE and wisdom are the same," said the Greeks. Pope fathers a kindred thought:

> "'Tis virtue only makes our bliss below,
> And all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

Again,

> "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,—
> The proper study of mankind is man."

When the world does not know a man, and a man does not know himself, their mutual ignorance is not an ignorance that is blissful. A man should always number himself and the world among his acquaintances. Society creaks on its axis when men get out of their places and disturb its balance. How many thousands of men and women there are that cause this creaking! The women we may excuse, since society has not provided places for them. Happily, now they have undertaken to provide places for themselves. But with men there are so many openings that the trouble is to choose among them. In great degree from childhood up it is left to whim or chance, or decided by a circumstance that

would easily bend to a better choice. We play very much as though the game of life were the child's game of "dickery dock."

> "Dickery dick dock,
> The mouse ran up the clock,
> The clock struck one,
> And down she run.
> Dickery dickery dock."

And when our eyes are open we find we are just in the place we did not wish to be. It has often been remarked, and with as much truth as frequency, that there are a great many men in the pulpit who ought to be in the blacksmith shop, and a great many men at the forge who ought to be pounding in the pulpit. Chicago exults in having called one of her noblest preachers from the blacksmith's shop, and he now shapes his excellent sermons in a study with his old hammer and anvil by his side. The law, medicine, theology—in fact, all the professions, are crowded with born farmers, tailors, tradesmen, and mechanics. *Per contra*, there are some who ought to be driving knowledge and conviction into your souls instead of driving pegs into the soles of your boots. Sad it is to think of those who might have soared into eminent usefulness if their wings had not been clipped by a false education.

Is there any remedy? Only in the knowledge of ourselves and the world we live in. Science has explored the world of matter. Chemistry, geology, botany, and the kindred sciences have heaped up these facts, and in the heap we have found the laws that govern them. Why may we not know the laws that govern men's souls as well as those that govern their bodies?

It takes a soul and a body to make a man. To measure a man, therefore, we must measure both. In measuring babies, I grant an exception; for their souls have only just been planted in the clay, have hardly come up above the surface. The world knows this, and whenever a baby is born it always asks two questions, the second of which is "How much does it weigh?" We may also remark here, that by a poetic falsity babies are supposed to be angelic and heavenly, but it is a prosaic fact that in the first few years of their existence they show a greater proportion of earth than at any other time. They can do nothing but eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, and other troublesome things. They are innocent little beings only because they don't know enough to be otherwise. The world simply measures them by their avoirdupois, and the pride of the mother is in proportion to it. By-and-by the soul begins to show itself, and when it has taken possession of the child's limbs and senses, we try to measure the soul itself. Then we often drift to the opposite extreme, and all the way up to manhood seek to guage the soul without any reference to the body. Is it a wonder that there are so many lop-sided men?

It is an easy matter to measure the body. A Fairbank's scale and a tape measure will give you size and weight. If you want to know what you are made of, chemistry will tell you that you are a little less than fifty pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through six pails of water. That is, if a 160-pound man were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 120 pounds of water would run out, and only forty residuum remain. Perhaps the proportion varying has its effect on the life and health. Some may be too watery, others too earthy, and some too gassy. The difficulty in correcting such misproportion by chemistry would be, that when the chemist had taken his man to pieces, he could not put him together again.

Before we can measure the soul, we must find where it is located. Is it in the head, heart, stomach, or somewhere else? Metaphorically and theologically, we attribute vice, virtue, and affection to the heart. Scientists tell us that the heart knows nothing about them, or about anything else except pumping blood. If we do not know the true state of our hearts we need not go to the minister, but feel our pulse and send for the doctor. Others have conjectured that the soul resides in the solar plexus, a ganglion of nerves somewhere down behind the stomach, and so called because the nerves shoot off from it like rays from the sun. It bothers nervous dyspeptics considerably when it gets out of order. Perhaps this ganglion does receive from the great source or head-center a sufficiency of soul-power to direct and control the functions of digestion; but we find so far back in human history as we can travel with art, that men have felt and expressed an intuition that the soul is lodged in the cranial box, that the brain is the organ of

the mind. This is the grand basis principle of Phrenology. It is no mistaken intuition that leads us to look into a man's face instead of at his foot or hands when we want to know him. The world have asked for a science that should confirm and explain our impressions. From Pythagoras down, men have studied the language of eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, and chin, and Lavater and his successors have given us an excellent grammar and dictionary of that flexible polyglot the human face divine. It was left for Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, however, to clear a new tract in the wilderness, and found the science of Phrenology on a basis of inducted truth that is as firm as fact can be, though, like all new discoveries, it has often been attacked by honest doubters, and sometimes battered with unfriendly words when ideas were not convenient weapons. Starting with the proposition, that the brain is the organ of the mind, Gall and Spurzheim argue very reasonably that we may approximately measure mentality by observing the size and quality of that organ. With a fourteen-pound sledge you strike a heavier blow than with a tack-hammer, and in considering soul-power it is proper to consider the size of the instrument it employs. Quality and shape are important modifiers. Then, as Nature is eminently orderly and not lawless in her work, we might expect that she would assign one part of the brain to one mental function, another part to another. So Phrenology teaches, and though there is division as to the location of individual organs, yet the general grouping of organs is instinctively admitted by most every observer. We never look at the back part of a man's head to find the intellect, but at the front. That man with high and broad forehead we say looks "intellectual." His intelligence does not proceed from his looks, but his looks do proceed from his intelligence. That is, the mind shapes the brain instead of being shaped by it. An animal brain must have a broad, heavy base. Look at half a dozen of prize-fighters; you will see it. The moral and controlling organs build high, and the social faculties possess the territory running back from the ear;—fighters and bulldogs must have wide heads, else they are not what they are named to be. These are the general divisions of phrenologists, and so far as they are concerned it is difficult to disprove them. And when we add to these the principles of interpretation which experience and investigation have drawn from temperament, contour, and quality, and couple Phrenology with its mate Physiology, we have an Anthropology invaluable for teaching us to know ourselves and others. It is yet in its infancy, but it is safe to say that with the aid of Phrenology timely and properly invoked and heeded, perhaps half the failures in life would be prevented.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

"WOMEN OF AMERICA."

WHILE deploring the weakness and wickedness, but too visible everywhere, we at the same time glory in the name of "American citizen," and in the uncontaminated principles of Americanism; and it is only when it is assailed, or a blow aimed at the vitality of our Republic, that we become fully conscious of the deep, abiding love we cherish for our country, and the regard we have for the true American character which has been formed from the best elements of all time.

The past may justly boast of noble wo men: England, of her stereotyped pattern of propriety, her Mary Elizabeth and Vi toria; Germany, of her model housewive living embodiments of obedience, and slave to the will of their liege lords; Italia, of lov ing hearts and sunny faces; France, of ga women with exquisite manners and refine

taste; Russia, of a Catharine; and Austria, of a Maria Theresa; still history shall yet yield the "palm" to the women of America; for they shall, and do, show to the world what God designed "a perfect woman, nobly planned," should be, an independent individuality that uses her own brain, nerve, and muscle, and is at the same time a "help-meet for man;" and the precise aid requisite to the development of all his innate greatness, and in the execution of all his noblest plans, without which he never has succeeded, and never will succeed in laudable enterprises, or the development of royal, uncomprising manhood. All this is evidently expected of an American woman who exerts, or would exert an influence, for she is most severely criticised when she succeeds, and unsparingly blamed when she fails; she is expected to possess "prudent, cautious self-control;" to be a sage in council, words, and action; a martyr in endurance; a ministering angel in sickness and affliction; a general in planning and executiveness; a priestess in moral science; and a ready teacher in all other sciences if demanded; be it of the laws which control the heavenly bodies, the phenomena of earth, chemical affinities, belle lettres, drawing-room etiquette, or general kitchen arrangements, 'tis all the same, if so be it does not give her a purse or investment through which no one can control her; and then she must be amiable and cheerful at all times and under all circumstances.

The elements of this noblest type of character and an ardent desire to develop an harmonious whole, a general though a satisfactory plan of execution seems wanting, for we often have to learn the lessons of childhood in mature years; and sometimes they are never learned. Were our men more truthful, sincere, earnest, and manly, our women would not have to waste so much time on them, and would have more leisure hours to cultivate the practical and beautiful; even now we often see women taking the advance in spite of opposing elements. They commence their labors early in life, do the work nearest them, unimportant though it may seem; and, availing themselves of "golden opportunities" which are sure to present themselves to all, by the constant development and use of their powers they become rich intellectually, morally, physically, and, perchance, pecuniarily, knowing, with Wendell Phillips, that the right use of the "almighty dollar is food, sunshine, home, friends, education, religion, and heaven." God only knows how many women long for a purer atmosphere, for richer developments, higher aims and attainments, and a field of greater activity and usefulness! Often have I listened to outgushings like these: "I would not again become what I was one year ago, for a nation's wealth." And why not? "Ah, because within this brief period strength, aspirations, and powers of which I was then the unconscious possessor, have been called forth, and life now has a much greater value, has loftier aims; I live as never before, and must now breathe a purer atmosphere; what satisfied me then would be a living death to me now."

And this strength, these aspirations, take nothing of delicacy, refinement, gentleness, purity, or affection from woman's nature; on the contrary, these being a part of her nature, become thereby augmented. In hours of severe trial does not woman show herself a help truly meet for man, his equal, and often his superior? Let man respond. Take, for example, woman in our late conflict and perils, and tell me if she did not develop a lovable and reliable strength of character. Like her true defenders, she, too, acted worthy of American citizenship, from a sense of individual responsibility; and with a fixed purpose to side with the just, thus exhibiting her love of right, liberty, and executiveness of character.

Man often goes forth and wins laurels to adorn his brow, which, but for the watchful care and culture of woman, would have withered long ere they were won; and when culled and entwined, he wears them with as much self-complacence as if his own hands had sown, tended, and culled them; and she is proud to have him do so. Our recent struggles have not merely demonstrated that the spirit of individual and national freedom still lives, but much more has been thereby accomplished. The women of the South and North have learned that they are American citizens, and that with each equally rests the honor of defending and maintaining national integrity, unity, freedom, and intelligence; and most

cordially do they extend to each other the helping hand, not only or merely from love of country, but from love of individual womanhood and soulhood; and this feeling gives a sacredness to individual and united womanhood.

Perversion is in no wise a part of the character of the true American woman; but individual powers, responsibilities, accountability, and sacredness form the basis on which it rests. When that "preamble" said, "All men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights," etc., it meant all individual characters, persons having separate individual brains, and the power of using that "dome of thought" and keeping it in order without special mortal legislation.

If a woman have a family, she has a broad field of labor; for in children parents should re-live their lives, and avoiding all imperfections make only sunshine in the home-circle; they can and ought to select and keep pure the home elements; and if woman wishes to select and follow any special occupation or trade, she has an indisputable right to select her favorite position; and almost all positions and professions are now open to her.

And just here let me emphatically say to women North and South, if you select a pursuit in life, be it that of washwoman, dressmaker, manufacturer, teacher, journalist, physician, or lawyer, no matter what, demand full wages for all your labors, the very same wages that men receive for the same or similar services, and then make a safe investment of all your surplus, small though it may be.

Brothers and friends are all very kind when they say, "Oh, let me take care of or invest your money or means." This is all very well; but ten to one the profits of the investment go into their purse instead of yours. Be sure that you learn how to take care of yourself; then, if you are not obliged to, no harm is done; but *if* obliged to do so, you are prepared, and possess the power fully and deliberately to protect, defend, and demand all the rights so sacred to woman, and without which her life is a blank or a burden. There is no earthly or divine reason why I should struggle through life fettered, simply because I am a woman. No; if there is anything in heaven or on earth to which I have a title, I may take and enjoy it, and there it ends.

No one has any right to say anything about it; and no noble lover of right will meddle or have anything to say, for such a one will be sure to have a little business of his or her own to attend to, without losing an interest in the real welfare of any. Such is, and ever has been, the true American women. She is intelligently just what her sphere of action or the emergency of the times demands, or at least aims to be, and, "*grâce à Dieu*," she does not change with change of location.

Not that all are such,—far from it; for we have weak-minded, frivolous, gossiping women; but these are not the national type, not the ruling spirits, not the helps-meet for free, well-developed, well-balanced intellects, and God grant that this class may speedily melt away before or be transformed by the dignified, refining womanliness of true Americanism.

We have our "Joans," who by their presence and inspiration could lead on armies to victory; our Florence Nightingales, who never weary in well-doing; our De Stäels, to whom a Napoleon might listen with profit, etc.; but our noblest type is she who possesses the consummate skill to make her immediate circle an inspired model republic, from which to send forth trained, disciplined spirits, fully armed and equipped to do battle for the right; and thus to present to the world the native dignity, purity, and perpetuity of true Americanism.

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

THIS celebrated American actress and authoress died in London on the 29th of July, 1870, aged about fifty years. She was born in Bordeaux, France, about the year 1821, where her father, Samuel G. Ogden, a merchant of New York, was temporarily established in business. She was the tenth of a family of seventeen children, and her early childhood was passed in an elegant chateau, in the private theater attached to which she frequently participated in the juvenile theatrical performances with which her brothers and sisters were accustomed to amuse themselves. When she was about six years old the family returned to New York, and Anna Cora, in the intervals of daily study, devoted much time to reading and private dramatic entertainments. When about fifteen years of age she married Mr. James

Mowatt, a lawyer of New York. During the first two years of her married life she devoted herself to study and the writing of poetry, when her health began to fail, and she made a visit to Europe of a year and a half, during which she wrote a play entitled "Gulzora, or the Persian Slave." Not long after her return financial embarrassments overtook her husband, and as a means of support she gave a series of dramatic readings in Boston, New York, and other cities. She contributed brilliant articles to the magazines under the pseudonym of "Helen Berkley," and also wrote a five-act comedy entitled "Fashion," which was produced at the Park Theater, New York, in March, 1845, with success. In June of the same year she was tendered an engagement at this theater, where she made a most satisfactory *debût*, and afterward formed a series of profitable engagements with the principal theaters in the United States, which placed her once more in a position of ease and comfort. In 1847 she made her appearance in Europe, and attained the rank of a star, creating everywhere most favorable impressions. While in London in 1851 Mrs. Mowatt lost her husband, and in 1854 became the wife of Wm. F. Ritchie, of Virginia. Since her last marriage Mrs. Ritchie has written several works of merit; and though she retired from the stage and from public life, she devoted herself to literature for years, and like most artists who re-marry and retire, she returned again, not so much from necessity as from choice, to the stage and to dramatic readings.

PORTRAIT OF ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

To gain distinction under favorable circum stances and with the ordinary aids to success, evinces talent; to achieve distinction in a difficult profession in spite of obstacles without assistance, bespeaks genius. The antecedents of our subject, her trials and triumphs, prove her to be endowed with the latter.

The phrenology and temperament of Mrs. Ritchie were remarkable. In the portrait we see indications of great activity, enthusiasm, earnestness of purpose, intensity of thought and feeling, heroic courage and restless industry Her large social development won

friends and led her to live and labor for those she loved. She was self-reliant, ambitious, hopeful, respectful, spiritual, and sympathetical. She had large Ideality, Comparison, and Human Nature, which gave her imagination, sense of the poetical; the power of criticism and ability to read mind and motives, and to act out character to the life. She had a practical intellect, an excellent memory, and great readiness and availability of talent; hence her brilliancy of mind as a writer, an actress, and in society.

"SHE WAS FRAIL, AND SO SHE DIED."

THE home of Erastus Hunter was still. The three noisy boys were across the street at the house of a friend, and Mr. Hunter's mother had carried home the half-year-old baby-girl. Friends and neighbors had dropped out one by one and left the husband alone with his dead. She had been sick but a few days, and no one had called her dangerously so until a few hours before her death.

There was a feeling of disquiet in the heart of Erastus Hunter. True, she had complained a little, but he had called her "tough;" he regretted now that the long-looked-for visit to her mother had not been granted. He had not forgotten her asking if he could not afford her a girl to do the sewing and help take care of the children. He was thinking how he replied to her that *his* mother had brought up nine children and had done all her household work; while she had a stout German girl in the kitchen. 'Tis true he had once come to himself and bought a sewing machine for her; but he had heard her say a few weeks afterward that she had no time to sew, and the little she did attempt was interrupted by little hands that wanted to "help too," and she could not learn to use it. A messenger had been dispatched to Mrs. Hunter's widowed mother when it was thought the young wife was dying. That lady—Mrs. Curtis—lived in a small country village, alone, By the aid of a small income she was enabled to keep above want, and her sole anxiety had reference to the health of her only child, Alice. Alice had always seemed delicate, and the fact that Mr. Curtis had died of consumption when Alice was but three years old added much to the mother's solicitude. She had consulted several physicians in regard to the welfare of her child, in the hope of warding off, if possible, that flattering disease which seldom knows a care. She had also consulted a phrenologist, trusting he might give her some information which might aid in promoting the well-being of her daughter. During the interview the man of science said: "Madam, have a care how you settle your daughter in life; maternal cares will lessen her days. I charge you to look well to the man who offers marriage to her; that his circumstances and disposition are such as may serve to promote her happiness. She would never murmur even if too much is placed upon her, but she would be liable to break down early under much care or responsibility. On the other hand, she can be so cared for that she will be a comfort to you and others for many years to come."

When Erastus Hunter asked her consent to the marriage of himself and Alice, she thought him to be the right one. Why should she not? He was in good circumstances; and were Alice to remain single, she would be likely to find the world harder than in the home of a commission merchant. The kind mother thought he was so good and noble that it would be like distrusting his sincerity to consult any delineator of character with reference to him.

Poor Mrs. Curtis! the news came suddenly, although she had watched her daughter's failing health for many months. She knew Alice had wished to come back to her old home, even to "stay only a few days." She upbraided herself now, that her only darling had married; she felt that the man who was her daughter's choice was not the husband for so frail a flower. "His family had no sympathy with so sensitive a heart as my lost daughter," she said; and very sadly the widowed, childless mother prepared to go to the house of mourning.

On the other hand, Erastus Hunter had early been impressed by his mother that a worthy wife could only be found in some family where its inmates had to battle with the world. Mr. Hunter's mother was greatly pleased when she learned that her favorite son was going to marry Alice Curtis. True, she feared Alice had been too tenderly brought up, too much petted, and allowed to notice

every little ache and tired feeling. "You must not notice the many complaints she may make, and she will forget to complain," she said one day to her son; "'twill be better for you both, and she will be toughened by-and-by." Mrs. Hunter had brought up her family in a straightforward way. Vigorous health furnished no need of consulting the doctor. She used to say, "Look at my family," as a triumphant evidence of the correctness of her views on domestic affairs.

The young wife had been carried to her long rest. The sermon was pronounced a beautiful one, for the good man had compared her to the flowers that soon fade, and the husband knew she was just as good and pure and frail as they. A few kind friends had lingered and were discussing the suddenness of the mother's death and trying to arrive at its cause. Mr. Hunter's mother was among the number, and she replied to all their questions in one mysterious sentence: "Oh! she was frail, and so she died." It may have eased one mourner, but it did not the now childless mother. So the husband stroked his weeded hat and believed his mother's words were but an echo of the funeral sermon after all, and if he had left anything undone it was hushed by the thought that, "She was frail, and so she died."

Reader, whose fault was it? Was it the tender wife's mother's, who had nursed her only child in anxious love and over-fondness until she had grown too frail to bear life's heavy burden? Was it the hardy husband's mother's, who had so biased her son's mind that he was unable to see the real wants of one he had promised to love and cherish? Or was it society's, that says "marriage is a lottery," and has yet, as a whole, to be taught the great lesson, which is akin to the divine law, "Know thyself."

M. E. H. M.

ANSWER TO A "MAN'S WOOING."

HARRY, hadst thou with empty flatt'ring filled
Thy Winnie's ears,
Her love upon the threshold thou hadst killed,
'Mid bitter tears.
Yet thou'rt not skilled in reading woman's heart,
Thou paint'st too drear a picture of thy life,
To enter on the matrimonial mart.—
But if thou need'st a partner in the strife,
Harry, I will love thee.

For thou dost speak of truth and heaven and hope
And warfare great,
So earnestly, 't must be within thy scope
To conquer Fate.
Yet think not, Harry, in the hour of need,
That woman's clinging love can always save,
Or thou may'st rest upon a broken reed;
But since I deem thee honest, true, and brave,
Harry, I will love thee.

God, with sweet flowers, hath o'erstrewn our path
From heaven above:
'Tis only those that rave about His wrath,
Who doubt His love.
Then let us, heart to heart, and hand in hand,
With faith and hope look toward the heav'nly shore,
Leading each other to that promised land,
From this bright world of ours, where, evermore,
Harry, I will love thee.

HENRY AUGUSTUS ABRAHAM.

DEXTER SMITH.

THE temperament of this gentleman indicates emotion and susceptibility. He has a smooth organization, well sustained by the vital temperament, hence his life flows in a tranquil manner.

His mental temperament is ample, but not sufficiently influential to make him nervous and erratic. He takes hold of life's duties and affairs with a kind of common-sense grasp, and mingles with mankind as a brother, not as something outside of, above, or apart from real life.

One reason why his songs are so popular is that the spirit of his mind flows in harmony with that of common humanity, like that of Burns. Byron and Poe were erratic, angular, and intense; hence the public sentiment does not drink in their poetry as it does that of Burns and Dexter Smith.

His fullness of eye indicates an abundance of lingual power—a fullness and amplitude of expression. His ample intellectual development gives to him a practical as well as a comprehensive cast of mind. He reads character remarkably well; his intuitions of strangers are rarely at fault.

The height of his head from the eye upward shows great Benevolence, ardent sympathy, comprehensive philanthropy,

and an aim to do right; and though he is not wanting in force of character, temper, and indignation when thoroughly aroused, he has great cordiality of affection and kindness. He appreciates mirth and amusement; has strong musical talent and Constructiveness. He has sufficient Acquisitiveness to give him secular wisdom and lead him to sound business judgment.

He has strong social affection; is ardent in his love, fond of pets, a hearty friend to his associates, and also a friend to the friendless. The poor and needy who are strangers to him approach him with confidence. They see condescension and liberality in every feature of his symmetrical face.

A smoother or more harmonious temperament is rarely found, and with such an organization he ought to be happy, and shed happiness upon others. His is a kind of quieting magnetism, reassuring the timid and disheartened, and awakening and cementing the fraternal regard of all classes.

PORTRAIT OF DEXTER SMITH.

BIOGRAPHY.

DEXTER SMITH, whose songs have given him a widespread reputation, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, November 14, 1839. His father was at that time an innkeeper and farmer. When a child, Dexter manifested much literary taste, and instead of passing his leisure hours in playing with other children, he would be often found in some quiet corner reading such books as the school library afforded.

As he grew older he evinced a strong disinclination to following either of the pursuits of his father, and he determined to lead a mercantile life until he should find such a position in the field of literature as he felt would be congenial to his tastes. He received a good common-school education, including a year's attendance at the Salem High School, and was an apt scholar, excelling especially in grammar and kindred studies. His first literary efforts were his school compositions, which, written in verse, excited the admiration of his schoolmates.

When about fifteen years of age his poems and sketches began to find their way into the newspapers, and were widely copied. After graduating at a commercial college in Boston, he entered upon a clerkship in the store of his father, who had removed to that city. The young man held this position for several years, but finding his health much impaired by lack of out-door exercise, he obtained a situation in the Boston Post-office where he was for a time engaged as letter-carrier. As he had expected, his physical health rapidly improved, and it was during this period of his life that some of his best songs were written. He was upon one occasion about to leave a letter at No. —, Ashburton Place, when, seeing the emblem of mourning upon the knob, the thought came to him not to disturb unnecessarily the sorrowing occupants of the house with the usual 'postman's ring,' but to summon them as quietly as possible. No sooner had the thought entered his mind than he conceived the idea of writing a poem upon the subject, and the following lines were the result:

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

"Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

"Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

"Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest—
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!"

This poem has been published in nearly every newspaper and magazine in America and England, and set to music, and hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold. It has been translated into foreign languages, and has become familiar in many homes throughout the civilized world. An eminent critic has said: "Had Dexter Smith never written any other poem, 'Ring the Bell Softly' would have established his reputation as a *true* poet, and secured to him a high niche in the temple of Fame. 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'" This poem was quoted in Congress (on the occasion of the memorial services on the life and character of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens) by Hon. Mr. Ashley, December 17, 1868, making a profound impression upon the senators and representatives. Copies of it were transmitted by the various ministers at Washington to their respective governments. "Ring the Bell Softly" has been recited or sung upon many other memorable occasions.

Dexter Smith's writings have attracted much attention in Europe. His songs are exceedingly popular in England, most of them having been republished there. The fact that so many of his poems appear in English journals has led most readers to infer that he is a resident, if not a native, of England. A volume of his "Poems" was published in Boston in 1868. It elicited warm commendations from the press of both hemispheres, and rapidly passed through several editions. In reviewing the work, the London *Orchestra* (a prominent journal of music, art, and literature in Europe) said: "Dexter Smith is well known on the other side of the Atlantic as the author of the words of many of the most popular songs of the day, some of which have attained also a great popularity here. These songs are now published in a collected form, with many other little pieces, all of them being, as their author says, simple rhymes on common subjects. They are well adapted to

rivet the attention of those for whom they were written. As a characteristic national sketch with a sharp vein of humor, the following ('Yankee Courtship') will not be without interest for our readers."

This collection of poems (issued by Messrs. G. D. Russell & Co., Boston) has had an extraordinary sale; and Mr. Smith is now engaged in preparing another volume of his verses for the press.

During the rebellion Mr. Smith wrote many songs which served to cheer the patriot heart, and to encourage those who took up arms to defend the banner of our country. His "Follow the Drum" was sung on many a march; his "Our Boys in Camp" cheered the home made almost desolate by the absence of father, son, or brother; and his "Hurrah for the Old Flag" echoed the re-establishment of the star-spangled banner upon the walls of Sumter.

His "In Memoriam," composed upon the death of Abraham Lincoln (the original manuscript copy of which is preserved in the archives of the Boston Public Library, having been solicited for that purpose), is as follows:

"Columbia weeps! Her cherished son—
Who struck her fetters to the ground—
Who saved the land of Washington,
Has passed from earth's most distant bound;
His spirit went to realms on high,
His dust alone the earth could claim,
His memory will never die
While freemen live to bless his name.

"Columbia swears, anew, her vow
To guard the birthright of the free;
Unsheathed, her sword of justice, now,
Since Mercy fell by tyranny:
Our nation's hopes and fears alike
Are with the land our fathers trod,
And while for freedom now we strike,
Our future is alone with God!"

After leaving the service of "Uncle Sam," Mr. Smith was engaged as clerk in one of the large music-houses in Boston, where his pen found as busy employment in expressing his poetical ideas as in the dull routine of more prosaic duties, and hundreds of songs went forth from the press bearing his name, which was rapidly becoming famous in musical circles everywhere. Publishers all over the country sought his poems, and a handsome offer from a London firm evidenced his increasing fame in foreign lands. Mr. Smith possesses rare business tact; and while he kept the presses at work upon the products of his pen, he also superintended the retail department of the music-store. Very few of the customers at "Russell's" were aware that the young man behind the counter was the author of so many of the songs they bought, and their criticisms often caused a blush to mantle the cheeks of the salesman, especially when the praise of his poems exceeded reasonable bounds.

Upon one occasion two young ladies were looking over the new music, when one of them, taking up one of Dexter Smith's latest productions, asked Mr. Smith (not knowing his name) if he knew Dexter Smith. Before the young man could frame a reply, she said, in a tone loud enough for every one in the store to hear, "I know him well; he lives in our street. He doesn't look as if he knew enough to go into the house when it rains!" The young man changed the subject as soon as possible, and the lady has probably discovered, ere now, that the Smith *she* knew was not Dexter Smith.

While acting in the capacity of clerk, Mr. Smith became editor of the *Orpheus*, a musical magazine, published simultaneously in Boston and New York, which position he occupied until ill health again admonished him to relinquish all mental labor. After a season of rest and travel throughout the West, he returned to Boston with restored health, and commenced the publication of the *Folio*, a journal of music, which he still conducts. He has long been identified with the musical interests of Boston, and the *Folio* has taken a leading position in musical journalism. It is characterized by judicious criticism (not indiscriminate puffery) and a spirit of independence. It deals boldly with the musical questions of the day, and seems not afraid to expose shams and charlatans. The *Folio* has attained a good circulation in this country and in Europe.

Dexter Smith is the author of several parlor comedies, one of which, entitled "Blank and Prizes," has been performed with success.

He continues to write ballads—of which he is the author of nearly a thousand. Among his later compositions are two memorial hymns, which were sung by the Grand Army of the Republic at Mount Hope Cemetery

Boston, on Decoration Day. They are entitled "Strew Flowers where they Sleep," and "Our Braves at Rest." A song of his, written for the children, entitled "Put me in my Little Bed," has become immensely popular. Mr. Smith's poems have often formed subjects for illustration, and Mr. Geo. L. Brown, the artist, is now painting a picture suggested by one of them, entitled "Clouds of Night." Among the well-known musicians who have composed music for Dexter Smith's songs are J. R. Thomas, H. Millard, Claribel, M. Keller, C. A. White, Ernest Leslie, E. N. Catlin, P. S. Gilmore, Fredk. Buckley, Geo. Dana, Jean Foster, H. S. Thompson, and others. The late Charles Dickens complimented Mr. Smith very highly upon his song of "Little Emily," suggested by a well-known character in "David Copperfield."

"Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," was said by one of the greatest sages. The power of song is illimitable, and he who writes well exerts a mighty influence. Dexter Smith's songs are marked by much originality, simplicity, purity of sentiment, friendship, and love; and while he continues to embody such feelings in his verses, may he retain the distinction which has been bestowed upon him, that of "The Song Writer of America."

Department of Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakspeare.*

KNOWING; OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

HOW MUCH WE KNOW.

THAT we do not know *nothing*, consciousness is the all-creditable witness; that we know something, there is sufficient evidence; that we do not know everything, is proved by the common experience of the race. Our knowledge, then, ranges between zero and infinity; but, as we may venture the assertion that the sum of our knowing is nearer zero than infinity, how much we know will be more appropriately stated negatively than positively. Nevertheless, both modes of statement will be used. Of body, we know the appearances and the qualities or the phenomena. And why should we desire to know more? To know more than this would be to take body into our own nature, to draw it within the pale of our own existence and assimilate it to ourselves. So long as there is no appropriation of the thing, no transubstantiation of the thing and union with our own nature, so long as it remains a separate individual existence, so long will there be no possibility of our knowing it only by the ways of its manifestations, by the modes of its existence, by the intelligence-producing forces which it sets in action. To complain, then, that we know only phenomena in the sense in which the term is here used, is to hold in contempt the very intuitional teachings of our mental nature and the plain deductions of reason, for the intuition is that phenomena are all that we can possibly know of anything separate from ourselves, and the deduction is, that phenomena are the inseparable concomitants of being, and that when we know all its phenomena we know all that is; but when we say we know phenomena, we mean the power of impression upon the mind, the power which the inherent forces of every material body have upon the inherent forces of the organism, and, finally, upon the forces of the cognizant mind. And this is just the same effect that physical forces have upon each other, with the addition of one element, the element of consciousness. The action of two bodies upon each other is by means of the forces contained in them. The massive anvil, with its powers of resistance, its tenacity and integrity, is struck by the ponderous sledge. The effect is not to transmit the forces of the descending hammer to the anvil, thus giving the anvil more than

its usual quantity of force, and taking away a like amount of force from the anvil (as it is said action and reaction are equal), but it is a setting in action the potentialities that lie in the anvil. The particles of matter near the beaten surface are affected first, and very powerfully; the inherent forces imbedded in the atoms of which it is composed are aroused, they are disturbed, they resent the attack with all their resistant power, sustained by all the myriad sympathetic forces contained in all the particles of the anvil. These forces combine, they organize, they run together compactly, to make one giant force that shall resist the attack of the hammer and punish it for its rude onset.

OPERATION OF FORCES IN MATTER.

Assuming, then, the molecular theory of forces, there can be no augmentation of potential force without an augmentation of substance, and no diminution of the same without a diminution of substance. These forces need not be always active, but they are always potentially so, requiring some antagonism, as when the hammer impinges upon the anvil, or some sympathy, as when two bodies mutually attract each other. The magnet loses no part of its magnetism when it is rubbed against the piece of steel, although it awakens a force in the bar of steel that nothing else could arouse; and when this force is once awakened and kept alive by continuous friction against the magnet for a few minutes, it does not forget how to live, but the bar of steel becomes an artificial magnet that shall not soon lose its power. The process in every case is not a transmission of forces, as it is usually termed, but an incitement of forces to action. When coal is made to evolve heat, or any substance is so placed as to operate upon another chemically, there is not a conversion of force, as many scientists choose to call it, but only an operation of the forces of one substance upon another—an application, not a transmutation. We know of no instance in physics where a body has lost any vital or mechanical force without losing some of its substance. If a seed lose vitality, certain particles of matter in which this vital force inheres have evaporated, or have been extracted from it. If a piece of wood loses elasticity, it is because certain elements of the material have gone from it into the air or other repository of molecules, carrying with them the inseparable energy or force which we perceive to be deficient. If two bodies affect each other chemically, so that the one becomes weaker, the other stronger, in any respect, those particles of matter in which the one force dwelt have been extracted from the one and attracted to the other, although the bodies themselves may appear to be of the original size; but if no substance is transferred, there is no transfer of force, there is only an awakening of dormant energy, a calling into action of inactive force already resident in the body acted upon. The only conversion, if any, is in the form of the bodies operated upon; the change is in the locality of the atoms with respect to each other and with respect to those of other bodies. Certain forces in coal are rendered active by the application of heat, which results in a dissolution of the elements of the coal, and sets in action certain other forces in substances with which they come in contact, the stove, the atmosphere, the nerves, and finally in the succession the forces of the cognizing mind.

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES.

While we do not understand how a purely material force can make itself felt upon a purely spiritual force, we know that through the organism and by successive gradations knowledge of the remotest appreciable force is obtained. Then as the influence of even material bodies upon each other is not, properly speaking, a transfer of any part of one to the other, as neither the one nor the other loses or gains any force, as it is a simple application of substance to substance and inhering force to inhering force, both bodies remaining intact, how can we expect the process to be any different when matter operates on mind, both mind and matter remaining intact, when two substances at the opposite poles of the globe of being are so related that the one knows and the other is known? Knowledge of the not-self can not be an appropriation of it, but an affection by it; and we must know phenomena, qualities, properties, powers, for these are the only ways in which bodies manifest themselves to each other, and, *à fortiori*, they are the only modes in which they can make them-

selves known to a substance all different from themselves, the mental nature of man.

KNOWLEDGE—THE TWO SCHOOLS.

We are now on disputed grounds; long contests have been waged over the proper object of our knowing; the surface of this interesting domain of philosophy is strewn with dead theses and inanimate theories slain by the weapons of logic. We should, then, tread softly the sacred spot lest we wake the sleeping dead, lest they revive and confront us. Knowing is the operation of a series of material forces upon mental force, and the result revealed is consciousness, is knowledge; and, so far as we can follow these forces out through the organism, through the medium into the body itself, so far do we know. If we can trace the line of intelligence by any means whatsoever, and connect consciousness with the force in the thing itself by any number of links of various substance and temperament, we know that force, and by so much as that force is an inherent property of the thing, by so much do we know that thing. Even now the philosophic world is not at ease on this question of the proper object of knowledge. The contest is as to whether we know phenomena or things. The one school, considering the word phenomena as meaning something superficial dwelling around and about the thing, but not in it, say that we do not know phenomena alone. The other school, regarding the word phenomena as being an expression for the manifestations of things, say that we know only phenomena. They are both wrong and both right—right with regard to the truth and themselves, but wrong with regard to each other. They need something to restore the equilibrium of truth, they require a reconciliation. It is as if two majestic forms of thought were floating like clouds in the mighty storm, respectively charged with the positive and negative arguments of the case, the one vitreously electrified, the other resinously,—the one brilliant and elastic, the other firm and tenacious. They are approaching each other in an atmosphere filled with the warfare of contending opinions driven by the breath of a mighty intellectual inspiration. Every point in the outline of these vast bodies of thought quivers and glistens with accumulated truth. If they would but reach the sphere of each other's influence, the critical moment of the contest would have arrived, those occult, subtle elements would release themselves, the whole atmosphere would gleam with the electric flashes of truth, the firmament of thought would reverberate with the concussion of intellect, and the moral globe would tremble with the thunders. The lightning indicates the restoration of the equilibrium of the clouds, so would this indicate the restoration of the equilibrium of the ideas contained in these two opposing propositions, and philosophy would give up half truths for whole truths, an unnatural state for a natural one.

QUANTITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

But having made an exposition of the quality of our knowing, we will proceed to inquire into the quantity of it. The royal dweller had not been in the palace long before his curiosity led him to examine the very texture of the tapestry he trod. Man considered the grass of the field and the nature of the soil to see what it would produce, and he became an agriculturist. He admired the beautiful landscape until he was satisfied, then set to work to know how nature had so combined light and shade and color, and he made a picture, calling himself a painter. He examined the records of the building of the palace, he penetrated into the earth in quest of her buried treasures, and he found also the laws of her formation, and he called himself a geologist. He had a desire for more rapid communication with the different parts of his kingdom, and he built a ship and put it upon the sea; he also constructed a steam-engine, and now his dominion is threaded in all directions with railways. He took two pieces of metal and put them in a liquid, then with the aid of a wire he was enabled to have his thoughts known at the extremities of his empire in a very short space of time; and before many decades shall pass, the globe on which he lives will have been belted completely with a telegraphic line, bearing intelligence with the precision of logic and the rapidity of lightning, and he will know in the morning what his antipode was doing in the evening of the same day. He walked in the garden among the plants and flowers, and after having re-

galed his senses on their sweetness and their loveliness, he examined their structure and the law of their growth, and he became a botanist. He heard the singing of birds, saw their elegant and varied plumage, and to his admiration was added his science, and he said he was an ornithologist; now, no bird is safe. He analyzed the substances which he found in the solids, fluids, gases, calling himself a chemist; and now, such is his knowledge of the nature of bodies, he is capable of producing a large variety of new and wonderful combinations of matter. He was walking by the side of the beautiful river in the garden one day, when he saw an apple fall; he immediately set his ingenuity at work to discover the cause and the law of the falling, and he called the influence that made the apple fall gravity and himself a philosopher. One night he stood out beneath the heavens, and

> "Heard the trailing garments of the night
> Sweep through her marble halls;
> Saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls."

After his sentiment and wonder had died away, he proceeded to discover the laws that govern the motions of these circling orbs, their distance apart, their number, their magnitude; he found the vastness of space to be inconceivable, and he wondered not only at the harmony and the magnitude, but at himself how he found it out, and in pride he called himself an astronomer.

HUMAN POWER, HOW MEASURED.

From an examination of all works of science and art, it will be found that they have been produced by the combined knowledge and power of man. Our power is limited by our knowledge of the nature and locality of forces. Naturally we become cognizant of the forces in our system, and we soon learn to use them with great facility and skill. So with all bodies that come in actual contact with ourselves, as when we handle anything. But when we employ other materials than our body, we must know what effect every material body used will have on every other, in order to be powerful in bringing about the design of the artisan. We must be enabled so to collocate forces as to produce any desired result; and when we shall have arrived at such a state of knowledge as that we can find the forces of organic bodies, and are able so to combine the materials in which they are resident as that they shall operate upon each other according to a given law, we shall then be able to produce organic life. But at present we do not know enough about anything to make a thing as God made it. We do not know enough about the substance and forces of matter to combine them in any one instance as Nature has done. We build and change, we pile up and transform, we place in such a position that existent forces will produce motion in what already exists. As in the steam-engine, the most majestic specimen of human skill, we apply heat to water, which is converted into steam by the ebullition of its particles. The steam is found to be self-repellant, and we take advantage of this fact to confine steam. When we allow it to escape, by its expansive power it operates upon a solid, forcing it from its position upward or downward, and by another pressing out of steam and into the barrel of the piston the converse motion is produced, so on continuously. Now, if there is attached to this solid body, moving up and down, or backward and forward, another solid body, so joined as to change the direction of motion, we obtain another modification of power, and by a series of variously connected bars and wheels we finally arrive at the resistance to be overcome; and if the power is sufficient, after all deductions for intermediate expenditure of force, the weight is moved, the steamer glides on the wave with her heavy load, or the long, ponderous train rolls swiftly on the steel-clad rail. Here is a constant placing of solids, liquids, and vapors so that their natural forces will have a chance to operate on each other. And this combination is founded on a knowledge of forces mechanical.

OUR KNOWLEDGE DEFECTIVE.

But we do not know enough of mechanical forces to produce many objects just like Nature makes them. We know the composition of the diamond; but there is one element that we can not get in its purity and in its exact proportion so as to be able to combine it with the other elements to produce this most valuable gem. Much less have we power over vital force: we do not

know enough of vital forces to make any new organic body. We can not get the germs of old forms of organic existence always; and if we have the germs, we can only subject them to the action of influences such as they would have felt if planted in the earth or placed in any proper and natural receptacle of growth. The exact conflux of forces, material influences, of protection, nourishment, the same essential environment which bodies would have if grown naturally, must be obtained, else the attempt is a failure. If we knew enough of the absolute nature of force, of its invariable and universal characteristics, to find any force desired, we then would be able to make what we wanted, and we would not be restricted to simple transformation and combination of bodies now existing. We would then, doubtless, be able to make the germs of organic bodies, old and new, for these are only the repositories of the concentrated forces of potential organic existence requiring development through reciprocal action with outside influences.

FURTHER ADVANCEMENT NECESSARY.

What intelligence and power would it require to produce an organic body fit for the indwelling of a spiritual existence! Could we collocate materials so as to realize a form like the mist, fine and beautiful, some mental structure might be attracted to it, and there would be a personage as glorious as an angel. But how are we going to attain to such perfect knowledge of the inherent forces of matter as to precipitate the construction of such a form as this? Surely our investigations must be broadened and deepened, our capacity to know must be augmented, and our faculties must be assisted by instruments never yet invented, if we find the exact relation of materials adequate to the production of organic life. We must learn some new method for the conservation of vital forces, some new means for ascertaining their locality, some new arrangement of materials to awaken the action of vital energies. The charm of life, even of the lowest type, has not deigned to dwell in any of the structures of human architecture or elaboration. The finest tissues of artificial construction, over which the fancy has easily drawn a covering of spirituality, have not possessed the reality of living. The most consummate developments of human skill and science have not had the accompaniment of consciousness or even of functionary activity for an instant. We have neither made anything like a seed or an insect, an oak or an amœba. Our power, though great, is then limited by our knowledge; and our knowledge, though extensive, is not very extensive. Several thousand years we have trod the earth, and tried to know the world, but we have barely made a beginning. We have entered the labyrinth, and have begun to get an idea of its vastness and intricacy. We stand before painful plenitude, inconceivable infinitude, and discern but the exterior of their fullness. We have plunged repeatedly into the depths of the great unknown sea that surrounds the isle of life, sometimes in vain, sometimes bringing to light and to ourselves pearls of truth. Many fragments saturated with mystery have been wafted to us on the surface of the awful deep by fortunate winds; but our possessions are still meagre, and we find employment for our little selves in the constant rehearsal of what we have learned and the repeated counting of our treasures. All our lives we walk on a little ball hung out in the midst of the stars. Round and round the earth men go, but they can not get off; chained to matter, the soul, after its loftiest flights and grandest aspirations, must always return to the little tenement of clay that holds its formless self. We occupy a point in creation, immensity centers toward us; we have neither capacity to receive it all nor ability to arrange and classify its bewildering complexity. But the student is improving, he is becoming disciplined, he is active, zealous, apt, and he will yet learn more of the grand history than he now conceives it to contain.

FAINTING AND DREAMING.

WHAT is the difference between sleeping and dreaming, and fainting and dreaming?

One cold day, having taken a walk, I came into the house and fainted away. I was so long unconscious that it was thought I would never recover—but I was very happy. I had a dream or vision. The sun was shining pleasantly, and I was listening to a lady who was telling an interesting story. When I was coming to, I hung back, in my mind, to hear the rest of the story; but my ordinary con-

sciousness returned before it was finished. How can you explain this phenomenon?

Ans.—Dreaming is one of the mysteries of life. It is, of course, more or less an abnormal condition. If one eats dried beef, smoked herring, cheese, salt codfish, or mince pie at night he is pretty sure to dream of climbing on dizzy heights, runaway horses, or some other dangerous, difficult, and troublesome thing. At other times, and under different conditions, the dreams will be delightful; but why a man should dream at all when he is in such a condition that the dream is pleasant we can hardly explain.

The phrenological explanation of dreaming (and phrenologists are the only mental philosophers who have given a rational explanation of dreams) is this: We think dreaming is a state of partial sleep; some portions of the brain being more or less profoundly asleep, other portions being more or less awake, permit the mind to act, and to remember its actions.

When one is in a quiet, perfect slumber, the brain is shrunken, the pulsations are feeble, and life is simply maintained. When a person is dreaming, the brain is filled with blood. A person having been injured, a portion of the skull was removed by the surgeon, and when the patient dreamed, the brain protruded and quivered with excitement; and when he awoke, he complained of a restless sleep and an awful dream. When the sleep was dreamless, the brain withdrew, and seemed much reduced in size at the opening.

Dreaming, then, is rather a condition of the brain than of the mind itself. Whether the mind is conscious when a person is entirely asleep we do not know; certainly there is no consciousness which seems related to the present life or present state. The memory records none.

Fainting is caused by a disturbed circulation, producing an abnormal or unusual condition of the brain; and so far as the mind is concerned, this condition is akin to that of sleep. Persons who have been nearly drowned describe the sensations during the drowning process as being most delightful; there was enchanting scenery, delicious music, and a rapturous state of the feelings. If one becomes intoxicated with alcoholic liquors, with tea, or with quinine, he may have some of these visions—he would feel wafted, as it were, on the breezes of unspeakable delights. Patients who take ether, and are just entering upon the mysterious delirium of that realm unknown, have strange and peculiar sensations. We remember to have taken ether for the extraction of a tooth, and it seemed as if we were going backward over Niagara Falls; but we went down so easily that we were entirely lost before we touched bottom, and it was rather a pleasant sensation than otherwise. But we fancy that the sensation was produced from the fact of our being in the dentist's chair and of the head falling backward as the intoxication was completed. Some who take this ether or gas feel lifted up, as if they were going to heaven without wings. All these conditions originate in a peculiar state of the brain, and we are not able to account or respond for the varied and unexplainable sensations which people thus experience. They can not be reduced to scientific standards. Like clairvoyants, nobody can tell beforehand relative to the correctness of their statements. Sometimes they will be wonderfully correct. Again, the same person may be altogether incorrect in impression and statement in consequence of being fatigued, or having slept too little, or having eaten too much or too little, or the wrong kinds of food, or having had some trouble, or some pleasure; anything that will modify the conditions will modify results.

Sometimes we sleep without dreaming; sometimes we may dream pleasantly; sometimes unpleasantly. We may faint and be, as it were, dead; at another time we may have a delicious dream. This nature of ours is a harp of a thousand strings, and there is no wonder that so many tunes are played upon it.

Too Busy to Freeze.—I was spending the winter at Farmer C——'s. Day after day I observed the patient herd wending their way through the huge snowbanks, but always in the same direction. At length curiosity led me to follow the well-worn path, until I came to a large trough fed by a tiny stream from above. The thermometer was below zero; yet here was open water free for man or beast.

"Do your cattle always find water at yonder spring?" I asked upon my return.

"Oh, yes!" said he. "That never fails, summer or winter."

"Does it never freeze?" I asked.

"Never!" was the reply. "I can trust that little fellow," said he, laughing. "*He's too busy to freeze.*"

To the school which I taught in this place came a poor boy more thinly clad than others. yet he never seemed cold. Upon a rough sled he drew a crippled sister, often wrapped in an old coat which evidently belonged to the boy himself.

"How do you manage to keep warm this cold morning?" I asked, as Willie, after depositing his little sister in a warm corner, went directly to his seat, glowing with health and exercise.

"I have my sister to take care of," said he; "and that keeps me stirring."

Our Country.

That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz., men of wisdom and virtue; qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.—*William Penn.*

A DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC vs. MONARCHY;

OR, CÆSARISM AND CARLYLEISM.

THE New York *Tribune* of a recent date prints the following criticisms, which will be good for our *un*republican citizens to read. There is no doubt we have more than one—would-be—Bourbon among us, and not a few foolish stuck-up aristocrats.

"There is a disease which often attacks highly educated Americans at about the age of thirty, and which sometimes clings to them for the rest of their lives. They wake up some morning with the conviction that universal suffrage is a failure, and that only themselves and two or three of their intimate friends are fit to govern the world. They announce with dismay that America is vulgarizing not only itself, but probably the whole solar system. In some cases, where the habits and traditions of the patients are English, the disease finds vent in growling, and may be called Carlyleism. Other victims belong to the class of good Americans who have seen Paris before they died, and have ceased to be good Americans thenceforward. Their type of the disease is more malignant, and may be called Cæsarism.

"And this disease of reaction is not confined to stock-brokers and statesmen out of office; it is just as virulent among the more recluse orders, as college professors, poets, and women. Professor Lowell, who twenty years ago wrote such fine sentiments about poor men's sons and rich men's sons, now grows as indignant as *Blackwood's Magazine* against 'a system which gives Teague, because he can dig, as much influence as Ralph, because he can think.' The Woman's Suffrage movement is perplexed with allies like Mrs. Ingersoll, of Washington, who is opposed to allowing any woman to vote who is not, like herself, taxed upon a small property, and is not qualified, like herself, to fill a Government clerkship. There is seldom a woman's convention where somebody does not feel impelled to remark that there are too many voters already, and that some of them should be put out of the way to make room for their betters.

"And when men or women once get this solicitude into their heads, it is seldom got out again. Men have seen how England has gradually outgrown the control of the throne; then of the House of Lords; then of 'the great governing families;' and has come to Gladstone and Disraeli at last. They have seen French Imperialism disappear in the crater of a volcano, and the Prussian monarchy already beginning to climb the sides of one. No matter. You can convert a European conservative, but an American reactionary dies hard; the despotisms of the Old World may crumble before his eyes, while he still clings to the belief that the nation can only be saved by limiting political power to himself and his cousins.

"Fortunately the American community, as a whole, remains unconvinced. Where, it persistently asks, are you to draw the line? The barber in 'Nicholas Nickleby' refuses to shave a coal-heaver, on the ground that you must draw a line somewhere, and he draws it at bakers. The coal-heaver himself, if he had drawn it, would certainly have drawn it so as to include himself; and among all those who would restrict the suffrage, there is not one who would consent to leave himself outside.

Each restriction proposed, while it vitiates the principle, still fails to satisfy. Talleyrand said to the Emperor Alexander, in 1814, that Bonaparte represented a principle and Louis XVIII. represented a principle, while anything else was but an intrigue. So among ourselves, Cæsarism might represent a principle, only that there is no Cæsar. Universal suffrage represents a principle. Between these there is nothing which has even the dignity of an intrigue.

"If we grant that there are in any community one, two, or a dozen persons who could govern it better than it governs itself now, the question still remains, How are those gifted few to be got at? If they are to select themselves, and each is to recruit an army to fight it out, we have a South American government. If they are to be selected by merely literary examination, then we have a Chinese type of rulers. But if they are to be chosen by the popular voice, then we have a republic after all. This at least aims to combine personal ability with popular government. There are always a few persons remarkably fitted for executive duties—one to command an army, one to organize schools, one to "swing a railroad." Every caucus, every convention, every election, is an effort to discover those men, and to put them where they will be useful. Americans take as readily to the appointment of committees as to the decision by majorities, because they are trained to understand that the many must settle what is to be done, and the few have charge of the doing. 'Teague, who can dig,' merely claims the right to decide at proper intervals which among the thinking Ralphs shall be put at the helm. We can spare neither. What would have become of this nation had the adjustment of the Slavery question been left to the professors in our colleges? Each voter stands for his own rights and for those of his class, if for nothing else, and the larger the body of voters the less easy to cajole or bribe them. Because demagogues flatter the *vox populi*, it does not become wise men to ignore its value. It was not an American republican, but the shrewdest of French thinkers, who said, 'There is one who knows more than anybody, and that is, Everybody.'"

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN THE SOUTH.

If the enterprise of the South in the matter of new railroads can be taken as a fair criterion, we should say that it is not only recovering rapidly from the destruction wrought by war, but that war has brought about a change of interior policy which will prove of immense advantage to the Southern people. The numerous railroads now in process of construction, together with the improvement and extension of old ones, having challenged our attention lately, we take the opportunity furnished by an exchange to give our readers an idea of what is "going on" in that line down South.

"Work has commenced on the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, from the famous White Sulphur Springs to the Ohio River, and it is expected that the line will be open in about two years. This will give additional rail communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific (from San Francisco to Norfolk) under the control of the great Pacific railroad companies.

"Track laying has commenced on the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad, from Johnson's Depot, in East Tennessee, to a connection with the Western North Carolina Railroad, which will soon open up a rich mineral region.

"Arrangements have been consummated which will insure the completion of the great Air-line Railroad from Atlanta to Charlotteville, a distance of about 200 miles. This will then be the shortest line between Mobile and New York.

"The Savannah and Charleston Railroad has been rebuilt after its long disuse (since its destruction during Sherman's campaign), and is now doing a regular business.

"The Macon and Brunswick Railroad, from Macon, Ga., to Brunswick, on the coast, has been in operation for several months. It is 180 miles long, and runs through a rich timber country. Brunswick is the only deep-water harbor between Norfolk and Pensacola, with the exception of that at Hilton Head, which is not at present accessible from the interior.

"The road from Port Royal (or Hilton Head) is slowly progressing. When finished, it will afford another outlet to the coast for the products of the Carolinas and North Georgia.

"The South Side Railroad bridge, over the Appomatox River, near Farmville, Va., is now being erected. The company built a temporary track around the bridge, two and

a half miles long, to use during the erection of the superstructure. This bridge is about 2,300 feet long, and the track is 130 feet from the water. When completed, it will be one of the finest structures in the country. The style adopted by General Mahone (the President of the consolidated line from Norfolk to Bristol) is the Fink suspension truss, and the work is being done by the Baltimore Bridge Company.

"Work is progressing rapidly toward completion on the line from Macon, Ga., to Augusta. It will be finished this summer. The bridge over the Ocmulgee, at Macon, is nearly finished. This line passes through Milledgeville, and will effectually shorten the time between Mobile and New York *via* Richmond. The grading was done by the State Penitentiary force, at an enormous profit to the contractors. It is asserted that Governor Bullock and other State officers are interested in the contract for the leasing of the Penitentiary hands.

"The Albany and Brunswick Railroad Company has completed its first fifty miles, and seems determined to go ahead and finish the remainder. Its connecting lines to Eufaula and Mobile will soon be under way; and these roads will afford a new route from New Orleans and Mobile to the Atlantic coast. Colonel Nelson Tift, of Albany, is working energetically to increase the prosperity of his section, by putting these lines in a fair way of completion.

"The South Georgia and Florida Railroad will be completed this month. It connects Albany with Thomasville, on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and runs through a splendid cotton country.

"The Savannah, Griffin, and North Alabama Railroad, running from Griffin, Ga., on the Macon and Western Railroad, to Decatur, Ala., is under construction. This will open a direct line from Memphis to Savannah, leaving Atlanta sixty miles to the northward.

"The Savannah and Memphis Railroad Company have closed a contract to complete their road in two years. It runs from Opelika, Ala., to Tuscumbia, Ala., and gives a direct line from Memphis to Columbus, Ga. The distance is over 200 miles, and the northwestern part of the line will pass through the mineral regions of North Alabama, which are scarcely surpassed in their wealth of iron and coal."

It is estimated that 14,000 actual laborers are at work on the different railway projects in Alabama alone.

A HIGHLAND COLONY.—Within four hours' ride of Montreal, by rail, there is a colony of from 20,000 to 25,000 Highlanders. The county of Glengarry, on the western frontier of Upper Canada, is full of them. In the back settlements they retain their ancient language, sing their Gaelic songs, and have their Gaelic preaching. The Glengarry men are renowned for their size and strength. It is said that the townships of Kenyon and Lochiel alone could turn out 1,000 Highlanders, not a man of them under six feet in his stockings. Let American tourists consider this.

THE BELLS OF NATIONS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

FROM over the land and the sea.
From the nations afar and near,
Come the sounds of the bells to me:
And this is the chime which I hear,
Softly pealing from gilded spires,
And thundering loud from the flaming dome,
"Would you escape the eternal fires,
Hasten to Rome, to Rome, to Rome!"

From the gay sunny land of the vine,
Where bayonets prop up the throne,
And the blood is fermented like wine,
And the teeth of the dragon are sown,
The bells ring peal after peal.
And demand for the masses a chance,
"Lift from the necks of the people the heel,
Give freedom and glory to France, to France!"

From the mountains and vales of Spain,
Where Justice, betrayed with a kiss,
On the cross like a felon is slain,
The bells clang out from the dark abyss,
Their sorrowful, sorrowful sound;
And the sea sobs the sad refrain
In the red mist, a voice cries from the ground,
"With freedom comes honor to Spain."

From the desolate land of the Pole.
Where the tyrant, with chain and flame,
Fetters the body and shrivels the soul,
And brands a nation with sorrow and shame,
The bells peal out on the frozen air,
No jubilant chime, but a funeral toll,
Scaring the wolf from his hidden lair,
"Break the chain from the Pole, the Pole, the Pole."

From the ever-green isles of the sea,
Ringing over the sobbing waves,
The cry of Cuba for liberty,
Touches the hearts of our braves.

"Cuba has fought and struggled well,"
Shout the bells from a stormy sea;
And the old Continental bell
Is rung by the hands no mortal can see.

From "merrie old England" there rings
A peal which comes soft from the sea,
"The People, the People are kings!
Where the statutes are just and free."
Loud ring the bells of great London town,
Now louder and clearer they ring.
Ring honest men up and traitors down,—
He who governs himself is THE king.

RICHARD M. BISHOP.

IT is a real happiness to meet with a well-formed and well-developed specimen of humanity; one who comes up to a higher standard than the average of our kind; one who is blessed with a full measure of all the physical, mental, and spiritual powers; and one who *uses* them according to the best of his ability; one whose integrity is beyond question —whose sympathies are co-extensive with the sufferings of the race; with affections tender as a woman's; judgment broad, liberal, and comprehensive; religious without prejudice, superstition, or bigotry; with heart, soul, and mind open to discern, and a disposition to *do* the will of God. Such, to a good degree, is the disposition and character of Mr. Bishop, whose portrait and biography we introduce to our readers. This is no eccentric, no warped, skeptical, negative, crotchety, or crazy brain, but a well-balanced and full-orbed specimen of the *genus homo*. We need not particularize further than to state that our subject stands five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 175 pounds, and is every way well proportioned, and — living strictly temperate—is well preserved. His eyes are gray, large, and expressive; the nose, cheeks, chin, and mouth well cut and symmetrical; the hair, brown and abundant, and now putting on a silvery hue, indicative of maturity; his skin is fine, clear, and florid, a picture of health; and all the conditions are observable which promise, accidents excepted, good health and a long life. Here are the principal biographical facts concerning the ancestry, birth, education, and occupation of this really remarkable man.

He was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, November 4, 1812. His parentage was German on the father's side, and English on the side of the mother, and many of the peculiar characteristics of both the English and the German are strongly marked in the subject of this sketch. His parents removed from Virginia in 1800. They were members of the Baptist Church, of which he became a member in February, 1828. At this time the Baptist churches in Kentucky were greatly excited in consequence of the circulation of the *Christian Baptist*, and the preaching of Mr. Campbell and his co-laborers on what he considered the corruptions of the Baptist Church. The excitement increased in the immediate neighborhood of the Bishop family until 1832, when young Richard and his parents were all excluded from the Baptist Church on the charge of the Campbellite heresy. We merely state these facts as illustrative of the spirit of those days, as well as to indicate the nature of the earnest religious convictions which so early took possession of Mr. Bishop's mind. Since then he has been associated with the Disciples' Church, or Christian Church, as it is otherwise termed, whose members are about 500,000 in the United States.

R. M. Bishop commenced his business career in Fleming County when he was but seventeen years of age, and continued to operate there until the year 1847, when he removed to Mount Sterling, Ky. Subsequently he removed to Cincinnati, where he now resides, and where he seems to have found a proper field in which to exercise his varied tastes and abilities.

On the 1st of March, 1848, he commenced the wholesale grocery business at No. 8 Public Landing, between Main and Sycamore streets, Cincinnati, under the firm-name of Bishop, Wells & Co. The business was continued until 1855, when Mr. Wells retired, and the firm was changed to that of R. M. Bishop & Co., and it has continued the same until the present time. The firm is now composed of R. M. Bishop and his three sons, and is doing the largest grocery business in

the city, the sales having in some years amounted to between four and five millions of dollars.

Mr. Bishop removed from the Public Landing to the east side of Main Street, but these premises were found inconvenient for the immense business, and he again removed to those splendid stores which he had previously built, and where the business is now carried on, at 87 and 89 Race Street.

Over this immense business R. M. Bishop has imperious control. Although his sons are active, vigilant business men, his judgment settles all important business questions. Few men have more comprehensive views of business matters, quicker insight into difficult problems, or are better posted in all the details of business operations.

In April, 1857, without his knowledge, he was nominated for the City Council in the Second Ward, on a Citizens' ticket, and was subsequently elected by an overwhelming majority. As a member of the Council he was quiet and unobtrusive, but at all times kept a watchful eye over the interests of the city, and by his independent and manly

PORTRAIT OF R. M. BISHOP.

course he gained the esteem of his constituents and became very popular with his fellow-members. As proof of this we need simply state that although he did not belong to the then dominant party, and was one of the youngest members of the Council, he was elected at the end of the first year its presiding officer. This position he filled with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of those who elected him.

During his career in the City Council he took a prominent part in many important measures having reference to the improvement of the city. The improvement of the Public Landing, the sewerage of the city, the street railroad system, the laying out and improvement of public parks, and, indeed, all works of progress and improvement have found in Mr. Bishop an efficient and persevering advocate. At the expiration of his term as President of the City Council he was urged to permit his name to be used as candidate for Mayor of the city. This he refused for some time, but finally yielded to the influence of personal friends. In April, 1859, he was nominated by a Citizens' Convention. In this convention he was opposed by several prominent competitors, who worked diligently to secure the nomination, but, although Mr. Bishop made no effort on his own behalf, he received the nomination by a large majority. The subsequent race was made between Mr. Bishop and Mr. Flagg. The canvass was an exciting one, but resulted, quite unexpectedly to Mr. Flagg and his friends, in the election of Mr. Bishop.

His administration was a remarkable one, and was characterized by great ability and an active interest in everything that looked to the upbuilding of Cincinnati in material and social prosperity. Hence it is not strange that he secured the confidence of his constituents, and constantly received evidences of public approbation. We believe it will be considered strictly in accordance with truth when we say that Cincinnati never had a better Mayor.

In January, 1860, when the Union was threatened, the Legislatures of Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Ohio, accompanied by their respective State Governors, visited Cincinnati. A grand supper was given them at Pike's Opera House, which was one of the most memorable occasions in the history of our city. The hall was brilliantly illuminated, its appearance was dazzling to the eyes, and viewed from the stage was indescribably beautiful. The house was densely crowded, and at the appointed hour for the reception ceremonies Mayor Bishop rose and said:

"Fellow-citizens of Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, the honor which you have conferred upon us in being here to-day is an event which has seldom if ever occurred in the history of our country. You are here on a great occasion. We have met together to take the hand of each other as a band of brothers, and I have the honor on this occasion to tender to you the hospitalities of our city, and bid you a cordial and hearty welcome. I trust that the links of friendship which are made here to-day never will be broken. I trust, also, that you will indulge me when I say that we consider Cincinnati a great city. She is surrounded by one of the most fertile countries on the globe. By her flows the beautiful river Ohio, whose tributaries are from the north, the east, and the south, and whose waters bear the products of our commerce and manufactures throughout every portion of the great Mississippi Valley. The Executive officers of four different States of the Union, with members of the General Assemblies, and other distinguished citizens of those States, and the municipal officers of some four or five of the great commercial cities, are with us. We are, therefore, prepared to say that this is truly a great occasion. We are pleased to see you here, and trust that while you are in our midst you will enjoy yourselves to the utmost extent.

"I can say to you in behalf of the corporate authorities and citizens of Cincinnati, that everything that can be done shall be done to make your visit a pleasant and agreeable one. Gentlemen, again I bid you a hearty welcome to the Queen City of the West."

On several other occasions when Cincinnati was honored by the presence of distinguished foreign or national visitors, Mayor Bishop took the lead in making everything acceptable to them and creditable to the Queen City.

Perhaps nothing, however, distinguished

Mayor Bishop's administration more than his efforts to improve the police. His labors were unremitting in this direction. He introduced the drill and the overcoat uniform, and kept himself thoroughly posted in all their doings. Some amusing incidents are related concerning the Mayor's watchfulness over his police. He used to make a complete circuit of the city, hunting up the men, and by various devices testing them as officers. He frequently disguised himself by donning an old slouched hat and coat, and by passing through their beats afforded to himself an opportunity of observations that could have been had by no other method. While on his round, he sometimes took occasion to have a little fun, now and then rapping three times (the signal for assistance and danger), and quickly seeking cover, awaiting the hurried approach of the officers. He was for this arrested several times; and in one instance an officer of the Fourteenth Ward said, "Ain't you a precious scoundrel? for half a cent I'd knock you down with my mace." The officer spoke in such an earnest manner, that Mayor Bishop wisely disclosed his true character, in fear that he might actually be as good as his word. In one instance he walked for a distance of three squares with an officer before he was recognized. The Mayor was himself an excellent policeman, and sometimes distinguished himself in that way. On one occasion, while riding in a carriage with Mrs. Bishop through Main Street, he saw a thief escaping from an officer, and, giving the reins to his wife, he jumped from the carriage and succeeded in securing the thief and conducting him to the Hammond Street Station House.

In his first inaugural address as Mayor he recommended certain important changes in prison discipline, which for a time were unheeded by subordinate branches of the city government; but by his persistent energy the ends in view were finally accomplished; and, notwithstanding the strong opposition at first encountered, the proposition to remove the female prisoners to improved quarters in the Third Ward school-house was carried unanimously by the School Board, and provided for by the City Council.

His term of office having expired, he retired from public life, although he was strongly urged to accept a re-election. Since then he has been frequently requested to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio. He has been urged to stand for Congress, and for various other prominent public positions, all of which he has persistently declined, and has devoted himself to his extensive business, accepting only such public trusts as were free from political embarrassments.

Mr. Bishop is a member of the Central Christian Church, Cincinnati, and is also one of its elders. Through his liberality and devotion to the church he has become widely known and highly respected by the denomination.

In 1859 he was elected President of the Ohio State Missionary Society, which position he held for ten years, and then resigned. He is now President of the American Christian Missionary Society. He is President of the Board of Curators of Kentucky University, one of the most flourishing institutions of learning in the West, having a patronage of eight hundred students during the year. He is also one of the Curators of Bethany College, West Virginia, which was founded by Alexander Campbell, and now presided over by W. K. Pendleton. Besides attending to all the various duties of these positions, he has not ceased to devote himself to the interests of his adopted city. He has been a Trustee of the McMicken University since its inauguration, and has worked earnestly for the increase of its funds, with a view to its future usefulness. He is also President of the Board of Trustees of the Home of the Friendless, one of the best of institutions. In addition to all this, he is a Director of the First National Bank, Cincinnati, the Enterprise, Ohio Valley, and other insurances companies, besides being interested in many public and private enterprises too numerous to mention.

When the question of a direct Southern railroad was first discussed, he took the field in its behalf, and with the assistance of Mr. William Glenn, raised one million of dollars for that purpose, subscribing ten thousand dollars himself. When Cincinnati had voted ten millions to make this road, he was appointed one of the trustees to whom the work was committed, and has since been ac-

tively engaged in laboring for its interest. In fact, the work of obtaining charters for the road has mainly fallen upon him.

It would seem that all this work would be too much for any single individual to perform, and yet it can truly be said that he does not allow anything in his hands to suffer for want of attention. Promptness is one of his prominent characteristics, and it is doubtless owing to this that he is enabled to make the best use of time, and thereby accomplish more than men usually do. He is emphatically what may be called a "minute man." He is always at his post of duty at precisely the moment appointed.

Mr. Bishop has amassed a large estate, but we are happy to say that his charities have always increased in the ratio of his growing fortune. His liberal donations to the interests of his church and to the public and private charities of Cincinnati and other places are well known. Few men have lived who have been a more real benefit to society than Richard M. Bishop.

OUR COAL RESOURCES.

WHILE it is generally conceded that the American coal fields cover a much wider area than those of any other country, there is no present means of ascertaining, with anything like mathematical precision, their extent or productiveness. It is known that rich deposits exist in nearly every State in the Union, though outside of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and California, but little progress has been made in their development. It has been estimated that the area of all our coal lands will not fall short of 200,000 square miles, while some authorities believe that figure to be far below the mark.

An estimate made by Senator Cameron, and included in a speech delivered by him in favor of "protecting" American coal, furnishes the following figure relating to the anthracite deposits:

	Square Miles.	Depth of Coal, yds.	Tons.
Central coal fields	126	15	5,857,961,000
Northern coal fields	148	25	11,305,841,000
Southern coal fields	198	15	9,179,855,000
Total	472		26,343,657,000
Deduct one-half waste in mining			13,171,828,500
Which leaves of marketable coal			13,171,828,500

Besides, there are the bituminous coal deposits, which probably equal, if they do not far exceed, the anthracite deposits. From the same authority, we learn that 29,000,000 tons of anthracite have been mined since 1820, of which fifteen millions have been mined since 1860. The present rate of consumption is about 1,500,000 tons annually. The amount already discovered, according to the above figures, would allow an annual consumption of two millions of tons for about six thousand years.

WILLIAM H. HOOPER,

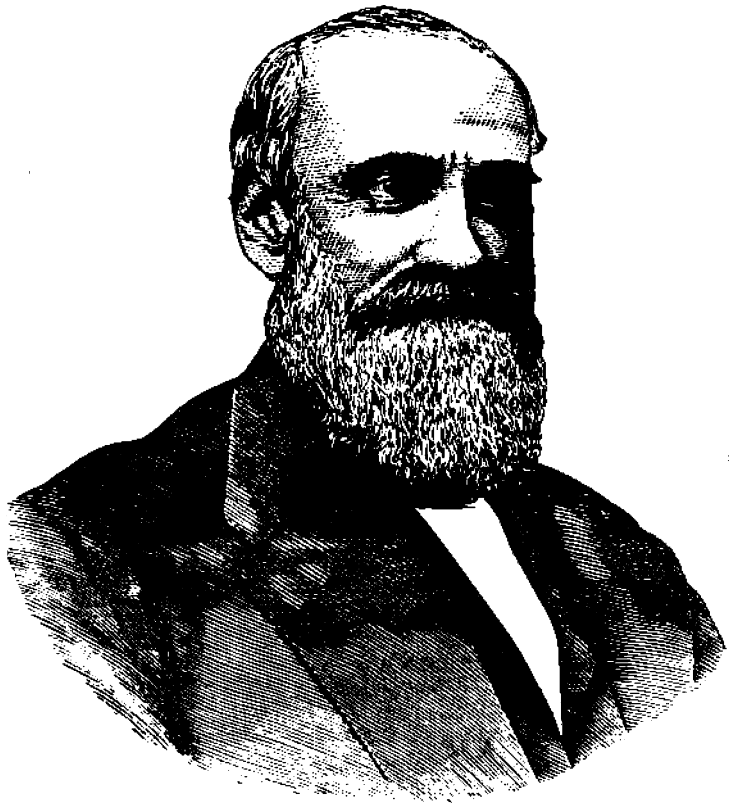
THE UTAH DELEGATE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE ADVOCATE.

UTAH is the land of marvels. She gives us, first, polygamy, which seems to be an outrage against "woman's rights," and then offers to the nation a "Female Suffrage Bill," at the time in full force within her own borders. Was there ever a greater anomaly known in the history of society? The women in Utah hold political power to-day. They are the first in the nation to whom the functions of the state have been extended, and it is just as consistent to look for a female member of Congress from Utah as a member of Congress sent to Washington by the women's vote. Let the women be once recognized as powers in the state as well as in society and in the church, and their political rights can be extended to any length, according to the temper of the public mind, of which the female element forms so large a part.

There is in our innovative age much discussion on the abstract justice, and also on the practical propriety of extending political power to the women of America; and the women of England have made the same demand in the political motions of our old Saxon fatherland. This may be caused by one of the great impulses of the times, for we are certainly living in an age of impulses. It is, therefore, also an age of marvels, not merely in steam and electricity, but in our social states and philosophies of society. Indeed, until modern times, the phrase "social science" was not known; but

these new problems and marvels of society have led statesmen and philosophers to recognize a positive "social science," and the term sociology to-day is just as legitimate as the term geology. And it is very singular that those advanced minds who are beginning to reduce government and the social developments to systems of positive philosophy, bring in the function of political power for woman. Of course your political gamblers and legislative charlatans are against the innovations which female suffrage bills would work out in the age; but such philosophic lawgivers of society and government as John Stuart Mill, and also statesmen like Cobden and Bright of England, are contemplating the extension of political power to the women as one of the grand methods for the world's future good.

Our present object is not, however, to contend for the benefits to accrue to society through the agencies of woman brought to bear upon the State, as they have been in the Church and in the general spheres of life, but to note the extraordinary circumstance of political power having been first granted to and exercised by the women of Utah. We see that female suffrage is both accepted and strongly maintained as one of the great social problems of the future, not only to advance the world, but to assert the dignity and cause of womanhood; and that it is thus accepted and maintained by the boldest female reformers of America and the great masters of social science in England. That is one side of the case, and in that view we find no subject for astonishment, for the men and women whose very names represent mind in the reform movements of the times will be certain to be found in the vanguard of civilization; but that the women of Utah, who have been considered representatives of womanhood in its degradation, should suddenly be found on the same platform with John Stuart Mill and his sisterhood, is truly a matter for astonishment. And moreover, when we look upon the Mormon "kingdom of God," as the Saints denominate it, as



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM H. HOOPER.

the first nationality in the world which has granted to woman political power and created her a chief part of the State as well as of the Church, one can not but confess that the Mormons in this have stolen a march beyond their betters.

Three years ago a friend of the Mormons informed us that the delegate of Utah was in New York, just from Washington, bound for Utah to lay before Brigham Young the extraordinary design of giving to the women of Mormondom political power. And the circumstance was the more marked from the singular fact that legislative minds, aided by the American press, were proposing just at that time a scheme for Congress to *force* female suffrage upon Utah, to give to the women of that Territory the power to break up the institution of polygamy, and emancipate themselves from their supposed serfdom and the degradation of womanhood. This done, the conclusion, of course, was that Mormonism and the Mormons would become converted and transformed into respectable monogamic problems, easy of solution by our multitude of Christian and other civilizing agencies. Now it was just at this point of the view, where the prospect looked so clear, that a dark object jumped in with a bill under his arm, or in his brain, which was still better, and that dark object in the sunny prospect of the solution of Mormondom was William H. Hooper, the Utah delegate. This gentleman took up the gauntlet thrown down, or accepted the proposition as the champion from the other side, bold enough to "fight it out" on the enemies' own line if it took him "all summer," and winter too. There was in the affair the taking audacity of "stand still and see the salvation of" the Mormon's God. "Israel shall now go up and vanquish the Gentiles with their own weapons." In common parlance, the honorable delegate from Utah had conceived the design of the "kingdom" of the Saints whipping the American republic by the power of the woman's vote, and preserving all the institutions of the "kingdom," especially that of polygamy, by the bold exercise of female rights.

Delegate Hooper returned to Utah and laid his proposition before his constituents, not in a mass meeting, but in the embodiment called Brigham Young. Brigham "saw the point." The thing designed was much like himself, extraordinary and audacious; but the "Prophet" was in no hurry to grant female suffrage in politics, though the Mormon Church has from the beginning given woman the vote equally with the man in ecclesiastical government. Brigham's policy was to reserve the power of "woman's rights" until the moment when he had something uncommon to checkmate, for he foresaw that the women of his church would give him a tremendous advantage over his enemies. Brigham had more faith in the religious consistency of the sisterhood than the "Gentiles" had, and believed in the potency of his systems, and especially in the potency of himself to hold the sisters in their celestial bonds, so he waited until the coming of the due time of Brigham to give a great surprise to the country and a great checkmate to everybody who should be found standing on the opposite side fighting against the "Lord's anointed." The time and the circumstances extraordinary came. It was in the days of the Collum Bill, and in the circumstances of the Utah schism.

The Utah Reformers, as they styled themselves in November and December, 1869, made a bold stroke of rebellion against the power of Brigham Young. The men most concerned for years in working up this "new movement" to give to Mormondom fresh impulses for the future were W. S. Godbe and Henry W. Laurence, from the merchants; Amasa Lyman and Eli B. Kelsey, from the old apostles of Joseph Smith; and Harrison, Tullidge, and Stenhouse, of the *Utah Magazine* and *Daily Telegraph*. Three of the great powers which move society were thus united in a protestant cause: these were a rival priesthood, commerce, and the press in rebellion. Nothing ever came to pass in Brigham's life that so worried him for a time as this rival movement from his own people and from the leading men of three of the departments of society, for at the same time there was the execution of the Collum Bill in the prospect before him. Then came a fraternization between the Gentiles and the Mormon Reformers for the purpose of carrying the city elections and wresting political power from the hands of the church. Henry Laurence, who had been one of Brigham's pillars in the city corporation, was now the rival of President Daniel H. Wells in the mayorship; and so the contested election looked formidable, not so much for the moment as in its indications for the future. The due time of Brigham had now come, and just at this juncture he caused the Utah Legislature to pass the "Female Suffrage Bill," granting to the women of Utah political power. Secretary Mann, who was then the acting Governor

for Utah, was upon the point of vetoing the bill, when W. H. Hooper was telegraphed to Washington relative to the circumstance. The delegate immediately flew to Mr. Fitch, who had just made his great speech in favor of letting the Mormons alone, and Mr. Fitch promptly telegraphed back to his protegée Mann charging him not to veto the bill. This telegram jointly bore the names of Fitch and Hooper. When the acting Governor received this telegram, his veto to the bill was actually prepared, but he destroyed the veto and duly forwarded his approval to the Utah Legislature on the very Saturday before the city election on the Monday following. The "Female Suffrage Bill" also had another narrow escape, for Governor Schaffer, who had been duly empowered with authority, and who was still at Washington, hurried to Delegate Hooper, stating he had heard that Mr. Fitch and he had designed to instruct Mann to allow the bill to pass, affirming at the same time that the bill must be vetoed, and that he should thus instruct his acting Governor. The politic delegate, however, succeeded in convincing the absent Governor of Utah that "the thing was all a hoax," and so the counter telegram was not sent. "The thing," however, was not "all a hoax." The Governor was "sold" by the delegate, and the Female Suffrage Bill became a law of Utah, and several of the sisters voted at the election on the succeeding Monday, the first of whom was a Miss Young, a niece of President Brigham Young. It was but a prophecy of what the sisters intended in future, for on that occasion the power of "Woman's rights" was not needed to give victory to the "Lord's anointed."

In the sequel it may be found that Brigham Young and Delegate Hooper have done more than they designed. "It is a poor rule," says the old adage, "which will not work both ways." A two-edged sword, also, will cut on each side. It may in this case smite polygamy, though it is now smiting for it. But should it be found in the sequel that polygamy can stand the test of female suffrage for the next quarter of a century, we monogamic Gentiles may be led to revise somewhat our judgment upon the matter. In any case, this extension of political power to the women of Mormondom must be for good, for it places their destiny in their own hands, and at any moment when the female opinion shall be decided, the woman of Utah will be able to bring redemption to themselves from every evil. One is led to pause just here to query, "Is this grant of political power to the women of Utah a sign of the times?" In spite of their faults (and who are without fault?) the fact can not be forgotten, that the Mormons pioneered the nation on to the Pacific; and this inspirative people, moved unconsciously by the great impulses of the age, may now be pioneering America into a dispensation of female suffrage bills.

Just here we are brought to Mr. Hooper's speech before Congress, in which he dwelt upon the circumstance of the Mormons leading the nation in her Pacific course. It was his speech against the Collum Bill which he opened thus:

"Mr. Speaker: I wish to make a few remarks concerning the extraordinary bill now under consideration. While so doing, I crave the attention of the House, for I am here, not only as one of the people sought to be cruelly oppressed—not only as the delegate representing Utah—but as an American citizen, to utter my solemn protest against the passage of a bill that aims to violate our dearest rights, and is fraught with evil to the republic itself. I do not propose to occupy the time of the House by dwelling at length upon the vast contributions of the people of Utah to the wealth of the nation. There is no member of the House who does not recollect in his schoolboy days the vast region west of the Rocky Mountains, characterized in the geographies as the 'Great American Desert.' 'There,' said the veracious text-book, 'was a vast region wherein no man could live. There were springs and streams upon the banks of which could be seen the bleaching bones of animals and of men poisoned from drinking the deadly waters.' Around the borders of this vast desert, and in its few habitable parts, roamed the painted savages, only less cruel and remorseless than the desert itself.

"In the midst of this inhospitable waste today dwell an agricultural, pastoral, and self-sustaining people, numbering 120,000 souls. Everywhere can be seen the fruits of energetic and persistent industry. The surrounding mining Territories of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, and Nevada, in their infancy, were fed and fostered from the surplus stores of the Mormon people. The development of the resources of these mining Territories was alone rendered possible by the existence at their very doors of an agricultural people, who supplied them with the chief necessities of life at a price scarcely above that demanded in the old and populous States. The early immigrants

to California paused on their weary journey in the redeemed wastes of Utah, to recruit their strength and that of their animals, and California is to-day richer by thousands of lives and millions of treasure for the existence of this half-way house to El Dorado.

"To the people of Utah, therefore, is to be attributed no inconsiderable part in the production of the vast mineral wealth which has poured into the coffers of the nation from our mining States and Territories."

The preparation of the speech of the delegate for effect is good, and his design clear. He was evidently on the point of assaulting the gratitude of the nation to win a victory against its prejudice or better judgment, just as one may be pleased to view the case. His claims upon the national good-will are telling. He said:

"This, however, is but a tithe of our contributions to the nation's wealth. By actual experiment we have demonstrated the practicability of redeeming these desert wastes. When the Pacific slope and its boundless resources shall have been developed, when beyond the Rocky Mountains 40,000,000 of people shall do homage to our flag, the millions of dwellers in Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, and Montana, enriched by the products of their redeemed and fertilized deserts, shall point to the valley of Great Salt Lake as their exemplar, and accord to the sturdy toilers of that land due honor, in that they inaugurated the system and demonstrated its possible results as the offering of Utah to the nation."

A pretty parallel is just here introduced by the delegate to help his theme:

"When Robert Fulton's first steamboat moved from New York to Albany, so far as concerned the value of the vessel, he had made scarce a perceptible addition to our merchant marine; but the principle, the practicability of which he then demonstrated, was priceless, and enriched the nation more than if she had received the gift of the vessel built from and loaded with solid gold.

"I will not, Mr. Speaker, trespass upon the time of the House by more than thus briefly adverting to the claims of Utah to the gratitude and fostering care of the American people."

Then follows a direct attack upon the Collum Bill and its unconstitutional character, and the delegate closes this division of his speech with a forcible plea for the integrity of republican government, especially as touching religious communities. The passage shall close our extracts from Mr. Hooper's speech.

"I suppose, Mr. Speaker, that in proclaiming the old Jeffersonian doctrine, that that government is best which governs least, I would not have even a minority upon this floor; but when I say that in a system of self-government, such as ours, that looks to the purest democracy, and seeks to be a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, we have no room for the guardian, nor, above all, for the master, I can claim the united support of both parties. To have such a government, to retain such in its purest strength, we must leave all questions of morals and religion that lie outside the recognized code of crime to the conscience of the citizen. In an attempt to do otherwise than this, the world's abiding-places have been washed with blood and its fields made rich with human bones. No government has been found strong enough to stand unshaken above the throes of religious fanaticism when driven to the wall by religious persecution. Ours, sir, would disappear like the 'baseless fabric of a vision' before the first blast of such a convulsion. Does the gentleman believe, for example, that in aiming this cruel blow at a handful of earnest followers of the Lord in Utah, he is doing a more justifiable act than would be, in the eyes of a majority of our citizens, a bill to abolish Catholicism, because of its alleged immorality, or a law to annihilate the Jews for that they are Jews, and therefore obnoxious? Let that evil door once be opened, set sect against sect, let the Bible and the school-books give place to the sword and the bayonet, and we will find the humanity of to-day the humanity of the darker ages, and our beautiful government a mournful dream of the past."

THE MAN.

The Hon. W. H. Hooper is an American of good degree, and he is just one of those men who, if met in any part of the world, would be immediately classified as "the Yankee." There is nothing about him to lead one to imagine for a moment that either he or his family are of recent importation from England, for everything illustrative of corpulent John Bull has entirely gone out of the man's race, yet evidently he is of pure English descent. He was early identified with the commercial enterprise of this country, and was a captain of some of our first American steamboats. He indicates a personal reminiscence when he refers in his speech to Robert Fulton and his first steamboat moving from New York to Albany. He thus became connected with many of the influ-

ential men of the nation both in commerce and politics, and several of our leading statesmen were his associates in youth; and these commercial and political connections, formed when he was a "Gentile," have since been turned to much account both for his people and his own political career. There is scarcely a leading man in Washington, either in or out of Congress, who is at all concerned with the government of the nation, or who may be useful to Utah, with whom William H. Hooper is not on speaking terms, yet he is eminently not a "speaking" but a "working" delegate. He is about five feet eleven, not largely built, but built of iron. There is a wonderful density in his constitution and physique, almost as much as there is in Grant, for *density* is the General's distinguishing quality. His head is small, but one pound of his dense brain will do as much work as a pound and a half of some men's spongy brains. There is a tight nipping about the lips which are like the man, altogether expressive of nervous energy, and not of an implacable iron will. This comes of his impulses, for which he is strongly marked, and those impulses lead him to generosity and consideration for friends. He has the organs of Benevolence and Veneration well pronounced, while the intellectual faculties are prominently developed and sharpened by a good degree of Combativeness and Destructiveness. His chief and characteristic quality of mind is sagacity. This, with his undaunted energy, has made him one of the most successful men among the Mormons in all the commerce and enterprise of Utah.

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Fowler.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

[CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER NUMBER.]

EXCESSIVE OR ABNORMAL EXERCISE.

THAT it may be useful in the highest degree, exercise ought not to be very severe. It should not amount to labor or straining. A form of it so violent, if it does no actual organic mischief, diminishes vitality by an excessive expenditure of it instead of augmenting it. Like excess in everything else, it is wrong and injurious *because* of its excess Hence some of the violent gymnastic exploits practiced occasionally in seats of learning are better calculated to do harm than good. Though they produce salutary action in some of the muscles, they strain, exhaust, and injure others. Those who take exercise for the sake of health and vigor, especially if they be delicate, should never carry it so far, either in violence or duration, as to induce fatigue. In a higher or lower degree that is dangerous, and may prove the cause of actual sickness. The manual-labor system connected with some schools is not only more useful in its objects, but better fitted to subserve health, than the common gymnastic one.

GYMNASTICS—SUGGESTIONS.

Still, the moderate and graceful gymnastic exercises are so useful and desirable as the source of accomplishments, that I should regret their abolishment. One of the best forms of them is that of the sword, especially the small-sword. It is at once elegant, invigorating, and manly, giving fine play to all the principal muscles of the body. Nor does it, as some imagine, foster a propensity to combat and blood. Far from it. That feeling belongs only to the bully and the ruffian. While a knowledge of the art of defense increases personal firmness and self-reliance, in cases of difficulty and danger it is usually accompanied by a pacific temper and a gentlemanly disposition. Nor can it well be otherwise. A fencing-school, properly conducted, is a place of polished courtesy, and therefore an institution peculiarly fitted for the cultivation of a graceful deportment, suavity of manners, and amenity of disposition. Football and handball are useful exercises. So is swimming, when it can be properly practiced.

Besides giving vigor to the muscles, the latter contributes to health by promoting cleanliness. It need scarcely be added that the action of salt water on the skin is considered preferable to that of fresh. It is a current and probably a well-founded belief, that habitual sea-bathing co-operates with the purity of a marine atmosphere in bestowing on islanders their unbroken healthfulness and great longevity.*

DANCING.

As an in-door exercise, for both males and females, nothing is superior to dancing. Besides the grace of movement which it teaches, it gives action and excitement to the whole frame, the music and social intercourse contributing their part to the general effect. If it sometimes does mischief by being carried to excess, that is an abuse of it, and does not justly bring reproach on its proper use, or furnish evidence that it ought to be discarded. As well might the use of food be discarded because many persons abuse it by eating too much. Ten thousand people injure themselves by the abuse of eating for one who does so by that of dancing. The exercise of swinging by the arms, if judiciously practiced, is beneficial, especially to those who have weak chests. So is that of the dumb-bells, with various others, to which time does not allow me to refer.†

TIME FOR EXERCISE.

It is of moment to observe that severe exercise should never be taken during hot weather or immediately after a plentiful meal. In the former case, the excitement of the exercise, added to that of the heat, has double force in exhausting vitality and weakening the body; and in the latter, too much cerebral influence for the time being expended in muscular action, the amount of it conveyed to the stomach is insufficient for the laborious function that viscus has to perform; and indigestion is the consequence. This fact constitutes the foundation of the Spaniard's *siesta*, and of the repose which, under the guidance of instinct, most of the inferior animals take after a copious repast. On the same ground, the savage of our forests, after overgorging himself, often consumes a natural day in the sleep of digestion. But it is a dreamy sleep, the brain being disturbed by the toils of the stomach. It is the source of those visions of war and hunting which, occurring in a brave, are often received as premonitions to action.

OFFICE OF MUSCULAR ACTIVITY.

Such are some of the useful effects of muscular exercise, but not the whole of them. To speak summarily of it. By its aid in maturing, vitalizing, and circulating the blood, that form of exercise contributes to the vitality of the whole system, to the size and tone of every organ, and the soundness and vigor of every function of it, the moral and intellectual ones not excepted. Nor is this all. Added to its enlarging and strengthening the muscles themselves, it gives them a promptitude and an adroitness of action important in most of the concerns of life. What is man without a vigorous and well-trained system of muscles?—instruments which he can turn with ease and effect to any occupation in which his fortune may summon him to engage?—which he can apply at will to matters of business, pastime, or pleasure? Without such muscular discipline and power he would be wretched in himself and a cipher in the world. Nor is the whole yet told. Elegance and symmetry of person, beauty of complexion, vivacity and force of expression,

* It is to be deprecated that there are not institutions of a really popular kind in this country where such graceful exercise as that afforded by fencing can be taken. Swimming has of late become fashionable during the warm season of the year; but it is chiefly at watering-places that it is made a matter of regular or daily practice. Ball playing, while moderately indulged in, is a most invigorating out-of-door pastime; but it has been made an instrumentality for evil rather than good to young men by the way it is now practiced in this country.

† Several works of an excellent character have been published furnishing detailed instructions for the observance of those who, on account of the nature of their business, are desirous of employing gymnastics as a substitute for that physical exercise which their daily employments do not give them. See Samuel R. Wells' "Illustrated Catalogue."

grace of motion, and all else that is attractive in human nature depend, in a high degree, on well-directed muscular exercise.

MATTER A CLOG?

Much is said about matter being a clog on mind; and that the soul is incarcerated within the body like a prisoner in his cell. The sentiment is as impious as it is untrue. Matter clog and incarcerate mind, and prevent it from acting in a manner suitable to its powers? The assertion is a slander on Him who made and governs both mind and matter. If the inferior substance be thus prejudicial to the superior, and so unworthy of it, as many pronounce it, why did the Deity link them together? No good motive could have led Him to this, and who will dare to charge Him with an evil one? Did He unite them through inadvertence or mistake, or because He did not know what influence matter would have on mind until He had made the experiment? or did they, when created, rush together forcibly, He having no power to restrain them? Did He yoke them in sport and wantonness, that they might fall to civil war and try which could do the other most harm, He enjoying their strife and suffering as an amusement? or was His motive a desire to show how unharmoniously and incongruously he could pack the works of creation together? No one will *openly* impute to Him faults or weaknesses like these. Yet all *virtually* do that or something worse who pronounce matter a hindrance to mind in any of its operations.

For aught that man can show to the contrary, mind would be as imbecile without matter as matter would be without mind. What can the latter do without the aid of the former? Can it see, hear, taste, smell, feel, or move? Can it lift a pound weight, make a pin or a pen, or use them if already made? think, reason, judge, or perform a single useful act, intellectual or moral, theoretical or practical? If it can, let that act be specified and proved. I say "proved," because I wish for *realities*, not *suppositions* or *fancies*. I know we are told that the mind can do wonders without the body —that it can traverse all space with more

SYMMETRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

than lightning's speed—outstrip light in journeying from world to world, to study and enjoy the beauties, sublimities, and grandeur of the universe—that, if disencumbered of the shackles of matter, all creation would be subject to its inspection, ministering immediately to its information and delight—all these things, and many more, are *told* to us. But they are *only* told—they are not *proved*. Far from it. The contrary is proved by evidence which we can not doubt. All that the mind has any knowledge of is matter. Of spirit, as already stated, it knows nothing. And all the means it employs to acquire knowledge are matter. It sees with a material eye, hears with a material ear, thinks with a material brain, and moves from place to place in quest of information and pleasure with material muscles and bones. Every implement, moreover, in addition to those received from nature, which it uses either in science or art, are of matter. The mechanician works *with* matter *on* matter. The chemist analyzes matter by matter. The navigator triumphs by matter over the world of waters which are themselves matter; and the astronomer scans the heavens with nothing else. Nor does saying and believing all this amount to materialism. Or if it does, materialism is truth; and, regardless of names, that is all I want. The entire doctrine comes to this, and nothing more. Mind, being the superior agent, uses matter to effect purposes it could not attain without it; as the chieftain gains a victory with his soldiers which he could not achieve alone. He is as really the governing spirit of his army as the mind is of the human body. It will be understood and remembered that I have been speaking of mind in our present state of being. The discussion of its powers and prerogatives in a future state is tne province of others.

THE INFERENCE.

to be deduced from the premises just stated is, that physical education, which consists in the cultivation and improvement of our material organs, is a work infinitely more important than it is generally supposed to be. In fact, it alone, according as it is well or ill conducted, can raise human nature to the highest pitch of perfection of which it is susceptible, or sink it to the lowest point of degradation. No language, therefore, can too strongly recommend, nor any measures too strictly enforce, the duty of practicing it.

BRAIN EDUCATION.

The physical education of the brain shall now be the subject of a few remarks. I say "physical," for it is as susceptible of that form of education as any other organ. So true is this, that it is the *only form it can receive*. And were that brought to perfection, nothing more could be done, nor would aught more be requisite, for the improvement of mind. For, as already mentioned and explained, cerebral and mental education are the same. Here again I must speak as a phrenologist, for in no other capacity can I treat rationally of the subject I am about to consider.

Like all other parts of the system, the brain by suitable and well-regulated exercise is enlarged, invigorated, rendered more dexterous in action, and therefore improved in every respect as the organ of the mind. This is as certain as it is that the muscles themselves are improved by training. And, as is the case with other organs, it also may be exhausted and injured by too much and enfeebled by too little action. For it should never be forgotten or neglected as a practical truth, that as action strengthens and improves living matter, inaction deteriorates and weakens it. That is one of the leading principles by which physical education is to be directed. Indeed, it constitutes its foundation.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BRAIN.

The brain is not a simple but a compound organ. I should rather say that it is an aggregate of many smaller organs, distinct from each other, yet closely linked in their condition bv sympathy. The soundness of one of them aids in giving soundness to the others; and the converse. These organs, being the instruments of separate mental faculties, are destined to the performance of separate functions, no one of them being able to perform any other function than its own; as the eye sees, but can not hear, and the ear hears, but can neither taste nor smell. As these organs, which unite in making up the cerebral mass, execute different sorts of work, so can they work at different times, some of them being active while others are at rest. In this again

they resemble the external senses; for the ear may be impressed with sound while the eyes are closed; the eye may see while the ears are closed; and the sense of smell may be active while that of touch is dormant. The cerebral organs, moreover, like the external senses, are excited to action by different objects and kinds of impression. Thus the eye is acted on only by light, the ear by sound, and the smell, taste, and touch by odorous, sapid, and tangible matter. In like manner one cerebral organ is acted on and exercised by language; another, by form or figure; a third, by size; a fourth, by number; a fifth, by place; a sixth, by tune; a seventh and an eighth, by objects and events; a ninth, by color; and others, again, by the agents appropriate to them. Each one, however, can be acted on and exercised only by things in its own line—by such, I mean, as specially correspond to it. The same organ, for example, which takes cognizance of size, and is exercised by it, can not be excited by form, nor can that which is acted on by number be influenced by tune, time, or place. And thus of all the others.

The organs I have here named are intellectual ones. There are organs, again, of animal propensity, such as love,* resentment, covetousness, cunning; and others of moral sentiment, as benevolence, veneration, justice, and firmness. These may likewise be excited to action, strengthened, and improved, each by its own peculiar agent and form of impression; and they may all be enfeebled by a state of inaction. For I again repeat, that it is suitable action alone which amends living matter, including that of every description, while a want of action deteriorates it to the same extent.

This, though a very defective analysis of the brain, is sufficient, I trust, to render intelligible any remarks I have yet to offer; whereas, without it, there is reason to believe that I should not have been understood,—an apprehension to that effect is my reason for troubling you with this detail.

The perfect physical education of the brain consists in the competent exercise of every portion of it, so that each of its organs may possess due strength and activity, and be itself healthy; and that there may exist between them the equilibrium necessary to the health and regulated action of the whole. If one or more organs be exercised too much, they may become exhausted and debilitated, excited to inflammation, or a condition bordering on it, and not less truly morbid; while others, being exercised too little, or not at all, will be enfeebled by inaction. And thus must the health, not only of the brain, but of the whole system, suffer. For I have already observed, and need scarcely repeat, that the brain being one of the ruling viscera of the system, any derangement of it must injure the condition of all the others. I shall only add that cerebral organs are prone to become exhausted or inflamed, according to their character. Are they small, phlegmatic, and feeble? severe exercise prostrates them. Are they large, high-toned, and vigorous? intense exercise inflames them, or produces in them such irritability and inordinate action as derange the balance of the brain, excite mental irregularities, and lay the foundation of cerebral disease.

STUDIES SHOULD BE VARIED.

This view of the subject shows the propriety and advantage of pupils pursuing several studies or modes of mental exercise at the same time, instead of being confined exclusively to one. It suggests, moreover, the reason of it. By changing from one study to another successively, in the same day, those who are cultivating science and letters not only learn much more than they could under confinement to a single study, but do so with less exhaustion and danger to health. Why? Because by closely studying one branch of knowledge only,—in other words, by laboring all day with one cerebral organ,—it becomes exhausted and dull, as every industrious student must have felt. When thus worn out, therefore, by toil, not only is it unfit to exercise further with due effect and master its task, but its health is endangered, if not for the time actually injured. It is in a fatigued condition, which borders on a diseased one, and often excites it. When, on the contrary, the pupil, feeling himself becoming unfit for one study, passes to another, he en-

* The reader will understand that the cerebral organs here referred to are named in common language, best suited to those to whom the Discourse was addressed. Technically, they are Amativeness, Combativeness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Firmness.

gages in the latter with a fresh and active organ, and makes rapid progress in it, until, beginning to be again fatigued and dull, he changes to a third, or returns to that previously relinquished, the organ corresponding to it being reinvigorated by rest. To illustrate my views by examples familiar to every individual who has received an education.

If the pupil begin the study of language, say of Greek or Latin, in the morning, and continue it during the whole day, he will be so toil-worn and dull by night as to be scarcely able to distinguish a noun from a verb. But if instead of this injudicious and unprofitable course he pursue the study of language two or three hours, then pass to mathematics, and next to geography or history, continuing each form of exercise a reasonable time, by thus changing the working organs, and allowing them alternately to refresh themselves by rest, he may study with equal intenseness, and an equal number of hours in the day and by night, feeling little or no fatigue, have acquired much more knowledge at a less risk of health than he could have done by the protracted toil of a single organ. Independently of the attainment made in history and geography, he will have a clearer and better knowledge even of his task in language than he would have acquired had he brooded over it during the whole day. Shifting the toil, in this manner, from one organ to another, is like bringing fresh soldiers into battle to relieve their exhausted comrades, or hands not yet fatigued to the labors of the harvest field. By such changes, judiciously made, success is achieved; while any other mode of proceeding would result in failure.

EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE MENTAL EXERCISE.

Connected with this topic are two points on which I am anxious to fix your attention, because I consider them peculiarly important. Much of their importance, moreover, arises from their being exclusively practical; and from the further fact, that serious, and even fatal, errors in relation to them are often committed.

That I may be the more easily and perfectly understood, I shall repeat what has been already stated, that very weak and dull organs, and very powerful and active ones, are differently affected by excessive exercise. The former are prostrated and rendered unfit for action, as a feeble and phlegmatic man is by danger and oppression; while, like a brave and powerful man of a fiery temperament, the latter are roused to high excitement, and perhaps inflammation. Occurrences in illustration and proof of this are not unfrequent in seats of learning.

Parents or guardians resolve that a youth whose organs of Language, Size, and Number are small and feeble shall, notwithstanding, be made a linguist and a mathematician. To effect this, the pupil is compelled, or in some way induced, to labor to excess with his feeble organs, which are easily worn out, until the exhaustion and injury they have sustained prove prejudicial, and perhaps ruinous, to his other organs, which are of a better cast, as well as to his general health. Fatuity and insanity have been thus brought on. Again: Another pupil has the same organs in fine development, and highly excitable, active, and vigorous. His talents for language and mathematics are discovered to be of the first order, and both he and his friends are ambitious that he should excel in the knowledge of them. Hence he is encouraged and incited to pursue the study of them with such ardor and perseverance as to produce in the organs exercised a state of intense and morbid irritation, and perhaps inflammation. By this imprudent excitement, madness and phrenitis, with other grievous maladies of the brain, have been repeatedly induced. Of the indiscreet and excessive exercise of other strong and feeble organs, whether animal, moral, or intellectual, the same is true.

Is any one inclined to ask me how he is to know when a youth possesses weak and when strong organs for particular studies? The answer is easy. The practical phrenologist makes the discovery by virtue of his art, and rarely mistakes. Dr. Spurzheim did this in Boston in scores of instances, to the surprise and delight of many of the most enlightened inhabitants of the place. And in Edinburgh, London, Dublin, and Paris, and other parts of Great Britain and France, the practice has become so common that it surprises no longer. There being, however, unfortunately but few practical phrenologists in our country, those who are not so may, from the following considerations, derive some por-

tion of the knowledge desired. Every one takes pleasure in the exercise of his well-developed and vigorous organs, and exerts them with good effect; and the reverse. The exercise of his feeble ones is a matter of indifference, if not dissatisfaction to him; and he makes but little progress in any study in which they are chiefly concerned. Has a pupil, for example, a predominant taste for language, music, painting, and mechanical handicraft, or either of them? and does he make attainments in them with ease and rapidity? his organs and faculties for them are good. Is the reverse of this the case? his organs for them are feeble.

THE PRACTICAL PRECEPT

deducible from this statement is plain: Never urge a pupil to an excessive exertion of feeble cerebral organs, it being both useless and dangerous,—useless, because he can in no way become respectable himself, or render high services to others, by them; and dangerous, because it may impair his intellect and destroy his health. For the same reason, do not encourage or permit a youth to persevere to excess in the exercise of highly sensitive and vigorous organs. The practice is like exposing an irritable or an inflamed eye to a glare of light, or assailing a phrenitic brain with piercing sounds. By a strict observance of these precepts, in seats of education, much time might be saved which is now wasted, much evil prevented, and much good done. The necessity of their enforcement is strengthened by the fact, that children and youth of precocious and large developments and unusually active and vigorous talents possess, in general, delicate and sometimes feeble constitutions. Their systems are therefore the more easily deranged, and should be guarded with the greater care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SKULL FOR OUR CABINET.

WE have received from Mr. Duncan McDonald, phrenologist, a fine Indian skull which he contributes to our collection. The skull is thus described by him:

"It belongs to an extinct tribe of Indians—the mound builders. The present tribes neither know nor care anything about these mounds or the skeletons they contain. The immense size and length of the thigh-bone shows they were a race of very large stature. And undoubtedly they possessed enormous physical strength and endurance.

Specimens of their mechanism, which is very rude, are found buried with their bones, such as pipes, pottery, stone axes, etc. Their mounds are quite numerous in the vicinity of Thunder Bay, Lake Huron, Mich. They vary in size. The one I dug this skull from was about twenty feet in diameter, and four or five in height, and of course was much higher when built; it was within the skirts of the village of Alpena. It contained six skulls, some of which were badly decayed.

The most singular fact about these skulls is, that each one has a smooth and round orifice, about half an inch in diameter, in the top, situated in the sagittal suture an inch or so back of the coronal suture. Some theoretical speculators account for this opening on the ground that they had a superstitious religious idea that after death their spirits came back from the great spirit-land to visit their bodies, and these openings were made to give them access to and from their former citadels. That probably is the most plausible theory that can be advanced.

These mounds are centuries old, as large forest-trees have grown upon them, and they with their mysterious builders present a field of study for the anatomist, naturalist, and anthropologist. It would give me pleasure to hear from others upon this subject."

NEW ORGANS.—I saw in a late number of your JOURNAL that a correspondent proposes to give a name and office to the organ usually marked by a star. I have had for some time an opinion which I will give without the reward. It is this: that the organ of music is double, the front portion supplying one element that enters into musical talent, the back portion another. This is a mere suggestion founded on theory and some observation which I have not had opportunity to extend sufficiently. The hint may benefit somebody. E. LANCASTER.

[We give the above suggestion for what it is worth. It has been thought that this vacant region marked by the star had to do with breathing power. One reason it has not been settled may be that it is located where the muscle is pretty thick, and observation in regard to it is therefore not so easily made.]

THE elaborate experiments made with the new anesthetic chloral seem to demonstrate its superiority over all other known anesthetics.

NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER, 1870.

ONE NUMBER MORE COMPLETES THE VOLUME! Readers are reminded that we are nearing the end of the twelve months' voyage on which we set out at the beginning of the present year. One month more—December—brings us to the end of the eventful year 1870. We are glad. So far the trip has been without serious accident or delay. Passengers generally have appeared pleased with the fare; cloudless skies were over us, good timbers under us, and pleasant breezes wafting us on to the haven where we would be.

We are taking an account of affairs to ascertain just how we stand, and are *preparing* for another voyage. The next will be our FIFTY-THIRD VOYAGE! We have passengers already booked for 1871 who have been on board with us from the first start! They claim to be *life* passengers. May they live a hundred years! Reader, may we count *yourself* among the to-be-happy excursionists for 1871? We shall be delighted to know you are to remain and to be one with us. When you come, bring any of your friends with you; a hearty welcome awaits you.

BRAVERY vs. TIMIDITY.

"Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

HE is a coward who is dishonest. True bravery is based on integrity. "Be just, and fear not." What a text is this! The poet *felt* its *truth*, and expressed it in immortal verse. Bravery and justice go together. One may be reckless of danger and lack bravery or moral courage. But real genuine trust in God—bravery of the Cromwell sort—is without the feeling of fear.

The Saviour, when on board of a struggling ship, reproved the timid men for their weakness and lack of courage. Here are the facts:

"And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him. And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us! we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

It is also a *fact* that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth." A sense of guilt makes one afraid, while "the righteous are bold as a lion." Indeed, they are much more so. Why is the Almighty represented as a Being so awfully to be feared? Is it not because fear is an excellent means by which to make the ignorant act according to one's will? Excessive Cautiousness is the bane of thousands. It is the duty of parents to overcome excessive timidity in themselves and in their children. It can be done to a very considerable extent. The tendency and teaching at present is quite the other way. Many parents and many teachers appeal first, last, and all the time, to the feeling of fear as a means of government, rather than to a higher and more humane sense or sentiment. "Look out there!" "If you do that again, I'll flog you," are among the barbarous expressions of a low, unwise spirit. Another common appeal of the ignorant or indiscreet preacher is almost as repugnant when he charges the hearer to do so and so, in order to avoid going to —— a place represented as uncomfortably warm.

There are more accidents occasioned by timidity, more lives lost through foolish panic, than from almost any other one cause. Many poor, timid creatures are actually frightened to death!

In a time of cholera in an Asiatic city a traveler passing through the country was accosted by another, who inquired "How many people had died from that epidemic?" His answer was, "Four thousand from cholera, and *forty* thousand from fear!"

A most painful event occurred in one of our public schools here in New York a few years ago, which is a case in point. A fidgety, nervous teacher got frightened at some trifling object, and screamed. This frightened the children, and they ran pell-mell to the stairway, three stories high, over which hundreds tumbled in a heap! Dozens of beautiful children were instantly killed, and others maimed for life.

A ship springs a leak, or a boat strikes a snag; an insane fear attacks the fidgety ones, and overboard they go, like a flock of frightened animals over a precipice. Courage would have saved them. A house takes fire, and instead of going coolly to work and putting it out, timid, foolish creatures faint; and were it not for bravery on the part of others, such would perish in the flames. A row often ripens into riot and rebellion, when prompt authority bravely exercised would quiet or quell it. Sailors and soldiers sometimes show a mutinous spirit, refusing to do duty. In such cases a timid policy would inevitably result in ruin and death; but a brave, God-trusting man in command would, Jove-like, hurl the thunderbolts of heaven at the miscreants and subdue them. What is there more admirable than the bravery exhibited by a dying patriot? or what more disgusting than the whining, pusillanimous creature frightened out of his wits? Oh, the folly of foolish fear! Why are soldiers so attractive to women? Because of their supposed pluck, courage, bravery, manliness; and why do they loathe and scorn a poltroon? for the reason that he lacks noble, manly qualities. Hypocrisy often grows out of timidity. A poor creature is afraid to tell the truth; he prevaricates, resorts to subterfuge, or squarely "denies his master." Oh, the coward! Better tell the truth and take the consequences, whatever they may be, than increase the crime by a hypocritical, double-faced falsehood. One may devise an agreeable way to reveal a disagreeable event by any proper means instead of abruptly "blurting" out the painful fact. The negro who wished to spare the feelings of his employer told him that "one of his oxen was dead;" then, after waiting a while for the painful emotion to subside, added, "T'other one is dead, too!" When asked why he did not tell at once that both were dead, he answered, "I to't you couldn't bore it." That negro evidently had kindness, Cautiousness, and Secretiveness all well developed.

The only thing in this world one needs to fear is, to do wrong. Courage, then, sinking or swimming, living or dying, courage! Be brave. Let us trust in God, do our duty, and fear not.

OLD-WORLD MONARCHIES.

THEIR INSTABILITY.

TIMID, dyspeptic, and desponding Americans, in view of political irregularities, abuses, frauds, and corruptions, may be heard to exclaim, "Oh, for a king or an emperor to put down such abuses!" "I don't believe in republics, universal suffrage, nor anything like it!" "What! let the low, ignorant foreigner vote?" "Let negroes and women vote?" "No wonder we are all going to the dogs! And the sooner we go back to the good old times of a more rigid conservatism the better!" These sick grumblers talk as though they supposed the world was made for them. They seem to fear that anything tending to lift others up, as, for example, the conferring of citizenship on them by giving them the right to vote, would necessarily drag themselves down. Giving a negro equal rights before the law; allowing him to testify before the courts; to earn and hold property; to be educated for any or every pursuit, does not

make it necessary that we should amalgamate. There will be no more "mixing" because of "equal rights." If one's *tastes* run that way, and a proud democratic American wishes to marry an African, an Asiatic, or a Flathead Indian, there is no law to prevent it. God made one and all of the races of men. *We* are not responsible for their being here; nor will they vacate the earth at our bidding. Being here, let us utilize the services of those who are willing to serve, for the benefit of all concerned. If by giving them the vote we put them in the way of improving their condition, why not do it? Why impose conditions? God makes no distinctions as to rights and privileges; then why should we? It is for the majority to establish law and order by which society may be governed. All who are agreed will live together in harmony and peace. If one *wants* a monarchy, he can easily find it. He can have a king, emperor, or a czar—a black or a white. There is the king of Dahomey, the king of Italy, and the czar of Russia, either of whom will welcome any willing follower. But kings, emperors, czars, and chiefs are sometimes overthrown and crushed out as young republics have been.

It is proposed in this country to carry out the principles of SELF-GOVERNMENT. It is expected that all good citizens will keep the peace. For idiots, the insane, and for criminals we have almshouses, asylums, and prisons. When it is discovered that one is not "self-governing," he is provided for as above. All good citizens, of whatever color, love their liberty. Indeed, FREEDOM is indispensable to their fullest development of character. Compare the average free American with the average "subject" of any crown, and note the difference! It is a knowledge of the fact, that he is the equal of the best—in the eye of the law—and that any pursuit, or any office of honor or of trust, is equally open to him. This makes him feel that he has "inalienable rights," which must be respected, and which will be defended by the whole power of the nation.

Crude and rough materials are here, to be worked up into American citizens; but in the sight of God is not one as good as another? Shall *we* discriminate against Patrick, Hans, Johnny Crapeau, or John Bull? Are not all equally welcome to our shores? We are all Americans who accept and defend our free institutions. They are not true or loyal Americans who repudiate and seek to destroy our institutions and our liberties. Grumblers will continue to find fault, and party spirit will be manifested in a violent manner at times; but wiser counsels will prevail, and the American Republic remain an example to the world, and the envy of tottering monarchies.

PAUPERISM.

CHARITY is a *Christian* virtue. Out of it proceed hospitals, asylums, and alms-giving in general. But do we not, in our indiscriminate alms-giving, overlook one of the most fruitful causes of want and dependence? Why not try to discover the spring and dam the stream at its source, rather than wait till the flood has "devastated the plain?" Is not "an ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure?" What are the *causes* of poverty? When this is understood, the remedy will be more simple and certain. Below are a few facts and figures which charitable people should duly consider. If it shall appear that nearly every pauper is addicted to the habitual use of "liquor and tobacco"—which substances are unquestionably neither food nor drink—it will be seen that there is a big leak in the economy of living which ought at once to be stopped, before

"Charity" be further bled for the aforesaid chewing and drinking paupers.

In an article on self-imposed taxation, a distinguished statistician says that the consumption under the various items of spirits, wines, and beer at the present time (1870) in Great Britain and Ireland is as follows:

	Quantities.	*Expenditures.*
Home and foreign spirits..	29,418,535 galls.	$152,941,160
Beer of average strength..	749,983,894 "	218,745,280
Foreign and colonial wines	15,151,741 "	64,939,635
Cider, perry, home-made wines, etc.....		say 7,500,000
Tobacco	54,663,829 lbs.	57,191,495
		$501,317,570

We have here an expenditure of more than $16 per head of the *entire population—men, women, and children;* or of more than $65 for *every adult male* in Great Britain and Ireland. The gross amount seems perfectly fabulous; but it is competent for any one to test it by the government returns, which are indisputable.

Now here is *one* cause of pauperism which Christian charity is required to support. Would it not be as well to shut down the gates on the *causes* of this great evil? Here is work for Temperance men,—indeed, for *all* Christian men and women. Each must take ground on one side or the other of this question. Reader, where do you stand? Are *you* a slave to perverted appetite, and on the road to pauperism, disease, and drunkenness? or are you on the side of temperance, and sufficiently self-denying to resist the common temptation to indulge? "There is no danger in safety." If you neither smoke, nor chew, nor snuff, nor drink, you will be much better in every way,—in body, soul, and estate, than if you fall into the costly and disgusting habits of vulgar men. Honest poverty is no disgrace. There are many poor women and children brought to the very door of death through the dissipation of men. Others, through fire and flood, are reduced from affluence to penury in a day; such are proper objects of charity. But as for those who willfully and by self-indulgence bring themselves to want and become mere "dead-weights" on the temperate and industrious, we have commiseration and pity, it is true, but less of sympathy and of charity than for the other unfortunates who are dragged down by them. In looking further into the causes of pauperism, it will be seen that there is a sad lack of economy on the part of many, and absolute wastefulness on the part of others. Their money goes for trifles, knicknacks, bogus jewelry, gewgaws, lottery tickets, confectionery, theaters, negro minstrels, and the like. Those who are called on to *support* paupers are in duty bound to find out the *causes*, and, as far as possible, remove them. We simply give the hint, and leave it for those interested to pursue the subject. Let those who have the faculty of economizing teach the same to others. Children should be taught self-denial and self-helpfulness. At present, the rule among both parents and children seems to be to find something new or something more to desire. Time and money are expended on useless objects. In stimulating the minds of children to enterprise, let it be on something outside of *self*, something which would tend to elevate and improve them, and carry out the doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

BISMARCK, THE PRUSSIAN PREMIER.

IN our last month's issue we gave a brief presentation of those generals who have taken the leading places in the conduct of the remarkable military events which have distinguished the progress of the Franco-Prussian war. The late Emperor of France is a prisoner-guest of the thus far victorious William I.; his best general, McMahon, wounded, and a fine army surrendered. Paris is a beleaguered city,

surrounded, it is reported, by upward of 400,000 Prussian soldiers. The provisional government, with Favre as its substantial head, is republican in tone, and the Empress Eugénie, with the expectant heir of an ambitious dynasty, is a fugitive from the city so lately the scene of her splendid royalty.

Following closely upon the track of his soldiers' brilliant successes we find the king of Prussia; and nearly associated with him, as counselor and general, that man of mark of whom our readers have frequently heard during

COUNT BISMARCK.

the past five or six years, Bismarck. Still the leading exponent of Prussian political affairs, still the premier of a great nation, he comes particularly into notice at this juncture as the man upon whom the peace establishment between France and Prussia chiefly depends.

He was born of noble parentage, in Brandenburg, in 1813. Like other young men, he served his time in the army, and subsequently studied law. After completing his legal studies he retired to his estate, not seeking, it is said, any official position. He was, however, elected a representative to the provisional assembly of Prussian Saxony, and subsequently, in 1846, to the United Diet. From that time his political career is dated. He became the leader in all measures of an ultra aristocratic nature, the champion of the nobility.

His royalist zeal recommended him to the court, the present king of Prussia taking an interest in him because of his fervid advocacy of royal privilege and prerogatives, and for his bluntness and rudeness toward the opposition or liberal side in the Diet. After serving the government in various official capacities, he was called to the head of ministerial affairs, the object of his early aspiration. As premier of Prussia, Bismarck has administered the affairs of government with singular boldness and success. To him Prussia owes much of her present aggrandizement, especially the political triumph secured in her recent war with Austria. Count Bismarck is said to be a man of a strongly passionate disposition, easily irritated, and persistent in pursuing the bent of his inclinations. His portrait exhibits a marked degree of force. He possesses a clear perception, marked intuitive susceptibility, a strong will, unusual self-reliance, a good share of policy, a great amount of boldness, and tremendous energy. In the prosecution of his measures he may appear at times unscrupulous, since he believes in accomplishing whatever he may attempt.

He is not at all credulous, by no means likely to be deceived or misled by sophistry or false appearances, but he has a native insight which, supplemented by his shrewd practical intellect, enables him to draw accurate inferences with surprising quickness, and to plan undertakings with singular success.

If at this writing we have been correctly informed of the nature of his demands on France, preliminary to peace negotiations, we are of opinion that he has lost an opportunity to exhibit that noblest quality in a great statesman —magnanimity; and perhaps his imperious and exorbitant claims, leading as they did to Minister Favre's declination to treat further, will result unhappily to Prussia herself, even though she be successful in ultimately humbling France.

In the opinion of that most pronounced of our progressive publicists, Wendell Phillips, Bismarck, as representing Prussia, has lost a splendid opportunity for immortalizing himself and for attaching great honor to his country. He says: "The first step that Prussia made from Sedan to Paris destroyed forever all Bismarck's claim to be thought a statesman. Ignorantly or angrily he flung away such an opportunity of strengthening his own land in the gratitude of France and the admiration of the world. Instead of this, he did all that in him lies to insure that immortal hate and undying purpose of revenge which will breed up the next generation of Frenchmen for nothing else but to put the tricolor some day over Berlin. * * * Prussia had no statesman to reap the harvest which her greatest of captains, Moltke, had got for her."

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

NOT a few discoveries in the arts and sciences have been made or suggested by accident. The use of the pendulum, suggested by the vibrating of a chandelier in a cathedral; the power of steam, intimated by the oscillating of the lid of a tea-kettle; the utility of coal-gas for light, experimented upon by an ordinary tobacco-pipe of white clay; the magnifying property of the lens, stumbled upon by an optician's apprentice while holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger; the attraction of gravitation, as hinted to the philosopher Newton by the fall of an apple, are well-known instances in proof of the fact. Galvanism was discovered by accident. Professor Galvani, of Bologna, in Italy, gave his name to the operation, but his wife is considered as actually entitled to the credit of the discovery. She being in bad health, some frogs were ordered for her. As they lay upon the table, skinned, she noticed that their limbs became strongly convulsed when near an electrical conductor. She called her husband's attention to the fact; he instituted a series of experiments, and in 1789 the galvanic battery was invented. Eleven years later, with that discovery for his basis, Professor Alessandro Volta, also an Italian, announced his discovery of the "voltaic pile."

The discovery of glass-making was effected by seeing the sand vitrified upon which a fire had been kindled. Blancourt says that the making of plate-glass was suggested by the fact of a workman breaking a crucible filled with melted glass. The fluid run under one of the large flagstones with which the floor was paved. On raising the stone to recover the glass, it was found in the form of a plate, such as could not be produced by the ordinary process of blowing. Glass pearls, though among the most beautiful, inexpensive, and common ornaments worn by the ladies, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656, a Venetian, named Jaquin, discovered that the scales of a fish, called bleakfish, possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to the water. He found by experimenting that beads dipped into this water assumed when dried the appearance of pearls. It proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off; and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube, the insides are delicately coated with the pearly liquid, and a waxed coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fish to produce half a pint of the liquid, to which a small quantity of sal-ammonia and isinglass are afterward added.

SPIRITUALISM.—There is much inquiry as to what we think of Spiritualism. We have had the subject under investigation for some time, and shall give our readers the result when we arrive at any satisfactory conclusions. In our present number the reader will find an interesting article from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which can not fail to interest those seeking information in that direction. We also give an extract from a letter by Andrew Jackson Davis, who has been identified with Spiritism for nearly twenty years. From these latest utterances the reader will learn about how the matter stands to-day. We may look for progress in this, as well as in all other directions, as we go on in knowledge and development. Neither belief nor disbelief can make any difference in regard to the truth of any proposition. Trusting our clergy,—a body of rightly constituted spiritual instructors,—will give us the desired light on the subject, *we* are content to await events.

"NO MAN KNOWETH OF HIS SEPULCHER."

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

When he who from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die,—

God made his grave, to man unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale unfold,
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close their dim eyes on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their slumbering dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,—
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

THE annual catalogue and announcement of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, for 1870, is published. The faculty of this College is composed of capable teachers, and we are glad to hear of its success. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Dr. Emily Blackwell, 128 Second Avenue, New York.

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK.—Third Article. By S. S. Randall.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

NEARLY forty years have now elapsed since, in 1831, William H. Seward, then a young man, and barely eligible to the office, in point of age, took his seat in the Senate of New York as one of the four members of that body identified with the Anti-Masonic party. He soon became one of its most prominent debaters on all political questions, pitting himself against such men as Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, Leonard Mason, and John W. Edmonds in the great controversy then pending, involving the constitutionality of the Bank of the United States. At the expiration of his senatorial term he was unsuccessfully supported by the Whig party as a candidate for Governor against Mr. Marcy; but four years later, in 1838, he was elected to that position by a majority of ten thousand votes, with Luther Bradish as Lieutenant. At this time his personal appearance presented a striking contrast to that of his predecessor, Gov. Marcy, who, in this respect, as well as others, was emphatically one of nature's noblemen. Gov. Seward was considerably below the common stature, very thin and slim, with a profusion of what was, unquestionably, red, or at the least, sandy hair. Indeed, it was not unfrequently with considerable difficulty and no small embarrassment that his political friends could induce his rural supporters, in the course of the canvass, to recognize him as the distinguished legislator and statesmen for whom their suffrages were required. It was not until the winter of 1839-40 that I was first admitted to the honor of his personal acquaintance—and then only in the character of a copyist during the preparation of his second annual message to the Legislature. The executive mansion at that time was the old "Kane Mansion," in the southern suburbs of Albany, formerly occupied by Daniel D. Tompkins during his gubernatorial term. It required only a few days of official intimacy, so unassuming, friendly, and courteous were his manners and those of his household, to be placed on a footing of friendly regard and familiar acquaintance. The Message, either written out in his own scrawling and most illegible hand, or dictated to his Secretary, Mr. Blatchford (now Judge Blatchford of the U. S. District Court), was in the first instance submitted, paragraph by paragraph and sentence by sentence, to the severe critical scrutiny of his most estimable and accomplished lady, to that of Mr. Blatchford, who. though then a very young man, was an excellent scholar as well as an incipient diplomatist, and occasionally to my own rhetorical skill—all this with reference only, of course, to its merits as a composition, its style, phraseology, and arrangement. Its *matter* so far as it underwent any change, did so in conformity to the views of his political friends and advisers only. After a winter's day pleasantly spent in this manner in his private cabinet, the doors of the spacious hall and the adjoining ante-rooms were wont to be thrown open in the evening, to the free admission of his friends. Thither came the courtly and polished Bradish; Thurlow Weed, the great "Dictator," with his genial and strongly marked features; the late Archbishop Hughes, then in the prime of his splendid powers; the dark-browed Spencer; the brilliant Attorney-General Willis Hall; the Comptroller Bates Cooke; the hearty and jovial Speaker George W. Patterson; the cynical but astute Azariah Smith; and the jovial Lawrence—the Onondaga Chief; glorious Kit Morgan, and a host of other cordial associates—rendering the passage of time and the hours unregarded amid the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Weed and Seward were of course inseparable—their long friendship and the mutual services rendered by each to each knitting their hearts together like those of two brothers. With Spencer, the intercourse was different; and occasions frequently occurred when the Governor found himself equally unable to combat his arguments or to follow his advice. I particularly recollect one. A brutal murder had been committed in the neighborhood of Albany of a wife by her husband—a depraved wretch who deliberately, after inflicting the mortal wound, turned the mother of his ten children into the streets on a bleak winter night to perish. He was promptly arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced. Application was, however, made to

Gov. Seward for a reprieve or pardon on the ground of insanity; and this application was strongly backed by Secretary Spencer, who had somehow convinced himself, against all apparent evidence, of the mental imbecility of the convict. The Governor temporarily reprieved the miserable man, and himself instituted the most searching investigation personally, and through the aid of eminent medical men, resulting in a full and complete conviction of his entire sanity, both at the time of the commission of the murder and subsequent to his conviction. The Secretary continued, however, to press the application, bringing to bear upon it a mass of facts, illustration, and argument which it seemed impossible to confute. On the morning of the day finally fixed for the execution of the convict, Gov. Seward called for me in his carriage, and after taking a drive of several hours told me he had planned the excursion without the knowledge or privity of any of his friends to escape the importunity of Mr. Spencer which he felt himself wholly unable to resist, though completely satisfied of the sanity as well as the guilt of the wretched man who had expiated his crime on the gallows during our absence. "Why," said he, "that man would have driven with a carriage-and-four-horses over every conviction of my own had I afforded him the slightest opportunity. My only chance of safety was flight!" After a pause he observed: "At our last interview, only yesterday afternoon, I came so near yielding to his pitiless logic that I half consented to again reprieve him; but when I came to think after he left me of the brutal circumstances accompanying the murder—when I thought of the patient, long-suffering, abused, murdered mother of ten children thrust from her own hearth-stone into the wintry blasts to die—I could not sleep. Early this morning I determined to allow the law to take its course, and to confront that terrible logician no more until all was over!"

Of Gov. Seward as the enlightened and far-seeing statesman—the steadfast and energetic advocate of internal improvements by roads and canals—the efficient promoter of every benevolent and charitable enterprise — the champion of universal common school education—the steady, consistent, unwavering, and intrepid Republican leader in the abolition of slavery—the eloquent Senator—the accomplished Prime Minister and diplomatist—there is no necessity for speaking here. The same cowardly, vindictive assassin's blow which struck down LINCOLN, was aimed at his throat, and averted only by the mercy of Heaven! Long may he yet be spared to remind us of the fearful perils braved and borne by the statesmen at the helm who carried the noble ship of our American Union safely through the terrible breakers which surrounded her on every hand!

But the memories which will rest most pleasantly upon his heart when the "last of earth" shall come to him—as it must come to all—will be those of that crowning hour of his life when he stood up, amid the jeers and taunts and abuse of a crowded criminal court in his native county, the volunteer defender of a poor, ignorant, helpless, wretched, and half idiotical negro arraigned for the murder of a wealthy and respectable citizen. Years before, the miserable wreck of humanity, in his youth and health and strength, had been wrongfully accused of crime, and upon circumstantial evidence which he was unable to confute, though knowing himself to be innocent, had been convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. While enduring it he was subjected to a series of harsh, brutal, and inhuman treatment, resulting in a complete paralysis of all his mental faculties. On his final release he wandered aimlessly over his old haunts, destitute, friendless, and repulsed on every hand. Burning with frenzy, and hunger, and want, he staggered from door to door, demanding compensation for his long and cruel imprisonment. Beaten and driven from all, in a moment of hopeless insanity he imbued his hands in the blood of an innocent and most worthy man. The public indignation knew no bounds. He was arrested, rescued from the hands of the excited and maddened crowd by the officers of justice, committed to prison, and placed upon the mockery of a trial. So intense and universal was the feeling of indignation against him, so determined the cry for his blood, that manifestly idiotic and hopelessly insane as he was, no man dared appear as his counsel. Then it was that Gov. Seward came boldly forward, confronted the maddened crowd, and fearlessly announced his determination to defend the poor and helpless imbecile, and to demand his release and committal to an insane or idiotic asylum as the only fitting place for such as all must plainly see was this miserable convict. His efforts were unavailing—his eloquent appeals to the sympathy and common humanity of the jury, to the sense of justice of the court, to the hearts and senses of all present—were wasted, and the poor wretch was doomed to die by the hangman's hand! But God had otherwise

ordered—a higher tribunal had taken cognizance of the case—a "higher law" had been invoked; and long before the period fixed for his execution, a merciful Providence had closed in death those unconscious eyes from whose dull orbs no rational gleams of intellect had for months and probably for years emanated!

A brilliant and successful career as a politician and statesman — worldly prosperity—"honor, obedience, and troops of friends"—an enviable name in history—the applause of the wise and good of every country, a ripe and cheerful old age crowned with blessings and congratulations—a name and a fame coextensive with the civilized world in all coming ages—these are precious and inestimable blessings awarded to but few of the human race; but to the Christian far more welcome, when flesh and strength shall fail, that inward voice sounding from the deepest depths of our immortal being, the voice of its great Creator, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, *ye have done it unto Me!*"

WHAT MAKES WOMEN UNHAPPY?

I CANNOT help asking myself very often what it is that makes women so different from what they were thirty and forty years ago. The reality of a great change in them oppresses me, and I ponder and worry my brain, for I can not ignore it even if I would; it is too apparent, too marked. There is too much truth in the matter to laugh it down, and it finds such terrible proof in the unrestful unhappy faces before us every day. It makes one's heart ache to see it; and to hear it—if one will—from the lips of those infected, is to have revealed a depth of woe and misery little dreamed of by those who only see the surface of life.

This change in women is not confined to one class, but it is evident in all circles of society; from the ignorant hired girl who takes her midnight stroll with any chance visitor, yet who on the score of character declines to sweep the stoop after a certain hour in the day, to the women of wealth and position who put themselves in sufficient raiment and parade their shapes before every idler in the Avenue, or who submit to being embraced in the dance by men whose touch is contamination, and whose very presence is debasing.

The rich and the obscure, the luxurious and the poor, are all afflicted with this mania of unhappiness, this dissatisfied unrest which will not be stilled with the old remedy, and which threatens to end in the overthrow of all old-established and once respectable customs.

Some one whispers, "It is the out-growth of liberal ideas, that as a sex women are beginning to understand that they have been kept in subjection long enough. Ah! I answer, are these fashionable leaders of society, who go night after night with men other than their husbands to hear lascivious music, and who smile at the indecent, suggestive, *living* ballet pictures, subjected? I doubt if any of them look upon their husbands as aught but inconvenient necessities, who serve them as mere cash appendages, and whose wishes and opinions are never even inquired into, to say nothing of being respected.

But what is the matter with the women? What do they want? "Suffrage," cries my neighbor; "power in the land to decide weighty matters affecting their own interests; equal rights before God and man, and the complete abolishment of ancient laws and statutes; reform in the marriage system, and——"

Stop a moment,—Suffrage, you want first. Then I am to understand that with the present educational status of women you are willing to excuse men from further obligations, and as physical and moral equals take your destinies in your own hands, receiving no other aid than mere courtesy and civility demand. But are you physically equal to the requirements of the law, and could you as a voter bring yourself down to the necessities of the condition and serve in the militia or be drafted as a soldier? Think how you would feel if your pretty Hattie should be forced to go into the ranks! and then, too, imagine if you can, the moral defilement absolutely required to level her to the general standard of men; and if she is to be the equal of men, her pure heart must be deadened to that spiritual superiority which is the birthright of every woman, and which you know is the badge of her superiority. If the alternative were demanded, do you believe Hattie would be willing to acknowledge herself the *equal* of men? I have faith to say not, and very few right-thinking women would calmly consent to be thrown pell-mell into familiar contact with men as they are with each other, even for the suffrage privilege. Think of all the hallowed, holy emotions of husbands and sons lost in the mad excitement and rude bustle of an election, and picture if you can the feeling with which they would all meet at home afterward, dusty and soiled, stained and defiled by contact with the herd at

the polls. It is bad enough now, when only the men-folk come into their pure clean families in this semi-savage condition, and slip away ashamed to change their outer garments and remove the evidences of their inferior appetites, if not to feel humiliated that from so much that is low they are permitted to come into the presence of women.

Now these very women are afflicted as much as you and I with this never-to-be-stilled, longing, craving, restless outreaching for an undefinable something; but do you really think they would be quieted with this one mighty ensign of republicanism, the ballot box? I do not. But you say your Hattie and yourself do not care to *exercise* the privilege, nor would you ever be required to assume any of the obligations attendant upon your elevation as citizens of the country, for Hattie has money to purchase substitutes, and she could remain unspotted from the world, but that it is the working-women, the poor sewing-girls, who need this fulcrum of power. Then you argue that working-women should serve as soldiers, because of course you know they have no money to buy substitutes, and how can they remain unspotted from the world, being forced every day to meet it in that hard, bitter struggle for bread?

Differing as we do upon this one point, let us reason calmly upon this question of the wide-spread unhappiness of our sex, and first let me tell you that I believe this apparent and deep change in women is due to their growth in impurity. As a class, we are coarser than we ever were before. We live in coarse times, in the day of slang, free-love affinities, and popular vulgarisms of every kind. The general tone of society is such that, but for a deep-abiding faith in the promises of the future, many of us would be wretchedly unhappy. A saintly woman, wise and venerable, and having confidence in the integrity of her sex, said to me, not long since, "There is need of alarm for the present, for we are passing over insecure ground, and like the oscillating pendulum unevenly balanced, are swinging from one extreme to the other, but by-and-by the united intelligence of men and women will smooth the rough places and let us gain equilibrium again."

In the mean time what is to become of the two extreme classes of whom we were just speaking? Are fashionable women to go on tainted with this unholy passion for display and luxury, and sacrifice for the perishable pleasures of the hour the instincts that, being continually blunted, will eventually become extinct, which on the other hand, rightly cherished, would save intact the divinity of each woman? And are we to close our ears to the agonized cry that wells up from the heart of the working-woman, and turn away from the prayer for help to save herself from prostitution, and,—God help us!—her babes from starvation. There is a savage ring in her unnatural voice that stops the half-uttered meaningless words in which we were going to express our confidence that she would remain true to her womanhood, and the conviction is forced upon us that motherhood is higher in some natures than womanhood, and that while you or I would accept death in any form in preference, that this woman of honest feelings, though ignorant and unthinking, knows no other way.

You are congratulating yourself that your Hattie is not a representative of either class, and hence do not feel the same interest in them that you do in the sect you represent. But I am terribly in earnest, and can not pocket my personal success, and nurse a thankfulness that savors so strongly of selfishness. Pardon me if I launch into the old theme again and tell you how we can meet and answer this question of the unhappiness of women.

Take fashionable women first, and let me illustrate my point, at the same time premising my argument with this remark, that while dissatisfaction is prevalent in all classes of women, it is traceable to very different causes, which are as distinct as the conditions they represent. For instance, there are at the various watering-places, or were all the summer, ladies whose wealth, social position, and standing in society is all that they desired. The casual observer would declare there was nothing here upon which to base the assertion of dissatisfaction, apart from that natural discontent which characterizes the human family.

At all the watering-places and sea-side resorts there has been a noticable decrease in beaux. Daughters are chaperoned through empty parlors, look in vain for that necessary commodity—suitable gentleman attendants, while planning mammas grow frantic over the hopeless task of husband-hunting. These mothers and daughters, like many others elsewhere, are, with all their lack of innate refinement, women of average capacity, who from lack of occupation spend the best years of their lives in trying to entice men, for the sole purpose of having some one to supply in a genteel way the funds required for display.

Night after night these daughters attire themselves in costumes remarkable for their scanti-

ness in one direction and abundance in the other, and expose their person unblushingly as they tread the mazes of the voluptuous dance in the arms of any worn *roué* that happens to be on hand.

The extravagance of these women keep all honest marriageable men away from their presence; they are afraid to go even for a few weeks' pleasure where they are liable to be tempted to marry women whom they could not possibly support, and so they stay at home wishing all the time they could find some sensible girls who would be content with competency. I wish I could tell these wretched girls how many solid, substantial men are at their places of business this summer kept at home by their thoughtless conduct, and how very many well-meaning, moderately cultured men are wishing every day for wives, but who see no chance in the present state of society. They don't care to wed women whose eyes are familiar with fashionable indecencies, and whose tastes are so perverted that they are willing to let unclean men handle their person in the waltz, or gaze with pleased eyes upon their naked arms and shoulders.

These women are tainted, and the infection is spreading; and since we can not educate them through their principles, we are compelled to work through their selfish propensities. Let them understand that men have the right to demand clean minds as well as bodies, and that the most debased of the race holds sacred the honor of his wife, and they will begin to open their eyes to the fact that as they are, few are fitted to hold such position. This claim of good men was never made so loudly as it is now, when women are asserting in unintelligible rage their past position of servitude.

This wide-spread prostitution of human bodies and souls which underlies our social fabric is just as fearful to men as to women, and the former are more wary than ever before as to the whiteness and purity of a sex they formerly trusted as implicitly as they do their mothers. And no matter how black some of their own garments are, they will have only the snowy in others. As rich husbands are the primary want of fashionable girls, their unhappiness will grow the more intense as they find how impossible it is to secure so useful an appendage, while they remain a mere bundle of gewgaws and paniers. Life has its realities as well as its fancies, its tragedies as well as its comedies; and many of those who smile at the idea of their remaining unhappy for the want of a husband will learn before long that they have made honorable marriage an impossibility, and are the cause of the wide-spread libertinism and reckless lawlessness and vice heaped into that word free-loveism.

But the other class, the working-women, demand some recognition, for their unhappiness is more real and their necessities more glaring than ever before in the history of the world.

Where men are concerned, life is plain walking enough; but it is the women whose cries for work and its compensation are heard all over the land.

There is a general uprising of the whole sex, and the wide-spread prevalence of dissatisfaction is due to the prejudice of men, coupled with their love of the sex. Men believe that the old type of women, whose only real life comes to her through the love of home, husband, and children, is the only kind to be tolerated, and in keeping their wives in their places and their daughters at home, until their only chance to get away is offered them in the shape of a husband, is the surest and most effectual way to crush this discontent which is undermining home-life in America.

There is no new path needed for woman, only a widening of the old; and if the prejudice of man makes woman believe that she will lose caste, be underpaid, and miss the chance of obtaining a husband, then the distance between women and their work remains as great as ever, and the never-to-be-stilled aspirations of her heart and brain continue to shake the fabric of society as it has done for the past few years.

The fact is, that the number and helplessness of our sex has become a drug in the country, and the enlargement of woman's mental powers, coupled with the opposition of men, and her limited pecuniary resources, is the true cause of the misery which is completely shadowing so many earth-lives.

Men should view these new demands of women differently, and women should not forget to be grateful to men for what they have been in the past.

Let men encourage not only the cultured working-women who are brave and true-hearted enough to step out before the world and perform their chosen work, but the ignorant and degraded who are reaching up for help.

The truest and most exalted happiness on earth is found in the hearts of those who are permitted by circumstances to adopt a chosen pursuit and follow it to the end. God grant

this boon to every individual member of my sex, and then indeed will peace be established on a more lasting basis, since enlightenment, civilization, and enlarged mental and moral powers are the foundation and pillars of the grand structure.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

[The following excellent discussion of modern Spiritualism, taken from the *Christian Union*, is deserving of a wide circulation.]

IT is claimed that there are in the United States four million Spiritualists. The perusal of the advertisements in any one of the weekly newspapers devoted to this subject will show that there is a system organized all over the Union to spread these sentiments. From fifty to a hundred, and sometimes more, of lecturers advertise in a single paper, to speak up and down the land; and lyceums—progressive lyceums for children, spiritual pic-nics, and other movements of the same kind, are advertised. This kind of thing has been going on from year to year, and the indications now are that it is increasing rather than diminishing.

It is claimed by the advocates of these sentiments that the number of those who boldly and openly profess them is exceeded by the greater number of those who are *secretly* convinced, but who are unwilling to encounter the degree of obloquy or ridicule which they would probably meet on an open avowal.

All these things afford matter for grave thought to those to whom none of the great and deep movements of society are indifferent. When we think how very tender and sacred are the feelings with which this has to do—what power and permanency they always must have, we can not but consider such a movement of society entitled at least to the most serious and thoughtful consideration.

Our own country has just been plowed and seamed by a cruel war. The bullet that has pierced thousands of faithful breasts has cut the nerve of life and hope in thousands of homes. What yearning toward the invisible state, what agonized longings must have gone up as the sound of mournful surges, during these years succeeding the war! Can we wonder that any form of religion, or of superstition, which professes in the least to mitigate the anguish of that cruel separation, and to break that dreadful silence by any voice or token, has hundreds of thousands of disciples? If on review of the spiritualistic papers and pamphlets we find them full of vague wanderings and wild and purposeless flights of fancy, can we help pitying that craving of the human soul which all this represents and so imperfectly supplies?

The question arises, Has not the Protestant religion neglected to provide some portion of the true spiritual food of the human soul, and thus produced this epidemic craving? It is often held to be a medical fact that morbid appetites are the blind cry of nature for something needed in the bodily system which is lacking. The wise nurse or mother does not hold up to ridicule the poor little culprit who secretly picks a hole in the plastering that he may eat the lime; she considers within herself what is wanting in this little one's system, and how this lack shall be more judiciously and safely supplied. If it be phosphate of lime for the bones which nature is thus blindly crying for, let us give it to him more palatably and under more attractive forms.

So with the epidemic cravings of human society. The wise spiritual pastor or master would inquire what is wanting to these poor souls that they are thus with hungry avidity rushing in a certain direction, and devouring with unhealthy eagerness all manner of crudities and absurdities.

May it not be spiritual food, of which their mother, the Church, has abundance, which she has neglected to set before them?

Now, if we compare the religious teachings of the present century with those of any past one, we shall find that the practical spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible has to a great extent dropped out of it.

Let us begin with the time of Jesus Christ. Nothing is more evident in reading his life than that he was acting all the time in view of *unseen* and spiritual influences, which were more pronounced and operative to him than any of the *visible* and materialistic phenomena of the present life. In this respect the conduct of Christ, if imitated in the present day, would subject a man to the imputation of superstition or credulity. He imputed things to the direct agency of invisible spirits acting in the affairs of life, that we, in the same circumstances, attribute only to the constitutional liabilities of the individual acted upon by force of circumstances.

As an example of this, let us take his language toward the Apostle Peter. With the habits of modern Christianity, the caution of Christ to Peter would have been expressed much on this fashion: "Simon, Simon, thou

art impulsive, and liable to be carried away with sudden impressions. The Jews are about to make an attack on me which will endanger thee."

This was the exterior view of the situation, but our Lord did not take it. He said, "Simon Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." This Satan was a person ever present in the mind of Christ. He was ever in his view as the invisible force by which all the visible antagonistic forces were ruled. When his disciples came home in triumph to relate the successes of their first preaching tour, Christ said, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." When the Apostle Peter rebuked him for prophesying the tragical end of his earthly career, Christ answered not him, but the invisible spirit whose influence over him he recognized: "Get thee behind me, Satan! Thou art an offense unto me." When the Saviour's last trial approached, he announced the coming crisis in the words, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." When he gave himself into the hands of the Sanhedrim, he said, "This is your hour and that of the powers of darkness." When disputing with the unbelieving Jews, he told them that they were of their father, the devil; that he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth; that when he spoke a lie he spoke of his own, for he was a liar, and the father of lies.

In short, the life of Christ, as viewed by himself, was not a conflict with enemies *in the flesh*, but with an invisible enemy, artful, powerful, old as the foundations of the world, and ruling by his influences over evil spirits and men in the flesh.

The same was the doctrine taught by the Apostles. In reading the Epistles we see in the strongest language how the whole visible world was up in arms against them. St. Paul gives this catalogue of his physical and worldly sufferings, proving his right to apostleship mainly by perseverance in persecution. "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft; of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned; thrice have I suffered shipwreck —a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren."

One would say with all this, there was a sufficient array of physical and natural causes against St. Paul to stand for something. In modern language—yea, in the language of good modern Christians—it would be said, "What is the use of taking into account any devil or any invisible spirits to account for Paul's trials and difficulties?—it is enough that the whole world has set itself against what he teaches—Jew and Gentile are equally antagonistic to it."

But St. Paul says in the face of all this, "We are not wrestling with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and the leaders of the darkness of this world, and against wicked spirits in high places;" and St. Peter, recognizing the sufferings and persecutions of the early Christians, says, "Be sober, be vigilant." Why? "Because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

In like manner we find in the discourses of our Lord and the Apostles the recognition of a counteracting force of good spirits. When Nathaniel, one of his early disciples, was astonished at his spiritual insight, he said to him, "Thou shalt see greater things than these! Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man." When he spoke of the importance of little children, he announced that each one of them had a guardian angel who beheld the face of God. When he was transfigured on the Mount, Moses and Elijah appeared in glory, and talked with him of his death that he was to accomplish at Jerusalem. In the hour of his agony in the garden, an angel appeared and ministered to him. When Peter drew a sword to defend him, he said, "Put up thy sword. Thinkest thou not that I can not pray to my Father, and he will give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

Thus, between two contending forces of the invisible world was Christianity inaugurated. During the primitive ages the same language was used by the Fathers of the Church, and has ever since been traditional.

But we need not say that the fashion of modern Protestant theology and the custom of modern Protestant Christianity have been less and less of this sort.

We hear from good Christians, and from Christian ministers, talk of this sort: A great deal is laid to the poor devil that he never thought of. If men would take care of their own affairs the devil will let them alone. We hear it said that there is no *evidence* of the

operation of invisible spirits in the course of human affairs. It is all a mere matter of physical, mental, and moral laws working out their mission with unvarying certainty.

But is it a fact, then, that the great enemy whom Christ so constantly spoke of is dead? Are the principalities and powers and rulers of the darkness of this world, whom Paul declared to be the real opponents that the Christian has to arm against, all dead? If that great enemy whom Christ declared the source of all opposition to himself is yet living, with his nature unchanged, there is as much reason to look for his action behind the actions of men and the vail of material causes as there was in Christ's time; and if the principalities and powers and rulers of the darkness of this world, that Paul speaks of, have not died, then they are now, as they were in his day, the *principal* thing the Christian should keep in mind and against which he should arm.

And, on the other hand, if it is true, as Christ declared, that every little child in him has a guardian angel, who always beholds the Father's face; if, as St. Paul says, it is true that the angels all are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation," then it follows that every one of us is being constantly watched over, cared for, warned, guided, and ministered to by invisible spirits.

Now let us notice in what regions and in what classes of mind the modern spiritualistic religion has most converts.

To a remarkable degree it takes minds which have been denuded of all faith in spirits; minds which are empty, swept of all spiritual belief, are the ones into which any amount of spirits can enter and take possession. That is to say, the human soul, in a state of starvation for one of its normal and most necessary articles of food, devours right and left every marvel of modern spiritualism, however crude.

The old angelology of the Book of Daniel and the Revelations is poetical and grand. Daniel sees lofty visions of beings embodying all the grand forces of nature. He is told of invisible princes who rule the destiny of nations! Michael, the guardian prince of the Jews, is hindered twenty-one days from coming, at the prayer of Daniel, by the conflicting princes of Media and Persia. In the New Testament, how splendid is the description of the angel of the resurrection! "And behold, there was a great earthquake, and the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it! His countenance was as the lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake and become as dead men." We have here spiritualistic phenomena worthy of a God—worthy our highest conceptions—elevated, poetic, mysterious, grand!

And communities, and systems of philosophy and theology, which have explained all the supernatural art of the Bible, or which are always apologizing for it, blushing for it, ignoring and making the least they can of it—such communities will go into spiritualism by hundreds and by thousands. Instead of angels, whose countenance is as the lightning, they will have ghosts and tippings and tappings and rappings. Instead of the great beneficent miracles recorded in Scripture, they will have senseless clatterings of furniture and breaking of crockery. Instead of Christ's own promise, "He that keepeth my commandments, I will love him and manifest *myself*," they will have manifestations from all sorts of anonymous spirits, good, bad, and indifferent.

Well, then, what is the way to deal with spiritualism? Precisely what the hunter uses when he stands in the high, combustible grass and sees the fire sweeping around him on the prairies. He sets fire to the grass all around him, and it burns *from* instead of *to* him, and thus he fights fire with fire. Spiritualism, in its crudities and errors, can be met only in that way. The true spiritualism of the Bible is what will be the only remedy for the cravings of that which is false and delusive.

Some years ago the writer of this, in deep sorrow for the sudden death of a son, received the following letter from a Roman Catholic priest, in a neighboring town. He was a man eminent for holiness of life and benevolence, and has since entered the rest of the blessed.

DEAR MADAM: In the deep affliction that has recently visited you, I implore you to remember well that there is a communion of spirits of the departed just, which death can not prevent, and which, with prayer, can impart much consolation. This, with the condolence of every parent and child in my flock, I beg leave to offer you, wishing, in the mean time, to assure you of my heartfelt regret and sympathy. Yours, very truly,

JAMES O'DONNELL,
Catholic Pastor, Lawrence.

What is this communion which death can not prevent, and which with prayer can impart consolation? It is known in the Apostles' Creed as "The Communion of Saints."

[In a second article, under the motto, "I believe in the Communion of Saints," Mrs. Stowe continues her discussion of the same subject.]

When it is considered what social penalties attach to the profession of this faith, one must admit that only some very strong cause can induce persons of standing and established reputation openly to express beliefs of this kind. The penalty is loss of confidence and being reputed of unsound mind. It is not an easy thing to profess belief in anything which destroys one's reputation for sanity, yet undoubtedly this is the result. It must also be admitted that most of the literature which has come into existence in this way is of a doubtful and disreputable kind, and of a tendency to degrade rather than elevate our conceptions of a spiritual state.

Yet such is the hunger, the longing, the wild craving of the human soul for the region of future immortality, its home-sickness for its future home, its perishing anguish of desire for the beloved ones who have been torn away from it, and to whom in every nerve it still throbs and bleeds, that professed words and messages from that state, however unworthy, are met with a trembling agony of eagerness, a willingness to be deceived, most sorrowful to witness.

But any one who judges of the force of this temptation merely by what is published in the *Banner of Light*, and other papers of that class, has little estimate of what there is to be considered in the way of existing phenomena under this head.

The cold scientists who, without pity and without sympathy, have supposed that they have had under their dissecting knives the very phenomena which have deluded their fellows, mistake. They have not seen them, and in the cold, unsympathizing mood of science, they never can see them. The experiences that have most weight with multitudes who believe more than they dare to utter, are secrets deep as the grave, sacred as the innermost fibers of their souls—they can not bring their voices to utter them except in some hour of uttermost confidence and to some friend of tried sympathy. They know what they have seen and what they have heard. They know the examinations they have made, they know the inexplicable results, and, like Mary of old, they keep all these sayings and ponder them in their hearts. They have no sympathy with the vulgar, noisy, outward phenomena of tippings and rappings and signs of wonders. They have no sympathy with the vulgar and profane attacks on the Bible, which form part of the utterances of modern seers; but they can not forget, and they can not explain things which in sacred solitude or under circumstances of careful observation have come under their own notice. They have no wish to make converts—they shrink from conversation, they wait for light; but when they hear all these things scoffed at, they think within themselves—who knows?

We have said that the strong, unregulated, and often false spiritualistic current of to-day is a result of the gradual departure of Christendom from the true supernaturalism of primitive ages. We have shown how Christ and his Apostles always regarded the invisible actors on the stage of human existence as more powerful than the visible ones; that they referred to their influence over the human spirit and over the forces of nature, things which modern rationalism refers only to natural laws. We can not illustrate the departure of modern society from primitive faith better than in a single instance—a striking one.

The Apostles' Creed is the best formula of Christian faith—it is common to the Greek, the Roman, the Reformed Churches, and published by our Pilgrim Fathers in the New England primer in connection with the Assembly's Catechism. It contains the following profession:

"I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of Saints; the forgiveness of Sins," etc.

In this sentence, according to Bishop Pearson on the Creed, are announced four important doctrines: 1. The Holy Ghost; 2. The Holy Catholic Church; 3. The Communion of Saints; 4. The Forgiveness of Sins. To each one of these the good Bishop devotes some twenty or thirty pages of explanation.

But it is customary with many clergymen in reading to slur the second and third articles together, thus: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints"—that is to say, I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, which is the communion of saints.

Now, in the standard edition of the English Prayer Book, and in all the editions published from it, the separate articles of faith are divided by semicolons—thus: "The Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints." But in our American editions the punctuation is altered to suit a modern rationalistic idea—thus: "The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints."

The doctrine of the Communion of Saints, as

held by primitive Christians, as held still by the Roman and Greek Churches, is thus dropped out of view in the modern Protestant Episcopal reading.

But what is this doctrine? Bishop Pearson devotes a long essay to it, ending thus:

Every one may learn by this what he is to understand by this part of the article in which he professeth to believe in the Communion of Saints.

Thereby he is conceived to express thus much:

"I am fully persuaded of this, as a necessary and infallible truth, that such persons as are truly sanctified in the Church of Christ, while they live in the crooked generations of men and struggle with all the miseries of this world, have fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost . . . . . that they partake of the kindness and care of the blessed angels who take delight in ministrations for their benefit, that . . . . . they have an intimate union and conjunction with all the saints on earth as being members of Christ; NOR IS THIS UNION SEPARATED BY THE DEATH OF ANY, but they have communion with all the saints who, from the death of Abel, have departed this life in the fear of God, and now enjoy the presence of the Father, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

"*And thus I believe in the Communion of Saints.*"

Now, we appeal to the consciences of modern Christians whether this statement of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints represents the doctrine that they have heard preached from the pulpit, and whether it has been made practically so much the food and nourishment of their souls as to give them all the support under affliction and bereavement which it certainly is calculated to do?

Do they really believe themselves to partake in their life-struggle of the kindness and care of the blessed angels who take delight in ministrations for their benefit? Do they believe they are united by intimate bonds with all Christ's followers? Do they believe that the union is not separated by the death of any of them, but that they have communion with all the saints who have departed this life in the faith and now enjoy the presence of the Father?

Would not a sermon conceived in the terms of this standard treatise excite an instant sensation as tending toward the errors of Spiritualism? And let us recollect that the Apostles' Creed from which this is taken was as much a standard with our Pilgrim Fathers as the Cambridge Platform.

If we look back to Cotton Mather's Magnolia, we shall find that the belief in the ministration of angels and the conflict of invisible spirits, good and evil, in the affairs of men, was practical and influential in the times of our fathers.

If we look at the first New England Systematic Theology, that of Dr. Dwight, we shall find the subject of Angels and Devils and their ministry among men fully considered.

In the present theological course at Andover that subject is wholly omitted. What may be the custom in other theological seminaries of the present day we will not say.

We will now show what the teaching and the feeling of the primitive church was on the subject of the departed dead and the ministrations of angels. In *Coleman's Christian Antiquities*, under the head of Death and Burial of the early Christians, we find evidence of the great and wide difference which existed between the Christian community and all the other world, whether Jews or heathen, in regard to the vividness of their conceptions of immortality. The Christian who died was not counted as lost from their number—the fellowship with him was still unbroken. The theory and the practice of the Christians was to look on the departed as no otherwise severed from them than the man who has gone to New York is divided from his family in Boston. He is not within the scope of the senses, he can not be addressed, but he is the same person with the same heart, still living and loving, and partners with them of all joys and sorrows.

But while they considered personal identity and consciousness unchanged and the friend as belonging to them, as much after death as before, they regarded his death as an advancement, an honor, a glory. It was customary, we are told, to celebrate the day of his death as his birth-day—the day when he was born to new immortal life. Tertullian, who died in the year 220, in his treatise called the *Soldier's Chaplet*, says: "We make anniversary oblations for the dead—for their birth-days," meaning the day of their death. In another place he says, "It was the practice of a widow to pray for the soul of her deceased husband, desiring on his behalf present refreshment or rest, and a part in the first resurrection," and offering annually for him an oblation on the day of his *falling asleep*. By this gentle term the rest of the body in the grave was always spoken of among Christians. It is stated that on these anniversary days of commemorating the dead they were used to make a feast, inviting both clergy and people, but especially

the poor and needy, the widows and orphans, that it might not only be a memorial of rest to the dead, but a memorial of a sweet savor in the sight of God.

A Christian funeral was in every respect a standing contrast to the lugubrious and depressing gloom of modern times. Palms and olive branches were carried in the funeral procession, and the cypress was rejected as symbolizing gloom. Psalms and hymns of a joyful and triumphant tone were sung around the corpse while it was kept in the house and on the way to the grave. St. Chrysostom, speaking of funeral services, quotes passages from the psalms and hymns that were in common use, thus:

"What mean our psalms and hymns? Do we not glorify God and give him thanks that he hath crowned him that has departed, that he hath delivered him from trouble, that he hath set him free from all fear? Consider what thou singest at the time. 'Turn again to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath rewarded thee;' and again: 'I will fear no evil because thou art with me;' and again: 'Thou art my refuge from the affliction that compasseth me about.' Consider what these psalms mean. If thou believest the things which thou sayest to be true, why dost thou weep and lament and make a pageantry and a mock of thy singing? If thou believest them *not* to be true, why dost thou play the hypocrite so much as to sing?"

Coleman says, also:

"The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at funerals and often at the grave itself. By this rite it was professed that the communion of saints was still perpetuated between the living and the dead. It was a favorite idea that both still continued members of the same mystical body, the same on earth and in heaven."—*Antiq.*, *p.* 413.

Coleman says, also, that the early Christian utterly discarded all the Jewish badges and customs of mourning, such as sackcloth and ashes and rent garments, and severely censured the Roman custom of wearing black.

St. Augustine says: "Why should we disfigure ourselves with black, unless we would imitate unbelieving nations, not only in their wailing for the dead, but also in their mourning apparel? Be assured, these are foreign and unlawful usages."

He says, also: "Our brethren are not to be mourned for being liberated from this world when we know that they are not *om*itted but *pre*mitted, receding from us only that they may precede us, so that journeying and voyaging before us they are to be *desired* but not lamented. Neither should we put on black raiment for them when they have already taken their white garments; and occasion should not be given to the Gentiles that they should rightly and justly reprove us, that we grieve over those as extinct and lost who we say are now alive with God, and the faith that we profess by voice and speech we deny by the testimony of our heart and bosom."

Are not many of the usages and familiar forms of speech of modern Christendom a return to old heathenism? Are they not what St. Augustine calls a repudiation of the Christian faith? The black garments, the funeral dreariness, the mode of speech which calls a departed friend lost—have they not become the almost invariable rule in Christian life?

So really and truly did the first Christians believe that their friends were still one with themselves, that they considered them even in their advanced and glorified state a subject of prayers.

Prayer for each other was to the first Christians a reality. The intimacy of their sympathy, the entire oneness of their life, made prayer for each other a necessity, and they prayed for each other instinctively as they prayed for themselves. So St. Paul says, "*Always* in *every* prayer of mine making request for you always with joy." Christians are commanded without ceasing to pray for each other. As their faith forbade them to consider the departed as lost or ceasing to exist, or in any way being out of their fellowship and communion, it did not seem to them strange or improper to yield to that impulse of the loving heart which naturally breathes to the Heavenly Father the name of its beloved. On the contrary, it was a custom in the earliest Christian times, in the solemn service of the Eucharist, to commend to God in a memorial prayer the souls of their friends *departed*, but not *dead*. In Coleman's *Antiquities*, and other works of the same kind, many instances of this are given. We select some:

Arnobius, in his treatise against the heathen writers, probably in 305, speaking of the prayers offered after the consecration of the elements in the Lord's Supper, says "that Christians prayed for pardon and peace in behalf of the living and dead." Cyril, of Jerusalem, reports the prayer made after consecrating the elements in Holy Communion in these words:

"We offer this sacrifice in memory of those who have fallen asleep before us, first patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, that God by their prayers and supplications may receive our supplications and those we pray for, our holy fathers and bishops, and all that have fallen asleep before us, believing it is of great advantage to their souls to be prayed for while the holy and tremendous sacrifice lies upon the alt-

A memorial of this custom has come into the Protestant Church in the Episcopal Eucharistic service where occur these words: "And we also bless thy Holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that we with them may be partakers of thy Heavenly Kingdom." It will be seen here the progress of an idea, its corruption and its reform.

The original idea with the primitive Christian was this: "My friend is neither dead nor changed. He is only gone before me, and is promoted to higher joy; but he is still mine and I am his. Still can I pray for him, still can he pray for me; and as when he was here on earth we can be mutually helped by each other's prayers."

Out of this root—so simple and so sweet—grew idolatrous exaggerations of saint worship and a monstrous system of bargain and sale of prayers for the dead. The Reformation swept all this away—and, as usual with reformations, swept away a portion of the primitive truth—but it retained still the Eucharistic memorial of departed friends as a fragment of primitive simplicity.

The Church, furthermore, appointed three festivals of commemoration of these spiritual members of the great Church Invisible with whom they held fellowship—the festivals of All Souls, of All Angels, of All Saints.

Two of these are still retained in the Episcopal Church, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, and the feast of All Saints. These days are derived from those yearly anniversaries which were common in the primitive ages.

[Here we have a formal deprecation of the tendency of modern orthodoxy to withdraw from what was once regarded as a proper religious belief and sentiment, and which modern Spiritualists warmly accept, and make one of the chief grounds for their doctrine of intercommunication between the departed dead and the living. We expect to give our readers other papers by Mrs. Stowe in continuation of her discussion on the subject.

In the following letter, or extract from a letter, from Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the leading lights and exponents of Spiritualism at the present day, we have a voice from the *inside*, furnishing some information with regard to the state of spiritualistic affairs in America, and some of the expected results of the movement.]

"Spiritualism, for the most part, is a *shower* from the realm of intelligences and uncultured affections. It is rapidly irrigating and fertilizing everything that has root and the seed-power to grow. It is starting up the half-dead trees of Sectarianism, causing the most miserable weeds to grow rapid and rank, and, of course, attracting very general attention to religious feelings and super-terrene existences.

"As an effect of this spiritualistic rain, you may look for an immense harvest of both wheat and tares—the grandest growths in great principles and ideas on the one hand, and a fearful crop of crudities and disorganizing superstitions on the other. There will be seen floating on the flood many of our most sacred institutions. Old wagon-ruts, long-forgotten cow-tracks, every little hole and corner in the old highways, will be filled to the brim with the rain. You will hardly know the difference between the true springs and the flowing mud-pools visible on every side. Many noble minds will stumble as they undertake to ford the new streams which will come up to their very door-sills, if not into their sacred and established habitations. Perhaps lives may be lost; perhaps homes may be broken up; perhaps fortunes may be sacrificed; for who ever heard of a great flood, a storm of much power, or an earthquake that did not do one, or two, or *all* of these deplorable things? Spiritualism is, indeed, all and everything which its worst enemies or best friends ever said of it;—a great rain from heaven, a storm of violence, a power unto salvation, a destroyer and a builder too—each, and all, and everything good, bad, and indifferent; for which every one, nevertheless, should be thankful, as eventually all will be when the evil subsides, when the severe rain is over, and the clouds dispersed—when even the blind will see with new eyes, the lame walk, and the mourners of the world be made to rejoice with joy unspeakable.

"Of course, my kind brother, you know that I look upon 'wisdom' organized into our daily lives, and 'love' inspiring every heart, as the only true heaven-appointed saviour of mankind. And all spiritual growth and intellectual advancement in the goodnesses and graces of this redeemer I call an application of the Harmonial Philosophy. But I find, as most likely you do, that it is as hard to get the Spiritualists to become Harmonial Philosophers as to induce ardent Bible-believers to daily practice the grand essentials which dwell in the warm heart of Christianity."

THE GIPSY HAT.

BY GEO. KLINGER.

Oh, the rickety bridge flung over the creek—
Flung over the waters clear and quick;
Up in the boughs of the twisting trees,
Creaking and trembling in every breeze—
Up in the boughs with their crisping leaves,
Up where the shadows with sunshine weaves—
Where the wild bird ruffles his wings for flight,
Or shakes out the dews on the gilded light.

How full of glee is the witching face
That peeps from the rail in its rustic grace!
The flushed, gay face where the brown curls twine,
With the eyes that watch where the hook and line
Dance on the water—sink and swim—
Gather quick fins to the mirror-bright brine.
How full of light are the laughing eyes,
With their blue that rivals the sleeping skies!
How full of music the laugh that rings
Over the water that seething sings!

Music that rivals the music of birds
Is the half Scottish rhythm that clings to her words.
And what were rare jewels—oh, pray tell me that,
To compare with the grace of her old gipsy hat?
And what were the costumes, elaborately made,
Of silks, and of satins, and richest brocade,
Compared to her tunic and bodice of gray,
And her ribbons that rival the roses of May?

Oh, rough-hewn old bridge, swung high in the air,—
Swung high from the torrent that whispers beware!
You have trembled with many a foot before now,
And thrilled to the music of laughter, I trow;
But what footstep so light, oh, pray tell me that,
As the girl's by the rail, with the old gipsy hat?

A DISPUTED POINT.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"YES, Mrs. Stanton was formerly associate editor, I believe," said I. Miss Prindle lowered her eyebrows. "You mean editress," said she. In general, I hate those who are always ready to plunge the dissecting-knife of criticism into their friends' impromptu creations, and from any other than worthy Miss Prindle, I would consider habitual amendments of my modes of expression gratuitous impertinence, or at least uncalled-for interference with liberty of speech.

But Miss Prindle having been my mentor in days past, still thinks herself privileged to continue her instructions in season and out of season; and knowing that she has my welfare at heart, and that she does not correct me merely to make a display of her knowledge of syntax, I listen attentively to her critical remarks, no bitter thoughts rankling in my heart meanwhile. Since I have taken seriously to scribbling, Miss Prindle is more on the alert than ever, and very closely I have to watch my words when in her august presence, else I am interrupted in the midst of my eloquence with, "But, my dear, Brown says—"

I pause and weigh her sayings, but not as formerly do I believe her infallible. I have come to have a will of my own, and not unfrequently I argue a point with her, and sometimes I even dare set her favorite Brown at defiance.

"'Editress?'" said I. "No, I prefer 'editor.' There are too many esses in English; and don't you know that we strong-minded women are determined to rid the vocabulary of some of them? Foreigners laugh at us. They say our language is made up of nothing but gutturals and hissing sounds."

"But analogy requires 'editress,'" said Miss Prindle, in a positive tone; and she strode toward my bookcase in search of the inevitable Brown. What a triumphant expression she wore as she turned the (to me) uninviting pages and slid the tip of her forefinger down the dreary observations!

"Actor, actress," repeated she. "What would you think to hear any one say, 'She is a fine actor?'"

"Well," said I, "I would consider the speaker either ignorant of grammatical law, or unusually defiant of public opinion."

"Exactly!" cried Miss Prindle, and she read: "Accuser, accuseress; advocate, advocatess; archer, archeress; author, authoress; avenger, avengeress; barber, barberess; baron, baroness; canon, canoness; cit, cittess; coheir, coheiress; count, count—"

"Do stop a minute," said I; "let's try some of the esses: *Oh, Lily! will you be my accuseress?* What author would venture to employ 'accuseress' in a pathetic passage? I should laugh outright at—"

"Nonsense," frowned my mentor; "I see nothing to laugh at. Pray, how would you amend the sentence? By substituting 'accuser?'"

"Let's take the next one," said I. "*She promises to be my advocatess in this affair.* Now, I'd rather put it 'advocate.'" Miss Prindle shook her head at me with looks of pitying horror. "My dear, will you fly in the face of Brown—in the face of all grammarians?"

"You know it is the age of emancipation," laughed I. "'Authoress'—I am altogether opposed to that word. I always head my manuscripts 'Author,' etc.; and as for 'avengeress" and 'barberess,' if I had my will they should be proscribed too."

"And 'baroness,' and 'countess,' and 'giantess,' and 'goddess,' and 'heiress,' and 'hostess,' and 'Jewess,'" cried my opponent. (Query: Does not analogy require opponentess?)

"I suppose I must use some of those disagreeable words," said I; "but I think Brown would have done humanity a service if he had clipped off all those superfluous esses."

"But, my dear," said Miss Prindle, solemnly, "let me advise you. You write—for what? For readers; not simply to amuse yourself. Well, then, whatever ideas of innovation come to you, enjoy them if you will, but don't attempt to put them into operation—don't! For you can not hope to reconstruct the language. We must take the world as it is, and the language as it is; and you will find it hard to make critics believe that your discrepancies are the result of aught but—"

I knew the dear old soul was on the point of saying, "ignorance;" but she paused and repeated instead, "idiosyncrasy."

I sighed. "Doubtless you are right, but I think I will cling to 'editor' and 'author,' nevertheless, and repeat the esses only when I fear being laughed at."

"You will regret it," groaned my mentor.

"Well, then, will this satisfy you?" said I. "That old tyrant, Grammar, has, by the aid of editors and editresses, critics and criticesses, slain his thousands and tens of thousands of authors and authoresses, scribblers and scribbleresses."

CURRENT TOPICS.

PERSONAL.

THE editor of this department owes an acknowledgment to the publisher of the JOURNAL, and to the readers as well, for what may seem a failure to keep up his end of an implied contract. The present as well as the preceding number has shown a diminution in extent of PACKARD'S MONTHLY which, although not detracting from the interest or usefulness of the JOURNAL, may reflect somewhat upon the industry and care of this editor. In extenuation he begs leave to say that it has been impossible in the past, as it will be in the future, to devote so much time to this work as in the beginning he had hoped to be able to do. He has therefore counseled a more thorough consolidation of the two magazines, retaining, as now, the best features of both, but without the severe line of partition which has thus far been kept up; and his suggestion will be adopted in the future. He begs leave to say that his relations with his friend and co-worker have been very pleasant, as they will continue to be, and that he has no thought of withdrawing from the JOURNAL, either in fact or in feeling. The labor which he performs in this connection will be a labor of love; and while he will have no responsibility for the general conduct of the JOURNAL, or for other contributions than his own, his interest in its success and usefulness will remain to the end.

CONSOLIDATION.

THE excellent example set by PACKARD'S MONTHLY and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is being generally followed by first-class periodicals and first-class governments. Commencing with November, *Putnam's Magazine* and *Hours at Home* will be united, and issued in an improved style under the title of "*Scribner's Monthly*." Dr. J. G. Holland will have editorial charge of the consolidated magazine, and will show his faith in the venture by putting in his money. That unique and comely periodical, *Hearth and Home*, pride of the house of Pettengill & Bates, has also placed itself *en rapport* with the *American Agriculturist*, and will henceforth appear with the impress and be impelled by the energy of Orange Judd & Co. We look upon these indications of professional unity with unalloyed pleasure, betokening, as they do, the approach of that joyous time when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them." Consolidation is a good name and a good thing. It betokens strength, unity, ponderosity—not that any of these journals are to be *heavier* for thus coming together, except in the better sense of momentum and force.

There is also a report that Prussia and France are about to "consolidate;" at least overtures to this end have been made, and will probably be accepted. King William seems to have got a crotchet in his head that the two governments can be run together at less expense, and has gone over to Paris with his editorial corps to see about it. Not finding Napoleon "at home," he is waiting his return. No doubt the matter will be satisfactorily fixed up as soon as Napoleon and Louis return from their "constitutional" walk. So much for a good example.

UNPARALLELED OUTRAGE.

A FRIEND and "old subscriber," who artlessly confesses to having read to its finale the screed on "An American Vessel of Honor," published

in the September number of this magazine, has sent us a veritable inventory of spittoons used in the office where he earns his daily bread. In this office are *twenty-two* clerks, and, by actual count, only *nineteen* spittoons! Whether three of these are double, or whether some of the unfortunates are obliged to spit on the floor, or whether they chews not to spit at all, our correspondent saith not. For our part, we think it an outrage that any young man who is willing to work for his living and draw his salary should be thus ruthlessly denied his spittoon. What with the failure of "strikes," the importation of coolies, the admission of women to trades unions, and the curtailment in spittoons, this country is becoming intolerable.

POLITICS.

We know of nothing more pleasant and profitable for a young man to engage in than politics, especially in a large city like New York; and when we say a large city *like* New York, we of course mean New York—there being no other city, large or small, that can be compared with the metropolis. In the first place, politics is a *respectable* calling, and brings one in immediate—or remote—contact with men of character and position. A few weeks ago an eminent politician and a most influential citizen was exalted above his friends in the back yard of the Tombs building for the brave act of shooting a policeman; shortly thereafter another eminent politician died at Bellevue Hospital from a pistol-wound inflicted by another eminent politician in a notorious rum-hole, which is also notorious as an assembling-place for leading and influential politicians. Still more recently, the alleged assassin of the murdered politician was shot by the dead man's brother in a public street of the city, the avenger having only carried out a public threat in a manner quite in accordance with public expectation. To be sure, these citations are only phases of political life, and not a necessary part of it; but no well-informed person will say that they are not quite as much in the line of the rule as of the exceptions to it. And in this view of the situation we fully sympathize with the sensitiveness of the genial showman Artemus, who persistently asserted that he hadn't a politic about him. Unless they are of a different quality from those ordinarily on view, the less one has "about him" the happier he is. When, therefore, we say that politics is a pleasant and profitable pursuit for young men, we say it with a mental reservation which young men can supply for themselves.

"LET US REASON TOGETHER."

In the bliss of our opaquest ignorance we supposed that we had settled the "Labor Question" in a conspicuous editorial article published in the August number of this magazine. Unfortunately for us, however, we closed the article with the above platitude, and this is what comes of it:

Salem Oregon Sept 1st 1870

Let us reason togeather

Mr S. S. Packard in youre article in the August No of youre magazine you wrote rather favoring Cheap labor and to conclude youre first article you say let us reason togeather Now I am a firm believer in Jesus of Nazerth and I hold that all reasoning must have for its object the great Christian law, All things whatsoever you would that annother should do unto you do you eaven so unto them and let me take youre Concludeing Sentance agane If the skiled workman of this Country cannot compete in hand laibor with the untrained ignorant sons of Asia and Africa let them make a better use of thier brains in directing whare others should follow it is importent that shoes should be made but it is not importent that inteligent white men should make them and surley not if ignorent yellow and black men can make them cheaper and better* pardon my hastey opinon when I say that it is my belief that you Judged the qualiety of those shoes by their being a little cheaper and as would naturaly follow a more ready sale I do not believe that you ever wore out a pair of those shoes to test the qualiety but eaven admitting all these to be strictly true by your own knowledge of the facts is it doing Just as you would be done by to say to these men who have carefully fitted themselves by constant employment to the trade of makeing shoes, You are not working quite as cheap as the Chinese and not qute as well you go and find employment in directing Coolies how to work you are above any work that they can do * * * When ever you try to make anny one think he is anny better than the work he has learned to do you are going out of the line of a reformer I am a Potatoe diger by trade but the Cooleys Can dig Potatoes a little cheaper than I can if I undertake to show them they do not understand and will not pay me anny thing for showing eather will thier employer pay me anny thing for showing them I used to make an honest living by diging potatoes now Cooleys one of them with a hoe and another with a pole with a basket on each end can do it cheaper than I could People tell me I am above diging potatoes and after looking around I find no other business that anny one is willing to pay me the same price for doing Still I know I have brains So I thought I would see what Mr Packard was willing to pay me for showing him how to reason and now let me say what ever it is I want it in Books and Pictures from Mr Wells if it is nothing more than a list of books that S. R. Wells Publishes and send me imediately the amount that youre willing to pay that I may know what Books to Order and

* This can not be a *literal* rendering of our "Concludeing Sentance;" but as it is a *liberal* one, we let it pass.—Ed.

if you can get Chinemen to show you any cheaper than I say do so at once. You may ask me do I do by the Chinease as I ask to be done by. In answer I will say if you will show me a Chineman that Beleives with his whole heart and sole that Jesus of Nazreth was the Son of God then that Chineyman would come under the same regards with one that Mr Packard would. but Chariety begins at home with our own race and Color and I am first disposed to help my own kind and then I know that I am capable of helping others I beleive the asociasion with the heathen nations is a detriment to Christianity let it be in what ever way it may As far back as I can lern my parents beleived that the Author of All things Whatsoever you would that others should do unto you Do you eaven So unto them. Was the Son of God and when the Chinese bring this belief with them to live by then they will receive the same consideration that other Christian Nations received Let us first help the widow and the orphan and the Christian strange who is disposed to help reform our people and those who onley help to degrade them The mixing together of the Negro and Chineymen have been more detriment to the american people than all the Novels writen Now Mr Bonner has a very large paper a popular Illustrated weekley paper Now you go and ask him to pay you to show him how to edit the N. Y. Ledger for the good of the American peopl

youre article on Gin and Milk dos no credit to the Briliant Editorials I have been Acustomed to See from youre pen it might do credit to the N. Y. Ledger but certainly not for Packard's Monthly let me say that your invitation Let us reason togeather has been exepted by me and I have set mine upon paper I do not expect an Editor to pleas everybody but when any one differs they should be always willing to give the reason why they Differ

Truly yours F. M. S***.

Response by the Editor.

We may be "going out of the line of a reformer" should we encourage our Potatoe *diging* correspondent to lay down the hoe and take up the pen; and, in fact, we don't really feel called upon to do it without a better knowledge of the situation. If he will send us "imediately" as fair a sample of his Potatoe diging as he has of his reasoning, we will give him our opinion as to whether he had better compete with the "heathen Chinee" in agriculture or in literature. One thing, however, we desire to have understood—that he is not to accept any offer from Mr. Bonner until he has heard from us again. Meanwhile, as a retainer, we have asked Mr. Wells to send him at once his "list of books."

DO SPIRITS TALK WITH MORTALS?

HERE comes this perplexing conundrum again, and through "an old subscriber to PACKARD'S MONTHLY." We don't know why we are to be harassed to death by such queries when Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, and any number of solid thinkers have given it up and gone about their business. We would ask Foster at once, but that would be no criterion, for Foster makes money by saying Yes to all such queries; and if it came to a test, why, Foster deals in these things by the cart-load.

In another place will be found some sensible words from Mrs. Stowe on this general subject. They will repay perusal.

MAGAZINE PUBLISHING.

IT is astonishing, sometimes, to reflect upon the knowledge possessed by newspaper reporters. It is not necessary, in order to make a large volume, to publish what they *don't* know. The merest outline of the facts which come to them and live with them would make not merely a volume, and a large one, but a whole library, and many of them. Now, who would for a moment suppose that the figures given in the following statement—so exact and circumstantial that no reader would think of questioning its truthfulness—could be obtained without reference to the books of the various publishers, or at least without seeing some person who has seen the record, or who knows a second cousin of at least one of the publisher's uncles? But nothing of the kind is necessary. If such preliminaries were essential, there would be very little news published—at least very little gossip, which is the news most sought after, and most enjoyed.

The Newark *Courier*, published in New Jersey, is responsible for these exceedingly interesting items. The editor must be son of the celebrated astronomer who computed the distance of the sun from the earth by guessing at one quarter, and multiplying by *four*:

"The last number of *Putnam's Monthly* is out. Its suspension has taken the public by surprise, since the public supposed it was a well-established, thriving concern. The public know little of the cost of starting new magazines. Col. Benedict sank some twenty-five thousand dollars in his *Public Spirit*, and then went up. Capt. Basset took off a good piece of his fortune for the *Northern Monthly*, and then saw it die. Packard sank some thirty thousand dollars in his magazine, and then sold it to the PHRENOLOGICAL. The *Woman's Advocate* lived a few months, and died. *Good News* and *The Radical*, as well as the *Standard Magazine*, have died recently. The *Round Table* died of too much self-conceit, and too little brains as well as money. For a long time the select few have known that *Putnam's* was in a bad way. Mr. Putnam would have been glad to have disposed of it long ago," etc., etc., etc.

Our Mentorial Bureau

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

Questions of "General Interest" only *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

Great Men.—"Have you ever known great men with small perceptive faculties?"

Ans. Yes; but their greatness was of a kind that did not depend upon the perceptives for its manifestation. Great *thinkers* and great *moralists* may have relatively moderate perceptives, though they would be abler in their respective spheres if they had these faculties stronger. It may be possible, however, that persons whose contact with practical affairs is relatively shut off by moderate perception will become more absorbed in mere speculative and meditative pursuits, and push them farther, than if they would be more interested in things of a practical nature.

Suppose a man were to become blind and deaf, he would employ the knowledge he had acquired as a stepping-stone to wide meditative investigation, and use his reflective and imaginative faculties as blind Milton did in the composition of "Paradise Lost." It may be that the world is indebted to Milton's blindness for that great epic, and that the deep thinking of philosophers originates in their comparative inattention to the details and tangibilities of surrounding affairs.

He who has large perceptive organs has a kind of mania for *seeing* and appreciating things. He likes to travel and look on life and business in detail. He wants to go to museums, to turn over albums and portfolios of pictures. He craves constantly to see! see! see! and this hunger for seeing and the multitude of things seen divert the mind from sound and philosophic meditation.

Men therefore may be great thinkers without much perception, and depend for their facts upon other people's observation.

It took Audubon with his great perceptives to find all the birds in all the forests, and picture them for the home-studying of the studious world. The cripple in his cloister may learn the history and appearance of Audubon's birds in one-tenth part of the time and with one-thousandth part of the labor which it cost the man with large perceptives to learn them. But Audubon was great in the realm of perception; others may be great in the exercise of the same faculties. Those who are philosophers and profound thinkers are not the only great men of the world.

Wandering of Mind.—What means can you recommend to remedy wandering of the thoughts, incoherence, difficulty in fixing and holding the attention in study and reflection, and what will contribute to give flow, continuity, and consecutiveness of thought?

Ans. There are many reasons for the state of mind you complain of. It may originate in small Continuity; it may originate in a nervous, restless excitability—a kind of inharmony of temperament which gives impulsiveness.

We see children who rush around a room and look at each thing for an instant and then dash off to something else,—like bees that hunt for honey and put their proboscos into the petals of flowers which five minutes before had been sucked dry by a previous gleaner. They seem to look in one and then in another and be off. Finally they find one with nectar, and remain. So students being nervous, dyspeptical, restless, and impulsive sometimes find it difficult to hold the mind in an undistracted manner to a given topic. Sometimes a subject may not awaken interest. The memory or imagination may be drawn off to something else.

People sometimes read twenty lines—they see the words, but do not recognize the thoughts involved, because their reflective faculties are preengaged. Some people lack Order, and thus fly off from one thing to another in a kind of confused and disconnected manner. We have sometimes become angrily nervous in looking across the street and observing a girl sweeping a sidewalk. She would sweep a little this way and a little that way, and all ways, and never seemed to know when she had it done. Soon after, another, from the next house, began with regularity and with the same Continuity. The first one swept steadily, but swept in every direction; this one, governing her conduct by method, finishes the work in half the time, and does it well. We have seen people who seemed to think just as these two girls swept. One thinks in every direction without consecutiveness or system—gets always confused and mixed up; another commences at one corner of the subject, and, like the systematic plowman, follows an orderly course until the field is finished.

Health is the basis of all harmony of action, both of mind and of body. Good digestion lies at

the foundation of calm nerves, and a steady, cool brain. An abundance of sleep rests and regulates the nervous system.

With these conditions to start with, the mind should be trained, if it needs it, to doing one thing at a time, comprehending the facts that are to be considered, and working faithfully until they are finished; as the wood-sawyer is expected to saw the stick clear through before he begins on another one. Some thinkers remind us of the little girl who said, "Grandma, why did you not knit the other stocking first?" having just finished the first one.

Some persons have half a dozen stockings on hand at once, and knit a little at one and a little at another. Their minds are full of all sorts of subjects, and they nip and sip and nibble alternately from one and another and accomplish but little, and that little badly. Cultivate application. Let the rule be, "One thing at a time." Teach children to finish what they begin.

SOURCE OF A QUOTATION.—Can you inform me as to the author of "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"?

Ans. There has been no little discussion with reference to the derivation of that oft-quoted ascription, many without warrant passing it to the credit of Shakspeare on account of its decided Hamletic spirit. It has been traced lately to a "Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, published in 1754 by one Murtagh. In the ballad of "Jolly Robyn Roughhead" will be found the original rendering. The verse containing it runs as follows:

Tush! tush! my lasse, such thoughts resigne,
  Comparisons are cruell,
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
  Consistencie's a jewel.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest,
  Wife Joan and goodman Robyn."

SPIRIT-TELEGRAPHY.—Is such a thing possible as spirit-telegraphy? For instance, in sending letters abroad in which much interest is felt, just at the time of their reaching destination, as if by an electric flash the answer would be intuitively felt, which in due course of time would be corroborated by a written reply. Can this be explained? or is it merely a fantasy of the brain?

Ans. Suppose each one try the experiment for himself, and so learn what are the facts. As yet, no patent for spirit-telegraphy has been applied for. The field is open for discovery.

SOFT BONES.—A friend, when six years old, had the Western fever, which by relapsing three times lasted for six months. The treatment of course in those days was calomel, which being used excessively produced a softening of the bones; but having a superior constitution, he overcame calomel, etc.,—that is, his bones became hard, his health restored, but left him a cripple in the legs. He is now nearly forty years old. For the last few years he has had severe pains in his joints and bones, and his physician says he is threatened with a return of the softening of the bones, and advises a constant use of cod-liver oil and phosphate of lime for several months. What do you think of this? His theory is that the phosphates are deficient in the bones, and proposes to supply it by the phosphate of lime, and strengthen the system by the liver oil.

Ans. Of medical theories there is no end, and we have no wish to provoke adverse sentiment by any word of ours. The use of the oil is said to prevent waste in the system by supplying carbon for consumption in the lungs,—but it will not increase strength, strictly speaking. It is contended by not a few of the old school and, so far as we know, by all the new school of medical men, that mineral phosphates can not be appropriated by the animal economy; that phosphates must first be appropriated by plants, and from them taken into the animal system. Those who would strengthen the bones and supply the brain with its proper support should eat of unbolted wheat-meal bread, barley, oatmeal, Southern corn, beans, peas, and lentils. The lentils, beans, and Southern corn are also great muscle-feeders. Superfine bread, buckwheat, rice, starch, and sugar are poor food for strength of bone, muscle, or brain.

MIND — SOUL — SPIRIT. — Is not the mind separate from the soul, and given to take care of the soul?

Ans. The MIND is the intelligent power in man,—the power that perceives, conceives, judges, and reasons. The SOUL embraces all that is meant by mind, and also the sentiments and moral affections; in other words, those faculties which enable him to think and reason, and renders him a subject of moral government. Soul and spirit mean about the same thing. ——

ANGER.—Where are the organs located which produce anger?

Ans. The organs through which anger is manifested are Combativeness and Destructiveness. The former is situated on each side of the head, about two inches upward and backward from the opening of the ears, and the latter is situated immediately above the opening of the ear, and when these organs are large, the head is wide at the sides, where the organs are situated. The bulldog is a good specimen of their large development, and the rabbit shows their small development.

WHAT SHALL I DO?—A gentleman writes us the following letter from Florida. We append our answer.

EDITOR A. P. J.: *Dear Sir*—I have been for some months a reader of and a subscriber to your JOURNAL, and being impressed with the belief that you may be able to give me advice, I apply for it, premising my application by the remark, that I have confidence enough in you to be willing to pay any reasonable sum for the same.

I am, then, thirty-one years old—am a Southern planter—unaccustomed to manual labor—never did anything, nor studied anything, until the late war broke out—then enlisted as a high private in the rear rank of a Confederate cavalry regiment—followed their fortunes to the end—came out in poor health—only debility, but no vital organ de-

ranged—and thus have continued to this day, delicate and debilitated, but not actually sick. I attend to my planting interests, which require me to ride or walk five to ten miles a day, and to write orders to my merchant for supplies. All this takes up not over three hours per day; the remainder of the time I spend with my wife and children, and read the *Tribune* and the *World*, also the magazines. Now I come to the point. My time is not sufficiently occupied, because I can not do hard manual labor here. I am bilious and nervous, although I eschew whisky and tobacco, and I desire to go to some town or city where I can have society for my family (the plantations are isolated), and active, constant employment for myself, suitable for my strength. My plantation affairs can be so arranged as to support me in a modest way. Shall I study law?—shall I embark in mercantile pursuits?—or buy a livery stable?—or what? I am tall, blue-eyed, light-haired, grave; moral faculties predominant; inclined to indolence, and need some spur to stimulate exertion. Will a likeness—photograph—aid you in giving advice?

I know all about cotton and cane—have a taste for gardening and fruit culture, and delight in rearing stock, but am too lonesome out here: my nearest neighbor is two miles away, and not sociable; the nearest church that I could persuade myself to attend is eight miles off; post-office, four miles; depot, four miles. I love the company of the virtuous and wise, but can not get it here. More than all, I want to improve my circumstances, that those I love may enjoy advantages which were never mine.

Most respectfully yours.

One disadvantage of plantation life arises from seclusion growing out of sparse settlements, and this is caused by "large plantations." In some of our Western States, where Government cuts up land into plots of 640 acres instead of farms of 100 or 150, dwellings must necessarily be so far apart as to make it inconvenient to locate school-houses and churches near enough to accommodate all the inhabitants. But in the South, where plantations are so much larger—say from one to five, ten, and twenty thousand acres—how is it possible to establish societies, except in cities and villages? In the North and East several farmers may live in sight of each other, and not intrude. In the South, under the old *régime*, it was considered an encroachment for a new-comer to settle so near to an old one that one could hear his dog bark. *We* believe in having farms and plantations not too large, nor too far apart. All the land one can *properly* work is enough, and such a rule would admit of convenient and pleasant neighborhoods. In advising our correspondent what particular pursuit to follow, we need to know something more of his organization, which a personal interview or a good photographic likeness would furnish. But with the limited means of judging now before us, we suggest that he let out his plantation and remove to a village or place where there are schools, churches, and society. He could engage either in mercantile pursuits, dealing in produce, stock, or in railroading, shipping, growing fruits, gardening, or the like. Neither a livery stable nor an hotel would be so desirable; let it be something at once useful and healthful.

BOOKWORM. — EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Seeing that you are ever willing to answer a reasonable question when calculated to facilitate the happiness of man, and as I am a poor boy and a close student, and expect to be a bookworm the rest of my days, tell me if one whose temperaments are very nearly equal the lymphatic and bilious about five, while sanguine and nervous are four, can study from sixteen to eighteen hours per day without injuring himself? If you think it will cut off my existence, please tell me, for the sake of frail humanity. I am temperate in eating, use no tobacco, and drink nothing stronger than water.

Ans. You are to be commended for your correct habits, and if you insist on violating the laws of physiology by studying sixteen or eighteen hours a day, you will not break down and become utterly useless and unhappy so soon by several years as you would if you lived as intemperately as most men do. The utter breaking down of health and constitution will, however, be only a question of time. Deduct at least ten hours from your proposed term of daily study and you will find it sufficiently long, and all you can endure. In twenty years you would become altogether more of a man in all respects by so doing.

THE HAIR.—I have heard it said that if the hair is very fine, a person would have a well-developed head. Is this so?

Ans. No. Your informant was either not well posted or did not tell the whole. Fine hair is found with fine skin, coarse hair with coarse skin, etc. But this implies neither goodness nor badness. For a full exposition of this whole subject, including the significance of light, dark, yellow, red, and black hair, see "New Physiognomy."

GIVE US NAME AND ADDRESS.—Many write us on subjects important to themselves, and expect answers in this column. They give us no name nor locality, so that we can not respond directly to them by mail. They feel disappointed because we decline to print pages of loosely stated questions, and on matter that is of interest to none but themselves.

Will correspondents please give us—not for publication—their names and address, so that we may respond by mail if we choose?

What They Say.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: In your September number, page 186, your correspondent G. N. attempts to overthrow the arguments of a correspondent in a previous number upon the subject of "Faith," by denying that the mind of man is governed by his will, but by a necessity, over which the will has no power or control. He says, "Man believes as he breathes, by reason of powers over which the mere will is powerless; and he changes his belief only as circumstances outside himself modify his mental action by adding new links and standpoints to the chain of thought." If this theory be a true one, are not all the acts of men's lives controlled so as

to free them from the moral responsibilities of thought and action, and throw all the crime and wrong in the world upon the Author of man's being? In other words, does not such a theory make man but a machine governed by the operation of a power greater than his own will-power—compelling him to commit vice and crime on the one hand, and virtue and goodness on the other, all through his present existence—conscious of its effect upon himself and others, with no power to change the result? Now, if such be the fact, why make human laws to punish crime? why are the Divine laws made to punish sinful acts when the Divine mind is able to comprehend the future, and knows that such sinful acts will be committed? It would be inconsistent with human reason to punish crime, knowing that crime was a necessity, or to reward virtue; for if the one be a necessity, the other must be, of course, for both these conditions of the mind proceed from the same source. It is as much the act of the will to perform a virtuous act as it is a vicious one, therefore neither virtuous acts nor vicious acts belong to man, but on the contrary both belong to circumstances over which man has no control. This seems to be the result of such a theory as that of your correspondent. It ignores human will, which is the force-power, and makes man but a creature subject to the operation of chance, without responsibility.

LEOMINSTER, MASS. A. S. G.

THE Bible is as a mighty block of granite out of which we may chisel forms of spiritual beauty. Untouched by the sculptural power of the mind, it is rough and irregular, and conveys no meaning to the hungry soul. Enveloped in its rough exterior are worlds of hidden mystery, bright gems of thought, laws and precepts which, if obeyed by man, would secure for him an inheritance of bliss.

With that power of penetration which has been placed within our grasp, we may explore the labyrinthine windings and deep caverns of this wondrous volume, and by the piercing rays that radiate from the lustrous lamp of intellectuality, lighted by the hand of God and nourished by our own watchful care and attention, search out those priceless jewels that will cling to us until we reach the confines of this life, and guide us safely into the unknown future.

How weak and insignificant is the mind of one who can see nothing of value in this great receptacle of truth! How overwhelmingly blind to the infinite and boundless hopes of the spiritual realm must be the soul that experiences no thrill of pleasure while contemplating its sacred contents! How lost in the Egyptian darkness of ignorance and folly is he who beholds the sparkling waters of truth bubbling up at his feet, and will not drink because no one is there to lift it to his parched and thirsting lips, and he be enabled to quaff the bright nectar without an exertion!

They do not realize the beauty of obscurity, do not know that efforts put forth in the acquirement of earth's blessings are the precursors of sweet and lasting joy.

All honor, then, to this bright fount from which spring the waters of light, life, and love, the elixir that elevates, ennobles, and inspires with principles of right and justice the human race. C.

TOBACCO.—*Mr. Editor:* In your August number I saw "How he gave up Tobacco." I have another, and I think a better way, and it's a surer, and, as the doctors say, "without pain." Whenever a tobacco eater or puffer is taken sick, which he is sure to be, he will not be able to use tobacco for two, three, or more days; his system gets rid of the stimulus; then he has only to deny himself the first chew or puff and he is cured without pain. I have never known this to fail, and I have seen many cases cured by it. But, my dear friends, after you have gone a year without tasting, smelling, or handling, do not attempt to treat resolution with a chaw; if you do, you are a gone chawer.

[We have no objection to these recipes, or to any number of them. Every one escaping from the "bad habit" will think his mode—whatever it may have been—the best. But why use any subterfuge or "remedy?" why not quit it, and discard the enemy which impairs sight, hearing, taste, smell, memory, and which destroys digestion? Oh, for a little manly resolution and self-denial! But, alas, for the poor slaves of "habit!" they are objects of commiseration and pity.]

A WORD for the JOURNAL, of which I have been a constant reader for many years.

I have long noticed that there can be no real progress in ideas without a corresponding development of moral character. The truly sound thinker must be conscientious; or, in other words, the moral and religious faculties must control a person if he would make any great advancement. And though my reading has been very extensive, I have never met with a journal or periodical which so truly and practically presents this fact as the A. P. J.

Assuredly no journal could be a more earnest advocate of intellectual, moral, and religious truths; and its special object, the dissemination of such truths, ought to meet with the hearty approval of every person who believes in bettering and advancing humanity. Respectfully, L. A. M.

CASTILE, N. Y. *Friend Wells:* I am glad to learn that there is now *one* society formed against the use of tobacco, and that one in New York city.

I hope our friend R. will have many times "170" added to his number, and the leaven working there to stay the use of this universal practice will *rise* and *spread* through the country, until every young man shall abstain from its use, and save his heart many a mortification, assure his teeth a clean look, his pocket many a dollar, and his body a pure and healthy action, that he may be a more perfect man.

May the blessing of God descend on that noble band when they meet to assist in staying this great evil! METTA.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

NEW BOOKS.—Large stocks of new books have been published for the fall and winter trade. These are now moving to their destinations, and will soon find their way into public and private libraries. The South is now open for millions of books. The same may be said of the new States and Territories. Books are no longer mere luxuries, they are necessary to our "progress and improvement." Every village should have a public library, and he who is instrumental in establishing one must be regarded as a public benefactor. Good books are good companions.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By the Duke of Argyll. 12mo; muslin. Price, $2 50. New York: D. W. C. Lent & Co.

Here is a book of thoughts and ideas. The author is an earnest scholar as well as a duke. His subjects for discussion are these: The Supernatural Law, its definition; Contrivance a Necessity Arising out of the Reign of Law; Apparent Exceptions to the Supremacy of Purpose; Creation by Law; The Reign of Law in the Realm of Mind; Law in Politics. All these subjects are treated at some length and with great candor. His notes of reference and frequent quotations show that the author has been an extensive reader. The book will excite thought, induce discussion, and do good.

In this connection we beg to welcome the young publishers to the great brotherhood of book-makers, and to congratulate them on the "hit" they have made at the start, in bringing out the works of so notable and so noble an author as the Duke of Argyll, whose beautiful residence we once visited at Inverary, in the Highlands of Scotland.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR TAPPAN. 12mo; muslin; pp. 432. Price, $2. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Here is a character. Born of and nurtured by deeply religious parents, in the free mountain air of New England, Arthur Tappan imbibed a love of liberty even from his mother's milk. He was a model child—in obedience, an exemplary young man—neither smoking, chewing, nor snuffing tobacco; he drank no alcoholic liquors; used no profane or obscene language; was strictly honest, and very attentive to religious services. The story of his life is richer than any romance, and must serve to fortify the reader in holding to good resolutions. Though Mr. Tappan will be long remembered as a successful merchant, it is for the part he took as an Abolitionist and a friend to the slave that he will be best remembered. In this "Life," may be found the best history of the rise and fall of the "Peculiar Institution" yet written. The book must have a place among the biographies of our leading Americans.

WORK-DAY CHRISTIANITY; or, the Gospel in the Trades. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Trees," "The Old Log School-house," etc. With an Introductory Note by William Cullen Bryant. 12mo; muslin; pp. 300. Price, $1 50. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger; New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co.

Here is practical preaching. Would you see even Christ about his daily toil as a mechanic? St. Paul making tents? and nearly all the Apostles working at their trades? The author has given us all the facts, with interesting traditions concerning the carpenter, the mason, the blacksmith, the founder, the machinist, the potter, the glass maker, the pilot, the printer, the weaver, and the day laborer, in a series of discourses at once instructive and full of interest. These are topics which come home to everybody; and God is seen and worshiped in all our pursuits. Mr. Clark has done a good thing. Let others follow his example.

Why must we be fed continually on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with almost nothing else from all our pulpits? Why not dispose of these worthies, and let them rest awhile? We are living, not in Egypt, nor in Egyptian darkness. Let us of the nineteenth century have more preaching adapted to the present state of human development, like this work-day Christianity.

MIRTHFULNESS AND ITS EXCITERS; or, Rational Laughter and Its Promoters. By B. F. Clark, Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, from 1839 to 1869. 12mo; cloth; pp. 348. $1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The reverend gentleman who has prepared this book states, in his preface, three reasons for doing so; the first, and that which chiefly concerns us and the reading public, being his "belief that there was a demand for such a book." Opening with an essay on Mirthfulness, which recognises the inherent existence of such a quality in the human organization, and reasoning with phrenologic acumen, he proceeds to detail a series of rich anecdotes and humorous incidents and sayings relating to all classes of society. He has anecdotes affecting Unitarian, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist clergymen, and clergymen of other denominations. Law, medicine, literature, commerce, etc., come in for a share of the pleasantry. It is enough for us to add that the anecdotes are, with scarcely an exception, good throughout, a statement which can not apply to the efforts in the line of Joe Millerism met with hitherto.

CHARLES DICKENS. The Story of His Life. By the Author of "The Life of Thackeray." With Illustrations and *Fac-similes*. Octavo; pp. 110; paper. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A racy and succinct account of a remarkable

person. When and where he was born; how he grew up to manhood; what he did, said, and wrote; and how he lived and died. It is evidently written by an ardent admirer of Mr. Dickens, for he says: "Although some facts in the private life of Mr. Dickens will be found to be touched upon in these pages, the writer is not conscious of having written a line which could give pain to others." To which we may add: that it is *so* unpleasant to tell the truth when somebody's feelings would thereby be hurt. ——

PARIS IN DECEMBER, 1851; or, The Coup d'Etat of Napoleon III. By Eugene Ténot, editor of the *Siècle* (Paris). Translated from the 13th French edition, with 90 pages of valuable notes, by S. W. Adams and A. H. Brandon. In one volume, crown 8vo. Price, $2 50. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton.

The misfortune of Napoleon III. was this: he had neither integrity nor a high order of intellectual ability. He was ambitious, crafty, and cunning. He is simply *bad*. His career in playing the Emperor was began in fraud, carried on in fraud, and culminated in disgrace. Here is an account of Napoleon the usurper, and the failure.

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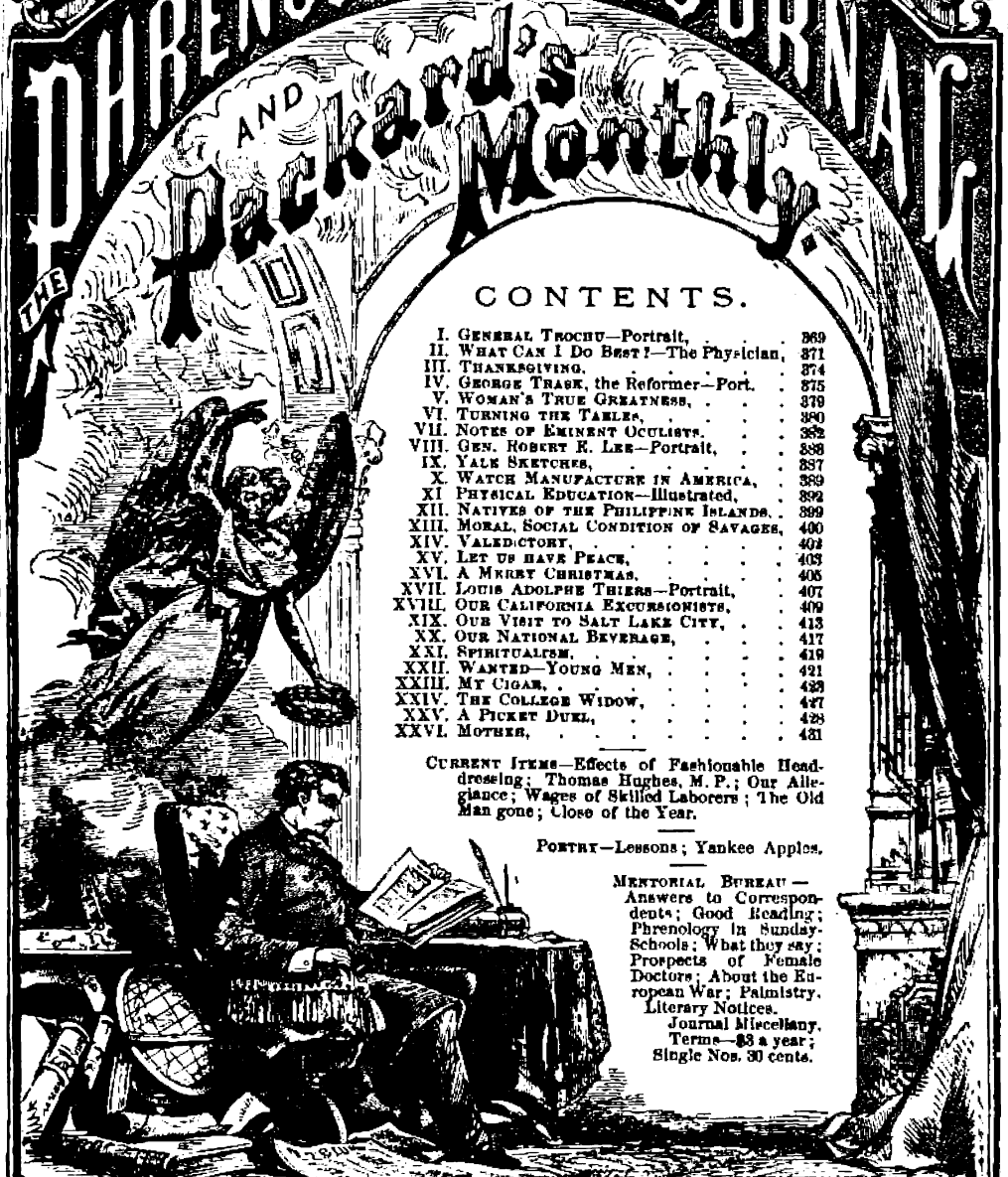

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THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LI.—NO. 6.] [WHOLE NO. 383.

December, 1870.

GENERAL TROCHU.

THE progress of the Franco-Prussian war has been characterized by such a rapid succession of startling events that it is almost impossible for a monthly publication to present a fair exposition of them without descending to the mi-

nuteness of the daily newspaper, a procedure quite at variance with the generally received notion of a magazine. Now we purpose to furnish our readers with a brief sketch of a man who has lately risen in the atmosphere of French affairs and taken a position of prominence; but by the time what we may write has reached the eye of a reader, General Trochu may have given place to other ambitious or patriotic spirits, or, like Generals McMahon and Wimpfen, may have found a prisoner's retreat in the country of his foes, or a gallant death at the head of his troops on the battle-field.

General Trochu's features, as represented in the engraving, have much character in the way of earnestness, intensity, aspiration, and steadfastness. The brain is of ample size, broad at the base, well developed in the upper lateral region, and ascending high at the crown. Without having

"An eye like Mars,"

he nevertheless possesses that dignity, self-reliance, and positiveness of character which, when combined with intellectual culture and experience, bring men conspicuously before the world.

In plan, in counsel, in administration, his chief forte evidently lies; for he has the invention proceeding from large Constructiveness and Ideality, the apprehension born of well-developed perceptive organs and Comparison, and the deliberation ministered to by large Cautiousness and Firmness. In action, where the influences were of a highly exciting or irritating nature, he would be likely to show much impetuosity. He would win a battle by a fierce and sudden assault, methodically planned, were he called to take command on the active field; while he would be likely to counsel a more direct recourse to strategy if occupying the comparatively quiet position of a consulting general, or acting as Minister of War. Circumstances would alter motions in his case as well as in the case of most other men. He is not inclined to talk much or exhibit familiarity; is somewhat choice in his associations, and has no small degree of what is known in Europe as family pride, yet no one can contemplate his calm face without giving him credit for a heart warm with the sentiment of kindness and forbearance.

GENERAL TROCHU, the President of France under the new Provisional Government, was born about the year 1815, and educated at the Military School of St. Cyr and at the Staff School. He commenced his military career by serving in Algeria, where for some years he held a position on Marshal Bugeaud's staff. At the time of the Crimean expedition in 1854 he served as an aide-de-camp to Marshal St. Arnaud. Shortly after the death of the latter he was promoted to the rank of General, and commanded a brigade until the close of the Russian war.

During the war with Italy in 1859 he served with much distinction as general of division, taking part in the final action at Solferino. Subsequent to the Italian campaign he was appointed a member of the Consulting Staff Committee in the department of the Ministry of War, and at the close of 1866 was specially appointed to consider and report upon certain plans having for their object a reorganization of the French army.

In 1867 we find him making some claim to authorship by the anonymous publication of a book entitled "The French Army in 1867," which attracted no little attention, and passed through ten editions in the course of six months. In it the General criticised severely the change introduced by the method adopted for reorganization; and pointed out some of the consequences which would result, especially the tendency to render the soldiery a separate and professional caste, quite severed in interest and sentiment from their civilian countrymen. But this book, when its author became known, did not serve to strengthen him in the esteem of the Imperial Government.

When the war with Prussia was opened by Napoleon's foolish "reconnoissance" at Saarbrucken, General Trochu had no command assigned to him; but it is said that he was to have led the land forces which were to com-

pose the Baltic expedition, but which were recalled from Cherbourg and Brest to defend Paris and Metz. In the latter part of August he was appointed by the Provisional Government of the new republic to the very important post of Governor of Paris, and Commander-in-Chief of the forces gathered together for the defense of that beleaguered city.

From what can be gathered from the somewhat fragmentary information reaching us from Paris, Trochu must be highly esteemed by the people. His management of the defensive army thus far has exhibited the man of military skill and discernment, while his written proclamations breathe a genuine patriotism, mingled with the prudent consideration of a benevolent heart. A late manifesto to the Parisians is couched in the following expressive language: "It is necessary to resist the legitimate popular enthusiasm, and to guard the interests at stake, and await patiently the day when the army carries its efforts and its offensive operations beyond the *enceinte*. This restraint to the gallant defenders will be irksome, but it is imposed as a measure of safety. No infantry can face the Prussians unless accompanied and supported by artillery equal in caliber and strength that of the Prussians. Without as formidable artillery, we clearly could not cope with them. Therefore we are preparing artillery, instructing cannoniers, and are rapidly arming the troops with improved arms and drilling, and accustoming them to the rapid firing of rifles. We *must avoid exposure* to a disaster which neither our bravery nor our moral superiority could overthrow. I will not accede to the pressing public impatience, but shall pursue to the end the plan which I have traced out, without revealing it. I ask in return the continuance of the public confidence which has been reposed in me."

In reading these words we can not help believing that in Trochu the French people have a leader whom they can trust, and one who appreciates the situation, and would avoid a repetition of those calamities which temerity and miscalculation have brought upon his nation.

The capitulation of Metz, by Bazaine, and the surrender of an army exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand in number, is another terrible blow to France, and may hasten a pacific arrangement between the two nations. Whatever may be done, we trust that the French people may be happily rid of the Bonaparte family, which has proved so grievous a thorn in the national side.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

THE PHYSICIAN.

THE physician should be endowed with a harmonious temperament, and good health. He should have an ample vital system, so that he can replenish rapidly and abundantly the waste and wear of his system. Moreover, this temperament gives cheerfulness, ardor, joyousness, and cordial magnetism, which carries sunshine everywhere; and the physician should have an abundance of this to carry with him into the sick-room. This temperament gives plumpness and a slight tendency to fleshiness; it gives a deep chest with copious breathing power; it gives a rapid and abundant circulation, and makes a man hearty, zealous, and slightly enthusiastic. He should have an ample amount also of the Motive temperament. This is indicated, when in predominance, by a strong frame, prominent features, strong hair, and rather dark complexion. He should also have the Mental temperament in a pretty strong measure. This temperament gives an active mind, a studious disposition, love for knowledge, and an investigating, fact-gathering, philosophical, and inventive cast of mind. It is indicated by a clear, sharp eye, well-defined but somewhat delicate features, fine hair, fine skin, with comparatively light bones and muscles, large brain, and general sprightliness and activity of body; and an abundance of sensitiveness and susceptibility. When these temperaments are possessed in harmonious blending, when each is about equally represented in the man, there will be a good frame, with strength not amounting to coarseness; there will be fullness of form without grossness; there will be refinement without effeminacy; and general strength, earnestness, health, endurance, and the basis of long life; in short, a well-organized man. The life of a physician is one of care, fatigue, patience, perseverance, and self-denial. Hence he needs a temperament that lies at the basis of all these qualities. If a man has an excess of the nervous or Mental temperament, he will become easily worn and anxious, irritable, erratic, and unhappy; and he will carry to the sick-room qualities and conditions which will make the poor invalid feel, not calm and comfortable, but anxious and excited. If one

has too much of the Motive temperament, with hard hair and rough features, there will be a lack of gentleness and refinement and taste, so that the sick, especially the nervous and delicate, will be unfavorably affected by his presence. If one has too much of the Vital temperament, there will be a lack of studiousness, a tendency to over-eat and live too highly, and thereby produce a muddy mind, an obtuse intellect and judgment, and a sort of grossness which will not be agreeable to persons of refinement and of culture. Nothing is more unfortunate to the profession of medicine than qualities, constitutional or acquired, in the physician which make him ill adapted to meet humanity in its more sensitive and delicate phases pleasantly. The physician should not, certainly in his own person, be offensive, yet he should have a world of strength; should be hearty, cheerful, able to bear his own burden and sorrows, and have sunshine and joy enough left for a dozen sick-rooms. The physician, then, should be so organized, mentally and physically, as not to be repulsive to the refined from grossness or coarseness, yet he should have strength left to minister strength to the depressed and weak. In short, no man needs a better constitution or a more harmonious development than the physician, and the more nearly perfection a man is in organization, the better he is qualified to be an acceptable and successful physician.

We come now to the inquiry as to his mental peculiarities, and we might, in general, answer, that perfect harmony and a strong development of all the mental qualities would be highly advisable in a physician; but as most men are not thus favorably organized, we specify some of the indispensable elements, with the reasons therefor.

In the first place, a physician needs a world of knowledge of a practical character. He should understand chemistry, botany, mineralology, physiology, anatomy, and last, and above all, pathology. These sciences require in the student a full development across the lower part of the forehead, viz., the perceptive organs large. We have never known a successful physician with small perceptive organs, though such a man might be a successful planner of theoretical business, such as banking, and certain phases of commerce.

Secondly—The physician should have a large development of the organs which give memory; the middle part of the forehead should be plump and full, that he may hold all the knowledge he acquires from books, from observation, and from experience.

Thirdly—His reasoning organs, located across the upper part of the forehead, especially Comparison, should be amply developed, so that he can analyze, discriminate, and comprehend the philosophy of the causes involved in a given case; the patient's peculiar temperament, and conditions and circumstances unlike anything he has seen before. Hence he must understand the philosophy involved in the facts. If he have only large perceptives, he will be very likely to apply former treatment of other patients whose conditions and circumstances were different, and thus fail of success. We have known some physicians who have been excellent in counsel, but were not successful in their own practice. Such had a large upper forehead, were theorists, were reasoners, but failed in observing the symptoms, conditions, and peculiarities of patients. They needed some other physician to observe the case and collate the facts, and when these were presented, the philosophical physician could make inferences and give sound advice. If the developments of the fact-gatherer and the philosopher could have been combined in one man, he would have been competent to do the work of both.

Fourthly—The physician should have strong social feeling; the back-head should be amply developed, so that all the relations of social life may be appreciated by him. He should love children, and be able when he comes into a family to win their attention and affection.

Fifthly—The physician should be a man of decision and self-reliance; his Firmness should be large, and his Self Esteem sufficient to enable him to assume responsibility and not feel burdened by it. He should feel that he knows, and that his decisions are sound; then he will act promptly and calmly, with an unclouded judgment. If he lacks self-reliance, he will always be timid and doubtful and uncertain; will incline to try experiments and feel his way, and thus, while trying to become assured as to the propriety of his course, his patient may slip through

his fingers; thus many a man who really knows, yet has his doubts, will fail of success, whereas if he had self-reliance, thoroughness, and stamina equal to his knowledge, he would bravely assume the responsibility and succeed, to his credit and the joy of all concerned.

Sixthly—The physician should have Combativeness and Destructiveness well developed. These give courage and efficiency; enable a man bravely to witness pain and suffering, and employ the means necessary to relieve, though amputation or other severe surgical operations should be required. It has been said that a physician needs a lion's heart and a woman's hand; in other words, he should have Combativeness, Destructiveness, Firmness, and Self-Esteem on the one hand to give lion-like power—with Ideality, Constructiveness, quick perception, sympathy, affection, and the gentleness which comes from refinement of temperament, to give that which is expressed by the term "woman's hand." We have seen men who had power, vim, self-reliance, and persistency, who carried these forces with gentleness and admirable self-control.

Seventhly—The physician should have prudence, circumspection, policy, caution, and secretiveness, with good common sense. Cautiousness will give him such prudence as the nature of his business demands; will obviate rashness; will make him anxious to do nothing wrong, and to do everything in the right way and in the right time. Large Secretiveness will enable him to keep his mouth shut at the proper time, and avoid gossiping relative to patients or his success; but especially does he want Secretiveness to control his countenance as well as his expressions. If a physician sees that a patient is sinking, and shows it in his face and actions, the patient will be discouraged, the family alarmed; and one that might be saved is thus hurried to the grave. But he who, seeing that the patient is becoming worse, yet hoping for a favorable turn, can put on a smiling face, with a happy good-morning, in a musical voice; he who can speak words of encouragement though he has to strain a point to do it, can so inspire and magnetize the patient as to carry him over "the dead point," as engineers say. A sad, sober, solemn, gaunt, hungry-looking doctor will often lose a patient who would be saved by one of the joyous, hopeful, mirthful, cheerful men.

Eighthly—The physician should have large Hope and Mirthfulness and excellent talking talent, so that people who have the blues, who are sad and desolate and dyspeptical, may be cheered and comforted by his hopeful, lively manners and his witty remarks. Many a suffering patient has been saved from death by a good hearty laugh; and many a man by having weakened hope cordially inspired by a hopeful physician has been sustained by it until nature could work a cure.

Ninthly—Large Constructiveness is necessary to a surgeon, and also to a physician, that he may understand the anatomy and working of the physical machinery and the combinations that are involved in organization. We would recommend no man to become a physician who has not excellent mechanical judgment and ingenuity; for those who have graduated from a medical school, whether well endowed with mechanical talent or not, are liable to be called upon to perform important surgical operations; and woe to the unfortunate patient who falls into the hands of one of these bunglers! The twisted feet, the shortened limbs, the crooked, badly-built-up frames which we have witnessed are sad commentaries on the deficiencies of surgeons who lack mechanical ingenuity. The surgery of late years is getting to be more a specialty, one or two men doing nearly all the important surgical business of a large city. Those are men of nerve and power, with prominent mechanical talent; they should be just as good in an ordinary sick-room as they are in the operating-room; but the awkwardness of eight-tenths of their brethren throws all the surgery into their hands, and they come at last to do nothing else.

Finally, a physician should have strong moral sentiments. He should be conscientious, truthful, and just. When people begin to suspect the integrity of the medical adviser, his influence for good is seriously impaired. He should have large Benevolence, to give him that genial and broad generosity which one needs who is to deal with the sick and nervous, the wayward and the wicked. Con-

science and benevolence combined, would lead a physician to give instruction, especially to the poor, how to live so as to maintain health and avoid sickness. In fact, a physician ought to be paid a regular salary or yearly sum, on condition of maintaining the health of the family, and when one member of the family is sick, the pay should cease; then the physician would often call and look after the condition or the members of the family and give them warning and advice while yet disease was only incipient, and thus keep them well, instead of, as at present, waiting till the patient was half-dead, and then being sent for in haste to barricade their pathway to the grave. Selfishness and the fear of a doctor's bill lead persons to avoid sending for a physician till the patient is very sick, whereas he should be called as soon as there is any appearance of illness, and a little advice as to sleeping, eating, working, and bathing might save the patient, and a fee of a dollar or two would compensate the physisian, instead of a hundred dollars for attending a long siege of sickness. This selfishness on the part of a community tends to make a doctor selfish. He may see the bilious encroachment upon the face of the patient; he may be aware that wrong living and bad habits are prostrating a strong man; he may know that in a week or two he will have him in his care with a nice bill as the result, if haply he can succeed in keeping him away from the undertaker; but he is silent; he waits for his opportunity; whereas if it were otherwise, if the physician were paid for keeping the man well, a word might save the patient a broken constitution, a month's time, and a large sum of money.

The physician should have, also, Veneration and Spirituality; should feel that there is a relation between this life and the next. The studies of the physician are apt to lead to materialism. Dealing solely with the body and its functions, physicians come to deify their profession, and to think they know all there is of the human being. An active Spirituality and reverence will lead the physician to feel that there is something besides the body to the human being; something that lives without material organs, and thus, acting on his patient, by keeping up the strength of his spiritual nature, it will inspire the body, and thereby he will be able to save it. We always regret to witness a cold materialism in a physician. We have often thought that the profession of the minister and the physician should be combined. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and a spirit laboring under blasted anticipations may leave the frame unsustained, and the patient will sink. Job said in his deep affliction, when smitten with sore boils from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall see him for myself, and not for another." Such a spirit in a man inspires him with all that belongs to or serves to invigorate life, and gives him fortitude to rise above even disaster; and the physician who can awaken such a spirit in his patient will greatly lessen the bills of mortality.

THANKSGIVING.

"Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored.—
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?"

THANKS to our legislators for making Thanksgiving day a national holiday, to be observed throughout the Union. It is a good thing to give thanks. One's gratitude should go up to God for every blessing: for life, for liberty, for the privilege of doing good, and of adding something, be it ever so little, to the happiness of others. All things considered, we, as a nation, have been greatly blessed during the year of our Lord 1870. Our crops have generally been good. We have had no famine, no serious epidemic diseases, no financial panics, no interruption to the great improvements going on in all parts of the country. Railways are progressing, telegraphs extending, new territories opening to colonies. Our mines of iron, coal, copper, silver, and gold have been productive. Our national debt has been reduced many millions. Schools, colleges, and universities are flourishing. New and useful inventions are being patented daily. New churches, dwellings, factories, and other structures are being erected. New enterprises are everywhere springing into existence. Charities are liberally supported; and in view of all these, who can say we are not

in the way of PROGRESS and IMPROVEMENT? Then let us look sharply after our own faults. Let us keep down all vicious tendencies, guard against all perversions, and live such lives as will be approved in heaven. In this case, we shall *live* in an atmosphere of thanksgiving, and when we depart, it will be with thanks to God for the most comforting promises of immortality. Should we not give thanks in the morning,—thanks at noon,—thanks at night,—thanks all the time?

GEORGE TRASK,

THE TOBACCO REFORMER.

HERE is a character. Who has not heard of Rev. George Trask? Has he not been warring incessantly, almost "single-handed and alone," for twenty years or more against that insidious enemy of man, tobacco? Aye, and he threatens to keep up the fight. But what of his head? what of his body? what are his peculiar developments which incline him to talk, write, preach, and lecture nearly everybody he meets? These are the conditions. A large and very active brain, a strong, robust body, and a temperament which keeps him always at work. He possesses great Benevolence, and desires that everybody should be pure, healthy, and happy; large Conscientiousness, and he holds all men accountable to do just right. He has Veneration large, and would have all become truly religious. His Firmness is conspicuous, and he is persevering to the last degree. His Combativeness is large enough to give him push and pluck, and his moral sense makes him a willing martyr to the truth. He is slow to believe, but quick to investigate; and is open to conviction. When he learns something new and useful, he desires to proclaim it from the house-tops, that all the world may profit by it. He is zealous and enterprising, vigilant and caretaking, very studious, and devotedly religious. He is very affectionate, fond of wife, children, friends, home, pets, and will sacrifice anything for the good of others. The biographical sketch which follows is from the hand of Mr. Trask himself. It is thoroughly characteristic, and displays that vigor and raciness which would be creditable to an author but half his age.

DEAR SIR: You kindly suggest that I should give you a sketch of my origin and life, with the reasons for so doing, which I do at once without reserve. David Hume

GEORGE TRASK.

has said, "It is difficult for a man to speak of himself without vanity." Hence it behooves me to take all due precaution against this "passion of fools," and to say just here that I am not a great man, and make no such pretension — that whatever God does by my agency, he shows that he can do business on a small capital, and use even one talent to some advantage. Should a little vanity, or its semblance, crop out here and there in my sketch, I know the reader would forgive me if he knew what a multitude of greater infirmities and sins I have, which I shall not obtrude upon his notice. I hope I may use the pronoun I at pleasure, without being thought egotistic, for I think, with Dr. Timothy Dwight, that *wegotism* is as bad as *egotism*.

I was born near the close of the last century. The exact moment of that occurrence I

never knew, and as I have the weakness of a clergyman—the wish to be thought young always—I hope I shall be pardoned if I pass over this delicate point without much notice. More than three-score-and-ten years shall not make me old, if I can help it.

I was born when *men* were born, and the fires of seventy-six were burning brightly above the socket. To those times I attribute an infusion of a *radical* element, which is said to mar my character, and which now and then has given me and my conservative friends some annoyance. This troublesome element is indigenous. I should not be blamed for it. "I don't whistle—it whistles itself," said the schoolboy.

I was born in Beverly—a town blessed with as many clever people as any on the map. It would take the premium, I dare say, in any fair competition for this amiable virtue. Hence if I have here and there an amiable streak, you may impute it to the place of my birth—old Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts. "Honor to whom honor."

Jeremiah Trask was my father—Hannah Wallis was my mother. They were both of a godly type—Israelites indeed—Calvinistic to the hub, and as true to the venerable catechism as the needle to the pole. The blood of both is traceable to the blue hills of Scotland; and it must have been very respectable blood, for even now, in spite of all adulterations, it is not half so bad as much which is current about us. I have searched my pedigree, and I find no Trask who was a king, lord, duke, or any tremendous character, and I find none that was hung, whatever our deserts.

My father was a shoemaker in moderate circumstances. I was put to work when quite young, and my early education—my school education—was sadly defective.

In the war with England of 1812, I was apprenticed to a brother, Israel Trask, of Beverly, the first manufacturer of Britannia ware in America. In 1816, though a minor, I opened a hardware and jewelry store in Marblehead, and made a little money, when it required but little brains and still less knavery to make it. I made sufficient to carry me in after-times through an academy and college, independent of all aristocratic patronage.

In 1819 I was *converted to Christ*, and becoming deeply moved with love to God and man, I felt it to be an imperious duty to be a public herald of that love. Overflowing with zeal, I said, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and no call less potential could have moved me an iota from my fast anchorage in a business both lucrative and agreeable.

I prosecuted my studies, preparatory for college, chiefly in Gorham Academy, Maine. Having no time and no money to squander, I made dispatch in the initiatory process, and rushed to Brunswick College for admission with indecent haste. Having entered, I soon discovered that academies had not educated me to death, and that if I would be a GREAT MAN—as college-boys have it—I must drive on my studies in Jehu style. My recitations, if I remember aright, were indifferent, seldom calculated to inflame vanity and pride; but when commencement came, I had the happiness to know that my manhood had not been crushed and annihilated by physical abuse, or by the ridiculous soarings of college ambition, but I was proud to leave college in prime health, fresh and vigorous for a theological course at Andover—for which I had been striving from the time I gave my heart to Christ and the Church.

My money, though of small amount, was in some respect an injury. It rendered me less docile, manageable, and servile than fellow-students, who lived on the smiles of educational societies and the smiles of tutors. I had no knack in pleasing college officers. They were charming men, but they discovered but few charms in me. They were there to hear young aspirants for secular glory say their lessons. I was there for a more masculine purpose — to discipline mind, learn King's English, make a reasoner and speaker if possible, and thereby be able to grapple with perverted mind, and "fight the good fight" on the battle-field of life in common-sense style. If I have manifested any ability whatever of this sort, it was chiefly acquired by inhaling the bracing air of college—by pacing the diagonal of my study—by walking in the old pine grove, and tussling with hard knots in metaphysics, politics, and morals—by discussions in debating clubs with Jonathan Cilley, James Bradbury, John P. Hale, and other celebrities—by discussions upon national questions—slavery, tariffs, for-

eign policy—questions which have since made and unmade Presidents, smashed up banks and senates—questions which have been a match for Webster and his trio, and which have made the nation "boil like a pot." These questions we handled forty-five years ago, and as ridiculous as these attempts may now seem, they did more to fit us for the sturdy work of life than would the study of Sophocles and Epictetus, Horace and Anacreon, for a century.

Never overloaded with complimentary praise from the "Faculty," pardon me if I mention one compliment from the *strong man* of that body, which has never been forgotten. "Trask," said the old Professor, "is to be the useful man of his class." That was music in my heart forty-five years ago, and has been ever since. Great men, I began to see, were few—like the blossom of the aloe, putting forth once in a hundred years. The silly hallucinations of the collegian were vanishing away, and despairing of being the great man of the age, I became a utilitarian from necessity. About this time a remark of Dr. Channing served to impress the utilitarian idea upon my mind in a manner quite indelible. "He," said the Doctor, "is the *greatest man* who does the *greatest service to man.*" I was somewhat enraptured by this fine sentiment, and then became a utilitarian from choice. The radical element—to go with every man and every party which was in the right; to go against every man and every party which was in the wrong—had become with me a rabid disease in the judgment of my fellow-students.

Russworm—an intelligent negro, who has since died Lieutenant-Governor of Liberia—joined my class in 1824, and soon made application to join one of the literary societies. This application was contested by stormy opposition from Frank Pierce, and other collegians. My enthusiasm for the negro's rights then and there subjected me to an uncomfortable amount of obloquy, and though honored with no hangman's rope, as was Mr. Garrison ten years after, still before his rights were acknowledged, as they were, I was hissed and hooted down to my heart's content.

I preach the gospel, and hope to till I die. I have done my best to preach that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation, and which grapples with great and popular iniquities which drown men in perdition. I have been installed in Framingham, Warren, and Fitchburg, and have labored in many places near and remote, and gratitude to God impels me to say that revivals have attended my imperfect labors in well-nigh every place.

I have seen something of the "rough and tumble" of reforms, and have often seen the verification of a remark made by Dr. Emmons, tantamount to this: "He will be the successful preacher, and most blest in his labors, who in a fearless manner early advocates all righteous reforms."

I have been honored with many offices—more than I care to name. I have sometimes risen to presidential glories! I have been president of temperance, moral reform, peace, and abolition societies when brickbats were in high repute, and when we have had to say to "gentlemen of property and standing," "Gentlemen, these arguments are weighty, but not conclusive."

I pass to a period of my life, important to myself, and not wholly unimportant to others. There is not a member of the Beecher family, I am told, who uses tobacco, and this, says Professor Stowe, is the brightest feather in their caps. If this be an honor to an eminent family, then surely I may speak of my *anti-tobacco* labors for twenty years, and not be chargeable with immodesty, "harping on a mere peccadillo or flea-bite sin."

I was a victim of tobacco twenty years and more. Twenty years ago, I had become emaciated, tremulous, and cowardly, and physicians said I was at the gates of death. I abandoned this poison. The act was an epoch in my life. It was a battle, but I called upon God, and resolved, live or die, I would conquer this "unclean devil," and it was done. Its renunciation lifted a loathsome incubus from my soul. I came back to a normal condition of body and mind. I ran, I leaped for joy, and sometimes my gratitude to God for the return of health was so intense, I was overwhelmed and wept like a child. Critics without souls may laugh at such enthusiasm, but as the Lord added to my life, as to Hezekiah's, fifteen years—yea, twenty years, by this act, I can afford to bear their derision and ridicule.

All aglow as a young convert, I began to

talk to my tobacco-using neighbors. Many believed—many were saved. I soon began to lecture near and afar off, and circulated the pledge, and my labors in Sabbath-schools, in all schools, were attended with flattering success. At first I dwelt upon the evil as expensive, impure, and injurious to health, but soon found that as the poison aimed its fangs at a more "shining mark"—the soul—searing conscience, stupefying the sensibilities, dwarfing piety, stereotyping sinners in sin, I began to preach against it on the Sabbath, as a sinful lust warring against the soul, hindering the conversion of sinners and the conversion of the world.

As I wished to be more widely felt, I began to write small books and tracts against the evil in its manifold bearings, and I now have some two hundred tracts against poisonous drugs and drinks in my depository.

Tobacco is a dear idol in Church and State, and no man of sense could battle it, and count on popular applause. A few excellent men gave me their countenance at an early day: Judges Williams, Jay, Griffin, Barton, White, and Shaw, and others of legal eminence; Doctors Warren, Mussey, Woodward, and others of medical eminence; Dr. Woods, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Ide, Dr. Burgess, Dr. Humphrey, Dr. Hopkins, and other eminent divines. Since then other dear men and women have occasionally aided this struggling cause.

My clerical brethren, in relation to my mission, have treated me in a style somewhat diverse. Some have been frank and manly, and have heartily bid me God-speed; some—votaries of the weed—have eyed me askance, and, I presume, wished me in Japan. Some have played the captious critic—laughed at our work, as they have laughed at all reforms while struggling for life. The Rev. Matthew Byles was a Tory in 1775. Our fathers surrounded him with a platoon of soldiers to prevent mischief. He sometimes said facetiously to staring spectators: "I am a singular man—I am guarded, regarded, and disregarded!" In battling this popular nuisance on my own hook, I have sometimes thought I was a singular man, for many of my brethren have treated me very much as our Tory brother was treated in Revolutionary times. But whether guarded, regarded, or disregarded, if not doing "a great work," I am doing my best, and why should the work cease? Why should I come down to wrangle with such brethren?

Riding out of Brattleboro, one Monday morning, with Mr. Pierpont, when his soul was on fire with poetry, he turned to me and asked, earnestly, "What did you do yesterday?" "I preached," I said, in reply, "to Baptist friends in the morning, on the text, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," and showed them they could not glorify God by using tobacco. I addressed three Sabbath-schools at noon; showed the boys that tobacco tends to *idleness*, *poverty*, *strong drink*, *vice*, *ill health*, *insanity*, and *death*. I preached to the Congregationalists in West Brattleboro in the afternoon, on the text, "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God;" showed them that men highly esteemed tobacco, but God abhorred it. I lectured in the evening in the town-hall to a noble body of young men on the destructive effects of tobacco in manifold respects." The poet uttered some exclamations of surprise. He mused a moment, and said, "I will give you your epitaph." Then in a Hudibrastic sort of verse I can not repeat, he said in substance, "We have *great* men enough, philosophers enough, poets enough, geniuses enough, LL.D.'s enough, D.D.'s enough—the world needs *workers*—here lies one. This is your epitaph."

Captious men, in a spirit of derision, sometimes ask: "What do you expect to accomplish in this crusade upon tobacco?"

We answer:

1. We don't expect to cure all the votaries of this poisonous narcotic about us in one day, nor half of them.

2. We don't expect to extirpate the greed—the insatiable greed for money which rankles in the souls of men who traffic in this poison, nor to rescue tobacco-raisers on the Danube, Rhine, or Connecticut from an idolatrous devotion to this their river-god.

3. We don't expect to convince every sluggish church or minister of the fact, that a slave of tobacco is but a little better candidate for the converting grace of God than though he were a dead man in his grave.

4. We don't expect to convince our mis-

sionary societies—wise and noble as they are—that the conversion of Mexico, Turkey, and China is an utter impossibility, so long as their masses are stupefied and stultified by opium and tobacco. But we do expect to act our humble part—a most humble part—in the INAUGURATION of an ANTI-NARCOTIC MOVEMENT which, sooner or later, will lift a mighty incubus from these nations, and all nations, and place them in a *convertible* condition. We shall do what we can to remove obstacles, clear the track, and prepare the way of the Lord. "He hath done what he could," is the benediction we crave.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

WOMAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

HOW many times have I heard it remarked, when a more than ordinarily intelligent woman was the topic of conversation, "What a pity that such a smart woman should aspire to nothing higher than household drudgery! She is fitted to fill a much higher sphere than the one she now occupies." Now, I would like to ask if there be a sphere higher than that of a wife and mother? Is there any other field in which a woman can be placed which demands a wider range of intellect? If all the wives and mothers that have existed had always been what they ought to be, there would be no need of reforms or revolution; there would be no corrupt government, no haunts of wickedness or dens of crime. Do you start, and affirm that my assertion is too broad? Do you ask if I have forgotten the influence which bad men exert? Let me ask you how many bad men you think there would be in this world had they all been blessed with a parent as judicious, noble, and intelligent as the woman whom George Washington called mother? I think that if any mother is sighing for a nobler sphere, she had not formed correct ideas with respect to the responsibility of her position. I will tell you why so many women are discontented; why so many in our great middle class, the class which forms the bone and sinew of our nation, are longing for a change, for something they hardly know what. A woman doing the greater part of the work for her family, because she has not the means necessary to hire it done, finds she has little time for the cultivation of her intellect. She is hurried and fretted, and the minds of her little ones are seemingly of the least consequence to her. Look at the time which almost every woman so circumstanced spends in baking pies, cakes, cookies, and other rich articles of food which are scarcely other than injurious to the health of the consumers. Think of the time occupied in embroidering, braiding, ruffling and tacking their clothing! I could enumerate many other kinds of unnecessary work, which may be all right if people are wealthy enough to hire it done, but which become a downright sin when performed in preference to the cultivation of the mind. Women work on in this way month after month and year after year, realizing in a sort of blind way that their life is not what it ought to be; but never thinking that it is in their power to make it better, higher, and nobler. Now, no woman can perform a more praiseworthy act than to break the shackles of society, in a degree; or, rather, to exercise moral courage enough to follow the dictates of her own conscience rather than the opinion of other people. Many women are every day injuring their health by wearing tight dresses; and dress their children in accordance with the caprice of fashion instead of following the laws of health. Let every woman, however humble, use her influence to quench this growing evil. In this great cause, much more than most of us are aware depends on each individual; for as our homes are, so our nation will become. It is as hard to realize the importance of each one in the grand drama of life as it is to attach due consequence to each grain of sand or drop of rain. Those that make the first start in the right direction have the most to overcome and endure; but it must be that others will soon follow, for surely in a nation which stands so high in civilization as America, there must be many noble and conscientious women, and it does not seem possible that they will fail to see the right, if they will only take the time to consider the important subject of their responsibility. B. N.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

"MARY, your corn-bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right, and we always have things wrong!"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before! You see, the fire 'had a fit,' and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener that I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can scarcely be expected;" and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined *not* to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier in one of Dickens' stories, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife,—and that *pro bono publico*. For instance it would be:

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the '*je ne sais quoi*' of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and was really too good-natured and Christian a person to let it change her feelings toward Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of his disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea-party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," she said, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanting to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie; thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally. But I have a notion for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offense. But I never could be angry with you. So if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking-day, and your party is not before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake, and all the other accessories; and mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled, then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-bye till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say, I'll keep mum. Good-bye again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crochet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on that baking-day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her biscuits crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice; and if ever there was sponge-cake more like solidified froth, she would like to see it. Everything was sent into Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the *belle* of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for, strange to say, he made no remarks upon her appearance that night calculated to lower her self-esteem; but contrariwise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But "murder will out." It came out on this occasion, when they sat down to supper. Everybody was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptionable "tea" in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their "teas;" they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such made before! How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge-cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This *is* a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake; I can't see why it is, Mary; you improve, it is true, I will give you credit for that; but I don't see why it is that all women can not have the knack that Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter.

Joe looked up, amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean, to so trifle with the respect she owed her husband?

He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad that you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good-nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband in ten miles round.

LESSONS.

"Oh dear! mamma, this lesson's hard,"
Cries Charlie, sorely vexed;
"I can not work this horrid sum,—
The rules are so perplexed.

"The teacher is a partial thing,—
Gives lessons by the score;
And if I miss a single one,
She makes me learn it o'er.

"There's Tommy Page, and Jimmy Brown,
Who never learn a rule,—
And I've the hardest, longest task
Of any boy in school."

"Hush! hush! my boy," the mother said,
"This whining will not do;
A lesson fit for Tommy Page
Would be no task for you.

"Time flies on golden wings, my child,—
Improve it while you may,
And fit yourself to take the prize
Examination day."

And those of older, larger growth,
With Charlie's blindness cry:
"Life's lessons are too long and hard
For one so weak as I.

"My neighbor has an easier lot,—
To him no cross is given;
Why must I bear such bitter grief
To gain a place in heaven?

"Why must my way be strewn with thorns
On which no roses bloom?
Why unrequited toil and care,
And constant grief and gloom?

"And why should love and friendship fail,—
My dearest treasures die?
The hopes that cheered youth's rosy morn
In broken fragments lie?

"Why if a kind, impartial hand
Sends blessings for us all,—
Of all His rich and bounteous gifts
My portion be so small?"

But faith, with tearful eye, replies:
"Cast from your heart all fear;
He knows your strength, and wisely sends
The lessons needed here."

Life's but a schoolroom, and to-day
Are tangled lessons given;
To-morrow solves the problem, with
A crown of life in heaven. LINNIE LEE.

NOTES OF EMINENT OCULISTS.

LONDON, *Sept.* 2, 1870.

DEAR JOURNAL: Somewhere in my brain there is a dim recollection of having promised to give you some account of Prof. Arlt, and other oculists whom I should chance to meet. The picture of Arlt must be drawn from memory, for the boisterous Channel, and more boisterous France, stretch between us now. Perhaps his stern features will lose some of their hardness in such a sketch. But time and distance are unnecessary to throw a mild light over his kind heart. Prof. Arlt was a poor shepherd-boy who did not begin his school-training till other boys of his age were several steps up the ladder of science. But the time was not wasted before he began his Latin and Greek. Nature was busy in giving him a strong frame and robust constitution; in teaching his eyes to serve the brain, so that in time he should be able at a glance to read a history through his well-trained perceptives. When at last the golden key was provided and the doors swung open before him, he passed into the halls of learning, and used his strength of body and mind with a will. In the course of time he was made professor at Prague; then at Vienna, where he still teaches and works, a terror to the inattentive and lazy, a warm friend to the diligent and attentive. The Government has lately shown its appreciation of his devotion and abilities by knighting him, an honor which he scarcely coveted, since it must bring him into the imperial presence, for no man hates form and servility so much as he. Arlt holds his clinic, and lectures two hours a day for eight months of the year. Few teachers are so conscientious in teaching. With exemplary patience he repeats a thing till it is understood, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to answer intelligent questions.

Externally, he is a plain, stiff man. His words are few and to the point. In manner, he is often almost rude, and indeed one might sometimes say rough. But beneath this unpolished surface is a gentle, kind heart that sympathizes with the suffering and feels for the poor. His is one of the rare cases where success does not cast a vail of forgetfulness over the fact that before success was poverty. Many a florin finds its way from his pocket to the hand of the needy in the course of the year. His time has not been wholly occupied in routine labor, but he has written several works which stand high in the esteem of the profession. But the labors of the hospital are gradually passing into other hands. His skilled assistants assume the different branches connected with ophthalmology, and greatly relieve Prof. Arlt. One teaches how to operate; another, the use of the opthalmoscope; still another, the anomalies of refraction; and a fourth, the histology of the eye. There can be hardly a doubt that these young men are building for themselves foundations which will raise them higher than even Arlt has stood, and within twenty years the names of Biermann, Reuss, Schulek, and Sattler will be known in the scientific world. One is a Bohemian, two are Hungarians, and one a Salzburger.

The ten months at Vienna, like all earthly things, came finally to an end, and one lovely August morning the genial face of Prof. Horner, of Zurich, Switzerland, was before me. Born in Zurich, and living there most of his life, he is a striking example of a prophet having honor in his own country and among his own people. Personally and socially, he is a charming man. In his profession he stands high. His eye-clinic is not large, but is well cared for, and he had a great number of interesting cases. His soul is big and honest, and he hates all shams and shows. His great lament was over the multitudes of brochures, books, etc., on the eye, most of which he described as being only "words, words, words," written for calling attention to the author's name.

Only a few times did the glowing sunset clouds light up the beautiful lake before my eyes when I was advised to hasten on to reach

Paris before the Prussians should. There are in Paris three celebrated oculists—Desmarres, Liebreich, and Wecker. But there was no time to visit them, and with hasty steps I came on to London. It was with a feeling of hesitancy that the doors of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital were approached. No woman had tapped on those doors for admittance, and one could not know beforehand whether there were lions or lambs shut up in that building. But Prof. Arlt's introductions were an "open sesame," and in five minutes from the time of knocking, the fearful one found herself in the center of such a group as Critchett, Cowper, Wells, Lawson, and Adams, names well known not only in London but far abroad. It would be hard to tell which was the kindest of them all. Freely and fully all the advantages of the institution were thrown open. And you can imagine how extensive these advantages must be from the fact that every year they have between 19,000 and 20,000 cases! Not a day passes without three or four, sometimes eight or ten operations. Each man seems to have his own method, and some of them operate most beautifully. One sees during the week three sets of surgeons. Among these Bowman, Hutchinson, Streatfield, and Hulke, each famous in his way.

The last, Mr. Hulke, is a geologist as well, and has quite a collection of fossils, over which he is very enthusiastic. He has this year discovered two entirely new saurians, and still another old-world monster, quite unknown to the modern world.

Not only was the freedom of this truly "royal" hospital given, but invitations here and there to others in the city were extended. These of course were gratefully accepted, and the theater of London Hospital for the first time echoed to the tread of a "woman doctor's" foot. So also Guy's, where in one afternoon Mr. Bader made twenty-six eye operations, sending the patients home immediately after, even after the extraction of the lens!

Even proud St. George's could not say "No" after the example of the before-mentioned. To be sure, an hour was consumed in waiting for admission, which hour was spent in reading Fowler and Wells' "Annual" and *Ayer's Almanac*, found lying on the table! But the end of the hour brought a cordial reception and some well-made operations. Mr. Carter, the ophthalmic surgeon there, proved himself as kind and attentive as any of his London brethren, and with extreme thoughtfulness gave me an invitation to his house to see a new and beautiful ophthalmoscope, which has no mate in England; and indeed there exists but one other, and that is in threatened Paris.

To-day I try my fate at King's College Hospital, introduced by Prof. Liebreich, who is spending his vacation here. I have not much to fear.

Should I, in the course of my two months in London, find any more friends to women, I shall certainly tell you.

London, the city, with all its extent, is lost sight of in the kindness of its people. One still visits the Tower and the museums, and wanders over the unending Regent and Hyde Parks, sighing meanwhile for the ever-varying beauty of *Central* Park, instead of the monotony of gravel walks, trodden grass, and lines of shade trees; but after all, it is more "the people, oh, the people," that take up the thoughts. BELLA BARROWS.

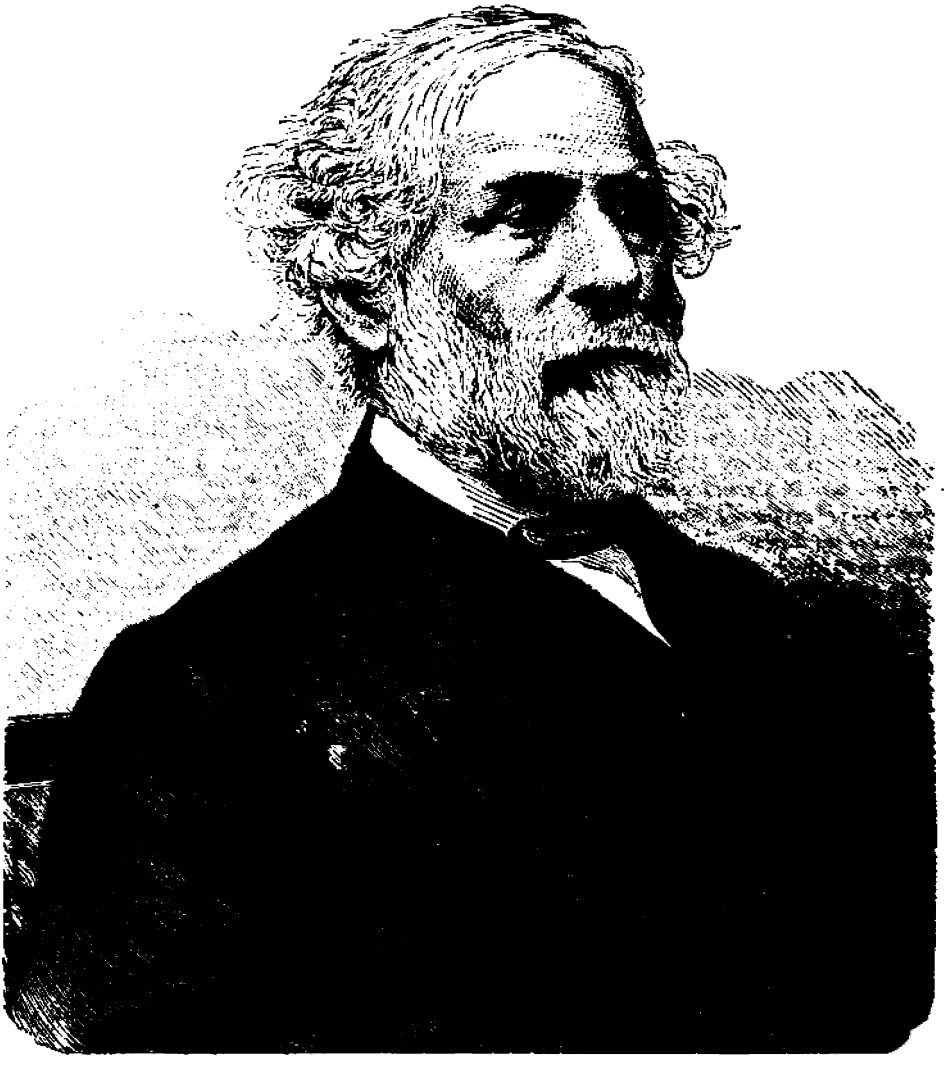
GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

ON the morning of October 12th General Robert E. Lee breathed his last after an attack of congestion of the brain, which was induced in great part, doubtless, by the sedentary life incident to his connection with Washington College, Lexington, Va. His sudden death has occasioned no little sorrow throughout the South, and much regret also in the North, for General Lee, notwithstanding the sad divisions occasioned by our late war, was generally regarded in the North as well as in the South as a high type of American manhood.

General Lee may have been said, physically, to be a thoroughly developed and well balanced man. In temperament, while the *Motive* may have predominated, it was finely blended with the Mental, and both gracefully softened by the Vital.

In stature he was fully six feet high, weighing, in health, nearly two hundred pounds, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His figure was firmly knit, but flexible; and every movement supple, easy, and graceful. The proportions of his figure were almost faultless, his chest being broad, full, ample, and

muscular; his shoulders wide, stalwart, and massive, but finely curved, and his head poised with an ease and dignity that alone could distinguish General Lee from other men of his day.



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

His hair, which in youth was a very dark brown, was almost of silvery whiteness; and being very nearly bald on the crown, he concealed it by combing over the long locks of the left side.

His eyes were dark, bright, quick, penetrating, and flashing, yet at times soft and smiling as those of a young girl. Blended with his characteristic dignity there was so much geniality and gentleness that a child would almost as quickly place its little hand in his as in that of its mother. He possessed in a wonderful degree those rare magnetic qualities by which children and domestic animals are invariably attracted. His nose was large and prominent, slightly aquiline,

and of that firm mold that has usually distinguished men who have taken leading places in the nations to which they belonged.

His mouth was moderately wide, but firm, his lips flexible and smiling, but indicative of vast powers of endurance, decision, and self-control. His forehead was rather high, smooth and fair, broad and full, indicating deep thoughtfulness and superior perception. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father, a confiding and reliable friend, and in the late war proved to be a generous and magnanimous enemy. While at the South he commanded the warmest affection and admiration of the people, at the North he was universally respected, as the recent published sentiments following his decease abundantly exhibit.

From an ancient Latin MS., preserved in the London Tower, it is found that as early as the year 1333 the Lee family in England received meritorious distinction; and some honorable notice is taken of them in the year 1400. In the time of Charles I. they were residents of Shropshire, and being stanch royalists were reckoned among the Cavaliers. One of these, Richard Lee, a gentleman of superior accomplishments, determined to emigrate to America, the country about which such marvelous stories had been retailed in the Old World. This Richard Lee was the progenitor of all the Lees who have borne such distinguished part in the annals of American history.

Bishop Meade, of Virginia, formerly Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, says of him: "He was a man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, a sound head, vigorous spirit, and generous nature. When he got to Virginia, which at that time was not much cultivated, he was so much pleased with the country, that he made large settlements there, with the servants he carried over."

He came to the colony as Secretary; and was a member of the King's Privy Council. After making several voyages to and from England, Richard Lee finally settled in what is known as the Northern Neck—that part of Virginia which lies between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

Robert E. Lee was the son of General Henry Lee, better known as "Light Horse Harry Lee" of the war of 1776. He was born on the 19th of January, 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in the same house and in the same room in which were born his distinguished granduncles, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, both of whom were signers of the Declaration of Independence

Of Stratford, the old homestead of the Lee family of Virginia, Mr. Lossing says: "There is no structure in our country to compare with it. The walls of the first story are two and half feet thick, and the second story, two feet, composed of brick imported from England. It originally contained about one hundred rooms. Besides the main building, there are four offices, one at each corner, containing fifteen rooms. The stables are capable of accommodating one hundred horses. Its cost was about $80,000."

The early life of General Lee was passed almost, if not entirely, in the Northern Neck; a part of it, in the midst of the exciting events of the second war with England. For a considerable period of time the British land and naval forces were within a few miles of his home. A British fleet under Admiral Cockburn ravaged the shores of Chesapeake Bay; and on the 29th of August, 1814, the city of Alexandria, then included in the District of Columbia, was captured by the enemy's vessels, and a portion of Maryland and Washington city were occupied. The wanton vandalism of the British soldiery is still unforgiven. These remarkable events, occurring so near the home, and perhaps under the immediate notice of young Robert, could not fail to exercise a marked influence upon his character, and were probably the incentives to the profession for which he qualified himself.

At the age of twelve years he was left an orphan by the death of his father. In the year 1825 he entered the Military Academy of West Point. On the first day of his entrance he took the head of his class, and retained it until he graduated in 1829. His youth seems to have been singularly blameless. He is remarkable for never having been marked with a demerit, or been subject to a reprimand or other punishment, during the entire period of his tutelage in this institution.

Having graduated at the head of his class, he was of course selected for service in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, which was always filled from the ranks of the highest graduates. He entered upon his new field of duty in July, 1829, with the brevet rank of

Second Lieutenant. We hear but little more of him until the year 1835, when he was appointed Assistant Astronomer for determining the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in September 1836, and to the rank of Captain in July, 1838. In 1846 he was Chief Engineer of the army of General Wool in Mexico. In 1847 he was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo, fought April 18th, 1847. He received a second brevet for gallant and meritorious action in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco—thus ranking Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. But this was not his last mark of distinction. For gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec, where he was wounded, he was appointed, on the 1st of September, 1852, Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point.

Colonel Lee at once entered upon the discharge of his duties at West Point, and remained until 1855. In that year, when by an Act of Congress new cavalry regiments were organized, Colonel Lee was commissioned with the *full* rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, in the Second Cavalry—commanded by Colonel Albert S. Johnston, who was killed in 1863 at the battle of Shiloh. In 1855 this regiment was sent to Texas, where for several years it was employed in constant warfare with the Indians. It is not known how Colonel Lee came to be in Washington at the time of the John Brown raid, in 1859, but at that time he was sent with a body of marines to suppress the outbreak, which resulted in the capture and subsequent execution of John Brown.

When the vexed questions which had been for such a number of years disturbing the unity and harmony of the councils of the country culminated in the secession of eleven of the Southern States, Colonel Lee, although he disapproved and deprecated secession, yet being a firm believer in the principle of State sovereignty, resigned his commission in the service of the United States, and offered his services to Virginia. This step cost Colonel Lee a great and painful struggle. In December, 1861, Mrs. Lee wrote to a friend: "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but he must, as a man of honor and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State."

To Mr. Blair, who was authorized to offer him the command of the Federal Army, he said: "I look upon secession as anarchy; if I owned four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the UNION; but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State!"

To General Scott, who remonstrated with him in these words: "For God's sake, Lee, don't resign," he replied: "I am compelled to. I can not consult my own feelings in this matter."

General Scott said of him: "Lee is the greatest military genius in America, myself not excepted." And also, "When I lose Lee, I shall lose my right arm." His appreciation of Lee was of the highest character, and the veteran soldier attributed many of his successes in Mexico to the superior skill and military genius of his young assistant.

As soon as the secession of Virginia had been effected, Lee was appointed by the Governor Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the Commonwealth. Upon the organization of the Government of the Confederate States, he was appointed by the Confederate Congress Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Southern Confederacy.

His actions during the entire war are too well and generally remembered to need recapitulation; and in no moment of his life, even when victory perched upon his helmet, did he show himself grander and nobler than when, overcome by the superior numbers and appliances of the enemy, he was called upon to surrender his sword to his distinguished adversary and rival, General Ulysses S. Grant.

For this hero of a hundred battles there are no national rewards. He fought and lost in an unsuccessful cause. General Lee's highest aspiration was to be Governor of Virginia. It was otherwise ordained. He became the President of Washington College, Virginia, to which his labors and talents were cheerfully and profitably given. His letter of acceptance of that high position indicates his view of how the political condition resulted from the war. "It is the duty of every citizen," he wrote, "in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object."

Did the limits of this sketch permit, we might detail many characteristic anecdotes of the man, but want of room precludes more than one.

General Wadsworth, of New York State, was killed in one of the series of battles of General Grant in the spring of 1864. His body fell into the hands of a young surgeon known to General Lee. The surgeon says: "General

Lee rode up to my quarters and gave command that General Wadsworth should be buried in full uniform—his watch, papers, money—everything found upon his person, to be preserved for return to his family; his body should be draped in the flag of his country, and buried in the best possible manner, and his grave carefully marked. There were tears in General Lee's eyes when he gave me this order, and as he turned his horse to ride from me he sighed—'Wadsworth was one of my best friends.'"

If *success* be considered the test of greatness, then General Lee's claim to the quality may be considered questionable; but if true greatness consists in grandeur of character and action, then it will remain for the world and history to decide whether General Lee is entitled to the enviable attribute.

In 1832 Robert E. Lee married Mary Custis, daughter of Washington Parke Custis, and granddaughter of Mrs. General Washington. They had seven children, three sons and four daughters; one of the latter died during the war. The first and second sons were major-generals in the Confederate service, and the youngest entered the service as a private, and was promoted to a staff appointment.

Department of Art and Science.

YALE SKETCHES.

[CONTINUED.]

BY H. E. G. P.

THE corporation that had since the establishment of the institution vested itself in modest honors as "Rector and Trustees," was by an act of the General Assembly of 1745 dignified as "THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF YALE COLLEGE." The same act also enlarged their charter, essentially advancing their "powers and privileges." These changes stimulated an interest and confidence in the College, which satisfactorily developed itself in several valuable gifts. The propitious combination of increased privileges, and increased means to develop those privileges, resulted in a gratifying increase of numbers. In 1747 there were 120 students, half of whom were obliged to room outside of College limits.

To obtain a building fund the President devised a lottery. The early annalist did not condescend to particularize, contenting himself, as we must, with the information that by it £500 beyond expenses were cleared. With the proceeds a brick building was raised, which in 1752 was so far completed, that at the Commencement, "in perpetual commemoration, the neat and decent building was called "Connecticut Hall;" by the beadle magniloquently rendered *Aula Connecticutensis*. This personage is described as "master of processions, and a sort of gentleman-usher to execute the commands of the President. He was a younger graduate settled at or near the College."

The building still stands, the only edifice of that period. Another story has been added, and a roof, prosaically modern, supersedes the long sunny rows of dormer windows, with tempting angles for bird or insect architecturally inclined.

In 1752 the Rev. Samuel Williams was appointed the first Professor of Divinity, but in consequence of age he declined, and the chair remained unfilled until 1756, when the Rev. Naphtali Daggett was installed. He was a young man, not yet thirty, of "a good understanding;" and in a rigid examination "as to his principles of religion, his knowledge and skill in divinity, cases of conscience, Scripture history and chronology, antiquity, skill in the Hebrew tongue, and *various other qualifications for a Professor*, he acquitted himself to the good satisfaction of the corporation." In the next year the Faculty and students, who had heretofore worshiped with the townspeople, instituted a service in the College Hall. In 1757 Dr. Daggett, in compliance with their petition, administered the communion there. Six years afterward a College Chapel was dedicated, and used till 1824, when, to accommodate the increased congregation, a new one was built.

The old chapel received the name of Athenæum, and was used principally for recitation rooms. For many years the telescope occupied the tower, but since the erection of the Scientific School it has been removed there.

The building of the chapel was the last important act of Professor Clap's incumbency.

An uncompromising zeal for the rights of the College, as *he* regarded them, involved him in a defense, which though a forensic triumph was a personal defeat, and made him so unpopular that in the summer of 1766 "the tutors abdicated and the scholars were dispersed." There was but one course for the President, and his resignation terminated a faithful and laborious rectorate of twenty-seven years. He was a short, portly man, "a rare pattern of industry, and a perfect master in the art of redeeming time," and was physically molded to endure the tax of such unremitting mental toil. He was "in aspect light, placid, serene, contemplative; in character quiet, resolute, immovable, even to despotism; not properly haughty, but *thus I will, thus I command*, was inwrought in his nature." It was this untempered firmness that undermined his popularity and clouded the close of his presidency. Tact would have modified his absolutism, and without any sacrifice of principle would have smoothed the rough places, and spared an honest, earnest heart many painful humiliations. Death with speedy kindness took him beyond the vexations and disappointments of a world whose changing customs must have seen to him evil. He died the January following his resignation, aged 63.

The Presidents always appeared in the academic gown and hat, and custom had established a rigid etiquette of distances, within whose lessening boundaries freshman, senior, or tutor, in rising rank and privilege, might not venture hatless.

President Clap had an intense respect for these outward and visible tokens of deference, and strenuously enforced subordination.

The code of punishments was modeled upon Solomon's broad assertion, "Spare the rod," etc., and certain specified delinquencies returned to the unhappy transgressor unwelcomely metamorphosed into the practical joker's "box with five nails in it." Fancy the collegian of to-day submitting his ears to a retributive cuffing; a custom originating probably in a friendly intention to familiarize the unenlightened Irishman with college habits was gradually perverted, and the hapless youth fresh from fireside tendernesses became the senior's unpaid errand-boy, looking for his wages when the precession of classes should make him master. Native wit sometimes shed its gleam of humor over the "hard road." There is a tradition that a senior in the exercise of his brief authority gave a freshman a dollar and sent him to a store on Long Wharf, a mile distant, to purchase pipes and tobacco. The freshman took his long, bleak walk, disbursed his money, and to his own eminent satisfaction brought back *ninety-nine* pipes and *one cent's* worth of tobacco. It is safe to presume that it was his last business transaction for that senior. The spirit of a later age infused its impartial leaven through these ancient customs and ideas, gradually modifying the objectionable points. The students had heretofore ranked according to family position, but now they were catalogued alphabetically. The every-day use of "ye English tongue" was no longer disparagingly interdicted; "lattin" inflections and idioms ceased to harrow the timorous linguist, and the graces of rhetoric and oratory were fostered.

Immediately upon President Pratt's resignation, Dr. Daggett was temporarily appointed to the chair, that his services as theological professor might still be retained. It is current that a friend meeting him commented upon it: "So you are president *pro tempore?*" "Certainly," was the good-humored retort; "would you wish me president "*pro æternitate?*"

In 1770 the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was founded, and Rev. Nehemiah Strong was elected. "He was a man of vigorous understanding, and possessed very respectable attainments in learning and science," but his "manners did not recommend him to the students, and his sympathy with England during the Revolution increased their hostility toward him. In 1781 the financial embarrassments caused by the war made it impossible to meet his salary, and gave him an opportune reason for resigning.

Between him and the President there was a decided clashing of opinion, and when in 1779 the British invaded and plundered New Haven, Dr. Daggett emphasized his patriotism musket in hand. He was wounded and taken prisoner, and but for the interference of Chandler, formerly a student, would have been killed.

He was robbed of his shoe and knee buckles, his handkerchief, and "a little old tobacco box," and fainting from pain and loss of blood, brutally spurred by the bayonet when he faltered, he re-entered New Haven.

He was asked whether he would, if released, again take up arms against them; he stanchly answered, "I rather believe I shall if I get an opportunity." He was of a calm, equable spirit; "his sermons were judicious, clear, solemn, and impressive," and during his presidency the College was highly prosperous. He resigned his position as President in 1771, but remained theological professor till his death, which followed a brief illness, in 1780.

The professorship was vacant till 1782, when Rev. Samuel Wales was appointed. "He was an excellent preacher, and by his distinguished abilities, in union with exemplary piety, he added luster to the theological chair."

For several years after the resignation of Professor Strong the College was without a Professor of Natural Philosophy, being unable to pay the salary. By an arrangement with the Legislature in 1792 the College fund was so much increased that they were able to fill the important vacancy, and Josiah Meigs was appointed.

He was a graduate of Yale of the class of 1778, with a high reputation in a class distinguished for scholarship and literary attainments. "He had an active, ingenious mind; his lectures were distinguished for perspicuity, and the comparatively few experiments which the limited College apparatus enabled him to perform, he successfully exhibited and clearly explained." In happy contrast with his predecessor, he had an easy, agreeable address, and was an attractive lecturer. He held the position till 1803, when he resigned, to accept the appointment of President of the University of Georgia.

WATCH MANUFACTURE IN AMERICA.

THAT familiar pocket timepiece, the watch, is a noble representative or type of the progress of mechanical skill during centuries. It is in itself an evolution of the accumulated skill of thousands of patient, thoughtful artisans for upward of fifteen generations. With the advance of civilization and the spread of intelligence grew the idea of saving time, and men became more and more anxious to "work by the clock," as one of the most practicable of methods by which the fleeting hours could be best utilized. As time rolled on, men of all degrees introduced some of the elements of system, some definite routine into their employments. Not only the minister of government, but the tradesman and the artisan found it to their advantage to have set seasons for the prosecution of their chosen vocations. With the growth of industrial enterprise and the consequent intricacy, some convenient and portable instrument for the measurement of time became a necessity, and the watch was produced in response to that necessity.

The first watch is generally attributed to Peter Hele, of Nuremberg, about the close of the fifteenth century. For many years watches were made only in Nuremberg, and were called from their appearance "Nuremberg eggs." The early watches, on account of the size and quantity of the "works" they contained, were large and awkward, being six inches or more in diameter, while the cases were wrought into all manner of shapes, according to the caprice or fancy of the maker.

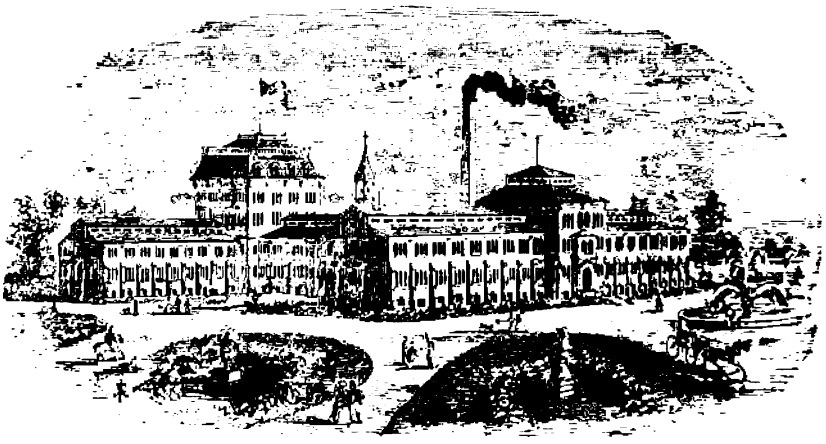
About one hundred years after the first watch appeared, a very marked improvement in the manufactnre was noticeable. They were much smaller than the older ones, and contained such peculiarities as an ingenious workman could devise. Some were adapted to indicate not only the hours, minutes, and seconds, but also the days of the week and month, the changes of the moon, etc. There were those which struck the hours and the quarters, played tunes, imitated birds or even the human voice, and performed other curious automatic antics. In our more practical era watches are made for use chiefly, and accuracy in the indication of time is the all-important feature. What we would consider especially in this article is the origin and development of watch manufacture in this country. It is scarcely twenty years since the first American watch factory was established, although futile attempts were made as far back as 1812 to introduce the making of watches by hand. What obstacles American enterprise had to encounter in this direction can be readily imagined, especially that all-important one, the impossibility of competing with the cheap hand labor of France and Switzerland. But Yankee shrewdnessh as always been found equal to emergencies when some great end is in prospect. Those who were interested in the effort to furnish Americans with American watches determined to apply machinery to their manufacture, and so introduce a new feature into the industry which should more than compensate for the lack of cheap manual labor on this side of the Atlantic.

The town of Roxbury, Mass., was honored by the establishment of the first watch factory there, in 1852, by a daring practical watch-maker of Boston, associated with a few wealthy gentlemen. It was found impossible

to import such machinery as was used at that time in Swiss factories, on account of the prohibition of the Swiss authorities, so machines were invented and adapted to the novel work. After the new enterprise had been in operation for two or three years, its headquarters were removed to Waltham, on the banks of the Charles River. Such was the beginning of an industry which has assumed massive proporions, and numbers, besides the great factory at Waltham, works more or less extensive at Roxbury and Springfield, Mass., Nashua, N. H., Jersey City and Newark, N. J., and in Elgin, Illinois.

Precision in detail has been the result of the application of machinery to the production of the delicate movements of a watch, a result utterly impossible, although closely approximated in hand work. The machines used are very numerous, and as compared with the contrivances employed by artisans in other branches of industry, very costly. There are those which will take a shaving off a hair, or slice up steel like an apple; those which will drill holes invisible to the naked eye; registers which will measure the ten thousandth part of an inch; screw cutters which will turn out perfect screws so small that on white paper they appear like tiny dots. A visit to a well-conducted watch factory will be found exceedingly interesting. There are departments of the work for which the delicate hands of women seem best adapted, and these the enterprising proprietors have filled with a select class of female operatives whose work has proved of the highest character. Such work as drilling the plates for pivots, screws, and pillars; cutting the heads of minute screws, inserting mainsprings in the "barrels," guaging and classifying the pivots, and fitting jewels to their places, are generally performed by females.

When the American Watch Company commenced business, the jewels of a watch were made only by hand and by foreign workmen. The tools used by these artisans could not be obtained here, and so were imported. As one machine after another was devised and adapted to produce different parts of a watch, the jewel makers exhibited but little alarm, relying upon what seemed to them the impossibility of contriving a machine which would invade their exclusive branch of work. But they were informed one day, to their astonishment, that machinery run by steam had been applied so successfully that jewels, more accurate than those made by expert hands, could be produced by girls after a week's practice.



ELGIN WATCH FACTORY.

Watches are now so common among all classes of American society that it would be almost an impertinence on our part to enter upon a description in detail of the different parts of one; suffice it at the present time to glance at some of the more curious features of that valuable little friend we carry in our vest pocket. A hairspring, according to the Elgin standard, is a delicate ribbon of the finest steel, measuring one-twelve-hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and weighing one-fifteen thousandth of a pound troy. It is a foot long when drawn out in a

straight line. A pound of steel, worth in the bar one dollar, when converted into hair-springs becomes worth four thousand dollars, or more than fifteen times as valuable as a pound of gold. For each pivot of a watch a jewel is selected with a hole which is a degree or the ten-thousandth part of an inch larger, so that there shall be just sufficient room for the pivot's play and no more. In preparing the jewels for watches, the precious stones—diamonds, rubies, garnets, sapphires, and aqua-marines are set in good time-pieces—are cut into little cubes, and then turned in a lathe. When ready to be inserted in the watch-plate, a jewel weighs less than the one-sixty-five hundredth of an ounce troy. The pivot hole is drilled into it with a diamond point hardly perceptible to the naked eye, and then polished with a wire that passes through it and whirls one way while the jewel whirls the other, the two making twenty-eight thousand revolutions a minute. Every jewel hole is left a little larger than the pivot for what is called the "side-shake," and every shaft or axle a little short for the "end shake." The minute guages which measure all the parts make allowance for these—a bit of calculation which they readily perform with an accuracy unknown to human brains. After the operation of polishing, if a single particle of diamond dust is left in the jewel hole it will imbed itself firmly in the steel pivot, and there act like a tiny chisel, cutting away into the jewel while the pivot revolves. The utmost care is necessary, therefore, to see that no diamond dust is left in the watch.

The last stage in the manufacture is the adjusting of the movement to heat and cold. First, the watch is run several hours in a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees; then it is placed in a cold box where the temperature is about zero, and it must keep time alike in both conditions. It is the office of the adjuster also to try the running of the movement in different positions, and if he finds no variation it is ready for the case.

The number of pieces in an American watch varies from one hundred and fifty-six to one hundred and eighty, while a watch made by hand in the old English style contained eight hundred, if we count each link in the chain, which in this country, with the fusee and "mainwheel" have been done away, and with advantage.

At first the American public hesitated about adopting machine-made watches, but in a few years the good conduct of those turned out by the courageous Boston company overcame all prejudice and doubt, and the demand for home-made pocket timers became so great that factories sprang up in other parts of the country and a great manufacturing interest was inaugurated.

The factory buildings in nearly every instance are large, airy, well lighted, elegant structures, with the facilities for employing from three hundred to a thousand operatives. The accompanying engraving exhibits the watch factory at Elgin, Illinois, which was started on a capital of $250,000; turned out its first watch in 1867, and now with a force of five hundred produces three thousand watches a month. The Elgin Company was far-sighted enough to take the advance in bringing directly to the notice of the great and growing West the capabilities of American watch manufacture; and the lively demand for its watches to-day splendidly compensates for the difficulties experienced at the beginning.

In watch manufacture skilled labor finds one of its highest fields, and perhaps as fair remuneration as in any other branch of mechanical art. The Elgin Company pays its employes upward of $360,000 a year in the way of wages—an average of seven hundred and twenty dollars each; and it must be remembered that a large proportion of those employed are between twelve and twenty years of age.

What the future has in store for our watch manufacture it would be difficult to predict, especially as it is but twenty years since Dennison "madly" conceived the production of three thousand watches per annum. "Where, in the name of common sense," said his friends, "will you find the purchasers for them?" But twenty years ago, and we have now one company in New England turning out and selling *eighty thousand* watches a year, and a Western factory finding a ready market for some forty thousand! The time will come when the good reliable time-keepers of our home manufacturers will be sold so cheaply and so extensively that the foreign article

will be purchased, not as a necessary appendage, but as curiosity. Indeed, American watches now find a market in Europe, among those who appreciate good mechanism and accurate movement more then the cheap display of the great majority of watches made on the Continent.

MEDICAL.—A very interesting and scientific discovery is stated to have been brought to light, by a physician of New York, in the treatment of persons who have an hereditary consumptive taint, or are predisposed to tubercles in the lungs. The practice employed is that of inoculation, or the application of a specific remedy to the parts affected. A peculiar instrument is used, which opens the pores of the skin and introduces the medicine. This is prepared in a mild form, and its absorption in the system changes the primal condition or cause by which the tuberculous deposit is produced, and so affects the whole organism, that it acts both repressively on the disease and as an *antidote*. This mode of applying active remedies is now much used in general practice, and has proven that many remedies can be absorbed with more certainty and effect than if taken through the stomach. It is now generally admitted that consumption is a constitutional disease, depending upon a poisoned condition of the blood, and the proper means for its cure is to neutralize or destroy the poisonous germ in the circulation which propagates the disease; the system has then power to recover from its depression.

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Fowler.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

[CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

FROM the preceding facts another important precept may be drawn. Of a boy whose whole brain is very small, never attempt to make a scholar, a professional character, or a man of science. The effort will not only eventuate in failure, but may prove ruinous to health. In a particular manner it may induce fatuity, should the feeble-brained individual become severely studious. As well might you attempt to convert a dwarf into a grenadier, as a person with a very small head into a man of a powerful and expanded intellect. Nor would it be less vain to endeavor to imbue with learning or science a boy whose brain is unusually large in the animal compartment and small in the intellectual and moral ones. Such an individual is formed by nature for a low sphere of mind, and no effort in education can elevate him. Nor could any training render him studious, would he be less liable to some kind of mental alienation than the youth whose entire brain is small. Individuals thus organized may become great animals, and may even perform striking and impressive actions, but they can never attain rank as men of intellect. In war, they may be brave and useful soldiers and inferior officers, but must be totally incompetent to high command.

Does any one doubt whether the moral organs and faculties can be exercised, and moral feelings indulged in to excess? and whether, in physical education, they ought to be, in any cases, restrained? It is, on the contrary, the belief, that the more high-toned everything belonging to our moral nature is, its perfection is the greater? Let all doubt and delusion on these points be removed by the recollection that the organ of Benevolence becomes, by inordinate excitement, so far deranged, in many persons, as to induce them to squander their estates, to the ruin of themselves and their families, in wild and unprofitable charities, and other acts of morbid generosity; while by the ultra-excitement of veneration, hope, and wonder others become religiously insane. Castle-building, running into mental derangement, as it often does, is likewise the product of inordinate action in moral organs. Go to a madhouse, and you

will find fiery and vociferous religious insanity one of the common affections of its inmates. Every leaning of this sort, inordinately strong, should be moderated in children by some form of counter-excitement,—I mean by giving, as far as possible, the feelings and thoughts a different direction. Yet the practice is too often the reverse of this. The youthful are encouraged in their enthusiastic devotions, until madness strikes them. Hence, on every occurrence of a new sect or denomination in religion, as well as in some cases of what are called *revivals*, religious enthusiasm effervesces, in many instances, into wild insanity. That there is much madness among the new sects of religionists no one can doubt. The cause is, ultra-excitement in some portion of the moral compartment of the brain. Even the sentiment of conscientiousness may run to excess and become productive of unreasonable scrupulousness and demur.

ECCENTRICITY—ABSENCE OF MIND.

The great end of the physical education of the brain, as already intimated, is to strengthen the whole of it, and maintain a due balance between its several parts. What is commonly called *eccentricity*, *brown study*, or *absence of mind* is but another name for a want of such balance, and is a true and dangerous bent toward madness. Augment it to a sufficient extent,—in other words, excite sufficiently the irregular and extravagant organ, and real madness is the result. Hence most persons who become insane, especially those who fall into hereditary insanity, exhibit in their characters, even from childhood, some uncommon and ominous traits—something that is called *eccentric* or *queer*. In proof of this, the histories of the tenants of lunatic hospitals furnish abundant testimony. They show that a large majority of those unfortunate individuals had been before their confinement more or less eccentric. The evil consists in a state of supra-excitement and action in some of the cerebral organs. And physical education alone can remedy it. Take the following anecdote as an illustration of my meaning. A gentleman of Philadelphia, highly distinguished for his talents and standing, was subject to fits of extraordinary absence of mind,—in other words, to such entire absorption in the working of one or two of his cerebral organs, as to be insensible to that of all the others. He once invited a large number of his friends to dinner. On the appointed day the guests assembled in his drawing-room, where he met them with his usual welcome and courtesy, and conversed with them with his accustomed sprightliness and good sense. He became, at length, silent and abstracted, mused for a minute or two, and then, bowing to the company, begged them to excuse him as he had an urgent piece of business to transact immediately. One of the gentlemen, well acquainted with the irregularity of his mind, addressing him familiarly by his Christian name, asked him, "Did you not invite us to dine with you today?" "Did I?" said he; "perhaps so—I'll see." He stepped into his dining-room, where a table was sumptuously spread for him and his friends. Returning to the company, he joined them, first in merriment at his absent fit, and then in the pleasures of the repast. The sequel is melancholy. He became deranged in his mind, and died in that condition in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

REMEDIAL MEASURES—PHRENOLOGY.

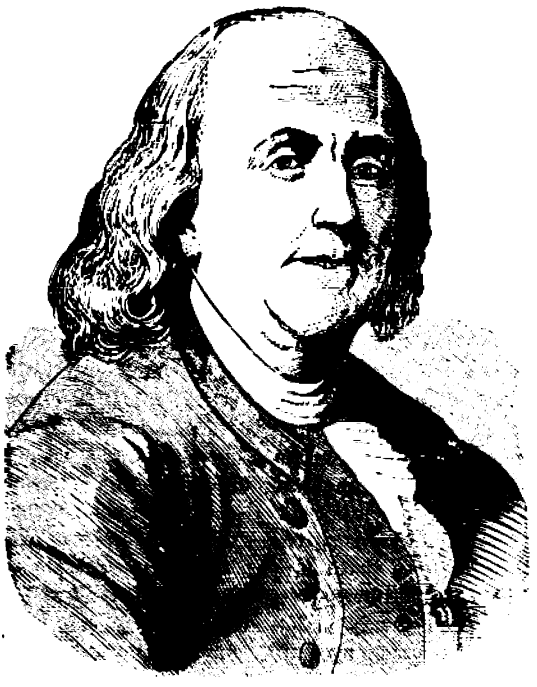
As already suggested, the cure of this evil is to be performed by giving rest to the overactive cerebral organs, and transferring the excitement to some of the others that are less irritable. Phrenology teaches the mode of conducting this process, on which a want of time forbids me to dilate. Permit me, however, to observe, that its power to weaken, and, by its continued operation through successive generations, ultimately to eradicate an hereditary predisposition to madness, gives physical education much of its value. In fact, that form of education (I mean physical), hitherto so much neglected, and still so imperfectly understood and practiced, may be pronounced the ARBITER of the human mind no less than of the human body. Its influence in strengthening or weakening, improving or deteriorating, all kinds of mental faculties and operations, is far greater than is commonly imagined. Through its instrumentality alone can man attain, in mind as well as body, the highest perfection of which he is susceptible. It is destined, therefore, to be the chief agent in the production of the millennium, at whatever period that improved condition of our race may occur. This is as

certain as it is that a well-directed physical education is the principal means to improve to the highest pitch the qualities of our domestic animals. And that truth will not be controverted.

Let it not be forgotten, then, that the physical education of the human race ought not to be confined alone to the humble object of preventing disease. Its aim should be loftier and more in accordance with the destiny and character of its subject—to raise man to the summit of his nature. And such will be its scope in future and more enlightened times.

BALACE OF MIND AND LONGEVITY.

In saying, that to promote and secure the health of the human system the brain should be educated and amended, I mean, as already intimated, the whole brain,—its animal and moral as well as its intellectual compartments. It is only by a general and judicious training that the proper equilibrium between the cerebral organs can be established and maintained. And that equilibrium is as necessary to the sound condition of the whole body as to that of the brain itself. It produces an equipoise of the entire man, and holds in check the irregularities and excesses of both feeling and action, which prey on life and tend to shorten it. Hence long-lived individuals have usually possessed a marked calmness and equability of character. Why? because their brains have been well balanced. If their feelings were strong, so were their powers to control them. Men of a burning temper and boisterous disposition, who are perpetually running into extremes, and who pass much of their time between sinning and repenting, rarely attain to a very advanced age. The reason is obvious. Their health and strength are consumed in their own fires, —and those fires come from the brain; I mean its animal compartment. That portion is the seat of what is usually termed *passion*, which, when fierce and unrestrained, resembles intemperance in the use of strong drink. It inflames or otherwise deranges the brain, hastens the approach of old age, and curtails life, on the same principles. In delicate and irritable systems, it often excites convulsions, and sometimes palsy, apoplexy, and madness.



FRANKLIN AT EIGHTY.

EXAMPLES.

The following facts testify to the truth of the principles just laid down. The life of women is more secure than that of men; in other words, fewer of them died in a given period. In each census of the British empire the number of women is found to be greater than that of men. Yet there are more males than females born in the empire, in the proportion of 105 to 100. Though war, casualty, migration, and death in foreign and sickly countries account for this in part, they are insufficient for the solution of the entire problem. The greater strength, more frequent and unrestrained bursts, and more constant burning of the passions of men contribute to the event.

Again: The less impassionate the pursuits of men of genius are, the greater is the average longevity of each class of them. Mathematicians and natural philosophers have but little in their studies to excite feeling or stir up passion. *The tenor* of their lives is generally tranquil. Hence the aggregate age of twenty of them, taken promiscuously, has been found to amount to 1,504 years, giving

to each the average of 75. Poets, on the contrary, are proverbially an "*irritabile genus*," —men of strong and easily excited feelings and a burning imagination. Their productions, moreover, being works of passion, their minds must be in tumult during their composition. From these causes, the aggregate age of twenty distinguished poets has been ascertained to be 1,144 years, giving to each an average of 57,—a very striking balance in favor of a mind free from passion!

RELATIVE PREDOMINANCE OF THE PROPENSITIES.

In our efforts to produce an equipoise in the brain, one fact should be held in remembrance, and observed, as a leading ground of action. By nature, the animal organs are larger and more powerful than the moral or intellectual. This is the case in every one, but in some individuals much more strikingly so than in others. It is true of man, therefore, that he possesses, naturally, more of animality than of real humanity. Hence the comparative ferocity and savagism of the uneducated. Why? Because their animal organs, never having been restrained and tamed, predominate greatly over their moral and intellectual, more especially over their reflective ones. This constitutes the chief difference between the cultivated and the uncultivated

ANIMALITY.

portions of our race. The latter are more of animals; the former more of men.

CULTURE AND REFINEMENT—IGNORANCE AND BRUTALITY.

This view of the subject indicates clearly the leading purpose of the physical education of the brain. It is to strengthen the moral and intellectual organs by exciting them to action, each in a manner corresponding to its nature, and to weaken *comparatively* the animal organs by restraining their action. Thus will the former attain by degrees such an ascendency over the latter as to be able to control them, and give calmness and equability

MENTAL POISE.

to the character of the individual—to convert the rude animal into the cultivated man. Nor is the condition of the brain thus produced less friendly to the welfare of the body than to the sound operations of the mind.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

The influence of strong and well-cultivated morals and intellectual organs on the general health of the system is soothing and salutary, and feeds and strengthens it, instead of ruffling and wearing it out. Compared to the influence of the organs of passion, it is as mild and wholesome nourishment contrasted with alcohol; or like the genial warmth of the spring and autumn to the burning heats of summer. Life and health and comfort may last long under the former, while all is parched and withered by the latter. Finally, a well-cultivated and well-balanced brain does much to produce and maintain a sound mind in a sound body. Let the attainment of it therefore be a leading aim in physical education.

Of innumerable instances that might be cited in proof of the principle here contended for, I shall refer to but one; and that is memorable in the history of our country. The

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE was signed by fifty-six delegates, all of them men of well-cultivated and well-balanced minds. In other words, their moral and intellectual had gained the requisite ascendency over their animal organs. Of these, two died of casualties, in the prime of manhood. The aggregate of the years of the other fifty-four was 3,609, giving to each an average of 66 years and 9 months; an illustrious example of the influence of well-cultivated and regulated brains in conferring longevity on those who possess them. Several of these great and good men lived beyond their eightieth year, and some of them passed the age of ninety. It is not to be doubted that the avoidance of all forms of excess, and the general correctness of the habits produced by this condition of the brain, contributes materially to the prolongation of life. The venerable Madison, of a feeble frame, possessed one of the best cultivated and balanced minds that ever existed; and he exceeded his eighty-fifth year.

The importance of the judicious education and general management of the brain, and the serious evils arising from neglect and errors in them, lead me, though somewhat out of my immediate track, to make a few further remarks on the subject. My sense of duty, and therefore my ruling motive to this effect is the stronger, in consideration of the fact, that the thoughts I have to offer apply more forcibly to our own country than to any other.

DYSPEPSIA AND INSANITY.

Dyspepsia and mental derangement are among the most grievous maladies that affect the human race; and they are much more nearly allied to each other than they are generally supposed to be. So true is this, that the one is not unfrequently converted into the other, and often alternates with it The lunatic is usually a dyspeptic during his lucid intervals; and complaints which begin in some form of gastric derangement, turn, in many instances, to madness. Nor is this all. In families where mental derangement is hereditary, the members who escape that complaint are more than usually obnoxious to dyspepsia. It may be added that dyspeptics and lunatics are relieved by the same modes of treatment, and that their maladies are induced, for the most part, by the same causes.

Somewhat in confirmation of these views, it may be further stated that dyspepsia and madness prevail more extensively in the United States, in proportion to the number of our inhabitants, than among the people of any other nation. Of the amount of our dyspeptics no estimate can be formed,—but it is

CRAZED.

immense. Whether we inquire in cities, towns, villages, or country places, among the rich, the poor, or those in moderate circumstances, we find dyspepsia more or less prevalent throughout the land. In other countries this is not the case,—not, I mean, to anything near the same extent. True, in Great Britain, Germany, and France the complaint assails the higher classes of society; but there it stops,—the common and lower classes scarcely knowing it, except by name. In Italy, Spain, and Portugal it is still less common among all ranks of the people. The apparent cause of these things will be referred to presently.

INSANITY IN THE UNITED STATES AND ELSEWHERE.

Insanity prevails in our country to an alarming extent, and in common with dyspepsia, is on the increase. The entire number of the insane in the United States is computed at *fifty thousand*,—a most startling aggregate, and, I trust, beyond the *real* one, —yet the real one, were it ascertained, would be very great—sufficient to excite strict inquiries into the cause, accompanied by strenuous efforts for its removal. According to a late and very intelligent writer,* whose information and accuracy deserve our confidence, there are *a thousand* lunatics in the State of Connecticut. This is in the ratio of *one to two hundred and sixty-two* of the inhabitants of the State. In England, the number of insane persons does not exceed

* Dr. Brigham.

thirty thousand. In the agricultural districts there, the average ratio is *one in eight hundred and twenty* of the whole population, being to that of Connecticut less than one to three.* Yet in England the disease prevails to a greater extent than in any other nation of Europe. In Scotland, the general proportion, including towns and cities, as well as country places, is *one in five hundred and seventy-four.* There is everywhere more madness, according to the amount of population, in cities than in the country. In Spain and Russia, the large cities excepted, there is very little; in Turkey, Persia, and China still less. Of Hindostan I believe the same is true. And in savage nations, especially where no ardent spirits are used, the complaint is scarcely known. Such is the report of all travelers among the Indians of North and

PHYSICAL MAN—THE SAVAGE.

South America. To this may be subjoined that the insanity of a people is increased by the occurrence among them of any deep and extensive mental commotion, whether from theological or political causes. Such, as history informs us, was the effect of the Reformation by Luther, of the Revolution by Cromwell, of the American Revolution, and more especially of the first Revolution in France.

* Of course Dr. Caldwell's statistics of insanity do not apply to the present day, although the returns of the census of 1860 and the reports of asylum superintendents indicate a marked reduction in the number of insane compared with the population; it being computed that in the United States there is one lunatic to 750 inhabitants. The improved methods of treating those so unfortunate as to have lost their reason, have had a most happy effect in promoting the curability of insanity.

During the convulsions of the latter event the frequency of insanity in Paris was frightful.

INSANITY HOW INFLUENCED.

From these facts it appears, that in proportion to the freedom of action of the human mind in any country, more especially in proportion as it is tossed and perplexed by strong passions and emotions, is the amount of madness by which that country is visited. This result we should expect from calculation on well-known principles; and observation testifies to its truth. In common times, there is more mental agitation in Great Britain than in France; more in France than in Spain or Russia; and much more in either of them than in Turkey, Persia, or China. And, in savage tribes, except during the hours of hunting and battle, there is no mental agitation at all,—none, certainly, of a *distracting* character.* The causes of these several facts are plain. It clearly appears that, in civilized nations, the degree of distracting mental emotion which the people generally experience, is in proportion to the amount of freedom they enjoy. And that, again, depends on the more or less popular characters of their governments. The people of England and Scotland enjoy more freedom than the people of France; and the latter more than those of Prussia or Russia. In Turkey, Persia, and China political freedom is unknown. The despotism of government compresses the minds of the subjects into a dead and hopeless calm. Unable to render their condition any better, the degraded population cease, in appearance, to wish it so, or even to disquiet themselves by a thought on the subject.

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND INSANITY.

Very different is the condition of things in the United States. Our freedom, both political and religious, is ample; and we push and enjoy it to its utmost limits. Our institutions, moreover, of every description, are as popular as comports with social order and sound government. State and church preferment and office are open to every one, and the ardor, keenness, and constancy of competition and struggle for them have no example in the practices of the present or the history of the past. The fervor and com-

* Dr. Livingstone states that he found not more than one or two instances of mania among all the African tribes he visited.

motion of electioneering intrigue has no respite. Under some form the country is agitated, I might almost say convulsed, by it, from the beginning to the end of the year—and of every year. Thus are the angry and burning passions kept forever awake among the people, and often urged to the most intense action. My present allusion is chiefly to the interminable and embittered war of party politics.

Of party religion nearly the same is true. Sectarian embroilment, battle, and intrigue are constant, furious, and vengeful. Sometimes the strife is about a doctrinal tenet; at other times about a formal rite or ceremony; and, again, for the achievement of power and influence,—one sect struggling for the mastery over the rest,—at least to outstrip them in schemes of ambition. Nor must I forget the fervid and unceasing labors of the pastor and preacher for the conversion and edification of his flock, and the wild and convulsive emotion he often produces in their minds. In no other nation are these several forms of excitement half so high and agitating as in the United States. A similar condition of things existed in the congregation of the celebrated Irving, of London, many of whose hearers were occasionally deranged.

THE PURSUIT OF GAIN.

Another source of deep disquietude to the inhabitants of our country is the desire and pursuit of wealth. A more ardent money-loving and keenly money-seeking and money-spending people than the American does not exist. I doubt much whether, in these respects, any equals them. The reason of this is plain. The nature of our government and of all our institutions encourages and urges every one to aim at standing and power; and the possession of wealth aids greatly in the attainment of them. Indeed, hereditary titles and standing being unknown to us, the only actual elements of rank and power in the United States are wealth and place. Without these, talents however splendid, and knowledge however varied and extensive, give to their possessor but little influence. Nor is this all. Owing to our youthful and unsettled character as a people, the modes of acquiring wealth are not so well established in the United States as in the countries of Europe. Business does not run in so regular a channel. There is more of random traffic and speculation in it. And these forms of transacting it, being often suddenly productive of great profit, and at other times of ruinous losses, and keeping the mind constantly on the stretch of the calculation of chances, are much more exciting and harassing than they would be were they more uniform and certain. Men engaged in regular and well-settled business pursue it mechanically, are calm during the day, and sleep soundly at night. But dealers and speculators, besides being constantly disquieted while awake, are tossed between sudden wealth and ruin in their dreams. They are equally distracted by the uncertainty and the unexpected occurrence of events.

Such are the three leading sources of mental commotion in our country—party politics, party religion, and the love of wealth. Nor is it to be doubted that they produce in the minds of the people a greater amount of harassing and giddy excitement than exists, perhaps, in all other nations united. But mental excitement is only another name for cerebral excitement. Nor must it be forgotten that the early mismanagement and debilitating practice of overworking the brains of children, in infant and other early schools, disqualify them to maintain their soundness, in after-life, under a degree of irritation which they might have otherwise sustained without much injury. If the lungs be injured and weakened, in infancy or childhood, no one doubts that the individual thus affected will be more than usually liable to pulmonary complaints. Why? Because the lungs are not only more susceptible of malign impressions, but less able to resist them and escape the mischief they are calculated to produce. Of the brain, the same is true. If it be weakened in childhood, it will be afterward inordinately liable to morbid affections, and too feeble to contend with them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE HEADDRESSING.—There are some signs of the ladies coming to their senses. Here is what *Demorest's Magazine* says on the hair question:

"There is quite a panic among ladies in regard to their hair—a majority are losing

the little they possess so rapidly that, at the same rate, it will take only a very short time to reduce them to the condition of the bald-headed prophet whom the wicked children mocked. Many are flying to the hair-dressers, eagerly demanding something in the way of a preservative or restorative, and hair nostrums of all kinds—which only injure—continue to flourish.

"Really, however, the only remedy is to cut off the hair and wear it short—washing, drying, and brushing thoroughly every day. If that treatment does not restore the hair, nothing else will. Many young ladies have decided to cut their hair short, for one season at least."

[Good. Of all the fashionable abominations, whether big sleeves or little sleeves, big bustles or no bustles, the present bushel-headed absurdity is the greatest. If one must wear long hair, let it be natural, not hemp, flax, or jute done up in a frame, or in ropes or wads. But short hair is every way the prettiest, most convenient, and healthful! Try it, ye who suffer from headaches, and you will be convinced.]

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim.*

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.—No. 2.

THE ÆTAS, OR IGORROTAS.

BY N. W. BECKWITH. (NAUTES.)

THIS race differs in every respect from the Negritos and the Tagals, between whom they are interposed. Taller of stature than either aborigine or Malay, lighter in complexion than even the latter, and larger of limb, angular of physiognomy, and *bearded*, they strike the eye of the observer at once as belonging to another and a distinct type from either, although classed at present with the Malay; while their fierceness of visage, their wild profusion of hair—the tangled density of which forms no slight obstacle to the cut of a sword—and peculiar stealthiness of movement, combine to produce in one a rather well-defined sense of uneasiness about the region of the carotid and jugular—a feeling which the knowledge of their notable proclivity for trophies of human heads has no tendency to mitigate. Still, it is said that they possess some notions of the duties of hospitality, though upon what grounds the assertion is made it is difficult to see.

But they are not without peculiarities which evince the possession of a really remarkable degree of intelligence; and they are certainly in a far more progressed state than their hereditary enemies, the Negritos. They have a knowledge of metals; and the most civilized of humanity have not a more thorough appreciation of the advantages—at least in a military point of view—derivable from division and distribution of labor, and the value of that familiarity with certain operations which is gained only by constant and systematic practice, or "drill." Apperception of these matters—commonly thought to mark only a highly progressed state of civilization—has nowhere and in nothing a more complete and intelligent exhibition than in their wonderful mode of crossing streams and rivers, when engaged on their frequent and arduous forays and warlike expeditions. Their "pontooning system" is not inappropriately termed, though better in theory than what we know by that phrase. The limits of an article of this nature forbid our descending to particulars, but we will endeavor to convey a correct general idea, premising that it is a subject worthy the closest attention of our military geniuses, who may draw from it lessons of much importance.

Boats of a small size, constructed of strong, light, and elastic materials, which are fitted together without nail, treenail, spike, or screw, being bound together instead in a very ingenious and effective manner by means of thongs—*nipa* leaf being inserted into the seams before they are brought to a state of tension, just as barrel staves are interleaved with flags to render them perfectly water-tight—are their "pontoons." These, separated into their ultimate parts—"taken down," as the technical phrase would be—into planks, timbers, thwarts, paddles, etc., a man to each single portion, and each as light and convenient of portage as their

swords or lances, are borne in sufficient numbers in every enterprise. Each warrior is a *pontonier*, to whom is assigned one particular part, and whose special responsibility for which ends only with life. In addition, he is thoroughly drilled into a regular systematic performance of the processes of putting together and taking apart these light, buoyant, and well-adapted craft, being taught to render confusion impossible by a strict adherence to the grand principle of all evolutions, that of being at the *right* moment in the *right* place—with the *right* thing. With these boats, and the combinations they are accustomed to make with them, the Igorrotas bridge, raft, or ferry across stream, river, or lake, according to necessities and circumstances, with a celerity that is truly marvelous, when they again "take them down," and push on in their flying marches without involving any loss of time.

The writer has elsewhere endeavored to show that the theory of the Igorrotas, in which every soldier is also a pontonier, is capable of most advantageous adaptation in our armies, by the simple means of utilizing the buoyancy of the common canteen. For example, with the emptied and stoppered canteens of a corps of ten thousand men may be constructed a pontoon of ten thousand water-tight compartments, or cells, which almost no practicable amount of battering could sink, and which would carry three companies, fully accoutred, and three boat howitzers, with fifty rounds of shell and shrapnel for each.

There are kindred tribes scattered throughout Polynesia which possess and practice this same system, with many other customs which obtain among the Igorratas. The "mountain Dyaks," indeed, are said in this respect to excel them. The "Sea Dyaks," besides the little pontooning boat, are possessors of a far heavier description of craft, which display no mean skill in their construction and adaptability to the intended purposes. Comparatively speaking, they may be called sea-going vessels. By their aid those fierce pirates long infested the Straits of Carimata and northern coasts of Borneo. We shall describe them hereafter. Doubtless, in the days anterior to the Tagal invasion, our Igorrotas, like their brethren of Borneo, Mindanao, Celebes, and many of the Pacific islands, were maritime, and, as the latter still do, added some knowledge of navigation to the other arts possessed in common by all.

The arms of these warriors are spear, sword, and shield. The shield, made of hard wood, is held in the left hand by a single handle or "cleet" in the center—not borne on the forearm, sustained by straps, like that of medieval Europe. The spear, a weapon of much elegance of form, has a shaft of handsome and highly polished wood, with a head of bright steel, double-edged and keen. The sword, also of steel, has a wooden hilt, devoid of guard, which is commonly decorated with long locks of human hair, dyed—usually crimson. Instead of a scabbard, the Igorroto carries at his waist a slip of bamboo, a little broader and longer than the blade, which is secured to it—the nautical word "*stopped*" conveys the idea closely—by means or a thong and button, which can be instantly cast loose, leaving the weapon free to its master's hand.

A staff is carried by the chiefs as an emblem of authority, most conspicuously displayed during councils. Bracelets of metal, or, more literally speaking, coils of stout brass wire, are also frequently worn, as insignia, on the left arm—the greater the number of coils, the higher the rank of the wearer.

The strange and horrible custom of "head-taking" prevails among them. They hold the same notions concerning it that prevail among the Indians of this continent on the analogous practice of taking scalps. They make special forays for the sole purpose, and preserve the trophies thus won by a process of expelling the brains and filling the cavity with salt and spices, after which they are smoked, decorated with shells and other rude ornaments, and hung conspicuously in a large building devoted to councils and their other public purposes. On festive occasions they are taken down and displayed with much pride on the persons of the respective captors. No young Igorroto can marry until he is able to present his inamorata with at least one of these terrible proofs of his manhood and valor.

MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF SAVAGES.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., delivered a lecture recently to the working-men of Liverpool on the above subject which contains some very interesting facts respecting the life and customs of savage tribes. Among other things he said:

"The position of woman among the lower savages was melancholy in the extreme, and precluded all those tender and sacred feelings to which so much of our happiness was due. The religion of savages was, in some respects, the very opposite of ours. The whole mental

condition of the savage was, indeed, so dissimilar from ours, that it was often difficult for us to follow what was passing in his mind or understand his motives. 'What!' said a negro once to Burton, 'am I to starve while my sister has children whom she can sell?' It was a great mistake to suppose that the savage enjoyed an amount of personal freedom greater than that of individuals belonging to civilized communities. The savage was nowhere free. All over the world his life was regulated by a complicated set of rules and customs as forcible as laws, of quaint prohibitions, and unjust privileges, the prohibitions generally applying to the women, and the privileges to the men. All our ideas of relationship were founded on marriage and on the family. Among savages the relationship to a clan almost superseded that to the family. Women are treated like slaves, or almost like domestic animals. Thus, in Australia little real affection existed between husband and wife; and young men valued a wife principally for her services as a slave. On the Sandwich Islands, uncleship, auntship, cousinship were ignored; and we had only grandparents, parents, children and grandchildren, brothers and sisters. Here the child was related to the group, not specially related to its father or mother, so that every child had several fathers and several mothers. The condition of the lowest races was that, not of individual marriage as existing among us, but of communal marriage. But even under the latter system, where a man had captured a beautiful girl, whom he wished to keep to himself, a form of individual marriage would rise up by the side of the communal marriage. This theory explained the extraordinary subjection of the woman in marriage; it explained the widely-distributed custom of 'exogamy,' which forbade marriage within the tribe; the necessity of expiation for the infringement of tribal rights by the appropriation to one man of what belonged to the whole tribe; and, lastly, the remarkable prevalence of the form of capture in marriage. Among the rudest races capture was far more than a form, and it was customary for men to steal women by force from other tribes." The lecturer then gave a number of instances to show how widely the custom of marriage by capture prevailed among the lower races of men, and that traces of it lingered even among those higher in the scale of civilization. With regard to religion, it had been usual to class the lower religions into Fetichism, defined as the worship of material substances; Satœism, that of the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon, and stars; and of the deification of men after death. But these were not really natural symptoms. There was no real difference between the worship of the sun and that of a rock or a lake. The true classification of religions should rest, not on the mere object worshiped, but on the nature and character ascribed to the Deity. It was a much disputed question whether the lowest races had any religion or not. However this might be, it was clear that the religion of the lower savages was, in many respects, the very opposite of that of most advanced races. Their deities were evil, not good; they required bloody sacrifices; they were mortal, not immortal; and were approached by dances rather than by prayers. The ideas of religion among the lower races were intimately associated with—if, indeed, they had not originated from—the condition of men during sleep, and especially from dreams. Sleep and death had always been regarded as nearly related to one another. Thus Somnus and Mors, the gods of sleep and death, were both fabled to have been the children of Nox, the goddess of night. So also the savage would naturally look on death as a kind of sleep, and would expect and hope to see his friend awake from the one as he had often done from the other. Hence, probably, one reason for the great influence ascribed to the treatment of the body after death. The savage considered the events in his dreams as real as those which happened when he was awake; and hence he naturally felt that he had a spirit which could quit the body, if not when it liked, at least under certain circumstances. Gradually, as the human mind expanded, it became capable of higher and higher realization. The Fetichism of the negro was a step in advance, because the influence of religion was much raised in importance. The next stage might be called Totemism. In this stage everything was deified—stones, rivers, lakes, mountains, the heavenly bodies, even plants and animals. Up to a certain stage the deities were mortal, not creators; no importance was attached to true prayers; virtue was not rewarded, nor vice punished; there were no temples, no priests, no idols. Gradually an increased acquaintance with the laws of nature enlightened the mind of man. From a believer in ghosts he came gradually to recognize the existence of a soul; and at length, uniting this belief with that of a beneficent and just Being, he connected morality with religion—a step the importance of which it was scarcely possible to estimate.

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VALEDICTORY.

WHAT! so soon? and is it a fact that we are really at the end of another year in the "voyage of life?" "The time seems so short." The whole year's excursion has been so pleasant, the time has passed so swiftly, that one scarcely realizes it. This is the last station, and passengers will soon be landed. Are we now to part? Aye, contracts are canceled; engagements completed; and all existing pecuniary obligations terminate. Well, now comes the most painful part of the programme. Up to the present moment all has been joy, sunshine, and happiness. Now comes the parting. It is with feelings of deep regret and sadness that we take each fellow-passenger by the mental hand and bid him or her "good-bye." The acquaintance—though not in all cases the most intimate—has seemed cordial to us, and we have sometimes felt that it would terminate only with death. But our experience teaches us that changes must come, that some of those who were our friends and neighbors for years, finally stray away to other climes, and new friends and neighbors take their places. We, too, must some time give place to successors, and bid a *final* "good-bye" to one and all. But not yet. Our work is just begun. It is piled up mountain high, and we propose to go *through*—not around—it. Do you inquire what is the nature of our work? We answer. *First*, To correct our own errors; and *then* assist others to correct theirs. *Second*, To acquire as much useful knowledge as possible, and then try to impart the same to others. Altogether, with God's blessing, to do what good we can in the way of opening the minds of poor, ignorant, superstitious, dissipated men to a realization of their condition, and point the way to a higher and a better life. The race of man still gropes in the dark, grovels in the mire of perverted appetite and passion, is in great part semi-savage or savage, delighting in rum, riot, and rebellion. Here and there is a low, licentious, gambling, drinking creature. He may be even worse than this—so low and so bad that he hesitates not to rob, pillage, burn, and murder, making war alike on civilized and savage to gratify an ambition inspired only by the devil; in short, a "miserable sinner." And yet this same wicked creature, created in the image of God, possesses all the rudiments of a high and noble manhood. He has godlike qualities, and was given DOMINION OVER NATURE! Phrenology enables its students and practitioners to appreciate the situation, to take the present measure of every man; give him a mental dissection; show him to himself; point out his defects, and indicate what should be done to subordinate the lower and to develop the higher faculties, functions, and powers of body and of mind. It is *ours* through the aid and co-operation of kindred spirits to work in this human vineyard, and so to aid our fellows to keep down the weeds—the passions—and to cultivate the living soul, the man.

We have no quarrel with the true teacher, preacher, physician, or legislator; but when possible will work with one or with all; but we do insist that, as compared with ours, the work of no one is

more important. Why, we phrenologists hold the key by which the human mind is unlocked; by which insanity, imbecility, and idiotcy are explained. We account for even the crimes of men; we do *not excuse* them. We classify men and children by their temperaments and phrenological developments; tell who is and who is not religiously disposed; who is and who is not intellectual, social, artistic, inventive, and so forth. What other system ever revealed or discovered can do this? As compared with the importance of this, all other secular knowledge sinks into insignificance. It is as the light of a noonday's sun compared with a dim starlight. Let the ignorant pooh-pooh. Let the bigot cry out materialism, fatalism, or infidelity. Let the stupid, for want of argument—or a good head—cry out humbug and delusion. We reply,

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail."

We must go on with our work. To us it is a divine mission, and God has blessed—is daily blessing—our efforts in this good cause. Pecuniary considerations, though important, weigh as nothing in the scale when compared with our love for the work. Our own efforts are nobly seconded by noble and generous co-workers. Men and women everywhere cheer us on by words of encouragement and by *deeds*. It is this that sustains us. A few selfish creatures, instead of seeking to promote the good cause by working for *it*, seek to lift *themselves* up by the skirts of its garments. *They* are human parasites, and should be discountenanced as quacks and impostors. When a hungry cormorant or vampire fastens on Phrenology, it is a wolf putting on sheep's clothing. Against such we most emphatically protest. But the great majority of phrenologists and patrons of the science are blessed with a truly missionary spirit, and seek to do good from a love of it, and not for the few dollars they may make by it. Does a true Christian preach the gospel for pay? No; *that* would be a low, mercenary motive which no true man would for a moment admit. But he who preaches the gospel must "live of the gospel," and so the phrenologist must live *by* Phrenology. We rejoice that an enlightened people are regarding the profession of Phrenology with the same respect, and paying as freely for its services as for those of the physician, the lawyer, the teacher, the legislator, or the preacher. The time is surely coming when the services of the competent phrenologist will be held in as high esteem and be as liberally paid as those of either of the others. Every reader of this JOURNAL will aid to bring about this condition of things. But we must close this valedictory with a heartfelt good-bye to those who *must* leave us, and a hopeful trust or belief that we shall, some time, meet again. Then, once more, dear reader, GOOD-BYE.

"LET *US* HAVE PEACE."

CONSIDERING the shocking carnage of war between two neighboring nations abroad, brings vividly to mind the struggles through which our own nation so recently passed. We need not repeat what we have so often stated as to the causes of war; suffice it to say, in general terms, that LIBERTY AND FREEDOM ARE PEACE. *Slavery and usurpation are war.* Man has a twofold nature, and when pride and passion be not properly subdued, sanctified, harmonized, and directed, he will be constantly liable to get off the moral track and so go wrong. One of the Scripture writers puts it right when he describes the conflict constantly going on within each one of us. The warring of the flesh with the spirit—that is, the unsanctified or unregenerated animal propensi-

ties with the moral sentiments — is expressed in these words:

"I say, then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye can not do the things that ye would. But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

Peace comes through justice to the unjust, and to the wicked there can be no peace; neither to the selfish, the cruel, or revengeful; nor to the proud, haughty, vain, or arrogant. Ungodly ambition, as seen in Napoleon III. and his followers, and in other self-appointed or would-be emperors and kings, is sure to fail and fall. All self-seekers are doomed, in the very nature of things, to disappointment; while he who seeks the public good instead of the gratification of his own ambition will find his reward. When we act on principles approved by our higher sentiments, when we submit every question to the Divine judgment and act in accordance therewith, we shall become, each of us, a law unto ourselves, and find peace. A godly man seeks the good of others; he is kindly, just, beneficent. One who cultivates this state of mind will grow in grace, and live a life of peace conferring happiness on all.

Belligerency—Combativeness—begets belligerency, makes and keeps up the warfare. If we choose to entertain feelings of revenge toward opponents or enemies who have laid down their arms, we may do so at our own discomfort, or we may act on a more divine plan, and cultivate a spirit of forgiveness. And now, in view of this higher consideration, as well as that of good policy, is it not time for all Americans, North and South, East and West, to put off all feelings of prejudice, hatred, and malice, and to cultivate a spirit of fraternity and neighborly kindness? We *were* Northerners and Southerners. We *are* AMERICANS. "Let *us* try to discard sectional lines as between states, counties, and towns, and so have peace."

Give this re-united nation twenty years of peace in which to develop our immense resources, and no kingdom or empire on earth could cope with us on land or sea. It is liberty and freedom which develop the highest intelligence and patriotism. With these on our banner, guided and directed by an educated public sentiment, we shall be not only invincible in defense, but an example to old-world monarchies which must, sooner or later, follow us to the tune of "Hail Columbia."

Abroad, no head with an artificial crown is secure, or sleeps a sleep of sweet repose and perfect peace. The "subject," "serf," or "slave" is impatient to be free. Even the kind old Pope of Rome was forced to let go his temporal power, and "infallible" though he is said to be, must now submit to a usurping king. But how long can the king hope to hold his place before an enlightened people? The fact is, the world has had enough of kings and that sort of worthless trash. It wants no more false pretense; no more assassins, *vide* Prince Pierre N. Bonaparte; no more drunken dukes, profligate counts, or imbecile "Lord Dundrearies." It wants no more weak "royalty" or foolish "nobility." It wants honest, industrious, self-helpful citizens, who will earn their own living. In short, it wants such a Democratic Republic as was founded by Washington and the Continental Congress. To such an

end are all earthly kingdoms tending. May God hasten "the good time coming," when freedom and peace shall be the rule.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

WHAT cheering words are these! How they stir young blood, and quicken thought! How they vivify the imagination, and kindle hope!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL THE WORLD! Would to God it were so! But there are still benighted millions who have no merry Christmas, who never heard of Christ, and who continue, in their spiritual blindness, to worship wood and stone. What a revelation is that which opens up the very heavens to our human vision, and leads the mind to God!

What are our duties, with regard to teaching Christian principles, to heathen nations? Should not every Christian become a missionary? There are pagans among us; they come from the teeming millions of China, Japan, Africa, the Indies, and from the islands of the sea. Shall we not instruct them? Who is there who may not do something toward opening the minds of these benighted beings to the truth as it is in Christianity and science?

Why is the 25th of December deemed of so much importance? Why is it regarded as the greatest celebration throughout the ecclesiastical year? Because, as any child educated in the light of our Christian civilization would answer, it was on this day that Jesus Christ was born. Whatever may be said by those who claim atheistical notions on the subject of religion, it must be confessed that the birth of Christ introduced a new era in the world's history—a new era so vast in its bearing upon human relations that "old things passed away," and "all things became new." Everything related to the affairs of men took on a new character. A revelation indeed dawned upon the world and imparted a new life and energy to those elements which underlie the progress of humanity in knowledge physical and moral. The historic record has preserved to us the singular events and cotemporaneous phenomena of the years immediately following the birth of Christ, so that it is altogether unnecessary for us to enter upon their consideration. And besides, time and space would fail ere we had bestowed upon them more than a cursory view. Let us, however, glance at the holiday itself.

There seems to have been some divergence of opinion among the early Christians as to the precise day on which to celebrate or commemorate the occasion when Jesus first showed himself in human form as the babe of Bethlehem. Some observed the 1st or 6th of January; others the 29th of March, the time of the Jewish Passover; while still others kept the 29th of September, or the Feast of Tabernacles. For a long time prior to the reign of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century, the Eastern and Western churches strictly celebrated the festival of Christmas, the former keeping the 6th of January, the latter the 25th of December. Finally both branches of the Christian faith agreed on the 25th of December, and that date was established by a decree of Julius I., Bishop of Rome, about the year 345.

It is doubtless true that the ancient custom of many Continental nations in observing the winter solstice as a season of festivity had no little to do with fixing Christmas Day. The Romans celebrated at this time their well-known *Saturnalia;* the Scandinavian nations and Germans erected great bonfires, and sacrificed to Odin and Thor; while the Persians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians performed ceremonies of a religious char-

acter in honor of their respective deities. In England, from whence we have received our notions chiefly of Christmas celebration, the original idea of the early Christians was much modified by the addition of many features peculiar to the rites and superstitions of the ancient Britons, and there were subsequently added ceremonies practiced by the ancient Germans. The burning of the yule-log and the decorating of houses with branches of the mystic misletoe on Christmas Eve, continued to form a part of the holiday festivities as late as the eighteenth century.

The Christmas and New Year's holidays in America are especially marked as the season for the re-unions of families in the old homestead, or at the house of a member, or for other social gatherings. Around the cheerful hearth then meet those who may have been separated during the whole year previous, and hearts burn with the flush and joy of renewed association.

How valuable is Christmas-tide to a nation if it serve only such a purpose as that of bringing home the absent—affording an opportunity to friends to meet after months, it may be years, of separation! How beneficial the influences of such a season, not only as promoting the health of body and mind, but also sympathy and good-will between individuals.

Blessed be Christmas! May all its best and sweetest influences be shed in every home, and linger by every fireside!

THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., the eminent English writer, and so well known to Americans for his friendship to the United States during the recent war, and for his efforts toward ameliorating the condition of British workingmen, paid a visit, all too brief, recently to this country. He remained with us but a few weeks, and during that time received the most cordial attention of leading citizens. His genial manner, and the warm interest he exhibited in those features of American progress, educational and industrial, which engaged his attention, proved beyond question that the "Tom Brown" we were so much interested in years ago, has changed but little with the passage of time, if we except the maturity of wisdom and culture which are eminently his.

OUR ALLEGIANCE.

BEFORE the war there were two political schools in this country holding different views and opinions as to STATE RIGHTS. The Northern school held that every State, county, and town were subordinate to the General Government; while the Southern school, of which John Calhoun was once the leader, held that each State was only a partner in the concern, from which it might withdraw at pleasure. It was on these grounds that the South proposed to secede in 1860, and to establish a confederacy on other than Democratic Republican principles. The North held to Democracy. The South sought to establish substantially a limited monarchy. Here the two sections diverged; the North claiming that the UNITED STATES had and has perpetual jurisdiction over the whole; that each State *must be subordinate to the General Government*, except in matters of local concern. Statesmen, legislators, soldiers, and people divided on that point. The question was tried on numerous bloody battlefields, extending over four years' time, at a cost of thousands of lives and of many millions in money. It is charitable to suppose that each party considered itself in the right. Indeed, when one puts his property, his honor, and his life in the balance, we may believe him *sincere*, however erroneous his judgment may prove to be. Had the South proved the victor in the contest, the outside world would have given her soldiers and her citizens credit for the greatest patriotism. But, whether right or wrong, she failed. THE UNION WAS SAVED. We pity the error of judgment which permits one to be misled. We deplore that moral obtuseness which prevents one from seeing clearly where his duty lies; or, seeing it, makes him lack the decision and integrity to hold to it. A weak man, through indecision or vacillation, may be as potent for evil as a vicious one. We will not judge harshly those who fight in a bad cause. They have their reward. In another place we give the portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with a biographical sketch written from a Southern point of view. That he was a good scholar and a great soldier none can question. His brain was large; his body

strong and well-proportioned, and he was capable of great things. Socially, he was much esteemed. He lived a religious life, and was trusted with the greatest responsibilities. As compared with the other leaders in the rebellion—Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, etc., —Gen. Lee was the more respected. Had he remained true to the Union, there can be no doubt that he would have been placed at the head of the Union army. He preferred to "go with his State," and against the Union. He failed in his military efforts. Let us regret his unfortunate choice, pity his mistakes, and try to forget that his efforts were exerted against the best civil government yet devised by man. If Washington was a rebel, it was against foreign tyranny, and in the interest of the freedom which still exists among us.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

THIS eminent historian and statesman has emerged from the retirement which the rule of Louis Napoleon had rendered acceptable or desirable to him, and notwithstanding his advanced age, has again taken a conspicuous position in the new order of political affairs in France which followed the fall of the empire. His earnest sympathy for liberal government, which had lacked opportunity for its active manifestation since the *coup de main* of Napoleon in 1851, now finds a wide field in which to exercise what diplomatic talent may yet be his. He has been sent to the courts of Austria and Russia for the purpose of obtaining their support or interventional influence in behalf of the Provisional Government at Paris.

M. Thiers possesses a head much above the average size; indeed, it is very large for a Frenchman, and being broad and high, gives him character for much energy, executiveness, and moral inflexibility. There is apparently more of the Saxon than of the Celt in his temperamental organization. See how stout, solid, and compactly built that head and face! There is density and stamina here. He should be known for that spirit of decision which can be defined best as sturdy positiveness. The sprightliness and versatility of the true Frank do not enter very largely into his composition. Large Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Caution combine to make him politic, shrewd, guarded, and economical. The forehead is ample, showing ability as a reasoner, and breadth of mind sufficient to comprehend large interests. He would rarely

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

lose his own individuality or compromise his special views; in fact, as already hinted above, the tendency is toward dignity, if not dogmatism. He would have his own way, if possible, and he is generally in the right.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Marseilles, April 16th, 1797. He was of a family in poor circumstances, his father being a working blacksmith. His mother, however, belonged to an old commercial family, which numbered among its members the brothers Joseph and André Chenier. The relatives of his mother, being impressed by the precocity of the boy, took charge of him for the purposes of education. By them he was sent to the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles, where he distinguished himself by his superior scholarship. In 1815 he was sent to Aix to study law. Here he became acquainted with Mignet, the historian, in company with whom, immediately after he had taken his degree, he went to Paris. The vocation of the law seems to have had but little attraction for him, as we

find him shortly after engaged closely in the study of history and philosophy. Being poor, he lived for a time in comparative obscurity, but obtaining an introduction to the world of letters through Lafitte, who discerned in the young man the quality of a superior writer, he commenced to contribute articles of a political caste to leading newspapers, among them the *Constitutionnel*, which was at that time the foremost organ of the liberal party. He soon became distinguished for the vigor and boldness of his contributions, and was admitted through their influence into the most brilliant circles of the party. In the crowded saloons of Lafitte, Perier, Baron Louis—the great financier of the era—and of Talleyrand, he enjoyed the society of the principal actors in the great revolutionary drama. The attention thus gained proved of important advantage to him in the great undertaking which he, though so young a man, had entertained for several years, that of writing a history of the French Revolution. The preparation of this work was really undertaken in connection with Felix Bodin, but was completed by Thiers alone in 1827; and its appearance at once placed the briefless young lawyer in the foremost rank of literary celebrity. Three editions were sold in a very short time, and the profits accruing from the sale, together with the gift of a share in the *Constitutionnel* from an admirer, placed him in a position of comparative comfort. He left his garret in a retired street, emerged into fame, and became one of the most prominent men of France in the two leading fields of literature and politics.

In January, 1830, he established a paper, the *Nationnel*, advocating advanced democratic principles. In the conduct of this paper he was assisted by some of the ablest men in the literary party, and unrelenting war was waged against the ministry of Polignac. The severe attacks on the policy of government made by Thiers' newspaper conduced chiefly to those desperate measures which resulted in the revolution of 1830. Devoting himself now to a public career, the young publicist was appointed Secretary-General of the Ministry of Finance, and elected deputy for the town of Aix. His appearance in the chamber of deputies gave at first little promise of his subsequent distinction.

His diminutive person, his small face, encumbered with a pair of huge spectacles, and his whole exterior presenting something of the ludicrous, the new deputy, full of the impassioned eloquence of the revolutionary orators, attempted to impart the thrilling emotions recorded of Mirabeau. The attempt provoked derision, but soon subsiding into the oratory natural to him—simple, easy, vigorous, rapid, anecdotic—he became one of the most formidable of parliamentary champions. From 1832, when the Soult cabinet was constructed, he continued a Minister, with one short interval, until 1836. He was by turn Minister of the Interior, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and Minister for Foreign Affairs under various chiefs—Soult, Gerard, Mortier, and Broglie.

In February, 1836, he was nominated President of the Council and Foreign Minister by Louis Philippe. He only held this office until August, 1836, when he passed into opposition. In 1840 he was again called by the king to the premiership. He refused Lord Palmerston's invitation to enter into an alliance with England, Austria, and Prussia for the preservation of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, from some lingering sympathy with the principles which dictated the first Napoleon's invasion of Egypt and Syria, and a desire to accomplish by diplomatic relations with Mehemet Ali that which Bonaparte had sought to effect by force of arms—a controlling power on the part of France in Syrian and Egyptian affairs. Lord Palmerston entered into the treaty without France; Acre was taken by the English fleet, and Mehemet Ali was driven out of Syria. The popular irritation in France, fostered by Thiers, was excessive, and nothing but the peaceful character of Louis Philippe prevented the French nation from rushing into a war of defiance to all the powers of Europe. Thiers alarmed the Continent by his threats of setting aside the treaties of 1815 and extending the French frontier to the Rhine. It was computed that he spent not less than $40,000,000 in military and naval demonstrations. The effect of the ill-blood thus generated was felt shortly afterward in the seizure of the Society Islands, and in the remonstrances which the British Government saw reason to address to that of France respecting the ill-treatment of Mr. Pritchard, their consul at Tahiti. Louis Philippe dismissed his bellicose Prime Minister, and Europe again tasted the sweets of repose.

M. Thiers employed his leisure in historical pursuits. His "History of the Consulate and of the Empire," began in 1845 and completed in 1860, is one of the greatest historical works of the age. The plan is vast and comprehensive. He had authentic documents, and full and incomparable materials at his disposal. War, administration, finances, the state of par-

ties at home, and the intrigues of diplomacy abroad, are by turns grouped and distributed around some principal event which gives its name to each book. The style is easy and familiar in tone, the narrative calm and lucid, and there is little straining after color or picturesque effect. It has been objected that there are too many military details in the work; but as it is the history of the greatest captain of modern times, it was desirable to enable even the unlearned reader to comprehend the incessant movements of troops and the details of army organization which so vividly illustrate the genius and prodigious industry and activity of Napoleon I. Thiers' descriptions of Marengo, and of some other great battles of the empire, are masterpieces of military history; and his narrative of the most complicated tactics is entitled to the praise of being as lucid in its explanations as it is comprehensive in its details. On the other hand, Great Britain and the other powers of Europe, whose alliance ultimately caused the downfall of the empire, receive but scant justice at the hands of the historian. Thiers is unable to divest himself of his national feelings and prejudices, and is often the apologist and panegyrist of his hero and his policy, when historic truth and impartiality would record a different verdict. His history, published in sixteen volumes, has been translated into most of the European languages.

The Republic which arose out of the revolution of 1848, and had so lingering an existence, found a friend in Thiers, and the return to the imperial form, in 1851, found him so warm an opponent that he was banished. After a short residence in Switzerland, he returned by permission to France, where he published a continuation of his "History." The French Academy, of which he has been a member since 1836, awarded him an extraordinary prize of 20,000 francs, about $4,000, in gold, for his two great histories.

In 1865 he became again a deputy in the Assembly of the nation, and acted a leading part in political affairs, exhibiting much of the eloquence and statesmanship which distinguished him in earlier years.

When the present Provisional Government was formed in Paris, Thiers warmly co-operated with its leading spirits, and was assigned to the very important mission which he has endeavored to bring to a successful result, that of securing the interest of Austria and Russia in favor of France, and toward a termination of the war with Prussia on grounds honorable to his country.

OUR CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONISTS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

BEFORE proceeding to describe the railways, or the country over which we passed in our recent visit to California, we prefer to describe very briefly the persons composing our party. Indeed, our study is chiefly of man and his relations rather than of more material objects. Just now we will tell our readers who were our voyage-companions in a Pullman palace car—all to ourselves—for 4,000 miles "across the continent."

DR. J. V. C. SMITH.—This courteous gentleman has been a great traveler, and can relate with rare facility and grace of language what he has seen under strange skies and among people whose ways are peculiar. He was for twenty-three years the physician of the port of Boston, and had a charming home on an island at the quarantine station in the harbor. He was the editor of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* for thirty years, and was so favorably known for his elegant manners and his public spirit that he served the Athens of America as its Mayor for a number of years. He afterward spent some time abroad, saw all the Holy Land, and went far up the River Nile. His travels were written in a style of remarkable grace and fluency, and ran through several editions. He took an active part in the war, and as General Medical Director, had charge of the hospitals in New Orleans. Upon his return, the Globe Life Insurance Company of N. Y. employed him as their examining physician, and he has lately written a little volume of much value to insurance companies, giving a vast number of interesting facts about the duration of life, and the chances that one has for length of days. He often lectures on medical subjects, and has read several important papers before the American Institute on the physiology of animals. Personally, Dr. Smith is a little below the average height, but his trunk is unusually long, and his figure compact and sound. Judged by the signs and rules which he has laid down, only an accident or the onset of some infectious disease would prevent him from enjoying a long and mellow old age.

J. B. LYMAN, Agricultural Editor of the New York *Tribune*.—The look of this man is directed at once to the essential point of whatever subject engages his attention. With a flash the field of vision lies clear before him, and he discriminates at once and unerringly between vital and accidental, the primal and the subordinate. He sees at a glance the difficult point in any case, and as readily perceives the means that must be used to carry it. Thoroughly educated both in the classics and in law, which he practiced for many years, he has adopted journalism as his profession, and from the first took rank among the knights of the pen. Born to take an interest in the welfare of

the race, his energies are all given to the advancement of agriculture both as a science and an art. He is as fluent with his tongue in public addresses as with his pen at the editor's desk, but strong domestic tastes and indifference to general popularity keep him back from the platform and out of politics.

Tall,—six feet,—of a stalwart frame, his figure is well proportioned, his features regular and handsome, bearing marks of fine and thorough culture, and his manners are courtly. As a diplomat he has uncommon ability. While education and social aptness fit him for success on the pavements, the bias of his blood, which has for generations flowed through farmers, and his judgment of the fundamental importance of sound and advancing agriculture, draw him to the country and make him love farm industries. His estimate of men, and especially their value to society, is accurate and prompt, and he is remarkable for his union of business sagacity with the polish of the scholar.

Mrs. Laura E. Lyman.—Harmony, symmetry, and elevation of character are indicated in the face and illustrated in the life of this accomplished and lovely woman. With auburn hair, features well proportioned rather than beautiful, penetrating blue eyes, a voice soft and low but clear, a forehead the lines of which indicate the finest inborn sense aided by long culture, she is found upon full acquaintance to possess all the fine qualities that secure for woman influence, honor, and love. Not one person in a thousand enjoys such perfect health. Two years ago, when the *Hearth and Home* started, she sent, for the first number, an article headed "Mrs. Kate Hunnibee's Diary." The first line was—"Poor Joannah taught me something new about bread-making." Every housekeeper whose eye fell on this clause read the article through, and came to watch for "Kate Hunnibee's Diary" as a feature of the paper ever welcome and of unflagging interest. Mrs. Lyman has written a useful book on the "Philosophy of Housekeeping," and thousands who read domestic articles in weekly papers of great circulation are taught and guided by her, not knowing their unseen friend. She is not in fashionable life, nor gaily dressed, though few equal her in the keenness of her insight into character, the fullness of her attainments, and in conversational power. Surrounded by a cluster of bright-eyed children, the joy of her life is to see their minds fill, their spirits enlarge, their discretion ripen, and to know that home is for them the dearest and the happiest place on earth—a human paradise. While more busy than most women in common domestic industry, she somehow finds time to keep herself in unfailing communication with a very wide circle of readers, and her words are a kindly and sometimes merry, but always earnest, protest against the follies of the time—against idleness, and fashion, and useless elegance; while they cheer and aid the humble and the lonesome, those who are weary and perplexed, whose hands hang down, and whose lives run backward. Few women in America are doing so much by words well supported by example to give an ever fresh, growing, and sacred importance to that golden word—*home*.

Frank D. Curtis.—The most prominent feature in his character is his genial and jolly temper combined with the best sort of practical sense and sagacity. He has an eye for the ludicrous and comic aspects of persons and things which make him irresistible as a boon companion; and at the same time he has earnest convictions and the best settled principles. He is a pious Artemas Ward: he tells a funny story; leads the devotions of a prayer-meeting; talks to Sunday-school children, or runs a political caucus with equal felicity and success. He loves farming, and especially the breeding of choice animals, of which he has a great variety, and of the best blood. He is of medium height and size, dark hazel eyes, and iron-gray hair always smoothly combed, and long, full beard which he perpetually toys with and twists as he cracks his joke or tells his tale.

Mrs. Frank D. Curtis.—The most prominent characteristic of this lady is her strong common sense. Next to this, we would place the kindliness of her heart and her keen appreciation of human nature, which she reads with almost unerring precision. The eldest daughter of a large farmer in Saratoga County, she was left at an early age, by the death of her mother, in charge of a numerous family. Her girlhood was spent in endeavoring to supply the place of mistress of a farm and mother to her younger brothers and sisters. This developed her powers, strengthened her judgment, and gave her, no doubt, that sterling, practical sense and information which enables her in the absence of her husband—who is now in the public service—to carry on the farm successfully, rear domestic animals, and keep up a handsome country establishment. In person she is tall, of large frame, blue eyes, and hair inclining to auburn. Her manners are agreeable, her sense of the ridiculous keen, and her conversation entertaining. She knows all about farm animals, and has innumerable household pets, whose very natures she has the rare gift of understanding and appreciating.

Mr. J. W. Stedman.—Affable, unassuming, intelligent, retiring, this gentleman is slow to make acquaintance among strangers, but very highly respected in the community where he is best known. With refined and cultivated taste, of good business ability, and successful in accumulation, he lives in an atmosphere of elegant ease and domestic felicity. Beloved by all around him, a prominent citizen, a pillar in society of which he is a member, he enjoys most the good things of this life with few of its annoyances. He has a well-cultivated mind, with abilities above the average, but prefers the quiet life of a village editor to the "scuffles of great fights" in our metropolitan centers, and pursues the even tenor of his way, a quiet though not uninterested chronicler

of passing events for the information of his intelligent readers.

MRS. SOPHIE ORME JOHNSON.—This lady has delighted a large circle of readers for some years in many different newspapers. She writes on a variety of subjects, embracing social and domestic matters, the culture of flowers (which is with her her a grand passion), the training of children, and the various arts of home decoration. Her memory of persons and places is wonderfully accurate, and a fact once known or a book once read is never forgotten. Her flow of animal spirits is incessant. She never flags in conversation, or seems to be weary. There is no end to what she can say on any topic, nor any lack of topics on which to talk. In her youth, a beauty, she retains the freshness and vivacity of manner which made her a belle at twenty and naturally fond of dress, which she skillfully employs as an adjunct of fine looks; one could hardly believe her on the shady side of forty. With bright black eyes, auburn hair, a rosy complexion, a plump figure, Mrs. Johnson is still in the prime of charming womanhood.

SILAS HIGGINS.—This worthy, kindly gentleman is everything he seems to be. Quiet and unostentatious, he needs to be sought out by strangers in order to be known. Stanch in principle, clear and strong in his perceptions and convictions, with an eye to the main chances, benevolent in feeling, and a strict Puritan in his life, courteous in manners, he is equally beloved and honored by a numerous family of which he is patriarch, and at the head of which he is in every sense at home. With competence acquired by legitimate industry in the the midst of a prosperous community of which he is a trusted and prominent member, there is nothing of good in this life Mr. Higgins does not enjoy, or in the next that he may not hope for. In person, he is above the average height and size, of blue eyes, clear complexion, hair once brown, now quite gray, and beard as white as snow.

X. A. WILLARD.—This fine-looking man has the rare faculty of winning universal esteem and confidence with the smallest apparent outlay of effort on his part of any person we ever met. Not a great talker, what he does say is so exactly in point, so well expressed, and suggests such stores of knowledge that may be had for the asking, that we set him down as scholar, philosopher, and lecturer. Polished, retiring, and courteous in manner, he draws attention by the modest wealth of his attainments, and the accuracy of his statements on whatever subject is under discussion. Mr. Willard is authority on all matters connected with the dairy interest. One can not look at him and not recognize the traveler, the journalist, the man of business, the trusted and honored member of society, the kind husband, and the tender father. In person he is a little above the average size and height, symmetrical in form, inclined to plumpness, of blue eyes and chestnut hair, made prematurely gray by excessive journalistic labor. Nothing but his extreme modesty keeps him from prominence as a lecturer and a public man.

H. L. READE.—This gentleman is a fine specimen of what the land of steady habits can do when she undertakes to make a man. Piety and virtue have set their highest stamp upon his character. Well educated, intelligent, a sagacious and successful business man, a good writer on agricultural subjects, an agreeable and entertaining companion, a devoted husband, and a faithful friend, there is no fine quality which Mr. Reade does not possess. In person he is of medium size, a little inclined to plumpness, exceedingly well made, with dark hazel eyes, black hair, and complexion corresponding. His voice is agreeable, his manners winning, and he would be picked out in any crowd as above the average in intelligence, moral worth, and high standing in the community where he has his home.

JAMES A. WHITNEY.—This gentleman has been before the public as a journalist for several years, and by his industry, application, and ability won good position in his profession. He has a clear, strong, Scotch brain, is untiring in his devotion to his duties, an acceptable writer on agricultural and scientific subjects, and a diligent and faithful student. Never satisfied with present attainments and position, he ever presses forward to a higher point, and wrestles for nobler spoils. In person he is of average size, with hazel eyes, clear complexion, dark hair, symmetrical form, and is not indifferent to the advantages of elegant apparel. Caring more for the essence than the forms of things, he is sometimes abrupt in manner, but his heart is kindly, his principles tried, and his integrity as a man and Christian without spot. He showed no tolerance for the Mormons or interest in the Indians, and would hardly put his hand in his pocket to save either from extermination. If he had been consulted in the matter of Sodom, it would have required more than five righteous to save that bad city from the brimstone.

HENRY T. WILLIAMS.—The energy, force, and directness of this young man is apparent at a glance. The son of a clergyman, he commenced life a few years since with a good education, fine moral character, and business ability much above the average. In this country one needs no other capital. He is now agricultural editor of the *Independent*, and editor and proprietor of the *Horticulturist*, from both which papers he derives a fair income. In person Mr. Williams is of the average height, of slender and well-proportioned figure, with brown eyes and hair. His manners are retiring, but he is always ready with facts, figures, and quick at devising means to reach certain desired results. He is prompt in rendering their dues to everybody, and does not allow himself to be imposed upon. As a business agent Mr. Williams was invaluable to the party. His promptness, energy, and exact knowledge of values made him an excellent negotiator in all contracts.

SAMUEL B. NOYES, Judge, of Boston, Mass., has

an active mind; is wide awake, lively, quick to see, has good power of conversation, enjoys company, will sing a temperance or patriotic song or plead a case or tell a story with as much pleasure as any one well can, and whatever he attempts is invested with real zeal. He is about five feet seven or eight inches in height. His hair is gray, and stands up strongly, and his side-whiskers are almost at a right angle with his face, indicating great physical vigor, which is verified by his square shoulders and well-knit frame.

A. B. CRANDELL.—Of a disposition so retiring and a temperament so sensitive that in a mixed company he at first fails to draw attention, he ends by winning the liking of all for his perfect refinement, utter inoffensiveness, and positive though not ostentatious abilities. As a journalist, his merit consists not so much in creative energy of style as in the persistent care he bestows on every paragraph, and a judgment never at fault as to the value of an article or the propriety of a statement. Of slender make, hair soft, moist, and dark, eyes a sunny and mellow hazel, teeth perfect, manners shy but wholly self-possessed, and very nice in judgment of persons, he is fitted to move along with the first-class of able and conspicuous men. He has won his way to an enviable position in New York by being an excellent reporter, a steady worker, and a correct writer, by making no enemies and no mistakes.

A. T. EMERY.—This gentleman is a fair representative of that large class of journalistic laborers who do the routine work required in the conduct of a newspaper. Patient of toil, accurate in statement, regular in hours, they constitute the bone and sinew of the Press. Mr. Emery is a Western man, nonchalant, easy, impressed with the greatness of the resources of the country for which he labors, and willing to work for the rewards which she gives in ample measure to those devoted to her interests. Formerly of Albany, now of Chicago, he one of the editors of the *Prairie Farmer*, a first-class agricultural weekly, with a large circulation. Mr. Emery is of average height and weight, of bland and easy manners, and well calculated to win his way to the favor of farmers, for whom he writes.

P. T. QUINN.—A native of Ireland, he came to this country when he was ten years old; had the good fortune to meet the late Professor Mapes. This noted agriculturist saw that the bright-eyed boy had good business capacity, and was quite above the average in intellectual ability. So his studies in chemistry and his acquaintance with market gardening went hand-in-hand. He is one of the few farmers who can set out two or three thousand cabbage plants before breakfast, and after supper sit down and write for the *Weekly Tribune* or any other paper a readable and trustworthy account of the way in which cabbage should be set. He has excellent every-day sense, an eye to the main chances, and yet can talk with intelligence and fullness on the various questions of the day. One would look far before finding a more intelligent farmer. On pear culture in America he is an authority, and perhaps the best authority. In person he is a little less than six feet high, of clear, ringing voice, a hearty laugh, and a large fund of Irish humor and mother-wit. He has black hair and dark-blue eyes, his muscles are compact and hard, so that notwithstanding much travel and reading, and free mixing with people of leisure, he never loses the ability to lead the field at the head of his men. He is liberal in his feelings, very kindly in his relations to his family, and has laid up as much clear money from regular farm industry as any man of his years in America. There are few men anywhere who can take forty acres and derive a large income from them. Farming with him is not mere bread winning. He has made a fortune by it, and can make another.

JAMES MAPES DODGE.—This young man of seventeen is full of promise. Versatile in talent, with a retentive memory, a quick and clear perception, ambitious and painstaking, it is hard to say what with earnestness of purpose and steadiness of purpose he may not accomplish. He has uncommon business ability, and this has placed him at the head of the Printing Establishment at Cornell University, where he is now pursuing his studies and making money. Full of fun and frolic, a most entertaining and amusing companion, he is ready when conversation turns on important subjects to add his quota to the general fund, to state the last results of chemical experiment, or the newest discoveries in the application of science to art. He is of dark complexion, dark-blue eyes, perfectly unassuming in manner, of rare conversational ability, a mimic, an actor, a buffoon, or an agreeable speaker, as the occasion seems to demand. A brilliant and an honorable future it is in his power to command, and he can take place among the foremost scientists of the age.

[Of MISS ALEXANDER, MRS. WELLS, PROF. POEY, and others, it is not necessary to speak in detail. Suffice it, a more intelligent, temperate, refined, and agreeable party connected with the Press we have never before met. While on the route in our palace car we were daily visited by distinguished guests, among whom were a United States Senator and his wife, the Superintendent of the State Schools of Nevada, the Mayor of Cheyenne, a Chief Engineer and Builder of Western railways—most of whom addressed us on various topics of special interest, imparting such practical knowledge as an editor knows how to appreciate and profit by. Immediately following is a description of the "City of the Saints" as it appeared to us during our brief sojourn there; and we have thought it worth while to include also some running comments on the political status of affairs there.]

OUR VISIT TO SALT LAKE CITY.

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS in no part of the American continent is nature more graphically exhibited than in the great valley of the Rocky Mountains at two seasons of the year—winter and spring; but when our party arrived in the city of the Saints—July—nature was not in her most graphic mood. In mid-winter there is a rugged, picturesque grandeur displayed. Nothing showing a sign of verdure is seen then in all the vale, even when the gardens and fields are not covered with snow, for nature dies when autumn spreads over the city of the Saints. But there is a certain compensation even here, to the lover of the grand and mountainous, after a heavy snow-fall. The "everlasting hills" belting the valley are very palpable then, for from their lofty summits to their base they are covered with snow, which not even the July sun completely melts from their rugged crowns. To the Mormons at first in winter it must have seemed a Siberia, but now that they have a large city, winter has its compensations. The sleighs dash through the streets with jingling bells on the horses. The city is jubilant with grand balls, in all the different wards. The mountains must be hugely suggestive of isolation; but the life in the city, and now the constant arrival of trains from the East and the West, make things tolerably easy to the visitor, who finds the climate healthy, and more temperate than in the Eastern States. But when spring opens, there is said to be a scene of enchantment almost like a fairy transformation in a day. Winter is departing, but he sends his last snow-storm in a sullen mood, Spring opens in a moment, and in three weeks the entire city and valley has been in a rose-bloom wonderfully suggestive of the passage so often applied to the Mormons, that they have made the "wilderness to blossom as the rose." Visitors arriving at that season of the year have always described the city of the Saints in the most glowing terms.

The city itself is very regularly laid out in blocks, with wide streets. Of course, at first, the houses must have been very insignificant, and were mostly built of adobes; but now large mansions are rising in every part of the occupied valley, some of which are almost princely, and in the main street there are several merchant establishments which would not do discredit to Broadway.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

At one time the personal domains of the Mormon President and the church buildings attracted most of the attention of visitors, and they still deserve particular mention. Brigham Young has three blocks inclosed with a high stone wall, taking in his "White House," "Beehive House," "Lion House," offices, school-house, workshops, and gardens and orchards, besides the "Tithing Office" and the *Deseret News* establishment. On the west end the wall runs up north to the bench of the mountain, inclosing also the late Heber C. Kimball's premises, and the entire domains of these princes of the Church are backed by the "everlasting hills." The situation was evidently chosen for security from Indians; but isolation has departed from that valley forever; and all other castellated places in America are out of keeping with the open freedom and institutions of the country. The time was, however, when the castle-like premises of President Young were very attractive to visitors, but to-day they have lost their original novelty; the railroad is the novelty now in those mountain regions,—the railroad that seems to have cut through those everlasting hills which had for nearly a quarter of a century shut the Mormons in from the reach of the great world of mankind.

THE TEMPLE.

"Temple Block," however, has still a special interest to visitors. It is there they go to see Brigham, and to hear him in his character as the "Lion of the Lord," for in his office Brigham is undemonstrative and reticent. Here also, in the Great Tabernacle, they meet on certain occasions the largest congregation which assembles in America. At Conference time it is said that ten thousand people meet under one roof for service. The seceders and outsiders describe it as resembling on the outside an immense "land turtle," and have thus named it; and as we wish to give to our readers a picture of this Tabernacle, they may take the "turtle" as an emblem of its architectural forms, providing they make the turtle enough like a mountain. The inside is very much like a vast amphitheater. It was designed to hold ten thousand, but as a congregation of Rocky Mountain echoes seemed to meet with the saints every Sunday, Brigham ordered immense galleries to be erected to break the echoes which followed the speaker's voice like an English village clerk leading the congregation in the responses with all his might. These galleries will hold about four thousand, so that the building will now hold fourteen thousand people. Next to the Tabernacle itself is the organ, said to be the largest in the United

States. There is on the "Temple Block," also, the old Tabernacle, of an ark-like shape. Then there is the Temple itself rising from the ground, though but very slowly, covering an area of 21,850 feet.

THE CITY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Salt Lake City itself is situated at the western base of a spur of the Wahsatch Mountains, twenty miles east of the southern extremity of the Great Salt Lake. The valley in which the city is located is 4,350 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by mountains *ten thousand feet high*. It is the Great Basin, and is about twenty-five miles across, so that a city several times as large as New York could grow up there, should Utah turn out to be the treasury of the nation, as President Lincoln, just before his assassination, declared it would. The city is laid out in blocks or squares, of ten acres each, and with streets 132 feet wide, running east and west, north and south. Through the streets run, from the mountains, down canyons, clear, cooling streams of pure soft water from the melting snow, which are used for irrigating and for all domestic purposes. But it must not be supposed that the Mormons thus found the streams. It was their labor, and not nature, that put the valley under a complete water system. The great creek that brings the mountain torrents down is named "City Creek," and runs through Brigham Young's premises, giving him the benefit of the water power; and on reaching the city fairly, it literally tears down Jordan Street, making a deep canal-looking cut, which the authorities try to keep in repair; sometimes, however, at the opening of spring, the sudden melting of the snow sends down such a flood, that great rocks are carried along by the fierce current, and the lower part of Jordan Street is inundated. It is principally from this "City Creek" that the water is brought into all parts of the city by taking it high up, before it reaches Brigham's premises, and directing it by ditches and aqueducts into the various wards. Camp Douglas, however, which is situated on the east "bench" of the mountain, about three miles from the city, is supplied from another source from the mountains, and this stream also waters the extreme eastern division of the city. And down the streets through which the cooling streams are running are planted shade trees, principally the tall cottonwood and the locust. The city has now twenty-two wards. It was once surrounded by a mud wall, called the "city wall," and the "Twentieth Ward" marked the boundaries on the eastern bench running toward Camp Douglas; but within the last few years the authorities have thrown the city far outside of the wall on the northeast, thus creating another ward, and giving the people a vast number of new cheap lots, so that the city on this side extends now up to the very foot of the mountains, which take up the continuation of the rim of the basin after the bench leaves it. At some remote period this basin was an inland sea. The bench formation is a system of watermarks, and is found in every valley, while detached and parallel blocks of mountain, tending almost invariably north and south, were in geological ages rock islands rising above the water.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Each of the wards into which the city is divided has been put under a complete ecclesiastical government, at the head of which there is a bishop and his two counselors. The bishop is, in reality, the magistrate as well as the pastor of his district, and the government being strictly hierarchal, he controls the temporal and spiritual affairs of the people, and administers to them, not by civil *law*, but by the will and wisdom that his office confirms in him; each bishop in his sphere is as absolute as Brigham Young. At first this ecclesiastical government under the bishops and the "High Council of the Stake" administered the affairs of the city almost entirely; but as Utah grew and the population became mixed, the civil economy was evolved and brought into prominence. There is now, therefore, not only a mayor (Daniel H. Wells) and city council, as of old, but also an actual civil government, superseding the primitive ecclesiastical order. The City Hall, built within the last few years, is a fitting symbol of this change. It is situated on Theatre Street, is a large and elegant structure, and cost 70,000 dollars.

OTHER PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

Half a block west is the grand theater, considered one of the best in America, whose green-room is spoken of as equaling the green-rooms of luxuriant Italy. Theatre Street is the first street below "Brigham's place," which lies on the north bench, and the theater is in a line with the "Eagle Gate," in Brigham's castle wall. One block west of the theater is Main Street, north and south. It opens from Theater Street with the Exchange buildings of Mr. Godbe, which being on the corner have their fronts in both streets. In one department Mr. Godbe has a drug store, and in the other, facing Theatre Street, is the Post Office, while on the first floor above is the U. S. Land Office.

On the corner opposite, in Main Street, is Mr. Jennings' grand store, which cost about eighty thousand dollars, being built of hewn rock. This store the co-operative directors hired, to try the mercantile experiment of President Young.

The grand stores of Godbe and Jennings opened to the city a new architectural era in store building, for until then the merchants had not assumed princely forms. Mr. Jennings led. Two or three doors from Godbe's corner is the First National Bank of Utah, owned by Mr. Hussey. Immediately follow Wells, Fargo & Co.'s offices and Woomansee's fine store; then "Walker's Old Buildings," in which the Utah Protestants commenced their "New Movement," and where soon after the first political mass meeting ever held in Utah by an opposition was attempted.

The Salt Lake Hotel comes next, and then a few more good stores; but the corner store on the opposite side is the great attraction at this end of the block. Walker Brothers' new buildings are equal to Jennings' store; and it was in the Walker establishment where was contested against the church co-operative plan the right and potency of individual enterprise. Here ends the main business part of the street; but if you continue it south two or three blocks, you will meet on the way, near each other, the three princely mansions of the Walker Brothers, costing, unfurnished, altogether about one hundred thousand dollars in gold. Their architecture is unique, and they have towers as their ornament, giving them a touch of antiquity. Returning east until we reach Temple Street, we go west three blocks and come to Mr. Jennings' grand house; and continuing a little farther, we meet the wonder of the Rocky Mountains — the railroad—and shake hands with the East and the West.

ORCHARDS.

Of the city, generally speaking, it may be called the City of Orchards. Originally the design was seven blocks and their crossings to the mile, and an acre-and-a-quarter lot to each house. Of course this order of Zion is somewhat broken in upon by the springing up of the business streets, and the increase of a population that can not nearly all get the acre-and-a-quarter lot. To the increase of these acre-and-a-quarter orchards in the valley, and the plentiful irrigation, are to be attributed the remarkable atmospheric change which has taken place within the last twenty-one years, and the transformation of the valley from the sandy sage-brush plain to the "fruitful field." The city is 650 miles east-north-east of San Francisco, and 1,100 west of the Mississippi River.

GEOLOGY OF SALT LAKE.

The rocks of Utah are mostly primitive—granite, jasper, syenite, hornblende, and porphyry, with various quartzes.

Volcanic action is indicated by the presence of obsidian scoriæ and lava. Marble of every hue and texture is found in large masses in the cañons. Coal is plentiful in various parts of the Territory, and so is iron; the latter, however, has not been worked to much account. Indeed, it is only just now that the people of Utah are turning their general attention to the immense

MINERAL RESOURCES

of their Territory, and this is in consequence of the opening of the silver mines near Salt Lake City. Mr. Colfax, on his first visit, informed the multitude assembled to hear his speech, that President Lincoln declared Utah would become the treasury of the nation, and charged him, Colfax, to go up and investigate the subject of the mineral resources of the Rocky Mountains. The Mormons also believed much with President Lincoln, and for years stories, perhaps fabulous, were told among the faithful how the "authorities" at any time could open enough gold mines to bring all America up to Utah. If this is the fact, then Brigham has not only done all he could to discountenance the opening of the mines of Zion, but he has concealed his knowledge of treasures which would enchant Aladdin himself. Be that as it may, the mining operations of the last few months in Utah give the promise of the realization of results beyond even President Lincoln's dreams of Utah becoming yet the treasury of the nation. It is thought that the Rocky Mountains will turn out to be to America for silver and its alloys what Wales is to Great Britain for coal and iron, and practical men talk of tunneling those mountains in every direction as soon as enough of our Eastern capitalists take hold of the matter. The following digest of the last mining news from the *Salt Lake Tribune* will give the actual operations of to-day.

RICH LEDGES, LODES, ETC.

The Little Cottonwood Mines already represent sufficient wealth to create a permanent prosperity for the city. The miners of Bingham Cañon thus proclaim by placard: "We have enough wealth to pay the national debt in five years." Bingham has already done wonders, produced many thousand dollars in gold dust, discovered and developed an inex-

haustible number of silver ledges, and to-day finds employment for several hundred men. This has been done with but little capital other than what workingmen could offer. The present shipment of ore from the mines of Bingham and Little Cottonwood is immense. Taking one mine—the Emma, for instance—there have been shipped during the past two weeks thirty-two cars, containing 320 tons, and sent to Cardiff, Wales, *via* San Francisco. The Gopher lode reports, from an assay lately made, the astonishing amount of $15,334 10 per ton of silver. The Big Cottonwood Mines—right in sight of Salt Lake City—are beginning to be heard from. Messrs. Payne and Goodspeed are shipping from nine to ten tons per day of good paying ore. The Empire S. & G. Tunnel Co., of Silver Fork, are running a tunnel of 100 feet; they have already got in 40 feet, and are sanguine of success. Constant discoveries of good mines are being made in Rush Valley, and Tintic has some 300 well-developed leads containing copper, silver, and lead. These leads extend over a belt of country some eight miles in length by four miles in width. They can be worked at any season of the year. Major Harmon, on the Mammoth lode, is taking out twenty tons per day of silver and copper ore. Mineral developments are being made in Kamas Prairie. From an assay made of some rock, returns were given of $400 per ton. Ledges located east and west of the Spanish Diggings had assayed 18 oz. in gold and 14 oz. in silver to the ton.

These mineral interests of Utah have, as yet, only been touched. In a year or two more the world will look on and wonder. Utah is a great country, and Brigham Young was her prophet.

[We have in preparation for the January number of this JOURNAL an elaborate article devoted to the sociological, religious, and political condition of the Mormon people.—ED.]

WAGES OF SKILLED LABORERS.—The market value of skilled and educated labor in some departments of mechanics is enormous. In the window-glass factories of Pittsburg the "blowers" and "flatters" receive as high as $250 per month; while a few of the most skillful often receive as high as $20 per day for their services! Some of the "melters" in steel-works receive from $20 to $22 per day.

Glass-silverers, in works where the largest and most expensive mirrors are required, receive very high wages. In fact, it is said that there are not half a dozen of the really proficient, in this class of workmen, in the United States. Not one in a hundred of those who make the attempt can ever arrive at the requisite degree of proficiency in this business to turn out first-class work. The skill in both glass-silvering and steel-melting is in the quick and proper perception of the eye. The same remarks are also true of die-cutters for type-founders.—*American Artisan.*

[Skilled and educated labor *vs.* unskilled labor! One is of almost inestimable value; while the other, lacking nothing but the necessary training, drill, and discipline, drags on through life accomplishing little, and barely getting a living by the hardest drudgery. Skill builds engines and makes steam do the work of millions of men. Skill builds windmills, and saves millions of horse-power floating about in the atmosphere. Skill makes telegraphs, sewing-machines, looms, mowers, reapers, thrashers, steam plows, railways, and steamships. Skill will yet reduce human labor to the simple management of machinery, and relieve man from the slavery of wearing his life away to get a living. Let every mother's son—and daughter,—acquire a knowledge of some art, science, by which to save from toil, and increase human happiness by human improvement. Every one may invent, discover, improve, and add something to the stock of human knowledge. We will *try* to do *our* part.]

THE OLD MAN GONE.—JOHN FOLGATE, the centenarian, of whom we gave an account in the JOURNAL last year, has lately died at his home near Jefferson, Wayne County, Ohio. He was in his one hundred and eleventh year. The correspondent who so kindly wrote us announcing the death, did not furnish any particulars relating to its cause, which, doubtless, would have a peculiar interest to the reader

LET all men avoid rash speaking. They that speak without care, often remember their own words afterward with sorrow. They that expect peace and safety should restrain their tongues with a bridle.

DEPARTMENT OF PACKARD'S MONTHLY.

OUR NATIONAL BEVERAGE.

BY GEO. LUTHER KILMER.

PARTON'S query, "Will the coming *man* drink wine?" has been widely quoted throughout the country, has received its share of criticism and a surfeit of admiration, and called forth much comment in temperate circles; but the intemperate portion of the community still tipple their favorite beverage, whether it be wine, or whisky, or beer, and will continue to do so until influences more potent than sensational newspaper thunder conspire to produce a change for better or worse. But though the article in question may not have wrought any material reformatory effect in the minds or upon the conduct of the intemperate, many earnest thinkers upon the subject of temperance reform have no doubt received ideas and convictions through its perusal whose influence will be made apparent as time moves on. But there are other questions relating to our national beverage equally deserving, with the wine-drinking theory, the attention of the true men and women composing the temperance element of the nation. Born and reared as was our young Republic in the midst of hardy and exhaustive struggles, our stimulating drinks have been of the most ardent nature, and to-day, in all communities where the avocations of the people are of an exciting character, the use of distilled spirits is prevalent; while in communities where the life line runs in a monotonous groove, the tendency is at present toward beverages that are narcotic rather than stimulating. It is indeed true that the constant use of the milder forms of drink creates an appetite for those more invigorating. But this occurs chiefly with persons of ardent temperament, who, if their avocations are dull and prosy, are all the more craving for artificial excitement. Also where the character of entire communities has been changed by growth of population or by accidental causes, from a state of dull routine to the liveliest order of trading activity, stimulating drinks will immediately supersede the narcotic to a great extent.

Illustrations of this may be witnessed in any of the old European centers of population where the age of steam has lately inaugurated a new order of things. It occurs in wine-drinking countries as well as those where ale and beer have been nationalized, for such European wines as are retailed, or manufactured rather, for home consumption, since they contain no adulterating poisons, may be drank by the flask without producing that wild state of intoxication resulting from the inordinate use of our so-called imported wines.

In Engla l, Germany, and France respectively, where the tippler is reared on ale, beer, and wine, the consumption of whisky, brandy, and absinthe is increasing just in proportion as the pursuits of the people become exciting, and the chances of success fluctuating, which is at present very rapidly.

In looking over the history of these nations during the troublous times of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it appears that races that have since been lulled into shameful imbecility or slavish inactivity by their wine and beer drinking habits, are the offspring of such as were cradled in the red lap of war, and nurtured with the fiercest drinks known in the period in which they lived. The social irregularities of the former era were indeed the more aggravated, because passions were coarser and unrestrained, but they were none the more debasing and deplorable than those which have disgraceful prevalence in the beer and wine drinking districts of the Continent to-day.

The reign of prosperity and peace that has suddenly dawned upon our land; the fact that the once savage wilds of our far West have been changed into homes of civilization and culture; the spanning of the great American desert by an iron roadway, uniting the distant shores of our boundless continent in a covenant of prosperous trade, has, in a measure, turned the attention of our people from the exciting questions of war and civilizing conquest to the commonplace matters of material advancement and solid culture. And strange as it may seem, we know from our own acquaintance and observation that vast numbers of the returned soldiery, and many of the young pioneers to the West, have discarded whisky as a beverage, but have taken to guzzling weak wine and beer, which they formerly denounced as milksop, fit only for the mouths of babes

and sucklings. Moreover, the numerous and deplorable examples of the evils of intemperance revealed during and since the war, have been widely instrumental in inducing young men to shun the demijohn; but by the false teaching of thoughtless advisers, many such resort to milder drinks as a protection against the temptation to stronger ones. Unfortunate delusion this, we should think, for if every beer and wine and mint julep tippler of today was a confirmed whisky drunkard, there would be reason to hope that the rising generation would eventually walk in paths more temperate than they are now creeping in. But with the steady growth of the beer traffic east, and the increasing production of cheap wines west of the Mississippi, each paving the way for the final surrender of our nation to the interest of the whisky ring, we are forced into the opinion that now or never is the time for the spirit of true Americanism, virtuous loyal, and temperate, to assert its existence and see to it that its principles and convictions are known and its influence felt. Arguments have been advanced, and actions stronger than arguments are at present on foot, for nationalizing intoxicating beverages. On the one hand we hear that beer is a greater temperance reformer than all the societies and churches in the land, and of domestic wine ditto. Our own experience, however, among the whisky-drinkers of America and Great Britain, and the wine and beer drinkers of the continent of Europe, warrants us in asserting that for the American people, in the attainment of that high order of national greatness and man- and woman-hood worth to which we aspire, there is *no* intoxicating or stimulating drink deserving of other treatment at our hands than immediate banishment from the side-boards and bar-rooms of the land. We could introduce multitudes of facts to illustrate the blighting effects of beer and wine among the European people where these beverages are nationalized. Dr. Holland has hinted to the world—for one would blush to relate the plain truth—the social abuses and enormities prevalent in the wine districts of Europe; and had he extended his observations among the beer-drinkers of Germany and Austria, he would have been none the less astonished, and would have been convinced that whatever beer might accomplish in America in way of reform would be directly contrary to its miserably vicious effects in the land of the Teutons.

Who are they, then, that ask the American people to countenance the wholesale introduction of beer as a national beverage, to be a mediator betwixt cold water and whisky belligerents? Are they philanthropic missionaries from the circles of German civilization and culture, renouncing the comforts of home and risking their lives on treacherous waters that they may assume the tutorship of the youth of America and save them from their *friends*, who, say some, are leading them on by myriads to the whisky drunkard's fate? Are they not rather the very outcast of the enlightened country they boastingly call their fatherland, forced to flee to our hospitable shores for the bread which the limited resources of their exhausted, drink-ruined country denies them? Have they interests here at all other than the accumulation of ill-gotten wealth, with which to return to the land they once left as paupers, there to guzzle and smoke for the balance of their days? These are the indictments which the high-minded, cultivated German Americans bring against their mercenary countrymen, and this is just what any American can learn for himself to be a fact, if he or she considers the lesson worth the pains of travel or observation.

It is often asserted that many foreigners grow rich in America, but seldom return to the Old World. American sojourners in Germany, however, are astonished at the numbers and wealth of the German Americans there who have accumulated fortunes in America. These individuals and families are to be found in the rural sections as well as the populous resorts, and they must one day or other have had an existence in and a departure from the shores of America.

We, as a people, have arrived at a stage in our intemperate career when for our American youth we can dispense with the stimulating beverages heretofore in use; but the substitution therefor of domestic wine or lager beer will produce in coming generations, if not in this one, results more blighting to our national prosperity than will the limited use of distilled spirits, which is now confined to less than one-seventh of the women and one-fourth of the men in the nation; for we again assert that although the effects of the latter are more sudden and appalling, the former will deaden the conscience, destroy the finest sensibilities, and disarm the noblest efforts of that individual or race that surrenders to their seductive indulgence.

We believe there has been no time in the history of America when the task of convincing the people at large that we can and must

dispense with the use of all distilled and brewed beverages, could be more easily accomplished than at present; and we know of no more timely occasion for the beer and wine traffickers to advance their interests, which they will do at the expense of national virtue, patriotism, and honor.

The duties of the hour, then, for Americans, is to oppose the baneful efforts with the stern resoluteness that has characterized them in former struggles for the maintenance of those great principles. But if the people of the East or of the West are to stand idly by and witness the nationalizing of customs and habits, aiming at the very virtues upon which our existence is founded, namely, the temperance and morality of the masses, the enlightened observance of social and divine laws regulating the lives of individuals for the good of the majority, let them be made conscious of the fact, painful though it may be, that they are in reality bending their knees and uncovering their heads to the very scum of a false European civilization cast upon our shore by the convulsion of systems as rotten as ever disgraced the heathen world, and foul with such enormities as dragged Sodom and Gomorrah to their doom.

SPIRITUALISM.

[We have taken from the *Christian Union* of September 24th Mrs. Stowe's third paper on this very important subject. Others may follow.]

IT is not long since the writer was in conversation with a very celebrated and popular minister of the modern Church, who has for years fulfilled a fruitful ministry in New England. He was speaking of modern Spiritualism as one of the most dangerous forms of error—as an unaccountable infatuation. The idea was expressed by a person present that it was after all true that the spirits of the departed friends were in reality watching over our course and interested in our affairs in this world.

The clergyman, who has a fair right, by reason of his standing and influence to represent the New England pulpit, met that idea by a prompt denial. "A pleasing sentimental dream," he said, "very apt to mislead, and for which there is no scriptural and rational foundation." We have shown in our last article that the very earliest Christians were in the habit of thinking with regard to the unbroken sympathy between the living and those called dead, and how the Church by very significant and solemn acts pronounced them to be not only alive, but alive in a fuller, higher, and more joyful sense than those on earth.

We may remember that among the primitive Christians the celebration of the Lord's Supper was not as in our modern times a rare and unfrequent occurrence, coming at intervals of two, three, and even six months, but that it occurred every Sunday, and on many of the solemn events of life, as funerals and marriages, and that one part of the celebration always consisted in recognizing by a solemn prayer the unbroken unity of the saints below with the saints in heaven. We may remember, too, that it was a belief among them that angels were invisibly present, witnessing and uniting with the eucharistic memorial—a belief of which we still have the expression in that solemn portion of the Episcopal communion service which says, "Wherefore with angels and arch-angels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy Holy Name."

This part of the eucharistic service was held by the first Christians to be the sacred and mysterious point of confluence when the souls of saints on earth and the blessed in heaven united. So says Saint Chrysostom:

"The seraphim above sing the holy Trisagion hymn; the holy congregation of men on earth send up the same; the general assembly of celestial and earthly creatures join together; there is one thanksgiving, one exultation; one choir of men and angels rejoicing together."

And in another place he says:

"The martyrs are now rejoicing in concert, partaking of the mystical songs of the heavenly choir. For if while they were in the body whenever they communicated in the sacred mysteries they made part of the choir, singing with the cherubim, 'holy, holy, holy,' as ye all that are initiated in the holy mysteries know; much more now, being joined with those whose partners they were in the earthly choir, they do with greater freedom partake of those solemn glorifications of God above."

The continued identity, interest, and unbroken oneness of the departed with the remaining was a topic frequently insisted on among early Christian ministers—it was one reason of the rapid spread of Christianity. Converts flocked in clouds to the ranks of a people who professed to have vanquished death—in whose inclosure love was forever safe, and who by so many sacred and solemn acts of recognition consoled the bereaved heart with this thought, that their beloved, though unseen, was still living and loving—still watching, waiting, and caring for them.

Modern rationalistic religion says: We do not know anything about them—God has

taken them; of them and their estate we know nothing; whether they remember us, whether they know what we are doing, whether they care for us, whether we shall ever see them again to know them, are all questions vailed in inscrutable mystery. We must give our friends up wholly and take refuge in God."

But St. Augustine, speaking on the same subject, says:

"Therefore, if we wish to hold communion with the saints in eternal life we must think much of imitating them. They ought to recognize in us something of their virtues, that they may the better offer their supplications to God for us. These [virtues] are the foot-prints which the blessed returning to their country have left, that we shall follow their path to joy. Why should we not hasten and run after them that we too may see our fatherland? There a great crowd of dear ones are awaiting us, of parents, brethren, children, a multitudinous host are longing for us—now secure of their own safety, and anxious only for our salvation."

Now let us take the case of some poor, widowed mother, from whose heart has been torn an only son—pious, brave, and beautiful—her friend, her pride, her earthly hope—struck down suddenly as by a lightning stroke. The physical shock is terrible—the cessation of communion, of the habits of intercourse and care, of the habit, so sweet to the Christian, of praying for that son, must all cease. We can see now what the primitive Church would have said to such a mother: "Thy son is *not* dead. To the Christian there is no death—follow his footsteps, imitate his prayfulness and watchfulness, and that he may the better pray for thee, keep close in the great communion of saints. Every Sabbath would bring to her the eucharistic feast, when the Church on earth and the Church in heaven hold their reunion, where 'with angels and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven' they join their praises! and she might feel herself drawing near to her blessed one in glory." How consoling—how comforting such Church fellowship!

A mother under such circumstances would feel no temptation to resort to doubtful, perplexing sources, to glean here and there fragments of that consolation which the Church was ordained to give. In every act of life the primitive Church recognized that the doors of heaven were open through her ordinances and the communion of love with the departed blest unbroken.

It has been our lot to know the secret history of many who are not outwardly or professedly Spiritualists—persons of sober and serious habits of thought, of great self culture and self-restraint, to whom it happened after the death of a friend to meet accidentally and without any seeking or expecting on their part with spiritualistic phenomena of a very marked type. These are histories that never will be unvailed to the judgment of a scoffing and unsympathetic world; that in the very nature of the case must forever remain secret, yet they have brought to hearts bereaved and mourning that very consolation which the Christian Church ought to have afforded them, and which the primitive Church so amply provided.

In conversation with such, we have often listened to remarks like this: "I do not seek these things—I do not search out mediums nor attend spiritual circles. I have attained all I wish to know, and am quite indifferent now whether I see another manifestation." "And what," we inquired, "is this something that you have attained?" "Oh, I feel perfectly certain that my friend is not dead—but alive, unchanged, in a region of joy and blessedness, expecting me, and praying for me, and often ministering to me."

Compare this with the language of St. Augustine, and we shall see that it is simply a return to the standpoint of the primitive Church.

Among the open and professed Spiritualists are some men and women of pure and earnest natures, and seriously anxious to do good, and who ought to be distinguished from the charlatans who have gone into it merely from motives of profit and self-interest. Now it is to be remarked that this higher class of Spiritualists, with one voice, declare that the subject of spiritual communication is embarrassed with formidable difficulties. They admit that lying spirits often frequent the circle, that they are powerful to deceive, and that the means of distinguishing between the wiles of evil spirits and the communications of good ones are very obscure.

This, then, is the prospect. The pastures of the Church have been suffered to become bare and barren of one species of food which the sheep crave and sicken for the want of. They break out of the inclosure and rush, unguided, searching for it among poisonous plants, which closely resemble it, but whose taste is deadly.

Those remarkable phenomena which affect belief upon this subject are not confined to paid mediums and spiritual circles, so called. They sometimes come of themselves to persons neither believing in them, looking for them, nor seeking them. Thus coming they can not

but powerfully and tenderly move the soul. A person in the desolation of bereavement, visited with such experiences, is in a condition which calls for the tenderest sympathy and most careful guidance. Yet how little of this is there to be found! The attempt to unvail their history draws upon them, perhaps, only cold ridicule and a scarcely suppressed doubt of their veracity. They are repelled from making confidence where they ought to find the wisest guidance, and are drawn by an invisible sympathy into labyrinths of deception and error—and finally, perhaps, relapse into a colder skepticism than before. That such experiences are becoming common in our days, is a fact that ought to rouse true Christians to consideration, and to searching the word of God to find the real boundaries and the true and safe paths.

We have stated in the last article, and in this, what the belief and the customs of the primitive Christians were in respect to the departed. We are aware that it does not follow of course, that a custom is to be adopted in our times because the first Christians preached and taught it. A man does not become like his ancestors by dressing up in their old clothes—but by acting in their *spirit*. It is quite possible to wear such robes and practice such ceremonies as the early Christians did and not to be in the least like them. Therefore let us not be held as advocating the practice of administering the eucharist at funerals, and of praying for the dead in the eucharistic service, because it was done in the first three centuries. But we do hold to a return to the *spirit* which caused these customs. We hold to *that belief* in the unbroken unity possible between those who have passed to the higher life than this. We hold to that vivid faith in things unseen which was the strength of primitive Christians. The first Christians *believed* what they said they did—we do not. The unseen spiritual world, its angels and arch-angels, its saints and martyrs, its purity and its joys were ever before them, and that is why they were such a mighty force in the world. St. Augustine says that it was the vision of the saints gone before that inspired them with courage and contempt of death—and it is true.

In another paper we shall endeavor to show how far these beliefs of the primitive Church correspond with the Holy Scripture.

ONE by one the smiles of joy,
Words of peace, and acts of love,
Gild the gloomy sky of life,
Fill the shining world above.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

YES, young *men*, real MEN—not snobs, not substitutes, not creatures having the semblance of men with only their fine attire to recommend them—young men of brains, energy, integrity, and health are wanted *immediately*. At least five millions of such young men are now imperatively demanded to enter the service of the United States, real soldiers and laborers, men able to labor in almost any department. Preference will be given to young men "from the country," those whose "recommendations" are written on the parchment of the soul—not on a specious exterior, a false and glittering covering, these commendatory notes relating principally to firm muscles, vigor, earnestness, strength of will, and sincerity of purpose, good habits, temperance, and general habits of economy and industry. To such, constant employment and a fair remuneration are guaranteed.

Their duties will be various. A large detachment of these are needed now for the Southern section of our country, some to act as *pioneers*, some as policemen, some as watchmen—all to strike boldly and aid in "reconstructing" that chaotic region, rendering those fertile lands productive, those mines profitable, those water-privileges and unusual natural advantages available, adding vastly to the resources of our common country. Some are wanted as "minute-men" to contend bravely and manfully with those who refuse to "accept the conditions," who still aim a poisoned dagger at the heart of the nation, who *must be conquered, subjugated*, rather than the interests of the nation should be imperiled. Others are wanted to take the freedmen kindly by the hand, teaching him habits of industry and sobriety, leading him on to manhood, to useful citizenship, to become a co-laborer in establishing and consolidating a mighty Republic.

Still others are wanted to "reconstruct" the great demoralized army of politicians, whose love of gain and personal aggrandizement now endangers the permanency and integrity of our government. A similar detachment is needed to make war on King Alcohol and his frantic minions, to displace a greedy and dishonest horde now occupying positions of honor and trust, to remove "drones" from situations now dishonored by them, and to perform general labor. Still others are wanted to perform revolutionary labor; practically to teach lessons of wisdom, to make honest labor honorable, to

drive able-bodied men from positions which might be occupied more appropriately by persons of less body and more brains, and, in general, to exert a restraining and elevating influence.

But the qualifications of the recruits are of far more importance than the labor to be performed. Brains are wanted, sound judgment, quickness of apprehension, "Yankee shrewdness," in a restricted sense of that term. Young men possessing such qualities of mind are in urgent demand. "*Common sense*" is of more importance, is more highly valued by the man of business in quest of clerks and operatives, than *mere* scholastic attainments. It is folly to undervalue true education, such as a man possessing good sense, sound judgment, a keen perception of men and things, may acquire; yet the smartest business men prefer such men with only a limited school instruction to a "graduated dunce," one who has only mind enough to *memorize*, to appropriate the acquirements of others, and not enough to obtain a comprehensive grasp of important truth, not sufficient to make knowledge practical, available.

"*Knowledge* dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The materials with which wisdom builds,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that it knows no more."

A sound mind in a sound body, one possessing desirable powers of adaptation, qualifying its possessor to fill almost any station, adapting himself to existing exigencies, like some who made themselves conspicuous during the late struggle, forcing themselves into notice—unintentionally, it may be—is always in demand, always at par or above. Such men are wanted to fill places of unusual responsibility, to which ordinary minds are not eligible, where the master spirit must control and direct agencies, conditions, and circumstances — as a Grant marshals an army corps, achieving victory—molding and controlling inferior minds as the potter shapes the plastic clay. There is no word more expressive of the qualities of mind on which success depends, than the somewhat inelegant term "*gumption*," as used in New England. Young men with a large development of real *gumption* are wanted in large force.

Again: young men of *health* are wanted, those in whom firm muscles, supple and well-formed, capable of sustaining, not only burdens, continued physical effort, but of imparting *vim*, elasticity, energy, and endurance to the mind, since physical and mental health, vivacity, and endurance are more intimately connected than is ordinarily supposed. This is based on correct habits. The young man who indulges in his wines and stronger drinks, or who uses the "filthy weed" in excess—abstinence is always safe—*necessarily* diverts his powers from their natural channels, abridging force, wasting energy, and tending to undermine even the firmest constitution. Every shrewd business man prefers—whatever his own private habits may be—one not under the control of enslaving vices or habits. This is especially true of the vice of intemperance. The ship-owner, though a drinker himself, is too shrewd to engage an intemperate man to assume the command of his ship, and become responsible for its valuable cargo. Sound health is inconsistent with such dissipation—habits at war with the vital economy, deranging all of the functions of its organism. Such health is secured and only secured by obedience to physical laws. Action and corresponding rest, a free use of the pure air of heaven—so bountifully supplied—the sunlight, in which all nature seems to rejoice, a due regard to nutrition—simplicity being the basis—just such conditions as the country affords for the full and normal development of the whole being, are the necessary prerequisites of a vigorous body and physical endurance.

Integrity is in imperative demand. Among those soliciting positions at the present time are enough of the "fast," the "exquisites," etc. The market is already glutted with them. They seek such positions that they may pilfer as a means of ornamenting their worthless persons, purchase and keep fast horses, dogs, etc., sport a gold watch, purchase liquors, cigars, etc. Such have been found to be "unprofitable servants," and are needed no longer. Employers are assiduously searching, as with a lantern at midday, for *honest* clerks, and such, as soon as they earn a good reputation in this respect, by *strict integrity*, by a diligent attention to duty, by making themselves so useful that their employees can not *afford to dispense with their services*, are in demand. Such need not even ask for situations. They are almost compelled to accept them, being *wanted*. They are wanted as "head clerks," as superintendents, as foremen, as partners, etc., and they can avoid such positions only by a peremptory refusal to accept them. Yes, smart, steady, temperate, healthy, and honest young men are in constant demand.

YANKEE APPLES.

BY MRS. DENISON.

The apples of New England!
How hang their loaded boughs,
Over the gray stone fences,
In reach of the dappled cows!
Oh, every red-cheeked "Baldwin"
Hath a merry song to sing,
Of many a moss-roofed cottage,
Where the farmer is a king.

Yes, king of his bursting acres,
Where grain takes a thousand hues
In the wonder-tinting sunshine;
Yes, king in his cobbled shoes;
King of the sturdy plowshare,
King of the sickle keen,
King over God's full acres,
Budding in white and green.

The "Russets" of New England!
What ruddy fires they see
Where the crack of the veiny walnut
And the snap of the pine agree;
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And the rollicking boys' guess riddles,
With many a shout of mirth;

And they hear the fearful stories
That trouble the children's sleep,
Of ghosts seen in the valleys,
And specters upon the deep;
And they burst their sides with laughter,
And fling their rich fruit round,
Or dance to a merry piping
As the corn pops white at a bound.

Oh, the "Sweetings" of New England!
Of the old Rhode Island stock,
Brought from the British gardens,
To grace the land of rock,
As fair as England's daughters,
As hardy as her men,—
But fairer lads and lasses
Have plucked their fruits since then.

Oh, the "Pearmain" of New England!
With its blended milk and rose;
There's a smell of Albion's orchards,
Wherever the good tree grows;
A stout old pilgrim brought it,
And to cradle its seed, he broke
The sacred soil of Hartford,
By the roots of the Charter-Oak.

Oh, the "Pippins" of New England!
What lover's smiles they see,
When their yellow coats, in letters
Tell tales at the apple-bee;
What rosy cheeks at the quiltings!
What kisses in husking-time!
That soon lead off to the parson,
And end in a wedding-chime.

Oh, the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land;
And they sleep in silver baskets,
Or blush in a jeweled hand;
They melt in delicious dreaming
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And taste of the nectared blisses,
No lover has dared to sip.

They go to the Southern islands,—
They go to the Western wild,
And they tell of their glorious birthplace,
To every frolicking child;
Of the home where men are noble,
And women as good as fair,—
Oh, the apples of New England!
They are famous everywhere.

MY CIGAR.

BY PERIWINKLE.

OUR street is very quiet to-night. I sit at my window looking out on the moonlight flooding it from end to end, making it a glorified street, and lending to a commonplace scene a mysterious and dreamy splendor. The smoke from my cigar—for I plead guilty to a moderate use of the scholar's herb—goes circling out into the moonlight in misty wreaths and changing spirals, and as they melt away I think of airy shapes, of sylphs and dryads, of "dainty Ariel," and the pure spirits of the elements, which the Rosicrucians professed to command.

But why do I prate of dead fables of the past? All around me is the realm of the true and living present. Here hopes and fears, joys and sorrows are weaving their hues into the web of life, which shows vivid in its freshness, not faded and dim as in old-time story.

I often sit and muse on the different interests, pursuits, and fortunes of the individuals jostled together in the little world which I overlook from my window.

Take, for instance, Grimshaw and Bradshaw. Grimshaw is a tremendous nabob, and owns a fine mansion carefully kept, with a shining iron fence in front, and a gate with a latch that snaps like a pistol. Grimshaw descends his broad granite steps with a stately tread about nine o'clock in the morning, and as he walks down the street his shining boots seem to creak out, "Greenbacks! greenbacks!"

Bradshaw, who lives a little farther down, in a tenement of four small rooms, trudges away at six, carrying his dinner in a little basket, and returns in the evening, bringing home brown-paper parcels; but I don't think he is an unhappy man, for he is cheerful and blessed with a good wife; his home seems pleasant, and his children make a tidy appearance. Sometimes, when I am out early in the morning, I see him starting off, and I observe his wife always comes to the door with him to bid him good-bye.

I take notice of the same incident at other doorways occasionally, and it gives me a momentary glimpse, a passing gleam, of a bright

sphere of domestic happiness which those doors shut in; and it gladdens my heart and makes me think of a love that never grows old; and on such occasions I feel like raising my hat and saying, "God bless you, good people!"

I would not have it understood here that Bradshaw is that mythical personage, the honest poor man contented with his lot, which some in affluent circumstances please themselves to believe in—some type of humanity inhabiting a lower plane, without the desire or the ability to breathe the purer air of the serene heights on which they dwell. I grieve to reflect that amiable people of the affluent class who hold such views are often basely deceived by lying, cogging knaves, who make humility a basis of operation. Old Turnpenny—he is one of the rich men of our street—said to me one evening as we were standing in front of his house, as Bradshaw passed along on the other side of the way: "There is a man whom I consider happy and contented. He is honest, industrious, and sober, and has no lack of employment; he has a prudent wife and well-behaved children; his home looks comfortable, and he always seems buoyant and cheerful. He is a tenant of mine," he added, "and he always pays his rent punctually. Hang me if I don't wish I had his good spirits! but then," he continued, while a look of fat complacency overspread his visage, "his mind is adapted to his station. Place him in my position, with my cares and responsibilities, and it would be the ruin of him." "Dear! dear! Mr. Turnpenny," said I, "is it possible you have reached your mature age without learning that no man is contented with his station in life? Bradshaw, I grant you, is brisk and cheery; that is because he is a brave fellow and makes the best of his circumstances; but do you suppose he has no aspirations, no vague expectation that somehow or other something will turn up to better his condition? Depend upon it, the man who has not some hopes of this kind in his heart will go to the dogs very soon." Just then Miss Juliet Araminta Turnpenny, in the parlor above, commenced a bravura of the Italian school, and her sire became so absorbed in listening to the music, or in calculating how much it had cost him, that I bade him good-evening and sauntered away.

Many years ago, when I was young and just setting out in life, I used to wish I had a Fortunatus' purse, that I might endow worthy people like Bradshaw. Ah! those salad days, as Shakspeare calls them, when we are so brave, so generous, so confident, when we are ready to tilt with every windmill, and prepared to redress every wrong. Yes, life is sweet in its bloom; and youthful ardor, and generous impulses, and chivalrous feelings make up a pleasing picture, which fades all too quickly in the cold, gray, practical light of every-day life. *Eheu fugaces!* I think now if the office of purse-bearer were tendered me, coupled with the condition that I should be responsible for the harm I might do, I would respectfully decline the honor.

Since human nature is such a mixture of good and evil, and its development in one direction or the other depends so much on circumstances, who knows perhaps one like Bradshaw might, if he had means and opportunity, turn out a worse man than old Turnpenny, who is a notorious extortioner.

Sometimes, when I am out on my early rambles, I meet with amusing incidents. I recollect one morning I stepped into Smigs' store; Smigs is the grocer in our street, and he is a man well to do, very spruce and smart, and with a considerable sense of personal dignity, but he has the misfortune to be the possessor of a wall eye. I suppose most people have seen that style of eye—the antipodes of the squint variety,—and they will probably agree with me in saying, that it is not a pleasing conformation of the visual orbs. Smigs' is the worst case of wall-eyedness it has ever been my fate to encounter. While I was in the store, an Irish laborer on his way to work came in to purchase a piece of tobacco. As Smigs was taking the article from a jar in which it was kept, the man looked at him earnestly, and as he took his purchase and tendered the money in payment, he said in a tone of the deepest commiseration, "That's a mighty bad eye you have, sir!" The tableau which ensued was too much for me to behold unmoved—to witness the glaring rage on the grocer's countenance, and the honest sympathy, turning to surprise, depicted on the visage of the other, was quite overpowering; and I was obliged to screw up my mouth in an attempt to whistle, while I bestowed my special attention on a pile of salt fish at the farther end of the counter. To quiet any apprehensions that might arise in the minds of some, I will state here that the man left the store alive.

There is an elderly couple who live a few doors from me. The husband is in rather poor health, besides being very deaf, and he carries about with him an ear-trumpet of the capacity of two quarts, I should judge. The wife is a

healthy-looking, active little woman, and it is her custom to rise first in the morning, and make the fire, and get breakfast before her lord makes his appearance. It chanced one morning the good lady was indisposed, and unable to attend to her usual routine of duties, so the male Briggs, for that is the cognomen of the twain, was necessitated to undergo the hardship of "choreing." Accordingly he arose and commenced making his fire. Owing to inexperience, he found a little difficulty in running his cooking stove, and after two or three futile attempts he lost temper, and indulged in "words that burn;" but it is well known these will not kindle anthracite. In the midst of his perplexity, the milkman drove up to the door, and Briggs taking a pitcher in one hand and his trumpet in the other, went out to get the diurnal supply of milk.

Now, the milkman had never seen the master of the house, his transactions having always been made with the lady. I happened along just at that time. Mr. Briggs, who is a man of small stature, went up to the cart, and the milkman said to him, "How much will you have?" Briggs, holding his trumpet to his ear, and elevating the mouth of it to a level with the vehicle, exclaimed, "What?" The milkman, being unconscious of the other's infirmity, and supposing the mouth of the trumpet to be a vessel for containing the milk, and understanding his customer to say a quart, very gravely measured out the requisite quantity and poured it into the trumpet.

I have a faint impression that the language used by Mr. Briggs immediately afterward was not as bland as the lacteal fluid which drenched his person—not exactly, if my memory serves me aright.

There is a double wooden house in the street owned by the two occupants. I watched it when it was building, and can state from observation, that there is not an extra brick or a superfluous nail in either tenement, and the whole thing is a little cheap box affair, built on the merest scrap of land. The occupants are Jackson and Jillet—Jack and Jill the boys call them. Jackson, I think, has the most money; he does business down town in a little store that looks like a crack between two buildings. Jillet is a foreman for old Turnpenny, who has made him eat dirt these twenty years. These parties, by dint of pinching and saving for the space of half a lifetime, have managed to scrape money enough together to purchase the tenements at about double the cost of building them, and have thus raised themselves to the dignity of property-owners. "But, Lord! to see the airs these people put on," as old Pepys says after seeing the king's mistresses at court—to see them walk up and down in front of their property; to hear them talk of "my house," and see them point out its beauties, thus thrusting their domicile into everybody's eye and ear; to witness the disdain with which their families regard those who live in hired tenements, is to behold a pitiful exhibition of that ridiculous self-importance which sometimes afflicts small proprietors. I have sometimes been almost malicious enough to wish their titles to the property might be in doubt for the space of a month or so; it would be so refreshing to see their inflated pride punctured. Grimshaw is a rich and purse-proud man; it is written all over him, from the top of the glossy beaver on his respectable gray head, to the toes of his resplendent boots; but if his self-importance were in the same ratio to his possessions as that of the two worthies I have been describing, his human organism would be inadequate to the strain—he would burst asunder.

Jackson and Jillet were good friends until they became neighbors; but now a spirit of emulation has sprung up between them, in regard to making offerings to their respective idols, which has impaired their friendship. Jackson has his blinds newly painted—Jillet does the same; Jackson has a new scraper to his door—Jillet has a new scraper.

Jackson has a trellis put in front of his house; there is a strip of ground about as wide as the sheet of paper on which this is written, before each house, inclosed with a cheap wooden fence, made of refuse stock good for no other purpose; Jillet puts out a trellis too. The boys here take notice of this rivalry; and I one day heard a little urchin say to Jillet's lady, as she stood at her door, "Mrs. Jillet, there's a spider-web on Mrs. Jackson's fence." "I don't care," said the lady tartly. "Why, aint you going to have one on yours?" said the youngster. There was a threatening demonstration on the part of the indignant housewife, and quantity of small tracks were hastily distributed on the dusty street.

One day I saw a peripatetic vendor of framed engravings stop at Jackson's door. I knew just what pictures he had for sale. I should know that, if with the assistance of Lord Rosse's telescope I descried a picture merchant climbing up one side of the moon. It is not my purpose to enumerate the titles of those rare works of art here; everybody knows

them, everybody has seen them, and everybody has been solicited to buy them, at least once in every secular day.

Mrs. Jackson purchased a set,—Mrs. Jillet followed suit; nearly every housekeeper here, who makes any pretensions to style, has a set; even old Turnpenny has one, little as he knows or cares about pictures.

Sometimes I have seen Mrs. Bradshaw looking wistfully on the merchant's stock as he went past, and I have been inclined to buy some of his wares and present them to her; but I reflected that by so doing I should encourage the mercenary wretch of a vendor whose fell purpose seems to be to bore my eyes out.

Grimshaw offers an exception to the fashion in art matters in this vicinity, for he indulges in a better style of pictures; not because he is any more conversant in such things, but for the reason that he makes use of another's taste in selecting them. He likes to have works of art in his house, because, when expensive, they are an indication of wealth in the possessor; but he would no more think of buying them without the sanction of some person whom he considers good authority, than he would of purchasing a house without a clear title. I know his mind on this subject; he says to himself: "If I want articles of taste, pictures, statues, bronzes, etc., I apply to some one whose business it is to have taste, and he supplies me; why should I trouble myself about understanding the merits of these things? Ability and skill are necessary to produce them; my money puts that ability in action, my money remunerates that skill. Money is the chief good, the ruling power of the world; money will do much, but," he adds with a sigh, "it won't buy time." It won't buy time! Aye; that reflection is the drop of gall in his golden cup, the weak joint in his armor, the dead fly in the precious ointment, the skeleton at his feast. Grimshaw never confessed as much to me, nor indeed ever spoke to me at all on any subject, he being quite above my sphere; and I think he has no desire for my acquaintance, for I have heard that he said I was a scribbling old idler, or an idling old scribbler, I forget which. But, alas! how I have digressed!

Jackson and Jillet kept on with their improvements at an equal rate, until a bright idea was conceived by the former, who immediately proceeded to give it form. One morning I saw the carpenters at work, and in a short time they stuck a bay window, which looks like a wooden wen, on the face of his house. This was a stunning blow to Jillet his purse being quite inadequate to such expense on his part, and for several days he looked quite down-hearted. After a while, in order to cheer himself up a little, he had some boards neatly put together of the requisite dimensions, like those signboards which project from buildings at right angles with the wall, and this he affixed to his part of the house in such a manner as to completely shut off the view from Jackson's window on that side. I have sometimes thought of suggesting to Jackson, that he have a landscape, or a perspective view of the street, painted on the side of the board which confronts his window, or that he cover it with mirrors, and thus obtain a view by reflection, but I fear my suggestions would not be kindly received. Well, there the house stands, the most pitiable architectural folly I ever beheld, moving the laughter of every one who passes by. I can see it from here, the wen of a window, and the board sticking out like a ship's rudder.

It is growing late now, the lights in the houses have disappeared one by one, expect in Ransom's domicile. Ransom keeps the provision store on the corner, and this being Saturday night, he has been detained late at his store. Ransom is a worthy man, but he has not hitherto been an attendant on public worship, pleading as an excuse he was so busily engaged on Saturday, that when Sunday came he was too tired to attend church. A few weeks ago, however, it occurred to him that he was not setting a proper example to his young family, and that it would be the correct thing to patronize some church. Accordingly he hired a pew, and the next Sunday morning he marshaled his host, consisting of four boys, and marched away. The party arrived at the church a little late; and as they filed into the pew, the clergyman was just reading the hymn, and the first words that saluted their ears were:

> "The year of jubilee has come,—
> Return, ye *ransomed* sinners, home."

Ransom, who is a quick-tempered man, started back, and beckoning to his sons, said: "Come home, boys, we didn't come here to be insulted;" and the party filed out of church, the father swelling with indignation. I don't think Ransom has attended that church since, for I understand he says he don't like that persuasion.

"These are not very nice-looking cigars, Mr. Periwinkle, but you will find something in them," said Smigs, as I was purchasing my

modest supply this afternoon; and this evening, I lighted one and sat down by my window, and I found in it this train of idle musings, and the residuum of all earthly things —ashes.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

BY L. HALSEY.

IT is a fact, not unfrequently noted and commented upon, that there is, in every college town, an unusually large number of unmarried maidens, whose age it would be difficult to determine, and most unwise to ask. These college widows, relics of no particular departed, out of the past, have become a recognized class in the community. As such they demand and receive attention from their student friends, whose name is legion.

College widows are often beautiful, almost always attractive, and are well skilled in the arts of female enginery. Though they do not, as a rule, cherish warm friendship for one another, they not unfrequently unite their forces to control the movements of the society of a college town. They dress always neatly, often richly, never gaudily. The present fashions become them amazingly, and, as

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,

in glittering ranks they rush onward to the social conflict, many a youth may well turn pale and tremble for the citadel of his heart.

Envied by the unskilled debutante; feared by the mother who is just bringing her daughters into market; dreaded by the student's *fiancé*, the college widow reigns queen of the drawing-room, and right regally does she sway her scepter.

Why is she called a college widow?

This is a question easier asked than answered

Perhaps some gay, gallanting student won the girl's heart, and, having made her the sport of an hour, forgot his plighted vows, and left her to comfort herself with other conquests. Perhaps she possessed a natural talent for flirtation, and, thinking it no harm to break a student's heart, became noted as a coquette whose companionship might be desirable for an evening, but scarcely for the eternity of a lifetime; whose affections were of so unstable a character as to make a speculation in them decidedly unprofitable. Few men permit themselves to fall in love with a coquette. The truth is that there is little really lovable in that light but brilliant bundle of qualities which make up an avowed flirt. A man may enjoy a draught of sparkling champagne occasionally, but prefers plainer drinks, like old Government-Java, for his regular breakfast beverage. The rougher diamond is not always the less valuable one. The man who wishes to marry will sometimes stop to reflect. And when he reasons, the coquette sets her cap in vain.

But the college widow is not always a coquette; in fact, she often receives that appellation undeservedly. She was young once, and may have been the half unconscious victim of that mysterious disease known as "calf love." Perchance her affection was returned. Some youth, fresh from home, in the veally stage of his existence, may have sung, with nice wavering between that of the boy and the man:

Zoë mou, sas agapō—
And have sworn to love,
. . . that form divine,
While the silver stars shall shine.

They may have rode together by day, and rowed in company at night; have feasted their young souls upon stolen interviews, when Luna seemed to shine for them alone, and the sun to set in order to give them an opportunity for meeting unobserved by parents' or duennas' eyes, and uninterrupted by the trifling affairs of earth. They may have fed each other dove fashion over gate-posts, worn each other's picture as a breast-plate, and have written letters like—

DEAREST AMELIA—Dost love thy darling as well today as yesterday, before he cut off his side whiskers? If so, I beg—I beseech you—lower, for one divine moment, the window shade, that thy ever-anxious Augustus may know that life is yet worth living.

Thine ever, and *hoping*, though perturbed.

But there came an hour of awakening. The infant lovers learned that billing and cooing could not transform them into doves; that there is an earnest reality in the affairs of life. As the bright dream of unbroken felicity. vanished, they began to look upon the world with harsher feelings—to distrust the heart and take counsel from the head. Finally, as might have been expected, *he* marries a brainless girl for her money, and she—becomes a college widow.

The thoughtful reader may remark that at the present, more than at any previous time, do these fair, unmatched maidens abound in the neighborhood of our higher institutions of learning. This is true, and we find the reason for it in the fact that so many of our gallant youth went forth from our classic halls to fall bravely fighting for their country. It was natural that these young heroes should readily win a woman's admiration. It was natural

that the soldier-boy should long for a girl to leave behind him. Many were the engagements made upon the eve of our great conflict—many, alas! were made only to be broken by the hand of death.

College widows, "though not few and far between," are often angel visitants to the lonely young student far from home and female acquaintances. They manifest a deep interest in his welfare, overlook his faults, and take pleasure in introducing him among their friends. By a womanly weakness, they cherish love for those whom, as a class, they may have cause to hate. They never go out of fashion Before one class graduates, they have formed friendships with members of the next below it, and the faces of the incoming upper-class men are anxiously scanned to discover what individuals are most worthy of their watch-care and companionship. The stray Fresh whom they may chance to meet, they regard with almost maternal affection, and are looked up to by him as Madonnic models of perfection. But let Fresh take warning! he will soon be a man, but his fair friend does not seem to grow older.

It is not safe to infer that college widows will not marry. Many of them do, at last, enter the state of double-blessedness, and not unfrequently in company with those younger than themselves. When they are on the skirmish line looking out for a husband, let the candidate for marital honors strengthen his picket guards.

Skilled in social tactics and parlor politics, a practiced conversationist, accustomed to weigh lightly the lisping words of the flatterer, the college widow is desirable as a friend and dangerous as a foe.

As a class, we admire these ladies—we know that many of them make good wives; but to the prudent young man, who is seeking to avoid entangling alliances, we can only commend the advice of the elder Weller to his admiring son: "Samivel, bevare of the vidders!"

A PICKET DUEL.

PICKET duty in front of Richmond, in June, 1862, was no sinecure. We used to march out by regiments for twenty-four hours' duty, more or less, and to each regiment a certain length of the picket line was intrusted. Relieving the picket was usually done during the dead of the night, and with the utmost caution, for if the enemy could ascertain the time, they were sure to select it for attack. In most places the rival lines were very close. On one part of the line, where our regiment was frequently stationed, they were only separated by the width of a field, behind the fences of which crouched the watchful foes, and we popped away at each other as opportunity offered. This field, as is usual in Virginia, was only a clearing, and the sharpshooters from each side would crawl out during the night and select a large stump for shelter, where they would remain watching for a shot till dark again favored their retreat; and during the day, or on moonlight nights, woe betide the luckless head that showed itself to these lynx-eyed marksmen!

During the heat of the day, unless there was some very inviting bait, or some special cause, there was a general cessation of picket hostilities. It was too hot to allow of very great watchfulness, and all that anybody cared to do was to keep as cool as possible, and not to expose himself to a shot from some over-vigilant sharpshooter. But as the shadows lengthened, and the sun's rays lost a portion of their keenness, then began the fun. Some unlucky wight would show his head, and "pop! pop! pop!" would go some rebel rifles, with more or less fatal results.

We had a favorite way of drawing the rebel fire, which we daily put in practice, to our no small amusement. A coat and hat were mounted on a stick, and carefully protruded from behind a tree, as if some fellow were taking a cautious survey of the aspect of affairs. Almost immediately, until the use became so stale as to make the marksmen look well at what they were aiming, a half-dozen bullets would whiz by or into the decoy; and as this would discover what particular stump concealed a rebel, his hiding-place would become the object of divers complimentary assaults of arms, and his retreat be made as uncomfortable as the *tish* of a host of minié balls could make it. But it was not long before our friends across the field became too sharp to be taken in by so simple a contrivance, and both our own and their sharpshooters would stay days at a time in one place, on the look-out for a dead shot. We had especially some few Western men, old Indian-stalkers, who were remarkable for their perseverance. During the night they would creep to the rear and get a fresh supply of water, usually three or four canteens full, fill up their haversacks, and then go back to their stations, taking their quota of sleep in such security as was afforded by their respective stumps.

That the rebels also practiced the dummy ruse upon us was apparent from a chorus of

laughter that would occasionally follow a shot from one of our men at what appeared to be some raw recruit unaware of the danger he was running.

One blazing hot day we had a grand excitement in the clearing between us, which was not more than three hundred yards across. A rebel sharpshooter, who had probably been overcome by the awful heat, and was just awaking from a midday snooze in which he had indulged, stretched out an arm from behind his stump. One of our men, belonging to a Minnesota regiment, took advantage of the incautious movement, and sent a ball through the exposed member, shattering it to atoms, and eliciting a frightful yell from the wounded man.

"You —— Yankee sneak!" he roared, in a voice loud enough to be heard by us all, on both sides, "what did you shoot this time a day for, you —— coward?" accompanying his abuse with a volley of oaths too awful to repeat.

"What the —— did you give me such a —— good chance for, reb?" laughed our successful Minnesotian.

After a moment or two spent in cursing his "*sneak*" of an antagonist, we heard the rebel holloa:

"Look here, you Yank! I am a Texas boy, I am, and I'll fight you right here and now, if you'll come out from your stump. Hev' you got a six-shooter? I hain't got but one arm now, you Yank, and I can't use my rifle."

"All right," replied our man, "I'll fight you with revolvers, pervided your fellers yonder won't shoot at me. Our boys won't shoot at you." And having settled the terms of the encounter, and trusting to our own and the Confederates' gallantry for fair play, both men got up from their hiding-places and immediately advanced upon each other. It was the Texan's left arm that had been hit, so that the fight was on perfectly equal terms. The distance between them was less than a hundred yards, and the Texan began firing as soon as he emerged from his retreat; but the Minnesota man, with most admirable coolness, which must have won the heart of every brave man on the other side, as it certainly did ours, never lifted his weapon till he had received three rounds from the Texan, and had got within about sixty or eighty feet. But then his advantage told. The Texan's aim had been weakened by nervously throwing away three shots, and besides, his antagonist had twice the amount of ammunition left. Minnesota's first shot knocked off the Texan's hat; No. 2 flew wide, as just at the instant of firing he received his adversary's fifth round through the fleshy part of his thigh, which almost knocked him over; but No. 3 made up for it by stretching the Southron at full length upon the ground, with a ball through and through his lungs.

We had all stood up along the fence as soon as the duel began, and the Confederates had done the same. So intent was every man upon the exciting scene before us, that not a thought of exchanging a volley occurred to either party. The men clambered up and sat upon the fence; while the curiosity of several was so great that they advanced some distance out into the field. When we saw our man stagger at the leg wound he received, a general and almost angry exclamation ran along our breathless line, and a shout from the opposite side; but when the Texan measured his length upon the ground, an irresistible and rousing cheer broke forth from our whole party, but never a sound from the other side. It had been a fair fight, and a very plucky one by our man, and they had not a word to say.

A minute after, a dirty white handkerchief was hoisted on a bayonet by the rebels, and a squad of six unarmed men, with a stretcher, came out into the field. We also sent a squad with a somewhat cleaner but not over-white handkerchief after our brave representative, who after his fatal shot had limped over to the Texan with his canteen, and was wetting the head and face of the poor fellow, who had fainted. The rivals were carried off, each by his respective party, and as soon as the men had got within the lines, matters assumed their usual belligerent quiet. But this duel was a favorite topic for some time, and the Minnesota man was the hero of the day. I fear the poor Texan was carried off. Though men do often recover from a shot through the lungs, two severe wounds are a hard thing to rally from.

There was a more ludicrous incident happened a week or two later on the picket line, to which I was witness, and though it terminated in a slight wound, it was none the less enjoyable. We were on a part of the line where the men were better sheltered than at the clearing, and where it was rather difficult to get a shot. But one day an Irishman of ours, discovering a rebel who was incautiously exposing his person, quietly called up several of his comrades hard by with a "Whist, then, boys, and wait till ye see me make that ribil jump!" And taking aim with the greatest precision and care, he fired, and then stood staring in wonder at its failing to take effect upon the unharmed reb. But he had

scarcely recovered from his surprise, when another shot fell, and dropping both hands upon that portion of his person which is of most use in a sedentary position, "I'm hit! I'm hit!" cried he. "Och, thin! Saint Payther and all howly angels! I'm hit! I'm hit!" Some rebel had been watching his maneuvers, and had been more successful in his aim. Whereat, with the inimitable fund of humor of his race, one of the invited spectators remarked: "Pat, 'twas the wrong man joomped!" and the poor fellow got little commiseration for his hurt.

We used to suffer greatly for want of water. It was not apt to be very good when we got it, owing to the number who crowded the springs and the animals who had to be watered; muddy, stagnant, and ill-tasting it usually was, and precious little at that. There was a small enough supply at any time to drink, and little or none could be thrown away in washing. I did not get a first-rate wash (an all-over wash, that is), that I can remember, during the month of June, 1862; and that we all sadly stood in need of a bath, it can well be imagined, after sleeping upon the ground every night, and sweltering under a Virginia sun all day. Ridiculous as it may seem, the men used to employ a smooth brick as a substitute for soap, water, and towels. They would strip, and in perfect good faith would rub themselves all over with the smooth side; and it was no unusual thing at all to see one lusty fellow bricking down the back of a comrade, in anticipation of the favor being reciprocated by-and-by. The effect was somewhat gritty; but as it resulted, especially if the skin was perspiring freely, in rubbing the well-known little pellets of unnecessary dirt and skin from the part to which the brick was applied, it became a common belief that it stood in lieu of a more thorough wash; but having never put the brick-bath into operation upon my own person, I can not certify as to its entire efficacy.

But had there been oceans of water, there was precious little time to bathe. The frequency of the picket-fights, at each of which the division would have to turn out under arms, and the hard work on intrenchments and on outpost duty, actually kept us in such a constant state of anxiety lest something was then and there about to "turn up," that we did not feel authorized to undress. In fact, our orders were, "to be ready at any minute of the night or day, to meet the enemy." And the idea of "meeting the enemy" *en dishabille* was not to be thought of. A very dirty lot we were, and I fear if I should tell the whole truth, I should at once be put aside as too shocking for ears polite.*

There was one way in which we used to get a pretty thorough soaking, if not a thorough cleansing, and that was by the thunder-showers. The safest place in a Virginia thunder-storm we soon found to be outside of our shelter-tents. The suddenness with which these storms would come up, the perfect water-spouts which would descend upon us, and the fury of the lightning and thunder exceeded anything I have ever seen elsewhere. At first we used to take refuge in our shelters against the drenching storms; but we soon found that out of doors with an India-rubber blanket about one's shoulders, it was easier to defy the descending torrents than inside these apologies for tents, where, in addition to having an equal amount of water dripped upon you, you were obliged to sit or lie in several inches of it upon the ground. Nor in the excessive heat was a wetting at all disagreeable; and the sun was generally enough hotter immediately after the storm to steam us dry at very short notice.

A favorite time for the rebels to attack our pickets used to be immediately after one of these storms. They took it for granted that our arms would be rendered more or less unserviceable by the rain, and until they found out by divers severe drubbings that we were shrewd enough "to keep our powder dry," if not our persons, the invariable salutation among us during a shower was, "Now look out for a picket-fight!"

Such was June, 1862, in front of Richmond.

THE REWARD OF LABOR.—If I want to be a man and succeed in life—do my stroke of work in this working world—there can be no shilly-shally about beginning. I must take hold of what is before me, no matter how humble and low the place, rather than lose time and purpose waiting for something better. I must see that no infernal idea of going nicely through the motions of work without working ever enter my heart. If I want the best I must give the best. The Master of us all, who said: "My reward is with me, to give unto every man according as his work shall be," never gave any man a dollar's worth of pay for

* N.B. *Don't read this note.* It was, in fact, currently reported in those days that General Kearney had offered to promote any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private in his whole division who was not 1—y.

ninety cents' worth of work, and he never will while the world stands. So says one who has tried him in many ways for a good bargain; seven years in the factory, twenty-one years in the forge, and now eleven more in the most sacred work a man can ever do—the oversight of human souls.—*Robt. Collyer.*

MOTHER.

BY "GAZ."

I KNOW of no word in the English language at the mention of which such varied feelings will arise as the simple word "mother." And the reason is obvious. It is generally the first word we are taught to lisp in infancy, and the mention of it will bring back from the "long ago" a face that once was all the world to us. I speak in general terms of those who have known a mother's *love*, not the rapid feeling which in these degenerate latter days too often passes current for genuine affection to all save those upon whom it is bestowed.

I here make an assertion, and hold it true as a creed of faith, and it is this: Had it not been for the love in the mother's breast, the whole world would have become a Sodom and Gomorrah, and God would have smitten mankind from the face of it long ago; therefore the tenure of our existence is held by the love our mothers bore us, and the forbearing love of God, who is love itself; and yet we, poor, vain, headstrong creatures that we are, do not think of this, but go steadily on in the path we have chosen—too frequently an evil one—forgetting the maternal lessons and love because the world requires that we should be men, and not be forever in "leading-strings." And here men make a mistake, for nowhere, save in the holy book, can we find better counsel than drops from the mother's lips. She, if she be true (and we are writing of such), will not give advice detrimental to the happiness and well-being of her offspring; for this would not be in accordance with that love which binds the universe into a grand circling unit in the hand of Him who loved us unto death.

A mother's love is patient, unselfish, and abiding. She sits through the long, lonely hours of the night watching over the restless slumbers of her sick child, or, taking it in her arms, will walk the floor for hours trying to sooth the pain the child can not explain. She will put her own desires by, foregoing that which is a great pleasure to her, in order that her children may have their will; and however far we may wander from the path of right, if we but heed the warning of that voice which is never altogether dead within us, we will find the mother-love upon the altar of constancy shining out through the darkness, clear, steady, and abiding, a light to guide our wandering footsteps home. Oh, men and women of the world! will you never soften your pride-crusted hearts and obediently follow the gentle counsels of your angel?

A true mother will never utterly forsake her child. It may be a daughter has gone aside into one of the fatally fascinating byways of life, or a son may have fallen when the temptation was strong—will she abandon them to the life they have choosen? Ah, no! for down into the slums of vice she will go to reclaim the one, and follow the other to the very foot of the scaffold, if in any way she may be enabled to win them back to the path of right.

And often, alas! too often, this affection and solicitude of the mother is lavished upon an unworthy object. "The dog knows the hand that feeds him;" but you, oh, man, born in the image of your God, how often do you forget the breast that nourished you, and steel your heart against her who once was God, heaven, earth, everything to you? And he who thus forgets his mother, abuses or neglects her, is not man; he is lower than the beast, and fiend is written upon his brow. He is not fit for society, nor to have a home among the habitations of men; he is better out of the world than in it. And I believe that for all unkind words uttered and disrespect shown to a mother, a day will come when it will be returned with twofold bitterness upon the head of him who does it; for God is just, and the spurning of such a love as the mother lavishes upon a child will bring its punishment just as surely as man will be punished for rejecting that love which God feels for us all, and through which Christ died for our redemption.

Mother! oh, what music there is in the word! What fond recollections, what sweet, sweet memories come up from the days that are gone! what calm content in the days that are present! The name is beautiful, for the sake of her who bears it, and doubly so when she lives only in memory, for we do not fully realize what she was to us until after she has gone out over the river to "the land of the leal." We may be courting the world and seeking for wealth, but we know that we have lost that for which we can find no substitute, the world can give no equivalent; and when she lieth sick upon that bed from which she will nevermore arise in health, we do not entertain

thoughts of death. We are too hopeful for that; the fever will break, and she soon be convalescent. But when we find that we have hoped against hope, when the Shadow stands in the house, and we can almost see the angels and hear their voices as they gather about the bed, then the heart puts on the sackcloth and ashes of unavailing sorrow, and life for a time seems blind and blank. If we have at any time been unkind, caused her pain or trouble, as we sit here looking at the still, cold face, it will all come back to us, bitterly, bitterly; and when the last rites are performed, and we go back to the house, how dark and cheerless it seems! We know it is home, and yet—*is* it home when the guardian presence is gone from under the roof? Then, if we be true men and women, reverence is strengthened within us, and trifles become sacred for the sake of her who loved them. This little thing is laid by, that we will not part with; another is hid in our private desk, and all because—well, they were mother's. She loved them in life, and we love them now that she is gone. And so we take up the burden of life, conscious that we shall go through the world seeking for something forever lost and never found.

And in all this there is much food for reflection. If men would only think of what they owe their mothers, what vast obligations they are under for the love and care given them in infancy, there would be fewer sad-faced, care-worn women, their faces telling the story their lips need not utter. The feeling which stirs the hearts of the lovers is pure and good, as is also that between husband and wife; but they are mere sentiment beside the mother-love, for that is *holy*. And this grand, patient, enduring love is the gift of God, planted in the mother's breast as one of the means of winning us into the fold of Christ. Let us take heed, then, how we abuse it; for if we scorn it, we scorn a gift of God; and as it is holy and He is good, He will surely require it at our hands.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

After the present issue, the consolidation of the two distinct journals which for the past nine months have appeared under the double title of Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly will be more compactly allied, and will present to the public a more symmetrical and homogeneous phase. The difficulty of maintaining the positive line of separation has grown with each succeeding number, and for the past three months it has been evident that a more perfect consolidation would better subserve the interests of subscribers as well as the convenience of the publisher. The former subscribers to Packard's Monthly have now had a fair opportunity to judge of the combined work, and will need no urging upon our part to renew their subscriptions for the coming year. It will have been evident to all that the combined journal is in the direct line of improvement—that its publisher is wide awake to the demands of the times, and that the editorial management is in excellent hands. The Phrenological Journal—as its name implies—is a class publication. In its special field it has no competitor, and probably never will have, as it exactly fills the niche. The intent of the publisher in combining with his class-journal a more distinctly literary publication, was to somewhat enlarge his area and reach a more general class of readers. In this view, he has taken pains to fill his pages with the freshest, most timely, and most interesting matter on subjects of general interest; and while he has not lost sight of his specialty, nor failed to meet all just demands in this direction, he has wisely given space to such general discussion of interesting social, political, and literary topics as was calculated not only to enlarge the understanding but to please the fancy. So that the magazine, as it is and as it will be, may safely be set down as a fresh, wide-awake, instructive periodical, worthy to bear the honors and reap the rewards of the two distinct enterprises which it represents.

The natural pang which the former conductor of Packard's Monthly experienced in surrendering his distinct individuality has become fully assuaged as the work has progressed, and the many expressions of satisfaction which have reached him from his old friends and subscribers have removed any doubts he may have had as to the wisdom of his course. He has only to say that for the year to come he will be found "at the old stand," ready to do all within his power to perpetuate the good feeling thus begun; and that he confidently relies on the continuance of the acquaintanceship through the renewal of subscriptions for the New Year, which God grant may be full of blessings and happiness for all.

Thought.—Next to the good heart and clear conscience is the clear head. Dull thinkers are always led by sharp ones. The keen intellect cuts its way smoothly, gracefully, rapidly; the dull one wears its life out against the simplest problems.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.*

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—OTTUMWA, IOWA, *June* 1, 1870. EDITOR A. P. JOURNAL—*Sir:* I desire to know why some persons are more liable to be shocked by lightning than others? I presume it is because they have more electricity.

A singular case occurred here last Wednesday evening, displaying the power of atmospheric electricity. About six o'clock a stroke of lightning shocked a lady of this place so completely that she lay utterly unconscious till after midnight. When consciousness returned, she was speechless, in which condition she remained till one o'clock Saturday. Her tongue was swollen and her jaws paralyzed. She did not eat anything for two days. One of her boys was slightly shocked at the same time. Her mother is subject to it. She is entirely well now, I believe.

Ans. Is it a *fact* that one person is more liable than another to attract the electric fluid? Is there any evidence to this effect? Was it not simply a coincidence that the mother of this lady "was subject to it?" We leave the question open to scientists, and shall be glad to receive other evidence and experiences. In California, they have no thunder and lightning; but they have earthquakes instead. Is there any relationship between the one and the other?

GOOD READING.—What shall I do with my daughter about reading? She is fifteen years old, and would read nearly all the time if I would permit it. She will read anything. Novels or stories she thinks she must have—she craves them. If I put her at work and do not watch her, she will surely have some book or paper with her and read all she can; she will hide them at the barn, and up-stairs, and when I put her at work at some place where she has them hid, I can surely know what she is doing. She will read old papers and things over and over which she has read dozens of times, and she will send for every paper she can, and will get them from other folks to read. And yet all her reading does not seem to do her much good; her brother and two sisters are not so, and what shall I do with her? I am trying all I can now to cure her from it; I burn the papers, or put them where I think she will not get them. What can I do for her? I do not wish to raise a mere novel-reader. She is an obedient daughter in other respects, but it seems she can not help this, but she must read and read.

Ans. Your daughter evidently has a kind of mania, perhaps inherited; induced possibly by habit—perhaps a combination of both. We have known similar instances; indeed, we have felt the same thing—an irresistible yearning for something to read. You will hardly break the habit or suppress the desire for books and papers. The point is to *guide* that tendency.

If solid biographical works, the histories of eminent men and women of solid attainments and noble aspirations be placed in her hands, instead of the trashy love-stories which constitute so great a measure of the popular reading of the day, greatly to the detriment of the morals and manners of the rising generation, they would touch probably the right string. If she will read old newspapers, she will read the lives of statesmen, philanthropists, and saints; and such a one needs reading of the solid kind, without the froth and trash which story-papers bring. A new taste, a better state of mind, and an appetite for better things will thus be gradually formed. Now she reads simply to gratify the story-telling faculties and the emotional nature, the passions, the sentiments. Give her solid reading, and it will bring her intellectual and moral faculties into use, while the passional and emotional will have been measurably modified.

There is such a thing as literary dyspepsia—a tremendous appetite but poor digestion, and this is a case in point. One drinks a glass of whisky and feels cheered and stimulated; he continues to indulge, and in process of time he feels compelled to drink constantly, until *delirium tremens* makes his life a curse to himself and others.

There may be a kind of literary drunkenness, a love for literary stimulus, emotional intoxication, a crazy delight in mental excitement which is akin to liquor-drinking or opium-eating.

If we would cure a drunkard, we must put him on a simple diet; let him look through iron gratings, if need be to restrain him from the abuse of his appetite, if not his yearnings, and in process of time this solid food which gives real nourishment takes the place of the stimulants to which he before had been accustomed, and he is cured.

Give your daughter works on history, discovery, biography, religion, and science, and this *delirium tremens* for stories, and froth, and fancy will, we trust, subside.

WHAT evidence have we that the portrait of Christ advertised is correct?

Ans. There are more than thirty different so-

called likenesses of Christ, and they differ materially, though there may be said to be some resemblance of one to another. Artists of different nations, Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, etc., paint him more or less like themselves. The Italian artist puts himself into his picture; the Frenchman gives us, for the Saviour, a Frenchman; while the German makes him look like a German.

There is no probability that a perfectly correct or authentic likeness of Christ will ever be found.

PHRENOLOGY IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—I am engaged in the Sunday-school of the Episcopal Church. Can you give me any hints that would assist me in promulgating the teachings of Phrenology among my pupils?

Ans. If you desire to make the arena of the Sunday-school the field for the dissemination of phrenological science, you can do it much in the same manner in which you would teach other subjects. Not that it would be necessary to introduce any of our text-books, but you might, from time to time, explain the fundamental principles of the science. In the exercise of your vocation as a Sunday-school teacher you could scarcely avoid making use of your phrenological knowledge, any more than you could were you a teacher in a day-school.

You have to deal with mind—susceptible mind—as you find it among your pupils; therefore a thorough knowledge of man is necessary to rational instruction. As by means of your familiarity with Phrenology you are enabled to understand the peculiarities of your pupils, and so adapt your instruction to their several comprehensions, so you will be enabled to reap the best fruitage from your labors. Many inquiries are made by children which can not be correctly explained only on phrenological principles, and at such times you will find you are apt to impress their minds with some of the facts of Phrenology.

Children's minds are singularly and beneficently constituted to receive truth as it exists, without question, and the truths which are once impressed upon them are rarely lost sight of in future years. We think that if you were to feel your responsibility in this matter, you would be scarcely able to avoid communicating to others some of the knowledge which you know to be so beneficial to yourself.

SHAPES OF HEADS AND HATS.—In this age of fashion, when so much attention is paid to head-dress and hats by the women of our country, why should not something be said as to what style or shaped hat is most becoming to men?

There are so many differently featured men,—some are round faced, some long, some square, some with retreating foreheads and some full, some high top-heads and some low, some large back-heads and some small—and we know that one hat is not becoming to all. Believing that you are able to make some good suggestions, I present the subject to your attention, thinking it will be interesting to many readers of your valuable JOURNAL.

Ans. We will "put on our thinking cap," consult the oracle, and see what we shall see. But this is a field for invention. Why not? Instead of following Paris, London, or Limerick, get up something new and original. Must Americans forever copy foreigners? In the country we have met men with coon-skin, cat-skin, and seal-skin caps. Such are too warm. The rule of health is, keep the head cool and the feet warm. But this is often reversed. Who will give us a design for a healthful, comfortable, and sensible hat?

SHAPE OF THE NOSE.—After a person has attained his physical maturity, no changes can be effected in the shape of the nose, except artificially, or with the assistance of a skillful surgeon. It is not at all likely that a modification of the manifest character will produce an altered nasal contour. In fact, we know of no examples to sustain such a view.

LISPING.—Please inform me through the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL what is the best method of preventing or curing lisping, and securing distinct and pure articulation.

Ans. A careful examination will reveal the fact as to whether there be any defect in the vocal organs. If there be no defect, and the lisping be only a habit, then the habit must be overcome by resolution.

What They Say.

PROSPECTS OF FEMALE DOCTORS.—While the conservative members of the profession are insisting that women are physically and mentally unfit for the study and practice of medicine, and must not be tolerated or acknowledged as regular practitioners, the incentives and facilities for the medical education of females are increasing notably in all directions, both in Europe and America. A wealthy citizen of Boston has lately bequeathed nearly a million and a half of dollars for the endowment of an institution for females—medicine being first named in the list of branches to be taught. If our good brothers in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, members of the Pennsylvania State Society, and of the National Association, and other organized bodies, who condemn as heretics all doctors in petticoats and their abettors, do not throw off their stiff stocks and suffer their heads to turn on the axis, they will run the risk of being crowded out of the profession by the well-trained graduates of crinoline, who are mustering in these latter days like the soldiers of Germany. The opponents of female doctors are really their best friends. They do not understand the nature of woman, or they would not attempt to thwart her aspirings by proscription. "When she will she will, you may depend on't."—*Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, of San Francisco.

[Ladies, do you hear that? Here is the editor of a first-class medical journal of the orthodox

school who counsels "progress" to his stiff-necked brothers, and that means encouragement for *you*. Should *we* need a physician, a lady shall be sent for.—ED. A. P. J.]

ABOUT THE EUROPEAN WAR.—[A Prussian correspondent writes us his views on the struggle between his country and France, and as he doubtless represents the prevailing sentiment of Prussia, we publish him.]

The cause of the present war between France and Germany, is it, or has it been, a quarrel between king and emperor? or is it the deadly struggle of two nations, France having tried to weaken and keep down Germany, and rule supreme in Europe? or is it a struggle to determine what rank they will occupy in the future, and what will be their respective influence among European nations? Opinions will be divided about the cause and about the effect. I believe that the great majority of Frenchmen desired this war for years. The efforts to establish a stronger union of all the German States, growing daily in strength, were looked at by France as an insult and a danger. Since 1866 France felt uneasy about it, fearing German unity and not daring to begin war. At last, having perfected her armaments, the French Government decided to declare war.

Only ten French Congressmen (if I may so call them) protested, in the memorable session of July 14th, against this war, and only for reasons of opportunity, like M. Thiers, the great historian. The latter preached always that the greatness and happiness of France depended on the weakness of the surrounding nations, principally the German States; and that France must always try to keep them divided, and therefore weak.

The same reason induced England during the great American war to support the Southern States by every means, though hypocritically professing neutrality. It is the old Roman principle—

"Divide et impera."

Since the declaration of war against Prussia, France has had to record only disasters, one more horrible than the other. This, together with the establishment of Republican government in France, will have turned the sympathies of the American public to the weaker side. With many regrets if this should be the case, we Prussians can not end this war before we have taught our warlike Gallic neighbors that if they have not been punished as they deserved for killing and plundering in China and Mexico, it is nevertheless a crime to go to war with other nations only because the French feel themselves the stronger.

Happily, the French have miscalculated their strength, though they attacked us so cowardly; having secretly prepared themselves for war, they undervalued their foe, illustrating the old German proverb: "Whom God wishes to destroy he makes blind."

A great mistake the leading French Republicans have made if they supposed to get much easier conditions of peace in trying to lay all blame for beginning this war on the ex-Emperor Napoleon, now prisoner of war. Former ages, and the aggressive policy of France in those times, I will not mention; but we Germans can not forget that since the fall of Napoleon I. every subsequent French Government has threatened to take from us the lands on the left bank of the Rhine, and revenge for Waterloo. Thus we can not believe that this war is the fault of one man alone, and we believe, much less, that the majority of Frenchmen were opposed to this war from the beginning.

All my information about French feeling, when the declaration of war became known, agrees in representing how popular this war was in France, and that only very few of the wealthier classes were opposed to it, for fear of the losses such a terrible conflict would entail on commercial interests.

Prussia has been forced into this war, in which already thousands of our brave soldiers have been slain, and many a home filled with tears and sadness. France has caused this, and whether under despotic or under republican government does not change the sad fact. Our Government has therefore to ask guarantees against new attacks from France; we do not want to have the trouble of fighting again in a few years.

The French say the Republic would never have made war, and as we form a Republic now, you need not fear that a new war shall occur. Suppose this true, though the French Republic of 1848 was as warlike as any other French Government, who guarantees the French Republic? Has not France during the last hundred years changed the form of her political institutions six times?

For our own safety against new attacks from France, we must fortify our frontier by extending it to the mountain range of the Vosges. Among our military men it is an article of faith that mountains are far safer frontiers than rivers, and for this reason we shall annex the Elzas; and as the people speak the German language, and are of German race, they belong by nature much more to Germany than to France.

We hope and wish for a speedy end of this bloody struggle, but we will rather march every man from twenty to sixty to fight against France than to make what we regard as a bad peace. Since ages we have borne the most incredible affronts, and suffered terribly from French aggression, and we are now determined to settle our account once for all. IVAN BORNINGER.

ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE WAR IN EUROPE: LONDON SENDING TO NEW YORK FOR STYLES. NEW YORK TO BE THE FUTURE EMPIRE OF FASHION.—Heretofore, Paris has been the acknowledged center of fashion; but under the present state of affairs, it is hardly to be supposed that the leaders and designers of styles could have time to think of such frivolous things as robes, *manteaux*, or *chapeaux*. But with this dearth of

fashions abroad, it will not necessarily be so here. It is now the time for our American ladies to assert their claim to supremacy in taste, and to proclaim the New World as the center from which shall be dictated the fashions for the whole world.

This may at first appear to be assuming more than can be accomplished; but it is a fact well known, that American ladies have long been noticeable, both at home and abroad, for marked taste and originality in their attire, and it only needs a little exertion on their part for them to achieve that distinction to which they are so justly entitled. In fact, American styles are already recognized abroad. For nearly a year past a prominent London fashion-periodical has been using the uncolored plates which were designed for and used in the fashion department of *Demorest's Monthly*, here in New York, and these having met with such unqualified approbation, they have now entered into arrangements to publish the colored steel plates also, which appear in the same magazine.

When American fashions are thus cordially received and adopted in England, which has heretofore relied entirely upon Paris for its designs, it is high time that our American ladies should realize the influence which they are capable of exerting in this direction, and claim for themselves the honor which is so rightly their due.

PALMISTRY.—Is there anything in this? or is it simply a phase of fortune-telling? We are told, for example, that if the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, etc., not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hands be hollow, solid, and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if over-thwarted, then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of Mercury—that is, the little finger; if the end of it exceeds the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule his own house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will be boss. [But suppose the wife have the same sign or sort of fingers?]

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of a gentle nature. [Flat?]

Narrow nails denotes the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors. [Is not this the case with most men?]

Long nails show a person to be good-natured; but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails denote obstinacy, anger, and hatred. [Yes, very.]

If they are crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet reconciled, honesty, a lover of secret sciences.

Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle, and lazy. [Fleshy nails! who ever heard of such things before?]

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbor, and subject to many diseases. [Pale nails denote a poor circulation of the blood; black nails, an untidy person.]

There is much bosh and nonsense in these speculations. We have given in NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with engraved illustrations, all that can be said of palmistry, having any foundation in science.

RELATIVE PURITY OF WATER.—On this point H. D. ventures certain reflections, and among them he says:

All water does not contain animalculæ. If we examine water taken directly from a spring, we will find none, even when aided by a good microscope. Water taken from the middle of a well is usually free from them; but if taken from the side, more or less will be found. The water used in our large cities, which has been conveyed from a distance through pipes, contains both vegetable and animal matter, which is readily discovered by filtration. Did the people of New York realize the quantity of animal, vegetable, and mineral matter in their Croton, we doubt whether they would drink it so freely.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

THE MODERN THINKER: An Organ for the most Advanced Speculations in Philosophy, Science, Sociology, and Religion. Octavo; paper; pp. 248. Periodical. Price, $1 50 per number. N. Y.: D. Goodman, editor and publisher.

Like "Joseph's coat of many colors," this new publication is neither black, blue, red, nor green. As in the "free and easy" clubs, where each speaker is expected to speak without restraint, so in this magazine each writer puts *himself* into his articles without fear of criticism or regard for what others may say. Each writes under his own name. If one has a hobby, he may ride him to—any place he likes. If he have "crotchets," or strange views, and socialistic or religious theories; if he be saint or sinner, Christian, Jew, or Pagan, the *Modern Thinker* proposes to trot him out on parade, and let him sink or swim according to his own powers and proclivities. In short, this publication is a challenge to the world. It proposes to upset present social systems, religions, governments, etc. and to substitute therefor Comte's positive philosophy. It is ably written, somewhat in the style of the "Age of Reason," and will meet the views of what are known in Europe as "Secularists," and as Free Thinkers in this country.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY. No. VIII., 1870. Editor, Rev. W. T. Moore, Pastor of Central Church of Christ; Associate Editors, W. K. Pendleton, Isaac Erret, Robert Graham, Dr. S. E. Shepard, Thomas Munnell, Alexander Proctor. Octavo; pp. 150. Price, $4 a year. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

A first-class religious quarterly, giving elaborate essays on important theological questions, conducted in a liberal spirit, and well calculated to win approval and assent even from those of different schools. It is a paragon of typographical excellence.

THE ART REVIEW. An Exponent of Art for the People. Quarterly. Quarto; pp. 12. Price, $1 a year. Chicago: E. H. Trafton & Co.

Very good as far as it goes. But why not make it monthly?

THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS; or, Genesis and Geology. By William Denton. 12mo; pp. 80. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents. Boston: William White & Co.

Free thinkers, radicals, agitators, secularists, and Spiritualists—many of them—entertain extreme views. Instead of accepting generally received opinions, they delight in overthrowing them. The spirit of this production may be seen in its every page and paragraph. We quote the following as a specimen of its style:

"Genesis represents man as having been made less than six thousand years ago, in the image of God; science teaches that man has been here for a much longer time, and that the early man was in the image of the brute, and has *grown* into his present manly appearance."

These discussions may do good, may induce scientific and theological students to search out the truth as it is in nature's books, rocks, trees, animals, and in man. Mr. Denton has not exhausted the subject nor settled the question.

PRESBYTERIAN REUNION: A Memorial Volume. 1837–1871. Octavo; pp. 568; cloth. Price, $3 50. New York: D. W. C. Lent & Company.

Here is an item of history. The volume is illustrated with portraits on steel and wood of thirty distinguished men, and with views of historical buildings. Among them are old Princeton College; a Communion Gathering in the Olden Time; Auburn Seminary; First and Third Churches, Pittsburg; Church of the Covenant, New York; First Church, Phila.; Brick Church, New York: portraits of Rev. Ashbel Green, D.D., LL.D., Rev. James Richards, D.D., John M. Krebs, D.D., Thomas Brainard, D.D., P. D. Gurley, D.D., Charles C. Beatty, D.D., G. W. Musgrave, D.D., A. G. Hall, D.D., L. H. Atwater, D.D., Willis Lord, D.D., H. R. Wilson, D.D., William Adams, D.D., J. F. Stearns, D.D., R. W. Patterson, D.D., S. W. Fisher, D.D., J. B. Shaw, D.D., Robert Carter, J. C. Grier, W. M. Francis, C. D. Drake, David Elliott, D.D., M. W. Jacobus, D.D., P. H. Fowler, D.D., Trumbull Backus, D.D., William Strong, Daniel Haines, William E. Dodge, J. S. Farrand, John L. Knight. Such an array of D.D.'s is seldom met with, and we study their venerable heads and fine faces with real interest. The book is a credit to the "WOMAN'S PRINTING HOUSE," and to the enterprising publishers.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE. A Compilation of Choice Religious Hymns and Poems. By the Editor of "Chimes for Childhood," "Echoes from Home," etc. 12mo; cloth. Price, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A beautiful subject, a beautiful book, and as good as beautiful. The author touches the popular heart in his sacred songs, and the publishers will have the thanks of thousands who will enjoy this "Light at Eventide." ——

ESTELLE RUSSELL. By the Author of "The Private Life of Galileo." Octavo; pp. 177; paper. Price, 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Pictures of English life and character in No. 346 of the Library of Select Novels.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1871. We copy the Introduction, as follows:

This is the seventh year and volume of our ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL. It has become an established fact. Readers now look for it as for the coming of an expected friend. Many date the beginning of their interest in the study of human character from the reading of an ANNUAL. Large editions are called for, and they are used as wedges with which to open the minds of prejudiced persons for the admission of light. Many will read a tract, a pamphlet, or an ANNUAL like this on a subject new to them, who would not undertake a larger volume. In this way we are enabled to elicit attention to subjects of the greatest importance to the race of man.

Regarding Phrenology and its collateral subjects Anatomy, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, as the great central starting-point in the study of man, from which radiate all human interests, material and spiritual, Education, Temperance, Our Social Relations, Self-Government, Science, Art, Literature, Mechanism, Commerce—aye, even Religion—*all*, we think, are to be studied in the light of the science of mind, if studied so as to be rightly understood and rightly applied.

The human brain may be likened, in some respects, to the mariner's compass. Its right use depends on a knowledge of its functions. Phrenology is the needle which points to the true mental pole, and discovers the organization and adaptation of mind. Here are the FACULTIES—God-given faculties!—whose *use* each of us ought to fully understand. There are the PROPENSITIES, with all their desires, impulses, and temptations, to be directed, restrained, and regulated. There are the INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, to be educated and trained in their proper manner—Causality to reason, Comparison to analyze, Language to express ideas, with Size, Weight, Form, Calculation, and Order, to do their necessary work. There, too, are the MORAL SENTIMENTS, Conscientiousness, Hope, Faith, Benevolence, and Veneration, to be awakened and developed. In short, each organ of the mind is to be called out and put to that service which our Maker intended it to perform; and also the fullest growth and perfection of each bone and muscle of the body should be sought, so that body and brain may be made to work together to the best advantage for one's own prosperity and happiness in this life, and for the saving of the soul, and for the glory of God.

Surely these objects are worthy our study and our effort. If we would make the most of ourselves—if we would aid others in the work of development and improvement, this is the place to begin. If we would know what we can do best, and make life a success, and not a failure, we *must* "know ourselves." This modest little ANNUAL simply proposes to point the way by which each of us may grow better, more healthful, more intelligent, more useful, more kindly, more manly,

more just, more devotional, and more godly. Among the contents are these subjects:

National Types of Female Beauty; Woman as an Astronomer; Phrenology—its History, Principles, Proofs, and Uses; Dr. Richard Rothe, of Heidelberg, Germany; Culture of the Perceptives; What Can I Do Best? Personal Beauty; Peter Cooper; West Point—How to Enter as a Student; Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie; How to Study Men; Count Fred. Ferdinand Von Beust; The Late Charles Dickens; Don't Forget the Old Folks; Sisterly Duty to Brothers; Names and Definitions of the Phrenological Organs; Civil Engineering 1,800 Years Ago; He Could be Trusted; Phrenology—Is it a Science? Instruction in Practical Phrenology, etc. Only 25 cents. Published at this office.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS. First, Second, and Third Series. Sept., 1868–March, 1870. Three Volumes. Uniform binding. In a box. Octavo; pp. 466, 438, 431. Price, cloth, $7 50; half morocco or half calf, $15. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The first volume contains twenty-seven sermons, the second twenty-six, and the third twenty-six. The first also contains a good steel-plate portrait of Mr. Beecher; the second has a frontispiece representation of the interior of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Each sermon is accompanied by the Invocation, and the prayers before and after the sermon. We know no person who addresses weekly a larger congregation than Mr. Beecher, and those who have *heard* these sermons will be quite as desirous to *read* them as those who have never seen or heard their author. We are glad they have been put in this tangible form and made accessible to the world. Those who read them will be the better for it. For a club of six subscribers to this JOURNAL, at $3 each, we will present a set of these handsome volumes.

OUR SEVEN CHURCHES: Eight Lectures By Thomas K. Beecher. 16mo. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1; extra cloth gilt, $1 25. New York: J. Ford & Co.

The idea of this book is best given in the author's preface. He says: "The witness which I bear to the excellence of churches other than my own has a value in the fact, that while they are not my own they yet compel an admiration which I am able but in part to express. . . . All who profess to call themselves Christian have surely more points of agreement than of disagreement. Every church that has maintained a separate denominational existence, by the mere fact of living proves that there is something in her that maintains her life. Every church can teach every other church something, and every church can learn. There are diversities of operations, but one Spirit, —many churches, but one religion."

Upon this Mr. Beecher shows the excellence, consecutively, of the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Independent (Baptist and Congregational), and Liberal Christians. These expositions of the best features of the seven great religious denominations in America are so apt, that each denomination is using the separate lecture treating of itself as a denominational tract. One of them has been circulated to the extent of over 150,000; another has been translated into French and German for circulation in Europe. The combination of these brilliant lectures in one volume, together with two new and additional ones of more general character on "Choosing One's Church" and "The Church of Christ," makes a book that will be widely sought for and much read.

SPRINGDALE STORIES. Six volumes. Uniform. By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels. 12mo; about 200 pages each; cloth. Price, 75 cents. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

These volumes are entitled "Herbert," "Nettie's Trial," "Adele," "Eric," "Ennisfellen," and "John Stone's Farm," and are written in a pleasing, attractive style for children, and contain many good lessons, besides much information that would be well for men and women to know. Where there is so much of good it is not easy to particularize. They have illuminated title-pages, besides other illustrations. We hope the good lessons here inculcated will be remembered, and result in benefit to all who read them.

THE SOCIAL STAGE: Original Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Entertainments for Home Recreation, Schools, and Public Exhibition. By George M. Baker, author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "An Old Man's Prayer," etc. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 282; cloth. Price, $1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

What of the theater? Many good and pious men regard it as the sure road to ruin; others, perhaps equally good and pious, regard it as a school, a place of instruction, etc. Most men who read and admire Shakspeare as one of the greatest of all the poets and dramatists, patronize the stage. The right use—and not the abuse—of the drama would no doubt be advisable; but how can the thing be done? Its evils are so conspicuous; its tendencies are to-day so inevitably bad, so demoralizing, that good society must reject the common playhouse. The book before us is beautifully printed, and contains the following plays:

The Last Loaf; A Grecian Bend; Too Late for the Train; Snow-bound; Bonbons; Lightheart's Pilgrimage; The War of the Roses; Thirty Minutes for Refreshments; A Little More Cider; New Brooms Sweep Clean.

AN INDEX to Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Volumes I. to XL.: from June, 1850, to May, 1870. Octavo; pp. 438; cloth. Price, $3. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here are "the contents" of twenty years and of forty volumes of *Harper's New Monthly*. It bears its age well. Those who have complete sets will want this handy index. Same size, and bound uniform with the magazine.

THE HEIR EXPECTANT. By the Author of "Raymond's Heroine," "Kathleen," etc. Octavo; pp. 167; paper. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is No. 337 of the Library of Select Novels. An English love story.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is built on the foundation of *Hours at Home* and *Putnam's Monthly*. The first number makes a very creditable appearance, but the magazine will evidently improve with age. It requires skill as well as scholarship to make up a successful journal. But the publishers and editors have money enough to buy and pay for the best of everthing. If they fail, it will be more their fault than misfortune. Progression, not old-fogyism, must be the rule nowadays. Those who would influence the public mind must themselves be tolerant. We shall rejoice in the success of all worthy efforts looking to the instruction and improvement of the race of man. Poetry has its place, so has solid prose. Science and religion have the tiller to-day. ——

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK. Monthly edition, 75 cents a year; weekly edition, $3 a year. Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., editor, H. W. Adams, publisher, 27 Beekman Street, New York. Among the editorial contributors are the following: Rev. W. I. Buddington, D.D., Congregational; Rev. T. W. Chambers, D.D., Reformed; Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D., Presbyterian; Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D.D. Methodist; Rev. Wayland Hoyt, Baptist; Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., Episcopal; Rev. A. C. Wedekind, D.D., Lutheran. This looks like Christian fraternity and good fellowship. The journal is spirited, the very opposite of the dull, prosy sheets sent out under less zealous and enterprising men.

THE JUNO STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. "Juno on a Journey." Volume Third. 12mo; pp. 300; and "Hubert," Volume Fourth; pp. 308; cloth; illuminated covers. $1 25 per volume. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Mr. Abbott has a most happy faculty of interesting and instructing children. These Juno stories have had a run, and will continue to be popular long after the author and publishers shall have ceased to write and print books.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY. By Nathan Allen, M.D. Reprinted from the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*. Octavo pamphlet; 41 pages. Price, 25 cents. New York: D. Appleton.

The author has been long known for his works on Physical Culture, The Population Question, etc. He now gives his views on the causes of Degeneracy, and suggests a remedy. Physicians, preachers, editors, teachers, and all parents should examine these subjects, and each do what he can to save and improve the race.

WHICH IS THE HEROINE? A Novel. One vol.; octavo; pp. 148; pamphlet. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No 348 of Harper's Select Novels

FROM SHORE TO SHORE. Messrs. E. C. Allen & Co., of Augusta, Me., have published a very pretty engraving with this title, representing childhood, youth, middle age, and old age. A beautiful design, well executed.

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THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1869, has been received from the Comptroller of the Park, ANDREW H.

GREEN. It is a very interesting document, and contains twenty-six illustrations, ten of which are photographs of interesting portions of the great Park. Two maps of the Park are also included, one showing the locations of all the drives, rides, paths, lakes, tunnels, transverse roads, gates, etc.; the other represents Manhattan Island above 155th Street, including Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and indicating the sites of all the buildings and other objects of note within those limits. The Commissioners continue to deserve—as they will continue to receive—the warmest thanks of all New Yorkers who are justly proud of their beautiful Park.

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