

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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.

VOL. LVI. OLD SERIES.—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.

January to June, 1873.

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL R. WELLS, PUBLISHER, 389 BROADWAY
1873.



"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."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th Edition.



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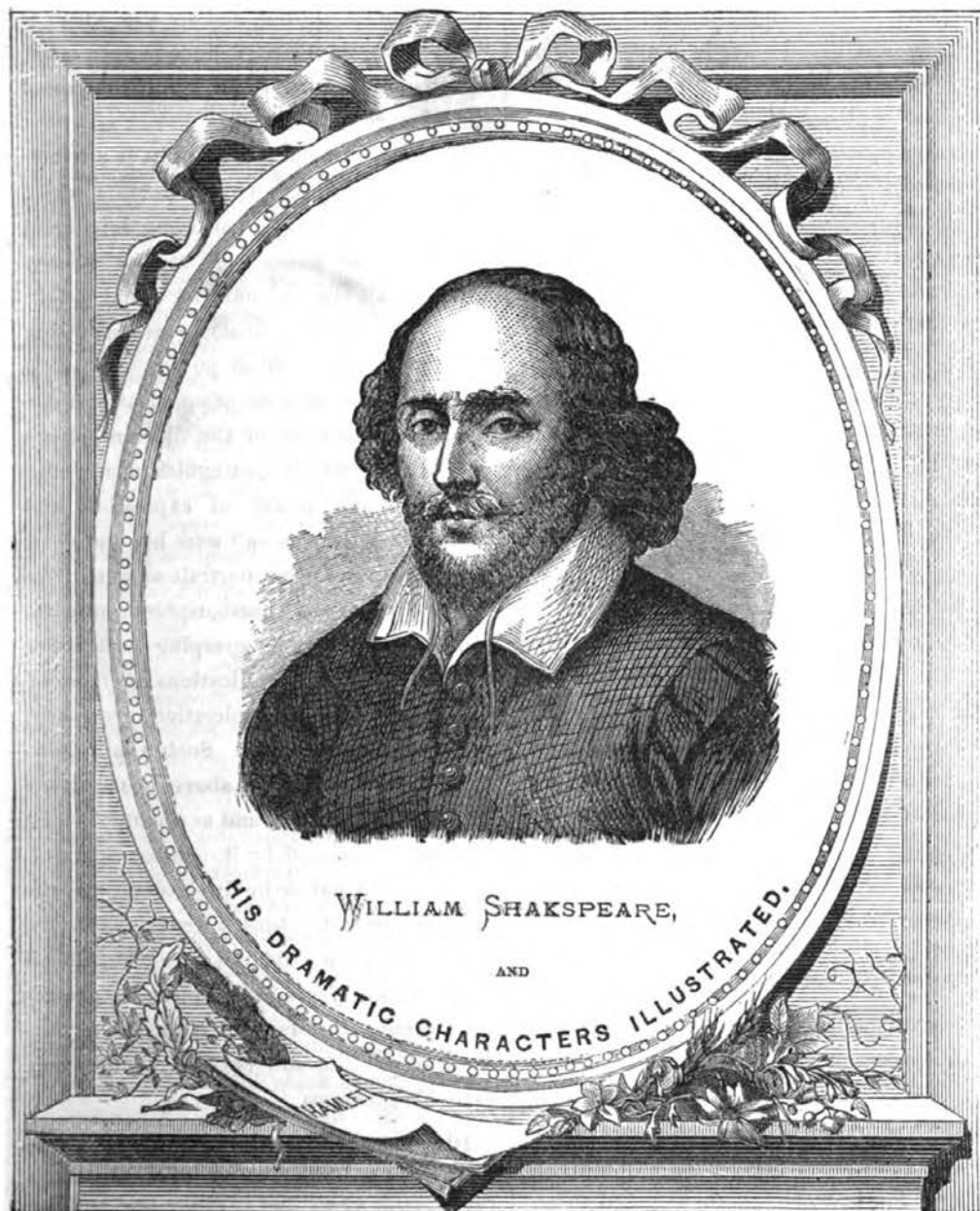
THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 1.]

January, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 409.]



SHAKSPEARE AND HIS DRAMATIC CHARACTERS.

WAS Shakspeare a phrenologist? Did he understand physiognomy? or by what means did he read character? Was he a seer? and were his marvelous delineations based on physiological influences, sometimes called intuitions? That he saw the relations of "form and function," even without the rules of science, there can be no doubt. Phrenology, as we now understand it, had not been discovered when he wrote his wonderful dramas. Yet, how perfectly do the physical contours of his actors, as we instinctively perceive them, compare with their characters! Look for a moment at Shakspeare himself, with his exquisitely fine organization, then at Falstaff and Dogberry, with their swaggering coarseness and superfluous adipose! The marvel of these wonderful portraits is in the fact that they illustrate life to the letter. We can almost see the pompous Falstaff, strutting about bar-rooms, boasting of how much beer and wine he can drink without getting drunk! And so each of the portraits in the groups tells its own story—its own character.

Modern science more and more confirms the correctness of Shakspeare's descriptions. Of the poet's physical appearance there are so few authentic items of information extant that their consideration is more a source of aggravation than of gratification to the thoughtful observer of character. Even the portraits which are circulated as representing him owe much of their contour and lineament to the artist's imagination. We feel that there is more of realism for our consideration of Shakspeare's mental organization in his dramatic conceptions, and here and there we grasp peculiarities of temperament and disposition and intellect which seem to bear the impress of his own personality—to be portraiture reflecting his own individuality. For instance, we are disposed to ac-

cept Hamlet as in many respects resembling Shakspeare. There is such a warmth of manner, such a deep human philosophy, and such grandeur of soul, illumining even the errors and blemishes which show the human side of the character, that we feel that Shakspeare identified himself designedly or unconsciously with this great creation, and made Hamlet to think and act and speak as Shakspeare would have done in such a line of circumstances as those which compassed the "Prince of Denmark."

The poet and the painter unite in attributing to him that wealth of cerebrum which claims the admiration of every intelligent eye, and that fineness of organic quality which is all the phrenologist would ask to invest him with the mental greatness which was, indeed, his. Ideal power, exhaustless source of original conception, clear and distinct discrimination of the different phases of character which distinguish men, judgment, method, power of expression, and nicety of adjustment—all were his, and shine out from even such a portrait as ours. We can not conceive of a harsh, rigorous, peevish, exacting, overbearing, grasping man under this guise. No, the indications are those of mildness, forbearance, toleration, generosity, and social good-nature. Such a man, however, must have lived far above the multitude that surrounded him, and as a natural result lived unappreciated by it. In the depth of his profound nature he dwelt alone, and the very few, probably Jonson was one, who discerned his genius did not fully comprehend its breadth. Hence it is that after generations lament the want of a satisfactory account of his life and character, while they extol his greatness.

It is not our purpose at this time to make more than a brief mention of Shakspeare's career, such as we find it in the best authori-

ties, the article being more particularly devoted to some consideration of the more conspicuous characters represented in his works.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d of April, 1564, as is generally believed. The parish register shows, at any rate, that his baptism took place three days after that date. His father, John Shakspeare, was a farmer. His mother, whose former name was Mary Arden, came of a more distinguished origin. She was of an old and honorable Warwickshire family. William was the third child of eight.

It is likely that he received his education almost entirely at the Free Grammar School at Stratford. How much mental training this amounted to remains a subject of doubt and controversy, like most of the other matters relating to Shakspeare's life. We are told that he was about fourteen years of age when he left school, and that he served for a time as apprentice to a butcher. We are told also that for some years he undertook the part of a young schoolmaster.

His marriage to Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a village a mile or so from Stratford, occurred when he was about nineteen, Anne being some eight years older. From this union three children were born, two girls and a boy. The latter, whose name has survived to us, Hamnet, died in his twelfth year. It was in the year 1586, as nearly as can be made out, that Shakspeare left Stratford and went to London. Tradition asserts that his reason for this departure was based upon a mishap, or, rather, an imprudence, which consisted in this: that Shakspeare, while out on a nocturnal poaching expedition, in the deer park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, was apprehended by the keepers, shut up all night, and arraigned next morning before Sir Thomas, who exercised the functions of Justice of the Peace for that neighborhood.

The penalty attached to his imprudent sport is not known. Whatever it was, it seems to have led him to avenge himself by circulating shortly afterward a tantalizing ballad to the good Justice's "eyebrow." A further prosecution, threatened on account of this irreverence, appears to have determined Shakspeare

to set out for London. It seems safe to assume that soon after arriving in London he sought employment at the theaters, and probably was engaged to perform some subordinate service in connection with one. Very speedily we hear of him as a man of some note—at once dramatist, actor, and shareholder in Black Friar's Theater. As an actor he does not appear to have taken eminent rank; as a dramatist, however, his great talents were speedily recognized, and it was not long before he won the very foremost rank among the writers for the stage of his time.

According to all the accounts, Shakspeare also showed himself a man of shrewd business ability, and from the profits of his theatrical enterprises and the gains of authorship he rapidly accumulated a comfortable fortune.

He made Stratford his home, purchasing there a house and landed property. It seems certain that previous to 1613 he had ceased to reside in London, and had established himself at Stratford. "Of his last years, further than that they lapsed peacefully in honor, in the exercise of a liberal and kindly hospitality, nearly nothing is known. There is evidence of his having more or less occupied himself in agricultural pursuits, and good reason to believe that, though withdrawn from other active concernment with the stage, he still continued to write for it."

He died on his fifty-third birthday, 1616.

To discourse at this time of the genius of Shakspeare would be only to promulgate common places. The lofty eulogy of Dryden—"He was a man who, of all the modern and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul"—is generally accepted by those who are conversant with his writings.

The first collected edition of his dramas was issued in 1623, by Heminge & Condell, his co-proprietors in the Black Friar's and Globe Theaters. The second edition followed in 1632; the third in 1664, and the fourth twenty-one years later. In 1709 appeared the edition of Rowe, with a sketch of the poet's life. The numerous editions which have been published since that time, and the many discussions of Shakspeare's life and character which have appeared, it would be almost impossible to notice in detail.

As a dramatist he is regarded without a peer. As a poet, in his special department, there are but one or two names which may be mentioned in comparison with his.

His works, in length and breadth, constitute a treasury of practical wisdom on matters of human interest such as no other writer has bequeathed to the world.

The saying, "It takes all sorts of people to make up the world," is well exemplified in the assembly of real and ideal heads now before us—ideal, most of them, as regards their personal identity—but all real in their representative capacity, for scarce a type or passion incidental to the human race but has been portrayed by the hand of the great master of dramatic art. What varied and contrary phases of human character and emotion are here depicted, and with what rare fidelity to nature! Surely, if "variety is charming," we have an abundance of it here.

And what a field for contrast is afforded in these two groups before us. Comparisons may be "odious," but contrasts carefully and analytically drawn are both interesting and instructive. Contrast, for instance, the central figure of each group—the wizard, whose magic pen has evoked all these varied and wonderful creations, and the character that figures so extensively in several of his plays—Shakspeare and Falstaff. The latter, a vain, consequential braggart, a sensualist, living in and for the physical world alone, thoroughly taken up with a sense of his own importance and corporeal well-being, a very real character, a strongly self-asserting personality. What a bold foreground does this Falstaff constitute for Shakspeare himself, who, with all the abstractedness of true genius, is so entirely self-forgetful, so modestly retiring into the dim background of obscurity, that he seems less real to us than any of his creations. Perhaps there is no other English writer of whom it can be said, as of Shakspeare, that, while stamping every line with his unmistakable individuality, he has nowhere revealed to us aught of his personality. Even in that grandest epic poem of our language, "Paradise Lost," we are not permitted to lose sight altogether of "Mr. Milton," but we may search in vain throughout his voluminous writings for the slightest glimpse of "Mr. Shakspeare." We see, indeed, the mystic hand that traces these wondrous living characters upon the mural expanse of our conscious apprehension, but no definite outline beside them can we

discern of the character of its possessor save by analogy. So truly is Shakspeare, as an individual, lost sight of behind the luminous cloud of his own creations, that some have even gone so far as to deny his existence altogether, and to bestow his well-earned honors upon others. And, indeed, it seems easier to believe that Falstaff drank and blustered; that Romeo and Juliet loved and suffered; that Shylock and Othello nursed the black demons of jealousy and revenge; that Lear howled in impotent frenzy to the tempest, only less mad than he; or even that Puck performed his mischievous antics, and that Titania came under the influence of an infatuation which has not been without its parallel on many real occasions in these later times, than that Shakspeare actually lived and wrote. Perhaps of all his characters he most resembles, in the atmosphere of mystery that surrounds him, and the quiet dignity with which he exercises his magical art, the wondrously-gifted Prospero. Like him, he has spirits to do his bidding; like him, he can rouse or allay at pleasure the tempest of human emotion; and like him, also, on retiring from the field of action, he has broken and cast away his mystic wand, and "deeper than ever plummet sounded," hath he hidden his magical book, and whose is the hand that shall recover and once more wield it?

To the right and left of "honest Jack" we see depicted two contrary phases of that passion which he was never capable of feeling toward any one but himself. The frank, impulsive tenderness of "love's first dream," the utmost self-surrender to the divine passion is exemplified in the loving, true-hearted Juliet, who, with Romeo, portrays the close affinity of true love. We can almost hear her say:

Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed;
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortune at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Quite different, as may be seen at a glance, is the state of affairs existing between the shrewish Katharine and the whimsical, self-willed Petruchio. There seems to be little enough of an "affinity" here, and the resolute way in which each turns the cold shoulder upon the other augurs but poorly for conjugal felicity in the future. But the shrewd Petruchio knows well what he is about, and nature has given him the right to look for a favorable issue to his plans; for when did such a nose as



his ever grace the countenance of any but a conqueror? And conqueror he is, too, his experiment, pertinaciously carried out, being crowned with well-deserved success.

Baptisto. Now, by my hollidame, here comes Katharine!

Katharine. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands; Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharine.*]

Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hortensio. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes?

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, An awful rule, and right supremacy; And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

So much for a good nose, with a good brain above to direct it!

We have here two veritable asses' heads, independently of the one so obligingly set by Puck upon the shoulders of Bottom. No need now to grant the request of him who desired so pathetically that he might be "writ down an ass," as his expressive countenance does it for him after the most approved fashion. As for Malvolio, the vain, conceited, strutting steward, if he be not Darwinically and lineally descended from the genus "donkey," his features, no less than his words and actions, do most woefully belie him. Who does not remember his soliloquy in the garden:

"'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she [his mistress Olivia] did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? * * *

To be Count Malvolio; * * *

There's example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. * * *

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state. * * *

Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown. * * * And then to have the humor of state * * * telling them I know my place, as I would they should do their's—to ask for my kinsman, Toby," etc.

In the characters of Macbeth, Ophelia, Lear, Shylock, Hamlet, and Othello, we have a striking illustration and embodiment of that *madness*, for we can call it nothing else, which, however different may be its causes, however varied its modes of manifestation, has for its assured end the dethronement, temporarily or forever, of reason from her proper seat, and the changing of man from a responsible being to the mere tool of extravagant impulses. In Macbeth it assumes more of a passive form. "Infirm of purpose," he resigns himself—for

his manhood's sake, be it said, however, not without a struggle—to the guidance of insatiable ambition, on the one hand, and to a too easily awakened credulity on the other. Is it any wonder that, given over to folly, he reaps folly's reward? his distempered brain being forever haunted by the accusing specters of his own rash crimes. When at the banquet with his lords the ghost of Banquo appears to him, how vainly he endeavors to assume the brave man:

What man dare, I dare!

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger:
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lear betrays more of the outward and physical appearing of madness. In him we see a father's heart broken by the base ingratitude of his own children; and the blow which strikes at the citadel of life spares not that of reason. The stroke is violent in proportion to its suddenness; and his days being henceforth numbered, spend themselves quickly in frantic and fruitless reproaches and lamentations.

I'll tell thee—Life and Death—I am a-sham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus—
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old, fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! Is it come to this?
Let it be so. Yet have I left a daughter
Who, I am sure, is kind, and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

Hamlet and Ophelia have many points of resemblance. Both are delicate, sensitive organizations; both suffer through the misdeeds of others. Poor Hamlet, melancholy mad, and Ophelia, distracted with grief, are not altogether without their prototypes in our own times, and therefore elicit our profoundest sympathy. Perhaps we could not better illustrate these two characters in one short quotation, such as we have room for here, than by that brief interview between them from which we take the following:

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver;
I pray you now receive them.



Hamlet.

No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again; for, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?*Oph.* My lord?*Ham.* Are you fair?*Oph.* What means your lordship?*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?*Ham.* Aye, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

It is well that Hamlet should not marry Ophelia. The result of the union of two organizations so delicately balanced, so similar, and so liable to be overthrown, could not but be disastrous to generations following.

Shylock, permitting the intemperate spirit of revenge to carry him beyond all reasonable limits of reason and humanity, involves himself in a labyrinth of difficulty intended for another, thus procuring his own sudden downfall.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond;
Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs;
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goater, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.*Shylock.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;

I'll have my bond; and, therefore, speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking. I will have my bond.

Othello, the Moor, giving way to the mad spirit of jealousy, excited by his perfidious friend, Iago, was temporarily deranged beyond doubt. Mark the incoherence of this outbreak:

* * * * *
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say; obedient—
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears,
Concerning this, sir. O, well-painted passion!
I am commanded home: get you away;
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
monkeys!

Call it what you will—ambition, avarice, jealousy, revenge—it became madness in the end with each and all of them, for a deed in which passion rules and reason takes no part is surely a mad one.

The many characters of Shakspeare's plays afford no more striking contrast than that presented by the magician Prospero and the man-brute Caliban. Here we see gigantic strength and untamable ferocity under the firm control of a higher nature, compelled to obey its behests, and continually kept within bounds by an influence, unseen, impalpable, but stronger than cords of steel. Is not this typical of the rule of the higher nature over the lower? of intellect over mere physical force? of mind over mere gross matter? What a fearful representation is Caliban of man as an unreclaimed animal! What a warning to the carnally-minded, the brutally-disposed, to look well to their ways, lest they, in themselves or in their posterity, should ever sink to such a depth as this! Indeed, each of us has an incipient Caliban in his composition, and well is it if we have it under the firm domination of a master; thus, and thus only, can it be made to render us that service which is its proper province. But it is not always so. As saith the preacher, "I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon earth." Sad is the condition of the land when these things are so.

But enough of details. The ambitious, imperious, yet truckling Wolsey; the aristocratic Coriolanus; the voluptuous Cleopatra; the crafty, scheming, relentless Richard III.—half tiger and half fox; the caustic, disdainful Beatrice, and scarcely less sarcastic Benedick; the swaggering, ignorant, boorish Dogberry; the blundering, idiotic Dromios, whose simple wits may well have been confounded by the bewildering and complex circumstances in which they were placed; the eloquent, pure-minded Isabella; the refined, modest, yet ingenious, Portia; the melancholy, moralizing Jaques, or the mirth-provoking Launce; the dignified, reserved, yet susceptible Olivia; the guzzling, jolly Sir Toby; the gossiping, loose-living Merry Wives; the ardent, adventurous Rosalind; the quaint, wise folly of Touchstone; the parasitic, insinuating, cowardly Parolles; the simple-hearted, yet royal-born Perdita; the rascally, peddling pick-pocket Autolycus, speak for themselves more eloquently than our pen can speak for them. And here we would observe that in order to illustrate Shakspeare effectually the artist must have an

extensive insight into, and appreciation of, human nature, and a knowledge of the garb which its various phases and manifestations assume—in other words, he must be a true physiognomist. Nowhere, perhaps, is there afforded him a more extensive field for the employment of all the knowledge he may possess or can obtain upon the subject of phrenological contour and facial expression; and nowhere is it more required, for few of these characters ever sat for a portrait, or left us any guide by which to judge of their personal appearance, save what may be obtained through analogy from their words and actions. "Out of their own mouths" do they demonstrate their characters, and we shall best form our conceptions of them from their living proto-

types, of which the world is full. Let him do his utmost, however, the artist can never exhaust his subject, so endless are the modifications of which they are susceptible, in accordance with the various impressions that they will produce upon different minds, or upon different states of the same mind.

So they come and go, these wonderful representations, like visions of a dream—imaginary, yet real; startlingly vivid sometimes, yet with a shadowy vagueness; when we attempt to realize them as individual identities, their words and deeds, their varied moods and manifestations, they but serve to "hold the mirror up to nature," and demonstrate to us "what shadows we are—what shadows we pursue."

WILL AND MIND—THEIR IDENTITY.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

METAPHYSICIANS who do not adopt the phrenological basis of mental philosophy, are always representing the Will and Mind as separate and distinct entities or forces, acting sometimes harmoniously, and at other times antagonistically. The Will is generally presented to us in the character of a mental monarch, and the other mental powers as its subordinates or subjects. One is the ruler of the mental domain, and the other the ruled; and, as usually happens between ruler and subjects, the one is not always capable of holding the reins of authority successfully, while the other is often prone to disobey authority, and sometimes successful in acting in defiance of it. Innumerable eccentricities of character and conduct are explained on the easy but meaningless theory that under certain circumstances the will loses its control over the mind, the mind runs away from the will, the will fails to direct, the mind refuses to obey, etc. Thus the will-power and the mind, or the rest of the mind, whatever that may be, have no more intimate relations than two persons may have.

When a person says, "Thinks I to myself," he simply means "I think;" in other words, that part of me which constitutes the intellectual organs recognizes objects—it is in action. If we are to interpret the expression literally, as all metaphysicians who are not

phrenologists seem to do, we must regard the speaker as dual—two persons. If he thinks *to* himself literally, how differs the act on his part from thinking *at* or talking to another person? There must be *two of him*, or how could one address the other? Can anything do anything to itself? No person, as such, can do anything to or in relation to himself only by acting in relation to something else. No particle of matter can act on itself. If, therefore, will and mind agree in some actions—act in harmony—and disagree in other actions—act in opposition—there are two distinct powers, one of which is capable of existing independent of the other. But it is not difficult to demonstrate that mind and will are ever co-existent and co-active, and that without the manifestation of one the other has no existence.

The more we adopt the language of those metaphysicians and logicians who are the authors of our standard literature on this subject, the more complicated becomes the confusion. "I have a mind." What is mind? and what am I? Is mind my property or instrument? Then I ought to be able to exist without it. And so of will. But if I *have* a mind then mind is not *me*. I am as much of a puzzle to myself as Mr. Ami was on *seeing himself* in the glass one morning, after his features had been disfigured by some meddlesome miscreant during sleep.

"If I am not Ami, then who am I?" If I am not will nor mind, what am I, and what are they?

But I have a soul as well as mind. Then there are *threes of me*, or of us—a veritable trinity. Can I exist without them, or either of them? Can they, or either of them, exist without me? Is the soul I, or is it my possession or instrument? And if so, then again what am I? What am I and where would I be without mind or soul?

In a lecture on "Epidemic Delusions," lately delivered in Manchester, England, by William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., this subject is presented in a light bordering on the ludicrous; and as Dr. Carpenter is one of the foremost scholars of the age, and the author of the largest, and, perhaps, the ablest work on physiology in our language, his views are certainly entitled to respectful consideration. From this lecture, which has been republished in the *Popular Science Monthly*, we copy the introductory, as follows:

"Our subject to-night links itself in such a decided manner to the subject in which we were engaged last week, and the illustrations which I shall give you are so satisfactorily explained on the scientific principle which I endeavored then to expound to you, that I would spend a very few minutes in just going over some of the points to which I then particularly directed your attention. My object was to show you that, between our Mental operations and our Will there is something of that kind of relation which exists between a well-trained horse and his rider; that the Will—if rightly exercised in early infancy in directing and controlling the mental operations; in directing the attention to the objects to which the intellect should be applied; in controlling and repressing emotional disturbance; restraining the feelings when unduly excited, and putting a check upon the passions—that the will in that respect has the same kind of influence over the mind, or ought to have, as the rider has upon his horse; that the powers and activities of the mind are to a very great degree independent of the will; that the mind will go on of itself without any more than just the starting of the will, in the same manner as a horse will go on in the direction that it has been accustomed to go with merely the

smallest impulse given by the voice, or the hand, or the heel of the rider, and every now and then a very slight check (if it is a well-trained horse) or guidance from the bridle, or from a touch of the spur, and will follow exactly the course the rider desires, but by its own independent power. And, again, I showed you that as there are occasions on which a horse is best left to itself, so there are occasions when the mind is best left to itself, without the direction and control of the will; in fact, in which the operations of the mind are really disturbed by being continually checked and guided and pulled up by the action of the will; the result being really less satisfactory than when the mind, previously trained and disciplined in that particular course of activity, is left to itself. I gave you some curious illustrations of this from occurrences which have taken place in dreaming, or in that form of dreaming which we call somnambulism—where a legal opinion has been given, or a mathematical problem had been resolved, in the state of sleep-waking; that is to say, the mind being very much in the condition of that of the dreamer, its action being altogether automatic, going on of itself without any direction or control from the will—but the bodily activity obeying the direction of the mind. And then I went on to show you that this activity very often takes place, and works out the most important results, even without our being conscious of any operations going on; and that some of these results are the best and most valuable to us in bringing at last to our consciousness ideas which we have been vainly searching for—as in the case where we endeavored to remember something that we have not at first been able to retrace, and which has flashed into our minds in a few hours, or it may be a day or two afterward; or, again, when we have been directing our minds to the solution of some problem which we have put aside in a sort of despair, and yet in the course of a little time that solution has presented itself while our minds have either been entirely inactive, as in sleep, or have been directed into some entirely different channel of action.

"Now, like the well-trained horse, which will go on of itself with the smallest possible guidance, yet still under the complete dom-

ination of the rider, and will even find its way home when the rider can not direct it thither, we find that the human mind sometimes does that which even a well-trained horse will do—that it runs away from the guidance of its directing will. Something startles the horse, something gives it alarm, and it makes a sudden bound, and then, perhaps, sets off at a gallop, and the rider can not pull it up. This alarm often spreads contagiously, as it were, from one horse to another, as we lately saw in the ‘stampede’ at Aldershot. Or, again, a horse, even if well-trained, when he gets a new rider, sometimes, as we say, ‘tries it on,’ so see whether the horse or the rider is really the master.”

There is hardly a single sentence in this long quotation that will bear a scientific examination. Interpreted by any scientific standards ever known or heard of, the words are mere gibberish—metaphysical flourishes at best. Yet we know very well what ideas the author meant to convey. It may be said that language is unimportant if it conveys the right ideas. But the language does not convey the right ideas. It expresses that which is absurdly untrue from first to last; and if we have correct ideas on the subject after reading the language, it is because we had them before.

“A solution has presented itself while our minds have been inactive.” How ridiculous! A solution is not an entity acting on, or going to the mind, but an act of the mind itself. How then can the mind be active when it is inactive? Somnambulism is called “sleep-waking”—a contradiction both in words and ideas, as would be good-bad, or healthy-sickness. It is repose of the organs of the external senses, but wakefulness of the mental organs—some of them at least.

The idea that the mind ever does or can act automatically like a non-vitalized machine, has no foundation in physiology or philosophy. What is mental action? The recognition of objects. If I see a “well-trained” horse, or hear a bell, or smell a rose, or taste an apple, or feel a pen, the sensation in each case is, simply, mental recognition of the object; and this is mental activity. In sleep, therefore, there is no mental action, so far as external objects are concerned—will or no will; and as will is an essential and inseparable

factor of mind, to say that the will “starts the mind,” simply means that the mind starts itself. No, it is not will that puts the mind in operation, but the external objects. The cause or occasion is without, but the action is within.

Dr. Carpenter would have us understand that ideas are things in the sense of entities. He says, “Mental activity brings to our consciousness ideas which we have been vainly searching for.” Here ideas are put in the same relation to us that food or drink is—something to take into our consciousness, just as we take victuals and drink into the stomach. Ideas are not substances, but actions—mental recognitions. If I take cognizance of an object, that act of the mind is an idea. The cause of that act or idea is the object.

And then what is consciousness that ideas may be brought to it? Is it a place in the head, a special organ or portion of the brain, a reservoir, or something else where ideas are deposited? Dr. Carpenter seems to entertain the idea that education consists in putting knowledge or ideas into the mind or consciousness, as we put potatoes in the cellar, or books into the library. This is, indeed, the prevalent theory, but it is certainly erroneous. Education is mental action in the aggregate, as an idea is a single mental act, or an act in relation to one thing or object.

This whole subject is as plain, interpreted by the principles of Phrenology, as it is confused in the language of Dr. Carpenter. This will, as he explains it, has no existence except an imaginary one. Every mental organ is a will unto itself. The impulse or disposition of any mental organ to act, or cause the bodily instruments to do something, is its will, and that is all there is of it. If the organ is powerful, the will will be strong; if several organs co-operate in action, the will (mental action) will be stronger still; and if all of the mental organs (the whole mind) act together, the “will-power” will be the strongest the individual is capable of exercising.

The practical point of the phrenological explanation is this: We have just as much will as we have mind. We have as many kinds of will as we have mental powers. We have strength of will in any direction

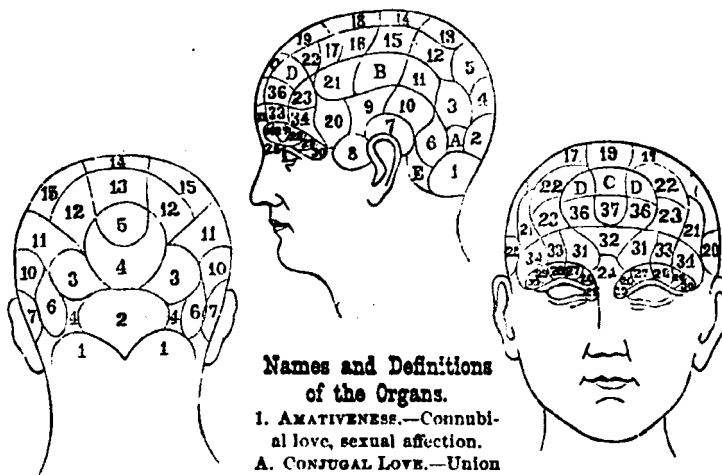
just to the extent that the organ of that direction is developed and vigorous. We have it in our power, therefore, to increase will-power where deficient, and diminish it where excessive, by education and training. If one has too much will-power in the direction of Acquisitiveness, let him cultivate Benevolence; if too much combative will, let him cultivate the will of Cautiousness; if the child has overbalancing will in the direction of Destructiveness, do not educate it to shoot birds and torture grasshoppers, but train it to raise lambs and play with kittens; if the young man evinces too much will for tobacco, keep him away from rowdy companions; if the young lady has a morbid propensity, (and will is *desire* and nothing else) for fashionable frivolities, keep her away from

trashy novels. In these ways the better nature is developed, the evil tendencies outrooted, and the whole character improved.

What can the teacher do on Dr. Carpenter's theory? If the will will not direct the mind, or can not, or if the mind runs away from the will, what is to be done about it? How can we educate the will as a whole, or the mind as a whole, so as to restore the proper harmony and equilibrium? Let Dr. Carpenter answer if he can. The phrenological way is to study the will-power of each organ, and augment or restrain its activity as the integrity of the whole person demands.

The fatal error of Dr. Carpenter, and of all non-phrenological physiologists, consists in placing the will *outside* of the mind, instead of within the mind and a part of it.

PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY.



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. ATTROBATIVENESS.—Love of applause and display.
13. SELF-ESTEEM.—Self-respect, dignity, independence.
14. FIRMNES.—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. SUBLIMIT.—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
- C. HUMAN NATURE.—Sagacity, impressions, [un]likeness.
- D. SUAVITY.—Pleasantness, blandness, civility.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY are:

1. The brain is the organ of mind.
2. The size of the brain is the measure of its power.
3. Education develops mental power.
4. Temperament modifies the expression of mental power.
5. The brain consists of a plurality of organs.

The first and second propositions are proved by the simple fact that, throughout all animated nature, mental capacity—the ability to feel and think—other circumstances being equal, corresponds exactly with the development of brain substance. Education develops mental power in precisely the same sense that exercise develops muscular power; not that brain and muscle are necessarily larger in bulk, but of better quality.

That the quality of organization, and the predominance of certain structures, as the brain and nerves, the digestive apparatus, and the muscular system (constituting the mental, vi-

tal, and motive temperaments), modify the activity and expression of the mental powers, are propositions so self-evident that no one questions them.

The only controversy, therefore, concerns the last proposition; and here a single glance at any human being, or any animal—any thing that has mind—demonstrates its truthfulness. No one can look in the face of a man, woman, child, horse, dog, cat, rat, reptile, or even insect, without reading its character to some extent. He will determine instantly that certain mental traits are predominant, and in every case the parts of the brain where phrenologists locate the corresponding organs, will be found predominantly developed.

The importance of Phrenology as an intelligible basis for mental philosophy for the training of children, the formation of character, the repression of morbid propensities, the unfolding of the higher qualities, and the regulation of our systems of education and jurisprudence, can hardly be over-estimated.

CO-ORDINATION OF FACULTIES.

A CHILD exhibits the simplest forms of thought, carries one idea in its mind, and follows that directly. As it becomes older, and its mind more mature, we observe the combination of several faculties in its mental processes. It seems to comprehend second causes. A dog will chase a companion or its game around and around a building or a field, obeying the distinct single idea that the way to overtake the object is to follow in its track. If a boy were chasing another boy around a barn or house, and found he was falling behind, he would turn and go the other way and meet his rival, evincing complex thought or a course of reasoning on the subject, resulting in the idea that if he went the other way, they would naturally meet.

People who have but little mental culture, who have not trained their minds to act by the experience of life or by education, show simplicity in their mental action, analogous to that which is shown by the child. The more the mind is disciplined, the more it studies science and is trained by experience, the more the different faculties co-ordinate, and the more complex are the mental manifestations. A highly-organized, well-cultivated, and well-balanced man will bring into use, in some mental processes, nearly every faculty of his mental being.

He will consider the facts through his active percepts; his experience of the past held by his memory will be brought in to temper his reasonings on the subject; his Cautiousness will be awakened in view of the real or possible dangers; the moral qualities of the proposed action will be considered and duly weighed; the relations of the act to reputation, to respectability, and character will be taken into account; all the social aspects of the subject will be measured and permitted to have their full influence in forming the decision; Mirthfulness stands ready to detect any absurdity or liability to ridicule; while Friendship, Conscience, and Benevolence will appreciate any selfish phase connected with the transaction which might wound a friend or be unjust or unkind.

Most readers will remember instances in which they are conscious of complex motives, in which many different considerations are weighed. Everybody will remember instances in which the proposed course of action will awaken thoughts like these: "If I do this will it be right? will it be safe?" "Perhaps not." "Will it be respectable?" "With some it will, others will condemn it." "Does it become my dignity?" "Is it stooping?" "Is it manly?" "Will it violate any bond of friendship?" "Will it injure my interests?" "Will it stand

in the way of my prosperity?" "Will it be profitable?" A well-cultivated mind—a mind trained by daily life and experience, as well as by books and thinking, will have these thoughts flash instantaneously and simultaneously through the mind, and the decisions will be clear, distinct, and positive. It is only a dull or uncultivated mind that has to meditate and ponder as to a course of action. Take, for example, an expert driver of a team in a crowded thoroughfare. How rapid his mental combinations! he has to take into consideration all his surroundings, what he can do and can not do; how to twist through jams of wagons; how to secure safety for his team and his vehicle. We remember riding on the box of an old-fashioned country stage with the driver. It was a frosty morning, and we approached a place on the hillside where the water had run out of the bank and crossed over the road, and frozen. The other side had a high bank, and hardly anything to protect a vehicle from sliding over on that glassy ice. We were puzzled to know how the driver would cross it, without having the stage slide over the bank and upset. But the instant he saw it, he cracked his whip and yelled to his team, which, obeying the double injunction, sprang into a run, and over the ice we went like an arrow. As we went leisurely up the hill, the opposite side, he remarked: "If I had driven slowly over that ice, the stage would have swung or slipped around, and gone overboard."

This presence of mind, this power to form instantaneous judgments of complex affairs, to hit the right vein instantly, is one of the supreme manifestations of mental life. We have heard of a railroad case, which is in point. A train was due at the station, and was to be switched off on to the side track, to let the down train pass on the same track. The up train was an accommodation, the down train was an express. It was the duty of the former to be clear of the latter, and ought to have been at the station in season for the fast train to go by without interruption. The switch was turned to guide the accommodation on to the side track, but that train, being late, the switch-tender was waiting anxiously for its appearance around the curve, and fearing that the down train would come thundering along, he was in a state of great anxiety. The late train appeared, and had almost reached the switch, when the express train moved in sight from the other way. If he had held his switch and let the up train pass on the side track, by

the time the locomotive and tender had got fairly off the main track, the down train would have buried itself in the passenger cars, still remaining on the main track. It was his duty to hold the switch and let the up train pass off, but, seeing the difficulty, he instantly threw the switch back, and let the two locomotives come together. Of course it demolished the locomotives, and that was all. It fractured the leg of one brakeman, beyond which there was no damage to persons. He violated orders. And did the railway company discharge him? No; but voted him a thousand dollars a year for life and kept him employed at his usual wages. *That* corporation had a soul, and that switchman had a "level head." He was fit to command a ship or an army; was able to see all the consequences and decide apparently against himself and the company, but in favor of the passengers, and therefore in favor of the company, which could easily mend the broken locomotives, but could not mend the broken heads and mangled corpses of slaughtered passengers.

These rare instances of eminent mental soundness, in men of little culture, show clearly the differences in the organic structure of men.

Some of our readers may have had experiences, many of them have heard of such, in which the mind has acted with most marvelous rapidity and accuracy, in cases of drowning and falling. We have been informed by persons who have been under water for perhaps a minute and a half, and restored, in which time they have lived over their whole life; have thought of everything that pertained to their friends, and family, and business, in case of death. Their minds have swept back to their schooldays, reproducing thousands of interesting incidents. They have lived as much, have gone over as much ground mentally, in a minute, as could naturally be gone over with in a normal state, unexcited, in hours. We saw a man who had fallen sixty-one feet from the belfry of a church in Essex Co., Conn., and for a wonder was uninjured. He said, during the fall his mind went back to his childhood, youth, early manhood; went over his married life; considered his wife and children, and his moral state, and had time consciously to throw himself upon the mercy of God for the future, during the time of falling the sixty-one feet, a little over a second and a half. This shows the rapidity of mental action—the co-ordination of mental faculties.

The success of men in life depends to a great extent on the power of combining faculties ra-

pidly, without leaving out any factor, any necessary link in the chain. When there is a disturbance in the market, some men will almost instantly see through the multiplex, conflicting conditions, and they will buy stocks or products to the extent of their cash capital and credit, while other men will be half a day, perhaps three days, trembling, and studying, and pondering, whether to buy or to sell. The former is a business man, the others are mere plodders and should deal in staple articles which have little fluctuation. The power of choosing the best conditions in imminent emergencies, carries with it success. A military commander may have his plans soundly laid, considering his own position and that of the opposing forces. During the battle the opposing lines of both armies change, new ground is occupied; some brave assault breaks one of the lines, and throws the army into confusion; a new front is to be formed; new combinations entered upon. A general, who can take all the conditions into account and act promptly thereon, is the one who, other things being equal, wins the day. The same is true in a thousand phases of daily life. The man, who can use forty faculties at once, each co-operating and supplementing the others, is the one who secures success, and makes himself master of affairs.

A reader inquires if there is not some systematic method, by which the various faculties of the mind can be brought into proper play when we wish to attain any desired end.

The foregoing remarks may throw some light on the subject of the inquiry. A well-trained mind will put forward the first thought of a series, and supplement that with those which should follow in order to the end. One faculty excites another to action. Fear excites Combativeness; Approbativeness excites Combativeness. Conscience sometimes excites Combativeness and Destructiveness. A series of articles in this JOURNAL, within the past year, on "How the Different Faculties Combine," will perhaps make this subject more plain. There should doubtless be study and training in the direction of the question proposed. The daily experience of life trains men into the way of consecutive mental action, but there might be systematic culture relative to it, and we fancy that the time is coming when a true mental philosophy will be taught in the schools. The public will understand how to awaken the feelings and the intellectual and moral forces in such a harmonious way as that each man shall be master of himself and his situation, so far as may be possible. Hitherto, or before Phre-

nology was discovered, man was an enigma; though much studied, mind was studied from a false basis, namely, individual consciousness solely. Everything was mixed, indistinct, uncertain that related to mental philosophy. That day has gone by. Forty years ago, no man would have propounded such questions as we have inserted, at least no man not specially engaged in mental investigation. The world is beginning to think. Teachers and preachers find that Phrenology aids them in working their way toward the knowledge of man and to his control and guidance, and each fact becomes self-multiplying, giving birth to other facts, like the leaven giving promise that the whole lump shall yet be leavened.

—♦♦♦—
A CALL TO WOMEN TEACHERS AND WRITERS.—The importance of thorough practical education for women must be a subject of earnest thought to all who wish to further the best interests of humanity.

Everywhere throughout the land are women anxious to advance, in any sensible, tangible way, woman's good. And since education, next to religion, has most efficiently aided woman to fill her true sphere of influence, it seems desirable that a national association of the best intellects among the feminine part of the profession should be formed to discuss and decide questions peculiarly applicable to them. Of late years schools for women have been founded with a regular curriculum, and the desultory, hap-hazard style of education has given place to a more thorough course of study and the honors of graduation. But there are defects in these systems which men do not see and can not remedy; besides, women need a rallying point of influence, an organization of their own, where their peculiar needs and interests can be unfolded and consulted. Such a rallying point would be a Woman's National Educational Institute. The hour has struck, and whether women wish it or not, they must join personally in the march of the ages. It is no longer possible for them to ignore their responsibility in education and religion. Peculiarly fitted by their position and talents to wield a tremendous influence in life, it is absolutely necessary this influence should be directed skillfully and rightly; and to do this, mutual acquaintance of leading minds, mutual sympathy, and a stand-point where words can be spoken with authority, are most desirable. We would gladly hear from all interested in the formation of such an organization.

A. V. P.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

ILLUSTRATED BY THREE CLASSES OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

OUR artist has pictured to the eye conditions of men, women and children, such as may be met in almost every community. For example, there are the foolish, fashionable flirts, who put all they have, or can get, upon their backs, and very little into their silly, thoughtless, little heads. Vain, ignorant, selfish, they care for none but themselves; and those who know them best care very little for them. They are miserable, because they are envious and jealous. The only

Mr. and Mrs. Economy are hearty, healthy, comfortable, and happy. They eat, work, sleep, exercise, read, clothe themselves, breathe, and do all things healthfully. They have no doctors' bills to pay; they do not quarrel, and have no need of lawyers; they spend no money for alcoholic stimulants, or tobacco; they earn their living, and, oh, how they enjoy it! Their children go to school, acquire education, and become the real ornaments of society.



MR. SPENDTHRIFT.



SPENDTHRIFT, JR.



MRS. SPENDTHRIFT.

God they worship is the god of display, and they are content to sport in the froth and foam of life. If there be disappointment and failure here, can one wonder? It is said that "children take after their parents," inheriting tendencies or inclinations to follow in the footsteps of their progenitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Spendthrift say, "One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion." And they bend all their feeble energies in that direction. They "sow to the wind and will reap the whirlwind."

Mr. and Mrs. Dissolute, offspring of accident, perhaps children of the town, grew up with those sad habits of self-indulgence which are practiced by thousands. Drink, drink, drink, is the curse of their lives, the cause of nearly all their woes. Their foolish claim is, that "the world owes them a living," and, instead of exerting themselves to earn it, they hang around bar-rooms, stables and wharves. They tramp the streets and pick from the gutters that which others throw away. They borrow, beg, steal and—starve

They are as foul and filthy within as they are dirty and ragged without. They stink of the stuff in which their bodies are steeped.

classes that fill our prisons, penitentiaries jails, etc., are made up almost exclusively from the spendthrifts and the dissolutes.



MR. ECONOMY.



ECONOMY, JR.



MRS. ECONOMY.

They, too, may be, before falling quite so low, had children! And, if so, they represent a large class. In England, with a population of about the same number as we have, there are 600,000, while we, in America, have about

Reader, to which of these classes do you belong? Or, to which are you drifting? We all are directly or remotely allied to some one of them; or, we are mixed, having something of each in our composition. Where is there a large family circle with no spendthrift



MR. DISSOLUTE.



DISSOLUTE, JR.



MRS. DISSOLUTE.

400,000 inebriates—many of ours, to be sure, are imported, and from 40,000 to 50,000 go down every year to drunkards' graves. The

and no drunkard in it? Such a case is exceptional. There are few, very few families that have not an ugly "skeleton" in the

house; and here the objector, or one who would justify himself in his conscious wrong doing, inquires, "Who is to blame?" Were they not born so? We must confess it looks that way. Children do inherit the violent temper, the strong appetites, the love of gain, the lack of cautiousness and the lack of honesty, as well as the love for art, music, mechanism, etc., of their parents. Our complexions, our stature, features, are like one or both of our progenitors; then, why not our dispositions, also?

"Then," as some will ask, "how can we help it? If our parents were drunkards, gamblers, thieves and murderers, are we to blame for being like them?"

Answer: In his *normal* condition, man is one thing. In his *abnormal*, or *PERVERTED*, condition, he is quite another. If one be not insane, imbecile, or idiotic, he *can* avoid crime, and by the grace of God, he can re-

sist temptation to do evil. He can keep off from those stepping-stones (alcohol and tobacco) which lead down to depravity, by blunting all his higher and finer sensibilities. If he escape these, he may hope to escape most other temptations. If he give way to these, he will, at least, be open to all others. "There is no danger in safety." Better not drink, chew, snuff, or smoke. Were there no "moderate drinkers," there *could* be no drunkards.

Our bodies, our brains and our minds, all depend on *conditions* for their health, their vigor, and their clearness, scope, and comprehensiveness. A thoroughly sound mind is only found in a sound body. Warped, oblique, eccentric, and unhappy minds are *caused* by bad *bodily* conditions.

Reader, have we made out our case? Do not our pictures conform to our facts? Is not this true to our title—CAUSE AND EFFECT?

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

To find some universal tongue
That all can understand,
Has long been wished by old and young,
In almost every land.
They never seem to have confessed
What wondrous power lies
In that mute speech, by all possessed,
The Language of the Eyes.

Why can not people be content
With this dumb voice alone?
Perhaps because it says what's meant,
And all that's meant is shown!
So still we use artificial speech,
Which hides and mystifies,
For that which Truth and Nature teach,
The Language of the Eyes!

How much the better should we be
If fewer things were said!
If words spun out less easily
In conversation's thread.

How many questions we might spare—
How many vain replies—
Would we but practice everywhere
The Language of the Eyes!

But ah! I fear, too oft, we feel
Shut up in hollow pride;
And what the eyes would sure reveal
The word intends to hide!
We can not trust our eyes to speak—
Truth only in them lies—
And falsehood never dares to seek
The Language of the Eyes!

We are not yet so good, alas!
As that we all can say,
"Look through these windows, as through glass,
And read our hearts away;"
We yet must suffer speech to fill
The world with sound and lies;
But there will be one true thing still—
The Language of the Eyes!—*Fireside Companion.*

PAULINE LUCCA.

AMONG the children of song who have favored America with their presence, and whose melodious tongues have made thousands of auditors feel the witching influence of the "art divine," the Baroness Von Rhaden, or, as she is generally known, Signora Pauline Lucca, has taken a most conspicuous place. An Austrian by birth, she came to assert the claims of her native land to æsthetic consideration, although northern stars had fascinated us with

their brilliancy, and our own land has recently produced musicians and prima donnas of exalted talent. Beautiful in person, accomplished as an actress, entirely at home in the most difficult of operatic impersonations, and possessing a voice unsurpassed in quality by any known public singer, it is not strange that Madame Lucca has commanded the admiration of Europe, and her appearances here are triumphs.

As shown in the engraving, the head is of

symmetrical contour, notwithstanding the deforming effect of the massive braids which fashion has woven as an appendage to her back hair, and the face of charming mold. There

Her parents were people in moderate circumstances, so that it is by dint of personal effort, sustained by her musical genius, that she has advanced to her present position. Vienna is



is depth of susceptibility and intensity of feeling evinced by the eyes, and unusual vivacity by the mobile mouth. The warm blood of her temperament animates every faculty, giving her character for earnestness, spirit and energy.

her native city, and in its musical atmosphere her youthful genius was nurtured. Here, in her fifteenth year, she sang among the chorus in the *Karntnnerthor Theater*, in this manner helping to support the family. Her highest

ambition at that time pointed to a position in the ballét; but events directed her course in a more fortunate sphere. On the failure of a distinguished prima donna to fill an engagement to sing at High Mass on a grand occasion, the organist, in despair, substituted the beautiful voice of Pauline as the only atonement to the disappointed audience. Her wonderful natural power and talent were universally remarked, and this was the first flush of success which determined her to a thorough course of study for the lyric stage. She married the Baron Von Rhaden, a Prussian Lieutenant, in 1808.

Her singing is spontaneous and natural. She has herself related some episodes of her childish days which indicate the inborn talent. When but nine years old she was sent to a boarding-school; but being poor, she could not take the lessons in singing, for which an extra charge was made. She was, however, present while they were given, to hold the music for others.

Apparently no care was taken to give her instruction in any branches, and when the time

came for the yearly examination she had no idea any questions would be put to her. It so happened, however, that she was questioned in some study, and, of course, failed. Looking up, she saw her mother gazing reproachfully at her with tearful eyes. Suddenly the young Pauline resolved to atone for her failure. "I will sing," she said to herself; and when the music class was called she rose with the others, not observing the angry glances of the school-mistress, who, rather than make a disturbance, said nothing. The others each sang their special piece.

"And what can you sing?" asked the examiner, suddenly turning to the silent child.

"Anything," was the reply.

"Indeed—well, then, sing the last song."

Pauline sang it, caught sight of her mother smiling through her tears, and stepping forward, begged permission to sing something else. She sang the "Ave Maria;" how, she does not know; only when she had finished she felt the breath of a pair of lips and warm drops on her forehead, and the examiner's voice said: "My dear, you have sung like a little angel."

A STIFF UPPER LIP.

THE world courts a man for his money; fawns upon him if there is power in his hand to turn the scales when the fates of others are in the balances; defers to him if he have great mental gifts; admires him for personal beauty and grace; loves him for large-heartedness; but it never thoroughly respects him unless he has shown that he knows how and when to keep a stiff upper lip.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, old fellow!" is the parting counsel of one friend to another, who is standing in the shadow of some great trouble of that sort which causes all men to turn their eyes on the sufferer to see how he bears it. Under these circumstances there is not a man but instinctively knows that if he can only perform that little facial feat successfully, his battle is more than half won. Some men never can do it at all. Some try, only to break down lamentably. There are mouths and mouths. With some mouths the keeping of a stiff upper lip is a physiological impossibility. If you want to see the most perfect failure of such an attempt, watch an impulsive, sensitive child whose feelings have been wounded, but whose natural pride instinctively suggests concealment of the trouble. The lips begin to quiver ominously; then the eyes, in turn, show

signs of rebelling against the discipline which is sought to be enforced upon a countenance accustomed to be made an index of all that goes on within. Next, a sob forces itself up from the throat, and brings the ready tears with it, and the tears are the signal for an unconditional capitulation. Down goes the treacherous under lip, and up goes the forsaken upper lip, which can not possibly preserve its equilibrium after the defection of its twin brother and nearest ally. The control over the muscles of the mouth which is necessary to the preservation of a stiff upper lip, and which typifies firmness, is only gained after long and repeated struggles. It is an important part in that unconscious self-education which begins so early that no one can ever exactly know when he took his first lesson in it.

And this is why so much stress is laid on the keeping of a stiff upper lip. The simple physiological fact implies so much else of the gravest importance which lies behind it. It means so many things, that we can only name a few of them. It means making up your mind and keeping it made up. It means not wearing your heart on your sleeve "for daws to pick at." And in some cases it means having so utterly conquered impulsive feeling as to

forget altogether at last how to give way to it. It means brave bearing up under adversity; and this last of its meanings is the noblest of all. But how is it done—that is, the facial part of the process? The jaws are brought firmly together, the front teeth overlapping each other and the lips pressed together. In this position you have the best possible physical illustration of a stiff upper lip. It always goes with the firmly set jaw, and you really can not have one without the other. As long as you can keep your mouth in that position, you are good for a stiff upper lip. But with strong emotion wrestling for the mastery and demanding outlet, it is not so easy as you might think to keep the jaws firmly set. The

heart, the eyes, the throat, the chest, all cry out against it. Even the chin, the nose, and the eyebrows, join in the protest. In a state of excitement they are all enemies to the keeping of a stiff upper lip, and if they can gain over the tongue to their side, they usually win the victory. Some people never keep stiff upper lips, and the physical impossibility is typical of the moral one. Others, again, keep them habitually too stiff. But these are in the minority. More fine faces are spoiled by an undecided look about the mouth and chin, caused by never bringing the jaws firmly together, than rendered grim by keeping them habitually too closely locked.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

PRISON REFORM.

FOR a third of a century we have been from time to time pressing upon the attention of the public, through this publication, and by lectures and otherwise, the necessity of a wiser and better system of penal government. Prisoners have been huddled together like sheep, and treated worse than beasts in many instances; and, instead of the prison being a reformatory, it has been scarcely more than a school of vice.

In July last there was assembled in London a most remarkable convention. It was an International Congress called for the purpose of considering the prevention and repression of crime.

Our Government sent as its delegate Rev. Dr. E. C. Wines. More than twenty different nationalities were officially represented in that Congress by delegates appointed by their respective Governments, and fully one-half of the States of the American Union were represented specially by commissioners appointed by their several executives under legislative authority. Besides the official delegates, a large number of commissioners were present from many different countries, from national committees of boards of directors of prisons and reformatories, from prison societies, from

special commissions on penitentiary reform, from societies of jurists, from the law departments of universities, and from the Institute of France, which deputed three of its members to represent it in the Congress. From Massachusetts our friend, Dr. Nathan Allen, the first editor of the *AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, was a delegate.

Most of the Governments represented in the Congress forwarded official reports on the prison systems of their respective countries in reply to a series of interrogatories prepared and previously submitted to them by Dr. Wines, the national delegate from America. Questions of the greatest interest and importance connected with the organization and management of prisons came before the Congress, and were discussed with signal ability and with marked breadth and comprehensiveness of thought and purpose.

The reports furnished by the different Governments to the Congress will be employed as a basis for presenting correct information on the subjects considered in a general report. Dr. Wines himself says that his final report will be divided into four parts, viz.:

"Part 1 will offer a complete *résumé*, arranged in subjects, of the information fur-

nished in the official reports submitted to the Congress from the different countries, thus giving at a glance a comparative view of the present state of prison discipline and the progress of prison reform, in the leading nations of the world.

"Part 2 will review and condense the proceedings of the Congress, giving the gist of the debates and the great currents of opinion and argument developed in them.

"Part 3 will embody the results of personal observations and inquiries in relation to the prisons and reformatories of Europe.

"Part 4 will be an attempt to deduce, from all that has gone before, its appropriate lessons, and to state them in the form of suggestions and recommendations."

This Congress is practically an official international opening of this great question: How shall the vicious classes and those who stumble into vice ignorantly or unwillingly be treated? Shall they be regarded as outcasts and outlaws, with no claim on society but to suffer the penalty of its code? or, shall they be treated as patients needing reform and moral healing, and be instructed in the better way of living by humane and intelligent methods, that shall awaken their better nature, which, from lack of proper training, has been permitted to remain dormant? If our hospitals simply shut up the sick to keep them for a time away from the healthy portion of the community; if the patients were sentenced for so long for small-pox, and so long for dyspepsia, and so long for a broken leg or for consumption, and then

without being cured, were turned out into the community to scatter their infectious diseases, the system would be analogous to our system of prison discipline. If sick persons are treated with a view to heal them in the hospitals, why should not prisoners be treated with a view to their reform? When Phrenology is better understood, prisoners will be classified according to their moral and intellectual rank, and will be instructed and treated according to their dispositions and characters, inherited or acquired; and then we may hope that all criminals who enter prisons will be improved while remaining there, and that those who are not fit to go at large will be protected from temptation by prison walls and benefited during their lifetime by humane treatment, and the public at the same time be protected by means of the same walls from the depredations of the incorrigible.

We hail the "good time coming," when the charlatantry and quackery of treating prisoners shall be superseded by Christian principles and an intelligence enlightened by the true science of mind. And it is quite as much in the interest of general society as of the prisoners themselves that we entertain this glorious hope.

We very much regret that this International Congress ignored the important question of Capital Punishment, which is forcing itself upon the attention of civilization, and we doubt not that when another similar convention shall assemble that topic will receive the attention it deserves.

THE LATE GENERAL MEADE.

AMONG the many distinguished Americans whose recent death has startled the public mind, and drawn from all sides fervent expressions of regret, and from the journalistic world volumes of panegyric, is Gen. George G. Meade, eminent alike for his sterling qualities of character and for his military talents. He died early in November last, at his residence in Philadelphia, from the effects of an attack of pneumonia.

He was descended from an old Philadelphia family whose origin is said to have been Irish, and of whose members one took an act-

ive and influential part in the War of the Revolution. He, however, was born at Cadiz, Spain, on the 31st of December, 1815, where his parents were temporarily residing. Soon after this beginning of existence, his parents returned to Philadelphia, and at an early age he was sent to the boys' school in Washington, D. C., at that time conducted by Mr. Chase, now Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He afterward attended a military school at Mount Airy; and in September, 1831, entered the Military Academy at West Point. After

graduating in the summer of 1835, he joined the regular army as brevet second lieutenant of the 3d Artillery, and at the end of the year became a full second lieutenant; but in the October following he resigned his position, and retired from the service, taking up

and served with credit, receiving in 1846 the rank of first lieutenant by brevet for gallant conduct at the siege of Monterey. Peace having been concluded, he became employed in supervising river and harbor improvements, and in constructing light-houses on



the profession of a civil engineer. The principal work to which he gave his services was on the North-Eastern boundary line. In 1842 he was reappointed to the army with the rank of second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and when war was declared against Mexico he was ordered to the field,

Delaware Bay and off the coast of Florida. He was appointed first lieutenant in 1851, captain in 1856, and major in 1862.

The reputation enjoyed by Gen. Meade as a soldier was earned chiefly in the late Civil War, and on account of the recent occurrence of that terrible conflict we may be

excused from giving an elaborate recital of his connection with it.

At the commencement of the war Major Meade was at Detroit, Mich., engaged in the national lake survey. He was ordered to report at Washington, and, on the 31st of August, 1861, received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, with an assignment to the command of the Second Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. He took part in McClellan's memorable advance on Richmond, and during the Seven days' fight was struck by a ball, which caused a severe and painful wound. He soon recovered, and in September, 1862, took command of a division in Reynolds' First Army Corps, which he conducted with great skill and bravery during the Maryland campaign. At Antietam his Reserves occupied a position in the hottest and thickest of the fight, and when Gen. Hooker had been wounded, Gen. McClellan placed Gen. Meade in command of the corps which had just been deprived of its gallant leader. During this action he received a slight contusion, and had two horses killed under him. He received the appointment of Major-General of Volunteers on the 29th of November, and took part in the battle of Fredericksburg (December, 1862) displaying admirable coolness and courage during the engagement. In the same month he was placed over the Fifth Corps, which, after being engaged throughout the battle of Chancellorsville, covered the retreat of the beaten army, and guarded the crossings until the whole army was safely over the river.

In June, 1863, when Lee was advancing swiftly up the Shenandoah Valley to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, Gen. Meade was suddenly called upon to succeed Gen. Hooker in the command of the Army of the Potomac, numbering 100,000 men. He advanced through Maryland on parallel lines with Lee's army, which on the first of July struck the head of Meade's column under Gen. Reynolds, near Gettysburg. The fight for position which occurred, and which resulted in the defeat and death of Reynolds, and the retirement of his column through Gettysburg to a strong position south of the town, is generally spoken of as the first day's fight of the great battle which ensued at Gettysburg. The whole army was advanced to this position

during the night, and the next day Sickles' corps went into action only to be driven back, the day closing with marked advantage on the side of the Confederates. The third day opened with an advance of the Union right under Slocum, who retook the ground he had lost, and rested upon it. Soon after the Confederate artillery opened, plowing the Union lines for two hours, until the massive Confederate column of assault emerging from behind the batteries pressed swiftly upon the Union lines, but was repulsed with great slaughter.

This reverse decided the day in favor of the Union forces. General Meade displayed masterly ability throughout the engagement; the maneuvering on both sides was splendid, and forms one of the most magnificently terrible passages in the whole drama of the war.

The cost of the Union success in this battle, or rather, series of battles, was well indicated in Gen. Meade's careful report of the loss experienced by his army, viz: 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, 6,643 missing.

Gen. Meade was promoted to be a Brigadier-General of the regular army by a commission dated July 3, 1863. About the 18th of July he moved his army across the Potomac into Virginia, where he had several skirmishes with the enemy in October and November. He was second in command of the Army of the Potomac in its operations against Richmond in 1864. "I tried as far as possible," observed Gen. Grant, "to leave Gen. Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac. My instructions for that army were all through him, and were general in their nature, leaving all the details and the execution to him. The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right man in the right place." The army of which he had immediate command fought great battles at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court-house, and Cold Harbor, and was employed many months in the siege of Petersburg. In August, 1864, he was appointed a Major-General of the regular army. He was placed in command of the Third Military District, comprising Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, in 1867, and was subsequently appointed commander of the Atlantic Military Division, having its headquarters at Philadelphia.

In appearance Gen. Meade was thoroughly the soldier; he was tall, and walked with

head erect and shoulders "in line." Phrenologically and physiognomically he possessed the evidences of broad and deep intelligence, earnest circumspection, clear judgment, remarkable steadiness of will, and persistency of opinion, and an energetic executive spirit. His intrepidity was not distinguished by fire and enthusiasm so much as by cool de-

liberation and persevering action. He aimed not for display, but to perform what he deemed to be his duty and what was demanded by coincident circumstances. His disposition and mental traits generally won many friends, and in Philadelphia, his paternal home, the members of a large circle consider his loss as a personal bereavement.

STEAM vs. HORSE POWER.

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

SO far as the use of horses for transporting freight and passengers is concerned, it may now be said: "The horse has had his day." Stages will do but little of the passenger traffic in the near future. Railways, with the locomotive, will take their place. Canal boats are to be towed by steam. Ploughing on a large scale is to be done by steam—steam wagons will be used on public highways, and our city street railway cars will be propelled by steam engines. At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Association of New York, a paper on "Traction Engines; the past, present and future of Steam on Common Roads," was read by Prof. R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. The paper was mainly devoted to an account of experiments made by the Professor with two traction engines, or road locomotives, at South Orange, New Jersey, in October 1871. The following is a *resumé* of the facts established by the experiments:

1. A traction engine may be so constructed as to be capable of being easily and rapidly maneuvered on the common road and in the midst of any ordinary obstructions. 2. Such an engine may be placed in the hands of the average mechanic or even of an intelligent youth, aged sixteen, with confidence that he will quickly acquire, under instruction, the requisite knowledge and skill in its preservation and management. 3. An engine weighing rather more than five tons may be turned continuously in a circle of 18 feet radius, without difficulty and without slipping either driving-wheel, even on rough ground, and may be turned in a roadway of a width only slightly greater than the length of the locomotive, by proper maneuvering. 4. A road locomotive, weighing 5 tons 4 cwt., has been constructed, which is capable of drawing, on a good road, more than 2,300 pounds, up the almost unexampled grade of 533 feet to the mile, at the rate of four miles an hour. 5. Such a locomotive may be made, under similar con-

ditions, to draw a load of more than 63,000 pounds up a hill rising 225 feet to the mile, at the rate of two miles per hour, doing the work of more than 20 horses. 6. The action of the traction engine upon the road is beneficial, even when exerting its maximum power, while, with horses, the injury to the road-bed is very noticeable. 7. The co-efficient of traction is, with such heavily-laden and roughly-made wagons as were used at South Orange, and under the circumstances noted, not far from four per centum on a well-made macadamized road. 8. The amount of fuel, of good quality, used may be reckoned at less than 500 pounds per day, where the engine is a considerable portion of the time heavily loaded, and, during the remaining time, running light.

The running expenses and first cost of steam carriages were proved to be less than the first cost and running expenses of a number of horses capable of doing the same amount of work.

Put that with the following: The progress of iron industry in the United States has never been in so flourishing a condition as at the present day. In Pennsylvania more iron is now produced than by all the combined furnaces of England and the Continent of Europe, and yet the demand is far greater than the supply. It is stated that in the valleys of Eastern Pennsylvania there averages a furnace for every five miles, and still millions of dollars are being invested in further extension and development of the iron industry. All the iron workers are reaping golden harvests. Pig iron can be produced at an average first cost of from \$13 to \$17 per ton, according to location and conveniences at hand. A clear profit of from \$35 to \$45 per ton is made, and when the produce ranges from one to two hundred tons per day, the aggregate gain of a day's business can be readily calculated. This very encouraging state of affairs is considered to be due in part

to the fact of the country being thrown upon its own resources, England having discontinued shipping pig metal hither altogether, because, under the present state of the market in Europe, she can not afford to do so. In the cheap times of the Kingdom, ore was plentiful and labor was to be had at very little cost. Now the mines are old and well worn; native ore is rare and labor at advanced rates, so that Spanish ore is imported, which, by the time it reaches English furnaces and is smelted by English labor, is advanced fully 100 per cent. over the first cost of produce. One of the most prominent operators in Pennsylvania publishes the information that for the first time in the history of this country, America has shipped iron to England with advantage.

Our supply of ore is unlimited. In nearly every State new veins are being developed, and in almost every case an accompanying discovery of coal is announced. The track of furnaces will eventually find its way to Western Virginia, thence to Texas, and in time we may look to the Territories of the great West for our valuable pig metal. Probably the largest iron ore beds in the world are in Wyoming Territory, which are not yet touched. This year's produce of iron, there is every reason to believe, will exceed that of last year by fully a million tons, and if the producing capacities continue in like proportion with the present increase, the following years will swell the figure by two or three millions more.

It is stated on the authority of recent statistical reports that the annual value of iron manu-

factured in this country is \$900,000,000; the wages of labor engaged upon it must exceed \$600,000,000; and the number of workmen employed in it is 940,000. Allowing the usual average of members to the workmen's families, one-tenth of the entire population of the United States may be said to be dependent upon the production and manufacture of iron for support.

We shall not only build our railway tracks of iron, we shall yet build our cars, carriages, all ships, and even our dwelling-houses in a great part of iron, so that the last will contain much less inflammable material than now.

The inventor, with his diamond drill and diamond saw, his chemistry, geology, and his electricity, will yet discover or invent means by which most of our hand labor will be performed by steam, by wind, and by electricity,—agents altogether inexhaustible.

The late horse influenza, by which our industries were so seriously interrupted, has quickened the inventive faculty of our people, and we shall be less and less dependent on the horse for service than at present. We say nothing of the possibilities of balloons or flying machines, but keep to the real. By developing more fully and perfectly our mental faculties, we shall be enabled the more readily to understand and apply all the powers and agencies of nature to our purposes. By cultivating ourselves, and coming into a closer *rapproch* with the Creator, we shall attain to all knowledge, and become what we were intended to be, "sons of God, joint heirs with Christ," having been created in His image. "Let us look up."

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE UNPARDONABLE OFFENSE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

ONCE upon a time is the way all the fairy stories commenced in "auld lang syne." Now this is a *true* story—a *very* true story, indeed—but it is all about a very precise man and a very precise woman, so I wish to begin in a very precise manner.

Not that this man and woman were husband and wife. Heaven forbade such a chance, in pity to the rising generation.

Neither were they relatives, or even friends. I think, on the contrary, there was always a secret antipathy between them, or, as cautious people sometimes say, "there was no love lost."

Mr. Caleb Strong—it would never do to omit the title—always looked as if he had passed from his bathroom to the most elaborate hair-dresser, and then to the most fashion-

able tailor, not forgetting the latest style of hat and boot, by the way. All this accomplished without traversing muddy streets; add thereto a stereotyped smile and carefully deliberate enunciation, and you have a tolerably accurate likeness of Mr. Caleb Strong.

Mrs. Prudy Primitive was also a model of precision, in her way; but her way was very different from the way of Mr. Caleb Strong. Whereas, he prided himself upon his most immaculate attire, she equally delighted herself with immaculate housekeeping.

Her abode always looked as if she had just finished spring cleaning, with an old-maid sister to help, and no children to disarrange. Having been married, at the mature age of thirty-five, to a man who always remembered the scraper and door-mat, and never having received the, to her, somewhat doubtful blessing of a little child, this was, of course, comparatively easy. Her most noticeable fault was forgetfulness of that invariable copy in our school writing-books, "Circumstances alter cases."

I said before that there seemed to be a secret antipathy between Mr. Caleb Strong and Mrs. Prudy Primitive. If so, it was carefully concealed, or, rather, overlaid with an elaborate coating of civility.

Common civility is an excellent thing, even if it do not rise to the height of that true courtesy which is but another name for kindness, forbearance, and a multitude of other Christian graces. For it oils many a creaking hinge, softens many a harsh tone, removes many a stumbling-stone from the path of our common life. Many persons of a really kind disposition inflict much of needless pain through a want of attention to its dictates. Some even pride themselves upon this inattention, and think themselves uncommonly sincere, when they are only uncommonly rude.

One of the latter class was Mrs. Prudy Primitive, so that the civility which bridged the chasm between her and Mr. Caleb Strong was the sole property of the latter, and maintained only by his vigilant care. Why he should have cared to preserve the frail structure was a mystery to all but the favored few. Those who saw how often his aristocratic boots betook themselves across that bridge

to the favorite place in her sitting-room, where he sat and solemnly exchanged platitudes with Mrs. Primitive, while pretty Miss Priscilla, the orphan niece, flitted in and out in sweet unconsciousness of his admiring glance, alone could solve the riddle.

Miss Priscilla was a "mere child," in the eyes of Mrs. Primitive, just twenty years old, too young to commit matrimony, for she had herself waited until thirty-five, wisely, she thought, giving half a lifetime to each state, and thus giving to each a fair trial.

Besides, it did not comport with the fine sense of fitness innate in every good housekeeper to wed May with November, and, despite his trim wig and carefully preserved appearance, Mr. Caleb Strong would never see three times fifteen again. She loved the little maiden as well as she could love another's child, and intended always to care for her as for a daughter, so she very coldly received Mr. Strong's frequent visits.

It seemed impossible, however, to offend him by anything short of downright rudeness, until at last an event occurred which dashed the bridge of civility at once to the bottom of the gulf, and left it yawning too widely for the polished boots to cross.

Passing down Main Street one "awfully" hot August day, Mrs. Primitive espied the precise bachelor just emerging from the door of his hotel for a loitering walk. From the top of the aforesaid hat to the tips of the aforesaid boots he was gotten up with care and nicety. His laundress must have been a model among laundresses, and his tailor a miracle of his kind.

Our heroine wished to avoid him by studying a shop window most intently, but it was a useless endeavor. Extending his hand, or, rather, the tips of his lady-like fingers, he greeted her with his usual elaborate cordiality, and informed her of what she had discovered hours before, that it was "an exceedingly warm day."

Upon how many more interesting remarks his genius might have ventured it is impossible to say, for Mrs. Primitive had now made another discovery, one which filled her soul with horror.

It was a splendid specimen of the creature known to entomological science as *Cimex lectularius*, and defined by Webster as "A

troublesome insect, of an offensive smell, which infects the crevices of bedsteads, etc." Forth from the pocket of the faultlessly white vest it emerged, and traversed slowly toward the shining folds of finest linen. What a sight for a housekeeper's eye! What self-control must she not have possessed to suppress a slight scream and an "Oh, Mr. Strong!"

Mrs. Primitive either did not possess that self-control, or she was not in a mood to exercise it. She did not suppress the scream nor the exclamation.

Mr. Strong looked in the direction of her eye and finger. He dashed the insect upon the sidewalk. He crushed with a tread that would have crushed Mrs. Primitive had she been in the insect's place. He looked at her with a gaze that should have annihilated her, but she still lives. He turned and walked hurriedly away, without the utterance of a syllable. That look was enough.

Many years have passed since then, but neither in his favorite resort, her own sitting-

room, nor upon the crowded thoroughfare of the city, nor in his usual summer resorts, has Mr. Caleb Strong been seen by Mrs. Prudy Primitive.

The "mere child," Priscilla, has become a young woman, and sometimes jestingly cautions her aunt not to frighten away any more of her beaux, as she did the first one, lest she have her left "an old maid" in the family.

Her aunt does not appear to be fearful of such a result, for she only smiles at the allusion. When, however, Priscilla defends herself from reproof for screaming at the sight of a mouse by saying, "Well, aunt, you once screamed at the sight of a much smaller animal," she replies, with a housekeeper's horror: "Only to think, if I had not met him, he would have brought that bedbug right into my sitting-room; and you know he always sat down here on this sofa. Who knows what trouble that one bug might have made." Then Priscilla laughs, and echoes—"Who knows?"

AGRA AND THE TAJ.*

WHEN a keen observer travels and, fortunately having the requisite culture and talent, writes a good description of what he has seen, he lays all who stay at home under a lasting obligation to him. For the last quarter of a century that eminent delineator of scenes and incidents, Bayard Taylor, has conferred on the reading public a great benefit by way of useful information, and given the stayers at home many a pleasant journey without the dust, weariness, and expense of travel. Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York, has recently been around the world, and those who read the admirable book he has written, and which the Messrs. Harper have brought out in their best style, will wish there were "another world" for him to circumnavigate. By the courtesy of the publishers we present to our readers one of the elegant engravings which adorn the work; and, to give a specimen of the quality of the book, we insert the description which accompanies the engraving:

From Lucknow we returned to Cawnpore, and took the cars of the East India Railway

for Agra. Agra, or, as it was once called, Akbarabad, first rose to importance in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and from 1526 to 1658 it was the capital of the house of Timour. Here, for more than a century, the Moguls lavished their wealth on costly buildings to be occupied while they lived, and erected still more costly structures in which to repose after they were dead.

The fortress, which is a mile and a half in circumference, and which contains the palace, was built by the Emperor Akbar. It stands upon the banks of the Jumna, the massive walls on the river side being sixty feet in height, and commanding a magnificent view of the river and country. When it was built it was a fortress of immense strength, but the mode of warfare has changed in modern times; it would not now be regarded as impregnable. It served, however, as a shelter to the European families during the four or five months of the mutiny in which they were shut up and shut out from all communication with the rest of the world, but kept secure from the hordes of mutineers that swarmed around them. Nearly six thousand refugees from the city and the neighboring country were thus protected.

As a specimen of the manner in which the

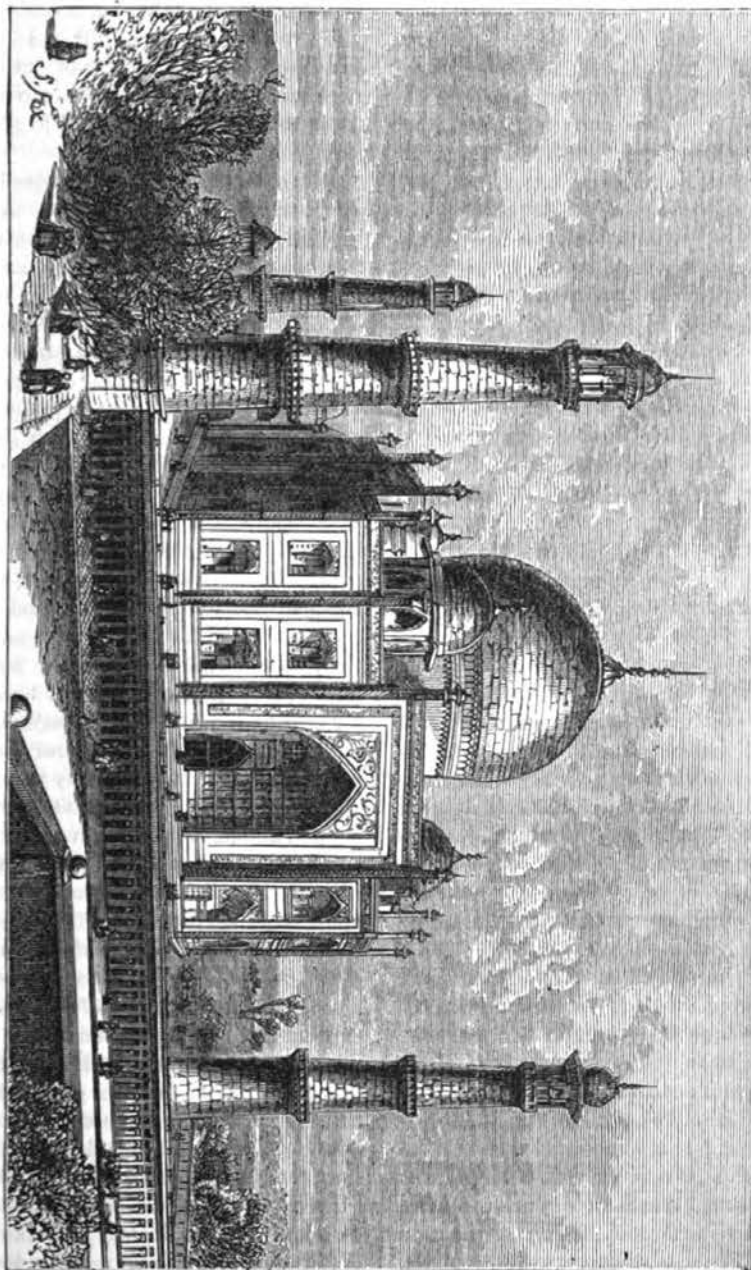
* AROUND THE WORLD:—Sketches of Travel through Many Lands and over Many Seas. By E. D. G. Prime, D.D. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers, 1872.

old emperors were accustomed to fortify their palaces, it may be mentioned that when Agra was taken by the British in 1803, among the spoils found within the fort was a cannon of twenty-three inches bore, the metal eleven and

into fragments by the orders of a British officer, who perhaps had some fear that he might live long enough to feel the weight of one of its balls.

The entrance to the fortress is strongly pro-

THE FAMOUS MAUSOLEUM OR "TAJ" OF AGRA.



a half inches thick at the muzzle, fourteen feet and two inches in length, and weighing ninety-six thousand pounds. It carried a ball of cast-iron weighing fifteen hundred pounds. This stupendous piece of ordnance was blown

tected by towers and passages elaborately constructed, such a gateway as none but a powerful assault could force. We drove through it into the grand court, and, alighting, entered the Diwan-i-maun, the ancient judgment-hall in

which the Mogul emperors dispensed justice after the manner of the times. Strange as well as splendid scenes had passed within those walls, when an empire rich beyond all precedent yielded its immense revenues to fill the coffers and swell the state of those despotic monarchs.

The palace stands in the same inclosure, one portion of its walls, with its stone balconies, overhanging, at a dizzy height, the walls of the fort itself. It was built by Shah Jehan, grandson of Akbar, and, like every thing in architecture that he undertook, was executed at immense expense and in exquisite taste. This emperor celebrated his accession to the throne by a festival which, according to Khafi Khan, cost more than fifteen millions of rupees (a sum equal to \$7,500,000); and although he expended hundreds of millions on costly structures and their adornment, and hundreds of millions more upon his army, he had in his treasury, when he died, more than \$100,000,000 of coined money, besides a vast accumulation of the precious metals in bullion, jewels, and precious stones.

The palace was laid out upon a scale of great magnificence, designed alike for the entertainment as well as the luxurious living of its inmates. One of the court-yards was arranged in mosaic for a game resembling chess, in which the men, living persons, made the moves according to the order of the emperor and his guests, who were seated in the fretted marble balconies above. The bath, a suite of marble rooms, was set with thousands of convex mirrors, which multiplied the artificial lights by myriads, making it a scene of splendor indescribable.

The *Motee Musjid*, or Pearl Mosque, standing near the Judgment Hall, is an exquisite specimen of architecture and of the sculptor's art, of the finest marble, the interior carved in flowers and vines, chaste and simple, but surpassingly beautiful. It is not alone the Pearl Mosque; it is the pearl of mosques, unequaled in purity and beauty by any similar structure.

But all that we had seen in the forts of Akbar and the palace of Shah Jehan was eclipsed by another structure, the most sublime and beautiful that now stands upon the face of the earth. This, I believe, is the unqualified testimony of every one who has seen the Taj.

About a mile to the south of the fort at Agra, upon the right bank of the river Jumna, lies a beautiful park, about a quarter of a mile square, planted with the choicest trees, and shrubs, and flowers of the East. More than

eighty fountains, scattered along the avenues of this park, throw their jets into the air, which sparkles with the falling drops as with a shower of diamonds. It is surrounded by a high wall, and guarded by a magnificent gateway, a building fifty or sixty feet in height, which, with any other surroundings, would be studied and admired for its architectural grandeur, and the beauty of its carving and mosaic ornamentation. No one would imagine it to be simply the portal to greater beauty and grandeur, but such it is.

We enter beneath this majestic arch, and find ourselves within the park. A broad avenue, skirted with lofty cypresses, acacias, and other Oriental trees, and tanks of aquatic plants and *jets d'eau*, reveals at its extremity an object which at once rivets the eye, and steals over the heart like a strain of delicious music, or like the melody of sublime poetry. It is the Taj, the peerless Taj, the mausoleum erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan as the tomb of his favorite begum, Noor Mahal, in which they now sleep side by side. She died before him in giving birth to a child, and it is stated that, as she felt her life ebbing away, she sent for the emperor, and told him she had only two requests to make: first, that he would not take another wife and have children to contend with hers for his favor and dominions; and, second, that he would build for her the tomb he had promised, to perpetuate her memory. The emperor summoned the medical counselors of the city to do everything in their power to save her life, but all in vain.

Shah Jehan, who was devotedly attached to her, at once set about complying with her last request. The tomb was commenced immediately, and, according to Tavernier, who saw its first and last stones laid, it was twenty-two years in building, with twenty thousand men constantly occupied upon it. It cost, in actual expense, in addition to the forced labor of the men, more than three hundred lacs of rupees, or about fifteen millions of dollars. Such a building, including the cost of materials, could scarcely be erected by paid labor at the present time, even in India, for \$50,000,000.

As this building is acknowledged by every traveler to be unrivaled, and the sight of it declared by many to be worth a journey round the world, I will give a more minute description of its situation and its prominent features.

At the extremity of the beautiful park or Oriental garden of which I have spoken, on the river side rises a terrace of red sandstone twenty feet in height, and a thousand feet

broad. The walls of the terrace on all sides are of hewn stone, and its surface is paved with the same material. At the extreme left of this terrace stands a magnificent mosque, an appendage to the main structure, the Taj. It is the place of prayer for the faithful, who come to visit the tomb of the favorite of the Mogul emperor. This building alone must have been very costly, but as it would destroy the symmetry of the grand mausoleum by occupying one side of the central building, the emperor had another mosque, a perfect counterpart, erected on the opposite extremity of the terrace, a thousand feet distant, of no use excepting as a *jowab*, or answer to the first. The one is held as a sacred place; the other, in the eyes of a Mohammedan, has nothing sacred about it; it is simply the complement of the first.

On the lofty terrace of sandstone rises another terrace of pure white marble, its walls of cut stone laid as regularly as the courses of a marble building. This terrace is three hundred feet square. At each of its four corners there stands a circular marble minaret, about twenty-five feet in diameter, diminishing in size until at the height of a hundred and fifty feet it is crowned with an open cupola, commanding a magnificent view of the Taj with its surroundings, of the River Jumna, the city and fort of Agra, and of the adjacent country. I ascended to the top of one of these minarets, and had photographed upon my memory a view which I am sure no time can dim.

In the center of this marble terrace, equidistant from the four lofty and graceful minarets, stands the building which for more than two centuries has been the admiration of every eye that in all that period of time has rested on it. It is an octagon, or it might perhaps be more correctly described as a square with each of the four corners slightly cut off, and is crowned with a high swelling dome, having the gracefulness of outline which seems to have been an inspiration in the Mohammedan and Oriental styles of architecture. The building is one hundred and fifty feet in diameter; the crescent upon the summit of the dome nearly two hundred feet above the pavement. The structure is built from foundation to topstone of the purest marble, so perfect in its preservation and so unspotted in its whiteness that it looks as if it might have been erected only yesterday. Standing upon its marble pedestal, it vies in purity with the clouds that are floating by. A cupola of the same material rests upon the roof on each side of the dome. The exterior of the building is carved in graceful de-

signs, the front elaborately wrought, but in such perfect taste as to fill the eye like a picture in colors. No description will convey to the mind any idea of the effect of the engraving on the arched doorway. It is elaborate, but not florid, giving to the solid marble almost the lightness of a cloud. Indeed, the whole building, as you look upon it, seems to float in the air like an autumn cloud.

Let us enter—but breathe softly and tread gently as you step within. It is the sleeping chamber of Noor Mahal, the cherished wife of the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan, and here, beneath this magnificent dome, they lie side by side, each in a couch of almost transparent marble, set with precious stones, and wrought exquisitely in tracery of vine and flowers. Nowhere else has human dust been laid away to slumber in such superb repose—so beautiful, so silent, so sacred, so sublime. In such perfect, exquisite taste is every thing within as well as without, that it is more like a creation than the work of man. The whole interior, which is lighted only from the lofty doorway, is open from wall to wall, and from the pavement to the summit of the dome, with the exception of a high marble screen standing about twenty or thirty feet from the outer wall, and extending entirely around the building. This is cut in open tracery, so as to resemble a curtain of lace rather than a screen of solid marble. One who has seen the veiled statue of a master artist can appreciate the deception, if deception it can be called where none was intended.

The sarcophagi containing the remains of the empress and her faithful lover, the Mogul emperor, lie in the crypt below, which is reached by a marble stairway. That of the former has inscribed upon it, in the graceful Arabic characters, "MOONTAJ-I-MAHAL, RANOO BEGUM" (Ranoo Begum, the Ornament of the Palace), with the date of her death, 1631. The other has inwrought the name of the emperor, with the date of his death, 1666. To this day they are covered with fresh flowers, strewed by faithful hands, in recognition of the fidelity which reared the structure.

Upon the main floor, directly over these marble slabs, and under the canopy of the open dome, stand the cenotaphs, designed simply as the representatives of those below, but carved in tracery and set with gems in no ostentatious or gaudy style, but so beautifully and tastefully that one lingers around them as he stands before some masterpiece of art, never satisfied with looking. Upon the cenotaph of

the queen, amid wreaths of flowers, worked in gemmed mosaic, are passages from the Koran, in Arabic, one of which reads, "Defend us from the tribe of unbelievers." This inscription was made by the Emperor Shah Jehan, who seemed to think no words too sacred to be recorded upon the tomb of one whom he loved so devotedly; but his own son, Aurungzebe, who placed the marble in memory of his father, in accordance with Mohammedan custom, regarded the words of the Koran as too holy to be engraved—the difference between conjugal and filial love. In the same devotion to his wife, Shah Jehan caused the Koran to be inscribed upon the interior of the Taj, in mosaic of precious stones, jasper, lapis-lazuli, heliotrope, chalcedony, carnelian, etc. The whole of the Koran is said to be thus inwrought, and yet it has the appearance of a light and graceful vine running over the walls. With the sentences of the Koran, thus traced upon the marble in such costly material, are interspersed fruits, and flowers, and running vines, all of precious stones inlaid, designed to represent one of the bowers of Paradise in which the emperor had laid the light of his life to sleep her last sleep.

While we were standing beneath that lofty dome, the silence of the tomb reigning even over its exquisite beauty and grandeur, voices at my side commenced singing:

"In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
'Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest."

The singing ceased, but far up in that snow-white vault, as if among the fleecy clouds of heaven, an angel band caught up the strain, not as an ordinary echo of reflected sound, but as if prolonging the notes. It continued as

long as the original song, and at length gradually died away, only as the song of angels would cease to be heard when they enter the portals of heaven. This echo is as marvelous and as celebrated as the Taj itself, and I know not in what building or in what part of the world another like it can be heard.

All this description may seem to the reader simply extravagant, but not if the reader has ever looked upon the building described. Every one who has seen it will simply say that words are powerless to express the ideas which its sublimity and beauty inspire. I could only compare the emotions which it excited to those awakened by listening to exquisite music, and the building to some sublime poem, whose words transport the soul out of itself. The very glimpse of the structure, as I entered the gateway a quarter of a mile distant, and looked down the long avenue of acacias and cypress, was overpowering, and I felt at every step as I drew nearer that I must withdraw my gaze or be overcome. Often, as I stood within the Taj, its silent grandeur was equally overpowering. Moonlight is said to add greatly to the effect of the whole scene, giving to the building the appearance of a cloud-castle built in air.

According to the records, Shah Jehan had planned another structure precisely similar to this for his own tomb, on the opposite side of the Jumna, to be connected with it by a bridge, but he wisely concluded to sleep by the side of his beloved begum.

As we left the Taj and lingered in the park, we found it vocal with the songs of birds. Richly-colored paroquets made their homes along the cornices of the surrounding buildings and upon the gateway, and, by a singular though somewhat sentimental coincidence, the only turtle-doves that I saw or heard in India were two mates that sighed their melancholy notes upon the evening air as a requiem over Shah Jehan and his beloved Noor Mahal.

THE BROKEN SONG.

The mist lay dreaming on the hill,
Soft swept the wind o'er waking flowers;
Couchant, the shades of fleeting night
Lay waiting dawn's first ruddy hours.
No rosy blush, no golden beam,
Yet lighted up the pallid sky;
But stars were fading, and the moon,
Like dying lily, swooned on high.
'Twere all too soon, too whitely fair,
For morning's blush to wake and glow;
'Twas earth adorned with snowy flowers
Ere crimson roses learned to blow.

Yet not too soon for song of bird,
For, gushing, murmuring, sweetly low—
While all the leaves with rapture stirred—
Rose and fainted a wild bird's song.
Sharp and sudden—Oh! suddenly sharp,
Echoed the crash of the hunter's gun;
The sweet notes wailed like rude struck harp,
The wild bird's song was broken.

* * * * *

My life had once a rippling song;
Ah! pure and sweet it swept along;

Now low and slow like murmurs of noon,
 Now soaring aloft to the heart of the moon.
 The morning of life was dawning then,
 Faintly fair as in wildwood glen;
 The lilies bloomed, and stars stooped low,
 To watch, in my world, the roses blow.
 Sharp and sudden—Oh! suddenly sharp—
 Like broken notes from a shattered harp
 My song wailed out its wild farewell,

And a silence deep on my morning fell.
 Dried lilies and stars leaving no token,
 And—woe is me!—my song was broken.

* * * * *
 O, broken songs! O, broken hearts!
 Ye leave us all a sad, sad token.
 Never your last wild cry departs
 From soul of one whose song is broken.

ZOE JOHNSON.



CLARK BRADEN.

THIS gentleman has a head twenty-four inches in circumference, and a development of the chest sufficient to support a head twenty-three inches in circumference. As it is, he is liable always to overdo, and with his ardent vital and mental temperament he inclines to do more than he is able. Such an

organization requires abundant sleep. We seldom find a finer-grained organization. He has both power and smoothness. The features indicate a resemblance to the mother, and those mental dispositions which are more strongly marked in the feminine than in the masculine nature.

The mind inclines to be philosophic, argumentative, and logical. He has very strong imagination, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and also of the beautiful. He appreciates wit and art, poetry and eloquence. He has strong faith on the one hand, which gives him an outreach toward the new and the wonderful, while his strong reasoning power demands proof of all he accepts; and so far as he may, he works out a logical basis for his ideas and his teachings. He has a strong moral brain; is large in the region of Conscientiousness and Cautiousness; loves the truth; believes in justice; regards danger with solicitude, and tries to provide against it. He has Combativeness enough to give him force and courage, and the tendency to discuss questions earnestly and sharply. He is a natural controversialist; enjoys discussion, partly because he likes argument, partly because he has a tendency to oppose, and partly because he is very earnest in his belief, and feels that it ought to be accepted by others. His large Constructiveness makes him ingenious, inventive, inclined to work out new processes for the accomplishment of his purposes, to adopt means adapted to the ends in all things.

He has the right temperament to give him warmth of affection, enthusiasm in the moral and esthetical faculties, and ardor in the expression of his thoughts and feelings. Hence he is a natural orator.

If he guards against over-working, avoids exhausting articles of food, tobacco, and spices, we see no reason why he should not attain to good age and make a high and honorable mark in the sphere in which he is already by no means an inconspicuous worker.

CLARK BRADEN was born in Gustavus, Trumbull County, Ohio, August 8th, 1831. His father came to this country from Ireland when fourteen years of age. His mother was born in Beaver County, Pa., also of Irish parents. She was reared a Covenanter; his father, a Methodist. During Clark's early childhood his parents were both Methodists—both fond of books, and had the reputation among their neighbors of being great readers, and the father a rare fondness for discussion and debate. He was a hard-working mechanic—a mason by trade—and never became rich. During the great anti-slavery

controversy and excitement in northeastern Ohio, Clark's parents passed from the Methodist to the Congregational church, without any special change, we presume, of religious belief or practice. When his parents became residents of Gustavus, the country was new, and dwellings not easily procured by the poor. They were therefore compelled to take up their abode, temporarily, in an unoccupied school-house. Here the subject of our sketch was born.

In that part of the "Western Reserve," in those days, when Clark was born, even a common school education was not easily obtained. But where parents love to read, children are not long kept in ignorance. Clark learned to read when seven years old. At the age of ten he had read the Bible, Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, Shakspeare, and many miscellaneous books. Eight years after this he offered himself to the people of Squatterville, a settlement in the northeast corner of Greene township, in the county of his birth, to teach their children.

His reading, study, and success as a teacher at Squatterville, begat in him a hungering for knowledge and fame, and he then formed a determination to acquire such an education as would entitle him to a diploma as a classical, mathematical, and scientific scholar; and he never rested till the prize was obtained. The difficulties that confronted him were many and great. But for more than ten full years he battled with them, and at last came off conqueror. His own poverty and the wants of those he loved were the chief difficulties. Until Clark was twenty-five years of age he hesitated not a moment to engage in any kind of labor, however hard or disagreeable, if by any means he could attain the object of his fondest aspirations. He taught school in the winter, chopped wood, split rails, built fences, and plowed during spring vacation; threw himself into the harvest field when the summer recess occurred; husked corn, gathered fruit, or did anything that promised to turn him an honest penny during the autumn holidays.

At the age of twenty he tied up all his earthly possessions in a cotton handkerchief and walked forty miles to enter and enjoy the advantages of an excellent academy, then flourishing in Kingsville.

From the age of twenty-three to twenty-five he taught and studied, and saved money enough to aid his sisters to train themselves as teachers. He had the happiness of seeing them thus successfully engaged. At the latter age he married an excellent lady who, like himself, had educated herself for a teacher.

When he had become the father of two sons, his friends thought that the dream of his youth and the ambition of his early manhood, to obtain a collegiate education, had been forever extinguished. An uncle said to a friend that Clark's two boys were the only diplomas he would ever see! In September, 1859, he entered college far in advance of the ordinary students of the freshman and sophomore classes. To relieve his anxieties and to aid him in his studies, his wife returned to her father's, where, by her own efforts and the help of her friends, she took care of herself and her children till Clark had completed his full course, graduating June 18th, 1860, when about twenty-nine years old.

After graduating he became principal of Elgin Academy, Kane County, Ill. He found its condition low—only nineteen pupils. In three years, under his administration, it numbered nearly three hundred. By some maneuvering on the part of nameless persons he was then displaced. The fact becoming known to the people, he was elected Superintendent of all the schools in the county. At the end of the year he resigned and moved to the southern part of the State. At Centralia he became the principal of the graded school in that fine little city. Having a few weeks leisure, previous to the opening of the school—and his disposition to be doing chafing him—he borrowed a working suit and entered the corn field as a laborer. His first two weeks in "Egypt" were made memorable to him by being devoted to cutting corn.

He spent two years in Centralia, teaching, editing a paper, preaching, etc., leaving there to become President of Southern Illinois Christian College, located at Carbondale, Jackson County. On the 1st of October, 1866, he took charge of this institution. He must then have possessed a very hopeful spirit, for the college and all its surroundings were discouraging. It had been so

managed that it had run down very low. He opened with but five pupils. He adjourned for a week to clean up and put things in order. He recommenced with eight pupils, and during the fall session these increased to forty-four. The winter term numbered seventy-five students; during the spring, 105; after a few terms there were 275 enrolled. A normal department was then established, at which there were soon 150 young gentlemen and ladies preparing themselves for the important work of teaching. In fitting up this college and its grounds the President expended from his own private means \$2,000.

It is stated that during the time he was at Carbondale, he did more to raise the standard of education in Southern Illinois than any one in "Egypt." The Southern Illinois Teachers' Association was projected, organized, and carried into successful operation by Mr. Braden.

The religious phases of his life are interesting. At fourteen years of age he began to cherish doubts of the truth of sacred history. From fifteen to twenty-four he was an avowed infidel. He gained his first public notoriety lecturing and debating on the negative side of Christianity. At the latter age he had gained such prominence and influence by his opposition to the Bible, that Calvin Smith, of Bazetta, Ohio, a preacher connected with the Christian Church, considered it his duty to examine publicly and respond to the objections and arguments of young Braden. This he did so well, that the youthful doubter felt the necessity of giving the Scriptures such an examination as he had never before deigned to bestow. He found that he had been opposing much that he thought the Bible taught, but which could not be found on its pages; and excellences dawned upon his mind while engaged in his researches that he had never before discovered in the Bible. In short, he became a convert to Christianity, and forthwith commenced preaching the faith he once sought to destroy. And although for the fifteen succeeding years he has been constantly toiling and struggling for an education and in the endeavor to impart a knowledge of literature and science to others, as well as by his hands to minister to the physical and men-

tal wants of himself and others, yet he has constantly labored in the cause of religion.

While Superintendent of the schools at Centralia, for one year he edited the *Sentinel*, a Republican paper of that place; and while President of the college at Carbondale, he edited a religious paper, called the *Herald of Truth*, that had a very good circulation in Southern Illinois.

For two years or more he has devoted himself almost entirely to lecturing on special themes, and holding public oral debates with atheists, infidels, spiritualists, and various religionists whose teachings he deems contrary to the living oracles of God. Some of these discussions have been published in full.

As has been already shown, he has written and published no small amount of matter, re-

ligious and secular. His style and methods as a writer and reasoner are exhibited well in his "Christianity Defended," a review of R. G. Ingersoll's Oration on "The Gods," a tract on "Are We a Sect?" an article in *The Independent Monthly*, entitled "Woman's Sphere," and an exhaustive paper on "Religion, State and School," in No. XIV. of *The Christian Quarterly*.

These productions, in themselves, evince extensive reading, careful observation, deep reflection, rare capacity for lingual expression, and a profound utterance of personal conviction. Mr. Braden has exemplified in his life the triumphs that may be achieved over poverty and the thousand and one serious obstacles which attend on that condition by a resolute, undaunted spirit.

JOHN WARREN'S IDEAL.

BY EMMA MAY BUCKINGHAM.

WHILE at Seaview, last summer, I formed the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. John Warren, the most interesting and charming couple I ever had the pleasure of meeting. We boarded in an ancient two-story house, whose roof and sides were covered with mossy shingles. It rejoiced in a large yard in front, filled with gnarled apple and quince trees, and beds of old-fashioned flowers. A row of silver maples divided the garden from the sand. There were a few rustic seats near the gate, where we often sat for hours watching the restless waves, which came roaring and thundering over the white, pebbly beach, until they broke within a few feet of us.

It is said that "three are one too many," but I did not feel that such was the case while in their society, for we had many delightful conversations together. I had been an advocate of marrying opposites; but, after noting the almost perfect similarity of temperaments, tastes, and talents, as well as the oneness of thought and reciprocity of feeling which existed between them, I felt obliged to change my mind, for a more happily united pair I never expect to find again in this world. They were both well educated and refined. They not only sketched and painted, but sang and played and conversed well. I once remarked to Mr. Warren that I never

saw two people so much alike as himself and wife, and he answered:

"That is because I married my *ideal*. I will tell you how I found her, and if you do not agree with me that 'marriages are made in heaven,' I shall be greatly mistaken. I had reached the ripe age of thirty-five without falling in love with any one except an imaginary woman. My home, for years, had been in New York City—my profession was that of a journalist. I was a partner in the proprietorship of a certain live periodical, and had, just before the commencement of my story, been elected junior editor. One evening I received a call from the head man of the firm, and, after a lengthy consultation, as he was about to leave, he remarked: 'It strikes me that you are living in single wretchedness too long. You are now abundantly able to support a wife, and as you are a rising young man, can certainly have no difficulty in finding a lady to your taste in your large circle of acquaintances. My advice is, take a partner for life. Good evening.'

"'Thank you,' I soliloquized, 'for your unasked counsel, but I shall never marry unless I can find my *ideal*,' and, taking up my hat, I started for the Academy. A celebrated lecturer was already on the platform. I took my seat and looked toward the speaker, when

the magnetic power of a pair of eyes at my left caused me to turn quickly around, and there I beheld for the first time, in physical presence, the *fac-simile* of the ideal face which had haunted my mental vision for years, rendering me indifferent to all the charms of my lady friends.

"Yes, as true as you live, I have seen those very dark, soul-lit eyes, those firmly-cut, crimson lips, that pure, broad, intellectual forehead shaded with clustering curls. That dark, sparkling, patrician face, with its rich, changing color, had often appeared to me in my sleeping and waking dreams, had smiled at me from amid fitting ember-pictures time and time again, until I had grown so familiar with it that when its owner willed that I should look around, I simply recognized it as the reality of my childhood's, boyhood's, manhood's ideal. As our eyes met, a crimson flush, accompanied by an expression of soul-recognition, flashed over her countenance, and she turned toward the lecturer, but again and again I could *feel*, without looking at her, that her eyes burned upon my face.

"The lecture came to a close, and I lost sight of her in the crowd; but as I rode homeward I knew that somewhere, sometime, I should meet her again—that her future life would be blended with mine. Occasionally a restless longing for her tangible presence took possession of my soul, but my time was so entirely occupied that I had very little leisure for idle day-dreams.

"I was boarding at the A—— House that year, and one evening, several months later, I met a lady in the hall, who, although closely veiled, reminded me of my beautiful dream-wife. That night I dreamed that the hotel was on fire; that my ideal was being burned alive in a certain room—No. 48—on the second floor.

"Suddenly I was awakened by a cry of 'Fire!' sounding through the house. I sprang out of bed and dressed myself, then hastened toward the left wing of the second story, instead of following the terrified crowd down stairs. The impression of my dream was still so strong upon me that all thoughts of self-preservation or personal fear were merged into solicitude for the safety of the unknown lady. I found that the fire had broken out in that quarter, for the hall was filled with a

dense, suffocating smoke. I finally reached No. 48, and found, to my horror, that it was *locked*! As the house was heated by a furnace, I knew that the smoke must have crept up through the flues, and filled the room. I threw myself against the door with almost the strength of a giant, but it would not yield to my half frantic efforts.

"'This is terrible! She will be burned alive! I will creep through the transom!' I cried, and suited the action to the word. I found the lady of my dream lying upon the floor, half way across the room, unconscious from the poisonous gases. The flames were already creeping into the apartment. With a hasty prayer, I thanked God for having sent his angel to warn me of her danger, and then lifted my precious burden and carried it out into the hall; but I remember nothing further, except that we were borne in the arms of strong men, through the crackling flames, into the open air, just as the second floor fell in, sending a crimson shower of sparks around. Then a blank followed, and for some time I lay very near death's door. Recovery came at last, with only a few deep, hideous scars on my breast and arms to remind me of that thrilling adventure.

"I was told that I had received my injuries while rescuing a transient boarder—name unknown—for the books were burned.

"Some months after this the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and I was sent to Germany as special correspondent for our paper. As I was still somewhat weak in health, I was glad of the ocean voyage and change of air and scene. I remained abroad until after the close of hostilities; then concluded to take a little run through Switzerland. At times, however, I felt that my future wife was not far off—as if I were walking in her very footsteps, and breathing the air she breathed.

"One glorious afternoon in autumn, while I was sitting in a charming valley, taking a sketch of Mont Blanc, an uncontrollable longing to behold my ideal once more took possession of my thoughts. It seemed as if she must be near—as if she were somewhere in sight, thinking of me—*looking* at me. My love for her had grown stronger with each passing day. I had never ceased, since I first saw her, to pray for her safety. I felt that I was working for her, improving myself for

her sake. I believed that she was a pure, unselfish, loving, refined woman; that she was beautiful in heart and soul as well as in mind and person.

"Well, as I was sketching, my thoughts took form, and almost before I was aware of the change, Mont Blanc melted into misty clouds, and in its place the face of my unknown smiled up at me from my temporary easel. I was so wholly absorbed in my occupation that I did not notice the approach of a party of American tourists, until one of them, an old college chum, Jim Dalton, slapped me on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"John Warren, as I live, painting your likeness, Cousin Belle! But what a fibber you are; you told me only an hour ago that you had not seen him except in your dreams and once in a crowd!" Then, turning to me, he said, as he grasped my hand:

"I have been following you around from place to place for the past month, but was always a day or two too late to see you. Allow me to present my cousin, Isabel Holmes, and Uncle Timothy, her father."

"I turned toward the lady, and was not surprised to see the *fac-simile* of the pictured face on my canvas. She had caught a glimpse of her likeness, too, and, as our eyes met, a conscious burning blush suffused her cheeks and forehead. We shook hands, and the magnetism of her touch thrilled every nerve in my being with a nameless joy; and when she lifted her glorious eyes to mine I felt that we loved each other with a deathless affection—that I had found the *other half of my life!*

"A striking coincidence," said Jim, as he opened her portfolio and showed me a sketch of myself, which she had drawn from memory that very afternoon.

"I asked where she had seen me.

"At a lecture, almost two years ago, in New York," she answered. She subsequently told me that she had dreamed of seeing me on the preceding night, and had recognized me as the hero of her vision the moment I entered the Academy. "I had a singular clairvoyant perception of your presence at the A—House on the night of the fire, although I did not see you with my natural eyes. Were you really there? And this very afternoon I have felt—for the third time in my life—the cer-

tainty of your nearness to me, for your very thoughts pervaded the atmosphere around us."

"We finished our tour together. Belle returned to her home on the Hudson, to prepare for the wedding, and I went back to my old quarters in New York. Of course, I was very happy, for she had promised to become my wife in the coming spring. It often happened afterward that whenever I was writing to her she was either thinking of me or penning a letter at the same time. No matter how unexpectedly I visited her, she would say, 'Something has told me all day that I should see you to-night, John.'"

"We seemed to influence each other's minds and movements, independently of distance or time; and, incredible as it may seem, could almost always read each other's thoughts.

"One February morning, as I was seated in church, listening to a profoundly impressive sermon, I suddenly seemed to see her standing before me. She was attired in a long, flowing robe, and her abundant black hair, which, you know, ripples and waves to its very roots, fell over her shoulders like a veil. Her face wore the most agonized expression, and her arms were extended toward me pleadingly. The vision vanished in a moment, but for the first time I found that I could not listen to the speaker intelligently. Before the services were over, I hastened to the nearest telegraph office, and sent the following message:

"Belle, is anything the matter?" In reply came the following telegram:

"Yes. Father is dying! Come to us!"

"I went, and found that Mr. Holmes had been seized with a paralytic stroke that morning while getting ready for church. Belle met me in the identical white robe I had seen in the vision. As I passed my hands lovingly over her floating hair, she explained:

"I have not been able to leave father for a minute since he was taken ill. You must excuse my *dishabille*. Strange as it may seem," she said, "when father fell from his chair, I thought that he was dead, and instantly felt such a strong desire for your sympathy that my thoughts must have acted upon your imagination—my will influenced

your own. I can account for it in no other way.'

"He died that night, and after he was at rest in the quiet cemetery beside his wife, who went to heaven long years before, we had a quiet wedding, for Belle was left alone, and needed my protection. We still reside in her cottage on the Hudson."

Mrs. Warren now joined us. She looked so fresh and joyous, and withal so beautiful, in her simple white muslin, with scarlet fuschias in her midnight hair, that I did not

wonder at her husband's lover-like admiration.

You will agree with me that we have all more or less experienced psychological sensations and impressions; and do you not believe that nearly all people of cultured imaginations and delicate organization either have, or have had, their *ideals*? Is it too great a stretch of fancy to believe that all who are worthy will, in the beautiful hereafter, realize the fruition of their fondest dreams?

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Youmans*.

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

CARE has been taken to make the following statements accurate, the best authorities having been consulted in their preparation.

LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

The average length of life is.....	36 years.
One-fourth die before the age of.....	7 "
One-half before the age of.....	17 "
The rich live an average of.....	42 "
The poor.....	30 "
One of 1,000 persons reaches.....	100 "
One of 500.....	80 "
Six of 100 " reach.....	65 "

The average duration of life is greater now than ever before. According to Dupin the average length of life in France from 1776 to 1848 increased 52 days per annum. Macauley states that in 1685 the deaths in England were as 1 to 20; in 1850, 1 to 40. The rate of mortality in 1781 was 1 to 29; in 1853, 1 to 40.

POPULATION.

An able professor of the University of Berlin has lately made the following estimate of the population of the globe:

Europe.....	272,000,000
Asia.....	730,000,000
Africa.....	68,000,000
America, North and South.....	300,000,000
Australia.....	2,000,000
Total.....	1,382,000,000

DEATHS.

The number of deaths per annum, as founded on statistics for 1870 is.....	32,850,000 ¹
The number of deaths per day is.....	90,000
" " " hour is.....	3,750
" " " minute, averages..	62½

BIRTHS.

The average number of births per day is.....	108,000
" " " " hour is.....	4,500
" " " " minute is.....	75

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

The married live longer than the single. The mortality among bachelors between the

ages of 30 and 45 is 27 per cent.; among married men between the same ages, 18 per cent. 78 married men reach 40, while only 41 bachelors arrive at the same age. At the age of 60 the advantage in favor of married life has increased 20 per cent.

OF THE SEXES.

There are more males than females born by 4 per cent. At the age of 20 there are more females than males. At the age of 40 the preponderance is again on the other side, and there are more males than females. At 70 the sexes are again even. Between 70 and 100 years there are 15,300 more women than men, or an excess of 5 per cent. The mortality of women is greatest between the ages of 20 and 40. After 40 years of age the probabilities of longevity, as is shown, are far greater for females than for males.

OF SUICIDES.

Three-fourths of all suicides are males. The greatest number are caused by divorces. The least number are among the married, next the unmarried, next the widowed. One-third of the cases are due to mental diseases; one-ninth to physical suffering; one-tenth to fear of punishment or shame; one-ninth to family quarrels; one-ninth to drunkenness, gambling, etc.; one-twentieth to disappointed love. Of boys under 15 years of age 86 per cent. hang themselves; of girls of the same age 71 per cent. drown themselves. Young men most commonly use the pistol—old men the razor; young women drown themselves—old women use the rope; only one female in 200 uses firearms.

The ratio of suicides, as given by M. Decaisne before the French Academy of Sciences, is as follows: London, one in 175 deaths; New York, one in 172; Vienna, one in 160; while in Paris it has reached the shocking number of one in 72.

OF WEIGHT.

The average weight at birth is 6½ pounds—the weight of males a little exceeding that of females; the extremes of weight at birth are 9 and 12 pounds. At 12 years of age the sexes are of nearly equal weight, after which limit the males are heavier than females. At 20, males average 143 pounds, females 120 pounds. At 35, males reach their ultimate of weight, which is 152 pounds. At 50, females average 129 pounds, having gained but 9 pounds in 30 years. The weight of males at full growth averages 26 times their weight at birth; that of females 20 times. The average weight of all people together is 100 pounds.

Probably the largest and heaviest single family in the world is the Howard family, of Kentucky; and, possibly, there has never at any time existed a parallel to it. In the subjoined table, the accuracy of which may be relied upon, we give both the weight and the height of its members:

Father.....	6 feet 4 inches.....	200 pounds.
Mother.....	6 " ".....	285 "
Thomas.....	6 " 4 ".....	230 "
James.....	6 " 6 ".....	215 "
Sarah.....	6 " 2 ".....	165 "
John.....	6 " 11½ ".....	268 "
Mary.....	6 " 2 ".....	150 "
Elijah.....	6 " 3 ".....	210 "
Matthew.....	6 " 6 ".....	220 "
Elm.....	6 " 6½ ".....	197 "
Daughter.....	6 " 3 ".....	160 "
Total.....	70 feet.....	2,298 "

Computed strength of father and sons, 6,500 pounds. Entire ages, 557 years. Many of the grandchildren of this family are 6½ feet in height, and weigh over 200 pounds.

BRAIN WEIGHT.

The theory that as a given quantity or weight of brains is necessary for the exercise of the mental faculties, therefore all men are provided with an equal quantity, has been latterly exploded. Inquiry has demonstrated that there is a difference in the average brain weight of races and nations, and a still greater difference in that of individuals, as the following facts will show:

English, average weight.....	47.50 ounces.
French.....	44.58 "
Germans, " ".....	42.83 "
" " another estimate.....	44.10 "
Italians, average weight.....	47.00 "
Dutch.....	46.00 "
American (aboriginal races).....	44.73 "
Lapps, Swedes, and Friesians.....	46.63 "
Vedabs and Hindoos, of Asia.....	42.11 "
Mussulmans.....	42.30 "

Khonds, of India (aboriginal).....	37.87 ounces
African races from 38.00 to.....	45.00 "
The Kaffre high, Bushman low (Austrian races).....	40.50 "
Malays and Oceanic races from 39.56 to.....	43.70 "

The maximum weight of the human brain (Cuvier's) is 64.50 ounces; the minimum weight (idiots), 20 ounces.

Average weight, male adult.....	49.50 ounces.
female " ".....	41.00 to.... 47.00 "

The heaviest individual brains on record, next to Cuvier's, are, first:

Daniel Webster.....	64.00 ounces.
Dr. Abercrombie.....	63.00 "
Dupuytren (French surgeon).....	62.50 "

DIVISIONS OF LIFE.

A French statistician has estimated that a man 50 years of age has slept 6,000 days; worked 6,500 days; walked 800 days; amused himself 4,000 days; was eating 1,500 days; was sick 500 days; ate 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs, etc., and drank 7,000 gals. of liquid of all kinds. This amount of liquid would make a lake 300 feet square and 3 feet in depth.

THE NECESSARY DAILY PROPORTION OF FOOD.

Dr. Mott gives the following daily proportion of food as requisite to sustain life healthfully and soundly:

1st Class.—Persons of moderate health and little exercise, 12 to 18 oz. of food, equal to 10 oz. of nutritious matter.

2d Class.—Persons of good health and ordinary labor (mechanics, etc.), 18 to 24 oz. of food, equal to 16 oz. of nutriment.

3d Class.—Persons of sound health, hard labor, and consequent violent exercise, 24 to 30 oz. of food, equal to 22 oz. nutriment.

THE HUMAN MACHINERY.

A fully-developed man has 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk; making a total of 249 bones. Such a frame will contain 15 quarts of blood, weighing two pounds each. Every pulsation of the heart discharges two ounces of blood, which is an average of a hog's-head an hour. The united length of the perspiratory tubes is 28 miles, and they drain from the body an average of 3½ pounds of matter per day, which is five-eighths of all that the body discharges.

The human body contains over 500 muscles. The intestines are 24 feet in length. The finger-nails grow their full length in 4½ months. A man 70 years of age has renewed his finger-nails 180 times. Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown 7 feet 9 inches of nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs together, a total of 77 feet and 6 inches

The heart makes an average of 64 pulsations in a minute, which is 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. Two-fifths of the oxygen inspired disappears with each inspiration, the place of which is supplied by the carbonic gas thrown off by expiration. Thus each adult person ought to consume 45,000 cubic inches of oxygen every 24 hours, and in the same time he generates 18,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas.

Every moment during life a portion of our substance becomes dead, combines with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is thus removed. By this process it is believed that the whole body renews itself every seven years. v. v.

NEW BOOTS.

THIS is a season of the year in which many unfortunates are compelled to "break in new boots," and what a trial it is! How our poor feet are cramped, pinched, and agonized! Unskilled and ignorant shoemakers make coarse, thick cases, with stiff counters and but little "give" to any part; and in these cases we are expected to be comfortable. How vain the thought! Here is a young gentleman—an exquisite; his boots must be made so small, so narrow, and fit so snugly as to be without a wrinkle. A new pair comes home, and on Sunday he goes to church, as is the custom of his family. The short walk thither brings the blood into his feet and causes them to swell, and he begins to groan. When the clergyman has reached his 2dly, and the young man in his new boots is to sit through to the 17thly, what a fearful state he is in! Then, there is to be another hymn, a collection taken, and the benediction, and, after all, when the young man rises to depart, how he limps! He hastens home as well as he can, and, by aid of one or two jacks, extracts his aching feet from their imprisonment. Whether he rails against the shoemaker or against his own swollen feet depends on circumstances. At any rate, he is in any thing but a devotional mood, all on account of his new tight boots. The predicament of a young lady in new and tight shoes is anything but comfortable. She also starts out, not only with tight shoes very much too narrow for her feet, but with those dreadful high heels which pitch her body forward, giving it that uncomfortable attitude called "camel's back," or "Grecian bend." Sometimes these stilted heels catch in the stair-carpet, and down the lady tumbles to the bottom.

She does not like to confess it, but there are bruises here and there, and even if no fatal accident occurs, she may have occasion to remember her fall to the end of her days. Why will she persist in wearing those ridiculously high heels? They are unphysiological, uncomfortable, and a serious impediment to free locomotion. Better, far better, wear the heelless moccasin of the savage than the fashionable shoe of fashionable society to-day. These tight shoes and boots produce large crops of corns, bunions, etc., besides keeping the feet cold or in constant pain. There is no sense in it. The right way to do is to have your boots and shoes made to fit your feet. When you go to be measured, place a sheet of paper on the floor, set your foot firmly upon it and stand erect. Let the shoemaker take a pencil and mark around the foot, taking the exact shape of the bottom of the foot. Then let him measure its thickness with his tape. Then, with a proper last, he can fit the boot or shoe to the foot. This is the only sensible way, and it is scientific.

THE CRITICAL PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.—From the age of forty to the age of sixty, a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all his functions are of the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of Death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to affect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and depends how it is trodden whether it bends or breaks. Gout, Apoplexy and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, the "Turn of Life is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave." The system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has nearly set in.



NEW YORK,
JANUARY, 1873.

WELCOME, 1873.

WE enter upon a new volume and a new year. The past remains only in the record of its events, and blessed are we if that record, in so far as it relates to ourselves, presents a favorable account. The object of life is not selfish gratification: he who lives but for himself, lives quite alone amid the vast aggregate of society; having no sympathy for others, he becomes a subject of contempt or cold disdain, and though he may amass the wealth of Cræsus, his couch is one of bitterness and sordid unrest. No man can ignore the common obligations of his human nature and be happy. "No man liveth to himself."

Who are the happy? Are they not those who

"— share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear?"

If happiness be the chief object of life, it can not be found in the asceticism of solitude, or in the egotism of pride, or in the selfishness of wealth, or in the coldness of intellectuality, but in the warm heart, the generous hand, the considerate judgment, the devotional spirit. If we would have the great Ledger of our past exhibit a balance in our favor, we must be sure that we have so lived that our words, our deeds, and influence have in general ameliorated the condition of others. If we have helped to soothe a

troubled heart, if we have brought some comfort to a wounded and broken spirit, if we have ministered encouragement to one dismayed, dejected mind, we can not but review the incident with satisfaction and joy such as no favor of which ourselves have been the recipient can awaken.

We trust that no reader of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL fears to contemplate his past because of the assurance that the balance sheet will show a sad indebtedness—that the world has given him far more than he has given the world. If any such there be, let the recriminating account stimulate them to make a new start in life. However late it may be, with the opening of a new year let them

"— be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;"

and when, in the procession of the months, the book of 1873 has closed, and the balance sheet made up, they may review it with a calmness and joy hitherto unknown.

Earnestly hoping that the career of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be one of progress and steady development, always reflecting the best features of human life, ever abetting earnest effort for improvement, and eliciting the favorable appreciation and cordial support of its readers, we wish one and all
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

LEND YOUR BOOKS.

"WHAT! and have them returned with corners turned down and dirty thumb marks all through them? or, worse yet, not returned at all, but lost? Is not borrowing books something like borrowing umbrellas? and is not one's book almost a part of himself? My books are my treasures, and I will keep them, if I don't worship them."

The speaker is on the popular side of the question. He but echoes the general sentiment which is entertained by nine in ten of

those who possess a collection; but there is another side to the question. What better are good books than something to eat, to drink, to wear, or than money itself? Do we not seek to share all these blessings with our friends, our neighbors, yea, even with strangers? One of the fashionable modes of entertainment is to give dinners—something to eat—in which the best caterers are employed to produce savory dishes. Hence large sums are expended simply to tickle one's palate—to gratify the appetite. The point we would make is this: there are bright young minds all around us who are hungering and thirsting after knowledge, such knowledge as they themselves could easily extract from good books; indeed, some of our self-made men found the beginning of their advancement in knowledge from the loan of a good book. The case of our Vice-President, Hon. Henry Wilson, is in point. The story runs thus: When a lad, he and another boy were scuffling, perhaps frolicking, on the roadside. A lady came riding by in a carriage, and rebuked the boys. On second thought, a kindly or benevolent impression came over her, and she inquired if the boys could read. One of them promptly answered, "Yes, ma'am." She said, "If you will call at my house" (which was a little further on) "I will lend you a book." The boy accepted the offer, and eagerly wended his way for the prize. The book was obtained and quickly read. It was promptly returned, when another was handed out in its place. It was not long before the lad so grew in favor that he was given the run of the library—permitted to take such books as he pleased and when he pleased. Of course, he kept them clean and returned them promptly. This was the beginning of a new life to the boy. His mind expanded by the new thoughts which he obtained, and he stands to-day a

scholarly statesman, on the topmost round but one in honor of his nation. Suppose, for instance, that this little circumstance had not occurred; that the boy's mind had continued in a listless condition. He might have become a horse-jockey, a gambler, a dissipated vagabond, or worse. Good books may be said to have saved him, and those good books were loaned him by a lady. Think you, good reader, that this woman has not been paid ten thousand-fold for the favor she conferred? And so it is always, though it may not always be openly acknowledged. A favor granted and a favor received are good, if not Godly, acts, and their impression may be said to be everlasting.

Reader, when you have exhausted the contents of a book—when you have read it over and over again—why not permit another to peruse it? It gave you real pleasure, joy, happiness. It will do precisely the same for another, and another. Keep the blessing moving. We are not now speaking of dictionaries, encyclopedias, or books of reference, which one may need to have always at hand. We speak of histories, works on scientific subjects, and general literature. We speak also of magazines and newspapers, which may be read and reread again, and still be preserved. Besides, new ideas are continually displacing old ideas, and what is the use of holding on to *old* ideas? If that doctrine about which so much is preached be true, namely, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, then the one who *lends* the book reaps the *greater* blessing. We believe in this doctrine. We act upon it to the fullest extent of our ability, and we have no book with cobwebs on it, or dust, from want of use. Buy new books. Lend old ones, and new ones, too, after reading, and you will make many a heart swell with thanks and gratitude.

"THE MAN WITH A SECRET."

WE have received from a correspondent in New Zealand a letter containing a newspaper article of four closely-printed columns, setting forth with minute particulars a most extraordinary statement. Our correspondent asks our opinion of the matter.

The slip from the newspaper does not reveal the name or the place of publication, but we infer from some advertisements on the back that it is the *Taranika Herald*, of New Zealand.

The story, in brief, is that one Gregory Summerfield discovered a chemical composi-

tion by means of which he could burn up the world by *setting the ocean on fire*. He met a lawyer in California, announced to him his possession of this fearful agent, and demanded a million dollars, declaring that if it were not soon raised he would make the human race rue it. He argued that planets had been consumed; that the Bible said, "The earth shall burn as an oven, and the elements melt with fervent heat," etc.; therefore, that it was possible that a chemical agent existed which would set the waters of the world on fire. As the story goes, the lawyer, Mr. Leonidas Parker, consulted with several eminent men in San Francisco, and they privately went with Summerfield and saw him burn up a small lake near San Francisco; and, becoming alarmed for the fate of the world and its inhabitants, they tried to raise the million dollars. They succeeded in obtaining subscriptions for only five hundred thousand dollars. They then held a consultation, and decided that a man with such a secret ought not to go at large, any way, and, even if they made him independently rich, the secret might be let out, and they resolved that, though they could raise and pay the money, such a man was too dangerous to live, and that he should die and take the dreadful chemical secret with him.

Parker was selected to put Summerfield out of the way, and accepted the terrible mission. On pretense of going with Summerfield to New York to raise the other half million, Parker and he took passage on the Pacific Railroad, and when they approached a place on the mountains well known to Parker, called Cape Horn, where the train passes a precipice more than a thousand feet high, Parker proposed to Summerfield, in order to get a better view of it, to go out on the platform of the car, and at the proper moment he pushed him off. A wild scream and a mass of fragments on the rocks below were the last of Summerfield, "The Man with a Secret."

Parker, it is stated in the story, was arrested, taken before a grand jury, and after an hour's conference with magistrate, lawyers, and jury, he was discharged. Parker gives this account as a dying confession.

This is a well-told story, and we suspect it is the work of a Bohemian imagination,

woven around the Cape Horn precipice as a text. If such a thing had happened since the Pacific Railroad was finished, the story would have been the talk of the civilized world. It is not so good a story as the celebrated "Moon Hoax," by Richard Adams Locke, in 1833; nevertheless it is well told.

The trouble is, the writer is lame in his chemistry, if in nothing else. It is well known that water may be decomposed by various means—

I. By voltaic electricity, *i. e.*, by passing a galvanic current from a moderate-sized battery through acidulated water, bubbles of gas will be observed rising from the platinum plates which terminate the polar wires, and oxygen, perfectly pure, will be found rising from the plate communicating with the positive or copper pole, and hydrogen, equally pure, rising from the negative or zinc pole. The volume of the hydrogen will be found to be slightly over twice that of the oxygen—thus showing that oxygen and hydrogen combine in proportions of *one* of oxygen and *two* of hydrogen, *by bulk*, to form water.

Therefore, when the gases are mixed in these proportions and ignited by an electric spark, they unite, with explosion, and form water.

II. Water is also decomposed by heat, but a very small quantity of the mixed gases is evolved.

III. Water is decomposed by potassium, which, thrown upon water, takes fire spontaneously; and, uniting with the *oxygen*, burns with a beautiful purple flame, sets the hydrogen free, and leaves an alkaline solution.

IV. Sodium will also decompose water in the same way, but there are no means known by which combustion of large quantities of water could be effected.

It would require an agent as much more easily oxidized than the metal potassium, as potassium itself is more oxidizable than gold or platinum, and it will be plainly seen that the separation of this hypothetical metal (let us call it) from its "oxide," "carbonate," or other form in which it might be supposed to exist in nature, would be practically impossible on account of its high oxidizability, since we see that potassium must be kept under naphtha, or some liquid which contains no oxygen.

If such a metal or agent exists in nature, in all human probability it must forever remain unknown in its pure state. If such substance could be found, it would probably

take all that existed in the world to combust even so small a body of water as Lake Ontario—so we suppose the world is safe for a while longer from human attempts to destroy it.



THE LATE HORACE GREELEY.*

THE unexpected death of Mr. Greeley, on the 29th of November, occasioned a thrill of keen regret throughout America, and finds responsive sympathy across the oceans. The great journalist followed his beloved wife very speedily. The immediate cause of his decease may be attributed, in the first place, to the strain upon his nervous system, induced by the unremitting use of his intellectual faculties during the late protracted Presidential canvass; and, in the second place, to his incessant at-

tentions at the bedside of his dying wife for many sleepless days and nights immediately after his return from that canvass.

The world of journalism, especially, will feel his loss, as it has been wont for the past quarter of a century to point to Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, as the typical model of American newspaper men; while the great heart of the American people will long hold him in remembrance as an earnest, sympathizing friend of the working man. In the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* for July, 1872, a sketch, with portrait, of Mr.

* Our portrait is engraved from a photograph by E. W. Bogardus, the last likeness Mr. Greeley sat for.

Greeley, of considerable length, was published, so that at this time it would be scarcely more than a repetition to furnish details concerning his career. Briefly, then :

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3d, 1811. His mother, whose maiden name was Woodburn, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his father, of English extracolon. All his ancestors were farmers—the Greeleys generally poor ones. His early life was divided between hard labor on the farm and attendance at the district school. He never enjoyed the benefits of a day's teaching in any other than a rural common school, generally from two to four months each winter and summer.

At the age of fifteen he entered the printing-office of the *Northern Spectator* at East Poughkeepsie, Vt., as an apprentice, where he remained more than four years, or until June, 1830, when the paper was discontinued.

Mr. Greeley came to New York in August, 1831; worked as a journeyman during the first year and a half; then, in connection with another young printer, opened an office in which they were moderately prosperous; and, finally, in March, 1834, he issued the first number of the *New Yorker*, a weekly journal devoted to literature and news. This paper was continued seven years and a half, and became very popular, but was never pecuniarily profitable. Mr. Greeley was subsequently the editor of *The Jeffersonian*, and then of *The Log Cabin*; but his great work was the establishment of the *New York Tribune*, the first number of which was issued in April, 1841. In this work he was ably assisted by Thomas McElrath, his partner. The *Tribune* continued under Mr. Greeley's management until his nomination for the Presidency by the Liberal Republican and Democratic parties.

Of him it can most truthfully be said that he was of the people, and spent his life in unremitting effort to benefit the people. The world is the better for his having lived in it.

BELL-WETHERS.

MEN, like sheep, go in flocks, and like them, too, have their bell-wethers. Reader, who is your bell-wether? Whom do you follow? It is quite natural and right that children should have teachers and leaders, and that they should obediently follow as directed, but it is expected that every man who has attained his majority will think for himself, throw off slavish restraints, and, in the sight of heav-

en, emancipate himself. In monarchical countries where the people are "subjects," it is expected that they will follow their king, their queen, their emperor or empress, their priest, or their governor; but in this country we bow only to God. Those whom we appoint to office are simply our servants. Those whom we choose for presidents, senators, representatives, etc., are subject to the people, who select and elect them for a limited period of service. In any case they may be expelled for misbehavior. Taking their cue from old country customs, too many new-comers are man-worshippers, and are led by the nose according to the wills of ambitious men. Here, we have a free press and a free pulpit, with a common school education free to all. Here, we propose that intelligence shall lead, and that no arbitrary will shall for a moment usurp the rights or privileges of American citizens. Reader, who is your leader? or what bell-wether do you follow?

THE BOSTON CALAMITY.

THE autumn of 1871 was made memorable in American history by the widespread devastation and ruin of the Chicago conflagration. Then, a new city, in which the resources and genius of the great North-west are so strikingly illustrated, suffered a calamity which appaled the world, and at first seemed a crushing blow to the "Garden City's" prosperity. The autumn of 1872 has witnessed a similar calamity, although not so damaging in its general effects, in the old historic city of Boston. This later fire broke out in the business section, and despite the united efforts of firemen, citizens, and liberal aid afforded by many towns and cities at greater or less distances from Boston, its ravages were not stayed until the fairest business structures, covering a space of sixty-five acres, had been converted into ruinous heaps. The value of the property destroyed, on account of the mercantile enterprises concentrated in that space, is immense, and approximates one hundred millions of dollars. Vast stores of dry goods, wool, and leather, and over one hundred buildings occupied by upward of two thousand firms, were a prey to the flames.

The difference in the effects, moral and physical, of the Chicago affliction and the Boston catastrophe is well marked. The loss by the former was both commercial and domestic, involving as it did so many private homes and the utter ruin of thousands of the struggling middle class, and the complete beggary of thou-

sands already poor. In the latter the loss falls for the most part upon the well-to-do and rich who are able to bear it. Besides the loss of life in Boston was very small—less than twenty—as compared with the hundred and more victims of the Chicago scourge. It will be remembered how great was the number of the houseless who were forced to live for a time in tents on the Illinois prairie, and whose only subsistence for months was that furnished by the responsive sympathy of the civilized world. The

too, the fine museums of literature, science and art, were not reached by the fierce flame. One historic building, however, the old birth-place of Franklin, has been swallowed up.

The experience of the two tremendous calamities just considered, that of Boston particularly, teaches us that we have not yet solved practically the problem of fire-proof building. The blocks of granite buildings in Boston were regarded as most durable and strong, and their owners congratulated themselves on their ap-



MAP OF PART OF BOSTON, SHOWING THE BURNT DISTRICT.

people who have been turned out of their abodes in Boston have not been more numerous than the private benevolence and charitable societies of that city can find means to provide adequately for their comfort.

Fortunately, most of those cherished monuments of New England's history, and which Americans generally regard with deep interest, like the old South Church, the old State House and Faneuil Hall remain intact; so,

parent imperviousness to flame; yet they melted away before the fierce heat with astonishing rapidity. Engineers and builders should now realize the necessity for providing streets and avenues of ample width, not only for the greater safety secured by them from communicating fire, but for the convenience and desirable facilities thus afforded in the movement and transportation of goods. It is certainly an irrational system which permits the aggregation of great

six, seven, and even more storied structures with scarcely more than an alley or a mere drift-way between them. Economists may moralize with reference to the carelessness and fraud exhibited in the construction and arrangement of buildings, and complain of the negligence of clerks and porters which so often lies at the origin of a serious fire, but so long as that system continues, so long we shall continue to expect the occurrence of sweeping conflagrations.

Let our cities be laid out with broad avenues a hundred feet or more from side to side, and our streets be nowhere less than seventy-five, with frequent openings, parks, and plazas, and the demon of fire can not riot over a large area, except the hand of the incendiary aid to spread the desolation.

A COOL-HEADED YOUNG WOMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A SHORT distance this side of Union, on the Union and Titusville Railroad, there is a very long and very high trestle, and one upon which nobody ventures who is at all inclined to be light-headed. Immediately this side of the trestle there is a sharp curve in the road, so that a person walking on it can not be seen by the engineer of an approaching train until it is nearly upon him. On Friday last, as Mr. Wm. Tolcs, engineer of Mr. Holmes' train, came around the curve at a good rate of speed, he was horrified to discover a lady about the middle of the trestle, and hardly a train's length from him. Quick as thought "Billy" whistled "down brakes," gave her sand, and threw back the reversing lever, while at the same time he knew that it was an utter impossibility to check the heavy train before the victim would be overtaken and crushed to death, and with fixed eyes he awaited the catastrophe. The lady heard the warning whistle, and turning her head saw the iron monster almost upon her. Escape seemed impossible, to remain was certain death, to jump to the ground beneath, a distance of thirty to forty feet, equally certain death, and to attempt to run ahead and escape was out of the question. Unlike ten thousand young ladies—and she is said to have been young and fair—out of ten thousand and one, she did not scream or faint or indulge in any nonsense of any kind, but realizing the situation in an instant, and taking the chances all in, she proceeded to an action which saved her life. About thirty inches below the ends

of the ties, and immediately under the stringer which supports them, there is a joist five inches wide running from one support of the trestle to another, and to this the clear-headed girl resorted for safety. Stepping to the end of the ties she swung herself down to this narrow thread with the apparent ease of a gymnast, and with her arms clasped around it stretched herself at full length along it as the train thundered by almost over her. As soon as the engineer saw her action he threw off his brakes, and putting on steam hurried past as soon as possible, when she nimbly sprang to the track again and pursued her journey as though nothing had happened. —*Titusville (Penn.) Herald, Nov. 4.*

[Well, what of it? It was a narrow escape, no doubt; but why was she so imprudent as to venture into such a place? We infer she had small Cautiousness, with large or very active perceptive faculties, and was self-possessed. There are many lives lost from lack of self-possession. One drowns, where, if not frightened, he or she could float for an hour, or till rescued. The lesson we would teach from the above fact is this: "keep off" the railway track, or other dangerous places where you have no business, no right, or occasion to be; and no matter where you are, keep cool, exercise common sense, and save your life.]

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE. — While glancing over the columns of the newspapers and periodicals which find their way into our office from all parts of the country, it is by no means rare for us to find here and there an article which has been copied from the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. This appreciation by our *confrères* of the press is generally encouraging, but particularly so when we find the appreciation is accompanied by a courteous acknowledgment of the source from whence the matter has been derived. Some of our editorial cotemporaries, however, appear to forget that this or that article which adorns their pages has been borrowed—at least all mention of indebtedness is omitted. Some, again, are honest in their purpose to own an obligation, but somehow credit the wrong publication. For instance, that excellent weekly, *The Mining and Scientific Press*, of California, has, on several occasions, shown its good taste by copying some of our best articles, but unfortunately for us, credited said articles to other journals. *Vide*, page 263 of the number for October 26, 1872. There are two articles, one entitled "Blushing," another, "Quantity of Food to Eat," both from the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and both credited to another periodical.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

IDEAL REALITY.

BY D. D. R.

The sages say Dame Truth delights to dwell—
Strange mansion—in the bottom of a well !
Questions are then the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up.

—*Wolcott's Peter Findar*

TRULY this is the golden era—an age of reality—a period in which a host of unrealities, queer and strange old notions, have been destroyed forever. Never were the vaulted spaces of this grand old temple of a world swept so clean of cobwebs before. The mind has not gone forth working outside wonders without creating and effecting equal inside changes.

At no time, according to history, was the world so free from superstition as now, and from the glaring absurdities which have for centuries filled it. What numberless delusions—what specters—what mysteries—what fables—what curious ideas, have disappeared before the besom of the enlightened mind !

The era in which we live presents a potential theme for thought. The spirit of the times manifests a growing appetite for the truth. As civilization advances, as the love of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" is interwoven into the character of man, sham, in the multiplicity of its phases, falls a prey to the unerring force of truth. The ideal is elevated. The intelligence of the progressive age calls for a higher standard of excellence. The thinking man refuses to be satisfied with what at present appears on the mental horizon. He longs to quaff deep draughts from the mystic fountains of knowledge. He demands the theorem of truth to be practically demonstrated. Wordsworth, in one of the finest productions from his pen, tells the story of one who believed the planets were born in the arms of angels. Science took a grander sweep, killed off the angels, and showed that the wandering luminaries, under Divine guidance, had been accustomed to take care of themselves.

So has the firmament of all knowledge, cleared of its vapors and its fictions, been revealed in its solid and shining facts. The years whirling round like the toothed cylinder of a threshing machine, blowing the chaff out in clouds, quietly drops the rich pulse-kernel

within our reach. And thus it will always be—men will sow their notions and reap harvests ; but the inexorable age will winnow out the truth and scatter to the winds whatsoever is error.

We glory in this triumph of the reason over the imagination, and in this predominance of the real over the ideal. We prefer that common sense should lead the van, and that mere fancy, like the tinselled conjurer behind his hollow table and hollow apparatus, should be taken for what it is, and that its tricks and surmises should cease to bamboozle, however much they may amuse, mankind.

Nothing in the course of Providence conveys so much encouragement as this recent and growing development of reality in thought and pursuit. In its presence the world looks substantial and sure. We dream of an immense change in the tone of the human spirit, and in the character of the civilization which shall in time embower the earth. But, however grand may be the theory advocated here, we must proceed with an intense caution. The voyaging is most dangerous ; drop the plummet ; you strike a shoal ; we raise our eyes and discover a lee shore. The mind that is not profound enough to perceive and believe that which it even can not comprehend, exemplifies that shoal. Unless the reason will permit the sounding-lead to fall illimitably down into a sub-marine world of mystery too deep for the diver, and yet a true and living world ; unless there is admitted to be a fathomless gulf, called Faith, underlying the common surface of demonstration, the race will surely strike merciless reefs, and sink into oblivious depths. There is the peril of this all-prevailing love of the real. It may become such an infatuation that nothing will appear actual which is not visible or demonstrable—which the hand can not handle, or the intellect weigh or measure.

The reason may be the greatest or the meanest faculty of the soul. It may be the

most wise or the most foolish of active things. It may be so profound as to acknowledge a whole infinitude of truth which it can not comprehend; or it may be so superficial as to suspect everything it is asked to believe, and refuse to trust a fact out of its sight. There is the danger of the day. There is the lee shore upon which the tendencies of the age are blowing our bark. Beware! 'Tis a gross and destructive materialism, which is the horrid and treacherous development of a shallow realism.

In the midst of this splendid era there is a fast increasing class, who are disposed to make the earth the absolute All; to deny any outlet from it; to deny any capacity in man for another and higher sphere; to deny any attribute in God which interests him in man; to shut out, therefore, all faith, all that is spiritual, all that is immortal, all that is divine. The intellect, however grand, is not the whole of man; material progress, however magnificent, is not the guaranty of civilization. And yet civilization, in the highest meaning of that most expressive word, is the great and final and all-embosoming harbor to which all achievements dimly but directly point.

It is obvious that merely material and intellectual force alone can not attain that upon which we have fixed our eyes. In order to indicate this more fully and vividly, let us suppose that no other provision has been made, and that the age is to go on developing only in this one direction. What a dreary grandeur would soon surround us! As the icebergs floating in an Arctic sea are splendid, so would be these ponderous and glistening works. As

the gilded and crimsoned cliffs of snow beautify the Polar day, so would achievements under this *régime* beautify the present day. But expect no life, no joy, no soul amid such ice-bound pleasures as these; the tropical heart must congeal and die. Its luxuriant fruits can never be realized. The earth must be sepulchered under its own magnificence, and the divinest feelings of the spirit, floating upward in the instinct of a higher life, but benumbed by the frigid air and rebuked by the forbidding sky, must fall back like clouds of frozen vapor on the soul—"and thus shall its thoughts perish."

It would certainly be a very gloomy picture to paint, if one could for a moment imagine that intellectual power and material success were all that enter into the development of man. There is that in man, wrapt up in his inscrutable brain, which provides for his inner as well as his outer life; which insures his highest development; which shall protect, cherish, warm, and fertilize his nature now, and exalt his soul forever. We look far out to where life's horizon dips its vapory veil into the sea, and beyond which lies the other hemisphere. By the eye of faith we see the counterpoise of our own world. The infinite area before us is not a shoreless waste, over which the fleets of speculation may sail forever, and discover nothing. Ah, no. It is a broad and solid continent of spiritual truth, eternally rooted in that ocean prepared from the beginning for the occupation of man, when the fullness of time shall come. It is a region of truth, of enterprise, of progress, to finish, to balance, to consummate the world.

THE TRUE IDEA IN TRANSLATION.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

MR. EDITOR—Will you give place, in your journal of reform, to some radical views on the subject of translating great compositions from one language into another? Perhaps it will appear that the whole plan or method of procedure should be changed. This, at least, must be done, or the mass of our countrymen will never be able to read Homer and the other ancient worthies as they really are.

A work of art can be accurately copied only by transcribing it in detail. All its points must be presented; nothing must be omitted and nothing added, for just to the extent that anything is either added or left out is the work

changed into something else. This will, doubtless, be admitted as self-evident. Now, Homer's Iliad, the great poem of antiquity, is a wonderful production of art in the way of literature. It is a masterpiece. Its merit has enabled it to live through many ages, and it seems likely to survive as long as the ages of human being continue to come and go. It has outlived the use of the beautiful tongue in which it was molded, and has long been calling for entrance into our own noble speech—the great language of the future! Will it ever be admitted in anything like perfection? as anything, indeed, like itself? Can we obtain

in English verse, not that which the translator deems its meaning, but that which the original absolutely says—nothing more, nothing less? Let it be remembered here, that if any term, phrase, or expression used by the author is left out of the translation, his work is to that extent mutilated or abridged. Something which he prized, and which has been preserved three thousand years, is thrown away. And if terms are inserted whose counterparts are not in the original, something is imposed upon us which, at least, came not from Homer. We should have, at all points, the English words which correspond to the Greek of the text, and nothing more, if we are to have the simple and complete substance of the author. Nothing can be clearer than this.

But the translators of Homer have presumed to change his terms at pleasure, or to leave them out entirely, and have added largely. This is done, not covertly, but openly; and many learned reasons have been assigned for so doing. It has been concluded as the result of such wisdom, that nothing is demanded of the translator but to give the author's idea, with an imitation of his style and spirit, in whatever words may be convenient for the construction of sentences and poetic rhythm. He is considered the best translator who catches most of the original conception and movement, and who makes the best poetry. Our translators would dissolve the old work in the alembic of their minds, and endeavor to reconstruct it somewhat as it was. To give it as they found it, without loss or addition, they would stigmatize as bondage to the literal. They warn us of Greek idioms, as if they were some dreadful things to be avoided, at all hazards. But what are idioms? Forms of expression peculiar to a nation or people. If they can be smoothly turned over into our language, why not let them come? Since, moreover, the ancient poem under consideration is a monument of art in language, how can we have it without its peculiar modes of expression? And what, though some minds of modern culture may think them inelegant? If they are quaint and olden—what of it? It is the quaint old poet that we are after. May we not have him as he is?

Let this matter be illustrated by an example. We will take, as a fair specimen, the first lines of this great poem. The following will be admitted as a word-for-word translation:

Sing, O goddess, the destroying anger of Achilles, son of Peleus, which placed innumerable woes to (the) Achæans, and prematurely sent many brave souls of he-

roes to Hades, and made them preys to dogs and to all birds of prey, but the will of Zeus was fulfilled.

Cowper, who says, "My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my author," versifies it, thus:

Achilles sing, O goddess, Peleus' son,
His wrath, pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achæa's host; sent many a soul,
Illustrious, into Hades premature,
And heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)
To dogs and to all ravenous birds of prey.

Now, to sing *Achilles* is not just the same as to sing his *wrath*, nor is *who* caused woes the same as *which* gave woes—one referring to the man, and the other to his wrath; "host" is not in the original at all; *ten thousand* differs widely from *innumerable*; *illustrious* souls may not be *brave*; "ravening" is added to *birds of prey*, and Cowper does not tell us, as the original did, that the brave souls were made *preys* for dogs, etc. Do we not here find such a variation that much of the real substance is lost? The very subject of the poem, indeed, is misstated, or, at least, confused.

Turn to Derby, who claims to have made an "almost literal English version:"

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance, deep and deadly;
Whence to Greece unnumbered ills arose,
Which many a soul of mighty warriors to the viewless
shades untimely sent;
They on the battle plain unburied lay, a prey
To ravenous dogs and carrion birds, but so had Jove
decreed.

Here the author's simple *anger* becomes *vengeance, deep and deadly*, his *giving war to the Greeks* appears in the form of *ills arising to Greece*, while *Hades* (the place of the dead) is turned into the *viewless shades* themselves; "they on the plain unburied lay" is all added from the brain of the translator; "ravenous," as a characteristic of the dogs, is also added, and *so had Jove decreed* is quite different from *the will of Zeus was fulfilled*. If this rendering is almost literal, what would license be?

Let us look at the version of our own Bryant, who is the last translator, and perhaps the best:

O goddess, sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles, sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes, numberless, upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,
For so had Jove appointed.

Observe that *sing* and *wrath* are repeated, which not only adds to the original but changes the mode of expression; the term *heroes* is omitted; "their limbs" is inserted in the place of *them*; "of air" is not in the author, and the simple term, *birds*, does not ex-

press the idea of rapacious birds, or birds of prey. Five points of essential variation in about as many lines!

We need not occupy time or space in looking at Pope's translation, because it is known to be so far from the original that it contains more Pope than Homer. We have called attention to the versions of Cowper, Derby and Bryant, because they are given in blank verse as clearly the best medium for rendering the author as he is, and because the character of these men would lead us to look for the most accurate work at their hands. And yet they are so far from the original that they have scarcely given us the reality in any case.

But can Homer be rendered as he is into English verse? Can a poem be translated in the absolutely literal way we have indicated, and remain a poem still—measured, flowing, rhythmical? Why not? Why not as well project into verse the very terms of the author as any other terms? And as to retaining or catching his spirit, shall we not be as likely to do this by using his words and modes of expression as by changing them for different ones? Let us try it, beginning with the example we have been considering and proceeding onward somewhat into the poem:

The waisting anger of Achilles,
The son of Peleus, O goddess, sing,
Which to the Grecians gave unnumbered woes,
And many souls of valliant heroes sent
Before their time to Hades, and made them
The prey of dogs and all rapacious birds;
But the design of Zeus was fulfilled,
E'en from when first Atreïdes, king of men,
And the divine Achilles, having quarreled,
Adversely stood. And who then of the gods
Together in contention sent these two
To fight? The son of Zeus and Leto;
For he, enraged against the king, induced
An evil malady throughout the camp,
And people perished; for Atreïdes
Dishonored priest Chryses, who had approached
The swift ships of the Grecians, to redeem
His daughter, bearing great gifts in his hands,
And having also on a golden rod
The fillet of far-darting Apollo.
And he entreated all the Greeks, but most
The two Atreïdal, marshallars of hosts:
"Atreïdal, and ye other well-greaved Greeks,
The gods, having Olympian abodes,
Give you, indeed, the city of Priam
To overthrow, and homeward well arrive
But liberate to me the child beloved,
And take the gifts, revering Zeus' son,
Far-darting Apollo." And then, indeed,
All other Greeks approval shouted, both
To reverence the priest and to receive
The splendid gifts; but this pleased not the mind
Of Agamemnon, son of Atreus,
And badly he dismissed him, and adjoined
Hard speech: "Let me not near the hollow ships

Find thee, old man—either delaying now,
Or coming back hereafter—lest the wand
And fillet of the god avail thee not;
Nor will I free her, even till old age
Within our house at Argos comes on her,
Far from her country going o'er the web,
And sharing also in my couch. But go,
Provoke me not, that safer thou return."

So said he, and this old man was afraid,
And yielded to the speech, and silent went
Along the shore of the much-roaring sea.
And then this ancient, going far away,
Prayed many things to King Apollo, whom
The beautiful-haired Leto bore: "Hear me,
O Thou-with-silver-bow, who mightily
Rulest Tenedos, and who hast preserved
Chryses and the divine Killa. If ever,
O Smithian! the beauteous temple I
For thee have decked, or if for thee
I ever have consumed fat thighs of bulls
Or goats, accomplish for me this desire—
Let Grecians by thy darts atone my tears."

Phœbus Apollo heard him, while he spoke
Thus praying, and adown the Olympian heights
He went, enraged at heart—having his bow
And covered quiver on his shoulders; then
The arrows on his shoulders clanged, as moved—
Infuriated, he strode on like night.
And then, afar off from the ships he sat
And sent the arrow forth; dread was the clang
Begotten of the silver bow. And first
It went upon swift dogs and mules; but then,
Sending the bitter dart upon themselves,
He smote. And frequent pyres of bodies dead
Were always burning. Nine days verily
The arrows of the god went through the camp;
But on the tenth Achilles called the host
Together, for the white-armed goddess Hera
Put this upon his mind, since for the Greeks
She was solicitous, because, indeed,
She saw them perishing. And when, therefore,
They were assembled, and together met,
Achilles, the swift-footed, standing up
Among them, spoke: "Atreïdes, now I think
That, having gone astray, we should return,
If death we would escape, since verily
The plague and war together overcome
The Grecians. Come, therefore, and let us ask
Some prophet, priest, or dream-Interpreter
(Because even the dream from Zeus is),
Who may declare why Phœbus Apollo
Hath raged so much—whether, indeed, for vow,
Or hecatomb, he blames—if possibly,
Having by any means met with the smell
Of lambs and perfect goats, he may be pleased
To ward off devastation from us." Then,
Having thus truly spoken, he sat down.

We have, perhaps, translated far enough to answer the purpose of this article, which has been to show that a strictly literal translation into verse is not only essentially important, but possible.

Something may be said upon the import of the story. Much more is, doubtless, meant than mere narration of historical events. It can hardly be said, indeed, to be historical at all. We are assured, as the result of late re

searches by Max Müller and others, among the roots of ancient language, that the main incidents were handed down to the Greeks as the common great allegory of nations which had lived before them. It was merely remodeled by Homer, with Grecian heroes interwoven as chief characters. There seems to be no evidence that Troy itself ever existed as a real city. The whole account, therefore, is mythology.

The Rev. G. W. Cox, M. A., according to his "Manual of Mythology," feels quite sure that he has found the true interpretation in the idea that it represents "the daily siege of the east by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasure in the west." But surely it must signify much more than this. Mythology was to the ancients much more than poetry. The mingling of gods and goddesses with human conduct was not mere "machinery." Mythology was their religion. Mythologic compositions were their sacred books.

I will venture a solution of this peculiar parable, so far as above translated. The solution is founded on the signification of the chief terms employed, as gathered from the discoveries of Max Müller and his co-delvers among the common roots of ancient language:

The term Achilles, they inform us, means the power of light; and light, we know, may be natural, intellectual, or spiritual. Light abused works ruin in the soul or spirit—as the angry sun may consume the body when not heedful of the laws of nature. Such abuse, with its attendant ruin, is the subject of the poem.

Agamemnon, king of men, is the ruling principle—the self-hood—among the human faculties and powers, of which Achilles, the power of light, is mightiest. Contention between old self-hood and this newer or principle of light,

wherein self is in the wrong, is followed by the woes about to be rehearsed. What causes this contention and separation? Who of all the gods? What agency divine? The sun, source of heat and light—or truth and love—begotten by Zeus (Heaven as God supreme) upon the darkness (Leto). How rises conflict from this? The ruling self-hood maltreats the sacred priest, whose daughter also has been stolen and misused. Priests are teachers and custodians of holy things; a daughter is a love within the household; the love, therefore, which properly belongs to truth and holy things, is prostituted to a selfish use, and restoration is haughtily and scornfully refused. Religion is aggrieved, and, near the much-resounding sea, complains to Him whose "voice is like the sound of many waters." Wrath is kindled, and the Force Divine comes rushing down the heights of Olympus (heads wholly shining), bringing sharp principles of truth in their power (darts and quiver on the shoulders of Apollo), and far off (estranged) sends them on the faculties and powers of the transgressor—first on the lower (dogs and mules), and then on the higher (the men themselves)—and these are blighted and perish. Then love within the bosom of Supreme Divinity (Hera, the wife of Zeus—white-armed—pure in efficacy) inspires the faculty or power of truth within the mind to seek the cause of mischief. This power urges the ruling self-hood to consult a seer or prophet, that the wrong, whatever by the decision of the Deity offended it shall prove to be, may be put away.

The above is, of course, a mere outline of what is conceived to be a deeper meaning of the opening portion of the Iliad. When, some time hereafter, this great poem shall be translated as it is, and the true sense unfolded, the world will, doubtless, admire and wonder.

GOLD PEN.

THE DEMAND FOR WORTH.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

FROM this stanza, flattered, and self-conceited indolence may sometimes receive a little comfort, when disgusted with what it considers the dullness and remissness of the world. The man of this stamp views these lines as shadowing forth a truth of which his own case is an apt illustration. The gem whose beauty and worth men have never yet

discovered, the flower which no one ever comes to admire, how aptly, in his opinion, they symbolize his own neglected worth! He thought the world would seek him out, but is greatly disappointed to find it going on very well, unconscious of his existence. He has almost turned misanthrope, because men continually pass him by and place the

crown of honor upon some one who has long battled with the world. The lonely flower to which he would compare himself does all it can—it gives its fragrance to the desert air; but with all his boasted worth, he yields no aroma of usefulness. The oyster, bearing the pearl to which he would liken his genius, sometimes manages to get out of his dark unfathomed cave into the open sea, where men may find it; but though he thinks himself of more value than many pearl-oysters, he does far less for the world. Let him strike out once into the great ocean of busy life around him, and struggle with its waves, and if he be as strong and worthy as he thinks himself, the world will not be slow in making the discovery and rewarding him.

In the age of chivalry, the squire was required to show himself valiant in war before the honors of knighthood were conferred upon him; and at this day the common sentiment of the world requires that worth should prove itself before it is recognized, and in this it asks nothing unreasonable. In the eyes of the world, action is the only test of worth; and this is well, for action not only proves but improves worth. To those who do not enter the field of action, there are fears in the way, and the grasshopper becomes a burden long before the season of old age; while to active, energetic men everything seems to lose its substance when they come to grapple with it. There is much said about the partiality and heartless injustice of the world, but if we listen closely we will find that this great outcry comes chiefly from those who are outside of the main line of battle, skulking about in the safest places. The truth is, real merit learns to labor and to wait silently and patiently; and though it may labor and wait many years, seldom does it go down to the grave unrecognized.

If we were to accept the speculations of poets and sentimentalists, we might believe that much genius and worth had perished in obscurity for want of opportunities to bring itself into notice. Yet how must such an opinion be received when we call to mind the history of such a man as Robert Burns? Did genius ever experience a greater want of opportunities? Was its circumstances ever more favorable to oblivion? Yet behold the poor plow-boy as he comes home at night almost worn out with his day's toil: he sits down by his taper at his little deal table, and writes those immortal lyrics which placed his name at the head of Scotland's bards. How must we answer such speculations when we remem-

ber Bunyan? Reckless and ignorant, what more could have been expected from him than from his companions? Genius never had a better opportunity of withering away in obscurity. Yet it could not. It burst into notice, and Bunyan became one of the most powerful preachers of England. This brings persecution upon him, and he is confined in Bedford jail. Prison walls generally shut a man away from the world, and are not commonly considered favorable to the cultivation of literature. In view of these circumstances, who would have been thought unreasonable who had said that this great genius would be suppressed, and its worth lost to mankind? But the great *mind* of Bunyan is not imprisoned. Adversity only causes his genius to flame the brighter. Amid all his multiplied troubles he writes the "Pilgrim's Progress," the greatest work of his age.

These instances, and such as these, teach us that merit can not easily be suppressed. It will break the shackles of ignorance. It will stand firm in adversity. Even prison walls will not keep it from exerting its influence among men. The world has learned this long ago; and when it looks for those upon whom it may lay its trusts and weightiest responsibilities, it seeks them among the foremost in active life.

There is far less of unappreciated talent in the world than some are inclined to think. If it desires appreciation, the power of gaining it is inherent with it. That talent which is too weak to raise itself into notice is not of much value; and if it passes away from the earth unseen, the world has not sustained an immense loss. Poets may weep for the "mute inglorious Miltons," but the rest of mankind need never shed a tear; the probabilities are that they would still have been inglorious, even under more favorable skies.

Perhaps merit does not invariably receive all the respect and honor it deserves, while cunning and deceit, wearing its garb, may sometimes defraud it of its rightful inheritance. Yet, when the demand for wisdom and integrity becomes low, men possessing these qualities need wait only a short time for a reaction. The world is sometimes cold and unjust, but it is too keenly alive to its own interests to permit men of worth to be thrown altogether aside and neglected. Governments may change—people may change, but still the demand for honest, upright, able men will be greater than the supply. In fierce political strifes it may sometimes seem that no attention is paid to true merit. Yet the stability of a party usually depends upon the solid worth of its leaders; and

if ever party spirit blinds men so much to their true interests that they forget this great principle, it is vividly brought to their minds by the decline or entire destruction of their cause.

There are two different classes of men who occupy the most prominent places in society, and two corresponding phases of character cultivated by those desirous of gaining prominence. One class of men are cunning and deceitful, but manage to convince the public that they are open-hearted and sincere. In reality they care much more for their own emolument and advancement than for that of their country, yet they feign the greatest patriotism and philanthropy. They may support good measures and oppose bad, and in various ways do a vast amount of good to the State; yet it is not because they love their country, but because such conduct contributes most to their popularity and self-aggrandizement. In this way they may advance rapidly, and even become highly esteemed. Yet that mind which is guided alone by *policy*, and whose highest motive is self-interest, is but poorly secured against sudden disaster. The slightest overt mistake is likely to reveal the rottenness of such a character. While all goes smoothly, the success of such men may seem great enough. But if the popular voice once sounds a wrong note, and the multitude turns from the direct path, they are not the ones to stand firm and turn it back again. Their characters are not strong enough to allow them to oppose the popular voice for a single moment. They must still ride on the shoulders of the multitude; and when at last it stops on the

brink of the abyss, it plunges them in, then turns and flies, and leaves them covered with shame and infamy.

But there is another class, and perhaps it is larger than some people will admit, of sincere, honest men, who need never fear such disasters; for they are guided by a higher rule than policy, and a better motive than self-interest. If they advocate any measure, it is not merely because it is popular, but because it is right, and for the good of the country. If they oppose a movement, it is not because they wish to make themselves conspicuous, but because they are thoroughly convinced that it is wrong. They have principles—strong, deep-rooted principles—which neither bribes nor honors can corrupt. They are the same in private that they are in public; the same in the closet that they are in the council halls of the nation. If the popular voice is wrong, they are not afraid to oppose it; and it is seldom necessary to oppose it long; though the people may forsake them for a while, they soon return with increased confidence. Men of this stamp are in demand in every age and in every walk of life. It is so far from the truth that men willingly allow sterling worth to languish in obscurity, that when it is once discovered it can not be concealed from the world. Tried men who possess it have honors forced upon them unasked. And when at last, sated with public life, they seek retirement, the difficulties which they encounter in consequence of the great demand for their services, are in some cases almost as great as those with which they were forced to contend in entering upon their public career.

J. L. M.

HOW TO UTILIZE THOUGHT.

HOW early the child begins to think, we can scarcely determine, but it is not best to attempt training the mind before the fifth year. A forced, precocious intellect is rarely of much use to the possessor: it is generally obtained at the expense of physical nature. And if we would have robust, vigorous thought, there must be strong minds in healthy, active bodies to produce it. The world has had quite enough "namby-pamby," sickly sentiment, and needs good workers and strong thinkers to carry forward and accomplish its many reforms and unfinished enterprises.

How can such thinkers and workers be trained? By beginning at the alphabet, and cramming into the memory all the names, battles, dates, languages and tongues of all the

various nations and tribes of people who have lived upon the earth, together with all possible data concerning their daily life, superstitions, morals, manners, customs and religions, until there is not room for anything like a thought to move in the crowded mind? Not at all; we have had quite enough of the cramming process, and would gladly aid in introducing a change to the more natural method of letting the mind out to inhabit its lawful domain of nature and infinite space, not confining it so closely to man's work, and giving it time to see and know more of God's work.

The infinite egotism of human nature would teach us that the doings of man—history—is the one grand subject of study; therefore, years are spent in acquiring the various tongues in

which these achievements are related. Loads of facts and perhaps a more copious vocabulary are the fruits of laborious years. But the languages are seldom learned sufficiently to enable the student to enjoy the author in any literary sense, and knowledge of the customs and habits of dead and buried nations do not aid one much in the business of everyday life; so it scarcely seems practicable to direct the student's thoughts too particularly to man's past exploits. I almost believe it would be a benefit to the world if half the old books and manuscripts, and more than half the new ones, could be swept out of existence. We try to study and read too much, and we think far too little.

Most people believe they think a great deal. "Why, their minds are always active; they are not like the dumb oxen, but they work and think." Now the truth is, few people are trained, or train themselves, to clear and connected thought, and, consequently, much of what they call thought is of no value. One's mind might as well be idle as be employed wondering "Whether Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones hung out their washing first." "Whether Sarah Jane Pickett's bonnet is new or made over." "Whether Smith is picking apples to-day;" or, "Whether Bennett is really going to build a new barn." Such thought as this is of no service to any person, but serves rather to degrade than improve mind.

Now, every one's work, or life, is more or less connected with vegetation, animals, soil, rocks, and air; therefore, from earliest childhood the mind should be trained to notice and understand the various properties, forms, peculiarities, and uses of these surrounding objects. Do not imagine the mind will be made low and groveling by such study and knowledge, for these are all facts of God's making, and the intellect that studies them properly will be ennobled thereby.

It requires but a little time daily for the parent to direct the child's attention to these things, and he will readily learn and as readily remember such lessons, for they are of subjects in accordance with his nature. Just here is a difficulty; parents will rarely take the trouble to teach the child. "It's such a bother—would sooner pay the tuition twice." But the teacher can not do this, for these questions are out of place, where they are so busy learning the whereabouts of "Booraboolaga," and the language and customs of its inhabitants. Then, as a person generally dwells in his native land, it is best to direct his thoughts

to the constitution, laws, and usages of his own country, before burdening his memory with the maritime regulations of Venice under the Doges.

The multiplication table is good discipline, but some are inclined to consider it and mental arithmetic obsolete, and prefer to train the budding Davies upon elementary geometry and primary astronomy. "Milk for babes" is natural and healthful, but unlimited "hash" will most assuredly ruin the teeth and weaken the stomach.

Our students who really wish to learn to think practically, must spend more time reading and studying the master-pieces of English literature. It takes too much time to think in Latin and Greek; we must think in English, therefore we must train in our own native tongue. We can get as much thought in a tithe of the time in Shakspeare as in Homer; in Milton, as in Virgil. We need the old tongues to understand our own thoroughly, but we ought not to lavish so much time in learning only to spell out the meaning of their writers, when the mind might be climbing the heavens or threading the mysteries of earth, air, and intellect with our own.

And, finally, we must not let our minds fall into the slipshod way of wondering and revering over trifles. Let every incident, every hour, give some help to the upward course, by suggesting to the mind some true, pure, noble thought, rather than an idle and debasing one. If bad ones come, in spirit "cross the heart, crying 'peccavi,'" and they will avault, giving place to the good and beautiful.

AMELIE V. PETTIT.

WORDS IN GENERAL USE.—It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains 100,000 words; yet, of this immense number, it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of these words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Choc-taw. Strike from the lexicon all the words nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular localities—all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homœopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a Lilliputian volume your Brobdingnagian Webster or Worcester will have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred words; and, unless he belongs to

the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred. A distinguished American scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons, of fair intelligence, not over three or four thousand. Even the great orator who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even the all-knowing

Milton, whose wealth of words seems amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using "a Babylonish dialect," uses only 8,000; Shakspeare himself, "the myriad-minded," only 15,000. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of a new tongue is greatly overrated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary-maker that his vocabulary contains so many thousand words more than those of his predecessors.—*The Lakeside Monthly*.



IN THE STORM.

With wind, with rain, with crested waves,
And gloomy skies, the tempest raves;
With deepening blackness, boding ill,
The storm sweeps on—more fearful still;
The groaning masts, the quivering hull
Awake to dread the heart most dull,
And seamen struggle 'mid the gale
With strained thews and cheeks all pale.
Now, apprehension makes her throne,
Where just before mirth reigned alone;
Now deep drawn sighs are heard around,
Where laughter was the wonted sound.
As swift the change from skies so fair

To clouds of grimmest visage bare,
So swift the change from pleasure light
To anxious dread and sorrow's night.

* * * * *

In such an hour the barque of life
Must swim, or sink, amid the strife.
Then show thy skill, thy courage vaunted;
Then let thy manhood be undaunted;
Come shipwreck, loss, or keenest ill—
E'en death—be thou but braver still:
Trust God, and with all-potent arm
He'll bear thee onward safe from harm.

H. S. D.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

THE announcement having been made that there are now 128 monasteries and 800 nunneries in the United States, the writer has examined the official records of the Roman Church, to ascertain what facts of general interest they contained concerning the growth and progress of Roman Catholicism, and especially of its conventualism, in this country. Such investigations are apt to produce a profound impression upon the inquirer as to the force and vitality of this ancient organization, and to convince him that it is a providentially supplied reservoir of religion, standing ever ready to nourish individuals and nations with its bitter-sweet waters, when they are in a state of reactive disgust from absolute irreligion, or blind obliviousness of the living waters of rational religion.

What thoughtful person can glance, for instance, through the official records of this sect, with its wonderful array of churches, priests, asylums, academies, convents, schools, and religious societies, without exclaiming: "O Boston! O Andover! O Princeton! O Rochester! have you nothing still to learn from the mother Church?"

In order to present as briefly as possible a general view of what Roman Catholicism is doing in our midst, especially in the matter of conventualism, complete lists of the convents, etc., in but two leading dioceses will be given. After that, only the more singular and striking names will be selected from the monastic titles, as the lists of dioceses are passed in review. The other more noticeable facts concerning many of them will also be given, with such comments as they suggest.

The following full list of convents, etc., in the Archdiocese of Baltimore should "give us pause" for a moment, and be suggestive of much after-meditation:

St. Joseph's Passionist Monastery, Carrollton; St. Alphonsus Convent of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, corner Saratoga and Park streets, Baltimore; Convent of the Redemptorists, Annapolis; St. Michael's Convent, Lombard and Wolf sts., Baltimore; St. James' Church Convent, Eager Street, Baltimore; Redemptorist Convent and House of Studies, Howard Co.; Convent of the Order of our Blessed Lady of Mount

Carmel, Cumberland, Alleghany Co.; Carmelite Convent, 62 Aisquith Street, Baltimore; Convent of the Visitation, Fayette Street, Georgetown, D. C.; Convent of the Visitation, Park Street, Baltimore; Convent of the Visitation, Catonsville, Md.; Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.; Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Poppleton Street, Baltimore; Convent of Notre Dame, Baltimore; Mount St. Agnes, Mt. Washington, Baltimore Co.; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Cumberland, Md.; St. Joseph's Sisterhood (Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States), Emmittsburg, Md.; School Sisters of Notre Dame, Aisquith Street, Baltimore; St. Alphonsus Convent of Notre Dame, Aisquith and Saratoga streets, Baltimore; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Mount Street, Baltimore; Oblate Sisters of Providence (colored), Richmond Street, Baltimore.

In the list of churches in this diocese, the statement frequently occurs that certain congregations are attended by Redemptorist, Carmelite, and Passionist Fathers. "The Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice has been raised by the Holy See to the rank of a Catholic University; has the power of conferring degrees in the different departments of the sciences upon such of the students and members of the reverend clergy as qualify themselves to receive them by competent examinations." This diocese gives every sign of intense activity and the kind of success coveted by the Romanist leaders. Half a dozen colleges, and as many young ladies' seminaries, under spiritual direction, give promise of largely tincturing the minds of the wealthier classes of that region with Catholic ideas. The 40 or 50 pay and free schools are in care of "Brothers of the Christian Schools," "Sisters of Charity," "School Sisters of Notre Dame," "Sisters of Mercy," "Sisters of the Holy Cross." The 13 orphan asylums, hospitals, etc., are attended by the orders already mentioned, and also by "Sisters of the Circumcision," "Sisters of Providence," "Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis," "Sisters of the Good Shepherd," "Little Sisters of the Poor." "Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have been established at the

instance of the most Reverend Archbishop, and there are many charitable and beneficent societies existing in the various congregations; also numerous pious sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, of the Rosary, Bona Mors, etc., for persons of both sexes." To crown all there is a "Peter Pence Association."

The Archdiocese of Cincinnati, O., presents the following array:

Convent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Mercer Co.; Convent of Mariastein, Mercer Co.; Convent of Himmelgarten, Mercer Co.; Convent of Sisters of the Precious Blood, Egypt, Auglaize Co.; Convent of the Sisters of St. Claire, Third Street, Cincinnati; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Fourth Street, Cincinnati; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Bank Street, Cincinnati; Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Baum Street, Cincinnati.

The 152 churches, 18 chapels, and 60 stations of this diocese are attended by 145 priests. Other institutions are found in proportion to the churches. Under the head of "Confraternities" a list of active societies is given that should cause our Protestant and especially our "Liberal Christian" fellow-citizens to inquire, What is this huge vital thing called Romanism, that lives and thrives in all the lands in spite of having been "refuted and exposed" every year for the past three centuries? Here are some of the societies: "The Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," "Confraternity of the Scapular and Rosary," "St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, and St. Joseph's Benevolent Societies," "Brotherhood of St. Michael," "Young Ladies' Sodality and Married Ladies' Sodality," "Conference of the Immaculate Conception," "Mary and Martha Society," "Confraternities of the Precious Blood," "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," the "Blessed Sacrament," and the "Living Rosary;" Sodalities of the "Children of Mary" for men; for boys, "of Holy Angels," "of St. Aloysius;" societies of St. Agnes, St. Patrick, St. Helena, St. Catherine, St. Louis, St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, St. Clara, St. Raphael, St. Pius, St. Boniface, and of most other saints, besides one for the "Conversion of America."

The Archdiocese of New York naturally presents a most imposing array of Catholic institutions. The 145 churches and chapels

are attended by 229 priests. There are 12 academies, 16 select schools, 8 monasteries, and 12 convents. Among the conventual establishments are the "Ursuline Convent," Morrisania; "of Our Lady of Angels," Peekskill; "St. Alphonsus Convent," "Mother House of Sisters of Charity," Yonkers; "Convent of Sacred Heart," N. Y. city; "of St. Catherine," N. Y. city; "of Third Order of St. Teresa;" "of Sisters of Notre Dame;" "of Sisters of Order of St. Dominic."

The most striking evidence of the power of Roman Catholicism in this diocese is shown in prodigious buildings which have been erected for the fostering of the system. True to that wise instinct which teaches them that no religion can ultimately prosper unless it is made a part of the daily life from infancy to old age, from morning until night, each day and every day, this Church boldly undertakes to control, in every possible way, every phase of the lives of its adherents. Colleges, schools, asylums, and convents are founded and supported with the openly-avowed object of spreading Romish doctrine, and the heads of the sect, keeping this one object in view, and maintaining an organization that has been over fifteen hundred years perfecting, find their labors crowned with great success. The Manhattan College, for instance, on the rugged rocks at Broadway and 131st Street, has one of the most commanding situations on the island. Indeed, in nothing do Roman Catholics display their worldly wisdom more conspicuously than in that keen forecaste which prompts them to buy, while they are cheap, the finest building-sites in this country. Protestants generally choose low, flat places for their churches and other public institutions. But Catholics are supposed to be so earnest, that with them the climbing of a hill is a trifle unworthy of consideration, when anything consecrated to the use of Holy Church is at the top. It is a fact that this grand organization has possessed itself—in many cases long years ago—of most of the romantic building-sites in and near the great American towns, cities, and villages, which our "practical" Protestants have voted "only fit for goats."

Take, again, the orphan asylums near the metropolis. Long experience has taught Rome that in no way can it lay out money

more profitably to itself than in feeding and educating orphans. "As the twig is bent," etc. The great asylum corner of Fifth Avenue, and Fifty-second Street, New York, will doubtless soon give place to private residences. But the edifice of the "Society for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children" (boys), and the other for girls (lately burned), both in Westchester County, are new, of immense size, and among the most striking-looking buildings on this continent. The latter, especially, which formed a hollow square, and was ornamented profusely with towers and turrets, seemed to the writer the most imposing sectarian building he had ever seen. Some idea of the way in which these institutions are conducted is derivable from the following statement concerning the boys' asylum: "Each of the departments is assigned to a Brother, viz.: music, shoe department, tailoring, hoop-skirt, wardrobe, sanitary, and refectory. Other Brothers act as assistant steward, infirmarian, etc."

The Archdiocese of New Orleans, which is of course one of the original strongholds of Rome, has 104 churches and chapels, attended by 153 priests, 16 hospitals and orphan asylums, 14 convents, including "Sisters of the Holy Family" (colored).

San Francisco Diocese has 104 churches and chapels and 92 priests. Among the convents are the "Presentation Convent." The majority of these establishments have schools attached, and it is noticeable in these, as in all other institutions of this church, that women are employed most unhesitatingly in most responsible positions. One cause of the success of Romanism is found in the fact that it opens so many avenues for women, cultivated and otherwise, to engage in legitimate work. What opportunities for usefulness and a livelihood do the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist churches, as such, offer women? Scarcely any. To those who believe the doctrines, the position of principal of a church school, superior or sister-servant of a hospital or convent, prioress of a priory, or abbess of an abbey, must abundantly satisfy the longing for positions of use and profit that fills the hearts of so many of the most estimable women.

The Diocese of St. Louis, which is still

tinctured with its original French religious element, has its 20 or more convents, etc. Among the novel names of these is that of "Loretto," at Cape Girardeau.

The Diocese of Albany has 15 or more religious communities. It is noticeable that the official lists seem generally to avoid the use of the word "convent" and "monastery," while the term "convent" is applied to both male and female religious houses. It seems altogether probable that many of these houses in some dioceses pass under the name of "college" or "academy;" and as they are usually in secluded localities, and very quiet and undemonstrative in their connection with the outside world, they gradually increase and multiply without startling those Protestant leaders and thinkers who have supposed that this was, and is, and will be, a Protestant country. And so a state of things exists in our land, in this connection, which, if it had existed fifty years ago, might have raised a "Native American" and Protestant outcry.

Meanwhile Protestant sects go on quarrelling and warring, leaping out bravely into gorgeous churches, whose pews are filled with unbelieving men, and more and more with unbelieving women. Occasionally two sects nearly alike are frightened by their gloomy prospects into a coalition, which is celebrated with due flourish of trumpets. Yet quietly, mid sunshine and shade, along lake and bay and river, over mountain and hill, as steadily as fate, moves the shadow of Rome. Its priesthood have, as a general thing, either through zeal or imitation of their superiors, one thing principally in mind—to foster mother Church. So they dot the land with churches, convents, hospitals, asylums, schools, etc. Their principal cause of growth is found, of course, in the vast Catholic immigration. Their leaders acknowledge a considerable falling away from the faith every year through Protestant and especially infidel influence; but the ranks are filled and overflowed each year again by the incoming tide from Catholic Europe; and ever and anon some weary-hearted Protestant or infidel creeps under this great shadow, and, all overborne as he is by the heat and burden of the day, feels—often with reason—that he has bettered his condition. Again, many children, espe-

cially girls, are sent to the schools. Amid the upheavals of the times, parents feel a sense of relief when they know that a daughter is in the custody of this old and strong hierarchy. Her morals will be preserved; they will, they think, take her away soon enough to prevent her becoming a Romanist. She will be taught by women who have adopted the profession of teacher as a life-pursuit, so that there is a chance that the education will be thorough of its kind, "and it is so cheap." Then oftentimes the dying Protestant or Infidel, casting about for a safe deposit for his wealth, watches through his window the careful motions of the Sisters of Mercy or Charity in the hospital over the way, or the gambols of the uniformed orphans in the court of the neighboring asylum, as they vent their irrepressible juvenile gaiety in the sunshine; and though the iron of the system enters his soul, though he feels the steel gauntlet clutching at his well-filled dying hand through the velvet glove, he concludes to let the money go where there is a tolerable certainty that "the concern won't burst up right away,"—to an institution that has the merits of stability, and is conducted by men and women of energy and practical ability.

The Albany Diocese has among its novelties the "Convent of our Lady of Angels," at Albany, and "Mother House and Novitiate of St. Anthony of Padua."

The Alton (Ill.) Diocese, with its 103 priests and 130 churches and 60 schools, has its monasteries and convents, and among them that of "St. Francis Solanus."

Boston Diocese, with 143 priests, can boast but 5 nominal convents.

Buffalo Diocese has 13 male and 18 female "religious institutions."

Chicago Diocese, with 220 churches, has but 6 convents so-called; but 22 "academies for young ladies." Among the convents are noticed those of the "Alexian Brothers" and the "Order of St. Viator."

Cleveland Diocese, with 160 churches and 29 of the peculiar institutions, dares to have among them a "Convent of the Jesuit Fathers," at Toledo. It has also a "Community of Sister-Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," and a "Convent of the Sisters of the Humility of Mary."

Covington Diocese has, among many others, a "St. Walburg's Convent of Benedictine Nuns," a "Convent and Noviceship of the Nuns of the Visitation."

It is noticeable, in glancing over the long lists of priests in all these dioceses, that the names are mostly French, German, and Italian.

Dubuque Diocese boasts an Abbey, a "Convent of St. Agatha" and "of St. Ambrose," among its specialties, and 10 Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

Erie Diocese has among its half dozen religious houses 2 Benedictine "priories."

Fort Wayne Diocese enjoys the services of half a dozen convents, among others "The Community of Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ," Hesse Cassel, Allen Co., Ind. These sisters came from Dermbach, in Nassau.

Green Bay Diocese has 41 priests already, and about 6 convents, among them that "of the Order of *Servorum*" and "Quasi Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis."

Harrisburg has 6 convents, with only 84 priests in the diocese.

Hartford Diocese has, with several dedicated to St. Francis Xavier and St. Bernard, a "Convent of St. Margaret of Cortona."

In Little Rock Diocese the Arkansas traveler beholds 2 "Convents of Mercy."

Louisville Diocese has an "Abbey of Our Lady of Trappe," Dominican convents of St. Rose and St. Louis Bertrand.

Milwaukee Diocese has a "Capuchin Convent of Calvary" and "Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis Seraph," besides 7 others.

Natchez Diocese has, sooth to say, a "St. Stanislaus Commercial College," directed by "Brothers of the Sacred Heart." This fact curiously illustrates a striking characteristic of the Roman Church, namely, its willingness to adopt any new method for maintaining control in human affairs, the use of which does not necessitate the relinquishing of any of its venerable doctrines. Rome is a Titanic hen, that strives with outstretched wings to cover all the earth and the people thereof. She keeps up a constant "Cluck! cluck!" for the ingathering of her own children and every other human mother's son and daughter. If she thinks any new-fangled cluck will draw a few stragglers beneath her immeasurably expansive feathers, she will essay

its use, no matter how difficult the utterance, how awkward or absurd in seeming the result of the effort. Thus, while adhering in the Old World to old ways, she adopts here every Americanism that seems popular and successful among Protestant churches and laity. Firmly believing that the earth is her's, and the fullness thereof, she quietly possesses herself of each and all its good things, whether material or spiritual, that are not already exclusively or irrecoverably pre-empted. So, when her clever priests saw that Sabbath-schools and Sabbath-school excursions and pic-nics were becoming popular in the United States, they at once got up (with many a silent, internal grimace, no doubt) the best possible imitations of them. They do this on the same general principle of action that induces them to fall in with the ways of Buddhists, in China—to make the transition easy into their own net. Thus they adopt every Protestant novelty or Protestant or American name for their own old institutions, and can speak of their "Houses of Industry," "Industrial Schools," "Select Schools," "Classical Academies," "Young Ladies' Literary Institutes," "Homes for Aged Men and Women;" and, finally, appreciating the good results attending the efforts of the "Children's Aid Society of New York," they have started one of their own in Brooklyn. It is no wonder that Roman Catholicism is ever ready to show more or less fondness for Jesuits, for Jesuitism is only the most pronounced expression of that shrewd, calculating, far-reaching, all-grasping spirit which pervades the whole system. Kept within proper bounds—founded upon a rational religious system and latter-day scientific knowledge, especially of anthropology and human rights—this all-grasping hierarchy would be changed to a protecting ægis over all humanity and human affairs such as has never been seen on this planet.

Newark Diocese has among its numerous conventual establishments, "St. Michael's Retreat" (Passionist Monastery), "St. Scholastica Convent," and that of "Our Lady and St. Michael the Archangel."

Philadelphia Diocese boasts an "Augustinian Monastery of St. Thomas of Villanova," at West Haverford, with a farm of 240 acres attached.

Pittsburgh Diocese has "St. Vincent's Abbey of the Benedictine Order," near Latrobe, with various priories in adjacent counties, and "Blessed Paul's Monastery," in Alleghany Co. It is pleasing to know that it has 20 "Theologians" and 12 "Philosophers" in its diocesan seminary.

Rochester Diocese has a "Convent of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer."

Santa Fé has "The Convent of Our Lady of Light," and 4 others.

St. Augustine has "Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary."

St. Paul, Minn., has an "Abbey of St. Louis on the Lake," and 6 other convents, etc.

Vincennes, Ind., has "St. Meinard's Convent" and "St. Mary's of the Woods."

Kansas, even, has its "Benedictine Priory," and many similar houses.

In far Nebraska, the Roman traits that have been illustrated are shown in this comment on "Mercy Hospital" at Omaha:

"The house is beautifully situated on a height, and commands a view of the entire city and country around for many miles." The secret of this great love of high places and rural scenery that so prevails among Catholic leaders, is found in their contemplative, retired lives. No one appreciates nature like the recluse, whether it be your Santa Fé Benedictine Monk or Thoreau in his New England woods. Such have time and taste to look about them.

Galveston Diocese has a "Convent of the Incarnate Word."

Here, then, is a simple presentation of the status and power of Romanism in the United States. If the net-work of this organization that covers the land could be some day suddenly presented before the public gaze in its entirety, like the instantaneously illuminated powder-traceries of a Fourth of July firework exhibition, people outside of the Romish communion would be greatly startled. But the fact is, that no nation is long wholly irreligious. As in the political world there are Communistic outbreaks, when all reverence for legitimate rulers and all belief in the superiority of one man over another is cast aside, so in the moral world there are times when reverence for the higher powers seems passing away from the hearts of a nation.

But as the "Reign of Terror" is usually followed by a reign of despots, so an epoch of irreligion is pretty sure to be followed by one of abject submission to priestly rule. The inference then seems derivable from the facts of this sketch that some form of Christianity is destined to hold sway over Americans in the future as in the past; and that if they do not choose for themselves rational religious beliefs, even those that are irrational will soon gain ascendancy over them.

The object of the writer in presenting this picture of the rapid growth of monasticism in this country, is not to create alarm among Protestants, or ill-will among them toward Romanists. Believing in the "manifest destiny" of the United States, and in the ability of American institutions—such as free speech and free schools—to nullify anything essentially harmful in religious practice, I would strive to impress upon the public mind the idea that there are portions of the Romish "means of salvation" which embody grand uses that are not represented in any religious or secular institutions outside of that body;

and that Protestants and secularists will never be able to do what they wish for the world until they can offer some such "city of refuge" as is found in the convent. In a lecture before the Liberal Club of New York, I said that we must have a place of refuge for the "financially uncombative—those whom either modesty, shrinking dignity, conscientiousness, religious fervor, benevolence, good-nature, love of solitude, love of philosophy and science, artistic devotion to literature, music, poetry, painting or sculpture, or any other such hindrance prevents from engaging in the hot, brutal struggle for the dollar."

It is really because the convents and monasteries of all ages have in some measure afforded this asylum, that many of the noblest of all ages and climes have flocked into them. It remains for a true social science in our day to develop a system of integral co-operative living and working, that will give the classes mentioned all the benefits derivable from monasticism without its apparent defects. SAMUEL LEAVITT.

A SKULL.

BY HORATIO CRAIN.

[LEGEND.—The early voyagers to a far Southern Isle, rescued from the sea by coral insects and sweeping tides, found whitened fields of human bones, which tradition said were all that was left of a people that had been fought out of the Carolinas, by the Yemasseces, into Georgia, and then through the Florida peninsula to the islands south, from one to the other of which they retreated, till they reached Thompson's Island, whereon is Key West, and where they made their last stand, and were totally annihilated.]

The tropic sun shone fierce on beach and town,
The foaming sea dashed high upon the shore,
The watery waste gave forth a sullen moan,
And threw to land a tragicking of yore.

It yielded in the play of dashing water
Like a ball in gleeful children's hands,
Tossed, as homeward bound from school they later,
This relic of the past, thrown on the sands.

Was this the lone survivor of the heaps
That once strewed the fair isle?
The dead, dumb voice of long ago that speaks
To us the legends of the soil?

Could those blear sockets light with human ken?
Could that broad jaw with flesh and life and tongue
Tell the true tale of how the ancient men [wrung?
Went down in vanquished hosts in deep despair heart

Against a pink-tinged sky the gay palmetto waves,
As in the days of yore,
When the driven hosts fought hard and died like braves,
It was not in them to be slaves—
And the palm sings on forevermore
A requiem o'er their long-lost graves.

Here blooms the rose at Holy Christmas time,
The sacred shrine is decked with freshest flowers,

And summer garb is worn at Christmas chime;
While North, the keen cold wind of winter lowers.

For here eternal sun and summer reigns,
Nor biting frost plucks fruit, or bud, or leaf;
The sunshine mingles with the summer rains,
As children mingle laughter with their grief.

The stately palms by day and night their song
Swell on the breeze like an æolian harp,
As soft winds sweep the tall and massy throng
That rise in groups, or stand serene apart.

With broad piazzas stretching out like wings,
The homestead nestles 'neath the fan-like limb,
Moved by the sighing breeze the palm is never still,
But soothes to slumber as it softly sings,
Like as the murmuring vane its evening hymn,
Lofty, yet swaying reverent to His Will.

To this fair isle, by fierce Yemassee driven,
An ancient race had yielded inch by inch;
The contest long had waged, for each had striven,
The one unflinching, while the other flinched.

Like as the sun fades from the western sky,
Even as the pebble sinks into the main,
And as the heart droops when the end is nigh,
Sank these red ancients by the foemen slain.

The savage sire fell dead while striking home
For wife and child, and all that held him dear,
Could hope or mercy to these red men come?
Their race died out as died the dying year.

Then nought but rudely scattered bones remained,
That bleached, and time consigned from human sight;
For searching long since, not one relic claimed
A grave but this grim skull old Ocean brought to light.

The spirits, as they hover o'er this isle.
While balmy moonlight rests on homes and sails,
Flit to and fro, and then depart awhile,
To be borne back by fierce October gales.

And when the spirits' wrath has been appeased,
When heaven and earth are blended into one,
Then will the fair isle, from the gales released,
Appear a crowning gem in heaven's zone.

HOW PLANETS MOVE.

IN a recent number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL I observed a well-written and interesting article headed, "What are Comets?" and as the author of the article invites criticism, I beg leave to review briefly the three positions on which he bases his answer.

After some very pertinent observations in relation to the character and distance of the fixed stars, Mr. Riley states his first position, viz: "that a constant interchange of matter is taking place among all the solar systems of the universe."

In answer to this position I will only here say that it may be admitted as *possible* that some of the comets that visit our system may visit other suns, but not in the manner and for the reason assigned by Mr. Riley, as will be evident from a discussion of his second position. Mr. Riley's second position is, "that each planet which revolves around the sun is gradually enlarging its orbit."

In arguing this proposition, Mr. Riley demonstrates conclusively that he does not clearly comprehend the doctrine of *central* forces; and as the same mistake has been so frequently made by popular writers on this subject, especially in newspaper articles, and sometimes even in books of a popular character,* it may not be amiss to discuss this proposition somewhat fully.

The mistake made by Mr. Riley and others in discussing planetary motions arises from the erroneous assumption that the motion results from *two continually operating* forces that are independent of each other, whereas, in truth, there is but one such force continually operating. I will not attempt here to argue that gravitation is the original impulsive force whereby planetary motion was *initiated*, in support of which position a plausible argument might be adduced (and which is probably the true state of the case), but I will take the more readily comprehended position that planetary motion is the result of an *original impulse* somehow produced, conjoined with the force of

gravitation which is found to pertain to all tangible matter.

Let the truth of the law of gravitation, as promulgated by Newton and verified by every astronomer and philosopher since his day, viz: that it is inversely as the square of the distance, be granted, and the conclusion is inevitable that every planetary body uninfluenced from without, whatever may have been the force and direction of the original impulse, will necessarily describe a permanent ellipse; and even if the original impulse were so great and in such a direction as to drive the planet within the attractive influence of a contiguous star, as Sirius, for instance, then would the planet make but a single revolution about Sirius, which star would occupy one of the foci of its elliptic orbit, whence it would return to the system where it received the original impulse, the center of which system would constitute the other focus of the ellipse.

As these conclusions necessarily result from the two observed phenomena, viz.: 1st, that all matter attracts all other matter with a force that is inversely as the square of its distance, which may be announced as the law of gravitation; 2d, that all undisturbed motion, or rest, is persistent, and the motion is in a straight line, which may be announced as the law of inertia. It follows, therefore, that all undisturbed planetary motion is elliptical, and not spiral, as assumed by Mr. Riley; and that its perpetuity depends solely on the laws of gravitation and inertia.

But if a planetary body moving in an ellipse encounters any continuous *resistance*, then it may easily be shown that its path will become a spiral; but instead of receding from the central body it will approach it, and ultimately fall to that body.

Let us now endeavor to obtain a clear idea of what is meant by the term "centrifugal force."

It follows from what has been stated above that if a body at rest receives either one or any number of contemporaneous impulses, the re-

* See a treatise on Cosmology by Dr. Ramey.

sultant of which is a finite quantity, and if it is uninfluenced by any other force than those impulses, the body would forever move in a straight line. But if the body while thus moving in a straight line should receive a succession of impulses, all of which are in the direction of the same point in space, and the intensity of each is inversely proportional to the square of the body's distance from that point at the time it receives the impulse, then it is easily demonstrated that the path of the body instead of being a straight line will be a conic section; the force of gravitation may be regarded as such a succession of impulses.

The tendency of a body moving in any curve, if the influence of the centripetal force is not considered, would, at every point, be in the direction of the tangent to that curve; which is the result of the law of inertia above defined. This tendency may, at any point in the curve, represent an original impulsive force; and if this tendency or tangential force should exactly equal the square root of the product of the radius vector multiplied by the centripetal force at a point in the curve where the tangent is perpendicular to the radius vector, the body, if uninfluenced by any other forces, would forever after move in a circle, and the centripetal and centrifugal forces would always be equal; and conversely, because in every elliptic orbit there are two points—the perihelion and aphelion—where the radius vector is perpendicular to the tangent; therefore, at the first of these points the centrifugal force is greater than the centripetal, and at the second the centripetal is greater than the centrifugal. We may also hence infer that in every elliptic orbit there are two points where the centripetal and centrifugal forces are equal, but at these points the radius vectors are not perpendicular to the tangents.

Elliptic motion, therefore, is fully explained and entirely comprehensible upon the admission of a centripetal force acting with an intensity which is inversely as the square of its distance from the revolving body, combined with a centrifugal force, which may represent an original impulse somehow produced, the intensity of which is continually modified by the direction and intensity of the centripetal force. That is, when the planet is in aphelion its centripetal force is greater than its centrifugal, and it will therefore approach the central body, and the tangent of its orbit in the direction of its motion will make an acute angle with the radius vector; its centripetal force will therefore continually augment its centrifugal

force; and this augmentation will continue until the planet passes its perihelion, at which point the centrifugal force is greater than the centripetal, and the planet will therefore recede from the central body. But now, because the tangent of its direction makes an obtuse angle with the radius vector, the centripetal force will tend to diminish the centrifugal force, and the diminution will continue until the planet arrives at its aphelion again, at which point the tangent of direction will again be perpendicular to the radius vector.

It is obvious that in elliptical planetary motion there is but one independent and continually operating force, viz.: the attraction of gravitation. And if it be assumed that a primary impulse was indispensable to the initiation of the motion, that impulse must have been transitory. I will here remark that though elliptic planetary motion might result from a transitory impulse, combined with the force of gravitation, and is more easily comprehended under that view of the case, yet I do not believe that it has thus originated. On the contrary, I believe that gravitation itself is sufficient, when rightly comprehended, to account for all the phenomena of planetary motion.

I conclude, therefore, that Mr. Riley's position, that planets recede from the sun and become comets to other suns, is entirely gratuitous, and has neither observed facts nor analogy to support it.

As Mr. Riley's third position necessarily falls with his second, any formal review of it is unnecessary.

I will only add, as an apology for having detained the scientific reader longer than might seem necessary on this point, that as science is becoming popularized, and all are aspiring to a knowledge of the secrets of nature, there will always be some readers who will be assisted and benefited by every correction of error, and by every statement of a truth.

J. E. HENDRICKS.

WISDOM.

FORTUNE does not change men; it only unmasks them.—*Madame Riccoboni.*

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—*Longfellow.*

COURAGE, the commonest of the virtues, obtains more applause than discretion, the rarest of them.

THE great guarantee for a student's morality is in industry; and the best disciplinary measures will be those by which industry is advanced.—*Goldwin Smith.*

No man can be provident of his time who is not provident in the choice of his company.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

ONE of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.—*Balsac*.

THAT which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.—*Thomson*.

A THREAD can hide a star, a sixpence can hide the view of all before us; and a man with but a little of this fleeting world may blind his mind, harden his heart, and even lose himself, and be cast away at last.

It has been truly said that we are creatures of habit, and it should be remembered that good habits are quite as easily formed as bad ones. Persons who complain of being unable to break themselves of a bad habit may be assured that the same difficulty will exist in breaking a good one, when it is formed.

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which the conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart. If they are neglected, the difficulty and indispotion are increasing every month; the mind receding, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone, till at last it will enter the arctic circle, and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

THE best conundrum out: In my first my second sat, my third and fourth I ate? *Ans.* In-sat-I-ate.

A DRUNKARD on being told that the world is round and turns on its axis all the time, said: "I believe that, for I have never been able to stand on the darned thing."

THE other day a little boy who had cut his finger ran to his mother and cried, "Tie it up, ma, tie it up quick, for the juice is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively hot days, appealed to his mother for help, "Ma, do fix me up, for I am leaking all over."

THEY have instituted a new kind of surprise party out West. An anonymous letter is sent to a citizen, informing him, in a friendly spirit, that a surprise party is to be given him on a certain evening. He gets ready for it, waits expectantly, nobody comes, and his surprise is overpowering.

THAT man, P—one day, speaking of his son and heir (the one who was thrown out of a window), said, "I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure."

"No," said his sarcastic wife, "you've certainly not lost yours."

The man P— curled up.

Our Mentor 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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

OBJECTIONS TO PHRENOLOGY.—A valued correspondent from Texas asks us a question and states his case as follows:

"I have had an argument with an able attorney about Phrenology. He maintains that as to ability all persons are the same, and that labor, industry, energy, etc., make all the difference that exists or can exist between men. This position I deem very absurd, too absurd, indeed, to demand explanation, but it is a position held and argued publicly, and a true statement of the matter from you will tend to correct these errors wherever they

may be held. I argued that there is as much difference between men mentally as there is between the different kinds of soil. Good soil can be made very productive with very little labor; poor soil requires great labor. Yet, poor soil with great labor and abundant fertilizing will produce as much or more than rich soil with but little labor bestowed upon it. He laughed at my idea as absurd."

To which the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL responds: Mr. Bonner's horse, Dexter, weighs 1,200 pounds, we may suppose. He is called the fastest trotter in the world. Any horse that weighs 1,200 pounds ought to trot as fast as Dexter if he will work hard enough and get the right driver. All horses that weigh 1,200 pounds can not trot rapidly, therefore Dexter must be somehow organized differently from some other horses that weigh 1,200 pounds. Some horses can perform long journeys, pull heavy loads, and endure the journey even with poor keeping. Some horses quite as large can not pull heavy loads, can not make long journeys, can not maintain a decent condition on poor keeping. Horses are organized differently; one is tough, active, enduring; another is not, and there is not a fool from

Nova Scotia to Texas who can not understand this doctrine as to horses.

There are differences in timber. A beam which is six inches square, made of pine, another of oak, and another of hickory, another of bass-wood, and another of hemlock, will not bear the same strain though they may "labor" never so hard to do it. And there is not a wood-chopper in the land who does not understand this, and he does not think himself wise on account of such deep knowledge either.

The truth of the matter is, other horses can not labor in the direction of trotting so successfully as Dexter can: they have not the power to put forth such labor.

All men are not organized alike: one has a fine, compact, and enduring body and brain. He is made to be strong, quick, keen; he is sharp in mind, sound in judgment, comprehensive in thought. Another man that wears bigger clothes, moves slowly, can not endure much, can not work hard if he tries, at least can not accomplish much by working hard. His brain is soft and dull, his eye has no fire, but he is a human being, and, to a moderate extent, can think and understand. His brain will do about as much as his hands are able to do. He is not much of a man either bodily or mentally, and no matter how hard he works he can not do much; and there is not a bog-trotter from Dan to Beersheba who does not know that there are these differences in human beings, if he has ever seen so many as twenty-five different men. Go into any Southern plantation, and even the negroes know how to classify one another; they know that it is not always the largest that is the strongest. They know that some think more wisely, more quickly, more soundly than others, and such are freely permitted to take a superior position; indeed, those who have not the power of brain or body naturally surrender to the authority of others. They can not help it, they do not want to help it; they know their master. And the same is true of animals.

The fighting cock walks among the shanghais like a king as he is, and the shanghais know that they can not fight successfully the fighting cock, if they do "labor" hard. Why do not the great lazy louts labor hard for once to thrash the pluck and the life out of a smaller game cock?

We agree with our correspondent "the subject presented is absurd,"—is too absurd to discuss. Yet training, culture, labor strengthen muscle, refine brain, build up the manhood in every respect. We refer our friend and all readers to the *JOURNAL* for October, 1872, page 261, to an article entitled, "A College Professor and Phrenology," and if our correspondent had seen that article he probably would not have asked us to write on the point. Every year brings a new crop of mosquitos and mosquito nets, and the battle with the pests begins every year; and though we answer objections to-day we have to answer the same objections next month and next year. We

have read somewhere about "braying a fool in a mortar," but we do not propose to quote it, but expect to answer objections as long as objections are made.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT—WHAT TO STUDY.

—*Dear Sir:* Having read your article in the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* entitled "Supplementing an Imperfect Education," I herewith take the liberty to address these lines, asking your kind advice upon a subject of vital importance to me, namely, to supplement my imperfect education. My early opportunities were very limited, and now, to my sorrow, I find that it is very difficult to get along without a thorough knowledge of the English language; in this country, especially, a person who wishes to devote his energies to business, as I intend to do. Please to advise me what books to procure in the elementary branches. J. P. F.

Ans. Your question involves matters of no small importance, and to give them a fair consideration would occupy many pages and more time than we are at liberty to employ in this place. As you have read the article entitled "Supplementing an Imperfect Education," you have doubtless derived many valuable suggestions which you can put into practical use. Should you procure the books mentioned in that article and read them carefully, you would find your knowledge of the English language very materially augmented.

As you wish some practical suggestions from us with reference to the books you need, and you indicate a laudable desire to begin very nearly at the foundation, we take the liberty to mention the following as worthy your study, giving you the publishers' prices so that you may know their cost. In English Grammar, Quackenbos, price, 90 cents—Composition, Parker's Aids, \$1.25—Rhetoric, Day's Art, \$1.20—Geography, Guyot's Elementary, 75 cents; Common School, \$2.25—Book-Keeping, Fulton & Eastman's System with Forms, \$1.85—Penmanship, Williams & Packard's, twelve Nos., \$1.80—Commercial Law, Dean, \$5.00—History, Rawlinson's, \$2.25; Taylor's Modern, \$1.50; White's England, \$2.50; Willard's United States, \$2.25. In Biography it would require a rather long list to cover the field. Suffice it to refer you to the National Portrait Gallery for interesting sketches of American celebrities, and to the better class of Encyclopedias for sketches of foreigners well-known to fame. In Elocution, Bronson's, \$2.00, or Caldwell's Manual, \$1. Of course we consider Webster's Unabridged Dictionary the best to be had among English Lexicons, and Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases is a valuable adjunct to the library of any one—price, \$2.25. We could extend this list indefinitely, but we think that there is a sufficient number of textbooks specified above to employ all your spare time and more. In the future you may have occasion to extend your reading and then we shall be very glad to suggest more elaborate treatises.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—What is the difference between character and reputation, if there is any difference?

Ans. Character is what a man is; reputation is

what people think him to be. A man sometimes has the reputation of being honorable, faithful, skillful and worthy of all respect and confidence, while his real character is the reverse of all this, and sooner or later comes to be understood. Then his reputation falls to the level of his character. Another may be slandered before he enters a place. Enemies may give him the worst kind of reputation; and for weeks, months, or years the public may stand aloof and the poor man suffer in mind, body and estate. His character is the soul of truth and honor. After a while the public begins to see the true character, and gradually his reputation changes and becomes the same as his character, with all who know him well; yet, with those who do not know him, his reputation may still be bad, while his character, as it has been all the time, is good.

"CHARACTER. The peculiar qualities impressed by nature or habit on a person, which distinguish him from others. These constitute *real character*. The qualities which he is supposed to possess constitute his estimated character or reputation." — *Webster's Dictionary*.

We have often recommended the study of Webster's Dictionary. Almost any dictionary, however, would settle such questions as this.

"BIG HEAD, LITTLE WIT." — Please give through the columns of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL an explanation of the old adage,

"Little head, little wit;
Big head, not a bit."

Ans. The adage is true when applied to great extremes, such as we sometimes find in cases of hydrocephalus, or water brain, and of total idiocy. The head or skull may grow to twice the size of a healthy head, and contain more water than brain. Are they "sap-heads?" And a little idiotic head may be without enough brain to give either wit or wisdom. The conditions most to be desired are good size, good quality, a fair proportion in organic development, and health to supplement fully the needs of the nervous system.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Many persons contemplate the study and practice of civil engineering, and few understand at the start the extent of the subject or the amount of study required to attain excellence in that profession. Engineering really covers the whole realm of mechanism, of construction, as well as laying out and planning the work. To be a surveyor, one must be a good, practical mathematician, especially in trigonometry and geometry. To be a navigator, one requires a knowledge of astronomy and mathematics. The engineer should understand chemistry as well as mathematics and natural philosophy. He should have large Constructiveness to give him mechanical judgment and talent to build, to make combinations, and to understand complex adaptations. He should have large perceptive organs, so as to enable him to comprehend form, size, proportion, order, or arrangement. He should have Causality

and Comparison well developed, especially the latter, to give him power to plan and analyze and to reason out problems and processes. A civil engineer should have Firmness and Self-Esteem enough to be manly, persevering, and self-reliant; should have enough Combativeness to give him force of character, Destructiveness to be brave, thorough and efficient. He should have enough Cautiousness to plan with care and execute with prudence. He should have enough Ideality to give him a taste for the beautiful, for there is no reason why a bridge of tremendous strength should not have grace and elegance in its proportions and finish. Sometimes some great waterworks, dam, or dock, may be built with rough granite, strength, not beauty, being required; but the cathedral also requires strength, and is supposed to require beauty, finish, and elegance. Ideality has place for exercise in the latter, but not much in the former. We suppose that a perfect head in which all the faculties are in equal development would make a man a better engineer than to be developed in a partial manner, having the special organs for engineering large, while the others are not well developed. A man who is well rounded in the social, moral, and esthetical faculties may also be brave, ingenious, executive, and intellectual. Polish, harmony, and beauty are perfectly consistent with strength in structure as well as in mental manifestations; but a man may be a good engineer without being either polite, benevolent, honest, devout, spiritual, or affectionate.

HAIR TURNING GRAY, AGAIN.—I notice you recommend one's treating his hair as "shrubbery"—watering it and shampooing it. Is there any particular article of diet which it would be well for one whose hair is turning gray to make a prominent feature, and is there anything in the line of *stimuli* which one might apply to the scalp with benefit? If not, how often must one rub and wash one's head? I am 28 years of age, have thick and quite long red hair, but it is fast turning gray, especially about the temples. I am afraid it can not be arrested. Now, I am very anxious to use all the means in my power to keep it in a healthful condition, and retain its natural color.

Ans. Hereditary predisposition has much to do with the hair. We frequently find men and women, who possess excellent health, and who seem in all respects to possess the requisites for a healthful activity in all parts of the body, and yet who are quite bald, and some at a comparatively early period of life are gray. Again, we frequently find persons well on toward sixty years of age, who have been for years falling from some irritating malady, say rheumatism or neuralgic affection, and yet their heads are thickly covered with fresh, almost juvenile, locks. We think that, in any case, one's habits have much to do with the hair's growth. If the scalp be kept in a cool, moist, clean condition, the hair certainly has a better opportunity to grow than when it is hot, dry, scurfy. The avoidance in the diet of all irritating articles, and such food as serves to super-

heat the system, will certainly have a good influence upon the general health. We are scarcely able to prescribe any one article of diet which you could use with a view to improving the color of your hair. As its natural color is red, a free use of good beefsteak will not be found injurious. There is certainly some resemblance between reddish or highly-tinted auburn locks and fresh beef. We certainly would not advise you to use Cayenne pepper, either internally or externally. Perhaps tomato-sauce, not too highly seasoned, may be a good adjunct to the beef. Frequent use of water, not too cold, applying it to the scalp and rubbing briskly, may stimulate the growth of the hair, and be productive of a grateful result. But we would not advise you to rub too much, as the counter-effect may appear.

GOETHE.—Please give the division in syllables and the pronunciation of "Goethe."

Ans. This is a difficult word for American tongues to pronounce with accuracy, but by referring to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (the edition containing 3,000 illustrations) among the biographical names you will find the word Goethe. On page 1636 of the same book you will observe how the first syllable is pronounced by looking at the pronunciation of "ö." In pronouncing the last syllable omit the "h" and give the "e" the obscure sound. To acquire a more nearly perfect pronunciation ask one of your German friends.

PARADISE.—What is the meaning of the word paradise, as used in the New Testament?

Ans. By some eminent writers on the subject it is supposed to mean an intermediate state, in which the souls of the departed enjoy the society of the good until the general resurrection and uniting of the soul with the spiritual body to go into the Heavenly Jerusalem, or heaven, forever. Consult your Bible, your bishop, your commentary, or your encyclopedia.

"A SHREWD MAN."—What are we to understand by the term, "a shrewd man?"

Ans. One who has a clear intellect and rather large Cautionness and Secretiveness. Such a person would be keen in observation, sound in judgment, and mindful of every chance of success or failure, and especially guarded against the designs of selfish, artful men. If small in Conscientiousness and large in Acquisitiveness, he would be shrewd in Barnumizing, taking advantage of the more confiding.

MEMORY OF NAMES.—What organs of the brain are called into action in the memory of names?

Ans. Individuality, Language, Form, and Tune, and perhaps some others.

SONG PUBLICATION.—We are favorably disposed to comply with your request with reference to the song mentioned. Can you furnish the music and the words of the song in such a form as would be well adapted to our purpose?

What They Say.

A FATHER TO HIS SON ON ALCOHOL.—[The son had left his country home, and sought a residence in the city, where business prospects invited; the father, a temperance man, wrote the following as a parental admonition; and the son handed it to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for publication. The letter speaks for itself:]

"Under the head of 'Stimulants' in the Scientific and Sanitary department of the *Christian Union*, Dr. Beal (I don't know who he is) is in favor, in cases of prospective severe fever, of using alcohol, and also advises old people to use it. I don't care how scientific he is, or how much he has read and thought, I believe him to be in error, and, consequently, that such talk from a learned and scientific source is very dangerous. Why I write this is, to put you on your guard against believing anything, from however high a source, that is contrary to your own virgin sense of what is natural, proper, best, or safest. Because a learned doctor, or all learned doctors, fifty years ago practiced phlebotomy in fevers, and *denied* the patient cold water and pure air, is no sign that it was right. Indeed, the fraternity now *know* it was all wrong. The 'good Lord deliver us' from putting any violent poisons into the stomach of man or beast, and bring about the day when Hygienic treatment will be the rule and not the exception.

"You will say, 'Father is as bitter as ever against medicine.' I say I am more so. The older I grow the more decided I am. I saw our pastor a few days since. He said he was not feeling well; that he had twenty cathartic pills in him; didn't know but he would have to take a little blue mass, and then try some kind of biters. To think that an educated man has read and thought much with such poverty-stricken results, or results so dangerous and destructive in any department of science, is simply terrible."

[Now, Dr. Beale, who puts poison to the lips of his patients, through the *Christian Union*, is either laboring under error, or a perverted man. If mistaken in regard to the efficacy of rum or drugs as curative agents, he is in the same boat with thousands of other doctors, regular and irregular. If perverted, and himself a smoking, chewing, and whisky-guzzling doctor, he is not alone in recommending these nauseous substances as remedies to young men, old men, and other stimulants to women and children. Indeed, this method is not exceptional, but general; hence the crop of from four to five hundred thousand drunkards in this country. The doctors are to blame for much of this drunkenness; and until they cease administering, and religious newspapers cease recommending, alcohol for sick or infirm human stomachs, we shall continue to produce an annual crop of a few hundred thousand drunkards, and to keep

them in a place of torment here, if not hereafter. Oh, the error of blindness and the miseries of perversion!

PHRENOLOGY IN MISSISSIPPI.—Mr. R. L. Cannon writes us from West Point, Miss., as follows: "I see by your JOURNAL that Mr. D. McDonald is lecturing successfully on Phrenology in the West. Can you not induce some one in whom you have confidence to come this way? Do see if you can, and it will pay both ourselves and the party. Phrenology is new to us, and we are just growing interested in it."

[We trust one of our lecturers will take this hint, and visit those who ask for the truth as it is in this science of the mind. Did not our duties in the chair editorial keep us in New York, we should take an early train for the sunny South, where, besides lecturing on Phrenology, we should bask in the genial sunshine of that beautiful clime. We may do so, at some time ere long, for a brief period.]

PHRENOLOGY AND INSANITY.—In a paper recently read before the N. Y. Medico-Legal Society on "Queries of Physicians on Questions of Insanity," by R. S. Guernsey, a well-known member of the New York Bar, he said:

"It is oftentimes difficult to decide in any given case whether any peculiarity is the result of a very active and one-sided development of the brain or of actual disease. The general principles on which all decisions of this question must be based are, that when any feeling, passion, emotion, or even a special aptitude becomes absolutely ungovernable, so as to make its subject regardless of his own interests or of the well-being of his friends; when, as it were, it absorbs the whole being so as to blunt the reason and conscience, and incites to a manner of life and to special deeds that are repugnant to the average institutions of mankind; then we have reason to suspect the existence of insanity. Although the average sentiment and experience of mankind may be an indefinite standard by which to test the sanity of an individual, it is the same by which physicians are to judge of it."

An expert in Phrenology, by a personal examination could readily decide whether a certain peculiarity was the "result of a very active and one-sided development of the brain or of actual disease," and is more capable of making comparisons with other persons than physicians are.

A COUNTY WITHOUT A DRAMSHOP.—J. M. D. writes the *Evening Post* as follows, from Caldwell Ohio:

"I have two items that may interest friends of the temperance reform. This (Noble) county claims the honor of having *not a single dramshop*. The enforcement of the Adair Liquor Law closed all our whiskey shops two years ago. The criminal law against the sale of liquors was fearlessly enforced, and multitudes of sellers were fined and imprisoned. Simultaneously wives of drunkards brought suits for thousands of dollars against the

drainsellers, and gained immense sums. Thus did we eradicate the liquor nuisance. No man dare open a "rumhole" in our county. He would be fined, imprisoned, and mulcted in thousands of dollars damage, besides. Our jail has been absolutely tenantless for two years, our criminal courts have not had a criminal of any sort to prosecute, and pauperism and insanity are almost unknown. Our new railroad—the Marietta and Pittsburgh, finished from Marietta, Ohio, to Cambridge, Ohio, a distance of fifty-nine miles, running through twenty towns—has not a single dramshop along its entire line. The officers will not permit any such nuisance, and the result is that in two years not a life has been lost on that road from any accident."

[What a dreadful state of things! A pretty county this, where one can not get drunk, abuse his wife and children; or fight and kill his neighbor; or go to jail, prison, or the asylum for the insane! This is a "land of liberty" indeed! No railway accidents because of drunken employees! What a dreadfully dull region! Who would live in such a county? What business have those teetotalers to make such laws and regulations? What is this wicked world coming to?]

LETTER FROM A CHINAMAN.—Some of our readers will remember having read a letter in these pages more than a year ago from Lee Sing, who had been a member of our class in Phrenology. He gives us some views of the condition of Chinamen in California:

614 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR SIR—I am glad to write some things and inform to you, before a Chinese from Hong Kong to New York and I have some Chinese ladies fans and tooth powders and some of the Chinese nuts, two fans and three boxes of tooth powder, one parcel of nuts, which I send them to my friend and bring them on to you, so I did not know whether you received them or not, please write me an answer soon possible send it to my office 614 Jackson St., near Kearny St., now we are in California to keep an intelligence office now we have business in San Francisco, if I have any things just come from China and I will send some to you and I stay in California and see the business and then I would send you letter again please excuse me before I said to make business in New York, but now I see and the Custom house they will charge the duty too much but very little things come from China they will charge higher. California peoples are not good for Chinese but New York peoples are very kind to Chinese but in California they don't good many white men in California to be a speculator.

I shall write you again Mr. S. R. Wells please excuse me this. Yours respectfully, L. SING.

SURE ENOUGH.—A correspondent writes: "In the puzzle of the twelve travelers and eleven rooms in the December PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will you please state what became of the second gentleman, if the 'twelfth' was left with No. 1, to begin with?"

That's what we would like to know also. Perhaps he was accommodated with a "shakedown" in the hall. We guess, Mr. B., you've hit the mark.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such NEW BOOKS as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

STATION LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND. By Lady Baker. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 238; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co.

New Zealand is a comparatively new country to European civilization, but it is one of the most interesting among all the newly-settled countries. Lady Baker writes a series of letters, descriptive of personal observations and experiences, which are full of information. Here are the headings of some of her chapters: TWO MONTHS AT SEA—MELBOURNE—SIGHT-SEEING IN MELBOURNE—ON TO NEW ZEALAND—FIRST INTRODUCTION TO "STATION LIFE"—A PASTORAL LETTER—SOCIETY—HOUSES AND SERVANTS—A YOUNG COLONIST—THE TOWN AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD—PLEASANT DAYS AT LLAM—DEATH IN OUR NEW HOME—NEW ZEALAND CHILDREN—OUR STATION HOME—HOUSEKEEPING, and other matters; My First Expedition—Bachelor Hospitality—A Gale on Shore—A Christmas Pic-nic, and other doings; Everyday Station Life—A Sailing Excursion on Lake Coleridge—My First and Last Experience of "Camping-out"—A Journey "Down South"—A Christening Gathering—The Fate of Dick—The New Zealand Snow-storm of 1867—Wild Cattle-hunting in the Kowai Bush—The Exceeding Joy of "Burning"—Concerning a Great Flood—My Only Fall from Horseback—How we Lost our Horses, and had to Walk Home—A Sheep Station in Canterbury, New Zealand; making one of the most lifelike and interesting descriptions ever published of that interesting country.

HEAVENLY BLESSEDNESS: What it is, and how Attained. In a series of Discourses on the Beatitudes. By the Rev. Chauncey Giles, author of "The Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being," and "The Incarnation, Atonement, and Mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ." One vol.; 12mo; pp. 250; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: New Jerusalem Publishing Co.

The Law of Human Blessedness—the Blessedness of Spiritual Poverty—of Mourning—of Spiritual Hunger and Thirst—of Mercy—of Purity—of Peace-making—of being Persecuted—of Loving Enemies—the Sum of Blessedness—the Conserving Power—The Blessedness of Shining—How Heavenly Blessedness is Lost—How Preserved—The Lord Comes Again to Bestow and Enlarge it, etc. These are the subjects considered by the author in his very beautiful book. The Rev. Mr. Giles looks at objects through Swedenborgian glasses. He is a fine writer and a fluent speaker. This new book, every sentence of which seems to say, "Come up higher," will add to his reputation.

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THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 2.]

February, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 410.]



NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D.,
THE EMINENT SCOTTISH DIVINE AND AUTHOR.

IN this countenance we have the indications of a rich vital temperament. The physical functions were performed with a very high degree of efficiency, ministering in

abundance the nutriment demanded by his active mind. His intellect was eminently practical. He was *not* disposed to deal or trifle with subjects wherein there was no

probability of obtaining some substantial results—results beneficial in one way or another. He was a person of strong purposes and of clear views. His keen discernment, definite analysis, and persistent scrutiny contributed to his success as a minister, author, and manager in by no means a small degree. He had very fine lingual ability; his earnest, active brain being well supplemented by a vital condition excessive in its resources, furnished all the power required to manipulate the wealth of material provided by his large perceptive faculties; and consequently he was fluent and ready on all occasions, whether to preach a sermon, make an address, or write a book or article. His was a warm and generous nature. The circumstances of those with whom he came in daily contact found a ready sympathy and a judicious consideration.

His disposition was exceedingly social and cordial. It is quite evident that he appreciated life in its phases of comfort, ease, and convenience; that he understood the necessity for furnishing the body with all the instrumentalities in the way of food and comfort, so that a man could perform his duties efficiently; but there was enough of earnestness and enthusiasm in him to render him self-sacrificing and altogether forgetful of self at times. The very warmth of his physical nature, toned up by the strong esthetic element which is conspicuous in the fullness of the upper side-head, would occasionally lead him to extremes. Such a temperament has a dangerous tendency toward sudden death by apoplexy or congestion of the brain. In that marked fullness of blood we find our reasons for believing that sudden contingencies, or undue strains upon the mental faculties, are likely to produce a pressure of blood in the cerebral vessels beyond their capacity to sustain successfully every time; and failure in one instance is death. All persons of full or plethoric habit need to

live abstemiously, carefully avoiding in their diet and mode of life those articles and practices which induce nervous excitement or a heated condition of the blood, and the resultant disturbance of the heart's action.

The announcement of the sudden death, on Sunday, June 16th, of this eminent Scottish divine, in the height of his popularity and usefulness, was a surprise and grief to all sections of the Christian public; and ministers of all denominations, and newspapers and magazines representing various shades of opinion, have united in paying a just tribute to his sincere piety and genial Christian manliness.

Of the Scottish divines who have enjoyed an *extra* national reputation, he probably was more esteemed by the American religious public than any other of the past quarter of a century. By hundreds of readers in this country he will be long remembered as the editor of *Good Words*.

He was born on the 3d of June, 1812, at Campbeltown, Argyleshire. His father and grandfather, in turn, like himself were honored ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. An education of a very thorough character prepared him for his chosen calling. At the University of Edinburgh, where he completed his studies, he enjoyed the instruction of Dr. Chalmers, and became warmly attached to him. He became minister in 1838 of the parish church of Loudoun, being then but twenty-six years of age.

Five years later, in 1843, the memorable period of the disruption, the minister of Loudoun was removed to the more important parish of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was in 1851, however, that in succession to Dr. Black, then recently deceased, Norman M'Leod was settled in the ministry of St. Columba's, better known as the Barony parish of Glasgow, the most important and extensive in the city. To his ministerial labors there, which were continued to the time when they were abruptly closed by his death, Dr. M'Leod gave himself up with all the force of his earnest nature.

In 1858 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Queen Victoria appointed him one of her chaplains for Scotland, and gave him frequent testimonials of esteem, one of

which was the letter of condolence to his family written soon after his death.

As a writer of no small ability Dr. M'Leod was extensively known, his style being fluent and graphic, and at the same time forcible. Among his contributions to literature the more prominent are "The Earnest Student," "The Home School," "Deborah; or, Fireside Readings for Household Servants," "Eastward," "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," and "The Starling."

Dr. M'Leod was married to a daughter of Mr. Macintosh, of Geddes, in Nairnshire. It was in commemoration of her brother, the late Rev. John Macintosh, that he wrote his popular work entitled "The Earnest Student," in 1847. It was as a remembrance of his earlier home experiences that he penned his charming record so familiarly known as "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." From 1850 to 1860, he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, which had scarcely more than a purely local circulation. In 1860, when the periodical entitled *Good Words* was established by an enterprising publisher, Dr. M'Leod was chosen editor. It was published month by month with the magazines, the price only sixpence (sterling), though the letter-press was adorned abundantly with original illustrations. Wisely, however, wholesome allurements of poetry and fiction, of art criticisms and scientific treatises, of humorous essays, combined with graver matter, were subsequently embraced within the undertaking.

While Dr. M'Leod was unquestionably a model editor, he also showed himself to be the most industrious, and not only the most industrious, but the most effective, of the whole staff of contributors. Sketches, stories, chapters of travel, sermons, poetry, he threw off with an abounding ease. And ere long, as might have been expected, the circulation of *Good Words* extended beyond Scotland, and crossed the Atlantic.

The eminent minister and author had traveled much. With a view to the energetic prosecution of the missionary labors of the Kirk of Scotland at the opposite ends of the world, he crossed the Atlantic in 1850, and traversed the vast domain of Canada on a tour of personal inspection. Nineteen years

afterward, in 1869, he ventured upon a yet more arduous excursion of a similar character when he went out on a tour of inspection, in conjunction with Rev. J. Watson, far to the East, and there traversed vast tracts of country in Hindostan. He also traveled through Egypt and Palestine.

His sudden and untimely death was doubtless owing in the greater part to his numerous and excessive labors. In the language of a cotemporary: "Presiding, as he did at that very time, over one of the largest and most populous parishes in the United Kingdom, and editing, as he still continued to do all the while, one of the most widely-circulated periodicals now published, there can be little doubt of it that the unnatural strain thus put upon his powers overtaken even his giant energies. As the result of this he dropped—save in regard to the good he had done—all unripe into his grave, hurried thither by heart disease."

Dr. M'Leod was eminently liberal and large-hearted in his theological views, though he was sound at heart on all the vital points of Christianity. He was always a warm friend to the Evangelical Alliance, having been a member from its commencement. He preached several of the annual sermons for the Wesleyan Missions in London. As an illustration of his style of preaching, we give the following extract from his volume entitled "Parish Papers": "How will you then stand the reading of your autobiography? Read over any page now; peruse the life of any day, and ask: 'Has this been the life of one who believes there is a God, to whom he is responsible?' Point out one solitary proof, and such as you think Christ will accept, in all these twelve chapters of the past year, of a heart which loved God, or had one mark of a sincere, though an imperfect follower of Jesus Christ. And if you can not do so, will you permit the volume to close forever without a cry for mercy, without imploring God to wipe out or destroy, in the atoning blood of Jesus, these pages, which cry 'guilty' in every line? Will you not resolve rather, through the grace given to every honest man who wishes it, to begin and write a new volume which shall witness to a changed life, and be inscribed no longer with all that is selfish, and of the earth

earthly,—without God or Christ in the world?' Let it be so, I beseech of you, my reader. Have done, now and forever, with this shocking *mutiny* against your God. End the weary, shameful strife. Be, then, at peace with God; and remember that for *you*, if you believe in Jesus, there is free pardon, restoration to favor, a new heart, a new life, which is life eternal."

UTILITY AND BEAUTY.—There are two ways for doing things well. One comprehends utility and economy without regard to how it will look. The other comprehends these two important qualities, and, in addition, the doer is influenced by taste, and shows a preference

ever for that way which shall promote the beautiful. Thus taste will be displayed in the selection of a building site, in the plan and style of architecture, in planting trees, laying out grounds, in the arrangement of a store or office, in painting and decoration. Some people appear to have an utter disregard of taste, and continually harp on the policy of economy and utilitarianism. How great a change from the stiffness and angularity of mere utility may be wrought by a simple, tasteful arrangement of material, the cost of which in time and money is trifling! A little effort on the part of parents and teachers to improve the esthetic faculties of children would be productive of results which would brighten many a life, otherwise made dull and prosy enough.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

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

SPECULATIVE NON-PHILOSOPHY.

SHADOW and reality are so completely joined, and so truly the dual result or twin birth of substance, that we are sometimes almost persuaded that both should be admitted to the materialistic field. In entertaining the opinion, we attempt to extend materialism over that which has been forbidden, if not over untenable ground; but intelligence has nothing to fear from research, and, therefore, can well spare its ridicule. The earlier and oftener we explore the extremes of the mysterious, setting their contradictions face to face, the sooner shall we accept the absolute necessity of a law of equivalents by which both may become consistent to our reason, without actual loss or gain on either side; and we are not less indebted to him who, clinging to an idea, convinces everybody but himself of its absurdity, than to him who makes a certain declaration and leaves us to prove or disprove it. Sacrilege is losing ground, is wearing down to small proportions in this search for scientific truths, because a thing can not be sacredly held unless our reverence for it exceeds our superstitious fear. We are drawn closer and closer in sympathy with the objects which are enveloped in,

and involved with, our mental reverence and respect, until sacrilege vanishes like a forgotten dream. A dog, taught to guard its master's property, will attack the intruder just as zealously in behalf of a tattered rag given to his keeping for a test of his valor, as he will in protection of a coat made of the nicest broadcloth that was ever drawn from the weaver's loom. The honor of trust imposed seems just as important in the former as in the latter case. Treat the dog to a dinner of bear's meat in the first instance, and a supper of bread and milk in the second, and we venture to say—other conditions being equal—he will particularly distinguish himself for bravery in behalf of the useless tatters. Sacrilege is spelled with the same respective letters, or mute signs, by his dogship in every instance; but the spirit, or characteristic shadow retained by the fleshly material is imparted to, or infused into, the character of the dog; and the opportunity given, he will fight like a bear to protect his right of trust.

Thoughts, like things, are duplicate. The action of the spirit and substance produced upon the mind of the dog is followed by the reaction shown in the manifestations of savage

nature when he is approached; and this reproduction of mind becomes, in turn, the primary force for another reproduction, or for the shadow of a shadow; hence, the character of the dog is changed forever, operated upon by that which we call shadow. We grant that it was spirit or mind added to mind or spirit, and material gathered to its like; but can we infuse spirit into matter, and call this matter a conveyance or convenience of spirit—then call it dead matter—inert matter? There was a material body of formidable proportions guarding that coat; but with all its measureableness it could not have prevented a little child or a man from carrying the coat away had it not been for the spirit that filled and helped characterize it. The question arises, Could the spirit and body of the man be held in abeyance by spirit only? Frankly, we do not pretend to have a formed opinion only to the extent that mind is, in part, synonymous with matter. Question follows question in this wise: Is matter of any use unless it is spiritualized, or alive? If it has no use when separate from spirit, is it anything of itself? is it tangible? does it exist? If matter is dead, can effect be wrought upon it—can it be reconstructed? Can it *hold space* for an instant? Do we ever see a single molecule of dead matter? Never; for before the spirit that develops it in one direction has disappeared from our view, there have been other varieties of motive power directing and developing it. That which we call dead, is the quickening power of another circuit. Mind and matter are ever imparting and receiving, so that the individuality of to-day is not the individuality of our to-morrow.

Where is material except that which is life of itself? and where is the spirit that is disembodied—that isn't in anything? It does or it does not occupy space; if it does not, where is its existence? If it fills and moves in space—call it fluid, gaseous, or whatsoever we please—it is material; and so long as it requires a material convenience it is dependent upon, and, thus far, inferior to, that convenience. Old philosophers talk of a vacuum; it is because they are ignorant of that which fills the space that they call a vacuity. We often say we have room for this and space for that, unoccupied space; but we do not intentionally convey the idea that it is absolutely void. We call electricity a volatile fluid; but by no means do we deny the numerical law of life forces that solidifies it quite sufficiently to make an aperture in the walls of our house that might, from its appearance, be attributed to the gentle visi-

tation of a cannon ball. We see the shadow of an object; we do not feel its touch, perhaps, yet by our sense of sight we know it is produced by something. It has form—subject to modification—yet form, nevertheless. For convenience we call the shadow the absence of light; we do not mean total absence, for then we could not see it; are we not just as correct in our language and idea when we say light is the absence of darkness, and were it not for the darkness we could not recognize the light? The human nature of our present self is more consciously developed under the auspices of light, so it pleases us to call the light a positive element; but deep, deep in the mines of the solid-gaseous earth there is myriad life compounded of everything conceivable—life that is unceasingly changing its order of growth by the positive power of darkness; and if we have read aright, and that which we have read can be called unquestionable authority, then can darkness claim a positive priority over light. But notice when and where we will, those who reason for their own enlightenment are unbelievers; they are confined to no creed-blurred lens when they glance behind them to catch sight of the long mysterious road they have traveled previous to their undertaking of this journey of the spirit with its luggage of flesh and blood, or *vice versa*. Those who seriously anticipate another journey from this life to something better, are anxious to know whether they will need a Saratoga trunk or a small valise in which to pack that luggage, whatever it is; and some of us, who think the clothing of our spirit will be all worn out previous to our start on the journey, are impatient to learn what the future fashions of dress will be—what fabrics will take the place of flesh and blood. Another set of unbelievers, thinking the habiliments will outwear the wearer, feels sensitive over the idea that some unknown presumptuous personage will profane its cast-off shoes.

Our scientists are able to discuss the origin and nature of shadow and substance as synonymous with the spirit and the flesh; and the few who rejoice in the acquisition of an education that embraces both the nature and the name, are fortunate; but the many are not endowed by inheritance, or over-recompensed by self-exerted will with the strength of mind that is indispensable to the comprehension of unfamiliar and technical terms in connection with the novelty of the ideas presented in such disquisitions; and there seems to be no better aptitude to the mediumship of that information which the masses are needing than that which

our first-class magazines possess. We are anxious to see the day when the people shall possess a tithe of the knowledge obtained by the indomitable perseverance of some individual mind; and it must be impossible to find an

intellect richly and munificently furnished with the philosophical necessities that is not eager to scatter a few digestible crumbs among the multitude, and thereby produce the shadow of its own greatness. ROSINE KNIGHT.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

FROM A SERMON BY REV. F. W. GRAY, OF GRACE CHURCH, GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."—Col. iii. 2.

THE things which are above, which we are exhorted to seek, on which the affection should be set, are things of which we find it extremely hard to frame in the imagination any substantial and satisfactory picture. Yet we all acknowledge that the things above are real; and we confess that they are better worth seeking and having than the things which are on the earth. The passage is an appeal made by the apostle to a church of Christian converts to be consistent in their Christian profession—an appeal which comes to us still with unabated force at this remote period of Christian history.

The exhortation implies that there was need, even in that early period, when Christian faith existed in its primitive purity and zeal, of a deeper sense of responsibility, of a more faithful conformity to the Christian profession. There is no improvement upon the apostolic age, so far as we can judge, in this regard. Human conduct in general is full of inconsistencies; but although the interests at stake are of vast and unspeakable importance, in comparison with all other things, there is nothing in all the catalogue of human affairs in which this inconsistency is so glaring and universal. Professing to be believers in divine revelation, we believe and act as though we believed not. Belief in the Christian religion and membership in the church of Christ imply a hope and expectation in the future life of better things than are to be found in the present world. But the conduct of the vast majority, even of professing Christian people, utterly denies and repudiates that Christian hope.

It is no sufficient answer to that statement to say that the rewards of the heavenly kingdom are rewards of faith and not of mere outward service; that they are given to us as gifts of God's grace and love, not as rewards

of merit or wages of service. It is not a sufficient answer, because, though that is true, it is not all the truth; it is only a partial and one-sided statement of God's counsel concerning the salvation of humanity.

It is true that through the work of Christ all human sin is pardoned; the pardon is free to all who will make use of it in the appointed way, and on certain well-defined conditions. And one of the conditions is, that we live consistently as servants and followers of Christ—as pilgrims and strangers in the world, uniformly looking forward to a better country, and preparing for a permanent residence in an eternal city.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Scriptural illustration which I have just used gives a very expressive and beautiful picture of the true Christian life, if we study it out and possess ourselves of its full meaning. There are thousands of our people who go abroad to travel or to reside for a time in foreign countries. There is a great deal to be enjoyed and to become interested in while they are there. They can study languages and works of art, and manners, customs, and history; they make acquaintances and friends, and perhaps take a deep interest in social and political questions. But they do all this not as citizens, but as strangers; not with a view to fitting themselves for a residence there, but to returning home improved and benefited by foreign travel. In all the pleasing changes of novelty which they pass through, in the midst of the highest excitements and pleasures, the thoughts go back with intense affection, and sometimes with great longing, to their native land. As the time draws near for their return, the pleasures of traveling lose their charm, the swift vessel seems too slow, and the voyage long and tedious, as they hasten homeward.

It is no fanciful comparison to say that this is the true ideal of a Christian life. The world is not a place of exile, in which we are wretched, discontented, and heartsick in our desire to depart to a better world. It is sometimes taught that this is what the world is, and we ought so to regard it. But this is to overthrow the truth. It is a morbid view of religion, which only makes the whole matter repulsive to all healthy and well-balanced minds.

The world is a place of happiness, filled with a thousand sources of delight and interest; and God's intention is that we should use them all to the full extent which is consistent with the objects of our probation. But we are to live in the world like the traveler in a foreign country, with the remembrance never absent that our stay is transient; and our thoughts should ever look forward with contented though glad anticipation to our true home above.

There is great force, furthermore, in the argument with which the apostle urges this consistency of feeling and conduct in those who profess to be the Lord's disciples, when he exclaims: "*If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.*" The resurrection of Christ is taken as an emblem of the Christian life. Without religion, human nature lies, like the body of Jesus in the tomb, in darkness and humiliation, lifeless, insensible, destined to destruction. By the miracle of God's grace, it is born again, endowed with a new principle of life, and given the capability and the promise of eternal felicity.

WORLDLY INCONSISTENCY.

Here and there is one who acts the part of wisdom and duty, setting the affection on things above, but the great mass of human beings everywhere set their affections deeply and exclusively on earthly things. How strange and unreasonable it is, that it should be so. We do not conduct ourselves thus with regard to other things. We are provident for the future in everything else, at least, when we have reached the sober earnestness of settled manhood. Young people are disposed—and we usually look with lenient eyes upon their folly—to enjoy the present at the expense of the future. But as middle age draws on, our dispositions change. We

begin to look more to the future than to the present. We deny ourselves much indulgence of ease and luxury, in order to save for evil days to come; for old age and sickness, and the various accidents of fortune.

The disposition increases as the necessity for it becomes less important. Men in extreme old age are often seen, the instinct still strong and absorbing, saving with sordid frugality for a visionary future. But when it comes to these "things above," the same provident mortals are utterly reckless and wasteful.

It needs only a passing glance at the busy world around us, the slightest observation of their restless and intense activity, to see that the "affection" of which the apostle speaks is abundantly employed. Spend but an hour in the crowded streets of the city of New York, reflecting meanwhile upon his words, and how overwhelming will be the force of their application! Those strenuous and busy thousands who hurry past with set faces and nervous footsteps are thinking, not of the things above, but of the things on the earth. Perhaps the thought may suggest itself that the illustration is unfair; that there is a time for worldly business, and a time for religious duty and meditation, and that religion may be acted out as fully and as worthily in the activity of business as in the retirement of leisure or in the house of God. But this is only to evade the point, for when the hours of business are over, and even when the Lord's day comes around with its holy admonitions, we see nothing of the same devotion directed then to divine things.

One of the strongest motives by which mankind are controlled, is the desire to provide well for children. It is the excuse, and often the real reason, for much of this intense devotion to the things of the world. But it is their earthly, not their moral and religious welfare; their position in the world, not their eternal destiny, with which parents are chiefly concerned. The great anxiety is to have them get on well in the world. Great pains are taken and great efforts made for this. It is not to be denied that there is a well-defined desire that they shall also grow up with moral and religious principles; but in general, their solicitude on the point goes little beyond the desire.

THE CHIEF OBJECT

for which the great majority of people in all the civilized world are continually striving is to be rich ; not always, or even in the majority of instances, perhaps, for the sake of the mere riches, but for the sake of the luxury, or ease, or pomp, or power, which riches confer.

There is a wide variety in the degrees of wealth which are proposed to themselves by different individuals. What would be deemed abundance to one, would be poverty to another. But this, at least, is plainly apparent, that almost all are intensely engaged in trying to better their worldly position. Success or failure in the pursuit makes little difference in the eagerness with which the pursuit is urged. It is the same everywhere—in the quiet inland village, in the rural solitudes, and in the great commercial city. Look where we will, it is easy enough to see, we can not help seeing, that the love of money is the great motive power in the vast machinery of human affairs. "The love of money," says the apostle, "is the root of all evil." It is a strong expression, but it will not seem too strong, when we look through our own American life, and see into what follies, crimes, calamities, it leads our people. More than any other, I suppose, it may be called the great besetting sin of modern civilized society. What is it but this which supplies the motive for short weight, and adulterated goods, and dishonest tricks in trade, and fraudulent management of great corporations, and for municipal rings with all their manifold iniquities, and corrupt legislatures and venal judges, and a host of other modes in which men sell themselves, body and soul, into the service of Satan ! The de-

sire for wealth and absorption in the pursuit of it are stimulated rather than quenched by success. No one has yet determined the point at which avarice may stop and admit that it is rich enough. If there is any rule at all in the matter which is adopted by common consent, it is that every man should become as rich as he can. There is an irresistible fascination in the pursuit ; and when it becomes, as it so often does, the ruling and absorbing passion, all interest in higher things and the cause of religion are excluded from the heart.

Is not the statement true, in part, of all—all who are engaged, by choice or by necessity, in the money-making walks of life ? Do you not all find it so—that you are swept along, even against your wills and your convictions, in the headlong rush of the universal current ? that the excitements, anxieties, and the actual work itself of your various occupations encroach sadly upon the rightful place of heavenly things within your hearts ? More and more in a melancholy list of instances the affection is fostered with a firmer and more lasting hold on things upon the earth, and drawn away in equal proportion from the things which are above. Inordinate affection for the world which God has given to us to enjoy is the forbidden thing, not a regard which is moderate, and held in subordination to higher and better things.

To set our affection more on things above, less on things on the earth, is not an easy work to do. The allurements of the world are strong. Our wills are feeble to resist them. But the grace of God is strong to assist and strengthen the faintest desire, and to aid the feeblest endeavor.

THE POLAR STAR.

BY BELLA FRENCH, EDITOR OF "THE BUSY WEST."

"DUTY is the polar star
Of all true lives," they say ;
Beaming softly from afar,
It leads the better way.
But well we know,
O'er frost and snow,
Our aching feet must tread ;
Oft stand above
Where all we love
Is lying cold and dead.

A lonely path, indeed.
Oh, polar star,
How few there are
To follow where you lead !
Follow you ! We try and fail.
Sometimes, in sorrow's night,
Mournful winds begin to wail
And clouds obscure your light.
And then we stand,
With groping hand,

Not knowing where to go,
 Until we find
 That far behind
 The world is all aglow—
 A pleasant place indeed.
 Oh, polar star,
 How few there are
 To follow where you lead !
 Pointing others to your beams,
 We think they need not stray,
 For they may with ease, it seems,
 Walk firm in duty's way ;
 And, stranger yet,
 We oft forget
 That they are tempted, too ;
 So we condemn
 The thing in them
 That we with conscience do.

Strange theory, indeed !
 Oh, polar star,
 How few there are
 To follow where you lead !
 Glimmering above the hills,
 We see you, and we know
 Safely, through life's joys and ills,
 Does your rough pathway go ;
 And though we yearn
 Oftimes to turn
 Adown a sunny path,
 We know the end
 No joy will lend,
 While yours a brightness hath ;
 And though our feet might bleed,
 Oh, polar star,
 Which beams afar,
 We'd follow where you lead !

THE MAN OF THREE DREAMS.

A PSYCHOGRAPHY OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

BY FRANCIS GEARY FAIRFIELD.

IMPERIALISM, shattered by the Mexican Expedition, had received its last blow at Sadowa : Prussia was now the night-mare of France — Magenta and Solferino forgotten. It was in April, 1869, little more than a year previous to the Sedan surrender, when the sphinx of the Tuileries, hoping to resurrect the dead corpse of Napoleonism, thus wrote :

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, April 12, 1869.

"**MONSIEUR DE MINISTRE :** On the fifteenth of August next a hundred years will have elapsed since the Emperor Napoleon was born. During that long period many ruins have been accumulated, but the grand figure of Napoleon has remained upstanding. It is that which still guides and protects France—it is that which, out of nothing, has made me what I am.

"To celebrate the centenary date of the birth of the man who called France the great nation, because he had developed in her those many virtues that found empires, is for me a sacred duty, in which the whole country will be glad to join.

"My wish is, that from the fifteenth of August next, every soldier of the Republic and of the First Empire should receive an annual pension of 250 francs.

"To awaken grand historical recollections is to encourage faith in the future ; and honor to the memory of great men is recognition of one of the most striking manifestations of the Divine Will."

One year from the date of that centenary, Napoleonism was in the jaws of death—its days numbered. History heard the distant tramp of another republic, to be succeeded by another Commune, scarcely less cruel and even more terribly destructive than that conjured at the beck of Danton and Murat, and long drawn out under Robespierre, the egotist. History was about to repeat itself ; the spirit of Rousseau—philosophically reconstructed and adapted to the ideas and aspirations of the Nineteenth century by Saint-Simon, Enfantin, and Auguste Comte—reappear in a second system of Communism, submerging the dynasty founded by the man with three dreams, as it had previously submerged that of the Bourbons.

"I was born," says the founder of the former, "when my country was in the very throes of dissolution. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, the tears of the despairing surrounded my cradle from my birth."

Thus writes the boy of Corsica concerning Corsica, the liberation of which was his first dream ; and so ingrained were these Corsican influences that he barely escaped becoming a patriot in a small way, in a wild attempt to vindicate the cause of Corsican liberty. Indeed, to re-enact Paoli and restore the independence of Corsica was something more than the dream of his boyhood. For a whole lustrum after he received his first

commission, it was his highest ambition, for which he ran risks that prove his earnestness. In 1786—in his seventeenth year—on leaving Brienne, he joined the regiment de la Fère, then at Valence, with rank of second lieutenant; and here having formed an intimate friendship with an attractive young married woman, who undertook his introduction to society, he received that essential part of culture which is styled the “education of the drawing-room.” Even at that susceptible age, female influence appears to have affected him rather evanescently—for in a “Dialogue on Love,” written at Valence, the embryo emperor taxes love with doing more harm than good in the world, and thinks it would be better if some protecting divinity would rid humanity of it.

He was enthralled with his first dream—a dream of patriotism—and seems to have lived more in imagination than in reality, and rather as the liberator of Corsica than as a second lieutenant. Here he began a history of Corsica, and printed (in 1791) his “Letter to Matteo Buttafuoco,” which paints his habitual state of mind with the startling vividness of a revelation. Buttafuoco had been the principal instrument in the annexation of Corsica to France; and while exalting Paoli to apotheosis, the second lieutenant of twenty-two overwhelms the former with contumely, the most effective passage of which upbraids the deputies of the Convention for permitting him to occupy his seat as a deputy of the Corsican nobility. In sentiment and style, as well as illustrative of the intensity of the author's first dream, the passage is curiously memorable:

“O Lameth! O Robespierre! O Petion! O Volney! O Mirabeau! O Bornave! O Bailley! O Lafayette! Behold the man who dares to seat himself by your side. All dripping with the blood of his brothers, sullied by crimes of every kind. As if he were the representative of the people! They have treated his effigy to that to which they would have been glad to treat his person.”

Exclamatory, bombastic as this is, it represents, no doubt, the indignant enthusiasm of his first, and perhaps, his noblest dream. As the rhapsodies of a boy these sentences might have been regarded, had not subsequent events demonstrated their sincerity:

for it was here that the embryo emperor of France first tried his hand at a *coup d'état*, and, failing in the attempt to liberate his country, definitely shuffled off the disinterestedness of his youth. From this date, to him, disembarassed of all generous illusions, glory becomes an all-absorbing purpose: a certain ideal of greatness, egotistic and spectacular rather than honest and substantial, is the jack-o'-lantern that beckons on to fantastic fens of unreality. Having taken leave of earnestness, substance, reality, henceforth he plays a game, and converts a biography into a spectacular drama, of which he is the center, the rest puppets.

Three years later, at the siege of Toulon, he lays the foundation of his military reputation which rises unprecedentedly during the Italian campaign of 1794, which he really directed while acting as General of Artillery, though decrepit Dumerbion nominally commanded.

It is the intention of this paper to follow the inner rather than the outer biography of its subject. His was not a mind to be satisfied with a mere dream of glory. There was a German grip on the substantial in his composition, that regarded fame as valueless in comparison with power. Unlike Alexander the Great, whose dominant motive, according to Mr. Grote, was the lust of glory, the absorbing wish to be recorded in song and history as the world's greatest conqueror, Bonaparte's mind was not one to be satisfied with mere tinsel and bruit. His ambition was less romantic, less vague, more material. Power, dominion, sovereignty, absolutism—not mere glory—were the stakes for which he played. In his instincts he was rather a Rienzi, as painted by Gibbon than an Alexander, as painted by Grote; and the only historical career really parallel with his, internally and externally, in politics and war, is that of Cæsar.

Hence, after his recall, on account of his connection with Robespierre, and during the financial crisis of 1795, when he was so pressed for money as to share the slender resources of Janot and Bourrienne, the mere splendor of his military reputation was not enough to sustain him, and he fluctuated between high imaginings and blank despond. Moments there were when he dreamed of nothing more

than a comfortable home in the country, as, in a similar despondency, when a subaltern, the Duke of Wellington, whose mission it was to defeat the last and grandest dream of the egotistic Corsican, had applied to Lord Camden for a Commissionership of Customs.

But the value of Napoleon was too well known to admit of prolonged neglect; and, on the reception of bad news from the Army of Italy, Pontecoulant, then the War Minister, appointed him to a position in which his services could be commanded by the committee intrusted with the preparation for the operations of the armies of the Republic. In this capacity he drew up for Kellermann, then commanding the Army of Italy, a series of instructions embracing the combinations that he afterward carried out in the Italian campaign. But Kellermann scouted the instructions as the work of a lunatic, and his successor, with defter sarcasm, as only to be carried out by the man who had conceived them; while, to complete his humiliation, ten days before the affair of the Sections his name was stricken from the list of generals in active service.

But his opportunity was now at hand. The Section Le Peletier, in insurrectionary opposition to the will of the Convention, met the troops of Menau with so threatening a front as to induce that pusillanimous officer to conclude a truce, by which the insurgents were left in possession of the hall. The Sectionaries, of course, hastened to proclaim a result, which all Paris accepted as a victory.

At eight o'clock in the evening the tumult was at its height. Bonaparte was at the theater Teydeau. On hearing the news he started at once for the hall of the Section Le Peletier, where he witnessed the concluding scene of the drama, and the retreat of the troops. Thence hastening to the Assembly, where the arrest of Menau had just been decreed, and mingling with the audience, he listened to the discussion of the several generals one after another proposed for the command.

According to his Memoirs, in which the agency of Barras is not mentioned, Bonaparte heard his own name proposed, and hesitated for nearly a half an hour on the part he should take. According to the facts, Barras was nominated to the command, and caused

Bonaparte to be appointed along with him. The duties of the command devolved, however, on Bonaparte, though it is scarcely creditable to his candor that the agency of Barras in placing him in the position, should have been suppressed in the three versions of the affair he has left on record.

The army of the Convention did not exceed eight thousand; that of the Sections was about forty thousand—both were military bagatelles. But Bonaparte had forty pieces of artillery, which, converting the Louvre and Tuileries into a sort of fortified camp, he managed to post advantageously.

The story is old. Donican, the incompetent, gives the signal for attack; the Sectionaries are swept down with grape. Thrice the brilliant Lafond rallies them. Thrice they crowd back to the shambles. That is all—with the exception of the fact that the route of that day was the first step toward a military dictatorship, with Bonaparte as dictator. The *clat* of that day made him General of the Interior, in which position he so completely won the distrust of the Directory that that body was delighted with an opportunity to pack him off to Italy, where he could get his fill of glory without endangering the perpetuity of the Republic.

One can not think that the dream of Imperialism had yet dawned upon his imagination. France was his oyster, but just how he was to open it had not yet occurred to him. This most wonderful dream of a Corsican boy was yet latent in his tremendous ambition; had not assumed form and proportion—was still vague and void as the earth before the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

That he had his eye on power is evident from his remark to Madame de Beauharnais a few days before he was appointed to the Army of Italy. "Think they," said he, "that I need protection to rise? They will all be too happy one of these days if I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it *j'irai loin*" (I will go far), which, in the way of concentrated expressiveness, is as pregnant with coming events as Danton's famous "*et ça ira*" (and that will go).

From this point of view, the Italian campaign is important. It was here that Bonaparte received that education in diplomacy—

in dissimulation—which ever after marked his career, and which Bismarck has since copied and applied to Prussian politics. In one breath he exhorts the Italian people to hail him as the restorer of their liberties, and writes to the Directory that if it is their intention to extract five or six millions from Venice, he has purposely so contrived matters that they can. Genoa pays fifteen millions for being liberated. “People of Italy,” cries the General commanding, “the Army of Italy comes to knock off your fetters;” and writes to the Directory: “Above all, you must spare the Milanese;” the Directory responding: “Levy contributions in cash directly, in the first terror and panic of Milan.”

But amid all this corruption, Bonaparte preserved his personal incorruptibility, from what motive is obvious from his reply to Solicetti, who, pending the negotiations with the Duke of Modena, waited on him in his cabinet to inform him that the Commander d’Este, brother of the Duke, was minded to present him with four millions in gold. “He comes,” said Solicetti, “in his brother’s name to interest you to accept the money. I am from your country. I am acquainted with your family affairs. The Directory and the Corps Législatif will not recompense your services. This is yours; accept it without scruple and without publicity.”

The reply was that of a man who, having his eye on power, rejects a bribe, not because of any scruples of conscience, but because to take it may prove embarrassing. “I thank you,” rejoined he coldly. “I am not going to put myself at the disposition of the Duke of Modena for that sum”—nor (he might have added, and in manner perhaps did), at the disposition of Solicetti either.

That he had already conceived the project of making himself in France what he had now become in Italy, there is abundant evidence to prove. During the negotiations for peace, having reduced Italy by a rapid series of victories, embodying the very combinations, upon the reception of which Kellermann had remarked that their author was fit for nothing but a lunatic asylum, Bonaparte had taken up his residence at Montebello, near Milan, where he lived in quasi-regal state, dining in public, giving audience to ministers and deputations, disposing of provinces, and

mapping out republics—in fact, geography-making upon a smaller scale than that which he afterward adopted; but, nevertheless, indulging his hobby of setting up and knocking down state puppets as a sort of spectacle merely to pass the time.

A report had now been circulated in Paris that he meant to make himself King of Italy, and Madame de Staël mentioned it to Angereau, who was better acquainted with his man, as a bit of gossip quite worth consideration. Angereau’s reply was full of the sneering acumen of Talleyrand in a small way. “No, assuredly,” said the clever soldier and politician, with a shrug, “he is a young man who has been too well trained for that.”

His interview with Prince Pignatelli at Montebello distinctly foreshadows his dream at this date, as nothing less than that of making himself arbiter of the destinies of France. “Think you,” he remarked in conversation with the Prince, “that I am gaining triumphs to better the fortunes of the advocates of the Directory, the Carnots and Barras?” There were vague murmurs of another *coup d’état*; but as the pear was not yet ripe, he procrastinated his return to Paris; and when the Directory, apprehensive of a riot, began to look about for a General, sent Angereau to Paris, who so manipulated the events that preceded the Eighteenth Fructidor as to oust Carnot from the new Directory, which, too weak to offer opposition to the treaty of Campo Formio, was content to leave Napoleon to the diplomacy of Talleyrand.

Returned to Paris, the Directory had no alternative but to give a magnificent reception, in which Talleyrand painted the victor of Lodi and Arcola as a stoic, an Ossianic hero, and a tremendous patriot; and Barras, who had privately denounced him as infamous, as a Socrates, a Cæsar, Pompey, and sundry other heroes of antiquity—concluding with an exhortation to conquer England, and lay London under contribution, as he had Venice and Milan, just by way of restoring lost Saxon liberty.

His reply to all this rigmarole was more like Cromwell than the Bonaparte whose abruptness afterward became so proverbial. Better example of studious obscurity was never concocted by his nephew; but one

passage was eminently suggestive: "When the happiness of the people of France shall be based upon better organic laws, all Europe will become free"—that is, when France shall have succumbed to the domination of Bonaparte, there will be no more *coups d'état* if military force can prevent them.

The dream of dominion had now taken possession of his imagination, but had not yet assumed the form of Imperialism. That he meant to emulate Cæsar to the extent of the Consulate, the facts admit of no doubt; and, for a brief interval after the reception and its *accolade*, the Directory and Bonaparte were equally vigilant and equally distrustful, the one of the movements of the other.

To get him out of Paris, they set on foot the English expedition. Anything to amuse him with dreams of conquest, so that he did not amuse himself at the expense of their supremacy. Then, when he refused to conquer England with the means at his disposal, they packed him off to Egypt to carry out an original and pet conception of his own.

His first dream had been the liberation of insignificant Corsica; his second was the foundation of a mighty fabric of Oriental Imperialism.

Little less wild was the project of this Egyptian expedition, when all Europe was in arms against France, than that of carrying the Grand Army to Moscow in 1812; but both were superb in their audacity. "Your little Europe," he exclaims, "is but a mole-hill, and could not supply glory enough. I will demand it of the East—that land of wonders, which alone has seen great empires and great revolutions, and is inhabited by six hundred millions of men."

He went, but with an afterthought. His imagination had conjured up an Imperial East with a Bonaparte as Emperor; and it was here, no doubt, that the project of founding a dynasty first definitively occurred to him, whenceforth power and Imperialism—the former as substance, the latter as form—were but parts of the same idea. He was destined for the purple somewhere. Be it in France or Egypt, little it mattered; but destiny must have its way; and from this era in his inner biography dates the adoption of those vague oracular utterances which marked him as a fatalist, and imbued with weird

egotistic magnificence every scene of that grand spectacular drama which he thenceforth enacted. At one moment he saw himself the arbiter of the vast East, the ruler of a mighty dominion peopled with some hundreds of dusky millions. "If," he said to himself—"if I succeed, farewell to the struggle for mastery in France, in which many a hero has lost his head. If not, the Directory will be weaker when I get back." The next instant he repented of his Oriental dream. "The pear," he said to himself, "is too near ripe. It may drop in my absence, and somebody else pick it up."

Even at the very last moment he hesitated, tempted, no doubt, to turn his preparations against the Directory and supplant it at once, with one blow making himself master of France, and transferring his Imperial dream from Egypt to Europe. Suspecting something of the sort, the alarmed Directory ordered him to shorten his leave-taking, whereupon, in splendid wrath, he tendered his resignation. Rewbell coolly handed him a pen. "Write it out, General," he remarked. "The Republic has still left those who will not abandon her."

He took the pen; but permitted Merlin to wrest it from his hand. Thus the question was settled. Rewbell had outgeneraled him.

It was a wild dream, remarkable for nothing except its audacity—this dream of Oriental conquest. Again and again did he repeat afterward that if Acre had fallen he should have put a new face upon the world, he should have been Emperor of all the East—a grain of sand had upset all his projects. But what sort of projects were they if a grain or sand could disarrange them? He had miscalculated the resources of the country, the feelings of the population, the resistance; and the siege of that single grain of sand, Acre, was a sort of Eastern saguntum. Sixty days, fourteen assaults, twenty-six sorties, four thousand dead soldiers, and Acres by the dozen. A retreat, of course, according to bulletin, from the plague, not from the enemy; the palace of Djezzar razed to the ground; the fortifications of Acre dismantled; towers left without one stone upon another, and the self-imagined Emperor of all the East walked back to Alexandria in the very worst of tempers; covered his retreat with

the route of the Turkish army at Aboukir ; and recovered his temper over a packet of newspapers announcing that the pear was ripe. Italy lost, France threatened, the Directory on the very eve of dissolution.

"Here," cried he to Murat, just at the outset, "is about to be decided the fate of the world." In other words, if I win Aboukir I shall be Emperor of France. Aboukir covered his retreat from Egypt with glory ; and, with the boldest of his heroes about him—Launes, Murat, Berthier, Marmont, Audréossy, Duroc, Bessieres, Lavalette,—leaving the command to Kleber, who all along had disapproved of the expedition as Quixotic, he started for Paris, pursued by a letter from Kleber to the Directory exposing the absurdity of his dream of an Oriental Imperialism, which, intercepted by the English, was only delivered in Paris after the dead Directory had been accorded a magnificent funeral *coup d'état* at the hands of the First Consul. "Destiny," says the great egotist, alluding to the fate of Kleber, "had already prepared their respective rewards for either of them : for the one the dagger of a fanatic ; for the other the first throne in the world." That is, Destiny assassinated Kleber for the gratification of Bonaparte.

Two dreams—and both of them vapor ; plenty of glory—but no Imperial purple ; and now the hero of this wonderful romance addresses himself to his third. At Paris he had but to select his puppets ; and he resolved on making Sieyès (then First Director) his stepping-stone, though holding that constitution-monger in utter contempt as an idealist, which he was, and a pedant. The dislike was quite reciprocal ; but the difficulty, as M. Lanfrey very acutely remarks, was not to surmount their mutual repugnance, but to effect a reconciliation of the ambition of the one to hold the first place with that of the other to retain it. At a dinner where they met, the hero of Egypt affected to be ignorant of the presence of Sieyès ; the manufacturer of constitutions revenging himself by remarking to a friend, "Notice the behavior of the insolent little fellow toward the member of an authority which ought to have had him shot !"

The Executive Government consisted of five Directors : Sieyès, Roger Ducos, Barras, Gobier, and De Moulins—the second, a pup-

pet of the first who had a majority of the Conseil des Anciens under his pedantic thumb. The plan of the *coup d'état* was to remove the two legislative bodies—les Anciens and the Cinq-Cents—to St. Cloud, where the Anciens were to issue a decree appointing Bonaparte to the command of all the military forces of Paris, including the National Guard, and superseding the Directors by a Provisional Consulate, consisting of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos. Moreau was to occupy the Luxembourg, an act in itself nothing less than revolt against the Constitution.

At first affairs went smoothly enough ; but the Anciens wavered, the Cinq-Cents proved refractory, and presently the matter assumed so awkward an appearance for the interests of the First Consul in embryo, that Angereau, the ironical, waxed sarcastic. "*Te voilà dans une jolie position,*" said he bitingly—in a remark exactly expressed in its idiomatic contempt by the proverbial Americanism, "You've got yourself in a pretty fix."

The majority of the Anciens was favorable ; but he bullied them till they came near turning upon him with a decree of outlawry. "If an orator suborned by the foreigner," he cried, "were to speak of outlawing me, I should appeal to you, my brave companions in arms ; to you, grenadiers ; to you, soldiers, whose caps I have in view. Remember that I am under the ægis of the god of war." Nothing more to the purpose had he to say, remarks M. Lanfrey ; adding, idiomatically, that he knew he had nothing to offer in justification of the conspiracy that would hold water. Without public object he meant that the bayonets of his grenadiers should lift him into power, and blurted out the truth.

He entered the Cinq-Cents with a guard. A storm of indignation greeted his advent. The boldest of the deputies rush from their seats, surround him, load him with invective. "Out with him !" they shout. "Outlaw the Dictator !" Bigaunet upbraids him ; and some others collar him, and shake him violently. The General turns pale, and faints in the arms of his grenadiers, who carry him out of the hall.

Had it not been for the boldness of Lucien, President of the Cinq-Cents, who was happily equal to the occasion, it is probable that

the terrible condemnation that struck down Robespierre, would have resulted equally disagreeably to the embryo Emperor. But, after a fruitless attempt to oppose the decree of outlawry against his brother, Lucien refused to put it to vote, and deposited the insignia of his authority as President upon the tribune.

It was a real bit of drama, with nothing spectacular about it; and Sieyès, the pedant and idealist, was the only person in the group Napoleonic who kept cool. Even he could not refrain from shooting a sarcasm at his detested coadjutor, and coolly commented, "Since they are putting you out of the law, it is they who are within it," which must have been about as consoling under the circumstances as Angereau's "pretty fix."

But here came in the farce. Napoleon sends a party of those grenadiers of his to bring off Lucien, and gives orders to expel the Cinq-Cents from the hall. The soldiers hesitate, having some little respect for law, till Lucien harangues them on horseback, representing the Cinq-Cents as overborne by ruffians with daggers, by brigands in English pay, and patiently waiting to be delivered from a dominant minority of assassins.

Then, with a splendid burst of dramatic enthusiasm, he points a sword, lent by somebody for the occasion, at the breast of his brother, with—"As for me, I swear to pierce the heart of my own brother if he ever infringes the liberties of France!" The rhodomontade succeeds. "*Vive Bonaparte!*" resounds from soldierly throats; and Murat enters the hall at the head of a party of grenadiers with drums beating. Thus ends the drama at the hall of the Cinq-Cents, and the Cinq-Cents with it, saving that in the course of the evening Lucien reassembles about thirty members of the now defunct body, who obediently pass the decrees necessary to give formal effect and an air of legality to the Consulate.

Henceforth the way is easy. By natural gradations the Consul assumes the Emperor; and the world witnesses the spectacle of a Corsican boy (who, at twenty, dreams of the liberation of his little oasis in the Mediterranean from the grip of France, and ten years after of illimitable Eastern dominion) translating his last dream into the fact of Imperial

France, and playing with European nationalities as with puppets.

Bonaparte's peculiar fancy was not to proclaim himself autocrat of many realms, but to be nominally the head of a federation of rulers—not to be the ruler of a people, but a king of kings. In one of Gilroy's clever cartoons he appears as a baker drawing from the oven a fresh lot of gingerbread kings and queens; in another, as an itinerant showman pulling the wires of the crowned puppets that dance to his pulling. He shifted his puppets at the first variation of policy always, often at mere caprice; as, for example, when he transferred Joseph from Naples to Spain, to be replaced at Naples by Murat; or when he erected Etruria into a Kingdom, apparently for the mere purpose of suppressing it; or forced Louis to accept the puppet position of King of Holland for the personal gratification of dethroning him. There came a day when he was mad with power—with overweening egotism; and history assumed to him the significance of a vast spectacular drama, in which, as stage manager, he shifted and reconstructed its scenes, evoked or laid its puppets at caprice, and wholly without moral purpose. He was Gulliver in a Lilliput, of which every Lilliputian was a king; from the date of his first and least, but noblest, dream, a grand but unalloyed egotist following after a phantom, deluding himself and the world with phantasmagoria, himself the central illusion of all the splendid army of illusions that his mighty military magic conjured into transitory being.

"Crowned scoundrel!" thunders M. Lanfrey, eloquently, but with something of injustice. Rather let him be handed down as the egotist of the three dreams—posing, posturing, his whole biography through; disposing about himself, artistic egotist that he was, the drapery of history, often by means of the meanest artifices; suppressing historical fact, inventing historical fiction, when it suited the demands of his spectacle, himself, indeed, the most colossal fiction of the century, that shuddered at his tread. Ah, Lamartine, M. Thiers, Victor Hugo, John S. C. Abbott, J. T. Headley! what a lie have ye made of Napoleon I.—indeed, a greater and more magnetic lie than the pigmy Corsican made of himself!

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*YOUNG MEN.*

NATURAL DEATH.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

IT seems to be a demonstrable law in physiology that no normal process can be painful; and as it is "appointed unto all men once to die," death is a normal process, or, rather, the cessation of all the processes of life, and should, therefore, be painless. In the early ages, before diseases and medicines were known, death does not seem to have been regarded as anything different, in the matter of sensation, from a "sleep that knows no waking." Obituary notices made no allusion to sickness or suffering. The deceased "slept;" they "gave up the ghost;" they were "gathered to their fathers;" "And all the days of Adam were nine hundred and twenty years, and he died;" "He lived to a good old age, and he died."

Nothing is said of fear or dread of the "grim messenger." So far as we can learn, men went to death with the same composure, and with no more suffering, than they went to sleep, because they must—it was so appointed. It was the order of nature.

It is only disease that is painful. It is only morbid agents and abnormal relations that are the causes of pain. Disease is an abnormal process; it is an effort to resist or expel poisons or impurities, and to overcome abnormal conditions. If disease were not painful, we could not know how to keep well by avoiding its causes. If abnormal conditions and relations did not cause us suffering, we should have no guide to the means which maintain the life processes and conduce to health. Hence the law that the more intensely poisonous or morbid is the cause of disease—the thing abnormal—the more violent will be the vital struggle against it; and if the cause is continuous or frequently resupplied, as in the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, the living organism will struggle until its stock of vitality is exhausted. But when the vital effort ceases, death begins, and there is no more pain. Many persons imagine that there is something terrible, something indescribably agonizing in the "death-stroke." As death is not an entity, nor force, the "death-stroke" can be nothing else than a myth of the imagination.

Life may be pleasurable or painful, as we live in accordance with organic laws, or otherwise; and sickness, which is "disordered physiology," is always painful, except when vitality is reduced below the range of sensibility. Death, however, which is the end of vital action, is a mere negation. We speak of "passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death." The phrase is not only poetic and beautiful, but it indicates a grand truth; it is the twin sentiment of the sublime expression of the "Prince of the Apostles," "How shall the seed live unless it die?" The obvious meaning of both phrases is, the body returns to dust, and the soul ascends to another sphere or state or stage of existence.

So far as mere sensibility is concerned, dying differs in no respect from "going to sleep." I have known persons die as quietly and painlessly as ever an infant fell asleep in its mother's arms. There was no appreciable disturbance of respiration, nor of circulation, nor of the vital instincts, mental powers, nor external senses save a gradual cessation of their manifestations. Two cases in point I will mention; as they not only illustrate my leading idea, but also show the advantages of hygienic habits of living.

A young man came to me in New York, a few years ago, to be treated for consumption. Two years before he became consumptive, and, as usual in such cases, neglected curative measures until his case became hopeless. He then resorted to a very simple dietary, occasional and judicious bathing, and careful attention to ventilation, exercise, etc., which relieved him of pain and feverishness, and rendered his cough mild, and the expectoration very small in quantity, so that he continued to attend to business. But he steadily declined in flesh and strength. I was obliged to inform him that he could not possibly live long, whereupon he concluded to remain over night and return home by the morning train. In the afternoon he made several calls in the city and transacted some business. In the evening, near bedtime, we were sitting side by side on a sofa in the parlor engaged in conversation.

Soon I noticed a little hesitancy in his utterances, and a slight gasping for breath. In two minutes after he was dead.

A gentleman, sixty-two years of age, who became a confirmed dyspeptic in early life, and had been a hopeless invalid for nearly forty years, had managed during the last twenty years of his life to live so carefully in respect to hygienic conditions, that he had suffered very little, although never able to do much in the way of labor or business. But, at length, finding himself sensibly emaciating and failing in flesh, he came to my place with the view to remain some months. But he continued to fail, and in a few days was confined to his bed. Yet he suffered no pain, and complained of nothing except a disposition to sleep. He took his usual food regularly, relished it as well as ever, conversed about his condition and prospective death as composedly as any one could speak on the subject of going to sleep, and in a few days he, too, was "gathered to his fathers."

These cases do not, of course, represent natural death only approximately, for both died of disease; yet their habits were such that the "final change" was very nearly that which belongs to normal death, which should be, if possible, still more quiet and composed. They show the principle, however, that suffering is the result of the struggle of the vital powers, not of their cessation. It is well known that consumptives, as a rule, suffer much, often terribly, of cough, expectoration, hectic fever, chills, and night sweats; and that dyspeptics are generally tormented with almost all imaginable morbid cravings and distressing sensations. But these are mostly the consequences of bad food and worse medicine.

Many persons, probably the great majority, estimate the degree of pain by the violence of muscular contractions; but nothing can be more fallacious. Catch and hold any untamed animal, and it will make as violent efforts to escape as its muscles are capable of. A bee will quickly worry itself to death by trying in vain to pass through a pane of transparent glass. Harness a wild horse to your carriage and bid him "Go." He suffers no bodily pain, but he will make most violent efforts to disengage himself from the abnormal entanglement.

Persons may, and sometimes do, have violent convulsive paroxysms with little or no pain, and even in some cases with sensations absolutely pleasurable. Some persons, when partially etherized, have enjoyed the extraction of a tooth, the sensation being really delightful.

This statement may seem like taxing human credulity rather severely; but stranger things than this can be proved to be true.

What is the rationale of sensation? A world of mysteries is involved in the solution of this simple question. I answer, sensation is simply the recognition of objects, of which recognition the mind is conscious. And as there are intellectual and affectuous mental organs, there are intellectual recognitions of objects (thoughts, perceptions, reflections, ideas), and affectuous recognitions of objects (feelings, emotions, passions, propensities). The various organic viscera (stomach, heart, lungs, etc.) have recognitions of objects of which the mind does not take cognizance. We can not call these merely vital recognitions sensations, for sensation implies mental recognition (consciousness); and we have no word in our language, nor in any other language that I know of, which has been appropriated to the idea of vital recognitions. The phrases "organic perceptivity," "vital instinct," "organic sensibility," "reflex irritability," etc., have been employed by various authors, but none of them are either appropriate or definite. Perhaps, when the subject is better understood, some learned lexicographer will find or fabricate the proper technical word or term.

Sensation, then, implies a mental organ; and the degree of sensibility is measurable exactly by the relative development of that part of the brain which constitutes the phrenological organ of "Vitativeness." Animals, therefore, (as the cold-blooded) may have comparatively large brains with absolutely small and almost inappreciable sensibility; and human beings may have very large brains with a small endowment of sensibility; or very small brains with a large endowment of it. No matter what degree of effort or muscular action any animal or person manifests, in health or in disease, in living or in dying, sensation is according to the intensity or acuteness of the mental recognition; just as light or color depend on the size, quality, and condition of the visual organ.

Vitativeness is but feebly developed in the animal kingdom; and in human beings it is doubtless more and more developed and intensified (improved in quality) as they progress in civilization and enlightenment. The animals can have no idea of the acuteness of human sensations, and perhaps we have but a feeble development compared with that to which human beings may attain in a thousand or a million years hence, in this world or in some other.

It may be objected that sensation is essential to the preservation of the animal. Not at all; although it does, by bringing reason to the aid of instinct, enlarge the ability to protect one's self, or to destroy others. But for mere existence, all that is required is vital recognition. The vegetable has this property, and this enables it to select its food, grow, and propagate its kind. But as animals (except the very lowest) locomote, and seek food in different localities and under a diversity of circumstances, they must needs have some degree of brain substance, and some one or more organs of the external senses. The very lowest forms of living organisms (amoebia, monera), have but an infinitesimal point of nervous matter answering the purpose of brain, and only one of the five senses, viz., feeling.

When a person is narcotized, or apoplectic, or profoundly magnetized, he feels nothing, however much his bodily structures may be cut, burned, or mangled. His brain organ of recognition is not in action, and his condition, so far as sensation is concerned, is even below that of the monera.

Soon after the organization of the Society in New York for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Bergh interested himself in behalf of the poor suffering turtles that were kept on their miserable backs day after day in front of the restaurants, as an advertisement of the good eating that could be had within. It was praiseworthy in Mr. Bergh, and yet it is to be regretted that he and his philanthropic associates could not have expended their energies in another direction in which they could, with the same means and efforts, have accomplished ten thousand times as much good. But the question arose whether the turtles did suffer. This was discussed *pro* and *con* by editors and scientists, and finally the greatest of living naturalists, Professor Agassiz, was consulted. He decided that turtles did possess a nervous structure, that they were sensitive, and therefore must suffer. The decision was correct, but had nothing to do with the subject of cruelty.

A nervous system does not imply sensibility. Animals have comparatively large organic nerves, and comparatively small cerebro-spinal nerves. It is only the latter that are concerned in sensation, nor will these endow the animal with sensibility only to the extent that the brain organ of Vitaliveness is developed and in an active condition. The little mole that is obliged to feel its way has a hundred thousand nerve filaments terminating at the tip of its nose. It has exquisite recognition on the part of the or-

gan of feeling, yet, without a brain organ of recognition, it may not suffer any more when being swallowed by a snake, than a flower suffers when being picked from the plant. There is more real suffering in the city of New York every day in the year, because of the cruelty to men, women, and children, than will be suffered by all the horses in that city during the next hundred years. Horses, however, should not be abused, nor should anything.

Again, sensation is intimately connected with respiration. This is why anesthetic agents can be administered with safety if the breathing is duly attended to. Long before respiration ceases sensation is lost; and the degree of unconsciousness corresponds exactly with the extent to which respiration is diminished. It is only necessary to diminish the respiration to a certain and safe degree, in order to interrupt all mental recognition, and hence obviate all pain.

But, respiration may be diminished to the extent of obviating pain without wholly interrupting mental recognition; and thus the sensations, as in dreaming, may be confused, and either painful or pleasurable, while a tooth is being drawn, a limb amputated, or a tumor excised. It is only because this degree of anesthesia is uncommon that its rationale has not been investigated.

The story of certain Frenchmen, who so enjoyed the sensation of hanging that they often indulged in the luxury, having an understanding with their servants to cut them down after so many moments of choking ecstasy, whether fact or fiction, has nothing intrinsically incredible about it. That method of sensuous gratification is no more impossible nor absurd than the indulgence in liquor, tobacco, opium, ether, or chloroform for the same purpose; all of whose effects are explainable on precisely the same principle, as are also the effects of tea, coffee, and other nervines, whether employed as seasonings, beverages, or medicines.

Hanging, drowning, and burning at the stake are generally supposed to be very painful methods of dying. It is true that a person may be made to suffer prolonged and terrible pain by fire or any instrument of torture applied to only a small part of the body. But when fire or the rack is applied to the whole body, or a large part of it, the very intensity of the impression nearly suspends respiration, and with it sensibility. The muscles may be convulsed, the flesh quiver, and the victim seem to writhe in agony, when there is no sensation whatever.

Some persons, in virtue of a strong will, when subjected to torture, so "hold the breath," as to diminish respiration below the range of pain, as in the cases of Cranmer, who held his offending hand in the flames until it was consumed, and of Montezuma who, when extended naked on burning coals, refused to disclose the place where the treasures of Mexico were concealed. "Strong-minded" persons are capable of heroic endurance, simply because they can prevent pain in the way I have indicated. Persons are sometimes so absorbed in thought, or so "obsessed" by emotion or passion that they are entirely insensible to conditions of heat, or cold, or hunger, that would otherwise be unendurable. The old martyrs, hundreds of thousands of whom have been hung, burned, or quartered, endured less bodily suffering, probably, than a majority of women endure (quite unnecessarily) in childbirth; and if we have sympathies and means to expend in relieving the cruelest and most extensive suffering known on the earth, here is a field ample enough for an Anti-Cruel Society in every hamlet and school district.

If all normal physiological processes are painless, must not parturition be included? Most certainly. And every physician knows that the pains as well as the perils of labor are, without exception, more severe as the patient is more abnormal. Every author on obstetrics relates cases of painless childbirth, and every physician of much experience has met with such cases. In the last issue of the *Chicago Medical Journal*, Dr. J. S. Wilson, of Atlanta, Georgia, gives the particulars of five such cases he has recently attended. I have known several.

But let us explore the "mystery of mysteries" on this subject. How is it that a dose of opium, or hanging, will produce the same pleasurable sensations? How can pulling a tooth and an exhilarating cup of tea occasion similar feelings? Why do a "brandy smasher" and an epileptic paroxysm sometimes cause the same sensations?

There is no difficulty in solving these mysteries if we keep in mind what sensation itself is, and how it is produced.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind but eloquent preacher, once lectured in New York on the yellow fever. He stated that, in the pre-monitory or forming stage, the patient often felt unusually well; he experienced an extraordinary buoyancy of spirits, amounting sometimes to a state of exhilaration. In a few hours after these pleasurable sensations he

was "seized with the fatal attack," and in a day or two was laid in the grave.

Persons often "take cold," have a slight degree of feverishness, and on retiring to bed, experience a pleasurable whirl of excitement in the brain; thoughts are rapid and brilliant; objects are agreeable and multitudinous; the mind revels in scenes of imaginary beauty; yet the patient is conscious that all is owing to a "rush of blood to the head." Give another person the requisite dose of morphine, castor, musk, valerian, assafoetida, or even the rattlesnake's virus, and he will have similar mental and physical sensations.

Esquirol relates the case of a young lady who was subject to convulsive paroxysms periodically, and enjoyed them so exquisitely that she always contemplated their return with longing and delight. A similar condition, though in a milder form, may be induced by the habitual use of nitrous oxide gas, ether, or chloroform.

Now it is clear that all of these agents must occasion a similar action or condition of the vital machinery. They all occasion *universal spasmodic action*. This is the key to the solution of all the intricate problems connected with this subject. Let me illustrate:

If a person take an emetic, cathartic, or a strong dose of any nervine, there will be a *violent* spasmodic action in one or more organs or parts. This will be attended with pain. If he take any drug, medicine, or poison that is expelled in some one direction, or mainly through one of the emunctories, the effect will be the same. The reason is, the blood accumulates in the part, producing compression of the nerves. But if he take any drug, medicine, or poison that is carried through the circulation and expelled equally in all directions, there will be no pain whatever. The reason is, the whole vital domain is acting defensively equally; the circulation is not unbalanced; no congestion and no compression occur. On the contrary, as the vital actions are generally intensified, the patient experiences "augmented vitality" and the sensations are pleasurable, and this condition of real but wasteful and expensive pleasure, this universal exhilaration of mind and body, will continue so long as the circulation maintains its balance.

But "intensive life can not be extensive." Sooner or later, according to the vigor of the constitution, a collapse occurs. Congestion follows, and pain, with a sense of preternatural weariness, results. Then it is that the patient feels the need of "one glass more," to be suc-

ceeded by a lesser degree of exhilaration and a greater collapse, and so on to the end of the chapter, which is premature death. This is why those who become addicted to tea, coffee, opium, tobacco, or alcohol find it so difficult to feel well or do anything without the accustomed excitant.

This universal disturbance, consequent on the use of nervines and narcotic stimulants, is nothing more nor less than spasmodic action. But the action is so diffused and divided that it amounts only to a gentle tremulous motion. In St. Vitus' dance, all the muscles of the fingers may be in rapid spasmodic action, yet without pain; but let a single tendon of one finger be in a state of spasmodic rigidity, and the pain may be excruciating.

If the stomach expels opium by vomiting, the spasmodic action is local and painful. If a smaller dose is carried through the circulation and expelled at all the outlets, the spasmodic action is diffused, and the effect is termed exhilaration. A small quantity of alcohol will occasion this exhilarating effect. It is then said to "act" as a nervine. A larger dose occasions a feverish condition of the surface. It is then said to "exert" its stimulant property. A very large dose induces paleness, coldness, and stupor. It is then said to "take effect" as a narcotic. This language is very absurd, but it is all the explanation we can find in medical books. If alcohol is in any sense a "supporter of vitality," as nearly all the medical profession teach, then are yellow fever, rattlesnake's virus, epileptic fits, pulling teeth, hanging, drowning, and burning at the stake supporters of vitality in precisely the same sense.

Now, it happens that all diseases are painful and dangerous as the vital action is localized, and, *per contra*, painless and safe as the vital action is diffused. In this respect, diseases and medicines are precisely analogous. In a simple fever, for example, the remedial effort is distributed throughout the system, while in the cholera it is concentrated upon the bowels. In common convulsions the muscular action is distributed throughout all the voluntary muscles of the body, and is not painful. In locked-jaw it is concentrated on one set of muscles, or a single muscle, and is extremely painful.

When a person is asphyxiated, as in carbonic acid gas, or submerged, as in drowning, or his neck ligated, as in hanging, respiration instantly ceases, and consciousness is as instantly lost. The pain, therefore, is but as the lightning's flash, which is said to occupy but a millionth part of a second. In apoplexy the respiration

is so diminished from compression of the brain that the patient is unconscious and feels nothing. In sleep the blood recedes from the brain, so that it ceases to perform any function of external recognition, and rests for repairs; not, however, to become "reoxygenized," "phosphorated," or chemically rejuvenated, as the chemico-physiologists absurdly teach, but to accumulate "germinal matter" in the form of the white corpuscles of the blood, and get rid of the debris or ashes, in the shape of oxygenized dead matter.

If sleep is imperfect, dreaming occurs; and dreams (which are imperfect mental recognitions) will be pleasing or distressing precisely as the vital actions are balanced or unbalanced. Most persons know what hideous dreaming may result from overloading the stomach with indigestible food at bedtime. If any one wishes to test this theory, and see horrid spectres, he has only to swallow a clam soup and a mince pie, and retire to his nightmare and goblins. Or if he prefers a vision of the fantastics, less frightful but more ludicrous, imps, spirits, nondescripts, and mongrels, all he needs is a moderately-full dose of morphine.

It does not follow that because a sensation is pleasurable the agent which causes it is wholesome and vitalizing. The Turkish bath occasions sensations similar to those of alcohol, tobacco, coffee, morphine, etc., and like them is debilitating and pernicious.

But as the "act of dying" is no act at all, but the cessation of action, the term pleasure, or pain, can not apply to it. The spirit may leave its earthly tenement with the same sensation, and with no other sensation, than those which attend its repose when the body sleeps.

"FAST MEN" AND "FAST LIVING."

WE find a good thing in one of our exchanges, which seems to have been copied from an unknown source. It is an effective exposition, in brief, of the pernicious tendencies of the course of life so generally pursued by the majority of business men.

The phrase "fast living" has passed into the language of common life. When "fast trotting" on a racecourse is spoken of, the watches of the judges determine precisely what is meant by "2:17" or "2:40," as to time and to distance. The horses which perform these feats of speed are, in the long intervals between the races, moderately exercised, carefully groomed, and, it may almost be said,

affectionately nursed. The great object of the owners of the horses is to keep them in such sound condition that, upon occasion, they may be able to do wonders upon the racecourse without injury to their soundness and vital condition. "Fast horses," in the good hands of kind and considerate owners, are not among the shortlived of their species.

But "fast men" are their own proprietors, and will neither accept advice nor submit to restraint or discipline. What "fast living" among men means has, like "fast running" among horses, been reduced to a scientific measurement. Two eminent physiologists in Great Britain recently read before the Royal Society the result of experiments, continued for fourteen days, upon a human subject. When the man was first taken in hand, while in a normal condition, using no alcoholic beverages, his heart-beats in a day amounted to 106,000. Under alcoholic treatment—not intemperance, as it is called, but moderate drinking—on the first day the heart-beats increased four per cent. On the last day of the alcoholic regimen the heart-beats had increased up to twenty-five per cent. The throbs were at the rate of 127,000 per day. And when brandy was introduced into the potations, the heart-beats went up to 181,000 per day. Carefully noting all the circumstances and qualifications, the calculation was made that when the alcoholic stimulant was at its maximum, one-fifth more work was imposed upon the heart than under its natural and healthy action.

It will be observed that in these figures there is no attempt at sensation or exaggeration. The statement is not made by earnest advocates of temperance, aiming at making an impression on the mind, or an appeal to fear. It is the calm statement of scientific men, aiming only to reach true results; and if there is any exception to be taken to their verdict, it must be only that upon *one* man as a subject, conclusions respecting *all* men can not be definitely made. One thing, however, is certain, that in every case the person who takes un-

due stimulus "lives faster," be the percentage more or less, and, by overworking, impairs his vital functions. If it be answered that observation shows that some hard drinkers live long lives, the response is, "True, *some* do, but very few." And of these, what *sort* of lives are they? With intellects impaired and self-reliance destroyed; with ability for continuous exertion taken away; with ambition displaced by indifference to character or consequences, and with hope lost in sottish despair, existence can not be called *life* in any true sense. It is also to be remembered that a man under abnormal excitement gets no rest. There are certain of the mental as well as the bodily powers which have a continuous action independent of the will. In the healthy subject these may be said just to "keep alive" during sleep, preserving the vitality of the body in a sound condition for action when one wakes. But the fever-tossed patient and the overstimulated "fast liver" find but little rest or refreshment in sleep. The pulses go bounding, the life-blood beats surging on, and the recuperation of slumber is lost in the fitful fever of overheated blood.

To the verdict of the philosophers may be added the testimony of a witness who was made the subject of subsequent experimental tests. The pulse-beats in this case are not before us. But the testimony of the witness, a hardy Scotch soldier, is conclusive upon the moral and mental effects of brandy. It could not be better stated, or in clearer language. "The brandy," he said, "served to give him a kind of spirit which made him *think* he could do a great deal of work; but when he came to do it, he found he was *less able than he thought*." There is a whole temperance lecture in that testimony. It disposes completely of the whole argument in favor of spirit-stimulated effort, and coincides with the experience of all who have tried it. It is a fact most palpable that if any other agency besides rum were productive of one-half of rum's terrible work in society, it would be suddenly suppressed.

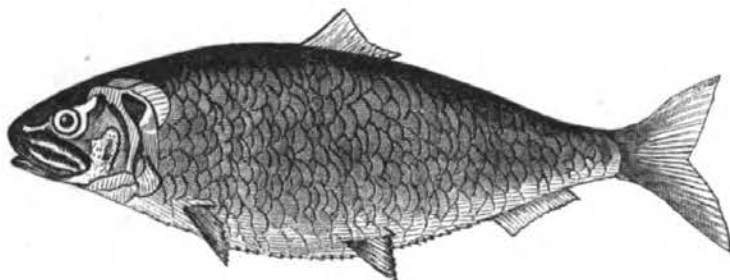
KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.

THAT man must daily wiser grow
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope:
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace!
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,

Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*



AMERICAN SHAD CULTURE.

THE shad (*Alosa præstabilis*) stands very high among, if not at the head of, the luxuries which our rivers afford.

A seven-pound specimen, in the month of June, taken fresh from the Connecticut, and cooked by a housewife who has had her birth and education in that famous valley, leaves little to be desired in the way of epicurean delight. The fish from this stream stand so high in the market, that the placard "Connecticut River Shad" probably sells a great many more fish in all our large cities than come from that stream. As compared with Southern shad, they are unquestionably fatter and of finer flavor; but compared with the fish that come from other streams along Connecticut and Rhode Island shores, there is not much ground for the distinction. I have eaten quite as fine shad from the Quinnebang and Pawcatuck, before the race became extinct in these rivers, as the best ever taken at Saybrook and Lyme. It is not improbable that they follow the law of the grains and fruits, which show the highest excellence in the Northern belt, where they can be successfully cultivated.

The coast orange about New Orleans is a higher flavored fruit than the orange of Havana; the apple of the Northern States than those of the Southern. The corn and wheat of the North are heavier grains than those of the South. We look for the best shad in the Northern limits of the region where these flourish; and in these streams human skill should do its best to multiply the race and increase the supply of food for man.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The shad belongs to the herring family (*Cu-*

peida), which affords so large a share of the animal food of European countries. As its name (*præstabilis*) implies, it is the largest of the *Alosa*, and permanent as an article of food. The species nearest allied to the shad are the alewife (*Alosa tyrannus*) and the bony fish (*Alosa menhaden*). The alewife is found in all shad streams, and in many small streams from which the shad have long since disappeared.

The alewife does not need to go so far up the stream to find a suitable spawning bed, and even spawns in the ponds of brackish water. The bony fish does not probably come into fresh water at all for the purpose of spawning. It is sometimes, however, found about the estuaries of our streams, but will not live long in fresh water. They are sometimes cut off from going to sea by the closing of the tideway at the Charlestown ponds, in Rhode Island, and always perish during the winter while the alewife lives. The bony fish are found all along our coast, from the capes of Virginia to Maine, and form the staple of a lucrative business in oil and fish guano. The geographical range of the shad is from the coast of Florida to the British Provinces, and, we believe, has not been found in any other locality, unless artificially planted. The shad of Europe is a much smaller and inferior fish. The shad resembles the salmon in its migratory habits, but is found much further south. The salmon did not probably resort to any river south of the Hudson, while the shad entered every considerable stream along our coast north of St. Mary's. They make their appearance on the Carolina coast in February, and in New England streams in April.

Some have supposed that they form one vast shoal in the ocean and move up the coast in the spring, giving off a delegation to each stream as they passed by its mouth. But the best authorities now consider that each river has its own family of shad, and that however far it may wander from its mouth while it remains in the sea, it is sure to return.

The shad of the Connecticut and Hudson rivers are so different in shape and appearance, that market men accustomed to handle them readily distinguish the one from the other. It is probably rare that a shad ever strays into any other stream than its own native one.

Shad are supposed to feed upon soft-shelled crustacea, the young of molluscs, small fish, and the lower orders of marine life. They have been found with vegetable matter in their stomachs, so that they can not be wholly carnivorous. As caught in our rivers, nothing is usually found in their stomachs. They feed in the sea, voraciously, until the breeding instinct leads them to seek their spawning beds. They then push up the stream with great rapidity until they find their birth-place, traveling hundreds of miles in a few days. Fresh river shad are sometimes taken at the head of tide-water, fifty or more miles from sea, with fishes in their stomachs, so little destroyed that their species could be determined. The same shad does not probably remain long in a stream. As soon as the spawn is dropped they return to sea, so much exhausted that "a down-stream shad" has become a proverb for leanness. The fishing season in the Connecticut is from the 15th of March to the 15th of June, but fish come into the stream earlier, and some do not probably spawn until late in July. Those used by the Fish Commissioners for artificial propagation are taken mainly in the three weeks following the 15th of June.

The shad of the Hudson occupy about the same time as those of the Connecticut in depositing their spawn. At least four months are occupied by the different shoals in performing this office.

The favorite spawning grounds are immediately below rapids, like those of Bellow's Falls and Hadley Falls in the Connecticut. Here there are many eddies and side currents, where the spawn are kept in constant motion before they are carried off by the main current. It seems highly probable that nearly all the spawn that supply the Connecticut are dropped at Hadley Falls. There is no good place for the capture of ripe fish below, and many fish taken there have all the marks of

fresh river shad, and are but a few hours from the sea, though they have come seventy miles or more.

It has been ascertained by those who have watched the operation, that the males and females, in spawning, swim about in circles, probably following the eddies of the stream, sometimes with the dorsal fins out of water; when suddenly the whole shoal, as if seized by a common impulse, rush forward and snoot out clouds of milt and spawn into the water. Alewives observe the same method in spawning, though they select ponds and still places in the river for their beds. The most common term for the operation at the alewife fisheries is "shooting spawn," showing that the process is a matter of common observation.

The ova, left to the care of water, are mostly devoured by fish that lie in wait for them. It is estimated that not one in a thousand ever comes to life.

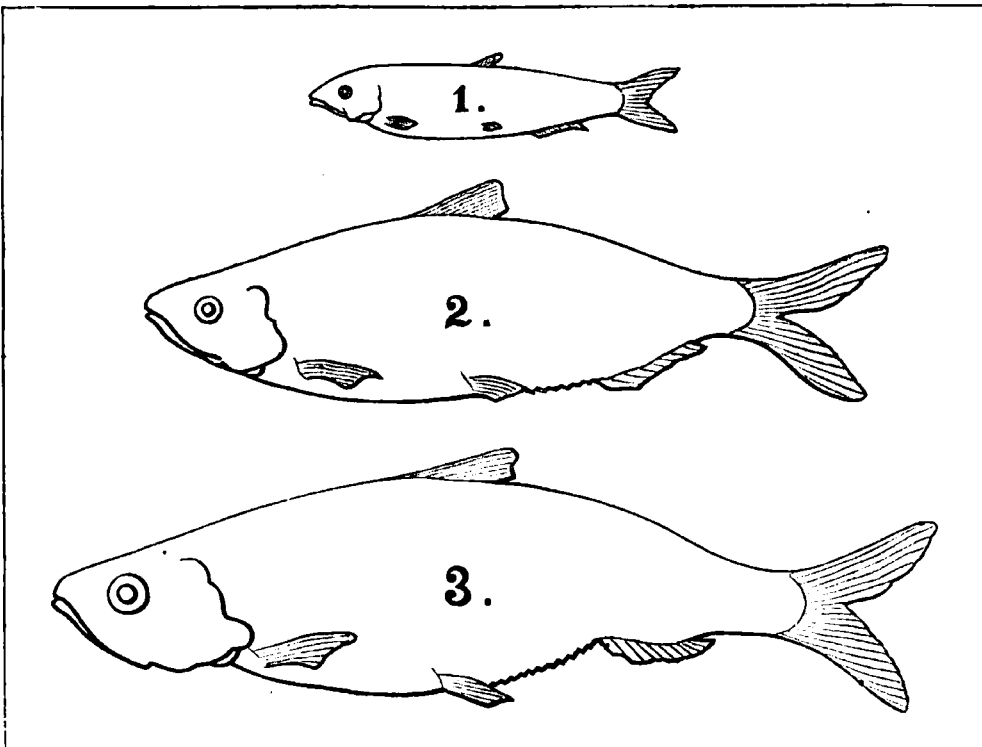
Those that hatch are generally carried seaward by the force of the current, and by October and November leave the river as young fish, from four to six inches long.

We have learned almost all that we know of the natural history of this fish since its artificial propagation was undertaken at Hadley Falls in 1867. Many of the erroneous opinions held by old fishermen upon the rivers have been dissipated, and certain facts are well established, though much yet remains to be learned. It is now known that the life of the shad, instead of being limited to one year, extends to five, and probably to ten or twelve years; that the "chicken shad," as they are termed among the pound fishermen, instead of being a distinct species, are the yearlings of the *prostrabilis*; that the males are ripe at a year old, and come into the rivers, led by sexual instinct, while the females are not fecund until the second year, when they make their appearance as small-sized shad; that they reach a merchantable size, or a weight of about four pounds in three years; that at this age they have spawn in the ovaries of three distinct sizes, plainly apparent, and the microscope reveals others still smaller in reserve; that only the larger eggs, or about one-third of those visible, are spawned, while those that remain are the crops for the two succeeding years; that the spawn of a full-grown shad, the ovaries weighing thirteen ounces, are about 70,000 in one season. The operations of Seth Green, at Hadley Falls, in the summer of 1867, mark a new era in fish culture. When it is considered that Mr. Green was a pioneer in the

work, and had only his own experience in hatching the ova of the *Salmonidae* to guide him, his complete success in a single season must be regarded as marvelous. This story is told so well by Mr. Lyman, of the Mass. Fish Commissioners, that we copy from his report of that year: "Mr. Green began his experiments the first week in July. He put up some hatching troughs, like those used for trout, in a brook which emptied into the river; and having taken the ripe fish in a sweep sieve, he removed and impregnated the ova, as is usual with trout spawn. These, to the number of some millions, he spread in boxes; but to his

water. Still, though the condition of success was found, the contrivance was still imperfect; for the eggs were drifted by the current into the lower end of the box, and heaped up, whereby many were spoiled for lack of fresh water and motion. The best that this box would do was 90 per cent., while often it would hatch only 70 or 80 per cent.

"The spawn-box he at last hit upon is as simple as it is ingenious. It is merely a box with a wire gauze bottom, and steadied in the water by two float bars screwed to its sides (Figs. 4, 5, 6). These float bars were attached, not parallel to the top line of the box, but at



YOUNG SHAD AT ONE, TWO, AND THREE MONTHS.

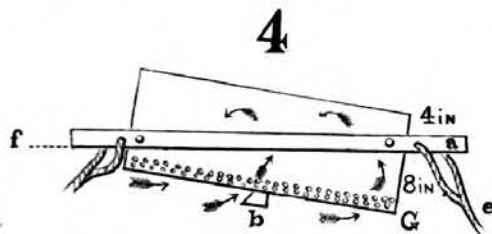
great mortification every one of them spoiled. Nothing daunted, he examined the temperature of the brook, and found not only that it was 13° below the temperature of the river (62° to 75°), but that it varied 12° from night to day. This gave the clew to success. Taking a rough box, he knocked the bottom and part of the ends out and replaced them by wire gauze. In this box the eggs were laid, and it was anchored near the shore, exposed to a gentle current that passed freely through the gauze, while eels or fish were kept off. To his great joy the minute embryos were hatched at the end of sixty hours, and swam about the box like the larvæ of mosquitoes in stagnant

an angle to it, which makes the box float with one end tilted up, and the current striking the wire gauze at an angle with the bottom is deflected upward, and makes such a boiling within as keeps the light shad eggs constantly free and buoyed up.

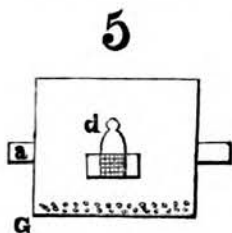
"The result was a triumph. Out of 10,000 placed in the contrivance, all but seven hatched. In spite of these delays, and the imperfect means of taking the fish, Green succeeded in hatching and setting free many millions of these tiny fry."

This simple contrivance of Green's is one of the most important discoveries of modern times. Its grandeur will be better understood

ten years hence, when it shall have been applied to all our shad streams, and the yield shall have been increased, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. In the natural process, not one egg in a thousand comes to life. By artificial propagation nearly 99 per cent. are hatched, and thus the most perilous time in a shad's life—the embryo period—is bridged



over. It is estimated by those who have carefully studied the subject, that one-fourth of the fry bred in a stream return from the sea. If anything like this proportion escape the perils of the sea, the task of filling our rivers with shad is an easy one. The fry are now hatched at a cost not exceeding ten dollars a million, and the process will become very much cheapened as the parent fish become more plenty. The process as yet has only been fairly tried in the Connecticut and Hudson rivers; and with more spawners, and more money, ten times as many fish could be turned into these streams every year. Only a small part of the breeding grounds of either of these rivers has been opened. Yet with the limited application of this discovery, made during the past five years, there has been a glut of this fish in the markets where they were sold, the finest fish selling for ten cents each. If the State Legislatures will but place sufficient funds at the disposal of our Fish Commissioners, every stream on the Atlantic seaboard can be so filled with shad, that they

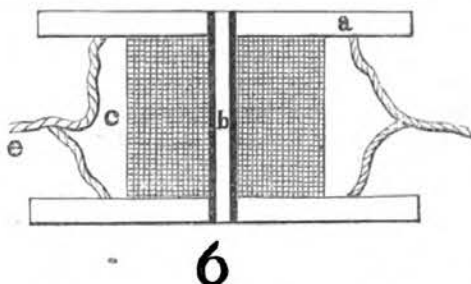


will sell at all the fisheries for one cent a pound within the next ten years. This can not fail to affect the price of all other fish and all other animal food. Cheap food under our institutions means the elevation of all the laboring classes, a great increase of their comforts and luxuries,

and the improvement of their social and moral condition.

SHAD HATCHING AT HADLEY FALLS.

We had the pleasure of witnessing the process of taking the spawn and hatching it, as it was performed by Mr. Smith, at Hadley Falls, in the season of 1871. The sieves are drawn only at night, and there are three hauls made between 8 and 12 o'clock at intervals of almost an hour, because it is found that no ripe shad are taken by day. From one to two hundred fish were taken at each haul, the female fish increasing with the lateness of the hour. As soon as the shad were hauled to the shore, they were taken in large baskets to the pen, where they were stripped. Two men held the fish over the pan, while Mr. Smith stripped the most of them in less than a minute each. Some of the males were not ripe and were not stripped at all. As fast as they were finished they were thrown into the pen, and sold to hucksters whose wagons were waiting for them.



The fishing had ceased at all the places below, and the spawners were very plenty. The milt was brought into contact with the spawn by gentle stirring with the hand, and the contact of the two was so instantaneous, after the emission of the parent fish, that few eggs could escape impregnation. The eggs swell immediately after impregnation from 9-100ths to 13-100ths of an inch in diameter, nearly doubling their bulk in the vessel. Another very curious fact is the sudden sinking of the temperature of the water about 10° in which the eggs are suspended. After the eggs have remained a half hour or more in the pans, they are carefully washed and placed in the hatching-boxes, which are suspended in long rows

NOTE.—Figs. 4, 5, and 6. Green's Patent Hatching-Box seen from the side, end, and bottom. Scale 1-20th. *a*, Side-floats, 34 inches long, 2 inches by 3 inches square, set with screws. *b*, Bottom cross bar, beveled to throw the current upward. *c*, Wire net bottom, 14 wires to an inch. *d*, Trap in hind end for escape of young fish, covered by wire net, 8 to an inch, and with a covering slide. *e*, Anchoring chord. *f*, Water line. *g*, Spawn.

from a boom fastened across the current of the river. The young shad are carried down by the current gradually as they grow, and reach the sea late in the fall; figs. 1, 2, and 3 show their outlines at this stage of their growth.

The earliest efforts to transplant shad into new waters were made by W. C. Daniell, M.D., of Savannah, Ga. From his observations upon the habits of the fish he had come to the conclusion that shad do not go very far from the mouth of the rivers in which they are bred, and that if transplanted to a new stream, they would be likely to find suitable feeding grounds near the mouth of the river, and multiply in it. It occurred to him that the shad of the Savannah River might be transferred to the Alabama; and he made the experiment, an account of which is given in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia:

"To solve the question I, with the aid of my friend, Mark A. Cooper, Esq., whose residence on the Etowah River, in Barton county, supplied an eligible locality for the experiment, in the early summer of 1848, had placed in a small tributary of Etowah River the fecundated eggs of the white shad, which I had myself carefully prepared at my plantation on the Savannah River, ten miles above this city, from living parents. These eggs, so deposited by Major Cooper, were daily visited by him until they were all hatched. In 1851 or 1852 the white shad had already been taken in the fish traps at the foot of the falls of the Alabama at Wetumpka, and of the Black Warrior, near Tuscaloosa. Through the kindness of a friend at Montgomery, Alabama, a shad taken from the river was sent to Professor Holbrook, of Charleston, S. C., and he wrote me that he 'felt certain' that the fish received and examined by him was identical with the white shad of our Atlantic rivers."

These fish have increased in size year by year, and are now considered quite equal to those of the Savannah River. They have been taken as far up the Coosa, one of the feeders of the Alabama, as Rome, and only about sixty miles below the spot where they were at first put in by Major Cooper. It seems strange that an experiment so successful should not have been repeated in twenty years, and that it should hardly have been known except to a few scientific men. But there were no fish commissioners in those early days, and the States had not began to legislate for the multiplication of fish.

The next attempt at the artificial propagation of shad was that of Mr. Green, at Hadley

Falls, in 1867, under the direction of the Connecticut and Massachusetts Fish Commissioners. I have already noticed Seth Green's experiments, and the complete success of his hatching-box in developing the fry. It was not until the Spring of 1870 that the result of this artificial hatching was made apparent in the great increase of shad in the Connecticut River. The hatching was continued in the season of 1868, and about sixty millions of shad were put into the river. There were no sure data to determine the time when the return of the artificially hatched fry might be expected. The fishermen at the mouth of the river, whose rights of pound fishing were likely to be interfered with in case of success, were obstinate in the belief that no effect of the hatching at Hadley Falls would ever be visible. Even the Connecticut Commissioners were so much in doubt about it, that they did not continue their operations at Hadley Falls in 1869. The great increase of young shad seen about the fisheries in 1868 and 1869 led them to believe that in due time the large shad would appear, and that it could not be later than in 1871. The question was decided in the spring of 1870, and is thus described in the report of the Connecticut Fish Commissioners made the following year:

"To the surprise and delight of our people they appeared in unusually great numbers in 1870. Such a run of shad had not been seen in twenty years. On Sunday, the 22d of May, they appeared in the Sound in vast numbers. Captains of vessels sailing through the Sound reported immense shoals of them near the surface of the water, all making for the mouth of the Connecticut River. On Monday morning, the 23d, over 28,000 shad of good size were taken from the pounds at and near Saybrook. The same day, at Lewis pound, beyond Nuncatesick Point, 3,500 were taken at one time, being seven times the usual catch. At Hadam Island 700 were taken at one haul of the seine. At Wethersfield 900 were taken during the day. At Holyoke dam 450 were taken between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At all the other fishing places on the river, so far as heard from, the catches were unusually large, and the fishing continued uncommonly good throughout the season. The average quality and size of the fish were also good.

"Now, the largest haul of shad in or near the Connecticut, of which we have any authentic record, was in 1811, when 2,280 shad were caught at a single draught at Rutty's Fish Place. Prior to that time the largest single

draft had been made in 1802 at Haddam pier, and it numbered about 2,300. Comparing these figures with those given above from Nuncatesick Point, it will be seen that the single catch last year at that place was larger by nearly 60 per cent. than the largest single draft ever before recorded.

"It can not positively be asserted that this great run of shad was the result of the hatching of 1867. Your Commissioners entertain the belief that it was; and there are certainly plausible reasons for such belief. It is a remarkable coincidence that such a sudden increase should appear just at the time many had predicted it and looked for it. It is a pertinent fact, too, that no other river shared in this abundance; the supply elsewhere was as scanty as in former years. Indeed, it is only because this is the first attempt ever made to cultivate shad that any doubt about these results would be entertained."

Whatever doubts may have lingered in the mind of any candid observer must have been dissipated by the enormous run of shad in the Connecticut the past two seasons. It was impossible to engage shad at the old prices for the year 1871, which showed very clearly what the impression made upon the minds of the shippers was. There was a great reduction in the season price, and in the time of greatest plenty they were sold at ten dollars per hundred at Saybrook, and in New York, where the Hudson River shad and the Connecticut come in competition, they at one time were sold for \$3.50 per hundred, a price unparalleled in modern times. Of course the dealers at the mouth of the river were obliged to resort to the long-discontinued practice of salting the shad to save them.

In 1872 the increase of shad in the river has been still more marked. This is not only shown by the catch of fish during the legal season, but by the hatching operations at Hadley Falls after the 24th of June. The parent fish were not only more numerous, but the spawners of a large size appeared in such numbers as were never before seen. Although the season was several days shorter, nearly a third more eggs were taken than had ever before been put in the hatching-boxes. A summary of hatching operations at Hadley Falls shows that in

1867...	40,000,000	of spawn were taken.
1868...	60,000,000	" "
1869...	none.	" "
1870...	51,000,000	" "
1871...	68,000,000	" "
1872...	92,000,000	" "

From what I have seen of the operations there I have no doubt that this is an under estimate rather than an exaggeration of numbers. The expense of hatching this enormous number of fish by Green's boxes is about 500 dollars a year. It is altogether probable that the numbers turned out in future years will be greatly increased. There seems to be no limit to the numbers that may be hatched but the numbers of the parent fish, and these are steadily increasing.

The operations of Massachusetts in shad hatching, aside from the Connecticut, have been confined to the Merrimack, where a few millions have been hatched and turned into the river during the past four years. Last year some of the fry were distributed in other streams.

New York began its operations upon the Hudson in 1870, and put about 2,604,000 fry into the river. Next year it was increased to 8,000,000, and this year (1872) the figures are still larger. The occasion of the comparatively small numbers is owing mainly to the difficulty of procuring the parent fish. As the river is already beginning to experience the benefits of the artificial hatching, and of the legislation in behalf of the fish, the Commissioners anticipate that this difficulty will soon be removed. They hope in a short time to put a half billion of fry into the river annually, and to defy all attempts to reduce the numbers of the shad.

Pennsylvania has done something for the improvement of its shad fisheries, but has not attempted artificial hatching. A fish way was put into the Columbia dam, upon the Susquehanna, in 1867, and fish were taken above it that year, which is conclusive evidence that it was used by the fish. There has been a steady improvement in the fishing ever since. The increase of fish must necessarily be gradual until they resort to artificial hatching. The rivers of the States further South have never been so depleted as the Northern streams. The population has not been so dense, and the fish have not been so closely hunted as in the Hudson and Connecticut. Nothing has been done yet to improve their fisheries.

UNITED STATES SHAD CULTURE.

This year is distinguished by the first attempt of Congress to aid fish breeding. A memorial was sent to Washington by the American Fish Culturists' Association, which met at Albany in February. An appropriation of \$15,000 was granted, to be disbursed under the direction of Prof. Spencer F. Baird. This gentleman called a meeting of the officers of the Association

and of the Fish Commissioners of the States for consultation in Boston, June 13th. It was agreed, as the result of the consultation, that a portion of the fund should be invested in salmon spawn upon the Penobscot, and that an effort should be made to plant shad in the streams of the Mississippi Valley. As the shad were already spawning upon the Hudson, and the hatching season upon the Connecticut had nearly come, it left very little time to make arrangements for planting shad in Western waters. It was thought, however, exceedingly desirable to try the experiment at once, as success might have an important bearing upon further appropriations. Seth Green, last summer, had planted about 10,000 shad fry in the Sacramento River, Cal., and several barren streams in New England had been stocked. Mr. Green was just at the close of his hatching operations up the Hudson, and could not attempt much. The hatching at Hadley Falls had just commenced with plenty of spawners. The results of my trip are briefly stated in the following report made to Prof. Baird:

SHAD PLANTING IN WESTERN WATERS.

To Hon. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries.

DEAR SIR—Having received your order to stock rivers west of the Alleghanies with shad fry, I left New London, July 1st, at 2:45 P.M., accompanied by Aaron Anderson, foreman of the Penguonoc Fish Company. Mr. Sanford, Vice-President of the Adams Express Co., had very kindly furnished us with a letter of introduction to his messengers and agents, expressing his warm interest in the success of our enterprise, and requesting them to furnish us with all needed facilities for the safe transportation of the fry. This letter secured for us many favors, not only from his subordinates, but from all the companies through whose hands we passed. Many thanks are due to these companies and their messengers for their courtesies and timely aid.

We met Dr. William Hudson, of Hartford, Chairman of the Connecticut Fish Commissioners, at Springfield, Mass., at 6 o'clock, *en route* for Hadley Falls, where we were to take in the fry. Dr. Hudson has taken the warmest interest in the project of stocking Western waters with shad from its conception, and has done everything in his power to make it a success.

The Conn. Commissioners have the use of the boxes of the Mass. Commissioners, and their permission to use the shad fishery for hatching purposes after the legal fishing is

closed. Last year over sixty millions of shad spawn were hatched at this place and turned into the river. Mr. C. Smith, who has had charge of the hatching-boxes for several years, informed us that the shad were not only increasing in numbers but in size. He had taken many shad this season weighing seven pounds and upward.

The season was a week or more later than last year, but there was every indication that the parent fish would be more numerous, and a larger number of fry be turned into the river.

Our apparatus for transplanting the fish was ten eight-gallon cans, furnished with handles; a large colander, with very fine mesh, for the purpose of changing the water without disturbing fry; a few water pails, and a thermometer to gauge temperature.

July 2d.—We were up with the dawn preparing for our trip. The fry were taken directly from the hatching-boxes and put in the cans about two-thirds filled with river water. The number of fry was estimated by Mr. Smith at 2,000,000.

The thermometer stood at 78°, which indicated a continuance of the heated term that had prevailed for several days. We left the Holyoke station at 6:22 A.M. The water was about 76°. We took in ice at Springfield, and left for Albany at 7:20 A.M., the thermometer indicating 96° when we reached Albany at 1:20 P.M.. By occasional additions of ice water the temperature in the cans had been kept down to about 76°. By way of experiment we took from the hatching-boxes a considerable number of ova not yet hatched, or just in the process of hatching, thinking they might bear transportation better than the fry. The loss was much greater among the ova than among the fry. Our cans were transferred to the Albany and Susquehanna road. We had a complete change of water at this point, and thorough cleansing of the cans by passing the water from one can to another, and throwing away all sediment. We secured a fresh supply of ice and left about 3 P. M. The water is very good along the line of this road, and we found no difficulty in making frequent changes, and in keeping the temperature down to 70°. At one watering tank near Binghamton the water was at 55°, quite too cold for the fry.

July 3d.—The fish passed the night safely.

We reached Salamanca at 5:30 A.M. As the Alleghany River touches the railroad at this point, and this seemed to be the best place for stocking the Ohio, we left here three cans, estimated to contain 400,000 fry, in charge of

the ticket master, who promised to see these immediately put into the river. The Erie trains form close connections here with the Atlantic and Great Western road, and we left in a few minutes for Akron, Ohio, on our way to Indianapolis, where we had determined to make our second large deposit of fry. We reached Kent, Ohio, at 4:15; and as the Cuyahoga River was near the depot, we put in a few fry at this point. At Akron we were troubled to get good water. We drove a considerable distance to the canal, and secured enough to give the fry a change. The heat had reached 96° in the cars during the day, and the fish had suffered considerable loss.

July 4th.—We reached Indianapolis a little too late for the last morning train to St. Louis, and this involved a delay of ten hours. As the fry suffer much more in standing still than in transit, we concluded to make sure of a large stock in White River, and poured the contents of three cans into that stream, a little below the railroad bridge, in the suburbs of the city. We estimated the number at 400,000. We now had but a single can left, and changed the water several times during the day. We determined to make an experiment with the remaining fry, to see how far they could be carried. We thought if we could carry them across the Plains and plant them in the Platte at Denver, it would be demonstrated that all the streams in the country can be furnished with shad fry.

The experience would be worth all it cost, even if we failed. We left Indianapolis at 8 P.M., with fresh water and plenty of ice. The heated term had passed, which was very much in our favor.

July 5th.—We left St. Louis at 8:25 A.M., with a partial change of water, and a fresh supply of ice. We took in a supply of Mississippi water from the hydrant; but it did not seem to agree with the fish so well as the water we brought along from Indianapolis.

The weather had grown cold during the night, and the water showed a temperature of 65°. This was colder than suited the fry, and some of them perished. They grew more lively as the heat increased. At Washington, and at Hermann, Mo., where the cars stopped a few minutes, we made small deposits of the fry in the Missouri River.

At Kansas City we found that we had ice and water enough to last another day, in case we could not obtain it along the road. We left on the Kansas Pacific road at 11:10 P.M., for Denver.

July 6th.—We took in a fresh supply of ice

at Brookville, and found good water at Wilson's Station, thirty-nine miles further west. We now felt quite confident of getting some fry into the Platte in good condition.

July 7th.—We met a train off the track about 7 o'clock in the morning, which delayed us over an hour. We reached Denver about 9:30 A.M., and in a few minutes had the joy of seeing Conn. River shad swimming in the waters of the Platte. They were lively and headed up stream.

We estimated the number of shad planted at this point at 2,000. As the Platte is fed by Mountain streams full of trout, there can be little doubt but that shad will thrive in its waters.

I think the trip, so favorably ended, establishes the following conclusions:

1. Shad fry, in any desirable numbers, can be planted in every barren stream of this country.

2. That all the larger branches of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio can be stocked with shad next year at small expense.

3. That, as the numbers put into a stream in any shipment of fry depends upon its nearness to the source of supply, it would be desirable another season to hatch shad upon the Potomac, which is a day's journey nearer the West. From this point the distribution might begin as early as the first of June, to be followed by fry from the Hudson and Conn. later in the season. Very respectfully yours,

W. CLIFT.

MYSTIC BRIDGE, CONN., *July 27th*, 1872.

SHAD HATCHING IN 1872.

So far as we know, the only rivers in which shad are hatched are the Connecticut, the Hudson, and the Merrimack; and this in the sixth season of the use of Seth Green's hatching-boxes—a discovery that is likely to do for the food supply of the nation what Whitney's cotton gin did for its clothing.

About 8,000,000 of shad spawn were hatched in the Hudson last year, and we learn, unofficially, that the numbers considerably exceeded it this year. Of the number hatched, 220,000 were put into the river above the Troy dam. 80,000 into Lake Champlain, 20,000 into Lake Owasco, 50,000 into Genesee River, 30,000 in the Alleghany River at Salamanca, and 25,000 into the Mississippi, two miles below St. Paul. The remainder were turned into the river below Castleton.

The operations began May 18th, and ended July 2d.

The ova hatched in the Connecticut last year

were over 60,000,000. This year operations did not begin until the 24th of June, and ended on the 18th of July, less than four weeks.

The fish were larger and finer than ever before, and the hatch of spawn was 92,065,000, a third more than was taken last year.

The hot weather of the early part of July had such an effect upon the females, that the average number of ova from each one was greatly increased.

Of this number 2,000,000, were sent to the Alleghany, White, and Platte rivers; a half million were distributed in Rhode Island waters; a half million were sent to the Sagatuck, and about the same number to Great

Brook, in Groton, Conn. The rest were turned into the Connecticut, just below Hadley Falls.

This enormous addition to the finny tribes was made at an expense to the State of Connecticut of about five hundred dollars.

If the improvement of only two of our shad streams for five years has resulted in the reduction of the wholesale price of shad in New York to \$3.50 per hundred, what may be expected when all the States turn their attention to this business, and Seth Green's hatching-boxes are in use upon every shad stream in the country?

Is not cheap food for the coming millions a problem already solved? W. CLIFT.

COURAGE.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

THE past is past. There is no more returning
Unto the flowery freshness of life's May;
Right onward through this desert, parched and burning,
With patient hearts we must pursue our way.

Nor pause to dream of waters coolly flowing
Thro' forest glades, or bush, sweet wildwood bowers;
For dreams but mock and madden us by showing
A world of bliss that never may be ours.

Forward! the cruel way of Fate gleams whitely
In the fierce brightness of th' unspitting sun;
Courage! weak hearts bear not life's burdens lightly,
Nor faltering feet the race victorious run.

Nor tears bring clearness to the clouded vision,
Nor coolness to the burning sands below,

Nor sighs and groans attest a calm submission
Unto the Love that points the way to go.

Ah, heavy, heavy. But no sad bewailing
Can ever ease the burden or the pain;
Bravely we must bear up through all—and, falling,
Spring with fresh courage to the strife again.

Forward! no time for weakness or repining,
No place for rest until the goal be won,
Far on we see the heights, serene and shining,
Far off we hear th' approving Lord's "Well done!"

A little longer suffer these oppressions,
A little longer bear this fret and strain;
Then we shall enter into our possessions,
And taste the bliss distilled by toil and pain.

DANIEL FOX, THE FARMER CENTENARIAN.

THIS fine specimen of the pioneer American may not be altogether unknown to many of our readers, his great age and extraordinary mental and physical vigor having rendered him famous much beyond the boundaries of his county. He is by no means a large man, being below the medium height, but he possesses a singularly strong and wiry frame, with wonderful equanimity of temper—how conducive to longevity this quality is!—and even now, at his great age, he is not bent or bowed; but, as his neighbors say, "is as straight as an Indian," while his step has almost the elasticity of youth. His faculties appear scarcely impaired, except that his eyesight is somewhat deficient. He seems to feel undiminished interest in the proper culture and management of his farm,

and looks after his stock and attends to his "chores" about as well as he ever did. Not long since he clambered up a ladder to "help," as he said, in re-shingling one of his barns, and descended to the ground without accident or assistance.

He was born at Groton, Conn., on the first day of March, 1771, more than five years before Independence was declared by the first Continental Congress. In his childhood his residence was changed to Guilford, Vt., where he lived until he was twenty-one years of age, when he went to Galway, Saratoga Co., N. Y. There, however, he remained but a short time, having decided to go farther west. He went into what was then wild country, in the western part of the State of New York, and located in the neighborhood

of Fort Stanwix. There he entered into negotiations with Mr. Henry Huntington for the purchase of a township in Chenango Co. Previous to concluding the bargain he prospected the country, and not being satisfied with the "lay of the land," broke off the negotiations. Shortly afterward he turned

Wallsworth sold out his interest in the farm, and Mr. Fox reduced his portion to 125 acres, which he retained and cultivated. On this farm the veteran agriculturist has gathered over seventy annual crops.

Although so old a man he has not shown much of the fossil characteristics of "old



his attention to the country in the neighborhood of Lake Ontario, and after much examination selected a site in the valley of Big Sandy Creek, about two miles above what is now called Adams Village. Here, with a partner, Mr. Zaccheus Wallsworth, who has been dead nearly fifty years, he took up a tract of 500 acres. After a few years Mr.

fogyism," but, on the contrary, has expressed ever a strong interest in the march of the century, particularly in agricultural affairs, profiting by all those astonishing improvements in farming implements and machinery which have distinguished American civilization. He has seen the sickle superseded by the cradle, and that by the mower and reaper;

he has seen a single horse, driven by a boy, perform easily the work of a dozen sturdy laborers with hand rakes in the hay field; he has seen horse or steam power thrash in a single day the golden sheaves which he was wont to take all winter in beating out with the flail. His memory of occurrences during the Revolution is very clear, and also of other circumstances of interest which took place in his boyhood. In his habits he has ever

been a pattern of regularity and temperance, and contemplates with no little satisfaction the course of a life frugally and cheerfully conducted. Take him all in all he is a splendid specimen of the thrifty, independent, and contented farmer. He is surrounded by his descendants of the second and third generation, many of whom are among the most respected and enterprising citizens of Jefferson county.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

CHURLISH PEOPLE.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

TALK about the gloomy days of November, or the blighting frosts and chilling winds of December. Bless me! I would rather live in the fog, and chill, and shadow of a lifetime of such weather, than to be continually under the influence of churlish people.

Look into their faces; what are to be seen there but scowls, and frowns, and discontent; reminding one of a snarling mastiff chained to his kennel.

With them one would suppose that everything had gone wrong from the day of their birth to the present time; and they seem determined that everybody and everything with whom they come in contact should partake of the same churlish spirit. The very dog which follows their footsteps, and the horse upon which they ride seem to imbibe the same sullen disposition.

If the animal race is influenced by such a spirit, how direful must be its effects upon the human mind. A child subjected to the cold, rigid discipline of such parents will, in most cases, lose all the kind, genial warmth of its nature, and become shy and conservative to a fault. A home with such a shadow ever resting over its threshold, is more like a gloomy prison cell than a haven of peace and joy and love.

As the mariner is made aware of the near approach of an iceberg by the sudden falling of the temperature, so the quick, tender, sensitive mind at once detects the presence of these churlish people. One glance at the hard, stern countenance is enough to repel the warmest

heart, and to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the most ambitious aspirant.

These churlish people are universally a fault-finding people. With them the sun never shines at the right time; the wind never blows the right way; it is always too much, or not enough of a thing; and so everything is wrong side up, and wrong side out. One can not turn around in their presence but it is in the wrong direction, nor can he speak on any subject but he is made to feel that he has said the wrong thing. As to a good, hearty, healthy joyous laugh, it would bring forth a frown darker than the blackest cloud that ever preceded a thunder-gust in the tropics. The only way to escape from such people is to flee from them, as one would flee from the plague.

Whenever I meet with a churlish person, I always feel as if he needed a good shaking up; just as a cat would shake a mouse. And then I would beg and beseech of him *to smile*; for humanity's sake to smile. And not only to smile, but to speak; and to speak frankly, and kindly, and cheerfully. I never could endure this half-way kind of people! If a person takes me by the hand, I want to feel his grasp; and if he speaks, let him speak as if he had some life, and soul, and energy about him.

In my dollhood days if I had a rag baby whose appearance did not please me, I made believe "put it in an oven and bake it over again." This process was supposed to remodel and beautify it. And this is just what these churlish, grumpy people need—a remodeling, and a good thorough baking.

CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

IN other countries than the United States, society is sharply divided into what are called *classes*. In England, our venerable mother, they have the "higher classes," the "middle classes," the "working classes," and the "pauper classes." These, in the main, are not only clearly defined, but fixed. Occasionally a man of superior talent and force succeeds in breaking the barriers, or, rather, in scaling them unbroken, and forcing his way into the class above him. But for a time he is looked upon as an impertinent interloper, and it requires all the force and talent which enabled him to rise above his own class to maintain his standing in the class which, unbidden and unwelcome, he has entered. Formerly, perhaps, more often than recently, genius, with powerful wing having soared above its beginnings, and exhausted its life, unappreciated, in the production of immortal verse or works of art, has died in poverty and neglect, a victim to the senseless fiction of "*class*," laying the foundation for that biting sarcasm of the Englishman who said, "One generation of Englishmen spend their sympathy and money in erecting monuments to the sons of genius whom their fathers permitted to starve."

It is doubtless impossible to do away entirely with class distinction. In the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, men incline to group themselves under various forms of unity. Among those in whom Acquisitiveness and Approbativeness prevail, wealth, and the show and splendor of wealth, form the bond of union. How attentive and courteous the members of such society are to each other! but let the property be swept by fire or flood, and the bond of union is dissolved. Singularly, though naturally enough, the bankrupt family at once voluntarily retires from the circle of its pride and apparent affection, and hides in obscurity. Such persons receive the cut direct from their old associates if met on the street, proving by the conduct of both parties that money was the only bond which united them. In process of time, the revolving wheel of fortune may bring the bankrupt again into the financial ascendant, perhaps through honorable, perhaps through rascally operations, his name is good for a million on 'change, and he and his family, who have been openly snubbed, are openly and cordially invited to a first rank in the society from which they have been excluded, and that, too, by the very persons who had not hesitated be-

fore to inflict upon them personal insult; thus both parties virtually acknowledging that money is the foundation of their social fabric.

Another class is formed on the basis of intellectual power and its cultivation. In schools and colleges we see the influences of money, and sometimes that mean aristocracy is found to prevail, but it is generally among those who are poor scholars; while those who behave themselves and have the talent to take an eminent position, command the homage of their classmates and of the better sort of the people at large. Who thinks to inquire, except perhaps to learn that they are not poor and dependent, whether Powers the sculptor, Church the painter, or Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, or Tennyson are worth enough to bury them? We have a tender sorrow that Burns was so bestead with poverty, that Milton was so poor that he was obliged to accept the paltry sum of ten pounds for his immortal "*Paradise Lost*." Byron's poetry is not regarded as grander or sweeter because he was a wealthy lord; neither will his wealth and station prolong the memory of his best productions, nor soften the criticism justly due the blemishes of his worst.

In a republic we are quite as likely to base respectability upon wealth, if there is nothing else which distinguishes a man, as they are in a country having a monarchical government; but, fortunately, we do not commit the folly of tolerating a noodle simply because he belongs to a noted family. Among lords, hereditary name gives the stupid scion a claim to a noble recognition, which claim in a republic would be at once scouted. Here, if a boy have brain and use it rightly, he achieves a first position, in spite of the remains of early rustic habits. The memory of early poverty and an inconspicuous name do not blanch the cheek of genius nor constitute in public opinion a bar to eminence and respect. Of course a line of old and honorable ancestors sheds luster on worth and talent, but in a republic it does not gild vice or imbecility.

In England, superior talent sometimes breaks its way through proscriptive bonds and attains distinction and ultimate recognition — sometimes too late to do the recipient much good. Such a man came from the working class to Parliament, and one of the scions of nobility, in derision, condescended to say to him, "You are the *first* of your family, I believe?" "Yes," he retorted, "as you are the *last* of yours."

The acquisition of wealth costs self-denial, energy, thrift, foresight and planning talent; and if property be thus gained, and the laws of morality are carefully observed, such acquisition stands as the representative of those virtues and talents, and, therefore, commands respect. This being the case, many think the possession of wealth a passport to respect and honor, without regard to whether integrity and talent have been employed in its acquisition. To such persons property becomes a snare and reputation a cheat, and on such people is founded that blind respect for the possession of wealth which is a slander upon honest fame.

Class distinction, to be just and useful, should be based on natural capabilities and their proper use. Titles and estates rendered hereditary by law are, for the most part, merely factitious. When distinction is the reward of personal talent, moral merit and actual achievement, it is indeed a badge of honor; but it is not a sufficient capital to give just respectability to future generations of idlers and worthless vagabonds. When property is entailed by law, profligate sons of a landed aristocracy may snap their fingers in the faces of defrauded tailors and grocers who have contributed to the comfort and exterior decency of the scamp whose frugal great-grandfather left him an estate which can not be seized or alienated for the payment of just debts. We have never indiscriminately approved of vigilance committees, but we can imagine a worse thing than such a committee sitting on such cases of impudent injustice. The sooner such a hereditary line is abridged, ended, the better. We may be wrong in the opinion, but have no doubt of its correctness, that England's law of primogeniture, or the continued holding of landed estates by the eldest son, who can not vacate his title, or sell his property, is one of the most formidable barriers to the progress, glory, and happiness of her people at large. Abrogate this law, and her enormous estates, now largely kept as hunting-grounds for idle and useless lordlings, might be distributed among a million worthy and industrious families, who would raise bread and wool, instead of woodcock, hares, foxes and fast horses, as sources of demoralization to the ruling class, and of abject poverty among the working class.

We find men divided into ranks, partly through natural and partly through artificial means. As people are constituted, impressed by peculiar social influences, it is not to be expected that anything like a just equality will exist among men; and it may be

doubted, if under the most favorable conditions, equality of rank could be realized. To make the matter still stronger: suppose every person on earth were equally healthy, equally intelligent, and imbued with the most just and kindly dispositions; two generations would not pass before marked inequalities would exist, and people would rank themselves in classes. There would be a manifest divergence and reorganization. Men would seek their affinities, and relatively cease to sympathize with those unlike themselves. Nay, more, if to-day all men were exactly alike, there would soon be developed differences. One would, by some means, fail in health and vigor, and fall behind his fellows in power and achievement. Those who inherited his depressed condition and shared his restricted opportunities would become subordinate in power, rank, and influence; would suffer in self-respect and intelligence; and, if not aided, would be tempted to violate the rules of justice to eke out their meager support. Such persons could not ally themselves in marriage with the more vigorous, intelligent and fortunate, and soon there would be a "lower class," laboring under the dictation of a more favored portion of the community. And, in proportion as this laboring class increases in numbers and in dependence on the more intelligent and efficient portion of the community, the more the favored class will become wealthy, having leisure and the opportunity for superior culture. In other words, the rich would become richer and the poor poorer.

In a community in which free schools prevail, there is more equality among the people; the differences in such cases being confined more to property and refinement than to intelligence and morality.

In communities where the whole people do not undertake to educate all, there are soon established wide separations. The vigorous become rich and exclusive, educate their own children and neglect the education of the children of their weaker and less fortunate neighbors; and the result is a state of barbarism on the one hand, and lordly and exclusive aristocracy on the other, with a tendency to moral delinquency on the part of the superior class.

Compulsory education in Prussia has given the nation wonderful power, and served to bring the ruling class and the laborer nearer together. Ages of imperial and monarchical privileges have given the governing class great strength, but reforms in Germany are to-day found to be necessary. A peasantry, growing

strong in intellect by the education which kings deemed necessary to strengthen their armies and their national power, are beginning to claim some just recognition from the government, and the Emperor of Germany and his counsellors are now striving for the enlargement of the rights of the common people against the fierce opposition of the hereditary nobility. The Emperor and the common people will achieve a victory.

Phrenologically considered, there are four classes of men, and their characteristics define them pretty sharply, though there are, of course, infinite varieties of blending by means of the special development of particular faculties.

1st. The larger class are known for the predominance of the animal and selfish propensities.

2d. The next class is large, and is formed of those persons in whom the three leading classes of the faculties—viz., the intellectual, moral, and animal elements—are in a state of comparative equilibrium.

3d. The next is that of persons in whom the intellectual faculties are in predominance; and

4th. The small class in which the moral powers strongly prevail.

The first class has little, or a moderate degree, of intellectual development and culture, and the moral instincts are liable to be subjected blindly to the influences surrounding them. They constitute the laboring peasantry and mechanical operatives in aristocratic or monarchical countries.

The second class of persons are influenced largely by those who are around them. It takes but little to turn the scale either way. If their surroundings tend to the culture of moral character, they will carry themselves through life creditably. If the influences are adverse, they are swept away by the current. Such persons need to be allied to those in whom the moral and intellectual forces are strong, in order to constitute a positive influence in favor of virtue and morality, on the principle that some soil needs fertilizing and good tillage to insure good annual crops.

The third class, though in no country relatively large, fill places of trust and influence in law, medicine, legislation, the army, navy, in engineering, manufacturing, and merchandising.

The fourth class, which, unfortunately, in all countries is not large, is that which yields to the sway of the moral powers and rises above personal selfishness and all forms of vice and immorality. In this class

may be found, we believe, many clergymen, not a few teachers, physicians, and representatives of all conditions of men. In the humblest sphere may be found men, and "holy women not a few," who, in spite of worldly circumscription, illustrate the highest virtue; but their sphere is narrow, because they lack intelligence, culture, and force to influence their fellow-men extensively, or to command the respect which shall mold the conduct and character of the public. They are little green spots, full of perfume, and, like a flower-bed, appreciated highly in a limited sphere.

The rank of men is JUSTLY measured by the development and exercise of the INTELLECTUAL and MORAL POWERS.

The great multitude labor with the muscles from the impulse of daily necessity, and under the guidance of persons of higher development and better culture. This is the reason why Arkwright and Jacquard are called to mind whenever the beautiful carpet or shawl are witnessed, while the weaver who attended the wonderful loom, and the laborer who raised the silk or wool, are forgotten. The iron smelter and the wire worker are not remembered or cared for, though they were hard and honest workers, while he who taught the wire to pulsate with thought under the sea and around the world has an honored place in perpetual memory. The world does not ask who quarried the stones, or who, with infinite labor, fitted them for their places in St. Paul's Cathedral, or in that wondrous pile of strength and beauty, St. Peter's; but the names of Christopher Wren and Michael Angelo will be spoken with admiration as long as taste and language remain to mankind.

"GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP."

A BOY named Frank was standing in the yard, when his father called him. "Frank!" "Sir?" said Frank, and started full speed and ran into the street. His father called him back and asked him if he did not hear his first call. "Yes, sir," said Frank. "Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street!" "Oh, I got a-going and couldn't stop," replied Frank.

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a-going and can't stop. The boy that tells lies began first by stretching the truth a little—to tell a large story or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop till he came out a full-grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police and sent to the House of Correction for stealing, began by taking little things from his mother; by stealing sweetmeats and other nice things that were put away. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going and couldn't stop till he got into jail.

Those two boys that you see fighting out on the green began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and dispute, and call each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming-table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He has lost his last dollar. He began by playing marbles in the street, but he got a-going and couldn't stop.

See that young man with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theater, and he thought he must go too. He began by thinking that he would only go once, just to say that he had been to the theater. But he got a-going and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He can not resist the tempta-

tion when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going; he will stop in the State Prison.

Hark, do you hear that horrid oath? It comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by-words, but he has got a-going and can't stop.

Fifty young men were some years ago in the habit of often meeting in a room in a public-house, to enjoy themselves in social hilarity, where the wine cup was passed around. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think that there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel, went back to his room, and never was seen at the public-house again. He has become rich, and the first block of buildings which he erected was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got a-going, and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and the most of them in a drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going; be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

IN our last number we made room for a sketch of the young Austrian singer, Madame Lucca, with whose merits Americans are as generous as they usually are with those who exhibit a genuine excellence in esthetic taste and culture. Now we offer a portrait, considered a fine one, of Miss Kellogg, an American lady, whose claims to consideration as an artiste of the highest distinction, though never urged by herself, would not be deemed ill-founded, as she has been the recipient of the warmest testimonials of esteem and panegyric in Europe as well as America. Her success as a singer is not due altogether to the possession of unusual musical talent, but in great measure to persevering and earnest study of the rules and technique of vocalism under masters of acknowledged eminence.

Her temperament and organization in general are of a high order, evincing delicacy, earnestness, ambition, and a good degree of discretion; at once sensitive and

retiring, she is, nevertheless, endowed with firmness enough to control her emotions, and patience enough to abide the result of events. She is not fidgety and vacillating, the creature of impulse and susceptibility, as many of the finest singers are inclined to be, but holds her feelings under good control, and has a capital understanding of herself. Her intellect exhibits a fair balance of perception and reflection, the sense of utility or the practical adaptation of circumstances and things being a conspicuous element. Her disposition is one well calculated to win friendship and esteem, as she is, doubtless, generous, considerate, and social. She was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Connecticut parentage, about the year 1844. She gave indications of musical genius at a very early age, and could read music with great ease when only seven. She began her musical education by studying the pianoforte; but her parents, finding that she gave promise of

rare vocal powers, placed her under the instruction of Professor Millet, a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris. After remaining with him for a short time she was transferred to another Italian professor, who in turn gave place to M. Rizzini, who was also a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris, and with whom she studied industriously for three years. Her last instructor was M. Muzio, under whose auspices she made her *début* in opera

A visit to Europe, in 1867, confirmed Miss Kellogg's title to eminence. She made her first appearance before a London audience as Margaret, in the opera of Faust, and at once won the favor of the critics—if the encomiums of the English press are to be accepted as expressive of genuine opinion. From the comments of a judge whose views on musical affairs are generally unquestioned, we extract the following:



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

at the New York Academy of Music, in 1861, in the character of Gilda, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*, and at once won the favor of the public. She appeared thenceforth every consecutive season, taking the principal roles in most of the standard operas, and constantly increasing in popularity, until she became universally confessed the leading prima donna among American singers.

"Miss Kellogg has a voice, indeed, that leaves little to wish for, and proves by her use of it that her studies have been both assiduous and in the right path. She is, in fact, though so young, a thoroughly accomplished singer—in the school, at any rate, toward which the music of M. Gounod consistently leans, and which essentially differs from the florid school of Rossini and the Italians be-

fore Verdi. One of the great charms of her singing is her perfect enunciation of the words she has to utter. She never sacrifices sense to sound; but fits the verbal text to the music, as if she attached equal importance to each. Of the Italian language she seems to be a thorough mistress, and we may well believe that she speaks it both fluently and correctly. These manifest advantages, added to a graceful figure, a countenance full of intelligence, and undoubted dramatic capacity, make up a sum of attractions to be envied, and easily explain the interest excited by Miss Kellogg at the outset, and maintained by her to the end."

In 1871 Miss Kellogg appeared in London again, and this time the most famous singers in Europe—Nillson, Patti, Tietjens and Lucca—were there also, but she held her place in the galaxy with modesty and credit.

Unlike most singers of acknowledged ge-

nus, Miss Kellogg does not appear to care to court the favor of foreign nations, being sufficiently satisfied with the appreciation exhibited by her own people at home, to remain here, and not to roam. This disposition but endears her the more to Americans who love music. She possesses rare versatility, being successful in all kinds of opera. Perhaps her best impersonations, however, are Annetta, in *Crispino e la Comare*, Violetta, in *La Traviata*, Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, and Margaret, as has been already noticed.

Miss Kellogg has made her way quietly and unassumingly; merit has been her passport to success; and now it can scarcely be said that she has reached the zenith of her excellence, for being young, earnest and zealous, she may attain a yet higher niche in the career of fame, when, with the passing years, her faculties have reached their complete fruition.

AFFLICTED.

HE was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood I ever saw: of stately height, muscular, graceful, well-turned limbs, and a superb head, the perfect Caucasian type; forehead high and broad, nose classically cut, mouth and chin with the haughtily beautiful curves the ancient sculptors gave to Olympian Jove; the eyes full, clear, penetrating.

Everything about him indicated power unmistakably, strength and endurance. He looked as if made for a soldier; as if there would be no backdown nor backout in him, but a steady, self-controlled, resolute performance of duty, even if it led in a charge as hopeless as that of Tennyson's immortal Light Brigade. A first-class captain he might have been, for he was characterized by that native dignity and authoritative manhood which constitute the real "mystery of commanding." He was born to high position—there had been wealth in his family for several generations, and not only wealth, but talent and beauty as well. In fact, the De Lornes prided themselves on their pure, old Norman-English blood, and cherished the tradition that an ancestor of theirs had come over with the Conqueror, and a more modern

progenitor had been the proprietor of a principality in American wilds by direct grant from his sovereign, Queen Anne.

Yet this man, upon whom it appeared Fortune had lavished her favors, was destined to be unutterably afflicted. First, the children that were born to him were deformed and defective. His blind baby died at six months, and one, with imperfect organs of respiration, survived its birth only a few hours. A monomaniac son, subject to epileptic fits and mad frenzies, reached manhood; and the beautiful, physically-perfect daughter, who lived to see her fourteenth year, was a dreamy, melancholy thing, whom the country folks spoke of in whispers as "not long for this world," and when the waxen face, only a shade paler, it seemed, in death, settled in that last sleep, they said she had "gone home; she always 'peared kinder *lost* down here."

"It was so very strange," people said, "that handsome, smart Maurice De Lorne should have such children;" and the gossips shook their heads and were sure it "was a judgment;" "he must have done some crime or nuther." Truly—yet to have explained to them the *sin* against physiological laws would have been "casting pearls before swine."

Rolling back the papyrus scroll of his history, how easy it was to trace the origin of the untoward issues of his life! It dated back to a Spring morning in his youth; a Spring morning "warming the crimson on the robin's breast, changing a livelier iris on the burnished dove, and so, legitimately, turning a young man's fancy to thoughts of love." Maurice De Lorne was in his mother's favorite orchard, and gleaming beside him, under the Spring-tide efflorescence of apple-trees, was a girlish face, lovelier than the pink-white blooms overhead.

"The soft wind tossed back her light-brown hair,
The robins were building in the apple-trees,
A scent of roses filled the morning air,
A birth of buds was bursting everywhere,
A warm and tender gladness on the breeze."

Sylvia Myrtle looked up at him with love beaming from her great brown eyes and joy laughing in her roguish dimples as he pelted her with apple-blossoms, and regarded her beautiful face with the eye of a connoisseur, and a desire kindred to that of a child to touch the butterfly brightness that flits before him. She suffered him to take her hand, to even kiss her ripe lips, and the idea of holding her as his own wife, his undisputed property, came into his head and assumed definite expression. He had just returned from a tour to the East, and, with the memory of olive-skinned, Oriental maids, the one before him seemed fresh and fair as the Spring itself. He never asked his heart if he loved her—he, with his motive-mental temperament, knew nothing practically of the personal magnetism and merging of self in another which constitutes the master-power—passion! This young lady, his mother's sister's child, had come to spend her vacation at the delightful country seat of her aunt. Not only was she uncommonly pretty and intelligent, but she possessed that important perquisite of "bellehood," a large estate, without father or mother to keep back any of it when she married. This last was an important consideration with her aunt, who, having set her heart on Maurice's making a wealthy match, regarded her niece an altogether suitable wife for him. The *cousinship* constituted no objection in her eyes. An engagement was easily brought about, quickly consummated in a grand wedding and departure on a European bridal tour. The

happy pair were recalled by tidings of the suicide of the bride's guardian, who, it appeared, had gambled away all of his own and nearly all of his ward's money, and then destroyed himself. By this time De Lorne had discovered that his wife's temperament did not harmonize with his own; that she had no power to inspire him with that full happiness he had looked for in married life. Discontented before, what was his bitterness of heart when the children she bore, one after another, stung his pride with a sense of personal disgrace, a shame that would fain have hid his imperfect offspring from all eyes? His disposition underwent a radical change; he became irritable, morose and reckless. His tortured Self-Esteem questioned the justice of that God who thus afflicted him in his innocent children; he renounced his faith in Christianity, and took every occasion openly to scoff at and deride its doctrines and its disciples. As for his wife, he even fancied she had been aware of her guardian's bankruptcy and had palmed herself off on him to enjoy his wealth; and, brooding over this suspicion, he speedily came to hate the unhappy woman whom he charged with being the occasion of everything that happened adversely to his wishes. "If I had never married her, this and this would not have occurred," was his frequent ejaculation, mixed with muttered curses. Notwithstanding the man's culture and good sense, the *cause*, the real cause, of his children's defects did not seem to strike him; for, in truth, Nature was only vindicating her outraged laws, and revenging the admixture of kindred blood.

One day, while riding moodily through a strip of woods, De Lorne felt a sudden, terrible pain in his eyes. It seemed as if the balls were being burnt out with molten fire. He let the reins drop on the neck of his horse, which presently turned of its own accord, and carried its suffering master home. He was borne to bed by servants, and there for days he suffered indescribable tortures. When, weeks afterward, he left his darkened chamber, Maurice De Lorne was hopelessly blind. The mind pauses in awe at the contemplation of a misfortune like this. It is as if we had seen a monarch oak stricken by lightning—the only son of a widow smitten with cholera. As when we read of the calamitous visitation

that humbled to the dust and prostrated to the dew the monarch of mighty, hundred-gated Babylon, so are we amazed and thrilled with a nameless horror. Ah, who can portray the thoughts of that soul, shut up with its bitter self-communings; the unspoken regrets of a pride that had contemplated the very Heaven; the mute despair that looked forward to perpetual darkness in the life, seeming lengthened to endlessness in proportion as it grew more bitterly distasteful!

Up to the time of this terrible affliction, Maurice De Lorne had almost ignored the existence of his unfortunate children. Ellice, his daughter, the "poor natural," watched by his couch day after day, and for weeks he took no notice of her; but the love of the quiet devotee was rewarded at last. She was bathing his burning eyes one morning with some cooling lotion, and the dewy lilies she had brought lay on his pillow, whence their fragrance floated incense-like to him. Suddenly the father, so pathetically appealing in his blind helplessness to the pitying child, clasped her in a passionate embrace. It was like the breaking up of the ice-crusts in Spring; and poor Ellice, with only her love instinct, became as a guiding star, leading her benighted parent back to tenderness and trust and hope.

So when she was laid to rest a year afterward, on her fourteenth birthday, the idiot daughter had accomplished her mission, and light had risen on the material darkness of her afflicted father. FAITH TRUEHEART.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

NOW that the elections are over, and the people again settled down, new enterprises, affecting the material interests of our whole country shall be promoted; capitalists and others will turn their attention to various schemes having in view the increase of our commerce, our manufactures, our mining, our agriculture, stock-growing, and other interests. New railways will be projected and built; mountains will be tunneled; canals dug; new land will be opened for settlement; new mines of iron, copper, lead, gold, and silver will be worked; "black diamonds" will continue to furnish carbon to generate steam,

by which machinery will be propelled, and a general quickening of all great interests will be felt. The Hoosac Tunnel is pushing toward completion; a canal to unite the Ohio River with the Atlantic is more than probable; new harbors will be opened on our great lakes; rivers will be cleared of snags, sand-bars, and other impediments; all our coasts will be surveyed by competent engineers; new light-houses will be built, and navigation and commerce everywhere increased. The Great West, which is now chiefly dependent upon the railways for its outlet to the seaboard, is to have another new and important channel opened for its use, namely, a ship-canal around Niagara Falls, by which the great lakes may be made of greater utility for commercial purposes. The Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Central Pacific, and the Southern Pacific Railways will all contribute to make this grand improvement indispensable. It is wanted by the East—it is demanded by the West. Through this the products of the great prairies may be dropped down by water from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, to Oswego and the other lower lake ports, thence by direct connection with our most Eastern seaports and Europe. If a great impetus was given many years ago to the settlement of some of our nearer Western States, such as Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, etc., by the opening of the Erie Canal, a still greater impetus will be given to the whole great Northwest by the building of this Niagara ship-canal. This is a work of national importance, and should be commenced at an early day. The Mississippi and Ohio should have outlets across the country in a shorter cut to the Atlantic than by way of New Orleans. A glance at the map will show Norfolk, in Virginia, to be the suitable Eastern terminus for a canal uniting the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi with those of the Atlantic. Besides these, numerous other great works will be set on foot, and our whole country will be benefited thereby. Let no narrow, short-sighted policy govern the minds of those we place in public office; but let them second, heartily second, the wishes of enterprising citizens. We go in for the fullest development and improvement of our whole country, East, West, North, and South.



NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY, 1873.

ON THE BRINK.

READER, did it ever occur to you how near you may be at this moment upon the brink of another world? You are now in what you suppose to be tolerable health. You take your rations regularly, perform your daily task, and attend to your daily avocations. You have the usual anxieties, the wear and tear of life, the worriment common to all, the warring of the flesh with the spirit. Your passions spur you, and you are in all respects very much like the ten thousands of whom you read, or hear, or whom you meet on the journey through life. Accidents happen and men are cut off in a moment, when least expecting it. Persons are struck by lightning, swallowed up by floods, crushed in railway trains, thrown down precipices, kicked by horses, mangled in machinery, or suffocated in coal mines. One trips and falls upon the ice or on a slippery pavement, and breaks a leg, an arm, or his head. In our various hospitals to-day there are thousands of such unfortunates awaiting the hour of their departure, or, possibly, the day when they may be released through recovery. Thousands are swallowing poison every day in the form of alcoholic stimulants. Thousands are narcotizing their systems by tobacco or opium, or by some other drug. Many are pumping the blood into their brain unduly by excessive night work, and,

like Hugh Miller, preparing the way to insanity or suicide. One may be a preacher, and, by protracted mental effort, break down his nervous system, and become a subject for the asylum, the madhouse, or the hospital; or, in his worn out state, he may be retired or shelved among old lumber, as being no longer fit for use. This may occur, not only in old age, but even in middle age. How many to-day stand on the brink, where the slightest circumstance will overthrow them? Some are liable to apoplexy and heart disease, and such may die in a minute's time, and with no other warning than an undue palpitation of the heart. Here is a man who "lives too high," becomes plethoric, takes too little exercise, or dissipates. If remonstrated with, he assures you he is not a "great eater," but that what he eats seems to go to fat, and he is thus drowned in adipose. He is on the brink. Add to the above enumerated causes of death those still more numerous, and which are embraced among the common diseases, and then consider the epidemics—cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, scarlet fever, etc., and it will be apparent to the reader that we all stand on the brink.

Still, most of us live on careless of the future, indulging in such habits as we have long followed, whether their effects incline us up in the scale of humanity or down in the scale of animality. Our bodies are formed of what we subsist upon. Good food makes good blood; poor food, poor blood. Good soil produces a healthy, vigorous plant; poor, sterile soil, a poor, stunted plant. With pure blood, such as is produced by hygienic living, good tissue, good bone, muscle, nerve, and a fair mind are created, while the blood made from coarse substances makes gross bodies, gross brains, and gross minds. We are constantly changing, growing better or

worse, depending on how we live and on what we subsist. Those who think, those who have a regard for themselves and their posterity, will so live as to transmit healthful conditions by which their names may be perpetuated; while those who violate the laws of life and health will be cut off. The Scriptures say that "the wicked shall not live out half their days." Let us be mindful,

watchful, guarded, prudent, and, although we may be standing on the brink, with one foot a step only from the grave, we may, by proper living, and by the providence of God, continue our existence here; or, by the same Providence, if we violate the laws of our being, we shall be cut off in a twinkling. Let us look to our habits, and let us not violate the laws of our being.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

AMONG the evidences of an advancing civilization, and a higher development than prevailed previously to the advent of Christian teachings, we need only to note the increasing charities throughout Christendom, as manifested in provisions everywhere made in the interests of the unfortunate. Look at the magnificent and munificently endowed hospitals, with their perfect appointments, for the reception and treatment of those who, through sickness or accident, need medical treatment and nursing. Look at the splendid asylums for the insane, the imbecile and idiotic in all the States and in all Christian countries. Before the hearts of men were touched by the Divine Teacher, and their intellects awakened, these unfortunates were treated, or, rather, mistreated, as our forefathers treated the so-called wizards and witches, as though they possessed a demoniacal spirit. It is not so now, save in the rare cases where rogues and quacks usurp places which belong to skilled and enlightened philanthropists. Look at our public reformatories, where the wayward are kept in restraint and taught some useful pursuit, by which to earn an honest living, when coming of age. The education and the discipline given are intended to fit the subject for becoming a useful and law-abiding citizen. Then look at the numerous orphanages, where the little ones are kindly provided for by Christian charity; and, lastly, look at our prisons, in which the lowest, most vicious and brutal, are, as a rule, taken better care of than they had previously taken of themselves. Even *they* are put in the way of improvement. Christmas dinners are served;

entertainments furnished; good books supplied; the Gospel is preached, and efforts are constantly making for bettering the condition of one and all. Even when punishment is resorted to, which is less and less frequent in the best managed penitentiaries, it is with less severity than formerly, while even inducement is offered for good conduct on the part of the offender. Thus it is clearly seen that the broad and all-comprehensive principles of charity are pervading the world; and you, reader, who are now enjoying its benefits, may participate in the work of extending its blessings.

Do you inquire how? Here is an example, furnished by the Christmas Doll Festival, described by a visitor, in the *Evening Post*, in which the origin and reminiscences of the festival at Randall's Island are given. Read the extraordinary scene in the idiot school, and then say if each of us may not find something to do.

"The sick children in the city hospitals, and the idiots in the school at Randall's Island, were made happy on Christmas day by the usual distribution of dolls, toys, candies, and picture books. This was the quarter-centennial anniversary of what has come to be known as "The Doll Festival." It originated in 1847, when Moses G. Leonard was Commissioner of the Almshouse, chiefly as a floral and strawberry festival for the children, generally on the Fourth of July. A small number of rag dolls made a supplement for the sick ones, the only dolls, it was then supposed, that would bear the banging round that dolls generally get in a hospital. The feasting of fifteen hundred children was

found to be too much of a "whistle;" so the date of the expedition was changed to Christmas, and the immediate benefits of the festival were confined to the sick and the idiots. The late Miss Catherine Sedgwick and Mrs. Caroline Kirkland were then associated with Mr. Gibbons in this small but miraculous charity.

"Up to that time, Christmas day was hardly a mark in the life of the forlorn little victims of vice and disease that filled the nurseries. It cast no pleasant anticipations before it, and it left no memorials behind. But on the second occasion, when the festival company made its appearance, the doctor declared to the ladies that their rag dolls, with inked faces, had alleviated more pain and done more good than his medicines the year through. Several of them were still in use, their material condition impaired, but their influence potent to charm fretful and even dying children to precious rest. It was of little consequence whether they retained their arms, their legs, or their heads—they had been whole dolls once, and were not less loved now. The ladies were so delighted with the pleasure they had given to the children, that they made their appearance the following year with a thousand real dolls and a variety of toys; and they have been the solid as well as the mythical Santa Claus of the Island ever since. With the thermometer at zero, they set out on Christmas morning on their quarter-centennial anniversary, the steamboat of the Charity Commissioners being, as usual, placed at their service for the trip.

"The story has been told before, but it will bear to be told again, how they fed the multitude with two small loaves and five fishes. The dolls were dressed from sample cards of dry goods, costing no money; the dressing was done by families here and there, who have always claimed the service as a privilege, at the same time contributing other gifts to the expedition. The little money required came, as it always has done, without asking; and five hundred children were made glad at a total cost of less than fifty dollars—glad for the day, with a stock of gladness that will not be exhausted before Christmas comes round again. It would have made any heart quiver to see those eyes of

the bed-ridden infants turned with unnatural brightness to the side of the room where Santa Claus was expected to enter; and the little bony hand stretched out to seize the doll, as the pale face to which it belonged was lighted up, literally, in some cases, with the smile of death. All, boys as well as girls, whatever else they got, wanted a doll. God be thanked that nature gives them joy of the ideal companionship, since they have so little other!

"But, friend, let us tell thee, whoever thou art, that it would have gone hard with thee to keep thy heart out of thy throat, to stand in the presence of the idiots ranged in perfect order round three sides of the hall, in the middle of which stood a huge Christmas tree, brilliant with a hundred candles and covered with a rainbow of gifts! This was the marvel of the day. One of the lady teachers sat at the piano, and a half-paralyzed idiot girl, with a broken back, led the singing, her head swaying from side to side with tremulous accord. It is no exaggeration to say that we have seldom witnessed a more prompt and intelligent harmony of voice in a promiscuous class of singers, even among rational cultivated pupils. This was by the girls alone, about sixty in number. Every one joined with as manifest an appreciation of the performance as could be shown by the most carefully taught children. It seemed as if in the general wreck of mind the fragments of all the other faculties might have been picked up and joined, to make this one wholesome and perfect, as a compensation to shed light and joy on the most dark and pitiable of all fates. Having visited the department in former years, we were able to judge of the improvement of the subjects, and pronounce it marvelous.

"There were present, of both sexes, about one hundred and twenty-four pupils, from eighteen years of age down to eight. These composed the school. [There were forty in another apartment, whose minds were too weak for training.] The usual repulsiveness of the untaught idiot was almost entirely obliterated. The blank of utter vacancy in the countenance was gone, and an expression of childish intelligence was growing in its place. Many of them could maintain conversation,

and showed the ability of continuous thought and concentrativeness. Of that peculiar feature of idiocy which excites personal disgust we did not observe a trace. In fact, the traditional idiot, the creature of total neglect and banishment from all culture, is not to be seen in this school. The pupils were perfectly neat and cleanly in appearance.

"That the hearts of even these poor relics of humanity, the recrement of a great city, should be stirred by anticipation of the joy and gladness of Christmas day, the only emotion of the kind which comes to their relief during the whole year, as far as I could learn, is something truly wonderful and profoundly affecting. But that it is so was shown by the reason given why one of the intractable class of subjects was admitted into the room: 'She begged so hard that we could not refuse her!' The poor creature was seized with a convulsion, and was removed by the help of some of her companions, who were the first to give assistance. The incident recalled to our memory another case, in which one of the idiot girls, of her own choice, took charge of the feeding of another who was helpless in the limbs, and continued her task, which would be called a task of love in the rational, until death took it out of her hands.

"When the company was about leaving the hall, after distributing some toys and candy, the idiots gave them a spontaneous shout—a benediction, begging the Church's pardon.

"The expedition, though one of unmixed good 'all over,' had its mournful side. Nothing can be more sad than to look on those fated subjects, sick or well, sane or idiotic. The least diseased part of them—about four hundred in number—were brought together in the chapel, and went through the usual exercises of dialogues and hymns. We looked over the company generally, then walked through the aisles and inspected them, bench by bench, eight in a row. In the first row not an undistorted face, not a symmetrical head. There was a squint of the eyes, a contraction of the mouth, a scar of scrofula, a consumptive wanness, a broken back, a various malformation of the head. On the second bench, the same. On the third, one apparent exception, and a bright rational eye; but when the child walked

there was a limp and defect of the lower limbs. Then to the sixth bench, on which sat, one of the attendants said, 'a Protestant girl,' who appeared to have a sound physical organization. The boys were worse. The rule of deformity had astonishingly few exceptions. 'How many in these four hundred boys and girls are of pure American extraction?' The superintendent answered: 'I know of but four or five!' And the same proportion covers the mass of children on the Island.

"In the foundling asylum there are two hundred and eighty fatherless. The airiness and cleanliness of the establishment can not be impeached. But these subjects wilt, like the tender corn shoot, in an unseasonable frost. There is a killing frost upon them perpetually. As a rule, the child of foreign extraction is not followed to the asylum by the mother. It is only the American mother who exhibits that much motherliness.

"We desire to make most honorable and grateful mention, on general behalf, of Miss Dunphy, of Brooklyn, the Florence Nightingale of the School for Idiots, whose gifts as an instructor of this class of unfortunates are 'Heaven-descended,' and whose devotion to a service from which most of the best people would shrink with disgust, testifies beyond the power of words, to her noble and self-sacrificing spirit. She told of the pleasing act on the part of Mr. Renwick, the artist, and his wife, by whom she is furnished with sixty dollars every year, especially for the Christmas tree in the Idiot Hall. This year they are in Europe, but Miss Dunphy found that their memory stretched across the ocean.

"We have forgotten to mention, in its proper place, the fact that there is one 'heathen Chinese' boy on the Island, with an Irish mother somewhere; and he is a long-headed fellow, who looks as if he might make a clever partner, one day, at euchre."

WINTER EXCURSIONS FOR HEALTH.

CHRISTIANS and Jews alike go to Jerusalem, the Holy Land, up the Nile, through the Suez Canal, or into Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, and a few venture on a six months' trip around the world, at a cost of from eight to ten

thousand dollars. Steamships and railway cars now convey the traveler "to the haven where he would go" almost as cheaply as he can live at a first-class hotel for the time being. But the sort of excursion we now propose is rather for health than for curiosity or mere pleasure. If the invalid resides in the North, where cold winter prevents out-of-door exercise, he should seek a soft and milder climate. One may go from Maine or Massachusetts to Virginia or the Carolinas, and find the change not only healthful but delightful. If one would go at once from winter into summer, let him go from the northern States to Florida, Louisiana, Texas, or Southern California, and he will find himself in a land of flowers and fruits, under an almost tropical sun. At a small cost, and in a few days' time, one may be transported to any desired locality, where balmy nature will smile upon him. Wild geese go north in summer and south in winter. Why not we, who seek health, now that our facilities are so perfect? We may step on board of a steamer in New York, and in six days step off at New Orleans. Or we may be landed at Richmond, Charleston, or Savannah, in from two to three days. By all rail, one can go something sooner. Now, New York is in

railway connection with Galveston. What can be more pleasant for a party of fifteen, twenty, or even thirty persons, seeking rest and recreation, chartering a Pullman sleeping car, which is divided into sections, or state-rooms, and taking an excursion from Chicago, Buffalo, or Boston, to Mobile, New Orleans, or any other Southern city? You pay rent for use, as for a house; and, if a party be enough to fill the car, special rates may be obtained for tickets. Hotel accommodations would also be provided, when desired, at something less than for single persons. One may be as much at home, in his section on a "Pullman Palace," as in his state-room on board ship. There could be entertainments, singing, speeches, readings, etc., besides visiting by the way. Such excursions would prove most enjoyable as well as health-giving, *providing* one avoids dissipation, over-eating, and drinking. The matter of supplies is easily arranged in advance by telegraph. But all the details can be easily arranged by a "manager," who must be appointed captain of the excursion. Instead of confining poor invalids in air-tight rooms all winter, here in the North, pack them off, those who are able, to the sunny South.

THE LATE HARVEY PRINDLE PEET, LL.D.

OBITUARY.

THE death of this eminent instructor of the deaf and dumb occurred on the first of January, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. Our older readers are not unfamiliar with this most worthy man, as in '69 we published an elaborate sketch of him, and in a spring number of 1872 a pleasant report was given of a birthday celebration, in his honor. Now that he has left this scene, it is fitting that some allusion should be made, as a parting testimonial of the esteem which we, as representatives of those who appreciate true manhood, have for the efforts of genius and philanthropy in a department so meritorious.

To him is largely due the development of a system by which those so unfortunate as to be born deaf and dumb may be educated to converse, to read and write.

He was born in Bethlehem, Litchfield Co., Conn., on the 19th of November, 1794. A far-

mer's son, he grew up on the rugged hills of a picturesque section of country, and acquired a well-developed frame, much physical hardihood, and that practical tact which fitted him well for the work which he so early undertook. His early advantages in the way of education were limited. During the summer he worked on the farm, and in the winter attended a district school; but being fond of reading, he managed, by such opportunities as came in his way, to acquire a general education, which the reading of good books affords. At the age of sixteen, he assumed the post of teacher in a district school, and continued this employment for five successive winters. He had obtained something of a reputation for efficiency, and the offer being made, he accepted the situation of teacher of English studies in a high school. His opening prospects prompted him to aim for a college education, and while teacher in

the school of Rev. Dr. Azel Backus, he commenced a preparatory course of study. Finishing his college preparation in Phillips Academy, he entered Yale in 1818, and graduated in 1822. His original purpose was to devote himself to the ministry, but an invitation to take the post of instructor in the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, gave him an opportunity for discovering his special fitness in a profession then entirely new in this country. With what

his son, his elected successor, in 1867, the number exceeded four hundred. The title of LL.D., or Doctor of Laws, was conferred upon him by the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

The "Elementary Lessons," prepared by Dr. Peet are the only ones in the English language which have given general satisfaction, or have come into anything like general use. They are planned on the progressive principle; from



HARVEY PRINDLE PEET, LL.D.

success his efforts were attended in this difficult department of education, we have only to consult the published records of the deaf and dumb for the past forty years to ascertain fully. In 1831 Mr. Peet was intrusted with the charge of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and his labors in the outset laid the foundation of the fame of that institution—which is the largest of its kind in the world. When Doctor Peet came to it, he found about eighty pupils; when he resigned his charge to

the very simplest forms of thought and language gradually ascending to the difficult and complex.

Among his writings we have "Statistics of the Deaf and Dumb;" "The History of the Art of the Deaf Mute Instruction;" "The Legal Rights and Responsibilities of the Deaf and Dumb," the most complete treatise of the kind in our language; "The Notions of the Deaf and Dumb Before Instruction;" besides his elaborate contributions in the annual reports,

and in the pages of the American annals of the dumb. In behalf of his department of labor, he visited European schools for deaf mutes—gleaning from these valuable information for home use. The last great labor of Dr. Peet was the planning and erection of the institution on Washington Heights, New York. These spacious, elegant, and admirably arranged buildings are unsurpassed in their location for salubrity, convenience, and beauty of prospect; and constitute a splendid property held in trust for the deaf and dumb of this State to all generations.

Dr. Peet retired from the active duties of the profession in the semi-centennial year of the institution and in the thirty-seventh of his superintendency, during which time he had had the care of more than 1,700 deaf mutes; and the occasion of his withdrawal was marked by the greatest and most remarkable gathering of deaf mutes that the world had seen. He did not, however, altogether relinquish his interest in the work to which his life had mainly been devoted, for until his death he retained his zeal in the cause, and took part, as one of the directors, in the management of the institution.

IS PHRENOLOGY DEAD?

WE are sometimes asked if the interest in Phrenology has not died out; if we have any heads to examine, etc. Thirty-five years ago Phrenology was a wonder, a mystery, a thing to be speculated on, and one who professed to understand it was considered little less than a wizard, a fanatic, or a fool. Idle curiosity prompted people to patronize it simply "to see what the phrenologist *would* say, or *could* say." To-day this noise, froth, and furor are wanting, but in their place, in the minds of tens of thousands of thoughtful, clear-headed men and women in the land, there is a settled, firm conviction of the truths of Phrenology, and of its value in aid of education, especially the education of the feelings, the passions, the emotions. The world has been educated intellectually for many ages. Teachers by experiment could find out measurably well what subjects of study pupils could learn; but the training of the feelings, the regulation of the propensities, the passions, was to them entirely empirical, if not a sealed book. A whipping for whispering, for laughing, for inattention to study, was meted out according to promise, and that was *government*.

Phrenology has taught teachers that a look of quiet sorrow would be amply sufficient as a punishment for one boy or girl, while a calm conversation would settle the business for another; and in a school of forty pupils perhaps not more than one of them could be soundly thrashed for misdemeanor with profit to the boy and peace to the school. Thirty-nine whippings out of forty, as they were ordinarily administered, were worse than thrown away, both in respect to the pupil and the school.

Thousands of mothers study their children

phrenologically. They obtain for them a careful examination by a competent phrenologist, which corrects or corroborates the mother's previous opinion, and teaches her what she may hope for ten years hence in a dull or wayward child. And thus Phrenology is, if we may use the word, percolating through every vein and avenue of society, and is finding its way silently, quietly, like the fine, long roots of the willow tree, but not the less certainly taking a firm hold on public sentiment; and to-day there is ten times as much belief and confidence in, and respect for, Phrenology as there was thirty years ago.

When a brawling brook comes tumbling down the hillside, meeting with all sorts of obstructions in its way, it foams and is heard for miles. As it approaches the valley other brooks meet and swell its current, and when it has reached the rich bottom lands it winds its way silently, with a deep and steady current, resistless in its sweep, but inclosed between deep and shaded banks. So, a new theme coming in contact with rude ignorance and opposition, foams and fights through its obstructed way until it finds in the settled judgment of deep natures a channel for its onward progress. At this day there is a generation of men and women who have grown up since Phrenology was promulgated in America, and who accept it as a matter of course, who smile at the incredulity of any who may doubt or disbelieve it, as one does when he meets a person who doubts that the earth is a globe and revolves on its axis.

The amount of reading matter which is yearly distributed among the people is great. Thirty-four years ago a thousand subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL was consid-

ered something to be proud of. Then there were not more than two or three American books on the subject, and but few foreign reprints; and one could carry on a wheelbarrow the whole stock in trade of Phrenology in America. No subject in that time has grown so rapidly, has expanded and taken such deep root as Phrenology. And pray, good reader, why should it not? Its subject is the greatest in the world, namely, MAN in all his relations. Men study astronomy and excite the wonder of the world by their accurate demonstrations, but the astronomical world is only the framework of the home of man. A single immortal soul is worth more than a dozen fixed stars. But when men count fixed stars whose distance from the earth is so immense that the strongest telescopes can not make them look other than points of light, yet the astronomical student receives public honor, nor do we hesitate to accord it; but we claim that he who teaches how to guide the young immortal being to glory, honor, and happiness, has a higher mission and a richer field of effort. The world fittingly honors the man who invents a machine to save human labor and multiply human comfort; but he who investigates the nature of that inventor, who teaches him how to make more of himself personally, how to employ with better skill and higher success the faculties with which he works in his vocation, has a higher aim and better results. The noisy, secular, selfish world may pass by, not appreciating the man who deals in mind, whose realm of study is that of human thought and emotion, and be attracted to the work of him who erects a pile of buildings or a bridge. But he who "teaches the young idea how to shoot," who marks out for him the pathway to development and happiness, has a higher mission than he who invents weapons of war to destroy men, or railways that belt a continent. As mind is higher and better than matter—as the soul of man is richer and more noble than the house he lives in, the roads he travels, or the clothing he wears, the science which teaches what man is, and how to train, regulate, and guide him, as far surpasses other pursuits as mind is superior to matter—as man is better than his clothes.

The world needs more teachers of the science of man. In addition to the monthly ministrations of the JOURNAL, its publishers are annually teaching classes of earnest workers, who purpose to follow the subject as a profession, or by its means be the better qualified for the pulpit, the bar, the school-room, the healing

art, or the marts of business. This class instruction is given in response to a demand of the times, and in itself is a practical demonstration of the life and energy of phrenological truth among the people.

SHAKERISM INTERVIEWED.

WE wish to ask a few questions of our friends the Shakers. We are satisfied that good lives have been evolved from every system of religion; that some beliefs or organizations are better than others to develop Christian manhood, just as some implements are better than others for the culture of the soil, and are more likely than others to bring forth good fruit in abundance. Now, the Shakers are so rigid in some of their rules, is it not probable that only the very good and the very weak will adhere to their faith and practice? Is not that the best on the whole which is best calculated to meet the needs of the masses and improve, regulate, and Christianize them? If none but the self-controlling or the weak can bear the restrictions of Shakerism, is it the right system which will save, or can save, but a few dozen persons in a thousand? Is not their standard an unnatural one, which scarcely any can adopt and live up to, and which, if lived up to, would depopulate the world?

Has the Creator made a mistake in his institutes of nature? Is not the fruit-bearing of mankind just as pure and noble a function, under right conditions, as is obedience to any other divine law or requirement? Does the tree disgrace itself in its obedience to the law of God in bringing forth fruit? If a few stately trees in the orchard, strong and healthy, joined by a few weak ones, should resolve to blast all their blossoms henceforth, and by no means permit any fruit to appear, would not all the other trees justly laugh at their dignified egotism and folly?

Whence the growing dissatisfaction among the members of the Shaker communities, which produces frequent withdrawals, not of the worthless, but those who are intelligent, trusted, unblemished in character, and pure minded? Is it because the system fails to make real and practical its professions and promises, and is too empty to feed hungry, immortal souls, or too narrow to give symmetrical growth and development to the mind and heart? Are not thousands of persons of other faith, who are living in the marriage state, and

leading quite as exemplary lives as the Shakers in all deeds of Christian charity and good works—yet living in a state which was honored by the Divine Master, both in word and by his presence; and also by taking little children, the fruit of marriage, in his arms, and blessing them, and saying—not, these are the fruit of impurity, but “Of such is the kingdom of heaven?”

The Shakers claim to be apostolic by having a community of goods. Are not some of the Shaker families in debt, while others are rich? Is there any practical equality among their membership in reference to the control of their property? Have the great majority of the people any voice at all in the management of the property of the society, or any individual liberty except to obey their leaders in work, conduct, and thought? Is diversity of opinion leniently allowed, or any expression of it tolerated? Is not the union and peace which is made so prominent a topic of congratulation the result of a rigid autocratic or theocratic governing power? Do they love one another better than other Christians? Is there not discontent among the great mass of subordinates who have to submit silently to the control of the few, illustrating the system of absolute master and docile servant in a vivid light? If implicit obedience is not rendered to the elders or leaders by unquestioning conformity to their rules and requirements, is it maintained that the peace and happiness of the delinquent in this world and in that which is to come, is thereby forfeited? Is discussion, for conscience sake, ever allowed? Is freedom of individual judgment respected? If conscientious difference of opinion in matters of faith are adhered to by members, are they turned out and sent adrift “without purse or scrip,” though by their talents they may have made tens of thousands of dollars for the fraternity above the cost of their personal support? In short, are not the Shakers parsimonious? Do they not freeze or crush out of their younger members those elements of love and affection which make life worth living for? Do they not, by their celibacy, emasculate themselves, and so fail to accomplish the ends of their existence? Was the grace of God, in sending a Savior, intended for a handful of people, or for the great mass of the sinful, struggling world, who need and earnestly yearn for a better life, in such conditions as are possible to men and women under the great laws of Creation and Providence?

Besides, what are the Shakers doing for the

world's progress in education, in invention, in commerce, art, poetry, music—in anything? Are they not rather clogs to the great wheels? Do they not live for themselves alone?

ROTATION IN OFFICE.

THE Wakefield (Mass.) *Citizen* contained, not long since, the following sensible remarks on the above head:

“We have always believed that there was much sound sense in the principle of Republicanism, which establishes an avenue for more or less frequent rotation in public offices. We are well aware that it is sometimes the case, that a faithful and most valuable incumbent is found, whose long continuance in office is a desirable thing, from the fact that a successor equally competent is not readily to be found, and that familiarity with the business of the office requires to be learned thoroughly and well. Indeed it is for the latter reason that some offices are considered as without the pale of rotation, their intricacies of detail, and accumulative knowledge being such as to demand long familiarity for their proper expression. But by far the majority of our public trusts are not only as well discharged by changing hands occasionally or steadily, but such change keeps in training, for the performance of such functions, a fair number of citizens on whom the people may rely in any event of emergency, or especial need; and it is, moreover, the birthright of each of our citizens to hold, if he can qualify himself therefor, any of the reins of government. Attention is now and then called to the desirability of such rotation when, from wide opportunity for the securing of friends by favor, friends who shall be made to serve in time of need, when from long arranged and well considered planning, and a hundred other agencies more or less potent, an official long retains a high trust, without producing special good in his department, although the facilities for acquiring the information necessary for excellence have been ample and continuous. There is apt by such continued residence in office to be developed an idea of proprietary right, a sense of individual importance, a crustiness or carelessness in the discharge of duties, and, worst of all, a feeling that the real benefit of communities is less to be considered than the line of con-

duct best calculated to make friends, and secure re-election. The mind of the people to-day is of that temper that demands the wise and successful discharge of duty as the evidence of a man's fitness for continuance in office, and even if assured on this point is not certain that it is not wise at times to break up adhesions of affiliation that public officers are likely to form, and be blinded by, in the discharge of their duties, and to place new men and new measures in the position of the old."

[We concur in these views, and would urge upon all well-wishers of our Republic to favor what is called the one term principle. Were this fairly established, there would be less bickering, less calumny, and vastly less strife in our political elections. We believe in the right of every citizen to be qualified to discharge the duties of every office under the government. We do not admit the right of any set of party hacks to monopolize the public offices. If there be either honor or profit connected with these offices, let them be as widely and as equally distributed among the competent as possible. Our elections should be conducted by the people, for the people, and *not* by political cabals for personal ends. It is a deplorable fact that low, red-mouthed vagabonds, drinking, swearing, gambling outcasts, and even escaped convicts, take leading places in the management of elections. Just how to keep the ballot pure—how to weed out culprits and vampires—we do not know. Whether there shall be a property qualification, an educational qualification or not, is another vexed question. That there are evils in our system is clear; how to eradicate them is not so clear. We hope that every good citizen will feel it his duty to aid in the selection and election of the best men for all places of trust. Were it understood that men should hold their positions for but one term, there would be men enough to fill *all* places made vacant by the rule of rotation. We trust the evils in our methods may be remedied without violence, and without our losing any of the grand principles lying at the basis of our self-government.]

Another paper, considering the religious side of the same subject, has to say:

"If those papers and preachers who are de-

manding with so much energy and with such undoubted earnestness, "economy and integrity" in the administration of civil affairs, will add to these two excellent things the equally important item of ability, they will set up a trinity which all the people may be commanded to adore. It seems to be too generally assumed that brains imply prodigality and corruption, while honesty and prudence are to be expected only in association with moderate talents. Under the influence of this delusion, the grade of official ability is rapidly sinking. The growing discontent of intelligent Americans with this state of things is evinced almost every day. The venerable republican motto, "Principles and not men," has brought forth a sufficient harvest of mediocrity. Is it not about time it were amended by striking out the "not," and putting the emphasis on *and*? Principles *and* men."—*Christian Leader*.

[This is a very just criticism; and we will only add that our greatest statesmen are not always chosen for the highest and most responsible offices; but common men, "smart" men, cunning men intrigue for places and for plunder—as in the late New York Tammany Ring—while honest and capable men are passed by, or ignored, and the city, State, and nation corrupted. Intelligent men, religious men, temperance men, capable men, good men and true, are wanted in the Legislature, the House of Representatives, the Senate, and in the Cabinet.]

It is a matter of regret and material loss to us to have the publication of the JOURNAL delayed a single day after the set time for its appearance; but "accidents will happen," and when they do we must meet their contingencies with all possible calmness, and immediately set on foot measures of reparation. Our readers have borne with patience the late infliction of three weeks' delay in the delivery of the January number of the JOURNAL, a delay occasioned, to be sure, by the terrible fire which consumed our bindery; and we trust that the successive numbers of the JOURNAL for 1873 will not be interrupted in their appearance by any similar casualty, and will prove to them a sufficient reward for their kind and courteous forbearance.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE HORSE AND CIVILIZATION.

BY T. P. WILSON, M.D.

QUESTIONS in social science inevitably take a wide range. The relation of man to man is sometimes best studied through the relations we discover between man and the domestic animals. The horse, the cat, the dog, and the ox are integral parts of the complex system called human society. They play inferior but most necessary parts in the great drama of civilization. Man, as the leading actor, may stalk and strut about the stage as "the bright, particular star," but he would make but a beggarly show without the accessory aid of the inferior animals. It can not be denied that the development of the human race from barbarism to refinement has been largely shared by the brute creation. Both in peace and in war the animals we have domesticated have shown themselves our coworkers and companions. The cackling of geese saved Rome, and we know well how the rushing of Sheridan's black charger along the dusty road saved the day at Winchester.

All this is preliminary and introductory to what we have to offer about the relations of the horse to society. We propose to start this novel question: Is the horse a blessing or a curse to civilization in large cities? This question comes naturally out of a contemplation of the wide-spread and serious results of the late epizootic. Shall we banish the horse and supply his place with machinery?

Our immediate experience upon being deprived of his use indicates most clearly how intimately connected he is with our every-day life, its interests and pursuits. It would seem to be an immeasurable calamity if society were to suffer the total loss of this noble and much-loved animal. A large share of our pleasures and most of our business depend absolutely upon the horse. And no doubt it seems like folly to question the value of this animal to life in large cities. But, for all that, the question deserves attention, and in our opinion the time will come when the views of society will essentially change in regard to it.

However necessary to life in the country the horse may be, it is daily more apparent that the city is destined to outgrow, if, indeed, it has not already outgrown, his use. Whatever

may have been his past value, and whatever may be the nature of his present uses, he is now a serious obstacle in the way of our social development. The single fact that we may at any time be deprived suddenly, though temporarily, of the use of the horse, stares us in the face. At any subsequent time the winds of the north may bring hidden in their bosom the germs of wide-spread disaster. Our whole equine force, without warning, may become prostrated and useless. This, as we know to our sorrow, would seriously compromise us on all hands. This renders the value of the horse increasingly uncertain. It places our commercial world at the mercy of things we know little how to control. We may, therefore, well question the wisdom of building our interests upon such uncertain relations and contingencies.

It needs but a moment's consideration to show plainly how large a part of our cities is given up to the use of the horse. All our streets and avenues are primarily constructed for the horse. The unfortunate pedestrian who ventures upon the streets has few rights that the drivers of teams are bound to respect. Most of the objectionable features of city life are due to the use of horses. But for noise, dust, and mud we should find life in cities vastly more tolerable. The summer winds blow blinding clouds indiscriminately along alleys, streets, and avenues. The winter rains create on all roads and crossings an immeasurable amount of filth. Half the pleasure of our lives is lost in the annoyances that greet us in these ways upon the street. Not only so, but the mud and dust invade our houses; they come uninvited through windows and doors, and make our lives toilsome and miserable in the vain effort to keep clean.

Moreover, our lives are in constant jeopardy whenever we go upon the street; whether riding or walking we are liable to be overwhelmed at any moment by teams that have escaped the control of their masters. Scarcely a day passes in most of our cities that we do not have chronicled the episodes of one or more runaways.

But we might cheerfully accept the results of such drawbacks as these did we but find

them compensated in the value that comes from the use of the horse. And this we may now consider. It is certain he has few rivals as a source of pleasure to mankind. The matched and richly caparisoned span of the rich man, and the trained and blooded roadster of the fast man, have each a worth so peculiar, yet unmistakable, that we need not, if we could, stop to estimate the amount.

Ordinarily, horses are of use chiefly to transport passengers and goods. It is within our recollection when, throughout the entire country, horses were the only agent employed to do this work. Had we told our fathers fifty years ago that stage-horses and stage-coaches could be laid upon the shelf, and that we could and would carry passengers far more rapidly and cheaply in other ways, we would have been accounted insane. It is now, as has been intimated by the editor of this JOURNAL in a late number, as reasonable and highly probable that horses will be banished from all our large cities, and their places supplied by newly-invented machinery. We know very well that, in spite of jeers and protests, horses and coaches were laid aside, and their places on the great thoroughfares of the country more than substituted by canals and railroads.

Given this problem: To move about the city a certain number of persons wherever they may wish to go, and to transport a certain amount of goods of all sorts from place to place, how may it be done the quickest, safest, and cheapest? If this problem had to do with the country at large rather than with the city, we have the question already pretty satisfactorily answered. Every passenger train and every freight train, as they go thundering by, bring the answer to our ears. In the city we have tried to solve the proposition in but an indifferent way. We do not know what we might do if we were only allowed to try. So far we have tried a solution by the horse only. We are not allowed to try steam and machinery, because these things, appearing on our streets, worry and frighten the dear horses. Invention is completely balked in the attempt to supply what might greatly enhance our prosperity and comfort.

True, we are laboring hard to develop the horse, but not in the direction of his usefulness. What better off are we than Dexter and Goldsmith Maid can skim over a mile in 2.18, or even 2.17? In the particular matter we are now considering, we have made no advance in the last half century. We are hopelessly tied to the horse. Through the country we fly like

the wind; we ride in elegance and ease that can scarcely be improved upon. But when we get into the city, alas, how things are changed! We climb into high and unpleasant omnibuses, or into cold, dirty, and crowded street cars; we may get into a more shapely coach, but whatever it may be that we find ourselves in, we go jolting about over cobble-stones, or plunge through mud and mire, and into and out of ruts, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The contrast is absolutely painful; and yet nothing can be more self-evident than the fact that the pleasure of railroad traveling, and the speed and ease of handling goods, belong by right as much to the city as to the country.

City life affords us a vast amount of luxury. It is only when we go upon the street that we must be made unutterably miserable. So soon as we attempt to pass from one quarter to another, we are bounced, jammed, and bespattered until we feel that we have somehow got out of our proper sphere, out of our native element. We are in pain and terror until we get out of the noise, danger, and dirt of the city and make our escape into the quiet and happy country.

Look again at the problem we have started. Can goods and passengers be transported by multitudinous and independent modes better than by concerted and combined action? We have already demonstrated by our lines of street railroads that passengers can be carried with no loss of ease and with a great saving of cost simply by reducing the task to system and machinery. We have now but a few steps further to go and demonstrate the value of such a system—only greatly improved—to all sorts of transportation in the city. Now our streets are crowded with drays, wagons, omnibuses, and carriages, rushing hither and thither, creating noise and confusion, often clashing with and annoying each other, until our civilization seems ripened into a perfect pandemonium. Suppose we go and watch a bee-hive in full blast, when its occupants are making honey; then look at a hill of ants at work laying up their winter store. Then contrast the work of these little animals with what you may see on any fair working-day in Beekman or Fulton streets. Among bees and ants there is order; but among men there is "dire confusion." Yelling, swearing, and standing still seem to be the order of the day. Senseless logs floating down the stream do not become involved in a more hopeless jam than do men and teams on these narrow and crowded streets.

As for pleasure, there is very little of it to

be found on any of our streets, and those who employ carriages find it a mode lacking greatly in economy. A good span of horses costs as much as a small steam-engine. The tractile power of the former compared with the latter in all respects is as 1 to 10. A smart school-boy can estimate approximately how much we lose in

employing horses, if you will place this problem before him. Place this question fairly before the public mind, and it will not be long before we shall have a radical revolution in city life. There are other aspects in which to view this subject, but they will not admit of discussion here.

EARLY MEXICAN HISTORY.

THE people of the United States have always felt a deep interest in the history of Mexico; and there is, perhaps, no page of modern history so full of dramatic incidents and useful consequences as that which records the discovery, conquest, and development of America by the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon races. The extraordinary achievements of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro resulted in the acquisition of broad lands and immense wealth by Spain. Our interest naturally begins with the first movements which were made for the conquest of this country.

The Spaniards who, after the discovery of the New World in 1492, had, in the space of a few years, subjected to the crown of Castile the principal islands of the Antilles, made frequent cruises from thence to discover new countries and barter European toys for American gold. The Governor of Cuba, Diego de Velasquez, becoming excited over the accounts of wealth to be obtained there, fitted out an expedition, and was much displeased by its return without having started a colony, as he desired, and accordingly fitted out another armament, and committed it to the leadership of Ferdinand Cortez, a person of noble birth, and sufficiently rich to be able to support, with his own private capital and some assistance from his friends, a considerable share of the expense of the expedition. He was born in Medellin in the year 1485. At the age of fourteen he was sent by his parents to Salamanca, in order that by learning the Latin tongue and the civil law, at that famous university, he might assist in the support of his family, which had become reduced in worldly circumstances; but it was not long before his military genius diverted him from study and led him to the New World, after the example of many illustrious youths of his nation. He accompanied Diego Velasquez in the conquest of the island of Cuba, where he gained considerable wealth and acquired some authority. He was a man of great talent, discernment, and courage; dextrous in the use of arms,

fruitful in expedients and resources to carry out his projects, and highly ingenious in making himself respected and obeyed by even his equals. The many good qualities which might have placed him in the first rank of heroes, were marred by some actions unworthy of his greatness of soul. His too great ardor, or rather obstinacy, in enterprises, and the fear of frustrating his hopes of fortune, made him sometimes wanting in justice, gratitude, and humanity.

Cortez was of good stature, and well-proportioned, robust and active. His chest was rather



prominent, his beard in youth black. Above is a portrait of the famous conqueror of Mexico. As soon as he found himself honored with the post of general he used the utmost diligence in preparing for the voyage, and began to assume the style of a great lord both in his carriage and in his attendants, fully sensible of the influence such equipage has in dazzling the vulgar and creating authority. He immediately erected a royal standard before his house, and published a proclamation to enlist soldiers. Men, the most conspicuous of all that country, were emulous to put themselves under his command, the most noted of whom were Pedro de Alvarado, Christoval de Olid, and Gonzales de Sandoval, they being the first com-

manders of the troops employed in that conquest. All these warriors were extremely courageous, inured to the fatigues of war, and



skilled in the military art, though otherwise different in character. Alvarado was a young man of handsome shape and extreme agility, fair, graceful, lively, popular, addicted to luxury and pleasures; greedy of gold, of which he stood in need to support his love of grandeur, and, as some authors affirm, unscrupulous as to how he obtained it. He was also inhuman and violent in his conduct in some expeditions. Olid was stout-limbed, dark and swarthy. Both Olid and Alvarado were serviceable to Cortez in the conquest, but both proved ungrateful to him afterward, and met with a tragical end. Alvarado died in New Galicia, killed by a horse which tumbled from a precipice. Olid was beheaded by his enemies in the square or market-place of Naco, in the prov-



ince of Honduras. Sandoval, a youth of good family, was scarcely twenty-two when he enlisted in the expedition. He was well shaped,

manly in stature, and of a robust complexion; his hair was of a chestnut color and curly; his voice strong and thick; a person of few words and excellent deeds. Cortez sent him on difficult and dangerous missions, in all of which he came off with success and honor. He was commander of the garrison at Vera Cruz, and for some time governor of Mexico. He was constant and assiduous in labor, obedient and faithful to his general, kind to the soldiers, humane to his enemies, and entirely free from the prevailing contagion of avarice. He died in the flower of his age at a place in Andalusia, on his way with Cortez to the Court of Spain.

The ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs, had derived or devised a system by which the year and the months and the days were represented by certain symbols, chiefly of a religious significance. From their monuments and relics we find that to represent the year they painted a circle or



wheel, which they divided into eighteen parts representing eighteen months, and within the circle they drew an image of the moon (see illustration). The first figure in the divisions is intended to represent water spread upon a building, and to denote the month whose name with them signified the "ceasing of water," because in the month of March the winter rains cease in the northern provinces, where the Mexican calendar took its origin. The figure of the second month appears at first sight to be a pavilion, but we believe it is meant to show a human skin, ill-designed enough, to express that barbarous rite of skinning human victims at the festival of the god of the goldsmiths. The third month is shown by a bird upon a lancet, the lancet signifying the spilling of blood. The fourth month is represented by the figure of a small building, upon which appear some rush leaves, signify-

ing the ceremony which they performed in this month of putting rushes, sword grass and other herbs, dipped in blood (which they shed in honor of their gods), over the doors of their houses. The figure of the fifth month is that of a human head, with a necklace under it, representing those chaplets or wreaths of crisp maize which they wore about their necks, and with which their idols were adorned. The sixth month is represented by an earthen pot or jug, signifying a certain gruel which the people were accustomed to eat at this time. The two figures of the seventh and eighth

which in this month was performed by all. The figures of the twelfth and thirteenth are those of a parasite plant which in this season twines about oaks; and because this plant is more mature in the next month, the figure is larger. The figure of the fifteenth month is part of a Mexican standard which was carried in the solemn procession of this month. The figure of the sixteenth is that of water upon a stair, signifying the descent of water, because they held the festival in honor of the gods of the mountains and of water, that they might obtain the necessary showers. The figure of the seven-



SYMBOLS OF THE MONTH.

months appear designed to signify the festival dances which the people then observed, and because the dances of the eighth month were more important, the figure which represents them is larger. Above these figures appear lancets denoting the austerities practiced preparatory to these festivals. The figures of the ninth and tenth months are evidently expressive of the mourning which they put on, and the lamentation which they made for their dead. The figure of the eleventh month is a broom, by which is signified the ceremony of sweeping the pavement of the temples, an act

teenth month is two or three pieces of wood tied with a cord and a hand, which, pulling the cord forcibly, binds the wood, denoting the constriction given by the cold of this season. The figure of the eighteenth month is the head of a quadruped upon an altar, signifying the sacrifice of animals which were offered during this month to the god of fire.

To represent the days of a month the ancient Mexicans painted a wheel also, dividing it into twenty figures, each signifying a day, as appear in the engraving. Authors differ greatly in opinion concerning the significations.

The first day was indicated by the head of a sword-fish or a serpent. The second day is represented by a human head blowing with its mouth. The third day is a house or small building. The fourth day is represented by a lizard; the fifth day by a serpent; the sixth by a skull; the seventh by a stag's head; the eighth by the head of a rabbit; the ninth design is intended to represent water. The tenth is a certain Mexican quadruped similar to a dog. The eleventh is represented by the figure of an ape. The twelfth is a certain plant of which they make brooms. The thir-

teenth figure is that of a reed. The fourteenth day is represented by the head of a tiger; the fifteenth is represented by an eagle; the sixteenth by a Mexican bird; the seventeenth is represented by the motion of the sun; the eighteenth day is represented by a flint, or the figure of a lance head, which was made of flint; the nineteenth is represented by rain, or a cloud dropping water; the twentieth day is indicated by a flower.

The calendar year and century were regulated by the old Mexicans with a degree of intelligence which does not correspond with their progress in art and science. In the latter they were certainly inferior to the Greeks or Romans, but the discernment which appears in their calendar renders them not inferior in astronomical knowledge to the most cultivated nations of antiquity, and it is hence supposed that their calendar was not original with them.



SYMBOLS OF THE DAYS.

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The calendar year and century were regulated by the old Mexicans with a degree of intelligence which does not correspond with

from the day on which they were performed or begun. We find that whenever a merchant wished to undertake a journey he endeavored to set out on some day of that period when the sign of the serpent ruled, and then only he promised himself much success in his venture.

The architectural remains of the ancient Mexicans are exceedingly interesting studies for the historian and antiquary. We find in many districts the ruins of stone-built cities which extended over a wide area, with here and there among them the relics of palaces which were richly decorated with the work of

skillful sculptors. The provinces of Chiapa, Tabasco, Oaxaca, Honduras, Tehuantepec are conspicuous for such remains of a past civilization. Most of the known ruined cities are overgrown with trees, and it is doubtless true that in the great forest districts there are many others lying buried. The degree of refinement and culture of the ancient Mexicans is generally considered somewhat inferior to that

which existed farther south in Central America, yet their cities had considerable architectural pretensions, and their temple was a rectangular terraced pyramid, ascending by a flight of steps on the outside, like the pyramids of the mound-builders. They did not, however, possess the phonetic alphabet of the Central Americans, and their records consisted of picture-writing.

MENTAL RECREATION

WHAT weird phantoms float in the mind as we picture our various ideas of enjoyment, rest, and recreation, when the long hours of business have given place to twilight gray. To those leading either a sedentary life or an active calling the evening is looked forward to with pleasure, when all cares, troubles and vexations shall have "folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away," and with the mind disenthralled, they are allowed to seek pleasures and associations congenial to taste. How great the diversity of tastes which exist in this, our country, more noted for its many inducements to emigration than for the cultivation and embellishment of its customs and attractions!

Generally speaking, American habits of recreation—and we may say rest, the two terms being synonymous in this connection—are far more staid than in most European nations, if, in fact, they are not monotonous. The French people, so remarkable for their versatile and *bonhomie* characteristics, are perhaps the most notable in the variety and elegance of their entertainments, and a most pleasing sight, aside from the painful incidents of indelicacy which frequently occur in the more popular resorts, to an American is to enter a Parisian *salon*, the opera, or a more sequestered retreat, and observe the unanimity with which all classes join in their favorite divertimento. The Germans, too, though less given to dissipation, have nevertheless their national attractions, and seek their recreation amid the allurements of music, athletic sports, and social gatherings. We all know the English means of recreation, they being similar to our own, though far more numerous. Dickens often speaks of "glorious dinners," the *sine qua non* of English cheer; and with like favor do Hawthorne, Thackeray, Read, and many other writers treat this, the predominant feature of all "old country" gatherings.

Well does Mr. Hall, in his "Hints about

Health," allude to the glaring defect noticeable in America, *i. e.*, that its people, almost without exception, take too little exercise to keep all functions properly poised. There is too much of the hot-house *régime* about us, and with overworked minds or bodies we add little or no recreation of an opposite nature to offset this system drainage, and with our life candle burning at both ends, it soon goes out. To be sure our business men have their Clubs, which afford various means of recreation, and often prove as a valuable panacea in the recuperation of energy and strength, yet unlike the meetings of that immortal "Pickwick Club" of London, money is oftener the question of consideration by the members than intelligence and wisdom; and politics than experience.

Seldom do we find men possessed of such marvelous powers of mind and endurance as that of the First Emperor Napoleon, William E. Gladstone, or our Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Salmon P. Chase. It is said of Napoleon that his mind was under such perfect control as to be likened to numberless drawers or cells, in each of which were contained all facts and ideas relating to a subject, and which were pushed in to give place to any new demand, which always seemed to bring with it new strength and energy. Says a writer of Gladstone, "who, though Chancellor of the Exchequer, receives dispatches, makes experiments with Syke's hydrometer, answers the letters of financial amateurs, conducts a well-sustained correspondence with half a dozen Greek scholiasts on Homer, translates some scores of English hymns into Latin verse, and writes occasional letters of forty pages to a lawyer on some nice legal point." Salmon P. Chase is the master of seven different languages, and for pastime has not only delved into the labyrinths of the most ancient writings, and found pleasure in their translation, but his technical decisions and opinions have evinced

profound learning in his profession, and been the universal admiration of the most eminent lawyers. However, such diversions are rarely indulged in by the man of business, for his inclinations and interests are chiefly merged in worldly affairs. He eats, sleeps and lives in an atmosphere of perpetual anxiety, and if not exulting in his latest triumph of enterprise or stratagem, finds solace in the belief that others have come out of the "little end of the horn," to bear him company. This is what wears out the physical man almost before his mental powers have attained their zenith. The brain has its fountain-head in a good constitution, the same as a boiler is dependent upon a copious supply of water for the generation of steam, and too little attention is paid to this the ground-work of all success in life by the business public in the over-burdening of their capacities.

Let the man of business step entirely out of the harness after his day's labor. Let him seek to build up and repair those functions which bear the burden of his life, not mainly by periodical sojourns at watering-places and farm-houses, but by adopting a practical limit to his vocation. Let him seek his own recreation, be it the social gathering, lecture-room, library, the concert-room, or, in fact, any desirable avenue affording amusement or edification. The requirements of all are only exceeded by the attractions. What is wanted is a general lifting up of the whole being into another sphere, and whether it be through the associations of friendly intercourse, the influence of the rostrum, the wealth of the classics, or the magnetism of the concert or opera, the same harmonious effect is produced; new strength has been infused into the system to meet the fatigues of another day. A. B. M'NEIL.

CHARACTER THE AGGREGATE OF ONE'S THOUGHTS.

"As a man thinketh, so is he."

IN the pliant days of childhood, and through the plastic period of youth, the character, the individual self-hood of every person is formed, and this by no sudden process, but by a continual outward and inward growth, or rather by an inward growth from outward sources or causes.

It is no rapid formation that can be watched step by step as it is progressing, for often the interior growth is far different from the apparent visible life. The heart sometimes becomes thoroughly corrupt, demoralized, while the conduct remains unchanged for a time; but evil thoughts finally bear their natural fruit of evil deeds, and society stands appalled at the power of a temptation which seems to have overwhelmed at one stroke an upright man or woman. Rarely, however, is this the case, for the conquering foe was a cherished inmate of the citadel, not an outside assailant. For months or years bad thoughts had been slowly distilling their inflammable poison through the willing mind, until the whole fabric became so impregnated that but a spark of evil, temptation, was needed to set in flames and destroy all.

No person can be greater, truer, or nobler than his ideal. No one can be or do anything he does not first think of being or doing, and bad actions found their source as surely in

bad thoughts as good actions proceeded from good thoughts. If the fountain be kept pure by persistently throwing out and excluding everything wrong immediately upon the discovery of its presence, the stream, that is, the life flowing from it, will also be pure.

In youth great stress should be laid upon forming correct habits of thought, for every act since first the world began was once but a thought, not always full-formed and perfect, but a seed, a germ, from which was developed the deathless statue, the immortal painting, the grand cathedral, the printing press, the telegraph or the railway. Or, on the contrary, the germ became robbery, forgery, murder, piracy, and all those crimes which break the golden bonds of universal brotherhood, and which arise almost wholly from disregard of that one great human principle: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Carefully, indeed, ought every one to guard his thoughts. If the mind is trained to think clearly and systematically, not dissipated in idle revery, enervated by castle-building, or wasted upon trifles, it will continually enlarge, strengthen, and improve, even though the individual is so constantly engaged in manual labor as to have no time to devote exclusively to mental improvement.

The thought is the work or the man. A

person's thoughts determine his life and character. If he allows his mind to wander in vain imaginings among impure scenes and forbidden subjects; if he longs to possess objects or property belonging to another, these thoughts will undermine rectitude and virtue, and soon base deeds will take the place of base fancies. But if the mind is engaged upon subjects pure and elevating, true and noble, and the impure and wicked are banished instantly whenever they intrude upon the attention, and temptation is spurned as quickly as offered, the habit of doing right is sure to follow the habit of thinking right.

Man improves, advances, or degenerates and retrogrades according to the number and

quality of his ideas. If these be employed upon vain, frivolous, and wrong topics, the individual becomes trifling, idle, and wicked. If the mind is employed upon lofty and ennobling subjects, as the beauties of nature, the benevolence of the Creator, and the acquisition of knowledge, not only the character, but the physical appearance will change and improve; for one who thinks good thoughts, who is amiable, true-hearted and just, who carries love to man and God in his heart, will show in his countenance that he wears a noble soul beneath. The whole man, mental, moral, and, in a degree, physical, is but the sum-total of his mind's work.

AMELIE V. PETTIT.



DEATH OF THE EX-EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

JUST before closing the forms of this number of the JOURNAL, comes the news of the death of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, late Emperor of France. He died on the morning of the 9th of January, at the English residence of the imperial family, Chiselhurst. Shortly before his death the ex-Emperor had sustained a surgical operation of a painful character, and

which, as the result has proved, was too much for his physical powers. He was the youngest son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, was born in Paris, April 20th, 1808. After a career remarkable for its variations of fortune, he was elected, in 1848, one of the deputies to the National Assembly of France, and in May, 1850,

by adroit management, was made President. In November, 1852, after a successful *coup d'état*, he was elected Emperor, and so proclaimed under the title of Napoleon III. The great error of his life was the declaration of war against Prussia, the swift events of which,

successively disastrous to the French arms, precipitated his downfall, and compelled his withdrawal from the throne after the surrender at Sedan, in 1870.

Queen Victoria offered the unfortunate Emperor and his family an asylum in England, and Chislehurst became their residence.

AT THE LAST.

BY ORLE ION.

"Each night has its morning."
Though long the night-watches may seem to thy soul,
As hour after hour its dark pages unroll;
Though, with their long watching, the weary eyes ache,
And hope seems in vain, yet the morning will break;
And this is the secret—night hides 'neath her wings
A world full of lovely and lovable things.

Each night *has* its morning

"Each storm has its ending,"
Though hard be its beating, and long be its sway,
And the bright, heartsome blue, turn to gloomiest grey;
Yet the gloom, and the gray, and the down-pouring rain,

Bring freshness, and beauty, and strength, in their train;
And you'll not gaze with sorrow, nor shrink with affright,
When you see in those drops the rainbow of light.

Each storm *has* its ending.

"Each cloud has its lining."
The eye of mortality watches in vain,
A ray of its hope-promised glory to gain;
But dark, and yet darker, those leaden folds spread,
Till the heart of man fails, and he bows down his head;
But Faith's wings are strong, *up through it*, her flight,
And the side next to Heaven is aye silver bright.

Each cloud *has* its lining.

OUR CLASS OF 1872.

ON the 18th of December our Course of Instruction in Practical Phrenology for 1872 came to a close. Eighty-five lectures were given, and the students, with commendable zeal, devoted themselves to the work in hand. We bespeak for them the kind appreciation of the public, and predict that they will do credit to themselves and the subject.

On the occasion of the final lecture, Mr. Macduff, acting by appointment as valedictorian of the class, spoke as follows:

Mr. WELLS—While listening to this, your closing lecture, so full of earnest kindness, so full of that Christian principle which we feel could only abide in a pure mind, we look back with pleasure over your able and highly instructive lectures on Psychology and Physiognomy, and call to mind your considerate thoughtfulness for our comfort and convenience during our stay with you, and regret that our associations as students and instructor, which have been so beneficial and pleasant, are so soon to terminate. And now as we go forth into life, endeavoring to fulfill its requirements, it shall be our aim ever to keep before our mind's eye the one grand principle which you have impressed upon us, that man was created for some high and noble purpose, and while striving to rise in the scale of intellectual and moral life, we will not forget to extend a helping hand to those who may be struggling amid misfortunes and overburdened with life's cares.

We regard your scientific publications as pecu-

liarily adapted to all the various conditions of man, and when prejudice and petty jealousy shall be put away, and men become morally brave enough to investigate the grand subject of mental life in man, the crowning glory of creation, the world will become wiser and better.

Mr. SIZER—With feelings of mingled pleasure and pride, as the representative of the class, I extend to you a verbal thank-offering for your untiring energies in imparting to us a knowledge of the elevating and ennobling science of Phrenology. Your happy illustrations have made the subject at once clear and forcible. Your logical deductions dethrone the cant of bigotry and skepticism, and prove beyond all doubt that Phrenology is the grand center from which all knowledge springs, because its fundamental principles are based upon that wonderful agent, the human mind, from which all civilization and all science have emanated. You have given us proof upon proof that Phrenology is not only in perfect harmony with the Christian religion, but is the key which unlocks to man a knowledge of his moral responsibility—a knowledge which not only tells him what he can do, but how to perform it.

We feel that the high moral tone of your teachings has given us a glimpse of that higher life into which the right cultivation of our faculties will lead us, and all those who listen and obey. It is our hope, therefore, that many years may be added to your useful life; that, ere the end shall come, you may be permitted to see the false theories of ignorant objectors entirely dissipated before the illuminating influences of Phrenology.

For your patient and universal kindness, your unselfish friendship, your valuable counsel and generous regard for our future success and happiness, I but speak the common mind of the class, when I say that we feel a gratitude deeper than poor language can express.

And now, in behalf of the class and in friendship's name, allow me to present to you this cane as a slight token of our esteem; and as the years speed on and time and life's activities separate us further and further, and you feel that the shadows are lengthening, look on this staff, and let it be to you a sign that, even though you are moldering in the dust, yet in our memories you still live.

Mr. SIZER said, in response: *Gentlemen*—There is a silence that is more eloquent than words. There are feelings which words can not reach. If there is an emotion that is dear to a man who seeks to teach others, it is awakened by an appreciative attention to that which he teaches, and a kindly gratitude for the results of the teaching.

This is an occasion which takes me entirely by surprise. Dear friends, your beautiful gift will not be forgotten; and as years increase and I feel the necessity for something on which to lean, while I shall lean on the staff with my right hand, until that right hand forgets its cunning, I will not cease to realize that your gift was presented in love, and with a kindly appreciation of such service as I have been able to render you.

I hope, gentlemen, it will be a long time before you shall need a staff on which to lean; that in the vigor of your manhood you may plant in others the seeds of truth which you have learned here, and that in the peaceful evening of your days they shall rise up in gratitude and call you blessed.

In reply, Mr. WELLS said: The object for which a charter was obtained from the State Legislature was to perpetuate this Institution, and to establish a school in which professional instruction shall be given in Anthropology, and, more especially, in that branch relating to practical CHARACTER READING, in accordance with Ethnology, Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. In pursuance of this object we have called you together, and, to the best of our ability, have given you the results of our studies and practice. If you now go forth to teach these truths to the world, and thus to disseminate the principles on which all reforms, all improvement, and all progress are based, you will accomplish the objects for which we have zealously labored.

In this your preparation, you have the benefit of all that has been discovered and established in these sciences, and you can go on, henceforth, adding year by year your own observations and experiences to the sum total of real knowledge, and so, by faithful effort, the world shall be all the richer for your having lived and labored in it.

After the delivery of the diplomas, the class held a special meeting, and adopted the following

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, We, the members of the Phrenological Class of 1872, having attended the course of instruction, desire to express our confidence in the truth and utility of the subjects taught, and our sentiments of respect for our teachers; therefore,

Resolved, That Phrenology is recognized and commended as a science founded in nature, and that we believe it to be the only adequate exposition of the wonderfully various manifestations of the human mind.

Resolved, That Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology are eminently important subjects of study as branches of Anthropology, and should be investigated in connection with Phrenology.

Resolved, That Mr. Samuel R. Wells has rendered us efficient service in the investigation of Physiognomy and Psychology, and that his numerous illustrations and interesting lectures on these subjects have made an agreeable and lasting impression upon us.

Resolved, That we esteem Mr. Nelson Sizer as a competent lecturer upon Phrenology and its various applications to practical life, and shall remember with pleasure and profit his able delineations of human character.

Resolved, That Dr. Nelson B. Sizer has given us valuable instruction in the departments of Anatomy and Physiology.

Resolved, That Dr. Wm. White's clear and able exposition of Medical Electricity was warmly appreciated by the class.

Resolved, That Madame De Lesdernier gave us excellent instruction in Elocution and the training of the voice, and merits our lasting gratitude.

Resolved, That inasmuch as prejudice and doubt may exist in the minds of some as to the labors and purposes of the aforesaid teachers, we hereby earnestly recommend them as honest, able, and efficient Christian instructors of the noble study of Man, and as we enter upon our duties as practical Phrenologists we shall put forth our best efforts to co-operate with them in their great life-work.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the principals of the Institute, with a request that they be printed in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Signed,

F. E. ASPINWALL, Loudonville, Albany Co., N. Y.

P. E. BALLOU, Ilion, N. Y.

C. A. BEVERLY, A. B., Elgin, Ill.

D. S. BROWN, De Witt, Iowa.

J. R. COOK, Eaton, Preble Co., Ohio.

C. B. FAIRBANKS, New York, N. Y.

M. L. LANGLEY, Arkadelphia, Ark.

D. C. LESTER, Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa.

R. E. MACDUFF, New York, N. Y.

A. S. MATLACK, Eaton, Ohio.

Rev. J. S. MILLS, Columbus, Ohio.

T. L. ROBBINS, Leominster, Mass.

I. L. ROBERTS, Olustee, Fla.

F. D. SENIOR, Williamsburg, N. Y.

R. W. WELLES, Norwalk, Conn.

WISDOM.

RIGHT principles will by no means suit wrong practices.

HE who reigns within himself, and rules his passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

THE poorest education that teaches one self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

HARMONY exists in difference no less than in likeness, if only the same key-note govern both parts.

Go straight on, and don't mind enemies. If they get in your way, calmly walk round them, regardless of their spite.

HAVE order, system, regularity, liberality, and promptness among the principles you would guide your course by.

PEOPLE who are really honest and courageous have very little to say about either courage or honesty.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.

LEARN to say "no" with propriety; there is no necessity for snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

BROODING over one's faults, instead of mending the character, only gives them strength in their baneful influence on the man.

WE often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts: we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.

GOD is the source and fountain of love, and which may be divided into three parts—the receiving from Him, the conforming to Him, and the reposing and trusting in Him.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,

Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Kable.

EVERY act of sin is more injurious to him who commits it than it can possibly be to any other who suffers by it; it will surely return into the conscience and perform a strange work there.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

I AM quite sure it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realized; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief than a perverted or overvalued one.—*Arnold.*

REPOSE is beautiful when it is the self-command and self-possession, the persistent dignity, or the uncalculating love of the creature; but more beautiful yet, when the rest is one of humanity instead of pride, and the trust no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the hand we hold.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

PAT'S EXPLANATION.—"I say, Pat, is it true that you have taken the pledge?" said Mike to his friend.

"Indade it is true, and I'm not ashamed of it either," replied Pat.

But Mike, thinking himself well qualified, sought to convert Pat. He said, "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach?"

"So he did," replied Pat, "but my name's not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

PROTECTIVE POLICY.—Twenty men (ten black and ten white) were out at sea when a storm arose, rendering it impossible to carry more than ten men with safety. A council of war was held, and it was determined to throw over half of the men. It was agreed to throw over every fifth man until ten were dispatched. The white sailors arranged them in such order that "every fifth man" should be a black man. How did they manage it? Thus they stood:
.....

Begin at the head and count toward the foot, and over again until ten are overboard. This arrangement was rather hard on the blacks.

THERE is a fine line of famous ships, running from London to the East Indies, bearing the names of different Indian cities—the "Cossapore," "Dinapore," "Serampore," "Beclapore," etc., etc. Anent the latter there existeth an Hibernian "good thing," worth the telling.

She was home from a voyage. One Sunday, two "jintlemin from Oireland," strolling about the docks were attracted by her size and elegance:

"Sure yandher's a fine boat, Mickey!"

"Begob yer right, she is that! What counthry-man d'ye think she'll be, Patay?"

"Bedad I doant knoa. Wait to I be afther radin f'what's an the starn av her—"

"Go an thin, Patsy—sure it's yerself was always the foine scholar."

"B double e, bee, j a, jay, p o r—hoo! hurroo! be me sowl SHE'S AN IRISHMAN!"

"Faix thin, an we might ha' knoa'd that, too, but which way d'ye find it out, avick?"

"Be her naam, ye gomulah, be her naam!"

"Sure—an f'what's that?"

"The 'By Japers,' it is! Av that isn't an Irish naam, Mickey, thin a bar'l o'pork wid the Limerick mark an it, isn't Irish ayther."

ONE of the amusements at a Chicago picnic was to place a silver dollar in a dish containing about an inch of molasses, and let a squad of boys compete in trying to take up the piece with their teeth.

AN enterprising soap-maker, in New York, danced the rocks all the way up the Hudson with the appeal, "Use Smith's Soap," whereupon his rival, the still more enterprising Jones, after much cog-

itation, started his white-washer up the river to append to each of Mr. Smith's appeals: "If you can't get Jones'."

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: "It must not be inferred that the country is 'going to the dogs,' because the selection of next President is reduced to a choice between a type *Setter* and a *West Pointer*." Consoling to the Politicians, very!

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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

HUMAN ELECTRICITY.—What causes my hair when I comb it in winter to snap like a cat's back when rubbed "the wrong way?" also, why do sparks fly from my clothing when taken off at night?

Ans. That the human body has much capacity for the absorption and radiation of electricity is a fact beyond question, and observation has shown that persons differ considerably in their magnetic or electric properties. Some seem to give off electricity, while others appear to absorb it. Of course, temperament has much to do with magnetic or electric conditions. It is quite likely that it will yet be found that this subtle principle of fluid lies deep down at the source of life; that it may, in itself, be a vivifying motive agent. Some persons are sprightly, vivacious, joyous, full of impulses, and activity—why may not such distinguishing characteristics be due to the influence of their electric condition? Why may they not have so much of this wonderful fluid that it is a potent stimulus to induce their well-known disposition of mind and body? Some persons are dull, apathetic, apparently lacking in power to think or work with anything like vigor. Why may they not be negatives, as it were, lacking in electric energy, and dependent chiefly upon the effusive electricity of others for stimulus? In frosty weather, when the air is dry, the electric fluid seems to be less diffused than in warm, moist weather, consequently those objects, whether animate or inanimate, which have a special affinity for electricity,

become more saturated with it; and our correspondent is doubtless one of the human objects that readily become charged with it, and any excitement of his surface, of his clothes, or hair, develops his electric condition. His is a remarkable case, however; there are very few persons that are capable of exhibiting so much electric excitement.

If one will put on slippers, and then glide quickly and lightly over a carpet, once or twice around the room, he may become sufficiently "charged" to light the gas by simply applying a finger. Of course some one must be present to turn on the gas the instant before the finger comes in contact with the burner.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.—TOPEKA, KANSAS—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Sir: I transmit herewith a copy of the *Daily Commonwealth*, of this place, which contains a resolution adopted by the State Sunday-School Convention, on the subject of intemperance. You will see by the resolution that they propose to petition the State Legislature "to memorialize Congress to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation of intoxicating liquors in any form and for any purpose throughout every State and Territory of the nation, absolutely and forever." It is generally admitted that intemperance is an evil "of such horrid mien, that to be hated needs but be seen;" yet as to the proper method of ridding ourselves of this evil, there seems to be great diversity of opinion. Do you regard the extirpation of it in the manner suggested by these resolutions as the proper one, and one which is likely of success? I would like to have the views of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL on this subject, if you see proper to notice it. A READER OF JOURNAL.

[We favor any and every means by which to do away with drunkenness. In a Democratic-Republic it is the right of the majority to make rules and regulations by which society shall be governed. When the majority of the people in any district decide to prohibit the sale of alcoholic beverages, it is clearly their right to do it. When a State, or the United States come to the same conclusion, they may act accordingly. Were men not perverted, and were they capable of self-restraint and regulation, no laws on the subject would be necessary. But we find large numbers

in a woefully perverted condition, so much so, that they yield to the slightest temptation. It would be a great blessing to this class were there no such temptations to mislead and to lure them on to sin, sickness, crime, and death. Regarding alcohol as a beverage an enemy, and only an enemy, to the individual, the State, and the nation, we approve any measures by which it may be totally prohibited. And now, having committed ourselves on the point of *legal* suasion, we propose to keep right on in the advocacy of *moral* suasion, where this may be possible. It is well to teach people self-denial, and to strengthen them in self-control; but while the race is still in its childhood, and half the men we meet are sick from physical sinning, we are in favor of forcible restraint and parental guardianship. So, to the front, ye temperance men! and arm yourselves with the best weapons available to fight the most infernal fiend that threatens your liberties, your property, your health, your honor, your sanity—aye, your lives and your very souls! Can a *drunkard* enter the kingdom of heaven? Let us preach, pray, petition, lecture, and legislate the cursed thing out of existence. Why tamper with poison? why play with a viper? —

H. E. C. — CHEMISTRY. — Years of study and careful investigation are necessary for one to become a well-informed and skillful chemist. Nowadays, there are, in connection with our principal colleges and universities, a department in which chemistry is made a special study. You should write to the Secretary of the Faculty of Columbia College, N. Y., or to the Secretary of the Faculty of the University of the City of New York, and you will be likely to receive the information you desire. Chemists of reputation derive a considerable income from their pursuit. There are those who are independent in the profession; in other words, they have a laboratory of their own, and take work or jobs of analysis, for which they are paid in each case according to the labor attending the process. There are others, and they are by far the majority of chemists, who are connected with manufactories or are professors in our colleges and academies. The man who, by patience and perseverance, acquires excellence as a chemist, is very likely to find public appreciation and profit. —

SOUL AND MIND.—I. Are the soul and mind one? II. Does the mind rest when we sleep?

Ans. The mind is sometimes spoken of as the intellect, judgment, memory; and the soul, is sometimes spoken of as independent of mind or reason, referring, of course, to the spiritual nature of man. But strictly speaking, the term "mind" covers every sentiment, intelligent principle, and emotion. In speaking of the soul generally we include the moral and intellectual faculties; but in its broadest sense, all that goes to make the mental life—all the emotions as well as the spirit-

ual and intellectual powers—go to make man a human soul. But if one is idiotic in the moral and intellectual faculties, his soul is like that of the babe—hidden, undeveloped. Dreaming teaches us that sleep is more or less partial. It is when sleep is disturbed or imperfect that dreams occur, or, rather, perhaps that we are able to remember them. It is supposed that in complete sleep the mind is quite at rest. When sleep is disturbed or partial, we remember the imperfect, inconsistent, and ridiculous action of those of our faculties which are awake or partially so, yet acting without the enlightening influence of other faculties.

PERCEPTIVE FACULTIES.—What are the perceptive faculties? I heard an argument in which a gentleman advanced the idea or assertion that the sense of feeling is alone the perceptive faculty or faculties. Is it correct or not?

Ans. The external senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling—really belong to the realm of perception. They are instruments which the mind employs to perceive what there is in external nature. The perceptive faculties proper are internal senses which receive a knowledge of external objects, their qualities, and various relations.

We hear a sound, but an internal faculty, Tune, judges of its quality if musical or not. We feel an object, and the sense of touch brings to the perceptive faculties the facts as to the size, weight, or character or physical quality of the thing touched. The same is true of all the special senses. Laura Bridgeman, deaf, dumb, and blind, selects articles, worsted for crochet work especially, as to color by the sense of touch. Her idea of color is not like ours, but she has learned that different colors give value to such work, and by the sense of touch she can select and insert the colors in such a way as to render her work valuable. We judge of form and size by the eye, especially of objects too large to handle, such as a house or horse, and we judge small things, say a thread or needle, by the sense of touch quite as frequently as by the sense of sight; but the internal perceptive faculties of Form and Size judge of the information obtained by eye, ear, or hand in reference to configuration and magnitude.

OFFENSIVE BREATH.—What is the cause of offensive breath when not produced by decayed teeth, and what will remedy it?

Ans. There are many causes which produce bad breath besides decayed teeth. In the November number of the *Science of Health*, published by us, we have given an article covering more than a page on this very subject, and any one who is afflicted with bad breath would do well to send for that number. It will cost but twenty cents; besides, the work is full of interesting matter on other topics. The system gets rid of waste matter through the skin, by means of the kidneys, and other organs; but if the system is overloaded, if one overeats, and does not exercise enough,

and does not keep the skin clean, there is no available way left for this waste except through the lungs, and hence the breath is loaded with it. Many people have an offensive breath because they do not use a tooth-pick and brush. Food is permitted to remain between the teeth until it decays. We know of nothing more disgusting than an offensive breath, and all persons claiming culture and respectability should, if possible, have at least a sweet breath, for the air of Heaven is clear and pure and need not be contaminated in coming in contact with a healthy pair of lungs.

BASHFULNESS.—"I am so diffident and sensitive that I can not speak in public, though well educated. I have a good voice, and can sing well in private, but am too timid to venture in public, though importuned by liberal offers to do so. How am I to overcome the infirmity? Can you, as a phrenologist, tell me what is the matter, and how to free myself from this weakness?"

Ans. If you are a miserable sinner, and ashamed to hold up your head, then your sufferings may be the penalty. But even if a sinner, you can repent, and repentance will bring pardon. Then you will be "all right," and may regard yourself no worse than others; nor have you any right to undervalue or to hide the "talents" given you by your Maker. It is yours to *do something*, and not always remain in the background for fear of criticism or "what will others say?" In the combined *Annals of Phrenology and Physiognomy* you will find a treatise on bashfulness, and how to overcome it, which it will be well for you to read.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the name of some cement, or a formula for preparing it, which may be used to stop leaks occurring to vessels of iron, wood, glass, or earthen-ware, in which water is kept. In answer, we would say, that a cement of great adhesive power may be made by rubbing together, in a mortar, two parts of nitrate of lime, twenty-five of water, and twenty of powdered gum arabic, thus forming a transparent cement of wonderful strength, and applicable to wood, porcelain, glass, and stone. The surfaces to be united should be painted with the cement, and firmly bound together until the drying is complete.

LANGUAGE—SECRETIVENESS.—Do not persons with large Language usually have small Secretiveness?

Ans. Not necessarily. It is a fact, however, that those who are most loquacious are generally but moderately developed in either Secretiveness or Cautiousness. They are "leaky." But one may have large Language and large Secretiveness also.

FATTENING FOOD.—In my written description of character you say I should not eat much carbonaceous food, as I am inclined to fatness and biliousness. Please inform me what articles of food contain most carbonaceous or fat-producing material.

Ans. Carbon or carbonaceous material exists largely in grain of every kind; in oils and fats, in

sugar and in fruits. Animals that live solely on meat, as the lion, tiger, wolf and eagle, are very strong but never get fat, while the grain-eaters, the horse, ox, bear, pig, sheep, turkey, hen, goose, and pigeon, get fat. The meat-eaters among animals generally outlive the grain-eaters.

POOR MEMORY.—How can I improve my memory? It is difficult for me to remember only for a few days, yet I do all I can to recall facts. I am 27 years of age, work in-doors, and smoke and drink moderately.

Ans. The first thing to do is to quit tobacco, alcoholic liquors, and coffee, if you use it. Eat plain diet, avoiding pork and other greasy articles; use Graham bread and a plenty of fruit, and sleep eight or nine hours, and keep the skin clean and the feet warm. You will then be in a fair way to cultivate your organs of memory, and this you can learn how to do by reading our work on "Memory." Price by mail, \$1.50.

CHILDREN—THEIR EXAMINATION.—Can I come to your office at 389 Broadway at any time and obtain an examination? I would like to call and bring my son, about six years of age. Is he too young to have an examination profitable to me and to him?

Ans. You will find the Examiner in the Examining Room every working day in the year. Your boy is not too young to have a character, and now is the time to learn what it is and how to mold it rightly.

LARGE HEAD.—What would be the proper course to pursue in the training of a boy eight years old whose brain now measures *twenty-three inches*? Is his brain too large for his age? Would it be advisable to send him to school regularly?

Ans. If the boy's head were even 22 inches in circumference it would be large for his age. He should sleep much, exercise in the open air, avoid coffee and spices, eat Graham bread, or oatmeal, and not study very hard.

What They Say.

"BRAIN WAVES."—I have seen it stated somewhere that if a pair of snails of a certain variety be kept together for some time and afterward separated to a distance of many miles, any impression made upon one of them, while thus separated, will instantly be recognized and responded to by the other.

Although I can not vouch for the truth of the above statement, nor can I now refer to my authority for the statement, yet I will assume it to be true, and will attempt to explain the phenomena; hoping thereby to present a basis for an explanation of the phenomena alluded to, and an answer to the question proposed by "A. E.," under the above caption, in the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* for October.

The phenomena of *Light* and *Heat*, as at present

understood and discussed, *necessitate* the assumption of "an excessively rare and elastic medium, or ether, which fills all space and pervades all material bodies occupying the intervals between their molecules; and either by passing freely among them, or by its extreme rarity, offering no resistance to the motion of the earth, or the planets, or comets in their orbits, appreciable by the more delicate astronomical observations; and having inertia but not gravity." *

Assuming the existence of an ether as above defined, we may comprehend the character of our knowledge of objects received through the medium of sight as simply a sensation of variable intensity produced by the different parts of the object, in consequence of the capacity of those parts to transmit to the sensitive brain a greater or less portion of the ethereal wavelets excited by some luminous body.

Sight is therefore a sensation analogous to that of hearing, but much more delicate, and more definite in character.

Ordinarily the impression of the ethereal wavelets which we call sight is received through the medium of the eye; and it is probable that the information is always most definite when the impression is thus secured; but that the impression of ethereal wavelets may reach the sensitive brain through the medium of the peripheral nerves, in certain physiological conditions, the phenomena of clairvoyance, I think, abundantly prove.

A little experience enables us to recognize a particular wave motion, whether it be ethereal or atmospheric; that is, of sight or hearing. And hence we may frequently recognize an acquaintance by his voice, when we do not, otherwise, know that he is near; that is, we become cognizant of his proximity or of his wants, though separated from him by objects through which we can not see, by the atmospheric waves which he excites.

Assuming that the sensibility to ethereal waves is much greater in some organizations than in others—a position that is highly probable—and that, in the variety of snails alluded to above, such sensibility is extreme, it is easy to conceive that an impression made upon one, might excite in it a special molecular motion which would be communicated to the surrounding ether and transmitted to the associate snail at a distance, and there be recognized and responded to, just as we would recognize and respond to a friend if his presence were manifested by the sound of his voice.

There is therefore no difficulty in accepting and explaining the phenomena manifested by the snails, if the fact be admitted. And, without attempting to explain the phenomena of mentality, as it is a demonstrated fact that all bodies have molecular motion peculiar to themselves, these motions must excite ethereal wavelets which may, under certain conditions, be transmitted to the

brain through the peripheral nerves, and there excite a more or less distinct impression. This impression a little experience will enable us to refer always to the object which induced it, as, for instance, to a particular person. Hence, when such particular impression is felt, the mind refers to that person, though he may not be within the limits of either sight or hearing when the impression is made.

From the foregoing facts and arguments, I conclude that all our knowledge of the external world is obtained by contact with the sensitive brain *mediately* through the organization known as the nervous system, and through various organized media, as *ether*, the *atmosphere*, etc. When the object is brought in immediate contact with the nervous system we name the impression *tactual*; when it is brought in contact through the medium of the atmospheric wavelets we call it *auditory*; and when through the ethereal wavelets, excited by a luminous body, we call the impression *visual*. And, in accordance with the foregoing explanation, I would add: when the contact is through the medium of ethereal wavelets excited by the molecular motion of non-luminous bodies, we might name the impression *sub-visual*.

The answer to "A. F." will therefore be, that, though we may sometimes recognize a friend through *sub-visual* contact, yet the *condition* of the organism which renders such contact possible is so imperfectly developed, and the laws of molecular disturbance so imperfectly known, that many ages will probably elapse before information derived from *sub-visual* impression will be uniform and reliable.

J. E. HENDRICKS.

DES MOINES, IOWA. —

PHRENOLOGY AND THE QUAKERS.—

Mr. J. A. Houser writes from Indiana that he has lately lectured to the "Friends," and that he finds them much interested in the "noble science," that they base their teachings on Phrenological principles, whereas he formerly supposed the Quakers to be opposed to Phrenology; he has completely changed his mind on evidence, and is satisfied that they are among the most intelligent and progressive people. [Sound Houser. Sensible Quakers!]

APPRECIATION.—*Dear Sir:* I have long been a reader of your excellent JOURNAL and a student of your books. I desire to inquire of you if I can not take lessons in *Practical Phrenology*, under your instructions, at home. I am a preacher of the Gospel, and find your science of great practical advantage to me; and every single number of the JOURNAL is worth the whole price of a year's subscription.

[To study Phrenology at home, persons need the Phrenological Bust, price \$2; Self-Instructor, 75 cents; a cast of the brain, 75 cents; Fowler's Phrenology, \$2.00; Self-Culture, \$1.50; Memory, \$1.50. A little class of neighbors might get together, and each would aid the others, in some respects, and such meetings could thus be made very pleasant and profitable.]

* Sir John Herschel's Essay on Light in *Encyc. Metropolitana*.

BOYS' LIBRARIES.

IN the June number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1872, we published an article entitled "Boys' Library," in which we proposed that boys in every neighborhood, instead of "fooling away" their money and time on worthless objects, such as confectioneries, tobacco, etc., should put their dimes and other small sums together and buy a few good books, and then meet evenings at the houses of the subscribers, or members, and read aloud in turn the book or books thus obtained. When the first book had been read through, another having been bought by joint contribution, should be enjoyed together in like manner. The books thus read could be exchanged with other similar library companies in the neighborhood. These books, having been read by the several companies, could be collected into a general library and loaned out to the public on payment of so much a year for membership.

This subject has called forth letters of inquiry and requests for a plan of organization. We may not be able to cover all the points in our proposition which experience may prove to be necessary, but a start is all that is required. The boys can "Amend their Constitution and By-Laws" as they may think proper when the need becomes manifest. Here is the outline for a

CONSTITUTION.

We, the subscribers, desiring to cultivate our minds, improve and strengthen our characters by the employment of our time in acquiring useful knowledge, do hereby associate ourselves under the name of THE BOYS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION of ——— under the following rules:

I. Any approved person of correct habits who shall subscribe to this Constitution and pay the sum of [say ten cents] monthly, or [fifty cents] annually may become a member.

II. There shall be a President of the Association, whose duty it shall be to preside at all meetings when present. In case of his absence a person shall be chosen to act in his place.

III. There shall be a Librarian, who shall keep a list, and have the custody of the books which shall be loaned, used, or kept as by a vote or rule of the Association shall be prescribed; and the Librarian shall act as Secretary at all meetings; though if at any time necessary a Secretary *pro tem.* may be appointed.

IV. There shall be chosen a Treasurer, who shall receive and safely keep all funds of the Association, and pay them out agreeable to the order of the Association from time to time, and all orders for the payment of money shall be signed by the Treasurer and counter-signed by the President.

V. The several officers shall hold office during one year, and no one shall hold any particular office for more than one year in succession, unless re-elected, and then he shall vacate it at the end of the second year, to give others a chance for promotion and practice in official position.

VI. The Association shall meet annually on the first ——— evening in the month of ——— for the choice of officers, making reports, etc., and there shall be monthly or semi-monthly meetings, as may be provided at each annual meeting, or special meetings may be held by written request of any five members, with notice of the same at least one week in advance.

This will do to begin with, and after discussion and experience it may be modified to suit those

interested. If boys desire to start with less formality, let five or six meet at the house of one of them and resolve to associate as a "reading club." They can decide to buy a book or books they have seen noticed in the papers. The advice of parents on this subject would be desirable. Having decided on the purchase of one book they will make up the amount of its cost in equal sums. They can choose one of their number as secretary to order the book or books they want. They can send to several of the leading publishers for catalogues of their books, and from these select the works they wish. When a new book arrives, they can meet at the house of a member and spend two hours hearing the book read by one or more of their members. This reading aloud and all listening will have one marked advantage: the whole party will get the knowledge together, which will ever afterward furnish for them interesting topics of conversation, each being familiar with the other's information. When two have been to school together, or have been fellow apprentices, clerks, or travelers, how pleasant it is in after-years, to go over the old common ground again together! In like manner read together and thereby not only acquire knowledge but let your thoughts be together interwoven with those of your author, and you will have food for reflection and for conversation for all coming years.

Already several Boys' Libraries have been established on the plan suggested, and others are now in course of formation.

LIBERAL DONATION PROMISED.

We are authorized to promise a contribution of One Hundred Dollars by a generous and philanthropic lady of New York, in sums of \$1.00 each, in books, to one hundred different libraries, to be established anywhere in the United States on this plan. A sum of not less than \$5.00 must first be expended or collected for books, and a commencement made. On receiving satisfactory evidence of such a start, either the dollar, or books worth a dollar, will be sent to the president or librarian. The postage, when sent by mail, will be about 10 cents on a dollar book.

This proposition will be carried out in good faith. If others wish to join in this enterprise, and make contributions of suitable books, we shall be happy to hear from them. Stamps, to prepay postage, should be sent when questions are asked by letter.

Our only motive in this movement is to assist in starting these most useful associations in every neighborhood where there are boys—and girls, who should also be admitted on equal terms. All may be benefited, improved, educated, and put in the way of becoming useful and honorable American citizens.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE: Being an Explanation of Modern Mysteries. By Andrew Jackson Davis, author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," "The Great Harmonia," etc., etc. Revised and enlarged. 12mo, cloth. Boston: William White & Co.

Foremost among recognized "authorities" on Spiritualistic matters is the author of the above entitled work, and his volumes find many readers both among those willing to accept his views, and those who do not regard themselves as Spiritualists. The object of this book, the first edition of which was published twenty years ago, is to respond to the numerous inquiries which have been made concerning the causes of the phenomena of spiritual manifestation, and this response Mr. Davis makes, in his clear and logical manner, under the following subdivisions: Truth and Mystery; God's Universal Providence; The Miracles of this Age; The Decay of Superstition; The Guardianship of Spirits; The Discernment of Spirits; The Stratford Mysteries Explained; The Doctrine of Evil Spirits; The Origin of Spirit Sounds; Concerning Sympathetic Spirits; The Formation of Circles; The Resurrection of the Dead; A Voice from the Spirit Land; The Foundation of True Religion; How to Form Spirit Circles; Report of the Dialectical Committee; Facts for Skeptics in Spiritualism; Defeats and Victories, Material and Spiritual; Eternal Value of Pure Purposes; Wars of the Blood, Brain, and Spirit; Truths Male and Female.

As may be seen, the field embraced is extensive, and much information of a practical sort is supplied for those who may wish to investigate the mysterious subject.

THE JEWELLED SERPENT: A Story of To-Day. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond, author of "The McAllisters," "Adopted," etc. 18mo, cloth, with frontispiece. Price, \$1.25. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A good book for our youth, inculcating through the medium of a lively story those grand principles of morality which lie at the basis of a strong and noble manhood. The text of the story is a "doctor's" prescription: "Cod-liver oil and rum three times a day." And how well adapted to the pernicious practice so very prevalent in the "profession" of advising the use of alcoholic liquors as medicine! Men whose true mission is to cure and improve, seem determined to blight and destroy, and that, too, by means most hideous. The title of the book has reference to a birth-day

present given to the heroine of the story by her father. It was a bracelet wrought in the form of a serpent, and set with diamonds and a flashing ruby, and was intended by the father as a talisman, warning her against the evil serpent, Intemperance, which had wrought much ruin in his family.

ANNUAL RECORD OF HOMEOPATHIC LITERATURE, 1872. Edited by E. G. Rane, M. D., assisted by Distinguished Authors. One vol., 8vo; pp. 338; muslin. New York: Boericke & Tafel.

The arrangement of this third annual volume is similar to those of former years. First we have the department *Materia Medica*, in which are disposed the poisonings and provings of new and old drugs, and specifics and reports of their ascertained characteristics. Next the department *Practice*, under which we find discussions of mental manifestation under normal and abnormal conditions, as well as the last year's developments in the treatment of the derangements and diseases of the different animal functions. The other departments are *Surgery*, *Theory*, *Hygiene*, *Posology*, *Climatology*, *Physiology*. An index, apparently very full, adds materially to the value of a volume which homeopaths, especially practitioners, must appreciate.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH: A New Monthly devoted to Health on Hygienic Principles. Vol. I., July to December, 1872. 8vo; pp. 254. Price, \$1. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher.

This first volume of a new magazine, having for its chief object the consideration of man in his sanitary relations, makes a really creditable appearance. Our human life in all its aspects, whether normal or abnormal, is approached directly, and treated, without ambiguity or evasion, from the points of view of anatomy and physiology. No disposition is shown to correct people's caprices of diet or to coax them into the adoption of normal practices; but its advice is given clearly and cogently, and appropriate illustrations render plain what may be obscure in the text to the reader whose scientific culture is deficient. In fine, this magazine has succeeded well thus far in popularizing scientific truths of the most vital importance, and we do not wonder that its subscription list is rapidly increasing.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS' FRIEND. A Quarterly issued by the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers, No. 40 New Bowery, New York. Fifty cents per annum, 15 cents per number.

A neat little pamphlet issued in the interest of what we deem a really worthy and enterprising charity. The workings of this mission are well set forth, and miscellaneous matter, moral and temperance stories, and a considerable number of songs and hymns with the music help to make up an entertaining publication.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics. Terms, \$4 a year; 35 cents single numbers. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The January number of this old friend lies before us, and is a most creditable beginning of the new year. The many distinguished names that are represented on its 128 pages give promise of no reduction in the character of a periodical whose literature, although supplied almost exclusively by American writers, take it from year to year, has scarcely a rival.

THE SERVANT GIRL OF THE PERIOD, the Greatest Plague of Life. What Mr. and Mrs. Honeydew Learned of Housekeeping. By Chas. Chamberlain, Jr. 12mo, cloth. New York: J. S. Redfield. Price, \$1.25.

While many housekeepers will be ready to echo the sentiment of the title of this humorous volume—which is claimed to be founded on fact—few will be ready to admit that the fault rests chiefly with themselves. It is a fact that American wives of our so-called genteel society are alarmingly deficient in that physical force so essential to the independent performance of household duties, and this fact our domestic class have been quick to understand, and apply for their own personal advantage. Bridget, finding her mistress a dependent, appreciates the change of relations, and, because of her lack of moral culture, assumes a coarse superiority of demeanor, as amusing as it is impudent. The substance of Mr. Chamberlain's story amounts to this simply, that the domestic infelicities of Mr. and Mrs. Honeydew are traceable mainly to the latter's inexperience in housekeeping, and to the fact that she is a gem whose proper setting is the parlor, and not the kitchen. One feature, we trust, will prove a warning to housekeepers who may read the book, and that is the daily use of ale and liquor in Mr. Honeydew's house, which did not serve to aid the capacity of his numerous kitchen maids.

GARETH AND LYNETTE. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. With illustrations; tinted paper, cloth. Price, \$1.25. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A very neat edition of this last Idyl of Tennyson. As it is intended by the author to complete the series of his famous "Idyls of the King," those who have the preceding poems will at once avail themselves of the opportunity to procure "Gareth and Lynette." The treatment of his subject here and there shows the hand of the master, in his wonderful feats of versification.

HIS LEVEL BEST, and other Stories. By Edward E. Hale. 12mo, cloth; pp. 293. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Of "His Level Best" the author says that the story is made up "from the diary of an unfortunate gentleman now resident in the poor-house, a cultivated man of amiable disposition, and for-

merly of comfortable or sufficient property." How he lost that property it is the purpose of the story to declare. The other stories in the same covers are "The Brick Moon," "Water Talk," "Mouse and Lion," "The Modern Sinbad," "A Tale of a Salamander," "The Queen of California," "Confidence." All sprightly, moral, and instructive.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of John Greenleaf Whittier. Household edition. 12mo, cloth; beveled boards; pp. 395. Price, \$2. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

What more need we mention than the name of Whittier as author to convey to the reader a proper idea of this new volume of poems. The sweet-tongued Quaker is dear to every lover of poetry; he is the lyrist who finds beauty and joy in the humblest scenes of domestic life, and in the most out-of-the-way haunts of rusticity.

"There are pieces in this collection which I would willingly let die," says the author, but the publishers and the reading world "beg leave to differ" from the sentiment. They would have Whittier complete. The reason for permitting the work to go forth to the world, the poet has given himself charmingly in the "Proem," in the sixth verse of which he says:

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

This is the essence of Whittier's verse; his susceptible heart "feels all a brother's pain" and joy, and breathes in its numbers its deep understanding of manhood's trials. In looking over this edition one is struck with the variety of subject and handling the poems present. The religious spirit, as we would expect, predominates in most of them, but has its shades of significance; now humble and suppliant, as in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer" or "My Soul and I"; now pathetic, as in "The Female Martyr"; now didactic, as in "Worship"; again argumentative, as in "Questions of Life"; and again declaratory and spirited, as in the famous "Sabbath Scene." Of Whittier's patriotic and national poems little need be said, as many of them grace the reading books of our schools, and the more careful compilations of elocutionists.

NATURE'S MIRROR: Consisting of Proverbs, or Short and Comprehensive Sentences. By I. H. Walton. Square 16mo, cloth. Price, 50 cents; fancy paper, 30 cents. Published by the author.

This little book embodies no small amount of experience and thought on the part of the author. In the arrangement and style there are new features which commend themselves to the reader, not the least important of which is the alphabetical order in which they are placed, and the compact English in which they are well clothed. As a handy volume of good and great sayings, it is a treasury

of wisdom unsurpassed by many of the large and pretentious "thought books" which abound in the market.

CHICAGO ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, quarto. Published by Horton & Leonard at \$1.50 per annum.

An admirable monthly for the price, and evincing a genuine literary spirit and much esthetic taste. The mechanical part of the venture is very creditable, and will bear comparison with our best Eastern work.

RADICAL DISCOURSES on Religious Subjects. Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., by William Denton. One vol., 12mo, cloth; pp. 332. Boston: William Denton.

The preacher in his preaching is not in accordance with orthodoxy so-called; indeed, he would claim to be among the most heterodox, rejecting much that professed Christians deem essential to their religious comfort here and their safety hereafter.

Here are the subjects treated in the volume: "Man's True Saviors," "Be Thyself," "The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science," "Is Spiritualism True?" "Orthodoxy Falls since Spiritualism is True," "Who are Christians?" "Christianity no Finality," "God Proposed for our National Constitution," "A Sermon from Shakespeare." In these discourses many good points are made of practical value to all persons, whatever their religious belief. Christians may read "Who are Christians?" without fear of perversion.

THE HOLE IN THE BAG, and other Stories. By Mrs. J. P. Ballard (Kruna), author of "The Broken Rock," "Lift a Little," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 256; muslin. Price, \$1. New York: National Temperance Society.

This is another of those excellent temperance story books published by this enterprising society. Children may read these stories, and be impressed for life by a tendency to temperate habits. "Kruna" has our warm approbation for her pleasant sketches.

THE 100 YEARS ANGLO-CHINESE CALENDAR, 1st January, 1776, to 25th January, 1876; Corresponding with the 11th day of the 11th moon of the 40th year of the Reign of Kien-Lung, to the end of the 14th year of the Reign of Tung-Chi. Together with an Appendix, containing several interesting Tables and Extracts. By P. Loureiro. One vol., 8vo; pp. 280. Furnished by C. P. Blisdon.

A copy of this document comes to us, prepaid by post, all the way from China. It is exquisitely printed in English and Chinese characters, and beautifully bound in morocco, gilt. We suppose its price should be somewhere from \$3 to \$5. We find no evidence of an American agency where it may be obtained. Orders sent to the office of the *North China Herald*, Shanghai, China, via San Francisco, will doubtless meet with a response. Our relations with China are becoming

so intimate, and so profitable to both countries, that our publications will find market there as theirs must here.

We thank the author, the publisher, or whoever it may have been, who kindly places the work before us, which furnishes at once an assistant to the China merchant in regulating his business negotiations with Chinamen, and some interesting information with respect to the Chinese Calendar.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1873—published by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston—is replete with statistical and current information, pleasant literature, and excellent illustrations. Among the contents are choice excerpts from Thackeray, Hood, Leigh Hunt, Steele, Jerrold, Robert Browning. The organization of our National Government is given in a tabulated form easy for reference. The illustrations adapted to the months in their succession are in most cases admirable bits of American manners and customs. The price of the almanac is 50 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MYTHS AND MYTH MAKERS. By John Fluke, M.A., LL.B. 1 vol., 8vo; cloth. Price, \$3.25.

SOCIAL CHARADES AND PARLOR OPERAS. By M. T. Calder. 16mo; cloth. Price, 75 cents.

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN SOUTHERN TRAVEL, with maps. 1 vol., 12mo; flexible cloth. \$2.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Hoppin. 1 vol., 12mo. Price, \$2.

THE HUMAN RACE. By Louis Figuier. Illustrated by 243 engravings and 8 chromo-lithographs. 1 vol., 8vo. Price, \$6.

MODERN LEADERS. A Series of Biographical Sketches. By Justin McCarthy. 1 vol., 8vo; cloth. Price, \$1.75.

CALIFORNIA: For Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A book for travelers and settlers. Illustrated. 8vo. Price, \$2.50.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DR. J. G. HOLLAND. In ten volumes—three volumes of verse, two do. of novels, and five of essays.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John S. Holme, D.D. Elegant 4to; cloth. Price, \$2.50.

PROF. WALTER SMITH'S DRAWING COPIES of Standard Reproductions and Original Designs: for Public Schools, Drawing Classes, and Schools of Art. Complete in four parts, at 50 cents each.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN FLOWER GARDENER. By "Daisy Everbright." Contains practical information about Pansies, Roses, Geraniums, Climbing Plants, Annuals, Perennials, Fuchsias, etc. Price, \$1 in cloth, 50 cents in paper.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 3.]

March, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 411.]



WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER,

MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

THIS portrait indicates solidity, endurance, strength—in another word, power. What strong features, what a broad, heavy, substantial face, neck, and chest! The head is broad and full at the base, showing a

strong hold on life, with great physical endurance. His perceptive faculties, located across the brow, are largely developed, showing readiness of perception, practical knowledge, knowledge of men and things, and

ability to adapt himself to surrounding conditions.

The middle of the forehead is full, showing an excellent memory of daily life and experience of that which he reads, hears, and understands. The upper part of his forehead is fully developed, showing a good degree of intellectual outreach and comprehensiveness, but is larger in the center, showing Comparison, power of analysis, and that kind of ready common sense which takes hold of affairs in a practical way, and gives what is called good judgment.

The organ called Human Nature, situated in the center of the top of the forehead, just where the hair begins, is large, and enables him to read men intuitively, to understand a stranger, to know his drift and purpose, and how much he amounts to, what he will do if he has a chance.

The top-head is high, showing large Benevolence and a sympathetic and charitable disposition toward the helpless and the poor. His Veneration is also large, inclining him to be respectful and devout. Firmness is large, and stability is one of his leading traits. He has sufficient Self-Esteem to give consciousness of his own worth, importance, and power, and the disposition to balance himself on his own center. He does not lean upon others; is self-reliant.

The base of the brain indicates force, courage, executiveness, and thoroughness. Acquisitiveness is sufficient to give economy and a desire to acquire property, and assists in giving to the judgment financial tendencies. He is, therefore, wise in money matters, strong in that common sense that reads men and measures and comprehends ways and means. He has Language enough to express himself well, and if he had been educated to a talking profession, would have been an excellent speaker.

He is remarkable for sound health, has a large body, splendid breathing power, excel-

lent digestion, good circulation; every feature expresses health, strength, and long life, and his ample body adapts him to bear burdens and trials without flinching. He carries youthfulness into age, does not become nervous, fretted, anxious, weak with the advance of years. As his name indicates, he is one of the worthy old Knickerbockers of New York, and has the well-marked features, the long head, the robust integrity and steadfastness which belong to that Teutonic stock, which has taken permanent root in the New World.

Mayor Havemeyer is of medium height, but possessing a splendid vital organism, weighs not far from two hundred pounds. His eye is bright and searching, his complexion of that rich florid tint which indicates the man of careful habits, and his dress and bearing have the stamp of method, regularity, and neatness, without, however, any tinge of stiffness or pedantry. Dignified and courtly, he is ever good-humored and winning in address, setting a stranger quite at ease in the outset of a first interview. As a business man and as a public officer, although verging on that period when men usually withdraw from the prominence and activity of practical affairs, he is prompt and efficient in the dispatch of his duties.

WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, well known for many years in the commercial and political life of New York, is the oldest son of William Havemeyer, a German, who emigrated to this country in 1798. He acquired a knowledge of the mechanical processes in use in Germany in the refining of sugar, and shortly after landing in this country he obtained employment in a sugar house, and there commenced a career which developed into a successful business life.

William F. was born in the city of New York in 1804, and was educated at various private schools, one of which was that of Mr. Wilson, the blind teacher. At fifteen, having completed the necessary preparatory course, he entered Columbia College, where he

was graduated in 1838. From college he went into business, selecting the vocation of his father, under whose direction he learned the trade of refining sugar, and then commenced operating for himself. His superior business qualifications soon rendered him conspicuous, marked as they were by strict attention to details, honesty, and untiring industry. His enterprises prospered, and in course of time Mr. Havemeyer accumulated considerable wealth. In 1844, although by no means desirous to take part in the theater of politics, he was forced into some connection therewith through a proper consideration of his interests as a business man and property holder. In that year he was chosen by the Democratic party one of the delegates to Tammany Hall, and at a meeting was appointed chairman of the Finance Committee. In this new and precarious sphere, his attention to the business of his position gained him hosts of friends, and resulted in his nomination for the mayoralty shortly after. In the election which followed he was tided into office by a very large majority. During his term, which then lasted only one year, he distinguished himself by instituting several much-needed reforms, notably among which were his regulations affecting the care and comfort of emigrants. His views on this question were so practical and beneficial that they were adopted by the Legislature in a general enactment for the State. Ward's Island, with its various departments, was planned after Mr. Havemeyer's suggestions, and he was appointed one of the first Commissioners of Emigration. Elected President of this Board, he served with so much acceptance that the nomination for Mayor was tendered him again in 1848. In 1851 he became President of the Bank of North America, and occupied that position until 1861, when he resigned it. In 1859 he was again nominated by the Tammany Hall branch of the Democracy for the office of Mayor, against Mr. Fernando Wood, the Mozart Hall candidate; Mr. George Opdyke being the nominee in the Republican interest. Mr. Wood was elected, however, and may be said to have represented at that time the political combinations which were later developed into the powerful "Ring" Democracy. During the interval which has elapsed be-

tween that time and the present, Mr. Havemeyer has enjoyed that retirement in the walks of private life and personal business which he has ever preferred to the anxieties, care, and dignities of a public career. When the public mind became aroused to a sense of the corruption which was rampant in our political affairs, Mr. Havemeyer, with his usual heartiness, joined with those who united to break up the ring rule, and when the Committee of Seventy was organized, he became one of the most active members in the efforts for reform. Last year, through the endeavors of that committee, and with the earnest support of our best citizens, he was nominated for the mayoralty, and at the ensuing election triumphantly borne into office by an unexpectedly large majority. This election has been taken as the evidence of a new era in New York civil affairs—an era of economy and sober judgment in the administration of the municipal offices.

Mr. Havemeyer's speeches, made from time to time in his official and political careers, show him to be a man of sound sense and accurate discernment. If he can not claim the fluency and grace of the accomplished orator, he can claim a direct and practical style of address which is clearly understood and convincing. One of his later speeches, that before the Sixteenth Ward Council of Reform, may be taken as an exponent of his views on municipal reform. From it we make the following extract as a suitable conclusion of our short sketch of a most worthy gentleman and useful citizen:

"By the union of the honest and well-disposed portion of our community a victory over the adherents of the Ring has been achieved, whose results, though promising as to the future, have not yet been actually attained. Our opponents are still numerous and artful, and a great deal of work remains to be done before our city shall have been cleansed from the corruptions which have existed in its administration during the latter years. You have adverted to the fact that I have not been elected to office as a partisan, but by a combination of men of all parties, resolved to redeem the city from misrule. My acceptance of the nomination was because it was made on a non-partisan basis. My sentiments on that point were freely ex-

pressed when I accepted the nomination, and they are unchanged. We can not afford to lose the fruits of victory by any partisan demonstrations. In union is our strength. I desire to be Mayor for all the people, and shall do all in my power to promote the welfare of the city without regard for party. I felt that the time had come for all good citizens to enter the political arena and act promptly, and if I were summoned from the retirement of private life to take part in the work, I was willing to do so, to aid in completing the work of Reform.

"In conclusion, let me remind you of the words of the 'good book:' 'Let not him who puts on the harness boast as he can who

takes it off.' If by persistent efforts we shall accomplish our task, as we hope to do, we shall have the reward of success, and in any event that of a good conscience resulting from proper endeavors in the discharge of incumbent duty. Ours is no easy task, but will require continuous attention to the great objects we have in view. For my part, I shall keep steadily before me the fact that I have been honored with the confidence of the people in having been elected to the chief magistracy in order to continue the work of reform which had been so well inaugurated by the associations of upright citizens, among which your body holds so prominent a place."

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

NEARLY four hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era, Alexander the Great presented his teacher, Aristotle, with Nymphæum, a country situated near Micza, in order that he might have means and opportunities to study nature, as manifested in living creatures. Thousands of persons were employed in Asia and Greece in procuring for his investigations quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. But although Aristotle dissected an immense number of animals, he made no important discoveries, except that of the function of the nerves, and that the brain of man is larger, in proportion to the body, than that of any animal. However, his labors and writings gave a new impetus to anatomical and physiological studies, and since his day the problems of life, more than any other or all other subjects, have engrossed the attention of the leading minds of all nations.

Many of the problems of life are now understood. The uses of nearly all the organs of living bodies are known, and the structures have been traced with the scalpel, and examined with the microscope, until lost in atoms or molecules beyond the power of vision, though aided by glasses which magnify their area a million of times. But back of, and underlying, all the problems of life is the primary question, "What is life?"

Some quarter of a century ago, this question awakened renewed interest in the scientific world by the discovery of "The Correlation of Forces." Heat, light, electricity, and magnet-

ism were demonstrated to be convertible into each other, and all only "modes of motion" of the same force or substance; and what more natural than the suggestion that these modes of motion, or this primitive force, may be correlated with vitality and even mentality? There was nothing strange or unreasonable in the supposition that, perhaps, the mystery of life would be solved in the application of the new theory to the manifestations of mind, soul, or spirit. Nor is it anything new under the sun that, in the excitement, and, it may be, enthusiasm consequent on an important discovery, the principle involved is made too broad in its implications, or misapplied to some subjects before the requisite data for correct judgment are ascertained.

Whatever may be true with regard to "correlation," in its application to vital and mental phenomena, it has given a wholesome energy to the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," in respect to the nature of life itself. Physics, chemistry, and biology are assiduously explored in relation to all their bearings on the momentous theme; while theologians, physiologists, and philosophers are making the subject a common field of investigation. It is being discussed from the standpoints of faith, as derived from revelation; vital laws, as manifested in living organisms; and scientific demonstrations, as in the material sciences.

All this is well. It is hopeful. Let the problem of problems be investigated in all possible ways, and debated from every conceivable

standpoint. We may never solve it; but in the search we may discover many things useful to know. The alchemists did not discover how to transmute the baser metals into gold; but they led the way to the more important achievements of modern chemistry. The searches after perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitæ, were not in vain. They opened a field for studying the mechanic arts, the laws of nature, and the conditions of health, which have been of incalculable benefit to mankind.

I do not propose to solve this question. But I propose to present the question as it now stands; show precisely what is and what is not known in regard to it, and indicate a new departure for future investigations.

We have sought the cause and source of life in all things far and near, that we could bring within the range of vision. We have constructed telescopes, and seen revolving worlds ten thousand millions of miles distant. But we discover no life in that direction, nor source of life, save the burning solar orb, and this is only one of our conditions of vital existence. The planets and stars, in what we term space, are in all degrees of solidity, or fluidity, or gaseous, and some of them *may* be inhabited with beings like or unlike ourselves. But when we turn from the vast orbs, thousands and millions of miles apart, to the little worlds within our reach, our researches are more successful. We find life everywhere. There are myriads of living organisms in a drop of water; there are thousands of millions within the space of a cubic inch. But what are these creatures? We find hundreds, and even thousands, of varieties; some vegetable, some animal, others neither or doubtful, all developing, growing, reproducing themselves, and dying.

Microscopical investigations have demonstrated that all living structure is colorless. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that white, which is the blending or sum total of all colors, is the characteristic of life. The minutest and lowest form of life yet revealed by the microscope—the *monera* of Bastian—is not only colorless, but actually transparent. You can see through it as though it were pellucid glass; you can discover no organs nor parts, no outside nor inside, no sex, nothing animal or vegetable. Yet it has organs, parts, limbs, viscera, and is an animal. It can change its shape and form; it performs locomotion; when it desires to move, it extemporizes the extremities; when it wishes food, it projects a limb

and seizes it. It does not take its nutriment into any receptacle analogous to a stomach, but into its whole self. It is, so far as our senses, aided by the microscope, can discover, a homogenous mass, of the consistence of tenacious jelly. One part seems capable of performing all functions, and all parts each function. After it has projected and used its organs, it resolves them into itself again, as it does its food. Certainly there is something marvelous in the monera. We can not comprehend it. Possibly if we had twenty thousand magnifying mirrors in our eyes, as the butterflies have, we might be able to see and understand the mysteries of life as it is in this infinitesimal being.

This microscopic monera has the power to "differentiate" itself into permanent parts and distinct organs. It can also sub-divide itself, as an egg or cell segmentates into separate parts, each of which may become a whole organism and reproduce its kind. But in its development, growth, differentiation, and reproduction, a principle is manifested which pertains to living structure of every kind. Everything produced within it, by it, or of it, *is developed from the center to the circumference*; and this is a universal, an invariable law of organic life. Food is not converted into structure, but into the central living matter, and this into structure.

The white corpuscles of the blood are the monera of animals and man. They manifest, in the circulating fluids all the properties and powers of the monera; they travel, elongate, project organs, differentiate, and form all of the structures. As Beale expresses it, "pabulum is converted into living matter, and the living into structure," or dead matter. In this manner, areolar or connective tissue, muscle, bone, etc., are formed—life always occupying the inmost or central position. Shall we say that man is only an aggregation of monera? This might apply to organic or vital life, but what of the mental?

The chemico-physiologists are always at fault in applying chemical data to the problems of life. Chemistry has nothing to do with them. *There is no chemistry in living structure.* One might as well undertake to solve the problems of morality and religion by arithmetic and geometry as to calculate vital problems by chemical rules. Chemistry means the combination and decomposition of elements; Vitality means the transformation of elements—processes as unlike as death and life. In the domain of organic life the pabulum or food is

transformed (not combined with) into monera or white corpuscles, or their analogues, and then *transformed* into structure, and finally *disintegrated* (not decomposed) into debris and excretions. And herein is the mystery of life. But what *is* life?

Before life can be manifested there must be "protoplasm"—a peculiar arrangement of elements. But protoplasm is not life. It may exist without life. Before protoplasm can manifest life, or before pabulum can be transformed into living structure, it must be vitalized. Where does the vitality originate? And here we have the old puzzle over again—which precedes, the egg or the hen? How can there be a hen without an egg to produce it? How an egg without a hen to produce it?

The primary question now presents, "How do inorganic elements become organic?" The theologian answers, "By the word of His power." True, but how? The scientist replies, "By molecular arrangement." True again, but how? Darwinism responds, "By evolution." Exactly; but how? And still the question recurs, How does the non-living become living?

There is no dispute that vegetables and animals appear on the earth just as its surface, atmosphere, temperature, and productions are adapted to them; but how? No matter whether they are evolved by a general law or created by special exercises of Divine power, the rationale is still the problem.

We will admit that God creates all things by a general law or by special laws. We will admit that pabulum is converted into living matter, and this into dead; and we will admit that protoplasm is a form of molecular arrangement that necessarily precedes the manifestation of life. But we are no nearer a solution of our problem. What is life, and whence comes it?

We may never know the essence of life. We do not know the essence of matter, force, or anything else; we do not seem to have any organs or faculties to recognize it, in our present state of existence, whatever we may have in the life to come. But why can not we understand as much of life as we can of matter or of force? We know nothing of these except in relation to their laws and manifestations.

We have apparently ascertained the essential conditions of life. We have demonstrated that a certain arrangement of the molecules of matter is inorganic, and a different arrangement organic. But what effects the transformation in the latter case? The theologian says God; the scientist says nature. But God and nature

operate by means and laws; and the laws and means are the essential problem—as nothing was ever known to manifest life till vitalized by some pre-existent life.

When the scientist supplies a vital organism, or a vitalized egg or seed, with food, air, and water, and it develops, grows, and performs living functions, he sometimes concludes that life is only the conversion of food into life-force—as an engine converts heat into motion; but the analogy fails, because the engine does not differentiate into organs or reproduce itself. Where and what is the vitality?

Dr. Knight in an article on "Astronomical Etiology," published in the *New York Medical Journal*, tells us that "gravitation is life;" Henry Lake, in an article recently published in *Belgravia*, revives the theory that "electricity is life;" and Papillon, in an article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and republished in the *Popular Science Monthly*, startles us by reproducing the theory that "heat is life." Are we going forward or backward? The Brunonian doctrine that "life is a forced state," put medicine back half a century; and Liebig's fallacy of "alcoholic food" demoralized nearly all the temperance doctors in the land. I fear that these vagaries of the scientists will only serve to retard our progress in physiology.

Gravitation, electricity, and heat are conditions of life; and so are air, water, and food; and so are planets, stars, comets, meteors and nebulae; for without the universe nothing can exist. Each is essential to all, and all to each. But to confound life itself with one of its conditions, is as absurd as to confound the moon with moonshine, because the former is essential to the latter. It is mistaking a part for the whole.

Suppose we apply the same rigidly scientific logic to the problem of life that we apply to all other subjects, when we investigate them scientifically, and see where it will lead us? Let us lay down the following self-evident philosophical propositions:

1. Nothing can produce nothing.
2. Nothing can impart that which it does not possess.
3. The lesser can not produce the greater.
4. Mere matter, by combination or separation, can produce nothing but mere matter.
5. Nothing living was ever known to be produced except by some prior living thing.
6. No "protoplasm" ever manifested life until vitalized by some living organism.
7. No egg or seed was ever known to be produced except by a living organism.

The corollary from these premises is that life as well as matter and force is eternal and indestructible. When matter disappears in one form it appears in another. Why not life? When force ceases to be manifested in one mode, it is manifested in some other. Why not life, also? As nothing is annihilated, and as life exists, the inference seems irresistible that, when its manifestation ceases in one direction it *must* appear in some other.

But Mr. Bastian thinks he has proved "spontaneous generation." I doubt the possibility of proving this. True, some living organisms can not resist extreme cold; some can not survive a temperature above 400° Fah.; others may not be able to pass alive through cotton, wool, or sulphuric acid; but others may survive all of these processes, and be the parental source of all the imaginary spontaneities.

But our scientists want us, who deny spontaneous existence, to tell the origin of life. We will when they will explain the origin of matter. They say matter is self-existent. We say life is self-existent. If they say God or nature has formed matter of imponderable essences or forces, we say he has formed life in the same way. Or if they prefer the deity termed Chance, Fate, or Necessity, and say that matter made itself, we will still meet them on their own ground and affirm that life made itself. As matter can not be superior to life, and as life may be superior to matter, we can give stronger reasons why life should originate matter than they can why matter should originate life. If the scientists tell us that there is no place in the universe where matter does not exist, we reply, there is no place in the universe where life does not exist. If he tells us we can not demonstrate its existence by any recognitions of our senses, we tell them the same is true of matter. What has been termed space is now said to be pervaded and occupied by a substance too refined for us to see except in its effects. This is called ether. We have demonstrated in the monera, and in the white corpuscles of the blood, living organs so refined as to be invisible and to seem transparent. Why may not space, or the etherium, be pervaded with invisible life as well as with invisible matter?

In Papillon's article above referred to, the author says, "Mind itself should be regarded as engendered by heat." The egg may be said to be engendered by heat when the hen sits on it, or when hatched in an electrical machine. But there was a pre-existing vitality, or the egg would never have been engendered into a

chicken. The brain organ can not manifest mind without that degree of temperature that preserves the fluidity of the blood and the flexibility of the muscles; but deprive the brain of vitality, and heat will only engender more rapid disorganization.

But I think, in the following sentences, Papillon has virtually conceded the position I am endeavoring to maintain. He says: "Muscular fiber never contracts of its own accord. It must be acted on by the nerve. The nerve-cell has in itself an ever-present, never-exhausted power of action, of which the energy is its peculiar property." And again: "On the part of the muscular system everything can be measured. On the part of the nervous system, nothing. Impressions, sensations, affections, thoughts, desires, pleasures, and pains make up a world withdrawn from the common conditions of determination."

Verily they do, so far as chemical and mechanical laws are concerned. Mind, soul, spirit, are not the results of organization, but the cause of it. The house does not make the tenant, but the tenant builds the habitation. Intelligence can not come from inert matter, but may use it. Matter not containing life can not impart life by any manipulation of its particles. The architect can construct a building, but it will not grow; the mechanic can manufacture a machine, but it will not reproduce other machines. Nothing but life will produce life.

The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" shows that all living organisms are developed from a drop of albumen; and all that the chemist has to do to make living things is to manufacture the albumen. True, but nothing except living matter can produce albumen.

Several distinguished chemists are now advocating the theory that chemistry is constructive; and they tell us they have produced organic substances chemically. They have, indeed, made very good imitations. They have produced cells and corpuscles, so nearly resembling real ones, in all external appearances, that the eye, aided by the microscope, can not tell the difference; but when we submit them to the vital test the delusion vanishes. They lack the internal germinal quality. They will not do anything; they will not grow; they will not multiply, except by the external force of mechanical division.

In 1862, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the British Scientific Association, at Cambridge, England, Professor Odling delivered a lecture especially devoted to an exposition of this subject. I listened to his explanation

tions, and witnessed his experiments, all of which proved, to my satisfaction, that chemistry is purely *destructive*, so far as living matter is concerned. The chemist can only construct inorganic compounds. Professor Odling produced nothing that manifested vital property. His chemically-manufactured "organic substances" were only such in outward form. The "germinal spot" was not there; and the only property they manifested was "inertia," which is the property of a dry stick or a *dead* stone. Whenever the chemist will produce in his laboratory a single particle of albumen, "protoplasm," "pabulum," or a living cell or corpuscle, he may go on and manufacture tissues, structures, organs, and, finally, a whole organization, and take the work of creation into his own hands. He may make muscles, compound nerves, manufacture bones, construct stomachs, bowels, livers, kidneys, hearts, lungs, brains, etc. He may even "engender" mind, and fabricate soul or spirit. Will he improve on the "works of nature and Providence," as they are now managed? We will wait and see.

In conclusion, let us glance at this subject from the phrenological standpoint. Phrenology teaches that a man has a physical and a mental nature; and his mental nature may be conveniently subdivided into intellectual, social, and moral. His physical nature implies the existence of the materials adapted to his vital necessities—food, water, air, etc. No living organism could exist without the co-exist-

ence of the things which relate to its structure. His intellectual nature implies the co-existence of the objects of thought and reason—the data of arts and sciences. His social nature implies the co-existence of other persons—being organically related to other persons, he could not exist unless they did. And why does not his moral nature imply the existence of objects or persons to which the organs which manifest that nature are related—higher beings, or a Supreme Being? The fact that man has moral organs, whose functions reach beyond the range of his social nature, implies that there are beings, or at least a Being, beyond the recognition of his vital, intellectual, or social powers. To deny this, is to refuse to reason on this subject as we reason on all others. It is to ignore testimony deemed conclusive on all other subjects of human investigation. The fact that man has religious organs proves religion, as much as his social organs prove persons; and, so far as testimony can prove anything, that there is an object of religious regard in a sense entirely different from matter or force. No mind can exercise thoughts or feelings of love and reverence in relation to matter or force. One may admire and wonder, but he can not worship and adore. Nor could he have any consciousness of a hereafter, or a higher life, unless they existed. These thoughts and emotions are the conception of a personality or spirituality responsive to our own, and are the demonstration of its existence.

DRIVEN TO DEATH.

ALL hygienic reformers agree in decrying the use of artificial stimulants. There is, however, a natural stimulant, which, when wrongly employed, has worked more harm to great men than any spiritous compound ever yet invented. I allude to the excessive activity of the human brain in some one direction, through aspiration or emulation. Many people are murdered outright by the strength of strong but undisciplined wills. They are as dangerous to the possessor, as baleful, as fraught with evil consequences, both mental and physical, as are the natural elements of earth, air, fire, and water, when not restrained by the necessary governing power.

We have all been recently saddened by the death of the great editor, Horace Greeley.

He furnishes one of the most mournful, as well as one of the most illustrious, examples on record of the terrible power of the mind over the physical functions.

No man with so strong a will could possibly have had as hard a master as it proved itself to him—and in the end no worse enemy. The hardest-hearted overseer of scourged and cowering slaves never drove his victims with the ferocity with which this arch-tyrant goads its defenseless servants, the brain and the body, into doing its hard behests. These self-inflicted lashes are the most merciless of all.

A man may eschew every known stimulant excepting this one, but if he know not how to moderate and keep in bounds the demand upon his brain and body, his precautions in the end will still prove useless.

If living a regular life, as concerns habits of eating, drinking, and exercising, the whip and the spur may, with seeming impunity, be applied for years. But if the will, during these years is allowed unchecked power, and that power is all turned in one direction, a new and most dreadful danger is gradually created.

The force of the will being all bent upon the ends to which the man's life is dedicated, it requires, constantly, from the brain unlawful services. He who can not habitually, when he is down at night, leave all his cares at his bedside, with the garments which he has put off, stretching himself in the hollow of God's hand, content to slumber there in all a child's abandon, till the dawning light awakening him, finds him full of new strength to take up again the burden of his days, has no grounds to hope for continued health and strength—much less for long life.

There are, however, some rarely organized, who, even under morbid conditions, may almost, by the mere force of will, keep alive and active for years, after an ordinary man would be in his grave; but of such stuff is not made the common run of humanity. The mere fact of habitually taking his cares to bed with him, kills many a man in the meridian of life.

This is because the unceasing censorship exercised by the will over the brain, compelling it to continue active when it should be inactive, gradually but surely lays the foundation of inability to sleep. Of all morbid conditions, this, when once developed, is the hardest to conquer. You may tell me that a man can not work, can not walk, can not eat; but I will not lose hope till you tell me that he can not sleep. For then I certainly know that death is coming, it may be slowly, but surely. But if I can induce the patient to sleep naturally, I know that I shall be able, in time, to re-establish his appetite, and upon that his strength will follow. Upon sleep, which is rest, and upon rest, which is new life, I must build up all other things.

Let every man beware, then, how he turns a deaf ear to the murmurs of tired nature, and let him not, in his passion To Do, ride rough-shod over brain and body, else, ere long, the Master will be left with none to do his bidding, powerless and alone, when he

shall have worn out, prematurely, his much-abused vassals. This means the severance of soul and body—or worse, the death in life—of insanity.

Hence there is no power which a man who makes a work-shop of his brain, ought to cultivate more assiduously than the power to sleep.

As long as he has that power, he is comparatively safe. As soon as he impairs it there is no safety for him anywhere; and when he finally loses it, there is no salvation in any curative. You may tell me that he looks strong, is active, feeds well, enjoys life; but for all that I say that if he is habitually, he is walking daily and nightly, arm in arm, with death. Some day I shall hear that he has fallen suddenly, most likely without warning, but I shall not be surprised.

That excessive action of the brain, to which it is spurred by an indomitable will, active in season and out of season, and which has never learned the vital lesson of passiveness, is the rock upon which so many great men are wrecked.

With such the utmost vigilance is required to prevent the will from abusing its power, and overtasking its servant, the brain, which, if it is taught to do but one thing, viz.: to work, and to keep at it, actually acquires an inability to rest, and at length, too old and too worn-out to learn new tricks, is utterly unable to comprehend, much less to obey, the unusual commands which the will at last tries to impose upon it, when it is too late.

"Rest, now!" says the will to the brain, after years of enforced action. But the brain no longer comprehends the meaning of any command save one: "Work on!"

And quite unheeding it, goes on blindly toiling like a poor, sightless horse, which having all its life been accustomed to walk round and round, harnessed to some machine, at last, in its very death struggle, mistakes every sound of its master's voice for a command to labor; and mechanically, but vainly, with its last breath, tries to struggle up to fulfill the old routine!

So it is, at last, with the brain, when the will says to it, too late, "Rest!" In response, it goes on working, because that is the only thing that it has been taught to do.

They tell us that Horace Greeley had been

unable to sleep for years before his death. Spite of his splendid constitution and his otherwise correct habits of life, his will to work, in season and out of season, killed him in the end.

Sleeplessness had been for years slowly but surely sapping the foundation of his life, and it needed but an unusually strong combina-

tion of adverse circumstances, with extra work and anxiety, to cause the rare fabric to totter to its fall. Otherwise, he might have lived many years longer.

As it was, he was simply tired to death, and no rest but that long, long rest of the grave was he able to take!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

ONE STEP MORE.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
Too dark for one to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if, sometimes, the mist hang close—
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be,
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard and steep;
And, knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But, seeing this, I might despise
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done;
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey, or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus, step by step, I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that always I shall have
Light for just "one step more." x.

PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

BY CHAS. L. CARTER, M.D.

OUR habitat is a world of wonders. The universe is a vast laboratory in which our brief lives afford us scarcely time enough to investigate our surroundings; to examine and admire the handiwork of the Creator, and to reverence him for his power, wisdom, and beneficence. Here, by the way, we have a theology that can not be counterfeited by the errors of repeated translations, or by the superstitions of Grecian mythology.

The natural or physical sciences have been cultivated by slow degrees. Each has been developed from seeming mysteries—each has had its stage of incipency, and withstood the anathemas of the ignorant and bigoted. The wild Arabs gave us the rudiments of algebra, and six centuries ago these Ishmaelites and the Chinese devised the mariner's compass and the astrolabe—which were, in navigation, vast improvements on the night sailing of ancient Syria. The Yzeddies—devil-worshippers—once

held their carnivals on the ground afterward consecrated by Babylon in her pride, and finally in her ruins.

Franklin caught the electric spark that now goes on our swiftest errands; traverses the furious ocean; links two continents together, and makes of antipodes door neighbors. The incidental heating of a flask containing some fluid has brought enterprise, convenience and wealth to cover all the lands and waters of our earth.

Geology, though a young science, presents an attractive field for thought. It has heightened our conceptions and expanded our knowledge much in every way. Beyond doubt our earth is many thousands of years older than the Mosaic account, as formerly received, had led us to suppose. Whether our globe was formed from nothing by omnipotent power, or resulted from the condensation of gases, or was originally a molten liquid thrown from the burning sun, its ten strata mark many thousands of

years. Fossils of animals have been exhumed from the solid rock, five miles deep, under the very spot where it is supposed Eden bloomed. Even our coal beds are the fossils of trees that grew before Moses' Adam had an existence. What then of the Silurian, Cambrian, and Laurentian eras? What of the fossil infusoria that are continually sifting down from near the watery surface until they have, in many places, filled up the ocean bed, and their calcareous mausoleum is now covered with deep soil and stately trees. It is interesting to know that naturalists have classified and named about two hundred varieties of these diminutive beings.

The microscope, as well as the telescope, has opened new worlds to our astonished gaze. How boundless the wisdom, the works, and the empire of the Deity! Let man, who stands midway between God and matter, for a moment look, with a telescope in one hand and a microscope in the other. Here, he beholds a vast system of infinitely ponderous worlds. There, he sees a world of animalculæ—creatures so small that a drop of water would make an ocean for millions of them—so diminutive that a battalion of them could drill on the point of a cambric needle! And yet these animalculæ are as various in their forms and characters as are the huge beasts that roam our forests and plains—each has a complex system of organs, and the adaptations and functions for digestion, nutrition, and reproduction.

Now, we have confined life to the smallest possible compass; still it is a mystery that baffles all science. What is life? What the origin of living matter? Fallopius, of England, called it "vital force;" Beale called it "germinal matter;" Prof. Nelson, of Chicago, calls it "Bioplasm;" and Huxley calls it "Protoplasm;" and maintains, if I understand him, that life inheres in protoplasm, which is spontaneously generated by accidental combinations of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, but in equivalents yet incognito. I believe that life can not originate spontaneously, and that its origin will ever remain a mystery to all but the Creator.

Now, looking again upward, and we muse. Strange! our mighty earth is not more than a grain of sand, compared with the systems of worlds we behold! By the use of the spectroscope the sun is found to be surrounded by a gaseous envelope, more than 4,000 miles thick. This is called its chromosphere, and consists mainly of glowing hydrogen; but in its deeper strata are found the vapors of sodium and magnesium. The moon has been really photo-

graphed, and in different lunations; her surface has been thus accurately mapped out, showing her mountains, valleys and rocks, but not her rivers, for she has no water. The highest lunar mountain has an altitude of more than 26,000 feet. Another of her mountains has received the name "Tycho," and has a perpendicular height of 17,000 feet.

It has been ascertained that centrifugal force is stronger than the centripetal, and that all the planets are therefore extending their orbits farther from the sun, and it is probable that eventually, as they become less dense, because less attracted, the present system of planets will disappear or dissolve into gases. Meantime, perhaps others will be thrown off from the sun and "cool down" to take their places. There is reason to believe that such chemical changes are being wrought spontaneously on our earth, and that it will, at long intervals, be alternately enveloped in floods and flames.

Chemistry reveals volumes of startling wonders, and is a boon to the world of art and science. In photography and photogeny light has been chemicalized; but it is in the department of medicine that it has worked the greatest wonders and the greatest good. Especially has organic chemistry promoted and given positive character to physiology and histology. Medicine, though progressing very slowly, has made a grand march, and achieved for mankind countless blessings. Dark was its day, and peurile its claims, when the mythic "god" Apollo, through his son Esculapius, was the "healer," and the superstitious invalid would visit the Grecian temples of Cos and Cnidos, prostrate himself on the skins of sacrificed animals for the priest to "diagnose" his case and heal him through power derived from the gods. In aftertime the barbers were the doctors, next the preachers, then empirical prescriptions were handed down through family traditions; finally, attention began to be given to anatomy and physiology, and medicine came to be cultivated as a science.

From Galen down to the present, a retinue of wise men and illustrious names have been associated with medicine. Certainly more bright and intellectual minds have been devoted to medical science than to any other department of thought. It is true, however, that most young men who embark in medicine, do so without properly estimating the vast depths of the science, and without considering whether they have the requisite and natural adaptation. The result is, that while all may make the practice the means of a livelihood, but

few are capable of understanding the science and benefiting their fellows. The indispensable adaptation comprises a good intellect, large perception, reason, eventuality, and caution;

then a good literary education, with healthful and industrious habits. These characteristics strongly indicate success. Those without them had better follow something else.

WILLIAM CHUCK.

AN esteemed correspondent and lecturer sends us an account of this unfortunate man, which our readers will, doubtless, find interesting. By way of preface we will give a brief analysis of his character as we find it in the portrait, leaving Mr. Macduff to tell us of the results of his personal observations of the condemned.

We judge, from the likeness, that the animal

Firmness. The face indicates great determination and self-reliance, without much regard to public sentiment or the consequences of his conduct. Having been in prison for some time, he was kept from dissipation and low life, to which he had been accustomed. Moreover, he had been dressed up, and probably never before had so respectable a look as he had when condemned to be hung.



impulses were all strong, while the restraining faculties were relatively deficient. His head seems to have been broad through the region of the ears; amply developed across the brow, showing perception; but was rather narrow and retreating in the upper part of the forehead, evincing a comparatively moderate order of intellectual power. The top of the head was narrow at Cautiousness, and deficient at Conscientiousness, with large

Many a man, brutalized by bad habits and low associations, for over half a century, commits some capital offense, for which he is imprisoned, perhaps, a year, and being fed regularly and in a wholesome way, deprived of rum and tobacco and every means of depraving himself, he really becomes cleaner, more respectable, and more moral than ever before. We wish a hundred thousand such badly organized people, made worse

by drink and dissipation, could be thus shut in from the opportunity to do the world harm. The industrial world could well afford to support its villains in such a way rather than to have them preying upon the industry, prosperity and morals of the community.

I send you a photograph of William Chuck, who, on the 23d of April, 1872, shot his wife to death, and then attempted to end his own life, by cutting his throat. In this, however, he failed. After his wounds had healed, he was committed for trial, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged December 20th. Upon a petition from some of the clergy, he was granted a respite of two weeks, which fixed the day of execution on January 3d. But on Tuesday, the last day of the old year, the miserable man ended his life by taking poison, thus cheating the gallows of a victim. In the examination of his head, I found Amativeness large and active, and my thought then was that jealousy must have something to do with the killing. In reading his history and confession this morning, I find my belief, based upon science, verified in this fact, namely: he claims that his wife was unfaithful to him, and that she was guilty of adultery, thus admitting that he was prompted by jealousy, and felt justified in taking her life.

Combativeness was fairly developed; Destructiveness and Alimentiveness were large and very active. The moral and religious organs were by no means controlling in their influence. Conscientiousness was sadly deficient, and Cautiousness small. This phrenological fact is also confirmed by statements in his history of himself and an account of his wife's deportment, which are totally without truth. The hair, skin, muscles, and the whole organization were very coarse, and naturally inclined him downward. The excessive use of strong drink and an intemperate life, with a total neglect of education and moral and religious training, added to his naturally unfortunate organization, made him a brute, savagely cruel to his family, and, finally, the brutal murderer and cunning suicide. His sad ending should be a fearful warning to those who indulge the bad passions and make use of intoxicating liquors and stimulants.

In Chuck's organization there was suffi-

cient intellect and firmness, if his education and religious training had been properly attended to, to have led him into a fair life. He was born in England in November, 1833, and came to this country, with his parents, when one year old. His father was German, his mother English. He had been a common laborer most of his life; was a well digger during his last years. The photograph is highly flattering, and gives the subject a more intellectual appearance than he really possessed.

I send you this hurriedly prepared sketch, and if it can be made use of in your JOURNAL, I shall be happy to have served you.

Yours truly, R. E. MACDUFF.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

MURDER—PUNISHMENT—PARDON. •

"One John Branham murdered his wife on Wednesday, 29th, by splitting her head open with an axe. He was lodged in jail at Owenton, Ky., and the same night was taken out by a mob of a hundred men and hung."

SUCH news items as this are by no means rare; nor are they confined to the rude settlements of the frontier, nor to the disorganized Southern States. Why, when atrocious criminals are in the hands of the civil authorities, are men not content to let the law take its course? We think no attentive observer of events needs to wait long for an answer, nor shall we conclude that the reason rests simply in the blood-thirstiness of men. It is because it has become notorious that, after waiting for the law's delay, the wretch will very likely go unwhipped of justice, even if convicted, which is very doubtful. Rejection of men from juries because they are not know-nothings, pleas of insanity on every conceivable occasion, a mawkish sentimentality in respect to every punishment that hurts, frequent successful appeals to Executive clemency—all must grow less before men who are really in earnest that detected crime shall receive its reward will feel content to sit still and wait for law to inflict deserved punishment. What does it mean that our own Governor reported to the late Constitutional Convention that he had pardoned nearly one hundred criminals in a year? Of course we would not justify nor excuse lawlessness, but we do say that vigilance committees, short shrift, and a stout rope, have a cause easily found, though not a sufficient reason.—*Chicago Schoolmaster.*

[The last of the old Jewish laws, which

Christianity has not yet overthrown or modified, is the death penalty. We are making slow approaches to this, and, in accordance with the laws of "progress and improvement," we shall ere long abolish this last vestige of barbarism. Then, instead of *punishment* or revenge, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," it will be restraint and discipline, till the offender shall be reformed, and becomes worthy of liberty, or, if found incorrigible, kept in restraint.

One reason why juries so seldom find men guilty of murder is because they do not believe in hanging. Were the penalty imprisonment at hard labor for any length of time, the jury might see fit to confine him, and the culprit

would be much more likely to get justice than now. Our jury laws must be revised and so changed that the best men shall be able to act as jurors.

If the Governor of Illinois pardoned "nearly one hundred convicts," it is, no doubt, because he believed them penitent, and worthy of their liberty. In this he acted from intelligence and mercy, rather than from a feeling of revenge, which actuates many of less humane views and principles. It is, to us, an evidence that a better system of criminal jurisprudence is demanded, when we observe the hesitancy with which judges and juries consign an erring fellow-mortal to a violent death. Such old things shall be done away in the better time coming.]

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

INDIAN RELICS AND OUR INDIAN POLICY.

ON a cold November day, as the workmen of Mr. J. D. Fish were grading upon the banks of Lake Norwood, they came upon the skeleton of an Indian, which must have been interred there at least two hundred years ago. The farm of Mr. Fish is in the west part of the town of Stonington, Ct., in the beautiful valley threaded by Misbuxet brook and cove.

The cove has been dammed, the tide water shut out, and now furnishes water for a steam factory. This narrow valley was the favorite seaside resort of the Pequot Indians, and without much doubt the site of a populous village. It is exceedingly rich in Indian relics, and the traces of the former occupants are still abundant. Granite ledges rise abruptly from the plain, and around the base of these rocks, and along the banks of the cove, are immense deposits of the shells of clams, quahaugs, scollops, mussels, and oysters, with the charcoal of their extinct fires still remaining among the debris. In a swale, a little back from the cove, was a boiling spring, which has been covered



"LO, THE POOR INDIAN."

in the process of grading. This spring, no doubt, furnished water for their encampment; for, around it and along the water-course by which it empties into the cove, remains of pottery and other utensils are frequently turned up by the plow.

The skeleton was found in a dry gravel bank near the water, and it is probably owing to the good drainage that it was so

well preserved. It could not have been more than three feet from the surface, indicating that the Pequots were satisfied with very shallow graves.

As this is the second skeleton found, it is quite probable that the location was a burial ground. It was lying upon one side, with the arms crossed and the legs drawn up toward the head. Nearly every bone was perfect. The length of the skeleton, by measuring tape, indicated a man at least six and a half feet high.

The skull (shown in fig. 2) was as perfect as on the day of burial, and indicates a large development of the basilar faculties. There was but

one tooth missing, and that from the lower jaw. The teeth were worn smooth, and had evidently done good service in their day. The front teeth were very narrow, and set into the jaw edgewise, forming what are sometimes called

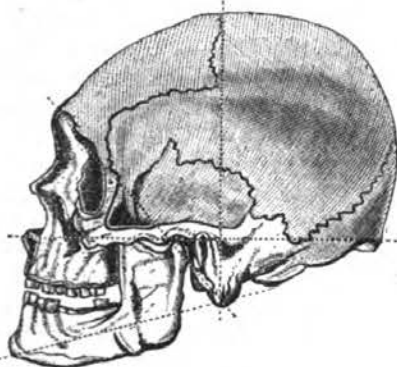


FIG. 2.—INDIAN SKULL.

double teeth. It would have done a dentist's heart good to see such a perfect machine for masticating shell-fish and hominy. The thigh-bone (fig. 3) measured nineteen and a half inches in length, and was very largely developed at the knee. All the bones indicated a man of powerful frame and great activity. Under this skeleton, which could never have had a coffin, were the preserved fragments of a woolen blanket, which showed clearly the texture and material of the fabric. This is not unparalleled; for in the grading for the Connecticut Valley Railroad, two years ago, on the banks of that river, in Saybrook, it became necessary to remove the remains of Lady Fenwick, buried over two hundred years ago. Not only were the bones found in a good state of preservation, but the hair had retained its texture and color. At the head of the Indian skeleton was a bottle of coarse, thick glass, holding about a quart. The bottom of the bottle was much worn, indicating long use, and the nozzle had been



FIG. 3.—THIGH-BONE.

broken off. This bottle (shown in fig. 4) was doubtless a very precious offering put into the warrior's grave by his kindred for his use when he should reach the happy hunting grounds. Bottles of a similar shape and material were brought over by the first colonists, and are still remembered by old persons who retain

the traditions and heir-looms of the fathers. This region was first visited by white men about 235 years ago. The famous battle of Capt. John Mason with the savages was fought upon Pequot Hill, about a mile west of this locality, in June, 1637, and over 400 of the Indians destroyed. This decisive blow broke their power, and the remnant soon after was removed to reservations.

All this region abounds in Indian relics, and some of the finest specimens extant in the country have been gathered from the adjacent plain. In the summer of 1871 a succotash dish of clay pottery was found near the spring, imbedded in the mud. It was somewhat broken, but nearly all the fragments were recovered, and the restored dish, eight inches high and nine in diameter, is presented in fig. 5. Other fragments of similar dishes are frequently found. This is the most perfect specimen we have ever seen in any collection. The material is of coarse clay mixed with many impurities, sand, gravel, and particles of sea-shells. It had been burnt in the manufacture



FIG. 4.—BOTTLE FROM INDIAN GRAVE.

to a brick-red or a darker color. This dish is of comely proportions, and shows considerable skill in ornamentation. The lines must have been drawn upon the surface, while it was yet in the plastic state, with some sharp instrument, probably with the skinning stone, which is both sharp and smooth. Some of the fragments indicate pots much larger than this, holding several gallons. This is the nearest approach to art of anything found among these relics of Indian life. It is not improbable that there was a class of persons in each tribe who made a business of manufacturing these earthen pots, which were the only vessels they possessed for heating water or cooking, unless their stone mortars were used for that purpose.

Fig. 6 shows one of these mortars, with a

pestle, used for grinding corn, and (a) a needle for the manufacture of clothing. The mortars were not always of movable stone, like this shown in the figure, and the pestles were



FIG. 5.—INDIAN SUCCOTASH TUREEN.

more commonly long, round stones, tapering a little from the center to the end, like that shown in fig. 7. The mortar for grinding samp was more commonly a hole worn in the rock by constant use. They are still found in ledges and boulders at their favorite places of resort. A very fine specimen of this fixed mortar, holding a half-bushel or more, is found in the cellar of the old family mansion occupied by H. T. Bulkley, Esq., of Southport, Ct. There is also near this village a Samp Mortar Rock, a place of summer resort for picnic parties, which perpetuates the custom of grinding corn by the aborigines. The pestles, like that shown in fig. 7 (a), were of various lengths and sizes, from one to two or more feet in length, and from an inch and a half to three



FIG. 6.—STONE MORTAR, PESTLE, AND NEEDLE.

inches in their largest diameter. They are sometimes found in the rough state, not yet smoothed off, as if they had been abandoned before they were finished. The larger of these pestles are said to have been used as war clubs in their savage conflicts. In hand-to-hand

fighting they must have been formidable weapons. The needles, shown at fig. 6, and at fig. 7 (c and d), are made of bone, and two of them are pierced for the purpose of receiving the thread or tendon used in sewing, while one of them shows a notch about which the thread was tied. These bone needles and stilettes were found in Indian graves. They are made of the hardest kind of bone, and worn very smooth. Fig. 7 (b) shows a netting needle or pin, made of deer's horn. This was used in making fish nets, very much as we use similar notched sticks in netting now.

The question has been raised, how it was possible for a rude people, with no knowledge of metal instruments, to bore holes through bone and stone—as they unquestionably did—of very small dimensions, and shape their arrows and lance-heads to a point, with two sharp cutting edges? Similar stone implements are found in Europe, the relics of their aborigines; and an English gentleman is said to have spent a lifetime in trying to find out how they were made. Mr. Evans, for that is his name, has published a book, with fine illustrations of the things that have been found in England and on the Continent. He thinks he

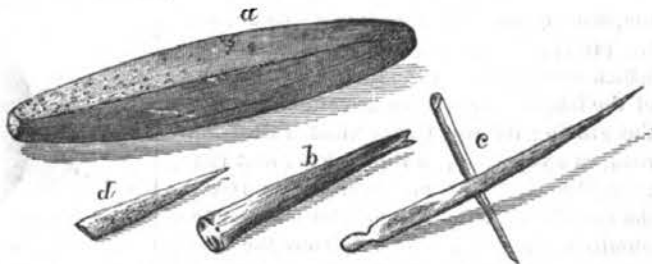


FIG. 7.—a, INDIAN PESTLE; b, NET NEEDLE; c AND d, NEEDLES OF BONE.

has solved the difficulty, by actually making these tools himself without metallic implements. He has found that by taking the right kind of stone for chisel and hammer, he could make just as good spear-heads and lance-heads as those found in the graves and mounds. He could bore a hole through stone by the aid of a sharp-pointed stick and sand and water. To be sure, the process was very slow; but in those early days, when there were no railroads and steamboats, and no clocks to regulate them, time was not very valuable, and the savage, who had nothing to do but hunt and fish, might as well spend his days in boring holes through rock and bone with a wooden drill as in mere idleness. It was hardly necessary for an Englishman, or any other person, to spend so much time upon this problem; for it is virtually solved at every considerable waterfall in

the country, where a river breaks through a ledge. The gravel brought down by the stream lodges in crevices in the rocks, and by the continued revolution made by the water, grinds large holes in the ledges. We have seen pot holes, large enough to conceal a man, in the dry beds of rivers in the summer.

These implements for sewing and netting indicate a little advance in civilization. They were able to put together the skins of the wild beasts taken in the chase, and make comfortable garments for the winter. They had no knowledge of spinning and weaving, and their nets must have been made of the tendons or hides of beasts. With these nets and spears they visited the falls and fords of the streams,



FIG. 8.—HATCHET HEADS.

where the salmon, shad, and alewives came with every returning spring and summer, and easily captured more fish than they could consume. The population never could have been very large, and they could have made very little impression upon the immense shoals of these and other fish that swarmed in our rivers.

Fig. 8 shows two good specimens of the Indian hatchet and axe. The deep, well-worn groove that is found in all these implements shows pretty clearly that they were used with a wooden handle, made fast upon the outside with withes or thongs. These implements were used for a great variety of purposes, and for felling trees, whenever that was attempted. This was hardly necessary for fire-wood, for the limbs of decaying and fallen trees in the



FIG. 9.—POLISHING STONE.

primitive forest would furnish them an inexhaustible supply. But they could not make their canoes without felling large trees. The process was rather one of bruising and pounding than of cutting. They probably used fire in connection with the axe, pounding off the charred wood, and by slow degrees undermin-

ing the tree. The canoe was hollowed out and brought into shape, probably by the same combined process of charring and pounding. The stone chisel or adze came into play in this kind of work. These were made of very hard

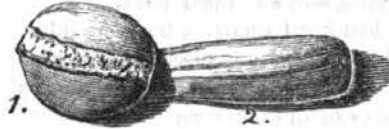


FIG. 10.—1, INDIAN WAR-CLUB; 2, CHISEL HEAD.

stone, and are generally more numerous in every locality than the hatchets and axes.

The polishing stone is shown in fig. 9. These were made of the hardest kind of stone, generally black, and brought to a much sharper edge than the hatchet. They were used, probably, in shaping and polishing other stones, and, perhaps, in skinning animals. A chisel and the head of a war-club, or a slung-shot, are shown in fig. 10. There is a groove around the stone, which is generally globular and oval, and no doubt picked up from the large, well-worn stones found upon the adjacent shores of the sea. Some have supposed that these stones were used as sinkers for their nets, but there is no evidence that they ever used nets in deep water, or wide enough to require sinkers. The fish were so plenty that



FIG. 11.—SKINNING STONE.

the dip net must have answered all purposes. Bound with a leathern thong, or wielded with a withe handle of hickory, it must have made a formidable weapon. The chisels are merely stone wedges, used for scooping out their canoes, with the aid of fire, and for other purposes. They are made of hard stone and well polished. The skinning stone (shown in fig. 11) was shaped like the polishing stone, and was brought to the finest edge possible for stone to take. We can hardly see how it was possible to sever tough hide with such an



FIG. 12.—INDIAN REED COMB.

implement. Fig. 12 shows a reed comb manufactured with considerable skill, but not

likely to provoke the envy of modern belles. Whether used by the male or female sex, or by both, we have no authentic information.

Rev. Frederick Denison, of New Haven, a native of this town, has made a large collection of these relics, and had them not only forwarded to our historical societies, but very nicely arranged in stereoscopic pictures for the edification of all students of history who enjoy these memorials of an extinct race.

Fig. 13 shows a complete group of arrow and lance-heads, of various shapes and sizes. These were mostly made from white silex and other very hard stone, brought to a very fine point. It also shows (a) a hammer-head, with a hole for the handle, (b) a fish-hook of bone, (c) a pipe, (d) scalping-knife, and (e) a chisel. The scalping-knife is rather rare, in comparison with the implements in daily use. These



FIG. 13.—RELICS.

A, Hammer-head; B, Fish-hook; C, Pipe; D, Scalping-knife; E, Chisel.

larger polished stones were, doubtless, lance and spear-heads, fastened at the ends of poles, and used as a weapon of attack or defense in war. It was only the smaller stones that were used for arrows. The bows of wood, and the strings that sped them upon their course, long since perished with the strong arms that carried them. In addition to the relics already noticed, we should mention the strings of wampum, the coin of the Indians. These wampum beads formed the currency as well as the principal ornaments worn by both sexes. They were used as the medium of their exchanges, and were manufactured into belts, to be given as pledges in their national dealings with other tribes. There were two kinds of beads, differing in color and in value, according to the labor bestowed upon them. The black were made out of mussel shells, and were worth twice as much as the white, made from the conch shell. They were carved

and perforated with their very imperfect tools, and yet were quite neatly finished, and were so highly prized by the natives that they answered all the ends of currency in the early intercourse of the whites with them.

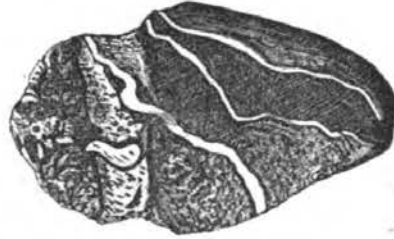


FIG. 14.—INDIAN AXE.

Fig. 14 shows a very large specimen of an axe, made from a veined stone, and there is a rude attempt upon the back of it to imitate the human face divine, the only thing of the kind we have ever seen among these relics. The sunken eyes are still visible, but the nose has been worn away by use. The crease for the handle is worn away very smooth, showing that it must have been long used. In fig. 15 we have a crescent-shaped stone, with notches upon the outer and inner edges, supposed to have been used for keeping time—perhaps to number the moons in the reign of a chief, or in the life of a medicine-man. In some of the specimens the crescent shape is more distinctly marked, and the notches do not extend the whole length of the stone, showing the record to have been imperfect when the stone was lost. If the owner of these lost calendars could but come back to tell us what he knew of these silent remembrances of the past, they might be made more eloquent than the hieroglyphics of Egypt—more glowing than the printed page that recounts the adventures of their successors in this New World. But the race has almost vanished from the soil of this State, and only a miserable remnant of mixed blood is left to bear testimony to the wretched



FIG. 15.—SUPPOSED INDIAN CALENDAR.

policy which our State and National Governments have pursued toward the race. The soil is full of the fragments of the implements used in their domestic life, and our geographies abound with the euphonious names which they gave to our States, towns, and rivers. But the race is so nearly extinct in all the

older States that it is now the accepted faith of the great majority of our people that the Indian must finally disappear from the Continent. A few thinkers and humanitarians are not quite ready to accept this as the decree of Providence.

OUR INDIAN POLICY, PAST AND PRESENT.

The cardinal error of our Government from the start has been, that it recognized the tribal relations of the Indians, and treated with them as independent nations. This has perpetuated their nomadic life, and prevented them from acquiring property and learning the arts of civilized life. It should have treated the Indians just as it treated white men, protecting them in their rights, encouraging their industry, and punishing their crimes. The white man has become what he is because the Government has respected his manhood, given him title to the soil, and left him to the pressure of necessity. It has made him no presents, passed no enabling acts, but told him to work and eat, or shirk work and starve. It is a sound policy, and makes men—and nothing else will.

It has pursued a very different course with our aborigines. They have had hardly a chance to make men. The vanity of their chiefs has been flattered, by treating them as great and powerful sovereigns; making treaties with them, which the chiefs had not the power, if they had the disposition, to maintain. If they have been gathered into reservations, the lands have not been owned in fee simple, and the individual Indian has not been left to the usual incentives to industry. If he has cultivated land, it has belonged to the tribe and not to him. If he has been industrious, and raised good crops, his neighbors, upon all sides, have been idle and thriftless, barely subsisting by the chase, and coming to winter quarters with such gaunt poverty that he has been obliged to feed them, or see them die from starvation. If he attempts to raise cattle or sheep, others milk his cows, and his calves and lambs mysteriously disappear in dark nights. Do they not feed upon pastures that belong to the tribe, and has not every vagabond that belongs to the tribe a claim upon the animal that crops his grass? Whether he has or not, he asserts it when he is hungry, and stealing what partly belongs to him is hardly counted a vice. Until they can be secure in the enjoyment of the rewards of their industry, they will not labor persistently; they will not put up permanent dwellings, which may be abandoned to-morrow or next year by a decree of the council of the tribe; they will

not fill cribs with corn, and larders with meat, for their vagabond neighbors to eat. The rude tent of skins, which can be picketed at night and moved in the morning, according to the necessities of nomadic life, will be their best dwelling. If they keep domestic animals, the horse alone will be prized, not as a beast of burden, to draw his plow and cart, but for his fleetness, to enable him to chase the buffalo, or to attack his enemies and to escape from them.

In addition to the great wrong of withholding from our Indians the owning of the soil in fee simple, the Government has often treated them as paupers, making presents in money and goods for which they gave no equivalent. The whole tendency of these bounties has been to demoralize the Indians, and make them more idle and worthless. Instead of working to feed and clothe themselves, they came to look upon themselves as the pensioners of the Government. It is much better for the Indian and for the world, if he wants clothing, that he should chase his buffalo and deer, and earn it, than that the Government should send him shirts and blankets. This whole business of feeding and clothing vagabonds, and bribing them not to rob and kill decent people who want a chance to work and get an honest living, ought to be abandoned. It is the sheerest folly, and it is surprising that white people should have adhered to it for two and half centuries.

What, then, shall the Government do with the Indians? Let it treat them just as it treats white men. Let every barrier that stands between an Indian and self-support be broken down. He is no longer a child and a ward, but a human being, to be educated and controlled by the same motives that influence other men. If treaties have been made with them, of course they are to be sacredly regarded. The Indian Territory, in the heart of the country, and in fertility of soil and natural resources, is surpassed by no State in the Union. It can easily support ten millions of people. It has been set apart by the Government for the Indians, and they have legal possession. The Government can not dispossess them, but it may determine their institutions, that they shall be republican and not despotic; that the individual shall have the opportunity to own the soil in fee simple, and buy and sell as he pleases. It can gather all the Indians in the country upon this or some other Indian reservation, break off their nomadic habits, and constrain them to learn the arts of civil-

ized life. Of course there would be evils and suffering in so great a change, as there has been in the change of the negro from slavery to freedom, but they might not be greater than they already endure. The ownership of the soil, and protection in it until they learned how to subsist from it, would be unspeakably better for them and the world, than their present thriftless mode of life. Some would perish as the result of the change, but the destruction would be no greater than it now is. "The survival of the fittest" is the law of nature, and under this law a healthy stock might be left after the change to perpetuate the aboriginal race in the heart of the continent. Better ten thousand Indians, with healthy blood in their veins, civilized, enlightened, and independent, than a million of roaming savages—idle vagabonds, thievish, treacherous, and blood-thirsty, devouring one another, and standing in the way of better men. It is high time that the Government had done with the nonsense of treating these weak and treacherous savages as independent nations. The parties to a treaty should have power to maintain the pledges that are given. The chiefs can not do this. The young men take the Government provisions to-day, and to-morrow are found robbing and murdering peaceable citizens with Government supplies in their packs and United States powder and ball in their rifles. This doesn't pay; and the clear headed settlers, who have to take the bullets, see it, if the officials at Washington do not. Exact justice is the best humanity. Let the Government abandon the wretched policy of coddling Indians and treat them just as it treats white men. Give them the opportunity to own and cultivate the soil. Let it help them to free schools, and instruct them in the arts of civilized life. If they violate law, let them be punished according to law. They should be responsible for their own acts, as white men are.

This, as we understand it, is the policy of President Grant, which is now upon trial. It aims to gather the Indians upon the reservations, to abolish the tribal relations as fast as practicable, to do away with the Indian agents who have fattened upon the Government bounties, and to bring this people under the influence of the missionary boards, who have established missions among them, and are laboring to make them Christians.

The policy of the Government, in short, now is, to treat Indians just as it treats white men. It is a great revolution, and, of course,

makes disturbance in official circles. If this policy can have a fair trial, we have no fears of the result. The Indian is a man, and, if he can be left to the pressure of the necessities that other citizens have to meet, and be protected in his rights as other men, why should he not make a good citizen? A horde of hungry contractors, living by plunder and Government jobs, very likely may suffer by the new policy, but the Indians will not. They will no longer look to the Great Father at Washington for presents, but go to work like other people, and by their industry add to the resources of the nation. WILLIAM CLIFT.

JUDGE NOT THY BROTHER.

MAN'S guilty heart judges of his fellow-man by his own weakness and folly, and from this springs much of the "they say," which has dimmed the eye and bowed the head of the innocent. Man's depravity sinks him in the scale of respect; therefore, a man or woman often suspects evil in others, for they know their judgment would be right in their own case, were they circumstanced as their victims.

"Be not ready to condemn

The wrong thy brothers may have done;

Ere you too harshly censure him

Of human faults, say, 'I have none!'"

Who is able to look into the hearts of man and discern all its thoughts, feelings, and emotions? Who can tell the struggle of that young heart which has fought and buffeted with the threatened waves of life, which so often seemed ready to engulf it in its cold embrace? What a beautiful mark for the venomous shaft of slander, and with what quick perceptions they string their bows and take their sight for their fiendish purpose, and how sure their work; and 'tis not the accusation that admits of defense, or the arrow that flies at noon-day, that is most to be dreaded; 'tis the cold, inscrutable glance, the curled lip, the chilled and altered manner. These try the strength of woman's fortitude, and gnaw with slow but certain tooth the cable that holds the anchor of her fidelity.

A RECENT act of Congress appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for experiment in Mr. Alfred Brisbane's scheme of "a new system of transportation by means of hollow spheres, carrying their loads inside, and moving in

pn̄umatic tubes." In this manner the inventor expects to convey commodities "with inconceivable rapidity at a minimum of cost." The

present appropriation is only for a tube half a mile long, which will reach from the Capitol at Washington to the Government Printing-Office.

A PENAL COLONY FOR CRIMINALS.

THE New York *Methodist* newspaper quotes the Baptist *Examiner and Chronicle*, and comments as below. We are rejoiced to find these influential journals discussing the great question of the "Cause and Cure of Crime." We think a clear case is made out by both newspapers in behalf of a penal colony, instead of multiplying prisons or hanging culprits. It should be remembered, by the best disposed men and women, that we are all liable to err; nay, the Good Book says, we are all "miserable sinners." One is less fortunately organized or surrounded than another, more liable to slip and commit wrong, and therefore needs goodly influences to keep him on the right track. The old rule was, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth—simply revenge; and many of our good religionists to-day follow in that old barbarous track, and would punish the transgressor by piling on the agony in its most dreadful forms; they would shut poor creatures in dark, damp, unhealthy cells, and feed them on unhealthy food, keeping them in this condition for years, totally unfitting them for anything like self-control or self-helpfulness, and then turn them out upon a cold world to fight for life alone. It is clear that our prison methods require reformation; but not to keep the reader waiting longer, we introduce him to the Methodists and the Baptists, who are opening their eyes, and, we trust, their hearts, to this large and most unfortunate class of human beings. The *Methodist* says:

The Baptist *Examiner and Chronicle* makes a suggestion which must strike the American mind by its novelty, if not, as some will say, its absurdity. It seriously proposes to make Alaska a "penal colony." The suggestion may not be as absurd as some readers may at first suppose. England, France, and Russia all have penal colonies, and the experiment has seemed to justify their policy in this respect.

The Baptist editor argues that our present method of criminal correction, by imprisonment, is as much a practical failure as objectors may predict this method to be. He says:

"Now, so far as the prison goes, it is bad enough—very few criminals come out of jail better men than when they went in, or abler to earn an honest living. But, in fact, the heaviest penalty is paid by the prisoner when society lets him out. He is turned out of the State prison a disgraced man, with a suit of clothes, and usually a small pittance of money—enough to carry him to the nearest great city. Then, what is he to do? Suppose he has reformed within the prison-walls? Suppose he sincerely desires to live henceforth an honest life? He goes and hires himself out at some trade. Presently it is discovered that he is a 'State prison bird,' as the phrase is. Then nobody will work with him: he is discharged. And if he has courage or ingenuity, if he is particularly determined, he tries again, and with the same luck. All this time he knows that he is welcome in one place. Among his old companions in crime there is a warm corner for him; money to buy food and lodging; drink, if he wants it; encouragement—not to good things, but to *something*. If he is a weak man, if he is not an extraordinarily strong one, indeed, is it surprising if he goes back to his old courses? Has not society put a ban upon him? Has it not, first, unfitted him by prison life for a successful struggle with the world; and, second, put a mark upon him which would prevent his success in honest pursuit, even if he were fit?"

This is a truthful sketch of the fate of the State prisoner. All prison reformers know it, and have been confounded by it. But there seems no way of escape from it. Crime must be punished; disgrace inevitably follows not merely the crime, but even more the mode of punishment. Can a penal colony relieve these embarrassments of penal reform? The *Examiner and Chronicle* argues that it can, and the argument is plausibly stated. It says:

"Now, instead of building new prisons, as several of the States are doing, and more will have to do presently, would it not be

a better, a wiser, a more humane plan, to establish in our vast outlying territory of Alaska a penal colony? Society demands that a criminal shall be isolated—amen; in Alaska he would be isolated. It requires that he be punished for his offense—be it so; in a penal colony, hard work—as hard as you please—will be his portion—enforced labor, not for his own benefit, but for the use of the State. That is punishment, and is as far as in these days the punishment of criminals goes. But in a vast region like Alaska, supposing it to be used as a penal colony, the convict would labor out-of-doors, in the open air and sunlight; he would be set to till fields, to build houses, to build up a community. And while a strict guard would be kept over him, to see that he did not escape, and that he did submit to the rigid discipline which is so useful to an untrained or mis-trained man or woman, while severe labor would be exacted of him, in such a penal colony he would have a future. A career would be open to him, if he conducted himself well. He could hope to marry, even while he was still a prisoner; he could hope to have a little home of his own, even while he was serving out his sentence; and when he became a free man again, it would be in a country where he could live without a special stigma, a disabling mark upon him, and where, if he had it in him to become a good man, he would, before he had served out his sentence, have seen his way to a prosperous and honest career."

The editor discusses the English experiment in Australia, and shows that, notwithstanding gross abuses by the authorities, it has been attended with great good; that it is a fact that a great number of the English convicts redeemed their lives; and out of material of the worst kind, men inured to crime, and women worse than the men, a not inconsiderable proportion married and lived honestly and respectably, and many of them became people of substance and consideration in that new land.

All this is true, and innumerable are the facts which could be cited to prove it. Some of the wealthiest and most important men of the South Sea Islands were criminals reclaimed by the new conditions and powerful incentives of the country.

A most remarkable fact of Methodist history bears on the subject. Methodism is now a mighty power in the great South Sea Island world, with conferences, districts, circuits, literary institutions, and hosts of English and native preachers. But it was founded there by a capital criminal, who was reclaimed to a virtuous life, and in his new circumstances found the opportunity of being useful, and of becoming the first of the host of Methodist evangelists and martyrs who have reclaimed so much of that island world. He had been condemned to the gallows, for murder, in Ireland, but by the influence of friends, his sentence was commuted to transportation. In Australia, he began to read prayers and lead a Methodist class, before any Wesleyan preacher was sent out. Being an educated man, bred a lawyer, he at last began to preach. Thenceforward Methodism triumphed in the South Seas. The *History of Methodism*, in recording this fact, says: "Such was the first Methodist preacher in this great Southern world. Ireland, which gave Methodism to the North American continent, and the first Wesleyan missionaries to Asia and Southern Africa, need not hesitate to claim the honor of a share in founding the system of Wesley in the Southern Ocean by her branded son."

[Is not this hopeful? May not *other* criminals become penitent, obtain pardon—of God, if not of man—as this Irish Methodist did, and so be made instruments for good? Who can say that a majority of those now suffering imprisonment may not, by the grace of God and proper treatment, be reclaimed to citizenship? Now that the Methodists and the Baptists have spoken, we shall hope to hear from the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians—high and low—Dutch Reform, Unitarians, Universalists, Roman Catholics, Hebrews, Quakers, Shakers, Mormons, and the rest. Why not all unite on this question of How to Treat the Criminal Classes? or rather, How to Prevent Crime? Would not this be in the interest of God and humanity? As phrenologists, we claim that criminals may be classified, trained, disciplined, reformed, and, by the aid of grace, made self-supporting and self-controlling. Why not place all our prisoners in the care, keeping, and training of capable phrenologists?]

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

TO-DAY there came a whisper, a whisper in mine ear,
And when I'm sweetly dreaming the sound I ever hear:
Is it the wind that bloweth or sigheth o'er the lea?
Or is it Love's sweet whisper that brings such joy to me?

A strange new light is breaking across my pathway
dear, [appear;
Which makes all things around me more beautiful
Is it the golden sunbeam, or rainbow's rosy light?
Or is it Love's communion that makes the world so
bright?

Methinks I hear sweet voices and music in the air,
Unto my dreamy senses doth sweet enchantment bear:
Is it the distant murmur and rippling of the sea?
Or is it Love's sweet message that angels bring to
me?

O! Love's delightful whisper! I yield to thy control,
And welcome is the rapture thou bringest to my
soul;

I pray thee—oh! I pray thee—forever with me stay,
While in this world I linger, to lighten all my way.

A CHILD'S APPRECIATION.

I HAVE often thought that the fresh instincts of childhood lead them to form juster conceptions of human character than the rational studies of grown people. I can not at all understand why it should be so—any more than I can account for the fact that dogs have been successful detectives of crime where the penetration of man had failed—but still I believe it, and am inclined to like those people whom children take to readily.

The following story, told me one Christmas Eve, long ago, well illustrates the subject I have selected:

"Tell me a tale, Aunt Eunice, please," said I; and I drew my little chair close to her knee, and looked as coaxing as possible. "You promised the other day, you know, when you showed me your pink velvet bonnet." Aunt Eunice laughed, hemmed a little, and began:

"When I was a child, my father kept a store in a small inland village, which, being the only one in the place, was at once the emporium of trade, the post-office, the resort of all the village loungers and country visitors, and the general dépôt of intelligence from the outside world. Ah, what a curiosity shop that store was to me! I never ceased admiring its shelf-loads of bright calicoes, its wilderness of farmer's implements, its thicket of boxes and barrels. I was one of a large

family of girls, and our means being limited, our mother had to exercise great ingenuity in keeping up her reputation as the leader of fashion in our village. She had a great knack at remodeling garments outgrown by one child for the next younger, and in this way one handsome article sometimes did successive duty for each juvenile of her family. The odds and ends, remnants and unsaleable goods at the store were used by her to such good purpose that she got the credit of even importing our daintily-trimmed hats, fancy aprons, and handsomely-cut dresses from the city, when, in truth, they were the products of her own skill. One fall there came to the village, on a visit to a friend of hers, a young lady named Miss Adela Mayfield, who lived so far in the country that coming to our incipient town was equivalent to making her *debut* in polite society. Miss Adela was beautiful, I thought, though entirely too fat to be a graceful figure; but her round, rosy cheeks, violet eyes, dark, wavy hair, red lips, forever wreathed in a roguish smile, that displayed splendid teeth, formed a *tout ensemble* that my childish taste regarded as altogether angelic. She was, in fact, the picture of a healthy country lass, whose strong, fat arms were fully equal to the manipulation of golden butter balls, whose laugh reminded one, by the power of association, probably,

of tinkling herd-bells in daisy-gemmed meadows, or lark songs in sedge-covered old fields.

"Miss Adela had come to town very inadequately provided in the way of a wardrobe; her huge straw bonnet without a frill, and only a broad piece of orange-colored ribbon pinned over the top, and her one church dress of flaming red calico looked decidedly cheap by the side of the more pretentious toilets of the village girls. My father was a remarkably chivalric man, generous to a fault, and the very quintessence of courtesy to ladies. It was whispered to him that Miss Mayfield would like to supply the deficiencies of her wardrobe from his store; that she could not pay cash—would he let her have a bill of goods on time? My father knew something of Miss Mayfield's antecedents; had heard that her mother had been an heiress, though her father was not well spoken of; but he unhesitatingly agreed to let the young lady 'trade' to her satisfaction *on credit*. The fall goods had just come, and my mamma went with Miss Mayfield to help her select. She bought a lavender-colored silk, lavender-colored gloves and gaiters, and a pink velvet bonnet—uncut or pin-cord velvet, with alternate cords of pink and lavender, trimmed with lavender-colored plumes, tipped with rose.

"The Sunday following, Miss Adela appeared at church in all the glory of her new outfit. Beautiful as I had thought her before she was dazzling now, her real loveliness set off, as the brown earth is by the fresh green and blushing rose of spring. When we got home from church I could talk of nothing else.

"'Oh, mamma!' said I, 'Mr. Clinton is dead in love with Miss Adela Mayfield.'

"'Why do you think so, child?'

"'Oh! he looked at her the whole time in church.'

"'Perhaps it was her bonnet that attracted him,' she replied; 'you seemed to be very much carried away by it. Indeed, I think it created quite a sensation.'

"'Oh! no, mamma. I didn't think of the bonnet, only as I do of the petals when I smell the sweet roses. Mamma, Miss Adela is just like the angels.'

"'Don't be too hasty in forming your opin-

ions, child. Probably time will prove to you that she is of the earth decidedly earthy.'

"Before another Sunday had passed, Miss Adela's father had arrived in great wrath, and subjected her to the severe humiliation of quitting our village without paying for the articles she had bought at my father's store. The poor, mortified young lady had managed to return the bonnet, with a note to papa, begging him to forgive her for having unwittingly imposed on his generosity, and assuring him that 'though her father was determined on repudiating the debt, she would pay it whenever she was able.'

"How many sneers that unfortunate note gave rise to! My father laughed a bitter laugh at the idea of the poor *unsophisticated* thing ever being 'able' to pay a debt; and even mamma remarked, with sarcasm in her tones, 'You see how earthy your angel is, Eunice!' But my faith never faltered; 'She couldn't help it, mamma; if God don't take her up to heaven, she'll come back some day and pay papa.'

"My father put Miss Mayfield's bonnet in his show case and tried to sell it, but it had created too great a sensation the one Sunday it had been worn, to get another bid. None of the village girls cared to be seen in Miss Mayfield's repudiated bonnet; so there it lay, the freshness of its feathers and roses fading, and its bright colors losing their beauty. Every time I went to the store I ran to peep at it, and dream of the fair face it had once framed.

"One day papa came home with a paper parcel in his hand, which he tossed in mamma's lap, saying: 'There's the *Angel* Mayfield's bonnet; let Eunice have it to wear to school! Take the feathers off, wife, and make the thing answer some purpose.' I was sitting down, intent on my map questions, but I sprang to my feet at his words and took the despised bonnet carefully in my hands. 'Please, mamma,' cried I; 'let it stay like it is; it'll make me look like Miss Adela, maybe.' I tied it on, and, taking a biscuit, went right on to school without my dinner; and on arriving there gathered my own special mates together, and gave them such an affecting history of the former wearer of the bonnet—who, I assured them, was in heaven

—that myself and my bonnet were quite lionized, and from that time I could carry any point with them by allowing them the privilege of wearing my bonnet a little while. As time passed on, I became aware of a sad change in my home. Papa grew morose, rough, and unreasonable; mamma became sad, pale, and silent; and we children were reduced to meager, scant wardrobes—and, after a while, to meager and scant food. Our increasing wants were curtailed, first in one thing, then in another; until a bitter winter brought us to the verge of actual want—though our parents still tried to keep up a show of respectable living. One very cold morning I got up with a headache, and a general feeling of being out of sorts. We had *cora* muffins for breakfast, which I did not like, and papa snapped at each one of us that said a word. I had misplaced my bonnet, and papa encountering me as I still looked for it, after the school bell had rang, asked me why I had not gone. 'I'm looking for Miss Adela's bonnet.' I heard him mutter some dreadful word, coupled with *her* name, and I fled from his presence, and ran out of the house bareheaded—coming across the object of my quest on the piazza. At recess that day, we girls betook ourselves to a long ditch, bordering the public highway, not far from which our school-house was situated, and then we all went to 'jumping ditch,' for amusement. My special companion, Cora Dale, was triumphing in the temporary possession of the pink velvet bonnet, while I, absorbed in the excitement of jumping the widest places, thought little of the shabbiness of the old purple-calico, stick-stiffened bonnet she had placed on my nut-brown curls. The ditch was full of green, slimy water, and as I jumped, for the twentieth time, the widest and deepest part, a sudden gust of wind carried Cora's bonnet right into the foul sediment below. Ere I was well aware of the accident, Cora, who was at a little distance, cried out, angrily: 'Eunice Foster, you mean thing! what did you do that for? I'll pay you;' and before I could rush to the rescue, my pink velvet bonnet was dipped full of the green slime. I flew to the spot, snatched my treasure, and seeing its ruin, I sank down, crying aloud.

"A barouche was passing at the moment,

a dashing vehicle, drawn by a span of glossy grays; and a lady within it, hearing my cries, signified to her gentleman companion her desire to stop.

"'What's the matter?' she asked of the children who had gathered round my recumbent figure.

"'It's Cora Dale, ma'am,' said one of them eagerly; 'she's gone and dipped Eunice Foster's *velvet* bonnet in that dirty water and spoiled it; and what makes Eunice hate it so, is because it's Miss Della Mayfield's bonnet, what's gone to heaven.'

"There came a gush of laughter from the barouche; the young lady got out, took me in her arms, and as I looked in her face I screamed for joy—my angel had come back from heaven. But there were white plumes nodding over the fair forehead now, and a white veil floating over her shoulders that looked very bridelike; and, indeed, she was no longer Miss Mayfield, but Mrs. Clinton—and it was my papa's former clerk who was her husband.

"We went straight to my home, and from that happy day, laden with smiles and sweet words and beautiful gifts, I dated a happy era in our lives. Miss Adela's father was dead, and she had come into possession of her mother's property. One of the first things she did was the payment of her debt to my father, with interest. Then Mr. Clinton went into partnership with papa, advancing liberally, and so staving off the financial ruin which had been staring us in the face. The happy couple boarded with us, and introduced a new atmosphere of joy and peace and abundance into our home. The ruined pink velvet bonnet I still keep, as you know, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, a souvenir of the woman who proved herself to us as near an 'angel' as I think women ever get to be." VIRGINIA DU RANT COVINGTON.

GROWING OLD.—In the early part of the sixteenth century, not a few adventurers explored the wilds of this new world in search of the Fountain of Youth—whoso bathed in its waters were said to renew their age and become young again.

Now, in this nineteenth century, almost every daily paper contains information of

some wonderful medical discovery possessing remarkable virtues in the way of restoring health and youth, and which, for the convenience of all concerned, "can be obtained in bottles at one dollar each." Certainly there is great danger that every one of us will grow old, or the remedies to prevent such a calamity would not be so abundant. But, in spite of all, cases have occurred wherein beautiful human buds have been metamorphosed into dry, colorless blossoms.

We remember reading of a certain duchess who would not look into her mirror because it betrayed the fact that Time had altered her once fair complexion by lining it over with wrinkles! A pleasant old lady of our remembrance repeatedly said she would gladly live her own life over in exactly the same way if she could only be young again. Perhaps it was not the wisest wish of her life, at least one of our childhood's copy-books taught that "No sensible person would wish to be any younger than he is."

After all, we question if it is the number of mile-stones which we have passed which makes us really old. Is it not rather these hearts of ours, which are the very springs of our lives? Over them we may keep such

vigilance that the streams flowing therefrom will not soon grow scanty or sluggish.

Here and there we find a grown person whom every child instinctively likes without knowing why. None are shy of her, no more than if she were a child herself; and on parting company they talk of her for days afterward. When larger children want help or counsel they are not afraid to come and open their hearts to her, for somehow she knows what they want to say, and makes the subject very easy to talk about. And grown girls, too, who yearn for sympathy and love from one who can understand them, are sure to claim her for one of their dearest friends. Yet, again, we see older people who have trodden paths very unlike hers, leaning on her arm for strength to help them over some of life's hard places. How strange that she can put herself on a level with every variety of age, and bring with her a freshness and gladness for all! Is such a one *old*? We reply, she does not seem so; and this we know, she is a woman to be loved rather than feared, and very unlike those respectable people who are so out of sympathy with the young that innocent children may well wonder if they were not "born old."

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE,

THE EMINENT SCIENTIST.

IN our last number we published some account of Rev. Dr. Norman M'Leod, whose sudden death, in the full tide of duty and usefulness, had painfully affected the world of religion and moral literature. We have now to record the death of another distinguished character in Scotland, not, however in the mid-season of life, but in advanced age. Although writers differ with regard to the age of Mrs. Mary Somerville, yet (and Frances Power Cobbe is of the opinion) she was probably over ninety. Her mental vigor was so robust, almost to the very day of her decease, that it is not singular that there should be considerable doubt in reference to her time of life. A writer in the *Boston Journal* shows so much familiarity with the career of this lady that we take the liberty to use the greater part of his sketch.

Mrs. Somerville was a daughter of Admiral

Sir William George Fairfax, Knight Baronet, a distinguished naval officer, who was captain of the Venerable, flagship of Admiral Duncan at the great victory of Camperdown, won over the Dutch, in 1797.

Miss Fairfax became the wife of Samuel Greig, a son of that Admiral Greig who was so distinguished in the Russian service during the reign of Catherine II., and who was promoted from the rank of commodore for the part he had in the defeat and destruction of the Turkish fleet, at the battle of Tetiesme, in 1770. At what date this marriage took place we find no mention; but it is said that the lady obtained her first instruction in science from Mr. Greig. A story is told of La Place to the effect that he once said of Mrs. Somerville, "that he never knew but one woman before so deeply versed in mathematics, etc., and that was a Mrs.

Greig"—not aware that there had been only a change of name through a second marriage.

Mrs. Greig must have become a widow very early, as her second marriage took place on the 18th of May, 1812. Her second husband was Dr. William Somerville, eldest son

own house at Jedburgh, which ought to settle the point as to her birth-place. He adds: "She afterward often resided in my family, was occasionally my scholar, and was looked upon by me and my wife as if she had been one of our own children. I can truly say that next to them she was the ob-



MARY SOMERVILLE.

of Dr. Thomas Somerville, who was minister at Jedburgh for more than sixty years, and whose historical and other writings are in much repute, his "My Own Life and Times, 1741-1814," being a very clever work. Dr. Thomas Somerville says, that his future daughter-in-law was born and nursed in his

subject of our most tender regard. Her anxious thirst of knowledge, her assiduous application to study, and her eminent proficiency in literature and in science and the fine arts, have procured her a celebrity rarely attained by any of her sex; but she never displays any pretensions to superiority, while the affability

of her temper, and the gentleness of her manners, afford constant resources of gratification to her family and intimate friends." This peculiar combination of qualities in the lady made a strong impression, a quarter of a century later, on a very different man, and who was not biased by relationship. Thomas Moore, writing in his diary, under date of May 27, 1837, mentions that he dined at Murray's, and that Doctor and Mrs. Somerville were among the guests, adding: "Mrs. Somerville, whom I had never before seen so much of, gained upon me exceedingly. So much unpretending womanliness of manner, joined with such rare talent and knowledge is, indeed, a combination that can not be too much admired."

By each of her marriages Mrs. Somerville became the wife of a cousin, as Mr. Greig was one of her cousins and Dr. Somerville another. Her second marriage lasted long, Dr. Somerville dying on the 20th of June, 1860, at Florence. He was a man every way worthy of the wife he had. He died in his ninetieth year, or at exactly the same age at which his father died. As he was in his forty-second year at the time of his marriage, and as Mrs. Somerville was his cousin, we may suppose that she was born as early as 1780.

Mrs. Somerville's fame as a woman of great scientific knowledge was well established before she published anything. She translated the "*Mecanique Celeste*" of La Place under the title of the "*Mechanism of the Heavens*," and it appeared in 1832, in two volumes. Two years later came out her work "*On the Connection of the Physical Sciences*," in one volume. In 1840 her "*Physical Geography*," in two volumes, was given to the world, and went through several editions, being the work by which she is best known. Clearness and force, fullness and accuracy, are the chief characteristics of her productions, which are not exceeded in either value or attractiveness by those of any of the great masculine scientific writers of the century—or of any century. She wrote little, comparatively, but all that she did write is admirable, and bears the stamp of immortality.

In 1869 appeared Mrs. Somerville's last work, in two volumes, "*On Molecular and Microscopic Science*." This work would be

considered a great one, even had it been written by a woman or a man at the age of forty years, at which period some philosophers say that the mind is at its prime; but, recollecting that it is the production of a woman who was close upon the age of ninety years, it is, indeed, a marvelous book. Its character is best described in the short and modest preface. "Microscopic investigation of organic and inorganic matter is so peculiarly characteristic of the actual state of science," she says, "that the author has ventured to give a sketch of some of the most prominent discoveries in the life and structure of the lower vegetable and marine animals, in addition to a few of those regarding inert matter." But the book is something far beyond a sketch; it is a complete treatise on one of the most valuable, interesting, and attractive branches of science. The style is singularly vigorous, even for Mrs. Somerville; and the wealth of knowledge and the felicity of statement which meet the reader in every chapter, give him a most thorough idea of the lady's knowledge, as well as of her power and skill in turning that knowledge to account for the benefit of ordinary humanity. The book, indeed, is in every sense a curiosity of scientific literature. Speaking of it in advance of its appearance, Miss Cobbe said: "The book is devoted to the elucidation of the most recent discoveries of science regarding the ultimate particles of matter, organic and inorganic; the revelations of the microscope and of the solar spectrum—everything, in short, to which its beautiful epigraph, from St. Augustine, may fitly apply: '*Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*'—(God, great in great things: greatest in the least). Probably the mere copying of this book, in writing similarly firm and clear, would be a task almost beyond any other woman of equal age. What its actual value as a literary work may be, it would, of course, be mere impertinence for me to say. Mrs. Somerville is truly the Humboldt of women, and this is her '*Cosmos*,' the great work done after the common working hours of life are over."

We are indebted to the same acute observer and lively writer for a spirited portrait of Mary Somerville at eighty-three. "In nearly every respect," says Miss Cobbe, "Mrs.

Somerville must be a sad stumbling-block to those who delight to depict that heraldic creature, 'the strong-minded female,' and have established it as a fact that a knowledge of Euclid is incompatible with the domestic affections, and that an angular figure, harsh voice, and brusque behavior are the necessary preparatives of female authorship. Mrs. Somerville is learned enough to alarm the best constituted mind; she is evidently interested in the education and elevation of women, and she has even divulged such terrible opinions about the Creation and the Flood as to have incurred the penalty of being preached against in York Cathedral. Yet that slight and fragile figure, clothed in rich brown moire antique; that head, rather delicately formed than large, surmounted by that soft lilac cap (which surely came from Paris); those features, so mild and calm, with all their intelligence; that smooth hair, more brown than gray, even now; those kind, mild eyes, aged, indeed, but needing no glasses; that lady, in short, who is talking in a low voice (probably about the last new novel or the merits of Gounod's 'Faust') or laughing merrily over some little jest of her visitor's, is said to be the translator of La Place's 'Mechanique Celeste,' the authoress of 'Connection of the Physical Sciences.' It is very distress-

ing and unaccountable, but the identity seems pretty well established."

The modes of life of so eminent a woman must be of some interest to most readers. As described by a friend, who was visiting her in Italy, they were very pleasing. "Mrs. Somerville," she observes, "habitually spends her mornings in writing for several hours before she rises, her books and papers being on her bed, and her little pet sparrow hopping about, now perching audaciously on the precious manuscripts, now on the head so full of knowledge he little reckons of! A certain splendid white Pomeranian dog and a parrot complete the circle. Very fond is the padrona of her animals and of all animals; and only this last winter has she exerted herself vigorously to bring all possible influence to stop the hateful practice of vivisection which disgraces the science she loves. In the afternoons she drives round the beautiful shores of Spezzia or the Acqua Sela at Genoa. Her son's visits from England are her great seasons of pleasure. He comes to her as often as his office may permit, but her two daughters never leave her, and seem to live only to surround her with their cares. All strive to conduce to her happiness. And she is happy; happy in the innocent and noble pleasures she has found in this life; happier still in her firm faith in a yet holier and nobler life to come."

WINNIE'S TROUBLE.

BY DELLE M. MASON.

"Oh! how sad we've been, Lost Evangeline,
Since we've laid thee where the sweetest flowers wave.
And the angels bright, robed in spotless white,
Are watching o'er thy green and grassy grave."

I SANG it again, very softly at the close, and then turned slowly around on the music-stool, to find Winnie standing by me with that look on her little round face which always warned me of a coming question. "Well, what is it, my little girl?" and I took the shining head between my hands and kissed her—for somehow, whenever I look at Winnie, I just want to take her right in my arms and hold her close.

"Auntie," said the child, seriously, "when I die shall I have to be an angel?"

"Why, I hope so, Winnie, don't you?"

"But, auntie," she went on, "if I should die little I'd be a little angel, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, dear. Don't you think it would be nice to be an angel and live in the beautiful heaven?"

"I don't know." Then after a little doubting pause, "I s'pose it would be nice enough in heaven if I could only stay there. They don't make the little angels go 'way off in a lonesome grave-yard and stand and watch a grave, do they?" Then, with a little swift gesture of dislike, the child went on, "I never *could* stand it, to do that, *never*; and I

don't ever want to be an angel and have to do such things." Then I saw what trouble cast its shadow over the little clouded face that leaned against my shoulder, and I set to work, in my thoughts, to find a way of lifting the cloud and letting in the flood of sunlight that is always just the other side of every trouble.

I crossed over to my low rocking-chair, and let Winnie climb upon one of the broad, cushioned arms. The crimson curtains were drawn closely down, and the cheerful gleam of the fire in the grate was reflected from them in a warm, soft glow; but I knew that outside of the crimson folds and the ruddy fire-shine the winds wailed wearily, drifting the snow and hurling the sleet in fierce gusts against the windows. And I imagined I saw, in the child's mind, the picture of a poor drenched angel, robed in thin white vestments, standing lonely and sad beside a snow-sheeted grave, the bright wings furled and drooping, the shining hair tossed by the bitter wind, the meek brow swept by the stinging sleet.

No wonder that the poor child dreaded to be such an angel, surrounded by storm and darkness, a faithful watcher among the silent dead. Such an idea must be removed from Winnie's mind, and yet, I own, I did not know what to say to the dear child. I saw, readily, that she had obtained the idea from the song I had been singing, and I knew that not only Evangeline, but a great number of the most popular songs of the day taught that graves were watched over by angels. All the "Belle Mahones" and "Minnie Lees" in the songs invariably died and were buried, and the graves of this very unhealthy class of young women were always described as the resort of beautiful flowers, singing birds, angels, and weeping young men—but particularly the angels were always represented in the songs as constantly watching with extreme solicitude over the graves of the departed maidens. What they are watching for is never fully explained. Mourning friends are always exhorted not to look to the grave as the resting-place of the hearts that were fused into their own in life, but to think of the living spirit in its new-found happiness.

Who will suggest to the song-writers that

it would be sensible to turn the attention of their angels away from graves to the communion of fellow-spirits?

But while these thoughts surged up and down my mind, I had found no words to lighten the little heavy heart that beat against my circling arm. "You are sure that God loves us tenderly, arn't you, darling?" I said.

"Oh! yes, auntie. He must love us a great deal better than He does the angels, for he lets us stay here where it is warm and bright, and where we love each other so. Angels have to do such sad things, and when they get back to heaven all wet and so tired, it must be so uncomfortable for them. Heaven is such a big place, and such a crowd always there, just singing and walking up and down all the while, and they can't have any time or chance to care for each other, for Miss Pearl told us on Sunday that in heaven they don't think of anything but God and the chanting of His praises. I'd a great deal rather be a little girl and be here, than an angel and be in heaven."

How the poor little child's heart had been defrauded by such a notion of heaven, a common notion, too, and the mission of angels! Then, I wondered to myself, how many children were troubled, like Winnie, over the same impressions, and yet, with the reserve natural to childhood, keep their thoughts secret. A mother's smile of love can melt the reserve of a child, and a mother's sympathy and wise and gentle words can clear the errors from the minds of the little ones; and I thought, "I wonder how many mothers *know* what their children believe about God and the angels?" "Winnie," said I, "you need never think again that angels watch graves or do anything unpleasant or useless. You say, 'Heaven is such a big place.' So it is—so large that it is everywhere; but most of all, dear, heaven is in the *heart*."

I can not remember all the words that I said, but I know that when Winnie kissed me "good-night" her little happy heart was full of delighted love for God, and she had no more dread of being an angel. And I know, too, that my own heart was refreshed and lightened. I felt God's love around me "like an atmosphere warm, soft, and golden"

—a happiness so deep, so sweet, and still that it was not stirred, only softened, by the thought of other hearts that were desolate.

As I went to close the piano for the night, I ran my fingers over the keys, and they

struck involuntarily into the little melody to which I had set these words:

"Oh! not for such need angels pray—
Their souls are anchored in delight.
They bathe in Allah's smile all day,
And nestle in his heart all night."

WHAT SHALL OUR BOY DO?

OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

IN a recent number of the *Scientific American* we find this subject considered in a sensible and practical light. The writer says:

If a boy is constantly whittling sticks, fond parents say that he has "marked constructive ability;" or, if he can whistle one or two notes of an air correctly, "he will be a great musician;" or, if he can draw with reasonable accuracy, "that child is a born artist." If these presumed or assumed evidences of genius are acted upon, and those in authority seize arbitrarily upon the young man and force him into a trade or art, on the ground of their being better able to judge than he is for himself, the possibility, nay the probability is that he will turn out a Harold Skimpole, of whose class the world has far too many already. He sketches a little; tinkers a little with tools; drums a little on a piano; and, in time, falls into line with the rank and file of the noble army of incompetents and revilers of fate. He may protest with all his strength in his earlier years that he is not fitted for the occupation chosen for him; he may demand to be transferred into some other calling that his soul hungers after; it is all in vain if some one in authority, be the same parent or guardian, says: "Your profession has been chosen for you and you must follow it; your elders have had more experience than you and can tell better, by reason of it, what you need;" and so the young man is condemned for life. He goes moping all his days and refuses to be comforted, simply because his heart is not in what he is doing. He is out of his element; he disturbs the machinery of the world; he is as bad as a broken wheel on a train; everything with which he is connected goes halting and bumping and jumping because of him. If he does not reach the highest place in his profession, his elders, with as-

tonishing inconsistency, upbraid him and say that he has no ambition, no energy, no desire to succeed; when the simple fact is that he has no qualification to command success.

"How *can* I know about a thing I dunno nothing about?" exclaimed an exasperated and badgered witness in the box. "How can I have inspiration to preach when I am always thinking about machinery; or paint, when I am always wishing to preach, when divine truths fire my heart to go forth and turn men from the error of their ways?" A man out of his place says these things at heart if not in actual words, and his whole life is embittered by the blindness of his elders, who would not see, but claimed the right, because they had the power, to squeeze a human heart into the corner they thought it should fill. For it is crushing the heart out of the man to make the boy travel in a circuit he is unfitted for. All his energies and ambition reach forward to one goal; all his nature is bent upon that one thing, and because you can not see as he sees, oh, parent or guardian! because you are not he and do not love it as he loves it, you destroy his future power. It is a serious responsibility to assume: to direct the calling in life a young man shall follow, an action to be taken only upon great deliberation. Whatever he undertakes he must stick to. In the early years of his life, when the world expects but little of him, he must study or work hard to be qualified for the later ones, when it exacts a great deal. He can not be always young; he can not have two youths; he must give his young life, his bright hopes, his aspirations to the work in hand. What if his heart is far from it, and he is longing with all his strength for that other calling which you have put out of his reach? You might as well go out into the world when

he is of age, as some foreign parents do, and select a wife for him. With equal consistency you might say: "I have had more experience in the world than you; you can live happier with this woman than one of your own choosing," yet this is an action you would shrink from committing. Is not a man's profession the same in degree as his wife? Does he not live by it as with her? Are not all his hopes centered upon it, his happiness bound up in it? Is not the contentment which springs from a congenial occupation in some respect the same as connubial affection? It certainly is; for unless a man love the work to which he applies himself his labor is of no force, of little worth. He is half-hearted, simply because he lacks the inspiration which enthusiasm lends to every occupation, even the humblest. The shoemaker who likes to make shoes makes better ones than the convict enforced to do so, and the same is true of every work under the sun.

Let every young man choose his own occupation in life. In any event, let him choose it. If he have no particular bias or bent, let him find something to do all the same. A parent or guardian may say: "My son, it appears to me that your walk in life lies this way," and point out the advantages likely to accrue or that can be absolutely given him if he adopts the suggestion, but this is all that should be done. If he revolts or objects and says, "I can not," do not retort with "You shall, or you are no son of mine." You will live to repent it. You will wear sackcloth and ashes for it. Humble yourself a little before you overthrow him. A boy has a right to his choice. He has an inalienable natural right—yea, a constitutional one—to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Words mean something, and the choice of an occupation embraces all of these. How can you force a boy into a work-shop to learn a trade when he has no aptness whatever for it, except that he has been seen to make boats or kites, things that a child naturally amuses himself by? You can not; you have no right. Consider the matter somewhat. If he is a tractable, affectionate, and docile boy, so much the worse; you use his natural affection as a vehicle to work your will with him, not seeing that in after-life he will become a listless, moody, inefficient laborer in

the vineyard, because you have trained him to a stake, or spread him on a wall, instead of allowing him to grow free and unfettered as he should. Consider this matter in some other light than your own inclinations. He will doubtless live many years after you are gone. How shall he best perpetuate your name and family? By following his own natural inclinations, or by trying to force his nature to run on a track too wide or too narrow for him? Think over it!

[We venture a suggestion here. Suppose the young man to be quite undecided and without choice in the matter? He may be anxious, very anxious, as to possibilities and probabilities. He has had no experience as yet, and knows next to nothing of his own powers. Would it not be wise at least to advise such a one to consult a competent phrenologist, and obtain his professional views as to what he can do best; in what vocation he may be most useful and most happy? Hundreds of men in this country can testify to the valuable counsel they received in early life from phrenological examiners, and some there are who will confess that *all* they are to-day, all their success, they owe to the half hour's interview with a true-hearted and competent phrenologist.]

MISTAKES IN MATRIMONY.

THERE are two important mistakes about it which deserve special notice. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyric, that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think if they had only their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now, the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the most intimate, without drawing out the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with self-

ish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials, and efforts. Let two persons, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a draw-game at self, or for walking with equal pace on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect that, for aught we know, they may only appear in the spiritual world like one person instead of two. At any rate, they become together a complete humanity, whereas apart they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show them-

selves, and they will grow more protrusive, sharp, and prickly, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be, as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and, lastly, there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complimentary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives, ideal wives want practical men; and then, the earth-side and heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds it to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by inter-penetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined* and not *adjoined*.

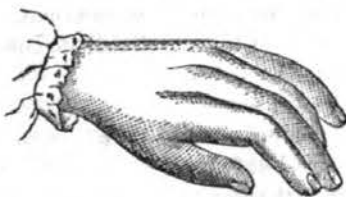
Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

WHAT YOUR HAND TELLS ME.

DON'T be afraid to show it to me because it has become roughened or reddened in working out the hard behests of fortune. I know some people think that a hand is spoiled, and is no longer a good indicator of character if it has been put to some hard labor. I don't think so at all. As a rule, it becomes a little coarser in the texture, a little less delicate in color, but its shape and size remain unchanged, and are but little affected, unless the fingers are worked to the very bone.

Rheumatism in the joints is the deadliest foe known to the original shape of the hand. I have noticed often that the hands of some men and women who have been at hard



manual labor all their lives still remain unusually small, compact, and well proportioned; and I argue from this, that use does not enlarge the hands as much as some persons suppose. So,

when I hear some loose-jointed, large-knuckled, flabby-handed person, lamenting over the dish-washing or the rail-splitting, which they think has disfigured them for life, I strongly suspect that the original comeliness was all a myth, or that the muscular system, like the mental one, was unusually flaccid. I think, moreover, that any soul of comeliness of form or complexion, that will not stand wear and tear, is not much to be prized. I have noticed, too, that the hands of those

who live by their daily labor, become soft and delicate in spite of all the previous abuse to which they have been subjected, if from sickness, or any other cause, these people are idle for a week or so. This is especially the case where the owner of the hands is of a naturally refined habit of thought and life, which, let me assure those fastidious ones who never touch the tips of their fingers to anything, is not at all incompatible with any mechanical calling.

Work will not naturally change the character of your hand, so do not lament over the necessity of labor. If your hand is large, loose-jointed, coarsely made, and red, be sure that it would be the very same hand, with a very slight improvement as to smoothness, if you were never to put it to any harder work than to carrying an ebony-headed cane. While, if it is small, compact, well-molded, such it will remain unless your character changes.

I know a beautiful and gifted woman whose life has been so ordered, that from her earliest years she has had to perform the meanest domestic avocations. Nevertheless, she has beautiful hands. They are not quite so white nor so smooth as they might be if she did not work, but her face gains about three times as much in attractiveness as her hands lose, from the fact that plenty of exercise and fresh air make her look younger and fresher than most women five and ten years her junior.

I remember how I used to admire the hand of a great general, who is now our President. He never wore a glove on it when I knew him, and I don't think he ever scrupled to use it freely. But it was a splendid hand—long, yet not slim to delicacy; supple, but with the suppleness of steel; brown, but finely grained, and firm, but not rough to the touch.

Your whole character comes out through your hand, if you did but know it. If you take proper care of it, you have no right to complain of your calling because your hand is dry, rough, and angular; you have to look within yourself for the cause of that, after hereditary predisposition has been considered. If your nails are short, stumpy, and buried in the flesh, I know very well they would not have been almond-shaped under any possible conditions of life.

If your face is not in harmony with your hands, I think there must be some discrepancy in your character. One thing I have often noticed, very homely, even deformed persons, often have lovely hands. I have fancied nature bestows them in such cases as a sort of compensation.

I would rather not see a hand too long and too frail. Such do not seem to get a strong hold on life. Especially do I mistrust long, thin, unusually delicate fingers and a very narrow palm, either in man or woman. There is one form of long, supple hand, which usually accompanies the artistic temperament. It, however, has fingers that taper at the ends, and a good breadth of palm. We now rarely see such hands as the old masters used to paint. Of a good size and perfectly proportionate, tapering at the extremities, supple-looking, but broad in the middle. The broad palm is not to be despised. It means also broad shoulders, vigorous loins, good stature, plenty of character, and, other things being equal, long life.

This rule generally holds good; a common hand—that is, one not differing materially from a dozen others—a common character. An uncommon hand, an uncommon character.

But whether they be mere puff-balls—all the bones softly cushioned in flesh—or sinewy, with the whole framework showing through the skin, they are almost always, with the exceptions I have mentioned, in harmony with the other parts of the body, are the last to lose their symmetry and natural proportions, and are, as a rule, sure, though but little considered, indices of character.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE NOSE.

How very odd that poets should suppose

There is no poetry about the nose,

When, plain as a man's nose on his face,

A noseless face would lack poetic grace.

Noses have sympathy, a lover knows;

Noses are always touched when lips are kissing—

And who would care to kiss if nose were missing?

Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,

And where would be the mortal means of telling

Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows

Around us if we owned no sense of smelling?

I know a nose—a nose no other knows—

'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows—

There's beauty in its form and music in its blows!

SKETCHES FROM DAILY LIFE.—No. 2.

HE who mingles in our mixed society, and "keeps his eyes and ears open," observes phases of character which, if he be disposed to look into the causes of things, will



FIG. 1.—LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

attract far more than a passing scrutiny. If "by their fruits ye shall know them," men and women exhibit in language, bearing, feature, and dress the nature of their inner life, whether they are disposed to improve themselves mentally and physically by cultivating higher methods of thought and action, or are disposed to yield to caprice or low desire, and so to descend in the scale of mental and physical being. It is true that as human beings we are all prone to make mistakes, and to transgress the letter of the laws governing life in its strict proprieties; in other words, we are imperfect, fallible beings. But it is also true that we are constituted in such a way as to be susceptible of improvement, and are furnished with the instrumentalities adapted to our use in attaining the education which involves the degree of improvement sought. The very yearning for a certain stage of culture and capacity implies the ability to secure it eventually. Man is endowed with the faculty of Hope for the very purpose of his elevation and development. Possibilities are presented for his consideration, and the working faculties of his mind, stimulated by Hope, co-operate for their achievement. That man is blessed whose Hope, like a guiding star, continually points upward and onward, and whose forces responsively work together to attain the high vantage-ground it discloses.

The character whom our artist so well illustrates in the first engraving does not appear to be much disturbed by strong incentives in any direction, except, perhaps, in the direction of eating. But even therein he is determined to "take things easy." Evidently, he appreciates the axiom of the physiologist, that slow eating is promotive of good digestion. And not only is he disposed to eat slowly, but he would discuss his dinner in a pleasant frame of mind, bidding dull care to "go to the dogs," or anywhere else out of his sight. "Laugh and grow fat" is one of his oft repeated mottoes, and between each spoonful or forkful he would sandwich a joke or playful sally.

Our friend in No. 2 is of a very different type. He doesn't believe, practically, in slow eating, but would gobble down his food in the briefest space. Consequently, his digestion is imperfect, and his whole appearance dyspeptic. His teeth haven't time to masticate the masses of food which are ladled into his mouth; his stomach hasn't time to digest the unnatural mixture which is crowded into it, and the ill-supplied blood which courses through his veins, partaking of the hasty, incomplete character of the man, hasn't time to nourish fully the bones, muscles, and tissues. He feels about half-starved all the time, and the more meals he bolts the less satisfaction he derives from them.

In these two very opposite classes of men we find excess. In one an overweening love



FIG. 2.—THE GOBBLER.

of ease, and enjoyment of the comforts of the table, tending to slothful habits and indifference to the grave duties of life. In the other a tendency to impatience, fretfulness, disease,

and the forming of pernicious habits in drinking, for the avowed purpose of supplying his flagging vitality and bracing up a broken constitution.

A fat man is not necessarily a coarse and vulgar man. Most of those who boast a portly form have a constitutional predisposition to accumulate fatty tissue; but it is only they who do not exercise an intelligent care in their

eating and drinking, and other habits, who displease or disgust us by that appearance which is very fitly termed "hoggish." We like clean, smooth-faced, ruddy, and sleek fat men. They are always cordial, frank, hearty, and "funny," and in whatever society they move their presence, however extensively dimensioned, never crowds, but is welcomed for the good-nature which it diffuses.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Yonuma.

DREAMS AND THEIR CAUSES.

This interesting article, from the *Psychological Journal*, contains a well-digested summary of the views of Physiologists on the philosophy of sleep and dreams, and their causes.

INVESTIGATIONS into the physical phenomena of sleep have shown it to be preceded and accompanied by anæmia of the brain, the stream of blood passing through its innumerable channels being diminished in quantity and slackened in speed. This, however, is really not an ultimate fact, but the consequence of a preceding change to which the physiological phenomena of sleep can be finally traced. This primary step in the chain of events accompanying sleep is exhaustion of nerve-force, consequent upon the severe strain put chiefly on the gray matter of the nervous centers by the uninterrupted demands of the day. After it the other appearances follow in succession. To quote the language of a remarkably close, logical, and systematic reasoner: "The waste of the nerve-centers having become such that the stimuli received from the external world no longer suffice to call forth from them adequate discharges, there results a diminished impulse to those internal organs which subserve nervous activity, including, more especially, the heart. Consequently, the nerve-centers, already working fully, are supplied with less blood and begin to work more feebly—respond still less to impressions, and discharge still less to the heart. And so the two act and react until there is reached this state of profound unimpressibility and inactivity."

Certain outer signs keep pace with this interior physiological change. There is, first, an initiatory stage of general weariness and relaxation, denoting a diminishing flow of nervous energy. Then the special senses begin to fail. If the occupation at the time be such as reading aloud, the printed lines grow blurred and run into each other; words continue to be mechanically pronounced, but the sound of the voice is less distinct, and the sentences lose their meaning. Every little while efforts are made, as by rubbing the eyeballs, changing the position, etc., to stimulate the nervous centers to fresh discharges, but to no purpose; the tired brain lapses into snatches of complete oblivion; then tactile and muscular sensibilities are lost, the power of volition fails, the book falls from the hand, the muscles of the entire body relax, the frame droops, and the head leans forward on the chest; total unconsciousness of the external world succeeds, hallucinations and phantasms arise, and the individual is launched into a world of airy visions. Whence do these proceed? How can we explain the phenomena of dreams?

There are two rival theories of dreams: 1. The primitive, animistic, or supernatural theory, formerly universal among mankind, but now confined to uncivilized nations and the uncultivated classes of civilized society. 2. The modern physio-psychological, or rational theory, beginning with Aristotle, disappearing in the middle ages, and reappearing in modern times amplified and confirmed by scientific research.

1. In the primitive view, sleep was an objective influence, a shadowy form, which, descending upon the weary, steeped them in a kind oblivion of their cares. Dreams were the communications of the spirits or the adventures of the dreamer's soul; for uncivilized man believed that the soul departed from the body in sleep, and experienced, in its wanderings, the incidents of the dream. As if to meet the obvious objection that, when the soul absented itself from the body in sleep, there could be no consciousness of such dreams as were communicated through the visits of supernatural agents, the North American Indians invented the fiction of two souls in each person, one sensitive, the other rational. While the latter was out on its adventures, the former, they said, dwelt in the body, and received communications from *ultra-mundane* agents.

Dreams, as extra-corporeal adventures of the soul, are chiefly illustrated in the traditions and folk-lore of savage nations. We have room for only a few of the many examples of this phase of belief which might be quoted:

The New Zealanders, the Karends, and the Tagals of Luzon, believe dreams to be the adventures of the soul after it has left the sleeping body. The Tagals object to disturbing a sleeper, lest he should be so unfortunate as to waken before his soul's return. The same phase of belief is exhibited in the middle-age legend of King Gunthram: "The king lay in a wood asleep, with his head in his faithful henchman's lap; the servant saw, as it were, a snake issue from his lord's mouth and run to the brook, but it could not pass, so the servant laid his sword across the water, and the creature ran along it and up into a mountain; after a while it came back and returned into the mouth of the sleeping king, who, waking, told how he had dreamt that he went over an iron bridge into a mountain full of gold."

As an example of the belief in dreams as supernatural communications, we may instance the negroes of South Guinea, who construe their visions of the night into "visits from the spirits of their deceased friends. The cautious hints and warnings which come to them through this source are received with the most serious and deferen-

tial attention, and are always acted upon in their waking hours. The habit of relating their dreams, which is universal, greatly promotes the habit of dreaming itself, and hence their sleeping hours are characterized by almost as much intercourse with the dead as their waking are with the living."

One striking fact confirmed, if, indeed, it did not originate, the belief in dreams as supernatural communications. The images which flit in the sensorium of the sleeper are referred to the outer extremities of their respective nerve-channels, and hence, becoming true hallucinations, wear all the appearances of reality. The visions which greet his sight, and the voices which sound in his ears, are to him actual objects of perception. The forgotten memories which suddenly revive in his mind, under the influence of external excitation or internal suggestion, have that air of mystery and unaccountability about them which, in the absence of psychological knowledge, forcibly suggests the theory of supernatural communication.

2. The spirit of modern scientific research has emancipated dreams from the arbitrary dominion of the supernatural, by proving them subject to laws similar to those governing other bodily and mental phenomena, qualified in their working by some secondary differences due to certain peculiarities of the sleeping state.

According to the more rational theory of the present day, dreams are the present mental images of past sensations revived by subjective states of the dreamer or by objective impressions on his senses, and their principal factors are (a) bodily sensations, whether these be subjective or objective; and (b) "our previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent states of mind." These, by their mutual interaction, are quite sufficient to account for the diversified phenomena of dreams. And in every instance, however unlike any one of our waking mental states the integrated dream may be, it will be always found, on close analysis, composed of images and ideas derived from our waking experience, and to represent, under some form or other, what we have actually seen, felt, desired, or accomplished.

The bodily sensations which excite dreams are too numerous to be mentioned here in

detail. They may be described as coming from two chief sources, namely, the organs of vegetative life, supplied by the sympathetic system, and those of animal or relational life, supplied by the cerebro-spinal system.

The central part of the sympathetic runs in two lines, like strings of beads, one on each side of the front of the spinal column, from the base of the skull to the tip of the coccyx, where both unite and terminate in one ganglion. Throughout its course it has a ganglion corresponding to each vertebra of the body, and three in the neck. Each ganglion is connected with the viscera of the body, especially the heart, lungs, stomach, and intestines, by means of afferent and efferent nerve-fibers. Furthermore, each is also connected with the spinal nerves by two short trunks, one going to, the other coming from them, and thus establishing a connection with the cerebro-spinal system.

These details are given that we may better understand how it happens that certain states of the visceral organs can, through irritation of the sympathetic ganglia, start a dream or influence its course and character. And the *modus operandi* is as follows: Peripheral irritation of the sympathetic excites molecular change in one or more of its ganglia, which, reflected back upon the spinal cord, is transmitted hence to the brain, and there excites a train of images constituting the dream. The irritation, when it reaches the spinal cord, may be all immediately reflected upon the muscles, thus exciting the involuntary movements of some sleepers; or it may travel up the cord, and be arrested in the *medulla oblongata*, where, reflected along the motor nerves supplying the respiratory apparatus, it causes the hurried breathing and increased heart-action of others; or, finally, it may continue in its upward flight till it enters the gray structure of the brain, and, through the molecular excitement it there occasions, produce dreams and the motor effects just now mentioned. The following example will illustrate this last stage of the process: A young gentleman, suffering from slight diarrhea, went to bed one night, and had his rest disturbed by cutting pains in the bowels. He dreamed a great deal, his dreams being all variations upon one theme.

He was engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with half-savage people, who attacked him with sharp knives. In his efforts to ward off their blows, he received many deep and painful cuts on his hands and arms. In this example the irritation of a part supplied by the sympathetic was the primary cause of a dream in which, according to a peculiar method of association of ideas, sharp instruments and painful cuts were the most prominent features.

Again, a person going to bed hungry has a dream that he is seated at a table spread with choice viands. He eats voraciously, but is never satisfied. Why? Because the image or feeling of hunger excited in the brain by the empty stomach is not checked by any subsequent feeling of satiety coming from the same source.

The sympathetic, though a very important, is not the only source of dreams. A very numerous and interesting class is occasioned by excitation of the peripheral expansions of the special senses. A gleam of light resting on the eyelids of a sleeper, an unusual noise sounding in his ears, an offensive or close odor, an unpleasant taste in his mouth, may each suggest a dream.

Examples of this suggestive power of the special senses are abundantly at hand, and many could be here quoted were it necessary. The following will probably be deemed sufficient:

A physician slept in a cheesemonger's over-night. A barrel of strong, old American cheese had been recently unpacked in the house, and its odor had strongly impregnated his room. In addition to this annoyance, just as he was beginning to feel very drowsy, he was disturbed by the noise of rats gnawing in the wall at the head of his bed. In spite of all, he at length fell asleep, and this was his dream: He was in a savage country, and, on account of some criminal act, condemned to be imprisoned in a huge cheese. Into it he was put, and one can better imagine than describe, as the saying is, how he suffered from the stifling atmosphere of the place. But the worst was yet to come. He had not been long a prisoner, when a legion of rats attacked the cheese. At it they went, tearing away with their terrible teeth until they pierced its wall, and were already

gnawing at his flesh. In the midst of his agony he awoke to find it all a dream, but at the same time to feel that he was being made thoroughly sick by the disagreeable cheesy odor of his room.

The suggestive power of muscular and cutaneous sensations, in the production of complicated dreams, is also amply attested. One may pass through a long attack of imaginary sickness, ending in paralysis, from sleeping with an arm or leg in such a position that its nerve-supply is cut off by pressure, or be forced through a series of distressing adventures in a state of nudity, from the bedclothes accidentally slipping off. The sensation of the prick of a pin may give origin to a dream in which the actor is involved in a hand-to-hand struggle, and receives a fatal stab from his antagonist. "I have been told by a friend," writes Dugald Stewart, "that having occasion, in consequence of an indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed, he dreamed that he was making a journey to the top of Mount Etna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insupportable. Another person, having a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was scalped by a party of Indians.*

Sleep, as already implied, commences in the gray matter of the brain, its immediate cause being an arrest of molecular action from exhaustion consequent upon the demands of the previous day. But exhaustion is not equally complete in every portion of the brain. There are always parts of cells or districts of gray matter, which, having escaped, for an unknown reason, a great deal of the wear and tear of the day, retain their irritability, and consequently their functional activity, if not entire, at least in part. A trifling disturbance, sent to them through the ever-wakeful axis-cylinder, arouses their molecular activity. The result, telling immediately upon the heart, causes augmented volume and rapidity of the blood-current. Foci of romora, or increased capillary action, are thus occasioned in the brain, which feed, as it were, the visions of a dream. Like live embers on the hearth, now one image glows and dies tranquilly away, now another. But,

should the local excitement become intense, and be discharged in a large wave on the heart, the cerebral vessels are made turgid, the dreams grow hurried and tumultuous, and a succession of riotous images results, of which there is little trace on awakening, save the general feeling of their confused and disagreeable character.

One little group of cells may, therefore, by this process of action on the heart, and reaction on portions of circumjacent cerebral cells, evoke molecular changes which, on their mental side, are felt as dreams. And it will depend chiefly upon the degree of regularity or irregularity with which these different centers of images act together, whether the dream is coherent and probable, or incoherent and absurd.

The intimate relation between this molecular change and the images evoked in the dream, we shall not attempt to explain. And, in fact, all beyond what we have already rehearsed, which is necessary to complete the subject from the physiological point of view, is to postulate the existence in the brain of images of past sensations and states of consciousness. These are what the final stage of molecular excitation revives, and out of them the dreamer spins the tissues of his dreams. Now, such images are constantly falling on the sensorium, where they fade away, like secret ink, to revive only under the influence of some appropriate stimulus.

De Quincey, in one of the fine essays forming the sequel to his "Confessions of an English Opium-eater," likens the brain to a palimpsest—an antique vellum parchment—whereon successive generations recorded their historic events, or the creations of fancy, the legatee erasing, as he vainly thought, the previously-written narrative to make room for his own. The same piece of vellum might thus be made to bear the text of a Greek tragedy, afterward a monastic legend, and finally, written upon both, the story of some mediæval romance. But, falling at last into the hands of the first ardent students of chemistry, its written treasures were discovered to be, like the maid in the gospel, not dead, but sleeping, and a way was soon invented of bringing them to light again. Suitable reagents were employed, when lo! the scrolls which had so long defied the

* Dugald Stewart, "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," pp. 343, 346. Cambridge, 1829.

scrutiny of the keenest eyes, were revealed, sometimes in the order in which they had been long ago written down, but oftener in a state of perplexing confusion and admixture. The brain is also a palimpsest. Softly and unperceived many layers of ideas fall upon it, melt into its substance, subside into a latent state, and so remain until evoked by the molecular excitement of the gray

centers to which we have already alluded. Then, when aroused, if the groups of gray elements in which they are centered are contiguous or co-ordinated in function, they come marching out in the order of their entrance, or, if these physiological conditions be the opposite, they rush out pell-mell, like school-boys released from their tasks.

JAMES J. O'DEA, M.D.

LONGEVITY IN THE PROFESSIONS.

ONE of our friends sends us a long slip cut from a Southern paper, we should judge, which contains a pleasant article on the above subject. The writer has examined the tables of longevity with evident care, and finds therein suitable material for semi-philosophical and humorous suggestion. On account of his numerous biographical allusions, the article is well worth reproduction:

A German observer has recently calculated the average longevity attained in different professions. His information, if trustworthy, would be very interesting, not merely to insurance offices, but to young men settling the difficult question of their employments for life. If a youth will be content with fifty-six years, he may become a doctor; if he requires a year more, he may be an artist; if he wants fifty-eight years of life, he may go to the bar; but in order to have a fair prospect of attaining to sixty-five, he must enter into holy orders. It would be interesting from this point of view to compare the average longevity of men who pursue different studies under similar physical conditions. We merely throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

There are, however, a few obvious facts which may suggest the possible fruitfulness of such investigations. Parents have for a good many centuries been disgusted when their sons have plunged into metre instead of taking to the counting-house; but they have never, we suspect, made full use of the argument from the deleterious influence of the pursuit upon human life. Poetry, we should be inclined to say, is as bad as razor grinding. Looking through any list of English poets, the number of early deaths is startling. Burns, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Chatterton will occur at once. To the list of those who died before fifty we may add Spenser, Thompson, Collins, and Goldsmith. Shakspeare managed just to get beyond his fiftieth year, and

Pope and Gray got half-way from fifty to sixty; but an aged poet is an exception of the proverbial kind. Milton lived to a respectable age; but then he long refrained from indulgence in this dangerous practice in favor of the superior (we speak from a sanitary point of view) pursuit of political life. He did not long survive the recurrence of his earlier pursuits. Cowper lived to near seventy; but it drove him mad. Dryden reached the same age without the same penalty; and Wordsworth, by dint of a regular country life, survived all his contemporaries, and attained the respectable age of eighty. By way of contrast, let us suggest the names of a few speculative philosophers among English writers of reputation. We find that Bacon and Hume lived to be sixty-five, Berkeley to be sixty-nine, Locke seventy-two, Reid eighty-six, and Hobbes ninety-one. Among the German metaphysicians, Kant died at eighty, and Schelling at seventy-nine, while Hegel was prematurely cut off at sixty-two. In France, Malebranche lived, in spite of a delicate constitution, to be eighty-seven, and then had to be killed by an encounter with his brother metaphysician, Berkeley. Descartes, it is true, died at about the age of Shakspeare; but Descartes was naturally delicate, whereas we can hardly doubt that Shakspeare had a fine constitution. If they had exchanged pursuits, no one can say that Shakspeare might not have rivaled Hobbes, and Descartes perished as early as Keats. Spinoza, again, died at forty-four; but De Quincey very properly argues from this and other circumstances that he must have been murdered. Let us hope, for the credit of philosophy, that such was the case. At any rate, though the shortest-lived of metaphysicians, he would have had a very fair tenure of life for a poet. We have not indulged in any profound researches; but we have had the curiosity to determine the average age of a short list of English poets. The re-

sult comes out precisely fifty-six, which, according to our German authority, is just that of the most unhealthy of all professions. The average, however, is materially increased by the admission of such unreasonably long-lived people as Rogers and Mrs. Barbauld, and other minor poets. A still shorter list of metaphysicians gives an average of sixty-eight years, or a length of life superior even to that of the clergy; but we admit that it would be desirable to base any decided theory on a wider collection of facts.

There is, of course, nothing surprising in these results. The true philosophical temperament is precisely that which is favorable to long life. A man who never irritates himself about anything, who never subjects his machinery to an unnecessary shock, will go on living when a far stronger man, animated by more troublesome passions, will beat himself to pieces against the world. The same disposition which fits a man for long processes of patient meditation will generally enable him to take life easily; and it is curious to observe how such a speculator, for example, as Hume, while his philosophy tends to upset all established creeds, may be personally a conservative of the strongest kind, and desire the stability of the institutions whose vitality he is doing his best to destroy. Just so Gibbon attacked Christianity in theory, but was utterly disgusted when revolutionists began to reduce his theory to practice. Poetry of a certain class may be comparatively innocuous for similar reasons. Chaucer, Wordsworth, and Goethe were all long-lived poets, because they seldom indulged in violent emotion. Descriptive poetry generally may be regarded as fairly harmless; and even graceful song-writers, like Herrick in old days and Tom Moore in ours, may take a long time in wearing themselves out. But a young man who takes to writing revolutionary odes, or who shares the passionate impulses of a Byron or a Shelly, might almost as well take to drinking, so far as his prospects of longevity are concerned. It is the feverish irritability to which all poets are more or less liable that is really destructive; though, of course, they may occasionally keep their passion within bounds. Perhaps there is an apparent contradiction to this theory in the fact that clergymen are said to be long-lived. Mr. Galton asserts, in his work on hereditary genius, that the spiritual heroes of the world have generally been men of sickly constitutions; and one might fancy that a tendency to indulge in strong religious emotion would be as pernicious

as the analogous disposition to poetry. But, in the first place, it is probable that the mass of clergymen are as little inclined to undue excitement of any kind as their neighbors. Most of the sermons which we hear give very little indication of a fiery soul absorbed by uncontrollable passion, and overpowering its feeble tenement of clay. And, moreover, excitement does not appear to be injurious when it is worked off in action. Politicians and lawyers live long enough, though they go through a constant course of vehement excitement. A man of a certain strength of constitution probably finds the stimulus rather healthy than otherwise; and men like Brougham and Palmerston are all the better for the ceaseless strain upon their faculties. If they had been excluded from any practical displays of energy, and condemned to be always working themselves up into vehement emotion, with no better mode of discharge than writing verses, it is possible that they would have fretted themselves out of the world at an earlier period. We must add, however, that in all such speculations there is always an obvious alternative. It may be not that poetry exercises a deleterious influence, but that men of weak constitutions naturally take to expressing themselves in poetry. The disease may, in short, be the cause, instead of the effect. It would be impossible to pronounce confidently on so large a question, and we can merely commend the subject to statistical inquirers. If they apply themselves to the investigation, we might discover some useful hints, and even find out in time what particular schools of art or theology are most destructive; whether, for example, a Calvinist generally lives as long as an Arminian, or a classical as a romantic poet. The field is boundless, and we are content to leave the development of the subject to those who may have time and opportunity to work it out.

PRACTICAL.—This laconic but sensible German ought to be sent out to lecture among the people:

"I sall tell you how it vas. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vosh vone pain. Den I put mine han on mine body, and dere vosh anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vas notting. So I jine mid de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine han in mine pocket, and dere vas dwenty tollars. So I stay mit de demperance."

"I CAN NOT QUIT IT."

IT is said of men that they can not quit drinking; they can not stop if they try; they have tried and found it impossible. There is both truth and falsehood in this statement. They can quit, and they can not quit. Men are influenced by motives, and when a strong motive is brought to bear, through one or more faculties, other faculties yield submission, and are held at bay for months and years, or for life. If these strong motives are removed, the disobedient, eager faculties rush in for their gratification. There are many people accustomed to the use of alcoholic liquors of whom it is believed and said that they try hard, promise reform, repent, weep, and pray, yet about so often the yearning for liquor is so strong that they can not possibly resist it, and they would go through fire or water to get it. We know of some such cases—men of respectability, influence, and wealth, who think and feel that they must have it. They can refrain from using it a week or a month; but the periodical fever comes on and they yield, jeopardizing their business, horrifying their friends, wasting their property, and disgracing themselves anew. When the paroxysm is over, and the spree ended, they are sorry, ashamed, repentant, sad, and unhappy, and for the time being they think that they will never touch it again. But should a man of this stamp lose his wife, whose life he had embittered by his intemperance, in process of time he may begin to think of marrying again, and then he will clean himself, and become sober as a clock; for even two years not touching a drop, and then, thinking himself entirely free from the dominion of the habit, talks bravely and nobly, and demeans himself like a thoroughly reformed man. In one short month after his marriage his second wife awakes to the horrid fact that her husband is a drunkard. For ten years he pursues his old habits, and the broken-hearted woman, like her predecessor, finds rest in the grave. In process of time the same noble reformation may be gone through with, with all apparent sincerity and radical thoroughness. And he may be lucky enough to find another wife, and then again he goes to the dogs. The man is honest in all this. He thinks he is reformed, and talks about his former habits with shame and abhorrence. Why does he break down again? When strengthened by all these noble resolutions, when fortified by all these elevated impulses,

why doesn't he keep his pledge? Why does he go again to ruin? The answer is simple. It is found in Phrenology, and nowhere else. When his social nature is strongly excited, it assumes the control of his character. It subordinates appetite; it strengthens will; it ennobles pride and ambition; it stimulates conscience and judgment. It is not mere passion, though passion may be the instigator of the activity of the higher faculties, but the grandest elements of his manhood revolve around his affections, and all that is noble in him is organized in favor of the right. Then he can say to the appetite for alcoholic liquors, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and the appetite obeys. Indeed, it is not permitted to rise. But when he has consummated his object, and has won his prize, the force of this combination of faculties is measurably broken. In some cases, however, marriage but serves to intensify the faculties which were combined in bringing about the marriage, and perhaps in a well-organized human being that should always be the case.

There are many analogous instances illustrative of this same principle. How Acquisitiveness serves to repress the rampant action of Combativeness! If a man bends over his counter to a customer in an earnest endeavor to close a bargain by which considerable profit is to be realized, how bland he will be when the customer rasps him and exasperates his Combativeness! Love of gain and the activity of the faculties which expect to be gratified through the possession of the expected gain, serve to rub down and repress the faculties of anger, and he will be pliant and mellow to his customer, when, if there were not profit involved in the bargain, he would, if thus insulted, turn him out of his place. The hungry wolf-mother will tear up her prey, dividing it with her whelps, denying the gratification of her own appetite under the restraining influence of her mother love.

In one sense the man can not help indulging his debased appetite for opium, tobacco, or alcoholic liquors. In another respect, as we have seen, he can arouse such an array of faculties as to regulate and control even this master passion.

We have no right to form bad habits, ... We put our necks unwittingly under the yoke, and find it grievous to be borne. Forming bad habits is easy, sometimes pleasant. The influ-

ences are insidious, and we become the victims of our own folly. Men sometimes good-naturedly sign their names, and thus take the responsibilities of others; and when the sheriff comes and sweeps away their home, or breaks up their business and takes their last dollar, they find themselves in the meshes of the law, and can not help themselves. There is such a thing as riveting upon ourselves bad habits beyond our unaided efforts to release ourselves, and only the grace of God and a change of heart supplementing resolution will save them.

Drunkenness comes to be a disease, even chronic, and man's powers of resistance are vanquished. His will is broken down. Confinement in an Inebriate Asylum for a year would, in some cases, radically cure those who can not to-day, unaided, deny themselves the cup. Being confined till the bodily disease, till that yearning fire of the nervous system has had time to die out, a reform may be effected.

How important it is that our young people "taste not, touch not, handle not" the accursed thing which insidiously steals away their brains, and paralyzes their power of resistance, and fastens upon them a slavery which, in some instances, they seem unable to break. If we could sweep away the whole system of alcoholic stimulation from the earth, we would do so, feeling that we could heartily ask God's blessing on the act. If we could sweep away tobacco utterly, and forever, from scourging the human race, we would willingly deny ourselves any and every luxury of life, satisfied that we had acted according to His will.

When will young men learn "to avoid the appearance of evil," to be content with nutrition, and not recklessly become slaves to stimulation? "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

TELL HOW YOU GAINED IT.

BY LITTLE HOME BODY.

OUR lives are filled with all kinds of drawbacks and failures, but who cares to listen to the doleful tales that are past cure? Youth is full of bright hopes, and shakes its finger at mountains that need climbing, and rivers that must be crossed. Do not hang on their coat-tails and cry, "Shipwreck!" far better the way to show them the slender board that brought some

soul safe to the shore. Yes, if for years you ran into snags only, or lost your way by reason of fogs, and at last found the true path, lead your listener into the road that gave you a safe harbor, and tell him how you gained it.

Are you a business man—have you worked early and late to find that you have reached the goal of your ambitious plans, only to say to the young around you: "Look at yonder drunkard and spendthrift?" We turn from a picture that gives us scenes of misfortune only; we care not to impress our hearts with woe-begone objects, but a laugh, a happy face, or a beautiful thought—how long it lingers! and who can tell the influence it has in our long lifetime? Will you, then, a successful man of business, seal up the secret of your successes, and be content to hold the photographs of ill luck and wretchedness of others before the world? Will you burn the candle of life all through, and never light a neighbor's? Has it given a clear, steady light, brightening your days with golden gladness, and will you not "Tell how you gained it?"

Have you reared a family that are blessed with health, and can you only point to the pale faces across the way, and never tell the world how the roses came to the cheeks of your own household? Are our lives narrowing down so that we must hide our cards of fortune, and play out as though we were on the brink of ruin?

Oh! don't for the sake of the sunshine that comes so lavishly; don't talk of thunderstorms and calamities continually. Life has more days of fortune than otherwise; and, if perchance, you imagine you have missed it ninety-nine times out of a hundred, give the hundredth time the praise, and forget the others, and "Tell how you gained it."

"WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY."

BETTER to strive and climb,
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time—
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away, day after day,
And never strive at all.



NEW YORK,

MARCH, 1873.

A GOOD MEMORY.

WHY is it that one has a good memory and another a very treacherous memory? Why is it that one remembers one class of observations, thoughts, and experiences, and immediately forgets other matters? Again, why does the retentiveness of one's memory fluctuate? being clearer and stronger at one time or period than at another?

Such questions are asked by many who find their memories giving way, and are unable to account for the fact.

It may be stated as a general proposition, that the memory, like all the senses, *depends for its clearness and retentiveness ON HEALTHFUL BODILY CONDITIONS.* When the health is perfect, all the organs of the body performing their functions normally, digestion, circulation, and breathing being perfect, the sleep regular and abundant, by which the senses are fully fed and recuperated; when stimulants and narcotics are avoided, and the faculties are not overstrained in any way, *then* one ought to enjoy a clear, strong memory. But the memory requires training, drill, and discipline, the same as other faculties. Without special culture the organs of Time and Tune would never permit their owner to excel in the higher departments of classical music.

There are as many kinds of memory as there are different faculties of mind. The memory of colors depends on the or-

gan of Color; that of sizes, forms, shapes, etc., on special organs. Calculation remembers numbers and computations. The organ of Order remembers to put things in their places. Locality remembers geographical lines, and traces out on the map certain places. It also locates objects and remembers where. Language remembers words. Eventuality has a mental pigeon-hole, as it were, in which it stores away historical and other events, which it brings forth on the demand of any of the other faculties. Acquisitiveness, with Conscientiousness, remembers what it owes; but if Conscientiousness be small, then Acquisitiveness may only remember what may be due from another! In the late Congressional investigations into the Credit Mobilier affair, it will be seen that honorable members had fluctuating memories.

Seriously, a dull, sluggish temperament, a muddy, opaque mind obtains but an indistinct impression of anything, and he will remember little else than that which relates to appetite or passion. A fine, clear mental temperament may be likened to the well-prepared plate of the photographer, which, when placed in position and in right relations to the object to be impressed, a clear, sharp picture is produced. And if plate, chemicals, and other conditions be all right, the picture will not soon fade away, but *last*. So of the memory. One thing more should be named as a further illustration of what is required to constitute lasting impressions. When several of the organs of the brain are concerned in the transaction, the impression will be deeper than when a smaller number of organs are engaged. For example, a young gentleman is introduced for the first time to an ordinary young lady. He soon forgets her name and residence, and feeling no particular interest in her, only remembers the fact of meeting her.

On the other hand, if the lady proves "a perfect magnet," she fascinates him, she wakes up his whole mind. Every faculty is aroused, and when her name is mentioned he at once catches and remembers it. Her every feature is scanned—eyes, head, hair, nose, mouth, lips, teeth, chin, etc.; he will not forget a line in her entire make-up. Her step, her voice, her smile, or her frown leaves an almost indelible impression on one who is *thoroughly interested*. This is *the point*. If one would remember, he *must* pay particular attention, and *then*, if he have the brain, the temperament, and the *health*, he will have a good recollection of the subject of his notice.

If one's sight, hearing, or other senses become blunted by improper use or by abuse, he must suffer until restored. If one uses alcoholic stimulants, tobacco, opium, or drug poisons; if he commits the error of overeating, or if he indulges an evil temper, or if he perverts his social nature, it will "tell" on all his senses, and his memory among the rest.

One who was widely known for having a remarkably retentive memory was taken ill, and sent for a physician, who prescribed "powerful medicines"—notwithstanding which he survived—and now, though restored to general health,

finds his memory so unreliable that it is a great annoyance to him. Had he escaped the doctor and the drugs, on recovering his health it is likely that his memory would also have been restored to him. It was the poison in his system that weakened the nerves on which the memory depends. When one's body becomes prostrated, the nerves and memory go with it; when one is restored by hygienic agencies, all his faculties will come again into healthful action.

In conclusion. If one would have a good memory he must have good health, on which the brain and its faculties depend. He must have a good temperament, and the organs well developed. He must pay attention, be interested, and revolve the matter over and over in his mind, if necessary, to become thoroughly impressed. Then he must review at night the transactions of the day, and depend on his memory rather than on a memorandum book. Bright-minded men, who can not read or write, are said to have better memories of the little they do know, than educated men who depend on pen and paper instead of their memories. Still, one may be highly educated and have a clear, retentive memory, and another be as ignorant as a horseblock, and remember very little.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A VALUED correspondent asks us to consider the questions of Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, etc., and to state our views thereon. He inquires if secret societies are compatible with democratic republican institutions; whether they are in harmony with Christian principles, and what would be the effects should a sufficient number of these persons combine in a political or religious effort to attain a particular end, etc.

Our answer must be general and brief. We find in practical Christianity a field broad enough for all our charities, quite large enough for the fullest exercise of all our

minds. A human being is a human being, whether he belongs to our kin, our church, our society, our community, or our nation. In the sight of heaven, one is as good as another, if he behaves as well. The unfortunate, the insane, the criminal, the imbecile deserve, and are entitled to, our sympathies and care. Being a member of a secret society does not in the least exempt one from helping these unfortunates, nor does it in the least exempt us from fulfilling the requirements of Christianity, which is, to quote from the highest authority, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself un-

spotted from the world." Good men, Christian men, have united with one or the other of the popular secret societies, and there are equally good men who have no desire and no occasion to join them. It is a matter, we take it, in which each may or should judge for himself what he will do. In a free country, where our political, religious, and social privileges are alike to one and to all, we see no occasion for such combinations. Still, they may have their uses, as they most assuredly have their abuses. Just now, while penning this paragraph, there comes to our table a handsomely-printed quarto monthly journal, entitled *The Freemason*. It is edited by G. F. Gouley, and published in St. Louis, Mo., at \$2 a year. Its motto is this: "Masonry is the center of the union between good men and true."

Of the several similar publications which come to us "in exchange," we regard this as one of the best. We copy the following editorial from it:

HIGH-SOUNDING TITLES.

The farther we recede from the simple and pure York Rite Masonry, the more we become lost in the labyrinth of titles which really amount to nothing but wind. We were much pleased in reading over the proceedings of the National Convention of Royal and Select Masters in New York, last June, to see that there was a strong tendency to cut off some of the peacock feathers on jackdaw positions. The Council and Chapter bodies have entirely too many "Grand" titles in subordinate positions. Supposing we were to wander through some half-finished cathedral, or State house, and ask a workman "Who is that workman yonder—is he the superintendent?" and he should answer, "No, he is the *Grand* overseer," and you should ask, "Well, where is the superintendent?" and he should answer, "You will find the *Most Potent Grand Master* up stairs;" and you should want to see the architect, and the workman should take you to the "*Most Excellent*," sitting on a stone, seeing that all was going on according to his plans, what would you think? For ourselves, we should come to the conclusion that the whole establishment was under the control of a lot of laborers escaped from a lunatic asylum, if it were not that the building presented such beautiful proportions, and exhibited such evidences of skill and strength. Nothing is more beautifully proportionate than the grand structure of Freemasonry, but through the inventions of a lot of charlatans and costume makers, our noble Temple has been rendered a laughing-stock among intelligent profanes, and has afforded the most salient point of attack from our enemies.

The terms "Most" and "Grand" have no proper place in subordinate bodies. As for the many still more high-sounding titles in other Rites, they sound, to an intelligent person, very much like burlesque; and, when seen in print, they resemble seven mystic colors on an Indian's face, surrounded with rattle shells and feathers. All the imitative societies of the age have tried to add dignity, fuss and feathers, until they have become simply ridiculous; yet we do not regret this particularly, for it helps to prove them to the world as separate from the York Rite of Masonry, and therefore not a part of us. We would much desire to see the whole American system of the Lodge, Chapter, Council, and Commandery simplified to the noble and granite-like structure of the Lodge, the real creative power and conservator of all Masonry. Companions and Sir Knights, learn a lesson of wisdom in time, and use all your influence to curb the growing tendency of high-fallutin titles, which amount to *nothing*. Principles and genuine lessons are *everything*.

We had occasion, the other day, to look over a certain document, issued from Charleston, S. C., dated June 30, 1868, signed by Albert Pike and Albert G. Mackey, and headed thus: "THE SUPREME COUNCIL, Mother Council of the World, of the Sovereigns, the Grand Inspectors General, Grand Elect Knights of the Holy House of the Temple, Grand Commanders of the Holy Empire," etc., etc., etc.!!! and this brought to our minds how supremely ridiculous was all this supreme hash, served up in the Supreme Mother Council of the World, and how it turned the stomach of every honest Mason, when compared and placed alongside the grand and simple, yet really supreme title, the "GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI."

When we take into consideration that all the Masonic powers of the World, so called, are absolutely and emphatically dependent upon Blue Lodge membership, any one can realize in a moment the gigantic farce attempted by the skyscraping assertions of a lot of Rites, not one of which is older than 1803, and not one of which has any "Masonic" foundation, in fact.

We believe in pure and good lessons, no matter by what Rite or by what sort of society they may be taught, but we hold that the greater part of the effect is destroyed when the idea is swallowed up and lost in a library of adjectives.

Relative to this subject, we are opposed to a promiscuous and secular publication of Masonic titles, even when genuine. Some even of the most extravagant ones may be proper enough upon strictly official documents, but when it comes to parading them in the public press, before a world that knows no more of them than a Turk does of Chinese, it becomes mere child's play before grown people; or, rather, it reminds us of a lot of Chinese soldiers trying to frighten off the United States Navy by placing a row of earthen pots (mouths outward) on a mud pile, to resemble a fort.

Brethren, the time has come for reformation in this line. When the simple lambskin apron fails to publish to the world that we are "Freemasons," then "Freemasonry" is DEAD.

When the sacred and endearing title of "Brother" fails to distinguish us as those bound by the strongest bonds of fraternity, then the unity of the "brotherhood" is DEAD. The broad-shouldered and muscular benevolence of mankind does not develop itself in long-extended compliments, as do the Spanish people, and then assassinate you in the dark; it steps square to the front, and says, "I am your brother and your friend, and will die for you!" Our Brother Albert, Prince of Wales, is always announced officially by about two dozen titles of the most imposing nature, and yet they all depend upon the words "heir apparent;" let these disappear from the Royal calendar, and he becomes simply "Brother Albert." So with all the high-sounding and empty Masonic titles; they all depend upon *membership in the Lodge*; let that drop, and "*The Supreme Commander of the Mother Council of the World*" becomes what? worse than a profane—a non-affiliate. We once went up in a balloon, and after being lost sight of by those we left, yet could see the earth, and, oh, heavens, how small it looked! Almost the first object we lost sight of (and thank God for it) was a most self-important official, who evidently thought he owned the air, and tried to keep us from going up. As we receded from his swallowed-up importance, he grew beautifully less, and finally looked like a red ant, and then he looked like—nothing. As we performed our aerial flight, we ruminated upon the miserable emptiness of human nothingness. We wondered how that official would look under a microscope that could take in a world. We came to the conclusion that the "All-Seeing Eye of God" might find him, but that he, in his brief importance, was too big to find God. The world is full of such people, and by such people the world is filled with titles that do not amount to a row of pins.

On the 7th of October, A. D. 1872—A. L. 5872—A. O. 754, we stepped into a restaurant to get a lunch, and had to wait until a tall man, with a yard of hair, got through with a lot of oysters (which he ate like any other *bon vivant*), and becoming impatient, we inquired the name of the gentleman with such a fine appetite, and was informed by the well-posted clerk, "That is the Supreme Commander of the Mother Council of the World—he is, in fact, the highest Mason in the World." We asked nothing more, and said nothing. We were satisfied—we felt the inspiration creeping o'er us—we felt that we stood in the awful presence of one who makes worms crawl when he stamps on the ground, and yet he could eat oysters on the half shell like the balance of us.

Then we thought of our balloon trip, and wondered if all those heavy titles he wore might not lift him up, and thus save the expense of gas. We

got through with our lunch, and that helped our logic, which led to the conclusion that, as he governed the Masonic life of the "world," space amounted to nothing with him, hence by a balloon ride we could not escape him, for we could not escape the "world." Dear reader, you can not imagine how large A. P. looked to us then; he looked like a mountain—a mountain that had struggled and brought forth a mouse. The farther you get from greatness the less it looks. The farther you get from high-sounding titles the nearer you get to pure and genuine Freemasonry. Let every Freemason of the American system ponder this fact well, and lead him to do all he can to discourage an exhibition of titles before the world, which possess no power, and can result in nothing but the contempt of sensible people.

From this quotation it will be seen that there are some ridiculous practices in this ancient order, but we need not comment upon them, as the editor of the *Freemason* has discharged that duty well enough. In the same number we find "*Warnings against Impositors*:"

IMPOSTOR.

Milam Lodge, No 2, Nacogdoches, Texas, duly certifies that a man styling himself E. C. Granville, 33°, member of St. Thomas Lodge, 49, Ancient Egyptian Rite of F. and A. M., etc., with letter of introduction from Louis Dumenge !!! !!! 33°. of Red Land Lodge, No. 3, San Augustine, Texas. From examination, the brethren of said Lodge, No. 2, believe him to be an ignorant impostor. Further: on the 26th of August last, received communication from Louis Dumenge, of Red Land Lodge, No. 3, San Augustine, Texas, dated Martinsville, Nacogdoches County, Texas, August 15, 1872, stating some time ago an impostor hailed him, stating that he was a member in good standing of St. Thomas Lodge, No. 49, at Thomasville, Georgia; found him "pretty bright;" he stated he was going to teach high school in Crockett, Houston County, Texas, and recommended him to Bro. W. D. Peevey, W. M. of Milam Lodge No 2. Since, he (Brother Dumenge) has learned that he is traveling through Texas, imposing on the Fraternity, and that he now passes himself for me (Lewis Dumenge) wherever he goes. Said E. C. Granville, as he called himself, is a Frenchman, from the west of France; about five feet four inches in height; has cat-looking, grayish-blue eyes; rather sharp nose; rather large mouth; hair of chestnut cast; medium build; had shaved clean a short time previous to my seeing him; stated that he had been a Catholic priest; to some persons that he is an Episcopal minister, and as it suits his views he is a Methodist, Baptist, or anything he thinks will gull money to his capacious maw; stated he was going to San Antonio via Crockett, to see his mother; says he is a druggist, a chemist, and doctor; speaks French well, also Spanish or

Mexican; speaks English pretty well; also professes to speak Italian. In the language of Brother Dumenge, "He is a smart rascal; too smart to be about imposing on the Fraternity."

Chairman of the Relief Committee, Galveston, Texas, informs me that Charles A. Melton, (now in Texas,) had been expelled by Treadwell Lodge, No. 113, A. F. and A. M., Virginia, for unmasonic conduct.

[The above we extract from the official report of the Grand Secretary of Louisiana.—ED. FREE-MASON.]

It may be thought ungenerous to the better class of Freemasons, but it is nevertheless a fact that inquiries are frequently made at our office for members of the Masonic fraternity by individuals who smell very strong of tobacco, and some combine the aroma of

whiskey with their tobacco. We do not suppose, however, that they are the best representatives, by any means, of this honorable and ancient order. There are said to be black sheep in many flocks, and these may be such, especially as we have seen articles in the representative publications deploring the prevalence of tobacco-using and wine-drinking among members. We have heard it remarked that some members of the fraternity stay out late at night and do not always go "straight" home from their Lodges; their wives and children are not allowed to accompany them, of course, to or from their Lodges. There are said to be a considerable number of Freemasons who never marry; but we are of opinion that the majority are husbands.

PHRENOLOGY ON TRIAL.

"ACTION OF THE BRAIN.—M. Fournié communicates to *Les Mondes* the following interesting experiment on the cerebro-spinal nervous system of animals. He says: 'I wished to determine a process which would permit me to injure any portion of the brain without destroying life. With this view, I made a small hole in the skull of a living animal, by means of the instrument used in surgery for osseous sutures; then across this hole I introduced the needle of a hypodermic syringe (*séringue Pravaz*), and, at the point of the brain I wished to destroy, I injected a caustic solution, chloride of zinc colored blue. The part touched by the fluid was injured; consequently it ceased to fulfil its functions. After the subject had reposed, I noted the symptoms presented for some twenty-four hours, and then killed the animal. I discovered readily the injured part by the induration of the tissues and the blue coloration. The experiments show plainly that simple perception resides in the optic couches (*couches optiques*), that distinct perception and memory require the integrity of the cortical periphery, and that the lesion of the convolutions is not accompanied by paralysis of the members, but only by weakening.' The author proposes to extend these experiments, with a view of arriving at further important results."

WE find the above going the rounds of the press, and it is difficult to imagine what will be the upshot of the matter. This series of experiments, made in order to learn the functions of parts not exposed during life, by means of wounding and poisoning, is of a similar nature to that of vivisection, as practiced by M. Flourens and others. It is at best but negative proof. Vivisection of the cerebellum, to demonstrate its function, we proved conclusively in this JOURNAL—September number, 1870—is utterly fallacious. In respect to cutting away a part of

the cerebellum of pigeons, to learn the functions of that part of the brain, Prof. Dalton says, the pigeon sprawled and lost its balance on having two-thirds of the cerebellum cut away. And no wonder. The wonder is that he did not sprawl and stagger for the last time. Prof. Dalton goes on to say, that "In the course of five or six days, however, he had regained a considerable control over his voluntary movements, and at the end of sixteen days his power of muscular coordination 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 to restore 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."

The piercing and poisoning of the brain may not be as severe a process, or produce so great a shock to the system, as rudely cutting away a considerable portion of the brain, but it is believed to be a very uncertain method of obtaining information.

M. Fournié informs us that "distinct perception and memory require the integrity of the cortical periphery," or grey matter of the

brain—which is a doctrine taught by Phrenology for three-quarters of a century.

We wonder if these and other experimentors would acknowledge the fact, if their cuttings and poisonings of the brain should conclusively prove that Gall and Spurzheim were right in locating the phrenological organs. Their efforts for half a century have been sedulously directed to efforts seeking to disprove or invalidate the facts of Phrenology; and when one of them finds a point

which seems, under *his* manipulation, to throw a cloud over the claims of Phrenology, in any respect, or in regard to a single faculty, it is curious to see the eager joy with which nearly the whole learned world catches at the statement, and seems to rejoice at the probability of its truth. No new truth has been so violently and persistently assailed; and we proudly venture the assertion that no subject has so completely vindicated itself as Phrenology.

LOOK OUT FOR WOLVES!

NOT the Tammany Ring of swindling politicians alone; not the "cornering" gamblers in railway stocks; not the emigrant swindlers, the mock auctioneers, nor the gift jewelry or sawdust swindlers, have a monopoly of wicked work. Railway corporations may corrupt State Legislatures, and even prominent members of Congress take a hand in "big things," by which to make money for themselves through cousins, nephews, son-in-laws, or other cat's paws. Witness the recent startling disclosures in the Credit Mobilier investigation. But smaller, lower, and meaner rogues have their little games by which to slaver you all over with lies and false promises, and by which to get their thievish hands into your pockets. Here is a "trap" set to catch "greenhorns." It is published in a newspaper, and sent to certain persons, who are expected to put a foot in the trap. The paragraph reads as follows:

AN OVER ISSUE.

The authorities in the Treasury Department at Washington have been considerably astounded concerning an over issue of "greenbacks." It seems that some time ago the printing department was required to furnish quite a large amount, and in getting the paper ready a mistake occurred involving an over issue of many million dollars. This excess came into the hands of the printers, who, we understand, are offering it at a great discount. Of course the money being perfectly genuine is as good as any ever issued.

With the above is sent a circular, of which the following is a copy:

REID, DELAPLAIN & CO., BANK-NOTE ENGRAVERS, }
No. 88 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

DEAR FRIEND: Believing that every one is anxious to make money, if they can do so safely, and being able to secure speedy and gigantic profits

to all who will co-operate with us, we offer no excuse or apology for bringing to your notice a speculation in which any spirited or energetic man can not fail to become wealthy in a few weeks without any one suspecting the secret of his good fortune.

To be plain, we have for sale an immense quantity of greenbacks, and want one good reliable agent in each section of the country to assist us in disposing of them. The means whereby they came into our possession you may perhaps have seen in the public newspapers, and will therefore be at no loss to understand how it is that they can be offered so cheaply.

This money is *not* counterfeit, but the *real genuine article*. It consists of 25 and 50c. stamps, and \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, and \$20 bills, and you can, by ordering promptly, be supplied with any quantity, at prices which are really trifling when the immense gain to be immediately and certainly realized is considered. We do not sell less than \$1,250, the price of which is \$120; but if you are unwilling to invest so much at once, we will for the first time send you that quantity upon receipt of \$10 by express, and you pay the balance when you get it. For larger amounts a reduction will be made, and will be supplied on similar terms, thus: \$120 will buy \$1,250, for which \$10 is to be sent by express with the order; \$200 will buy \$2,500, for which \$20 is to be sent by express with the order; \$350 will buy \$5,000, for which \$30 is to be sent by express with the order; \$600 will buy \$10,000, for which \$50 is to be sent by express with the order.

We know that you will pay the balance promptly, as you will not be satisfied with only one lot, but will want the supply to continue. Remit by *express*, and by *express* only! *Never* write or send by mail. We do not claim or receive letters by mail, therefore any so sent will be lost. [For the very good reason that the Post-Office Department will not deliver letters to these swindlers, while express companies must deliver.—ED.] Recollect this, and *remit only by express*. It is wise to abstain from writing much on this subject. The less said the better. You will doubtless see the propriety of ordering largely at once. There is no

harm in the business—you may as well use the money as any one else, as you can most assuredly realize in a few weeks more than you can accumulate in years in ordinary transactions. We are convinced that you will deem it worth trying, as such chances do not often occur. We leave the matter to your own discretion, feeling that "a hint to the wise is sufficient." Let us hear from you. We are Masons of many years' standing, and our Masonic word of honor is pledged for the faithful performance of all our undertakings.

Address by express always. Pay the expressage, and deduct it from the money you send us. Also *be sure to return this letter with your order.*

In F. L. and T., Fraternally yours,
REID, DELAFIELD & Co.

P. S. Our only terms are stated in this letter. No departure from them or any other proposal will for a moment be entertained. It will therefore be quite useless for you to write without sending cash. Always send by express, never by mail—positively never. Be sure to return this letter with your order.

[Our State prisons are crowded, but there will be room made for more, and those who engage in this "business" of buying and selling greenbacks of this kind will "fetch up" in one of the penitentiaries. Who wishes to invest? Look out! If we believed in hanging for robbing, we should know where to begin. It is the duty of every good citizen to help hunt down and shut up all these desperate and heartless miscreants, whose efforts are given to making rogues and thieves of poor, ignorant, and weak-minded human beings. The wolves should be caught, shut up, or exterminated before they *spoil* the flocks. Reader, will you not assist? Unless we can rid the country of wicked swindlers, thieves, gamblers, and robbers, we shall, year by year, greatly increase the crop of robbers and murderers. We *must* catch and imprison the swindlers.]

DISHONEST STATESMANSHIP.

IT was a learned and experienced statesman who expressed the sentiment which we hear reiterated now-a-days, but in briefer language, that "every man has his price." Of all men we have the right to expect the exercise of fairness and honesty in their dealings with others. It is their duty, and we therefore have the right to command it. If any distinction can be drawn between men with reference to the performance of duty, with a strict regard to justice and integrity, we certainly should make it the case of those who are entrusted with the administration of Government, or those whom the people delegate to prepare laws for them. If such as these prove recreant to their trust, setting aside and ignoring their grave responsibilities, and converting their official position into a mere broker's shop, in which they sell their votes and legislative functions to selfish, greedy speculators and capitalists, thus perverting the very spirit of government, and introducing all the elements of social and political disintegration, can any punishment be too severe?

A bombshell has lately fallen into the midst of our nation's politics, in the shape of the Credit Mobilier disclosures. The startling and disgusting revelations of Con-

gressional corruption constitute a topic of universal discussion, and have awakened public attention to the imperious necessity of reorganizing elective methods. It would appear that the very elections of State representatives in the Senate and House of Representatives are bought and sold; he who has the most money to offer for votes, or the most pledges of official favor to give, being more likely to secure the coveted seat. Members of Congress have been shown, even by their own confession, to have paid or pledged during their election canvass, many times the amount of their legitimate salary for a whole term. Witness the notorious affair of the Kansas senatorship.

On all sides the question is raised: How shall we purify our public offices? and amid the theories and methods mooted, there are very few which bear the test of a rational criticism. Two or three years ago a member of Congress arose in his place and gravely offered a resolution to have a phrenological examiner appointed to consider the mental and moral organization of persons who should be nominated for office in the National Legislature. Fully appreciative of the need of the nation to have good men, he was desirous of throwing about the matter of appointment

and of election all the safe-guards wisdom might suggest, and he knew of no better test of capability and honesty than personal examination at the hands of a competent phrenologist. Of course this proposition was pooh-poohed, and now the investigations of the Credit Mobilier affair give us some of the reasons why members of Congress did not wish to have their heads manipulated. Let it be clearly understood, however, that Phrenology is a practical system, and if wanted, will not be slow to afford its aid in the important and difficult process of placing good and competent men in office.

HUGH STOWELL BROWN ON AMERICANS.

"THE People of America" was the subject of the third lecture which the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown delivered in his chapel, Myrtle Street, since his return from the United States. There was a very large audience. In speaking of the *physique* of the American people, he said the proportion of tall men was much greater than in our country, although it was very rarely that a florid, flesh, jolly-looking man was to be met with in the United States. This he attributed in a great measure to their diet, to their want of physical exertion, and to their living in a high artificial temperature. In personal cleanliness the American seemed superior to the English people; very few signs of poverty were to be met with, and not a work-house did he see during the whole of his tour through the United States. He was told that out of a population of 1,000,000 in New York only 1,800 (?) persons were supported out of the public rates. The American people were distinguished for their sobriety; he only saw six men and one woman intoxicated throughout the whole of his journeyings in the States, and it was rather a singular circumstance that he met two of them in Portland, the great center of Maine law (laughter). Among the weaknesses of Americans the reverend gentleman particularly specified a love of finery, which also extended itself to their speech. But although the Americans indulged in "tall" talk, they spoke better English than our own people, and there was this advantage in their language, that it was more uniform than with us. After noticing the business energy of the American people, Mr. Brown dwelt at considerable length upon their political life, and gave many illustrations of the personal abuse which was had recourse to during the recent Presidential election, remarking, at the same time, that he never heard or saw in America anything more shameful, scandalous, and vulgar than the conduct of a man who, although belonging to the educat-

ed classes, looked into the face of the Prime Minister and told him that he was a liar (hear, hear). Alluding to the administration of the law in the United States, the reverend gentleman said he had been told that there was hardly a court of justice there which could not be bought; while the distrust with regard to the administration of the law appeared to be general. He next pointed out the amenities of American journalism, more particularly with regard to the "interviewing" of strangers; gave several specimens of editorial "courtesies," which are continually being exchanged; and added that, although the newspapers were less courteous, and although some of the editors displayed great ignorance of the rules of grammar, the publications were more lively than English newspapers. In conclusion, he noticed the extreme affability of the Americans, which contrasted most favorably with the taciturnity of the Englishman.—*Liverpool Post*.

AN APOLOGY.—We regret exceedingly the appearance of the engraving of Miss Kellogg in the February number. We were not at all satisfied with the wood-cut, but it came to hand while printers were waiting, and so late that we could not spare the time necessary to have another engraved, and in the printing its character became altered much for the worse. We shall order a new engraving from a recent and commended photographic portrait, and thus endeavor to do justice to our readers and ourselves by a fair representation of the features of the really handsome American prima donna.

BURT. G. WILDER, M.D., very kindly came all the way from Ithaca, N. Y., last January, to tell, in a long lecture, the few people who assembled to hear him, what little *he* knew about Brains. In his introduction, he was candid enough to give us the key-note of his discourse by quoting Buffon, who spoke of brains as a "mucous substance of no great importance." This, it is to be presumed, is the view taken by many lecturers and others, who have no brains to spare or to speak of, and who really know no more about that organ and its functions than Buffon knew. It is so much easier for one to tell what he doesn't know than it is to investigate, learn something, and then to teach real knowledge. But the *Tribune*, having arranged in advance of its delivery to print it, and that, too, in an extra, we shall be expected to notice it. We shall, therefore, pay our respects to the young B. Green Wilder in an early number of this JOURNAL, when more weighty matters will permit.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE CELT, OR THE ABORIGINAL OF EUROPE.—No. 1.

THE question of the Celt in its various relations is somewhat obscure. In direct proportion, however, to its difficulty, and the degree in which it has excited and baffled human speculation, is the subject interesting. The connection which it develops between the present and the past, the extent of the space over which the survey of it carries us, and the light, however faint and interrupted, shed by it upon that wide waste of the time gone by which the torch of history has left in almost utter darkness, all combine to lure on the imagination, and at the same time to give to the inquiry much of a real utility and importance.

All questions relating to man are of no small moment to us. Many interesting problems cluster around him, and the study of antiquity, especially, is calculated to afford broader and truer views of humanity. The movements of one age are intimately connected with those of another. Truth is enlarged upon as the centuries unfold, and there is a long line of development extending through the whole career of the human species.

There is a vast difference between the state of the world now, with the mighty printing-press everywhere in perpetual operation, like a new power of nature, and the state of the world in earlier times. Of those earlier times our means of information are by no means the most extensive. It becomes us, however, to avail ourselves of all possible information. Much is always to be gained by careful and patient research.

The country now called France was once the headquarters of the great race of the Celt. Britain, too, the land of our forefathers, was originally largely occupied by this race, and its monuments still remain. A branch moved downward into Spain. Asia Minor, and the lands of the rolling Danube, were not always strangers to its wandering tribes. Years before the advent of our Savior, a Celtic host under Brennus pressed down on great Rome herself. Many a time since then did the advancing strength of Rome come in contact with the once powerful race of the Celt, and many an interesting chapter in Rome's history has been thereby occasioned. Coming originally from

the sunny plains of Central Asia, it probably moved on and on, urged by larger hordes that followed, until it found its devious course obstructed by the waters of the Western Ocean. Slowly and steadily has it faded away before the conquering Roman and Northern Goth, until at length over its almost complete ruins has been raised the great Gothic superstructure of Modern Europe.

With few solid qualities, and more that were brilliant, the Celt was deficient in those deeper moral and political characteristics which lie at the foundation of all that is good and great in human development. His prominent qualities were personal bravery, an open and impetuous temperament; much intelligence, associated with extreme volatility; want of perseverance; aversion to discipline and order; ostentation and perpetual discord—the result of boundless vanity. It was regarded as disgraceful for the free Celt to till his fields with his own hands. To agriculture he much preferred a pastoral life; the former was too plodding. Long ago, when we find him living in the fertile plains of the Po, he practiced the rearing of swine, feeding on the flesh of his herds, and staying with them in the oak forests night and day. In attachment to his native soil he was wanting. His roaming mode of life arrested the development of this faculty, which is the foundation of patriotism. The Celt was a good soldier, but a poor citizen. Hence, he shook all states, but founded none. Everywhere we find him ready to rove or march; preferring movable property to landed estate, and gold to everything else; and following the profession of arms as a trade for hire. The Celt was the true soldier of fortune, of antiquity, as pictures and descriptions represent him. He stands before us with a large but not sinewy body, with shaggy hair and a long mustache. His complexion was light and his eyes blue. His was the temperament of ardor, of zeal, of excitability, of impulse, of feeling, and of levity. He wore a variegated embroidered dress, which in combat was often thrown off. Around his neck, we are told, was frequently found a broad gold band. He wore no helmet. He was furnished with a big shield, a long, ill-tempered sword, a dagger,

and a lance—all ornamented with gold. Everywhere things were made subservient to ostentation. Even wounds were sometimes enlarged to boast a broader scar. He usually fought on foot, but on certain occasions on horseback. Every freeman was then followed by two attendants likewise mounted. Many a trait reminds us of the chivalry of the middle ages—particularly the custom of single combat, which was foreign to the Greek and Roman. In war he was accustomed to challenge a single enemy to fight, having previously insulted him by words and gestures. In peace he also fought with his companion in splendid equipments as for life and death. After such feats carousals followed in due course. In this way our Celt, whether under his own or a foreign banner, led a restless soldier life—constantly occupied in fighting and in his so-called feats of heroism, dispersed from Ireland and Spain to Asia Minor. But all his enterprises faded away like snow in spring, and he nowhere created a great state or developed a distinctive culture of his own. It may here be remarked that the British Insular Celt, of *Cæsar's* time, living more by himself, had grown to differ somewhat from the Continental. The essential features of his character, however, remain the same, although he lived in ruder style. That same love of fame, that same love of war, that same impulsiveness, and that same religiosity, still marked him.

The Celtic warrior was fierce and courageous in the first assault, but lacked the determined energy and perseverance which conquer in the end. He often fought to maintain his honor; but if defeated was apt to be dismayed. His fondness for display, and perhaps a self-consciousness of his weakness, led him to rush to the battle with defying songs and taunting gestures. The Celtic prince is represented as frequently displaying eminent ability in times of war. He sometimes formed combined movements and enlarged plans of operation, and contrived stratagems and surprises which would have been creditable to the great captains of Greece and Rome. His choice of ground for fighting was almost invariably judicious, and he availed himself of his superior knowledge of the country on all occasions. Though, as a general thing, not skilled in the more laborious and difficult arts of fortification, a breastwork of felled trees often sufficing, yet we have testimony that he did sometimes evidence superior capacity in this direction. Highly interesting specimens of the ancient Celtic fortress still remain. Terraced earth embankments were

employed, some high and bold. The Celtic army was not divided into bodies like our modern regiments, commanded by appropriate officers; but the commands were frittered away into minute factions. A want of concert of action was a Celtic characteristic. The Druid excepted, the young Celt was always trained to the use of arms. Frequent internal hostilities kept him in practice, and martial sports and hunting were among his occupations in times of peace. In battle, the courage of the Celtic warrior was often inflamed by the presence of those most dear to him on the rear and flanks of the army. The Celt was very fond of the horse. This animal was always well trained for the war chariot. This scythe-armed vehicle may be regarded as one of the many links which connect our Celt with Persia and the East. Its construction evinced an acquaintance with the mechanic arts, somewhat at variance with the usually low estimate formed of the people. This war chariot, driven usually with remarkable dexterity, was in many a battle the terror of the victorious Roman. Before taking leave of this department of our subject, let us call up to our minds the proud image of the injured Boadicea, the lofty bearing of Caractacus at Rome, and the patriotic self-surrender of the Gallic Vercingetori.

We are warranted in awarding to the Celt the honor of being the first man who ever regularly navigated the Atlantic Ocean. While the Phœnician, and Greek, and Roman still adhered to the old oared galley, the Celtic Gaul of the West was sailing in a large, though clumsily-built ship, provided with leather sails and iron anchor chains. Here, then, we see the sailing vessel first fully taking the place of the oared boat, an improvement which the declining activity of the old world did not know how to turn to account, and the immeasurable results of which our own epoch have realized. The industry of the Celt was not wholly undeveloped. His singular dexterity and skill in imitating any model and executing any instructions have been frequently noticed. In most branches, however, the Celtic handicraft does not appear to have risen above the ordinary level. The elaboration of metals forms an exception. The copper implements brought to light in the tombs of Gaul, not unfrequently of excellent workmanship, and even now malleable, and the carefully adjusted Avernian gold coins, are to the present day striking witnesses of the skill of the Celt as a worker in copper and in gold. With this well accords the report of the ancients, that from the Celt

the Roman learned the arts of tinning and silvering, both, no doubt, invented in the period of Celtic freedom. In the Celtic monuments we find an acquaintance with some of the mechanical powers, and also the art of masonry in by no means its most undeveloped form. It is now generally admitted that the ancient Celt was the ancient inhabitant of the British Isles. In Ireland those venerable round towers are doubtless representatives of his building abilities. They are supposed to connect him with the East, and they mark his progress elsewhere. There are many other remains in Great Britain, gray with age and worn by the elements, the massive forms of which awaken the wonder of the beholder. There are ruins of rude old temples and sacrificial altars, seeming to have borne special reference to the gloomy rites of the Celtic religion, which still stand as silent monuments of the past. All these speak of an ancient Celtic civilization.

With regard to the burial rites of the Celt, it may be remarked that the funeral ceremony was sometimes quite imposing. Articles of value, as weapons of war and the chase, known to have been held dear by the deceased, were often thrown into the grave. Letters addressed to the spirit of the departed sometimes accompanied these. That affection which cherished a friend or relative when living thus blindly felt out into the dark beyond. It can not be denied that immolations were once common over the grave of the chief and distinguished warrior. Colossal mounds marked the final resting-place of such. The Celt sought to bury his friend on some downy, heath-covered plain near the banks of a lone river, or near the shore of the sea.

In this we see the spirit of poetry, the pulsings of a deep sentiment in sympathy with the spirit of Nature. In the breast of the barbarian as well as of the civilized are found the germs of the finer elements of human nature, sometimes forcibly, though rudely, manifested.

It may be interesting here to notice that in the old Celtic Triads, besides many excellent moral precepts being found therein, the sacred nature of the marriage vow and the happiness of family society are taught in express terms. But in this instance, as elsewhere, it is true that man's innate perceptions of the true and the good are in advance of that governing power by which they are exemplified in actual life. As to the literature of the Celt, it is inseparable from his religion, and will be considered under that head. It may be remarked that the art of poetry was highly valued and interwoven

with the religious and political institutions of the people.

As to the political development of the Celt, the constitution of the state was based upon the clan canton, with its prince, its council of elders, and its community of freemen capable of bearing arms. But the peculiarity in this case was, that he never got beyond this cantonal constitution. With the Greek and Roman it was early superseded. With our Celt there were always separate clans and separate interests, and a want of unity. Here the Celtic character as before defined is plainly exhibited. An aristocracy existed of high nobility, usurping privileges and tending to oppress the freedom of the commonwealth. Notwithstanding many forces working contrariwise, however, it is not to be asserted that no sense of union ever stirred in the Celtic nation, nor sought in various ways to take shape and hold. But this sense of union did not manifest itself powerfully or permanently, because of a lack of solidity in the Celtic nature. The universality and the strength of the Celtic national feeling would be inexplicable but for the circumstance that, amid the greatest political disunion, the Celtic nation had long been centralized in respect of religion, and even of theology. The Celtic priesthood, it is well known, once embraced the British Isles and all Gaul, and perhaps other Celtic countries, in a common religious, national bond. It held an annual council near the "center of the Celtic earth." As will hereafter be seen, this priesthood had usurped almost complete control over the government; thus rendering it virtually a Theocracy, though nominally a Monarchy. The political system was, in fact, not much removed from an ecclesiastical state with its pope and councils, its immunities, interdicts, and spiritual courts; only this ecclesiastical state did not, like that of recent times, stand aloof from the nation, but was, on the contrary, pre-eminently national. But it must be remembered that, while the sense of mutual relationship was in this way vividly awakened among the Celtic people, the nation was far from attaining a basis of political centralization. The Celtic priesthood, and likewise the nobility, although both in a certain sense represented and combined the nation, were yet incapable of uniting on account of their peculiar class interests. A powerful canton frequently induced another to become subordinate to itself. A series of separate leagues would arise; but there was no tie exclusively political which bound the nation as a whole.

To all appearance, the Transalpine Gallic Celt of Cæsar's time had reached the maximum of his culture. His civilization presents many aspects that are estimable. In some respects, it is more akin to the modern than to the Hellenic Roman culture, with its sailing vessels, its knighthood, its ecclesiastical constitution, and, above all, with its attempts, however imperfect, to build the state, not on the city, but on the tribe, and, in a higher degree, on the nation. But just because we here meet with him at the culminating point of his development, his lesser degree of moral endowment, or, what is the same thing, his lesser capacity for culture, comes more distinctly into view. He was unable to produce from his own resources either a national art or a national state, and attained at the most to a national theology and a peculiar order of nobility. His original simple valor was no more. The military courage, based on higher morality and judicious organization which comes in the train of increased civilization, had only made its appearance in a very dwarfed form in the knighthood. Barbarism, in the strict sense of the word, he

had doubtless outlived. The time had gone by in Gaul when the fat haunch was assigned to the bravest guest, while his offended companion might challenge the receiver to combat on that score, and when the most faithful retainers of a deceased chief were burnt along with him.

But human sacrifices were not even now wholly done away, and the maxim of law that torture was inadmissible in the case of the freeman, but allowable in the case of the free-woman, as well as of slaves, would seem to throw a far from agreeable light upon the position which the female sex held with our Celt even at the time of his culture. The Celt had lost the advantages which specially belong to the primitive epoch of nations, but had not acquired those which civilization brings with it when it thoroughly pervades a people.

The Celt lacked the will to overcome obstacles when that will had to fall back upon itself and move on unaided. Stimulated continually by his intense love of distinction, he might accomplish much, and appear to manifest unusual perseverance; but deprived of that stimulus, he sank back into a state of inaction.

SWEDENBORG AND THE SCRIPTURES.

A GREATER mistake could hardly have been made than that made by J. J. F., in the December number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, when he said that J. E. is an "advocate of Swedenborg's divinity, and evidently would set this man's 'Arcana Celestia' on a par with, or above, the gospels of the Evangelists." The whole article shows conclusively that J. J. F. has never read Swedenborg's writings, and is combating that of which he has little knowledge. Swedenborg was simply a man—nothing more, and no reader of his works for a moment supposes that his writings are on a par with, or above, the gospels of the Evangelists; for he, or, rather, the Lord through him, has demonstrated in the light of man's highest reason that the Gospels and Genesis, as well as other parts of the Bible, are literally the Word of God, and plenary inspired, or infilled with life, or living, like all of the works of the Creator; having a connected spiritual sense running from beginning to end; and that, however apparently contradictory and unreasonable the literal sense of the Sacred Scriptures may be, and, like the Lord's external garments, capable of being divided and separated by spiritual soldiers or sectarians, the spiritual sense, like His vesture, is woven from top to

bottom. Swedenborg simply claims to have had his spiritual senses opened, and to have been specially illuminated by the Lord, that he might reveal to men the state of man after death, the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, and the spiritual sense of the Scriptures. In the light of his writings, Infidelity and Skepticism are disarmed; for it is clearly shown that Adam, as the name implies, was a generic name, denoting the Most Ancient Church; and the history of creation in Genesis is a description of the spiritual regeneration of the men of that age, and of this and all other ages; and the Fall the declension of that Church, until its descendants were overwhelmed by a flood of evils and falsities, when, that our race need not perish on the earth, the Lord established the Nostic Church. We can read the history of the material earth in the rocks and sands, in the channels of our streams, in the caves, and on the mountain sides; and slowly, but surely, we are gathering evidence that it is very old, and has, without much doubt, been peopled by men more than one million of years; and the seeking of such knowledge is perfectly legitimate. But of what moment is the history of the material creation when compared with the spiritual history of our race and

the regeneration and salvation of individual men to-day? In the dark ages which have passed before the development of the sciences the first chapters of Genesis, coming down to us from the golden age of the world, when men understood their true spiritual meaning, could only be understood literally; but at this day, when the natural sciences are demonstrating the impossibility of regarding these chapters as containing a literal history of creation, the Lord, through Emanuel Swedenborg, has revealed to the world the spiritual treasures contained therein—the most important and practical spiritual truths clothed in the language of composed history. Now, if J. J. F. will take the trouble to read Swedenborg's "Arcana Celestia," "Apocalypse Revealed," "True Christian Religion," and "Heaven and Hell," he will find "a feast of fat things;" and he will cease to be troubled about "rationalism," but be satisfied that true modern science is indeed "the handmaid of Christianity," and not to be feared, but to be bid "God-speed." He will also find that Swedenborg has neither taken from nor added to the Divine Word; but that the Lord through him has revealed to us the truths of a new dispensation, and that the prophecy from which we were neither to add nor take is now being fulfilled, and all things are being made new.

My aim in the former article was to show that, by giving a literal interpretation to the first chapters of Genesis, which manifestly were never intended by their author as a literal history of the material creation, scientific progress was hindered, and scientific men driven into skepticism. That there are portions of the Bible which can not be understood literally I presume even J. J. F. will not question; such, for instance, as portions of the prophetic writings of the Old Testament, and almost, if not quite, the entire Book of Revelation. The Lord in his prophecies simply foreshadows the future, and they are not understood by men until fulfilled, otherwise men could not be led in freedom according to reason. The Lord promised a second coming; what reason have we to suppose that coming will be in the manner anticipated by the Christian Church? Did the Jewish Church anticipate the manner of His first coming? The clouds of Heaven in which He was to come is the literal sense of the Sacred Scriptures, for we receive spiritual light and heat, or wisdom and love, through the letter of the Word, as we receive natural light and heat through the natural clouds. Can we literally eat and drink the flesh and

blood of the Son of Man, without doing which we are told we have no life in us? Was His material flesh and blood the bread which came down from Heaven? and if His disciples had eaten His material flesh, would they have literally lived forever? How beautiful and plain these passages become as unfolded by the Lord through Swedenborg! His flesh, which we were to eat, is His love, which we must receive into our hearts; His blood is His truth, which we must receive into our understandings; and if we receive of His love and wisdom into our souls, and permit heavenly affections to flow forth into acts of kindness and good-will to our fellow-men, then we eat of that bread which came down from Heaven, and the heavenly life thus developed within us will never die.

It was the opinion of Swedenborg that his writings would be read by the clergy, and that by them the truths therein contained would be proclaimed to the world, and we are now beginning to see that his opinion was correct. At first, only here and there a clergyman of the existing Churches read his writings; but these, in their teachings and writings, promulgated the truths of the new age, until now all the Protestant Churches are fast drifting from their old man-made creeds to the reception of the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem. It is safe to say that where there was one clergyman reading the writings of Swedenborg one year ago, there are ten reading them to-day; and it is perhaps safe to predict that where there is one reading them now, ten will be reading them one year hence. Many connected with the great Christian denominations—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, etc.—are, practically, Swedenborgians in opinion.

The New York *Independent* truly says: "Whoever desires to understand modern theology, and the elements which have contributed to its formation, has need to study the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Whatever minister desires to understand modern religious thought in his own congregation, must know something of Swedenborgianism, though he has not a Swedenborgian in his parish."

The *Monthly Religious Magazine* says: "The 'True Christian Religion' should be purchased and read by all persons who desire a competent knowledge of the writings of the greatest theologian of modern times."

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, one God in one Divine person, is the corner-stone of the descending New Jerusalem—God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself—a glorious doctrine.

J. E.

USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY REV. ALMERIN G. MILLER.

Go, father, educate thy noble boy,
And his sweet sister, too. They are thy gems.
Thy houses, carriages, and lands and gold
Are naught, are all stark naught, compared with these.
These cherub ones shall be and bear thy name,
And happy, bless themselves and thee for aye.

Go, educate them, then, for knowledge is,
As all the world admits, the best of power,
And so designed by Heaven in making man.
And are thy own neglected? others will
Rise up before and lead them; they, accursed
With ignorance, will curse their fate and sire.

Go, educate them, then, for knowledge oft
Is virtue, too. We know the deeply read
Are sometimes bad, and men of giant thought
Are sometimes evil; but sure these are not
Legitimate results. In seeking truth,
In the acquiring all that man can know,
Imagination, all the mind, the man
Is drawn from sordid, base, and sensual things,
And led upward to soar, ennobled by
The world of thought and observation vast,
Before, around, above it. Yes, where one
Is ruined by reading, happy thousands oft
Are raised, exalted, and infinitely blest.

Go, educate them; acquisition here
Is innocent at least, and this, to thee and them,
In the great count of human bliss or woe
Before them, is their all. While thus employed,
They're safe. 'Tis when they cease pursuit they fall.
And more, it is a pleasant pastime sweet,
And will amuse and interest when worse

Employment, this aside, must chain the child
To evil ruinous in after life.

Aye, more: this field is ample, rich, and full,
And here thy happy child may be detained
Mid beauty, grandeur, glory, all revealed
In majesty before his wondering gaze,
Detained mid wealth surpassing all that Ind
Or California boasts of earthly good,
A rich and permanent investment here,
In stock that ne'er depreciates or fails.

Go, educate them, for the mind alone,
And that which they shall treasure in it, will
Remain, intensely capable of bliss
Or woe, immortal. Gold, if scattered here,
Upon the human intellect, thy child,
All yellow still, shall be thy harvest ripe,
And theirs (if what they know lead them to God)
When time and chance and change are all no more.

Go, educate them, then, for their own good,
But not for theirs alone, nor yet for thine.
Their free and happy country asks of thee
And them the best that they can know and do.
The people here are sovereigns, each a king,
And kings should know, and who does not
Must be unfit to rule, e'en o'er himself,
Much less his fellows. And then all thy race
Has claims upon thee. All men may be blest
By thee, thy offspring; and the world may rise,
When thy last son or daughter happy dies,
And may remember well, in after years,
Both thee and thine with many thankful tears,
And good may flow, stream-like, from clime to clime,
Till the last sand is dropped by aged Time.

OBITUARY OF A MORMON ELDER.

WE publish herewith a simple statement of a sincere worshiper according to the Mormon faith—as taught by Joseph Smith and his followers. The reader will discover no marked difference between this life, in its religious aspects, and those of others who claim to be more orthodox. It is written by an aged lady who knows whereof she writes, and we give it place with the same respect that we would to one whose religion was in keeping with Pagan, Hebrew, or Christian philosophy. The reader may judge for himself whether one may be a Mormon and be a Christian at the same time. We prefer not to sit in judgment on Mormon or other religious convictions. Read this obituary and form your own conclusions.

Died Oct. 14th, 1873, at Anaheim, Los Angeles County, Cal., of dropsy, Elder Addison Pratt, aged 70 years and 8 months.

Mr. Pratt was born in Winchester, New Hampshire, Feb. 21st, 1802. He was the son of Henry Pratt, Esq., the celebrated organ builder (1825), in Cheshire County, N. H. He early evinced a de-

sire for a seafaring life, and though great remonstrance was resorted to by his parents, he persevered till he obtained unwilling permission. Accordingly, in 1821, he sailed from Boston in a whaling vessel bound for the Sandwich Islands. He suffered great hardships and privations; was abused by a cruel captain; was three days without food in the mountains of Wahoo, having fled away from the ship. He returned to the United States after an absence of two years. His parents received him as one risen from the dead, not having heard from him during his absence. Filled with enthusiasm about his adventures, and having great descriptive powers, he became the center of attraction to all the young men in the place. He afterward made several foreign voyages, and becoming weary of that kind of life, finally turned his attention to farming. Married in Lower Canada in 1831, he located on the banks of Lake Erie, State of New York, where he lived seven years a thriving and prosperous man—a great advocate for the temperance reform, wholly abandoning the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco. Removed to Illinois in 1841, and settled with his family in Nauvoo.

In 1843 Mr. Pratt was ordained an Elder in the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. In 1843 was appointed on a mission to the South Pacific Islands. He journeyed east through his native State, and preached the gospel to his kindred. He sailed from New Bedford in the ship *Timoleon*, Captain Plasket, bound for Tahiti, in company with two other elders. They doubled Cape Good Hope, and were seven months and twenty-four days on the vessel. Elder Pratt preached the gospel with much success among the natives, teaching them the doctrine of faith as preached by the ancient Apostles. Great was their faith in him, inasmuch that many were healed of alarming diseases by the laying on of his hands and anointing with oil. In 1848 he came to the coast of California; and was there in the time of the gold excitement. In the meantime the "Saints," having suffered great persecution from their enemies, had left Nauvoo and located in the valley of Great Salt Lake. Mr. Pratt journeyed from the coast in company with soldiers returning from the Mexican war, and met his family, a wife and four daughters, one week after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley—after a separation of five years and four months. He remained one year with them and returned to the scenes of his labors, his family and six elders being sent to join him the following year. In 1852 he returned to San Francisco with his family, and shortly after located in San Bernardino, where was a branch of the Church under the direction of Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich. He made a beautiful home, which was enjoyed for six years—broken up and sacrificed at the time President Buchanan sent an army to Utah. The scattered branches of the Church were called to the mountains.

One daughter married and remained in California. Elder Pratt, in consequence of troublesome complaints, greatly aggravated by the cold winters in the mountains, was induced to spend the greater portion of his time with his daughter, where he could have the benefit of the sea air. Two months preceding his decease he was attacked with

dropsical affection of the heart and lungs, which caused great suffering—not being able to lie in his bed for several weeks. He became fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and talked of the event as he would of starting on a pleasant journey. Two days preceding the closing scene of his mortal life he wrote a letter to his family with as much correctness as any of his letters written in health. I make an extract: "My dear family: To all human appearance, the great and all-important change to me has come. I am about to step from the shores of Time into Eternity. Could you see me, no doubt you would ask, 'How do you feel in regard to the change?' my answer would be, I am perfectly resigned to the will of my Father in heaven! I feel that all is right and all is well with me. Should you ask if I would not desire to live longer, I should reply, I have already lived a long life. Could I have health, and live in the midst of my family, it would be a pleasure of which I have long been deprived. I have long felt that under 'Frances' roof I should come to my dying bed. She has ever been a most dutiful and kind daughter to me; in sickness she has ever been at my side, and her soothing hand could always assuage my pains—I pray God to bless her and you all. I am weary now, will rest a little, and, perhaps, write more." This was his last writing, though he said many things preparatory to his departure; he died as he had hoped, without a struggle, and was buried with "honors" by the lodge of "Odd Fellows" of which Mr. Dyer, his son-in-law, was a member. Few men in the world have formed a more extensive acquaintance, or had truer and firmer friends. He wrote a full history of his life during his residence in the Pacific Isles, from which extracts will appear in the church history. His letters concerning his missionary labors have been widely circulated and read with deep interest both in Europe and America. His character was that of an "honest man," which Pope affirms to be "the noblest work of God."

THE RED DEER OF AMERICA.

THE engraving furnishes an excellent representation of a family of red deer, the beautiful animal which is still to be found in nearly every State of our Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of deer generally there are many species, as they are distributed very widely over the globe, and are known by different names given them by the peoples of the countries respectively. Thus there are the roebuck of Europe, the ahu of Central Asia, the samboo of South-eastern Asia, the Javan rusa, the taruga, gemul, and guazuti of South America, the elk or moose of Canada, the reindeer

of the north of Europe and the Arctic regions, etc. Giving our attention particularly to the red deer of our own country, we will describe it somewhat carefully for the benefit of our younger readers, the majority of whom, it is quite probable, have not seen this beautiful animal in all the fullness of life and strength.

It is distinguished by a rather long head and sharp muzzle, large lustrous eyes, which seem, when they are turned toward you, to have something human in them, so soft and amiable is their expression, and long and slender legs. The color in summer is bright fulvous—a mix-

ture of gray and brown—in autumn assuming a leaden hue, and in winter dark brown, when | young deer, till about the age of four months, are bright reddish brown, with irregular white



A FAMILY OF AMERICAN DEER.

it is longer haired; the lower parts, from the chin to the end of the tail, are white. The | spots, but afterward resemble the old ones. The size of this animal, in the male, usually

exceeds three feet in height, while the length, from the nose to the tail, is about five and a half feet. The tail is short, being but thirteen inches, while the ears are nearly six inches in length.

Perhaps the growth of the horns of the deer is one of its most interesting features, as they fall and are reproduced annually. In the one-year-old male the horns have a mere rudimentary prong, about an inch long; when two years old there is a development of two prongs from four to six inches long; when three years, three prongs, the largest being eight inches, with brow-antlers; when four years old, the brow-antlers become longer and curved. It would appear, from the observations of a distinguished naturalist, that the animal reaches his fullest vigor at about five years, the horns being then at their largest size; but as his observations have not extended to deer in their wild state, his statements can scarcely be received as authoritative. As a general rule, however, the horns become annually longer and more branched, until the animal reaches maturity, when they begin to decline. We have seen pairs of horns which exceeded two feet in length, and had half a dozen or more branches each. The use of the horns is to enable them to clear away the snow from the ground in winter, when the deer is in search of food.

Among wild game deer is the most prized by American hunters, and as a consequence is the most keenly sought. For ages the Indian has hunted it with bow and arrow; now the white man pursues it with the rifle, and to such an extent that the graceful animal is rapidly growing scarce in all but the unsettled parts and inaccessible swamps and thickets of the United States. In most of the States there are laws prescribing the season for the killing of wild game; these laws vary, we suppose, according to the scarcity of the animals and birds mentioned in the several States. In New York deer can only be killed and sold between September 1st and November 10th; in Maine, between October 1st and February 1st; New Hampshire, from August 1st to February 1st; New Jersey, from August 31st to January 2d; Pennsylvania, September to January; Virginia, July 15th to January; West Virginia, August 15th to January; Massachusetts, October to December 1st; Vermont, July to January 10th; Michigan, September to January; Kentucky, August 1st to March; Indiana, October 1st to January; Illinois, August 15th to January; Iowa, August 15th to January; Kan-

sas, August 1st to March; Nebraska, September 1st to January; Minnesota, August 1st to January.

It is to be regretted that these laws are, in too many cases, especially among the Western States, a mere dead letter, they who assisted in their enactment being content to let them remain unenforced. When it is considered that deer furnishes a most palatable and nutritious article of food, and that its skin and horns form a very considerable ingredient in our manufacture of clothing and of articles of daily use, cautionary measures should not only be set on foot to prevent its extinction, but, as in the case of fish, its numbers should be multiplied by legislation, which shall so order the chase that the animal shall have opportunity to replenish the wilderness.

The food of the deer in winter consists of buds of the wild rose, hawthorn, brambles, and various berries and leaves; in spring and summer it crops the tenderest grasses. It is gregarious in its habits, being found in herds of several hundreds on the great Western plains, the sexes separate, except during the rutting season. Their sense of smell and hearing are very acute, while sight is not so marked.

In walking the deer carries its head low; the largest of a herd usually leads, the remainder following in single file; when alarmed it springs up two or three times, and if any danger is perceived it rushes away with the speed of a race horse. Coming to water it plunges in at once, and swims with great ease and rapidity.

THE TELEGRAPH AROUND THE WORLD.—

With the exception of direct lines from the western coast of America to Asia, the girdle which good-humored Puck was to put about the earth seems to have been completed—the forty minutes the little sprite claimed to accomplish his work has been quite verified by the events and the labor of the present age. The wires of the telegraph are annihilating distance, aiding the laws, and bringing the nations of the earth into a companionship which compels a better understanding. We can read in the morning papers the Australian news of yesterday, coming by way of London, leaving there at 8 A.M. of to day; the triumph of science and the testimony of success to energy and perseverance is complete. North, East, South and West—all are within a few hours' reach with the touch of the instruments, and the steady tapping of the telegraphic signals breathes the wishes of the world and the news

of national or financial import with unerring promptness. The slender girdle which the wires spread makes all mankind close neighbors, and the bond of union which civilization is each day riveting should make us truer friends and nobler toward each other.

PETROLEUM FOR BOOTS.—Dr. Van der Weyde tells us petroleum is decidedly very injurious to leather; it shrinks the leather, so that boots dressed with it become finally so small that you can no more wear them. Leather pump-valves can not be used for petroleum pumps, as they become so shriveled up as soon not to fit any more, and cause the pumps to leak. His advice is to dress boots with castor oil. If the manufacturers soaked only the pegs in petroleum, before putting them in, he thinks it might be beneficial.

A VEGETABLE CACHINNATIVE.—In Palgrave's work on "Central and Eastern Arabia" a plant is described which grows in Arabia only, the seeds of which, pulverized and taken in small doses, produce an effect similar to laughing-gas. Those to whom it is administered laugh and dance and perform various antics in the exuberance of their joy, after which they fall asleep, and awaking are totally unconscious of what has passed.

A COSTLY SHEEP FALL.—"Like silly sheep" is often quoted, but rarely do we meet with a more striking and pathetic illustration of the blind follow-my-leader disposition of these wool producers, than that recorded in the *Toronto Globe*: "There is," says the *Globe*, "a covered bridge at Peoria (in Upper Canada) five hundred feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive a thousand sheep across it. When about half way over, the bell-wether noticed an open window, and recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once appreciated his critical situation, and with a leg stretched toward each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive 'Ma-a!' and descended to his fate. The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep. The crew while placid stream was incarnadine with the life-blood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep, as it disappeared

through the window, waved adieu to the wicked world, did this movement cease."

OUR LATE CITY LECTURES.

BESIDES hundreds of excellent popular and scientific lectures delivered in churches, institutes, association halls, etc., during the late Season, we wish to place on record, for example and imitation, the courses of OUR NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, to show how our merchants' clerks are favored; and the shorter course before the American Institute as being also of special merit.

Here is the programme of the M. L. A. The lectures were given on consecutive Monday evenings, beginning November 18th:

1. George MacDonald. — Subject — "Thomas Hood."
2. Edmund Yates, "The English Parliament."
3. Miss Lillian Edgerton, "Gossip, its Cause and Cure."
4. Wendell Phillips, "Daniel O'Connell."
5. Bret Harte, "The Argonauts of '49."
6. Prof. J. H. Pepper, "Snow, Ice, and Glaciers."
7. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher — "Compulsory Education."
8. Mrs. Scott-Siddons—Readings in costume.
9. Col. John Hay, "Heroic Life in Washington."
10. John B. Gough, "Now and Then."
11. Mark Twain, "The Sandwich Islands."

We are not aware of the pecuniary success attending this course, but we congratulate the officers of the Mercantile Library Association and those of our citizens who enjoyed the rare intellectual treat of this splendid mental repast.

With such a list of lectures and such attractive subjects, it is not surprising that every seat should have been filled, no matter what was the state of the weather.

Programme of the American Institute, at the hall of the Cooper Union, commencing Thursday Evening, January 16th:

"The Chemical Discoveries of the Spectroscope," by Prof. G. F. Barker, of Yale College.

"The Brain; and the Present Scientific Aspect of Phrenology," by Prof. B. G. Wilder, of Cornell University.

"The Astronomical Conquests of the Spectroscope," by Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College.

"Our Present Knowledge of the Sun," by Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College.

If this course was not a pecuniary success, it should be remembered that the subjects were less popular than those of the M. L. A., though given for the most part by very capable men.

With such sources of instruction and entertainment, we may hope our young people will not languish for means of obtaining solid information.

SOME IMPORTANT DATES.

THE reader is constantly meeting with allusions to inventions and discoveries which have produced incalculable results in the development of modern civilization, and often finds himself at a loss to recall the date of this or that one. As an assistant in refreshing the memory, the most important inventions prior to 1600 are given :

Spinning-wheel invented, 1330.

Paper first made of rags, 1417.

Muskets invented and first used in England in 1421.

Pumps invented, 1425.

Printing invented, about 1440.

Engraving on wood invented, 1428.

Post-offices established in England, 1464.

Almanacs first published, 1441.

Printing introduced into England by Caxton, 1474.

Violins invented, 1477.

Roses first planted in England, 1505.

Hatchets first made in 1504.

Punctuation first used in literature, 1520.

Before that time words and sentences were put together like this.

WISDOM.

CIVILITY costs nothing, and buys everything.—*Mary Wortley Montagu.*

MELANCHOLY attends on the best joys of a merely ideal life.—*Margaret Fuller.*

IT is with our judgments as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

IF you desire the happiness of your children, teach them obedience and self-restraint.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

IT is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.—*Sophocles.*

EVERY man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.—*Rochefoucauld.*

WHEN the human heart once admits guilt as its associate, how every natural motion flies before it!

MEN are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.—*William Penn.*

As close to earth the red man puts his ear,
To sense the footfalls, too far off to hear,
So, list'ning earthward, animals will teach
Deep lessons, inexpressible in speech.
How sweet it were if we could but translate
Their sage reflections made on man's estate!

FRIENDSHIP closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.—*Hare.*

THAT marriage can never be attended with honor, or blessed with happiness, if it has not its origin in mutual affection.

THE great error is, placing such an estimate on this life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death.—*Rousseau.*

THE scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—*Chesterfield.*

THE strength of a nation, especially of a Republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

EVERY man, however good he may be, says Von Humboldt, has a yet better man dwelling with him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful.

SICKNESS should teach us four things: What a vain thing the world is; what a vile thing sin is; what a poor thing man is; what a precious thing a definite religious aim is.

How many who say, "'Tis so, 'tis so,"
When not a word they say they know!
How many who say, "'Tis queer, 'tis queer,"
When all they know is how to sneer!

LEARNING, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

LET us not fear that the issues of national science shall be skepticism or anarchy. Through all God's works there runs a beautiful harmony. The remotest truth in his universe is linked to that which lies nearest the throne.—*Chapin.*

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—*Franklin.*

ONE fountain there is, whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge: the fountain of cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

How to make a tall man short—ask him to lend you five dollars.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack.

AN Irish advertisement: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with the ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage."

A CALIFORNIA man tied one end of a lariat around his waist and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had a cow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect the cow had him.

THE *Terre Haute Gazette* man was once third cook on a canal boat. The boys in the office say it's fun to suddenly yell, "Low bridge!" and see him dive frantically under his desk.—[So says an exchange.]

LOST HIS BALANCE.—"Who is he?" inquired some one of a policeman who was endeavoring to raise a drunkard from the ground. "I do not know; he can not give an account of himself." "Of course not! How could you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

NON-COMMITTAL.—By an imperial Brazilian decree of 30th October, Art. 10th of the decree of August 16th last, authorizing Baron de Maua to lay a transatlantic cable, has been superseded by the following:

"At the end of the twenty years of exclusive privilege, the concessionary will have the enjoyment of the cable or cables he may have laid, but without any privilege."

This removes the ambiguity which existed in the superseded clause—as must be perceived!

UPON the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hopes that her path may be flowery, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.

FALLING OVER A WHEEL-BARROW.—If you have occasion to use a wheel-barrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheel-barrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over any thing else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him, and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself, on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheel-barrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it can not upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheel-barrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.—*Danbury News*.

Our Mentorship 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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEARD GROW.—

Dear Sir: I look to you for advice in what appears to be a small matter, but it is of much account to me. I am twenty-seven years old, and hold an influential position in a college; but here is my trouble. While my age and discipline of mind would warrant me to lead somewhat in society, my appearance is so youthful as, in many cases, to give my efforts the appearance of egotism, and thus lose influence. Now, it appears to me if I had a full beard it would remedy this difficulty. My beard is very light. The question I would like you to answer is this: Is there any preparation that will cause the hair to grow? If there is

a reliable preparation, what is it, and where may it be found? Now, if you will please answer this question by a yes or a no, and not that my trouble is only imaginary, that such men as Beecher move the world without beards, etc., I will be under many obligations indeed.

Ans. We have carefully examined the physiology, anatomy, and chemistry, and all the conditions on which the growth and beauty of the human hair depends, and we are thoroughly satisfied that the best, indeed the only real, fertilizer for this ornament and natural covering may be found in pudding and milk for babies, and corn dodgers for men. All the bear's grease, tallow candles, hog's lard, cod liver oil, sweet oil, or coal oil, are only enemies to the human hair. It is not what we put on the outside of the scalp which makes the hair grow, but rather what we put inside, and the only way we can get at the roots of the hair is through the stomach. By converting good food into blood, and thence distributing the same throughout the system by the usual channels of circulation, the roots of the hair, unless there be some impediment in the way, some feverish condition, will receive their proper share, and this will make it grow. We have heard that shaving

every day for a season will induce a full growth of beard, but have no personal knowledge in that direction.

We beg to assure you that there are no drug medicines, mixtures, elixirs, oils, or other manufactured articles which will touch the case to do it any good. We should have quite as much faith in the efficacy of a strong desire to possess curly hair, black, brown, auburn, or any other kind of hair, as we should in the case of any mixture to make any kind of hair grow by its external application. Goose grease is good for geese.

Be thankful for what you have; if you have too much, clip it off; if too little, accept the inevitable, and say, "Thy will be done."

TELEGRAPHING OR FARMING?—I am twenty-one years old, and am learning telegraphing. My father offers to give me a hundred acres of good land, sixty acres improved, and a team, if I will go to farming. What would you advise me to do?

Ans. You have been brought up to farming, and understand it, and will be "at home" in it. If you have a good body, and strength to work, take the land and the horses and wagon, and resolve to be one of the best farmers in your county.

If you engage in telegraphing, you will have irregular hours, temptations to fast living, and various excitement, a liability to be broken up in local, home arrangements, and when you begin to want salary enough to support a family, a boy eighteen years old or a young woman, who will work for small pay, will take your place, and you will be left without a business. Take the farm, and become a settled, permanent, and influential citizen. Take the farm, and let those learn telegraphy who have no farm offered them, and to whom such an opportunity will be a blessing. We want a million more farmers, good ones, more than we want anything else in this country. There is such ill-advised eagerness on the part of multitudes to rush to the cities and railway lines to become merchants, artisans, rail-rovers, operators, speculators, etc., that the lands are left uncultivated, or surrendered to shiftless Americans, or to foreigners, many of whom are ignorant of American ideas, uncultured in all things, and calculated to make very indifferent farmers, and not the best of citizens. But they are becoming masters of the soil, and Americans are becoming the floating, landless population in their own country. *Take the farm!*

SMELLING THE RATTLESNAKE.—It is well known that persons with keen susceptibilities will smell the rattlesnake at a considerable distance, and it becomes a warning to them against running upon this foe to humanity. Those who have had catarrh, or whose smelling power has otherwise been injured, are not able thus to secure their own safety. Analogous to this, I possess, and I suppose others do, an intuitive sense or intuition which enables me to appreciate the depravity, dissipation, and internal wickedness of people whom I meet. Indeed, so strong is this

tendency that it mars my happiness when I go among men. I have such aversions to not a few that I am constantly troubled. I can not state how it is, but I feel a shock, a kind of spiritual electricity. It has enabled me to make some narrow escapes when among sharpers, pickpockets, and others that crowd railroad stations or elsewhere, and I have never been disappointed or misled by this trait so far as I have had the means of ascertaining. Can you explain this condition?

Ans. There are temperamental or constitutional correspondences and aversions, as nearly everybody knows. There is a faculty called Human Nature, or the power to judge intuitively of the drift and spirit of a stranger's character. Some are more highly endowed with this than are others, just as some are more highly endowed with musical, mechanical, or poetical talent, or as some are more cautious or courageous, or loving, or ambitious, or persevering, or sympathetic than others. Some seem to be nearly deficient in intuitive judgment of character; are always the victims of the designing; can be roped into anything, and not because they lack reasoning power or general perception. We have known some excellent scholars and persons of sound business judgment who had no tact to take care of themselves in the social world; and others are shrewd and keen in judging of human nature, but they are not wise or sound in business matters. Every day adds evidence to the great phrenological fact that man is endowed with many distinct faculties, each doing its own work like the various keys of a musical instrument, and no two exchange functions; each must do its own work, or it is not done at all. A person having Human Nature, or Intuitiveness, strong, with a very susceptible temperament and large Cautiousness, like our correspondent, will often evince to a painful extent this perception of the disagreeable and the offensive in other persons.

WEARING RINGS.—An engagement ring is usually worn by the lady on the first finger of the left hand, while the wedding ring is worn upon the third finger. It is not customary for the gentleman to wear a ring in token of an engagement, although the parties who are so closely and affectionately allied as to be betrothed, frequently exchange rings. The ring is usually worn upon the little finger by gentlemen. This is more likely to be the case when rings have been exchanged, for the reason that gentlemen whose hands are of the average size can not wear their sweetheart's ring on any other finger than the fourth.

How to Do It.—I am trying to get subscribers for the JOURNAL. Can you give me, briefly, some reasons which I can present that will show the merits of the JOURNAL, and *why* a person should subscribe for it?

Ans. We are confident that if the facts were fairly stated and understood by the public relative to the aims and objects of the JOURNAL, it would soon have a larger circulation than any other pe-

ridical in the world. It would be appropriate, when canvassing, for you to state to the persons solicited: If you take an agricultural journal, it will tell you how to raise corn, hogs, cattle, chickens, etc. If you take the *Scientific American* or the *Artisan*, it will tell you about machines, hammers, saws, drills, things to work with. If you take trashy literary papers, you will have stories that will inflame your imagination and your passions, and, perhaps, lead you astray. If you take a partisan, political paper, it will tell you about the strifes and struggles, the tricks and purposes, of low, selfish politicians, and probably disgust you. If you take a sectarian, religious paper, it will tell you about the interests of a particular denomination, and, in some cases, perhaps, tend to make you uncharitable toward others, but it ought not to do so. If you take a "Ladies' Bazaar," it will show you the fashions, which selfish and frivolous people in Berlin and Paris originate through which to play upon the world's pockets through their vanity. If you take the *Science of Health*, it will tell you how to take care of your body without the use of poisonous drugs and sickening nostrums, how to avoid disease, and thereby save doctors' bills, and to prolong your life; and if you take the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, it will tell you what you are as a man or woman; what faculties you possess, and how to use them to the best advantage; how to make the most of yourself in mind, morals, and estate; how to strengthen and improve your weak faculties; how to restrain and regulate your strong passions; how daily to grow strong, and in the right direction, for usefulness and happiness in this life, and how to attain the fullness, richness, and ripeness which will prepare you for a proper entrance to the life to come. There are books and papers which tell you about the stars and the planetary system; others tell you of flowers, of rocks, and of minerals; others of insects; others, again, of animals. But the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, though it is not silent on any of these subjects of external nature, is specially devoted to HUMAN LIFE and HUMAN WANT—to the interests of the IMMORTAL MAN. It tells man what he is, and how to make the most of himself; and, while it does not ignore the studies of other scientific investigators, who wander among the stars and sound the deep ocean, it regards MAN, with his immortal mind, as the chief object to be studied, and regrets that nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of the study, writing, labor, and science of the world are devoted to everything else but man; yet man is the crowning glory of all created things, and the study of his nature, his culture, duty, and destiny should rank first, and all that throws light upon his complex being, which opens fountains of purity for his happiness, and closes channels of depravity and vice, should be heard with delight, and earnestly regarded by all. Therefore, we claim that the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL should have a place in every home in the land. None are so rich or

so poor that they can afford to remain ignorant of the important truths which it, and it alone, teaches.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

—
IS HIS HEAD TOO SMALL?—Do you think that a person with a head measuring only twenty-one and a half inches ought to attempt the study and practice of medicine, even though he has a liking for the profession, and thinks he would succeed?

Ans. Yes; that is about the average size of head for a man weighing 150 lbs. Let him go ahead, especially if his twenty-one and a half inch head is developed in the right way—not chiefly in the base and back of the head.

—
LUMPS ON THE HEAD.—I know a young man who has lumps like little horns coming out over the organs of Conscientiousness. What is the cause?

Ans. There is a bony ridge on the skull where Cautiousness and Conscientiousness join, which sometimes is pretty sharp. We think a portion of this ridge is what causes the query. It can hardly be presumed that the young man has an "aggressive conscience," and that the sprouting horns are the indication thereof.

—
FEET HIGHER THAN THE HEAD.—Is it healthful to sleep with the feet high?

Ans. One kind of monkeys, it is said, grasp the limb of a tree with their feet and hands, and hang their bodies down, and thus sleep. For them it is doubtless healthful. All other animals, and all men, find it more comfortable and natural to sleep with the head higher than the feet. If a bed could be slightly inclined, say three or four inches, and then not have very much pillow, we think it would be an improvement.

—
EXAMINATION OF HEADS.—What are your terms to examine a person, specifying all his qualities and inclinations, his best business or profession—in short, how to make the most of himself?

Ans. We have several methods. One is to give an oral statement, without any record but the person's memory. Another is to make a record of the size of each organ on a book or chart, which describes each faculty in seven degrees. Another is to give a detailed written report, together with the book or chart, with advice as to health, habits, pursuit, self-culture, marriage, etc.

These different methods are carefully described in a circular entitled "Examinations Explained," with the terms for each method. Any person wishing to receive this circular by mail may inclose a stamp for postage, and it will be sent.

We also describe character from likenesses. A circular entitled "Mirror of the Mind" will explain this method and the terms.

What They Say.

HIGH FREIGHTS.—A Nebraska correspondent writes very ruefully of the suppressed condition of trading relations in his section on account of the high tariff imposed by railway companies on produce. He is anxious to procure a fresh supply of books and periodicals, but the low prices of oats, corn, and potatoes will not permit him to secure the requisite funds. He says: "If I could make some arrangement so I could get, say, twenty cents per bushel for corn, forty cents for potatoes, twenty-five cents for oats, and four dollars per hundred for pork, I could send you a large club, and order fifty or a hundred dollars' worth of books." He has a large stock on hand, and is by no means to be censured for his anxiety to get it into a paying market. We are sorry for him, and sorry for ourselves, that the expenses of transportation prevent the ready distribution of food at once so very cheap where he is, and so very dear with us. Will not some of our powerful economists solve this problem, and so minister to the needs of our people East and West? It seems unjust that potatoes purchasable for twenty cents in Nebraska should command one dollar and twenty-five cents, or even more, at retail here in New York. Do not our railway systems need investigation?

GOOD WORDS.—From a few of the numerous letters lately received the following comments are extracted. We trust that the good feeling shown by the writers is by no means exceptional:

"I have now received six numbers of the JOURNAL. I can not find words to express to you my thanks or to indicate my opinion of the worth of your work. I can imagine no class of individuals that would read it without being richly repaid. Count me a life subscriber. G. W. B., Muroa, Ill."

A teacher writes:

"Grandly has the JOURNAL been conducted; noble is its work. Even the greatest and most bitter enemies concede its merits. And if I could only place it in the hands of a few ungovernable students, I know the result would be good. H. G. M."

A Texas subscriber, whose religious opinions are candidly declared, says, peculiarly enough:

"Praised be he who teaches, not only Adam's posterity, but the descendants of the Pre-Adamites, to 'know themselves,' and to know each other, which, when accomplished, even to a very limited extent, forever banishes the ignorant [want of] idea of 'Total Hereditary Depravity.' And he who succeeds in this is the greatest public benefactor. V. W. H."

"The JOURNAL has become a household necessity; have all the volumes bound for ten years, and one hundred dollars in gold would not buy them. H. W., Clearville, Canada."

From another letter we extract:

"Allow me to say, without any desire to flatter you or tickle your love of approbation, that I very highly appreciate your theories of Mental Science and the Laws of Health. They are, and have been, my text-books for the past eighteen years. During this time I have found, from a careful course of reasoning and by observation, that your theories are practically, as well as theoretically correct; and, by pursuing a bold and persevering course, I believe you have accomplished more good results within the past twenty years, than all the stump orators of the age. J. C. T."

The newspapers generally notice our JOURNAL very encouragingly. We have space in this issue for a few extracts only.

"We have scarcely yet reached the head of the work before us when our limited space compels us to close our remarks, not, however, until we once more reiterate our expressions of admiration for the amount of useful information it contains. With the January number commences a new volume. The publication of this number was delayed by the Centre Street fire, by which the bindery was entirely destroyed. Notwithstanding this calamity, the energy of the publishers has triumphed over all difficulties, and the delay has been short, while the contents, which are unusually rich and interesting, have more than compensated for the delay."—*The All-Day City Item*, Philadelphia.

"The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for January, has a good article entitled, 'Shakespeare and his Dramatic Characters,' which is ably illustrated by an opening portrait of the great dramatist, and by two pages, one of his tragic and one of his comic characters. These ideal faces are, many of them, of remarkable strength and vigor. The magazine contains many good things, and by the shortness of its papers introduces much variety."—*The Commonwealth*, Boston.

"There is not a periodical among the entire list of exchanges that comes to us a more acceptable visitor than the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—*Public Ledger*, St. John's, Newfoundland.

This high compliment, from the *Scandinavian Post*, our readers will appreciate, doubtless:

"PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED är oss alltid en välkommen gäst, och häftet för januari är särdeles innehållsrikt. Innehållstörteckningen, som här följer, talar för sig själf."

BELLA FRENCH, the lively, enterprising, dauntless editor of *The Busy West*, published at St. Paul, Minn., gives us a glimpse of her struggles with fortune, in a recent letter:

"Four years since I started my paper with but \$50 capital; got cheated out of what I made during those years, and began the *Busy West* with only \$200. If I do not economize I don't know who does. For six months I ran my magazine, and, with the assistance of a girl thirteen years old, did the entire work of composing, imposing, editing, mailing, and business."

Such mettle deserves high success.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.

FORM FOR A CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1.—This Society shall be called the _____ PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY, of _____.

SECTION 2.—The objects of this Society shall be to study human development, mentally and physically; to learn the laws which the Creator has established in relation to the mind and the body; to point out the importance and utility of Phrenology as the true philosophy of mind, and its several applications in education, self-improvement, jurisprudence, the management of imbeciles, the insane, and criminals, and to the treatment of invalids; to correct misrepresentations respecting the science; to awaken a more extended and lively interest in its cultivation; also to promote the advancement of human science, and pleasant intercourse among Phrenologists by meetings for the reading of papers, the exhibition of casts, busts, and other illustrative specimens, and by discussions and investigations.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 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.

SECTION 2.—This Society shall have power to determine the duties of its officers and the duration of their terms of office.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1.—The Society may admit to membership any individual of good moral character, on being recommended (in writing) by a member of the Society.

SECTION 2.—Applications for membership must be made at the monthly or semi-monthly meeting.

SECTION 3.—Any persons, on being elected, and taking their seats as members of this Society, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws, and pay to the Treasurer the sum of _____ as an initiation fee.

SECTION 4.—Five members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

SECTION 5.—The Society shall have power to levy such contributions as may be deemed necessary to carry into effect the objects of this Society.

SECTION 6.—Any member of this Society may be expelled by a vote of a majority of all its members.

SECTION 7.—This Constitution, or any clause thereof, shall not be abolished, altered, or amended, except by a vote of two-thirds of all the members.

BY-LAWS.

I.—The stated meetings of the Society shall be held on _____ of every month, or more or less frequently as the Society may, at its annual meeting, direct.

II.—The election of Officers shall be annually, on the first Tuesday of January, and by ballot, a majority electing, and in case of a tie the presiding officer shall give the casting vote.

III.—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.

IV.—The President, with the concurrence of the Vice-President, shall have power to call special meetings of the Society, by giving due notice thereof.

V.—It shall be the duty of the President, and in case of his absence, the presiding officer, at each stated meet-

ing of the Society, to appoint some member whose duty it shall be, at the next succeeding meeting, to read a paper on PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, or some of the NATURAL SCIENCES. It shall also 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.

VI.—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.

VII.—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.

VIII.—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.

IX.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to write and answer all letters and communications on behalf of the Society.

X.—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, casts, and busts, and other matters as they may 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.

XI.—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.

XII.—Any person of 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.

XIII.—It shall require a vote of two-thirds of all the members to alter or amend the above By-Laws.

As was shown in a former number of the JOURNAL, in an answer to a student on this subject, there is not only a friendly pleasure in such association, but there is really a great philosophical requirement for it. Union is strength, disunion is weakness; concert is power, isolation is inefficiency. Each one of a hundred, by association, comes in possession of the best thoughts of all, and each being thus instructed by the wisdom of all, may there also find strength to modify or overcome his characteristic defects. Since Phrenology treats of mind, its study is necessarily of a social character, and this fact gives additional value to an association in which to prosecute its study.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS in Man and Animals. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc. With photographic and other Illustrations. 12mo, cloth; pp. 367. Price, \$2.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The distinguished advocate of the doctrine of evolution appears before the world in this new volume in a character quite distinct from that which his previous writings have given him. Here he appears as the close observer and critic of the movements and gestures of animals in their presumed relation to mental states, and also as the analyst of expression in man. In the outset, he acknowledges much indebtedness to Sir Charles Bell, the celebrated author of "The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression,"* and also mentions other writers who have given more or less attention to the subject in their published works. Mr. Darwin has succeeded in making a very interesting book, especially by weaving into the texture of his discussions numerous sketches and anecdotes of the traits and habits of animals, particularly those domesticated, and furnishing also many engraved illustrations. He has classified the expressions of animals under three heads: First, the principle of serviceable associated habits; second, of antithesis; third, of actions due to the constitution of the nervous system. The first class is illustrated by the well-known force of habit. The second by the fact that certain states of the mind lead to certain movements of a definite and understood character; but when a directly opposite state of mind is induced, there is a tendency to the performance of movements of a directly opposite character. The third class or principle is illustrated, among other things, by the loss of hair or color, which Mr. Darwin states is sometimes the consequence of extreme terror or grief.

A considerable part of the book is taken up by a discussion of the nature of Blushing, which the author finds only prevalent in man, and affirms to be a peculiarity chiefly inheritable.

What application Mr. Darwin makes of his deductions from the expressions of man and animals, with reference to his theory of their co-descent from a common stock, we regard as more ingenious than convincing, and we commend his modesty in not often obtruding his views in that respect upon his reader. While his volume, on account of the multiplicity of its data, is highly entertain-

ing, we do not see that in the chapters more especially devoted to human expression, he has improved much on Sir Charles Bell; rather, he appears to lack that delicate and æsthetic refinement of criticism which so distinguished the baronet, and we certainly regard the illustrations of the latter as more effective in their portrayals of passion and emotion.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY. By the Rev. Edward P. Roe. 12mo; pp. 487. Price, \$2.00. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The scene of the story is Chicago before, during, and after the fire. It tells how a young man of a noble nature was obliged, on account of the death of his father, to suspend his college life, and support a mother and two sisters. He started for Chicago, with but ten dollars in his pocket; was cheated out of a considerable part of it; but he held fast to the correct principles inculcated early by his good mother. After a few days, he secured a position of a menial sort under a rich German, a dealer in fine art. His employer had an only daughter, Christine, who was possessed of graceful features, but in whom was lacking that Christian warmth which makes even the homely beautiful. The two were passionately fond of the canvas and brush, but the fact of his being a hired servant separated them, to a considerable extent, from each other's society. His Christian manhood and her worldly pride and ambition were barriers. But for all this he loved her truly. One day he told her of his love, but she treated him harshly. At length he fell sick. His employer was a hard German skeptic, and he had reared his child in the same principles. Perhaps the chief lesson to be derived from the admirably written book is "Prayer is mighty." The mother and son tried this, and not in vain. Their prayers were greatly aided by the terrible conflagration, when Christine's father was buried in the ruins of his store, and when Dennis rescued Christine, who not long after, greatly changed in heart, was united to him. When he asked if there was hope, she said, "No hope for you, Dennis, but perfect certainty, for now EVERY BARRIER IS BURNED AWAY!"

A LIBRARY OF FAMOUS FICTION; embracing the Nine Standard Masterpieces of Imaginative Literature Unabridged; with an Introduction, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. One vol., 8vo; pp. 1,065; muslin. Price, \$5. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

This entertaining volume contains many of those delightful allegorical novels and tales which have become indispensable representative features of English literature; and these are not injured by so-called abridgment, condensation, or undue pruning. The print is of good size, well printed, and clear, and the binding substantial and handsome. The works embraced in this one volume are the following: Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Vicar of Wakefield, Gulliver's Travels, Paul and

* Published at this office.

Virginia, Elizabeth, Picciola, Undine, Vathek, and Tales from Arabian Nights. Thus it will be seen that this combination possesses some of the most attractive features in the domain of imaginative literature. In the words of Mrs. Stowe, we would only add, "Since the world must read fiction, let us have the best, in an attractive household form, that they may not be overlaid and shuffled out of sight by more modern, but less effective tales."

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, on Various Important Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. New edition, with Additional Lectures. Price, \$1.50. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

What "golden words" Mr. Beecher has to say to young men in this neat volume are arranged under the following heads respectively: Industry and Idleness; Twelve Causes of Dishonesty; Six Warnings; Portrait Gallery; Gamblers and Gambling; The Strange Woman; Popular Amusements; Practical Hints; Profane Swearing; Vulgarly; Happiness. These eleven topics cover a broad field in the life of young men, and old ones, too; but as it is in youth that our strongest habits are usually formed, their discussion furnishes a rich treasury of healthful counsel and suggestion. That this work, enlarged in the latest edition, has not lacked appreciation, is evident from the fact that more than sixty thousand copies of the previous edition have been sold. The new preface by Mr. Beecher is of interest, as it contains some pleasant allusions to his early preacher life.

HOWE'S SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE, or Seven Hour System of Grammar. By Professor D. P. Howe, of the Union College, Boston. 50 cents.

An excellent little treatise embodying the substance of ponderous volumes, and presenting about all there is of English grammar in a few plain principles. The strange technicalities called "rules," with which the majority of so-called "grammars" abound, are ignored in this book, and a system, which may be termed the natural philosophy of language, is presented. A neat little companion for the dictionary.

THE UNITY OF LAW; As Exhibited in the Relations of Physical, Social, Mental, and Moral Science. By H. C. Carey. "Variety in Unity is Perfection,"—old Proverb. Octavo; pp. 433; muslin. Price, by mail, \$3.50. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher.

The author is too well known, not only throughout America and England, but the world, to require anything more than the announcement of a new work from his pen. He may be considered the greatest of American Protectionists living, and he is regarded as authority on the question. What he does not know in regard to tariffs, etc., may be considered to be not worth knowing. Indeed, those of our Legislators who take part in discussions upon free trade and the tariff look to Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia for their thunder,

and the present volume is the carrying out or culmination of that which preceded it. In his appendix he gives several chapters on the Law of Distribution, which he makes not only interesting, but very instructive as well. The book should be read by every political economist, by every statesman, and every scholar. The author is a teacher of teachers.

REVISED LIST OF CONTRACTIONS Employed in Munson's Practical Phonography; also, Some Hints on Phrascography. By James E. Munson, author of "Complete Phonography," etc., etc. 12mo; pp. 12; pamphlet. Price, 25c. New York: James E. Munson.

Mr. Munson gives, in brief, such contractions as in his judgment may be most useful to phonographic writers.

MILES STANDISH, the Puritan Captain. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. 12mo; pp. 372; muslin. Price, \$1.75. New York: Dodd & Mead.

We have here an account of the Pilgrims in England, their persecutions, their arrival in the new wild world, where they founded a Republic. Many interesting details are given, together with several illustrative engravings, all of which lend an interest to the work.

The author is well known to the reading public, and needs no introduction from us, while the publishers, save in the matter of somewhat unwieldy, thick paper, have done their work well.

All New Englanders of the original stock will read "Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain."

THE TRUE METHOD OF REPRESENTATION in Large Constituencies: Being a Method by which the Independence of the Voter, and the Average Intelligence and Virtue of the Community, will have Free Scope and a Fair Representation in the Government of the Country. By C. G. P. Clarke, of Oswego, New York.

The suggestions contained in this pamphlet should be considered by legislators, political editors, and authors who are interested in the perpetuation of our Democratic Republic.

ANNUAL RECORD OF HOMEOPATHIC LITERATURE, 1872. Edited by C. G. Raue, M.D., assisted by Fourteen Physicians of the Homeopathic Practice. Octavo; pp. 338; muslin. New York: Boericke & Tafel.

This may be called *multum in parvo*, and contains the gist of a whole library of homeopathic medical literature, and to the school for which it is intended it must prove a great convenience.

LITTLE HODGE. By the Author of "Ginx's Baby." One vol.; 12mo; pp. 176; muslin. Price, \$1.25. New York: Dodd & Mead.

A story in which the question of labor and capital are intelligently discussed, together with matters relating to government, union and disunion, etc. The author writes in a racy and interesting manner.

A SACRED BOOK, Containing Old and New Gospels; Derived and Translated from the Inspirations of Original Saints. By Andrew Jackson Davis. "Search the Scriptures." Authorized edition. 12mo; pp. 77; muslin. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

The name of the author indicates at once the character of the work. Those who want to know what is being said and done in Spiritism and Spiritualism, will seek this latest utterance by Mr. Davis. The book is very nicely printed, and handsomely bound in blue and gold.

AT HIS GATES. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "John," "Laird of Norlaw," "Miss Majoribanks," "Perpetual Curate," etc., etc. With 31 Illustrations. 8vo; pp. 231; paper. Price, \$1.50. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Whether she writes fact or fiction, this chaste and elegant writer is sure of a large audience. The present will be no exception. The publishers bring out the book in pamphlet, which enables them to sell it at a small price.

WONDERS OF SCULPTURE. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated with 62 engravings. One vol., 12mo; pp. 403; muslin. Price, \$2. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

In the volumes composing the series entitled "Library of Wonders," none are more interesting than this relating to art and artists. In the volume before us we have the whole subject of Sculpture tersely considered and beautifully illustrated with rare copies of some of the most celebrated specimens of statuary, and with the history of the same.

All artists, whether painters or sculptors, will be glad to have this work, while young aspirants to artistic honor will read the book greedily and drink in the new inspiration which will encourage them in their studies and their work.

RESOURCES OF THE STATE OF ARKANSAS. With Description of Counties, Railroads, Mines, and the City of Little Rock; the Commercial, Manufacturing, Political, and Railroad Centers of the State. Second Edition. By James P. Henry. Octavo; pp. 167; pamphlet. Little Rock: Price & McClure.

A very interesting document, showing the resources of this rich and beautiful State, and such as all who contemplate settling in Arkansas should read previous to going thither. We shall, ere long, compile an article for our JOURNAL from this document.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC FOR 1873. This is a condensed encyclopedia, embraced in 56 pages, 12mo, and issued free to all subscribers to the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, by that prince of publishers, George W. Childs. It contains articles on the sciences, history, chronology, etc. Mr. Childs has done himself credit by making a most useful little almanac, which will be welcome everywhere.

THE GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY, From the Creation of Man till the Present Time. By William Francis Collier, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin. Edited by an Experienced American Teacher. 12mo; pp. 377; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

A handy work of reference which must be well-nigh indispensable to the student and the scholar, more especially to the teacher. We commend it heartily as answering the purposes for which its author has labored so faithfully.

MANUAL OF LAND SURVEYING, with Tables. By David Murray, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in Rutgers College. 12mo; pp. 260; muslin. Price, \$2. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

These enterprising publishers of educational works deserve credit for the superior manner in which their works are published. This invaluable "Manual of Land Surveying and Mathematics" is amply illustrated with field instruments, etc., such as every surveyor uses. It is a complete instruction book, and will take the place of a ponderous volume.

SCIENTIFIC WORKS.—The lectures of PROF. TYNDALL in New York have created a demand for his published works. We give titles, with prices, as follows:

HEAT AS A MODE OF MOTION.—One vol., 12mo, cloth. \$2. **ON SOUND.**—A Course of Eight Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. One vol., 12mo, cloth. With Illustrations. \$2. **FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UN-SCIENTIFIC PEOPLE.**—A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. One vol., 12mo, cloth. \$3. **LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.**—Notes of Two Courses of Lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. One vol., 12mo, cloth. \$1.25. **HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS.**—One vol., 12mo, cloth. With Illustrations. \$2. **FARADAY AS A DISCOVERER.**—One vol., 12mo, cloth. \$1. **FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS, RAIN, RIVERS, ICE, AND GLACIERS.**—This is the first volume of the International Scientific Series, and is a valuable and interesting work. One vol., 12mo, cloth. \$1.50. **CONTRIBUTIONS TO MOLECULAR PHYSICS IN THE DOMAIN OF RADIANT HEAT.**—A Series of Memoirs published in the "Philosophical Transactions" and *Philosophical Magazine*. With Additions. One vol., 8vo, cloth. \$5.

These works may be received by return post, from this office, on receipt of price.

WHAT is the matter? Are you ill? Have you been taking poison? Patent medicine? Bitters? Or other drugs? No wonder you are sick. Now, if you will read that new first-class, independent monthly, THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, it will tell you how to recover lost health—and to keep well—without the use of poisons of any kind. Published at \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number, at this office.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 4.]

April, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 412.]



CHARLES P. KIMBALL,
OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

HERE is a large head, measuring twenty-three and a-half inches; and, fortunately, there is body enough to give it support.

He inherits his qualities from his mother chiefly, having those sympathies and intuitions, in a good degree, which belong typi-

cally to the feminine nature. He is a decided thinker, the upper part of his forehead is massive; he wants to know the "why and wherefore," and is dissatisfied until he reaches it; and, though his intuitions give him an outline of the truth, he wants to go over it philosophically.

He has agreeableness, and can speak to people in a way to make them feel comfortable and willing to do his bidding. He has but little Veneration; hence, he does not lift his hat to all men whom the world calls great; but he can make poor people feel at home in his presence, because he is cordial, and his sympathies are sincere.

He loves the truth; believes that "honesty is the best policy;" is cautious, mindful of consequences, anxious about difficulties; is very sensitive relative to reputation; suffers if the meanest man entertains a bad opinion of him, and he thinks he must have done wrong when people avert their faces from him; he will meet a manly opponent on the rostrum, or anywhere, and give manly warfare, if it be demanded; but he dislikes to have the weak, the small, and the young doubt him, or fear him, or think unkindly of him. A little more Self-Esteem would be of advantage to him; it would give him more ease and weight of character.

He enjoys poetry and music, appreciates mechanism, especially artistic mechanism. He is very ardent in his affections; woman would always have a friend in him; a child, especially a lost child, would select him from a dozen. He wins people of all sorts of opinions, and if he were associated with the most unpopular of creeds, he would be on good terms with men of all the other denominations.

He has the power to govern, and at the same time to get the good-will of those who are under his control; if he employed help, strikes would be scarce in his establishment; his men would be the last in town to strike.

If his building were on fire, the men who worked for him would assist in trying to put it out; in fact, his subordinates believe in him, because he works upon them through their better feelings.

He is a singular compound of power, plausibility, and mellowness. He is strong, but carries his strength with gentleness, and will make his mark in the world—has already done it, and has left fewer scars where he has made his mark than many others who have done as much as he has.

MR. KIMBALL is in the full maturity of manhood, having been born in Maine on the 6th of August, 1826. As the portrait represents him, he is a large-hearted and large-brained man, full of actively generous impulses and judicious, beneficent plans. Born of intelligent parents, and in humble life, he has risen by the sheer force of native energy and persevering industry to a place second to none in his native State. Unaided by the advantages of a liberal education, he devoted his leisure to improving his mind in all branches of solid information while learning a mechanical trade, in which he soon became proficient. The element of independence in his character early developed itself in a peculiarly interesting way. At the age of eighteen, he entered into a contract with his father, by which, for a fixed sum, he became master of his own time, thus practically anticipating the working advantages of his majority by three years. That he made good use of the liberty thus obtained is evident from the fact that he at once joined his elder brother, a successful carriage-builder, learned the trade, paid his father for his time, saving something over, and, in the meanwhile, greatly improving his general education.

At the age of twenty-one, he started a carriage manufactory on his own account at Norway Village, in his native county. There the remarkable resources of his mechanical genius, his business enterprise, and force of character soon became apparent. No obstacle was too great to be overcome, no detail too trifling to receive his attention. So rapid was the increase of his business that soon there were scores in his employment, and the formerly quiet village became marked

for its new life and animation. The older residents of that region in the valley of the Pennissawassee can testify that its liveliest days were those when "Kimball's Carriage Factory" was in full operation.

The growth of his business, and the demand for improved facilities, determined Mr. Kimball on the removal to Portland, Maine, which took place in 1854. There he entered at once upon an extensive business, which now comprises two large manufactories. He is also a member of the firm of Kimball Bros., of Boston.

Mr. Kimball's originalty and skill as a designer, and his entire familiarity with every part of his business, have given him an immense influence with his workmen, and secured an individuality and excellence, combined in his carriages, that has, while fixing his own reputation for trustworthiness and skill, also gained a world-wide recognition of the excellence of his workmanship. His extensive business, conducted with eminent executive and financial ability, has proved remunerative; but success has not altered the simplicity of his deportment or the unassuming plainness of his style of living. He has ever been warmly recognized as the friend of the laboring man, and financial prosperity has but quickened his sense of obligation and sympathy. In a speech delivered by him at Bangor, in 1870, when it was urged by some employers that the rate of wages should be reduced, he thus feelingly took the part of the hired mechanic:

"Those men who desire a further reduction in the price of labor without a corresponding reduction in the necessities of life, either do not understand the condition of the laboring masses, or desire to make them serfs and slaves for their own benefit. Gentlemen, you will pardon me if I say, on this question, I have a deep and very decided feeling. If I did not take the side of the laboring mechanic on all the great issues pertaining to their welfare, I should be recreant to the early associations of my life; for it is well known to most, if not all of you, that I learned my trade at the bench, working early and late with my brother mechanics to earn my first hundred dollars. I was with them, and one of them, until I was twenty-one years of age; and from that time

to the present I have employed a large number of skilled mechanics all the time, and think I may be capable of knowing their sentiments and appreciating their condition and wants; and God forbid that I should ever forget that I am a mechanic, or that I should cease to labor for what I believe to be the best interests of the mechanic and laboring man."

Prior to the late civil war, Mr. Kimball's business connections with the South were so extensive that, when it opened in 1861, very heavy losses fell to his lot. But his affairs were promptly arranged in a manner as honorable and creditable to himself as it was satisfactory to his friends. His credit was unshaken, and his business went on with all its old energy and success.

Mr. Kimball has long been a leading spirit in, and several years President of, the Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association—a society having for its object the improvement of the condition of mechanics socially, mentally, and pecuniarily; and its prosperity and usefulness are largely due to his untiring efforts in its behalf.

In politics he has taken no prominent part as an office-seeker or politician, yet he has, nevertheless, been the recipient of official dignities, and that, too, from an Administration differing from him in party association. For instance, he has been at one time Surveyor of the Port of Portland and Falmouth, and twice an alderman of his city, to say nothing of places of minor importance and trust which he has always faithfully filled. While an alderman in 1861, although his party—the Democratic—was in the minority in the city government, he was especially active and persevering in securing liberal aid from the city for the families of volunteers in the service of their country.

The Democratic Gubernatorial Convention held in Bangor in 1869, and over which he was called to preside, unanimously nominated him as their candidate for Governor, but he promptly and positively declined the honor; and when the same party met in convention at Augusta in June of the present year (1872), to put in nomination a candidate upon the "New Departure," or Liberal Republican platform, Mr. Kimball was so eminently the man for the position, that

upon the first ballot he received 445 votes out of 463—the whole number cast. The leading Republican journal of the State had previously said: "Mr. Kimball stands better with the business people of the State than any other candidate the party can present, for the reason that he is better known as an energetic and skillful manufacturer and a prompt and honorable business man than as a Democratic politician."

This nomination he was prevailed upon to accept; but the following election proved adverse, although the vote in his favor was large, and made it manifest that his defeat was due to the great popular agitation with respect to the Presidential canvass.

In appearance, Mr. Kimball can not be said to impress a stranger with a sense of dignity and superiority, as he is one of those cordial, yet quiet, modest men who would

as lief be not seen as seen. His eyes beam with a sincere good-will, and are his most expressive feature, while the breadth of his forehead, when once attention has been drawn to him, is seen to mark the man of earnest thought and originality. In stature he is about medium, with a frame well knit and muscular, but not massive. His complexion is somewhat pallid, a condition due, in a great measure, to in-door occupation, probably, although that appearance, when we saw him in the Autumn of 1872, had been contributed to by the activity of his interest in the election canvass. He has, however, dark hair, eyes, and beard, which contrast sharply with a skin of rather delicate quality.

In the ordering of his life, he has been distinguished by habits of temperance, and a systematic observance of the higher proprieties of morality and religion.

INBORN STRENGTH.

WITHIN the unlimited possibilities of which our diversified natures whisper, lies that mighty, indefinable ambition which urges and impels us onward to some goal that we feel to be the ultimatum of the spirit of manhood and womanhood. "Success" is the word that holds all of the magic, all of the skill, all of the virtue, the honor—the truth of that which now is, and of the great all which ever shall be; limited and feeble as we acknowledge the present capability of our mentality, there is a beautiful, a wonderful ideal floating in the mists before us to which we are wedded for time and eternity; drift away from it as we may, there is no condition, no letter of law by which we can be divorced from the God-given angel of Love; no earthly power than can wrench the chain with which our Creator has moored us to the harbor of infinite goodness.

Take the histories of the past as far back as we can trace the foot-prints of old sovereign Time; mark the links that have been successively added to the chain of life—the sway of empires, the ravages of wars, the barbarities of the uncivilized nations, the blood-thirsty inquisition of the Church; and, later, the wars of races, the moral warfare now raging between capital and labor, be-

tween sex and sex, of Church against Church, and last, but by no means the least, the social ferment—all of these involving thousands of minor questions; and, although the first of these mentioned conditions are not yet extinct, we are hopefully sure that but little except the brittle shell of monarchy can be preserved, that the royal feast has long since been devoured at the royal table by royalty itself; and when ancient history reflects conditions of the servitudes of nations in fear of the royal axe and guillotine in contradistinction to the present uprising of the voice of the people, when necessity demands—crying "justice, even at the price of liberty," and "liberty or death"—take courage; behold a people, a nation—behold the universe marching on to God!

The success of the universe must have for a foundation the success of its individuals, and however far from personalities we may reach out with our liberty of thought, the welfare of humanity brings us back to the limited power that lies within our individual effort. The mighty works that make a nation grand must find miniature counterparts in the singleness of the individual; and he who can not command the forces within the precincts of his own manhood, is not a

fit ruler over assemblies. It was a disjointed scheme which the school committee used to lay before the juveniles when the "remarks" wound up the exercises of that never to be forgotten "Examination-day," in the style that "these boys and girls will perhaps be Presidents." I do not refer to the prophecy that put the girls on an equal footing with the boys—that was all right; but that their young ambitions were to take to themselves wings, and the boys and girls were going to soar high over the heads of manhood and womanhood, entirely ignoring these truest of all nobilities, wherein every one of them could find a field of usefulness with boundaries as wide as the world, for that limited Presidential field that few of them would ever occupy, and even succeeding in the occupancy—which at best does not last a decade—they are sure, after the seductions of popularity, of conventional honors that may mean anything or everything to be only the retired President; sure to blow away in the next political tempest, disgusted with the tame unflattering certainty of being only a man. Once an honored President; now, *only a man*—honor, popularity, influence degenerated or bestowed upon another; and he, now deprived of these which have become so necessary to him, is less a man than before. Are there exceptions? I speak of the rule. Boys and girls look to the Presidency in nearly the same line of direction that they look forward to a new pair of skates or a party dress; only the Presidency seems to be the ultimatum of these pleasures, while men and women look up to office and see therein the pleasures of personal power. Men and women who live as if they could find pleasure in duty, pleasure in genuine kindness, are too old-fashioned for modern times and modern society; therefore, when true manhood or womanhood is seldom met with, what wonder that we say, "Only a man, only a woman?"

WANTS OF THE AGE.

The earlier ages were subject to monarchies for reasons inevitable to the conditions of intelligence; self-government was so immature of development as to overthrow itself at the outset. It is not easy for a people so democratic as this to understand the necessity of a personal infallibility, with swords and scepters by which to command respect

of law and order in the people; yet as kingdoms have declared monarchical government the highest type of national government, so the republicanism of this age and of this nation declares its own government to be the highest form of governmental law; and as our great moral and political reforms grow out of the worn-out conditions of the near allied past, how true to the slow development of nature are our people, as each successive reform uplifts the veil behind which we discover the freedom of individual responsibility demonstrating the future of our government, how we shudder at the thought of individual liberty controlled only by the law of love; and the millions of hands upraised against this personal freedom are evidences of the inefficiency of these people to yet establish a law of love by which all nations and all peoples shall be kept in harmony; but every rolling year brings the words anew that Christ proclaimed: "Good-will," yes; "Peace on earth," and broader, higher, fuller grows the wise command to all progressive minds; and nations yet unborn shall sing the song to nobler music than our greatest bards have learned. Not only shall a nation love and trust its own, but nation unto nation, people unto people, shall declare that God is Love, and Love is Law! And nations shall learn, too, there is no higher human law than that which shall be found in him who is *only a man*. "An honest man's the noblest work of God," and now the age draws very near when honest men are needed. *Where can they be found*—is it you? Can there be too many to do the limitless work of uprooting error and supporting it with broad and noble truths? Is there not work enough here for all when every face we meet, in its undeceiving expression, so plainly says: "I can not find the happy way?"

The fashions of our creeds revolve in greater circles than the fashions of our trivial thoughts; but slowly, yes, and surely, dawns an era soon, when again a man shall preach the truth—not from the house-tops; not from the desk, or rostrum; but unconsciously, even by performing his simple daily duties. In our churches, on our rostrums, have stood the greatest orators of the land; their glowing eloquence drawing our sympathies upward, and higher upward, with their own

great intellects, while cheer after cheer, applause upon applause, have rung out to the responsive walls the enthusiastic expressions of our overflowing souls; yet, away in some dismal dwelling, whose decaying walls sullenly reflect the miseries of poverty, or disease, or slavery, which they inclose, there may be seen a human being with soul as great with natural intellect as these, yet in its tender humanities working, waiting while it works—while it performs loathsome duties with patient kindness; shut out from the customs of society, from the nobler kindred sympathies that make it what it is of greatness; obliged to learn the most degrading conditions of life; yes, to find sympathy for their miserable weaknesses; breathing the air that is impregnated with uncleanness, ignorance, and, perhaps, wickedness—waiting, waiting for the day and the hour when men and women shall be able to look upon that living scene and, in all its uncomeliness, discover the one true life that lurks amid the filth and rubbish—waiting for that time when men and women shall heed that silent sermon written in *deeds* of unselfish love and kindness—waiting for the glorious day when shall be recognized, within that despised human soul, the practical application of that written sermon: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.” There is work enough for the mighty brains of mighty men; we hail their works, we welcome their chosen words; but shall we shut our eyes and forget the warfares, the crimes, that grow out of little daily inflictions of misery? Great tribulations seldom sink the man to depths of sin before unknown to him; but constant hunger for bread, for little human kindnesses, for love—ah! what will mankind not do to keep *starvation* from his door? And yet there is enough for all. It is not the special outbursts of kindly remembrances, of loving words and deeds; it is not the joyful shouts of merriment, of overflowing love, which is so much recommended for *holidays*, for *days of feasting*, that we need; but an every-day dispensary, that teaches the soul, daily, how to enjoy naturally the holidays that are so beautiful in the ideal. We make awkward impersonations of the great characters of the drama, when we attempt to be actors before we have learned our part of the

play. There is nothing worth doing, unless it is eminently worthy of being well done. Sleight-of-hand performances will not build up solid structures for us; will not sow the seed and till the soil that will bring forth a bountiful crop of good wheat to fill our granaries; it takes good husbandry to do this. The prayers that go up from our altars will not feed the hungry; relief must come through homely hands, through clumsy machinery, through old-fashioned honest hearts, that are not ashamed of the common humanities; our prayers must blossom into works—no hot-house rare exotics, but natural roses, that are not too few in number, or too good to be plucked by the humblest, the poorest, or the most degraded. There is little time to be set apart for rejoicing over the saved. We must work and rejoice—we must save the many still writhing in the agonies of temptation or participation of crime. Thousands upon thousands of innocents are receiving the punishments due the guilty; and when the character of punishment is too barbarous for the age, and so revolting to our better education that reprieve can be bought for the mighty dollar, and the greatest criminals are freed, to continue in their evils in defiance of the law, the prison, and the gallows—can we afford to sit down under this state of affairs, with our life in imminent danger from the very laws that we have made for protection? No, no; this is the age of labor—we must do, or die; we must work to enjoy rest; we must suffer some days to appreciate our constant flow of blessings; we must feel chastisement for other's misdeeds, until we are watchful of our own misdoing; we must learn the right by testing the wrong—every one of us must pay the full price for a life such as we would have; for how shall we declare that to be wrong, unless we have tested its merits, and proved them inferior to those conditions which we declare to be right?

LABOR AND LEISURE.

“Is there no time to be merry?” you ask. Yes, work and be merry; but neglect duty, and there is nothing to be merry over. “So there is no time for rest?” Yes; there are the natural hours of sleep. “Then we must be on duty every moment we are not sleeping?” Yes, and even while asleep. “You

would make machines of us?" Nothing like the machines you now make of yourselves. Let us see: it is generally allowed that about one-third of the population of the United States are manual laborers—producers. The two-thirds that are not laborers are consumers, as well as the third which furnishes the products for all. The average terms of labor hours, per day, are ten; nine hours are considered ample for sleep—thus we find the common laborer is allowed five hours for dressing, eating his three meals, going to and from work, and whatever he finds for recreation. To get down to the bottom of the laborer's ditch, we will take from the five hours, a half hour for the toilet—it will be too much for those who never wash their faces, and it will prevent a very elaborate toilet for others—from the five hours there will be left four and one-half. Secondly, we must allow twenty minutes for each meal—and there are a goodly number of doctors already jolly over this—three meals at twenty minutes each, make just one hour; and this, from the four and a half, will leave us three and a half. Next we come to the time to be allowed for going to and from work, which can be divided about as definitely as the time for the toilet; we are sure ten minutes each way will be a modest estimate—once in the morning, to and from dinner, and returning at night will make forty minutes from out the three hours and a half—leaving two hours and fifty minutes for reading, writing, visiting, gossiping, attending to the wardrobe, public amusements—and those who have homes generally find some little home duties, beside doing an errand—as it is right on our way—for somebody at home, who never had two hours and fifty minutes to be divided up into the avenues of recreation that the laborer is obliged to travel to keep up the reputation and the feeling of being even a man, or a woman.

We haven't forgotten the one day in seven, wherein we must eat, put on our Sunday cleanliness, and go to church morning and evening; nor do we forget a minister of the Gospel, who grumbled at his flock because they were too lazy and irreligious to come to the morning prayer-meeting at nine, even though they were punctual at the hours of eleven, three, and half-past seven every Sab-

bath. If these calculations are unjust, they are so because they are practically insulting to the machines, calling them men and women, without allowing them the means, or the time to be either. According to the common acceptance of the term "labor," we have found one-third of our population to be machines, excepting two hours and fifty-minutes of the twenty-four hours, every six days in seven—we won't quarrel now over the Sabbath.

Now, of the two-thirds left, we will, perhaps, find one-half incapable of work—the invalids, indigent, and young children—being one-third of the whole population of forty millions, more or less. Setting aside our producers, invalids, and little ones, upward of thirty-six millions in all, we have some thirteen millions doing—well, it would be puzzling work to find out or investigate their doings. They are of all classes, from the idiot up to the walking encyclopedia; from the Wall Street broker who stakes his fictitious thousands, together with his honor, that he may be captain of a brown-stone front and a few straggling waifs from Africa or Erin's Isle, or, perchance, some of his country cousins, up to him who, following the example in a style of his own, stakes the coat on his back, together with *his honor*, to be captain of a half dozen glasses of benzine whisky and a row of lamp-posts; from the strong, able-bodied baby of a man who cries "Lord! Lord!" for every little want, instead of going to work like a man, fulfilling the prayer with the body and mind given him for that very purpose, to the puny, insipid, invalid young lady who is so much disturbed by boisterous people; she is *so sensitive, so delicate*, and they make her *so nervous*—her own words glide out inch by inch, measure by measure, with that studied, unemotional machinery movement, making you feel as if a thousand snakes were crawling over you—so nervous, yet so perfectly self-controlled and so determined to control everybody else by that angelic, sensitive delicacy.

We find, also, among them the dignified and undignified ladies who live in fine houses, finely upholstered, with profusions of worldly goods at command; getting up their grand dress parades with wonderful tactics; declaring war with servants because it will win

their respect to see how grandly commanding their mistresses can be in generalship—from these grand commanders of kitchen and society that teach their servants how terribly immoral it is to promenade the streets afternoons or evenings; how very inconvenient to the household is an occasional visit from some other kitchen or attic; the unpardonable sin of bringing Patrick home with them Sunday evening; in short, they don't quite like their servants to keep up intercourse with any world except in the vicinity of the broom, the wash-tub, or the cook-stove, the pantry and the cellar, but treat them something like humans just when and where it is necessary to get a well-cooked dinner; or, possibly, just to see what they are made of—how much and wherein they resemble human beings. Then, leaving the domestic department, let us go with them into society that they say “can be kept fit for ladies of our class, only by barring the doors against the first suspicion of impropriety;” of course, making exceptions, and these are greenbacks, fine clothes, impudence, and political influence; from these ladies—considering themselves individually outside of the laws and restrictions which they would make for all others, yet in their abundance of worldly effects, their easy access to the best education, to the highest moral socialities, they are abundantly fortified to keep—let us pass up to those miserable outcasts of society who, in their ignorance, their poverty of money or friends, have ventured to barter their virtue, their modesty, self-respect, and decency for a shelter with daily bread; yes, and even for the gay fineries of dress so attractive to the unripe culture of the young, and all with a hope that somehow they are to be pardoned for the weakness, that they will soon be led by the change of circumstances and by the effective outward appearances of respectable success to the reality of happiness which, in their blindness, they have thought must belong to aristocratic wealth.

CONDITION AND HAPPINESS.

Perhaps it seems rather severe upon those who consider themselves the exemplary, honorary members of society to be classed so low in the grade of human conditions—to set those who are bold in their social outlawry on a higher grade or estimate; but when we look

upon the soul of humanity, believing it destined for the eternal years of the future, we must take all things possible into consideration; birth, early surroundings, that make education more varied than we ever acknowledge, the influences of too close restrictions, that always cause an equal rebound, the wonderful fascinations of splendor, wrought up to the highest effects by only such artists as wealth can help perfect—why, even those who have bitterly, dearly learned how possible it is for happiness and humbleness to sit down together in a small cottage, how possible, too, it is for splendor and misery to hate each other in a noble mansion—even such as have learned these two possibilities are, at times, human enough to be dazzled by borrowed smiles and the dearly-bought glitter of wealth; and these outcasts of society—is it so very strange that they should be dazzled, too? should, at the unlucky moment, be tempted to stake their virtue, their honor, at this great temple of mammon, where the hosts of creation congregate—humble and proud, poor and rich, with their thousands or their single mite? The rich have money, have influence, have means by which to obtain more riches, more influence; these outcasts had nothing but their virtue, they have staked their all—and lost! Who are you that condemn? Would you pledge your word that under their circumstances you would not have done likewise? Then hold your peace until you have proved a higher humanity in your own being; don't cry out against these miserable creatures who advocate free love until you purge your society—yea, your statutes, of the vilest of common laws of free-loveism, until you are sure you are not now individually advocating and practicing free-love as you call it, man and woman, high and low. Upon what are your marriage laws intended to be based? Upon the law of love, you say. Yes, but when love is all things to all men, it loses some of its godliness as a common law. Is it upon that lowest of all conditions of self-love, that forgets the needs of everything but its very self? or is it that highest type of love which, in self-forgetfulness, seeks to elevate, to ennoble, to make happier the conditions of all around it? You say, I have taken the two extremes of love that do not belong to the human. I am glad

of it, glad to believe there is no soul so dead as to forget all but its own existence, and glad to learn that since none have reached perfect love within human boundaries, it is not possible, for it would be almost a shame that out of the millions of years and uncounted souls, not one could be found who had been faithful to the talents given him. But, as we do know, there have been noble sacrifices of life soberly, religiously laid upon the altar of human love, so we do know that for self-love, for self-help, human beings have consented to take the life or the happiness of others to gain a larger self-power, and these two extreme conditions or grades of love are, by custom, entitled to the benefits of the marriage law because the foundation of each is love. They are as wide apart as heaven and—purgatory.

SOCIAL INCONSISTENCY.

We may as well look society and its conditions of custom square in the face; and there is no better time than the present to investigate. Our marriages may be love marriages, but they are more of self-love than reciprocal love; this one marries for money, that one for a home; the other for spite; this one, because all the rest are getting married, and it isn't fashionable to be an old maid or bachelor; that one, under a false idea of duty; and here is another, finding herself in disgrace, compels the man who never loved her, to screen her reputation under the deceit of a matrimonial life—and proper society law hushes up these several facts, while it loudly and lastingly condemns the unfortunates who have no law to screen them, except the honest laws of unperverted nature. These mock marriages claim the merciful silence of society, and society grants it; and God knows how much those who venture a life voyage in the frail bark of marriage, without love, except the selfishness of self-love, need the mercy of wind and wave; there is tempest enough in such souls without warring with the outer elements of society; there is reproof enough in the unbalanced, inharmonious characters of their offspring, making home a constant battle-scene; we do not need to fling harsh insinuations and recriminations when they, too, were made the slaves of fashion, through the aristocratic influences of society, that, in its republicanism, still

worships the shadow of sovereignty. But if we tender mercy to one, we are not wise enough to discover a line where it shall be withheld from another; we must grant it to all or to none; we must temper the justice we would mete out with the mercy that acknowledges the force of circumstance—remembering there is no mercy without justice—no justice without mercy. If we can not cure the evils of society to-day, we can to-day lay the foundation for a better society to-morrow; we must do this; we must begin our individual efforts to prevent the future outgrowth of these little germs of evil so apparent in fashionable society; we must germinate characters of something more than passive goodness and piety—real live leavened characters that can leaven the whole lump. Every one of us suffers contamination from the ignorance, the sinfulness, the wickedness of those around; they may be huddled together in one corner; but God's air is free—it circulates through all space—gathering up pestilences, and carrying them to the purer retreats; gathering up purity, and dropping it among sinners and scoffers; and when we acknowledge ourselves wise enough to judge with condemnation, we ought to be wise enough to be willing to sacrifice those luxuries of life which we know will lead others into temptation. We ought to be discerning enough to ask "Is it because of ourselves that they have transgressed the law?"—and to say in consequent decision: "Then they shall transgress no more; for we will not only remove the temptation to evil deeds, but we will go unto them, saying: 'We have set the temptations before you, and you have fallen—we do not know that under the same physiological conditions, and the same temptational circumstances, we would not have fallen. Arise, and come with us; we are your brothers and your sisters, and will care for you henceforth; and you will not need to grieve us again.'" But no; they are Magdalenes, and we who have not been tempted sorely enough to give way to temptation, put out the scornful lip; or, perhaps, are suddenly attacked with a magnanimous desire to build a Magdalene Asylum, wherein to reclaim these unfortunates, by *separating them from the rest of humanity*, where they can sympathize with each other until they

forget there are other people besides *reclaimed wretches*. That is where we would leave them; we would get them out of sight, leaving them to the mercies of 'a Providence of which ourselves are truly unworthy; for we won't trust them at our firesides—or, rather, we won't trust ourselves in their companionship. But they do not forget there are others besides their own class; and if society does not allow them the heartfelt pity and respect that does belong to them, they are sure to get callous to the opinions of unjust society. If they are not fit associates for your sons and daughters under your roof and your sympathies, they are more dangerous companions in the streets, the ball-room, and in many other places where they contrive to make their way, in spite of frowns and scornful manners.

HUMANITY AMELIORATIVE IN ITSELF.

Now, with all these glaring defects—these idiotic brains, or brains of unused wisdom; these prayerful tongues with indolent brains and bodies; or these selfish, tenacious, sensitives; with these military men and women who are sighing for glory; with these audacious Magdalenes—we are sure to find human souls. Each, for self-aggrandizement, has put away the man or the woman, and set up a material machine with which to weave a web of personal honor; but the humanity within their natures has not died out—it has constantly rebelled; it always will rebel against that which has no soul, no heart within it. These thirteen millions of human machines are wearing out with unceasing friction; let the machinery go—but the man, the woman, the humanity, must we let that go? Has the past life proved nothing but vanity, nothing but pretense, nothing but an empty shell, that was but the infant life? It has been full of darkness, it has been full of evil; but out of evil cometh good; out of darkness is the dawn of day. In our blindness we did not see the glory of the *man*; we thought to crown him with the laurel wreath; but now we know he is *already crowned with the glory of God*. Let us do him reverence—with the hands, with the brains. To be, to fulfill the duties of being, is honor enough, is glory enough—will bring the fullest success for the happiness of the human soul.

As the success of the universe is achieved by individual success, so the prosperity of

the man or the woman completes itself only through the prosperity of a great humanity. We must be true to the least that we may approach the ultimate. We must respect manual labor, or we fail the honor of those nobler works which hands can achieve under the inspiration of a fertile mind. We must do our proportionate part of manual labor, and only that much to keep the uniformity of co-operative laws in the physical and mental life of the man. We must do our proportionate part of muscular labor, that those who now do the whole may have the time to educate themselves more extensively, and thus produce a higher type of mechanism—for our good, no less than their own. There is no law of progress except that of co-operation; and co-operation can be sustained only through the harmony of unselfish, genuine love. We must learn to love humanity; to be merciful to its little weaknesses—not encouraging it in these, but by nobler precepts, by higher examples, show how faulty, and how unworthy of the individual and the age, are the common inconsistencies of an ordinary career. At times when the affairs of life move on with comparative order, let men see the law or the lash held defiantly over their heads, it seems an insult to their manliness to be compelled to do, or forbear doing, the deeds they willingly do, or willingly forego; and the threat tempts them out of their peaceful ways into rebellion. Is humanity at so low a depreciation from what it originally was, that principles are not to be found—that the man must be constantly managed under military and legal authority? If the true principle is not to be found in the man, from whence do societies, do politics, do churches obtain the principle? Is it an inspirational godliness rolled up in the written parchments of society, political, and church creed? If so, how do our high-toned citizens, our great statesmen, our pious clergy contrive to be constantly extracting and dispensing to the individual, and still he doesn't grow a whit in grace, or beyond the old forms of legislation? Either they have been untrustworthy as leaders, have adulterated the manners, politics, and religions, before dispensing them to the people, so that the actual increase of grace and knowledge has been very diminutive, or the individual has

been preparing to throw off, one after another, the many stringencies of the laws made for desperadoes, yet cramping his manliness, and to take upon himself the responsibility of the higher life of self-government.

POLITICAL DISHONESTY AN EXCUSE.

Are we revolutionists who urge the people to break down public laws, substituting them with self-control? Do we show disrespect for the Government? We do not deny revolution—do not deny disrespect for the Government which denies its birth-right. Our Government is born of the people, and always receives praise that is justly its due; but when it becomes arrogant, and attempts to control its superiors—does this to a certain limit—it gets too obnoxious, and a revolution is the natural result. A community may have fears that a certain river may overflow its banks, and damage their homes, in case of a great rainfall, or a rapid dissolution of snow and ice; so they commence to dam it up above their possessions; but some traveler in passing by stops, and with kindly interest tells them it is impossible to stay the current, that it will burst out, and do more damage than if left to its own free course, and because he tells them they are taking the wrong method, does it follow that he is a revolutionist? I take it that he who tries to obstruct the river of God from flowing in its natural channel, is the revolutionist in fact; while the river, obeying the laws of its nature, in breaking over the banks, becomes a revolutionist of necessity. We are becoming enlightened, and revolutions will soon be lifted out of barbarous systems; our weapons will be moral weapons. With fear uppermost, we have been building fortresses to keep the enemy at bay; but now we are learning the boldness of reason, and dare to approach him with sheathed swords; soon we shall drop the sword, and go up to him with out-stretched hands of brotherly love. We are all a little timid, some of us are overgrown cowards. In all extremes, sudden transitions of action and thought relating to life, we are surrounded by conjectures which are liable to make the brain dizzy; we do not see the possible means to obtain certain results, while we are positive of the results. We are slow to loosen our hold upon the certainties of even an unsatisfactory present,

until we are sure of the ropes of the ship that we propose to take voyage in. But there is no way to progress that does not require risk and adventure. We must throw down our arms; must abandon the subterfuge, the artful maneuvering, intriguing, plotting, mercenary, office-seeking characters, which have been so much over-estimated; and rely upon nothing, for the success we would have, but honest motives and honest means thereto. But, say A, B, and C: "I must have bread and butter; my family must not starve; and, if honest labor will not secure me a living, I must get it as other men do; if plain truth is not available, I must revert to white lies; if honest traffic in useful commodities does not suffice the necessities of my living, I must try my chances at the game-board; or I must reap the surer harvest of dollars from the saloon; or, perhaps, get a fat Government office by doing scavenger work during the campaign." They say to you: "I do not like white lies; but they are more than expedient; there are times and places that they are unavoidable." "I do not countenance gaming; but sometimes men are brought from squalor, and filth, and miserable degradation by putting their hands to the wheel of chance." "I do not approve—nay, in my soul I abhor—the brutish, beastly element that breeds its like within the dark, dingy, dirty beer-shop, where the lowest of man-creation debauches itself day by day." "I feel that there is something of a higher race of humanity within me than these miserable creatures seem to possess; they are not akin to me by look or thought, and scarcely by blood can they claim the merest fiber of a thread's connection to me and mine." "I confess the broad license given to the ethics of politics is not quite up to the standard of manliness; but look at this great, *glorious*, **FREE GOVERNMENT**—the pride and boast of every American heart; and these very men, whom we call wire-pulling, scheme-hunting politicians, are *its life and support*. But I must live—must do something to maintain my family, and support it as other men support theirs; must educate my children, and make them respectable, honorable members of society. The Bible says, 'He that will not provide for his family is worse than an infidel'—and how am I to do this?" "If the

means I would most gladly employ are not sufficient—not adequate to these common duties of manhood, I must accept such as I can make subservient; I must stoop for a little while—for a few weeks, months, or, perhaps, a year—to do the dirty work that I despise; I must stretch my conscience a little, though I blush red with shame at the folly; my motives are good, and the result must be good also.” They offer the purity and manliness of the man, of the individual, to insure the prosperity of society, of the nation, of the world! “A noble sacrifice,” even great men say. Great God! forgive the blasphemy that Thou hast made it necessary for one of the humblest of Thy creatures to debase itself in support of the virtue of its kindred. Teach men and women that society is just what their own single, individual act makes it to be; that every soul’s purest thought, or noblest wish, has not only the right to its widest possible instinctive freedom, but that the good of society, of which every man and woman is an equal part, demands that man or woman to live up to the highest thought or wish which is in them and of them a part, despite all customs, all laws that ignorant man can make. Human laws are sacred only so far as they are perfect; and when men live half-way—*half-way* up to their highest intelligence of thought, fearing wrong more than they care what other men think of them—then society will be pretty safe with only the law of kindness. It is only human ignorance, not God-like religion, that demands the sacrifice of a single personal virtue for the welfare of the community. Only honest means can secure noble ends. The offspring of our labors is born with just those qualities that its parents can produce;

HONESTY ENGENDERS HONESTY; selfishness creates selfishness; every act of wrong-doing has to be righted in its slow, unfolding, and developing process, through the mechanical laws of nature, through the spiritual laws of nature. Then, if we spend a year putting our duplicity, our craft, our selfishness into the harvest-field, it will require another year or two to gather the ill-gotten, filthy gain; and only God knows how long to get it off our hands entirely, and again begin in honest commerce.

You who have kept your hands clean heretofore of temptation’s foulest works, fear not the degradation of the commonest labor, so that you do it faithfully; fear not the humbleness of your home, or the sneers of fools, because you do not choose to sell your soul for a shadowy, flimsy pretense of living successfully. I do not say that wealth and splendor are always the results, or children, of crime, and duplicity, and self-forfeiture, in the large sense of the words; but when we have reached that millennium of which we expect so much, but which will never come to us individually, only as we live faithfully up to our highest intelligence; when we have won the millennium for ourselves by labor, and kindness, and unselfish love to all mankind, then we may look back upon ten thousand little means that our best minds now use to bring wealth and happiness; then we may be able to see how far from honesty and uprightness these means and methods actually were, how much dishonesty, selfishness, and ignorance was in them. Ah! the millennium will surprise us hugely; it won’t be success, right or wrong; it will never be the lazy luxury, as we now picture it, of everybody gorging himself with luscious fruits and high wines; with song, and wit, and mirth; with beauty and art; with wealth and splendor—and all these *without a price*. Speak to any man or woman of some custom of social or business life which enslaves them to a certain amount of moral degradation, and you have the answer: “I know it is not right, that it is a waste of time, and a departure from truth; but society’s voice compels us to do as the world do; I would like to act differently, but there is no chance for a person in the world unless he conforms to its customs and usages. ‘When you are in Rome, you must do as the Romans.’” Ah! what an amount of responsibility we throw off our shoulders that “society” and “the world” must answer for! How strange that not an individual can be found who likes these customs; yet society puts on her regal demands, and every man and woman becomes humble, obedient subjects to her despotic laws. What is this *society*? where does it get its bodily members when not a person is responsible for its slavish existence? Men and women who

care for the safety of your morality, who care for the future of your souls! if you can not go to Rome without conforming to its heterodoxy and its gross immoralities, don't go to Rome at all. If you are in a city beleagured by sneaks, thieves, and cut-throats, and its laws or customs compel you to participate in its crimes, petty or great; where its religions put manacles upon reason, and make your lips confess to a lie; where its customs require your works to be outwardly clean, and inwardly foul and dark with disease and infamy—fly its limits, shake its infamous dust from your feet, and retreat to the retirements of a slower-jogging country, where the inhabitants live within the limits of their means, and eat the bread of honesty; where fashion and religion do not demand you to spend one-half your time in vanity, deception, and wickedness, and the other half on your knees confessing and imploring forgiveness.

CHARACTER, EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

It is true that grumblers are not popular; true that those who present a hopeful side of life in bright, beautiful figures of speech are pleasant companions; they make us think we are good, and continually growing better by some miraculous process; that the world is all right, and creation will carry us along with its unaccountable providences; that we can eat, drink, and be merry while the great wheel turns us round to fortune. But it is useless to say that we are not all grumblers: we are all dissatisfied with life, and one-half the time—*when we are awake*—disgusted with its cares and perplexing questions. Why is it? It is because we are living down in the basement of our souls, where it is dark and unwholesome; and we are not willing to come up to the light and sunshine of truth. We are keeping the best rooms in our souls for select company, for great days, and remarkable occasions; we go into them, at long intervals, to ventilate them, so the air will seem to be always pure, but we are not at home in them, as we are in the underground basement. We need a little wholesome experience from the adverse side of success in the respectability of appearances; and if walls could tell such tales, it would be humbling to find that we have been entertaining plebeians

and knaves in our parlors, our churches, and our offices of trust, with all the considerate deference due to honor, while angels were ignorantly and stupidly turned from our doors, because they hadn't the family monogram. Are we so poor in character that the politeness of decency can not be offered to all? Is there just enough for a few hundred? Must we keep a sentinel, pacing to and fro, to guard our reputations, because we do not possess sufficient energy to sustain *characters*? Must we hire servants to see that no crumbs fall from our table that our neighbor's dogs may pick up? Have we no dignity to protect us, or no charity? Yes, but they are too spasmodic, we can not depend upon their changeable moods; we have sudden impulses of wisdom that tell us we must divide our blessings with others, and not keep the best for ourselves—whether they are thoughts or things. Then an intangible thought is too often allowed to glide in between us and our good resolutions, and, once intercepted, it is not so easy to restore the direct ray of light. I once saw a young wife take two pears from a parcel of fruit which her husband had brought home, and these two pears were *accidentally* of unequal size. She went up to her husband, held both out to him, asking, "Which will you take?" Of course, the gallantry of the man selected the smaller of the two. We can not say whether he secretly coveted the larger, but we testify to the look of satisfaction which the little woman's face wore as she commenced eating the bouncing great pear, while her better half contented himself with the smaller—and the *consciousness that she had given him his choice*. Here is a chance to offer a bit of advice to the marrying class, to both sexes—and it matters not whether they have seen fifteen or seventy-five years. It isn't a wise deed to over-persuade anybody with winning arts, and polite ways of appealing to their honor or obligation to marry you. You can victimize them with your winning fascinations, if you are unprincipled enough, and can make them think they choose you from a world of people; or make them feel as if they had been acting like brutes, and so, in reparation, they will ask you to name the day. When it has gone thus far, it would be prudent to fix a date as far in the future as consistency would admit,

that they might have less time to discover the *innocence* of the ruse *politely played* upon them, with fewer opportunities to repent, and to make you repent, in sackcloth and ashes. Society abounds in just such courtesies, and just such incidents. They are little things, but little things grow to mighty matters; and out of the little true courtesies of life, we build up our characters to giant strength of kindness, helpfulness, and usefulness; or from the transparent courtesies—these shallow pretensions to politeness and kindness—we grow to be selfish, crafty, dishonest men and women, making ourselves entirely irresponsible and unworthy of any trust or confidence.

EVERY-DAY LIFE AND ITS MORAL.

Our business lives, our social and religious lives, are fast reducing themselves to counterfeits. Legitimate business includes every kind of quibbling and prevarication that money or office can buy. Morality and religion are as elastic as air and as controvertible; you can stretch and adulterate them as much as you please and still advertise them as morality and religion, and there are few who can discriminate between the genuine and the spurious. The loudest advertisement brings the most confiding customers. There is not a law made by man that money won't buy, but there are laws that we can not break over without breaking the bond of true success; they are immutable, beyond our control. We may tamper with them, but we only tamper with our soul's peaceful security, and at every word we utter, that breaks away from truth into the borders of untruth, that great unseen Presence witnesses the shattering of some precious article in the closet of our soul; at every breach of trust we commit, every moment of time we steal from our employer, every little trifle of commodity or currency which we stealthily abstract from another, that searching, unerring Eye watches us, knowing that we are filching from our own possessions and hiding the stolen goods where we can not find them again, or if we do find them we do not know how to use them without detection. There is nothing so troublesome to a person as stolen commodities; no matter whether it be a thought, a moment, a few dollars, or a human heart; if you haven't obtained it honestly and openly it is an awkward thing to handle, it is always

peeping out of your face or your words, your pocket or your miserable soul. There are a thousand more opportunities to demand justly and successfully whatsoever of life we need than there are successful chances of stealing the comforts and the happinesses which are not ours.

This is an age of conflicting faiths. We are representatives of two religious forms that seemingly deny each other. Our people advocate religious ideas reaching from the supernatural of spiritualism to the natural of materialism, from the simple creed of faith to the natural law of works. We are fast tending toward materialism in its ultra forma. See what mighty strides we have taken in our means of manufacture and commerce, developing them so rapidly that we may sit down in our homes and see everything around us passing away while the new is forcing itself upon us. How apparent the material change, how sluggish the spiritual! We trust in God to take care of our souls; but the material, we would a little rather have that in our own hands. What we need is a blending of spiritualism and materialism, a joint life of faith and works. We need faith in common humanity, in its elementary power to will justly and to do wisely. We need faith in the simple, unobtrusive laws of human nature wherein religion and the common duties of life are wedded for the eternal years of progression. We need to learn the omnipotent power of love.

Not quite two thousand years ago, somewhere upon this earth, dwelt a people who, in the wrangling, heathen selfishness of their natures, suffered one among them to be crucified, nailed to a cross, mocked, spit upon, ridiculed, reviled, when even in his agony he cried, "Father, forgive them!"—this to teach them how sublime a thing it was to have that love for mankind that could do, could suffer, could *die to show them how to live*. Eighteen hundred years have elapsed, and another people upon that same earth are telling the pitiful story; telling of the beauty of humbleness and the grandeur of godliness in that one life and death, and saying: "Wasn't he good? Wasn't he good to die for us?"

But did that martyrdom suffice? No, the bloody axe, the guillotine, the blazing faggot, the convent, the scaffold, the sword, the bul-

let, the *harmless* tongue, each has borne its martyr. But a few years since thousands upon thousands of our countrymen, North and South, yielded up their lives on the field of battle—martyrs for a cause dear to their hearts. There is still a hush in the desolate homes. The tears silently course down our cheeks in memory of our martyred braves—our own dear brothers. We learn to give these men our honest words of praise when death has wrapped them in its sacred folds; but shall we give our words the lie by rejecting the mighty principles of love that made the greatness of those we eulogize? Shall we content ourselves with meager words of praise, with eulogies that only speak the noble Godliness of these our martyrs, and go on still avoiding the right and doing or sanctioning the wrong that must wring the tears, the blood of martyrdom from some coming Christ? No, no! a thousand times no! Let

us take the lessons home to our hearts. Let our principles be founded upon that love which knows no fear, which harbors no jealousy. Let the tidal waves of circumstance that wash in upon the shores of our characters go out freighted with a new grandeur of truth, with a new song of triumph that shall be heard on the distant shores of eternity. Let us be *men* and *women*. Let us find the strength, the courage, the Godliness within the humble man and woman. It is there, our martyrs have proclaimed it, living and dying. We have not understood the full meaning of their sacrifice; we have been looking beyond ourselves for success; we have been looking beyond ourselves for miracles; these noble martyrs have given us the grandest miracles ever wrought by men or angels; they have taught us the majesty within the human being, they have *thrust in the sickle* and reaped the glory of God.

ROSINE KNIGHT.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

SHAKSPEARE'S PERSONALITY, AS SUGGESTED IN HIS WORKS.

BY AMELIE V. PETIT.

IT has been said that Shakspeare has nowhere "asserted his own personality;" to me, it appears that no author who writes *con amore*, as he evidently wrote, can prevent his personality appearing more or less conspicuously. One of Shakspeare's most striking mental traits is keen, sparkling wit. This is a quality of mind that no art or labor can produce, it must be native; neither study nor learning can be crystalized into those mind-diamonds, those pure gems of thought that flash and sparkle upon every page, catching and diffusing light; they are nature's handiwork—art can only imperfectly imitate them. Shakspeare could condense and concentrate a thought till a single sentence, often a single word, told volumes.

Again, he must have been exceedingly fond of company, of knowing many people, and capable of appreciating the points of difference in their different characters, for the dramas are crowded with actors as various in their dispo-

sitions and moods as real individuals; an unsocial man would have contented himself with fewer personages, and there would have been a certain coldness about them, whereas, now they glow with life. He studied human nature keenly, intently, and with a hearty sympathy, not only for the wrongs of beggars, but also for the wrongs of princes.

Yet, with this fondness for society, Shakspeare could not have made himself common among louts and loungers. He was rather a "looker-on in Venice" than an active participant in the revels. His contemplative nature, and habit of reflecting upon men's actions, motives, and conduct, ensured his not being flattered and led astray by reckless companions; and after having thoroughly studied all types of men, and their springs of action, he would have been apt to lose interest in society, and seek retirement. This social spirit led to a love of history and historical personages. He possessed a clear, vivid imagination, which, joined

to deep and varied knowledge of human nature, enabled him to breathe anew "the breath of life" into the moldering bones of those long gone to dust; nay, more, he seemed to create new souls from the workings of his own.

Shakspeare shows very little of our modern poet's love and devotion for nature's works; he vastly preferred a chat at his inn, with townspeople and travelers, to a solitary walk through nature's temples. He possessed more of what might be called "the put yourself in his place" faculty, than any other author, past or present. This power was not the product of any one mental trait, but was the fruit from the flowering of a powerful imagination, nourished by intimate knowledge of humanity, and a gift of language direct from winged Hermes.

Shakspeare had not that literary vanity which puts all noble, lofty sentiments into the mouths of lords and princes, so they will run no risk of being slighted or overlooked; but grand thoughts and pure motives are often ascribed to the most insignificant actors. This also proves him to have been no time-server, seeking only personal honor and emolument, but a man who realized the innate dignity of human nature and the capacities of the human soul. And though he would have felt boundless gratitude for favors or honors bestowed, they would not have bound or fettered his mighty nature, as they do those of meaner mold. In the world of a small mind gratitude becomes a blighting fog, withering and stunting all, while in his it would have been a fresh and sparkling dew, nourishing and perfecting growth. A fine sense of the comic element, which is mingled with all the varied aspects of life, pervaded the mind of Shakspeare. Amid the deepest sorrow, and in the darkest days of despair, there occur, in real life, instances of childish glee, or grown-up stupidity, or misapprehension, or ignorance, which, by their very contrast with the prevailing grief and gloom, seem the more ludicrous; yet it requires one with a quick feeling of the humorous to seize and combine the fleeting jest, with the profound spirit of the hour, so justly that the incongruity becomes not too apparent. This our author does with so fine and delicate a touch, that the limits of nature are rarely passed. Though grief and jest dropped from Shakspeare's lips, as easily as ripened fruit from wind-kissed boughs, still a spring of tenderness gushed underneath, so full and broad that the smile often quenched its light in rising tears. He felt and saw through all the glitter

of wealth, the pride of power, the glory of intellect, and the delight of love, the voiceless griefs, the biting cares, the burning anguish, and heart-crushing toils that enact their tragedies in every human soul.

Undoubtedly kindly, jovial, generous, and courteous, Shakspeare seemed not a man who would become strongly attached to any other man. Liking many, he loved few. Instances of masculine friendship are rare in his works; had he been strongly bound to another soul, in the pure, delicate ties of friendly affection, he would have transcribed it, to the admiration of all succeeding time. Companionship, the "hale fellow, well met" spirit is not friendship—merely its shadow. Yet, doubtless, Shakspeare was very capable of sincere friendship, and would have shown the sentiment had there been another heart and soul among the sons of men able to answer thought for thought, aspiration for aspiration, with this peerless child of genius. He paid to the utmost the penalty of greatness—solitude of soul. What he might have felt for a congenial spirit, is shadowed forth in King Henry Fifth, where Exeter describes the deaths of Suffolk and York:

"Suffolk first died; and York, all baggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud: 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to Heaven!
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast—
As in the glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.'

* * * * *
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips,
And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love."

Grand as was this soul, this heart, it would not have been constant in love: the charms and graces of one, though softened and enchanted by the filmy gauze of his adorning fancy, would never have so dazzled his sight, enthralled his senses, and captivated his soul that he could not note and enjoy the ruddy earthiness and human beauty of a milkmaid. Still, Shakspeare's delineation of female character has won the admiration of all who appreciate the peculiar excellences of woman. He has proved himself an advocate of the mental equality of sexes—inasmuch as the greater part of his women are shown, by the sentiments they express, to be as capable of as noble thoughts, lofty resolutions, and consistency of conduct, as their fathers, brothers, lovers, or husbands; and womankind every-

where may be truly grateful to the genius that has embodied her chiefest graces and virtues in Juliet, Portia, Imogen, and Cordelia.

And so, from this gathered testimony, and much more whose subtle spirit can not be embodied in words, we judge him unconsciously to have limned his own portrait in the following lines:

* * * * * "A creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but he." * * *
He had, too, "all the learning that the time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered; and
In his spring became a harvest"—and
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them."

"And he is one
The truest mannered; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies unto him.
Half all men's hearts are his;
He sits 'mongst men like a descended god,
He hath a kind of honor sets him off
More than a mortal seeming."

NEARING THE SHORE.

BY LAURA OAKWOOD.

An old man sits in a worn arm-chair;
White as the snow is his thin, soft hair,
Furrowed his brow by time and care,
And back and forth he sways.
There's a far-away look in his dim, dim eye,
Which tells of thoughts of the long gone-by;
For he sits once more 'neath a sunny sky,
And in childhood merrily plays.

He rests his cheek on the head of his cane,
And, happily smiling, dreams over again
Of his home—the brook—the meadow—the lane—
Dreams all with a vision clear;
Then childhood yields unto manhood its place,
And he looks once more in a sweet, bright face,
And down in the starry eyes he can trace
A love remembered and dear.

Then he wakes, and sighs: "It seems but a dream,
That comes to me now like a golden gleam,
Or the shimmering glow of the sun's last beam;
But 'tis pleasant to think it o'er.

That youth was sweet, but now is past;
Those days of love were too precious to last,
But over yonder their pleasures are cast,
And I am nearing that shore."

He is gliding on in his frail life-boat,
O'er the calm, still waters they peacefully float,
But echo full oft brings a well-known note
From the land he has left behind;
But time will row back for him never more,
And he gazes a-head to that other shore,
And knows when this voyage of life shall be o'er
That his dream beyond he will find.

The seeds of good which in youth we sow,
All down through the leles of our future will grow,
And shed on age a beautiful glow
As they come in memory's gleams.
Loved faces will come to a dimming sight;
Sweet words will echo in day-dreams bright;
They'll circle old age with their haloes of light,
As they mingle in beautiful dreams.

EDUCATING THE SEXES TOGETHER.

DR. DIO LEWIS gives the following testimony on this much-agitated subject:

Some years ago we had supervision of a school for young men and women. The desks were what is called double, each one accommodating two persons. We placed a young man and a young woman at each. Permission was given the pupils to render such assistance to their desk-mates as they thought profitable, keeping the noise within bounds. But we did not often check the hum and buzz; for as these young people were being trained for life, and as in actual life there is a hundred times as much noise as silence, we should hardly have felt at liberty to train their faculties in silence for use in noise. We only said, Don't be too noisy. But this is in-

cidental. What we wished to bring before you is the striking influence of this system upon the love passion.

When Thomas and Lucy first sat down together, they looked and acted just as a young man and young woman are likely to do when they first meet. We need not describe it. You have seen how they look and act. This soon began to wear off, and in a month the young people acted toward each other like brother and sister. All that peculiar expression and manner which you often see among lovers, and which you recognize at the distance of three blocks, soon disappeared. With the new arrangement in our school there was more or less of this all through the room; but, as already stated, it soon gave

place to a social atmosphere which seemed identical with that of a home among brothers and sisters. Still further, they were permitted to change partners at pleasure on the first Monday of each month. This renewed the lovers' exhibition a little at first, but after three months even this change of companions evoked no visible disturbance of the school-work. But what good came of it? It is just that question we wish to answer.

From the day this system was introduced the school required no government. It was like a company of ladies and gentlemen in a drawing-room. There was no necessity for rules in the one case more than in the other. The average progress in our studies was strikingly enhanced. Stupid, coarse fellows, who in a company of men alone would chew, and growl, and loaf, became bright, gentlemanly, and studious; and girls of light, frivolous composition became earnest. The average progress was greatly increased. The young men came to regard women not as charming creatures to be toyed with and to be talked down to, but as brave, hard-working companions, competitors, and equals. They ceased to think of their bodies, and thought only of the quality of their minds. The young women no longer looked up to the young men as chivalrous heroes, seeking opportunity to die for their lady-loves, but as fair, honest, honorable companions, whom it was a pleasure to know, and sometimes to conquer. In a single year they came to occupy the same attitude toward men with those girls who have been reared in a large family of boys, and who are rarely wrong in the choice of

husbands. The girls who are educated in a separate school are like the only child, who is almost sure, if she has been brought up in seclusion, to fall into some trap. The young men, after a year in such school companionship, are like the young man with half-a-dozen sisters, who is sure to be wise in the selection of a wife.

In its bearing upon the most important interests of our earthly life, there is no part of our education so vital as an early, large, intimate acquaintance with many persons of the opposite sex. What probability is there that a young woman, an only child, brought up in seclusion, educated in a convent or other separate school, and who then, having finished her education, sets up at home under the watchful eye of her mother for a husband — what probability is there that she will be wise in her relations with men? With no occupation save that of catching a beau, with imagination and emotions left to wander, is she likely to see through the sham smiles and vows of an imposter?

[It was unfortunate, in view of the experiments being tried, that Dr. Lewis' school should have been destroyed by fire ere the fruits of his system could have been more plainly seen. But this was not the first nor only experiment of the kind. Ever since boys and girls were born in the same family they have grown up, and, to a great extent, necessarily have been educated and associated together, save when separated, as in nunneries and certain schools. We can see no good reason why they should ever be separated. Neither minds nor morals are improved thereby.]

QUEEN ANNE OF ENGLAND.

PROBABLY most of our readers are acquainted with Scribe's exquisite comedy. "A Glass of Water," or "Causes and Results," and it may interest them to know something more definite about Queen Anne, whom he describes as being weak-minded and irresolute. Anne Stuart was the daughter of King James II. and his first wife, Anna Hyde, and born Feb. 6th, 1664, in Twickenham. She was brought up in the Protestant Church against her father's will, and was married in 1683 to Prince George, of Den-

mark. Weak, good-natured, and easily influenced, she was induced, when her brother-in-law, William, of Orange, landed at Torbay in 1688, to claim the throne of England for himself, to desert the cause of her father and to acknowledge William as his successor. This act of hers caused the King to complain bitterly that his children had betrayed him. During the reign of William III. Anne lived with her husband in domestic retirement. Seventeen children were born to her, but one of whom survived child-

hood, and he died at the age of eleven. At William's death, in 1702, she succeeded to the throne of England, thus restoring the Stuart line. Her husband, like the late Prince Albert, was not recognized in the sovereignty, but kept his title of Prince, and was distin-

the Queen herself was scarcely more than a tool. The Duchess of Marlborough was initiated in all the mysteries of the government, and knew how to manage the Queen to serve her own interests during the Duke's absence on the battle-field. Under such influences the



guished only by the honors of Grand Admiral and Generalissimo being bestowed on him. But as Prince George was a narrow-minded, indolent person, the ambitious, energetic Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the Prime Minister, and his proud wife, substantially usurped the reins of government, and

Queen was persuaded to join the Triple Alliance against France. The Duke also induced the Queen, though against her will, to unite the two kingdoms, England and Scotland, under one parliament, with the condition that in case she left no child at her death, her stepbrother, James III., who was the le-

gitimate successor to the throne, should be excluded from his rights, and the crown pass to the Protestant offspring of the Stuarts, or, in other words, to the Princess Sophie, grandchild of James I., and widow of the Grand Duke of Hanover. James III. was indignant at this, and landed, in 1708, in Scotland with his followers, but was unsuccessful with his invasion.

After the death of her husband the Marlboroughs controlled Queen Anne even more exclusively; but she became at length disgusted with the strife and disagreeable conduct of the parties in the state, and refused to have much to do with political affairs. Growing weary, at last, of being in leading-strings to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, whose intrigues were ever adverse to her own family traditions and views of government, Queen Anne found a new favorite in Mrs. Masham. To this lady's influence the change in the ministry, which was brought about in 1710, was greatly owing: Harley,

afterward Earl of Oxford, and St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, becoming the leaders.

The Queen was anxious to secure the succession to her step-brother, and on this point her ministers agreed, more or less, but serious quarrels occurring among them, many of their political supporters were alienated, and at length her brother was compelled to leave the country. A dispute between Harley and Mrs. Masham occurred in the presence of the Queen, and terminated in her demand for his instant resignation. The mental excitement attending this quarrel seems to have brought on an attack of apoplexy, of which she died on the 1st of August, 1714. The Elector of Hanover succeeded her as George I.

Queen Anne was of middle size, and, like the Stuarts generally, of graceful and pleasing appearance. Although not remarkable for mental capacity herself, her reign is often mentioned as a period made illustrious by some of the greatest names in literature and science which England has ever produced.

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

NEXT to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at such a face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair, out of the mist and shadows, away from tears and repining into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they can never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

It may be a very *plain face*, but there is something about it we feel, yet can not express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn toward it as the leaves of the plant turn toward the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting

spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell that reaches into eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a very *little face*; one that we nestle on our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright, cheery little face! The scintillations of a joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household! binding each heart together in tenderness, and love, and sympathy. Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this little face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows can not remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is never seen.

It may be a very *wrinkled face*, but it is all the dearer for that and none the less brighter. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this happy face! We

must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone."

And after it is gone how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward natures! When care and sorrow would snap our heart-strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension

grows lighter, the way less dreary, and the sorrow less heavy.

God bless the cheerful face! Bless it? He has blessed it already; the stamp of heaven is on every feature. What a dreary world this would be without this heaven-born light! and he who has it not should pray for it as he would pray for his daily bread.

MY TABLE.

'Tis only a little table—plain and battered and old—
And yet it seems that this table was cast in no common
mold; [hair,
For reflected on its surface are bright eyes and sunny
While dearest associations come thickly crowding there.

'Tis none of your fancy tables—'tis true—
A thing all carving, varnish, and glue,
Where should you unwittingly bear,
Insulted, on bright, shining rollers, would fly
Away from your chair, like the glance of an eye,
And leave you—I can not say where.
But there, with bold and honest mien,
It plants itself, all stanch and true
As any old, tried friend *should* do,
However hard you may lean.

It tells of winter evenings, and winter fires bright,
While round it is gathered a group, with hearts all happy
and light;

Father, and ma with the baby, May with the sunny hair,
Darling, prattling Katy, and little Jim in his chair.
Scattered over the table are books and pictures and
toys,
While the well-spring of childish glee beguiles, but
never annoys.

It tells of gay Christmas mornings, when each little
child, with care,
Brought the well-filled socks to the table, and displayed
their treasures there.

Of birth-day feasts—and right well I ween
No royal board graced by king or queen,
Decked with costly china and massive plate,
With all the paraphernalia of state,
Could at all in heart-felt joy compare
With the little feasts that have been spread there.

Ah! where are those who lingered round thee,
Who with their youth and beauty crowned thee
With loveliness so rare?
Dost thou, who once saw naught but gladness,
Still mingle with us in our sadness—
Canst thou our sorrow share?

There's a beauty of feature, beauty of face,
Beauty allied to a form of grace;
But methinks a warmer beauty glows
Round an object o'er which Love its mantle throws.
So now you know why my heart will cling,
To my table—this plain, old-fashioned thing!

C. M. S.

A WOMAN'S PENETRATION.

AN OLD STORY.

AMONG the numerous petty states of ancient Greece, slightly held together by the bonds of federation, on the approach of foreign enemies—but nearly always waging internecine war in the absence of invasion—Lacedæmon, occupying the southern portion of the peninsula, exerted a commanding influence, and contested with elegant Athens supremacy in the council and on the battle-field. Its people, educated according to the legislation of Lycurgus, exhibited, to a sublime degree, the lofty traits of self-devotion, patriotism, and magnanimous courage. The strictest temperance prevailed generally, and in natural sequence, virtue and simplicity characterized not individuals only, but the nation. The spare, plain diet of the public tables, where the sons of Sparta ate their scant allowance, had the

effect of producing bone and muscle, and banishing superfluous flesh. Every man was a soldier; every man knew how to obey, and hence was to that degree equal to the charge of leadership. The two kings of Lacedæmon, one of whom presided at the council-board, while the other led the troops to war, lived in the same simple, unostentatious manner as their subjects.

About four hundred and ninety years before the Christian era, the senior king, or chief executive officer, of the Spartan Commonwealth was Cleomenes. He had an only child, a daughter, named Gorgo, the last scion of his royal line. When she had attained her ninth year, her father was visited in a mysterious manner by a disguised stranger. Now, the king was so fond of his one little girl, that

he scarcely ever suffered her to be out of his sight, and on the occasion of this visit, Gorgo, as usual, sat upon his knee. When the stranger desired to speak with the king in private, he was informed that he might express himself freely in the presence of the youthful princess; and thereupon, throwing aside the mask, he announced himself as Aristogorus, tyrant of the powerful city of Miletus. He had come to persuade Cleomenes to engage in a war against Western Asia, for the express purpose of emancipating the Ionian cities of the Archipelago from the control of Persia. He painted the vast wealth likely to accrue to the conquerors, and unfolding a brazen tablet, on which the circumference of the earth was engraved, he showed him the route to pursue, and eloquently descanted on the wrongs to be redressed, the glory to be won, the vast amount of plunder to be secured, in the shape of gold, silver, brass, variegated garments, beasts of burden, and slaves. But Cleomenes objected to embroiling his people in a useless and expensive war, and plainly expressed his opinion of the chimerical nature of the rewards held out by Aristogorus. He, however, asked him how far his troops would have to travel before reaching the scene of offensive operations? The Milesian prince said, "It was a three months' journey;" which so disgusted Cleomenes that he was about to close the conference, when Aristogorus offered him a heavy bribe if he would induce the Spartans to join in the war. The king hesitated, when little Gorgo, who, during the long discourse, had listened quietly, cried out, as if precociously comprehending the whole argument, "Father, this man will corrupt you, unless you depart quickly!" The proud Spartan heeded the words of the child, which thus saved the nation from a calamitous war.

Aristogorus was more successful in other quarters. He persuaded the Athenians to join his Ionian confederates in an attack on Sardis, the Lydio-Persian capital. It fell into their hands; but the tide of war soon set against them, and the heroes of Attica were glad to betake themselves to the "invulnerability of their wooden walls," as the Pythoness styled their ships. The ineffectual revolt of the Ionian colonies of Asia called down summary vengeance from their Persian masters; while the interference of the Athenians gave rise, in the vindictive mind of Darius, to the project of subjugating Greece; which scheme, while only vaguely indulged, was strengthened into a firm purpose through the influ-

ence of his favorite wife, Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus and mother of Xerxes, who, ostensibly urged as a reason for wishing the conquest of Greece, the desire she had for Athenian and Corinthian waiting-maids; but who, in her turn, sought to bring about an invasion to oblige her favorite physician, Democedes, a captive Greek, who hoped, by this means, to get an opportunity to revisit his native land.

Thus did the whims of two individuals originate a gigantic war. Darius made vast preparations to invade Greece; and when his general, Datis, met with such severe loss at Marathon, the king, nothing daunted, redoubled his armament, and prepared to lead the expedition in person. His sudden death placed Xerxes on the throne; but the vain son of Atossa dreamed not of relinquishing his father's project, but only exerted his authority in assembling an army whose immense and unheard-of numbers should preclude all thought of resistance on the part of the Greeks. In fact, his complacency found a peculiar satisfaction in the possession of that power, at whose fiat the turbaned hosts of so many nationalities were ready to spring to arms. Over two millions of fighting men thronged to the standard of the Oriental despot; while the cooks, draught cattle, beasts of burden, and Indian dogs, constituted another million of consumers. Meantime, while these hosts were gathering, and the triple-crowned king luxuriating at Sardis, Demoratus, a Lacedemonian exile, loving his country, though suffering punishment at her hands, dispatched a messenger from Susa, with a detailed account of the Persian designs. When the wooden tablets of Demoratus were submitted to Leonidas, the youthful reigning king of Sparta, he was at a loss to understand the meaning of the smooth waxen surface, and his council were equally perplexed. Gorgo, the daughter of Cleomenes, now the wife of Leonidas, proposed that the wax should be scraped off. When lo! as she had foretold, the writing appeared on the wood beneath. Thus did a woman's penetration solve, instantaneously, a problem which the whole council of wise men did not fathom. Warned by the message of Demoratus, Leonidas proceeded to strengthen Sparta's posture of defense. He formed a close alliance with the Athenians, Corinthians, Thebans, Mantineans, and Arcadians, and with his army pressed forward to meet the foe. With the spring, Xerxes advanced to the Hellespont and crossed on the first pontoon bridge of which

history gives any account. In Macedonia and Thrace, the cities threw open their gates, and fair young girls came forth to meet, and strew the monarch's path with flowers. Splendid entertainments were given him, and Xerxes was confirmed in his opinion that he had but to show himself to the Greeks to secure their submission. Reaching the Thessalian mountains, he arrived in the vicinity of the warm springs, in the sides of Mount Aeta. Here, taking advantage of the narrow pass—so narrow that two chariots could not drive abreast—Leonidas had posted his five thousand troops. For three days he held it against the immense masses of the enemy; but a faithless Greek having shown the Persians another route by

which they could flank the position of Leonidas, that heroic general dismissed all his troops but three hundred Spartans, who volunteered to die with him for their country. Hopeless of victory or escape, they fought till twenty thousand Persians were slain. Over the rocky pass of Thermopylæ flowed the life-blood of the last of the three hundred save one, who survived to carry the news to Lacedæmon.

Gorgo, the youthful widow, nurtured in her country's peculiar philosophy, uttered no lamentation, but treasuring in her heart's recesses the memory of her hero's godlike struggle, gloried in her country's preservation, so fearfully purchased, and *his* deserved immortality.

THE GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

BY VIRGINIA DU R. COVINGTON.

THE earth is in bridal robes to-day—
The stereotyped, conventional white,
Dazzling and glaring to human sight;
Diamonds of ice in her frosty hair,
Jewels of ice on her arms coldly bare,
Cloud-wrappings of silvery gray.

Faultily faultless, icily fair,
Bride fit for heaven—too pure to be earth
Soon to be soiled;—what is the worth
Of blooming to fade; of living to die,
Of knowing to grieve, of hoping to sigh,
Of life's endless wear and tear?

Colder—yes, than the glittering snow,—
Colder than icicles, frozen and stiff,
In the heart of the gorge, on the brow of the cliff,
Is the form that shall soon be laid low.

A yawning grave in the frozen ground,
Where the sun never shines, and each living sound
Is lost for evermore!

"Is it cold in the grave? Will she shiver there?"
Asks a prattling child; "see the snow on the bier,
It covers the coffin in flakes whitely and fair,
Is dying cold everywhere?"
Alas! alas! to the burdened heart,
It is all cold, and hopeless, and dark;
But to him, who believes the Written Word,
Who trusts in Him, whose voice was heard
By Lazarus, bound in the festering tomb,
The "Dead who sleep in Christ shall rise"
To homes eternal in the skies;
Where no grave is dug in the frozen snow,
And the sun of life shines evermore.

THOSE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

HOW PEOPLE LIVED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IN Mr. Knapp's autobiography he alludes to the modes of life followed by our grandfathers in the following unflattering style, giving some personal reminiscences which do not confirm popular impressions:

Why do we so often hear elderly people speaking of the "good old times" and lamenting the present degeneracy? They must have had a singularly happy childhood, or a faculty of forgetting the evils and miseries of the past. My experience is all the other way. I never knew what a happy childhood was, in any modern sense of this phrase. My own happiness began with manhood, and, I am bound to add, has been increasing this many,

many years. I say this here only to encourage the reader to go on with the present sad chapter, which embraces my four years, from eight to twelve, except two months each year at school, in the old red factory, where, under an ignorant and tyrannical overseer, I worked twelve hours a day, standing on my bare feet most of the year, was poorly fed and poorly clothed. I had no holidays save those of Fast and Thanksgiving, the former being more than an offset to the latter. Oh, the unnaturalness, the monotony, the weariness, the actual privations, the positive sufferings of such a life to a sensitive boy no language can describe!

I remember I got along with the confinement much better in winter than in summer. The first year my carding-machine stood near a window, where I could look out over an orchard and a meadow; and when I saw the cows lying in the sunshine on the green grass and the birds hopping and singing in the fragrant apple trees, I felt as if I must do some desperate thing and get out among them. I doubt if prison life was ever sadder to any man than this factory life was to me.

On one occasion my longing for a day out of doors, with some little variety to it, was so great that I deliberately put my fingers into the cog-wheels of my machine, where they would get so crushed as to relieve me till they were healed. The pain of the wound was nothing to the joy of liberation from such bondage. And to this time I never can hear a factory bell ring in the early morning, or see those buildings lighted in the evening, without thinking of my many long, dreary, miserable days, extended through those four long, miserable years.

I have spoken of my summer trials. But think of the short days of winter, when a little boy, to whom sleep is always so sweet, had to get up, eat a poor breakfast, and go a long distance in the cold, by the time it was light enough to commence work; run home at mid-day, eat dinner, and get back in forty-five minutes, and then work on till half-past seven in the evening, two or three hours after dark! Of course I was then too tired and sleepy even to feel my hunger. "And what," it may be asked, "did you get for such work?" I answer, taking the four years, from seventy-five cents to \$1.25 per week.

Oh, those "old times" were anything but "good" to me! Six days of such work, and then the Jewish Puritan, or, to the boy, repressive, stupid Sabbath. As I look back upon it, it is difficult to decide which of the seven days of the week was the most wearisome, monotonous, hateful. I must not go out into the fields, I must not play or make any noise. My nature must be repressed in every direction because it was the Sabbath. I grew up in the idea that God required such a strict observance on His own account. It never occurred to me that "the Sabbath was made for man;" and certainly not that it

was made for boys. Then I remember going between ten and twelve o'clock, about two miles almost every Sunday, to church. This walk, in warm weather, was the one refreshment of the week, because it took me across the fields and through the woods, where I heard the songs of birds, and saw so many beautiful leaves, mosses, and wild flowers. But of the meeting, when the walk was ended, I have none but the most dismal associations. The old, barn-like meeting house; the unpainted, rickety horse-sheds; the rows of stiff Lombardy poplars that led up to the parsonage; the old minister under the grotesque sounding-board; the solemn, pompous deacons, under the high, narrow pulpit, deaconing off the first lines of the hymns to the singers; the veteran chorister with his pitch-pipe and loud announcement of the tunes; the long prayers; the long sermons; the short recess at noon; the gossiping women around the doors; the toddy-drinking men in and around the old tavern, with its large gallows-looking sign—all these, after the novelty of the first impression was over, gave me neither pleasure nor profit.

I always had to walk fast to keep up with my father, and so would get quite warm by the time of arrival; and when the winters came I had to go immediately into that cold church, where there was no fire, and not even plastering on the walls, and sit on straight, high-backed seats, shaking with cold through those long, metaphysical, theological discourses, drawn out to "tenthly," "lastly," "finally," "to conclude," and the "improvement;" while the only word I could appreciate or rely upon, so that it might do me any good, was the final "Amen."

There was the same weary round to go through again, after an hour, in the afternoon. It makes me shiver even now, after all these years, just to think of that experience. What an effective means of moral and religious education those old Sabbath services must have been to us boys!—only I did not then see it in that light.

Oh, those "good old times," when we had to carry our shoes to meeting in our hands till we got near the church, and then repeat the process soon after we left it to go home; when the only difference between our winter and summer clothing was the one small thread

of woolen on the cotton warp called satinnet; when people were living in the direst poverty and most shocking intemperance; ragged, barefooted, in mean, unpainted, unfurnished houses, the broken windows of which were stuffed with old hats and rags; when there were but two carpets in our whole town, and

a real scarcity of the necessities of life. Of the moral and social condition of this particular neighborhood, I will here say nothing, because I suppose my readers can easily infer from any part of life such as that, what the whole must have been—must see that it was necessarily all on the same low plane.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,

Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

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

THE FOREMOST PROBLEM.

IT is natural that each man, and each class of men, should have certain ideas and certain wants which seem to them to be most imperative. And it is natural that each should hold up his ideas as the specific which is to cure the world's woes. How could it be otherwise? Men look forth upon the world, and see certain wrongs which need to be righted. To them the problem is ever presented, "How to supply what is lacking?" And each responds, "Adopt my policy," "Apply my specific."

Many men think they can point out the defects of modern society and the dangerous tendencies of our time, and each thinks he is able to suggest the ground problem of all the problems—the principle which, like an algebraic theorem, shall develop a correct answer every time, and set the world to rights. Some men argue that the world needs a Pope voted infallible. To *them* that appears as the one thing needful. But, unless Papal brains were more fertile of progressive ideas and magnanimous sentiments, there would not be much probability of a universal blessing coming from that quarter, though a thousand Councils should vote him infallible. Yet there are minds that seem to perceive no greater need than that. Others say, to prevent innovations, is what most needs to be done; and history shows how much the world has acted upon this recommendation, how much talent has been employed in combating the incipient yearnings for change with a view to improvement, and the terms, "Agrarian" and "Radical," have been the warning beacons of the Conservative world.

More than half of England's clerical force

of to-day—men carefully educated, men well paid and well fed for leading the people into whatever is good, and instructing them in that which is true—are vexed and alarmed for the sake of the people, because a certain other clerical gentleman has been elected to preach a series of discourses in the University of Oxford, who fires his rhetoric not according to the usual method, and who plumes his pulpit arrows with feathers from some unsanctified radical bird. The question with them is not whether Dean Stanley's sermons shall be vigorous and manly, but whether the people can be trusted to hear them. If *they* should answer the question, "What do we need most?" the reply would be, "To hunt down all the heretics, in order to guard the ark of the Lord's covenant from the army of investigators." ^

And just on the opposite side is an army of radicals, who stand very far from the roots of the great questions they fain would solve. *They* say that the thing we need most is to pull down the dead weights; throw overboard the sleeping Jonahs; cut loose from religious exercises, and take to the telescope, the microscope, and the chemist's tables.

But do *this*, and still would be left the causes of all our troubles, which fail to be discovered by a survey of the heavens, or by a chemical analysis of substances.

Another proposed remedy for national indifference, a favorite theme of ardent minds, is to recognize Deity by a special clause in the Constitution; or, as more tersely, if not so elegantly expressed by a radical, "By putting God into the Constitution." Others think the world would easily be made right if the secret societies

could only be got out of the way. And so, not finding any other important work to do—there being a scarcity of profitable jobs—some men chase with eager feet this last fleeting privilege of rendering a service to humanity, and of winning historical immortality. Occupations for men of talent must be scarce when this is the best they can find to do.

Some men sweat over the question of Science vs. Scripture, as if the sudden settlement of this belabored controversy were all that is required to bring in the millennium. They say, this is the long-sought, unknown quantity which is to yield the answer to the last question in the world's moral algebra. But solve it, settle this question forever, and you leave the world where you found it—a prey to the same gnawing vultures of evil. So we might go all the way around and find that each man's answer to the question, "What need we most?" is different from his neighbor's, and most of them as good as none at all.

Suppose you discuss these vexatious questions in theologies, the question of methods of baptism, of High Church and Low Church, of Trinity or Unity, and all the rest, and then settle them either way, no matter which, what lack we yet? Everything the world needs to know; everything that men feed upon—that makes life enjoyable or death endurable.

Settle the question of Papal Infallibility either way (for you can do it without injury, so little do men generally care about it); lay to its long-deserved rest the controversy betwixt Science and Scripture (at least, till we have time to spare); decide about a method of baptism; draw the lines sharply between orthodox and heterodox, or obliterate them entirely, and you have not touched one of the vital needs of society. We would still lack as much as men do who have never heard of these questions, or who repudiate the whole of them. Life would be just as hazardous and society just as needy as to-day. There would still be one other want, beside which all others are weak indeed.

For the answer to one single question, society can afford to deed away forever its whole interest in the question of Papal Infallibility, all its concern about soundness or unsoundness on the catechism, and all it ever knew or heard of points of doctrine. You may settle all these questions as you please, and the world will be but little worse and no better. They are not the unknown quantity in the world's moral equation. They meet no natural want.

The one thing we lack, which searching has

not found out, which premiums will not produce, but which, if produced, will make every other want easy to supply, is a generation of vigorously honest men.

Whoever will tell how that article may be produced will deserve the gratitude of mankind, will prove himself able to pilot society out of innumerable ills. The teacher who can tell how to produce that unpurchasable, incorruptible kind of men has a divine right to teach and to stand pre-eminent in the world's esteem. It is not more faith, but more conscientiousness, that the world needs to-day. Talk about development, unfoldment! Faith is but the green blade. Conscientiousness is the full corn in the ear. Faith does work a salvation from some things; but the number of things it saves from is not to be compared with the number of things it leaves us a prey to. I do not believe that the world is losing either faith or conscientiousness, nor that it ever had half as much of either to lose as is supposed, especially of the latter.

The aspect of society under faith is to the aspect of society under conscientiousness, as the paler brilliancy of the night is to the sun's blaze at meridian height. Light there is in faith; but it is a light in which there is more concealed than revealed—as much excused as is performed; a light which makes the distant stars more luminous than the dangerous places of earth—the approaching, glimmering future more inviting than the impending, imperative present.

Take a boy, try to understand him, analyze him, and what is the problem? what is the best thing you can do with your charge? Without hesitation I say, to give him integrity. Not intellect so much as honesty, not faith so much as conscientiousness.

The want of our time is *commercial honesty*; and until we can educate this faculty in men, they will ride theological hobbies without a purpose, and never leave them without a crash!

We have intellectual acuteness enough on this continent to last ten generations. But it is yoked to the service of selfishness generally. If there be trouble in the Government, it is not because the Government is to blame, but because the men are bad, in that they lack, what the world has all along lacked, a regnant, indomitable conscientiousness.

If justice fails in the courts, it is not because justice is so hard a thing to administer, but because the judicial opinion gravitates toward a heavy purse as the magnetic needle toward

the pole. The trouble is with the men—with the one who will offer a price, and the one who will take it. In their moral composition they lack the same element—not faith so much as incorruptible integrity; not theology but morality, without which they get what they desire by hook or crook, skill and courage, wit and venture, just as foxes, hawks, and vultures do.

We must have a generation of men whose morals are sound at the core before we can get out of our troubles. It is of but small consequence what a man's *belief* is on Sunday, if on Monday, behind the counter, he gives fourteen ounces for a pound of sugar; or sells one hundred and ninety pounds for a barrel of flour; or retails a worthless patent medicine, or conceals the cause of a disease, in hopes of profiting by its effects; or makes a corner in grain,

gold, or stocks; or buys or sells a vote in Congress or an opinion on the bench; or is unfaithful to the marriage contract, or practices seduction; or wrings service from the unpaid laborer; or tramples the feelings of men, or trifles with the heart of woman; or lives beyond his income, asking credit without the ability to pay; or charges exorbitant fees—all such evil deeds from which society suffers so much result from the lack in men of one thing, which ought to stand over them with a flaming sword to keep them in the way of life—a vigorous sentiment of honesty. How can we secure it? *is the question.* "Make the tree good and the fruit will be good," do you say? But *how?* How shall we obtain the first good tree? How shall we keep out bad trees?

So long as there is such a problem unsolved, there is no room for minor ones. A. CRUM.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

OBITUARY.

ANOTHER distinguished Scottish divine has died in the midst of his usefulness, although advanced in years.

Wherever the cause of Christianity flourishes, and wherever the sons of bonny Scotia dwell, the decease of Dr. Guthrie will awaken a warm sentiment of sorrow. His name had become so closely identified with practical philanthropy, that sectarian dogmatism or prejudice was forgotten when it was mentioned. Dr. Guthrie was recognized generally as a single-minded exponent of the least sectarian

kind of Christian enthusiasm and devotion in works which aim to benefit men, especially those in the walks of ignorance and poverty.

Our portrait can not be said to be more than a resemblance to this excellent man, except in the general contour of the head and face. He possessed a large brain, and a temperament of the mental-motive order. The great bulk of



the forehead and top-head indicated large reflective capacity and a most earnest sympathy, while the fullness of the eyes evinced wealth of expression. There was also enough of the Scotchman to imbue his motives with that direct positiveness and resolution which are the earnest of success in any department of human effort. Demands on such an organization, instead of exhausting or depressing it, serve only to add fresh vigor and efficiency. Of the very interesting life of this good and great man, we can only furnish

but a very brief outline at this time. He was the son of an influential merchant and banker in Brechin, Forfarshire, Scotland, and was born there in 1803. He studied for the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, and after having been licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Brechin, proceeded to Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of med-

icline, with the view to being able to assist the poor, medically, when engaged in his pastoral duties. On his return to Scotland, he went for a time into his father's banking-house; and in 1880 was ordained minister of the parish of Arbirlot, in his native county.

He was afterward transferred to the collegiate church of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and, in 1840, to St. John's, a new church and parish in that city, erected chiefly in consequence of his popularity. He took a prominent part in the "non-intrusion" controversy, as it was called; the object of which was that ministers should not be intruded on parishes unwilling to receive them, and other ecclesiastical questions, which ended in the disruption of the Established Church of Scotland, in 1843, and the institution of the Free Church of that country. He was one of the four leading men of that important movement, the other three being Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish.

In 1847, his fervent and heart-stirring appeals to the benevolent, on behalf of the destitute and homeless children of the Scottish capital, led to the establishment of the Edinburgh original Ragged or Industrial School, which has been productive of incalculable benefit to the poorer classes of that city. Schools of this character have spread extensively over the United Kingdom, and in a large measure by reason of his advocacy of them.

His contributions to literature include his "Pleas for Ragged Schools," his work on the Book of Ezekiel, a large number of contributions to *Good Words*, to the *Sunday Magazine*, of which he was editor, and to some of the periodical publications of the Free Church. His published sermons are distinguished by a highly poetic profusion of appropriate metaphor, and by frequent bursts of both the humor and pathos whose springs lay deep in his heart.

FROM NOWHENCE TO NOWHITHER.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

ONE night in the month of March, 1872, the writer was alone in his apartment, where he had been confined several days by an attack of pneumonia. He was gazing on the painted wall in revery, his contemplations barely taking the form of ideas. Presently, the room seemed to change in form, and became a "chamber of imagery." The walls were covered with symbolical figures peculiar to ancient Egyptian structures. They were most elegant, and of course had none of that monotony which makes our modern decorations so often insipid and tiresome. One figure especially attracted attention. It was on the middle of the wall, near the top of the room, almost triangular, and in form like the head of an elephant, but without trunk, ear, or tusk, however; probably the symbol of wisdom. Soon it was evident that a party of about twenty persons, all of them noble, were present. All were in robes of a peculiar fashion; the women, for there were a few of them, wore a head-dress which masked or veiled the face. A conversation was carried on for a little time, and the company took their leave. In all, at this interview, and at the separating, an ease and grace of manner characterized every remark and action,

infinitely transcending the artificial politeness which we now-a-days so often encounter. The last guest having been invited to remain, bowed respectfully, but, through evident diffidence, made no audible answer to the compliment. Now the figures portrayed on the wall became fainter; the draperies and furniture disappeared; and, in a few moments, our own conscious individuality had returned, and all appeared as before the hypnotic manifestation.

It is but just that we should remark that, although having read Moore's "Epicurean," Mrs. Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas," Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind," etc., we had never fixed vividly in mind any social scene of which this could have been a reproduction. We often wish that it could be painted. An interview of Joseph and his brethren may have been somewhat after this manner; but we are unable, from any reading, to state whether the whole was merely a dream-play, or really a reproducing of some actual occurrence of olden time. "The stuff that dreams are made of" is as abundant as the material that constitutes all our facts, as well as the phantasmagoria of imagination.

Somewhere within us are stored away the ideas that have been fixed upon the mind. Every affection, every thought, every passion, every emotion, is stamped upon the fibers of the body, and the impression is never removed. What we have learned is not forgotten, but only laid away to be called up at a future moment. Persons drowning, or undergoing capital punishment, remember all the past in an instant of time. Experiences and occurrences, possessing some analogy to what has before taken place, or been learned, or observed, will reproduce the former events, often with all the vividness of recent occurrence. Dreams have repeatedly brought into mind what had been long hidden.

What we know, what we have done or undergone, will always remain a part of our being, and never totally leave the domain of consciousness. We are like veteran soldiers, scarred over with the wounds received in conflict. From the first event in our career, the severing of the umbilicus, till the last thing that happened, our selfhood is marked by every wound, every impression that has been made.

Accordingly, we have in dreams revived scenes that we have witnessed or read about, till the ideal life transcended the every-day routine. In numerous instances, also, persons in a state of ecstasis, or clairvoyant dream, have witnessed events or learned of matters which were not before known, or had not yet occurred. The father of the writer, about sixty years ago, was sick with fever and ague, accompanied at times by delirium and "mental hallucination." He was then residing in Northern Vermont, but was contemplating a removal to Western New York. While confined by his sickness, he had several dreams, in which he seemed to himself to be traversing the villages of Utica and Whitesboro', where he had never been. After his recovery, he executed his purpose of removing; and, to his surprise, on passing through the places which he had visited in "the visions of his head," perceived that he had seen them before. Incredible as it may seem, numerous instances of dreams of this class are related by individuals, with every probability of authenticity.

After the death of Dante, the great Italian poet, the thirteenth book of the "Paradiso"

could not be found. Anxious search proved of no avail. Finally, one night, young Ali-gheri, his son, dreamed of seeing him, and of being told by him how to find the missing canto. The information so obtained was correct: the lost manuscript was found, mildewed, but with the writing still visible.

Did the young man, and do not we all, retain in our own personality a continuity, so to speak, with the spiritual entity of our parents and ancestors, so that their memory and mental impressions extend to their progeny as a part and constituent of the interior nature? Or is it a peculiar form of the developed faculty of presentiment which here and there displays itself as though to awaken curious inquiry?

The lately-deceased Lord Lytton, in the weirdest of his romances, affords us lively illustrations of the employment of this faculty, which almost convince us of its infallibility. Zanon, the Chaldean of the earlier monarchy, laden more lightly with the burden of many centuries than we common mortals are with our brief scores of years, has but to look into the countenance of another, and at once "coming events cast their shadows before" for him to descry. When gazing on the face of the child-woman, Viola Pisani, he perceives her future blended with his own amid scenes of terrible misfortune, and he endeavors to obviate her fate by unsuccessful efforts to procure her marriage with another. Encountering the deformed Jean Nicot in an attempt at assassination, he discerns the miscreant to be his companion at the end of his career. Renè Dumas discourses volubly upon the coming period of fraternity and mercy to the condemned, and he sadly predicts that when they two meet again those opinions would be changed. Afterward, oppressed by his own presentiments, the seer interrogates for himself, and his answer is a vision of a gory scaffold. All of which is fulfilled. Nicot denounces Viola to the bloody Robespierre, and is himself arrested on his departure. Dumas sentences them both to the guillotine; but respites her for a day at the prayer of Zanon, now her husband, who consents to die for her. Viola beholds the last scene in an ecstatic vision, and her spirit, dropping its corporal investiture, follows her consort out into the Eternal Day.

Deride the matter as we may, the belief in presentiments is almost universal, and, indeed, may be said to constitute an article in the religion of all mankind. Most men shudder and discard from their inmost souls the vision of Lucretius, "of the homeless universe, falling, falling, falling forever from nowhence toward nowhither, through the unending ages, by causeless and unceasing gravitation, while the changes and efforts of all mortal things were but the jostlings of the dust-atoms amid the everlasting storm." Instead, we eagerly believe that Design underlies all the phenomena of existence; that that Design is all-potent, and its operations inspired by Infinite Love. Another step is to imagine that our own faculties are, at times, somehow enabled to perceive somewhat of the future which impends over us. Men achieve a pitiful triumph who chide and condemn those who cherish such beliefs. They do not thereby shake or overturn the faith which is founded on a deeper conviction. They have only bruised and wounded the spirit, as of old sacerdotal persecutors would have crushed the bones and muscles of the body, as well as tortured the sensitive nerves by thumb-screws and other hideous devices. But the derided and oppressed one will leave the torture-chamber as unconvinced as Galileo, and return instinctively to his previous belief, confident in the assurance that, whether it can or can not be scientifically demonstrated, the Superior Wisdom has somewhat provided the agencies by which to mirror impending events upon the consciousness of human beings. Belief in presentiment is as widely spread as the races of men.

Our old British forefathers and Alruna progenitresses possessed the gift of second sight; and we, notwithstanding the ages and events that have intervened to separate us from them, can feel somewhat of their life tingling along our own arteries. Many a person in our own times, as formerly, has been informed of matters which he needed to know through the agency of a dream. The case of the son of Dante is not exceptional. In other instances, not only have occurrences in the individual's own history been thus recalled to memory; but events, also, that took place in older periods of time, even before the dreamer was born. Is it the case that not only are

the facts of our own life inscribed on our consciousness, but that we inherit from our ancestors a like remembrance of their experiences, so that our dreams may reproduce the acts of those who lived before us, as well as those which we ourselves have witnessed and performed?

Many of our apparent reminiscences seem to have their origin in some such way. Can it be possible that the old doctrines of pre-existence and metempsychosis were so derived? Certainly, there is something plausible in the idea of a former existence. Thoughts pass through the mind which seem like memories, and sudden impressions come upon us that we have been in the same places and circumstances as at the present moment, at one or more previous periods. A feeling of loneliness often lingers about us, as though we were exiles from a distant and almost-forgotten home.

We are too prone to attempt a solution of such facts by educing physiological or pathological explanations; but these fall far short of accounting for the phenomena, and it is rank credulity to be always expecting ample demonstrations in any such manner. Plato was much wiser when he affirmed that the human soul was gifted with *noesis*, or intuition. He declared that it proceeded from a different faculty of mind from that by which we form opinions and ideas of sensible objects. He accordingly classed the faculties as follows: 1. Intuition; 2. Judgment; 3. Belief; 4. Conjecture. The faculty of intuition was "generated by the Divine Father;" and even during our corporeal life is not amenable to the conditions of time and space, but in a peculiar sense "dwells in eternity."

This faculty, thus associated with the other mental powers, according to this hypothesis, seems to account for the curious fact that perceptions are possible through other channels than those usually assigned to the brain. Sometimes they come by dreams, and at other times they are impressed on us like presentiments.

In the spring of 1844, the writer, one day, was engaged in felling a dead pine in a wood near South Orange, Massachusetts. The limbs and topmost extremity of the tree had decayed and fallen off, leaving only the trunk.

Being an inexpert woodman, he had felled the tree against another at a little distance, and was thus compelled to cut it away. As he was doing this, an impression, such as would be produced by a quickly-spoken command, seemed to enter at the top of his head and to dart with an electric quickness to the pit of the stomach—"Stand back!" He instantly, without looking or considering, stepped backward about six or seven feet. That very moment the broken top of the tree, about six feet long and six or eight inches in diameter, fell to the ground, right along in his footsteps, with such crushing force as almost to cover itself over with the earth. If he had taken but one step less, the falling piece would have struck him to the ground.

This could not be an instance of presentiment or of memory, revived or transmitted. Certainly, there was nothing of ratiocination; as there was not of alarm or apprehension. Even the fact of preservation of life thus remarkable, created no unusual excitement or perturbation of mind. He took the event as a matter of course, proceeded quietly with his work at the time, and has always since felt a singular diffidence in speaking of it.

An event in the life of Professor Boehm, related in Jung-Stilling's "Theory of Pneumatology," exhibits analogous phenomena. Being absent from home on a visit one afternoon, he felt suddenly an impulse to return. For a little while he resisted, but finally went home, when he experienced a new impulse to remove his bed to another corner of the apartment. He had no tranquillity till this was done. He then went back and completed his visit. About ten o'clock, he returned again and went to bed, to be awakened at midnight by the falling of a heavy beam, with a part of the ceiling of the room, exactly upon the place where his bed had stood.

The late Professor George Bush mentioned a similar circumstance which occurred to a kinsman of his, who was at the time in the employment of a cabinet-maker. The young man was working at a model one day, when he suddenly arose from his seat, and walked, in a fit of absence, to the opposite end of the room. On arriving there, he began to reprove himself for thus leaving his work without any reason, and was just on the point of

returning to it, when the ceiling above the place where he had been sitting gave way, and fell immediately upon it, dashing to pieces the model, at which the moment before he had been working.

What communicated the impulse, the interior mandate, in these instances? It is possible that a vagary or phantasm, taking its origin from disordered digestion or disturbed nervous condition, could impel the persons in the first example, having no connection, except one purely accidental, with the peril that impended. There are, without doubt, many instances of such impulse where there was no danger. Why not account for it by the supposition that it was a chance?

The mind instinctively resents this hypothesis. We know, or if we do not we have to learn, that, with all our conjectures and limited efforts, a strict necessity is at the foundation of all things; that *Must* governs the universe. We may resist, or seek to evade it, with apparent success; but its behests are not eluded, and we eventually obey, as did Jonah. But the requirement, however imperative, is not blind; wisdom and regard for our highest welfare are blended in it. It is a law inscribed in our nature, a potency generated in our own souls. That is false science which endeavors to discard all these things. We declare and insist, on the assertion of the prophet Daniel, that "the Most High ruleth over the kingdom of men," and add to it our conviction that a spiritual, or, rather, a psychological agency, is operating constantly in all things relating to every individual.

The old Jewish Kabbalists declared it possible for a human will to impress others, and oblige them to obey its behests. Passavant asserts that persons, at a distance, can compel thoughts and dreams. Many occurrences, often considered supernatural, ought, perhaps, to be explained by this principle. But it does not afford a reason for the occurrences which we have mentioned.

Distinguished authors have propounded that hypothesis that there is in the brain and nerves a subtle fluid which is the source of vitality and sensation, and is the medium between the visible and invisible worlds. It emanates from the soul itself, and surrounds the body with a psychical aura or atmos-

phere, enabling the person to perceive surrounding objects, even in the dark, before coming into physical contact with them. There is also asserted to exist through space a subtile agent or ether, perhaps similar or identical with what we call electricity. This ether is the medium between the natural and the spiritual worlds, and conveys the emanations and influences of persons from one point to another. This would seem to account for the coincidences which all have observed, that two persons think the same thoughts simultaneously, and that one person thinks of another as the latter is coming to him. Let us believe, in addition, that there are persons not invested with the physical body who move in our atmosphere and are conscious of our conditions, thoughts, and motives, often exercising a species of guardianship and protection over us, and we shall see little occasion to inquire further in this direction.

There is what may be denominated *spiritual photography*. The soul is the camera in which facts and events, future, past, and present, are alike fixed; and the mind becomes conscious of them. Beyond our present world of limits, all is as one day or state—the past and future comprised in the present. Probably, this is the “great day,” the “last day,” the “day of the Lord,” of the Bible writers—the day into which every one passes by death, or *ecstasis*. Then the soul is freed from the constraint of the body, and its nobler part is united to the higher nature, and becomes partaker in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the higher beings.

Stilling relates that he was in a peculiar ecstatic condition while writing his celebrated work “Nostalgia.” He learned afterward that when he had supposed that he was writing fiction, such as is so regarded in this world, he had been writing actual facts. One morning, a handsome young man of distinction entered his apartment. This gentleman saluted him as his Secret Superior, kissing his hand and weeping; but Stilling replied that he was no man’s secret superior, nor a member of any secret fraternity whatever.

The stranger was astonished, and could hardly credit the statement.

“I thought that you knew me already,” said he.

As Stilling positively denied any knowledge of what he meant, he then asked “how Stilling had so accurately described the great and venerable association in the East, and had so minutely pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, in Mount Sinai, in the Monastery of Canobin, and under the Temple at Jerusalem?”

Stilling assured him that the matter had been merely written down as it presented itself to his imagination.

“Pardon me,” said the stranger; “the matter is, in truth and reality, as you have described it. This can not have been by chance.”

He then related, to the equal astonishment of Stilling, the real particulars of the association. Soon after this occurrence, a certain prince also wrote to Stilling, asking how he had learned the facts concerning the association, which he had so accurately described in the “Nostalgia.” It ought to be remarked in this connection that Stilling had inherited from his ancestors a remarkable faculty of presentiment and intuition; and that he wrote of the odylie force, human magnetism, and psychological matters with great clearness and intelligence, anticipating much that has since been “discovered.”

Yet old writers speak as clearly on these matters as any at the present day. “There is a faculty of the mind,” says Iamblichus, “through which we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelligences, of being transported beyond the order of this world, and of partaking the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones.” Apollonius of Tyana declared that he could see the present and the future in a clear mirror.

We begin with instinct; the end is omniscience.

Machiavelli, it is said, was accustomed to place himself *en rapport* with an individual, by a peculiar mental operation, copying the manner of the other, and almost suspending, by an intense action of his will, his own personality. He thus would feel as the other felt, see as he saw, perceive as he perceived, and be impelled by the same motives. In this way he would become master of the other’s secrets.

Such an art is magical; yet it indicates how we can realize the sublime idea of Kepler, and “think God’s thoughts after Him.”

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a fanatic; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

ALIMENTIVENESS—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

BY ALTON CHESWICKE.

WHETHER considered alphabetically, in the order of its development and consequent use, or in view of the important part it plays in determining not only our physical welfare, but even our physical existence, this faculty deserves first mention, as being the most used and most abused of any. Its innumerable benefits are too apparent to require any further enumeration here, while the multitudes of half-dead dyspeptics throughout this, apparently, their chosen land, know too well, from bitter experience, the results of its abuse. There is, perhaps, no general truth more assiduously inculcated and more universally acknowledged than that the abuse of this faculty, which was intended originally not only to supply the waste of the system, and thus preserve physical integrity, but to render this necessary task a pleasure that would recommend itself, and bring with it its own reward, will produce results the very opposite of those desired. But general truths, however well adapted to the community at large, will not always meet the requirements of individual cases, and seldom, if ever, serve any other purpose than to form a foundation upon which to rear a superstructure of more minute and special laws and regulations. So, though there is scarcely a child in the land that does not know that the appetite for food may be abused and made productive of many ills, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who never bestow a thought upon the *forms* of its abuse, or who, though aware of some of them, daily transgress in other respects without, apparently, being conscious of it. We purpose, therefore, in this article to direct attention to one of the many ways in which the faculty of Alimentiveness is abused. Concerning proper or improper articles of food and drink we shall not expatiate at present, preferring to leave to chemists, physiologists, temperance socie-

ties, and the personal experience of parties most interested, to decide in what they consist. Nor shall we enlarge upon the most suitable modes of preparing them; while Professor Blot and the whole French *Cuisine*, on the one hand, and the *Science of Health* and its able coadjutors, on the other, are such ready and satisfactory exponents of the art in its delightful complexity or its more healthful simplicity. Passing over all this, and premising the food to be suitable in the main and properly prepared, we would direct attention more especially to another consideration equally important—viz., the manner in which it is appropriated to the needs of the system. Of this we present for consideration two methods.

Let the reader enter with us into the abode of the family delipeated above—which, unfortunately, has only too many prototypes—and observe in what manner they make this daily tribute to the requirements of nature.

The food, we soon perceive, is good in quality and abundant in quantity, and, the mother priding herself on her knowledge of cookery, is appetizingly and not unwholesomely prepared; but at first sight it seems hard to determine whether these people “eat to live,” or “live to eat.” The quantity of food disposed of would seem to favor the latter idea; but the blind, reckless haste with which it is shoved away out of sight would seem to indicate that so little time is devoted to the operation of disposing of it, that the charge of “living to eat” could hardly with fairness be sustained. Perhaps the deluded members of this family imagine that they are “eating to live;” but they will find too early, to their cost, that by pursuing this course they are most surely “eating to die;” for outraged nature can not long hold out against the atrocious abuses that are daily inflicted upon the powers of endurance.

The father of this family, being employed too far from home to permit him to return for dinner, and dissatisfied at the prospect of the slight lunch, which is all he can expect to procure, at noon-time, has set himself, in sullen indifference to the disorder and con-

fusion around him, to the serious task of laying in a supply sufficient to last him until evening, and a serious task he is likely to find it when his stomach is endeavoring to dispose of the heterogeneous mass he is so



FIG 1.—THE HOUSE OF GLUTTONY AND DISORDER.

fusion around him, to the serious task of laying in a supply sufficient to last him until evening, and a serious task he is likely to find it when his stomach is endeavoring to dispose of the heterogeneous mass he is so



FIG. 2.—APPETITE ABUSED—NIGHTMARE.

industriously shoveling in. Being a working-man, he considers himself entitled to as much as he can eat in the limited space of time that he has to devote to eating; and it is only to the fact of his being actually a *hard-working* man that he is indebted for the fact

than "snatch a mouthful or so;" and so, to compensate for this, she primes herself with a cup of strong coffee, which she literally pitches down her throat scalding hot! "The boys"—the older ones—up late after the previous night's carouse, and impatient to be away to their several occupations, though with the remnants of a late supper but half-digested still bearing uneasy rule over their stomachs, are yet determined to have their full share of all the "good things," and dispute with "the girls" the possession of the tid-bits. Among the younger ones the wildest confusion reigns, as they squabble and fight over the viands like hungry wolves. And with stomachs and dispositions both soured, with digestions and tempers both hopelessly ruined (and that the two are pretty closely allied needs no better proof than a little timely observation), is it any wonder that such a scene exists? The dog, lean and hungry, as dogs of his kind always are, following the example set him by the superior animals, watches his chance to snatch a mouthful whenever he can, with about as much regard to law or decency as is manifested by them.

Each one having literally eaten his fill "clears out," leaving the rest mournfully to gather up the crumbs, and lament the small-

ness of their appetites and the limited capacity of their stomachs that will not admit of further indulgence.

The supper is but an aggravated repetition of the breakfast. All are "ravenously hungry," with that wolfish, gnawing hunger that

couch, and haunt his uneasy slumbers with its dread presence. In vain the wretched sufferer tosses from side to side; in vain he throws aloft his clenched hands and beats about as if in desperate encounter; in vain he gasps for breath, and groans in agony—

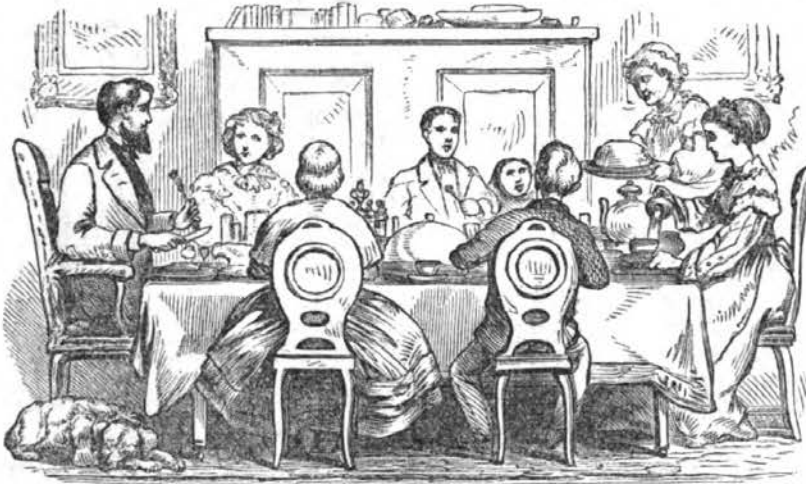


FIG. 3.—THE HOUSE OF TEMPERANCE AND HARMONY.

often afflicts dyspeptics, though the morning meal is still but half disposed of. Another scene of hasty gourmandizing ensues, amid noise, disorder, and "confusion worse confounded"—the normal results of dispositions ruined by chronic ill-health caused by unrestrained animal indulgence. After cloying themselves anew on food meant to be a blessing, but which they have turned into a curse by their manner of receiving it, the older male members of the family betake themselves to the excitement of a political or similar meeting, or seek to drown the remonstrances of nature, now beginning to assert themselves, at the dram-shop; or, if nothing is stirring, and they feel duller and heavier than usual, sit grumbling and dozing around the fire, until, at a late hour, they seek their couches with slow, unwilling feet. And well they may; for with the hour of sleep comes the hour of retribution, when indignant nature metes out swift and terrible punishment for injuries received during the day. The land of dreams is to them a land of horrors. Scarcely has the wretched transgressor of nature's beneficent laws crossed its dark portals, ere her dread minister of vengeance—the grisly phantom, the ghastly nightmare—answering her summons, comes to share his

all night long those leaden hoofs pace slowly to and fro across his chest, while every step shoots sore distress throughout his frame, save when, with all its ponderous, crushing bulk, the horrid incubus falls prone upon



FIG. 4.—GOOD HABITS—QUIET SLEEP.

his body, while its blazing eyes dart strange terrors into his brain, and its steaming, sulphurous breath almost stifles his own. When the morning light dispels the shadows, the wretched victim, awaking unrefreshed, but glad to be released from these hateful slum-

bers, madly continues the course which will secure to him a speedy return of the horrors through which he has just passed.

The above is not an overdrawn picture either of pen or pencil. There are hundreds of families of which it is a good portraiture; and hundreds of others, besides those of the lower orders so-called, at whose tables, though there may not be to such an extent the outward manifestation of the disorder that rages quite as fiercely within, there is full as reckless a disregard of the laws of health, and the rules of temperance and decorum. Especially is this true when all the members of the family are not together, at times which are not considered "state occasions," as among children at their meals in the nursery, and fathers of families—often older brothers also—at eating-houses. Many a gentleman of wealth, social standing, and supposed culture, indulges habitually in a style of eating—whenever, at least, he is by himself—that for indecorous, hasty, insufficient mastication and gluttonous quantity, might well shame the lowest of his menials; and many and many a one is guilty of the sin—for which he can not escape paying the inevitable penalty—of charging his digestive organs with the responsibility of three hearty meals a day, when, by reason of his abuse of them, or the nature of the employment in which he is engaged, their powers are only adequate to the proper and satisfactory disposal of two.

It is with a feeling of relief and satisfaction that we turn from this distasteful subject to the consideration of the contrasted pictures. Here, instead of a horde of wild, ungoverned animals, engaged solely in the unrestrained gratification of their lower appetites, we may contemplate the pleasing spectacle of a quiet family gathered round the social board, combining intellectual with physical refreshment. Taken amid perfect order and decorum, enlivened by cheerful and elevating conversation, while good taste and moderation preside over the feast, the wholesome viands, uninjured in the using, are easily assimilated, and the purpose for which they were designed is fully accomplished. Over the evening meal peace and contentment shed their benign influences; and when, at a suitable hour, each member of the family

seeks his couch with quiet confidence of welcome repose, it is to lay his head upon a peaceful pillow, while heavenly influences guard his slumbers, and every hour, as it passes calmly by, bestows upon him an added measure of health and strength, of mental and physical vigor. And if visions do visit his couch, they are fleeting and indistinct, but bright with the radiance of the early morning hours, and replete with promises of good for the coming day, in the affairs of which, when he at last awakens to its realities, he is enabled to take his part right manfully.

We think there is no need to say more, and we leave the pictures we have drawn, with their results, to speak for themselves, as they must to all who will bestow upon them that attention which the importance of the subject demands.

A DIET OF LEATHER, IRON, FELT, ETC.

SOME physiologist has been giving a contemporary the results of some investigations and calculations in this field of diet. His statements are curious enough:

When we pour milk into a cup of tea or coffee, the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hide, and which makes it leather as distinguished from the original skin. In the course of a year a tea-drinker of average habits will have imbibed leather enough to make a pair of shoes, if it could be put into the proper shape for the purpose.

A great many things go into the mouth. This is not an original remark. We have seen it somewhere. But it is an alarming fact. We drink, every one of us, a pair of boots a year. We carry iron enough in our blood constantly to make a horse-shoe. We have clay enough in our frames to make, if properly separated and baked, a dozen good-sized bricks. We eat at least a peck of dirt a month—no, that is not too large an estimate. The man who carelessly tips a glass of lager into his stomach little reflects that he has begun the manufacture of hats, yet such is the case. The malt of the beer assimilates with the chyle and forms a sort of

felt—the very same seen so often in hat factories. But not being instantly utilized, it is lost. Still further: it is estimated that the bones in every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months.

To sum up, we have the following astounding aggregate of articles charged to account of physiology, to keep every poor shack on his feet for three score years and ten:

Men's shoes, 70 years, at 1 pair a year.....	70 pairs.
Horse-shoes, 70 years, at 1 a month, as our arterial system renews its blood every new moon.....	840 shoes.
Bricks, at 12 per 7 years.....	120 bricks
Hats, not less than 14 a year.....	980 hats.
Mantels, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ a year.....	105 mantels.

Here we are surprised to observe that we eat as many shoes as we wear, and a sufficient number of hats to supply a large family of boys; that we float in our blood-vessels horse-shoes enough to keep a span of grays shod all the while; that we carry in our animated clay bricks enough to build a modern fireplace, and in our bones marble enough to supply all our neighbors with mantels. We have not figured on the soil, at the rate of a peck a month; but it is safe to say that the real estate that a hearty eater masticates and swallows in the course of a long and eventful career would amount to something worth having, if sold like the corner lots on State Street, at \$2,000 a front foot.

A DISTILLING STOVE.

OUR readers will remember that in a recent number of the JOURNAL we alluded to the need of some apparatus by which water might be distilled for the uses of a family in those sections of our country where pure, soft water is not to be had in sufficient quantities from natural sources. In response to the statement, an eminent Western engineer, Mr. John W. Whinfield, sends us the design which we place before our readers. As will be seen, the apparatus is quite complete in detail, and at first sight is likely to elicit approval. The following is a description of the apparatus as represented in the engravings:

Fig. 1 represents a side elevation of the still as it stands upon the stove, surrounding the smoke-pipe; at the left is shown the condenser (*f*) with its worm, and beneath is the distilled water receiver (*g*), while in front, and partially hiding the still, is its feeder (*e*).

Fig. 2 represents the general plan.

Fig. 3 represents the back elevation of the receiver (*g*) with the condenser (*f*).

Each separate part of the apparatus, as it is represented in the different figures, being distinguished by its special letter, it will be sufficient to trace the course of the water from its head to the receiver, when the whole operation can be perfectly understood. Thus:

From the head, which, in the absence of other means, may be a cask, the water flows through the pipe (*y*) into the condenser (*f*), the

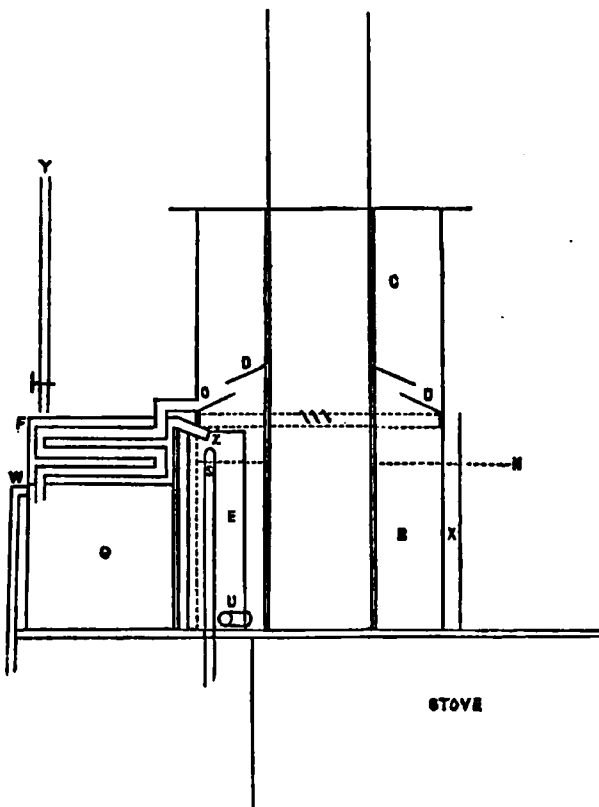


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF DISTILLING APPARATUS—SIDE ELEVATION.

overflow passing through the pipe (*z*) into the boiler-feeder (*e*), wherein it descends and flows through the pipe (*u*) at the bottom into the still

or boiler, the height of water in the boiler being determined by the waste pipe (*s*), which restricts it to the dotted line (*n*).

Having arrived in the boiler, it is there converted into steam, and, free from impurities,

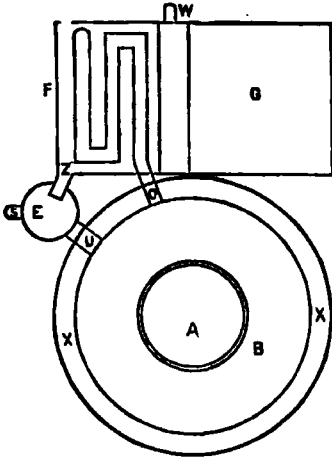


FIG. 2.—GENERAL PLAN—HORIZONTAL VIEW.

rises; and, passing between the annular disks (*d d*), arrives in the head (*e*), where it is partially condensed, but prevented from falling back into the boiler by the disks (*d d*); it passes through the pipe (*o*) into the worm, where it is wholly condensed by the incoming hard water from the head or cask, and falls from the worm into the receiver (*g*) in a pure state for use.

As, in cooking, contact with iron is to be avoided, so the water, in this operation, should, after leaving the boiler, be protected from such contact—the still-head and disks might be constructed of block-tin (plates) unsoldered, the worm of prince's metal, and the receiver of tin, protected from outside wear and tear.

This apparatus ought not to cost more than ten dollars; the area of its base is only 16 inches by 25 inches, its greatest height 24 inches, and the capacity of its receiver nearly 4½ gallons. The quantity of water distilled will be determined by the amount of, and duration of, the fire, and what overflow there may be from the receiver may be conveyed through the pipe (*w*) to the house cistern. The waste from the boiler-feeder by the pipe (*s*) can be taken to the drain or otherwise, as convenient. The space (*x*) between the boiler and its jacket should be packed with some non-conducting substance, as clay. The still-head (*e*), as shown, may be distinct from the boiler, the two connected by a close-fitting joint *below* the disks. A shelf is shown on the top of the still-head, which will be found convenient.

This apparatus will be a great benefit in do-

mestic economy; few people are aware of the disadvantages attending the use of hard water in cooking—it hardens animal tissues, curdles their juices, spoils all vegetable matter, and sours the cook's temper.

The two dotted lines (*l l*) show where the hard water joins the boiled; three or four oyster shells, or a few chips of limestone, will prevent a deposit of lime on the bottom and sides of the boiler, as it would have a greater affinity for the shells, etc., than for the metal.

As all the parts of this apparatus are open

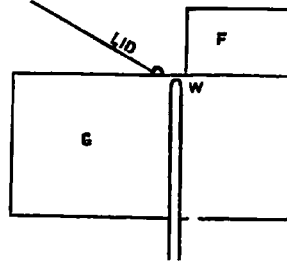


FIG. 3.—RECEIVER AND CONDENSER.

to the atmosphere, no danger is incurred in its use; the worst that could happen in winter would be the freezing of the supply pipe—in which case the boiler could be filled by filling the worm vessel until water flowed through the waste pipe (*s*) of the boiler-feeder (*e*).

SOME HINTS ON BOOTS.

LET your boots be not too thick or too heavy; such are cumbersome, and are no warmer than those made of lighter materials. When one is *properly* shod, he can walk freely and take such vigorous exercise as his health may require, whereas, being improperly shod, he limps, hobbles, and suffers.

There are but few really intelligent shoemakers. For the most part, these knights of St. Crispin are not so well educated in anatomy and physiology as they should be. Here and there we find a sensible shoemaker, as we find here and there a sensible tailor, who has an eye to comfort as well as to symmetry and art. We have in New York at least one establishment, which was established in 1840, where boots are made in accordance with such anatomical particulars as we have named, and the words "Easy Boots" form a part of his sign. Immediately upon the appearance of our book on "The Feet," the proprietor of this place adopted it as the text-book of his profession. Those who are in any way particular about the comfort of their "under-

standings" naturally find him out, and wend their way thither when in quest of easy boots and shoes. There was an establishment in Boston, a few years ago, where the same principles were applied. We have heard nothing of it of late. We think there should be a school established where scientific instruction adapted to their business should be given to boot and shoemakers; and why would not the venerable Watkins be the one to fill the professional chair? We are confident he would have many students, and his graduates would soon become the popular boot and shoemakers throughout the country.

Friends, countrymen, and "the rest of mankind," use your senses in these matters. Don't allow yourselves to be imprisoned or punished through the ignorance of anybody. Those who must, will, of course, buy their boots where they can find them cheapest. But those who value health, comfort, a good temper, and long life, will see to it that their feet be *properly* clad.

THE FAMILY TREE.

WITH the English aristocracy great pride is taken in the lineage of their ancestry, the records of which are kept with scrupulous care and veneration. This lineage, or genealogy, is termed the Family Tree. To improve the credibility of this tree, its various branches are closely inspected by succeeding generations, to see, especially, that every branch that may add to the credit and dignity of the family is made to appear in a conspicuous manner; and, on the other hand, those branches that are rather obscure, mean, or otherwise detracting from a proud name, are obscured, or entirely cut away. Thus they improve their time-honored tree, and hand it down, from generation to generation, in the most honorable and dignified form.

This may do well enough in old England, where titles are in vogue, and are often of more importance than the wearer; but in our great republic, where the merits of ancestry are not the basis of preference, such, of right, are not in vogue; and we introduce the figure here merely to illustrate a family tree of far more importance—a term we may appropriately apply to the human frame. This is a tree that bears as striking a resemblance to the stately denizen of the vegetable kingdom as does the English ancestral tree, and, like it, is susceptible of as great improvements.

The human frame, then, to continue the simile, is the great trunk or stem; its various

organs, both physical and mental, are the branches. To make a vigorous, beautiful, and useful tree, the early and careful cultivation of all these branches is of the highest importance. One should see that they are not dwarfed or deformed by neglect, or want of proper care and training, which, in the end, will pervert their usefulness and disfigure the tree.

It is now no longer questioned that, to make a fully and properly developed man, the cultivation of the mental faculties, as well as the physical, is essential—indeed, more so. Proper training and exercise of the physical parts of the system, give healthy vigor and beauty to the external form; but as this can only be done to the neglect of the mind, we shall see the animal propensities preponderate—giving to the individual a gross, rude deportment; and, on the other hand, a too fully developed brain, to the neglect of the physical members, weakens and effeminates them. Therefore, a due proportional culture of the mental as well as the physical, and the physical as well as the mental faculties, must be strictly regarded, so that each may serve in developing and supporting the other, and all operate in unison.

This leads us to inquire if there is not a system of laws, or a science, that governs and directs the operations of this wonderful system, so that the various faculties may not clash and jar, but harmonize, and produce the happiest results. Phrenology demonstrates that there are established laws governing this as well as the great external universe. This system points out the way, as well as the necessity, of cultivating not only the organs of the brain, but of the body also, revealing their mutual sympathies, their influence, and their dependence on each other.

The study of this important branch of the great family of sciences, can not be too highly esteemed, or too early attended to, if it is desired to know what we are capable of, without venturing heedlessly through toiling years of disappointment, only to learn at the end of life, from sad experience, what we are, and what we should have made of ourselves!

To avoid this sad state, my reader, investigate with avidity the way here pointed out—a way which takes time "by the forelock," and goes in the advance, as it were, laying out before the young mind a true and reliable chart of his capacities, so that he may perfect and beautify his family tree; begin a life of usefulness in the morning of his days, and be a blessing to himself and the rest of mankind.

JAMES I. BAIRD.



NEW YORK,

APRIL, 1873.

WILDER ON PHRENOLOGY.

WE had purposed an elaborate reply to Professor B. G. Wilder's demonstration against Phrenology, which was pronounced in Cooper Institute in January last; but, on a careful examination, we find nothing either new or important in it. All of the objections to Phrenology which the Professor advances have repeatedly been met and answered, and all of the facts he adduces have been many times explained in harmony with the fundamental principles of the phrenological theory of mind. We may, perhaps, at our leisure, review the whole subject as Professor Wilder has presented it, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the evidences, *pro* and *con*, only to be found in the works on Phrenology; for such persons may be easily confused, if not utterly confounded, by an imposing array of figures and diagrams.

But we think the critical reader, who has no bias for or against Phrenology, can hardly fail to discover that Professor Wilder has admitted all that is necessary to establish the truth of Phrenology as a science, whatever may be said of its utility as an art. And who will say that any truth in science is not useful in art just to the extent that it can be made applicable to the purposes of life?

We admit that phrenologists do not agree in relation to the precise functions

of certain regions of the brain, nor as to the location or even existence of certain organs; also that they may not in all cases correctly determine, by cranial manipulations, all the shades of capacity and character. But what science can be named whose principles are better established, or whose practical applications are more certain, or whose professors commit fewer errors? And yet Phrenology was unknown and unthought of only a little more than half a century ago, while some of the other sciences have been studied for thousands of years.

Mistakes are made in cyphering, but who says that arithmetic is not a science? Physiologists not only differ in applying the principles of their science to our habits of living in the simple matters of food and drink, but disagree in a majority of the problems of physiology. Yet who doubts that physiology is a science? Physicians do not even agree as to the nature of disease, nor as to the *modus operandi* of medicine, nor as to the "law of cure;" but does any one say there is no science of medicine? Geologists are not agreed whether the interior of the earth is intensely hot or inconceivably cold; whether the rings of Saturn are going to or from their primary; whether the fires of the sun are fed by internal or external fuel; or whether the earth is growing larger or smaller—yet no one objects to geology as a science.

Professor Wilder admits that brain and mind are correlated; and he proves, in spite of his efforts to show the contrary, that certain parts of the brain are correlated with the manifestations of corresponding mental powers, as the phrenologists locate the organs of these powers. And this admission and proof cover the whole field of debate. On these propositions alone Phrenology is established; and all the skulls and brains, anatomically considered, of all the animals in all creation, with the Professor's witticisms

and advice to phrenologists thrown in, can not invalidate the premises.

The magnificent "Science of the Stars," termed astronomy, whose art measures the planets in their courses, calculates the tides, predicts the eclipses, and determines the reappearance of the comets, is based on two very simple propositions: 1. The earth revolves on its axis; 2. The earth revolves around the sun. There may be two more, or two hundred more basic propositions, but these are all that are necessary to constitute astronomy a science and an art.

Phrenology need not go beyond its two primary postulates to demonstrate its claim to scientific recognition: 1. The brain is the organ of mind; 2. Different parts of the brain manifest different mental powers. Professor Wilder proves both of these propositions, but says it is all physiognomy, as though (*length* being a measure of power) the introduction of a word of five syllables were to demolish a science of four syllables.

What is physiognomy? If the Professor had undertaken to explain this exceedingly convenient word, he would have found himself co-operating with the phrenologists in elucidating the rationale of the mental processes, instead of operating against them. Phrenology includes physiognomy, just as physiology includes both; and anthropology all.

Phrenologists have always taught that the mental organs are correlated with the voluntary muscles of the body, which act in response to their influences. The manifestations of the muscles of the face (always in harmony with its form and features, as these are with the brain organs) constitute that department of Phrenology which is properly termed physiognomy.

And now, as Dr. Wilder is the Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology in one of the first universities in America, we respectfully call his attention to a

very interesting and important law of nature, one whose recognition is vital to the proof or disproof of Phrenology. It is this: In the ascending scale of organic development, *differentiation*, of both mental and vital organs, is the invariable order. The lowest forms of living creatures have no visible organs or structures. In a grade above a single vital organ, the stomach performs all of the digestive processes. Still higher in the scale of being, the digestive processes are performed by separate and distinct organs—stomach, intestines, pancreas, etc.

This law is as demonstrable in the mental grades of animals as in the vital. It is illustrated in most of Professor Wilder's diagrams; and if he had favored us with a diagram of the brain of that wonderful idiot, he would have afforded us, if not "four and twenty blackbirds in a pie," twenty-four unanswerable evidences that, in opposing Phrenology diagrammatically, he is in an inextricable pickle. He would have presented us with a brain minus that portion where the phrenologists locate the reasoning organs. Perhaps, however, this is all physiognomy, also!

In conclusion, as the Professor of Zoology so patronizingly and kindly recommends the professors of Phrenology to pursue their investigations hereafter among the brains of dogs instead of humans, we will reciprocate his good intent in offering to submit the whole controversy to dog-proof. Whenever he will find a *tigerocious* dog that will "show fight" quicker by patting it on its forehead (kindness), than our dog will get mad and play bite when rubbed behind the ears (destructiveness), we will confess judgment that it is all "physiognomy."

With regard to the nature of mind, Professor Wilder consistently has no theory. He does not profess to know a

thing about it. It is one of the inscrutables. But his conclusion is reasonable. He assumes a negative premise; he reasons negatively; he collates a vast amount of statistics that prove—nothing; and then, by “irresistible logic,” he comes to *no* conclusion.

♦♦♦ RADICAL REFORMERS.

FINDING the best interests of our city “going to the dogs,” through the wickedness, corruption, or imbecility of bad men in office; finding gambling, theft, robbery, drunkenness and murder “running riot,” and even the seats of justice occupied by unscrupulous jurists, two of our leading daily newspapers, the *Times* and the *Tribune*, buckled on the armor of moral warfare, and have been fighting bravely. The *Tribune* attacked the “keno” gamblers and the “panel” houses, causing the arrest of many, and scattering some hundreds of the “fancy.” Had the authorities been as vigilant as the reporters, not one gambling hell would have been left in operation in the city of New York. The *Tribune* deserved and received the thanks of all good citizens for its efforts in routing out these curses of New York.

The *Times* made it a specialty to look after the political thieves who were found robbing the city treasury. It made such exposures that it aroused the whole community to a sense of its danger, and so led to the organization of the Committee of Seventy, and those measures which succeeded in bringing about a change in the administration of affairs at our last election. The efforts to punish the scoundrels who were plundering the honest and worthy tax-payers have not been successful yet, but their time will come.

Next, the *Times* turned its attention to the quack doctors of both sexes, who were found in large numbers, engaged in either poisoning, robbing, or murdering their victims. It was found that many self-styled doctors were practicing without any right to do so, never having studied medicine in regular course; and that bad women were assisting in the nefarious work of producing abortions. The public were startled by the recital of hideous crimes of this nature, and many of the perpetrators have been brought to the bar of justice.

One other class of wicked swindlers remains to be dealt with. They are the “no cure no pay” doctors, who filch money from “indiscreet young men.” They hide behind “Anatomical Museums,” “Howard Associations,” New York “Universities,” etc. Some work under real, and others under assumed names, advertising largely, and promising to “cure all diseases.” They sell vile compounds, which are either worthless or injurious; and their prescriptions are worse than useless.

Next come the patent-medicine men, and the “Bitters” makers. A few steeped roots and herbs, mixed with sarsaparilla, spruce, ginger, hemlock, wormwood, with flour, licorice, etc., serve to make pills, while whisky and aloes serve as a basis for their “Bitters.” Different makers have different mixtures, of course, but *all are bad*, and only damage any stomach, human or animal, into which they are poured. The makers are, one and all, simply wicked impostors. They know they *lie* on every label they print. The public is deceived. Poor invalids, like other dying men, catch at a straw, and are robbed and poisoned. It is alcohol in the bitters which *stimulates* the patient, and deludes him with the false hope that the stuff *may* do him good. Regular physicians, not already drunkards or liquor drinkers, ought to have a stop put to this business by teaching the people, through the press, the lecture-room, the sick room, and even through the pulpit, what they *ought to know* on these subjects.

We rejoice, at any rate, to know that the secular press is turning REFORMER, and following in a track which the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has ever pursued, and exposing crimes in high and in low places. The time must soon come when respectable newspapers, such as the *Independent*, *Observer*, *Evangelist*, etc., shall cease from advertising the vile compounds of quack doctors, and come over and help the secular press to put down crime, imposture, and swindling of all sorts. When the religious press refuses to advertise quack medicines, a great gain in morality, economy, and temperance will be realized. Men and brethren, you *know* these words to be true. As you love your fellow-men, your country, and your God, help, we beseech you, to carry on this war against the devil and his legions.

THE SHAKER QUESTION.

THE Shakers are being slightly agitated by the principles of "progress and improvement," which are stirring the world. Action is life; inaction is death. No institution or person can stand still and live. Whether the Shakers will continue to ignore nature, and so "dry up" the fountains of life, and pass away; or whether they will so modify their modes of life as to perpetuate their doctrines and their kind, depends upon themselves. Certain it is, the Almighty has established irrevocable laws by which human beings may perpetuate their existence on earth. The Shakers came into existence in accordance with these laws. They were conceived and born of woman, very much the same as other folks, who are just as near to nature and to God as themselves. Why they should blindly follow a frail and erring human leader, who inevitably leads them on to a fruitless life, we can not see. Was not Ann Lee a woman? Was she perfect? Was she not ignorant? Was she not an invalid? Considered insane? Confined in an asylum or a prison? And yet, such a person is accepted as a savior of mankind!

It is our belief that the younger members—those not beyond the period of fruitfulness—will see their errors, and so modify their social relations as to admit of their complying with the Scriptural command to "multiply and replenish the earth." If the race is to be improved by hereditary influences, surely the chaste and virile Shakers ought to participate in the great and good work.

Old men and women among the Shakers, now in second childhood, and on the downhill of life, past the period of mating, as well as those who are incompetent, will not sanction any changes or modifications in their modes or creed; but will continue to denounce seceders, talk eloquently of the abuses of the procreative principle, and endeavor to persuade weak and willing minds to remain in the Shaker fold.

As phrenologists, physiologists, and philosophers, we must protest against *all* perversions—be they in church, in societies, among professed Christians, or among the heathen. We must not be misled, nor induced to follow our feelings or emotions, contrary to our reason and our common sense. Be it ours to

point the way which leads from nature up to nature's God—from earth to heaven.

The grave questions for the Shakers to settle are: What is truth? What is the will of God? If He had intended them to live barren lives, would He have created them male and female? What is the principle of sex for? Will the Shakers please answer?

CONSOLIDATION.

SUBSCRIBERS to "BEECHER'S MAGAZINE" will hereafter be supplied with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL in its place. Mr. Beecher has generously provided a \$3.00 magazine for his subscribers, in place of the one he published at \$2.00 a year; giving them considerable more matter than he had promised to do. Those who were subscribers to both the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and to BEECHER'S, will be credited on book for a period of time which shall be equivalent for the amount paid. By this consolidation the circulation of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is increased to the extent of that of Mr. BEECHER'S MAGAZINE. The gain to our readers will be a new pen in our JOURNAL pages. In the present number we have a telling testimony under the title of "ITS WORTH TO ME," by Mr. Beecher. Other articles will appear, and Mr. Beecher's friends will thus hear from him regularly. This consolidation will give us, and his subscribers, so much more strength, while nobody but Mr. Beecher himself will have any cause to regret. We shall try to make it an object for him to put his shoulder to this wheel, and thus help to "set the world ahead," through the more venerable PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. We welcome Mr. Beecher among our editorial forces, and commend him to our readers.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION "PULLING HAIR."

THE *New Jerusalem Messenger* (Swedenborgian) quotes the *Christian Intelligencer* (Dutch Reform) as follows. It takes the modern scientists to task in this spicy manner: "Science prides itself on its certainty. It deals with facts. But no science embraces all the facts. So science fills up the gaps with hypotheses; that is, it builds up a theory around its facts, and then calls the theory science. The facts may be very scanty and the theory very large, but the scientific mind has constructed

it, and so it still is science. But the scientific mind, in different crania, hits on different and even opposite theories; and then, alas! science, which is certainty, stands up squarely against other science which is certainty. Darwin's science derives man from an ape-like progenitor. Dr. Ludwig Buechner's science, according to his reported lecture, derives man from 'a hairy, long-headed animal, with long arms and short legs,' and pronounces the idea of descent from the ape to be 'absurd.' Professor Agassiz's science scouts any derivation whatever, but starts men as men, though under circumstances inconsistent with the Bible account. The perfect knowingness with which all these inconsistent things are done is wonderful. * * * Only a fool fights ascertained facts. But even his folly is matched by the monstrous egotism that sets up its inductive insight as an ultimate certainty, and, with ten grains of fact and ninety of insight, assumes to define the eternal limits of truth and absurdity." All very well so far, *Mr. Intelligencer*, but are there not *some* ascertained facts, and have not the scientists some little grounds of dispute

with a large class of theologians? There are, doubtless, a great many scientists who are purposely perverse, and contemptuously indifferent to religion, and who do not hesitate to press their discoveries, real or fancied, into the cause of unbelief. Are there not others who are kept painfully halting between the evidences of reason and the dicta of so-called theology? The Church has its theories as well as the men of science, and it does not hesitate to press them with all the vigor possible, and this theorizing has been productive of the same kind of troubles on the theological side that the *Intelligencer* complains of on the other. There is only one sovereign remedy that will heal the disturbance between Science and Religion, and that is the adoption by the Church at large of a rational theology. [*Sensible Messenger!*] Wicked naturalists will then lose much of their vantage ground, and good ones will be encouraged to heartily follow the investigation of the phenomena and laws of the material universe, knowing that the good and the true will inevitably be strengthened by all genuine results from their labors.

ITS WORTH TO ME.

BY J. A. BEECHER.

THIS JOURNAL, to a considerable degree, is devoted to the twin subjects of Phrenology and Physiognomy. It is, therefore, useless, as it would be presumptuous, for me, not a professional in either, to undertake to teach beside those whose experience and knowledge in these important departments of study is such as to entitle their utterances to the careful consideration of the public.

And yet, for many years, I have been a practical believer in the principles of Phrenology and Physiognomy—so much so, that whatever reasons others may have for unbelief, they do not weigh much against the conclusions of fact and reason; and the actualities of experience arrived at, not from a desire to believe in the subject, but by having my attention called to it in such a manner that it was impossible for me, from a purely selfish standpoint, not to be greatly interested.

If you, dear reader, should strike your head against a telegraph post, on your way home of a dark night, it would make no difference to you whether or not one man or all men denied the conclusion, that you had hit something with your head. Your memory serves to re-

call the circumstances, and for some time your head bears witness to the sore fact.

Now, if a man runs against the subject of Phrenology, and is startled by its revelations; if it lays before him his innermost thoughts, by ascertaining the relative size and position of the organs of the brain; and if an utter stranger tells him, by its aid, that he has faculties capable of lifting him far above his present self, and his present circumstances; if it is to him a new revelation of the future; if it opens to him the door of a new world, of which he has before only wondered; if it calls forth a host of beings that heretofore have been only fancies, and marshals them before him as facts and figures of possible reality, that may form in a great measure the future of his life, and will if he follows their guiding influence; surely running against a telegraph post is no more real to such an one than running against Phrenology, although for the moment the former is perhaps more material, certainly it is a baser act. But one may change the destiny of an individual, and through him direct the course of thousands, while the other is but a momentary surprise, soon recovered from,

healed and forgotten—unless, perchance, the hit was too much for the head.

I will say why, in my judgment, Phrenology is an important subject to almost every one, and especially to all who seem to have strong tendencies in any particular direction. Some may dismiss the matter by a jovial, witty, or sarcastic remark about bumps or brains; or they may yield to a prejudice which, from some cause, has arisen in their minds, regarding the subject, and pass it by unnoticed, if they do not openly attack it. That this is hardly the best or most reasonable way, we think all will cheerfully admit.

In a greater or less degree, we are all creatures of circumstance, at least until we become able to bend circumstances to our purposes. A boy is born to a humble lot in life—as nearly all the greatest men in this country have been. His youth is a struggle against surroundings that bear down and overcome, as far as possible, his hopes and aspirations, instead of helping him to crown his ambition with success. Yet he has turned them aside, instead of being turned aside; he has made them the steps upon which he has gone upward; he has overthrown obstacles or risen superior to them, and triumphantly reached the pinnacle of his ambition from the very foot of the mount, up whose rugged sides he has clambered to the glorious summit. Why? Because his faculties of mind were so fully developed in that one direction that anything short of satisfying their demands was suffering to him, and everything that helped to satisfy these faculties, that formed the strong swift current of his nature, was pleasure. To another, differently constituted, these things would have been done only under painful compulsion. To him, labor, luxury, society, self, everything irrelevant or unnecessary to his purposes was cheerfully sacrificed.

Only a few men, comparatively, have this overpowering, all-absorbing ambition to do, or become, one thing only, else the world instead of a few needed leaders would have too many, and it does not need a great many such—the pioneers who open the way for future generations. Such men, with or without the aid of Phrenology, would speed directly to the mark of the prize of their high calling; they must be and do one thing or nothing. But there are others, the great mass of humanity, indeed, that will be helped by the study of a science that straightens and corrects their aspirations, tends to shape and direct purposeless lives (and what a host of such there are!), and causes men to tread the uncertain pathway to a de-

sired goal with a firmer step and more hopeful hearts than before.

Many persons endowed with God-given faculties, that are capable of making their possessor happy, and the world greatly their debtor, will live and die unknown, and the world be, by just so much, the loser, for the lack of self-confidence and an overpowering desire to follow their inclinations, which nothing can successfully resist. They are modest, retiring, unassuming, always putting some one else before themselves; but they have native ability in certain directions that commands the admiration of the few who find them out at last.

Others there are whose circumstances and occupations are all against certain things which they will insist upon doing in spite of opposition, and which they do well without opportunity. They are controlled by those who have no sympathy with their dearest purposes, they are trammelled by surroundings from which they can not free themselves; and so they go on, unwillingly obeying the dicta of others, ever hoping and vainly striving for that which the eye but dimly discovers in the distance, and which the heart can not hope to possess.

Ah! how well do I remember, as well as though it were the morning of the day that followed, the evening when a practical phrenologist gave me my first phrenological chart. Nothing that has occurred since, and no event previous to that time, has made a more indelible impression upon my mind, or had so controlling an influence in directing the course of my life. All the circumstances by which I was then surrounded were a contradiction to the possibilities then presented, and which have since been attained, so far as time has permitted. As when the skillful hand touches the keys that call forth the sweet melody of music, so the touch of this master of a science which many great men have embraced, and many have scouted and disowned, a whole chorus of harmonies broke forth to me in the song of a new life; and inspired hopes and longings, which, like a consuming fire, had burned within, but now lighted up the vista of a brighter future. I had not then dared to hope that I could ever realize that to which my aspirations pointed in the long, dim distance, but seemed ever to be scourged back by the stern realities of the situation. For the encouragement of others similarly situated, and possessed of seemingly inconsistent but dearly beloved hopes, let me say that I have realized far more than I then saw, even through the colors of fancy, so far as I have pursued

those objects most dear to me, and for which I seemed best fitted by natural endowments; and still hope points into the future, and bids me strive for better and larger things, and fondly promises that they are possibilities to me.

Phrenology, kind reader, did this for me. It came to me when I was alone in my aspirations; when surroundings formed a wall over which I had never hoped to clamber; when everything seemed to forbid that I should dare to follow those desires which filled my mind and heart, but not my hope; when I trembled to think that it was possible for me to step out toward that to which my every longing led; when the lot to which I was born was the lot in which my friends desired me to abide and delve, and not venture upon an untried and uncertain future; when opposition, with frowning face, said to natural timidity, "Remain where circumstances have placed you," Phrenology came to me there, and whispered to my aspirations that they could be made living realities; she took timidity by the hand and strengthened her; gave to hope a clearer view of the objects

desired; told me that I could attain the full measure of my ambition, and warned me to hasten slowly; strengthened faith, and fixed in me an unalterable love of that science which is able to take the timid, trembling youth by the hand, and lead him out upon the hilltop, to view the future which is possible for him.

Because Phrenology has done this for me—and more that I could not tell, without speaking of those things which are mine alone, and not the world's, or any man's—I have written this, and offer it to all those who, like myself, believe in her teachings, in her helpfulness, in her adaptation to the practical wants of many, if not of all men. I do not know a great deal of the science, but I believe it will help all men and women to a better knowledge of themselves and their capabilities; and in this world of mistakes, and blunders, and misplacements, I think anything that will help to open to men their own minds, and strengthen confidence in their own powers, is something to be cherished and taught until more of us, without it, shall get into the place that we fit, and that fits us.

A MAN WITH AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith away,
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through,
He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray.
With never a thought or a care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who hath no aim
Not only leaves no name
When this life's done, but ten to one
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start.
And moves it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And live a purposeless life.

WHAT THE LEAF DOES.

IT pumps water from the ground, through the thousands of tubes in the stem of the tree, and sends it into the atmosphere in the form of unseen mist, to be condensed and fall in showers; the very water that, were it not for the leaf, would sink in the earth and find its way, perchance, through subterranean channels to the sea. And thus it is that we see it works to give us the "early and the latter rain." It

works to send the rills and streams, like lines of silver, down the mountain and across the plain. It works to pour down the larger brooks, which turn the wheels that energize the machinery which gives employment to millions—commerce stimulated and wealth accumulated, and intelligence disseminated through the agency of this wealth. The leaf does it all. It has been demonstrated that

every square inch of leaf lifts 0.035 of an ounce every twenty-four hours. Now, a large forest tree has about five acres of foliage, or 6,272,630 square inches. This being multiplied by 0.035 (the amount pumped by every inch) gives us the result—2,252 ounces, or eight barrels.

The trees on an acre give 800 barrels in twenty-four hours. An acre of grass, or clover, or grain, would yield about the same result. The leaf is a worker, too, in another field of labor, where we seldom look—where it works for the good of man in a most wonderful manner. It carries immense quantities of electricity from the earth to the clouds, and from the clouds to the earth. Rather dangerous business transporting lightning; but it is particularly fitted for this work. Did you ever see a leaf entire as to its edges? It is always pointed, and these points, whether they be large or small, are just fitted to handle this dangerous agent. These tiny fingers seize upon and carry it away with ease and wonderful dispatch. There must be no delay; it is "time freight." True, sometimes it gathers up more than the trunk can carry, and in the attempt to crowd and pack the baggage, the trunk gets terribly shattered, and we say that lightning struck the tree; but it had been struck a thousand times before. This time it was overworked.—*American Entomologist*.

[It is well known that after the forest is cleared from a new region of country, the swamps dry up, marshy places become solid ground, many springs fail temporarily or permanently, and good mill-streams become dwindled, meager, and unserviceable, except at spring freshets, and small farm streams entirely disappear. For the health and prosperity of a country, a considerable timber section should be cultivated or preserved.]

MAPLE-SUGAR.

THE time has passed with most of our country readers who possess a sugar "bush," and who make it a part of their early spring work to draw from the *acer saccharinum* its store of rich sirup. The maple-sugar product has within a few years assumed so great an importance that its statistics furnish no trivial comparison with the cane-sugar growth of the South; and we deem it altogether worth while to devote some space, now and then, for the encouragement of farmers in planting maple-trees.

The sugar-maple is indeed one of the most beautiful of trees; its stateliness and graceful habit rendering it an object of special interest to those who practice landscape gardening. No other tree supports an equally massive head of foliage by so slender a stem. In autumn it displays a gorgeous variety of tints, and those groves or groups of trees which boast its presence in a goodly proportion, then stand arrayed in a mantle of beauty which is most captivating to the lover of the picturesque.

But the question, Will it pay? is more completely answered for the satisfaction of the practical agriculturist when we consider the statistics of maple-sugar production. According to the census of 1860 (that of 1870 not yet having been tabulated in this respect), the maple-sugar crop amounted to 40,120,205 pounds; the States contributing to this product being as follows:

Alabama.....	228	Missouri.....	142,028
Arkansas.....	8,077	New Hampshire..	2,255,012
Connecticut.....	44,259	New Jersey.....	3,455
Georgia.....	991	New York.....	10,816,419
Illinois.....	184,196	North Carolina..	30,845
Indiana.....	1,541,761	Ohio.....	3,345,508
Iowa.....	315,436	Pennsylvania....	2,767,335
Kansas.....	8,742	South Carolina..	205
Kentucky.....	380,941	Tennessee.....	115,620
Maine.....	306,742	Vermont.....	9,897,781
Maryland.....	63,281	Virginia.....	938,108
Massachusetts...	1,006,078	Wisconsin.....	1,584,451
Michigan.....	4,061,822	Nebraska.....	122
Minnesota.....	370,669		
Mississippi.....	99	Total.....	40,120,205

According to the best authorities, the crop of maple-sugar for 1862 was estimated at 28,000 tons, or 62,720,000 pounds, or an advance of fifty per cent. over the crop of 1860. This amount of sugar at eight cents per pound would amount to \$5,017,600. As the interest in this Northern sugar product has constantly increased since 1860, it is doubtless safe to estimate the crop of 1870 at 100,000,000 pounds, and having a value of at least \$8,000,000. The importance of this element in our sugar supply certainly needs no stronger advocacy than this array of figures.

Sugar-maple trees will grow on steep side-hills, in gorges and glens, on mountains, on plains, among rocks and stones, in waste places where the ground may not be plowed or otherwise utilized. It would by no means be out of place along lanes and public road sides, on lake shores and river banks, and along railways.

There ought to be a sugar-maple "sap-bush" on every man's farm. It would pay in timber, in fuel, and in sugar, to say nothing of summer-shade and beautiful landscape.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE CELT, OR THE ABORIGINAL OF EUROPE.—No. 2.

WE have said that when defeated, the Celt was apt to be dismayed. It is true, also, that when victorious, he was apt to be proud and insolent. The Celt always manifested more self-esteem than he felt or really possessed. He rather wished to appear than to be. He continually strove to gain admiration from his fellows. He did not rest content with the self-assurance of inherent worthiness. Again, his passions predominated over his intellect. Reason bowed to impulse. He was also much more religious than moral. He lacked policy. He was easily persuaded. It must be at once evident that he was incapable of being relied on, though honorable in the main. His jealousy was easily excited, and he was transparent in the manifestation of his feelings. His character was not exactly vicious. It was very unbalanced. The character of the Goth was very different. Endurance, and a dense, wiry, physical, and mental muscle, marked him. The Goth looked out into the future, and laid his plans beforehand. The Celt is concerned more with the present. He inclines to let the future take care of itself. The difference between the modern German and Englishman and the modern Celtic-Frenchman is a good illustration. The two former are essentially Gothic. To the modern Celtic-Frenchman, Cæsar's brief description of his ancestors, *Cupidi novarum rerum* (Eager of something new), is still very applicable. There is the same impulsiveness, the same frivolity, the same love of display as is represented as characterizing the Gaul of former days. The ancient Gothic tribes from the northern portions of Europe and of Asia originally kept moving downward and westward in the wake of the Celtic who had preceded them. The latter gave way, and were driven to narrower and narrower quarters. The Gothic element, gradually, surely, and powerfully diffusing itself over Europe, at length, as has been before remarked, predominates, the Celtic having largely disappeared, or, in a subordinate degree, having been incorporated therewith.

In some instances, however, the Celtic element has been preserved quite distinct. The French have been before referred to. The Irish are another example. The modern Prus-

sian, descending from the old Gothic stock, nationally considered, is a cool and brave warrior; politic, prudent, and careful; a persistent and determined executor of thoroughly contemplated plans of operation, and a solid thinker. The late Franco-Prussian war affords a good illustration. His Celtic enemy has been more excitable, rash, incautious; proudly courageous in the inspiration of the moment, yet more incapable of organized, well-meditated, and enduring action. He has been more subject to extremes of feeling according as circumstances changed; too hasty in forming his conclusions, and lacking in solidity of character. Phrenologically considered, it is well known that the German has a large brain, conferring power of mind; a predominating Motive-Vital Temperament, conferring great capacities for endurance, mental and physical; together with large Firmness, Cautiousness, and Causality. The national or representative Frenchman, on the other hand, has a preponderating Nervous Temperament; large Combativeness and love of Approbation, combined with deficient Firmness and Cautiousness. The ancient racial peculiarities, in these as well as in other respects, have been remarkably preserved.

But to return: the character of the Celt of olden time has not been all told yet. He had a religion. That religion was Druidism. It images forth the interior man. The minister of that religion was the priestly Druid, who, with long white beard and flowing gown, everywhere inspired awe by his presence. The Druid was much more venerable in his demeanor than the common Celt. His high position, his consciousness of superior knowledge, the influences of his gloomy religion and long practice had molded his nature and calmed his spirit. The Celtic Druid, like the priest of more modern Judæa and the philosopher of China, stood at the very sources of the national character. Of whatever knowledge and learning that had found their way into the "Wilds of Northern and Western Europe," he was then the sole possessor. He was the only teacher of both wisdom and religion. A commanding position did he occupy among the rude tribes with whom he dwelt. He scattered or withheld instruction at pleasure. He in-

cited to war or persuaded to peace. Over the administration and legislation of law he had almost supreme control, and he was the only guide who sought to conduct the faltering traveler through the vale of life to a distant eternity. As a man of wisdom, the Druid appears to have been widely known and greatly revered. To him came the youth of the land for training and instruction. Even the sons of nobles and princes sat at his feet to be initiated into his curious mysteries. These he often led away into the retired groves in the heart of which his schools were situated, where, for many years, he would train those under his charge in natural, political, and religious science. This instruction was oral, and given in the form of Triadic verse. Though acquainted with writing, he well knew how to maintain his ascendancy over the popular mind. To attempt the preservation of his learning in any connected form was a punishable crime. It is obvious that much uncertainty must exist as to the actual amount of knowledge possessed by the ancient Celtic Druid. He lived among an uncultured people. He was almost wholly cut off from Grecian and Roman civilization; and yet we have clear evidence that, for the rudimental times in which he lived, his learning in some directions was eminent and extensive. Astronomy was not unknown. He laid claim to a thorough acquaintance with Botany and Mineralogy, with especial reference to the uses of plants and minerals in the practice of medicine. Rhetoric, and especially the kindred art of Poetry, were made by him objects of particular study and culture. His political relations created the necessity for the cultivation of some crude form of political science. The rudiments of Jurisprudence were, doubtless, known to him. In the religious department, his speculations gave evidence of much patient thought and research respecting the nature and attributes of God, the position and character of man in this life, and his existence and destiny hereafter. The earliest bard of Wales, a member of the order and acquainted with its mysteries, frequently alludes to the Druidical views of the formation of the world, of the nature and powers of man, and of the inherent constitution of things. The civil code, as has been before noted, was almost exclusively under the control of the Druid. To every crime he thus attached a religious as well as a civil penalty. Before him, as a supreme tribunal, from whose decisions there was but one appeal, came many an offender against the public order. Those who refused

to obey his mandates, he sometimes visited with the most condign punishment. Resistance made the victim both an outlaw and an apostate. Cut off like the Hebrew leper from all communion with his kind, such an one wandered away, accursed and neglected, into some distant mountain recess, where his life and his miseries were ended together. The intimate connection between the civil institutions and the religion of the Celt is a striking feature in his history. It suggests at once the blended civil and religious elements of the Mosaic Code. Such a state of things appears the most natural to the primal states of society. It is also, doubtless, the best, being wisely ordered as the more conducive to the maintenance of order. This circumstance has also been ever referred to as a convincing argument to prove the Oriental origin of the Druidic order.

But the spiritual function of the Druid was viewed and treated as the most important. He believed in a *single supreme Deity*, who created and governed all things by His own inflexible Will. To this supreme Power he gave the names of *Sul*, the Sun, and *Paran*, the Thunder. He also affirmed the existence of several inferior Divinities, some of them creations of the original Deity, and others princes and heroes, who, for their bravery and virtue, had been exalted to this high station. These inferior beings were especially ordained to carry into execution the mandates of the one Supreme. They possessed, however, an inherent power over man, which they could exercise independently of all superior control.

The Celtic Druid held that man was a fallen intelligence, who by his fall had lost all knowledge of superior states of being; and that, in order to regain his original position, he must pass through several preparatory stages of existence, of which this life is the first and introductory. He believed that man is the grand end of Nature, as well as the most glorious being in it; for whom, in his fallen condition, this world and all it contains were especially created. Maintaining that man is capable of discerning good and evil, the Druid held that if he preferred the evil he lapsed again into a lower and more brutish state of being; from which he might, though with less hope of success, attempt to regain his original position. But if, on the other hand, a man preferred the good, he was borne at death to a higher sphere, where he rapidly advanced toward the perfection which properly belongs to him. This was very good doctrine for those times. But

more than this, the Druid also held that, even in this life, the *good* and the *true* are becoming more and more established; that, finally, the whole race would reach such a stage of perfection that this world would be of no further service as a scene of trial and discipline; and that when this culminating period had arrived, and the race had been translated to a higher abode, this earth would be swept out of being. On the rude and horrid altars of his religion it can not be denied that human victims were sacrificed, while from the course of the crimson current, as it flowed under his knife, were prognosticated the events of the future.

The oak seems to have been regarded as peculiarly sacred by the Druid, and a symbol of the Supreme One. In all his religious observances he was crowned with garlands of oak leaves. All his instructions were given in groves of oak. In those consecrated places, far removed from all disturbing scenes, he held his daily and monthly worship. The wonder and awe inspired by the dense, unbroken gloom of the forest appeal very powerfully to the higher sentiments of the human breast, and impress one with the idea of a present Deity. Such feelings as these were operated upon in the mind of the Celt. The religious element in man is strong. The soul ever reaches out after that which is unseen and spiritual. These spiritual wants of humanity require to be supplied; these spiritual affections require to be developed and nurtured. Therefore, true religion should never be ignored.

The mistletoe was held as peculiarly sacred by the Druid. When the moon had reached the sixth day of her waxing, he proceeded with great pomp, and accompanied by the multitude, to some tree on which the desired plant had been found growing. Clad in white he ascends the tree, and with golden knife severs therefrom the coveted prize. It is received in a white cloth below. Sacrifice then follows, and the people rejoice, for the mistletoe is endowed with the wondrous power of curing disease and of destroying the effects of poison. The ruder the conditions of society, the more natural and, indeed, the more necessary do organized externals of some sort in religion's matters appear, even though they be eminently superstitious. Truth is thus presented to the mind with force, interest is kept alive, and the untrained religious sentiments manifesting themselves are in this way the more powerfully awakened. Those who would ignore the benefits of any system of religion

appealing to general humanity, because it contained aught else but the highest spirituality, seem to us to entertain views more visionary than practical. Truth is relative. But to return, the power and influence of the priestly Celtic Druid had probably flourished in Gaul and Britain for centuries anterior to the Christian era. Upon the introduction of a higher civilization, that power and influence, though not without a struggle, began gradually to decline. The Druid himself has long ago disappeared. Thus the world moves on.

Let us now pause a moment and reflect a little on that great system, Druidism, as to its origin and influences. Whence did it arise? Beyond doubt, it is to be viewed as a reproduction on European soil of some gigantic system cherished by the Celt before he had abandoned his Oriental home. It may have been some stupendous scheme of idolatry resembling, in the main, the Buddhism or the Brahmanism of Eastern Asia. It may have been some corrupted form of that religion first implanted in the heart of the Hebrew nation, and which, having been once received, continued for a long time to shed a dim light and exert a molding influence in the Celtic breast. But, whatever its parentage, it was certainly Oriental. "No idolatrous worship," says Hume, "ever attained such an ascendancy over mankind. No system of superstition was ever so fearful, none ever better calculated to impress ignorance with awful terror, or to extort implicit confidence from a deluded people." But Celtic Druidism is not to be tried by the standard of more modern times. It flourished in a barbarous age; at a period when not even the partial civilization of Egypt or of Syria, of Greece or of Rome, had penetrated those Celtic wilds, and at a period when the diviner light of Christianity had not yet begun to dawn. That great and grievous evils grew out of this system can not be denied. Almost all knowledge, religious as well as secular, was shut up within the sacred inclosures of Druidism. Its political intrigues were often of the most hurtful character. Its judicial proceedings were often marked by injustice, and its penal enactments by the utmost cruelty. It threw around religion the mystic veil of superstition. But a ruder religion may have been demanded for reasons before mentioned. Druidism certainly did something toward disseminating a higher knowledge, and introducing a higher style of humanity among the people. It established a system of jurisprudence which, all full of errors though it was, was far prefer-

able to what might have been the judgment of ungoverned passion. It cultivated a religious instinct, which, without any such guidance, might have shown itself in much ruder and grosser forms. It added dignity to human life, and solemnity to human action, by connecting them with another and retributive state of being. Some of the influences of this religion still remain. It was long interwoven with the religious affections of the Welsh people. All the powers of the Roman and Saxon invasion could not wholly eradicate it, nor even the energies of Christianity itself. The modern bard of Wales preserves with undiminished love that mystical system which had its origin in those golden days when Druidic Science was taught in the antique Triplet. Many of those quaint fancies and superstitions extant in the mountainous districts of the Principality are fragments of Druidic lore. After many centuries of civilization, a strong affection for this old religion yet lingers in the heart of the nation.

On the eve of taking a final departure from our subject, we may be allowed to institute a brief comparison between the character of the Celt, as given by the ancients, when he lived on the banks of the Seine and Loire, and some of those characteristic traits which we are accustomed to recognize as marking the modern Irish. Every feature reappears—the indisposition to cultivate the fields; the delight in tipling and brawling; the ostentation; the language full of comparisons and hyperboles, of

allusions and quaint terms; the droll humor; the hearty delight in singing and reciting the deeds of past ages; the most decided talent for rhetoric and poetry; the curiosity (no trader was allowed to pass without telling the news); the almost extravagant credulity which acted on such reports (no traveler used to be allowed on pain of severe penalty to communicate unauthenticated accounts except to the public magistrates); the childlike piety, which sees in the priest a father, and asks for his advice in all things; the unsurpassed fervor of national feeling, and the closeness with which those who are fellow-countrymen cling together, almost like one family, in opposition to the stranger; the inclination to rise in revolt under the first chance leader who presents himself, and to form bands, but, at the same time, the incapacity to preserve a self-reliant courage equally remote from presumption and from pusillanimity, to perceive the right time for waiting and for striking, or to attain, or even barely to tolerate, any organization, any sort of fixed military or political discipline. In the mighty vortex of the world's history, which inexorably crushes all people that are not as hard and as flexible as steel, such a nation could not long maintain itself. With reason the Celt of the Continent suffered the same fate at the hand of the Roman as his kinsmen in Ireland suffer down to our own day at the hand of the Saxon—the fate of being merged as a leaven of future development in a politically superior nationality.

HISTORICUS.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF FORCE.

ABOUT thirty years ago Dr. Mayer, of Germany, propounded the theory that force, like matter, is indestructible; that when it ceases to be manifest in one form, it still exists and can be traced in some other form. Scientists in various nations sought for facts confirmatory of this theory. They found and brought forward facts which seemed, in some degree, to favor it. The theory arrested public attention as something new and interesting. The public did not wait for it to be proved. The analogy of matter seemed to be all the proof required. Imagination could weave the novel and beautiful thought into a variety of forms, and into almost any desired system. Essayists and lecturers had something fresh to write and talk about. Christian ministers had a new set of most striking illustrations.

Theologians could weave it in as arguments in support of their creeds. Editors found in it taking items for their scientific columns. Skeptical philosophers caught fire at the suggestion, and mounted, and soared, and made it a god, the creator, and cause, and solution of all natural phenomena. Thus all the world came to believe it and look upon it as established truth, except those who were trying to prove it. With them it was yet an undefined and unproved hypothesis. The people did not stop to inquire what it is that we are to believe indestructible, whether it is the invisible something which moves matter, or the energy of moving bodies.

Scientists now limit the inquiry to the energy of moving bodies, and bodies that can be moved, and have nothing to say about force

proper, or the forces—the cause or causes of motion. Energy, of course, is only energy when it is moving matter. There is no such thing as latent or inactive energy. If it ceases to move matter (if it ever does), it ceases to be. Scientists recognize, however, what is called potential energy; that is, energy which a body may in certain circumstances exert. Shall we say, then, that the same quantity of energy has always been moving the matter of the universe? But we have evidence that the earth was once a burning world, and that the elements of the material universe once existed in their uncombined, gaseous state. When these elements were uniting, the quantity of energy moving the matter of this world was a thousand times greater than it is now. The heat that was generated by the uniting of these elements has gone forever from the material universe, and is lost in the unoccupied chambers of space. The energy operative on earth, or in the material universe, has not been the same on any two days of its past existence. Well, we will not try to maintain the unchangeable quantity of energy, but we will still hold to its indestructibility.

Admitting that it may be lost in space, we will assume that while it remains in connection with matter, it can never cease to be, or be less or more, and see if facts will sustain us. I throw a brick up to a man who is laying the wall of a building; he catches it, and lays it in the wall. Gravity overcame the propelling energy which started the upward motion of the brick, and the dynamic energy of the ascending brick, until it ceased to ascend. At that moment the man caught it, and fastened it in the wall. No natural force can now move it; it therefore possesses no potential energy. The motion and dynamic energy of the ascending brick are absolutely annihilated. Another example: a cannon ball is thrown upward from the foot of a mountain, and lodges in a crevice of the rock at the top of the mountain. No natural force can move it from its position, so it does not possess any potential energy. All of the motion and energy which was taken from the ascending ball by gravity, is absolutely annihilated, no other motion or energy succeeds, and gravity has received no increase of energy. It is not true, then, that energy is indestructible.

But is it not true that the physical forces, those forms of force which have received specific names—such as gravity, inertia, cohesion, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity—is it not true that these are converti-

ble one into another? If it is true, the force producing must cease to be as the force produced becomes manifest. A falling body produces heat. Gravity is the force which drew the body down and produced the heat; but the force of gravity upon the body is not diminished. A flying cannon ball moves only from its own inherent force of inertia. When it strikes, it produces heat and other effects, but its force of inertia is not the least diminished. It will require as much energy to start it in motion again, at the same velocity, as it did at first; and, when moving, it will produce all the effects that it did before. The process may be repeated a thousand times, and as long as the quantity of matter remains the same, its force of inertia will remain unchanged in quantity. Chemical attraction draws the particles of matter together, their collision produces heat; but the chemical force is not decreased—it holds the particles together as strongly as it drew them together; and if by any means they are separated, it will draw them together again as strongly as before. Heat is said to produce electricity, but in the process there is no decrease in the heat. Electricity is said to produce heat. Make a conducting wire of copper with a short piece of platinum wire in the middle of it. Attach electrometers to the copper wire on both sides of the platinum wire. As the electrical current passes through, the platinum wire will become heated, because it is a poor conductor; but during the heating of the platinum wire, the two electrometers will show precisely the same quantity of electricity—there is no loss of electricity—then electricity is not changed into heat. After the platinum wire has become red-hot, less electricity will pass, because the heated platinum wire is a poorer conductor even than the cold platinum wire. Electricity is said to produce magnetism; but electrometers placed before and beyond the magnet show that there is no decrease in the electrical force; so electricity is not changed into magnetism.

Scientists have not found a single instance where one force is transformed into another. Mr. Tyndall says (*"Fragments of Science,"* p. 80), "In no case is the force producing the motion annihilated or changed into anything else."

But they have discovered that there exists a quantitative relation between the dynamic energy producing heat, and the heat produced. Certainly; men have always known that there exists a quantitative relation between cause and effect, between the amount of energy employed and the work done. If one blow with a ham-

mer will produce some heat, we of course expect that two blows will produce twice as much.

It appears, then, that scientists have used language which has misled the people, or else the people have run on far ahead of the scien-

tists, and have reached conclusions which have no foundation in fact. Neither motion nor energy is indestructible; and the physical forces are in no sense or degree convertible one into another.

THE ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.

EDUCATIONAL institutions, comprehending those practical features which are especially required by American young men to fit them for the business of life, are springing rapidly into existence in this country. But a few years ago an Industrial University was an institution merely in prospect. The great success which has attended the establishment of Cornell University, N. Y., has stimulated other States to found similar useful institutions. The engraving represents the Industrial University of Illinois, created by a grant from Con-

1,200 students. The land on which the University is located, and which belongs to it, comprises a tract of over 600 acres, which is divided into the experimental farm, the stock farm, agricultural grounds, campus for ornamental grounds, military parade grounds, etc. Besides this tract, the University owns 25,000 acres in Minnesota and Nebraska.

The object entertained by the founders of this institution is to make the fields of learning free to all, so that whoever comes may learn what he would. In its methods, considered



gress, the State of Illinois accepting this grant with its conditions. The University is situated in Urbana, Champaign County. The building was erected in 1867, and departments appropriated respectively to agriculture, horticulture, chemistry, and library were founded on liberal private contributions and the State appropriations. The building is 214 feet in length, with a wing extending back 124 feet; it has three stories, with basement and Mansard roof. It is designed wholly for public use. It contains a large hall for chapel and general exercises; large drawing-rooms, and thirty class and lecture rooms sufficient for the instruction of

as entirely subservient to the best means of obtaining a practical knowledge of things, it employs the hand and the eye, as well as the brain of the student, so that he may effectively, as well as figuratively, "suit the action to the word, and the word to the action."

The requisites for entering this institution are few, to wit: A good knowledge of the common school branches—arithmetic, grammar, geography, history of the United States, algebra to quadratic equations—and the applicant must be over fifteen years of age, and, of course, possess good habits. Female students are received on equal footing with males.

“A DREAM—NOT ALL A DREAM.”

PHYSICAL LAW — MORAL LAW — COMPENSATIONS — PENALTIES — THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, ETC.,
ROUTED, DOOMED, PUNISHED.

ARCHBISHOP PALEY was a great and wise Christian philosopher. He asserts that “of all the many myriads of nerves that permeate and vitalize the human organism, not one was *designed* by the Creator for pain.” This he adduces as irrefragable evidence of the Divine benevolence. The law of *sensation* is a physical, organic law. As such it must have its sanctions. The very nature of law requires this. The normal use of the senses, in all their varied functions, produces pleasure. The same abused—which always involves violation of law—insures penalty, *i. e.*, pain. This penalty, too, as a warning against disobedience, proclaims the beneficence of the law. It matters not through what motive the warning is disregarded. The sanctions are forced, the penalty inexorable. To illustrate: the infant thrusts its little finger into the flame—ignorance does not protect against the burning. By wicked deception a child swallows caustic poison—innocence prevents not a half century of untold suffering to the victim. The monkey uses the cat’s paw to gather roasted chestnuts from the fire—involution is no shield against the scorching. But who would forego the benefits of *sensation*, to be exempt from pain? Few, perhaps none. Many, at first thought, might consent to try.

EXPERIENCE.

Take a case—Charles Sneider was an industrious machinist. He had a good wife and two bright children. Fondly he loved them; gladly he toiled for them. One day, while working, as was proper and needful for the support of these dear ones, his arm was caught in the machinery of his shop. Before relief came the arm has been nearly wrenched from its socket, cranching the bones to a mass. He must lose his arm, but his life is saved. His suffering is intense. He groans out in his anguish: “Oh, to be delivered from this terrible suffering! Oh, to be saved from this irreparable loss!” But organic law has been violated, pain and loss must follow. Patience and nature’s recuperation will in due time bring healing. But he wants, he craves, immediate restoration. This *can* be granted by the Maker of all laws. What does he wish? To be returned at once, whole and well, to his work. Suppose this be offered on the one possible condition. He shall henceforth be *free* from the law of sensation as concerns himself. Will

he accept? Anything to escape his bodily suffering. His urgent request is granted.

HYPOTHETICAL EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Sneider is again in his shop, cured—free from pain. No more is he to come under the influence of this rejected law. His work for the day is done. He leaves for his home and comes into the fresh air of a June evening. The soft breezes of heaven, which have so often gratefully fanned his heated brow, make no impression. He meets his little darlings, Charlie and Fannie; they have ever been to him a great delight. In their sweet young love, as has been their wont, they run to greet their returning papa. No paternal joy, no tender emotion, touches his heart. Their innocent, endearing prattle, their cunning, winsome ways, which have ever stirred the very depths of his father-love, are utterly unheeded. His faithful and most beloved companion welcomes his accustomed greeting and embrace. No responsive gush of affection thrills his soul. He dandles his little ones upon his knees and mechanically presses them to his bosom, but no throb of interest, no parental pleasure, reward the outward act.

How like the pungent agonies of despair does it now rush upon him that he has voluntarily forfeited all these precious things. Throughout every phase of this excruciating experience he confronts the same appalling facts—loss, irreparable loss. The carefully prepared repast, whose savory odors had ever sharpened his lagging appetite, touches not his olfactories; the richest viands, the most delicate relishes are tasteless. No variety or combination of colors, no delightful scene or landscape, no “thing of beauty,” no happy smile, no look of approbation or affection, appear to the eye. No sounds of harmony, no voice of tenderness or love ever float to his longing ear. Poor man! His consternation, his self-imposed punishment, is too great for him. He cries again for relief. Would he now be returned to his couch of pain, maimed for life, but gradually to be restored to health and her forfeited blessings? Will he now accept the divinely-imposed penalty that he may secure the benedictions of law? * Gratefully, greedily he welcomes the

* The same principle inheres with every organic law. Penalties to the transgressor are inexorable. Fatal this may be, to the unit, but salutary, as it is necessary, to the universe.

rule of God's glorious law of sensation with *all* its contingencies and compensations.

MORAL LAW.

Does this principle also operate in regard to *moral law* as to physical? Does violation of the "Golden Rule" as surely force its own penalties? In some sense, and with reference to ultimate adjudications, certainly. For many civil and social crimes, when detected, there is a speedy sequence of penalty of some sort. Still to human seeming this problem is unsolved. Take, for instance, one form of such violation. The measureless crime of the LIQUOR TRAFFIC. The evils arising from and connected with this traffic are huge and frightful beyond computation. The makers and vendors of intoxicating liquors must primarily be responsible and, therefore, not merely *particeps criminis*, but the real perpetrators of these evils. Those who, for a price, make criminals, are themselves greater criminals.

OBVIOUS RESULTS OF THE TRAFFIC.

Suffering, in every conceivable form, poverty, vice, and crime through all possible grades, are the direct, constant, and legitimate product of the trade, in that most seductive and destructive of all poisons, Alcohol. Human justice seems asleep. No penalty apparently comes to the criminals who commit this fearful and widespread iniquity. Are they not wholly "unwhipped of justice?" What is true, *e. g.*, in this great American metropolis? Liquor-dealers are not only unpunished and unrebuked, but pre-eminently they roll in wealth. Official honors, social position, and political distinction are lavished upon these evil-doers. Where, then, comes the penalty? Where is the requital by society for this measureless wrong to society?

Sadly musing upon this query, and earnestly seeking its solution in present facts, an ugly doubt clouds the sanctions of the "Golden Rule." How shall the divine law be vindicated in one of its most vital, social aspects? These problems unsolved, and yet restlessly questioning, present scenes and things are dissolved into

DREAM-LAND.

Jupiter rules the earth. Still, it is not the olden time; all facts and doings are plainly of to-day. The varied works and schemes for good and for evil reveal this epoch of our world. Education, reform, civil liberty, progress in many directions and on the grandest scale, are clearly figured upon the dial plate of the *now*. So, too, evils of greatest magnitude are equally marked. All skill and science, all art and cunning, are

suborned and applied with diabolic ingenuity and infernal success, to work the deadliest mischief and inflict the direst calamities upon human kind. Of these none stand forth so defiant and so monstrous as the liquor traffic. Scenes of horror most appalling, objects of suffering most pitiful and heart-rending, exhibitions of vice, degradation, and crime most abominable, are traced constantly to this one cause. Can it be that in any age most dark, in any century most wicked, this cause of all causes, this crime of all crimes, has the sanction and protection of human laws? Even so! And that, too, in communities most enlightened on earth. Nor are these things done in secret alone. They are thrust before all eyes. Every heart that can feel must be continually pierced with sorrow through errors made by wicked enactments, mis-called laws.

EVILS INSUFFERABLE—THE PETITION.

And now, in this extremity, the outcry goes up from agonized souls: "Oh, Jupiter! Jupiter! We beseech thee to heed our petition. Oh, wherefore this enormity?" The good Father bends his ear to the cry. He kindly inquires: "What is your complaint, my poor, unhappy children?" "Oh, the heartlessness of man to man," respond the petitioners. "Ah yes, 'tis too true; but in what form of cruelty are you most grieved, most injured? Is it that for ambitious ends nations war with nations, causing infinite carnage and rivers of blood? Is it that for lust of power and avarice man makes his fellow a slave and appropriates him, body and soul, to his own use and profit?" Thus queries the great ruler. Nay, nay, the petitioners again reply, not there, not there, terrible as they are, but more evil even this. For the greed of "filthy lucre," a class of human beings called "Liquor Dealers" have nefariously combined, and do make it their business, to coin money and wring their gains out of the woes, the body and soul anguish, of thy children, Oh, Jupiter! Why, Oh, why, great and good Father, *why* dost thou permit the traffic in that most baneful poison, alcohol? Thou knowest how disastrous, how pregnant of all evil, is this whole wicked trade. Be pleased to speedily crush it out.

FORBEARANCE ABUSED.

"True—'tis too true, my suffering ones, much more than words can express, is this business hateful. You object to my forbearance with the reckless violators of my great social law—the *highest good to the largest number*. Patience, my afflicted children. Be assured that the sanctions to this law are fixed—the penalties sure to persistent evil-doers. In due time be-

nevolence in this, as in all my laws, shall be fully vindicated. Compensation both for good and for evil doings is the great beneficent rule of my universal kingdom." Thus declared the great Father, Jupiter. Here, then, is assurance that even liquor dealers shall have their reward, and the problem be solved. In the dream the catastrophe does not linger.

PREMONITIONS AND PROCLAMATION.

The vision now presents an immense plain. A mighty voice penetrates every point of the broad earth. Jupiter proclaims an edict: "Come hither! all ye makers, compounders, and dealers in alcoholic drinks! Come! ye hosts of evil—no exempt, no excuse! Come at once! Equip yourselves with pick or spade, with bar or barrow. Get ye delving tool, carrying or hoisting utensil of handiest sort, and come. Haste ye! The fiat has gone forth. There is no discharge in this war." Behold the great army assembled! How unique the array! Their implements, how strange to such hands! Their garb, how remarkable for such tools! Garments most elegant in finish, most fashionable in cut, clothe not a few. Some, alas! are in feminine apparel. Many a soft hand is gloved in kid, and many a dainty foot booted in polished calf. But all stand equals in this grand conscription. No shoulder straps, no official dignitaries, no immunities, no favor even to the aristocracy of the traffic. Nay, in this, as in all else, so unlike metropolitan justice, it was noticeable that the richer the gearing the heavier the tool. Finest culture ranks no higher than boorish ignorance. Genteel hands must vie with brawny fists. Sparkling gems and purest gold glitter in vain; such evidence of greater guilt will but increase the coming toil and pain.

Section after section—platoon after platoon, bearing each their several implements, file into position. They encircle the vast plain.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 1.

Another command was issued: "Together! let every poisoner now ply his tool—every muscle be strained! Dig, delve, drill, and blast—scrape, hoist, and wheel." The word is imperative, irresistible. All obey. The work goes on apace, picking, digging, scraping, hoisting, and wheeling. There are no shirkers, no idlers in all the ranks. No jokes, no jollities; no quips, or cranks, or gibes are heard through all the serried hosts, but intense, absorbing work. Downward, downward through every strata; down, still down, unceasingly, unrelieved they sink. They have reached the inner crust of old Earth. The upper ceiling of per-

dition resounds with the click and clash of these penal workers. A respite is granted.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 2.

"Desist, ye poisoners! Come forth! Behold the work of your hands!" Jupiter commands. All ascend "in double quick," and stand upon the banks around the huge pit. They gaze shiveringly and shrinkingly into its horrid depths. Their conscious guilt impels each trembling wretch to plunge himself down the fearful abyss for burial and oblivion. Not yet—more and bitter service is required. Another edict is sounded.

ORDER NO. 3.

"Bring hither—at once, each according to his possessions—every drop of alcoholic drinks, drugged or simple, by whatever name, pure or diluted, from the face of the whole earth—under or above the earth!" Each hastens with amazing alacrity to obey this mandate. Reluctant feet and hesitating hands are made quick to complete the work. Every distillery, brewery, "compounding" cellar and loft; every gilded palace and splendid hotel or saloon; every vault and garret, vilest "hell," hovel, and groggery—all are drained of their last-lurking drop of the accursed poison. With speed most admirable, all are brought and poured into the immense receptacle. A broad sea of "liquid damnation" spreads its heaving waves before the vision. But the gulf still yawns unfilled.

Again the great Ruler makes known his constraining will.

ORDER NO. 4.—THE "WEED."

"Go forth again, every soul herein concerned. Go! fetch the 'weed,' evil twin with alcohol—in all its nasty profusion—by whatever name, bring it hither!" Nearly the same swift feet and hurried hands gather the filthy, poisonous "weed." The entire "mount of defilement" is thrust into the waiting sea of "hell-broth!" The vacuum is filled. The huge pit groans with repletion. The mighty throng of victims to the double traffic is summoned to witness the final scene. The poisoners and the poisoned, all guilty, though of unequal guilt, are face to face confronted. The pungent arrows of remorse pierce every heart, fore-touches of coming doom. For now they see and understand the frightful havoc wrought by their own hands. Unbounded pity fills the soul of the good Father, and, as oft before, he offers pardon.

ORDER NO. 5—"TURN YE, TURN YE!"

"Oh, ye penitent ones, if such there be, separate you from your fellows! Only this condi-

tion—confess, and earnestly seek to repair the results of your wicked business. All such are pardoned." Humbly accepting this easy condition, they retire to witness hastening events. Alas! that so few accept this wondrous mercy. Strange infatuation that holds their calloused hearts untouched by contrition! The great multitude held by a mightier will than their own, still hover around the pit awaiting sentence. The awful time has come. •

FINAL ORDER.

One more brief and solemn word of authority remains. The avenger speaks. The voice penetrates to Pluto's infernal realm: "Pluck out the floor of the pit!" It is done. Down rushed the commingled torrent of poisons to "its own place." Hell is stirred to its utter depths and is lashed into billowy glee for this grand accession to its fiery floods. Behold! and now, Oh, terrible sight! up, up, all along the broad sides of the emptied pit roll and plunge, with rampant fury, rivers of devouring flames. They have leaped to the topmost rim. And now, Oh, saddest of all, but righteous retribu-

tion—see! those sheeted flames, shivered into myriads of forked, blazing tongues, twist and wrap themselves about the doomed wretches and lap them into the surging penal fires below. No other crimes could earn such horrid fate. Punished! Pluto's domain is satiated. The pit is closed, no more to open. The sanctions of "moral law" are vindicated, crime ceases, earth rejoices, peace and love prevail. Heaven reigns! Hallelujah!—Dream-land vanishes.

REFLECTION.

Imagination only, as yet, has its revenge for the untold evils and crimes of the liquor traffic. Dream, reverie, or fancy can never crush it out or bring to retribution its responsible supporters. Earnest, persistent, unwearied, prayerful, divinely blessed work will do it. Let every friend of God and humanity unite thus to work, and try to save both traffickers and their victims. God will bless. Victory and its glorious rewards must follow. The sure word of promise is: "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

SEGED.

MAN AND THE BRUTE—THEIR DIFFERENCES.

IN all that has been said in favor of the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, it is claimed that no one has yet been bold enough to assail the position that "there is a distinction in kind between the mental faculties of man and those of the brute; and that in consequence of this distinction in kind, no gradual progress from the mental faculties of the one to those of the other can have taken place." James More, M.D., furnishes the *London Lancet* for July 27, 1872, with a paper upon this special point from which we condense as follows:

"This specific distinction is nowhere more apparent than in the *feelings* and *emotions*. A very slight observation is sufficient to convince us that, though there is a close similarity, or even identity, in what may be called the physical or corporal feelings of man and the brute, still man stands alone in the possession of purely intellectual and moral emotions. It is in virtue of his animal or corporal organization that man possesses, like the brute, these grosser feelings; but it is in virtue of his *self-consciousness* that he possesses feelings and emotions which, in their expression, control the intelligence, guide the will, and are in strict harmony with his religious nature.

"We can not but admit that the lower animals have feelings and emotions of a complex

kind, which, besides entering largely into their mental life, produce much the same effect upon their bodily organization as the same feelings and emotions do on man. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, etc. They have suspicion, courage, fear, affection, and other allied emotions; but, on analyzing these feelings, we are bound to admit that they are, for the most part, of physical origin—in fact, that they are simply modes of *instinctive* consciousness.

"When man is the subject of any kind of feeling, he looks inwardly, into his own being, and not outwardly. Our emotions are purely *subjective*. On the other hand, the emotions of the lower animals are deficient in the subjective element. Like their higher instinctive and, probably also, their intellectual acts, their emotions are merely acts of *objective* consciousness. Their feelings are always related to some *object*, and can come into play *only* in the actual *presence* of that object. Their emotions have never any reference to any general notion or abstract idea, but merely to external objects of the senses.

"This distinction—that of *subjective* in man and *objective* in the brute—our author holds to be a specific and important one, and places

man in a position far above that of the brute—a position which could not have been arrived at by the latter through millions of ages of evolutionism.

"In the brute, the appetites, feelings, or emotions being under the influence and guidance of instinct, must be obeyed, and they are often obeyed contrary to the conditions under which they ought to be manifested. *This is what is sometimes called blind instinct*; it is simply the manifestation of any feeling or emotion apart from conscious intelligence.

"An instance in point is given of a dog, which, while suffering under the knife of his master, used for scientific purposes, licked the hand that gave him pain—thus showing a feeling of love apart from intelligence.

"The brute is incapable of being actuated by mixed feelings or motives, one idea being always dominant and guiding their conduct.

"In recapitulation, our author finally says: 'We find that the feelings and emotions of man give him quite a distinctive character, and seem to exclude him from the scale of mere animal being.'

"1. The emotions in man are *subjective*, in the brute they are purely *objective acts*.

"2. Man has intellectual, moral, and corporal emotions, which may hold simple or complex relations, according as they are conditioned by consciousness or self-consciousness.

"3. The brute has corporal emotions, which may hold simple or complex relations, according as they are conditioned by instinct or intelligence.

"4. Man possesses emotions which have reference to his æsthetic or religious nature.

"5. The feelings and the emotions of the brute, like the purely corporal emotions in man, have reference only to the preservation of the individual and continuation of the species.

"6. The higher emotions of man hold very complex relations to the element of time, and place him in harmony with the *past, present, and future*.

"7. The emotions of the brute have reference only to the *present*.

"8. The emotions of man are in strict harmony with his moral will. The emotions of the brute are in accord only with volition.

"9. Certain emotions in man and animals become, under certain circumstances, dominant in the mind, conquering and replacing all other emotions and feelings.

"10. Man can control or prevent his domination of feelings; the brute can not.

"11. The emotion or feeling of wonder is one of the most important in man, and, from its special relations to time and space, forms one of the most distinctive features in his mind. In the brute this feeling has no definite relation to time or space."

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE world takes a little holiday, now and then, of a century or so. To advance continually, would become monotonous. So there must be an occasional Sabbath devoted to rest and review. In the literary world this seems to be such an age. It produces no works which we may compare with those of the ancients—none, indeed, which we can claim as imperishable. We boast of our times; yet there lurks a secret distrust of the stability of its idols. Our authors influence us, because they are near us. We understand them; we get the full force of their thoughts. We can hardly believe that, away off in the future, their books may be lost, their names even forgotten. Partiality for our age and pride in our authors, say it can not be. But partiality and pride are not good critics.

There is what we may call the age of genius. But the circumstances of such an age are al-

ways hostile to genius. Yet they help by their very opposition; they drive the master back upon himself; they force upon him that selfhood which is necessary to deep thought; they offer him no public rank or station. But his is a regal soul. He must have power; his mind becomes his throne. Besides, his times may exaggerate his greatness, just as the rock in the desert seems larger and loftier on account of its surroundings.

Such a period is followed by an age of general refinement. An aristocracy, nay, even a democracy, is substituted for the despotism in the dominion of thought. Where one had been a scholar, now many are scholarly; but none attain lasting pre-eminence, or lay claim to genius. No contributions are offered to permanent literature. Educated men join with the world. The time was when they sought seclusion and the inspiration of solitude. But

now the scholar must be a gentleman. In other words, he must needs enter the bondage of society.

Time and talents are spent in reviewing the past, admiring, and censuring. It is the age of criticism. A great temple has been building for many a year by many a hand. The laborer to whom the work has now fallen does not continue it. He is satisfied with examin-

ing what others have done. All about him are the traces of master-hands. He sees their plans and their measure of success; he studies their failures and understands, though *he* could never have approached either, their design or execution. Above all, he sees what the structure still lacks, and though he may not be able to add the required block, his knowledge of the want is a sure precursor of its satisfaction.

S. W. R.

NEW INVENTIONS—AMERICAN PATENTS.

THE present system of conferring patents upon inventions of public advantage, says Mr. W. R. Hooper, in *Appleton's Journal*, comes down to us from a transatlantic custom of very doubtful parentage. The English monarchs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were wont to bestow on some royal favorite the privilege of the tanning of leather, the sale of salt, or other desirable monopoly. And when freedom, "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent," had taken away this regal prestige, the same privilege might be acquired by him who could prove that his newly-discovered invention would benefit the community. This wild graft of royal patronage, transplanted across the ocean, has bourgeoned into one of the most beautiful branches of the tree of liberty. The Patent Office stands side by side with the common school as the ripened development of a distinctively American civilization. In literature, in commerce, in the arts of war, and in many such things, different nations may be our superiors; in a widely diffused education and in inventive genius for labor-saving machines, America leads the world.

As at present systematized, the grant of a patent is in the nature of a contract. Government says to every man of inventive skill that, if he will apply his mind and his capital to invention, and shall develop an improvement upon any existing "art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter," he shall enjoy the benefit of his invention for the next seventeen years; at the expiration of that time the invention is to become the property of the public. So well is this contract appreciated that, short as has been our national existence, one hundred and ten thousand persons have already entered into

it, and fifty thousand more applied and were rejected. The number of applications for patents steadily increases, as well as the objects of invention. These applications now arrive at the rate of twenty thousand a year.

ANTICIPATIONS.

It is the general opinion of those who study our patent system as a science that we are just on the verge of new discoveries that shall benefit the world more than any past invention. We have bridled the lightning and taught it to carry messages: but suppose the awful force of electricity, that can crush the hardest rock and bring a more tremendous power to bear instantaneously on a given point than any other known motor, should be as subject to our control as steam is! In that instant the motive power of the world is more than doubled. Within twenty years the burden of sewing has been taken off the mother and sister and put on the machine. Suppose the flying wind that hovers over our roofs should be imprisoned and so used that it should perform all our domestic labor before the airy captive should escape! There is no power on earth so great, so steady, so massive as the tide. Twice each recurring day it lifts the whole body of sea-water a number of feet into the air. It penetrates up every creek and stream and river, forcing the water to rise and overwhelm the solid land. Should this immense amount of tidal power, that envelops the whole world, become subject to the will of man and forced to do his bidding, we should have an instrumentality to bear the burdens of mankind infinitely more powerful and more general than anything now in use. We travel to-day on solid earth; should some of the numerous applicants for patents for the use of balloons or flying machines happen to succeed, and we

should all take to traveling upon the wings of the wind, what would become of railroads and turnpikes and steamboats? Nor are these idle speculations. The employment of lightning, of wind, of tide, of air, will not seem so strange to our enlightened children as the telegraph, the sewing-machine, the railroad, and the steamboat, seemed to their grandparents. The child may now be living who will yet see them all the willing slaves of man, joyous to do his bidding in the service of humanity.

The vast majority of patents contain no remarkable invention; they merely make some slight progress upon existing facts. Not in one great tide of invention does improvement come, but rather in small, gentle waves, each advancing almost imperceptibly further than its predecessor. And it is that slight difference that gives success to patents. The inventive mind is so constantly on the stretch that similar claims are constantly made by rival inventors. When petroleum first began to enlighten our darkness, there were twenty-five claimants at one time before the office, all asking for substantially the same mode of raising oil out of the solid earth. And when velocipedes so suddenly leaped into fashion a few years ago, four hundred and thirty-two applications for velocipede patents were filed within four months, and of these thirty-three were contemporary claims for the same idea. Every spring brings forth a crop of stove patents, each manufacturer preparing for the coming winter by striving to surpass his rivals in the prettiest pattern and the greatest warmth-giving power. Few persons think much of the form of the lamp they buy; yet lamp patents are renewed every year. At one time the student lamp, with an argand burner, yields its manufacturer a small fortune; the next year some fortunate genius notices that two wicks give an imperceptibly larger light than the argand; and the patent he obtains brings him prominence in all the lamp markets in the country. One of the most essential elements in patents is novelty; yet applications are continually made for patents based on ideas as old as the Christian era. Pliny, writing in the first century, describes harvesters for heading grain as then in existence on the plains of Gaul; and Paladius mentions

them again in the fourth century; but both of these lacked some idea that would adapt them to general use. Tailors' machines were in smooth running order in Paris long before Hunt and Howe perfected the present invention. It remained for the Americans to lighten the domestic cares of the female sex throughout the world.

HOW PATENTS PAY.

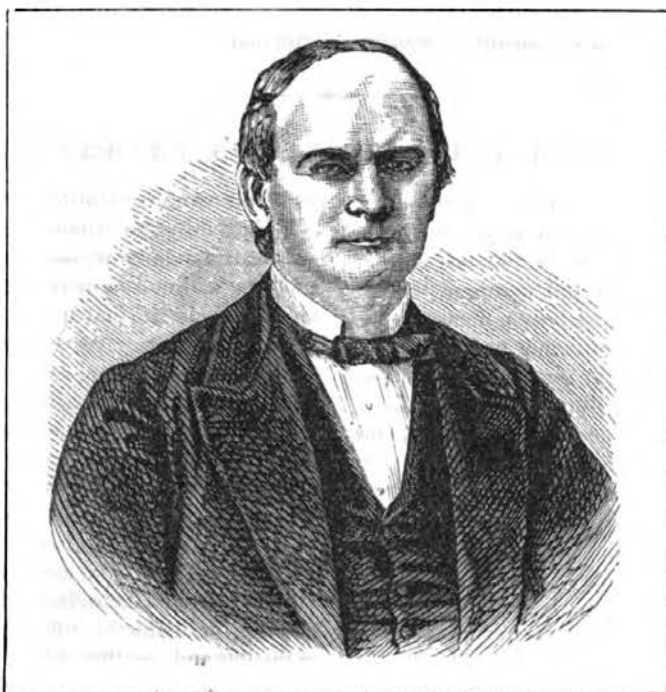
Most patent rights are limited in their application, and never attain a general circulation. But a patent of wide use, however small the royalty it pays, benefits the happy inventor with a large profit. Inventions for sewing-machines, of which one company makes about three thousand a week, inventions for the use of India-rubber, for agricultural implements, fire-arms, and modifications of leather and paper, have accumulated fortunes. Nor is it possible to tell the extent of the ramifications of a patent. A few years since, all the dentists of the country combined to break an India-rubber patent; every one of them had to pay a royalty whenever he inserted a set of teeth in vulcanized rubber. Their combination failed, and the royalty still is paid. One of the most profitable patents ever issued in this country was for the manufacture of horse-shoes. In England one of the most lucrative has been the Bessemer manufacture of steel. Most patents concern themselves with agricultural or domestic labor. In one year two hundred and twenty patents were granted for cultivators, two hundred and ten for plows, one hundred and eighty for churns, one hundred and seventy-five for washing-machines, one hundred and fifty-one for sewing-machines, one hundred and forty for stoves, and another hundred and forty for gates. Nearly eighteen hundred patents have been issued for sewing-machines and their attachments; and the applications for newer inventions come in daily. For these applications for patent rights increase much faster than the population. In 1851 there were two thousand of them; in 1870 nineteen thousand one hundred and seventy-one, of which thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty-one were granted. Inventive skill does not depend upon education. Prussia is as well educated as this country; but in 1867 only one hundred and three patents were issued in Prussia, as

against thirteen thousand in this country. Vermont has as good schools as Massachusetts; but the Bay State secures ten per cent. of all the patents granted to the nation, while the Green Mountain State has less than one per cent. To quicken the inventive mind demands a large amount of capital engaged in manufacture, a skilled body of workmen, and a profit in the improvement of manufactures. Where these coexist, patents are in demand.

As a general rule, valuable inventions are the results of long years of close thought and much expenditure of time and money. Capital never offers itself to the inventor without the promise of an enlarged and speedy return. Nor do valuable ideas often enter the

mind of the outsider on any subject. Abraham Lincoln was a very able lawyer of Illinois when in May, 1849, he obtained a patent for lifting steamboats over river bars; but it may be doubted if that patent has ever been used, or would have been applied by a marine engineer.

[This field of invention is open to every human being who has a mind to think and enough energy to call it out. CONSTRUCTIVENESS is a faculty, and has to do with invention and with mechanism; why not exercise it? The world is advanced by useful inventions which lift the race up out of the slavery of excessive labor and of barbarism. Let us encourage inventors—let *all* make improvements.]



SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA,

PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

MEXICAN affairs seem to have assumed a more healthy tone of late. Whether or not the death of Juarez has had much to do with soothing public agitation may not be asserted; but there is certainly less turbulence now than poor Mexico has experienced in a generation.

Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada was born at Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz, April 25, 1825.

His early education prepared him for entering the Church, but having taken a dislike to the ecclesiastical profession, he went to the city of Mexico and studied jurisprudence. Before many years he held a high position as advocate, and between the years 1855 and 1857 he held the office of magistrate of the Supreme Court of Justice. Comonfort was then the President of the Republic, and Señor Lerdo

entered on his political life by taking office under him. The Robles *pronunciamiento* occurred in 1850, and during the three following years Miramon and the Church party ruled the Republic. Lerdo withdrew from politics, and gave his attention entirely to his profession, which brought him both fame and a handsome income. In 1861 he was offered a seat in the cabinet under Juarez; this he refused, but, on taking his place in Congress in the same year, he gave his powerful support to the liberal party, and the most important event of the session was his energetic and successful opposition to the Wyke treaty, which was an arrangement for the payment of dividends on the English debt out of the customs' revenues. When the French invaded Mexico, he threw up his profession and followed the fortunes of Juarez. On the northern frontier he did everything to keep alive the spirit of Republicanism, and on the withdrawal of the French army of occupation, an army was speedily organized,

well drilled and equipped, which hemmed in Maximilian at Queretaro. When the United States Minister petitioned on behalf of the fallen emperor, Señor Lerdo, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated his belief that the death of Maximilian was necessary to the future welfare of the country, inasmuch as it would prevent any further insurrection in his name. On the government entering on its duties in the capital, Señor Lerdo was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice, and Vice-President of the Republic. The sudden death of Juarez has elevated him to the highest position he can attain in his country. We trust that the policy pursued by his administration will be conducive to that quiet within her borders, which Mexico so greatly needs, and to the development of her magnificent resources in agriculture and minerals. Under a judicious government Mexico could attract immigration, with all its accompanying elements of progress, and become, in the course of a generation, a powerful state.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND ITS TENDENCIES.

MUCH has of late been said of the Civil Service and its reform in the mode of appointments, but the effects of such service upon the business habits and morals of the employés of Government are rarely, if ever, mentioned. The light work and comparatively liberal pay of clerks in the Departments at Washington, make positions there attractive; but if the disadvantages, social, political, and pecuniary, were duly weighed, many who are waiting for their merit or *influence* to be recognized, would turn their backs on an employment which promised no more in the way of advancement or pecuniary return.

Let us consider this topic briefly in its worldly aspect, and then look at the moral ruin which befalls so many. We are all alike in wishing for the good things of life; position, honors, and wealth are acceptable to all, though many are too indolent to attain them. What are the opportunities of a departmental clerk for making life a success? Your pay is so much less than that of heads of Departments, or Bureaus, or of Congressmen, and your way of living must, of necessity, be proportionately inferior to theirs; and if there were no other reason this difference alone would prevent your moving in the same social circles. No doubt you are very intelligent, and very worthy in every respect, but unfortunately Laza-

rus obtained no recognition for his worth in his day, and surely the Dives who board at Willards or reside in brown-stone fronts, and make the laws, will not know the humble individual who rooms on the fourth floor in a boarding-house or lives in a two-story frame. Those who hold the highest positions are men of influence and ability; they have a constituency; they are listened to by thousands; your talents may be greater than theirs, but there certainly is no opportunity to develop them in the vocation you have chosen. There is an aristocracy of wealth, intellect, and official position, and whatever may be said against aristocracies, it will doubtless be conceded that most men are laboring for distinction of some sort. We may go farther and say that it is the duty of every man to labor to distinguish himself, and also to choose such a calling as will give full scope for his powers, and enable him to make his mark in the world and become the peer of the greatest. The politician, the soldier, the editor, the agriculturist, the mechanic (need I extend the list?) may achieve a reputation that is world-wide, but the Government clerk lives in obscurity and dies unknown.

The calling of the Department Clerk instead of expanding the mind and giving full play to the intellectual powers, tends to bind down by its dull routine and unfit for other employ-

ment. This tendency might be endured if the pay were adequate for one to acquire a competency in time. I do not mean to be understood as saying that a fair compensation is not given for the service rendered, but that from a variety of causes the chances are that nothing whatever will be saved. As it is, many have formed habits of extravagance, so that their salary barely enables them to live from month to month; while the uncertainty of the tenure of office prevents others from settling down in homes of their own, and thus that which should be laid by for old age is expended in rents. The condition of those discharged is often deplorable; with scarcely money enough to take them from the city, and no knowledge of other callings, they are worse than bankrupt when their services are no longer required. They have been accustomed to go to the Department at nine o'clock and leave at three or four, and not allow themselves to do too much even during this brief interval, though when thrown upon the cold mercies of the world, they frequently work for a new position or to be reinstated in the old one, with a zeal which would have been commendable if employed in arranging the Government accounts.

Among the pleasantest acquaintances I have ever formed have been Government clerks; and yet I regret to say clerical life has been a curse to many of them. Nor is it difficult to see how they have fallen. Too much *leisure* has ruined them. The temptations are greater here than elsewhere, and the only wonder is that more do not fall. When a number of whole-souled fellows seek recreation in each other's society because the time hangs heavy on their hands, what more natural than to take a friendly drink just for good-fellowship. Little by little the habit increases on them, and perhaps a little gambling is introduced for amusement. But need I detail each step in the change from respectability to degradation? I might illustrate by giving various scraps of personal history. I might relate how one young man of brilliant talents degenerated from a Sabbath-school superintendent to a ruffian who, on little provocation, laid open the head of a feeble old lady. How another, a poor boy, who had won a good education by his own exertions, had degenerated to a common drunkard after a few years of office life. How another, on being discharged a few months since, ended his career by suicide.

I would do no injustice to those gentlemen whose lives are pure and whose efforts are for the

advancement of their fellow-men; nor to those whose spare hours are spent in study in the various educational institutions of the Capitol. But when there are thousands of young men looking with longing eyes for Government employ, they should be shown the temptations to which they would be exposed, and that this occupation is not as desirable as it might at first appear. If these few remarks should change the thoughts of any into different and nobler channels, the object of the writer would be accomplished.

A. D. BUCK.

STORY OF A RELEASED CONVICT.

THE *Youth's Companion* says: It is not impossible for one who has been in State's prison to succeed in life, and make a virtuous record for himself, in spite of the coldness and suspicion with which society looks upon such people. In most prisons, when convicts are released, the authorities give them a small setting out, and make efforts to provide them employment. One case is published in the *Charlestown Chronicle*:

"Last year a man, known by the fictitious name of Jack Hunt, who had been confined in the Charlestown (Mass.) State Prison, was discharged on account of good behavior five months sooner than his sentence specified. He had been a pickpocket, and while confined in the jail at Springfield had been induced to turn from wickedness by the influence of the Sunday-school at that place. His story after his discharge, as related by himself, is substantially as follows:

"The State agent paid his fare to Chicago, and from that place he took passage for St. Louis. On the way, notwithstanding his good resolutions, he was tempted to return to his old trade, and pulled 'an old woman's leather;' but his conscience smote him so that he returned the pocket-book to her before she left the train, first asking her if she had lost anything.

"He says he felt mean enough when she said, 'Well, if you aint an honest fellow!'

"He arrived at St. Louis with only \$1.20, and at the end of three days paid his last ten cents for something to eat. Tired and discouraged, he felt that there was no way for him but to go back to his old trade. In his distress he prayed most heartily for help, and going out on a street heard a great noise, and saw a runaway horse dashing toward him.

"Quick as thought, he grabbed a piece of a dry goods box, and, as the team came along,

smashed it over the horse's head, and seized the reins. Two children were in the carriage, and when their father came up he gave Hunt a \$50 greenback; and when the poor fellow told him he would rather have a good job than the bill, took him into his employ. Hunt some time after told the man the whole story of his life, and, as a reward for his confidence, his employer gave him books, and time to study, and then taught him himself."

[An interesting story, with just enough of the marvelous or wonderful in it to make it romantic—stopping that horse, and, at the peril of his life, earning a fifty-dollar greenback, was the miracle that bridged him over the River Jordan. Without *that*, where would he have been? and what his condition? Most young men, who have not the odor of State's prison on their garments, find it all they can do to make headway up the stream. Now, the question arises, what ought we to do for the less fortunate members of society?—aye, the released prisoners? If society would protect itself, it must do something. Will it not try to reform and improve the criminal classes? They may repent and be saved. Why not?]

THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.—The mountain ranges of Colorado cover an area of from 60,000 to 70,000 square miles. This excludes bodily the entire territory east of this point. All Switzerland covers but 16,000 square miles, or, to be accurate, 15,990. The fact is, Switzerland, compared to Colorado, is as one of the little wooden toy cows to a living Buffalo. You can take up the whole little State and set it down in either the North, Middle, or South Parks, without touching the rim of the mountains which wall in these grand and singular inclosures. These parks are each of them from 24,000 to 28,000 square miles in extent, and the San Luis is nearly as large as all three.

So far as to magnitude, which is certainly an element of mountain scenery—as to pure scenic beauty, of course the evidence can not be reduced to figures; but it is reasonable to suppose that this vast expanse of gigantic ranges, endless cañons, bottomless gulches, with its lake swung 12,000 feet in air, and its cascades and icy waterfalls still higher—with its eternal snows and pre-Adamite stone forests of tropical efflorescence—offers all of picturesque and wild effect that any other land or region can claim. Call Switzerland the "miniature Colorado of Europe," if you please, but let us have done forever with the other phrase, which has little

or no meaning in itself when the above facts are considered.

POPULAR SIMILES.

THE faculty of Comparison leads one to perceive resemblances in form, size, color, or condition, and gives a disposition to use a simile or metaphor instead of an abstract description. The following are the fruit of the faculty of Comparison:

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole,
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear,
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog,
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove,
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post,
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball,
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks,
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow,
As yellow as saffron—as black as a shoe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle,
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch,
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass,
As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound—as rich as a Jew,
And ten thousand similes equally new.

A GOOD MOVE.—According to *Nature*, a society has been formed in England, under the title of the National Health Society, the object of which shall be to help every man and woman, rich and poor, to know for himself and herself, and to carry out practically around them the best conditions of healthy living.

RAILROAD-MAKING IN 1872.—During the year 1872 there were 7,478 miles of railroad completed within the limits of the United States, and 6,514 miles put under construction

WISDOM.

THE best way to keep your good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.—*Cato*.

HE submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

"BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT."—This means that he who gives quickly, gives twice; he saves his own time and that of others.

THE naked truth is too serious, and makes few friends; but when clothed in a simple and cheerful attire gains many disciples.

Do not permit yourself to be led away by the multitude, for you will be alone when you die, and when you render your last account.

SOME persons are capable of making great sacrifices; but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them; and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

KNOWLEDGE is not to be gained by wishing, nor acquired by dignity and wealth. The student, whether rich or poor, must read, think, remember, compare, consult, and digest, in order to be wise and useful.

A MEAT, clean, fresh-sired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

TO KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—Acquire the reputation of a rascal, and none will trust you.

To get rid of red hair, or any other sort: hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

"WE'RE in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" moaned an old lady.

"WHY do you always buy a second-class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser. "Because there is no third-class," replied the latter.

"WHAT's the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man, the other day, of a friend. "Oh! you ought to try it once to see," was the reply.

It is generally believed that "you can not get blood out of stone." How, then, can we account for the fact that so many marbles are full of veins.

"WHEN I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," says Mrs. Noker, "that there's something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

PEOPLE who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs, will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in a local print, promptly went home.

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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. — Is Conscientiousness an intuitive faculty, and what are its proofs?

Ans. We hardly know how much our correspondent means by intuitive. We suppose he means to ask, "Is the faculty calculated to understand truth without any evidence? Does it spring

into activity, and always tell us what is right?" Conscientiousness is just as much a natural faculty as Cautiousness is, or Firmness, or Benevolence, and springs into spontaneous activity whenever the subject of right or wrong is presented. It produces in the mind of its possessor, when large, a "hungering after righteousness." It does not tell us what is right, but it bids us do that which is right. A person without any intellect does not know right from wrong, as to his impressions; that is to say, his Conscientiousness is not sufficiently enlightened by the intellect; and it takes the intellect, as well as Conscientiousness, and a good many other faculties, to make up manhood.

If one could have a stomach and not have lungs, or liver, or kidneys, or heart, the stomach would be of little use; or if one could have lungs, liver, heart, etc., and not have stomach, he would not be a man. But with the stomach to digest food and make blood, with the heart to circulate it, and the lungs to give it oxygen, the whole sys-

tem is thus fed. These organs co-ordinate to carry out the grand objects of life. So the mind requires many faculties. It takes the judgment and Conscientiousness to find out and apply the right. Parental Love existing in an idiot will not amount to much; it might hug the infant but would not provide means to clothe, feed, or educate it. Intellect and judgment without parental affection would leave the child to perish. Conscientiousness, like parental affection, is innate. Sometimes Cautiousness rises above the judgment, and though we may *know* there is no danger, we still blindly *fear* it. One may have a fine intellect, and be destitute of Conscientiousness—just as he may have sight, without hearing. Every well-organized and well-developed human frame has *all* the faculties. Idiots, imbeciles, partial idiots, etc., may have rudimentary, or partially developed faculties; or they may be destitute of one or more; and so of many criminals, who are as much or even more animal than human. —

APRIL FOOL.—Can you tell us how the custom of “making fools,” as it is called, on the first day of April originated?

Ans. This question has puzzled antiquaries considerably, and no definite answer satisfactory to all has yet been obtained. The custom of playing tricks with people, or “making fools” of them, on or about the first of April, is more widely extended than is generally thought. The ancient nations of the East have a similar custom, particularly the Chinese and Hindus. Some of the learned are of the opinion that the practice was derived from the Hindu game called *huli*, which has been observed by the disciples of Brahma since a very remote period. Others are inclined to the belief that the custom, as practiced among Christian nations, took its origin from the fact that Christ, at the time of his trial, was sent to and fro between Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas. In France the custom of tricking or deceiving people obtains more than in England; the “fooled” person is called *poisson d’avril*, meaning a silly fish, like a mackerel, easily caught. In Scotland they call those who have fallen victims to the plots set for them, *gonks*, which means cuckoos. —

SMALL PERCEPTIVES.—My Perceptive faculties are only average, and Reflectives are large; the side groups also large. What study will be best to restore a balance? I am inclined to try mathematics; but as this requires reflection rather than observation, I am in danger of increasing the faculties already too strong. What course can I pursue?

Ans. Study those natural sciences which require an exercise of the Perceptive faculties; such as geology, mineralogy, botany, natural history, physiology, and anatomy, the facts of which are acquired by observation. —

THE LAWS OF LIFE.—Would a person be sick until his body became wrecked with old age, if he always obeyed the laws of health?

Ans. We have given the question *verbatim* as it

was received by us. The inquirer doubtless meant to ask “Would a person be *well* until old age crept on, if he always obeyed the laws of health?” If one were born with a good constitution, and received that care and attention in infancy and childhood which could be given only by parents educated in physiological and hygienic science, and, as his mind matured, was afforded the best means of acquiring a practical knowledge of the true ways of life, and ever afterward introduced the instruction which he received into the details of everyday life, his chance for continued health would be of the best order, and he could expect, with almost absolute certainty, to live long, even evincing vigor when in the nineties. With such fortunate antecedents, would not his chances for health and longevity be better than those of many men recorded in history—Cornaro, for instance, whose early life was one of sickness and infirmity, but whose intelligent understanding of the principles of physiology and hygiene, applied carefully and methodically, enabled him to triumph over the weaknesses of the flesh, and to attain an age much beyond three score and ten? It seems to us most likely. —

BRAIN FOOD.—What is the best food for persons engaged in brain work; and do you think it advisable for a fleshy person, or one who is inclined that way, to live on a very limited amount of food during the spring months?

Ans. That portion of the wheat which is rejected by the miller’s bolt in making superfine flour, contains the chief element of the grain for the support of the brain and nervous system. Bread made of superfine flour is not the best, nor does it properly nourish the muscles or the bones. Graham bread, and mush made of oatmeal, contain good brain food. Superfine flour, in this respect, is the cause of much evil in the world.

A fleshy person should avoid fatty matter and sugar; and eat but moderately of the starch-bearing grains. Tart fruit, and all the vegetables that are commonly used, will tend to maintain strength without increasing fatness, even in persons who incline to corpulency. —

CULTIVATION OF ORGANS.—Could a third part of the phrenological organs, now marked all the way from three to six, on a scale of seven, be increased in size to seven in the space of five years? The person referred to is nineteen years old, five feet six inches in height; head twenty-two inches; activity, excitability, and mental temperament marked six; and the health, and the vital and motive temperaments each marked five.

Ans. Such an increase in the size of organs is more than can generally be expected in so short a time as five years. In this case we are not informed as to the size and weight of the person; but by the marking of the temperaments we conclude that he is not very heavy or strong. If the body be vigorous or large, in proportion to the size of the head, a greater increase of the size of the brain—as a whole, or of particular organs—may be anticipated. With a twenty-two inch head, a man

should weigh, at twenty-four years of age, 150 lbs. If he weigh but 125 lbs., his brain will not increase so much, in whole or in part, as if he weighed 180 lbs. It sometimes happens, however, that one part of the brain will increase in size, while other portions, being inactive, will remain stationary as to growth; or even become smaller, by disuse and the withdrawal of nourishment to other parts. A finger or arm, rendered useless by some injury of a joint, making it stiff, will become reduced in size by disuse, though still attached to a healthy and vigorous body. The same law holds respecting the brain.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.—The Bible enjoins us to "Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Do we exercise this love by means of Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, Spirituality, and Conscientiousness, or by what is called the social group, in the back-head?

Ans. We love God through all our faculties, our whole mind. We love truth, justice, goodness, and spiritual life in the abstract, and our fellow-men, by the same faculties. To love our neighbor as ourselves, we must be just to him. This brings in Conscientiousness. We must heal him when sick; help him when in trouble; and recognize spirituality in him as brother man, as Son of God. These emotions bring in Benevolence, Spirituality, and Veneration. Our social organs, so called, give us the reproductive, parental, and fraternal feelings, which are necessary to our physical life, and which, in a modified form, may add to the enjoyments of the life to come. True, the animal has these social feelings, and he has use for them here; but if he lack the higher elements of reason and spirituality, he may not have use for those social elements in a sphere beyond the present, which is unattainable, except through the intellectual and moral faculties. Men and animals eat and digest; but this does not give them common advantages in the realm of art and philosophy; and if animals lack reason and moral sentiment, they probably do not have a conscious being hereafter; so their social instincts may die with them, while man's social powers may follow the spiritual part of his being to a spiritual state.

TELEGRAPHY.—What organs of the brain should be well developed to make a good telegraph operator?

Ans. The Perceptives, as a class, should be well developed, with a good degree of Continuity, and Tune which recognizes sound, and a good degree of Eventuality. A person should also have Cautionness, Conscientiousness, and not too much Combativeness, if he would avoid getting out of patience with the perplexities of the pursuit.

MOTHER'S MARK.—Our child, four months old, has a very conspicuous mark on his forehead, between the eyebrows; and I would like to know if it can be taken off with safety? Please state what these marks are called.

Ans. Such appearances are termed *Nevi Materni*

(mother's marks) in medical books. They can frequently be removed by caustic, or some surgical operation, but the kind of treatment can only be determined after a careful examination by the physician.

What They Say.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.—I know it may be asserted that woman has already more duties incumbent upon her than she faithfully performs, but I earnestly hope that, as education advances, and she comes to feel that she is of more importance when assisting wherever duty prompts the way, then will a healthy reaction ensue, whereby she may become sufficiently elevated to rise above being a slave to fashion, and set her refining energies to work to assist man in every possible way to dethrone King Alcohol and Prince Tobacco, and elevate the morals of the people. One can not cross this great continent without lamenting the snares to delude a brother. Scarcely will a train have halted ere we read on a sign near the station: "Wines, Liquors, and Tobacco." And when we wish that our sons may travel to enlarge their minds, the desire must follow that they may not be lured into those volcanoes that send forth their lava to blight the fairest of our land. Would that all women would travel and contemplate the wonders of science and the works of nature more. They would then desire to dress for comfort and health, so that they might enjoy the grandeur and magnificence of our beautiful world, and thank Infinite Wisdom for life and all it brings. What greater pleasure can one have than that of being able, at any moment, to produce before the mind's eye such panoramic views as are to be seen in our own country, of the mountains, prairies, rivers, lakes, and oceans.

H. W. S.

A YOUNG man, in much perplexity concerning what to do, writes a long letter to us, in which he gives a brief account of his former life. His case does not differ widely from that of the majority of young men who write to us for counsel, but as it is it will be found interesting:

"Four or five years ago, I attended some lectures on Phrenology, and had my head examined, although I had no special reason for doing so, and after reading the chart, laid it aside. Had I taken the advice given me in the chart, I would be better off to-day. But instead of trying to do right, I forsook all that was good, and led a recklessly wicked life for three or four years. About one year ago, I awoke to the fact that if I did not check myself soon I would go soul and body to destruction. I went into a news stand one day to get something to read. Looking over the books and papers I saw the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

I bought it, and read it. I had been for some time under conviction that I was leading a wrong life, and after reading the *JOURNAL* I was fully convinced that I must change my course. A month or two after that I sought God for the pardon of my sins, united myself with the Church, and since that time have been living a different life. I quit school at fifteen years of age, just as I was ready to enter High School, and greatly regret it, as I might have had a good education. I hope I am not asking too much when I ask you to give me some advice in regard to occupation. Whatever my mission is in this world, the chief aim of my life is, and ever will be, to try to turn sinners from their evil ways; and to do this I feel the need of more religion, and a better knowledge of human nature."

A SCOTSMAN'S VIEW.—The old phrenological sentiment has not by any means disappeared from Scotland. Now and then we receive good tidings from the land of the loch and the heather. Mr. J. S. Sinclair, a life insurance agent, writes: "I certainly admire the science, and only wish I knew it properly, for my own benefit chiefly, and for a knowledge of others in my business, which would be invaluable." Mr. S. has a good library of books relating to Phrenology. We are obliged to him for his very complimentary regard for the *JOURNAL*.

PHRENOLOGY IN CHINA.—A missionary, quite unknown to us hitherto, resident in China, writes from Ningpo, and in the course of his letter says: "The application of the system of Phrenology is very practicable and most interesting in China. I hope I shall find time, now and then, to give you noteworthy facts from my observation among the various classes of these most remarkable people of the middle kingdom."

"THE MAN WITH A SECRET."—In the January number of the *JOURNAL* I noticed an article headed, "The Man with a Secret," and in perusing it concluded that the "slip from a newspaper" sent you from New Zealand was the first you had seen of the strange story. The story was first published in a California paper about four years ago. My brother was at that time taking the *Golden Era*, a San Francisco paper, and the article was copied by it. Also several others were published as appurtenance to the first, and attempting to prove the truthfulness of the account by giving names of persons, places, dates, etc., and stating that the body of Summerfield was found, and the phial, with its dangerous contents, taken from the breast-pocket of his coat. My brother, having been a resident of the part of the country where the tragedy was said to have been enacted, recognized familiar names and places in the statements, but said he heard nothing of such a circumstance while there. At length, the comic writers for the *Era* began burlesquing and ridi-

culing the story, and we came to the conclusion that it was gotten up for a "sensation," etc.

L. A.

EAST TENNESSEE.—Mr. Editor: Please to permit me to present to the readers of your *JOURNAL* a sketch of East Tennessee and its resources. East Tennessee is much diversified with mountain and plain, possessing a bounteous supply of water, both hard and soft, and hundreds of mineral springs, scattered here and there throughout the State. There is an unlimited amount of good timber of all kinds; for farming purposes there are the white oak and hickory, of superior quality, fine-grained and very tough; for furniture uses there are the walnut, cherry, sugar-tree, maple, sweet-gum, and beech; for common use, fuel, etc., there are the pitch-pine, spruce-pine, white-pine, poplar, or white-wood, ash, chestnut, cedar, persimmon, dogwood, elm, sassafras, sycamore, ironwood, buckeye, crab-apple, and several kinds of oak.

The soil is tolerably good, especially on the river and creek bottoms, and on the islands, where crops of corn have been produced from forty to eighty bushels per acre. Farmers' products are chiefly corn, wheat, oats, potatoes (sweet and Irish), turnips, pumpkins, flax, hay (both grass and clover), apples, peaches, pears, quinces, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, water-melons, and musk-melons. The stock-raiser gives his attention to mules, hogs, cattle, and sheep.

There is an abundance of water power in East Tennessee. Streams are numerous, which are sufficient to run factories, mills, etc., and with fall enough for good sites. The mineral wealth of East Tennessee is, probably, her chief feature. Along the eastern border, running north, then west, then south, is the range of the Cumberland Mountains, which are filled with iron ore, coal strata, limestone, and sandstone. Here exist in profusion all the materials for converting iron ore, and in convenient vicinity. There is an iron company in Roane County which is successfully making iron. They do not have to haul their ore, coal, lime, or sandstone more than a mile. Their profits last year were about \$500,000. There is another large company (the Oakdale Iron Company) now forming, and beginning to work in the same county. They find iron ore, coal, lime, and sandstone, within half a mile. Numerous small companies are making iron along the foot of the mountain.

From the east, running south and then west, there is another range of mountains, which abound in iron, copper, lead, and silver and gold are found there. The Ducktown copper mines are a profitable source of revenue to the company.

What is wanted in East Tennessee is better farming for the lands, while fine opportunities exist for skilled mechanics, manufacturers, men of capital, business men, and all men of practical knowledge.

A TENNESSEAN.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such NEW BOOKS as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

A TWOFOLD LIFE. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern, author of "Only a Girl," "By his own Might," etc. Translated from the German by M. S., translator of "By his own Might." 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This volume appears, at first acquaintance, to be a glowing, passionate love story, and, in fact, has phases in its course which contribute to confirm such an impression. It is designed by the author to present, in a style semi-allegorical, the conflict of passionate caprice and illicit desire with reason and morality. Heinrich Von Ottmar, the subject of the story, lives two lives. On the one side, he is "Heinrich, the cold thinker; on the other, Henri, the careless *bon vivant*." Through the influence of these two diverse personalities, he pursues a devious course, at times becoming involved in troublesome difficulties of a social or religious nature. His complications are greatly aggravated by the religious and political complexion of the period of the story; but out of them he emerges at last. The closing phrase which Heinrich addresses to his wife reveals the moral of the story: "Yes, my wife, you were right; it is not what the world is to us, but what we are to the world that is the measure of our happiness."

LIVINGSTONE LOST AND FOUND; or, Africa and its Explorers. A complete Account of the Country and its Inhabitants; their Customs, Manners, etc.; of the prominent Missionary Stations; of the Diamond and Gold Fields, and of Explorations made. With a comprehensive Biographical Sketch of Dr. David Livingstone, his Travels, Adventures, and Disappearance; and a most interesting Account of his Discovery by the American Expedition in Command of Henry M. Stanley. With over 100 illustrations and maps. Compiled and arranged with great care from the most authentic sources, with an introduction and chapter on Natal by Rev. Josiah Tyler, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Africa for twenty-two years. Published by subscription only. One vol.; 8vo; pp. 782; muslin. Price, \$3. Hartford: Mutual Publishing Company.

Readers never tire of stories describing that great wonder-land—Africa. Dr. Livingstone has opened the way for a world of observation, of study, and of enterprise. Volume after volume has been written, and that great continent is thus being opened up to all the world.

The book before us by Rev. Mr. Tyler is full of pictures drawn from various sources, many from the uncivilized races, which lend an interest to the work, though not related especially to the

text. There are more than a hundred of these, including small maps. The book is sold by subscription, is nicely published, and will, doubtless, find its way into many a rural home.

THE WESTERN PENMAN, a Magazine for the Family, the Student, and the Penman. Devoted to Entertaining Literature and the Advancement of the Art of Penmanship. J. S. Conover, Editor, Coldwater, Mich. 8vo; pp. 40. Monthly. Terms, \$1.50 a year.

Fifteen cents will bring a specimen number of this new candidate for fame and fortune. Whatever will tend to improve our national penmanship is certainly worthy of encouragement.

THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL, Comprising New and Popular Readings, Recitations, Declamations, Dialogues, Tableaux, etc., etc. By J. W. Shoemaker, A.M., Conductor of the Elocutionist's Department in the *Schoolday Magazine*, Principal of the Philadelphia Institute of Elocution and the Languages, Professor of Elocution in the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Lutheran Theological Seminary, Crozer Theological Seminary, Waynesburg College, etc., etc. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 194. Pamphlet. Price, 25c. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

The elaborate title states the object of its publication. We need only add that the publishers have done their work conscientiously and well. Those who read it will obtain useful hints, which will serve them all through life.

CUMMULATIVE EXERCISE. A Scientific Application of the Laws of Muscular Contraction to Physical Culture, with special Reference to its Influence upon the Circulation of the Blood and the Processes of Nutrition; being the Basis of the so-called "Health-Lift," or "Lifting Cure." By Frank W. Reilly, M.D. New York: Health-Lift Company.

The question continues to be asked, Is this lifting cure all that is claimed for it by those interested in the sale of the machines. If numerous testimonials from intelligent parties be valuable, these lifting curers have a good thing. Their books explain the matter fully.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO. By John Lizars, late Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, and lately Senior Operating Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. From the fourth Edinburgh edition. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 128. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

In a conversation with the son of a clergyman, not long ago, said clergyman's son remarked that all the matter published against the use of this narcotic did no good. Nobody would chew, smoke, or snuff the less for what might be written against it. For his part, he believed its moderate use would do no harm. But the *British Medical Circular* says: "*Snuffing, smoking, and chewing tobacco are bad habits, and we advise any gentleman who is not absolutely abandoned to either to give it up.*" To which we say, AMEN.

ALCOHOL: Its Place and Power. By James Miller, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen, for Scotland, etc. 12mo; pp. 179; flexible covers. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

Dr. Miller has been counted an authority in the old country, for many years, on the question of alcohol, its uses and abuses. It is claimed that he exhausts the subject in his discussions. To temperance men it may seem a little strange that papers, published in the interest of liquor-dealers, breweries, etc., are vehement in their protestations that prohibition temperance legislation increases the consumption of strong drink! When their bread and butter depends on the sale of these poisons, and when their profits are greatly increased by its extensive use, to be consistent they should remain silent; instead of which we find them howling against all attempts to restrain and regulate, by law, the use of alcoholic stimulants. Consistency is a jewel which is not found growing on every bush. This book should be read by every man, woman, and child. The reader's reason will be convinced, though his perverted appetite may not always be restrained.

THE CHRONOTYPE, an American Memorial of Persons and Events. Edited by J. V. C. Smith, M.D.; and published monthly, at \$3 a year, by Forman & Welle, 67 University Place, New York.

To gather and publish such matter of *general interest* as may be found in the archives of the country is one of the objects. The publishers say: "We shall expect persons to become *contributors* as well as subscribers, that such history as they are able to furnish shall be rescued from oblivion, and preserved for the benefit of those who have not access to these sources of knowledge, and for the generations yet to come." In short, it is a Journal of Heraldry and a Genealogical Registry, by which it is proposed to trace and record the families of men, or to show who was your great-great-grandfather, etc.

THE VOICES. By Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voice of Prayer." Fifth edition. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 191; muslin. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

Mr. Barlow has written, and Messrs. White & Co. have published, "The Voices," "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of a Pebble," and "The Voice of Superstition." As a key-note to the whole we copy his prelude:

All nature speaks the attributes of God,
Whose vast domains of matter and of mind
Accord forever with this holy will.
All life is an expression of His love;
All seeming death is birth to higher life;
All discord is the fragment of a scale
Which, had man the power to comprehend,
Would be replete with harmony divine.

The book is exquisitely printed, on finest tinted paper, and bound in the best style and taste. Mr.

Barlow evidently has Ideality and Sublimity large, as well as prominent descriptive faculties. He must revel in the spheres.

ANNUAL DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of Garden, Flower, and Field Seeds and Grains. For sale at the Agricultural Implement and Seed Warehouses, or R. H. Allen & Co.

A capital thing for farmers, gardeners, and florists. Send 25 cents to them, and receive in return their catalogue.

WASHBURN & Co.'s Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden for 1873. 8vo; pp. 128. Pamphlet. Price, 25c. Boston: Washburn & Co.

It is not yet too late for readers in the Middle States and further north to send for copies of this guide, in which they will find numerous engravings representing beautiful flowers, together with a list of all the seeds grown in field and garden.

CHEERFUL VOICES, a Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Sacred Pieces, for Juvenile Classes, Public Schools, and Seminaries; to which is prefixed a Complete and Attractive Course of Elementary Instructions. By L. O. Emerson, author of "Golden Wreath," "Harp of Judah," "Choral Tribute," etc. Price, 50c. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Here are choice songs, sacred and secular, adapted to families and schools by a regular music-book maker, published by the old-established house whose name it bears. "Cheerful Voices" must find its way into thousands of families.

THE WRITING PRIMER. By R. McLaurin. New York: Robert Burnet. Price, 20 cts.

We like this, and hope parents will secure copies for their children. It will teach them to draw and to write at the same time, and keep them out of mischief.

BACK-ACHE: Its Cause and Cure. New York: Health-Lift Company.

Intended for ladies, in the interest of the Health-Lift. Whether the methods it recommends will meet with acceptance by the schools and profession, we will not undertake to predict, but that it will have a general trial, and that much good will come of it, we do believe.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BLACKBOARD. Devoted to Illustrative Teaching and Infant-Class Instruction. Published every two months. Price \$1 a year, 20 cents a number. Edited by Samuel W. Clark. New York: A. O. Van Lennep.

Sunday-school literature is multiplying rapidly. This new candidate will doubtless have its share of patronage.

NORTH AMERICAN Journal of Homœopathy—S. Lilienthal, M.D., Editor—presents the usual table of interesting contents, which must be acceptable to all practitioners of this school.

THE POTATO CROP IN GREAT BRITAIN.

—The London *Food Journal* for December, 1872, says: "There is now no doubt whatever that the present will be the worst potato year we have had for some time. Accounts, alike from Scotland, Ireland, England, and Wales, all agree in accepting as a foregone conclusion the almost entire destruction of the potato crop. In some districts the crop is an utter failure; in others, one bushel in ten is esteemed a fair average of sound tubers; and the places where the disease has not worked fell ruin among the tubers, are few and far between. Isolated instances are related of fair results, it is true, but in the main the crop is an utter failure."

In the New York and Philadelphia markets potatoes are higher than ever before known, and it seems very certain that, unless something new in the way of cultivation is resorted to, the crop will be in danger of annihilation. We therefore commend to everybody's attention the little work entitled "The Model Potato," believing it to contain much important information which may, perchance, prove the salvation of this indispensable tuber. Although three or four agricultural journals have asserted that it contained nothing either new or useful, we have, in addition to its own intrinsic evidence to the contrary, the testimonials and commendations of many public journals, and a large number of *disinterested* and intelligent agricultural journals, these, too, of established character and reputation. Of these we submit the following unsolicited notice from that old and sterling monthly, "The National Agriculturist," published by H. A. King & Co., New York:

"THE MODEL POTATO: An exposition of its proper cultivation; the cause of its rotting; the remedy therefor; its renewal, preservation, productiveness, and cooking. By Dr. John McLaurin. Edited with annotations by R. T. Trall, M.D. 12mo; pp. 102. Price, 50 cents. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

"A work in which every farmer, every gardener, and every reader is interested. Any effort made to improve this universally used tuber is worthy of commendation. Here are new views on the subject of Potato Culture, and a plan to prevent its rotting and 'running out.' The work is the result of twenty years' experience and observation."

Here is a question of veracity—it may be only of opinion. A few journals assert that there is nothing new nor useful in the book. A much greater number affirm that there are things both new and useful. For the truth of the matter we appeal to the truth itself, and that is "The Model Potato" book.

THE YALE NAUGHTICAL ALMANAC for 1873. If "a little nonsense now and then be relished by the wisest men," perhaps this Naughtical Almanac may find a response from the wise and the otherwise.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEVER AGAIN. By W. S. Mayo, M.D., author of "Kaloolah," "The Berber," etc. Cloth extra. Illustrated. \$2.

BOSTON ILLUSTRATED. A pictorial hand-book of Boston and its surroundings. Containing nearly 150 first-class pictures, and full descriptions of all objects of interest within the city. 50 cents.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. New library edition, uniform in general size and style with the library Hawthorne, Dickens, Waverly, etc. In two vols. Price, \$5.

LOVE AND VALOR. By Tom Hood. Vol. XXI. in "Osgood's Library of Novels." 8vo. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

INDUSTRIAL DRAWING FOR BEGINNERS. Free-hand. For school and home use. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol.; 16mo. \$1.

FABLES AND LEGENDS of many Countries rendered in Rhyme. By John G. Saxe. 1 vol.; 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Complete in one volume, including his latest poem, "Gareth and Lynette." Handsomely illustrated. 8vo. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an introduction by the Rev. P. Schaff, D.D. Pp. 618; crown 8vo. Cloth, \$3. This work embraces in one volume: I. On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second edition revised. 196 pp. II. On the Authorized Version of the New Testament in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 194 pp. III. Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament. By J. C. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 178 pp.

LITTLE FOLK LIFE. A book for girls. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness." 16mo. Cloth, 90 cents.

SWINTON'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR. A progressive grammar of the English tongue, based on the results of modern philology. By Prof. William Swinton, A.M. 12mo; pp. 220. Half roan, 75 cts.

IS IT TRUE? Tales, curious and wonderful, collected by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 16mo. Cloth, 90 cents.

BARNES' NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. New edition. Revised, with maps and illustrations. The following volumes are now ready: "Gospels," 3 vols.; "Acts," 1 vol.; "Romans," 1 vol.; "First Corinthians," 1 vol.; "Second Corinthians and Galatians," 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50 per vol.

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SOCIAL ECONOMY. By E. Thorold Rogers, editor "Smith's Wealth of Nations." Edited for American readers. 12mo; pp. 157; cloth. 75 cts.

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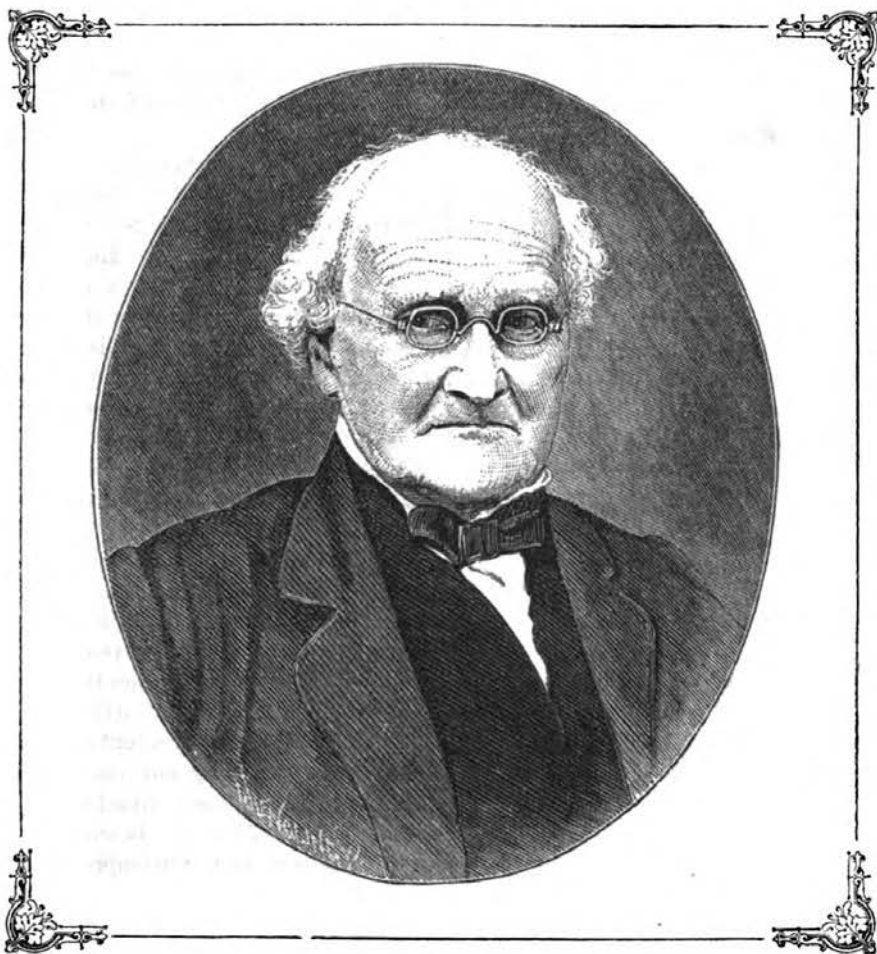
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THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 5.]

May, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 413.



JAMES BLAKE, LATE OF INDIANAPOLIS.

IT is seldom that the death of a single man produces so much real feeling in a large city as the death of James Blake, in November, 1870, produced in Indianapolis and vicinity. Identified with that enterprising western city from its very beginning, and having ever exhibited the warmest practical interest in its development, he had been, for many years, regarded with esteem and affec-

tion by the citizens, and looked upon as, indeed, in the best sense of the term, a "city father." With a head measuring nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, he associated a body of good proportion and excellent vital conditions. In the full maturity of manhood he was noted for great endurance and muscular power. The base of his brain was large in proportion to the size of his

head—an indication of vital stamina and strength. Intellectually, he was clear as an observer, and close and methodical as a reasoner. That is an analytical cast of mind, showing the disposition to investigate, scrutinize, and criticise matters. The type is the same as that which embraces such men as Guizot, Thiers, and Peabody. He could organize enterprises relating to affairs political, social, or financial. He was, judging altogether from the portrait, a man of sound views in regard to the economical application of funds, and precise and systematic in accounts. There is caution enough shown to have made him prudent and guarded; and firmness enough to have rendered him decided and inflexible in opinion and procedure. At the same time his social nature was warm and sympathetic, giving him the tendency to work more earnestly for the benefit of others than for himself.

James Blake was born March 3, 1791, in Reading Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania. His father, John Blake, was a farmer, who came from Ireland at the age of twenty, and settled in Pennsylvania. James, the second in age of his three sons, worked on the home farm until he was twenty-one years of age, and then started to do for himself. His first business was that of teamster, hiring out to one Peter Brough, to drive team for some fifteen months, at twelve dollars a month. This lasted until the breaking out of the war of 1812, in which he engaged as a volunteer soldier, and served until the end of the war. At its close he engaged again in teaming, but now with two teams, and on his own account, upon the pike road from Baltimore to Philadelphia. In 1818 he came West on a tour of inspection, and after leaving the Ohio river, rode on horseback as far west as St. Louis, the whole country being then a vast wilderness. After due inspection he selected Indianapolis as the place of his future abode, and, after returning home to Pennsylvania, he came to this city in 1821. The commissioners were then just laying out this city in the woods. Mr. Blake helped them to make the plat, and for some time acted as surveyor; went to all cabin raisings and log rollings, and was considered the best and strongest hand in the settlement.

Howland, in his "Early Reminiscences of

Indianapolis," says, among other things, touching the subject of this sketch, that during the first year of his residence at Indianapolis, nearly every person was down with fever and ague. Indeed, in some families there was scarcely one person who was able to hand another a drink of water. Mr. Blake proved then very useful. Although having his shake nearly every other day, he would employ the well days in gathering the new corn, and, grating it on a horse-radish grater, would make mush for the convalescent. "I have known him to provide for the wife and family of an intemperate man (who deserted them), until they were able to provide for themselves."

"During the time there was so much sickness, in the summer of 1821, my father," says Howland, "was suffering for water, and no one able to draw a bucket. He crept to the door of the cabin and saw a man passing. He beckoned him, and requested him to draw a bucket of water. 'Where is your friend Blake?' the man inquired. 'He, too, was taken sick this morning,' was the answer. 'What on earth are the people to do now?' said the man; 'God had spared him to take care of the people; they will suffer now as they have never before.'"

Mr. Blake was one of a company who built the first steam mill, in 1827. He was appointed one of the commissioners to receive proposals for the building of the State House. He was the first to urge upon the State Legislature the importance of establishing a hospital for the insane, and selected the location on which the building now stands. He was the first to agitate the railroad question, and was a member of the first board of directors of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad; also a director of the Indianapolis and Lafayette R. R.; a trustee of Hanover College, of Indiana, and Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He was among the first to organize Sabbath-school Fourth of July celebrations, and for thirty years usually acted the part of chief-marshal in every such procession; in fact, on all public occasions he was looked to as the leader and manager of affairs. When there was a tribute of respect to be paid to a deceased Governor, or other important personage, Mr. Blake was selected to conduct the order of affairs. For thirty-five years he was

president, and the most active worker in the Indianapolis Benevolent Society.

The first dry-goods store in Indianapolis was opened by Mr. Blake. An enterprising, persevering, prudent man, he succeeded well in whatever he attempted, and becoming the possessor of considerable real estate, its enhanced value, with the increase of population and trade, contributed to his wealth. How he used his money and the leisure its possession afforded him, until his death, is best exhibited in the spontaneous outburst of popular sorrow which instantly followed the announcement of his decease. In the following preamble to a series of resolutions which were drafted, pursuant to express action, at a general meeting of the citizens of Indianapolis, on the 28th of November, 1870, two days after the death of Mr. Blake, an estimate of his character is given which, while it may have much of the tone of panegyric, as is generally the case under such circumstances, yet can not fail to convey a fair view of the man :

James Blake, one of the oldest, most prominent, and useful residents of Indianapolis, having departed this life on Saturday, November 26th, we, his friends and fellow-citizens, testify our high appreciation of his character, and of his long career of usefulness, and our sincere sorrow at his death.

Nearly half a century ago he came, a hardy pioneer, and made his home in the midst of the forests which flourished in almost unbroken solitude and grandeur, where our beautiful and prosperous city now stands ; he

lived to hear the sound of the hunter's rifle and the woodman's axe replaced by the constant rush of the iron wheels of commerce and travel, and the busy hum of countless forms of mechanical industry ; he contributed to lay the foundations of Indianapolis, and to-day it is indebted to his influence and his labors more largely than to those of any one else for its prosperity.

He was a man of intense humanity, his heart throbbing in unison with those of all ages, classes, and conditions, sympathizing with all human sorrows and distresses, devising and executing liberal things for the poor and suffering, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, lifting up the lowly, cheering the down-hearted, and bringing upon his own name and memory the blessings of many who were ready to perish.

As husband, as father, as friend, as citizen, he has walked blamelessly ; in regard of all public and private virtues no stain of dishonor rests upon his character ; his life lengthened out to nearly four-score years, has been unselfish, philanthropic, noble in all the high purposes and deeds of true living, a life conspicuously successful—not, it may be, in the accumulation of wealth, not in the attainment of place, but in doing good to his fellow-men, in making the world better for his living in it.

We recognize in his death a great public calamity, but we rejoice that he was spared so long, and that he retained, almost until he ceased to breathe, the full vigor of his physical and intellectual powers.

LIVING AND PRAYING.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

If my soul wear the hue

Of night, what time the thunder clouds sit on
The deep of darkness, could your prayers undo

The gates of morning, and let in the dawn ?

Can praying haste the tender bud to bloom ?

Or stay the cataract's impetuous leap ?

Or break the walls of th' imprisoning tomb ?

Or wake the dead from their white, wintry
sleep ?

If God so wills—aye, aye !

Dare I, a sinner, say,

A pleading voice in heaven is not heard ?

The saints forbid ! Yet, better 'twere to pray
In righteous deed than word.

I must work out

My soul's salvation, be it soon or late.

Fear will oppress me, unbelief and doubt

Rule me by turns, contesting love and hate

Divide my heart as day and night the sky,

And evil lure and tempt me everywhere ;

But through and over all I do descry

The workings of a Power that teaches me

The highest aim and end of human prayer

Is courage, strength, and fortitude to bear

The ill whose hidden good I can not see.

And life hath many woes

That the world's careless eye beholdeth not.

Only the dear Redeemer knows

The secret grief and penitential thought ;

Only our living father God doth see

Our strivings after good, and knowing all

Our trials and our temptings, only He

Can pity and forgive us if we fall.

And yet to live—to LIVE
Is a most glorious and gracious thing.
To humbly, nobly, justly live,
To cheerfully endure the cruel sting
Of ceaseless disappointment, and forbear
From useless, weak repining; to forgive
The wrongs that others do us; to relieve
The sufferings of our fellows, and to share

Their joys and griefs and make their burdens
light.
And to believe,
Through all things, that th' Eternal right
Controls the smallest consequence for good.
So living, who can be misled
By worldly wrong, or dying dread
To meet the face of a rewarding God?

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

OUR Greek and Latin classical studies, or the books of the Old Testament, were supposed, for a long time, to comprise all that we needed, or could hope to know, of ancient art and literature. Whatever inquiry transcended those limits was accordingly set aside, as pertaining to the domain of fable and conjecture. Even now, the *polloi* regard the exploration for the attainments and history of ancient peoples as a quest after useless knowledge. It is too common to follow the example of the cock on the dunghill, and depreciate whatever is of uncomprehended value, preferring above precious jewels the meager kernels of corn. Savans and scientists, prophets and apostles, alike are "whistled down the wind," when individuals, worthy only to be valets to Silenus, have the ruling voice.

In this way have men dwarfed their powers of perception, and circumscribed the vista of their mental and spiritual insight. The result has not been beneficial, either morally or intellectually. Narrowness of idea, selfishness, and a blockhead perverseness, have constituted the harvest of this growth of voluntary ignorance.

But, happily, scientific exploration is enabling us to burst these swaddling bonds. A larger world is opening to our view. Our attention is directed to anterior periods, and to a wider field of observation. Geology has mined the crust of the earth, and displayed to us evidences of former cycles of time, too vast in duration to be intelligently guessed; and of ages of stone and bronze, of which historians had failed to give us any adequate idea. Oriental explorers, happily, are, in a great degree, supplying the hiatus. Clay tablets from the libraries of Babylonia and Assyria; Moabite stones; inscriptions on the rocks of Behistun; the hieroglyphics of

Egypt; the records of other archaic peoples, and the remains of their tombs, temples, earth-excavations, public works, and cyclopean structures, are opening to us the knowledge of countries with arts, sciences, and institutions transcending all that we had ever imagined. The narrations of the "Thousand and One Nights" are found to be far less fanciful than had been supposed. What astonishes us in these explorations is, that in the glimpses which we obtain of these most ancient peoples and periods, we find them always civilized; but their civilization old, almost to effeteness, their greatness often on the wane, and their culture degenerating into luxury, and frequently in a low state of decadence.

OLD GREEK AND HEBREW RECORDS.

These explorations have added new value to the records which we already possess. To the artistic achievements and classical labors of the Greeks and their Ionian kinsmen, and infinitely more to the sacred books of the Hebrews, we are indebted to a far greater extent than we are generally willing to acknowledge. They have enabled us to fix our ideas upon a determinate basis, and have afforded for our further and more extensive investigation, the standpoint which was needed for that purpose, as much as Archimedes required a fulcrum for his proposed achievement. All honor, therefore, to Moses,* the "great sage," and to the sacred writers who followed him; to Homer, prince of the cycle of poets, and Hesiod; to Herodotus,

* E. Pococke proposes as the etymology of the name *Moses*, the sanscrit words *Maha*, great, and *was*, sage. The compound would be pronounced *M'usa*, which, indeed, is the name of Moses in the principal Oriental dialects. In like manner he derives the name Pythagoras from Buddha-goorn, a teacher of Buddhist philosophy. Godfrey Higgins, with equal ingenuity, forms it from an Irish word signifying a student of heavenly motions.

the father of history, and to the long line of philosophers who accomplished so much for liberal culture. We do not praise, we can hardly revere them too much. In our present inquiry we only propose to occupy their point of observation, the classic regions of Greece and Western Asia, and to extend thence our view beyond their necessarily limited vista, into the greater space outside, in which mighty Nimrods flourished "before the Lord," and men, our older brothers in all that was noble and elevating, inculcated wisdom and science, far transcending in its scope the limits to which it has been superciliously assigned by writers of our later days.

Homer in the *Iliad*, and more especially in the *Odyssey*, has turned our attention away from Greece as the cradle of art, into the "outer world," which was ruled by Poseidon (Neptune?), the builder of cities, and set by Zeus, or Olympian Jove. Plato, also, impresses upon us the declaration of the Egyptian priest, that in science and knowledge the Greeks were "always children."

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION.

We are taught by Herodotus, that Egypt preceded other countries in its scientific attainments. When the patriarch Abraham sojourned there, he found a nation already old, with a king, court, and all the appendages of a government which had been a long time established. The sacerdotal order ramified into every department of administration, exercising its functions, and at the same time holding the monopoly of every science. Every young man of extraordinary powers was taken into the sacred vocation. Moses, as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, had been instructed in all the wisdom of Egypt, and initiated into her sacerdotal order, when their scientific and other achievements were the admiration of all mankind. The chronicles of that country carry us back to the remotest era, and even then display to us the wonderful and almost inconceivable evidences of a government organized under the rule of one monarch; of a mighty people skilled in the arts of war and peace; and in multifarious abstract and practical sciences; with well-framed laws, and the social habits of highly-civilized life; wherein the female sex was free, educated, and honored; with a priest-

hood possessing a religion in which the unity of the Godhead, and His attributes in trinities or triads, with a belief in the immortality of the soul, a certainty of ultimate judgment, and a hope of the resurrection of the dead, are discoverable. Arts and sciences were cultivated, quarries worked, mines opened and explored, temples built.

Wendell Phillips declares that the Egyptians possessed canals, constructed railroads, and employed the steam engine. The arts of manufacturing cloth, fabricating utensils, and all the physical sciences, were largely cultivated by them. "Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects, physicians, must return to Ægypt to learn the origin of language and of writing; of the calendar and solar motion; of the art of cutting granite with a copper (bronze) chisel; and of giving elasticity to a copper sword; of making glass with the variegated hues of the rainbow; of moving single blocks of polished syenite nine hundred tons in weight, for any distance, by land and water; of building arches, round and pointed, with masonic precision, unsurpassed at the present day, and antecedent, by two thousand years, to the 'Cloaca Magna' of Rome; of sculpturing a Doric column one thousand years before the Dorians are known in history; of fresco paintings in imperishable colors; and of practical knowledge of anatomy."

It seems, when we contemplate this perfect refinement and civilization, that divine inspiration, rather than the discipline of ages, must have given the Egyptians their enlightenment; that that country never had a youth and childhood. Yet geologists who have excavated its soil assert that they have found the tokens of an age of stone as well as of bronze, requiring a chronology so vast and remote as to be almost inconceivable, if not incredible.

ANCIENT ASIA.

But not Egypt alone is noted for vast antiquity. Indications exist that she was younger than other Hamitic nations. Arabia, Babylonia, and other eastern countries appear to have figured on the scene of this world's activities as anciently. Archaism is no monopoly. Besides, Asia is not the alone Old World. We concede to her Nimrod, of vast and hoary antiquity, the region of the ante-

diluvian world, and China with a fossil civilization defying our power to compute. But there is also a Europe of which history knows nothing, with monuments on which she pours darkness instead of light, mementoes of a story longer and stranger than her own. Nobody knows who built Rome, or when; and Erturia is a problem yet unsolved. Europe was once, as she is now, cosmical, the leader of the world. Hence, the Egyptian record, that the Greeks, more than ten thousand years ago, resisted triumphantly the Atlantean invaders, who came from beyond the Strait of Gibraltar. Perhaps the learned Abbe de Bourbourg is not altogether fanciful when he presents his hypothesis that western Europe was occupied at a remote period by colonists from Central America. The story of Atlantis, "the island larger than Asia Minor and Africa together," can not have been altogether a poet's fable.

LOCALITY OF EDEN.

The Rev. Dr. Lang, in his "View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nations," remarks the existence of the primitive civilization, generally older than Homer; and attributes its origin to the antediluvians. This fixes attention upon the earlier Hebrew records. It is probable that the *mashal*, or story of the Garden of Eden, in some mystical or allegorical sense, related directly to intellectual achievements. St. Augustine, himself of Punic or Phœnician origin, declares as much; Josephus asserts that Moses "talked philosophically," or enigmatically; and Maimonides expressly charged that those who learned the real sense of the story ought not to divulge it—thereby intimating that it was a sacred mystery. The serpent has ever been the emblem of knowledge, especially the higher or diviner science—decking the staff of Esculapius, inspiring the Pythonic oracle at Delphi, typifying the eternal life in Egypt, and constituting the winged seraph of the prophet Isaiah. The tree of knowledge of good and evil, to which he incited mankind to reach for its desirable fruit, that would open their eyes and render them like gods, evidently bore close relations to that alphabetical tree, the fruit of which Aryans and Shemites gladly partook at the invitation of the more cultured and artistic Hamites—the tree whose leaf was freedom,

whose foliage was letters, and its branches words.*

The seat of the earlier people of the Book of Genesis evidently extended over the country which the rivers of Eden drained—from the Indus to the Euphrates, and from the Oxus to the Persian or Erythrean sea. Sir William Jones designates that region as the seat of the primeval monarchy, from which issued the Arabian or Hamitic, the Assyrian or Shemitic, and the Hindoo or Aryan sages. M. Bailly fixes here in Bokhan (or Book-land) the habitat of the antediluvian scientists; and it is noteworthy that the astronomical *débris* preserved at Benares, in Hindostan, applied correctly to the latitude of Sanarcond. It had been transported when the Brahmins abandoned Central Asia.

That science and artistic culture were prevalent among the earlier races of men, is evident from the declarations in Genesis that Jubal was the father of such as handle the harp and organ, and Tubal-cain an instructor of every artificer in brass (bronze) and iron. It is also indicated that with the children of Cain the ages of bronze and iron, with their accompanying arts and erudition, had been entered upon long before the great catastrophe known to us as the Noachian deluge.

From the mountainous region of Central Asia, proceeded afterward the colonists who were destined to occupy the land anew with their cities, their arts, science, and institutions. For a time they were confederated—"of one language and one speech;" but they fell into dissensions at Babel. Conquest was added to their calamities; the Tartar hordes burst upon them from the North, and occupied, for many years, the very district of Shinar, which they had colonized, dispersing them into other countries.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

Perhaps the best commentary on this is found in that ancient and extraordinary work—*The Book of Job*. It pertains evidently to the patriarchal age, for no indication is given

* A curious similarity of designation exists in the Latin language, which an ingenious person might employ to advantage. *Liber*, the designation of a book, is the name of the god Dionysus. It is also applied to designate the bark of a tree, which was formerly used for writing upon. In the plural number it signifies children; and its feminine, *libra*, is a balance. It is also the adjective for *free*.

of institutions other than those of family or communal government. The nomadic Sabæans and Chaldeans, now known as Bedouins, then existed, and pillaged him; his friends were Shemites of the family of Ishmael and Nahor. He is himself a "son of the East," a *scherk* or Saracen; and dwells in the country of Uz, the Troglodyte, or cave-dweller.

We find mention made in the book of couriers, showing the existence of a postal system; also of caravans (chap. vi.) and commercial travelers. The country was, in fact, the highway of the commerce of India to the West. Ships made of reeds or papyrus (see Wemyss's translation) are also named. The term physician, or *rephaim*, is hardly evidence of any considerable knowledge of medicine; but at that time only the initiated priests assumed to be the healers of maladies. The weapons employed in war were poisoned arrows (vi. 4), bucklers, implements of iron, and bows of bronze (xx. 24). The Egyptian and Cyclopean artificers had the art of rendering bronze elastic, like steel, and so prepared, it was used for weapons, and in stone-cutting, an art common in Arabia.

The countrymen of Job were excellent metallurgists. Their land abounded in mines, and the 28th chapter explains the whole process of procuring and smelting the ores. It is not necessary to recapitulate; but a few expressions demand more than a passing remark. The fifth verse (Wemyss's translation) reads thus:

"The surface of the earth produceth bread,
But its interior is the region of fire."

The opinion of modern geologists, that the earth is a receptacle of igneous material, was current at that time.

Thus, however, were art and science transplanted. The people of Cush and Ethiopia were removed from Suriana to Arabia, and the Canaanites, or Phœnicians, who first occupied the islands of Tyre, Arvad, and the district of El Khatif, on the Persian Gulf, afterward migrated to the Mediterranean. Huge Cyclopean structures, now in ruins, stone circles (Hebrew, *gilgals*), like those found in India, France, and England, and grottoes, or temples excavated in the rocks, like those of Ellora and Salsette in India, are the remains of those times. The conquests of Dionysus, the legend of Kepheus,

and the wars of Kodar al Ahmer (Chedorlamer) relate to this period and people.

ANCIENT SCIENCE AND ART IN THE BIBLE.

According to the Book of Genesis, the posterity of Abraham, Ishmael, and Keturah, as well as the Nachorites also, established themselves to the east and south of Palestine, and afterward the Horites, or cave-dwellers,* of Idumea were superseded by the children of Esau. These populations became famous for their learning and sagacity. Baruch remarks the wisdom of Teman and of Edour, the Hagarenes, the merchants of Merau—"the expounders of fables, and searchers out of understanding."

Astronomy and cosmology are also to be traced. We omit the rendering in the common English version, of chapters ix. 9, and xxxviii. 31, 32, believing that our translator has caught more accurately the meaning of the writer. The latter passage reads as follows:

"Canst thou restrain the genial influences of spring,
Or unbind the hands of winter?
Canst thou bring forth the signs of the zodiac in their turn,
Or guide the northern constellations with their company?"

Indeed, this whole 38th chapter is scientific as well as practical. In chapter xxvi. 7, it is declared that the north is stretched over empty space, and the earth suspended upon nothing. The Rev. Mr. Cary adds to this the following translation, xxxviii. 14:

"It turneth round like a seal of clay,
And things stood out as though in dress."

Seals of this description are to be found both in Egypt and Assyria. They are made in the form of a wheel, with their designs wrought upon the tire, or outer surface; and when used they are rolled over the soft wax, or whatever substance was employed to re-

* Many cases of dwelling in caves are found in the eastern hemisphere. The Hebrew word *Hor* signifies a cave, and the mountains Hor and Horeb evidently are named from their grottoes (1 Kings, xix. 9). The country of Idumea, in which these mountains were situated, abounded with troglodytes (Job, xxx. 6). The district of Bamian, in Afghanistan, contains many thousands of artificial caves. Zoroaster instituted caves in Bactria, for the celebration of the Majien mysteries. Egypt seems to have devised her peculiar order of architecture from the idea of excavations in the earth. Even England was once occupied by troglodytes. Nottingham, or Snottingham, signifies the *ham*, or home, of the dwellers in caves; and antiquarian researches have found traces of such residences. The same may be said of France, Germany, and Norway.

ceive the impression. Thus the objects or designs "stand out." The rolling round of the seal illustrates the revolution of the earth. So the Book of Job seems to have been in advance of Copernicus.

This region gave the world twice, at least, the sciences and arts of civilization. After the barbarian inroads from the Northern Hines, the learning of the Saracens restored knowledge and culture to the West, in time, fortunately, to prevent their general loss by Turkish conquest. But long before, even at a period which history does not record, the Ethiopians of Asia, the navigators of her seas and oceans, had created a social polity, and perfected arts for the other nations to learn. We obtained from them our numeral characters, alphabetical writing, architecture, metallurgy, the sciences of chemistry, algebra, and astronomy. Writing on cloth, paper, and parchment, and records by tablet and engraving, as at Babylon and Behistun, are indicated by Job:

"Oh, that my words were recorded;
Oh, that they were engraven on a tablet,
With a grave of iron upon lead;
That they were sculptured in a rock forever."

GREATNESS OF THE PHŒNICIANS.

From this region migrated the Phœnicians—known in the Bible as Canaanites, or merchants, and in Arabian books as the Thamudites. It has been conjectured that invasion from Persia and the North, by the conqueror Chedorlaomer, was the cause of their removal. They carried to their new seats, on the Mediterranean, their commercial enterprise, their prodigious skill in manufactures, and their culture. In turn their metropolitan cities, Joppa, Biblos, Berat, Marathos the old and new, Sidon, old and new Tyre, held sway. They also had settlements in Asia Minor, Greece, Libya, Sicily, Carthage, Spain, Gaul, the British Isles, and had three hundred cities on the western coast of Africa. This was before the times usually denominated historical. We trace them by the worship and traditions of their god Baal, or Hercules, which they carried everywhere. Poseidon, or Dagon, the builder-god, seems not to have passed the Strait of Gibraltar. Their coins have been exhumed in Scandinavia. The English language contains many words which they introduced in those far-off times. They gave the alphabet to the western world.

Cadmus (Hebrew *Kedem*, the oriental), the reputed colonist of Thebes, was a Sidonian; and the birth of Dionysus, of his daughter Semile, is the old Greek method to indicate the adoption of the Arabian or Ethiopic deity into the Grecian Pantheon.

Homer bore eloquent testimony to their artistic excellence, and their love of adventure. The Baltic contributed amber, Britain its tin, Spain its silver, and Africa (Ophir) its gold, for their workshops. In ships, such as no other people could build, their mariners went to the ends of the earth, and brought away the raw material, which Phœnician skill afterward wrought and made valuable. But they divulged to no one their knowledge; for all science was included in religious mysteries, and the initiate was obligated, on pain of death, to tell no one of peoples and countries that he knew of.

They employed the mariner's compass in their voyages. It was suspended in a vase which was called "the cup of Hercules." The inventors of this instrument are unknown; it is repeatedly described, and was evidently possessed by the Arabians and Chinese. Dr. Hyde affirms that the Chaldeans and Arabians used it to guide them over the deserts. Some persons translate the expression of Job, that the price of wisdom is beyond rubies—"the attraction of wisdom is beyond magnets." These evidences may be accumulated.

The sciences of the Phœnicians were geometry, astronomy, arithmetic, and night-sailing, as we are told by Strabo. So great was their proficiency, that the prophet Ezekiel associated it to a ken and intelligence derived in the Garden of Eden. After depicting the greatness of the commerce of Tyre with all the countries of the known world, he declares the source of her prosperity and superhuman wisdom (Noyes's translation):

"Thou wast a finished signet,
Full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.
In Eden, the Garden of God, thou didst dwell. * * *
Thou wast an outspread, covering cherub;
I set thee upon the holy mountain of God;
Thou didst walk in the midst of the stones of fire."

It was no marvel, then, that we are assured that "the prince of Tyrus," in the spirit of the words addressed by the serpent of Eden, had declared: "I am a God. I sit in the throne of God, in the midst of the seas."

He had been in Eden, and eaten of the tree of knowledge; he was "wiser than Daniel; and there was no secret that men could hide from him."

THE CYCLOPEANS.

The peoples mythologically denominated the Kuklopes, or Cyclopeans, are to be associated, and probably identified, with the Phœnicians. The shepherds whom Ulysses visited were sons, or worshipers, of Poseidon (Dagon), the Sidonian and Philistine divinity, and despised the Aryan god Zeus, or Jupiter. It is conjectured that these were the progeny of the Hyksos, or shepherd-kings of Egypt, who had migrated to Libya, and forgot or neglected the arts of civilization. But other Cyclopes were workers in metals, and probably introduced the bronze age into the known world. They worshiped Poseidon, the builder-god; Ashtor, or Ashera, or the Great Mother; and, more especially, Moloch, or Hercules, the lord of fire and artisans. Hence their designation Kuklopes, *Khoulk*, or ruler, and *Lob*, or *Lehovoh*, flame. Fire gave them their power, and represented with them the divine authority. They are said to have forged the thunderbolts for the Aryan god Zeus; to have aided the smith-god Hephaistos, or Vulcan; and probably they constructed the shield of Achilles, and the iron chariots of the kings of Canaan (Judges, iv. 8).

The Cyclopes also gave their name to designate the peculiar structures made of huge blocks of stone, found at the old ruins in Western Asia, Greece, and Italy. To the category pertain the Treasury of Atreus, at Mycenæ, the walls of Tyrus, the buildings in Pinara, the fortifications of the Phœnician cities, the foundations of the Temple of Solomon, and the Cloacæ of Rome. We have the authority of Euripides to the effect "that the Kyklopean foundations were fitted together on Phœnician principles, and by Phœnician tools." We think that we are almost warranted in adding that the builders spoke the dialects of "the language of Canaan," common alike to Hebrews, Syrians, Moabites, Chaldeans, Libyans, Phœnicians, and even Carthaginians—the original language of the Bible.

But let us stretch antiquity to any length we please, there are other antiquities preceding. The earliest lisping of history give us

but the names of perished empires. The quaint old Sir Thomas Browne aptly said: "The number of the dead long exceedeth the number of the living—and the night of time exceedeth the day." Indeed, as asserted by Humboldt, "What we usually term the beginning of history is only the period when the later generations awoke to self-consciousness."

WHAT IS NEW TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.

What excites our curiosity, is to know in what our modern European and Aryan civilization exceeds that of these primeval times. Not in personal freedom, so far as we can perceive, for the patriarchal organizations of those times, and even the imperial, provided largely for individual liberty. Job (xxix.) was a magistrate in his district by popular consent. Under the Sufets or Judges of Israel, and the Suffetes of Carthage, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Not in works of public utility, for we find ample provision in the way of roads, aqueducts, and reservoirs, fortifications, etc., in Ceylon and the East, in the cities of Central and Western Asia, in Egypt, and elsewhere. The stories of Hercules opening a river between two mountains, of Thessaly draining a lake, and so restoring vast tracts of land to agriculture, and of Casyapa doing a similar work in Cashmere, the Katabothura of Bœotia, and the Cloacæ of Rome, to reclaim the marsh lands of the vicinity, attest as much.

The arts and sciences, too often under sacerdotal restrictions, were extensively cultivated. The children of Cain in antediluvian time, and the Hamitic races of the later archaic period, abounded in scientific invention and labor, evincing extraordinary skill. They delved the earth, and sent their shafts deep beneath her surface, in quest of metals and precious gems. The Egyptian and Cyclopean workmen had no superiors in the quarrying and transportation of stone; and Babylonia made brick for uncounted centuries. The "houses of Ad," in Arabia, the pyramids and temples of Egypt, the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, of the Persian and Phœnician cities, attest their skill in building. They excavated grottoes in the earth, constructed temples to religion and science upon the surface, projected towers and pyramids far into the sky, built ships which

moved as if possessing life, and made canals and caravan routes over the land for commerce and travel.

ASTRONOMY, MATHEMATICS, MUSIC.

In the mathematical sciences they were very exact. The sidereal year, not varying three minutes from our computation, was known many centuries before Hipparchus; and both the *neros* and *saros* were of great antiquity. They predicted changes of the weather, and cast eclipses. In their observations of the planets they anticipated our Herschels and Aragos, Maedler and Le Verrier. Optical instruments of glass and transparent stone, telescopes, and lenses, were used in the study of astronomy, and in other scientific investigations. Many of the clay tablets used in Assyria have the impressions so minute that a magnifying instrument is required to decipher, as it must have been to impress them.

Musical instruments are named in the first chapters of Genesis, and the Book of Job. The chants of orthodox worship, as well as the charms and incantations of sorcery and heterodoxy, were performed or accompanied by musicians and minstrels. Cabinet-makers, boat-builders, sail-makers, and glass-blowers were common in Egypt long before pyramids were built. Volumes of papyri were extant there before Moses; as, also, were clay tablets in the countries of Mesopotamia; so textile fabrics; dyes of exquisite color, mordants, designs of unrivaled perfection, were common then, and wonderful even now, evincing the rarest taste and refinement. The Doric architecture was known in Egypt, and the Ionic in Persia, before the Dorians and Ionians were known in history.

Hardly an art or scientific invention seems now to exist that was not learned from the "children of Ham." We are building on their foundations, fortunate if these are indeed Cyclopean. Our inventions appear to be rediscoveries rather than new ideas, or new applications of philosophical principles. We have only invented anew what the ancients had forgotten. Job and Anaxagoras, Pythagoras and Plato teach us science. Even Columbus was preceded on the way to America by the Northmen, the Basque fisherman, and perhaps by the Carthaginians. What is there really new?

SUPERNATURALISM AND DIABLERIE.

Not the arts of thaumaturgy or the *seances* of spiritism. Alchemy was pursued in China as well as in Arabia. Spirit-rapping, table-moving, and kindred *diableries*, were familiar matters everywhere, from China to the Atlantic ocean, thousands of years before our era. Animal magnetism was employed to relieve disease, and procure communication from persons dead or distant. The philosopher Iamblichus, in his treatise on *The Mysteries*, explains the phenomena. Neither the Foxes, Andrew Jackson Davis, Harris, or Hume, nor even Emanuel Swedenborg—greater, wiser, and nobler than them all—have been the instruments to afford any new agency of illumination from the interior world. Prophets have spoken from time immemorial, as they were moved by their inspiration; dwellers in mountainous regions have possessed the "second sight." Seers have seen, sorcerers divined, and necromancers aroused the spirits of the dead.

ARYAN CIVILIZATION.

But the Aryans of Europe and America have no cause for humiliation. They are now not only the dominant but the civilizing race. They have received from the Wise Men of the East their science, their art, their philosophical and religious culture. In this they have done well. Nor have they, like Asiatic people, been content to remain simply the depositories of knowledge. The talents committed to the Chinese lie buried in a napkin, while the Aryan nations are diligently employing theirs.

MODERN PRINTING, AND STEAM, AND THE TELEGRAPH.

We have transformed civilization, and given an electric impetus to human progress. China failed with her block type and daily bulletin; and now, in the West, movable type and the printing-press have revolutionized the world, both in its modes of thought and its activities. In Nineveh, the prophet Nahum predicted that "the chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the Broadway; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings." The moderns have, in sober prose, more than accomplished the poetic announcement. Despite Wendell Phillips, we must adhere to the opinion that neither Archim-

ides nor the engineers of ancient Egypt knew of steam as a motor power—such knowledge could hardly have been lost. To our times is reserved the locomotives for our highways over the continents. The oceans are traversed by steamers in every direction, and the ports of the world are but ferry stations.

The patriarch of ancient Idumea was interrogated (Job, xxxviii. 35):

"Canst thou dispatch the flashes of lightning,
That they may go, and say, 'Here we are!'"

All afire as the writer's imagination was with poetic enthusiasm and prophetic ken, he did not dream of a magneto-electric telegraph to accomplish his vision. Americans performed that achievement. Franklin was our Prometheus to bring the fire from the chariot of the sun; and Professor Morse, adopting the assistance and suggestions of Henry, Vail, and kindred scientists, in the spirit of the inspired psalmist, bound it in harness, to be the minister and messenger, running to and fro at the bidding of man.

CAUSES OF DECLINE.

History has been said to repeat itself. The

barbarizing of nations, the destruction of arts and libraries by invading armies, the careful obliteration of historical and other sciences—as by the Romans at Carthage, the Moslems at Alexandria, and the Tartars in Persia—have repeatedly terminated civilization in a region, and remanded men to savagery. Asia, India, Arabia, Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, are memorials of such deluges of barbarism and fire-showers of conquest. The Phoenix thus has, again and again, lived out her cycle, builded her pyre, and perished; that she might be again rejuvenated, enter upon a renewed career, and pass again to culminating maturity and dissolution.

But history does not repeat. Like the clings of a spiral thread, mankind, in their onward progress, however, they may seem to approximate former periods of achievement or decadence, yet never act over the former scenes; careering on, onward, their spiral course concentrates on itself, as if to enter that vortex, which is, to our seeming, the infinite.

EDITORS OF LEADING RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

WITH PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES.

Henry Ward Beecher, of the *Christian Union*—E. H. Chaplin, D.D., of the *Christian Leader*—S. I. Prime, D.D., of the *New York Observer*—Chauncey Giles, of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*—S. M. Isaacs, of the *Jewish Messenger*—H. M. Field, D.D., of the *New York Evangelist*—H. W. Bellows, D.D., of the *Liberal Christian*—W. J. R. Taylor, D.D., of the *Christian Intelligencer*—Isaac T. Hecker, of the *Catholic World*—Daniel Curry, D.D., of the *Christian Advocate*—J. Cotton Smith, D.D., of the *Church and State*—Alfred S. Patton, D.D., of the *Baptist Union*.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the chief editor of the *Christian Union*, was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th of June, 1813. His father was the late Dr. Lyman Beecher, one of the most eminent theologians in the Presbyterian Church of his day. After completing a course of study at Amherst College, in which he distinguished himself by no special brilliancy, he entered the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio, which was then under the direction of his father. After leaving the seminary, he first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Remaining there two years, he afterward removed to Indianapolis, where he continued in charge of a moderate congregation until 1847. His western experience was largely blended with poverty and privation, and the double

work of farming and preaching; but to that severe experience he doubtless owes much of the courage, mental and physical backbone and independence of opinion and utterance which have characterized him during the past twenty years.

In 1847 he accepted a call from Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., a society of orthodox Congregationalists then but newly formed, and has been identified with that church ever since. Among pulpit orators he is generally regarded as without a superior, and as a writer and lecturer he long ago achieved an exalted reputation. He was one of the founders of the *Independent*, a prominent religious newspaper published in New York, and for many years contributed weekly to its columns. About 1868 he withdrew from it, and not long afterward



CHAUNCEY GILES.
H. M. FIELD, D.D.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
SAMUEL M. ISAACS.

E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.
S. I. PRIME, D.D.

co-operated in the establishment of the *Christian Union*, a paper which in an incredibly short time has acquired a larger circulation than any other religious weekly published in America.

In appearance Mr. Beecher is somewhat above medium height, and of a portly but by no means corpulent or unduly heavy habit. His complexion is of the fair or blonde type; his face is full, with a breadth of brain which evinces the man of expanded mental powers. His eyes are gray, and very prominent, and viewed in connection with his large and flexible mouth, impress one with the idea of fluency in speech. As a speaker he is highly rhetorical, and overflowing with illustrations at

once original and apt. Warming with the progress of his sermon, which is always extemporaneous, he at times gives utterance to a strain of the most vivid and affecting eloquence. He speaks without apparent effort; indeed, in such a way as to indicate the fullness of the reservoir of thought behind the expression. He is eminently practical, yet theoretical; matter-of-fact, yet in some respects utopian in his views; always hearty, earnest, ardent, emphatic, and yet liberal and concessive.

EDWIN HUBBEL CHAPIN, D.D., the distinguished pulpit orator, and editor of the *Christian Leader*, was born at Union Village, Wash-



J. COTTON SMITH, D.D.
W. J. R. TAYLOR, D.D.

H. W. BELLOWES, D.D.
ISAAC T. HECKER.

A. S. PATTON, D.D.
DANIEL CURRY, D.D.

ington County, N. Y., on the 29th December, 1814. He did not receive the benefits of regular collegiate training, but completed his formal education in a seminary, at Birmingham, Vt. At the age of twenty-four, after a course of theological study, he was invited to take charge of the pulpit of the Universalist Society of Richmond, Va., and, having accepted the call, was ordained pastor in 1838. Two years afterward, he removed to Charlestown, Mass.; in 1846 he accepted the pastorate of the School Street Society, in Boston; and in 1848 he settled in New York as pastor of the Fourth Universalist Society, the church of which was then located on Broadway. Here he labored for a period extending over eighteen years, drawing

large congregations by the magnetism of his eloquence. The old church had become a landmark in the city, but like many other old down-town edifices, was compelled to yield to the encroachments of trade, and was sold. A new edifice, known as the Church of the Divine Paternity, was erected on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty fifth Street, and dedicated on the 3d day of December, 1866, wherein the society still worship.

Dr. Chapin is widely known as an orator of great power, and also as an author of no mean ability. His literary labors are chiefly of a moral and practically human character. Among them may be mentioned, as of special prominence, the "Crown of Thorns," "Discourses on

the Lord's Prayer," "Characters of the Gospel, illustrating phases of the present day," "Moral Aspects of City Life," "Humanity in the City," etc. Among Dr. Chapin's finest efforts as a speaker are his great speech in 1850, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, before the World's Peace Convention; at the Kossuth Banquet; at the Publishers' Association Festival, and at the opening of the New York Crystal Palace. As a temperance lecturer he has no superior, and he is undoubtedly one of the most eloquent and polished pulpit orators in America. His beautiful eulogies on our departed heroes, in his well-known lecture "The Roll of Honor," command universal admiration. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in 1856, by Harvard College, which had previously conferred upon him the honorary degree of A.M. Dr. Chapin has always been connected with the Universalist Church, and is one of the chief actors in what is called the "Broad Church Movement."

Of course so prominent a divine has exercised a marked influence upon the literature of his denomination, and the paper of which he is the recognized editor. The *Christian Leader* is the leading organ of the Universalist Society in the United States. To it he had contributed largely during the editorial management of Dr. Emerson, whom he succeeded in 1872 as principal editor.

In person Dr. Chapin is scarcely above middle height, but stout and heavy. His large brain is fairly sustained by the affluence of the nutritive function, and, indeed, he possesses a buoyancy of spirit, a liveliness, which renders his society agreeable and profitable. His manner is not in the least egotistical, lofty, or capacious, but there is so much good nature, cordiality, and sympathy about him, that people are at once attracted and won as friends.

SAMUEL IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D., probably one of the most highly esteemed of American writers and editors, and for more than thirty years connected with the old New York *Observer*, is the son of the late Dr. Nathaniel S. Prime, an eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church. His grandfather was a physician in this city (New York) and the author of several stirring patriotic ballads of the Revolutionary war. The taste of his family for literary culture is very marked in many generations.

Dr. Prime was born in Ballston, Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1818; was prepared for and entered Williams College, graduating there-

from in 1829 with much credit. Having chosen the ministry, he entered the seminary at Princeton, N. J., and pursued a course in theology. After a successful ministry of five years, his health failing, he relinquished the pulpit, and subsequently, in 1840, he came to New York, where, an opportunity having been offered, he entered the office of the New York *Observer* as an assistant editor. Before long the principal burden of the editorial department was laid upon him, and from that time to the present, with intervals amounting only to about two years, he has discharged that function with unremitting steadiness.

Upon the retirement of the distinguished founders of the *Observer*, Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse, in 1858, Dr. Prime purchased the interest of the former, and is now the senior editor and proprietor of that well-known religious weekly, the circulation of which, though chiefly among Presbyterians, is by no means confined to them, but being established upon a broad and liberal basis, finds ready acceptance among people of all denominations. He is one of the most polished writers on the press, at all times overflowing with humor and good spirits. Delighting in his work, he has performed a greater amount of literary labor in a given time than almost any other editor with whom we are acquainted.

Dr. Prime is connected with numerous benevolent and religious societies and educational institutions in an official capacity. For instance, he is a prominent director of the American Bible Society and of the American Colonization Society; he is Corresponding Secretary of the United States Evangelical Alliance, a Trustee of Williams College, President of Wells College for young ladies, at Aurora, N. Y., etc. We are told that no small portion of his time is consumed by persons from far and near, who, attracted by the kindly, sympathizing manner of his writings, apply for advice or assistance.

Dr. Prime has been one of the most active and influential promoters of the reunion of the Presbyterian Church. The *Observer* having a wide circulation, perhaps equally divided between both branches, its editor has been able to exert a strong influence in the direction of reunion. From him came the proposition to appoint the Joint Committee of the two Assemblies, to negotiate terms of union, whose deliberations resulted in the consummation of the reunion of November, 1869. He has traveled considerably in Europe and the East, and published accounts of his journeyings, which have been very popular for many years. He

is the author of more than thirty volumes, most of them published without his name. More than one hundred thousand copies of his "Power of Prayer" were sold in Europe. Another very popular book is "Thoughts on the Death of Little Children." Some of our readers are acquainted with "Boat Life in Egypt," "Tent Life in the Holy Land," and others of his books of travel.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES, of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, well known in New York religious circles as a bold and spirited advocate of the New Church, or Swedenborgian tenets. He was born at Conway, Mass. While a young man, being possessed of a good education, he went to Ohio, and there took charge of a school. It was not until nearly middle life that he entered upon the preparatory course which has made him an eminent religious teacher. In May, 1853, he was ordained a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, and in June, 1863, he was consecrated to the grade of an ordinary minister. He has been for several years the pastor of the Society in New York city, and is the President of the New York Association of the New Church.

The publication of the *Messenger* derives its chief share of *esprit* and interest from the pen of Mr. Giles, who is regarded by *litterateurs* as a writer of exceeding vigor, clearness, and cogency. He has given several excellent volumes to the public, all illustrative of principles in the Swedenborgian scheme of faith. Among them are, "Nature of Spirit," "The Atonement," "Heavenly Blessedness," etc.

As a speaker Mr. Giles is original, clear, logical, and graphic. He does not make use of the ornamental properties of language so much as those brief and sententious forms of speech which directly indicate his meaning. On this account his discourses are impressive and lasting in the mind and memory of a hearer.

His physiognomy, as evidenced by the portrait, is striking. There is no imitation, no tendency to follow, here. He is staunch, methodical, energetic, and progressive. He differs widely in mental organization from most ministers of his sect in possessing so much practicality and so little dependence on the intangible evidences of emotion or feeling. He should be keen-sighted, quick in drawing conclusions, and active in the prosecution of his chosen calling. Benevolence, Veneration, and Firmness are large, and constitute the principal ingredients of his religious life. In fact, the

chief stimulus of his moral life is benevolence, and this gives tone and direction to his very practical intellect.

REV. SAMUEL M. ISAACS, editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, the leading representative organ of the Hebrew faith in this country, was born in Leewarden, Holland, January, 1804. His father was a banker in that city, but losing all his property during the French war, he emigrated to England. He there assumed the position of a rabbi, instructing his five young sons to become "teachers in Israel." Four of these adopted the profession, one of whom soon after died. Another received a call to the congregation of Sydney, Australia; he died about two years since. A third, Rev. Professor D. M. Isaacs, is now minister of a large congregation in Manchester, England, and is widely esteemed for his fine talents and stirring eloquence.

The subject of this sketch was for a few years principal of an educational and charitable institution in London, known as the *Nery Tzedek*. In 1839 he received a call from the old Elm Street Synagogue of New York, and arrived in this city in the autumn of that year. In 1845, a new congregation having formed out of that, he was elected its minister. This was the Wooster Street Synagogue, which was erected in 1845; but giving way to the up-town movement, was sold in 1864. The congregation, known as *Shaaray Tefila*, or "Gates of Prayer," then removed to the building corner of 36th Street and Broadway, which they occupied until the completion of the new and beautiful synagogue, in West 44th Street, near 6th Avenue.

Rev. S. M. Isaacs might be styled the "father of the Jewish clergy" in this city, as he has been residing here longer than any other Hebrew minister. His discourses in the old Elm Street Synagogue used to attract crowds of visitors—Christians in large numbers, as he lectured, of course, in the English tongue; and so little was known of the Jews and Judaism at that time that people generally attended to be informed on those topics. He is universally esteemed by people of his persuasion in this country, and has a very extended acquaintance with members of other religious denominations. His long residence here, his very respectable connection with the press, and his own unblemished character, combine to give him a wide reputation. He is now sixty-nine years of age, and in excellent health, ow-

ing to his regular habits and indefatigable industry. In the editorial management of the *Jewish Messenger*, a weekly journal, generally recognized as the best exponent of Judaism in the United States, he has been engaged for over fifteen years.

Rev. Mr. Isaacs is about medium height, and, as indicated in the portrait, is of a very active temperament; has a clear hazel eye, hair quite gray, and white side whiskers. His character denotes amiability, benevolence, piety, firmness, and a keen sense of humor.

HENRY MARTYN FIELD, D.D., the well-known editor of the *New York Evangelist*, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., April 3d, 1822. He was the ninth of a family of ten children of the late Rev. David D. Field, D.D. The eldest seven of these children were born in Haddam, Conn., where their father was pastor of the Congregational church, and the youngest three in Stockbridge, Mass., where he held a similar relation for many years, following Jonathan Edwards and Stephen West.

At the much too early age of twelve, Henry entered Williams College, graduating with credit in regular course four years later, in 1838.

On leaving college young Field betook himself, the sole one of all his brothers, to his father's profession. He entered upon the study of theology in the Seminary at East Windsor, Conn., then under the presidency of Dr. Bennett Tyler, the champion of the Old School divinity in New England, and was licensed to preach two years after (when eighteen years of age), but continued through the whole course at the seminary, and afterward spent a fourth year at the Divinity School of New Haven, attending the lectures of Dr. N. W. Taylor, the leader of the New School.

In the summer of 1842, he was called to the Third Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, Mo., and after preaching eight months was installed as pastor, April 11th, 1843. He remained in St. Louis nearly five years, a period of much interest to him, as it made him familiar with the then West, from the frequent excursions which he took up the rivers Mississippi and Missouri, through the interior of the State and into the Indian country, now the State of Kansas. He had the satisfaction of seeing established a prosperous church, with a fine house of worship. Having completed this, he resigned his charge to go abroad.

The summer of 1847 was spent in a tour through England and Scotland. The winter

following he passed in Paris, where he was a witness of the French Revolution of 1848, a full account of which he wrote at the time for the *New York Observer*, to which he was a frequent contributor. Leaving Paris for Italy, he saw the spread of the Revolution throughout the Peninsula, of which he afterward published an historical sketch in the *New Englander*. Thence he proceeded to Switzerland and the Rhine, returning to Paris a few days after the bloody insurrection of June.

Returning to America in the autumn, he published a Letter from Rome, on the "Good and the Bad in the Roman Catholic Church." Soon after, an acquaintance with the families of the Irish exiles residing in New York, led him to study the history of the Rebellion of 1798, and finally to publish a book upon it, entitled, "The Irish Confederates." In January, 1851, he was settled at West Springfield, Mass. While here he published several sermons in the *National Preacher*, and an article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* on "The Humane Features of the Hebrew Law."

Mr. Field left this place in November, 1854, and removed to New York to become one of the editors and proprietors of the *New York Evangelist*. He commenced his editorial career by a very interesting account of an interview with the captain of a slave, then confined in the Tombs. The article was copied and commented upon by the *Tribune* and other papers as conclusive evidence on the hitherto disputed point, whether the slave trade was directly carried on from the port of New York. The article should have a place in any faithful history of slavery and the slave-trade.

In 1858 Mr. Field visited Europe again, this time accompanied by his wife, who is a native of Paris, extending his former tour to Holland, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, and Northern Italy, which he described in a volume entitled, "Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice." A more important work was undertaken several years later. We refer to the "History of the Atlantic Telegraph," a subject in which he became interested through the efforts of his brother, Cyrus W., in originating and carrying out this great enterprise. This history was published in 1866, on the final success of the last expedition. Its author naturally felt a very keen solicitude for the success of this undertaking during the long, and, to human appearance, almost foolhardy struggle of his brother to this end, and he was well prepared to recite the grand and heroic story when at last the triumph was finally assured.

In 1867 Mr. Field made a third voyage to Europe, visiting the Great Exposition at Paris. He was also the delegate the same year to the Presbyterian General Assemblies of Scotland and Ireland. In the course of his several addresses he spoke of the common Presbyterianism of the two countries, and of the progress of Presbyterian Union in America.

As an editor, Dr. Field is a rapid and enduring worker, especially when under pressure; he is also, when he gives his attention to it, an admirable proof-reader—a trait held in the highest esteem among printers. Discriminating in the choice of words, and the master of a clear and direct style himself, he is disposed to exact it of others, at least as a standard.

On occasion he can give or take blows, good, plump ones, as the columns of his paper here and there, in the course of his long editorial career, bear evidence. But it is not his nature so to do. They are usually more defensive than aggressive. The *New York Evangelist*, of which he is now the sole proprietor, has grown to be a fine property, and a great power in the Presbyterian Church. It has quadrupled in patronage and value during the eighteen years of his connection with it.

HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWES, D.D., minister of All Souls Church, New York, and editor-in-chief of the *Liberal Christian*, was born in Boston, June 11, 1814. He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and received the degree of D.D. from that institution in 1854. He was ordained to the ministry in this city, January 2, 1839, and has remained in charge of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church ever since that time. In addition to his duties as minister, he started the *Christian Inquirer*—a religious newspaper devoted to Unitarian Christianity—in 1847, and for many years was its editor, and for fifteen years its constant correspondent. He also contributed many important and valuable articles to the *Christian Examiner* and *North American Review*, delivered a course of lectures on Social Science before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and has given a large number of addresses, lectures, and sermons on important public occasions. Perhaps the most striking and memorable of these were a discourse preached before the Alumni of Harvard Divinity School, entitled, "The Suspense of Faith," and an address given in this city in defense of amusements generally, and the theater in particular, entitled, "The Drama." In 1858, at the earnest request of

parishioners and others, he published a volume of sermons, setting forth the more important principles of Unitarianism, under the title of "Restatements of Christian Doctrines."

Dr. Bellows has always been profoundly interested in social problems, and in whatever pertains to public welfare and advancement, taking large and advanced views upon the great questions of our age, country, and civilization. By constitution, culture, and association a conservative, while he deprecated the existence of slavery as much as any one, he shrank from what he deemed the inevitable consequences of immediate emancipation. Immediately after the opening of the late war, he set at work to organize a commission which should assist the Government in providing for the health and comfort of the soldiers in the camp and on the field, and completely systematize the immense charity of the nation. Of the Sanitary Commission, which became so well and honorably known, he was the originator and animating soul, as well as the president, and during the four years of the war he gave himself up to the public service, traversing the entire country, and even visiting California to raise necessary funds. During this period, however, he still attended to his professional duties as minister of one of the most important parishes in the city; and at its close turned his attention to the denomination with which he had always been identified, and sought to bring its hitherto unorganized elements into practical relations and a working, effective fellowship. His efforts in this direction resulted in the New York Convention of April, 1865, which formed the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches. As a writer Dr. Bellows has a rich, almost florid style, abounding in beautiful imagery, yet always vigorous and grand. Some of his extemporaneous efforts are among the highest specimens of American oratory. In theology he belongs rather to the conservative than to the radical school.

Dr. Bellows has a powerful mental organization. His head is wide, prominent in the forehead, and high in the crown; hardly so prominent at the perceptive ridge as indicated in our engraving, yet sufficiently so to render him a careful observer. He should be distinguished for practical thought, direct and thorough investigation in whatsoever subjects he conceives an earnest interest, and for that active humanitarianism which exhibits itself more in deeds than in words. His language is largely developed, and did not his strong perceptions

furnish ample material as the subject-matter of discourse, his large Ideality and Sublimity, co-ordinating with his well-marked moral sentiments, could alone supply the fund of remark; only the feature of practical application, which is now his leading oratorical characteristic, would be lacking in a great measure.

He is of middle height, compactly built, and possessing a dark complexion, dark and scrutinizing eyes, and features of the conspicuous type which mark the motive temperament. He is a thorough worker, always aiming, whatever may be his undertakings, to secure the best and fullest results.

WILLIAM J. R. TAYLOR, D.D., the editor-in-chief of that well-known standard-bearer of the Reformed Dutch Church in America, the *Christian Intelligencer*, was born at Schodack, N. Y., in 1823. His father, also a clergyman of the Reformed Church, has been for many years one of its prominent leaders, and pastor of the old church on Jersey City, formerly Bergen, Heights, N. J. Early intended for the ministry, Dr. Taylor completed his academic training at Rutgers College, subsequently attended the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, where he was graduated in 1844, and shortly afterward entered upon the duties of a settled pastorate at New Durham, N. J. He was ordained in Hackensack, where his maternal grandfather had preached for thirty-five years. His success in the first field of his ministerial labors attracted considerable attention. Three times he assumed charge of different churches, severally in Jersey City, and his connection with them, especially the Second Dutch Church, Wayne Street, is well remembered. For two years he occupied a pulpit at Schenectady, N. Y.

In 1862 he was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, a position which he filled with eminent ability for six years, leaving it in 1868 to take charge of the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, of Newark, N. J., which had been organized but a short time previously. His relations as pastor to this church have been marked with eminent success, the growth and prosperity of the parish warranting the building of a new edifice recently, which cost upward of \$160,000.

While connected with the Bible Society, he was one of the editors of the *Record*, a monthly, published by the Society. He occupied the president's chair at the assembling of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in Albany,

in 1871, and was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Centennial Committee, which was raised that year to secure the Million Fund in commemoration of the close of the first century of the independent existence of the Reformed Dutch Church in America. The probabilities are that the fund has been made up already.

Dr. Taylor assumed the functions of chief editor of the *Christian Intelligencer* on the 1st of January, 1872. Previous to that time he had been a frequent contributor to its columns; and since his official connection the paper has improved in its circulation and general character.

Dr. Taylor impresses one at the first introduction with the idea of calm reflection. His face, by no means adequately represented in the engraving, is full, symmetrical in feature, and mild and gentle in expression, but readily flashes into life and mobility when he speaks. His hair and eyes are dark-brown, and his temperament is of the mental-vital type, the mental element at present predominating. A man of small but graceful frame, not weighing over 140 pounds, he has brain enough to require the support of a body of much greater physical vigor. However, he has an excellent balance of faculty, and enough prudence, therefore, to guard against excessive draughts on his strength. He has no small degree of mental magnetism; is quick in movement and sharp in discernment. The form of the head generally warrants us in saying that he is the kind of minister to win people, or, rather, to "draw." He is not flashy or sensational in style—quite the contrary; but he is graceful, rhetorical, and instructive in discourse, at the same time exhibiting a wealth of social good-nature, cheerfulness, and sympathy.

ISAAC THOMAS HECKER, editor-in-chief of the *Catholic World*, was born in the city of New York, December, 1819. He received his early education in this city, and entered into business with his brothers in the well-known milling and baking establishment of Hecker Brothers. He passed the summer of 1843 with the Association for Agriculture and Education at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass., one of the outgrowths of the Fourier agitation in this country, and subsequently spent some time in a similar institution in Worcester Co., Mass. He returned to New York in 1845, and became converted to, and received into, the Roman Catholic Church. Soon after taking this step,

he determined on entering the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; and after making his novitiate at St. Trond, in Belgium, was admitted to the order in 1847. On the completion of his ecclesiastical studies he was sent by his superiors to England, and in 1849 was ordained priest by the late Cardinal Wiseman. He passed two years in England, engaged in missionary work. In 1851 he returned to New York, in company with several members of his order, and for the next seven years was constantly employed in missionary labors in various parts of the United States. In 1857, having visited Rome, Father Hecker, with some of his colleagues, were released by the Pope from their connection with the Redemptorist Fathers, and in 1858 he founded with his companions a new missionary society under the name of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, whose church and monastery are at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. Father Hecker is the author of "Questions of the Soul," published in 1855, and "Aspirations of Nature" (1857). While in Rome he published two papers on Catholicity in the United States, which were translated into several languages, and extensively read in Europe and America. About eight years ago, he started in this city the *Catholic World*, a monthly magazine of superior literary ability, devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

The portrait of Father Hecker represents him as he appeared about two years ago. He is a gentleman of easy and agreeable manner, but at the same time evincing a methodical and business-like discernment. His temperament contributes to ardor and enthusiasm, so that whatever he entertains or projects is earnestly considered, and, if put into execution, is very thoroughly carried out.

REV. DANIEL CURRY, D.D., of the *Christian Advocate*, was born in Peekskill, New York, November 26th, 1809. He is of an unusually vigorous and long-lived family, three of his ancestors upon the paternal side living an average of more than ninety years. In 1832, having resolved to enter the ministry, he commenced his preparatory college course at White Plains, N. Y., and in 1834 entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. He graduated in 1837, and was in the same year elected principal of the Troy Conference Academy, where he remained until 1841. He then removed to Georgia, where he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and

was placed successively in charge of congregations at Athens, Savannah, and Columbus. In 1844, when the difficulties between Northern and Southern States arose on the subject of slavery, and which resulted in a division of the Methodist Church, he returned North and entered the New York Conference; and after being stationed in New York City, Brooklyn, Hartford, and New Haven, he officiated for three years as President of the Asbury University, at Green Castle, Indiana. In 1857 he returned east, and became engaged again in pastoral work in New York, Brooklyn, and Middletown. In 1864 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Methodist Church, and four years later he was re-elected to the same position. This paper is established and maintained as a part of the Methodist Book Concern property, and has an extensive circulation of about 38,000. Dr. Curry was for over twenty years a regular contributor to the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and has contributed largely also to various other magazines. Among his publications are a "Life of Wycliff" and "Metropolitan City of America." He has also published an edition of Southey's "Life of Wesley," with notes. These works have received a warm welcome from the reading public at large.

The portrait of Dr. Curry impresses one with the notion of an earnest, hard-working man. Apparently, he does not appreciate the comforts and "good things" of life enough to seek their solace and recuperative influences with sufficient frequency. He is a careful, circumspect, previsionary man; having assumed responsibilities, they do not weigh lightly upon his head. He is more thorough-going and prudent than he is hopeful; more practical and methodical than sprightly or buoyant. He is not one of your gushing, variable, procrastinating men, but generally prompt and brief in manner and performance.

JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D., editor of the *Church and State*, was born at Andover, Mass., August 4th, 1826. He is descended from the old Puritan stock of New England. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1847, and next pursued theological studies in the Episcopal College at Gambier, Ohio, for nearly three years. In 1849 he accepted a call to St. John's Church, Bangor, Maine, where he remained three years. Afterward he became assistant minister on the Greene foundation, an endowment of Trinity Church, Boston, a position

which he held for nearly eight years. He was then offered the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension in New York City, which he accepted, and now holds. The position he here occupies is one of influence and responsibility. Connected with the church are mission and industrial schools, one of which is located at the Five Points, and is attended by upward of one thousand poor children. Dr. Smith is an able writer, with a refined literary taste and a somewhat forcible style of oratory. The organ of which he is the principal editor was started a few years since as the representative of the liberal or Evangelical branch in American Episcopacy.

This eminent and rising divine has a light complexion with brown hair, and an organization generally suggestive of quickness and sprightliness. His head is strikingly high and expansive in the forehead, and also quite largely developed in the region of the crown. The sentiments and superior parts of his nature are all-controlling. The breadth of his head indicates a strong appreciation of the ideal, the imaginative. They impart a tendency to enliven his discourses with much of the emotional and thrilling. Self-Esteem is not deficient, yet he is open, free, and versatile. He lives mainly in a mental atmosphere, and when the physical man is not in first-class condition, he is very apt to consume the vitality furnished by the nourishing organs more rapidly than it can be supplied. This is a strongly nervous temperament—a nature which is active, energetic, go-ahead generally.

REV. DR. ALFRED S. PATTON, of the *Baptist Union*, was born in Suffolk, England; was brought to this country when a child, and was educated at Columbia College, D. C., and Madison University, N. Y. He received his master's degree from the former, and his doctorate from the latter. After graduating, he spent some months in Europe. He was first settled as pastor in Westchester, Penn., afterward in Haddonfield, N. J., then served for five years the First Church of Hoboken, N. J. In 1859 he removed to Massachusetts, and while pastor at Watertown, acted also in the capacity of chaplain to the State Senate for the sessions of 1862 and 1863.

In 1864 he accepted a call from the old Broad Street Baptist Church, Utica, and at once entered upon the undertaking to build a new church up-town. In this enterprise he was very successful; a fine edifice, in a desirable

locality, was erected, which is at once attractive and commodious, and, we believe, quite free from debt. There has been a steady increase in membership, both of church and congregation, and a corresponding development of its powers of usefulness.

Dr. Patton is regarded a ready speaker and good preacher; his sermons evince much scholarship and careful study, while their themes are usually suited to the times, and conveying sound counsel and spiritual suggestion. He is a gentleman of sound, practical judgment and excellent social qualities.

While active in the pastorate, Dr. Patton has been industrious with the pen. The following are some of the works he has published: "Kincaid, the Hero Missionary;" "The Losing and Taking of Mansoul, or, Lectures on the Holy War;" "Light in the Valley;" "Live for Jesus;" "My Joy and my Crown;" with several smaller volumes published by the American Tract Society and the American Baptist Publication Society. Two articles in the *Christian Review*, on "The Influence of Physical Debility on Religious Experience," "Dreams—their Nature and Uses," are noteworthy here, as also one in the *Boston Review*, on "Liberal Religion," and another in the *Congregational Review*, on "The Temptation."

Dr. Patton is now in the prime of efficient manhood, and full of work and usefulness in a cause he loves, and for the upbuilding of which he hopes to devote the time yet remaining, ere the Master's voice shall summon him from labor unto rest. In his connection with the *Baptist Union* as its editor, he has developed a spirit and awakened an influence which are profitable to the entire religious press of New York, a spirit of Christian sympathy and fraternity, and an influence tending to strengthen those bonds of co-operation which subsist among all true Christians.

Dr. Patton is a well-made, highly organized, sprightly, and wide-awake man. He is not heavily built or tall, but compact and trim. In fact, he has so much of the nervous temperament that he needs but little pressure or external stimulation to arouse his powers. Under a pressure of duties long continued, he might break down, but, as a general rule, he appreciates his constitutional needs, and has prudence enough to avoid excessive strains. His features are symmetrical and his head well proportioned, and not over large for the size of the body. He is a courteous, affable man; makes friends easily and keeps them. He has a strong sense of personal reputation, and is

earnest in his aims to secure the good opinion of others as one of the better rewards of merit. He is not the sort of man to be long without a

place or a parish; should circumstances release him from one connection, there are openings offered, of which he has but to choose.

HOW SORROW AND SIN EDUCATE.

BY AMELIE V. PETIT.

DOWN in the minds of men, even when the thoughts do not find utterance, the queries, Why is this care and trouble sent me? Why must I bear this cross? Why does this misfortune befall me? are constantly welling, while often the whole mind and nature that thus questions rebels violently against the discipline given.

Most rare are the individuals who bear their crosses without outcry or complaint, who study their own natures, realize their own needs, and acknowledge to themselves their own defects and sins. They may be quite prone to find reasons for the misfortunes of others. That man's sons have gone wrong because they were not restrained in the beginning of the downward course. This woman's daughter lies ill and dying because the mother's vanity dressed her too slightly for some party display; and thus they will apportion to the follies and sins of a neighborhood the accompanying reward quite correctly. But when the pain comes home, and the unwelcome payment is made to themselves, they cry out, "Why has this come hither?"

Mankind is naturally so loth to acquire self-knowledge, that only the various ills and calamities of life can induce people to take lessons in the disagreeable science. Any knowledge that is so completely at variance with self-love can but be distasteful to the best of us. It is less troublesome to sit in querulous judgment upon our neighbors' weakness and wrong-doing than to muse in silent judgment upon our own, in spirit crying "peccavi," when we find that had ours been their temptation, ours also had been their sin.

Very little of our pain, grief, and trouble but arises from the violation of some natural law, upon our part, or the part of our ancestors. Through all the stormy ages of the past, by their bloodshed, slavery, and oppression, by their struggles and agonies and

deaths, one lesson is always taught, that "the soul that sinneth it shall die."

The charity "that suffereth long and is kind," is learned mainly by a knowledge of our own proneness to evil. The forgiveness that stoppeth not at "seventy times seven," knows and remembers its own weakness of will and the power of temptation. And meekness and long suffering and forbearance are all learned by a faithful study of self and human nature.

And we are not only morally but mentally improved by cares, sickness, and perplexing labor. How much more thought and ingenuity do people exercise who can scarcely make their income meet their expenses than do those who have never felt want of money for anything. The rich man can improve himself in his library and the lecture-room. The poor man sharpens his mind by studying economy and ways and means.

How many good resolutions are made while the weary though tranquil days of convalescence are passing. And frequently a taste for reading is formed or revived that thoroughly transforms the invalid, and carries its influence through the whole after-life.

Pain teaches charity, sympathy, and patience. Money losses teach prudence and forethought. Loss of friends by death reminds us that we, too, are mortal, and must daily add to our preparations for the event. And so, all that is grievous as well as all that is pleasant in our lives work together for our improvement, if we will but be teachable and patiently learn the lessons daily given. It is not essential to go long journeys, at much expense, to acquire useful knowledge; the most important and necessary wisdom, self-knowledge, may be learned anywhere. It needs only constant examination of motives and thoughts, and the results of the actions springing from them, and thus having learned

one's own faults, defects, and needs, there will arise means to remedy and improve.

It is an erroneous opinion that teachers and schools are indispensable, for we may be really uneducated though literally crammed with facts. The best, highest education is

that which gives us the most thoughtful appreciation of others' wisdom, the deepest sympathy with and love of nature, the most thorough knowledge of the extent and power of our own capacity, and the most loving reverence for the Great Teacher.

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.*

FOUR DREAMS AND A FOOT-NOTE.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

IN the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for February, 1878, I find a communication from Mr. J. E. Hendricks, of Des Moines, Iowa, explaining the scientific aspect of certain obscure phenomena in psychology upon the theory of brain-waves, transmitted by means of an excessively rare and elastic medium or ether which fills and pervades all material bodies, occupying the intervals between their molecules.

It is not my intention to controvert the positions taken by Mr. Hendricks, nor to offer a scientific substitute for the brain-wave hypothesis. The existence of the ether is, of course, an assumption for the purpose of accounting for the facts; but, in a general way, it is conceded that all impressions transmitted by the nervous system are wave-impressions—in a word, that the wave-motion is the scientific basis of sensation. It is possible, also, that observation may demonstrate it to be the scientific basis of unconscious cerebration, and that further inquiry into the nature of nerve-aura may finally develop the clue to those seemingly intuitive impressions, which, as it were, constitute a kind of twilight and dreamland of psychology, somewhat in the same manner as molecular physics, to which Huxley is disposed to refer all phenomena inexplicable by ordinary laws of matter, constitute a kind of twilight of the purely physical sciences.

What I propose in this paper is to contribute a few facts of personal experience to the literature of the subject, and to draw a general conclusion afterward. I venture upon

this method of determination because the subject is one to be settled, not by experiment, but by experience, and because I hope in doing so to lead others to lay bare similar trains of obscure psychological phenomena, thus getting together a museum of attested facts bearing upon dream-life, unconscious cerebration, somnambulism, and the like, large and varied enough to admit of scientific analysis and valuable conclusions.

I begin, therefore, by averring that the facts I am about to recount are strictly true, and thoroughly matters of personal experience.

When I was a boy of eight years old, my brother Gardner was engaged in business at a village known as Hydeville, in Stafford, Connecticut, and, among other acquaintances of his, I had often heard him mention a gentleman named Durfy. Of Mr. Durfy I knew nothing. I had never seen him, had never heard it stated whether he was dark or light, and could not in my sober senses have formed the least idea of the man, or of his habits and circumstances in life. One night, in the latter part of winter, I dreamed that Gardner and I happened to be out in the yard or plaza north of the house and facing the road. It was just after breakfast, say a few minutes before eight o'clock, of a bleak February morning. A gentleman drove past in a sleigh. He had sandy hair, was muffled to the eyes almost, wore a fur cap, and had nobody in the vehicle with him.

"Who's that?" I asked, with the curiosity of a country boy.

"Durfy," answered Gardner; who, let me

add, was merely at home on a vacation of two or three days.

The dream did not at all impress me; indeed, before the breakfast was over I had quite forgotten it. After breakfast, the oxen were yoked and tackled to the sled for an excursion to the woods, to haul some timber to the saw-mill. Through the accident of a sled-stroke being mislaid, Gardner and I passed round the house into the north yard facing the road. I had not even thought of my dream up to that moment, when a jingle of bells announced the presence of horse and sleigh toiling up the hill. Presently the head of a horse protruded past the jutting corner of the wall. Then, before interval enough had elapsed for me to account for the flash through my mind that I had previously seen that same head coming past that corner, and to identify it, the sleigh and man of my dream, exact in every detail of horse, harness, vehicle, man, and costume, emerged from behind the curtain of the wall, and crawled past the house.

Gardner nodded, and the gentleman nodded in return, but did not stop to talk.

"Who's that?" I questioned, almost tremblingly, scarcely daring to hear the answer, yet knowing beforehand what it would be.

"Durfy," replied Gardner, in the matter-of-fact way of elder brothers.

One circumstance I will add that curiously complicates the problem of this coincidence. In my dream of the night before, I had stepped into the house after Durfy passed, and had noticed that it was exactly eight o'clock by the old-fashioned wooden clock standing in the east room. Full of a strange fancy, I made an excuse that I wanted a glass of water before starting for the woods, and went in and looked at the clock. It was exactly eight o'clock.

I have had many dreams of this kind—twenty, I should say, in the course of thirty remembered years—but few that I recollect minutely. Leaving out the dimly remembered ones as too vague in determining circumstances to contribute anything valuable to the analysis of the subject, I shall only instance three or four more, the circumstances of which I can recall distinctly enough to give them with the certainty and minuteness of scientific data.

In the year 1858, while a resident of the little village of New Germantown, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, I was well acquainted with a young man named Lake, who lived at German Valley, a small hamlet a couple of leagues north. I had never been there, and knew nothing of the road thither. One afternoon in August, Mr. Lake paid me a friendly visit, and, after dining with me, returned home. That night I dreamed that, while sauntering along the road to German Valley, I came suddenly at a turn of the road upon a peculiarly beautiful vista, the artistic elements of which impressed themselves vividly on my memory, as dream-vistas sometimes will. Of course, I thought no more of it, except as an addition to my stock of the beautiful, and something I would like to embalm in color if I could; and as Mr. Lake and myself started for Hartwick Seminary, Otsego County, New York, a few days after, I never returned the visit. Two years later, while on a visit to New Germantown, business called me in the direction of German Valley, and, at a turn of the road, I came full upon the scene of my dream. Not an element of tree, rock, farm-house embowered in greenery, grouping, or point of the compass, was lacking. From that point to German Valley, perhaps a mile further on, I recalled every landmark, and threaded the way as familiarly as though I had traveled it every day of my life.

In both these instances a solution is possible upon the brain-wave hypothesis. In the first, my brother knew Durfy and his belongings of horse and sleigh, but could not possibly have known that he would pass the house on his way to Wilbraham at exactly eight o'clock in the morning. In the second, Mr. Lake was probably impressed with the scene I saw in my dream on his way home. It could not have been after sunset when he turned that particular corner or curve of the road, and came suddenly upon the vista that I threaded in dream-life a few hours afterward. The brain-wave theory accounts, therefore, for all the phenomena incident to the two cases, except the single coincidence of the hour and minute in Durfy's passing the house.

The third instance of prevision in dream, which I propose to add to my personal con-

tribution of facts and data, is both more complicated and more important.

In August, 1864, I came to New York, a stranger in a strange city, moved by one of those boyish impulses which are the determining agents of so many destinies. I had been in this city before, having passed through it *in transitu* twice or thrice in the course of my driftings to and fro after the jack-o'-lantern of my fate; but I was wholly unacquainted with it. To that date I had always been a student, and had known more of the dim, almost dream-cities of Germany—its antique university centers—than of busy, buzzing, modern New York. I had been here for some days, had exhausted every dollar of my slender resources, and had not a single friend in the city. One sultry evening I sauntered up Broadway in the direction of my little room in Bleecker Street, the rent of which had happily been paid in advance, having eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, but muttering scraps of rhyme as I went. I remember that sunset loitered as though it had been but yesterday. The first gnawings of hunger had worn off; I was faint, weak, and strangely flighty in my head, but less uncomfortable than twenty-four hours previous, in that settled exhaustion had succeeded the stage of acute craving for something to eat. I knew the end was at hand, and had some dim intention of hastening it in some way; consequently, destroyed every paper, letter, or card, that could possibly tell who I was or whence I came. Having done so, I wrote until long after midnight, toiling away at a poem ("A Ballad of Broadway," I afterward entitled it) which had been running in my head all the afternoon.

But I went to bed at last, and drifted to sleep, conning dribblets of rhythm by the way, and keeping up a kind of semi-delirious drone of verses, until I finally lost all consciousness.

I had a strange and single flash of dream—one only, with the exception of which I slept on as one dead until noon the next day. In my dream I seemed to walk down Broadway, cross City Hall Square, and stop in front of a door with No. 19 over it in gilt numerals. I enter, and thread dusky flights of stairs for four stories, pausing at last before a door labeled "Editorial Rooms," in dingy gilt

letters on a black ground. Opening the door, I find myself in the midst of a knot of gentlemen. I pass through the room and tap on the door of an interior room with the knob of my walking-stick. The door opens, and I am face to face with a tall, sad-faced gentleman, of quiet but very kindly ways, who asks me to come in. After five minutes of conversation, consumed in questions on his part and answers on mine, the sad-faced gentleman takes me to another room and introduces me to a corpulent, falcon-faced gentleman, whom he styles the city editor, and who, in his turn, presents me to one of the knot in the outer room, with instructions to explain my duties. Down stairs I thread my way again, and as I pass I glance at the City Hall clock, and notice that it is ten minutes past three. I am sound asleep again; the whole matter has passed like a flash.

Now, so curiously perverse is human destiny, that, when I started down-town in the afternoon—it must have been two o'clock when I got up—it did not occur to me to follow out the details of the dream. I sauntered down Broadway, as I had often done before, quite unthinking, yet with my mind curiously at rest, and turned to cross City Hall Square. The act of turning was wholly instinctive. Pausing in front of the Hall of Records, I crossed the street somewhat diagonally, and did not even recall the dream of the night before until I was face to face with the door of No. 19, when the whole scene flashed upon me with a perfect terror of recognition. I entered, went up-stairs, recognizing every landmark and turn, and, at the remembered landing, stopped in front of the very door labeled "Editorial Rooms," as I had stopped in my dream. There were the dingy letters on a black ground; the position of the door, its color, dimensions, and disposition into panels were the same. I opened it and entered, finding myself in the midst of the same group, recognizing them as distinctly as though I had known them all for years. Crossing the room, I knocked at the inner door—one of three—with the knob of my walking-stick. The door opened, and there stood the tall, sad-faced man; it was the late Isaac C. Pray. I was then presented to the city editor, who occupied the room adjoining—the corpulent, falcon-faced gen-

tleman of my dream—Mr. John Armstrong. I should have known either of these gentlemen, as the man I had dreamed about, had I met him in the street before entering the building. There was no more vagueness or doubt about the recognition than there would have been had Mr. Pray or Mr. Armstrong been my own father, instead of the perfect stranger he actually was. I was then presented to the other gentlemen. But there was not one of the six gentlemen whom I then and there saw for the first time in my life, that I should not have known had I encountered him on Broadway.

It is a curious fact, too, that I was not at all astonished or impressed with the coincidences, but took them rather instinctively, and as matters of course, than as events partaking of the extraordinary; and when I emerged from the building, with instructions to report at the *Maison Dorée*, Union Square, at seven o'clock that afternoon, I did not look at the clock with any intention of verifying my dream to the last circumstance, as would naturally be expected, but merely to ascertain how long I had to rest, for I was weary beyond words, before reporting for further orders. Nevertheless, it was exactly ten minutes past three.

I will state one more case only, and one of no great importance in comparison with the preceding. In October, 1872, I was one of the editors of the *Home Journal*. One night, in a flash of dream, the senior editor called me to his desk for consultation upon a trifling question. As I dreamed it, it was a quarter after two by the clock, just over my left shoulder, as I stood talking with him. The next day, at that hour and minute, the consultation actually occurred—the editor opening the conversation, and the dream of the night before being carried out, even down to the minutest detail. Indeed, the dream had not even occurred to me from the hour I sat down at my desk, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, until it was thus abruptly recalled, with the preambulatory remark: "Fairfield, I'd like to talk with you a minute,"—the exact words with which the conversation, as I dreamed it, had been begun.

The main difficulty that bars the way in attempting to refer these dream-impressions

to brain-waves, lies in the coincidence of the hour and minute that accompanies three of them. The third, detailed at most length, is, however, subject to other difficulties. First, I was not aware of the fact that a daily paper styled the *News* existed at No. 19 City Hall Square; secondly, I had never seen a single one of the gentlemen represented in the dream and its subsequent realization, nor had I ever heard the name of either; thirdly, I had never, in my saunterings about the city, even noticed the building No. 19 City Hall Square, which was my place of business for many months afterward; fourthly, I did not know enough of the city to have instinctively calculated that that number of any thoroughfare must be situated at or near that point. I was half familiar with Park Row, knew the situation, but not the number, of the *Tribune* office, and of the *Times*, *World*, *Herald*, and *Sun*, and had explored Broadway from Trinity to Union Square. Again, so far as the matter of brain-communication is concerned, it must be remembered that all of the six gentlemen alluded to were probably sound asleep when my dream occurred. One link only—that a very remote one—connected Mr. Pray and myself psychologically. He had been an intimate friend of a relative whom I had never met, but who was a cousin of my father, and once well known as a poet and *belles-lettres* essayist. But this relative had been dead many years, and can not, therefore, be quoted except as an exceedingly attenuated and unsatisfactory psychological hair drawing together two men wholly unknown to each other. How was it, then, that a dream, in which Isaac C. Pray was singled out from the million of human beings peopling this vast city, should have rescued me from imminent starvation? How, upon the brain-wave hypothesis, is it possible to account for the long series of coincidences, ending with that of ten minutes after three by the City Hall clock? And yet I have no doubt that nearly every person who reads this narrative will be able to compare its facts with many similar experiences of his own, some of them explicable upon the hypothesis of Mr. Hendricks, but others beyond the grasp of molecular forces as now understood, and involving speculations far more occult and mystic than those associated with

the material sciences. Of waking prevision I will instance no examples at present, though I could detail as many more personal experiences, in which, with a flash of consciousness breaking the general succession of ideas incident to every-day duties, I have seen this or that as an event occurring, with perfect minuteness of circumstantial surroundings, to witness its occurrence days, weeks, or months afterward, and in perfect copy of the prevision.

I will, however, state two or three peculiarities that have always accompanied these flashes of consciousness.

First, whether awake or asleep, they are invariably instantaneous, breaking in upon the brain with a sudden and lurid sight of something going on, events and accessories being photographed upon the recollection with one swift impression.

Secondly, in all instances thus far, they have differed from ordinary dream-life in one important respect. I seem, apart from myself, to see myself doing this or that as a second person; whereas, in the phenomenon of dreaming, as it generally occurs with me, there is no double consciousness. To be exact in the distinction, in ordinary dreaming, as in ordinary life, I am conscious of myself as taking part in this or that transaction, as being pursued by ghouls, or taking a walk down Broadway, and meeting an Egyptian pyramid at some particular corner; while, in these rare and previsionary dreams, I, as the first person, see myself doing a given act—the doer as a kind of double of mine.

Thirdly, the element of extension is invariably absent—that is, I am unconscious of any succession of hours and minutes, images that would ordinarily follow one another in transaction, grouping themselves into one instantaneous impression, which photographs its action, scenery, and faces upon the negative of memory, with all the minuteness of a dramatic *mise en scene*, and somewhat in the same manner.

Now, generalizing from these data, for the accuracy of which I put my veracity in pawn, and rejecting the inadequate hypothesis of brain-waves, I am going to propose a kind of provisional solution of the problem. Brain-waves and unconscious cerebration seem to me to apply only to special series of psycho-

logical phenomena. The former hypothesis very clearly accounts for my impression that a friend is near by just before I meet him. A phenomenon frequent in conversation may be explained by it. It is this—usually indicated by, “What did you say?”—that a person with whom one is conversing has really said something, when in point of fact he has only intended to say something. Unconscious cerebration, again, explains the phenomenon of somnambulism; or the kindred phenomenon of a person, stunned by a fall or by sudden and terrible tidings, going home and going to bed, and never knowing it till hours afterward; or the doing of any habitual action during temporary suspension of consciousness.

I will here instance a case in which the brain-wave hypothesis seems to me to apply. In the spring of 1867, having been sent on a newspaper mission to Connecticut, I took the occasion to visit my friends at the homestead in Stafford. I had left in occupancy of my rooms in New York a young man in whom I took peculiar interest—an example, indeed, of morbid psychological anatomy, with a predisposition to submit himself to the coroner as a body. At a quarter before seven by the clock in the east room of the old house, as I was pacing to and fro, I was smitten with a sudden spasm of numbness, as if my nervous system had been stricken senseless with a quick, stunning blow. The sensation, or suspension, rather, was succeeded by a sudden flash of vision. I saw my young friend with a vial of laudanum in his hand, in the act of putting it to his mouth. So possessing was the vision, so real, that I shouted, “Stop!” before the absurdity of doing so occurred to me. Mere fancy, you will say, conjured by worry; but the fact is, that, as near as can be ascertained, the young man was, at the instant specified, in the act of putting a vial of laudanum to his mouth, and stated to me afterward that he was deterred from drinking the whole ounce by an almost uncontrollable impulse. “It was,” said he, graphically, “as if somebody I couldn’t see had taken hold of my hand and forcibly prevented me from drinking the laudanum; and somehow I didn’t dare to try it again after that.” Now, curiously enough, the premonition on my part that my morbid

young friend would kill himself before I got back, which had haunted me during the whole journey thus far, passed away with the shock, the vision, and the consequent shout; and though I was absent from town nearly three weeks longer, and did not once hear from him, I was not the least worried. Indeed, I seemed to know by a kind of instinct that the danger was passed, and would not again recur; whereas, up to that evening I had been oppressed as with a terrible specter. Here, then, seems to be an instance of emotional communication, which may be referred to brain-waves, or ethereal waves of molecular action; and I have no doubt that every human soul has on record in its secret notebook similar instances of nervous or emotional impression.

On the other hand, the series of intuitive psychological phenomena, examples of which form the body of this paper, seems to me to be conditioned, not on the sensations or on nervous impression, but on the principle of spontaneous activity, now so fully admitted by scientific psychologists, and so thoroughly and carefully elucidated by Professor Bain in his treatise on the subject. It is now conceded, in opposition to Locke, that the subjective energy termed mind or soul, call it molecular, or what you will, is to some extent self-liberative and self-conditioned, needing no impression of the senses to set it in motion; and, while constituting a substratum upon which the senses themselves are conditioned, having an activity of its own, which is quite extra-sensational. It is to this substratum, it seems to me, that psychologists must refer the class of phenomena, specimens of which I have adduced—for they are immediate, intuitional, and glimpses of the unconditioned, which haunt every human soul at rare intervals, and to some so sadly often as to form cognizable elements of everyday life.

If I am not exceeding reasonable limits, permit me to adduce a few random reasons for declining to refer this higher class of impressions to molecular activity, as understood by your correspondent. Firstly, so far as I have personally experienced both species—the one, I think, referable to the theory of the brain-waves, the other to spontaneous liberation of the mental energy—they differ

radically, both in process and in nature. In the higher class, the impression of the consciousness is immediate, and quite free from foregoing nervous perturbation; while in the lower class a nervous start invariably precedes. Again, though this consideration is scientifically valueless, in instances of the former, I am distinctly conscious that the flash of vision is generated from within, and bubbles up from subjective depths; while, in instances of the latter, the sense of something external, affecting the nerves first, through them the subjective consciousness, is invariably present. For example, in the case of my young friend, just quoted, the nervous shock appreciably preceded the enlightening. I felt first, then I knew. On the other hand, in the few previsionary experiences I have had, apart from the dreams described, and others like them, but too vaguely recollected to be put on the record, I have simply known, without preceding nervous or emotional perturbation. Or, to state the distinction in metaphysical terms, the latter are always self-referent; the former always referent to some objective cause.

I am convinced, in fact, that the two classes of impressions are as distinct as perception and intuition—as the sensational and spontaneous liberation of the mental energy. Admitting even that thinking is a mere molecular activity, as Huxley and Mr. Hendricks assume, this distinction is in no way invalidated—for the molecular energy within, termed mentality, is still demonstrably self-liberative, its spontaneity being not at all affected by the mutation of names. Indeed, it seems to have eluded the microscopy of the scientists that self-activity is a primary condition of organism, and a trait broadly distinguishing the organic from the inorganic; so that a man, by virtue of possessing mentality, is triply self-referent—that is, self-referent vitally and physically, self-referent sensorially and emotionally, and self-referent intellectually. Self-consciousness, therefore, “gossamer shirt of self,” as Huxley styles it, which no man can shuffle off, is conditioned upon the fact of being an organism. It begins with the vital fact, continues through the instincts and passions, and breaks into full reflective recognition in the act of thinking. It is potentially present in the lower pro-

cesses of organism, and consciously comprehended in the higher; and when John Stuart Mill refers it to the succession of ideas, he hunts for the scientific basis of the self-sense in the wrong direction.

Self-liberation—freedom—spontaneity—is, then, within certain limits, a primary element of consciousness, and essential to the conception of being. There is a potential without, but there is also a potential within; and the higher impressions I have dwelt upon seem to me to be revelations of the potential within—its God-flashes, if the term is permissible—its protests against complete identification with the life ephemeral—its flitting glimpses of the life eternal.

In asking you, my dear editor, to give this hasty transcript space in your JOURNAL, I am asking you, virtually, to permit your contributors—for I trust I shall call forth a series of similar transcripts—to unlock their own souls

and describe the few flashes of infinitude that may have happened to them. I have recounted the few examples which I remember distinctly enough to accompany with affidavits, if necessary; and, in adding to the stock, I hope others will be truthful with equal caution, carefully separating the facts from all vagaries of fantastic invention, and describing them with the painstaking sense of responsibility to truth which would accompany the sworn deposition of the same in a case of life and death.

If any say, "Your story is impossible," as many no doubt will, I am prepared to answer: "Impossible perhaps from your standpoint, but as strictly true as any of the experiences of human life or as any ascertained fact in physics;" and to this standard of truth I hope all who shall follow me will rigidly adhere, in whatsoever they contribute to the materials for investigation.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION ON CHARACTER.

WE all wield an influence, either for good or evil. The little infant, as we look upon its sweet countenance, so expressive of innocence and purity, impresses us with thoughts of goodness and refinement. We listen to a voice full of tenderness and sincerity, and our hearts will be moved toward that which is pure and noble. On the other hand, when we behold that face, every feature of which is an index to rage and passion, and hear nothing but evil expressions, our thoughts are at once diverted from that which is holy and God-like—for human nature is such that "like will produce like." Gentle words will touch the tender chords of the heart; while harsh ones produce nothing but bitter retorts.

Youth is the time when character is formed. How important, then, that our children should have for associates such persons, and such *only*, as we could wish them to be like when they grow up to be men and women. All children, if we may be allowed the expression, are *actors*. How quickly innocent lips will learn to pronounce improper and evil words, innocent minds to think evil, and innocent hands to do that which is wrong—at first merely imitating what they see in those around them—without the consciousness of going astray. Thus it is that bad habits are formed, and the young are

too often ruined for both time and eternity. If children had nothing but examples of good in those with whom they daily associate, parents would experience very little difficulty in rearing their offspring to walk in the pathway of rectitude. Have you ever thought of these things, dear parents? Have you ever thought how important it is to practice in your families and before the world that which you wish to teach your children?

In view of the foregoing facts, there is a great responsibility resting upon parents in the selection of teachers to whom they intrust the molding of the minds and characters of their children. The man who will fly into a rage, and jerk or cuff a child about in the school-room, is a disgrace to his profession, and should not be tolerated in any civilized community. I would think as much of taking a serpent into my bosom, as to make such a *tyrant* a pattern for my child. The former could do no more than poison the mortal body; the latter the immortal mind.

Christ is our true model. He loved little children, and "blessed" them. The person who loves little ones, and who is gentle, kind-hearted, and courteous at all times, as well as *educated*, is the one, and the only one, qualified to instruct the immortal mind. J. A.

ALL THE DAY LONG.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

ALL the day long I've been thinking of thee,
Thinking, and wishing, and saying :
"I wonder—I wonder if he loves me!"
And so I keep wishing and praying.

All the day long as the chiming of bells,
In sweetest melody ringing,
Is joy at my heart that something foretells,
So gaily and gladly 'tis singing.

All the day long, be it sunny or drear,
Hope sits beside me a-smiling ;
Hope, with her chaplet so green all the year,
Ev'ry sad moment beguiling.

All the day long I've been counting the hours,
Counting the hours that divide us,
Asking the breezes, and asking the flowers,
If distance alone doth divide us.

MEMORY—INTERESTING FACTS.

OF all our mental qualities, probably the importance of the study of none is more generally acknowledged than that of memory. Every one, without laying claim to the title of philosopher, studies this power of his mind as he does no other, and endeavors, practically, to apply the results to the experiences of daily life. By the exercise of memory we acquire knowledge that could be gained in no other way; by means of it we recall the experience of the past, and are enabled to trace out our course of action for the future. Without it, man would be a creature of the present only; there could be neither past nor future to him.

Of memory, philosophers distinguish two varieties—the casual and philosophic memories. The former grasps at isolated facts and miscellaneous knowledge; the latter seeks after principles, trusting to association for the suggestion of the facts. The casual memory characterizes the ready conversationalist, while the philosophic memory marks the thinker, who, though less pleasant in general discourse, and less able to summon up facts at his bidding, nevertheless sees the relationship of cause and effect or of premise and conclusion, and the latter is far the more valuable of the two. If the casual memory loses its grasp of information, as far as it is concerned, it is irretrievably lost, while in the same emergency the philosophic memory, by a logical process, can regain it.

Memory, like our other powers, develops in the using. In old age it loses its vigor in part, yet it is much to be doubted whether the loss is not occasioned more by want of exercise, or interest in the active affairs of life, rather than by the decay of the faculties which supplement memory. Where men keep alive to the great questions of humanity; where they mingle with the busy throng of fellow-mortals in active life, memory retains much of its wonted vigor. Many notable illustrations might be cited in support of this statement, but let that

of Lord Brougham suffice, who, after a busy political life, at the age of eighty-three sat down to write the record of its many events. It is a common mistake for business men to retire from active pursuits as soon as they have acquired a fortune. So far from prolonging their days by this, they, without doubt, in the majority of cases, shorten their lives and prematurely weaken the faculties upon which they are dependent for real enjoyment.

Association, either of time, place, or circumstances, is the great law of memory. Many curious facts are on record illustrating this truth. We read of an Irish porter who, on his way to deliver some goods, got drunk, and left them at the wrong place. When he became sober, he endeavored in vain to recall where he had delivered them, but all to no purpose, and they were given up as lost. Some time afterward, however, he again became intoxicated, and then recalled the incident, and could tell where he had left the missing property.

During sickness, and notably during fevers, the mind is especially active. But here, as in the experience of many who have thought themselves drowning, and whose whole lives have passed in review before them, the memory acts involuntarily, and seems to be no longer under the control of the law of association. It is under these circumstances that the great power of the mind in this direction is evinced. It seems extremely doubtful whether one absolutely forgets anything, even the slightest impressions; for when the mind is thus active, even words that have casually fallen upon the ear are recalled. A striking instance of this is recorded in the case of a serving girl, of no education, who, during a severe fever, quoted passages from Greek and Hebrew authors; and, upon investigation, it was ascertained that she had been in the employ of a minister, who was accustomed to quote from ancient writers in these languages, and the un-

meaning sounds had caught the girl's ear and been indelibly fixed in her memory.

An artificial memory, as it were, can be, and often is, cultivated in a remarkable degree. It is based upon arbitrary associations, not recognizing logical relationships, upon which depend the ordinary operations of memory. By means of it we call to mind facts between which there is no connection of cause and effect, and no governing principle. But by continually grouping these facts together, and associating them with certain objects, we may gain complete mastery over them, and acquire, easily, knowledge which otherwise would be almost unattainable. Dr. Dugald Stewart tells of a woman quite illiterate who was able to recall all the sermons preached by her pastor by associating the heads of each discourse with the panels in the roof of the church, so that by looking at them the sermon came to mind with the train of thought followed by the speaker. The tying of a string about the finger, the changing of a ring to remind us of a promise, are all so many illustrations of an artificial memory. When applied to methods of study, however, it is much to be questioned whether the good results that may flow from this system are not counterbalanced by the weakening effect it has upon the faculty itself. Left to itself, memory will find in almost everything some material principle according to which to group its knowledge and render it available; but if an artificial one is substituted, we are prone to rely entirely upon it, and thus lose the power of remembering without such aid.

The activity of memory is proportionate to our attention and interest. By fixing our attention upon the object of study, we are able at the first attempt to master what without attention we would be unable to memorize after a dozen trials. Fixed attention is the clue to successful study and the acquirement of information; and is a powerful argument in favor of the electric system in the higher departments of education. To acquire knowledge we must be able to trace some connection between the facts and the objects of study. The familiar story of the parson and the sailor, the former being able to repeat the Lord's Prayer only one way, while the latter could "box the compass" forward and backward, illustrates this point exactly.

The laws of memory bear directly upon the subject of education. We hear much about teaching children principles and not facts, in which there is a great deal of wisdom. But it can not apply to early instruction. Facts must be acquired before we discern the relationship that exists between them, as the nuclei about which to cluster our future acquisitions of knowledge; and the true aim of primary education ought to be to supply to the youthful mind these sources of thought. And although the facts of science, the problems of mathematics, or the tables of chronology may have little attraction for them, in after years, as the mind matures, they are not long in discerning the connection between them, and in employing them as media for intellectual advancement.

E. M. COLIER.

ELEANOR'S FAULT;

OR, "FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS."

WHAT! your task nearly finished, and yet, for some real or imaginary obstacle, you carelessly toss it aside! "It does not signify!" Then you had no right to commence it at all. Everything you do here should have some definite purpose. Suppose you have made a mistake; it is not irreparable. Go back to the very beginning, if necessary. Will your next task be faithfully performed, more easily accomplished, for your careless indifference in regard to this? No; fulfill the present duty to the utmost of your ability, and though another might have been able to accomplish the same thing more thoroughly, God does not ask it of you. To

the best of your own individual ability is all that He requires any duty done.

I remember when a child I had a lamentable habit of leaving nearly everything I undertook in a partially finished state. My mother saw this, and with all a mother's patience tried to help me to overcome the habit; but as her endeavors were without my earnest assistance, she, of course, failed.

At length, wearied with correcting me so often, and without the least apparent success, my mother resorted to means which proved effectual, and for which I shall ever bless her.

I had then, as now, great taste for fancy work, and was always anxious to copy every

pretty cushion, tidy, mat, or bit of embroidery which I saw and admired. My mother was ever ready to indulge me in this disposition, giving me the necessary materials, and only asking in return that I would complete what I attempted. This I seldom did. I would commence with great zeal, and really work at times perseveringly over the most difficult parts; then, perhaps, after the puzzle was solved, I became wearied and laid the work aside to finish sometime, after I had done something else. To correct this fault my mother sometimes denied me the means of purchasing the materials; but this touched only one point in my life, as this lack of application was traceable*in everything I did.

Mother ceased to speak to me upon the subject, and, as I thought at the time, had concluded to give up the task of reforming me; and I felt at liberty to do very much as I chose. For six months this state of affairs continued. At the end of that time, and on my thirteenth birthday, mother took me by the hand and led me to her room. I think I shall never forget her dear face as it appeared then—so grave, so firm.

"Eleanor," she said, with more sternness than she had ever before addressed me, "for six months I have, in some things, left you almost entirely to the dictates of your own will. You have read, worked, and practiced when you chose and in a manner to please yourself. I resolved to give you a trial for some length of time, and the result frightens me—I think it will astonish yourself. What, my child, will become of you if you go through life as you have done in these past few months. In the time mentioned you have laid aside unfinished *twenty* books; ten of them having been left with dog-eared leaves in the first half. Twelve pieces of music have been played over once or twice, and then rejected in turn for new ones."

"Oh, mother! I interrupted, you are very much displeased with me!"

"Yes, Eleanor, very much displeased; ask your own conscience if I am unjustly so. But I have not yet finished. Open that lower drawer in my bureau."

I did so, and, to my utter astonishment, I might say horror, it was half filled with unfinished work. Each piece bore a label with

the date when begun and laid aside. Some were nearly finished, others just commenced.

"Eleanor," my mother continued, "in that drawer are over *thirty* pieces of work which you have undertaken in half a year. The cost of materials is nearly as many dollars. Did you expect this all to go for naught? You know, my child," she added gently, "we are told that we may redeem the time."

"Only forgive me, dear mother," I begged, "and I will try to do better," being for the first time really appreciative of my great fault.

"The sin has not been against me, my child, but against Him who has said, 'Be thou faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.'

"You seem penitent now, but I shall require a severe proof that this sorrow is not vain. I make it a positive request that you begin not another book until those are all carefully read through; not another piece of music until those are thoroughly learned; and each and every article in that drawer must be finished before you can undertake the smallest piece of work beside. Nor must you neglect the least present duty to accomplish all this."

To realize all that was implied in such a penalty to one of my temperament would be impossible for any one who has not been through a similar ordeal. I knew my mother was in earnest, but I set about the task resolutely. Oh, the struggles with self, and the warfare with the old besetting sin that I experienced!

Often did I feel tempted to give up in despair. To finish so much seemed almost impossible at times. Yet I worked away, often soiling the delicate fabrics with the tears that would fall in spite of resolution. In just one year from the day my mother set the task, the last stitch was put into the last article; the music had been all learned, and the books read. But was this all? Oh, no, no! a never-to-be-forgotten lesson had been learned; the fault had been cured; permanently, I trust.

One little tear-stained cushion I have always kept. It is many years old now, but it is eloquent. It will always speak to me as long as I shall live—not only of the victory won over self, but of the dear parent who taught me that rich rewards only follow perseverance in well-doing.

E. C.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

INVOLUNTARY FACIAL EXPRESSION.

ONE needs to study acutely the facial muscles and their various movements before one can, with any success, simulate an emotion which is not felt. In the most ingenious of born and bred actors, we detect even then a certain air of falseness—where the most superlative genius does not exist—so fine is that instinctive, sympathetic chord in the human heart which causes like to recognize like. It needs the deceptive glitter of the foot-lights and all those aids of imagination which are supplied by stage scenery and stage costume to induce us to tolerate ordinary acting. The true explanation of the success of great actors is, that after studying facial expression, the tones of the voice, and the movements of the body, as a painter studies a model, they use this knowledge only as an accessory, and owe their triumphs to the fact that they really lose themselves for the time being in the characters which they represent, and have no identity of their own. If it is, then, so exceedingly difficult to deceive ourselves and others when both parties lend themselves to the deception, how much harder it is for the will to force those stubborn facial muscles to do one thing when the heart is telling them to do another! In nearly all cases the instinctive perception of the individual upon whom the deception is attempted to be played, tells him the truth, though he may be unwilling to recognize it. We call that mixed expression of countenance, where the true emotions of the heart struggle for expression with those opposite ones which the will is endeavoring to fix upon the face, *sinister*. "A man may smile and smile and be a villain;" but in all true hearts that strange, sinister smile of his awakens doubt, perplexity, and misgiving. It is not that our natural perceptions are at fault that we are so often misled by specious appearances, but that we pooh-pooh them, and snub them into silence. When we want to believe that a person means what he says or looks, we will not listen to our hearts, which

trouble us with misgivings. But afterward, when their prophecies are verified, we say, "Well, it did seem to me all the time as if he were not in earnest, but I did not want to think so badly of him."

The undue repression of any natural instinct dulls or deadens it, and is deteriorating either mentally or physically. No wonder our perception of physiognomical expression becomes obtuse after a time, seeing that we so systematically ignore the gift of face-reading which God has implanted in us. With children this instinct is seldom at fault, and the same holds good of all child-like adults of ripened but unspoiled characters.

Speaking of children in this connection, I recall an amusing instance of that childish acuteness of perception which baffles the art of the most accomplished hypocrite. The father and mother of the little boy of whom I speak, and who was then about five years old, had for some years been on bad terms with a certain maiden lady living in the neighborhood. The feud was at last, to all outward appearances, healed. The reconciliation appeared to be very cordial, and this little boy, with his elder brothers and sisters, was sent, one Sunday afternoon, to call on the lady above referred to. She made a great deal of the children, especially of him, as he was the youngest. The nurse came home delighted with her reception, and, together with the elder children, talked a great deal of the pleasant time that they had passed. This little boy, however, was silent; and at last his mother, drawing him toward her, said, "Well, and how did Georgie like Miss H——?"

"I don't like her at all, mamma!" was the decided answer.

"Why!" said his mother, reproachfully.

"No, indeed, I don't like her at all, mamma, because I know she doesn't love you and papa; and she said I was a nice boy, but I don't believe she thinks so."

"Why, Georgie, what put such ideas into your head?"

"Because, when she said nice things about you and papa, she did this,"—and he half shut his eyes in that peculiar manner unconsciously assumed by women when they are saying flattering things to or of some one whom they at heart dislike. "She did this, when she talked about you and papa; and she did it at me when she said I was a nice little boy."

About a month afterward, circumstances proved that the truce had been a sham one on the spinster's part.

This cat-like, half-closing of the eyes in women, is a pretty sure indication of feline falseness, where it is involuntary, and no near-sightedness exists.

To appreciate fully the correctness of our young friend's perception, you should watch a woman who is compelled from policy to do the agreeable to a person whom she dislikes. No matter how cordial and smiling she may be, that unconscious narrowing of the space between the eyelashes betrays her true feelings. In women who are habitually false it is much more perceptible.

I once went to look at some rooms that were to let by an unusually handsome woman, a stranger to me. She appeared to have the best disposition; but whenever she said anything unusually affable, she half closed her eyes in a peculiar manner, while attentively observing me. An instinctive uneasiness was excited in my mind by the action, but I put it away. After she got me safely into her web, she turned out to be one of the most terribly-tempered creatures I ever met with.

There is another way of contracting the eyelids which means distrust. It is seldom seen in children or young people. It comes with riper years and a knowledge of the world, which makes us instinctively assume the defensive when we begin to examine an object or person unknown to us.

Suspicion and severe or jealous inquiry often dart in a sharp glance from between momentarily half-closed eyelids. The confiding glance comes from between well-opened eyelids. Serenity and cheerfulness are indicated in the same way; but wit and mischief often lurk in half-hidden eyes. There are, however, many different ways of opening and closing the eyes in connection with facial expression.

The mouth often betrays when all the other features have been schooled into obedience to the will. I remember the peculiar expression of a lady who was anxious to be considered very sincere, but whose actions contradicted her assertions. She was naturally of a skeptical and contemptuous turn of mind, and the amiable expression into which she forced the rest of her face was strangely belied by a peculiar drawing down of the corners of the lower lip. This was still more strongly marked when she was listening to some recital of affecting events which she wished should appear to excite her sympathy.

How hard it is to draw down the corners of the mouth when an inward laugh is convulsing you! I have sometimes gone along the street, chuckling to myself over some mirth-provoking encounter, or some unusually good piece of news—supposing that I was all the time keeping a straight face—until I was undeceived by seeing the reflection of my smile on the countenances of those whom I encountered on my way. It is so hard to see a really happy face without unconsciously brightening up!

On the contrary, what is more ghastly than the set smile which simply draws the lips away from the teeth, and which many of us feel called upon to assume at times when our feelings are anything but cheerful, or when something is said at which we know we are expected to look pleased, though we do not feel so? This is the smile which involuntarily chills the recipient.

There is, perhaps, no stranger sight than that of Mirth struggling with Pain. Seeing it, we feel as if we must weep. I remember a dear little girl, naturally of an arch and merry temper, with an unusual sense of the comical, who for years had suffered from disease of the spine. Her face was a strange compound of expressions. The peevishness incident on continual pain was broken through by a strange look of mirth in the eyes. It was a face which was equally divided between the inclination to laugh and to cry. Even in the severest paroxysms of suffering, she could not hear a joke without bursting into a laugh; and then the poor little countenance, struggling between anguish and merriment, was one of the most pathetic sights that I ever beheld.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

MOUTHS WE MEET, AND THEIR MEANING.

EVERY feature has "a world" of expression and meaning; but how few those who give more than a passing notice to the analysis of faces, and so really appreciate the wide differences existing among those we meet in the expression of the eyes, mouth, nose, chin, etc.!

Let us consider mouths as we find them on the crowded street, for instance, and see how much character lies behind them, or, rather, has become crystallized in their fleshy substance.

How readily we draw the lines of distinction between persons, when, as in the case of our engravings above, we get their faces in contrasted profile. The coarseness of the sensualist is marked; so, too, the diseased loathsomeness of the depraved, from which

full, and semi-pouting lips of fig. 7 mark the warm and affectionate nature, besides the possession of a susceptible and esthetic organization.

On the subject of teeth all classes are agreed in possessing a good mouthful of regular, sound ivory-ries. A jagged, decayed mouthful of bad teeth spoils the looks of a face which in other respects

is symmetrical and even pretty. In such a mouth as fig. 10 what else could one expect but stumps, the relics of tobacco, whisky, brawls, and knock-downs—an ugly mug, indeed.

The mobility of the mouth is claimed by some to be adverse to the expression of true character; but as surely as the continual



Fig. 1—SENSUAL. Fig. 2—CULTURE AND PRIDE. Fig. 3—LOATHSOME.



Fig. 4—HOPEFUL AND JOYOUS.

Fig. 5—RESOLUTE.

Fig. 6—FORBIDDING.

Fig. 7—SUSCEPTIBLE.

we turn with disgust; while the clean outline and fine lips of the cultured and refined claim our interest and admiration.

Mouths which curve upward at the outer corners belong to those who are naturally cheerful, lively, and good-natured, who make the best of circumstances, be they good or ill, and contribute sunshine to their social walks. Straight mouths become those who are straightforward and consistent in conduct; they are usually known for prudence

dropping of water wears the stone, so the perpetual leaning or drawing of character molds the features. Figs. 11, 12, and 13 are readily discerned, the first as the mouth of the cold, indifferent, cynical, captious spirit; the second that of the cross, irritable, and shrewish; the third that of the simple, "gullible," and credulous.



Fig. 8—POOR TEETH.

Fig. 9—GOOD TEETH.

Fig. 10—A "ROUGH" MOUTH.

and circumspection, and their opinions are respected by acquaintance and friend. The mouth which turns down at the outer extremities evinces a downcast and melancholy tone of mind—the sort of man whose presence chills and repels; while the well-curved,

The owner of the mouthpiece fig. 14 may possess fair qualities of mind and culture, but is not remarkable for firmness or self-reliance. The strongest trait evinced is warmth of affection, ardor of attachment. Weakness and undevelopment mark the

drooping under lip and petty chin of fig. 15, while in the prominent, gaping lips and exposed teeth of fig. 16 we find unmistakable signs of vanity, airishness, and garrulity. The pettishness of temper exhibited by persons having this contour is well known; they are "hard to get along with."

There are some who maintain that "man without civilization is a brute," and certainly in fig. 17 there is the expression which in itself is sufficiently akin to an animal well-known in our domestic life to warrant the epithet brutish. Faces having more or less of this type of mouth are not so rare in general society that we do not meet them occasionally, and when met their squalor, sensuality, and stupidity disgust. The forbidding, morose, and coarse mouth next in order is scarcely less repulsive than that just

ness his mouth becomes! The beautiful enlargement of those labial muscles, which are depended upon in the absence of teeth to hold the pipe in position, commends itself to our contempt! How sweet his breath, and how aromatic his clothing! Wherever the old puffer goes he carries an atmosphere

pregnant with the fumes of his darling weed. And, lastly, the effects of snuff-taking upon those chief avenues to our interior economy appear in fig. 21. The

cramping, astringent influences of the pungent, poisonous dust are visible in that drawn-down nose, contracted lip, and protruding chin. With such a future in prospect for nose and mouth as these three contrasted engravings portray, what sensible person would "drink," or smoke, or chew?

In brief allusion to the whole series of



Fig. 11—CYNICAL.



Fig. 12—CROSS.



Fig. 13—SIMPLE.



Fig. 14—LOVING.



Fig. 15—FOOLISH.



Fig. 16—VAIN.



Fig. 17—PIGGISH.



Fig. 18—MOROSE.

alluded to. It suggests a life given up mainly to habits of appetite, especially drinking, which transgress the rules of temperance. Long years of tippling have molded fig. 19 into the bloated, formless appearance which it has. The miserable "hanger on" at the "rum mill" sees himself here as others see him; disorganized in mind, disorganized in

representations, we would add that they evidence the fact of the "mind's expression in the face;" where there is ignorance, or coarseness, or weakness, or vanity, or malignity, or sensuality, or intemperance, or any of these associated, there we can discern their impress on the features. The man of low, debased life is easily read by the experienced



Fig. 19—OLD BLOAT.



Fig. 20—OLD SMOKER.



Fig. 21—SNUFFY.

feature, diseased and tottering, the miserable wretch drinks on. What's appearance to him? he seldom looks into any glass but his gin or whisky glass.

Next we have the old smoker's mouth to contemplate. How well adapted to its busi-

ness his mouth becomes! The beautiful enlargement of those labial muscles, which are depended upon in the absence of teeth to hold the pipe in position, commends itself to our contempt! How sweet his breath, and how aromatic his clothing! Wherever the old puffer goes he carries an atmosphere

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY ELEN A. REXFORD.

ONE year ago I put upon my bosom
Some flowers, and wove them in among my hair,
Because it was my little boy's first birthday ;
My little one's, whose face I deemed so fair.

I bent above his cradle, when he slept, and kissed him,
And called him the pet names a mother knows ;
Since then, ah me ! how much my heart has missed him,
My boy ! my beautiful, my sweet, white rose !

I said, " In time to come, you'll grow to manhood,
A fair-faced youth, and I shall love you so ! "
And kissed him o'er and o'er, while he was dreaming,
My babe, my child, though mine no more, I know.

That was a year ago. To-day he keeps his birthday
Among the angels, for he grew so fair,
So pure of soul, that earth-love could not hold him ;
As fair to-day as any angel there !

My arms have not forgotten all their cunning,
Within their clasp my boy they fain would hold ;

And oh ! I long so much to kiss his cheeks' sweet dimples,
And thread my fingers through his locks of gold !

To-day I went and knelt beside his cradle,
Where I had kissed him one short year ago,
And tried to think his baby-head was lying
There on the dainty pillow, white as snow.

In vain ! in vain ! my mother-love could fancy
No sweet child-face where only shadows were ;
And though I clasped my arms, as if to fold him
Against my breast, I could not feel him stir.

Sweet child ! one year among the happy angels,
My child, though mine no more, in some glad day
I'll come to you, and mother-love will tell me
The boy who from my arms a baby went away.

Though you have grown to man's estate in heaven—
Do they grow old in heaven ? I do not know,
I know that I shall know you, oh, my darling !
Shall know and love you as one year ago.

DOES SORROW KILL ?

OR, SYLVIA'S SAD STORY.

SHE lay very silent—had lain so full an hour ; and I might have thought her asleep, for the white lids were prone over the mournful eyes, and the pale lips breathed no sigh, but the shadow on the attenuated face was such a one as precluded unconsciousness ; such a hopeless shadow that it recalled to me the forsaken, utterly desolate aspect of nature, the one time in my recollection when I had seen the sun totally eclipsed. }

I had not known until now, when I imagined I could hear the stealthy step of Death, and feel the chill of his freezing presence, how much I loved this friendless little creature, whose path had so lately crossed my own. But three months before I had returned home from a trip North, and found her filling a servant's place in my mother's household. I will premise that I had been very much taken up with psychological and physiological studies that summer ; that I had visited the famed collection of busts and portraits in New York City ; that I had brought home a collection of phrenological works, with the design of pursuing my investigations in that direction. I felt in-

stinctively and spontaneously on entering the kitchen, that I had stumbled on a *new* specimen—a face that was, indeed, a study, a character that would be interesting to read. The new house-maid was busily engaged washing dishes, and as she turned saw me, and politely returned my greetings. I perceived a singular incongruity in her face and form ; the face was that of a woman—a woman who had suffered ; the form was that of a girl fifteen years old. The shape of her head was perfect. I compared it mentally with a bust I had seen of a celebrated authoress ; the region of intellect was peculiarly full, and in the deep blue eyes there burned a steady light. Her corn-silk hair, the finest, silkiest I ever saw, floated in thin flaxen curls about her face, which was transparently white, and the tiny hands, dipped relentlessly into the hot, soapy water, looked like the hands of the dead when she took them out and dried them, so wan, so thin they were slender as a reed, a child's figure, a child's wistful, deprecating look in the blue eyes, yet with a woman's *heart* history written all over her expressive face.

"Mamma, who is she?—where did you find her?"—was my eager query. "She came to me herself, home-hunting," said mamma; "she didn't have any recommendation, and didn't seem disposed to tell anything about herself, had no baggage, not even a carpet-sack; but I needed a girl, and somehow I pitied the poor little thing that looked ready to faint, and took her on trial for a week. She's been here three weeks now, and I like her first-rate. She never complains at anything, and never seems to be tired!"

"Why, mamma, she looks tired to me all the time!"

"Well, she don't *say* she's tired."

As part of the business of the house-maid was to put my room to rights, I soon had an opportunity of following up my observations more closely. I placed my little blue and gilt copy of Tennyson on the center-table in my room next morning, arranged some exquisite chromo cards around a basket of flowers, and lay down on a lounge to watch the effect on "Sylvia's" face when she came in to dust the furniture. She went round with her dust-cloth, rubbing the chairs and bed-posts, till after awhile she came to the table. Then the listless face lighted up; she stooped and kissed the flowers, took up a picture eagerly, then put it down quickly, and went on dusting. I got up, and taking the pictures from the table, with an album of "Scenes Abroad," invited her to examine them. Ah, then I experienced the joy of one who delights in the study of human nature! It was pleasant to see a gleam of interest come into those sad eyes, to see a smile flash over the pallid face, to hear the tone of eagerness with which she asked, "And this is the Rhone in beautiful France? you say."

"You love pictures, you are fond of reading," I said half-interrogatively; and not waiting for a reply took up my Tennyson. "How do you like his style (holding the picture of the great poet toward her); which of the *idylls* is your favorite?"

She looked up surprisedly, then answered in her peculiarly low, repressed tones, "Elaine."

"What," said I, "Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, who, on her bier, came floating down to Launcelot like a 'star in blackest night?'—that is too sad!" The pale girl made no rejoinder, and presently withdrew. I hurried to my mother—"Mamma," said I, "Phrenology is the greatest science in the world. It taught me that poor little Sylvia was one 'far above the common herd,' and a half-hour's conversation with her makes me believe she is a poet."

"I don't know about the poetry, but she is the best *servant* I ever had—the most *thoughtful*, the most patient, the most tireless," said mamma.

Daily observation and frequent intercourse intensified my interest in this "unknown stranger," and soon engendered a warm love in my heart for her. I got to noticing whether she changed her dress on the sudden changes in our variable climate, whether her bed was comfortable, and whether she ate much or little. I discovered that she was careless about her health, that though she had a persistent cough of mornings, she would keep on damp shoes; that she didn't at all mind going out in a drizzling rain, and that she ate very little. I took counsel with mamma, and by her advice prepared this, that, and the other dainty to tempt the girl's appetite; but though she evidently appreciated my kindness, half of the nicely-boiled partridges would be left on her plate, the glass of custard two-thirds full, the nice milk toast nearly untouched.

"Poor little Sylvia!" I said it to myself twenty times a day, and at last, when she grew so ill she had to keep her bed, I was almost glad, since now I would have a chance to *act out* the ardent sympathy and tenderness which had grown and grown until it filled my heart. I had her moved into my own chamber, and from our parlor walls I took some of our choicest paintings and hung them where she could see them. I placed a hanging basket, all draped with shining green leaves and white flowers, in the window, and under the vines my canary bird's cage. I busied myself about her night and day. I read to her, sang her to sleep, prepared cooling drinks, strengthening broths, and appetizing jellies; but good old Dr. Van Dorn, whom we had called in at the start, shook his head when he first looked at her, and continued to shake his head at every subsequent visit, telling us, at last, that the girl would never get well.

"A great pity," said he, his eyes misty. "I'm sorry to lose her, she is such a patient, brave little thing; but something's the matter with her mind—medicine can't reach her disease. She hasn't *hoped* any in a long time. Sun-baths and dietary and quiet can't cure, and drugs ain't worth shucks in her case. Poor little lamb! I do wonder what great *sorrow* is killing her."

I wondered myself. I had seen her stretch out her arms in her sleep as if to embrace a loved one. I had heard her once murmur, oh, so tenderly, "My darling!"

A few evenings after, I sat beside Sylvia in the twilight. I had drawn her low bed up quite near the fire, and putting out her hands she laid them in mine. So cold they were—cold as ice. "I've been wanting to talk to you, dear friend," she said. "I must tell you about myself before this little spark of life goes quite out (she put her hand on her breast). I don't think I'll be here much longer. My life has lain over such a dreary way, such a thorny path! I'm glad that *at the last* I have warmth and shelter and love and tenderness."

There was an interval during which the reed-like form was shaken with the sad memories her own words called up. I soothed her fondly, tears of sympathy flowing from my eyes. They seemed to comfort her; she resumed in calmer tones:

"I can scarcely realize now, though your kindness makes it seem more natural, that I was once the petted darling of a household. My existence dawned far away from here, across the ocean, in sight of the bright Rhone, whose pictured scenes you showed me; close, too, to the Mediterranean, the lovely summer sea.

"Looking back at what I was then, I feel like a beggar in rags confronting some fair image enshrined far out of reach. The contrasting images of my singular and divergent experience seem somehow, in their incongruity, to suggest to me the weird, horrible decorations in the Capuchin Convent at Rome. Yet still I recall, almost as if it were a bright and happy kind of vision, hung like a bird's nest on the mountain side, the white chateau where my mother's eyes smiled responsive to my baby lisps, and my father's hand guided my baby feet in their first attempt to walk. It was in Provence, fairest, pleasantest nook in all the fair and pleasant land of France. The features of that natal picture flash upon me—the deep blue sky of Southern Europe; the deep blue sea; the engirdling hills so green, the mountain's background, the gray cathedral spire, the village street, the peasants in holiday attire, even the white rose, whose tendrils interlaced our terrace balustrade, the brook that babbled near our garden walk. Brooding over all, shines the sweet face of my mother, in her fair white robe, forever on charitable thoughts intent; a Madonna-look, a mother-love solicitude in her soft eyes; 'Lady Marguerite,' so the peasants called her, whose sick-beds she soothed, whose wants she supplied, whose griefs found healing in her tender-heartedness. How could she, so high above them in rank and education, feel for them so truly?—through her

own sorrows, alas! for in our garden were several green hillocks, under which lay her dead babes. Her union with my father, to whom she was related in the *forbidden degrees*, and for which a special dispensation had been obtained, was fruitlessly fruitful; for out of eight children given to her yearning arms, I only, the tiniest, the frailest, had survived the perilous period of infancy. Child after child had died on her bosom, till even her husband's tenderness to 'la belle cousin,' as he fondly called her, was powerless to exorcise the yearning look from those gentle eyes. As for myself, her love encompassed me. I was wooed to live by every tenderness and every care that even one 'born in the purple' could have had. 'She is small,' my mother used to say of me, 'but is destined to be a *star*. Note her brow, husband beloved, look into her eyes! God has given me a poet to raise. She will be a De Guerin or Raphael, returned to life in woman's form.' So my mother began to teach me almost from the time I 'took notice,' and had me repeating from the poets before I could talk plainly. I think I must have been a precocious child naturally, and then my dear mother did everything to bring my faculties into premature exercise. So by my twelfth birthday I was indeed writing verses; and on that occasion, my mother having honored it with a little *fête*, I produced a drama in five acts, which made my parents very proud and happy. How quickly sorrow follows on the footsteps of joy! Ere another birthday came I lost my mother; my heart-broken father went away to the Crimea, was killed ten days after he reached Sebastopol, in the desperate battle of Inkerman; and I, doubly-orphaned in so brief a space, was sent to America to my mother's brother, my only relative.

"Poor Uncle Max! what a patient sufferer he was! He had lost his leg in attempting to clear a piece of land in the new Western world, to which he had emigrated. A tree had fallen across it and crushed it so horribly that amputation was necessary. He had dissipated his own fortune before his marriage, and in his well-meant efforts to add to his wife's, had happened upon this dire calamity.

"Unhappy, mismatched man! instinctively I divined what he had suffered when I heard the harsh tones of his wedlocked tyrant address him. She was a vindictive-looking, tall, raw-boned woman, with eyes like a snake, cold, cruel, set close together; a low, receding forehead, and ears that *stood* out. 'Little White-head' was her contemptuous name for me; and

I trembled all over when I first laid eyes on her, and never ceased to fear and dread her. She seemed to despise me for being 'little,' and *physical* weakness, especially Uncle Max's, appeared a crime in her eyes.

"Do you know anything about the roughness of the lives of Western emigré's half-a-dozen years ago? Well, quadrupled roughness became at once my lot; the fair and dainty garments, my mother's handiwork, disappeared—where to I could not tell. I was told by my aunt that I was a 'beggar,' and that I'd 'better believe I wasn't going to be 'lowed to eat the bread of idleness.' I was put to work piling briar heaps through the spring before the men had cleared the land; had tasks of hoeing in the summer, gleaning later, and spinning, knitting, and sewing for indoor work. Never a book I saw; no pictures, no flowers, such as those with which my mother had stimulated my intellect and sensibilities into premature play; yet I found nurture for that higher nature—music in the bird notes among the briar heaps, pictures in the blossoms amid the corn rows and in the thickets; and poems in the cloud-panoramas that I loved best to study. Yet a tinge of bitterness mingled with even this only source of sweetness in my life. My cousin Aurelia, a girl my own age, but from her shoulders upward taller, a strapping, rosy-cheeked, uneducated but ambitious rival, noted my wrapt contemplations, and dubbed me a 'crazy fool.' I never got a mild word from any of the family, except Uncle Max; even the hired men were rough with 'Whitehead.' Oh, that horrible farm-life of mine! the bitter cold, the sleet, the snow, the rain, the exposure, the rough, coarse food, the wretched houses, the swearing, and rough people. Often have I waked in the morning to find the snow heaped over my bed in the attic, and when I crept down the steep stairs to the fire in the 'hall,' as they called it, I divided with old Tray, a worn-out hound, the curses and crowding of the big boys, who noisily waited in there for the breakfast. Yet I lived on, child of the South and Southern ease and luxury though I was. I learned to cook, and to milk, and to garden; was useful in a general way, but particularly as the one object upon which every member of the household felt sure his or her spleen might be vented with impunity.

"It was my sixteenth birthday, and a June sun was seeking the roses' hearts, as I bent over the spring filling my pail; a homespun-clad, bare-footed, bare-armed girl, that my

mother in heaven must have thought strangely unlike the child she left behind her; but still there must have been something of my native Provence in my cheek and eyes and hair, for I attracted the admiring regards of a stranger, who reined his horse in a stone's throw of me, and asked for a drink of water. As he looked at me over the brim of the cup with such kind, merry, flattering eyes, I blushed to the roots of my hair, and quivered to the center of my being. Ah, I loved him then," said Sylvia, half-rising from her pillow, the dead roses coming back to her wan cheek; "I loved him as I love him now, as I shall love him through all eternity.

"Thanking me in cavalier fashion, the young man rode away; but when I got back to the house with my pail of water, I saw him sitting alone on the front stoop, beside Uncle Max's shoe-making bench, and learned from my excited cousin, Aurelia, that extras were to be prepared for dinner, as the strange gentleman would share the meal with us, and was on the lookout for land. I was set to cooking, while Aurelia made herself comely as possible in her best calico dress and gayest ribbons. After that Mr. Philip Aubry came to our house very often; so often, indeed, that the day soon came to seem dark to me when his beautiful, soul-searching eyes did not smile upon me. He was very kind and thoughtful; not exactly handsome, but the noblest looking man I ever saw. Truth sat on his brow and dwelt in his eyes—I trusted in him as I trusted in God. That summer I grew taller; my cheeks flushed like budding roses, and I found that the whole world was full of poetry. I didn't mind my hardships any longer, Aurelia's taunts were stingless, her mother's abuse endurable; for he smiled on me, he talked to me, he brought me beautiful magazines and pictures and flowers, and one day when he found me in the fields he told me the sweet story of his love, and kissed me.

" 'Oh! beyond meed

That was the chiasm of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.' "

" 'My Philip!' I whispered it to myself, rejoicing in the new sense of blissful ownership. 'Let me take you out of this, my darling,' he said to me three days after, when I met him by appointment at the spring. 'Go with me *now*; let us be married at once.' I went unhesitatingly; it did not occur to me that there was any imprudence or unmaidenly forwardness in the step—how could I refuse such a happy release from thralldom, and a speedy entrance on

perfect bliss? Philip took me to his log cabin his wedded wife, and with the fondest assiduity I set about ministering to his comfort. Philip told me how he had come West a few years previously with nothing but a good constitution and a fair education to build a fortune with. He had worked as a common farm-laborer at fifteen dollars a month, had taught school a few months, and finally accumulated enough money to buy forty acres of uncleared land. He had built a log cabin and made a good crop of corn. He said: 'Now, since he had got a darling little wife to love him and help him take care of his money, he would soon be rich.' Our farm was about six miles from my uncle's, and for a month after my marriage I did not hear from there. The first news was of Uncle Max's death. Then Philip carried me over, and, to my surprise, my aunt and Aurelia received me with the greatest kindness, made much of me, and insisted on Philip's letting me stay all night, told him Robert, my cousin, would take me home next day. Now, Robert had been a suitor of mine in his rough, uncouth way, but I had always treated his suit as a joke. To my utter disgust he began on the old theme as he carried me home in the buggy. I told him I wouldn't listen to him, and begged him to drop the subject. He grew moody and snappish, and when he put me down at my own cabin door, I ran in and took a good cry. When Philip entered, an hour afterward, I was sobbing fit to break my heart; and, like a silly child as I was, I feared to tell him the actual cause of my trouble, when he tenderly inquired. After that Robert came to our house every day, always sat round the fire, had no ostensible business, until finally I noticed Philip grow restless, and fire flashed from his eyes at sight of Robert. Finally, at Christmas Philip went up to my aunt's and *never came back!* Robert brought me a letter from him, in which he said he had 'found out that I had deceived him, that he never wanted to see me again, that I was welcome to all his money, and no doubt Robert would take care of me.' That letter was my death-blow, dear friend. I left the cabin, which had been heaven to me, without a change of clothes; I went to my aunt's, and in my desperate anguish entreated them to tell me where my husband had gone. They said he had 'run away to California to get off from the constable, who was in pursuit of him, intending to arrest him on a charge of murder.' Oh, how I hated those people for their falsehoods!—I knew they were falsehoods; I knew they had themselves driven

him away by poisoning his mind *against me!* I set out to find him. I worked my way to the nearest city—my idea was to make money and find Philip. Alas! I was glad to get a servant's place to keep from starving; and as the weeks and months passed on, and I realized that I was, indeed, forsaken of my *one* love, I lost all hope."

"But why didn't you use his money to aid you in your search?"

"I could not touch anything of Philip's while he doubted me."

She was silent a long time, and I perceived the great change stamp itself on her mobile features. Then life flickered suddenly back a brief moment, and in the sweetest, clear ringing tones, she spoke, "Tell Philip I see just how it was; I forgive him. Tell him I love him yet."

"And thus it was: the young cheek flushed and faded
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery luster sent
Through its white fluttering lids; then trembling
passed
O'er the frail form that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace."

She was dead, and Grief had dealt the fatal blow. VIRGINIA DU RANT COVINGTON.

THE MAN OF LONG LIFE.

THERE is a great deal of truth in the following portraiture of the conditions favorable to longevity:

He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not too rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general there is a complete harmony in all parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind

to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the pleasure of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight, attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope; but insensi-

ble to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever without an overflow of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, contents himself with little, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.



ELIZABETH NEY, GERMAN SCULPTOR.

It is not often that we meet with an organization like that possessed by the lady whose portrait accompanies these remarks. What strength and energy of character! She is replete with mental elasticity, quick and

sharp as an observer, direct and positive as a thinker. The individuality of the character asserts itself in the poise of the head and in the pronounced features. Many there are who urgently claim to be independent, but mere

wordy iteration does not substantiate a claim ; action alone is the test. Madam Ney is actively independent, and we judge that she makes few assertions which relate chiefly to her own personality. There are qualities in her face, hair, form, and gesture which impress all beholders, and constitute her a marked woman.

Few of our readers are aware, probably, that Madam Ney is now sojourning in America, having come hither to observe and study American manners, and, at the same time, to find in our dry and stimulating climate improved health. She was born in Alsatia, and, in her most tender youth, showed unmistakable signs of genius and aptitude for the art of

sculpture. When but seventeen years of age she produced works, chiefly the busts of kings, leading statesmen of history, poets, and philosophers, which were thought worthy of comparison with the creations of well-known sculptors. Among the most remarkable of her sculptures we may mention the lifelike head of Liebig, the chemist, the bust of the King of Hanover, of Joachim, Garibaldi, and of Bismarck, the Iron Count. The artiste owns a charming villa in the vicinity of Munich, where she not long ago produced the exquisite statue of the youthful King of Bavaria, which is pronounced a masterpiece of the sculptor's art.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a fanatic; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

HEALTH AND TALENT.

IT is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, and unthinking confidence inspired by these, and, though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions as those of horses—is small; that, in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But of the two, a weak mind in a Herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy, with an ounce of talent, will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions, a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent. more brain. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain

thereby a force and splendor to which they could never approach without it. But intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the key?—*Merchants' Bulletin*.

[Sensible. Now, let us see if we can not have "Health and Talent" combined. What we want, what every human being wants, is a "sound body with a sound mind." This can only be secured by right generation, right living, temperate habits, correct morals, and right relations with God, one's self, and one's neighbor. As to the first of these conditions, it is not too much to claim that it is the right of every child born into the world to be born of sound, sane, temperate, and healthful parents. Parents have no right to transmit their infirmities, imbecilities, or their diseases to their children. "Sins of parents are visited on their children." But parents have no right to be sinners. What right has a person, whose blood is impregnated with foul humors, whose very bones are rotten with disease, to become the parent of children who must necessarily suffer from

his sinning? Reader, were you to be born again—not in a spiritual, but in a physical sense—would you not much prefer that both your parents be clean, pure, sound, and sensible? Could you choose whom you would have for your parents, would you select that beer-drinking bloater or that whisky-guzzling swab? or that filthy tobacco-topper, who smells of his quid, his cigar, or his old pipe? Would you prefer to have your mother take snuff? Think of a child born of such conditions! Some talk of a millennium. We do not “see it” coming very near at present. While children continue to be born of low lust and unregenerate criminals, paupers, and perverted men and women, it is not at all wonderful that we have a race of criminals, invalids, crotchety crack-brains, and imbeciles. But if the present

generation would live as they ought, and conform to the laws of their being, a change for the better would soon appear. We regard it a great crime for one to violate the laws of life, and thereby entail untold misery and premature death on to-be-born offspring. If no other argument against self-indulgence can have force to restrain the heedless culprit, he ought, at least, to think of this. The sound and familiar maxim, that “we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us,” is applicable here, and if *we*, ourselves, would be *well-born*, let us see to it that we be not the agents of ill-born, ill-organized children. Well-conditioned parents, well-born children, properly trained, disciplined, and educated, would certainly secure to one and all both “Health and Talent.”]

HOW TO USE PHRENOLOGY.—No. 1.

THOSE who have read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL thoughtfully for one or more years will have become sufficiently familiar with the principles of Phrenology, and its utility in the daily affairs and duties of life to begin to inquire, How can we use Phrenology in such a way as to make it profitable in guiding our own dispositions and modifying our own characters, or in the better understanding of our children and those with whom we come into daily contact.

Numerous letters received in reference to particular points lead us to the conclusion that a series of articles, more or less extended, on the subject of “How to Use Phrenology” in practical life will be interesting and profitable to every attentive reader.

Many people have obtained the notion—and we are sometimes puzzled as to how it originated—that practical Phrenology is based on slight undulations of the surface of the skull; that the organs, when very small or very large would not make more than a quarter of an inch difference in the relative dimensions of that surface. But this opinion and the efforts of those who try to practice on it are without foundation in correct phrenological science. People talk to us about the bumps, and of slight protuberances and depressions of the surface of the skull, and some

who oppose Phrenology, and who ought to know better—standing eminent, as they do, in the realm of medical and metaphysical science—iterate and reiterate this old exploded error by insisting on the statement that an eighth of an inch difference in the thickness between one part of the skull and another part will make practical Phrenology utterly impossible. Without stopping at this point to do more than declare that this method of estimating the organs is altogether incorrect, we proceed to lay some foundation for future inferences, by means of which any attentive reader will be able to make fair and reliable estimates.

We believe the brain to be the focal center of the physical man, and that everything else connected with the brain is simply its instrument. Let us examine this thought. The mind, whatever it may be, is brought into connection and co-operation with matter by means of the brain. The eye is but an instrument of the mind to gain knowledge. If the optic nerve, which communicates between the eye and the brain, be inflamed, compressed, injured, or destroyed, the mind ceases to gain knowledge by means of the eye. Its instrumentality is cut off or suspended. The same reasoning is applicable to the ear. If the drum of the ear become thickened, or by

disease is destroyed, all knowledge of sound, or ability to acquire knowledge by it, is suspended. Sometimes the olfactory nerves become deranged and paralyzed, and the delicate sense of smell is destroyed. The tongue is a source of knowledge and pleasure with reference to food; but the nerves which connect the brain with the tongue being paralyzed, the power of tasting would be destroyed. From the brain and spinal cord there are given off numerous branches of nerves, which are spread minutely to every muscle, giving them the power of motion;

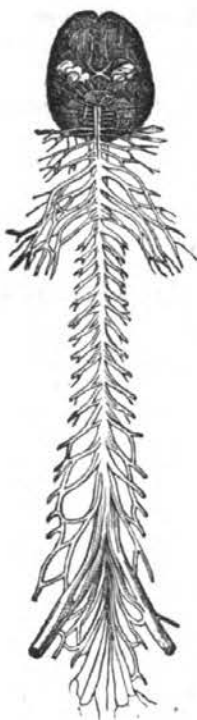


Fig. 1.—BRAIN, SPINAL CORD, AND NERVES.

if these nerves, or any branch of them, be destroyed, the arm, for instance, would fall powerless, and the behests of the will could not be exercised through it. It would cease to be the instrument of the brain and mind. In like manner from the spinal cord are given off numerous branches of nerves which do not serve the office of motion, but perform that of sensation or feeling. If that branch of the nerves which is distributed through the arm were severed, the power of motion would still exist, but the power of feeling would be destroyed, and the arm might be pounded to

a jelly or consumed in fire, yet the owner would not feel pain any more than if the arm were a piece of beef cooking in his presence.

Thus, if any of the lines of communication between the external parts of the system and the brain are paralyzed or severed, the mind loses its connection with the outer world, in so far as those parts are specially concerned.

The judgment necessary to make a horse-shoe or build a house exists in the mind, and the mandate goes from the mind by means of the brain through the nervous system to the arms and hands, and the hammer thus

put in motion delivers the blows thick and fast in accomplishment of the inner purpose. Every part of the man, as well as the tools he uses, acts in obedience to the judgment and will, and becomes the servant of the mind, and each function traces its source of power back to the brain; hence, we would say the brain is the center of the man; that the arms, the legs, the eyes, ears, tasting, smelling, and feeling, are simply servants and agents of the brain and mind. The subject requires no discussion, simply a statement of the facts. But what about digestion and circulation? what about the lungs, heart, liver, stomach, and other vital organs? It hardly needs the assertion that these vital organs are required to keep up the health and vigor of the system, so that the machinery which the mind employs shall be kept in healthy order, and that the brain itself may be fed with wholesome and nutritious blood.

Of course the mind without instruments could think, but do nothing. The spinal cord has been known, in some cases, to have become paralyzed in the neck in such a way that the sufferers could neither lift hand nor foot; in fact, practically speaking, they were dead in all but the head. The case of the unfortunate Anderson, published in the *JOURNAL*, is in point. Although the functions of life were carried on through the nerves which do not depend upon the integrity of the spinal cord, still the mind was clear and strong, but could do nothing through its special agencies. Laura Bridgman, the blind, deaf and dumb woman, is shut in from the outer world by the paralysis or destruction of all the avenues to her mind except touch, and perhaps tasting; seeing, hearing, and smelling have been suspended. If her sense of touch and motion were suspended, she would be thoroughly shut in, and her brain would become, so far as the present life is concerned, practically useless.

The brain has been studied less than almost any other portion of the human system; and even to-day the popular method of dissecting that organ is to slice it, as one would a loaf of bread—or, rather, as one would a cabbage—cutting across the structure at every incision, instead of unfolding it, as Drs. Gall and Spurzheim discovered the means of doing. Instead of the brain being

a homogeneous mass like a cup of custard (as we have heard learned men say it is, that can be dipped out of the skull by a common spoon, like stiff cream), that structure, delicate as it may seem, is an organ of fibrous and cellular tissue, and the most fine, delicate, and elaborate part of the entire system. If we take a thousand threads of the spider's web, and they seem, when combined, smaller than any thread of linen or cotton which man can spin, it is folly to say that a cord made of a thousand spider's threads are not divisible, though the eye fail to see the demarkation between one filament and another. A drop of stagnant water contains a colony of living inhabitants, although they may not be revealed to the naked eye.

Less than thirty-five years ago, we heard educated gentlemen state, before audiences, in opposition to the phrenological theory, that the brain is fibrous; that the doctrine was utterly fallacious; that there were no fibers to the brain. But the celebrated anatomist, Gray, whose excellent work is now the text-book of anatomy in all the English-speaking colleges, has introduced an engraving of the brain with fibers running from the center, or rather the *medulla oblongata*, to every part of the surface, and this halo of fibers streaming up from the center of the brain, like the aurora borealis, has an arch of significant words thrown across, like the rainbow, namely: "Fibers radiating to convolutions."

We introduce two engravings; one of which, fig. 2, shows the location and position of the brain as it lies in its natural po-

sition in the skull, with the scalp turned down, and the *dura mater*, or lining membrane of the skull, lifted up. Fig. 3 exhibits the brain when removed from the skull, or at least the side of the skull next the observer, entirely removed, having the edge of the right hand side of the skull exposed in a line over the top of the figure. At the

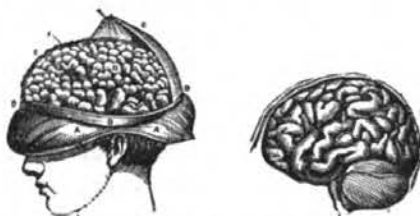


Fig. 2—BRAIN IN THE SKULL. Fig. 3—BRAIN EXPOSED.

right side of this figure, at the bottom, is a round, striped portion, which is called the *cerebellum*, or little brain. The upper and larger portion is folded or convoluted in every direction, like the edge of a ruffle. In this figure the convolutions are too large to illustrate nature. Those in fig. 1 represent it rather better. In fig. 2, therefore, we see the *cerebellum* and *cerebrum*, or little brain and great brain. We thus explain these terms, for we shall use them hereafter, and desire that they be understood and remembered. Just forward, to the left of the *cerebellum*, will be seen the line running downward, as if it originated in the *cerebrum* or large brain. This is the upper extremity of the spinal cord, and where it unites with the *cerebrum*. This is called the *medulla oblongata*, and from that point, in every direction, the brain matter radiates.

THE "LIFE IN A HEAD ONLY" ENDED.

DIED, at Dahlonaga, Iowa, on the 5th of February, 1873, James T. Anderson, aged twenty-seven years.

MANY of the readers of the JOURNAL remember, doubtless, the extraordinary case of spinal injury related in the number for September, 1871, under the caption of "Life in a Head Only." The circumstances of the accident, which occurred in June, 1868, and which at once converted a hitherto powerful and vigorous man into an utterly helpless invalid, are recounted in that article by Mr. Anderson himself, with a pathos which is very affecting. For the information of new readers a brief extract is here given:

"In the back yard of my uncle at Glenwood, Iowa (where I was visiting), there were two small oak trees. These trees were connected by a low pole, with a little swing attached. By jumping I could lay hold of the pole with my hand. I used the place for my gymnasium.

"One afternoon I was practicing as usual, my cousin looking on. I did not take into account the fact that I wore a new pair of gaiters, tipped with smooth patent-leather. As I swung down from the pole by my feet,

the treacherous leather slipped on the pole, and I fell. My head was not more than two feet from the ground, and I tried to save myself. But I could not. My cousin also sprang to catch me, but was too late. I received a blow of two hundred pounds (my weight), and the force of it came upon my neck, just where it joins the shoulders.

"The sensations of that moment can never be described. I was bewildered, though perfectly conscious. What had happened? Was my whole body crushed to a jelly? Why could not I move? Where was that horrible tingling, that seemed far off, as if ten thousand needles were pricking me, or as if a whole swarm of venomous ants were biting me?

"The surgeon lived opposite, and came in a few minutes. I told him I was hurt very badly; that he was to bleed me, but not touch my limbs, or move me, for my body was all crushed to pieces.

"They carried me to a bed, though every movement made me shriek. When Dr. Bosbyshell placed his hand on the injured spot, I for the first time felt his touch, and cried out in pain. I knew then that my neck was broken (as they call it), and felt that my hours on earth would be few. Every care was given me, and all that skill could do to alleviate my sufferings was done. Inflammation came on at the injured spot, and every one thought death would soon relieve my sufferings. But after a few days, to the wonder of all, I began to mend. Friends came to see me die, but found me able to be carried back with them to my old home."

The publication of his case in the JOURNAL drew considerable attention to Mr. Anderson, and from what we have learned lately, proved of no little service toward rendering his remaining days comfortable, by eliciting the practical interest of the benevolent. His persevering and hopeful spirit aided his zealous efforts to write and paint well with his mouth, so that he really did some very creditable work. He painted small pictures of flowers, with the brush, which were readily purchased by visitors and correspondents, and thus contributed largely toward his own support by the labor of his—mouth; not being able, as already indicated, to move a muscle from the neck downward.

One of his correspondents, Mr. Foster, of Long Island, writes us concerning the close of his sad and strange career as follows:

"It seems that he continued in much the same condition, though with increasing pain and suffering, until the 5th of January last, when he began more rapidly to fail—the nervous energy apparently becoming exhausted, welcome death supervened.

"Doctor E. S. Ward, of Dahlonaga, writes me of his clear intellect to the last, and of his calm and happy death; and also of the results of the post-mortem examination made by him, which revealed the fact that there was no dislocation of the spine, as supposed; but a fracture of the sixth dorsal vertebra, on the posterior side, where a piece of the interior surface, three-eighths of an inch thick, and one and a-half inches long, had been split off by the force of the blow, or fall, and pressed down—thus wedging the spinal cord, the great nerve cable of the system, and producing the subsequent paralysis, and its accompanying helplessness."

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

IT is a melancholy fact that, according to the statistical authorities, suicide is in most countries on the increase. The percentage of death from this cause has risen in England, and France has lately been suffering from a periodical fit of unusual severity. A few weeks ago five suicides occurred in Paris on the same day. A woman, aged sixty-two, threw herself out of a window. A Prussian hung himself, from misery and despair—greatly, probably, to the satisfaction of his Gallic neighbors, who may probably have helped to induce these emotions. A young man of nineteen shot himself from that truly Parisian cause, *chagrins d'amour*, and two young men of twenty-seven and twenty-four, for the same cause, stifled themselves with charcoal.

This variety of modes is curious. There was published some years ago in the *Annales d'Hygiène* a memoir on suicides committed by persons in the different stages of life, in which the author, who has examined about nine hundred judicial accounts of suicides in Paris, thinks himself warranted in assuming (1) that philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place usually during the night, and a little before daybreak; (2) that accidental or unpre-

meditated suicide takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, etc. At every age men choose particular modes of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for fire-arms. In proportion as his vigor declines he returns to his first mode, and it is most commonly by hanging that the old man perishes who puts an end to his existence. The following table shows the mode of suicide most common at different ages, but the the author has oddly enough omitted to take cognizance of poisoning and drowning:

Age.	pistol.	Hanging.
10 to 20.....	61	63
20 to 30.....	263	52
30 to 40.....	182	94
40 to 50.....	150	188
50 to 60.....	161	256
60 to 70.....	126	235
70 to 80.....	85	107
80 to 90.....	2	—
Total.....	1,000	1,000

[It would be an interesting fact could we know what proportion of suicides were religiously disposed, and what were pronounced infidels or opposed to religious observances. We take the ground that it is only the insane, the diseased, and the irreligious who take their own lives. Among the causes which conduce to warped minds are the several varieties of dissipation. If one's blood is rendered impure by improper living, by the use of tobacco, or by alcoholic stimulants, he or she is more liable to attacks of melancholy, timidity, wretchedness, and crushing fear. A brave man never committed suicide. It is only cowards who kill themselves.]

COLOR-BLINDNESS.—An instrument has been invented in Germany for testing color-blindness. It consists of a rotating apparatus, which moves a disk whose center is a circle, one half black and the other white; outside of this is a ring, half red and half green, then another ring of violet and red, then the outside ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated, the center appears to be colored gray—that is, black and white mixed. To a green-blind person the middle ring will appear gray, that being the result to him of a mixture of violet and red. The outer ring will appear gray to the red-blind patient, and the inner gray to the violet-blind. By the use of this most ingenious instrument, a large number of patients may be simultaneously examined for one or more kinds of color-blindness.—*The Graphic*.

[There are many persons who are defective in one or more of the other faculties, as above, in the organ of Color. One has an exquisite sense of the harmony of sounds, and composes music as easily and naturally as another writes poetry, rhyme, or prose. Another can do neither well, but can invent, work with tools, compute in figures, etc. One is deferential and devout, through large Veneration, while another, who is deficient in this organ, is indifferent to sacred subjects or religious ceremonies. Can there be a method devised by which one's other mental powers may be exactly measured as in the matter of partial color-blindness? Phrenological observation approximates more closely to this than anything else yet discovered. By it persons may be classified into groups, criminals into classes, and students in their more appropriate studies. Then, by the aid of Phrenology, we may know, with tolerable accuracy, who is and who is not adapted to particular callings or pursuits in life, so that the "right man may be put in the right place"—a matter, considering the numerous failures in life, of some importance.]

CAUSE OF DEBILITY.—The brain is the fountain of nervous energy to the whole body, and many individuals are habitual invalids, without actually laboring under any ordinary recognized disease, solely from defective or irregular exercise of the nervous system. In such cases, not only the mind in its feelings and intellectual capacity suffers debility, but all the functions of the body participate in its languor, because all of them receive a diminished and vitiated supply of the nervous stimulus, a due share of which is essential to their healthy action. The first steps, therefore, toward establishing the regular exercise of the brain, is to educate and train it in youth, keeping the body healthy, and regularly exercised as well.

A SPELLING LESSON.—The following list of twenty words was used for the examination of applicants for admission to the junior class of one of the St. Louis high schools this summer. There were 449 applicants. We print the number who failed to spell each word correctly: Indelible, 184; lattice, 88; millinery, 151; eligible, 171; sibylline, 415; oxygen, 87; adjacent, 51; business, 56; hyena, 139; weasel, 104; massacre, 36; sulphur, 83; syllable, 17; vermilion, 382; familiar, 96; chimney, 13; vengeance, 215; rhinoceros, 121; valuing, 242; guarantee, 125.



NEW YORK,
MAY, 1873.

OUR RELIGIOUS BODIES
AND THEIR REPRESENTATIVES

ONE of the most conspicuous features of modern periodical literature is the numerous publications devoted to the interests of religious sects or societies. In the United States there are even hundreds of such publications, chiefly weekly issues; some denominations, like the Roman Catholic, Hebrew, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, having each a half-dozen or more of such paper organs, representative of their differential phases of faith and practice. Then, too, there are "union" organs, edited by a corps of clergymen of different denominational connections, but professedly co-operating in a literary way with the view to encouraging Christian fellowship and sympathy among all members of the great church of God. We have before us the first number of a candidate for public patronage, *The Working Church*, which is edited by three ministers, each prominent in a sect different from that of the others; and as we glance down its neatly-ordered columns, we notice the utterances of contributors who, by "profession," are linked with still other sects. We need not say that such apparent loosening of the bonds of special attachment is gratifying, believing, as we do, in the *one-faith* principle.

In the present number we have a series of sketches of a dozen gentlemen prominent in their connection with the religious press of New York, and nearly all prominent as active ministers in their respective denominations.

The sects having the largest constituency, and hence exercising the most influence upon popular moral sentiment, are represented in the series. The adult reader will at once recognize some old title which has been familiar to him since childhood, perhaps, but whose editor he has never seen, either in substantial form and presence, or in counterfeit presentment, before. The names of the *Observer*, *Evangelist*, *Advocate*, *Intelligencer*, *Messenger*, *Leader*, etc., are dear to many honest Christian hearts, and now for the first time, it may be, they are gratified with a glimpse of the countenances, and a few facts concerning the lives of the men to whom the control of such important newspapers has been intrusted.

As individuals differ in education, organization, and association, so they differ in religious opinion, and it is by no means wonderful, therefore, that there are so many different religious sects. If we examine, phrenologically, the persons grouped in one congregation, let it be one of the oldest of our religious bodies, and one of the most harmonious in its operations, we will find marked phases of thought and opinion on any given topic of faith and practice. When their views are critically analyzed, scarcely two will be found to hold exactly the same opinion. They are held together by some predominating influence, by, as is usually the case, the master mind of their bishop, or their minister, or some aim which enlists their pride, emulation, and sympathy, and so gives them common cause. We have known, and so has the reader, large congregations maintained for years by the might of a single brain, and when, by removal or death, that one influence was withdrawn, the element of disintegration—discord—almost immediately sprang up, and the once powerful, flourishing societies became scenes of division and strife.

Very few men and women in the vast aggregate of society are *radical* in practice; hence the tendency to array themselves under the banner of that sect, church, or society which approximates their views, especially as man yearns for sympathy in the matters which af-

fect his soul-life even more than in the merely practical and external concerns of existence. As one glances over the religious world, he can readily point out those communities, on account of their comparative weakness numerically, whose members are distinguished for pronounced radicalism. The great sects, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, even, have in modern times assumed a moderate tone, apparently avoiding the utterance of anything manifestly dogmatic in pulpit theology. In fact, a genuine doctrinal sermon is a rarity now-a-days.

In allusion to this apparent indifference to what was once the prevailing pulpit habit, the *New York Methodist* quotes the *Christian Leader* as follows :

"We are quite convinced that the point is one which presses with more and more seriousness in the practical experience of all Protestant churches. The ill accord in which so many find themselves with the written creed of their church, and the great uncertainty they feel as to the exact doctrinal position they occupy, disincline them to enter into dogmatics, except, occasionally perhaps, as inquirers. In the orthodox churches, particularly, this condition of mind is frequently met. Old-fashioned orthodoxy is practically a thing of the past with the great mass of the communicants and adherents of these churches. New-fashioned orthodoxy is still a thing without form, and therefore a thing which no one is competent to describe, much less teach. In such a halting-space as the orthodox church at this hour occupies, it is simply a necessity of their situation that its members, whether clerical or lay, should sympathize with the mood of the family, and deal as little as possible in definite doctrinal statement."

The *Methodist*, in commenting on its Universalist contemporary, says:

"We suppose that (with whatever local exceptions) most Christian observers of the times must admit the general fact here affirmed. There is a prevailing indisposition among the people to hear elaborate dogmatic preaching."

Yet with all this seeming growth of liberality and Christian charity, the thorough church member can be said to exhibit the tendency of his religious thought in the structure of his head, and even in the quality of his temperament. Your true Presbyterian is distinguished by a strong development of Conscientiousness, Firmness, and Self-Esteem, qualities which gave Calvin the force and earnestness requisite to plant the seed which afterward sprouted and grew into so strong a tree. Your real Episcopalian is marked by characteristics of courtesy, culture, refinement, credulity, and reverence, which have descended to him from those old fathers away back to apostolic times, who were conservative at once of the learning of the times, and of the doctrines and order of the church over which they bore rule. Hence, as a general thing, his opinions are flavored with asceticism. Your Methodist has much of the same organization, but less Ideality, more sociality, and a stronger development of the observing faculties, and less of that faculty which conforms to established usage and respects ancient traditions. Wesley and Whitefield were iconoclasts in their way. Your Roman Catholic, taking the average man, is known for a good degree of Veneration, Marvelousness, Firmness, and Ideality, with moderate reflective intellect, a robust energy, and not a very marked sense of personal accountability, especially as compared with the followers of Calvin and John Knox. Your Baptist is a man of strong temperamental organization, marked Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Caution; he is prudent, circumspect, appreciative of the law-governing *meum* and *tuum*, and reticent. In social freedom, however, he even exceeds the Methodist. The Swedenborgian is eminent for his high and expanded top-head; he has large Veneration, Human Nature, and Spirituality, with a predominance of the reflective intellect. The Universalist commands our attention for his strong Benevolence, broad and comprehensive intellect, practicality and indifference to forms and ceremonies. And so we might go on through

the list of schools of religion, giving an outline which would not be regarded as an unfair portrait of their supporters. The question of truth and error—who is right and who is wrong?—we would leave to each one. Of that we have no jurisdiction. But we have a right

to say that each is expected to do his or her duty in that state of life in which he or she has been placed, and that God will judge the soul as to whether or not it has profited by the light which has been given for its illumination.

BRAIN AND THOUGHT.

THE Philadelphia *Evening Star* lately contained a report of a discussion on insanity, which recently took place at a meeting of the Medical Society of St. Louis, Mo. As usual, when medical questions are debated, the doctors disagreed. But the salient point of the controversy was the proposition advanced by Dr. M. M. Pullen, in the following words: "To my mind it has been proved, beyond a doubt, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile."

To this proposition Dr. R. T. Trall replies, through the *Star*, in the following language:

Now, bile is not a secretion, but an excretion. Bile is a product of disintegration, and its formation a part of the general process of purification. It is formed of the waste and effete matters of the system. Can thinking be an eliminating process? If so, then mind itself is only a process by which the vital organism gets rid of something that has performed its office and become excrementitious.

When the liver is torpid the elements that should be excreted in the form of bile are left in the blood, and the person is affected with jaundice, cutaneous eruptions, or has a "bilious humor." If the brain secretes thought, and, becoming inactive, fails to perform its duty, what become of the thought elements? Do they accumulate in the blood and render the patient thoughtful all through? Do the elements that should have been eliminated in the form of thought break out on the skin? Or do they constitute a thoughtful humor?

It strikes me that our medical friends in the West are seeking mind in the wrong direction. To regard thought as a secretion is reducing mentality, affection, reasoning, soul, spirit, or whatever there is of us distinct from the material organization that perishes, to a mere process, or circumstance, that has no absolute existence in and of itself, but is merely a transient manifestation of matter, as is said of nascent oxygen being ozone, or electricity being a mode of motion.

To say that mind is a property, or the effect of organization, is to reverse the order of nature. Mind is the cause of organization. Bodies do not create mind, but mind creates them. The house does not make the tenant, but the person constructs the habitation. Nothing can form or produce anything superior to itself; effects can never be greater than their causes; nor can matter originate or produce anything different from matter; and as mind is entirely different from matter, in all of its laws, qualities, and manifestations, it follows that it has an existence independent of matter.

The secretions of the human organism are certain fluids to be used in its formative processes, as saliva, gastric juice, etc. Thought is no more like saliva or gastric juice than it is like a potato or a pumpkin. It is no more like bile than it is like a rotten apple or decayed cabbage.

What is thought? If the learned medical gentlemen had undertaken to explain the meaning of this word, they might have been led into a very different way of thinking. And here a little Phrenology applied to the subject makes everything intelligible. Thought is mental recognition. When the mind, through its general organ, the brain, and through its special instrumentalities, the five senses, takes cognizance of an object or thing, that recognition is a thought, a perception, an idea, a fact. Secretions and excretions only relate to the vital processes. Thought relates to external objects and other beings. A recognition of several objects or things constitutes thinking; a recognition of their relations to each other is the mental process of comparison; and a recognition of the principles into which the facts or data of knowledge (thoughts) may be arranged is the mental operation of reasoning.

If thought is a secretion so is feeling, and so are all mental phenomena; and the great mysterious "ego" of the metaphysicians is nothing but a molecular transformation, or a chemical decomposition. But herein is the puzzle for the medical gentlemen of St. Louis. How are

thoughts and feelings, on the theory of secretion, communicated from one person to another? Secretions, as all physicians know, can not be transferred from one person to another. How about loving, hating, opinions, education, etc.?

Are they, too, secretions? And how about dreams, somnambulism, clairvoyance, judgment, will, memory, conscience, etc.? Are these secretions? Will the medical gentlemen aforesaid please explain?

PHRENOLOGICAL INSTRUCTION.

IF Phrenology is true it ought to be widely disseminated. We have observed that both newspapers and the common conversation of the people seem to be more "at sea," and more indefinite when the subject of mind and disposition is the topic than in respect to almost anything else. In the criminal trials which arrest the attention of the public, the "learned" counsel always speak of integrity as the result of judgment rather than of a special faculty for the appreciation of right and duty. Thus, those who ought to know enough of mind to talk somewhat accurately about it, show a sad lack of information on the subject, and even ministers, following the old metaphysical philosophy, are sometimes quite as obtuse in their conceptions of mind as are editors and lawyers. They speak of the Will as presiding over the whole man, as if the Will were a kind of superior tyrant, and not a part of the man himself.

The study of Phrenology in schools and families would do much to elevate the human race in morals and intelligence, because it would give a better comprehension of individual responsibility and of the laws of mental action. If adults or children regard themselves as possessed of but a single mental or moral element, and suppose themselves to be swept onward without power of resistance or self-regulation by a malign element called a perverted Will, they will make little intelligent effort in the direction of self-regulation. A child ten years old can be made to understand the nature of Cautiousness as a distinct element of character; and also the functions of Combaticiveness, which inspires anger and courage; of Acquisitiveness, which recognizes property; of Approbativeness, which, if perverted, leads to vanity, and naturally gives respect for other people's opinions, and a desire for reputation. Every social feeling can be analyzed, and even made

clear to the comprehension of the mind of a child so that it will appreciate Friendship, and every other social impulse. The various moral attributes also can be thus set forth so that a child of ten can have a better idea of their true nature than do the majority of men who graduate from colleges where they are instructed under the old metaphysical system.

We commend, then, to all who read the JOURNAL, the propriety of training their children to a clear understanding of the nature of the different mental faculties, so that Phrenology in the family shall be as common as the multiplication table. And, in conjunction with Phrenology, Physiology should be taught. Some cheap and practical work should be introduced in every family, so that the functions of digestion, nutrition, and the laws that pertain to the nervous system, may be understood, and the necessity for a healthy condition of the skin and of pure air be appreciated.

These things properly understood, we do not mean to say technically understood, as requisite for a physician, but such knowledge as a child of fifteen could obtain of physiology, would, we think, obviate in a wonderful degree the ill health of the world, and probably add ten years to the average life of the people.

When we find that not one man in ten knows where his stomach is located, and is quite as likely to lay his hand on the region of his heart or lungs as anywhere, it is hardly to be supposed that the people will so appreciate the laws of life as to know how to take good care of themselves.

We have often noticed that a man who has learned to drive a horse properly, no matter if he can not read his name in print, will have found out what the horse may eat, and how he should be driven and cared for. But such men will thus provide for their beast

with all wisdom and care, and then sit down to their own supper and eat three times as much carbonaceous matter in the shape of ham and eggs, gravy, mince pie, and the like, as their constitution can bear, and, on awaking the next morning with a splitting headache, nausea, and fever, wonder what in the world can be the matter. The horse is ready to do a day's work, and is anxious for his breakfast, but the driver is sick.

And there is just as much ignorance in reference to the proper conduct of the mental life. Men feel insulted and think their whole nature is angry. They feel a desire for prop-

erty, and think every element of their being is engaged in the selfish acquisition. When they learn that avarice originates in extra active Acquisitiveness; that anger comes from a perverted activity of one or two organs; that vanity and undue display have their basis in abnormal Approbativeness, they will begin to know how to regulate and restrain one part of their nature, and encourage and foster those elements which are weak; and they will at least understand, when tempted through an undue activity of a single faculty, that their whole nature is not entirely warped and corrupted.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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 Fran.*

WARD HUNT,

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

NOT long since the venerable Judge Nelson resigned his seat in the Supreme Court of the United States on account of his advanced age. Immediately the grave question arose as to whom the President should give the appointment necessary to fill the vacancy. The mantle which the ex-Justice had worn so many years and with so much honor, has fallen upon Judge Ward Hunt, a gentleman of profound legal acquirements and long judicial experience, having occupied a seat in the New York Court of Appeals for a number of years, and near the close of his term having filled the important function of Chief-Justice. We had occasion to notice this gentleman a year or two since in a sketch which we then published.

Justice Ward possesses a fine head. It is symmetrically molded, high in the crown, long from the ear forward, broad in the upper side-head, and indicating a temperament of fine quality.

There is much strength evinced, but it is that mental power which exhibits itself in comprehension and outreach of thought. He possesses much ready practical judgment. The fullness of the forehead shows quick perception, excellence of memory, closeness of

criticism; and the elevation of the forehead indicates ability in forming clear and accurate opinions, with little or no hesitation. As a general thing, we consider him more distinguished for common sense and practical judgment than for theoretical speculation or fine-spun theories. His judicial opinions, if we derive correct inferences from the portrait before us, would hold chiefly to the facts and hard logic of the case under consideration. The development in the upper part of the head, particularly the crown, shows steadiness of opinion, strong sense of personal honor, and a high appreciation of his relations as a man among men. He has breadth enough of head to indicate economy, prudence, and circumspection. His force and dignity indicate a resemblance to the father's side, while his temperament, cast of intellect, moral and social nature, show a strong resemblance to his mother's side.

He was born in Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 4th of June, 1810. His family, in its earlier members, is of English origin, but for a century and a half the branch to which Judge Hunt belongs has been resident in New York. His father was a gentleman of education, for many years cashier of the old

Bank of Utica. At the early age of fourteen young Hunt lost the care and affection of a most excellent mother, who is still well remembered as a woman of genial manners, a ready sympathy, and fine intellect. He enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. Entering Union College, Schenectady, in his seventeenth year, he pursued the course of study prescribed with credit, and was grad-

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uated honorably. From the college curriculum he proceeded to the study of law.

He attended a course of lectures in the law school of Judge Gould at Litchfield, Conn., and then returned to Utica, where he entered the office of the eminent jurist, Hiram Denio. In 1831 he was admitted to the bar, and immediately commenced the practice of his chosen profession. The official position of his father, in connection with the

possesses an aptness in illustrative anecdote, and allusion which pleasantly enlivens his more formal speech, as it does also his ordinary conversation. In the course of his ordinary practice he was connected with some of the most important trials in the country, and won distinction for clearness of mind and fairness in the prosecution of his cases.

In 1838 he was nominated for the Assembly of New York, and was elected; and then

renominated and re-elected in 1839. In 1865 he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for a seat in the Court of Appeals, and was carried into that responsible position by a majority of over 82,000 votes. The judicial office which he then assumed had been long and most ably occupied by his early partner, Judge Denio. The resignation of one Judge in the same Court, and the death of the Chief-Justice, concurred to advance Judge Hunt to the position of Chief

of the bench. His course has been marked by an eminent ability and conscientious discharge of duty, and now, that he has been elevated to the highest judicial position in the country, the bar at large, without regard to political distinctions, exhibits a high degree of satisfaction with the appointment.

He is a gentleman of good height, fine appearance, of dignified and polished manners, quite filling our idea of what a man should be who has to discharge the functions of so important a place.

AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE,

AND THEIR DISTRIBUTION.

THE *Scientific American* foots up the whole number of working people in the United States at 12,505,923. The number of inhabitants in the country is 38,558,371, so that the active workers constitute very nearly one-third of the entire population, the ratio having considerably increased since the census of 1860, at which time it barely exceeded one-quarter.

10,669,436 are males, and 1,836,487 females. Between the ages of ten and fifteen years, the males outnumber the females in a ratio of nearly three to one; between sixteen and fifty-nine years the ratio increases to nearly six to one; while at ages above sixty years there are more than twelve times as many men at work as there are women. These figures apply to the men and women in actual outside employment. It will be noticed that as the women grow older, their numbers in proportion to the men decrease. This is accounted for by their marrying, abandoning their employments, and settling down to the household.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Now, the population of the country may be estimated to be divided into 8,000,000 families, each of which has a woman for one of its heads. She is not considered as a worker in the foregoing calculations as given by the census, although the poor man's wife has far more labor to perform than her unmarried sister who works her ten hours a day. The cares of housekeeping and the rearing of children are the heaviest of burdens, and the woman that conscientiously fulfils her perpetual round of wifely duties, ought surely to be classed first on the list of those who earn their bread by hard work. In at least 7,000,000 families the lot of the wife and mother is no sinecure; so that in reality we find that the working women

and the working-men are not only nearly equal in point of numbers, but there is a balance on the side of the women in the shape of unending labor, the most monotonous and thankless in existence.

NATIVITY.

Out of the number of working people above mentioned, 9,802,038 were born in the United States; 949,164 in Ireland; 836,532 in Germany; 301,779 in England and Wales; 189,307 in British America; 109,681 in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 71,993 in Scotland; 58,197 in France, and 46,300 in China and Japan. There are from three to four times more Americans engaged in useful labor than foreigners.

OCCUPATIONS.

Regarding occupation, 5,992,471 are devoted to agriculture; 2,707,421 to manufactures, mining, and mechanical pursuits; 2,684,798 are rendering professional and personal services; and 1,119,238 are engaged in trade and transportation. Comparing the different callings of the inhabitants of foreign nativities, we find that of the Germans the largest numbers are engaged in manufactures, and the least in domestic service. Of the Irish, the laborers and servants nearly equal, numerically, all the other occupations together. The English, Welsh, Scotch, and British Americans have a majority in manufacturing pursuits, and the least numbers in trade and transportation. Among the Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, those devoted to agriculture constitute much the larger portion, while those following trades are considerably in the minority. The Japanese and Chinese are principally engaged in manufacture. Many of these nations enter domestic service, but a small portion devoting themselves to agriculture or trade.

The largest part of the population engaged in any single occupation are the planters and farmers, numbering 2,982,573. The farm laborers are nearly as numerous, reaching 2,880,045.

CLASSIFICATION OF PRODUCERS.

In manufacturing and mechanical occupations, the carpenters take the lead, numbering 344,596. Next in order come the boot and shoe-makers, tailors, miners, and blacksmiths, ranging in numbers between 171,000 and 141,000. Then the milliners, brick and stone masons, and painters, each trade averaging between 92,000 and 85,000. Then follow the machinists, nearly 55,000, and next the saw-mill hands, butchers, cabinet-makers, carriage-makers, coopers, and millers, each branch ranging in numbers between 50,000 and 40,000. The printers, harness-makers, and tanners average between 40,000 and 30,000, and the tanners, cigar-makers, bakers, fishermen, brick and tile makers, marble and stone cutters, plasterers and wheelwrights, between 30,000 and 20,000.

The number of manufacturers returned is 42,905. In the various factories throughout the country there are 111,606 operatives in cotton mills, 81,000 in iron works, 58,836 in woolen mills, 41,619 in works not specified, 11,985 in tobacco factories, and 12,469 in paper mills. The aggregate number of clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers, and commercial travelers is 275,086, more than that of any trade except the carpenters. The railroads throughout the country furnish employment for 1,902 officials, and 161,401 clerks and employes. The express companies require the services of 75 officials and 9,321 clerks and employes, and the various street car lines, 88 officials and 5,103 employes.

Of those gaining their living afloat, there are 56,063 sailors, 7,338 canal-men, and 7,975 steamboat employes. The hackmen, teamsters, and draymen number 120,975.

THE PROFESSIONS, CONSUMERS, ETC.

There are 62,383 physicians and surgeons, or an average of one to look out for the health of every 618 people. The clergymen number 43,874, or one to take charge of the spiritual welfare of every 879 souls; and, finally, there are 40,736 lawyers, or one to adjust or foment quarrels among every 946 of the population. Education is instilled into the minds of youth by 136,570 teachers, and the washing of the entire nation is done by 60,906 launderers and laundresses. The laborers number 1,031,066, and the domestic servants 971,043. Our great hotels and restaurants furnish employment to 94,170 people, and the livery stables to 26,090

more. The office-holders, national, State, and municipal, outnumber the members of any of the liberal professions, there being 67,912. It takes 23,935 barbers to shave the male portion of the population, and 15,667 nurses to attend the sick. 12,785 boarding-house keepers offer the "comforts of refined homes" to the unsuspecting public. 6,519 musicians make up the total of the various orchestras and bands. The journalists number but 5,286, although there are 6,432 periodicals published. This discrepancy can only be explained under the supposition that the census-takers did not consider the individuals who, while engaged in other callings, edit country newspapers by means of scissors and paste, as belonging to the profession. Finally, the officers of the army and navy are numerically the least, there being but 2,286 in both arms of the service.

WEALTH OF THE WEST.

THE fifteen States washed by the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers, give the following aggregate of wealth and power in Congress by the Census of 1870:

States.	Population in 1870.	No. of members in Congress.
Arkansas	484,471	4
Illinois	2,539,891	19
Indiana	1,690,637	13
Iowa	1,191,793	9
Kansas	364,399	3
Kentucky	1,321,011	10
Louisiana	726,915	6
Minnesota	439,706	3
Mississippi	827,922	6
Missouri	1,731,295	13
Nebraska	122,993	1
Ohio	2,665,360	21
Tennessee	1,268,520	10
West Virginia	442,014	3
Wisconsin	1,054,670	8
Total	16,841,496	129

TRUE WEALTH BY THE CENSUS OF 1870.

Arkansas.....	\$156,394,691	Missouri.....	1,264,992,897
Illinois.....	2,121,680,579	Nebraska....	69,277,463
Indiana.....	1,258,180,543	Ohio.....	2,325,430,300
Iowa.....	717,644,750	Tennessee....	498,237,724
Kansas.....	188,892,014	W. Virginia..	190,651,491
Kentucky....	604,318,552	Wisconsin....	702,307,329
Louisiana....	323,125,666		
Minnesota...	328,909,590	Total.....	\$10,819,170,914
Mississippi...	209,197,345		

These States have a population of nearly 17,000,000, an aggregate wealth of over \$10,000,000,000, and 129 of the 292 members of the Lower House of Congress. Some of the Western journals propose to try their strength in order to compel Congress to improve all the rivers washing these States.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

LABRADOR AND ITS PEOPLE.

AN interesting account of this land of desolation was not long since published in the *Evening Post*. From it we take the following:

On glancing at a map of North America, a great projection of land, labeled Labrador, is seen extending between Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, being separated from the most northern point of Newfoundland by the Straits of Belle Isle, which are but twelve miles in width. The dimensions of this peninsula are enormous. Its area is 43,000 square miles, or equal to the British Islands, France, and Prussia combined; and though its climate is so severe, it lies between the same parallels of latitude as Great Britain. The difference in temperature arises mainly from the fact that Britain enjoys the benefit of the Gulf Stream, while the Arctic current, laden with ice, washes the whole coast of Labrador. On the south-east and east Labrador is bounded by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic; on the north and west by Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay, and on the southwest by Rupert's River and the Mistassini and Bersiamits rivers. Its extreme length is 1,100 miles; its breadth, 470 miles. Blanc Sablon, near the mouth of the Northwest River, is the eastern boundary of the Canadian part of Labrador, which includes the whole area draining into the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence. The remaining area, draining into Hudson's Bay, is called East Main, and under recent arrangements with the Hudson's Bay Company has passed into the jurisdiction of Canada.

CLIMATE AND SOIL.

The popular ideas regarding Labrador are well founded. Regarded as a whole, there is not, perhaps, on the face of the earth a more uninviting region as an abode of civilized man than Labrador, Terra del Fuego alone excepted. On much of it the snow lies from the end of September till the beginning of June. In winter the coast is inaccessible, for the most part, being blockaded with ice-fields drifting from Baffin's Bay; and in spring and a good part of the summer thousands and thousands of glittering icebergs, stranded or floating, impart a stern beauty to the grim and rocky shores. Storms of a terrific character are frequent, even in summer. The soil is barren;

and but for its valuable fisheries of cod, seal, and herring, there would be few inducements to visit these savage shores. The interior appears to be, for the most part, a vast table-land of most forbidding aspect. Professor Hind, who explored it, describes it thus: "The table-land is two thousand two hundred and forty feet above the ocean at the sources of the east branch of the Moisie. It is pre-eminently sterile, and where the country is not burned cariboo moss covers the rocks, with stunted spruce, birch, and aspens in the hollows and deep ravines. The whole of the table-land is strewn with an infinite number of bowlders, sometimes three and four deep. These singular erratics are perched on the summit of every mountain and hill, often on the edges of cliffs, and they vary in size from one foot to twenty feet in diameter."

THE INHABITANTS.

The whole of this vast wilderness is uninhabited by civilized man, with the exception of a few settlements on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic coasts, and some widely-separated posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Wandering tribes of Esquimaux occupy the northern coast of Labrador, while nomadic tribes of Nasquapee, Wistasni and Montagnais Indians are thinly scattered over the interior. The exports, which are chiefly through Newfoundland, are codfish, salmon, seal, and whale oil, and furs. Once the country was rich in fur-bearing animals and cariboo or reindeer, but these are now greatly reduced in numbers. Of the eastern side hardly anything is known beyond the coast, which had been carefully surveyed by Captain Bayfield. Before his day it was on this bleak and dangerous coast that the great navigator, Capt. Cook, first displayed those talents as a marine surveyor which gained for him the patronage of Sir Hugh Palliser, and drew public attention to his extraordinary enterprise. His charts of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Straits of Belle Isle are, to this day, a convincing proof of his fidelity, genius, and discernment.

THE FISHERIES OF LABRADOR.

During the brief Labrador summer the whole coast, for five hundred miles north of the Straits of Belle Isle, swarms with fishermen from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Canada,

and the United States. They are engaged in the capture and cure of cod, salmon, and herring. The total value of these fisheries is not less than a million sterling. Even during the fishing season the bleak coast is frequently swept by storms; and when returning, late in October, fatal disasters are frequent among the small fishing craft. In his homeward voyage, laden with the proceeds of his summer toil, the poor fisherman is often shipwrecked and lost; or his ship is dashed to pieces and he barely escapes with his life, to find himself a beggar, without any provision for the long winter which is closing in.

THE RED INDIANS OF LABRADOR.

The Indians who inhabit the interior of Labrador are all tribes of the once great Algonquin race, whose domains extended, before the arrival of the "pale-faces," from the Rocky Mountains to Newfoundland, and from Labrador to the Carolinas. The aborigines of Newfoundland belonged to that wide-spread race of red men. The Montagnards, or Mountaineers, as they are commonly called, occupied the country along the lower St. Lawrence and the Gulf; the Scoffis, Nasquapees and Mistassini are the Algonquins of Labrador proper, and coterminous with the Esquimaux. The Mountaineers, or "Hunting Indians" of Labrador, once formed a "great nation," and could bring into the field a thousand warriors to repel the incursions of the Esquimaux, with whom they were constantly at war, and for whom they have still a bitter hatred and contempt.

They are slothful when not excited by war or the chase, cruel, revengeful, and superstitious. Nearly all of them, like the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, profess the Roman Catholic faith; but they have imbibed little of the spirit of Christianity. They bring down furs to the settlements on the coast, and exchange them for ammunition and clothing. In the use of fire-arms they are very expert; but they are frequently compelled, by a scarcity of ammunition, to recur for support to their original weapons, the bow and arrow, and with these they can kill a flying partridge at forty yards distance. Their canoes are made of birch-bark, and their sledges of a thin birch board, shod with slips of bone. The mountaineers drew their own sledges, as their dogs are but small and used only for the purpose of hunting.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

The Esquimaux of Labrador live almost entirely by fishing. They are partially Christianized and civilized through the praiseworthy

exertions of Moravian missionaries. They exchange furs, oil, and whalebone, for ammunition, guns, and clothing at the European settlements. They are mild, hospitable, and honest. They are well provided with a peculiar breed of dogs, voracious and fierce, and so like wolves that they might easily be mistaken for these animals. In winter the Esquimaux travel with these dogs over the snow at the rate of from six to ten miles an hour; each sledge is drawn by ten or twelve dogs, yoked two and two, a pair of the most sagacious being placed in front as leaders, and the whole guided by a long whip, without reins, the lash extending to the foremost dogs. Their huts are, in winter, embanked with turf and moss, excepting a small casement of oiled seal-skin at the top. Without any fire but a lamp, these habitations are as warm as an oven. The passionate attachment of the Esquimaux to their frozen seas and icy plains is wonderful. They infinitely prefer their storm-beaten shores to the gentle waves and cerulean skies of more temperate regions. It is clear they are a totally different race from the Red Indians of America. The Esquimaux are stunted in stature and essentially Mongolian in physiognomy, having a flattened nose, prominent profile, and copper-colored skin. It is remarkable that the Esquimaux is the only family common to the Old World and the New.

SCENERY OF LABRADOR.

Bleak and savage as are the shores of Labrador, yet the aspects of nature are often picturesque and grand, and sometimes strangely beautiful. The great dark cliffs along the coast, beaten and torn by the storms of centuries, rear their giant forms, that have been sculptured by tempests and molded by the hands of frost giants, and hewn into their present shape by the thundering blows of the Atlantic's billows. In the summer evenings it is grand to see their great shadows falling on the surface of the waves, as the sun is setting, and the ceaseless music of ocean is heard as it laves their jagged sides. But grander still is the sight when the wild Atlantic is lashed into fury, and, like the onset of an invading host, the watery battalions charge up the lofty cliffs with desperate fury, as if determined to carry the fortress, and fling their spray over the loftiest summits. Then, what can equal the stern and awful beauty of the ocean when laden with the ice-argosies; when the huge floes are grinding against one another and dashing each other to pieces; and the stately icebergs, with their fantastic shapes, their glit-

tering pinnacles and dazzling white towers, are sailing slowly past, carrying in their bosom fragments from the Arctic mountains to help in the erection of a new continent, where now the ships are sailing over the submarine banks of Newfoundland.

On leaving the coast, and wending one's way inland, although there is not here the grandeur of the pine forest or the beauty of the flower-clad vale, yet the tapering dark-green firs have a beauty of their own; while mosses of every hue, wild flowers of the richest colors, ferns and grasses tall and graceful, diversify the scene. The lover of the picturesque may revel in the sight of naked rocks, of towering mount-

ains, wood and plain. The great prolific mother clothes these wildernesses with berry-bearing plants of all kinds; raspberries, huckleberries, cranberries, partridgeberries, bakeapple-berries, and clusters of wild currants and gooseberries. The sportsman finds no lack of game. The curlew hover around in vast flocks; the wild geese and ducks, grouse, plover, partridges, owls, eagles, hawks, are abundant. If nobler quarry is desired, bears, wolves, reindeer, martens, foxes can readily be found. The geologist, as well as the botanist, may find a field here in tracing the great Laurentian formations which form the frame-work of Labrador.

BUILDING WITH ROUGH STONE.

BY SERENO EDWARDS TODD.

IN many sections of our country, cobble-stone, small bowlders, and stone of numerous forms and sizes are so abundant as to cover nearly half the surface of cultivable fields. In such localities, dwelling-houses and out-buildings can be erected of no other materials so cheaply as with stone, provided the labor is supervised by a builder who understands how to work the stones of various forms and sizes into a wall in an economical manner. The grand trouble in building with rough stones is, the builder is not familiar with the details of the manual operation. A brick-mason, for example, because he has had no experience in carrying up walls having a face of cobble-stones or of undressed stones, will offer every possible objection to such a wall, simply because he does not understand how to do the mason work in a neat and workmanlike manner.

Some of the advantages of building with undressed stone are, the outside walls will actually cost less than wooden walls of studs, sheathing, siding, and paint; the structure will be immensely more enduring, the annual expense for painting the exterior will be avoided, the expense of lathing the inside will be saved, and the dwelling will be much more comfortable both in summer and winter. Everything is in favor of building with rough stones wherever they are so abundant that they can be collected within a mile or two of the place where they are to be used.

I will now mention the more important details, so that any mechanic, or other person, who possesses sufficient architectural skill to square a foundation wall and set a row of studs

in a line, either perpendicularly or inclined, as may be desirable, can supervise the erection of a stone building in a most satisfactory manner. With a competent superintendent, unskilled laborers may be largely employed to fill in the chinks and pour in the grouting. With a little instruction, an active boy can be taught to lay the chinking stones far better than half the masons *will* lay them.

We will assume that a dwelling-house is to be erected two stories high. If the external wall be fifteen or sixteen inches thick above the foundation wall to the second story, the wall will possess sufficient strength for all practical purposes. The outer wall of the second story need not be more than one foot thick. If the mortar is good, a wall of this thickness will possess abundant strength.

After the excavation is properly prepared, the first step will be to erect the cellar wall, which should be carried up at least six and a half feet. Seven would be preferable, and the expense of building the wall half a foot higher will amount to only a few dollars.

The great fault with cellars and other underground apartments is, they are quite too low. When a man of only ordinary stature goes into a cellar beneath most of the dwellings in the country, his hat or head is incessantly bumping against the joists. A cellar should always be so high in the clear that a tall man can travel in it erect, with a basket of fruit on his shoulder.

The first step toward laying the foundation wall will be to set up a row of studs in the cellar two inches from the point corresponding with the face of the wall. The wall will be

stronger and better every way if the inside face is carried up battering, say twenty or twenty-two inches broad at the bottom, and sixteen inches thick at the point where the joists for the first floor are to rest. In such a case the studs must all be set battering, with the lower ends in the ground, and the tops held by "stale-afts," or stay-braces. The studs may be three or four feet apart. Now, place a board between the studs and the dirt-bank, and put strips one inch thick between the studs and the board. The intelligent builder will readily perceive that the object of those strips is to enable him to raise the board without injuring the wall. If the stones are cobble, of nearly a uniform size, let a course be placed on the ground close together, after which let them be settled a trifle into the ground with a heavy billet of wood or rammer. If the stones are of various sizes and shapes, some half-round and others flat, lay a course of large ones on the ground as closely together as they can be placed; then let flat stones be broken with a hammer, and the cavities well chinked. When the wall has been carried up eight or ten inches, let grouting be poured in to fill every interstice.

The grouting below the surface of the ground should be made of one part of good cement, and four or five parts of sharp sand. It should be thoroughly tempered, and be so thin that it will fill every crack and cranny. The grouting above ground may be made of one bushel of the best unslacked lime, one bushel of Rosendale cement, or its equivalent, and fourteen to fifteen bushels of clean sand. Sand that is half loam is not suitable for building such a wall. As soon as the wall is carried up to the upper edge of the board, put another board back of the studs, and build another course of wall.

After the joists of the first floor are put in their places, let the wall be carried up perpendicularly on the inside against boards, the same as in the cellar. If the outer face of the wall is to be built of cobble-stones, the stones must be assorted by passing them through a hole in a board, say five inches in diameter, or a hole of four inches, as per the prevailing sizes. Let a row or course of the best cobbles be laid to a line on the outer face, in good cement mortar made with clean sand; after which, fill the middle and pour in grouting, and level the wall up even with the highest points of the outer row of cobbles. By the time one course has been completed on every side of the structure, the cement will have set, and another course can be laid. The outer corners of such a wall should be made circular rather than at a right angle, as the cobbles on a sharp corner are liable to be knocked out with a slight touch.

The pointing between the stones is left rough rather than smooth. To fill up any little cavity, let the mortar be thrown in. A large case-knife will be found preferable to a mason's trowel for such a purpose.

[A remark or two may be added to Mr. Todd's very practical suggestions, to the effect that one may use broken stone for building as well as bowlders, and make a house at once picturesque and durable. In England there are many rural mansions and time-honored churches which were built of rough stone. The refuse of the field and the quarry may be utilized and made to serve a valuable purpose in affording homes for the people. See our little hand-book, entitled *HOME FOR ALL*; or, *The Gravel Wall, or Concrete Mode of Building*, for other useful hints on the subject.—ED.]

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.—No. 2.

THIS winter of '72-3 has been the severest known in North Mississippi for twenty-five years. Cold!—we've had it freezing! our very water springs scarce trickled at their sources; milk has formed ice-cakes three hours after being drawn from the cows, and eggs cracked open that lay long after being laid. The thermometer has ranged below zero time and again; the sky overhead worn leaden-hued curtains so long one forgot there ever was blue and brightness behind them; and the snow that has fallen so frequently has frozen over, and lain a week at a time with-

out a sign of thawing. Cold weather here at the South is much harder to endure than up North, for several good reasons: first, we only have it by spells; after several days or a week of freezes, it turns as warm as April, and rains—immediately colds, coughs, pneumonias become the order of the day, for people's systems are relaxed by the change of temperature from extreme cold to summer mildness, and, as Dr. Trall phrases it, most significantly, they have "caught a very bad heat."

In the second place, people here do not make provision for protection against ex-

treme cold, the winter being so variable; the houses in the country are full of draughts, and one may sit in front of our big log fires burning his face, while chills run their icy fingers down his back. In many white families, and invariably among the negroes, people never think of shutting a door, except at night; and if there are glasses in the windows, there is always a broken pane, inadequately stopped with rags, for an icy breath to whistle through.

The negro houses are almost universally built of logs, the cracks daubed with clay, with smoky chimneys, and no windows. The poor negroes, who are truly children of the sun, hover over their log heaps, and seem scarcely able to summon resolution to get out of their houses to cut a stick of wood or gather broken brush in the forest. They are, indeed, as improvident as little children, and as yet there seems to be but meager results from all efforts to teach them to lay up something for future needs. They revel in the abundance of to-day, without a thought of to-morrow's possible want.

Christmas is their grand national holiday and festival time, and the *ideal* meaning of the term with them is, "lots of somethin' good to eat." "'Aint had no Christmas" is equivalent to saying that nobody has *treated* them to drinks of whisky, and that they have eaten no good dinners at other people's expense. I do not mean to convey the idea that they are stingy or inhospitable, for they delight above all things to have company and gleefully parade the very best they can rake and scrape before a crowd of guests; but every one of them regards it necessary, in order for him to realize *Christmas*, that he must make a *visit*—and generally the hoarded earnings of the few weeks, preceding the 25th of December, are frittered away, when that magic date recurs, on whisky, fire-crackers, and gunpowder, not to speak of cheese, cakes, and crackers. At that time their Acquisitiveness, which I find well developed occasionally, almost disappears in the manifestations of their strong social and convivial propensities.

They are an intensely excitable race, impressible to the highest degree by all external influences; hence reading, if one will lower the language to their understandings, pro-

duces a powerful effect on their minds; their ready faith eagerly receives the most improbable statements as truth; indeed, the marvelous has an immense *charm* for them, and they will interrupt a reader with their exclamations of delight and grunts of approval, just as they do their preacher, who, with every picturesque, elaborate, and finely-drawn-out metaphor, is answered by a low thunder of responses. At their big meetings for prayer or preaching, there is always more or less "shouting," subsequent falling into trances, and narrations, with the firmest faith, of marvelous visions and experiences. They believe in conjuring with all their hearts, and ascribe every peculiar ailment that assails them to the ill-will of some enemy, who has succeeded by incantations and spells in having them "bluxed" or conjured. They have a great fear of the "lake that burns with fire and brimstone," the "devil that walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and such frightful images occur constantly in their exhortations and sermons; at the same time, they invariably speak of one of their number that dies, no matter how rampant a swearer, thief, or liar he may have been, as having "gone home." Indeed, it is heterodoxy of the vilest kind not to believe that all their *dead* are *happy*. I have never noticed any disposition among them to decorate or protect the graves of their dead. They seem less migratory this new year than for several preceding, which is greatly to their advantage, as by staying on one place they accumulate comforts and supplies; have their turnip patches and sweet potato hills, which a move at Christmas always makes a dead loss to them. They get excellent wages in North Mississippi: \$1.50 a hundred for rail-splitting; \$1.50 a hundred for cotton-picking, and farmers readily rent them land or run share crops with them, advancing provisions, utensils, and gear on the simple security of their "setting in" to work. Cooks and house servants are a desideratum in Southern families. The influences of the old regime have not yet passed away, and false pride still makes people strain their incomes to keep up appearances with a show of servants, notwithstanding the drawbacks of incompetency, waste, and thriftlessness. There is a growing disposi-

tion on the part of the freedwomen to keep house for themselves, to "slight" the work they take in, and to double their charges frequently. The only remedy (and probably it is a partial one) lies in *personal exertion* and *personal adaptation*, more *systematic* housekeeping and the employment of labor-saving machines. We want cook-rooms on

a different pattern from the old-fashioned Southern kitchen, neat enough for the mistress herself to go in and out without danger to her dainty habiliments, water and wood "handy," vapor stoves, steam washing-machines, and a remodeling of our domestic economy on the style of that prevailing in thrifty New England. V. D. COVINGTON.

WORK.

Work while the arm is young and strong,
The pulse is high, the eye is bright,
The nerves are firm; then work with might,
For the end will come. 'Twill not be long.

Work with the brain while the mind is clear,
"Let your light shine" on the blinded eyes

Of error that's stalking in tears and sighs;
Let Truth divine ever foremost appear.

Work while the heart is warm and pure,
The soul unscarred by festering care.
Love God, men, things, while you are here;
Heart-works the longest will endure. R. E. NIEL.

DOES THE HUMAN RACE DEGENERATE IN AMERICA?

THIS is a question of vital importance to every American, and, indeed, to the whole human race. Whatever opinions may be entertained by narrow-minded politicians in Europe, it is clear that the welfare of humanity in all parts of the world depends more or less upon the success and happiness of the United States of America. Any great injury to the United States is an injury to the world, and any permanent benefit to them is a blessing to the world.

But I should state the subject I propose to discuss: the question is, Have the American-born descendants of Europeans, who came to what is now the United States of America, at an early period, deteriorated physically and mentally, or not?

English travelers in America have, for a long time past, dwelt with great complacency upon this subject. In a melancholy, patronizing manner, they decide that the climate of America is sooner or later totally destructive of all physical or mental vigor, not only in the human race, but also in horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs. It may (they say) require several generations to reduce the descendants of the hardy European to complete imbecility, but it is only a question of time—the result is inevitable.

Buffon, a French naturalist, of a century and more ago, attempted to prove that the climate of America was particularly enervating to all animal life.

Dr. Robertson, the Scotch historian, in his "History of America," written about 1765, asserts that the European must, of necessity, become puny and weak in America, from the depressing influences of the climate. He says the progeny of domestic animals are subject to the same law. However, the Doctor was kind enough to say, that notwithstanding the fact that America was so destructive to animal vigor, *vegetable life* was more luxuriant there than in any other part of the world.

Capt. Francis Maryatt, an English writer of some repute, traveled in this country in 1837-38, and, like most of his class, on his return to England, published a book of "Travels in America."

He described "tall, athletic men, who were remarkable for their narrow shoulders and small chests." He says "such disproportion between height and breadth of chest can not be found in any part of Europe." He also found sickness very common in America.

The last English traveler I shall quote is Anthony Trollope, a son of the Mrs. Trollope, who gave such an absurd account of the "Yankees," about 1830. Mr. Anthony Trollope is known chiefly as a novelist. He visited the United States in 1861. When he returned to England he favored the world with two volumes of travels in "North America." In allusion to a large body of Northern

soldiers, whom he saw on the march southward: "No man who has looked into the subject can, I think, doubt that a native American has a lower physical development than an Irishman, a German, or an Englishman. They become old sooner and die at an earlier age." (*Vol. 2d, page 145.*)

It is true, beyond all doubt, that the climate of America effects a great change in the constitution and appearance of the Caucasian or European race. In foreign countries an American can be as easily recognised as an Irishman or German in this country. Though an important change takes place in the *physique* of the descendants of Europeans in America, that change is not necessarily for the *worse*. In fact, in many instances, the change is decidedly for the better. It requires from three to five generations to be born here before they become genuine "native Americans."

As before mentioned, I propose to investigate the question of "degeneracy" only so far as it relates to Americans of the present time, who are as thoroughly Americanized as a nativity of from five or more generations can make them. From the first settlement, in 1607 to 1873, are 266 years; and allowing twenty-five years for one generation, there have been ten generations born here, and a few years to spare. Six generations go back 150 years. At this time there are, probably, from twelve to sixteen millions of white persons living in the United States whose ancestors came here more than 150 years ago. The Southern and Western people say there are more delicate and nervous persons, and more slender constitutions in the North and East, than can be found in their localities. We can not undertake to decide this point. The ill health and delicate constitutions, said to be so common in America, can not *all* be chargeable to the climate. If it were the fault of the climate, *solely*, all would be feeble; whereas millions of Americans are as hardy and enduring as any people on earth.

Some twenty years ago a Scotchman, who was a contractor on some public works in the West, stated to the writer of this, that for digging, the Irish were the best men, but for chopping timber, teaming, and *heavy lifting*, the Americans were unequaled. This

was the voluntary declaration of a foreigner of large experience.

It is often impossible to decide precisely as to what causes feeble constitutions. No doubt many persons sink into disease or debility from bad habits and improper modes of living, and transmit their weakness and diseases to their children.

Again, it is not unreasonable to suppose that persons of peculiar physical constitution, emigrating to a country differing in nearly everything from their native land, should become debilitated; and their offspring, inheriting their unfortunate peculiarities, should sink still lower, till at length such families would be regarded as among those who had *degenerated* from the original stock.

The climate of America seems to act as a stimulant upon Europeans; and more particularly on their children born here, than upon themselves. This is more apparent in the descendants of persons from the British Isles than upon those from the Continent. The first marked change wrought by the climate is an increase of stature. This may occur in a decade or a century after the original stock was transplanted to America. The stout, broad, *pater-familias* of five feet eight inches, is surprised to see two or three, out of perhaps six sons, shoot up to six feet, or more, in height. The others may not be taller than the father. This tall out-crop is often stronger than their parents, but they have comparatively narrower chests. In numerous instances no further change occurs. Of the small, but unfortunate class, destined to become weak and enervated, or, if we must use the term, "degenerate," the emasculating process always begins subsequent to the increase of stature. As the generations go on, those who become feeble decrease in breadth of chest and size of limb more than in height. The downward tendency may continue through several generations. It may be wholly checked, in many instances, and greatly retarded in others, by intermarriage into healthy families, or by change of occupation, or by rational modes of living. But when nothing prevents the sinking process, the unfortunate subjects at length become the very embodiment of weakness. Slender in form, small and weak in muscle and nerve,

and often unhappy in mind; they seem a prey to disease of every kind.

The descendants of emigrants from the British Islands do not, as a general rule, endure this climate as well as the progeny of the settlers from the Continent of Europe. The cause of this is, no doubt, in part due to greater similarity of climate in many points between this country and the Continent, while the British climate is in marked contrast to ours in nearly everything. We have the winters of Siberia and the summers of Egypt. The extremes are terrible, and must be injurious to feeble constitutions. At Quebec, Canada, the extremes of temperature are nearly one hundred and fifty degrees apart. All the cities of the Atlantic coast, from Portland to Baltimore, have a summer mean of forty to forty-five degrees higher than that of winter. This climate is called dry, though it rains or snows on an average 125 days in a year.

The climate of the Pacific coast is wholly unlike that of the Atlantic side in every particular. What effect the unique climate of the Pacific slope will have on the human constitution remains to be fairly ascertained.

It has been held that the Caucasian race is not yet, in any instance, acclimated in America. Since the first three settlements in North America, *i. e.*, 1607, 1612, and 1620, an average time of 259 years have elapsed. Who can decide whether or not this comparatively recent period is enough to fully acclimate foreign races in a country so unlike their own? Besides the outside and tangible influences, there may be latent powers in the American climate acting on the human organism, which are not yet understood. Indeed, the hypothesis of acclimation opens the way to a theory by which we can approximate more nearly to a revelation of the mysteries of vitality, and the changes in its *modus operandi*, effected by climate, than any other. And who shall say it is not based on truth? Though the climate of America may change the human constitution, yet it it does not, necessarily, weaken it. As before remarked, the change may eventuate in just the reverse.

But only a small fraction of the whole population has really degenerated. The great majority of the early settlers were so happily

adapted to our climate that even the tenth generation from them suffers no loss of power. The smaller class was deficient in something, what, it can not be defined, essential to perfect development under new conditions. Consequently, the *ensemble* of vital or life-giving powers could not act in perfect unison with the peculiar demands of the climate.

This climate is inconstant and trying, but bad modes of living, and disregard of the laws of health, have produced more disease than all other causes combined.

That the climate of North America is capable of producing a sound, hardy race of human beings is proven conclusively by reference to the native Indians or *Aborigines*. In early times the Indians, particularly those living north of lat. 35°, were, as a whole, as physically perfect as any race on earth. They were tall, straight, large-boned, with superb muscular fiber, and endowed with almost unlimited endurance. In an old chronicle of Virginia, of about 1640, there is an account of a gigantic and aged Indian chief, who occasionally visited the white settlements. It states that "he was six and a half feet high, and, though of a spare habit, the calf of his leg (an object of special admiration to an Englishman) was twenty-seven inches in circumference."

If this country could nurture such noble specimens of manhood among the "sons of the forest," the conclusion is unavoidable that the Caucasian race can attain the same high physical development.

I must add, in conclusion, that Americans of every physical *status*, should take courage, since whatever discouragements the present may offer, they may rest assured that the laws of the Creator will vindicate themselves; and, despite transient aberrations, all will come into harmonious action at the proper time.

P.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York have rented a large and splendid building on Fourteenth Street, and will immediately proceed to prepare it for the reception and exhibition of many rare objects already in possession of the society. The present lease is for eight years, the premises being only intended as a temporary place of deposit and

exhibition. The permanent buildings for the Museum are to be erected in Central Park, and will be finished by the time the present lease expires. This temporary opening of the Museum in the lower part of the city is an excellent idea, as it will be conveniently accessible to all classes of our citizens and to transient visitors, who will soon learn to understand and appreciate its importance. Among other curiosities that are soon to be placed on exhibition is the remarkable collection of Chaldean, Assyrian, Phœnician, and Grecian antiquities, more than ten thousand in number, recently discovered and exhumed in the island of Cyprus by the United States Consul, General Di Cesnola. This is one of the most valuable collections in the world, embracing ancient sculptures, vases, coins, and ornaments of the most elaborate workmanship and rare beauty.

FOREST TREE CULTURE.

OUR people are awaking to a sense of the danger of the country becoming stripped of its forests, and through the agricultural and other publications demands are being made for such legislation as may serve to compensate, at least in part, for the rapid destruction of growing timber. *The Evergreen and Forest Tree Grower*, a monthly, devoted to the consideration of the subjects embraced by its title, has a valuable article on the imminent need of action of the people in all parts of the country, especially in the East, to provide for the future by planting trees. From the article we take the following practical remarks:

Having visited the centers of our lumbering trade, and carefully gathered statistics, we find that at the present rate of waste, seventeen years will complete the destruction of our pineries. It is estimated that five years will suffice for the forests of Maine, once supposed to be exhaustless. Soon after our pine is gone our fine hard-wood forests (which now supply the immense manufactories, the agricultural enterprises and car works) will also be destroyed, and then the remaining timber will suffer very severe drafts.

Thirty years will inevitably see large tracts at the East denuded of timber, while beautiful groves, large enough for building and manufacturing purposes, will adorn many portions of the West. If properly cultivated and tended, trees will grow to a good size in thirty years. There is a great difference between a natural and an artificial forest. Before us, as

we write, is a section of Scotch pine thirteen inches through, and the tree was thirty-five feet high. Go into many of our well-kept artificial forests, and you will find that trees often make a diameter of one inch a year and a height of two feet; and we have known white pines to grow even three and four feet a year. The soft woods often show a yearly circle of an inch in thickness, giving a diameter of two inches a year.

It is absolutely certain that our vast and fertile prairies will be adorned with abundant forests, while it is equally certain that many portions of the East will be denuded before the people wake up to the necessities of the case. So, if you wish eventually to live in a timbered country, "go West."

Again, it is a fact which is fast making itself evident, that like many of the European nations we must plant East and West upon a large scale. The ease with which our western soil can be cultivated, its freedom from stumps and stones, and its cheapness, give every advantage to the western planter. But it is said that there are immense beds of coal at the East; so there are at the West. Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska appear to be well stored with coal.

But too much reliance can not be placed on this material. It does not grow, and consequently it must ultimately become exhausted. England supposed she had a supply for a thousand years, but last summer a coal panic so severely affected the industries of that nation that the shock was felt almost all over the world. England now begins to draw upon our eastern mines, and must do so more and more, as her own supply is diminished.

TEMPERANCE IN CANADA.—We are pleased to know that alcoholism in Canada has recently received a severe blow from the medical profession. A manifesto has been published in the following terms:

We, the undersigned members of the medical profession in Montreal, are of opinion—

1. That a large proportion of human misery, poverty, disease, and crime, is produced by the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

2. That total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with, and conducive to, the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor.

3. That abstinence from intoxicating liquors would greatly promote the health, morality, and happiness of the people.

This is signed by twenty-three professors in

the medical schools of McGill and Bishop's Colleges, and by seventy-five or more practicing surgeons, including names of the highest eminence in America. There is hope, substantial hope, for our social reformers when medics take so decided a stand.

WISDOM.

PERFECTION is the point for which all should steadily aim.

LET us plant the earth with noble deeds, and she will yield us children of the sun.—*Home*.

THE utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

NOTHING is more precious than time. Never be prodigal of it. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clean conscience the best law; and honesty the best policy.

THE reign of good principle in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

THE willingness of American citizens to throw their fortunes into the cause of public education is without a parallel in my experience.—*Tyndall*.

THE successful business man is he who has a practical system, and keeps his eye on the little expenses, knowing that small leaks sink great ships.

A MAN should first relieve those who are connected with him by whatever tie, and then, if he has anything to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle.—*Johnson*.

WHAT IS REST?

Rest is not quitting	Deeper devotion
The busy career;	Nowhere hath knelt;
Rest is the fitting	Fuller emotion
Of self to its sphere.	Heart never felt.

'Tis the brook's motion,	'Tis loving and serving,
Clear without strife,	The highest and best;
Fleeing to ocean	'Tis onward! unswerving,
After its life.	And that is true rest.

J. S. Dwight.

EVERY look, tone, gesture of a man is a symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we can discern the fine organization by which the soul sends itself out in every act of the being. And the more perfectly developed the creature, the more significant, and yet the more mysterious, is every habit, and every motion, mightier than habit, of body or soul.—*Winthrop*.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

SAYS Jones, "What's the matter with your eye?" "Oh, nothin'; only my wife said this morning I'd better get up and make a fire; I told her to make it herself—that's all."

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall Street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said his friend, "looks as though you'd gone 'short' on your soap."

THIN PARTY (to street urchins): "Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?" The youngster casts a knowing look at him, and readily replies: "Guess he takes you for a bone!"

A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION.

"Charley, what is osculation?"

"Osculation, Jenny dear,

Is a learned expression queer,
For a nice sensation.

I put my arm, thus, round your waist,

This is approximation;

You need not fear—

There's no one here—

Your lips quite near,

I then ——"

"Oh, dear!"

"Jenny, that's osculation!"

A YOUNG preacher having tried to preach a sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure, a venerable doctor remarked that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

CARL PRETZEL says: "Der young man vot did said der vorltdt owed him some lifin, vas ladely turned der door out on ackound he's landlady vas unvilling to dook on her shoulder plade der indebtedness of der vorltdt."

UNCLE L.—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the beautiful story of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sam—"They sold him too cheap, uncle, I think."

A LIQUOR seller called upon a local bard to get a motto for a new sign-board which he was getting painted. He wanted something funny, and the poet gave utterance to the following:

Rum and whiskey, ale and beer;
Beggars made and mended here.
When nothing's left to pay the score,
I'll take and kick him to the door.

A RUSTY-LOOKING agriculturist entered a newspaper office recently, and after looking around earnestly enough to elicit an inquiry as to his business, said "it wasn't nothin' much, but he had left a big cucumber here in the fall for a notice, and thought, as how he was in town, he might run in and get it if he was through with it."

"THIS house for sail," was the announcement a traveler saw nailed over the door of a humble dwelling in New Hampshire. He called the proprietor to the door and gravely inquired: "When is your house going to sail?" "When some feller comes along who can raise the wind," responded the man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and the traveler moved mournfully on.

"CAN you steer?" said the captain. "The deuce a better hand at the tiller in Kinsale," replied Barney. "And you know the points of the compass, I suppose?" "A compass! be my faith it's not alone a compass, but a pair of compasses I have, that my brother, a carpinthir, left me for

a keep-sake when he went abroad; but, indeed, as for the pints o' them, I can't say much, for the childer spoilt them intirely borin' holes in the flure."

A KENTUCKY editor received the following note from a subscriber, asking that a false notice of his death might be corrected: "Sir, I not is a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of last wensday, i was born in greenup co, not caldwell, and my retirement from blines in 1869 was not owin to ill helth, but tu a little trouble i had in connection with a horse, and the cors of my deth was not small pox. please make correetaons for wich i enclose 50 cents."

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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

THE GULF STREAM.—Please to give your readers some account of the Gulf Stream.

This remarkable marine phenomenon is thus described: Its name is from the Gulf of Mexico, but it is connected with the equatorial current from Africa, one branch of which enters the Caribbean Sea at a temperature of 95°. It rushes through the "Narrows of Bimini," between Florida and the Bahama Islands; then turns to the north, skirting the coast of the United States; tending more and more to the east, till it arrives at the bank of Newfoundland, whence its course is nearly due east. It may be said generally to describe a curve from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the British Islands, Western Europe, and North-west Africa, where it dies away, or becomes lost in other currents. Its length is about 3,000 miles. At the Narrows of Bimini, it is 32 miles wide, 200 fathoms deep, and flows 5½ miles per hour; off Cape Hatteras it is 75 miles wide, 120 fathoms deep, and flows 3½ miles per hour. As it approaches the shores of Europe it widens, and its velocity is reduced to an average of 1 mile per hour.

The maximum temperature of the stream on

leaving the Gulf of Mexico is 86°; it parts slowly with its heat, losing only 2° in passing through 10° of latitude; and, after having run 3,000 miles, it still preserves—even in winter—the heat of summer. In general character it is a great and wide stream of heated salt water, larger than all the rivers of the world together, following a definite course, which is only slightly varied. Its current is more rapid than that of the Mississippi or Amazon, and its volume more than 1,000 times greater. As far as the Gulf of Carolina, its waters are of a deep indigo-blue, so that the line of junction with the surrounding water is traceable. This is caused by the fact that the waters of the Gulf Stream are saltier than the surrounding ocean. Its effects on climate are astonishing. It raises the temperature of the countries on the western shores of Europe, especially Ireland, the south-west of England, and Western France, greatly mitigating the rigors of winter. The quantity of heat radiated from it on a summer's day would suffice to raise the temperature of France and the British Islands from freezing-point to summer heat. It affects in a similar way the humidity of these countries, increasing the rainfall. One cause of the frequent storms in the Atlantic may be the difference between the temperature of the air of the Gulf Stream and that of the surrounding regions.

BIG HEADS.—Does mental capacity depend on the size of the brain? If so, why are some of the largest heads the biggest fools?

Ans. It is a fundamental doctrine of Phrenology, and of all nature, that size, *other conditions being equal*, is a measure of power. It is true of heads. It is true of timber, of iron, of everything. But we must compare hickory wood with hickory wood, chestnut timber with chestnut timber, pine with pine, steel with steel, copper with copper.

The little plucky game-cock is more finely organized than the sluggish Shanghai. He is more like a fiddle string than like a tow string; while the Shanghai, a great, coarse, awkward fellow, is a regular tow string. The fast horse has peculiar qualities of fiber and texture, as well as of form, which make him fast. The little donkey, or mule, will do more work and bear more burden than any horse of his size, or, rather, will do more work and bear more burden in proportion to his size than ordinary horses, consequently his quality, endurance, and toughness must be different.

There can be no effect without a cause adequate to produce it. As gold and platinum weigh more heavily, size for size, than iron, there must be a reason for it. As steel is harder and more elastic than copper, there must be a reason for that; and the world accepts this philosophy in everything but brain.

Now, these big-headed fools have brains of poor quality. Your thin, wiry, tough man, who is quick, strong, and active, like a game-cock, has a quality different from one of the great, overgrown, fat lubbers that have three inches of slush and fat spread over their sluggish carcass. If size is the measure of power, why can't these fat animals outwalk and outwork one of the wiry men just described? Nobody expects it. Everybody knows that this fat, juicy lump of laziness is of poor, coarse quality.

Apply this rule to the brain, and it is easy enough to understand the matter. There is many a large, overgrown brain that has, so to speak, no fiber or magnetism in it. But such heads are generally connected with dull and sluggish bodies. Sometimes the brain has water in it, which enlarges the skull without increasing the brain matter. We have, in our collection, the cast of the head of a man who had nine pints of water taken from the skull after his death, and the cast measures about thirty-six inches in circumference.

BASHFULNESS.—How can a young man with small Self-Esteem overcome bashfulness and the sense of inferiority in society? He has good Language, and has the talent requisite for a salesman or mechanic, but the want of Self-Esteem seems an insuperable barrier.

Ans. The subject of bashfulness has been treated upon, and may be found in our work entitled, "Combined Annuals." It has another essay on "Stammering, and How to Cure it." Another on "Fat Folks and Lean Folks," how to gain flesh or how to avoid it. Another article on "Jealousy, its Cause and Cure." Another on the "Marriage of Cousins," and another on "Mirthfulness, Wit, and Humor." We mention these special articles, because so many inquire for information relative to these special subjects. The work will be sent by mail for \$1.75, postage paid.

It must be evident that we can not take the space in the JOURNAL to discuss bashfulness at length, or the marrying of cousins, or everything

in regard to which we may be questioned on these subjects. In the "Combined Annuals" these subjects are stored up, ready for the reader.

THE WILL.—If, as is maintained in the January number of the JOURNAL, an organ is strong, the will, as it respects that organ, is strong; and if several organs co-operate, the will (mental action) will be stronger still; and if all the organs (the whole mind) act together, the will-power will be the strongest the individual is capable of exercising, have we not in the latter case just the character mentioned in the Bible, "the double-minded man, unstable in all his ways," each fully developed organ offsetting or counterbalancing the other?

Ans. Suppose we change the question, and say, Stomach, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, brain, etc., would health and power stand still because everything is strong? or would the man be stalwart and effective in each department of his being? The vital organs co-ordinate, so do the mental—so do all parts of a wagon-wheel, each part aiding and giving strength and effectiveness to all other parts.

The mental organs are in a sense antagonistic, like the spokes of a wagon-wheel; but the antagonism is not destructive or intended to nullify the proper results. In danger, Combativeness and Destructiveness push us ahead, while reason and Caution seek the best path, and guard against danger. The result is achievement and safety in a dangerous course. But fear and force co-operate in the result desired alike by affection, morality, and intelligence. Potash and oil antagonize chemically, but they produce soap, not a nullity. The apparatus that lifts the pile-hammer away from the pile as fast and as far as it can, may think it is opposed to pile-driving, but the result shows the contrary. The mental organs do not, if strong and well-balanced, nullify, but enhance action and augment life-force by giving it wisdom, prudence, and skill, as well as more power.

HOLLOW TOP-HEADS.—Infants have a soft place on the top of their heads. What is the cause of it? and what is the cause of it being often hollow or not filled out in full-grown men?

Ans. This is that part of the bony structure which is last to form or become organized. The "soft spot" in a child may be one, two, or even three years in closing up, and so with the organs in the top-head. They are among the last to become fully developed. In children, breathing is the first function, then appetite, with the other senses—hearing, sight, taste, and smell. Then the affections and the lower perceptions come into exercise. Then the temper, will, and selfish propensities. Then the physical improving faculties like Constructiveness, Ideality, etc. Then reason dawns, and so on the child advances through Benevolence, Spirituality, Hope, Conscientiousness, and, last of all, where the soft spot was, Veneration ripens into devotion—godliness. This is the order of development, and parents need not be alarmed if little Tommie, Freddie, or Charlie shows more

inclination to play than pray. Teach him, train him, call out his mind through his faculties, and, in good time, he will both play and pray. Still later, if properly trained, and under good influences, he will "pray without ceasing," i. e., he will, by the aid of grace, acquire a state of mind in harmony with the Divine will.

GERMAN SCHOOLS — DICTIONARY.—A good deal of error is entertained with regard to the schools for youth in Germany and France as compared with American schools, the impression that ours are inferior being by no means correct. We do not appreciate the expediency of sending children across the ocean to be educated, unless it is desired that they learn Continental languages and derive the benefits of foreign travel. In Dresden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Munich, are some of the best schools in Europe, and the cost, including board, is moderate, not exceeding \$250 a year, if the average of respectable German life is observed.

The rates of passage to Europe by the steamers are from \$80 to \$130, first-class. The excursion rates are much less, for which consult Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, of New York.

The dictionary regarded as standard with us is Webster's.

WHO WERE THE CYNICS?—They were a sect of Greek philosophers noted for their morose and snarling doctrines; whence, perhaps, their name, which means doggish or dog-like; though Cynics is more probably only an adopted abbreviation from the name of the gymnasium where Antisthenes taught, which was called *Cynosarges*; the sect was established by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates, who was born B. C. 426.

Diogenes was the best type of the ancient cynic. He was a Greek philosopher at Athens, and lived about 330 B. C. He inveighed against every species of luxury, and practiced the most rigid temperance, along with the sacrifice of every personal comfort. It is said that at night he slept in a tub, but this statement rests on no good authority. He must be considered a sort of philosophical fanatic.

BAD MEMORY.—I find myself continually asking—How can I improve my memory? Tobacco, alcoholic liquors, and dissipation of any kind I know nothing about, yet my memory is sadly deficient, even from my early boyhood. What others thought I know nothing about. But this I well know, with the training and schooling I have had, I should know more than I do. It is all owing to my short memory, as "nothing would stay." I am twenty-five years of age, my business and social relationships are as good as one could wish, but my greatest cross is poor memory. Can you suggest anything?

Ans. A weak or poor memory is a severe drawback to one's intellectual efficiency. In the great majority of cases it is induced by ill health or functional derangement. In the case of our correspondent it is probably due to defective organization, or a passive condition of the faculties

which subserve. If he would inform us, with regard to the subject or subjects whose memorization his mind finds so difficult, we shall be enabled to state what organs of the brain are defective or inactive. Some men have a poor memory and appreciation of colors; some of sounds. The former can not discriminate shades or tints with accuracy; the latter do remember tunes. So, too, some can retain names and numbers; others can not, but must take written notes of particulars.

CHES AND CHECKERS.—Does the playing at chess and checkers develop the organs of the brain; and if so, which ones?

Ans. Yes. It calls into specific action the faculties of Form, Locality, Order, Constructiveness, Comparison, and Causality.

TWO-COLORED EYES.—Why do some persons have eyes of different color?

Ans. We have seen four persons having eyes of different colors—one blue and the other black or dark brown. It is quite common to see black brows and light hair, or black hair and red beard. It will generally be found that where the eyes of a person are of different colors, one eye resembles the color of the father's eyes, the other the color of the mother's; and the same relative to the hair and brow.

What They Say.

VALUE OF LIFE.

MANY persons speak of the "cold and heartless world," seeming to consider it little better than a prison, and life as forced upon them, which they only tolerate from fear of entering a worse state. Such ideas are degrading to the human mind, indicating not very exalted conceptions of the worth of humanity, or the wisdom of Deity. True, this life has its trials and troubles; we meet with difficulties, which, to overcome, sometimes tax our powers to the utmost. We have to suffer from diseases and pains of the body, the scorn and contempt of our fellows, from unrequited affections and blighted hopes; but all these should not give us sad or gloomy ideas of our present existence. We bring most, perhaps all of them, upon us by our ignorance, hence they should conduce to our advancement in knowledge and wisdom. By the suffering we have to endure from our diseases, we should be led to study the laws of our system, so that in the future we may avoid what has caused the derangement of our health. The scorn and contempt of others, if arising from their ignorance of our motives, will be removed by their enlightenment, or, if from our own folly, will be overcome by our reformation. If our affections are unrequited because bestowed upon an improper object, the

remedy will be to change them to the proper one; if because of our own unworthiness, then the remedy will be the improvement of our characters. If our hopes have been blighted because placed upon things improper or beyond our reach, they may be realized by being turned to things proper and attainable. While here we are in "the chrysalis state;" our true life will doubtless begin when "Death shall break the fetters that bind us to earth," and we should without complaint labor to develop all our powers and faculties to their highest degree of perfection, that we may be prepared to enter upon that glorious existence.

The insect, instead of bursting the narrow confines of its cell before it is fully developed, to be an object of pity or disgust, lives contentedly through the full period of its imprisonment, to come forth gorgeously arrayed, delighting the eye by its beauty. Life is a glorious inheritance bestowed by an all-wise Providence, and we should accept it thankfully, with a realizing sense of its blessings and advantages, using it for the culture and development of our character. The poor, the unfortunates, the outcasts of our cities, who have known nothing but misfortunes, who have been condemned by society to a life of ceaseless toil and drudgery or crime, doubtless have reason enough to complain of the want there is of joy in life. Yet we do not hear these continually fretting over the miseries of life, of its bitter disappointments and vanished hopes; but the young, the intelligent, those who, if they would only improve their opportunities, might render their lives a continual enjoyment. Let us have more sunshine in life. The earth, man's temporary home, is full of beauty and gladness; the gloomy blackness of the storm cloud, as well as the pure whiteness of the snow-crowned mountains, change to golden and crimson when bathed in day's departing smiles. Through the flower-sprinkled valleys musically murmur the silvery streamlets; the air is vocal with the sweet melody of singing birds, and redolent with the breath of roses. All nature is joyous, and why should man be sad? The trials through which we pass should give to our lives, as the storms which sweep over the earth give to it, additional freshness and beauty.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Let thy thoughts be pure, thy deeds noble, and thy aspirations holy. Then shall thy life be a perpetual delight; each day shall bring something to cheer thee on thy journey. For sorrow thou shalt have joy; thy tears shall vanish beneath the bright sunlight of thy smiles, leaving thy countenance radiant with the rainbow of gladness. Thou shalt pursue thy earthly pilgrimage with cheerfulness and hope, and when it is finished and thou crowned with "the beauty of holiness," shalt enter upon thy *true life*, with the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." ALFRED WHITE.

THE GENTLEMAN.—He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes a selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of *l'ennuie*. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He never trifles with the unfortunate. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

DISCERNMENT.—In a paragraph discussing the March number of the *PHRENOLOGICAL*, the *All Day City Item*, of Philadelphia, remarks of the *JOURNAL* in general, thus:

"Miscellaneous subjects are discussed by this *JOURNAL*, and its contents are varied, instructive, and entertaining; but its particular aim is to elevate the human race and to point out the best way to accomplish that very desirable result. Those who desire to promote their own moral, mental, and physical improvement, can not do better than to make a careful study of its pages.

PHRENOLOGY AND THE OBJECTORS.—To show how silly and how ignorant some of the stupid are who oppose the science, Mr. F. E. Aspinwall reports the following: A person who claimed to have "read the books," and spoke as though he had the power of giving the final decision in the matter of its integrity, stated that "Phrenology could not be called a science;" that "it was uncertain and inexact. Phrenologists locate Destructiveness under the mastoid process; here the skull is often very thick, and I defy any one to tell me how thick *my* skull is there without sawing it open." He said, further, "They talk about the brain shaping the skull; *this is all nonsense*, for it is utterly impossible for the soft brain to press against the skull so hard as to bend it. Why, the least pressure on the brain will cause unconsciousness." There was no need of answering his objections, for he had read Gall and "Spurzheim's" works, had heard Combe lecture, etc., and there was no use trying to teach him anything about the science—he knew it all. He asked me to examine a certain portion of his head, saying there was something there which wasn't in the "books." I did so, and told him he may have received a blow on the head at that part; where-

upon he stated that *that* was "hemlockitiveness;" and then went on to relate how he was struck by a piece of hemlock, and ever since there had been a protuberance on his head at that spot.

Among other equally *conclusive* objections this wise professor stated that "Phrenologists locate Destructiveness under the mastoid process, whereas Gall distinctly says, 'This organ is located immediately over the ears, precisely where the temporal bones are so thin that the cerebral parts beneath show their real dimensions.' Spurzheim says, 'Its seat is immediately above the ear,' and Combe locates this organ here, as do all other real phrenologists." Really, this anti-phrenologist must have read the "books" to some purpose—however, there might have been sundry *misprints* in those he read!

Notwithstanding the objections of such men, Phrenology stands firmly, not only as a science, but as one of the most useful of the practical arts. And there it will stand, in spite of ignorant, prejudiced, and designing men. Nay, more, it will expand in its proportions and ultimately be accepted by all.

THE GRAPHIC, a new illustrated daily newspaper, published in New York at \$12 a year, or at five cents a copy, gives us the following "first-rate notice:" Samuel R. Wells has published the three famous poems of Goldsmith, "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit," in a tasteful volume, with notes and illustrations. Mr. Wells is the patriarch of Phrenology, if not its American prophet. Like the famous Irishman at the Donnybrook Fair, whenever he sees a head he hits it—with his fingers if not with his fist, with his science if not with his shillelah. His office is the Place of Skulls, and his show-case is full of mapped heads and cranological curiosities. His motto is "the proper study of mankind is man;" and, true to his creed, he spends his days in investigating character, and telling his customers who and what they are, and what they were made for, and how they may improve. He deals very gently and artistically with his victims, considering his preternatural passion for bumps, and was never known to depress an organ with his knuckles, or try to develop one by the application of a blister to the vacant place on the head. Some of his admirers claim that he knows a man better after a fifteen minutes' manipulation than he knows himself after an acquaintance of thirty-five years. Professors of Metaphysics, who denounce Phrenology, show a remarkable unwillingness to submit their heads to his examination. In fact, it has been remarked that skulls of particular configurations have a peculiar repugnance to Phrenology, and a chronic disinclination to allow a phrenologist's finger-tips to wander through their hair. Not that there is anything in Phrenology or under their hair; but still the coincidence is noticeable, as is Dr. Wells's PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a bright and entertain-

ing monthly magazine, which he has published for twenty-six years. The fifty-fourth volume, for 1872, contains a good deal of interesting matter on a great variety of topics, with fairly executed illustrations. * * * *

[The *Graphic* kindly refers us to Mill, Mandsley, Spencer, and Bain, suggesting that these worthies are in the lead; and that Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe should be draped, or displaced by later phychologists. We are open to "progress and improvement," and have no hobbies to ride, no masters to serve. We lead where truth points the way, and, while we conduct it, this JOURNAL shall never be found "behind the light-house." We trust the *Graphic* will lead the daily press, as we shall endeavor to lead the monthly. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has a field "all its own," relating to the immortal mind, which it will cultivate according to the best methods; while the *Science of Health* will look after our *bodies*, and the *Graphic* will give us the latest news with vivid pictures.

A SHAKER PROTEST.—In our next we shall publish a letter from an intelligent Shaker lady, in which she dissents most emphatically from statements made in former numbers of this JOURNAL. Her letter came too late for our present number. We give here a single paragraph, which shows the spirit of the writer:

"We are of opinion that after a careful perusal of our books you would scarcely consider the Scriptural command (given at a time when the earth was unpeopled) to apply with equal force to every class of people in our time, when pauperism and crime threaten to overrun the earth; besides, you might perhaps generously accord to us the credit of caring for not a few orphan children, which we should not be inclined to do had we children of our own."

INDIAN ART.—EDITOR OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: I was much interested in reading in the March number of your JOURNAL the article on "Indian Relics;" and in the description under fig. 14 you say that a rude attempt to imitate the human face divine is the most that you have ever seen among Indian curiosities. I have for some time past been making a collection of Indian relics, and among them is a stone pipe, and on the top of the bowl is the head of an Indian artistically cut, which, considering the tools that they must have had to work with, would do credit to a sculptor of the present day. This pipe was dug from an Indian grave by a person residing a short distance from here. I visited the place about two years ago. It was a large mound, and from twenty-five to thirty skulls had been dug up, showing that many had been buried there; and on the mound there were the stumps of several pine trees which had grown over where the bodies had been deposited. I thought that if this pipe would interest you or any of your antiquarian friends, I would be willing to send it to you for inspection, you to return it after you had made such use of it as you thought proper.

ROCKWOOD, ONTARIO.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

BACCHUS DETHRONED. Prize Essay. By Frederick Powell. 12mo; pp. 288. Price, \$1. New York; National Temperance Society.

This English prize essay took the first prize under the liberal offer of James Teare, for the best essay on the entire temperance question. The author considers: I. The Great National Curse; II. The Supposed Dietetic Value of Alcoholic Beverages; III. The Physiological Relations of Intoxicating Liquors; IV. The Social and Political Argument; V. The Manufacture of Intoxicating Liquor an Immorality; VI. Teetotalism a Scientific Truth; VII. Teetotalism in Relation to the Bible; VIII. God's Great Remedy for the World's Great Curse; IX. Legislation and the Liquor Traffic. The book should be in every Library and on every family table. One thinks temperance men should begin their work, not by trying directly to save tipplers, but by furnishing soap, water, food, clothing, and comfortable homes for the poor. Another point is, that it should be done through the church. Another, by legislation, and so forth. We venture to suggest that it begin today—at this very moment! That no more marriages be consummated by those who drink, habitually, alcoholic liquors. This would prevent the breeding of drunkards. Pre-natal influences should be considered in treating this or any other reform.

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE. By C. W. Hufeland, M.D. From the German. 18mo. Price, 75 cents. New York: Thomas O'Kane.

There is no doubt but what human life may be—often is—prolonged or shortened by the way we live. One born of diseased or consumptive parents, with a large brain and a small, feeble body, or one who inherits the infirmities of decrepitude, will suffer premature decay, do what he may to avert it. A wormy apple falls off early. But what says our German author? We quote him: "I think I have sufficiently proved that the prolongation of life is possible, in four different ways:

- "1st. By increasing the vital power itself.
- "2d. By hardening the organs.
- "3d. By retarding vital consumption.
- "4th. By facilitating and assisting restoration."

Common-place and common-sense maxims are given. One of the conditions named is, "a sound and powerful generation," which is very good. Another is, "Cheerfulness and serenity of mind." Very good again. Then, the whole person must be built up according to physiological principles, such as we teach in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

WHAT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW. A Woman's Book about Women. Containing practical information for Wives and Mothers. By E. B. Duffey. 12mo; pp. 320. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

The author gives her views on the physical and mental differences in the sexes: Love in its Physical and Moral Phases; When and Whom shall Women Marry; Trials of the Young Wife and Mother; Management of Infancy; The Moral Responsibilities of Motherhood, and much advice as to matters of a more delicate and private nature not necessary to name here. It covers very much the same ground as that so well done in "Mrs. Pendleton's Parent's Guide," published at this office, and will no doubt be useful to many readers. We take it, that woman should know, not only what there is in this book, but vastly more. Nay, all things which her God-given faculties may enable her to learn. Yea, "all things."

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL. Embracing a new Revised Edition of "The American Woman's Home," and "The Handy Cook Book." By Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. 12mo; pp. 591. Price, \$3. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

To give the reader a more elaborate idea of the work than the title conveys, we quote the chapter headings: The Christian Family; A Healthful Home; Scientific Ventilation; Stoves, Furnaces, and Chimneys; Home Education; The Care of Health; Domestic Exercise; Healthful Food; Healthful Drinks; Cleanliness; Clothing; Good Cooking; Early Rising; Domestic Manners; Good Temper; Habits of Society; Giving in Charity; Economy of Time and Money; Health of Mind; Care of Infants; Management of Children; Amusements and Social Duties; Care of the Aged; of Servants; of the Sick; Accidents and Antidotes; Sewing, Cutting, and Mending; Fires and Lights; Care of Rooms; of Yards and Gardens; Propagation of Plants; Cultivation of Fruits; of Domestic Animals; Earth Closets; Marketing and Care of Meats; Stews, Soups, Hashes, Boiled Meats, Roast, Baked, Broiled, and Fried, Pickles, Sauces and Salads, Fish, Vegetables, Bread, Puddings and Pies, Cakes, Preserves, Jellies, Family Stores, Washing, Ironing, and Cleaning, etc.

OUR WORKSHOP. Being a Practical Guide to the Amateur in the art of Carpentry and Joinery. Illustrated. 18mo. Price, 75 cents. New York: Thomas O'Kane.

The author has given us illustrations with descriptions of The Bench; How to Use Tools; Selection and Seasoning of Woods; on Joining Timbers; Grooving-Plains; Mortising and Tenoning; Dovetailing, Veneering, Varnishing, and French Polishing. A very useful little book.

INAUGURATION GUIDE-BOOK. Grant and Wilson, 1873. Published by the New York Association, Washington, D. C. Tells the story of that event.

MY NAME IS LEGION. A Temperance Sermon. By Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, and published at 15 cents by the National Temperance Society.

Here is the text: "He said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."—*St. Mark* v. 8, 9. A ringing discourse, such as this veteran temperance apostle is accustomed to preach.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FRIEND. A Bi-Monthly Magazine devoted to the Art of Photography. Terms for 1873, \$2.50, payable in advance. Published by Richard Walz, Baltimore.

A capital magazine, with the finest specimens of the photographic art. Those interested should send 25 cents for a specimen number, and judge its merits for themselves.

UNCONSCIOUS ACTION OF THE BRAIN, and Epidemic Delusions. By Dr. W. B. Carpenter, author of "Human Physiology," etc. 12mo, pamphlet; pp. 63. Price, 25 cents. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[We reserve comment until another number, when we will review at length.]

GALAMA; or, The Beggars. The Founders of the Dutch Republic. By J. B. De Liefde. Octavo pamphlet; pp. 166. Price, 75 cents. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Galama is published in good style; as one of the volumes in The Library of Choice Fiction, and will doubtless find many readers.

THE MODERN THINKER, No. 2, is issued, and contains some twenty articles by different writers of the "most advanced speculations in philosophy, science, sociology, and religion," chiefly the believers of the school of Auguste Comte. Price, per number, \$1. New York: David Wesley & Co.

"**THE NATION'S WARD,**" and "**KNOWLEDGE IS POWER,**" two photographs, by D. H. Anderson, from models by E. V. Valentine, all of Richmond, Va. The first represents a very happy-looking young negro, with a soldier's cap covering a head quite free from care, while the second represents young ebony, with his head on his shoulder, his mouth wide open, and fast asleep. This subject needs new clothes and new shoes. The pictures are very effective.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORDS AND THEIR USES. A new and thoroughly revised edition. By Richard Grant White. One vol.; crown 8vo. Price, \$2.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY. Containing a full and complete biography of Napoleon III. A new and enlarged edition. One vol.; crown 8vo (toned paper), and twenty-eight portraits. Price, \$2.50.

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES. By Prof. A. C. Kendrick. \$2.

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THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVI.—No. 6.]

June, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 414.]



THE BARON OF SCHWARTZ-SENBORN,
PRESIDENT OF THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

THE BARON OF SCHWARTZ-SENBORN,

PRESIDENT OF THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

THE portrait herewith presented is that of the Baron of Schwartz-Senborn, the presiding director of the International Exposition at Vienna. As shown by the engraving, he is a gentleman of much more than average ability by natural endowment and acquisition. Temperamentally, he has an organization which is seldom equaled among men, while in his mental development there are exhibited the distinctive marks of the man of idea and suggestion, the planner and organizer. His constructive talent belongs to the esthetic realm rather than to the physical; it is allied with Ideality—imagination and taste. He should be an admirable critic of art, so strong are his sympathies and intuitions related to the world of beauty and design. He is a man of quick impressions, clear and emphatic in opinion and utterance, but at the same time delicate and refined in manner. He is so sanguine with respect to his perceptions that his strong Firmness braces him up in their declaration, giving him a character for self-reliance and thoroughness with which his fine-grained and sensitive temperament seems scarcely consistent. His views of subjects are broad, and his logical sense acute; hence he feels assured in his conclusions, especially as his past experience can confront him with few mistakes. He is a prudent yet progressive man, his Cautiousness leading him to make sure of the firmness of his footing with every step, but by no means intimidating him from pushing forward according as opportunity offers.

Dr. William, Baron of Schwartz-Senborn, was born in Vienna, in the year 1816, and, after concluding his course of study, was appointed Secretary of the Society of Industry. In this office he remained until 1848. From that time

until the present he has taken prominent parts in the organization and directing of fairs and exhibitions, among others the great one held in Paris, when Napoleon III. was at the zenith of his power. His intelligence and zeal in such enterprises have won general admiration, and to him is attributed the striking success which the Austrian contributions to the World's Fair at London obtained.

In 1862 he was knighted by the Emperor of Austria, and at the close of the London Exhibition several titles of distinction were conferred upon him.

At the time when the project of the Vienna Exposition was suggested, Baron Schwartz was sojourning in Paris; but as soon as the scheme became a certainty, he was summoned home, and offered the general supervision of the gigantic labor incident to the construction of the buildings and the general arrangements. He willingly accepted the task, and immediately laid his plans for the great work which was intrusted to his skillful brain and hands; and, it is said, "despite the many difficulties he will triumph, and show the world what a firm will, intelligence, and unrelenting zeal can create in a comparatively short time."

THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

In arranging the buildings of this colossal enterprise, the defects of the Paris structure are quite avoided. The "Grignon" plan was adopted as that most suitable for the multifarious objects in view. A good idea of the general disposition of its parts may be obtained from the description furnished by *Engineering*, which is substantially as follows: The nave or great axis of the building is made to run as nearly as possible east and west. The transepts consequently point north and south. The countries are then arranged according to their geographical position on the surface of the earth. North and South America occupy the extreme western end of

the building; England and the countries of Western Europe come next, and so on till we get to the far eastern transepts, which are appropriated to China and Japan. In the case of two countries being the same distance east or west of a given meridian, the one which lies most to the north on the face of the globe occupies the transept and part of the nave on the northern side of the axis, and *vice versa*; this latter rule has, however, been sometimes disregarded, as it does not in the least injure the working of the system.

By means of this arrangement, any one possessing the most elementary notions of geography can find his way about with perfect ease. To give an example: if a visitor finds himself in one of the transepts belonging to France, and should want to go to the Chinese portion of the building, knowing, as he does, that China lies to the east of France on the surface of the globe, he has only to go into the nave, turn toward the eastern end of the long axis, and walk till he sees the name CHINA hung from the roof in large letters. If, on the other hand, he had wanted to visit the American department, he would have had to perform precisely the same operation, turning, however, toward the west instead of to the east. It is equally easy for visitors who are in the park to find their way from the outside to any particular part of the Industry Palace, for each transept is furnished with a portal at its end, over which is marked the name of the country occupying it.

From the above it will be seen how completely the gridiron plan meets all the requirements of an exhibition; and at the same time it possesses a high degree of architectural harmony and beauty. Thanks to the great extent of wall surface and the comparative narrowness of the nave and transepts, it has been found possible to light the whole building by side windows. The roof girders being of small span are very light, and the garden courts supply the amount of wall space which each country requires in the immediate neighborhood of its own section of the Industry Palace.

The general aspect from the outside is that of a long, low line of gray buildings, surmounted by an arched zinc roof; the long line is broken frequently by the numerous

transepts, the end of each of which is a portico of considerable architectural beauty; the doorway in every case is surmounted by the name and arms of the country to which the transept belongs.

The main feature of the architectural design is a grand hall or rotunda, surmounted by a large dome. This is planted right in the middle of the axis of the nave, and in order to unify it with the remainder of the palace, the nave, where it meets it, is made to split in two, and encircle it; the semi-arch of the roof of the nave thus split rests against the walls of the rotunda. The transepts which flank the rotunda are united by a building parallel with the nave, thus forming a handsome façade for the center of the palace.

The total length of the buildings is nearly 3,000 feet, with an extreme breadth of 700 feet, while the area of grounds devoted to the purposes of the Exposition is upward of twenty acres. These dimensions reduce the great Paris show to insignificance in comparison.

The floor-space allotted to the United States is: 13,000 square feet in the machinery *annexe*; one transverse gallery 500 by 49 feet, or 24,500 square feet, and a portion of the central pavilion, at the most say 5,000 square feet; total, 42,500 square feet, in all equivalent to an area of 207 feet square, or about one acre. To meet the expenses of the Commission appointed to take the superintendence of the contributions of American industry, Congress at the last session appropriated \$200,000, but a quarter, it is said, of what the occasion demands. However, the policy of using too much of the public money for the pleasure of a few favored individuals may be questioned. Let those who would secure glory and prominence by seeing their products in the great display, use some of their own spare hundreds of dollars. Our manufacturers, and others who are interested earnestly in the enterprise, are generally wealthy, and ask no pecuniary assistance from the Government. Eight hundred American exhibitors will be represented, fully three times the number at the Paris Exposition. In March the United States Transports Supply and Guard sailed with 16,000 or more packages, so that it is altogether

likely that the space allotted to us will be well filled up, and that a very respectable share of notice will be elicited from the

the ocean. Of course all of our readers who contemplate visiting the Exposition, appreciate the virtue of economy, and are not



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH, OF AUSTRIA.

throng of visitors by our specimens of handicraft and natural wealth.

A word now in regard to the trip across

averse to suggestions which may prove advantageous to the pockets. Such as have not already made their arrangements for the

voyage, will find the excellent Excursion system of Messrs. Cook & Son of value. These gentlemen, well known to us personally, get up excursions into all parts of the world. They furnish tickets which will pay all charges at hotels and on railroads, for individuals or for parties. Their Educational Tour to Vienna, which is one of the tours proposed in a late issue of their *Excursionist*, proposes to leave New York, June 28, 1873. It includes visits to Scotland, England, Belgium, the Rhine, Bavaria, Austria, Switzerland, and Paris. It is to occupy nine weeks, and of course affords an opportunity to visit the Show. The price for the entire trip is \$400, gold, which will cover charges for first-class steamer, railway, hotels, portorage, servants, omnibuses, guides, fees for sight-seeing, and personal attendance of the conductor. All communications are to be addressed to Cook, Son & Jenkins, 262 Broadway, New York.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH, OF AUSTRIA.

It is not out of place in this connection to

introduce to the reader a portrait of the young and handsome wife of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. She is by birth a Bavarian princess, and is now about thirty-six years of age, her royal husband being seven years older. She was crowned Empress on the 24th of April, 1854, and also crowned Queen of Hungary in 1867. She is the mother of several children, and has acquired an excellent reputation for mental accomplishment and the graces of womanhood. From all that we have heard and seen of her, we are not disposed to question the claim of the Austrians in her behalf, that she is the "most charming princess of the European Continent."

Our portrait does not belie such claim, but presents a woman of admirable physical constitution, one whose symmetrical features and well-molded head indicate a staunch, solid, independent character, in the main, but one by no means all puffed up with pomp, pride, and glitter. She is kind, sympathetic, friendly, and motherly.

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS FROM THE EARLIEST.

IT is a remarkable proof of the facility with which the impatient, headlong American people drop and forget any scheme that has seemed to them full of promise, but the slow progress of which has led them to lose confidence in it, that in the recent presidential campaign the opponents of one of the leading candidates appeared to have actually forgotten that he was the prime mover of the great Fourierite excitement in this country, and thus neglected what might have served them as an argument against him. As many others, besides Mr. Greeley, who were prominent in the late political campaign, were socialistic leaders in younger days, this is a fitting time to consider what American socialism is and has been; especially as it is well known that most of these gentlemen are still hopeful of seeing society reorganized somewhat in accordance with Fourier's ideas, though latterly they have expected more immediate results from the development of English co-operation. Most of the young men of the present generation will be surprised to learn that the socialistic excitement from 1842 to 1850 was as great as that

concerning California gold. They will also marvel that so many men whom they revere as leaders in action as well as thought were in the vigor of their youth devoted to the promulgation of socialistic doctrines, of which most prominent men and women now speak with a flippant sneer, as impracticable dreams.

THE OLD LIGHTS OF FOURIERISM.

I approach with mingled awe and reverence that enchanted ground upon which men who are now leaders in the councils of this nation once trod with buoyant step, while their souls were full of enthusiastic anticipation of the year One of universal human perfection. It was a noble and beautiful faith that filled the minds of American socialists during the exciting Owenite days of 1825, and the more exciting Fourierite days of 1842 to 1850. Some men now eminent may feel rather ashamed of the youthful ardor they displayed in those far days. My word to them is:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I must dwell somewhat upon these old socialistic leaders, because the fact is a curious

one, that so many who threw their whole souls into the Fourierite movement are now solid men of wealth and position—leaders in literature and politics; or, like Hawthorne, have died covered with glory. Let us go over the list. Of Mr. Greeley I need say nothing. George Ripley has won himself the name of being the best book critic in this country. He is a solid member of the *Tribune* Association. Charles A. Dana has made his mark in various ways. Parke Godwin, long a main-stay of the *Evening Post*, has wealth and a high social position. George W. Curtis, as editor of Harpers' periodicals alone, has an elevated literary position. He is, moreover, one of our leading political lights. Albert Brisbane, faithful among the faithless, has the honor of being the only one among the old leaders of Fourierism who still makes the propagation of that faith his chief life-purpose. William H. Channing, glorious enthusiast! who strove in vain so long to enkindle in the thinkers of this country his white-heat zeal for the reorganization of society, has a world-wide reputation as a *litterateur*, and is enjoying learned leisure. Of Ralph Waldo Emerson I need only say that he was one of the originators of "Brook Farm"—the greatest socialistic experiment of New England; wherein Ripley, Dana, Hawthorne, Curtis, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, and a host of lesser literary lights, strove to remodel society. Henry James, having won a high niche in the world of letters, is still enjoying a life of learned ease. N. C. Meeker, after being a very amusing agricultural editor for the *Tribune*, has established the famous town of Greeley, in Colorado. Robert Dale Owen, though never, perhaps, a Fourierite, comes properly into this list. He is a leading man in politics and literature.

Truly systems which enlist the heartiest sympathies of such men as these I have enumerated, are worthy of something better than the scorn which the mention of them now usually calls forth.

In the development of this subject, I shall make extensive use of J. H. Noyes' book on Socialism, which again is mostly compiled from the manuscripts of a curious old Scotchman named MacDonald, who was the "Old Mortality" of American socialism, and who spent the twelve years between 1842 and 1854 in wandering about this country, visiting the wrecks of socialistic experiments, and obtaining facts concerning them.

THE SUCCESSFUL ASSOCIATIONS.

As mankind admires success above all things,

I can doubtless rivet attention more closely upon the subject by describing the successful communities than in any other way.

The world would know nothing of some of the most singular of these undertakings, but for the information furnished by a German named Jacobi, who sent it to a friend of mine who was publishing a little Reform paper in Cincinnati, when I was there in 1858. Jacobi said: "During the last eight years I have visited all the communities in this country, except the Icarian, staying at each from six months to two years." He gives them in chronological order: 1. Conrad Beizel, a German, founded the colony of Ephrata, in Pennsylvania, in 1713. There were at times some thousands of members. They were Bible communists, lived in celibacy, and became rich. The marvel is that this community still existed in 1858, one hundred and forty-five years after it was started, and some of the grand old buildings were standing, and a dozen old men lingered among them. I read a description of this place by Schele de Vere, in a magazine.

2. In 1774 came Ann Lee and the Shakers. They have now eighteen prosperous societies. No other mention of them is needed. They are one of the wonders of the world, and have proved for all time that associative life is possible, and may be permanent.

3. George Rapp, a German, came to this country in 1803. In 1804 he brought over two ship loads of his followers, and settled upon 5,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania. They were celibates, but music, painting, and sculpture flourished among them. Their museums and gardens were the wonder of the region. In 1814 they built Harmony, in Indiana, and were 1,000 strong. In 1824 they sold that village, and the 30,000 acres adjacent, to Robert Owen, and built Economy, near Pittsburg, where they now are. They own railroads and oil wells, and are millionaires. There is abundant proof that it was their religion that held them together. These sturdy associationists, departing in peace and with abundant wealth, must have indulged in many "a great, silent, inward guffaw," as they saw Robert Owen's followers entering into possession of their orderly village. Twenty-five years of communism had taught them that "except ye become as little children" ye can not enter into this kingdom of heaven.

4. Joseph Bimeler, a German (the Germans are so good-natured and industrious that they make first-rate associationists), founded Zoar, in Ohio, with 800 followers, in 1816. They are

liberal Bible believers. *They live married or single, as they choose*, are rich, a good moral people, and number five hundred.

5. Samuel Snowberger, an American, founded a community at Snowhill, Pa., in 1820, in imitation of that of Beizel. In 1858 this society numbered thirty, and was well-off.

6. Christian Metz, a German, founded Ebenezer, near Pittsburg, in 1846. Metz and one of his sisters have been "mediums" for thirty years, and their sect has received practical business direction from one *spirit* here and in Germany for a century. They have never been disappointed in its promises. They are Bible believers. They permit marriage when the ruling spirit consents. They have thousands of members, and have moved to Iowa, where they have 30,000 acres. Different members brought in \$100,000, \$80,000, \$40,000, etc.

7. Erick Jansen, a Swede, began communism at Bishop Hill, Ill., in 1846. His society are Bible believers. In 1858 they were 800 strong, and well-off. They prefer celibacy, but do not object to marriage.

From the "Social Record" of 1870, the same little paper which furnished the above interesting facts twelve years before, I have an account of the Icarian Community. It is located near Owen City, Adams Co., Iowa, in the south-west part of the State, where it was established in 1854. It is now in a successful and prosperous condition. It has about sixty members, and 1,729 acres of land. The members all live together in one common interest, and hold all their property in common. They sustain the ordinary marriage and family relations.

OWEN'S COMMUNITIES.

I must pass briefly over the Owen Communities. The only one of these that merits attention is that at New Harmony; and nothing but the fact that 900 people gathered pell-mell on a tract of land—including the Rappite village—that cost \$150,000, makes this worthy of notice, for it was an utter failure from the beginning. It was the first of the grand, absurd picnics indulged in by the American people, under the fond delusion that they were making thorough trial of integral association. All these inorganic mobs soon went, of course, to "nameless shreds and dissolution."

OWEN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Owenites had a good time while Robert doled out money to them. Amusements flourished. The society had a band of music (whistling before they got out of the woods). Tuesday evenings were appropriated to balls; Fri-

day evenings to concerts—both in the old Rappite church. There was no religious worship. Five military companies, consisting of infantry, artillery, riflemen, veterans, and fusileers did duty from time to time in the public square.

Well, the whole thing soon vanished like a dream. Owen said, after the final dissolution, that he "wanted honesty of purpose and he got dishonesty. He wanted temperance, and instead he was continually troubled with the intemperate. He wanted industry, and he found idleness. He wanted cleanliness, and he found dirt. He wanted carefulness, and he found waste. He wanted to find desire for knowledge, but he found apathy."

GREELEY'S VERDICT.

Horace Greeley gave the outline of a very long chapter in the history of socialism when he uttered the following: "A serious obstacle to the success of any socialistic experiment must always be confronted. I allude to the kind of persons who are naturally attracted to it. Along with many noble and lofty souls, whose impulses are purely philanthropic, and who are willing to labor and suffer reproach for any cause that promises to benefit mankind, there throng scores of whom the world is quite worthy—the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle and the good-for-nothing generally, who, finding themselves utterly out of place, and at a discount in the world as it is, conclude that they are exactly fitted for the world as it ought to be. These may have failed again and again, and been protested at every bank to which they have been presented, and yet they are sure to jump at any new movement as if they had been born expressly to superintend and direct it, though they are morally certain to ruin whatever they lay their hands on. Destitute of means and practical ability, of prudence, tact, and common sense, they have such a wealth of assurance and self-confidence that they clutch the responsible positions which the capable and worthy modestly shrink from; so responsibilities that would tax the ablest are mistakenly devolved on the blindest and least fit."

THE FOURIER EXCITEMENT.

Turning from the meager details of Owen's Communities, I come to the wonderful outbreak of Fourierism, which was initiated by Horace Greeley and Albert Brisbane, in 1842. A faint idea of the grandeur of this uprising of the people against our absurd "perfectible, perfectibilizing civilization," as Fourier calls it,

may be obtained from the numerical records of those who actually took part in the associations. The 8,600 that are found on MacDonald's lists do not include those who engaged in obscure, spasmodic attempts, and who would make as many more; while the converts to the doctrine, who were ready to take part in the movement when it became an assured success, have been estimated at ten times the actual workers; so that in all about 200,000 of our citizens must have been proud of the name Fourierite in those early days of the new hope. An old gentleman tells me that the excitement was so great that any man who got possession of a barn and a few acres, and proclaimed that he was setting up the kingdom of heaven on this new basis, was sure to be overrun with recruits (many of them, no doubt, like those of Falstaff) in a few weeks. It was like the time when the multitude followed Christ into the wilderness, save that the expected miraculous feeding was lacking. Yet though these fantastic attempts were such disastrous failures, old socialists maintain that they caused a socialistic change of heart in our people, and that a yearning toward social reconstruction has become a part of the permanent inner experience of the American people.

When Mr. Brisbane's lectures, and those of his disciples, and the column devoted daily to Fourierism in the *Tribune* had got the people fairly warmed up, the stampede for the associative centers began. It would be amusing, if it were not so saddening, to note the localities in which the most of these melancholy experiments were instituted. Fourier having put his veto upon all small movements and small domains, our people determined that if they could not gather men and money in accordance with the master magician's formulæ, they would at least have the magical number of acres. Rock-covered mountains suited them as well as fertile plains—especially when the former were \$1 an acre and the latter were \$100.

POOR PICKING.

Northern Pennsylvania, where many of these "fool's paradises" were located, is traversed by three great chains of mountains, and not less than eight high ridges run through the State, and spread themselves abroad in that region. They were then, at least, mountain deserts—cold and rocky. The Sylvania Domain, 2,894 acres, was 1,500 feet above the Hudson. Stunted pines grew there. The Peace Union Settlement, 10,000 acres, was on the ridges of Warren County. Rev. George Ginal's 30,000 acres were among the mountains of McKean County,

and still wilder. The Social Reform Unity was in Pike County, near the Sylvania. Its domain was thickly covered with stones and boulders, price \$1.25 per acre. The Goose Pond Community succeeded to these stones and boulders.

WEALTH FLOWING IN.

But the above associations only represent one phase of the movement. Strong, wise men by the thousand, vast tracts of rich land, and abundance of money and goods were attracted into these undertakings in some parts of the country, especially in Western New York. It is said that within a radius of fifty miles from Rochester most of the great American excitements, such as Mormonism, Anti-Masonry, and Spiritualism, have taken their rise or reached their highest pitch. Hepworth Dixon calls this the "Burnt District." T. C. Leland, writing from Rochester, in April, 1844, said: "I attended the Socialistic Convention at Batavia. The turn-out was astonishing. Nearly every town in Genesee County was well represented. Many came from five to twelve miles on foot. Indeed, all Western New York is in a deep shaking agitation on the subject. Nine associations are now contemplated within fifty miles of this city. From the astonishing rush of applications for membership in these associations, I have no hesitation in saying that twenty thousand persons west of the longitude of Rochester in this State is a low estimate of those who are now willing, nay anxious, to take their place in associative unity."

As a result of this uproar, we find some very substantial associations. The Clarkson Phalanx, on the shore of Ontario, had \$95,000 worth of choice land, valued at \$145,000 soon after the bubble burst. In April, 1844, there were 420 souls on the place, as happy as clams at high water. All professions and all creeds were represented. They had houses, mills, and 400 cultivated acres, 400 sheep, 25 horses, 40 cows, 12 yoke of oxen, etc., etc. They had rich gardens and abundant pasture, and cut 200 tons of hay in a year. They held together only a year. The chief cause of failure alleged was that their capital was wrongfully tied up in the hands of trustees.

The Jefferson County Phalanx had 300 persons on 1,200 acres of superior land, finely watered, near Watertown. It was composed of several farms, put in by farmers. Real estate, provisions, and tools were brought in as freely as in Apostolic Communism times; though I need not add that Fourierism is far from communism.

DISGUSTED WITH FOURIER.

By 1847, however, Western New York had become very sick of Fourier. The Brook Farm (duration six years) missionary, John Allen, writing from Rochester in that year, said: "The prospect for meetings in this city is less favorable than that of any place we have visited. It is the nest wherein was hatched that anomalous brood of birds, 'the confederated phalanxes of Western New York.' The very name of association is odious with the public, and the unfortunate people who went into these movements in such mad haste have been ridiculed until endurance is no longer possible, and they have slunk from the sight and knowledge of their neighbors." I will venture to say that among these were many of the noblest people of the region.

WESTERN ENTHUSIASM.

There were very solid attempts at association in Western States. The Ohio Phalanx had 600 acres of bottom land, all cleared and under cultivation, and 550 acres of fertile hills, in 1844. I am acquainted with E. P. Grant, their president, who is now a solid citizen of Ohio, and as warm as ever in the cause. He is interested in the only existing Fourierite movement, that of E. V. de Boissiere, the wealthy French gentleman, who has buried himself in the prairie at Ottawa, Kansas, to do or die for Fourier, and whose fortune is to be nearly all invested in the "Kansas Co-operative Farm." The Ohio Phalanx is said to have had \$100,000 pledged for its support.

Turning to Michigan, we find the Adelphi Phalanx had, in 1844, 1,300 members, and at one meeting more than 100 were rejected, because, as they said, "there seemed to be no end, and we became almost frightened at the number." Their report continues: "There is much talk about the formation of other associations in Michigan—those who have studied the theory of association are desirous of escaping from the present hollow-hearted state of civilized society, in which fraud and heartless competition grind the more noble-minded of our citizens to the dust."

CERESCO.

Ceresco, the Wisconsin Phalanx, made a long, hard pull of it, and finally died of speculation; or, as some say, because of a disposition of a few to turn it into a community. The most plausible story is as follows: The property becoming valuable, they sold it to get individual profit. It died, not from any of the common diseases of association—poverty, dissension, lack of wisdom, morality, or religion, but

by deliberate suicide. As in the North American Phalanx, of New Jersey, which lasted fourteen years, the people lacked that *esprit du corps* which is found only in societies which are united by a common faith concerning the eternal destinies of the human soul. In 1844 Warren Chase began operations at Ceresco on 2,000 acres of rich land. In 1845 they had 29 yoke of oxen, 87 cows, and a corresponding number of other stock. In the fall they put in 400 acres of wheat. They enjoyed a slow, steady prosperity, and numbered thirty-three families. They followed Fourier's plans quite closely, considering the smallness of their numbers. They were mostly skeptics in religion, were industrious, and had many discussions about work, manners, progress, etc., but they still continued to work and scold and scold and work, with much energy and with much effect, raising in one year 10,000 bushels of wheat. They used no alcoholic spirits. In 1850 they returned to civilized habits, by dividing the property, or, rather, buying it in at public sale. Most of the members bought either farms or village lots, and became permanent inhabitants. Many members regretted the dissolution, while others, who had gained property and become established in business through the reputation of the Phalanx for honesty and punctuality, seemed to care very little about it.

THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

This was a special test of Fourierism. Mr. Greeley and many prominent New Yorkers were stockholders. An idea of the difficulties that surround an undertaking to organize industry on a scientific basis is seen in the following extract from Mr. Sears' report: "The strife to maintain these several views was long and vigorous, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that our days were spent in labor, and our nights in legislation." This is the old Wisconsin story of working and scolding again.

One principal cause of the final collapse of this association was the burning of their mill. Horace Greeley offered them \$12,000 to rebuild it, but through some dispute among themselves the scheme failed, and they dissolved. Noyes says of this fact: "When Hepworth Dixon visited this country and inquired about the Oneida Community, Horace Greeley told him he would find it a trade success. Now the North American entered the stage of trade success, and then failed because it lacked the faculty of agreement. The great lesson that the Oneida Community has been learning is, that agreement is possible. In cases where diversity of

judgment has arisen, we have always secured unanimity by being patient with each other."

HOPEDALE COMMUNITY.

We should not neglect to notice the Hope-dale Association, joint stock, engineered by Adin Ballou. This was religious and long-lived. It was in Massachusetts, and lasted from 1841 to 1858—seventeen years. Ballou was as confident of being the coming man as was Fourier or Comte. But he showed his lack of common sense by cumbering his system with an interminable ascending series of associative relations. His seven fundamental spheres of life are similar to those tabulated by Comte. Ballou's account of his failure is, that a sharp man named Draper, who became president, enriched himself by outside operations while neglecting the association.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

As the singular success and more singular ways of this association are tolerably well known, but a few words are needed in allusion to it. I consider that they are honest, but misled, in their views of marriage. They offer no small problem to America and the

world, and though no more prosperous than half-a-dozen less demonstrative communities, they are making a stir in the earth. Success is everywhere worshiped, and their grand plantations, workshops, and unitary dwellings, with their clear profit of some \$50,000 a year, are a very prominent subject of thought and talk in all Christendom. The *Tribune* published a fierce letter lately, demanding that they should be uprooted as a nuisance. This is not the way Americans nullify such seeming evils. The old socialists, as they watch with open-mouthed wonder this great success in a line in which they failed, rub their eyes and scarcely believe their senses. They say: "This is the way we longing sought," and they will not be satisfied with any overthrow of Oneida immorality, except by a superior success of truly moral people.

Here, then, is the plain, unvarnished story of Socialism in America. Facts, and not fancies, have been given. It would be easy to fill this magazine with inferences that might be naturally drawn. It is deemed best to allow the readers to do that for themselves.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

CULTIVATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF MIND.

THE word education is used so frequently, that we hear it without a thought of its grand meaning, that 'tis *this* which gives the student a key to hidden mysteries, and unlocks the storehouse of wisdom. We have heard without attention, and listened without reflection, till we rest unaffected by it, just as one who is accustomed to the clatter of machinery sleeps undisturbed by its sound. Diversity is absolutely essential to the growth of mind, and diversity of language is also necessary as an aid to vigorous thought. Although we may not find a better word than education, yet, for the purpose of attracting attention and arousing thought, I would substitute cultivation and development. As generally understood, education consists in going to school a certain length of time and "graduating;" a certain number of books are committed to memory in rotation, and the work is finished. Is it? Is the education ever completed? No; not till the mind is well regulated, thoroughly balanced, and the whole being made perfect. A knowledge of books is only the primary school which prepares us for its grand application in the school of experience. Instilling into the mind the knowledge of a few sciences is not education, but it is mental

growth, cultivation, development, and expansion. We are all teachers in one way or another, and must not be mere receptacles of knowledge; we can not wholly master a science till we have made it our own by a practical application; and to impart knowledge successfully we must make attractive the truths to be inculcated, and learn to adapt them to the understanding with fitting language and apt illustration. There is too much repression in the home-circle and in the school-room. Individual minds do not expand as they should. There is too much repetition, too little originality; too little calm thought, too much hasty action. While learning to repeat the thoughts of others, the mind should be taught to think for itself, and should never be crowded with words, when unable to comprehend ideas. There should be just study enough to stimulate the mind to healthy action. Nature teaches us lessons which are stern, solemn, and true, as well as those which are tender and beautiful, yet she never wearies the student with monotony, but changes, glorious changes accompany each hour of the flying year. I know that time seems short and the age fast; but it is not so much time that is necessary, as the right use of it; and a healthy mind, with an earnest pur-

pose, will accomplish more in one hour, than a weary brain and a diseased body can in many. Children are sent to school soon after they have learned to walk, "to get them out of the way." Their innocent, wandering eyes are opened upon a world of mysteries, pit-falls, and stumbling-blocks. The careful hand of affection should lead them, and point out the dangers ere their tender feet stand upon the verge of sorrow; but instead of this, they are hurried into the busy highway of life, with a wrong motive in the outset, and without an object until the world presents to them something that *seems* beautiful and attractive.

Appreciation has been the stepping-stone to many a success, while the want of it has plunged its thousands in deepest despair. Let no void be felt in the home-circle; win the confidence of the children, and, as far as possible, answer all their demands and yearnings; for this forms an important part in education, because it is the *basis of character*. Ask a child why he goes to school, and he will probably answer, "For fun," or he "must go." How few really comprehend its utility! Ask children of a larger growth and mature years, What is your aim in life? what is the highest ambition for which you labor? and, in most cases, will their answer be any more intelligent? With the first wrong motive derived from home, is it strange they float with the current? Launched upon the sea of life, without an object for which they may worthily strive, is it strange they go through the voyage unworthily? The restlessness surrounding us, culminating in evil, is because the awakening energies are not properly directed. There is a strong, earnest purpose underlying life, but it is seldom brought to the surface, because we live surface lives. It should not be so in return for the many blessings God has so freely bestowed. We owe to ourselves, to the world, and to the Creator, the best of what we are capable. We glorify Him best by developing that which He has given us. The basis of our individual relation to society is self-culture and self-government; for by self-culture we are prepared to assist in the education of others; and no one can control a child, a school, or a nation successfully, till he can first govern himself. It is said, "Show me a country of true homes, and I will show you a country of true greatness." But to make a true home man must be at peace with himself, and must live according to the rules of harmony. Spontaneity must prevail, for repression is death to all true progress. Check the merry laugh of

the child, and you lessen his days upon the earth. Frown down the eager questions that bubble up and overflow, and you dwarf his soul, and close up the surest avenue of knowledge. Look coldly upon the warm tears that flow from the pure fountain of affection, and they will fall back upon the heart in frozen drops, forming an icy sepulcher and a living tomb. O! these influences which we exert over others, whether great or small, are forming pictures of sunshine or shadow upon our own souls; and the home influence is paramount to all others, for the parents have the first trust and loving confidence of the child, and in their own lives they may find the key to the disposition of their children; and if pure and healthy material be given into the hands of the teachers, they will not wear the dejected look of unrequited toil they now do. Unrequited, I say, because the true teacher is not wholly paid by dollars and cents; but as the artist delights in the beautiful picture growing beneath his skillful hand, as the sculptor works out his ideal, seeming almost to breathe life into the marble form, so does the teacher love to behold the unfolding mind, and to find progress written upon the character of the pupil.

I know that the work seems very slow, but still strive on, though life be stripped of all its brilliant coloring and is barren of every joy. Love is self-sacrificing, and can live while there is a holy purpose to be attained. Taking the happiness of another into our keeping is no small responsibility; but having assumed that responsibility, there is no yielding it up, except by its faithful discharge. Our influence should be as carefully guarded as our characters, for upon it rests the foundation of more than we know.

If we would spend half the time in trying to be what we ought that we now do in *appearing* to be; if we would be realities instead of shams; if we would form associations based upon virtue, intelligence, development, moral, mental, and spiritual, and a consecration to thorough earnest work in the cause of humanity, the work of education would not be so slow, the world would be benefited, and our own lives would grow into a beautiful symmetry.

Pure, unsullied lives are what God asks of us, and asks for our good; the truest religion finds expression in the truest life. This life can only be attained by bringing the mind into communion with the Divine Mind; by innate principle, being inherited by and instilled into

the minds of the children; by *precept*, enforced by *example*; by cheerfully performing duties as they are presented, and by having some worthy object before the mind as its ultimate. While this work in a measure devolves upon

all, yet it belongs more especially to parents and teachers. They are co-workers in the cause of education, and, when they recognize it more fully, their labors will be in harmony, and, therefore, easier. CLARA F. EASTLAND.

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.

A FACE.

It may have been a fancy, or it may have been a dream,
Or the fruit of idle musing by a laughing, sun-lit stream.

It may have been a picture in the misty long-ago,
Or a strain of witching music sung by voices soft and low.

It may have been the glory of a pre-existent morn,
Or a ray of heavenly beauty, born with me when I was born;

But somewhere I have seen it—I know neither time nor place—

I have seen the lovely image of a strangely lovely face.

Mysteriously beautiful and marvelously fair,
With its light brown eyes resplendent, and its wealth of light brown hair.

Not pale and cold and passionless; magnificently grand;
Neither royally imperious, as born but to command;

But sweet and pure and lovely, with a modest grace and mien, [spleen.

With a woman's deepest feelings, and a girlish hate of

A being mirrored in the face, that one would like to love

With the highest, purest passion that a willing mind could move.

The face is ever with me, though I wander where I will,

And the brown hair floats around me, and the brown eyes haunt me still.

I never yet have found it, though I've searched for many a year.

For the strangely sweet reality I know is somewhere near.

I feel it growing nearer, and I'm thinking, by and by,

That the face my fancy images, beneath my gaze shall lie.

Not only then the image, and not only then the sign,
But the lovelier reality shall be forever mine.

—Overland.

ONE KIND OF GHOSTS.

MENTAL philosophers tell us of excited conceptions and apparitions. These conceptions may be those received through any one of the senses, though oftenest those of sight. The appearances may not only be of things real, but unreal; in fact, any conception we have may become so vivid as to be referred to something external. Not only angels and departed spirits may appear to come up before us, but mountains, rivers, armies—in short, every idea which we may derive from sense. Persons have sometimes been thus afflicted for days, having the streets, their stores, and even their bed-chambers, filled with phantasms. An instance is given by Dr. Upham of a case in Kingston-on-Hull, where a shop-keeper was haunted by a great variety of specters, and so real did they appear that he found it difficult to tell which

were his real customers and which were the phantasms of his own mind. Many other cases might be noted, all showing very plainly that the mind may be thoroughly deceived, referring, with the most positive belief, to some external cause conceptions which have no foundation whatever without it. Such conceptions thus become false perceptions, and can not be refuted save by reasoning. They are the result of disease, such as a disorder of the optic nerve, or fever or inflammation of the brain. But the disease may sometimes be very slight, so that the patient would hardly own that he was ill.

Now the question arises, may not this nervous state explain the ghosts or supernatural appearances which men have sometimes supposed they saw? Can it not be that their conceptions, taking upon themselves a super

natural form, as they often do, especially among superstitious people, became so vivid as to become apparent perceptions?

The writer, when a very small boy, one night slept with another child in a room usually occupied by a girl living with the family, but who had gone to her own home a mile or two away to stay over-night. In the course of the night the writer awoke, and on looking toward the door saw it flung wide open, although he knew he had been careful to shut it. He saw the girl walk in, apparently having on a night-dress, and advance toward the side of the bed. His first supposition was that she had come home in the night, and, though startled, he felt no fear. Accordingly, he called her by name. On this the figure retreated, and passing behind the foot of the bed disappeared in the darkness. The impression then was that she was going to play some trick; but as minutes passed away and she did not reappear, the writer became exceedingly frightened, for it must be remembered that it was all as real to him as it is that he is now writing. During all this time other images appeared at the door, ugly faces thrusting themselves in and then disappearing. He awoke his bed-fellow, who could see nothing except "something yellow," which afterward turned out to be the bed-post. Both screamed as loudly as possible for help, but nobody heard. Finally they both thrust their heads down among the pillows, and after a time went to sleep.

The point to be made here is, that the writer was not dreaming, but was wide-awake and sat up in bed, and that these scenes were perfectly real. On another occasion, when he saw a horse standing by the bedside, and again a Newfoundland dog, and at still another time when he saw a magnificent flower rise up toward the ceiling, the impression was different, for reason at once, taking the former experience as a basis, refuted the apparent perceptions. But suppose he had been alone that night, and it had been some deceased person whom he had seemed to see, especially if she had died that night, which supposition might very easily have been the fact, would any person at all superstitious have doubted for a moment that it was the dead person's spirit which was seen?

You will not be surprised that since then the writer has not had the most unbounded confidence either in the evidence of the senses or in the visions of the dying;

"Morte obita quales fama est voltare figuras."

Nor will you fail to see how he has often accounted for the supernatural appearances which many have so positively affirmed that they have seen. Would it not have been simply natural and to have been expected that a superstitious family would take the vision of a beautiful flower rising up and disappearing to be a premonition of the death of some one of the children? Yet in this case it was nothing more than the effect of a disease, which, though slight, as far as the appearances could indicate or the feelings of the person himself testify, was yet real and powerful enough to produce a disordered mental action which directly affirmed the presence of that which did not exist at all. Not that everything above and beyond nature is to be rejected; not that disembodied spirits have not at times presented themselves, and warning been sent back from the eternal world to those who linger here; but that there is a false supernatural, the direct product of nervous disease; and there should be the utmost caution in crediting the statements of those who profess, even honestly, to have seen or heard the inhabitants of heaven or hell; for, as we have seen, all the wonderful appearances which they honestly suppose themselves to see may be nothing but excited conceptions. T. C. MOFFAT.

ACTIVITY OF THE MIND IN SLEEP.

UNDOUBTED proof has been afforded that the energy of the intellect is sometimes greater during sleep than at other times; and many a problem, it is asserted, has been solved in sleep which has puzzled the waking sense. Cabanis tells us that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in dreams in the conduct of many affairs in which he was engaged. Condillac states that while writing his Course of Studies he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete and retire to bed, and that on awaking he found it, on more than one occasion,

finished in his head. In like manner Condorcet would sometimes leave his complicated calculations unfinished, and after retiring to rest would find their results unfolded to him in his dreams. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed verses in their sleep, which they could repeat on awaking. Dr. Johnson relates that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his antagonist had the better of him. Coleridge in a dream composed the wild and beautiful poem of Kubla Khan, which had been suggested to him by a passage he had read in Purchas's Pilgrimage before he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of between 200 and 300 lines, and, taking writing materials, began eagerly to set them down. Unfortunately, he was interrupted before a quarter of the task was done—was called away to attend to some business which detained him an hour—and found when he returned to his writing that the remainder had vanished from his memory. The most remarkable testimony of this kind is perhaps that of Sir Thomas Browne, who declared that, if it were possible, he would prefer to carry on his studies in his dreams, so much more efficient were his faculties of mind when his body was asleep. He further adds that were his memory as faithful as his reason is then fruitful, he would prefer that season for his devotions."

[One of the mysteries of dreaming, if not all of them, is solved by the phrenological theory, that dreaming in itself is simply incomplete sleep—some of the faculties or organs being awake while others are in a state of repose. Suppose one retires at night puzzling over some arithmetical problem. So much of the intellect as belongs to arithmetic would remain awake, while most of the other powers and faculties would go into a state of repose, and then the arithmetical powers, undisturbed by any other ideas or memories, would be left to follow out clearly and consecutively the matter in hand. Inventions have been wrought out in sleep. Zerah Colburn's mother, without any knowledge of arithmetic, retired one night and for an hour or two puzzled her head before falling asleep over the question of putting a web into the loom for a piece of cloth. It

were an easy problem in common arithmetic to decide how many yards of cloth her amount of yarn would have made; but, being ignorant of figures, she had to calculate it mentally while her other faculties were asleep. This made such an impression upon her that a few months afterward, when the babe Zerah Colburn was born, he was endowed with super-excellent arithmetical talent. Indeed he astonished the world. His equal was not then living. Persons often recall in their sleep the memory of work done or neglected, of things promised or things performed, which in their waking state seems to be entirely covered up.

In dreams we often have vagrant and ridiculous ideas of things, improbable and impossible, pictured to the mind. We imagine we have done some great crime or been subjected to some great shame, and perhaps awaked in terror or in tears, to find that some of our *feelings*, unregulated by fact or reason, have been skirmishing and misleading us. There is no proper explanation of dreams which is consistent with the idea of the mind being a single faculty, and the brain, as the instrument of the mind a single organ. A dream has but one note. The piano has many. If the brain were a single organ it would have a monotone like a drum, but being composed of many organs, representing many faculties, it is more like the piano—a part can be played on while other parts remain quiescent or silent.]

A COLONY OF POLYGAMISTS IN GEORGIA.

THE *Juniatta Sentinel*, published at Mifflintown, Pa., prints the following letter from Augusta, Georgia, March 26:

"Joseph T. Curry, the so-called prophet and apostle of a new dispensation, was tried at Appling, Columbia County, Judge Gibson presiding, charged with polygamy. Curry came from Massachusetts, with a colony of about one hundred men and women, one year ago, bought land, settled in Columbia County, lived in tents, and held property in common.

"Curry called himself Elijah and prophet Vahevah, superior in things spiritual and temporal. The colony went along swimmingly for a very brief time, but the prophet took to himself too many wives. Jealousy and insult

ordination followed, and many returned home, having to be provided with free passage to the nearest seaport, either Charleston or Savannah.

"Finally, the colony became so demoralized that the grand jury indicted him and his principal prophets. Curry, robed in white linen, with head and feet bare, in imitation of the Saviour, appeared before the court. His queen appeared in the same attire, with white stockings upon her feet and a white bow upon her head.

"Speaking in his own defense, Curry maintained that men and women could live together, and that by mortification and prayer they would become perfect saints. He repelled the charge of insanity, displaying much erudition and familiarity with the Scriptures. Curry had revelation after revelation that a new era had dawned, when men and women should come out of the natural order of things to a higher state of purity.

"After speeches from the prosecution and the defense, the jury retired, and after a half hour's absence returned with a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. Sentence will be deferred for a few weeks. It is thought the prophet and his followers will be given an opportunity to find another Canaan far away from here in which to pitch their tents."

Considering that there are more than a thousand different religious beliefs or modes of worship among men, and something more than three hundred among Christians, the question naturally arises, Who is right? who is sane, or who is insane? We have honest Pagans, honest Jews, honest Christians, honest Quakers, Shakers, Mormons, Communists, many of whom would lay down their lives in defense of their faith. Is *sincerity* any evidence of the correctness of judgment? What one body of religionists shall pronounce on the sanctity, sanity, insanity, or correctness of any other body? Who shall sit in judgment?

The Hindoo regards the pretensions of Christians and others as most ridiculous; while the Christian is moved to send missionaries to "preach the Gospel to all the world." The Hebrew, on the other hand, who for two thousand years has tested his sincerity by bearing persecutions without number or measure, regards the Christian's faith as founded in ignorance, superstition, and fraud, and he still looks for the "coming Messiah," according to the Old Testament Scriptures. But who is right? "I," says the Roman Catholic, "I wear the

sacerdotal robes, and hold the keys of heaven." Who is right? "I," says Wickliffe, "I represent the direct line of the Apostolic succession." "I," says Calvin, "I interpret the just decrees of God." "I," says Luther, "I 'protest' against a dogmatic hierarchy, with its restraints of moral liberty." "I," says John Wesley, "none are excluded from the broad and merciful provisions of a free and full salvation." "I," says Swedenborg, "I communed with spirits in the spheres, and pointed out the way by which living human beings may become *en rapport* with invisible souls." "I," says George Fox, "I taught mankind the folly of worldly show and pretension, and how to cultivate and follow the light within." "I," says Ann Lee, "I founded the Shakers and taught how to rise into the superior cycles of moral life by mortifying the deeds of the body." "I," said Joseph Smith, "had a special revelation, and Brigham Young is my successor to establish the Church of the Latter Day Saints in the Rocky Mountains." "I," says Comte, "Positive Philosophy alone is reliable, while all theology is uncertain, unproved, inexact." "I," says Fourier, "the evils which afflict mankind originate in social disintegration, and individual antagonism in relation to property and labor. Communism is the panacea of the race." "I," says John H. Noyes, "I find proof in the Scriptures for the doctrine of 'Christian perfection,' and the Community life which 'have established.'"

In view of all this diversity of faith and practice, who shall settle the questions? Is not PHRENOLOGY—the science of mind—the block on which opinions may be squared? Are not true religion and true science in perfect harmony? Who but he who understands both science and revelation, and the working of the faculties of the human brain, can have a "full orb" and comprehensive mind? We are taught to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Each must do this according to his conscientious judgment, remembering that belligerent intolerance is unbecoming to the erring.

[Since the above was put in type, we have read a report that Curry, this new prophet, was a quiet, decorous man, and an earnest minister of the gospel, until a year or two ago, when he had a severe brain fever, which left him with a strange infatuation as to his having a great prophetic mission to mankind. He is evidently warped and partially insane, and will probably end his days in a lunatic asylum.]

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall.
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

EMILY FAITHFULL AND HER MISSION.

SOME ten years ago it was the privilege of the Editor of this JOURNAL to visit Miss Faithfull at her printing-office, "The Victoria Press," in London. She was then actively engaged publishing a magazine, printing books, etc., employing therefor numbers of unmarried women and girls. Her enterprise was regarded kindly by many who occupied conspicuous places. It was Mr. Cobden who gave us a letter of introduction to Miss Faithfull, and whether or not he was a patron we can not say; certain it is he wished Miss Faithfull and her work the best success. Having the good wishes of eminent men, Miss Faithfull prospered in her noble endeavors, and her example has been healthy, creating a sentiment in favor of honest work among those who had hitherto entertained other views.

In personal appearance Miss Faithfull has the English type of physique; she is of average height, and rather rotund in form. She wears her hair short, *a la* Anna Dickenson, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, etc. Her eyes are dark brown, her hair a dark auburn, and her skin fresh and peachy. She has a well-formed head and a full-sized brain. Her intellect is full, though not remarkable. Her moral sentiments greatly predominate, though her affections are strong, and she forms attachments which are permanent. Among the larger organs of her brain may be named Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Veneration, Faith, and Hope. She is cheerful, joyous, trusting, and obedient. Though strong in her convictions and emphatic in her expressions, she is always respectful, considerate and charitable. There is no spleen, no malice, nothing cruel or vindictive about her. "To overcome evil with good" would be her motto. A portrait is herewith given, which we have engraved from a *carte* by Sarony, of this city, the best photographic likeness we could procure.

Some months ago this lady determined to visit America. She came in October, 1872, and remained till April of the present year. During this time she visited several of the principal cities in the United States and Canada, lecturing upon the topics connected with women's work. On Thursday, April 3d, she gave an audience to her many friends in New York and vicinity, at Steinway Hall, and there delivered an interesting address, a part of which is herewith reproduced from the *Tribune's* report. She said:

When she reached America, in October last, she had not expected to find it so very hard to say farewell in the following April. From the moment of landing she had been the recipient of the kindest hospitality, and now that the time had come to sever the ties which, manifold and strong, bound her to America and Americans, she felt too much regret to trust herself to give expression to her emotions, and gladly recalled the object of the meeting. The subject on which she was to speak had received unmerited abuse, and its agitators had been charged with trying to set women against men. The movement truly arises from the deepest sympathy with men, with their noblest efforts and best aspirations. It is a war of principles, and in it men and women are equally interested. There are three great subjects at present exciting England: first, the Relations of Labor to Capital; second, Pauperism; third, the Woman Question. The last, taken in its broadest sense, was to be the theme of the speaker's utterance on this occasion. She would not appeal to chivalry and compassion, but to justice and good sense.

In England there are now nearly 3,000,000 women dependent on their own exertions. To tell such as these that woman's proper sphere is home is mockery, for they are forced from their homes to get bread. Though many a barrier to woman's earning a livelihood

had been broken down, there are still terrible difficulties in finding employment for women. Specially onerous is the effort in the case of those of fallen fortunes, members of the genteel classes. To relieve such Miss Faithfull has founded a "Fund for Destitute Gentlewomen," to which she would devote the proceeds of the lecture. True it is that young men now find it hard to get suitable work; they often have to go West. But there is no analogy among them to the wholesale yearly

for women to go through. In them, love of work for its own sake is no more inherent than in men. Moreover, women are always looking for the appearance of the possible emancipator. Men have nothing but their work to look to for dependence. The greatest evil of all is the lack of the right early training, and for this the family, the parents, society in general, must be impeached. Society casts a stigma on women who earn their own livelihood, and parents pray that their daugh-



destruction of consciences, bodies, and souls among women—destruction too often brought about by destitution. How can tender-hearted people fold their hands while so many of their sisters are driven to the gates of hell by want of bread? Statements are published that capable women, willing to work, can get employment at good wages. Good, steady, skilled labor is wanted in just those departments where women have gained position. The unremitting, earnest application required to acquire skill in these departments, is hard

ters may never be brought so low. As to education, a girl's training stops just where the main part of a boy's begins. Men are allowed full opportunity to devote themselves to their chosen work, and are not diverted by social demands.

The problem, what we shall do with our redundant women in England, is answered by some philosophers by proposing emigration and marriage. But emigration has already been largely tried, and Scotch, English, and Irish women have been sent to Aus-

tralia and America in great numbers without much diminishing the gravity of the problem; while as for marriage, there is yet to be found the woman to say "No" when the right man appears. As long as the number of women in Great Britain exceeds that of the men by six per cent., marriage will not wholly do away with the difficulty unless Mormonism is tried. True marriage is the crown and glory of a woman's life; but it must be founded on love, and not on the desire of a home or of support; while nothing can be more deplorable, debasing, and cor-

rupting than the loveless marriages brought about in our upper society by a craving ambition and a longing for a good settlement. Loveless marriages and a different standard of morality for men and women are the curses of modern society. Women must have such occupations as will give them true and genuine sympathies with their fathers and husbands, who are toiling day by day for their support, while the women dependent on them are wearying out the hours trying to kill time. In this way a wide gulf, constantly expanding, is opened between men and women.

BORN TO BE HANGED!

OR, WHAT REFORM AND EDUCATION WOULD PREVENT.

BY ALTON CHESWICKE.

IS it possible that such a decree has ever been written out for any human creature? that human beings have been in times past, and, alas for our boasted civilization! still continue to be, marked for the gallows from their very cradles? The casual observer cries, No; and points to deliberate choice, or circumstances within their power to control, as the only cause that has brought so many into those evil ways which lead to this dreadful doom. It is impossible, he declares, to predict the ultimate fate of any one; all have an equal opportunity, and if some attain to honorable distinction, and others ignominious death, it is either blind chance, overruling circumstances, the condition of society, or their own determined efforts that are responsible.

Not so, however, says the phrenologist. Looking beneath the outward seeming, he sees causes operating and forces at work whose germination is antecedent to the dawn of consciousness of the being upon whose final destiny they exercise so great an influence. Though he knows and deplores the unequal administration of justice, whereby unmerited suffering is often inflicted upon the good, while the wicked are permitted to go unpunished, yet so confident is he that, in the vast majority of cases, violent infringement of civil and moral, as well as physical, laws is certain sooner or later to bring its penalty, that his practiced eye can, at a glance, determine the probabilities in life of the greater number of those with whom he is brought in contact, or who come within the range of his observation; and the ominous sign which nature, in strict ac-

cordance with her own just laws, has stamped upon the brows of the multitude, in our large cities especially, is no sealed enigma to him; its fearful import and deadly promise being only too plainly recognizable. Let all who are inclined to doubt the truth of this traverse the streets of our metropolis in company with him, and read these dread signs for themselves, and investigate the causes which have placed and keep it there, and whose effects are to fill our prisons and penitentiaries, and render the gallows an indispensable adjunct of modern civilization.

Penetrating the haunts of the lower, more degraded classes, among whom these signs are more abundant and easily discernible, let us pause for awhile to look at this child (fig. 1), and read, in the contour of his head and face, the future already marked out for him, ere yet he is capable of bestowing a single intelligent thought upon it. Observation is not long in demonstrating to us that, although a mere infant in years, this miniature human being is already grown in the practice of vices of whose very existence he should be in ignorance for years to come. Note the already large development in that little head of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Firmness, with the strong indications of other and baser transmitted tendencies yet to be called in play—the deficiency of Benevolence, Reverence, and Spirituality; the low type of intelligence, the expression of cunning that rests upon the already repulsive features, together with the essentially gross quality of the whole organization—and then say what other future *can* there be in store for

him than a life darkened with crime and a desperate end. The little rascal lisps profanity and the vilest obscenity before he can even speak plainly; gives his feet to kicking, and his hands to beating, scratching, and throwing stones, among the first uses to which he puts them; steals whenever he can get the chance; and knows how to smoke the cast-off stump of a cigar, or drain the last drops of a glass of grog with any of his elders. And when we think of the hundreds and thousands in New York city alone of just such children, who are growing up and developing, the prospect is something truly awful to contemplate; and the terrible mortality which rages among the class to which he belongs affords us the only sense of relief. And is there, then, no alternative save destruction in infancy, or hideous crime and ignominious death at maturity?

Most assuredly there is. Although dormant at present, and likely, amid his present surroundings and the sort of education he is daily receiving (fig. 2) long to remain so, there are the germs of better things mingled with the abundant evil in his composition. The sensibilities, undeveloped, are yet there, fresh and tender, and may be easily stirred and roused to healthful activity by the proper influences. Education of the right sort will correct these inherent evil tendencies (for the indulgence of which the poor little waif is scarcely to be blamed, as he knows not, and has no means of knowing, any better), by developing and bring-



Fig. 1—THE SEED.

ing into action others of a higher nature. At present he is but a young cub, with savage instincts just beginning to stir within him, to which he yields, and will continue to yield, implicit obedience; and if he lives, it will be only to grow up into a ferocious and dangerous

animal—his final doom, like that of all other wild beasts, to be penned up or slaughtered, to protect the community from his depredations.

And what is being done to avert this? Day by day his worst passions, already far too active, are aroused and stimulated in every way,



Fig. 2—CULTIVATION.

either by direct provocation or by the continuous example of those around him. Can no counteracting influence be brought to bear upon this? Can not these incipient beasts of prey be reclaimed and rehumanized? educated into men whose strong sinews and active energies shall serve to sustain and protect our best institutions and all our useful industries, instead of aiming at their destruction? It can be done, undoubtedly; but by whom is it to be done? Mission schools are doing what they can, and a great work, indeed, many of them have been instrumental in accomplishing among the outcasts of our neglected population; but, at the best, both their means and their abilities are inadequate to the work in hand. Nor is it upon any private individual or society that should devolve the burden and responsibility of this great task, which *must* be done sooner or later, as the records of crime testify by their appalling statistics. No; it is for the Nation, as a wise and just parent, to see to the proper rearing of her children; it is for the *Government* to check incipient crime in the bud, while it can so easily be done, ere it be called upon to inflict the death penalty upon crime fully developed, at more than double the cost to the community at large, setting aside the damage done by the culprit ere his career is closed. Let Government schools and reformatories, under the care and supervision of teachers acquainted with Phrenology, and specially fitted by education and moral character

for the duties of the position, be established, to which the lower classes especially, and all others who can be convicted of neglect, or of infringement of any civil or moral law, calculated to debase their offspring by their example, shall be *compelled by law* to send their children. Let



Fig. 3—THE EARLY BUD.

these schools be sufficiently large and numerous to prevent any crowding or collection of large numbers in close intimacy, for children of that class are fearful corruptors of each other. Let the teachers be in sufficient numbers to secure perfect supervision over every child; let the best influences be constantly brought to bear upon the inmates; and let the whole be constantly open to Government inspection for the prevention of abuses, the promotion of the best interests of the institutions, and the suggestion and encouragement of every improvement in the administration of their affairs. Such institutions once fairly established, and we would venture to predict that the next generation would see the keys rusting in our prison doors, the doors rusting in turn upon their hinges, hemp at a discount, while the hangman would find his occupation well-nigh gone—let us hope forever. And when we consider that prevention is so much better and more certain than cure, and, moreover, that these institutions could be established and maintained at about a fourth of the expense that is now required to ferret out, arrest, maintain in prison, try, and execute criminals, setting aside the incalculable damage to life, limb, and property sustained by their crimes, the question naturally arises, Why is it not done? Why, indeed? Because we are, as yet, a long way from that state of enlightenment, in the administration of our laws, whose tendency is to build up rather

than to demolish—to reform, guide, and educate, rather than to destroy.

Meanwhile, there being no such place for him to go to, no helping hand stretched out to rescue him, no elevating influences brought to bear upon him, our little waif goes on growing in wickedness and depravity, the awful shadow of his doom becoming darker and darker over his pathway, and the gallows-mark more plainly discernible upon his brow. Learning everything that is bad, and little enough of anything else, he quarrels, curses, and fights his way on through life, until he has attained the age of ten years. Viewed in the light of his prospects for occupying apartments in State's prison at no very distant day, he is, most emphatically, a promising youth (fig. 3). Petty theft having long been familiar to him, he now aspires to the dignity of picking pockets; while in his daily pugilistic encounters with his fellows, it is often want of power, rather than want of will, that prevents him from becoming a murderer. His one ambition now is to be thought a man, and to that end he emulates every *manly* (?) vice he sees practiced about him. He understands, and can respond to, any kind of "thieves' jargon," is himself an adroit thief, bullies and "pummels" every little urchin who fails to render implicit obedience to his wishes, as he is in turn bullied and pummeled by those older and stronger than himself; insults women and girls, and is a terror to every decent boy who may be compelled to pass in his vicinity.



Fig. 4—FAST RIPENING.

There are gangs of these little wretches in some parts of New York that make it an impossibility for the children of respectable people to go to and from school undisturbed, unless accompanied by an older person. He is addicted to the use of tobacco in every form;

gets drunk, and is known and dreaded for his brutal tyranny and wanton cruelty by little children and dumb animals. One glance at the repulsive, old-looking features, and the ill-shaped head, would convince us of the truth of all this, even if we were not made painfully



Fig. 5—FULL GROWN.

aware of it, in more ways than one, in our chance encounters with these juvenile pariahs of the city.

And yet, in spite of all this, the lad is not yet a hopeless case. Though a harder subject to deal with, though it is a vastly more difficult matter to bring him within the sphere of proper influences than it would have been a few years previous, yet once fairly brought to bear upon him, he can not long remain impervious to them. The better affections are not wholly destroyed, though few would imagine their existence; they are there, however, and may be reached by the proper means, and aroused to play an important part in his reclamation. There is intellect there, though it is of a low order; but like everything else pertaining to man, is susceptible of indefinite cultivation and development. And, as wild and savage animals have been tamed, and rendered mild and tractable by the right kind of treatment, so this human wild beast, if taken in charge now, may be tamed, elevated, and rendered a useful member of society, by the proper discipline, rooted in kindness and an intelligent appreciation of his needs and requirements, and administered with firmness and patience.

As it is, he is an intolerable nuisance, and an element of society already dangerous, and daily becoming more so—a savage young beast, just cutting his teeth, whose strength and sharpness he is anxious to try upon all whom he meets. And how do our boasted civil institutions deal

with such cases as his? What measures do they take to meet and check this growing evil? None, none whatever. The authorities, so far as any definite action in the matter is concerned, seem utterly blind to the existence of these smouldering brands, which only await time and opportunity to kindle into fierce, destructive flame. Or if, after numerous actual outbreaks, their attention is forcibly called to the offender, and they succeed in fastening upon him the strong grip of the law, which he has outraged and defied, it is only to send him, for a season more or less brief, to a place mis-called a penitentiary, where, if half that is told of it is to be believed, his education in wickedness goes on the more rapidly and surely in the company of the older, more depraved wretches among whom he is cast in intimate companionship; so that he or she who goes in a juvenile offender, suffering, perhaps, the penalty of a first offense, is likely to come out a hardened reprobate, ripe for the commission of almost any crime.

With little or no interruption from his frequent but brief terms of sojourn in prison cell or penitentiary, his education for the gallows steadily progresses; every day sees his baser passions growing stronger and stronger through constant incitement and almost unlimited indulgence, while his sense of moral responsibility and his powers of self-control grow correspondingly weaker and weaker, until there seems good reason to doubt if he possesses any



Fig. 6—THE HARVEST.

at all. Not so, says the law, which, however little it may do to render possible a better state of things, or however neglectful it may be for a time of his derelictions, will, in the end, when fully aroused, hold him morally responsible, and, therefore, fully accountable for them all.

As he approaches man's estate, and, by reason of an added measure of brute strength, is enabled to demonstrate his ability to defend himself by thrashing all who have hitherto tyrannized over him, his parents included, his prowess is acknowledged, and he is admitted as a boon companion into the society he has so long coveted, and is made a sharer in all its orgies. He is initiated by these precious associates into the practice of deeper villainies and more debasing vices. Among other things he is introduced to the select companionship of pugilists, by whom he is initiated into the mysteries and science of the "manly art," with all its "manly" accompaniments; while *aldermen*, those estimable "city fathers," who watch with such indefatigable vigilance over the best interests of the children committed to their care, incite him on, and cheer every fresh exploit in the brutalizing sport, and justices of the peace lay wagers with them upon his success. Fairly adopted by the fraternity of black-legs, bullies, and scoundrels generally as one of themselves, he passes his time in their company and devotes himself to their service, spending his days in lounging around low grog-shops and brothels, drinking, smoking, and looking out for a chance to participate in some brawl or more serious disturbance; and his nights in gambling-saloons, dog and cock-pits, or in rioting with his gang through the streets, disturbing honest sleepers with their noisy revels, assaulting, knocking down, robbing, and otherwise ill-treating belated travelers (fig. 4), and conducting themselves like young fiends incarnate; or in even more nefarious pursuits. Charges of assault-and-battery and disorderly conduct are constantly being preferred against him, while he is more than suspected of participating in burglaries, robberies, and offenses of a grosser nature, as decency is a thing that he has long since left behind him; but the influence of his associates, powerful in numbers and reckless daring, shield him for a time. The wild beast has now fairly cut his teeth, unsheathed his claws, and entered upon his career of rapine and violence.

He has reached his most dangerous stage, for now his power to do mischief equals his will. He is now beyond the reach of moral suasion to arrest his attention or check his course. Rejoicing in his own brute strength, brute force superior to his own is the only thing he will acknowledge. This force need not, however, be indiscriminate or necessarily destructive; but guided and directed by intelligence and humanity, and employed only to

reduce him to proper submission, may, even yet, prepare the way for those gentler influences which, having once gained an entrance into the sphere of his moral consciousness, will render the conquest a complete and permanent one. We fancy that this is scarcely the fashion in which the Government, through its legal arm, deals with offenders of his stamp; and the wisdom of the course actually pursued in such cases is everywhere manifest in the increase of crime of the most revolting description.

And now the scenes shift quickly, and records of evil deeds come crowding thick and fast as we follow this child of sin, ignorance, and neglect along the downward path. With blind recklessness, the slave of his own base passions, he rushes on to the doom that must inevitably be his, if he escape being cut off by violence at the hands of his equally lawless associates. At the age of twenty-one he has not only reached his majority, but has also arrived at the lowest depths of villainy. He has fairly graduated in the school of crime, having imbrued his hands in human blood (fig. 5). Steeped to the lips in every iniquity, he has added willful murder to the list of his atrocities. The arm of the law, long menacing, has descended upon him at last; aroused justice now knows no pity, and the gallows will soon claim its victim (fig. 6).

What need to dwell on the scene, already grown hideously familiar by its frequent repetition? We but ask, in conclusion, how long shall modern civilization make brutes of men, and then, when the fell work is accomplished, wreak its vengeance upon its own handiwork? How long shall beings born in the semblance of humanity be raised, like beasts, only for final slaughter? How long before criminals shall be regarded—as in the main they should be—as sufferers from the worst of all diseases, viz., disease of the moral and intellectual faculties, occasioned by unbalanced temperaments and abnormal development of certain propensities; and instead of being cut down in their sins, leaving their blood to be a witness against the authority that would not reform or save, but claimed and exercised the right to *destroy*, have asylums prepared for them, where their ills could be ministered to in the right spirit, and they be enabled to recover their lost humanity? And oh, *how* long shall it be ere these *incipient* criminals, these doomed infants of depraved parents, who have *as yet* done no crime, and who have the germs of good as well as evil in their natures, awaiting development, shall be taken, ere it is too late, and trained for

a better fate than that which otherwise is in store for them? We leave to the true friends of humanity the answer to this question; and may they, by voice and pen, through the pulpit, lecture-room, and press, continually urge the subject, until Governments, as well as in-

dividuals, aroused to a sense of its importance, shall take the needful steps in the right direction, and the day dawn at last upon a truly civilized and enlightened world, when it can no longer be said of any of God's creatures that he is "born to be hanged."

**A NEIGHBOR OF MINE;
OR, MY EXPERIENCE OF BORROWERS.
BY POPINACK.**

"MISS sends her compliments, and says, please ma'am lend her a pitcher of milk, a peck of hominy, a glass of cranberry jelly, and a paper of number nine needles. She wants you to come over after breakfast and show her how to cut a Ristori jacket for Miss Medora; and be sure to bring your patterns and your big scissors, for her patterns is lost, and her scissors is loose in the rivet;" saying which, Angelica, the mulatto waiting-maid of my neighbor next door, dropped one of her most graceful courtesies, and stood holding up her flounces.

I was sitting at the breakfast-table, sipping my chocolate, an occupation in which I especially disliked to be disturbed. My husband, through with his breakfast, leaning back in his arm-chair, was glancing over the columns of the last newspaper, while mother still lingered over her tea-cup and sailor cracker. The old lady looked up and smiled a peculiar smile on hearing Angelica's message, but I compressed my lips, slightly provoked; for this was not the first time by many a score that I had been victimized by the negotiation of such loans. However, the loan was effected.

I had been married some four months, and after spending the first in traveling, we had gone to housekeeping in a little rented cottage, the prettiest, I thought, in the village. It was a spreading, low-roofed dwelling, painted a delicate cream color, with green blinds, was recessed from the street in a yard shaded with water-oak and mimora trees; a luxuriant woodbine, the trysting-place of a pair of humming-birds, and festooning the porch. Installed mistress of this pretty home by a fond husband, my happiness was rendered more complete by the company of my beloved mother, whom my husband had insist-

ed should live with us, I being her only child.

For three weeks I was entirely content, busy as a bird building its nest or a bee gathering materials for wax and honey-making. How delightful were the lessons I received in housekeeping from my mother! how instructive her lectures on the principles regulating its complicated machinery! An accomplished artiste in home economy herself, she was fully competent to post me in the details; and with her example and instructions I soon found my domestic machine in good running order, regulated by a due adjustment of the mainsprings, system and punctuality.

One afternoon I was in the front yard, training a white tea-rose on a heart-shaped frame my husband had made for me, when my attention was attracted by the sound of wheels, and looking up I saw several wagons loaded with furniture approaching, and observed that they stopped at the gate of the tall house that towered next door. Later in the evening a carriage arrived, from which descended two ladies and some children. I was at once excited and rather pleased at the idea of having such near neighbors, and when Edgar came in to tea from the store, eagerly inquired the name of the strangers. They were "the Dorseys from Greene County," he told me, people of good standing, had a daughter about my age, said to be a beauty, all of which interested me so that I dreamed about them that night.

Next morning, after breakfast, I was out in my vegetable garden with Lucy, my maid-of-all-work, helping her sow some seeds. She, with a hoe, and I following with a small rake, had got the bed in nice order, and I had just begun carefully putting in my beet

seed when, hearing the garden gate unlatch, I looked up and saw a mulatto girl approaching, whose coarse, black curly hair was tucked up with a broken comb, while a dirty, torn, and draggled pink silk dress was pinned up over a faded balmoral. With a very bold, mincing air, she approached where I was at work in my dark calico and gingham apron, and, dropping a courtesy, said, in an affected voice—

"Miss sends her compliments, and wishes to know how you are this morning, ma'am?"

"Who is your mistress?" I asked, while my surprised thoughts telegraphed a conjecture.

"Oh, Mrs. Dorsey, ma'am, what moved yesterday; she's very tired after all the traveling, and says won't you lend her your smelling-salts and a drawing of green tea?"

"Oh, yes, of course; I expect she is fatigued indeed," my thoughts recurring to my own sense of weariness when I came home from my wedding tour; and then I remembered how perplexed I felt the day I began housekeeping, and what a search I had for the pepper and salt in the great confusion that prevailed before mother's deft fingers brought order out of chaos; and in a gush of sympathy hastened to get the desired articles, bidding Angelica tell her mistress I would cheerfully supply her with anything she needed as far as lay in my power. Ah, me! I did not dream what a license I was giving.

"My mistress said you must be sure to call soon," said Angelica, with another sweeping courtesy; "Miss Medora is very anxious to see you."

"Well, tell them I will call in a few days."

I went back to my work in the garden, and, full of kind thoughts of my neighbors, would often involuntarily glance up at the windows of the tall house overlooking our cottage, hoping to catch a glimpse of a pleasant face, but the blinds continued persistently closed, and there were neither sights nor sounds indicative of the bustle attendant upon the arrangement of furniture in a newly-occupied dwelling. I could hear a shrill voice, which sounded like Angelica's, singing a popular song, as if by way of accompaniment to the regular strokes of a wooden paddle, with which she seemed to be beating

clothes. I got through with my gardening, and, as I gave out dinner, told Lucy to hurry up her preparations, as I would want her to bake a rice pudding. I went into the house, put aside my sunbonnet and gloves, smoothed my hair, and sat down to hemming ruffles, while mother, coming out of her room with a new magazine, began to read to me. Leaning back in the low rocking-chair, my fingers swiftly traversing the cambric, mother's pleasant tones falling musically upon my interested ear, an hour or two passed.

I was just thinking of getting up to make my pudding when the door-bell rang, and, going to see who it was, I found my neighbor's servant come to request the loan of a joint of meat for dinner, her master not having marketed—the butcher's cart came before he was up.

Fortunately my husband had sent me two choice soup pieces that morning, one of which I had given Lucy to prepare for dinner. I gladly sent the other to Mrs. Dorsey. To a pressing invitation to take tea with them that night I returned a polite refusal. When Edgar came home to his beef-soup and rice-pudding, I regaled him with an account of the morning's experiences, again and again asserting my opinion that we were fortunate in getting such kind neighbors. I knew I should love them; but Edgar only praised the pudding, and laughed at my enthusiasm.

On the third day after the arrival of my neighbors I called on them, having been repeatedly urged to do so through their messenger, Angelica. The clock struck eleven as I left my dressing-room and stood for a moment in front of the long mirror in my little parlor, drawing on my new sea-green kids, and glancing to see if the roses in my bonnet were becoming. Then I looked round the room, saw that it was in perfect order, stooped to smell the bouquet of rose-colored hyacinths and geranium leaves under the picture of Evangeline, thought how neat mother looked sitting by the window in her purple dress and white tarletan cap, sewing, and, handing her my key-basket, departed. Standing on the neighboring piazza, I knocked for admittance, walked up and down, knocked more loudly; but I had time to note Lucy go to the well twice to draw water, rap again, and look about me, perceiv-

ing a litter of paper on the floor, a guitar hanging on the banister, a book lying open on an uncushioned lounge, ere Angelica admitted me, and announced that her mistress would be in directly.

The room was so dark I could see nothing at first, but when I got accustomed to the dimness, I turned to a pile of daguerreotypes for amusement. Getting through them, I looked up to perceive a tarnished and torn oil-painting on the wall, heaps of books lying on the floor, a great carpet, not folded, but carelessly tumbled into a pile under a side-table, a confused look of dust about the furniture, and ashes in the chimney corner.

A whole hour passed while I waited, and I grew nervous at the approach of our dinner-time, and the prospect of not being at home to welcome my husband's coming step. I could hear considerable noise in the room overhead, a sound of bustling and hurrying to and fro. Just as my patience was at the point of expiring, the door was thrown open and my neighbor entered. She was a fair-faced, elderly woman, with mild, blue eyes and light hair, a droop about the corners of mouth and eyes, a deprecating, smiling manner, and soft, persuasive voice.

She addressed me very cordially, expressed herself delighted to see me, charmed with the external appearance of my home, had no doubt my close vicinage would be of incalculable benefit to her in the way of affording her youthful society. I discovered that Mrs. Dorsey was a cultivated person, and was quite fascinated by her graceful kindness. Captain Dorsey, however, rather nauseated me with flattery. When he expatiated on my industry and energy, I laughingly asked how he knew so much about me? He said:

"Why, my dear madam, the very fact of your being out visiting so early convinces me you possess those traits. Medora and I had not got up when you were announced. I don't remember having seen the sun rise in years."

"Indeed," said I; "then you have lost a daily pleasure. There is no sight in nature more inspiring, more refreshing, than a cloudless dawn. It is like a great rose unfolding on a grand scale," I continued, thinking of Tennyson's

God made himself and an awful rose of dawn."

"Ah, madam, I see you are a poetess; I must shake hands with you again. I congratulate myself on having the good fortune to know you."

I felt myself flushing to my ears, and in my embarrassment rose to leave; but Captain Dorsey insisted so strenuously on my waiting to form the acquaintance of his daughter that I felt compelled to resume my chair. At length the young lady, after being repeatedly summoned, came haughtily in, with a disdainful step and languidly indifferent air. She was tall and well formed, elaborately dressed, but she was so stiff and repellant in her manner that I could find very little to say to her, and that little I uttered in so constrained a voice that it sounded entirely unlike my own. Indeed, I found she was my antipodes in all respects, and for me to find pleasure in her society was simply impossible.

The morning following my visit, Angelica came to request the loan of the dress and mantle I had worn, as Mrs. Dorsey admired them so much she wished her milliner to cut by them a duplicate suit for Miss Medora. The dress was a handsome silk—a black ground, brocaded with purple roses and green leaves—the mantle of silk velvet heavily fringed. I was quite flattered by my neighbor's high appreciation of their elegance, and readily loaned them.

The end of the week came, and the articles not having been returned, as I needed them for my Sunday wearing, I had to send Lucy for them. After keeping Lucy waiting so long that I had to put on dinner myself, she was at length sent back with the elegant dress hastily rolled up, not even wrapped in paper, tumbled into a hundred creases, while on the rose-colored silk lining of the mantle was a large grease spot, apparently dropped from a tallow candle. Lucy said she did not think Mrs. Dorsey knew anything about the plight the things were in, as when she delivered my message that lady was lying in bed, reading a yellow-backed book, and merely raised her eyes for an instant and referred her to Angelica. As I examined these *chef d'œuvres* of my wardrobe, upon which I had been wont to bestow so much care, not only on account of their elegance, but from knowing my husband's limited income would not allow me to replace them in case they were

spoiled, tears of vexation sprang to my eyes, and it was with a look of silent annoyance, instead of my usual noisy joyousness, that I met my husband when he came home from the store.

"What's the matter, dearie?" said he; "you are not as sparkling as usual."

"Oh, Ed! I'm so provoked. My beautiful flowered silk is one mass of creases. I've just got it home from Mrs. Dorsey's, and you ought to see how rumpled it is. It will never come smooth till I take all the stiffness out with a hot iron."

"Oh, well, never mind, pet! Don't be ill-humored. Come, see what a splendid pair of black Spanish fowls I've brought you;" and with the eyes I loved best smiling into mine, the arm I trusted around me, I soon forgot my silk dress, and was as merry as usual.

The week succeeding, I had a visit from my neighbor and her daughter. Mrs. Dorsey assumed the air of an old friend, and talked during the whole of her stay in a low, tireless, confidential tone, a vein of flattery running through everything she said. She assured me my husband was one of the handsomest men she had ever encountered, and a perfect gentleman. While mother stepped in the next room to slice some cake and prepare some lemonade for Lucy to hand, my neighbor expressed surprise at her youthful appearance, and remarked on her urbanity and intelligence. She even praised the manners of my servant, and dwelt on the excellence of my furniture. Evidently flattery was her forte. As she rose to leave she informed me that she intended to give a party very soon, as she was anxious for Medora to become acquainted with the young people of the village, and fancied that the most expeditious way to bring about such a result.

"I will depend on you, my dear neighbor," said she, with an insinuating smile, "to make Dora feel at home with her new friends. You have such an easy way with you, one can not help being sociable where you are."

Mrs. Dorsey departed, leaving on my mind such an agreeable impression as banished every unpleasant reminiscence.

The night of the party was balmily beautiful, the sky wearing a full set of star jewels. I had lent so much assistance to my neighbor in her preparations that I felt almost as much

interested in the success of her party as she did. She had borrowed sugar, flour, eggs, butter in large quantities, and my one servant had spent four entire afternoons baking for her. I had so far forgotten and forgiven the injury to my brocade as to lend my white bridal silk (a shining gift from a rich uncle of mine) to adorn the elegant figure of Miss Medora. Mrs. Dorsey's parlor presented a most inviting aspect to the guests who thronged it, brilliant with light and fragrant with the odor of flowers and perfumes. The host and hostess were most gracious, and even Medora condescended to play the agreeable to Colonel Miggs, a rich old widower, who was understood to be on the lookout for a wife. The supper to which we were invited at midnight was elegant and costly, and the long table glittered with plate.

Notwithstanding my dissipation, I was up early as usual the next morning, and having loaned my biscuit oven to my neighbor, with innumerable other articles of pottery, glass, and china ware, had to stir up some waffles for breakfast. I saw Ed comfortably off to the store, and concluded to try to get relief from a severe headache by taking a long nap. I lay down on the lounge in my pretty bedroom, by the open window, where a Carolina jasmine was lavishing a perfect wealth of fragrance from its golden chalices on the sweet south wind that stole in and betrayed the secret of its dalliance. From a troubled dream I was startled by the voice of the irrepressible Angelica. She had come to bring back my oven, out of which a foot was broken, a pair of Bohemian glass vases, one of them cracked, and my white silk dress. I mentally congratulated myself as she handed me the last carefully wrapped in tissue paper, scented with tube-roses; when I unfolded it, however, to my horror I perceived a dark, murky-looking stain running the full length of the front breadth. Angelica, in the name of her mistress, made many apologies, and then serenely requested the loan of a pound of sugar. "Mrs. Dorsey had used the last grain in the house the night before, and just wished to get enough for breakfast." I commanded my temper and sent the sugar.

April had fairly arrived with a smiling countenance, and my husband, on the eve of starting North for new goods, bade me make

out a memoranda of such goods and groceries as I required. As I gave him the list I said, "I will have to get some sugar and tea from the store to last me till you get back, Ed, for I'm out now."

"Why, darling," said he, "you must have used more lately than the first month you kept house."

"No, Ed, but I've lent at least forty pounds of sugar to Mrs. Dorsey, and she has not returned it; that is what has cut short my supply. She has borrowed fifty pounds of flour, and I've kept no account of the meal and *drawings of tea*."

"Well, really, said Edgar, "this looks somewhat serious. We are poor, love, have our fortune yet to make. You must quit lending; however willing, we are not able to afford it. For my own part, I never was any hand to borrow, and I don't approve of the practice at all. It is like standing security. I have known many a hard-working, saving man to build up a fortune and then have it all swept away to pay a security debt, his poor wife and children plunged in irremediable poverty just because he was too clever to refuse to put his name to somebody else's promise to pay, and just to keep from being thought hard of by some other clever fellow, he runs the risk, and takes the hard consequences of his want of moral courage. That's the cause of one-half the trouble in the country. Borrowing and lending may be classed in the same category; they involve a one-sided policy in which one of the parties is sure to be a loser. My dear, have you borrowed anything from Mrs. Dorsey?"

"No, Ed; mother wouldn't let me. She's as much opposed to borrowing and lending as you are."

"Well, dear, when your neighbor sends to you for groceries again, just say you can't spare them."

During Edgar's absence I was actually besieged on the borrowing question; repulsed in one quarter, Angelica returned to the charge in another. Denied sugar, tea, flour, rice, vegetables came in requisition, and these I freely gave away; and I reluctantly continued to loan my kitchen utensils till Lucy found my best tub all to pieces at the well, where Angelica had left it when she was done using it. On cleaning day, Lucy ac-

knowledged she had handed the scouring brush across the fence to her kitchen neighbor, who ingenuously owned that the cow had eaten the shucks and she had burned the handle, so I had to send to the carpenters and have a new one made before my cleaning up could be done.

In the large garden belonging to the neighboring premises grew a fine Scuppernon vine, and in September, when the grapes were ripe, a wagon loaded with boxes and barrels of provisions arrived, a present to Mrs. Dorsey from her relatives. I now congratulated myself with the hope of a speedy restoration of the groceries I had lent, but instead came an invitation to a grape-festival. Mrs. Dorsey came over to tell me her plans, to press me to go, and to borrow my new lilac scarf and lace berthe for Medora; but the memory of my ruined bridal silk strengthened me to refuse both propositions politely but decidedly. The consequence was, the young lady scornfully cut my acquaintance, and though her mother kept up a show of friendliness, she became more formal, while reports of my *disagreeable ways*, by the Dorseys, were brought to me by my well-meaning friends.

It was the last week of the old year, and Edgar, looking over his accounts, examined my housekeeping memoranda, among which I had put down the various articles loaned and never returned.

"You have kept your accounts so well you deserve a Christmas gift, wife, and I herewith present you one hundred and fifty dollars, to be collected out of Mrs. Dorsey;" then seeing my face cloud, he laughingly said, "I've got a piece of good news for you, darling. Captain Dorsey told me this evening he had lost heavily this year, and could not afford to keep up so much style. He moves into the country next week, so good-bye to your troublesome neighbor."

KITTY HAYES.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

You love me, I know it;
For, dearest, you show it
In so many different ways—
The glance of your eye,
The unbidden sigh,
And the tremulous tale-telling gaze.

Thank Heaven above me,
 I know that you love me,
 My own darling—dear Kitty Hayes.

Nay, why should I doubt you?
 For, Kitty, without you
 The blue would die out from the sky;
 For never so bright
 Was its beautiful light,
 Till it borrowed the tint from your eye.
 You love me, I know it;
 For, Kitty, you show it
 In so many different ways.
 Thank Heaven above me,
 I know that you love me,
 My own darling—dear Kitty Hayes!

HOW WE ARE UNITED.

"I WISH the rivers would rise," said the little daughter.

Father.—"Why, what have you to do with the rivers rising?"

Little Daughter.—"A great deal, father; for then the boats would run."

F.—"And what have you to do with the boats running, my child, eh?"

L. D.—"They would bring the cotton down, father."

F. (looking over spectacles)—"And what have you to do, darling, with cotton bales?"

L. D.—"Why, if the cotton was down you would be able to sell it, you know, dear father."

F.—"And what then?"

L. D.—"You would have plenty of money."

F.—"Well?"

L. D. (laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face)—"Then you could pay mother that twenty-dollar gold piece you borrowed from her, you know, father."

F.—"And what then, child?"

L. D.—"Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her."

F.—"Ay—indeed! And what then?"

L. D.—"And Aunt Sarah would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her New Years, but didn't, because she didn't have any cotton—any money, I mean, father."

F.—"Well, and what else?" (He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with a half smile.)

L. D.—"Sister Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half-dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles—and that is what I want the river to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime—and I must pay my debts!"

"Pa" looked at "ma." "There it is," he said: "we are all, big and little, like a row of bricks. Touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie, here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles."

A good lesson for debtor and creditor, too, and well enforced.—*Selected.*

THE LADY AND THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

A LYRIC OF BROADWAY.

THE spring-like day, on winter's edge,
 Had set the snows affect,
 When, shining in the costliest silk,
 A lady walked the street.

The garments that enrobed her form
 No fairer one could grace,
 Nor art to nature join its hand
 To paint a lovelier face.

She moved, a queen, amid the throng
 Which filled the thoroughfare,
 Until she reached the broadened street
 That circles Union Square.

But here she paused, its slimy flood
 She dared not venture in,
 The shoes upon her graceful feet
 Were faultless—but were thin.

No portage could her eye discern;
 Above, below, 'twas deep,
 When quickly to her rescue ran
 A little "crossing sweep."

This maid, with active broom, appeared
 Like Moses with his rod,
 Who pierced the depths of Egypt's sea
 When Israel crossed, dry shod.

So crossed the dame, with unsoiled feet,
 And then her servant turned,
 And, pleading, raised her little hand,
 To beg the pay she'd earned.

Alas, for human gratitude!
 When rises human pride;
 The woman *struck* the shivering hand,
 And *spurned* it from her side.

That night I had a dream, in which
 I left this world of sin,
 And stood where "Peter, at the Gate,"
 Lets heavenward comers in.

Awhile I conversed with the saint,
 Who hadn't much to do—
 For very narrow was the gate,
 And passers-in quite few.

Though many travelers eager pressed
 The easy, downward journey,
 For, "Facilis descendit est
 Via porta Avernii."

But 'mongst the few who turned aside
 From all this downward host,
 A lady came up to the gate
 Where Peter kept his post.

She bowed, as she approached the saint,
 And, much was I surprised,
 The haughty dame who'd spurned the child
 In her I recognized.

Though the pale garb no fashions change
 Around her form she wore,
 Still fair her face, and in her hand
 A dainty note she bore.

"My letter this," she curt'sied low,
 "It certifies I am
 A member of the up-town church
 Of Dr. Velvet Vam.

"And vouches for the sums I gave—
 The signature is his—
 I fear they'll miss me much below
 In churchly charities."

I saw St. Peter grimly smile,
 And shake his hoary head,
 "I never read your preacher's notes,
 Nor take their words," he said.

"But here's the key, go to the gate,
 And, if the note is true,
 You'll find it easy to unlock
 The bar, and enter through."



Alas, for human gratitude!

And angels drew her in.



She bowed assent, and took the key
 With polished, graceful touch,
 Yet when she reached the gate I saw
 A sight that awed me much ;

For, though its weight was slight, it did
 Her utmost efforts mock,
 No power had she to raise the key
 Up to the fastened lock.

Pale with surprise and dread, I saw
 Her hasten to the saint,
 To ask what power the key possessed,
 That made her hand so faint ?

"Its only power is this," he said,*
 "To judge of charity ;
 The hand not strengthened by good deeds,
 Can never raise this key !"

* * * * *

Just then a little maiden came ;
 He gave the key, and smiled,
 And as she raised her tiny hand,
 I knew the "crossing" child.

But light its weight within the hand
 Which Christ had cleansed from sin ;
 The gate flew open at her touch,
 And angels drew her in.

* * * * *

Here I awoke ; yet all the day
 This dream was in my thought ;
 How many sounding deeds of men,
 Such test would prove of naught !

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

RESPIRATION—HOW TO BREATHE.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

AIR, water, and food are essential to every living organism. Add to these temperature, and we have all the conditions for organized existence and the manifestations of life. Animals that hibernate during the cold season, take no water nor food while hibernating; but they breathe very little, and their manifestations of life are correspondingly feeble. With all animals, as well as with human beings, the available life-forces invariably correspond with the amount of breathing. No person ever achieved mighty deeds of mind or body without a full and unrestricted breathing apparatus. Sensation itself—the power to think vigorously or to feel normally—is exactly and always proportioned to the respiration. Show me a man or a woman distinguished for grand and noble words or actions, or for extraordinary achievements of any kind (except taking medicine), and I will show you the normal play of well-developed lungs. No narrow-chested, half-breathing mortal, since the world began, has ever attained honorable distinction as philosopher, poet, sculptor, painter, orator, actor, singer, dancer, mechanic, or laborer. No race-horse ever won a purse which had not a capacious chest; and the fleetest horse ever seen on the American turf (Eclipse) had more lungs in proportion to his body than either of his beaten competitors. I have never seen Bonner's famous "Dexter," but if his admeasurements do not prove the rule, I will admit an exception.

Why should we breathe at all? The physiologies tell us that the *chemistry* of respiration consists essentially in decarbonizing the blood. But respiration is in no sense a chemical process. Indeed, there is no chemistry in any living structure, nor in any function of any living organism. Chemistry has relation only to the changes which take place among the molecules and atoms of *inorganic* matter.

The function of respiration is somewhat complex. The blood is purified of its effete carbon; the food elements are aerated in the lungs and fitted for assimilation; oxygen, the

disintegrating element, is received into the system, and, probably, more important than all, some etherialized and refined element—more nearly allied to vitality than anything our senses or microscopes have yet detected—is received mainly through the channel of the lungs. However this may be, it is certain that vitality and respiration are intimately correlated.

But who knows how to breathe? Important as the function of respiration is, who knows how to perform it? I may be answered, "Breathing does itself. Only let the lungs alone and they will do their own work." Very true, but they are not always let alone, and there is just wherein the mischief lies.

From much observation on this subject, I have come to the conclusion that those, among the educated classes, who know how to breathe, are the exceptions and not the rule. Of some thousands of invalids whom I have examined, not one in a hundred understood the physiology of respiration well enough to use their respiratory organs properly, although most of them had studied "Physiology for Schools," and read works on medicine and hygiene.

These statements will not surprise any one who examines carefully the circumstances of modern society, and the conditions of "high civilization." And as the Americans are, as a nation, the worst breathers on the face of the earth, we need not go outside of our own country for illustrations.

There are some vocations and many habits whose direct and necessary tendency is to diminish the respiratory function. This is true of all sedentary occupations as usually pursued. Contrast the sailors with the tailors. The former invariably have good breathing capacity, the latter never. Contrast sewing-girls with those who are "generally useful" in housework. Look at the "broad expansive," breast of the washwoman, and compare it with the frail, caved-in appearance of the milliner and mantua-maker. Notice the short breath of the student who neglects gymnastics or exer-

cise in the open air, and then observe the long, deep, full inspirations of the bricklayer or plasterer.

But a thousand times worse than all enfeebling vocations are certain devitalizing habits; and of these tight-lacing is the worst (all lacing is tight). It is to me inconceivable that if any young woman knew how to breathe (which knowledge involves the rationale and uses of respiration), she would consent to a style of dress that crushes in her ribs, displaces her abdominal and pelvic viscera, distorts her spine, deforms her whole figure, diminishes her vital resources, renders herself miserable while she lives, and ensures herself a premature grave. No; she does not understand the subject. She does as other folks do, and thinks little or nothing of consequences. She may have committed to memory, and repeated over and over again, all that is said in the miserable apologies for physiologies that are introduced as textbooks into the common schools, without knowing anything of the physiology of respiration. If she knew *how* to breathe, she would understand the importance of breathing, and then she would be no more willing to have her breath of life squeezed out of her by corsets, than she would consent to have her vital fluid bled out of her with a lancet. If she really intended suicide, she would resort to hanging or chloroform, and not torture herself ten or twenty years for the sake of dying fashionably.

Whatever vitiates the atmosphere is an obstacle to free breathing, be it dust, smoke, or irrespirable gases. Tobacco-smoking ranks next to corset-lacing in its wide-spread pernicious influence in destroying the breathing capacity of our people. I am aware that tobacco-users may not see themselves as others see them in this respect; and I have never yet found a woman who would acknowledge that tight lacing hurt her, until after she had abandoned the habit; nor a drunkard who would not swear that liquor agreed with his constitution, until he had been reformed of the desire to drink.

Tobacco-smoke pervades the atmosphere of every large city in this country, and of most country places. In this way it affects every one injuriously; for, tobacco being one of the rankest of poisons, its fumes are so offensive to the vital instincts that the whole respiratory apparatus contracts itself to resist their entrance into the vital domain. This is why the chests of those who begin the filthy habit in early life are always narrow, and their shoulders "pigeon-winged." Every young man or boy you

can find who has used tobacco two or three years, will show a misshapen bodily conformation. His abdomen will be gaunt, his limbs tongs-like, his features angular, his complexion livid, and his expression *narcotic*.

No one while using tobacco can be conscious of the manner in which it affects his respiration. But he may have a realizing sense of the principle if he will go from a first-class hotel in some large city, a few miles into the country, where the air is pure, provided he leaves his cigar or pipe behind him. He may notice that his lungs expand unwontedly, and that the air seems to penetrate deeper into his chest than usual, while he experiences a degree of buoyancy amounting to exhilaration. Of course this feeling will be only temporary, for the morbid craving for the accustomed narcotic will soon overpower awakened normal instinct.

Let me illustrate this subject by my own personal experiences. I am in Philadelphia once or twice a week, and frequently have occasion to call on some patient, or for some business purpose, at the Continental Hotel. The large hall, and the very large smoking and billiard rooms, are redolent of tobacco-smoke from 7 A.M. to 12 midnight. I have had the curiosity to count more than half a hundred persons smoking at the same time. Much of the smoke ascends the stairway, and pervades the whole house. Not one room in the vast building is free of tobacco-attainted air. I have not slept in a large hotel for years without finding myself suffering of a greater or less degree of *narcosis* the next morning.

To show how little persons who are intelligent on many subjects, and who are "smart business men" as the world goes, know, care, or think about breathing, I will relate a little incident. In August, 1865, I stayed over-night at the Crutchfield House, in Chattanooga, Tenn. I arrived at the hotel with four other fellow-travelers at 9 P.M. There was only one lodging-room unoccupied, and that had three double beds, and one small window. Five of us were booked for the three beds. The night was intensely warm and sultry. My fellow-travelers went to supper, and I went to bed. Being first in order, I selected the bed against the window, the other beds being on the opposite side of the room. In an hour or so my room-mates appeared, two of them with lighted cigars, which they continued to smoke until wholly undressed. They made no attempt to ventilate the room, closed the hall door as though air was a dangerous thing to sleep in, and were soon dozing and snoring as if they

would suffocate. I turned my nose to the open window at my bedside, and faced Lookout Mountain till early dawn, thankful that my oblivious but groaning fellow-citizens could neither asphyxiate me with accumulated carbonic acid gas, nor narcotize me with the horrible stench of *nicotiana tobacum*.

On the trains between Philadelphia and New York I frequently notice a car full of intelligent-looking and fashionably-dressed passengers, with all the windows closed, the air rank and fetid with the accumulated *débris* of fifty persons, and one-half of the company semi-asphyxiated, or in a semi-conscious stupor. How many of them know how to breathe?

Let us see if we can not make this simple matter of breathing so plain that editors who sit crookedly at their desks, clergymen who lean at their tables, lawyers who bend down to their books, and doctors who flex their bodies instead of their joints, may understand how important it is to sit straight. "Blessed are the upright."

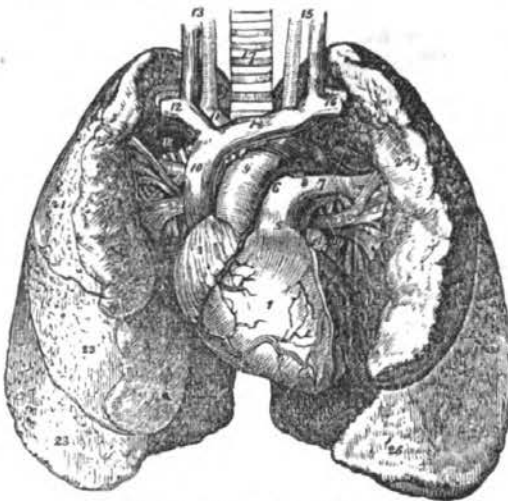


Fig. 1—HEART AND LUNGS.

Fig. 1 represents the anterior aspect of the anatomy of the heart and lungs. 1. Right ventricle; the vessels to the left of the number are the middle coronary artery and veins. 2. Left ventricle. 3. Right auricle. 4. Left auricle. 5. Pulmonary artery. 6. Right pulmonary artery. 7. Left pulmonary artery. 8. Remains of the ductus arteriosus. 9. Aortic arch. 10. Superior cava. 11. Arteria innominata; in front of it is the right vena innominata. 12. Right subclavian vein; behind it is the corresponding artery. 13. Right common carotid artery and vein. 14. Left vena innominata. 15. Left carotid artery and vein. 16. Left subclavian artery and vein. 17. Trachea. 18. Right bronchus. 19. Left bronchus. 20, 20. Pulmonary veins; 18, 20, from the root of the right lung; and 7, 19, 20, the root of the left. 21. Upper lobe of right lung. 22. Its middle lobe. 23. Its inferior lobe. 24. Superior lobe of left lung. 25. Its lower lobe.

Now, if the chest is compressed in any manner, by lacing or malposition, the ribs are correspondingly pressed in upon the middle and

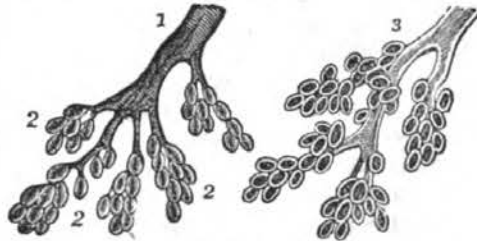


Fig. 2—BRONCHIAL TUBE AND AIR VESICLES.

Fig. 2 represents the bronchial tube, and its division into air cells, as much magnified. 1. A bronchial tube. 2, 2, 2. Air cells or vesicles. 3. A bronchial tube and vesicles laid open.

lower lobes of the lungs, so that nearly all the breathing is limited to the upper and smaller portions of the lungs. Professor T. Guillard Thomas, M.D., of New York, in his late work on "Diseases of Women," states that he has known cases, on post-mortem examinations, in which the liver was deeply indented by the pressure of the ribs, consequent on tight lacing.

As the lower portions of the lungs must expand before the upper portions can be inflated, it follows that a little constriction of the diaphragm must have a great effect on diminishing the respiration.

The effect of compressing the lungs may be still better understood by a glance at the bronchial tube and air-vesicles (fig. 2). The air-vesicles in the lungs are reckoned by millions, and unless they have ample room the blood can never be properly purified as it passes through them. Lacing so presses them together that the blood stagnates, and anæmia or tubercular consumption is the result.*

Let us next see what conditions are necessary to the admission of the proper quantity of air into the lungs.

By pressing down the abdominal organs and extending the ribs, the diaphragm becomes the principal agent in inspiration; in a deep inspiration the intercostal muscles, situated between the ribs, assist in the expansion of the chest by spreading the ribs, aided also, to some extent, by the muscles of the thorax generally. Expiration is mainly accomplished by the abdominal muscles, whose contraction draws down the ribs and compresses the viscera up against the diaphragm, thus diminishing the cavity of the chest from below.

* For a full explanation of this subject the reader is referred to the new work, "Digestion and Dyspepsia Illustrated," just published by S. R. Wells, New York.

If we compare the lungs to a bellows, the abdominal muscles may represent its handles;

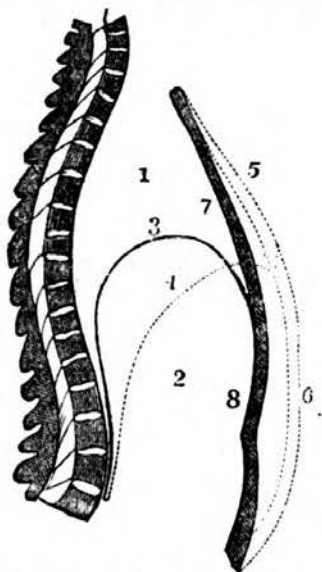


Fig. 3—ACTION OF THE DIAPHRAGM.

Fig. 3 is a side view of the chest and abdomen in respiration. 1. Cavity of the chest, 2. Cavity of the abdomen. 3. Line of direction for the diaphragm when relaxed in expiration. 4. Line of direction when contracted in inspiration. 5, 6. Position of the front walls of the chest and abdomen in inspiration. 7, 8. Their position in expiration.

a fact which shows the importance of keeping these muscles in vigorous condition in order to have free and normal respiration. This fact also explains why sedentary habits are as injurious to the action of the lungs as they are to the movements of the bowels.

With the illustrations and explanations before us, it is easy to understand that, if the chest is restricted or compressed in any manner across the diaphragm, or immediately below it, this important part of the machinery of respiration is limited in its motions; it can not descend enough to admit a sufficient quantity of air into the lungs, and respiration is dimin-

ished, and the whole system devitalized in the exact ratio that its motions are constrained.

Now, look at the outward condition of the fashionably-dressed woman as she appears *en costume*. Such a woman does not use the one-half of her lungs. She can not possibly live out half her days, while her offspring, if she is so unfortunate as to have any, will be cursed with irre-



Fig. 4—UNNATURAL WAIST.

trievable frailty of organization. And as women who dress themselves fashionably can not breathe more than half enough to purify the blood and aerate the food, they are never well nourished and always troubled with indigestion.

The contrast to this caricature on humanity is seen in the figure which has long been the ideal of painters and sculptors, and the actual of the woman as she should be. There have been in all ages and all nations long-lived mothers, and hale and happy grandmothers; but they have always had full, rounded chests and capacious lungs. No other women are fit to be mothers. No farmer who breeds animals for pleas-



Fig. 5—VENUS DE MEDICIS. ure or profit would ever raise the offspring of narrow-chested mothers. Why should health-conditions be less regarded in raising human beings?

HUMAN HAIR—A TRADE AND ITS TRICKS.

CONSIDERING the effects on one's health and on one's looks as produced by the way the hair is worn on head and face, the subject has sufficient importance to warrant these remarks. That much headache is caused by the present style or fashion of wearing the hair is certain. And not a few have been driven to the necessity of abandoning the great piles of false rolls or braids

which loaded them down. Others, in their extremity of suffering, have found it necessary for relief to cut off, also, the supply, which nature has kindly given them. Now, there is reason in some things, if not in others. A human head looks best when covered with hair becoming one's age and complexion. To see a young woman with powdered or gray hair is as ridiculous as it is to see elder-

ly persons with dyed or artificially-colored hair. Only flirts and fools resort to such experiments.

Vain and silly men allow ignorant and barbarous barbers to spoil the looks of their faces by their ridiculous whims of shaving the face in spots and leaving the beard here and there in tufts. One shaves the chin and throat, leaving beard on the upper lip and on the sides of the face. Another cuts off all except a "goatee," which makes him resemble a goat, indeed. Another shaves the upper lip only, and this gives the face a flat appearance. Jim Crows, clowns, and the "fancy" may indulge their ludicrous notions, and clip themselves to look like monkeys, making themselves the laughing-stock of sensible people, and nobody cares; but solid and sensible men should wear full beards properly trimmed, so as to present a neat, clean, and symmetrical appearance. Such was the custom of the old heroes, including the Apostles, and even the Saviour himself. He shaved neither his face nor his head; but, like the Apostles, wore his hair and beard in a natural and becoming manner. The Pagan Chinese, Siamese, and a few other peculiar people, shave their heads and make ridiculous spectacles of themselves. But American men will probably never come to this. They will be content to imitate the Lord Dundrearies, clowns, and swells.

The *Evening Post* gives an account of how the hair business is conducted in this and other countries:

Fifty years ago the hair trade scarcely had a name in this city, but now it is of enormous extent, and employs a vast amount of capital. There are twenty or more wholesale houses thus engaged, some of which are importers, while others are jobbers and manufacturers. Others connect these branches so as to improve all ways of profit. The price of the genuine human hair is regulated by its length. Tresses of twenty inches bring three dollars per ounce, while those of forty inches are worth more than double this price. At such a rate it will pay to cultivate this crop; but many are induced to part with it on much lower terms.

BUYING HAIR.

This business is extensively practiced in Europe, and is there managed very adroitly.

For several years the hair importers of this city have been in the habit of fitting out peddlers (chiefly French or German), whose stock in trade and general outfit are sent from this port. These men, when they reach the old country, travel through sequestered districts, offering their wares for sale. Whenever they meet a farmer's wife or peasant girl with a fine head of hair, they endeavor to obtain the precious locks, generally in exchange for a calico dress and a few ornaments. In this way a large stock is gathered at small rates; and this, when brought to New York, commands a high price.

It is a remarkable fact that human hair grows nearly twice as fast in Europe as it does in America. Hence the product of the former country is much greater relatively to its population than that of the latter. All Europe is now carefully canvassed in the manner referred to, and the tresses which may once have adorned some Suabian housemaid, are made to grace the head of a Fifth Avenue belle.

SUBSTITUTES FOR HAIR.

The enormous price of genuine hair has led to the adoption of many substitutes, the most popular of which is jute, a species of hemp. This was very largely used in the manufacture of waterfalls and chignons. When properly dressed jute looks very well; but although cheaper than hair, it is a high-priced article, and hence Yankee ingenuity has been exercised to find another substitute. This was discovered a few years ago by an enterprising man (Connecticut born) in a bark of the species of the basswood tree. When dried, combed out, and oiled this looks very well. The cheap coils which are so well known as Japan hair, are of this material.

WATERFALLS.

Waterfalls are now out of fashion, but in their day they had their eloquent apologists. The waterfall, at its largest size, seldom weighed more than four ounces; that is, if it was properly made. It was woven over a light wire frame, and thus made as light as possible; but still it was found to pull the head backward, and hence was in a degree tiresome. Waterfalls, chignons, and the present French twist cost from \$2 to \$10, and sometimes a great deal more. The single curl costs from \$3 to \$6.

COLORING HAIR.

The art of imitating almost every shade of hair is now nearly perfect. By sending a small sample of natural hair one may have curls, switches, coils, etc., made to match it in a manner which defies detection. Sometimes the natural hair is colored to suit the fashion, though the process is often injurious.

The fashionable colors, which are frequently changed, are technically called "art colors." A few years ago the art color was red. Then it became gray—not the gray of age, but a fanciful tint easy of detection. This did not become generally popular. Just now, we believe, the art color is flaxen.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

The hair trade is a safe and remunerative business. Hair-dressers charge from \$2 to \$5 for dressing a lady's head for a party, and they also charge handsomely for cleaning the dust out of artificial locks. A lady recently had her hair cut off on account of ill health, and gave the locks to the hair-dresser for a braided watch-guard of the same material. The hair-dresser sold the hair for \$75.

In this city the hair-dressing shops each keep from three to six hands for serving their customers at their homes, and during the gay season they are kept very busy, their charges being \$2 per hour. The writer of this knew a poor clerk married to a girl who understood the hair business; they opened a small shop in the Sixth Avenue, and speedily became rich from the profits of the trade, and this success is not unusual.

The great establishments in this city are ready to teach the business to all who are willing to pay for tuition, the fee demanded being \$150. Any one of ordinary ingenuity can learn to dye hair, to weave it, and to do the work in popular demand. The most difficult things to make are imitation seams, or "partings." These are generally got up in Paris, and are made of fish skin, though sometimes a silk fabric is used. Thus far American ingenuity has failed in this respect to equal the French.

A century ago the largest amount of hair-dressing was done for men; now it is done for women. Then every gentleman wore a large wig, which was invariably powdered, and required the attention of a professional hair-dresser.

[In conclusion, we appeal to the common sense of man and woman to drop their absurd and injurious customs, and in future to adopt such as may be conducive to cleanliness, health, comfort, and to good looks.]

TALL MEN AND WOMEN.

AS a country becomes settled, and especially in cities where great numbers of human beings are crowded into a comparatively small place, men degenerate in height, and the women are not only proverbially shorter than in the country, but they are less muscular. As there are thought to be exceptions to all rules, there are both tall gentlemen and ladies in old cities. A majority of them, however, if traced to their birth place, will be found to have come from the country. Kentucky and Tennessee produce the tallest men in this country. A young boy taken from the city, whose parents are below the usual height, and reared in either of those States, would probably quite overtop any of his family. The material abounds in the grains and meats of those splendid regions for developing the bones.

The Patagonians have long been celebrated for being the tallest race of men in existence. Magellan's associates give their average stature at seven feet four inches; Commodore Byron's officers seldom saw one below seven feet, and some exceeded that measure. These statements, however much they exaggerate the truth, indicate, at any rate, the decided superiority of the Patagonian native in physique over his European visitor. A man rising six feet and two or three inches, and being well proportioned, appears gigantic to another man but five feet six inches.

At the polar circles, especially north, the Esquimaux rarely towers above four feet and a half to five feet. As a whole, the English are finely developed, tall, and energetic. Americans are a compound of all nations on the globe, varying in size, strength, height, weight, mental capacity, and energy, according to the predominance of blood from any particular source.

One cause of degeneracy and dwarfing is bad habits. Boys who smoke and chew tobacco, or who violate the laws of their being in other ways, undermining their con-

stitutions, can not hope to transmit healthful conditions, nor to leave a robust progeny. Think of a weak, sickly, dyspeptic parentage, producing a race of *men*! Think of whisky-drinking, beer-guzzling men and women generating children in the image of God! Imbeciles, idiots, criminals, and vagabonds are the descendents of low organizations, or

of persons in wrong relations. God is not the author of idiocy. If we would have a race of sound men and women, we must live proper lives. It is the food we eat, the liquids we drink, the air we breathe, as well as the climate in which we live that affect our stature and our character. *We* are responsible for the infirmities which afflict us. "God is not mocked."

THE LATE JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

THE death of this eminent chemist and physiologist took place at Munich, on the 18th of April last. His long and honorable career, and invaluable contributions to science, have made his name a memorable one. Born in 1803 at Darmstadt, he was intended for the pursuit of pharmacy, and placed by his father in a drug store; but not liking the post assigned him by his employer, returned home, and was set to work by his father in his drysaltary business. While thus engaged he prepared himself for the university, and entered that of Bonn in 1819, and subsequently studied at Erlangen. By the aid of a traveling stipend allowed him by the Grand Duke, he went to Paris, and there continued his studies from 1822 to 1824. It was while here young Liebig found in the eminent Gay Lussac a friend and instructor, and through him was introduced to the notice of the scientific men of Paris. A paper on Fulminic acid which Liebig was invited to read before the Institute, proved to be the occasion which led to his early prominence.

After he had delivered the lecture, a grave-looking man, singularly dressed, came up to Liebig and conversed with him on the subject of his paper, and inquired as to his views and prospects. Liebig told him he knew few persons in Paris, but attended the various lectures. The unknown gentleman asked him to dine at his house on the following Monday, where he would meet some of the most eminent French chemists. Fearing to give offense, Liebig did not ask the grave gentleman who he was, but watched him going out of the hall, and then inquired of the porter the name of his new friend, which, to Liebig's chagrin, the porter did not know, and the day of the dinner-party arrived without the young chemist having found out his kindly host. A few days after-

ward he was met by a chemist, who inquired why he had not attended at Humboldt's, where a party of chemists had been invited specially to meet him; of course, he immediately apologized to Humboldt for his failure to respond to the invitation, and that illustrious man proved of great service to him afterward. He was appointed Professor Extraordinary in 1824, and in 1826 Ordinary Professor of Chemistry, at the University of Giessen. Here, supported by the Government, he founded the first model laboratory, and raised the small university to eminence, more especially for the study of chemistry.

At Geissen Liebig had for his assistants the Doctors Will, Hoffman, and Tresenius. In addition to many other public acknowledgments of his eminent services to science, Liebig was made Baron in 1845. He was next invited to fill the post formerly occupied by Gmelin, at Heidelberg, which he declined; but in 1852 he accepted a professorship at the University of Munich, as President of the Chemical Laboratory at that place, where a new and important sphere was opened to him. The works of Professor Liebig are very numerous, and have been translated into most of the European languages. His researches are recorded in his own journal ("*Annalen*"); in the "*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*"; also in the "*Handbook of Chemistry*," begun in 1836 by Poggendorf. He revised Geiger's "*Handbook of Pharmacy*" (Heidelberg, 1839), his section of which may be considered as independently a handbook of organic chemistry. Among Liebig's more important works is his "*Organic Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture*" (Brunswick, 1840), which has gone through several editions. Of this work Professor Silliman remarked, that its publication "constitutes an era of great importance in

the history of agricultural science." This work was translated into English by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who had studied under Liebig at Geissen in 1838, and who explained his new system of agricultural chemistry to the British Association, in 1840 and 1842.

tion of several new chemical professorships in Germany. The beneficial influence which Professor Liebig's works have had on agriculture is undeniable; they have been largely developed and appreciated in England and in Germany, and especially in Saxony; in the



In the latter year also appeared a translation of Liebig's work, by Dr. Gregory. Liebig, in a series of "Familiar Letters," next developed his views on chemistry and its relation to commerce, physiology, and vegetation, with such success that the appearance of the work had the effect of inducing the founda-

tion of several new chemical professorships in Germany. The beneficial influence which Professor Liebig's works have had on agriculture is undeniable; they have been largely developed and appreciated in England and in Germany, and especially in Saxony; in the latter country the agriculturists have raised themselves to a knowledge of the subject not to be met with in the farmers of any other country, Scotland not excepted. Perhaps the only signal error which may be traced in the writings of so industrious an investigator and voluminous an author is his

ascribing an "alimentary principle" to alcohol.

In stature he was of the middle size, and rather slightly built, evincing in a marked degree the mental temperament. His head was large, the brows being broad and projecting, while his eyes were animated, sharp, and intense, the expression characteristic of men of genius being his, especially when engaged in the consideration of some important subject.

THE DIVORCE MANIA.

THE following words from an address on "The Cure for the Divorce Mania," by Mrs. M. A. Canfield, published in the *Ohio Medical and Surgical Reporter*, are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"A ray of light in the darkness is the fact that great Christian men and great bodies of Christians are moving for reform—such men as John Ruskin and President Woolsey; such bodies as the Episcopal Convention of Connecticut and the Methodist Conference at Chicago. From the East and the West the upper stratum of society is sending up a prayer for more stringent divorce laws.

"With all due deference to my superiors, I believe they are putting the lock upon the wrong door; that it would be more politic to guard the front entrance to the temple of marriage than to bolt the back door. In other words, I believe the *rationale* of the divorce mania is the prevalence of ill-adapted marriages, of which ignorance is the cause, and for which, therefore, knowledge is the cure. The marriage which is 'the union of two souls in one' is a beautiful, holy chalice, brimming with glorious possibilities of companionship, of home bliss, child love, of work well done for God and humanity. Anything short of such a union is failure, and such a failure! Only the failure to get into heaven transcends it. It means nectar turned to gall; means bickerings, contention, and strife; means cursing the world with a miserable example and a most miserable progeny.

"Yet this grand relation, which determines the fate of the individual—and if of the individual the race—does not receive the consideration bestowed upon the commonest affairs of life. Volumes of essays have been written upon the potato. The agricultural bureau scatters abroad the ripe experience of the world upon its culture. Science lends her lamp. One would suppose the culture of human souls almost as

important. Yet does the Government disseminate knowledge upon the subject? Do men and women of ripe intellect flood the market with literature pertaining to the science of marriage? No; the great doctrines of affinities, of temperamental adaptation, of magnetic attraction are mainly expounded to the world by half-crazy women, long-haired spiritualists, or short-pursed medical students. We have but one phrenological journal; it, though a power in the land, is far from being what the land might make it. Bringing the matter home, it is a fact that in the city of Cleveland there is not a volume upon temperaments, phrenology, or physiognomy in the public library or in any book store within its limits.

"Instinct is considered the true guide to matrimonial felicity. It is believed that there is fate in love; that one can not force his destiny. Instinct never makes mistakes. Who ever saw a mother bird weave her nest so badly that the little ones fell through into the cold world? If instinct is a safe guide, there are no failures in the matrimonial business; but the facts in the case are that libertines marry virtuous girls, vile women impose themselves upon good men. All this proves that a science of marriage is indispensable to civilization, and the rapid degeneration of society calls for a speedy development of this science. There is a law governing marriage which is as much a law of nature as the law of similars. This law obeyed, happiness would surely follow; and ignorance of its existence does not prevent the penalty following its violation. I would have the art of reading character taught in every school in the land. I would have every boy and girl able to read God's signs written upon face and brain. I would have every young man's and woman's knowledge of anatomy, phrenology, and physiognomy so perfect that their standard of beauty would be the intrinsically good, and that which was adapted to harmonize with their own organizations. Then there would be no more cases of falling in love with improper persons than there are now of men falling in love with their sisters; and for the same reason they would not—because they would know that they ought not."

THERE must be harmony of relation between nerve and muscle, brain and body, to produce the best results from their co-operation.

IN weighing the characters of men we must penetrate beneath the envelope of affectation and assumption which many habitually wear.



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1873.

END OF VOLUME FIFTY-SIX!—The present June number completes the semi-annual volume—fifty-six—of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and volume fifty-seven begins with the July number. Many subscriptions, yearly and half-yearly, terminate now. A new—circular—prospectus, on which to record names, new and old, is herewith sent. Those who would keep up the connection should see to their prompt filling up, and return to this office. May each bring a renewal, with a club of subscribers! Terms, \$3 a year; \$1.50 for half a year—from this July to next January. We do not like to say “good-bye” to old friends, but rejoice to say “How do you do?” when they come again.

GIVING WHILE LIVING.

SORDID, grasping, miserly men, with more Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness than Conscientiousness and Benevolence, seek only to get all they can and to keep all they get. Their hearts are hardened, their souls shriveled, and no matter how much money they have they are objects of pity rather than envy. Such men die hard, clutching their money-bags. But they die and leave all. Having done no good in this world, sacrificing nothing for the sake of charity, they find nothing to their credit in the other world into which they are suddenly ushered. ●

“The late war” demoralized many, not only soldiers, contractors, and paymasters, but legislators whom the people had elected to make the laws. These went to work on their own private account to make money out of the

Government. Citizens became alarmed, and “investigations” were inaugurated. The disclosures were such as to taint the characters of many trusted men in high places. Corrupt judges who thwarted justice were impeached, and a general sifting of character and practice is still going on. It is hoped that we may weed out all the dishonest and corrupt men from the body politic.

One of the worst pieces of public robbery was practiced by the last Congress, by members voting money out of the Treasury into their own pockets, as extra salary or “back pay.” That was a very selfish and a very wicked thing. Those who voted for it practiced highway robbery *without* the threat of murder. They took the victim—Uncle Sam—by the throat and *compelled* him to deliver. The authors of that act would all steal on any occasion, could they do so and escape disgrace and punishment. They should, each and every one of them, be trusted no more. They are thieves, and their bad example demoralizes weak and selfish men in all the walks of life. Let them vacate their seats and stand back. When they make restitution of what they have stolen and show signs of repentance, they may be forgiven—not before. For the others, let the mark of disgrace be put and kept on them.

A contemporary discourses as follows on this subject, and makes some striking contrasts:

“If the Credit Mobilier investigation, and the Caldwell investigation, and the exposure of Pomeroy, and the New York Senate’s dropping the investigation of Tweed as soon as he has resigned, have shown the baser uses to which money is put in this country, making all of us despair a little of the Republic, there is a world of encouragement in looking at the other side of the shield. The long list of those who merely, in the past twenty-five years, have manifested what

we may almost call the American sense of the responsibility of riches—the Tappans, Astors, Peabodys, Coopers, Taylers, Sheffields, Vassars, Packers, Cornells, Stevensons, Simms, and the Lenoxes (to select a few of the more prominent)—has, since the opening of the year, been signally increased. The generous givers just named are perhaps even outranked in munificence by Mr. John S. Hopkins, of Baltimore, whose public endowments, present and prospective, will amount to between four and five millions of dollars. A university with scholarships for the poor he has already taken steps to organize by the appointment of trustees, by the gift of his Clifton estate, of four hundred acres, and by setting apart in his will for this object his entire interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Still more recently—only last month, in fact—he conveyed to other trustees two million dollars, with which to erect and maintain a hospital in the city of Baltimore for the indigent sick of the city and its environs, ‘without regard to sex, age, or color;’ a training-school for nurses in connection with it—these two institutions to form a part of the medical school of the future university; and in the country an orphan’s home, with accommodation for three or four hundred colored children, and due provision for their maintenance and education. These deeds speak for themselves, but it should be added that Mr. Hopkin’s instructions

are, like his intentions, of the most liberal character, and that he and every one of the trustees are Southern men by birth and life-long residence.”

One is no better or worse for being of “Southern birth,” but we suppose the object of naming the fact in this case was, to show that there was no “prejudice against color,” etc. Now, these examples are worthy of imitation. Those who practice giving while living will be tolerably sure that their wishes shall be carried out; while those who leave it for executors to place their charities, will leave a bone for hungry creatures to quarrel over, and thus *scatter* their effects. Reader, if you would escape the envy of your poor relations; if you would enjoy the most exquisite luxury known to man, begin to-day to make such disposition of your property and your time as your highest sense of charity may approve. Do not aim at riches. If you marry for money you will probably “catch a tartar.” If you marry for the sake of making another happy, that is a higher motive. If for *your own* convenience or wishes, that is a lower motive, a selfish motive, and real happiness will not come of it. Each should first seek *another’s* good rather than his own. Can we not subdue our selfishness and come up to this high standard? It is the only true way to happiness here and hereafter. Who will invest in this large interest-paying bank of charity?

THE DEATH PENALTY.

WE are glad to notice the fact that the religious press has taken up the subject of capital punishment, and is earnestly discussing the question of putting men to death by hanging. Some honest, sturdy old Moslems and Puritans cling to the way of revenge, and, according to their interpretation of Scripture,

still demand an “eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.” In conversation with such persons we are gravely told that “if there were more men hung, there would be less murder.” We have not been able to take that view of the subject since we have had very satisfactory evidence presented us that where the death pen-

ality has been abolished there were less crime and violence than before.

Just here we have the statement of George A. Baker, in the *Christian Leader*, of recent date, to the same effect. He says:

"It is not generally known that actual experiment has demonstrated the uselessness of capital punishment. Here are the facts: Michigan abolished the death penalty in 1846, and for twenty-seven years no execution has taken place in that enlightened community. We have the testimony of the highest authority that murders are less frequent, and convictions more speedy and certain than when the gallows flourished in that State. Rhode Island abolished capital punishment in 1852, and for twenty-one years has enjoyed greater tranquility, with more safety of human life, than ever before. The chief-justice of the State and the warden of the State prison concur in this view. The people of Rhode Island, like those of Michigan, are among the wisest our country affords, and they are nearly unanimous in similar sentiment. Wisconsin comes next. In 1853 she swept from her statutes every vestige of the law of vengeance. Twenty years' experience only confirms the wisdom of her course. Gov. Washburn is emphatic in his approval of the act of 1853. Last comes Iowa. On the 20th of April, 1872, her legislature utterly repudiated the law of blood for blood, and life for life. So we have the experience of the following States. Look at them! Are they not, in all that constitutes a State, the peers of any other in the world? Michigan, 27 years; Rhode Island, 21 years; Wisconsin, 20 years; Iowa, 1 year."

Among the countries of Europe that have made the experiment, we may instance Russia. Capital punishment was abolished in that despotic realm by Elizabeth in 1741. In 1791 Count Segur

declared in the *Moniteur* that "under the operation of the law Russia was one of the countries in which the least number of murders was committed." In 1830 Peter Dobell, Counselor of State in Russia, in his book of travels through the empire, calls upon other nations to "blush that Russia should teach you the celestial principle of reforming depraved morals, not by the sanguinary execution of inexorable justice, but by the mild and divine precepts of heavenly mercy."

George M. Dallas, our former Minister to Russia, says that "none with whom he conversed ever dreamed of going back to the old system. The laws (he adds) are of the mildest character, and their effects are seen in the character of the people. Barbarous as they were before the mitigation of their penal code, its mildness has wrought such a change that they are now among the mildest and most peaceable people he has ever seen."

If these be facts, and we have no reason to doubt their being facts, it is pretty good evidence that it is time hanging was abolished. This does not imply that we should not restrain nor that we should not punish. It implies that there is a much less brutal method of dealing with criminals. It is for Christians to discover and apply the better methods. We know all the familiar passages in the Bible which are quoted by all lovers of the gallows. They may be run off from the end of one's tongue as glibly as tunes, but it should not be forgotten that though this Book is authority and for the guidance of humanity, yet it should be remembered that commentators are not all agreed as to the significance of certain declarations; and it is a fact that more enlightened views make important modifications in the rendering of scriptural meanings. We prefer to take a humane view when circumstances warrant it.

We would be governed rather by the spirit than by the letter of a law. May God, in his good mercy, put it into the

hearts and heads of men to come to right conclusions, and in their appreciation of justice let them not forget *mercy*.

THE "ATLANTIC" CATASTROPHE.

THE world was appalled when the electric telegraph flashed the news that a great steamship with a thousand passengers on board had been cast on the inhospitable rocks of Nova Scotia. Instantly every thinking person inquired, What was the cause? One answer was, the ship was short of coal. Owing to the strike of English and Welsh miners, coals were scarce in Liverpool, and the ship put to sea without a full supply. Another statement was, that the sea had "set" in such a way as to drive the ship off her course, and by a miscalculation on the part of her officers, induced by the tidal flow, she was far out of her reckoning, and so ran on the rocks of that bleak, icy, and rock-bound coast. Another cause which will, no doubt, strike many as the possible, if not the more probable one—the same cause which has sent numbers of great ships to the bottom of the sea with all their living freight on board, and millions of treasure besides—was the inattention, carelessness, or "insubordination of the crew." And what does this mean? Does it mean *alcohol*? Aye, verily; this is the devil. We do not know all the facts in this particular case, but it appears in evidence that the night was not dark, and there was no good reason why the officers on watch should not have seen the shore, or heard the breakers, which were roaring, and have known their exact whereabouts. Were the officers and crew of the Atlantic temperance men? Or did they drink? The custom on all steamships in which it has been our fortune to travel, is that both officers and crew drink more or less

alcoholic liquors on every voyage they make. We remember well on several Saturday nights that the captain not only invited some of his officers, but a number of his passengers into his stateroom, where whisky punch was served to all who were disposed to partake, that they might "drink to their sweethearts and wives," and this they did to repletion. Indeed, some drank so freely as to disqualify themselves for duty, and we remember with what shuddering thoughts we retired to our berths, imagining the possibility of our coming into collision with other ships during the night.

With officers and men in a boozy, if not a drunken, condition, navigating a vessel on the ocean, with a thousand or more human beings in their keeping, is not so easy and secure an affair as to commend itself to any prudent mind. We doubt if any passenger who realizes the possibilities of disaster would feel satisfied in such circumstances.

Once when on the lower Mississippi, we were informed by the pilot of a river steamer that men of his calling were under twenty thousand dollars bonds not to drink while on duty, and they religiously abstained. No such law or rule prevails upon our great ocean steamers, and they who go to sea in these ships put their lives in peril while in the keeping of liquor-drinking officers.

We may be charged with making too much of this point. We simply state our personal knowledge and experience, and leave it for others to infer whether or not this is a healthy, prudent, and safe condition of things. We had resolved

in our own minds, before again venturing on a sea-voyage, to inquire not only into the soundness of the ship, but into the habits and character of its chief officers; and we should not stop here, but look still further and satisfy ourselves that those having our lives in charge were such intelligent, cautious, and conscientious men as we could safely trust. And we venture to suggest to ship-owners, as well as to those who propose to become passengers, that they go not blindly across the gang-plank, but look carefully all around them and see that the bars are up, the gates well fastened, and that the officers be in all respects qualified for the discharge of their important functions. There is too much recklessness in these things, too little cautious, intelligent prudence. Let us "look before we leap."

TRANSFERENCE OF BRAIN.

A "NOVELTY in Surgery" is going the rounds of the papers. The story is, that a Prussian soldier was condemned to die; that about the same time a saloon-keeper died of heart disease. The condemned soldier was then made insensible by chloroform, his cranium neatly opened, and his brain carefully transferred to the skull of the deceased saloon-keeper, whose brain had been dextrously removed for the purpose. As might be supposed, provided the thing ever happened, the individual, whoever he was now, after recovering from the delicate and successful operation, manifested the thoughts, feelings, memory, and intelligence of the dealer in beer instead of the tactics of the military man. This is just what every phrenologist would have expected, *provided always* that the marvelous feat was ever performed. But we have one serious objection to the whole story. In order to transfer the whole mass of brain from

one cranium to another, the arteries leading from the heart to the brain would have to be severed, and then reunited. At least this is the way we understand anatomy. The story does not explain how this little feat was accomplished. "Clamping the carotid arteries to prevent hemorrhage" is "fine writing" enough for those who never saw these vessels and their surroundings displayed in the cadaver; but asking demonstrators of anatomy and operative surgeons to accept this statement is taxing human credulity rather severely. We don't believe a word of the story.

SAWDUST SWINDLERS.

WHILE we had corrupt judges on the bench, and while some of our police justices *seemed* to be in collusion with the rogues, it was next to impossible to convict, though the rogues were often caught. Now we have an honest mayor in New York, and some of our judges and justices do their duty, in placing human wolves in prison, when caught. Some long in the sawdust business are now doing service for the State, at least *one* patent office swindler has been caged. The *Scientific American* says: "Some weeks since, we published an account of the nefarious transactions of an individual in the neighborhood of Galesburgh, Illinois, who carried on quite an extensive business in swindling inventors. Representing himself as a patent agent, and as having facilities for the sale of rights, his plan consisted in inducing the patentee to forward his model and five dollars to pay for advertising, and then leaving the package in the express office and pocketing the money. More recently, it seems, the scamp has played a bolder game, and by a series of artfully-worded letters, hold-out tempting offers for state rights in inventions, has endeavored to persuade owners of the same to forward to him, as agent, deeds thereof, fully executed, and transferring title in the property to a hypothetical person, no other than himself. How many he has victimized, we are not aware; but his career as W. A. Morrison & Co. *alias* W. J. Reed & Co.

is happily ended, as he has been arrested, convicted, and safely lodged in the penitentiary.

"We confess to but little sympathy for those who are foolish enough to forward the deeds of their patent rights to any person regarding whose honesty and responsibility they have not the fullest knowledge and confidence. An executed document of this description represents value exactly as much as title deeds to a house or bank notes, and like safeguards should be placed around all. There are plenty of adventurers in the country who stand ready to prey upon inventors—men who, by offering dazzling bait, too often succeed in swindling their victims out of the fruits of years of labor—and this

reprobate who is now in the clutches of the law is but a fair specimen of the class. There is only one word of advice to be added, and that is to look well to the standing and character of all with whom you deal, and trust no offers which are not verified by your personal examination."

[Now let us catch the "mock auction" robbers, the street car pick-pockets, the wharf-rats, the baggage-smashers and snatchers, the burglars, house-breakers, sneak thieves, and the rest; catch and imprison a few hundreds of these, and we shall then have a period of quiet, until further importations are effected from the old country. The only safety is in "eternal vigilance."]

THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC

A NECESSARY BRANCH OF EDUCATION IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF AMERICA.

THE Germans are sometimes called the spectacled nation, and the cry during the late war in our own land, "Bayonets think," was travestied in the Franco-German war under the new, familiar phrase, "Spectacles fight." A better, because more appropriate, saying would have been, "Singers fight." The German, complex nation as it is, is emphatically a singing people. The "Watch on the Rhine" (almost as stirring to American ears as our own "Yankee Doodle") needs no accompaniment when a hundred of our Teutonic fellow-citizens, with their *vrows* and *kinder*, strike up their patriotic refrain. In Prussia, especially, all sing and all play on some instrument. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, the standard bores of American school children, are made easy to the little Prussians by the charms of music. Carl and Gretchen learn their notes and alphabet in unison, and four-four time keeps pace with the multiplication table. So into the slow-molded, fair-haired race in the land of Goethe and Luther, there was engrafted long ago the tenderness and beauty of Italian maestros, and Germany became a brave, tender-hearted, sturdy power in the world.

"Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." Trite, but true; never more so than to-day. We can not spare space for a history of the German, English, or Scotch systems of popular

musical instruction. The editor of this magazine was privileged some years since to examine the educational modes employed in several parts of Europe, and was especially delighted with the proficiency in musical culture he witnessed in Glasgow. There pupils are taught to sing, play, and compose. It is no mean compliment to this school that publishers of music in London vie with each other in efforts to procure from the advanced pupils their finished original compositions (which, by the way, the rules of the school forbid them to part with until after graduation). Fancy an American editor going to any of our high schools, or even colleges, to purchase the essays of the pupils!

It has been said "America has so much practical work to do she can not spare time for art." That is a snob's excuse for neglect. No civilized people can afford to ignore art in any one of its manifold forms, and Americans least of all. But the statement is not true in fact. No European communities pay as liberally for high art as the people of the United States. Great masters of drama, opera, painting, and sculpture command their own prices. The people that glorify Parepa-Rosa, Kellogg, Bierstadt, and Jefferson are certainly lovers as well as patrons of art. But art, especially musical art, is better loved than known among those Mr. Lincoln used to call "the plain people." And why?

It has not until recently been taught to our children among the other rudimentary studies. Bright misses at the fashionable schools have been drilled by foreign teachers until they could play passably upon the piano, and sing some sentimental ditties for the approval of their friends. Country singing-schools have gathered the youths and maidens on winter evenings to practice the scale and courting simultaneously, but have generally made more new homes than new choirs. The Sunday-schools have been furnished with "Chains," "Bells," "Diamonds," and what not? very pretty, indeed, when a good leader taught the sweet voices to blend in the joyful songs of Mason, Bradbury, or Root; but the notes in the various books were useless to, and so an unnecessary tax on, most of the children.

All this has been the result of the prevalent American idea that singers were born, not taught, and that these elect children were comparatively few. Within a decade there has been a manifest change in this respect. People are beginning to understand that vocal music is quite as natural a mode of expression as talking, and that those children familiar with it from infancy are spontaneous singers, needing afterward no more tuition in notes and their intricacies than in reading, writing, or arithmetic. This new popular opinion has created a demand for some system of instruction adapted to the comprehension of children, and various efforts have been made to meet it. Most of these attempts were failures, because the authors assumed too much. They could not realize the extreme simplicity of childhood. They omitted to provide the teacher with any manual for instructing primary pupils in the first steps. They forgot that the alphabet is the key to all learning, and so made textbooks without spelling-book or primer. Benjamin Jepson, Professor of Music in the public schools of New Haven, Conn., succeeded where all others failed. This gentleman, still a young man, has been for twenty years or more a teacher of music in that city. He began with large classes, composed of youth of both sexes, and endeavored to teach the science of music by a system modeled on what was known as the Pestalozzian method. A few years' experience brought him to the conclusion that he could arrive at more sat-

isfactory results with younger children. To test this idea he gave several gratuitous courses of lessons to the children (including the infant-class) of the Sunday-school with which he was connected. The results were unexpectedly gratifying. From that time to the present (with the exception of his army service in '61, '62, and '63) Prof. Jepson has devoted himself conscientiously to his favorite vocation. His success as a private teacher attracted the attention of some members of the New Haven Board of Education, and through their efforts the study of music was introduced in the public schools of that city in 1865. The following extract from the annual report, dated Sept. 1st, 1865, will show the results of this experiment:

"The subject of music in the schools has been at various times pressed upon the attention of the Board, and during the latter portion of the year Mr. B. Jepson has been employed by them to give instruction in that art in some of the higher rooms. This was done as an experiment. Mr. Jepson entered into the service with his well-known enthusiasm in his profession. At the close of the year the experiment was considered successful. Rapid progress had been made by his classes, without serious interference with the routine of study. The Board have accordingly engaged him to continue his instructions, and to extend them to as many rooms as the time will permit, for the coming year. The value of instruction in music, and its excellent effect on the schools, where it is made subsidiary to the more obvious and important aims of education, are well understood and acknowledged in all places where it has been tested."

(We may say in parenthesis that this Board was composed of eminent merchants and prominent citizens, among whom was Prof. Daniel C. Gilman, then of Yale, but now President of the University of California.)

The reports of subsequent years refer with increased enthusiasm to the excellent results attendant upon the instructions of Prof. Jepson, and in the annual report of the State Board of Education, presented at the May session of the General Assembly in 1871, Hon. B. G. Northrop, widely known for his eminence in all that relates to the advance of popular education, devotes nearly four pages

to this subject. We have space for but a few extracts from this instructive chapter:

"Music is taught in our best schools, and should be in all. In many instances it has taken its proper place as one of the regular studies. It is the testimony of multitudes of teachers that music helps instead of hindering progress in other studies. It stimulates the mental faculties, and exhilarates and recreates pupils when weary with study. Some branches are pursued largely for the mental discipline which they impart. No study that can be taken up so early is a better discipline in rapid observation and thinking, none so early and easily develops the essential power of mental concentration. In singing by note a child must fix his thoughts, and think quickly and accurately. The habit of fixing the attention thus early formed will aid in all other studies. * * * In late examinations of all the schools in New Haven, only two hundred and forty-eight children out of six thousand were found unable to sing the scale, and one hundred and forty of these belonged to the primary grades—that is, out of this multitude only *one hundred and eight* above the primary grades could not sing. * * *

"General Eaton, the National Commissioner of Education, and Governor English, when visiting the schools in New Haven, expressed their surprise and gratification at hearing children in the primary school sing, *at sight*, exercises marked on the blackboard by the teacher."

For the four years subsequent to the introduction of music as a study in the public schools, the tax-payers of New Haven were doubtful of its expediency and value, although it was rapidly gaining favor with parents. On the 22d of April, 1870, the graduating exercises of the high school were held publicly in Music Hall in the presence of over 2,000 people. Some six hundred pupils participated in the singing. The following editorial, clipped from *Loomis' Musical Journal*, gives an idea of what had been accomplished:

"The Pilgrim Chorus, from 'I Lombardi,' by Verdi, was rendered with a delicacy of shading which was almost marvelous, viewed in the light of many performances of the same piece which we have heard from more experienced singers. A grand solfeggio, of

100 bars, arranged from Auber, was sung in four parts by six hundred children, with a massiveness and grandeur which we shall not soon forget. A leading organist and musician, who stood near, expressed our feeling when he remarked that the efforts of the children in that piece thrilled him. Old Hundred, by one-third of the children, with an accompanying chorus in three parts, with different words, by the other two-thirds, was admirably effective."

From that time to the present there has been but one opinion in New Haven regarding musical instruction. Its benefits are manifold, reaching outside of school into the family, the church, and the business community. In the Sunday-schools and churches of New Haven the superior singing is noticed by summer visitors, who frequently visit the public schools to see how such excellence is acquired. Commenting upon this fact, the journal from which we before quoted, says:

"With a knowledge of the elements of vocal music comes a love for it in other forms; hundreds of children in this city are becoming proficient on the piano and organ, as well as in singing. As evidence of this, it is only necessary to state that upward of fifty teachers, where formerly eight or ten did the work, now find constant employment outside of the public schools in teaching individual scholars the piano, organ, harmony, cultivation of voice, etc.

"Chorus choirs, composed of the very best kind of material, are springing up in every part of the city; new musical societies, in which young people are gathered by scores, astonish effete organizations by the performance of music over which the latter supposed themselves sole conservators.

"Eight music stores and piano warerooms, where formerly one sufficed, are kept busy supplying the people with music and musical instruments, leaving out one piano and two organ factories, who annually dispose of a large number of instruments on private sale."

The system devised by Prof. Jepson has been crystalized by him into three books or "Musical Readers." * With these in hand

* "Elementary Music Readers"—Nos. 1, 2, 3. By B. Jepson. New York. Post-paid, \$2.25 per set; or 75 cts. single. May be had at this office, or sent by post on receipt of price.

any teacher of average ability can lead his pupils along the pleasant paths of musical science. They have recently been adopted in many towns and cities, most notably of all by the Board of Education of the city of New York.

We believe their general introduction, and a faithful following out of the system they inculcate, would in ten years' time give this country a generation of full-chested, sweet-voiced youth, better fitted for the joys and duties of life than the active men and women of to-day.

WHO WILL TRY IT?

FORTUNES are made and lost by understanding or failing to understand human character. There is scarcely a man anywhere so valueless that, by right management, he may not have his own happiness greatly increased and be made serviceable in some laudable way to any one who knows how to separate his wheat from the chaff, and call out his best faculties in the best way. Every year men come to us to learn "what we know about" character-reading, and in eighty or more private lessons we open the subject as fully as one-third of a century of earnest study will enable us to do it, aided by our large collection of busts, skulls, and portraits of the most remarkable men and women that have graced or disgraced human character.

It is not every one who attends our course of instruction that intends to lecture or practice character-reading as a profession. Merchants come that they may the better discern rogues who would buy goods with fraudulent purpose. Lawyers that they may learn to read witnesses, jurymen, and clients, and with the better success mold and manage mankind. Clergymen come to learn how to find their way to human sympathy and confidence, and how to lead the misled and degraded to higher purposes, better hopes, and a better destiny. And teachers come to find a clearer exposition of mind and how to meet its wants than they find in anything they have known. And some come to learn the true philosophy of mind for personal culture and improvement; and all express themselves satisfied, and more than satisfied,

with the higher and better view they obtain of man, his capacities, his duties, and his destiny.

Those who wish to instruct others in this man-improving doctrine, and to make it a profession, are thus equipped with the facts, principles, and illustrations which they require to win success, and at the same time confer benefit upon mankind of priceless value. Those who desire a programme of the course of instruction, and the advantages which it promises, with terms, etc., may address this office. The next session will commence on the fifth of November next.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The President of Rutgers College, New Jersey, Dr. Campbell, recently found beneath some of the trees in the campus numerous carpenter bees, each minus its head. Having called the attention of Rev. Samuel Lockwood, the eminent naturalist, to the fact, careful observations were made, with interesting results. It was first noted that these bees were all of the same species, and were all honey-gatherers. The case at first appeared one of wanton massacre; the merciless executioners being common Baltimore orioles. On making a more thorough examination of the headless trunks, it was discovered that every body was empty, the insect having been literally eviscerated at the annular opening made at the neck by the separation of the head. The interesting fact disclosed by these observations is that these birds had learned that the bodies of these particular bees—the stingless males—were filled or contained honey sipped from the blossoms of the horse-chestnut; and so they watched the insects until they were fully gorged, then, darting upon them, snipped off their heads, and always at one place, the articulation, thus showing themselves acquainted with the anatomy of their victims as well as their habits, and taking advantage of both for the gratification of their love for sweets.

ALL right training consults the aptitudes of the mind, favors the natural bent of the genius, and charms the faculties into exercise. In the training of the young, it is assumed that the disposition must be a natural growth, not a manufactured product; that every character has its own law of development; that you can not deal with the lily as you can with the sun flower.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE SENSES—HOW MANY HAVE WE?

BY AZZA URTEM, M.D.

PROFESSOR R. W. RAYMOND delivered an interesting lecture on "Nerve Telegraphy" in Cooper Institute, on Saturday evening, March 15, 1878, in which he took the ground that we are endowed with a "muscular" sense and a "correlating" or "associating" sense, in addition to the five senses with which we have long been familiar. Unless the lecture is badly reported in the New York *Tribune*, I can not see that the Professor has made out his case. Indeed, it seems to me quite clear that five senses are all that we have need for. The remark of the *Tribune* that the lecture was "entirely negative," seems to suggest a grave doubt of any positive testimony. The language of the *Tribune* is, "It was, as one of the prominent gentlemen present remarked, decidedly a lecture for thinking people; and although of an entirely negative character, and to be aimed to dispel the preconceived notions regarding the sensations by which his hearers recognized the world around them, and to throw popular certainties into the region of doubt, yet these theories were so amazingly brushed aside, and newer ones so kindly interposed where chaos was inevitable, that through the long continuance of the lecture an appreciative audience laughed and applauded alternately."

Most of the lecture, as reported, is devoted to the old senses of feeling, smelling, and hearing, and but a few very brief sentences to the new senses of muscularity and association, and these are merely stated, not explained. Physiologists have repeatedly suggested a *sense of temperature* as a sixth sense; and the arguments in favor of this are much stronger than the negative lecture of Professor Raymond in favor of the two he proposes to introduce; so that, in the order of discovery, if not of nature, the sixth and seventh senses of Professor Raymond must take rank as the seventh and eighth.

Professor Raymond defines and illustrates in the following negative manner: "We have

the sensation of lifting a heavy weight. What sense is it that tells us that? It would be easy to prove to you, if I cared to linger on this part of the discussion, that there must be a muscular sense. The seventh sense is called the associated sense, and I could give it almost as many names as there are letters in the word; for it is a sense which grows out of the other senses, which correlates and co-ordinates their action."

The statement proves too much. Each of the five senses whose existence is demonstrable admit of only a single name. Nature is very precise in her arrangements, and true science is equally precise in its language. If an anatomist should imagine that some hitherto undiscovered organ existed in the abdominal cavity, in the vicinity of the stomach, liver, spleen, and pancreas, to which either one of ten or a dozen names would apply, we should very naturally suspect, from the very looseness of the nomenclature, that there must be some mistake somewhere.

The error that has misled Professor Raymond is the common error of all our standard physiologies. They do not give a correct explanation of any of the senses. They regard them as the actions or impressions of external objects on the mind, whereas the truth is just the contrary—the recognition of the objects by the mind, the organs of sense being its instruments or media.

With regard to the sense of hearing, Professor Raymond says: "Waves of sound are propagated through the air to the ear." What is sound? A correct definition of the word will show the fallacy of this statement in a moment. Sound is the recognition by the mind, through the auditory apparatus (organ of hearing), of the motions of a vibrating body. The sound is not in the body, nor in the air, nor in the vibration sound. If the ear be absent or deaf, there is no sound in any case. The waves of atmospheric air correspond with the vibrations of the body which is the remote *cause* of sound; the drum

of the ear moves responsive to the motions of the atmospheric waves, and the auditory nerve, communicating with the center of perception (the brain organ), enables the mind or person to determine the rapidity and intensity of the motions of the body, and thus ascertain its distance, direction, density, and other properties. And the same principle of explanation applies to all of the other senses.

I can perceive nothing in the "sensation of lifting," whether the weight be heavy or light, but the sense of feeling. If a person takes a feather in his hand and closes his fingers on it, he *feels* it. The skin is the organ of touch or feeling. Suppose he then takes a pebble in his hand weighing half an ounce. He only feels it a little more distinctly. If he takes a pound weight in his hand, the sensation of feeling is only increased in degree, not changed in kind. And what is the difference if he lifts a body weighing a hundred pounds? The skin (organ of feeling) is simply compressed in proportion to the weight of the object, and the mind's recognitions correspond exactly with the degree of pressure. This is why the mind can determine the different properties of objects in contact with the surface of the body. If an extraordinary muscular sense must be introduced to explain the sensation of lifting a heavy weight, while a light weight is recognized by the ordinary sense of feeling, a very nice question presents itself for solution. Where does the sense of feeling end and the muscular sense begin? We might also ask, what tissue, structure, or organ exercises the one sense, and what the other?

Anatomists have never found an organ of a muscular sense, nor does Professor Raymond mention any; and it is certainly illogical to assume a specific function until we can find some organ or structure to manifest it. If the lifting of a light weight implies the sense of feeling, and the lifting of a heavy weight the muscular sense, then when an extra heavy weight is lifted we should have still an additional sense; and as the heavy weight strains the muscles, while a very heavy weight would try the bones, we might call this the *osseous sense*.

And while we are in the business of subdividing the senses, or discovering new ones, why not introduce a *nervous sense*? Pleasure

and pain are different from the sense of heavy lifting; and then there are many kinds of pleasurable and painful sensations. Of the pains there are the cutting, burning, stinging, aching, griping, cramping, etc., etc. How can one and the same sense account for all these varieties?

We think, on the whole, that nature has completed all necessary arrangements for enabling us to communicate with the external world in the five old-fashioned senses. Through the medium of the skin (feeling) the mind recognizes the physical properties of external objects, whether light or heavy, round or square, rough or smooth, hot or cold. Through the instrumentality of the ear (hearing) it recognizes the molecular motions of a distant body. Through the medium of the eye (seeing) it notices the distance, form, color, etc., of objects. Through the medium of the nasal apparatus (smelling) it recognizes the presence of particles of matter in the gaseous state; and through the medium of the tongue (tasting) it takes cognizance of solid matters in solution.

If Professor Raymond had been a better phrenologist, he would not have confounded the mental powers with the vital instincts. He says: "From careful analysis it is inferred that the brain is not the only seat of consciousness, but one seat is in the spine itself." We have, then, two organs of mind, a cerebral and a spinal. We have consciousness in the back-bone as well as in the head! The phrenologists must modify their system, and extend the organs down the vertebral column to the os coccygis. Consciousness in the spinal marrow? No, Professor, consciousness is a mental power, and no person or animal manifests it without a brain. But you may decapitate a frog, and then irritate its spinal cord, and its muscles will move convulsively. But this is not consciousness. It is organic perceptivity—"reflex action." The frog knows nothing, thinks nothing, feels nothing; nevertheless, until its muscles become disorganized, and lose their vital property of contractility, they will respond to the presence of obnoxious agents.

Nearly all that Professor Raymond says in relation to the mental powers and vital instincts is erroneous, for the simple reason that he reasons from the wrong standpoint.

Thus, he says, "We are constantly receiving tokens of sensation;" and again, "It is only by steady practice that babies learn how to use their senses." What are "tokens of sen-

sation?" Babies have much to learn in the judicious use of the instruments of their senses; but they use their senses the moment they are "born babies."

THE SHAKERS AGAIN.

[The following, from Elijah Myrick, of Ayer, Mass., explains itself. We have ourselves something more to say on the subject, but Brother Myrick is now moved to speak. Hear him.]

IN the June number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL (1872) appeared an article, "sincerely in the interest of truth," which was entitled "The Shakers: Have they made a Mistake?" and, in the same respectful interest, I submit a few thoughts for your disposal.

"Did Ann Lee, the founder of Shakerism, teach celibacy? or did she simply teach chastity?"

Ann Lee, after her revelation of, conversion to, and baptism into the Christ life, lived and taught unqualified virginity. Hence, there is no need to teach celibacy or chastity to her disciples, abstractly. We recognize in Ann Lee the manifestation of Christ; one identified with, and confirming the first in, Jesus; one upon whom the Divine Spirit not only descended, but abode, inspiring her testimony with the spirit of prophecy, progression—rising above not only the perversions, but the nature in which they originated.

Neither Jesus nor Ann Lee, the first Christian fruit, nor the Shaker Church, condemn or ignore marriage, but claim that it has no part with the children of the resurrection. But all do condemn the unfruitful and illicit works of darkness, though legalized by human enactments. "They are not subject to the law of God."

"Man-made religious creeds, by which society is organized, alone are not saving ordinances." "All things of human origin are imperfect and susceptible of improvement. Why not the Shaker creed?" etc., etc.

We abjure the formula of creeds, except as the poet so beautifully expresses it:

"Speak truly, and thy word shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and glorious creed."

The Shaker summary of religious belief is, God dual; Christ a principle, attainable by all. The service of God is, duty to humanity, including the individual. Love, based upon the fulfillment of the highest attribute of the law—justice. The earth is the rightful inherit-

ance of the meek, and not the arrogant and avaricious.

Peace and industry. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and (second) all these things (which are necessary) shall be added unto you"—to sustain the unselfish relations, where a rich man can not enter till he divide all that he hath with his less fortunate brother—which means nothing less than community.

And a virgin life. If this constitutes a "creed," and we can be made sensible how it can be improved, we will gladly accept it. Whether it be among the "things of human origin, or man-made," it matters not, "so long as truth is free to combat error." Mother Ann did not separate from her husband in any sense only as husband. By force of circumstances, they were separated in their employment only, but still maintained their social and domestic relations. She cared for him in sickness, and proffered her kindest attentions to all of his necessities. He separated from her, because she refused to cohabit with him in wedlock—declared she would not, if she knew her life would be sacrificed by her refusal. Nay, no pecuniary or domestic consideration influenced her life and precepts. It was the innate though latent spirit-life responding to the touch of that fire which Jesus "sent upon the earth," to sever the Adamic relations, and supplant them by a broader Christian brotherhood. (Luke xii. 49.) The spiritual began to unfold and assume the supremacy over the inferior nature, as portrayed in the character of "the four beasts." The first was like a lion (individual physical prowess); the second was like a calf (homogeneous, mutual); the third had a face as a man (intelligence, philosophy, commerce); the fourth was like a flying eagle (spiritual, rising above earth). Each had eyes (vision); wings (locomotion), of which the spiritual would not deprive them, only direct. The revelator saw them become a unit, and as they said "Amen, the four and twenty elders, teachers, or mediators cast their crowns before the throne" (of reason and conscience supreme), as Garrison cast the *Liberator*

when *its* work was ended. Read Rev. iv. 10, 11. Again, Rev. v. 1: "And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within, and sealed with seven seals; which no man in the heavens (the creedal churches), nor in the earth (the natural, generative man), neither under the earth (the fallen, perverted man), was able to open, neither to look thereon."

"And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne (reason), and of the four beasts (living elements in man), and in the midst of the elders (leaders of organization), stood a lamb as it had been slain (the animal life extinct), having seven horns (or degrees of power), and seven eyes (or powers of vision), which are the seven spirits of God," being the most interior, spiritual, powerful, and searching. He, the graduate of the seventh heavens, was able to take the book, written within with *virgin purity*, and break the seals thereof.

Jesus and Ann Lee taught obedience to natural law to those who were under it to promote physical soundness, and, also, that they should not kill one another. It then logically and philosophically follows that, as portions of the earth became "replenished" and progressed, there would be a ripe field for the harvest; "the end of the worldly" life, the celebrate and virgin life would be in order, to prevent the dishonored means employed, to check over-peopling, or excessive "replenishing" the earth.

"She might as well counsel abstinence from

water because somebody had been drowned in it, or that we should not use fire because houses had been burned by it." And to further illustrate, not subvert nature by eating anything that has in itself the principle of germination. According to this theory, there would be one grand scheme of reproduction, and, like the human race, "replenish" and destroy, ignoring higher uses.

We accept the tribute: "No, Ann Lee was not so unwise as to ignore certain laws of God, by the transmission of which the race would cease to be." Nay, she "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision;" "and she became, what all women have a right to become, a wife and a mother," (yea, and a virgin). "Now, if our Shaker friends will only see the subject in this light, they will follow Ann Lee's example (which they do; but instead of taking to themselves husbands and wives, they forsake the real and prospective ones, as she set the example." And we hope to "become the very best of citizens" by *keeping* "pure and unperturbed;" "by subduing the flesh to the spirit—by living lives of the severest chastity (and virginity). They who do this are all the better prepared to become fathers and mothers of a superior order of human (angelic) beings."

"The world is progressing," and we feel the need, and invoke the aid of "science, philosophy, and revelation," and also of our inquiring and highly appreciated friends—reformers, and co-workers and emancipators, against the slavery of ignorance, passion, and self-inflicted penalties.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PHRENOLOGY TO ARTISTS.

THE study of Phrenology leads one to be a closer observer of mankind. When we say this of Phrenology we mean in its broadest and most complete sense; as understood by the anthropologist, and not in the narrow sense in which the world at large looks upon it.

With the phrenologist, the brain is the most important thing in the study of human character. Though it may be influenced by the condition of the various minor constituents which go to form the whole man, it is by far the superior of them all. It is often remarked to us, that Phrenology may be very well, "as far as it goes;" but that *Physiognomy* is of vastly more importance in the study of human character. Thus the world looks at many things; preferring to simply investigate the effect, rather than to dive deeper and ascertain the cause. The

action of the mind, we always tell these people, writes its character upon the face; and hence Physiognomy is subordinate to Phrenology; and that by studying the physiognomy we oftentimes get a clew to the predominant action of the brain. The study of Phrenology leads naturally to the study of Physiognomy, and, in fact, includes it.

Probably to no class is this subject of more importance than to artists, especially portrait-painters and sculptors, who hand down to posterity the general contour of the various classes of men who have exerted an influence upon the world. To the man of science who pays attention to this noble subject, the connection of mind and matter, their busts and paintings have a far greater value than as mere pictures to perpetuate the fame of the hero

He desires that they should be perfect copies of the subject in all their parts; not only that some of the leading points should be handed down, but that the copy should be a prototype. Too often the sculptor or the painter desires to idealize his subject; this he has no right to do when he makes what he claims to be a true portrait. If he wants to make an ideal Venus or Adonis, that is quite another thing. He can idealize the ideal as much as he pleases; the world will accept it as his version of the beautiful, and give him credit in proportion as his work is in harmony with nature; but when he deals with the personal portrait, he must rigidly copy what lies before him; not only what to him is important in relation to its beauty, but delineate every outline as nearly as possible like the original; and the better he understands the science of character, the great head-center of the human system, the better will he be able to perceive what is the most important to transmit to his canvas or stone.

The collection of the models now on exhibition for the Farragut monument is an interesting study to the phrenologist; and on looking upon them he regrets the prejudice to a science which reveals so much to man. There are some dozen models in this group, no two of them are anywhere near alike in their portraiture. We do not expect them to be alike in *design*; but inasmuch as they would all hand down to posterity the general form of the great naval hero, they should agree in their essential points as far as being a fair representation of the man's form and features is concerned. Some make him appear as though he was a short, thick-set man, not more than five feet high; while others carry the idea that he was as tall and slender as Abraham Lincoln. Some give him one profile of head, and some another. According to all the pictures that we have seen of the man, he had a bold aquiline nose, and not a very prominent chin. Now, some of these models represent him as having a straight nose, and even one or two as having a nose much inclined to a pug; while a few give him the bold aquiline nose corresponding with the pictures that we have referred to. No two entirely agree in shape of the nose; and they differ as much in the character of the chin, some making it prominent, and some retiring. Where they fail to coincide in such important features, one readily sees that there is very little resemblance between them; and when he looks at them altogether, he is apt at first to ask himself if they can all be intended for the

same individual. Fortunately, we all have some idea of the general outline of Farragut. But suppose we had not; that he was some ancient hero of whom we had no knowledge beyond what was conveyed by the sculptor's version; we would get a very poor and mixed idea of the character of the man, if we looked to such types as these for information.

Having said this of *some* of them, it is but fair to state that there are a few among the number which correspond more to what has been published as a good portrait of the man.

What we contend here is, that if all these different artists were phrenologists, and had studied their character in that light, there would not have been this great diversity in their versions of the features and form of the man which America is about to honor by handing down those features and forms to coming generations, that they may the better know what kind of a man he was.

Among the many who will gaze upon the accepted statue, there will not be a few phrenologists; they will wish to study it, even as a geologist studies a specimen which he conceives will reveal a secret of nature. How important to the world that every line and point should be just as it was in the individual which it would commemorate!

We can not be too particular in such things. The world at large little dreams of how much importance, oftentimes, a single point is in settling grave questions, and in none should more care be exercised than in what pertains to human character; for the higher the type of organization in the scale of nature, the greater the difference in the whole, which may result from a very slight difference of a single point.

I. P. N.

THE COMING MAN.

UNDER this caption *The Wayside* publishes the following excellent advice to our boys; the engraving is also from its columns:

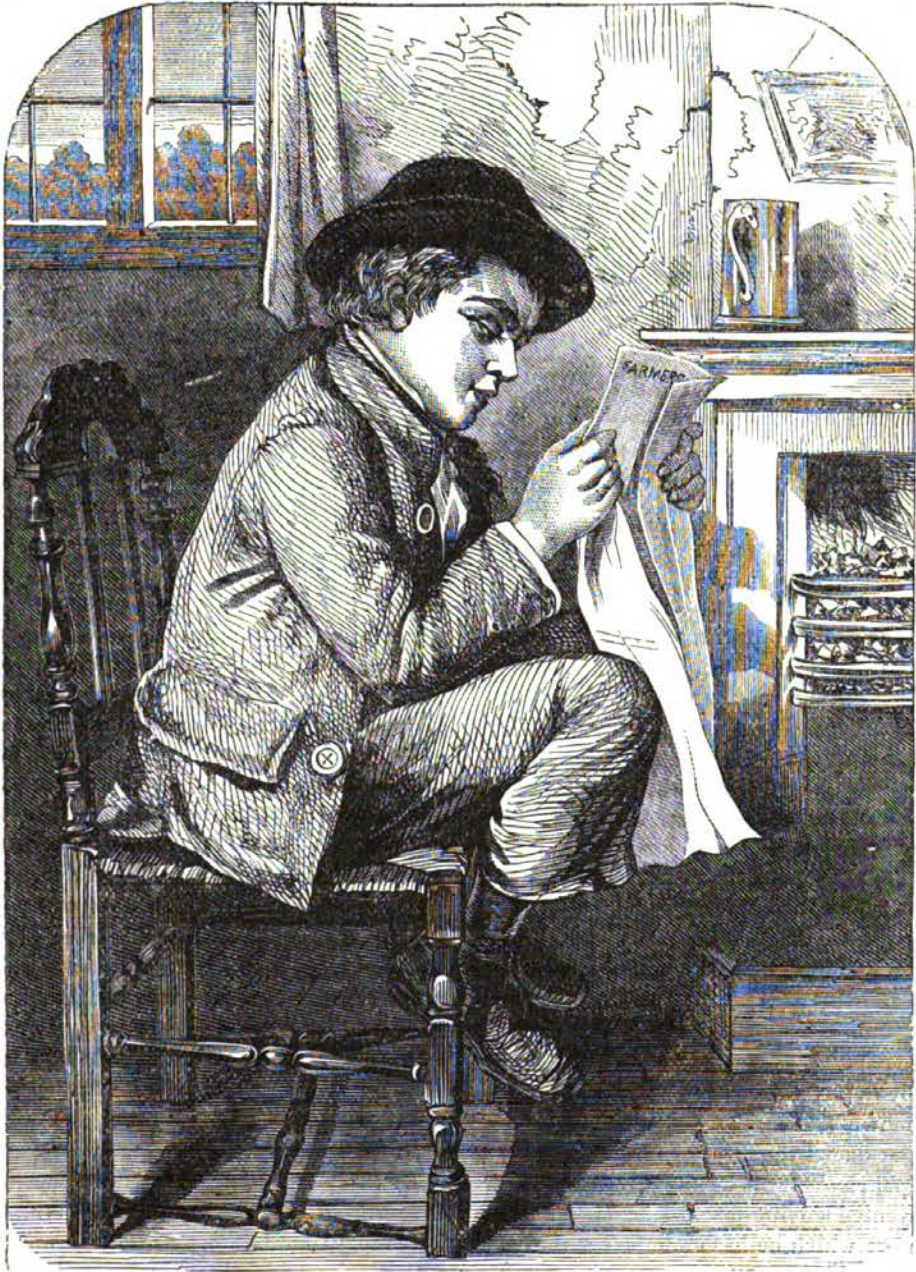
Look at his honest face; his firm lip; his speaking eye! The elements of manhood are his! He has good health, which is essential to the most successful manhood. We venture he uses neither pills nor stimulants! Neither rheumatism, nervousness, nor dyspepsia troubles him. The day to him is a happiness, and the night a blessing. His sleep is sweet, and his dreams are like angel whispers.

He has learned the habit of attention. He .

does one thing at a time, and that well. See how intently he reads. How eagerly he gives his whole mind to the thing in hand!

Then he loves knowledge. He is not a rich man's son, as you see by his clothes. He

mind with the literature of his father's profession; or in mastering the knotty problems of science: in learning a language; or in kindling his moral faculties by seeking, "as for hidden treasures," the knowledge of



has to work for a living; this he is not ashamed to do. He means to be one of the world's producers. But he does not intend to be ignorant. His times of leisure he spends, not in reading silly tales, but in storing his

God. Then he is neat in person. See how clean and tidy he looks! (But one hint we would whisper in his ear is, that he take off his hat when in-doors!)

Look, too, at his kindly countenance.

There is no snarl in him! He is so full of love that his face beams with its light. He is his sister's companion, counselor, and helper, his father's pride, and his mother's hope and joy.

Such men as he will make are the pioneers of thought and enterprise, and the pillars of liberty in every age. But

"Ill fares the state, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay."

[Our only criticism on this subject, is in the way the boy is seated. It is not pretty to put the feet upon the rounds of the chair—nor to sit in a cramped up position. He should sit and stand *straight*. He could read just as well with his shoulders thrown back, his chest forward, and his feet on the floor. Reader, do you not think so?—ED. PHREN. JOURNAL.]

ECCENTRIC INVENTORS.

[Most inventors are peculiar, if not eccentric; some are warped so much as to be regarded as crazy; still others devote all their time, all their means, and the means of their friends if they can get it, to their chimeras. In such cases there is more Constructiveness and Ideality than Causality and sound information. The *Scientific American* gives the following sketch, which will recall to mind the experience of many editors and others who have been bored by eccentrics.]

IF any one should undertake to write a volume on the subject of inventors—"their vagaries and vicissitudes" would be a "taking" title, as publishers express it—we believe that a tome as ponderous as Webster's Dictionary might be produced and yet not exhaust the topic. As a class, they are looked upon as enthusiasts, fanatics, seekers after will-of-the-wisp theories, until some day the public wakes up to the fact that one out of the million has immortalized himself and conferred incalculable benefits on the human race. Then, if it can not crush him or deprive him of the result of his labors, it bows down to him, pours gold into his pocket, erects statues to his memory, and complacently absorbs his glory under the grand title of our "national genius." Meanwhile, the other nine hundred and odd thousand continue to be "visionary monomaniacs."

The popular notion of an inventor is admirably depicted in a comedy, written by a well-known literary lady, and recently produced at one of the theaters in this city. The principal character is a childish old man who has invented a flying-machine, in his attempts to perfect which he has swamped a fortune. The action hinges on the efforts of his daughter to save him from further waste and to protect the family homestead, which, it seems, her father mortgages to obtain money to pursue his scheme. Though the play has not been successful, to this one character we can

award hearty praise. The utter indifference to every subject save his invention; the desire to sacrifice everything, even the roof over his head, for the "benefit of mankind;" the earnest catching at every word of encouragement; the delight of the old man when the wily lawyer, who is plotting against him promises assistance, and his total despair when he finds his means all gone and himself unable to put "the very last and finishing touch" to his device, were most graphically depicted—an old friend was on the stage before us, repeating familiar words.

Fortunately, the eccentricity of genius is the exception and not the rule, while it is the prominence which individuals unwittingly give to themselves that leads them to be regarded as types of a class. We constantly hear of schemes as impracticable and as wild as the search for the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. The quest of perpetual motion is indeed our modern alchemy. Often we learn of instances of labor so patient, and confidence so implicit in future triumph, that the very pathos of the case disarms condemnation. There is an old man who haunts the halls of Congress in Washington; he has done so for years, with a faith which is wonderful, if not sublime. He is over seventy years of age, always neatly dressed, though there is a tinge of mild decay now coming over his raiment, and generally wanders about with a bundle of pamphlets under his arm. He is ready to explain his theory to any one, and advances his views in the mildest and most deferential of terms until some one ventures to doubt their practicability, when a tigress robbed of her whelps could not be more incensed. His invention is something about applying cement to the banks and

bottoms of canals, so that the earth can not be washed away, while the cutting may at the same time be easily kept clean. The old man believes most implicitly that some day the Government will adopt his system and, by some mysterious process in the committee rooms, an appropriation will be awarded him. Session after session passes and still he waits; nothing wearies him, and rebuffs are of no avail. Recently he has been villainously swindled by two men said to be high in political position, who have taken his money and promised to assist him; but they have done nothing except put him off with lying excuses, and Congress meets and adjourns without knowing of the existence of either the inventor or his ideas. Thus he will continue, pouring his scanty means into the hands of these harpies, and coming from his home in Ohio to Washington every winter until death overtakes him, as far at the end as at the beginning from the realization of his wild phantasy. There is a humorous as well as a grave side to the subject; perhaps the majority of cases would excite laughter before pity. A metaphysical genius with unkempt auburn locks and dilapidated garments infests newspaper offices and the Liberal Club in this city. He is ready at all times to argue anything, but has a particular fondness for metaphysics and squaring the circle. For accomplishing the latter, he has invented a new process, which consists in considering the difference between the circumference and the circumscribed polygon as an infinitesimal quantity too small to be noticed. It is needless to state that by this method he arrives at, to him, perfectly satisfactory results.

Another instance is that of a recent exile from Erin who, for some time past, has been seeking to secure the adoption of his invention by Congress.* It was suggested at one time to fire cannon at different villages throughout the country to warn farmers of the approach of a storm. This idea our Irishman had improved upon, and he claimed that his signal could be heard around a radius of twenty-five miles from his machine. The device was economical, simple, supplied a want long felt, etc., etc., the usual formula. He worried the Committee of the House on commerce to procure him an appropriation—

a hundred thousand dollars or so—but persistently refused to tell what his invention was. He “didn’t propose to let his secret out and be robbed, but wanted the appropriation first.” Finally he consented to allow the Light House Board to investigate the matter.

It was discovered that the device consisted in a huge funnel, with the little part down and the big part up. The little part was to be fitted with a whistling apparatus, and arranged upon a framework at some distance from the ground. When the telegraph should bring intelligence of a coming storm, an immense plug, hanging above the funnel, was to be loosened, when it would descend with great rapidity—pile-driver fashion—into the funnel, forcing the air into and through the lower small part of the machine, and thus produce a sound of stupendous volume which would be audible for twenty-five miles. The Board heartlessly reported against the invention, and the inventor was last heard of endeavoring to convince the public that the examiners had been bribed by an envious rival.

[Nevertheless, what inventor ever yet submitted a new and really valuable idea to the gaping multitude, and was not laughed at and called crazy? Let us be patient, considerate, lenient toward men of warped genius and eccentric originality. One may “entertain angels unawares.”]

INTEMPERANCE IN INDIANA.

A LADY, whose interest in the cause of social reform has taken a practical shape, gives the public, through the press, some facts and figures with reference to the comparative contributions of the counties of Indiana to the State prison. As is always the case, rum is in the majority where vice and crime abound.

Eighteen counties, with 84,861 voters, support 1,179 saloons, and furnish our prisons with 475 of the 744 convicts in the State.

Sixty-five other counties support but 968 saloons, and, with a voting population of 154,842, furnish but 238 of the 744 State Prison convicts.

Nine counties without a saloon in their limits, having 22,366 voters, furnish only thirty-one convicts, an average of one to 715.

Two hundred and eighty-six of the convicts

of 1872 report themselves temperate, 203 intemperate, and 106 moderate drinkers. Estimating the labor of the convicts at home at \$300 a year, it would be worth \$123,609.44 more than the \$99,598.56, earnings of convict labor

in prison. In the single county of Marion, with one convict to ninety-five voters, there are twice as many saloons as convicts, and the criminal expenses chargeable to liquor amount to \$46,809.36.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE death of this veteran author and politician, at the ripe age of eighty years, brings to mind several incidents in his career of an interesting character. He was born on the 17th October, 1792, at Exeter. Early in life he devoted himself to the study of languages, and in their acquisition displayed a remarkable facility. It is said that he became conversant with thirty different tongues, and he rendered no small service to English literature by collecting and translating both the more ancient and more modern popular poems of the European nations and peoples. His translations preserve with much accuracy both the meaning and the spirit of the originals, and exhibit superior capacity as a versifier.



continent and elsewhere, to inquire into the commercial relations of certain States. In pursuance of this charge, he visited Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and finally the countries of the German Zollverein, as then constituted. He was elected several times to the House of Commons, serving from 1835 to 1837, and from 1841 to 1849, and notwith-

standing his relations to the government, he displayed in the course of his parliamentary career unusual political independence—actively prompting the policy of free trade.

In 1849 he was appointed British consul at Hong-Kong, and superintendent of trade in China.

In 1853 he returned to England, and, in consideration of his services, the honor of knighthood

He became very intimately associated with Jeremy Bentham, and at the death of that eminent *doctrinaire* was constituted one of his executors, and intrusted with the editorship of his works. Soon after the establishment of the *Westminster Review*, Sir John, or, rather, Mr. John Bowring, as he was then styled, became its editor, and occupied that position for five years. In 1828 he visited Holland; his letters concerning that country were published in the *Morning Herald*, of London, and procured for him the degree of Doctor of Laws, from the University of Groningen.

A commission given him by the British government required him to travel on the

was conferred on him, and the appointment to the governorship of Hong-Kong given him. In 1855 he concluded a commercial treaty with Siam; an interesting account of the visit made in that connection has been published by him under the title of "The Kingdom and People of Siam."

In 1856 Sir John made a mistake in the administration of Hong-Kong affairs which resulted seriously both to his reputation and the relations of England with China at that time. An insult having been offered to a Chinese vessel said to have been under the protection of the British flag, he at once ordered an attack on certain Chinese forts, and that without consulting the home gov-

ernment, a proceeding which aroused considerable dissatisfaction in England, and produced a ministerial crisis. Subsequent to that time Sir John Bowring held sundry nominal appointments under the government, but entered upon no very active duties. In literature he has held a good position, and been honored by many scholarly dignities. Germany seems to have had him in special respect, and he entertained no small admiration for Germany. He was personally acquainted with Goethe, Humboldt, Bettina, Freiligrath, and received high honors at the court of Berlin.

He was married twice, his first wife having died of the effects of poison administered by the unfriendly Chinese in 1858.

The American author, John Neal, who was

personally acquainted with him, says in his piquant, off-hand style:

"The most poetical face I ever saw in my life; rather slight of build, and not over five feet seven; with large Caution, large Ideality, prodigious Approbativeness, and Self-Esteem enough, I should guess, for a great reformer, though wanting in steadfastness and comprehensiveness. Before he undertook the *Westminster Review*—and he did not overtake it—for years he was a wine merchant, failed, and got rid of his creditors—he never knew how himself; took to poetry, gave a series of capital translations from the great northern storehouse, and, at the last, became a power in the state—or, rather, in that portion of the state where Benthamism prevailed. But he was a man to be misunderstood, and, on the whole, would bear watching."

WHO IS TO BLAME?

PUBLISHERS of magazines receive complaints, now and then, from subscribers, agents, and patrons, to the effect that some of the numbers fail to reach them. Some complain that their orders are not filled "by return of the very first mail, as promised." And some—as *one* man in Texas—say they have received *no* returns whatever from orders.

Now, it is so easy to cast all the blame on "Uncle Samuel," who manages the mails, that one who is far from infallible, and just as liable to make mistakes as others, is likely to say, "It wasn't me."—"I didn't do it."—"You are to blame," and so forth. One should not forget that more than a million of letters, papers, magazines, etc., pass through the post-office in this city every day; and that wrappers or stamps are sometimes torn off on the way, and the address lost; that occasionally post-office clerks, or even postmasters, may "borrow" a paper or magazine and forget to return it to its wrapper or to deliver it to the owner. Then, correspondents do not always name the post-office where answers are expected to be sent. Indeed, such a thing as omitting, altogether, to sign their names to their own letters has occurred. The Dead Letter Office, at Washington, D. C., receives thousands of lost letters every week, whose writers can not be found, as they contain no proper address. The Texas man is not alone in his losses. More than one letter posted in that "Lone Star State" has been wickedly robbed by somebody. We hope Uncle Samuel will detect the thief, and send him to a spacious boarding-house, with ornamental iron bars before the windows, and keep him there till the disposition to steal shall have been overcome.

Moreover, accidents occur to trains by colli-

sions, by breaking through bridges, and the mails and freight are lost by water or by fire; steamers explode, get snagged, and sink, or are burned with tons of mail matter; post-offices are sometimes burned, mails are robbed, and in every case somebody loses money, books, papers, or magazines, or letters more precious than money or books, and hearts are saddened, friendships broken, or love estranged.

Publishers sometimes are temporarily out of a particular book, and must wait a few days for a new edition to come from the press before an order can be filled, and customers feel disappointed. When one waits a year to lay aside money for a much-desired book, he wants to see it as quickly as may be after his money is sent, and we do not blame him.

Then, publishers themselves, or their clerks, make mistakes. One occurred not long ago in this office. Mr. Brush, of Columbus, Ohio, sent a dollar for the book "How to Paint," and Rev. Mr. Angel sent a dollar for "Man in Genesis and in Geology." Imagine the surprise of Mr. Brush on receiving "Man in Genesis," and of Mr. Angel on receiving "How to Paint!" In this case "things got mixed" by the mailing clerk, who, as a penalty for his carelessness, ought to have written letters of apology to each of the gentlemen, and to have had the cost of all the postages for returning and re-mailing the books deducted from his wages. All human beings are *liable* to make mistakes. Some are regular thick-thumbed and thick-skulled blunderheads, always stumbling and blundering. Others are *so* very careful that they "trot all day in a peck measure," accomplishing little or nothing. We *try* to have our work properly done, but errors do happen. Ships with

hundreds of lives and thousands in treasure are lost through some slight error in reading the compass, or in taking observations, or failing to see the light; railway trains fly the track; horses, carriages, and passengers back off the dock or are precipitated down embankments into deep and dangerous gorges; bones are broken and lives are lost owing to the falling out of a linch-pin, or the breaking of a strap. We don't like to make nor to hear excuses. The right thing should always be done at the right time. We shall keep on trying, though we fail again and again. Let us be lenient to the ignorant and unfortunate, and just to the willful and the wicked. Let each try to remedy all remediable errors, and bear with patience that which can not be cured.

WISDOM.

To know how to wait is the secret of success.—*De Maistre.*

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

THE ruin of some men dates from some idle hour. Occupation is an armor to the soul.

GREAT men and great institutions may be beyond the most of us, but great actions are for us all.

BETTER than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant trainings for a glorious strife.—*Dulver.*

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.—*Henry Home.*

THE master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools.—*Bacon.*

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die.—*Horace Mann.*

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE good wear their years as a crown of glory upon their heads; the bad, as a heavy burden upon their back.

THE real wants of nature are the measure of enjoyments, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is necessary, poverty.

A GOOD man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

"OH, patient, yet weary hearted!
Think ye the lofty foreheads of the world,
That shine like full moons through the night of Time,
Holding their calm, big splendor steadily,
Forever at the toss of History—
Think ye they rushed up with the suddenness
Of rockets sportively flashed into Heaven,
And flared to their immortal places there?"

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

WHAT is that which has a mouth, but never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps? A river.

A LITTLE boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

THE lady who is followed by a train of admirers need not be astonished at remarks on the bustle behind her.

"AIN'T it wicked to rob dis here roost, Jim?"
"Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo; we ain't got time to argue it now. Hand down another pullet!"

SUCH is fame! When William Cullen Bryant, the poet, was in Mexico, he met an American lady, and after the introduction she remarked to a friend: "Everybody in New York knows Mr. Bryant, and they all go to hear his minstrels sing!"

"OH, Mr. Butcher, what a quantity of bone there was in that piece of meat we had from you!" said a lady, very indignantly. "Was there, ma'am? But, howsomever, the first fat bullock I kill without any bone, I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

AN artist who had painted a portrait of a gentleman noted for his frequent libations, invited the gentleman's friends to see it. One of them, who was rather near-sighted, approaching it too closely, the artist, in alarm, exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't dry!" "No use looking at it, then," replied the gentleman; "it can't be my friend."

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.—The proprietor of a country store once worked himself nearly into a brain fever endeavoring to make intelligible the following note, handed to him by a small boy, the son of one of his customers:

"mister Grean,
"Wund you let my boy hev a par of Easy toad shuz?"

However, he was probably not more horrified than the schoolmaster who received the following note:

"I have desided to inter my boy in your scull."

UNAPPRECIATIVE.—"Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and have to set putty well back by the stove; and there's old Miss Smith, n' Widder Taff, n' Mrs. Rylan's darters, and Nabby Birt, n' all the rest, setting in front of me, with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon; n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff!"

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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

BOOKS FOR ALL MINDS.—Can you give me the names and prices of a series of standard works from which I may select for the feeding of my mind in its various parts? I mean, can you indicate good literature, adapted to the culture of the reason, the imagination, the moral and religious sentiments, the social nature, etc.? If so, you would accommodate a constant reader, and probably many other readers of the JOURNAL.

Ans. What you ask can only be answered at the cost of much thought and investigation. We will, however, mention such authors as we can recall at the moment, and which we deem suitable for the purposes intimated. We regret that some of the best works must be omitted on account of the difficulty in procuring them.

With regard to the culture of the powers of reasoning, you may read Bacon's *Essays*, 16mo, \$1.50; as annotated by Whately, 8vo, \$3.50. Locke's *Human Understanding*, \$2.50; Tappan's *Logic*, \$1.50; Arnold's *Essays on Criticism*, \$2.25; Day's *Art of Discourse*, \$1.50.

The range of works for the imaginative and æsthetic faculties is extensive. Only a few can be named here. The prose and poetical works of Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Pope, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Herbert, Irving, Longfellow, Gœthe, Young, Bryant, Hemans, Whittier, Burns, etc., \$1.50 a volume; Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful*, \$1.50; Alison on *Taste*, \$1.50; De Quincy's *Essays*, 3 vols., \$5; Channing's *Essays on Rhetoric*, \$1.00; Emerson's *Essays*, \$1.50 a vol.; Montaigne, \$3; De Stael's *Germany*, \$4.50.

In the sphere of morals and religion we almost hesitate to name any authors, so great is the diversity of opinion on questions of faith and practice. But we believe the reading of such writers as the following can not be other than elevating: Butler—*Analogy of Religion*, \$1; Paley—*Evidences of Christianity*, \$1.50; Natural Theology, \$1.50; Abercrombie—*Moral Philosophy*, \$1.50; Beecher—*Royal Truths*, \$1.50; Hagenbach—*History of Doctrines*, \$6.

Among the authors who have contributed to our knowledge of the affairs of every-day life are Beecher (Miss)—*Domestic Economy*, \$1.50, *Letters on Health and Happiness*, \$1; Mann—*Thoughts for a Young Man*, 75 cents; Smiles—*Self Help*, \$1.25; Franklin—*Autobiography*, \$2.50; What to Do, and Why, \$1.75; How to Write, Talk, Behave, and Do Business, \$2.25; Opportunities for Industry, \$1.25; The Family and its Members, \$1.25.

DESTRUCTIVENESS AND BENEVOLENCE.—How can one have strong and active Destructiveness and Benevolence at the same time?

Ans. These can co-exist just as well as the muscle that lifts the arm and the muscle that pulls the arm down. They seem to antagonize, yet when used in proper measure in a proper way they harmonize. Lemon juice is very sour; sugar is very sweet. Both used together, and the lemonade is all the richer; and neither the acid nor the saccharine matter is obliterated, but both are modified. The blue and the yellow, which combine to make green, are each represented in a modified condition, but each exerts its full force or influence, though it be not exerted alone.

Destructiveness gives vim and earnestness; it makes a man strong, thorough, and executive. Benevolence gives sympathy, kindness, generosity, and pathos. The surgeon nerves himself up by Destructiveness to lance the carbuncle or amputate the limb, and he is also moved by generous and benevolent sympathy in behalf of the suffering patient. He may have his ambition excited with reference to his success—his ingenuity awake to do the work with skill, and his Acquisitiveness may not forget the fee; and yet, practically, he is as kind and tender as justice to the patient can demand.

Combativeness and Cautiousness, in like manner, are antagonistic, but both act sometimes in harmony in carrying out a particular design. Cautiousness makes the man afraid of danger, while Combativeness arms itself to meet the danger. The left arm of the boxer represents Cautiousness, for it wards off the blows of the opponent, while the right hand represents Combativeness, for it is eager to punish the adversary. A man works hard to earn money, his Acquisitiveness stimulates him and calls into action his energy, his prudence, and policy, awakens his skill and his wisdom, the object being acquisition, money-getting. And what does he do with it? That depends upon the active motives which stimulated Acquisitiveness.

If a young man wish to establish himself in a home with a wife, his conjugal nature is the mov-

ing impulse. If he be a parent with children to foster and educate, Parental Love is the motive. Some earn money to bestow it on charitable objects, and here we have an instance in which generosity inspires selfishness, and selfishness ministers to generosity:

A miserly physician in a Swiss or French town, we think, lived poorly, collected his bills sharply, accumulated every dollar he could earn and get, and so invested his money as to make it increase as much as possible, and was looked upon by the populace with aversion on account of his parsimony and greed. But when he was dead, and his will was opened, behold! his vast estate was devoted wholly to the introduction of pure water as a permanent blessing to the very city in which he had made his money, and whose citizens had hated him for his apparent selfishness. Being a physician, he was led to consider the chief want of that people, and he had employed every means to make all the money he could, honestly, that he might have enough to carry out the purpose which actuated his benevolent spirit.

When we read that passage of Scripture which says, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," the paradox is explained by the feelings of those persons who are parents and who use severity in the chastisement of children, that they may do them good and lead them to uprightness and happiness. Persons who look with partial judgment upon that statement think it a poor way to evince love, to chasten the subject of it. The lazy young eagles would lie in the nest and allow themselves to be fed, we know not how long, if the mother did not drive and worry them by punishment to make them use their wings to keep from falling from the nest. Thus they get the exercise which finally gives them strength to wing the air for themselves.

It is said that eagles sometimes throw their young out of the nest, and as they awkwardly use their wings and partially sustain themselves, the mother eagle dives below them, and gives them support and rest on her wings, then suddenly drops, leaving the young eagle to the use of its wings again. The young eagle dislikes it, doubtless, as the little girl does the knitting lesson, or the sewing lesson, or the spelling lesson, or the lesson in housekeeping. But ultimately both the eagle and the girl come to the proper use of their powers, and rejoice practically in the severity which compelled them to effort.

LECTURERS WANTED.—MR. WELLS: I applied to you last winter to deliver a lecture in our place, Salem, Ohio, or to send us a good man. I now most warmly re-extend my invitation. If you can not come, will you send us one whom you can recommend as an able expounder of the science. We would like a lecture, or a series of lectures any time.

S. W. STREET.

Ans. We find it difficult to answer many calls for lectures out of New York, Brooklyn, and their near neighborhood. If our duties in New York

were less, it would give us pleasure to respond to such invitations, and to expend half of our time in the field. Hundreds of communities are anxious for a good course of lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, and their adaptation to education, selection of pursuits, choice of business partners and life companions. The greatest subject for man to study is man. And though the uncultured may eagerly rush to witness low shows and vulgar performances, the great middle and upper ranges of human life will listen to that which pertains to man and mind with an interest not obtained by anything else which may be presented to the public. A vulgar theatrical pantomime may be witnessed once by those who can relish it, but once seems to suffice, for a time at least. A course of twelve or twenty lectures on health, the laws which govern mind and body, and the nature, outreach, and peculiarities of the mind will be listened to with increasing interest to the end; and then for twenty years it is retained with precious memory. We hope to see the day when there will be a good phrenologist in every county in the United States which contains ten thousand inhabitants. When Phrenology is better understood, and more extensively consulted, there will be fewer improper marriages, bad partnerships, wrong selections of occupations, and three-quarters of the sickness and crime will be done away.

GAS IN EXTRACTING TEETH.—Is the taking of gas when teeth are to be extracted injurious to the person? If so, to what extent?

Ans. There are some persons who insist that the taking of any kind of anesthetic is injurious, and not to be allowed. They prefer to have the patient endure the pain of the extraction of teeth or of a surgical operation. As they express it, "Let nature have its course." But the extracting of teeth may be called an artificial matter as well as the amputation of limbs or the opening of carbuncles.

If people lived in harmony with nature entirely, their teeth would be likely to remain good until they were worn out. There might be no carbuncles, no surgical operations required; but as people will build high houses, bridges, navigate dangerous seas, and ride on railroads, and run factories, and use powder and nitro-glycerine to blast the rocks which nature has made, they are thus liable to accidents and mishaps, to leg-breaking, etc., and, therefore, we must have surgery.

It is believed by ninety-nine one-hundredths of the medical world, and perhaps an equal number of the citizens at large, that some kind of agent for the suppression of consciousness to pain is desirable. We have seen fourteen old, tender, partially decayed teeth removed from the mouth of a patient who had taken gas. It was done in less than a minute. The whole process of going into, having the teeth extracted, and coming out of the unconscious state was but two minutes and a half, and the patient declared that she was not con-

scious of anything being done. Some peculiarly constituted, extra sensitive persons are unfavorably affected by chloroform, by nitrous oxyd gas, or by ether, and occasionally their use has been disastrous. Scarcely a year ago a woman in Brooklyn inhaled gas or chloroform at the hands of one who is accustomed to administer it, and before the dentist could manage to extract the teeth she was dead. But it was said that she had disease of the heart. Bad news, or a sudden fright, or good news might have carried her off as soon, by stopping the action of the heart. In the hands of judicious persons of long experience, the administration of gas, ether, or chloroform for surgical operations is believed generally to be desirable. Persons of ordinary health, probably, receive no greater detriment from the judicious use of these agents for surgical purposes, than would be caused by taking a glass of brandy or a strong draught of coffee or tea.

FOOD, COFFEE, AND WINE.—What kind of food is best for me to eat? What about the use of coffee, milk, wine, and cider? My occupation is teaching, age twenty years. I am ambitious to acquire a first-class education, and graduate from an educational institution.

Ans. All the wine and cider which nature seems to tolerate is that which one can make by eating the fruit itself. They are alcoholic in their tendencies. Alcohol is poisonous, and should be avoided, especially by the young and the studious. Coffee is a stimulant. In many cases it disturbs the action of the heart, sends the blood unduly to the brain, and shortens life. Thousands every year die from affections of the heart induced by the use of coffee, tobacco, and spices. In regard to food we will say, in short, it should be plain and simple. Beef and mutton, if one eats meat. Pork you should repudiate, and in a warm climate butter and other fatty matter should be sparingly used. In our Combined Annuals, price two dollars, there will be found an analysis of nearly all kinds of food; in another work, entitled, "Food and Diet," price \$1.75, there is an exhaustive treatment of the whole dietary subject.

IN LOVE.—I am only eighteen years old, and about three years ago I fell in love with a young lady, just my age, but I can do nothing with her. She don't like me, but I do love her. It is her is on my mind all the time, and I can not think of no girl like her. She is living a couple hundred miles from my residence. Is there any way for me to succeed with her through writing? If not, is there any way to keep my mind from her?

Ans. You are too young for matrimony, and should think more of your books. When better educated, and about five or six years older, you will choose a companion more wisely. Consult common-sense and your clergyman.

SPIDER WEBS.—I have noticed in going to a field in the morning which was plowed the previous day thousands of threads like spider webs stretched over the new plowed field in

every direction. Are they really spider threads? If they are, what kind and class of spiders make them?

Ans. They are, no doubt, the threads of the field spider. The technical name or class of the spinner we are not naturalists enough to tell you.

IS IT CLAIRVOYANCE?—Please tell us in the JOURNAL why phrenologists (some, at least,) are able to tell the color of the hair blindfolded, and after an examination and the applicant has taken his seat in the congregation again, how can a good phrenologist find the individual examined? An anxious few await your answer. T. H. JR.

[We leave it for those who know, to answer.]

YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR LIKENESS.—We received the following letter from a young man in Missouri. He says, "I have become quite interested in your JOURNAL. I would like to have my character delineated so as to know in what position of life I can best fit myself, and also to find out the deficiencies and try to remedy them. I am young and am thrown upon my own resources. Trusting to your knowledge and experience, your advice will be thankfully received. Inclosed find stamp. Please inform me of the best method, and let me know as soon as convenient. Yours sincerely, * * *"

In this and similar cases we send a copy of the "Mirror of the Mind," which explains just how the thing may be done.

What Chen San.

THE TRUE NEGRO TYPE.—Reading "New Physiognomy," in connection with other works, I have much profit. I enjoy a felicitous companionship with your JOURNAL. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I don't see a gate, but I do see a light. I can find you thousands of unalloyed negroes who have just as good features as the best American types, excepting the width of brain. My plea, then, is for a better type than is usually represented of them. The Germans are not all Humboldts. The French are not all Cuviers. Englishmen are not all Shakespeares. Americans are not all Beechers, Clarks, Websters, etc., but an endless variety of configuration. So, if the best negro is given as the type, there is the same variation and conformity. The Rev. Henry H. Garnett, of your own city, Hon. Elliot, of S. C., Judge J. J. Wright, of Penn., Senator Revels, of Miss., are all unadulterated negroes, and much higher and more promising types than yet found in the usual classifications. Dr. Livingstone says truly, as witnessed to by Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and other travelers, "Cambeze is a most intelligent prince" ("Livingstone Lost and Found," p. 651). "His Queen is a fine, tall, handsome young woman" (p. 534). He speaks of them being very beautiful, and repeats on p. 535, "They are (the women) remarkably pretty creatures, and have nothing in common with the west coast negroes but the woolly hair. They have fine noses, well

cut and not over full lips, and a prognathous jaw is uncommon." North of Manyema he finds a very fine people, with cuteness and sagacity in trade. Furthermore, he says, "They raise goats, sheep, hogs, cattle, poultry, grain, and make cloth of grass: industry, ingenuity, I should say, are characteristics." In his letters to Mr. Bennett, he speaks of African peculiarities, and, after quoting Winwood Reade, he says, "But low, retreating foreheads, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other peculiarities, are no more typical Africans than typical Englishmen; and that the highland Africans are average specimens of humanity." "In a convention of a negro tribe, King Msama and his chief men and Arabs," he says, "you would find no more intellectual heads in an assembly of London or Paris." Of course, he excepts Americus and faces to correspond. "The women are charming; large, black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely-rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. Cambeze's Queen would be esteemed a beauty in London, Paris, or New York." God bless that old traveler's efforts and his unbiassed truth, and his aid to negro elevation. Though like one born out of due season, we may equal the chiefest yet.

GEO. H. IMES.

A PHRENOLOGICAL INCIDENT.—EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: I have witnessed a test of Phrenology which may be interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL: Recently a man, and a woman he called his wife, came to my house and engaged board. A few days afterward, Dr. Carter, the resident physician of the place, a gentleman well versed in Phrenology, was required in my family, and when he called he saw for the first time our new boarder, the lady. While in the house, the conversation happened to turn to Phrenology, and the lady expressed a desire to have her head examined. Thereupon the doctor delineated her character, and said she was benevolent, very secretive, fond of novels, romance, ardent, but fickle in love affairs, and gave his opinion that she had eloped with the man she claimed as a husband. To our surprise she frankly owned this as the truth. In a few days her real husband came from a neighboring State and took his truant wife back to her home. The doctor, to my knowledge, never had seen or known anything of the woman before, and her pretended husband was not present. Dr. Carter is known to be one of the ablest physicians in the State of Missouri.

A. L. KING.

WHAT A TEACHER SAYS.—I have been a constant reader of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for the last three years, and am a subscriber to the *Science of Health*. I can not refrain from expressing my warmest admiration and entire approbation of both journals. I do not believe there is a journal in the English language better calculated to elevate the mind and give a high tone to the general character than the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. I wish that every family in the land could

be supplied with it. I feel that I have been greatly benefited by it, and aided in my work of teaching, and I should be glad to see others share the blessing. Very sincerely yours, MRS. A. C. V. S.

THAT PHRENOLOGY - JENNISON JOKE.—From the *Kansas State Record*, Topeka, March 12.

A subscriber to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL received the following letter and extract, and desires us to answer it. To do so most effectually, we publish the communication, and state in answer that no such occurrence as related in the *Tribune* extract has occurred in this city. The story was started by some joker, and manufactured "out of whole cloth."

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

"The use and beauty of some kinds of phrenological science were nobly shown forth the other evening in Topeka, where a lecturer on bumps was delighting a large audience. Sundry ignorant and unpleasant persons, to whom this scientific dispensation is not sacred, resolved to play dark tricks upon the good man, and to that end introduced upon the stage a very pious and reputable Kansas editor as 'Col. Jennison,' a celebrated gambler and scamp of Leavenworth. The phrenologist solemnly wandering over this worthy being's brain, became filled with inspiration and enthusiasm, and gave him a character of a dark, desperate, and outrageous kind, pronouncing him a dangerous man, and one from whom pistols and bowie-knives should be secluded. The gleeful and unpleasant persons before mentioned then introduced the real Col. Jennison as 'Elder Davis,' a noted local preacher. This gentleman, to whom his career is doubtless dear, was astonished and horrified to hear himself called 'a man of extreme modesty, large Conscientiousness, very sensitive, full of sympathy, and ready to die for the right.' There is no phrenologist in Topeka now."

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1873.

Dear Sir—As you are a subscriber to our JOURNAL, we write to ask you as to the truth or falsity of the matter stated in the above paragraph, which we clip from the New York *Tribune* of this morning. Did it occur at all, and if so, how, and who was the phrenologist? An early reply will greatly oblige, yours truly,

S. R. WELLS,

ED. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

On receipt of the *Record's* statement in denial of the "canard," we sent it to the New York *Tribune* office, and here is the *Tribune's* correction of the "joke:"

"Phrenology may or may not be true, but that is no reason why the *Tribune* should propagate false stories about phrenologists. The neat little legend which we printed the other day about a phrenological lecturer in Topeka, who, being told that a good citizen was a celebrated bully and gambler, examined his head only to find all the ignoble bumps most ignobly developed, is solemnly pronounced by the Topeka *Record* to be an entire fabrication. It was devised, we suppose, by some enemy of Phrenology for the sake of annoying those incomprehensible people who can not take a joke."

[It seems that a downright falsehood may be a good "joke" in the New York *Tribune*.]

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SAINTS: A Full and Complete History of the Mormons, from the First Vision of Joseph Smith to the Last Courtship of Brigham Young, including the Story of the Hand-cart Emigration; the Mormon War; the Mountain Meadow Massacre; the Reign of Terror in Utah; the Doctrine of Human Sacrifice; the Political, Domestic, Social, and Theological Influences of the Saints; the Facts of Polygamy; the Colonization of the Rocky Mountains, and the Development of the great Mineral Wealth of the Territory of Utah. By T. B. H. Stenhouse, Twenty-five Years a Mormon Elder and Missionary, and Editor and Proprietor of the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*. Illustrated with twenty-four full-page engravings, a steel-plate frontispiece, an autographic letter of Brigham Young, and numerous woodcuts. One vol., 8vo; pp. 761; cloth. Price, \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Nothing extenuate;
Nor set down aught in malice."

These are the words with which our author commences his work, and right here it may be appropriate for a few words touching the author himself before attempting to describe his book.

Who is this Mr. Stenhouse? Where is he from? How does he look? What are his antecedents and qualifications to write a book? We reply. Several personal interviews, the first of which was professional, when he came under our scientific inspection, while yet an Elder in the Mormon Church, for a phrenological analysis of his character. We found him a middle-aged man, standing, perhaps, five feet eight or more, and weighing from 175 upward. His head measures something more than twenty-three inches in circumference, and he is well-proportioned throughout, with an exceptionally large, deep chest, with heart, lungs, stomach, etc., of unusual capacity. Indeed, the vital and recuperative powers are very remarkable. Of Scottish parentage, brought up in England, always religiously disposed, while a youth he became interested in Mormon teachings, accepted its doctrines, and became a missionary and a working apostle; visited Switzerland and other countries in the interest of the Mormon Church, and many converts were the result of his efforts, and large accessions to the migration to Utah testify to his efficient services therein. Mr. Stenhouse married a very intelligent lady, once a teacher, and he became the happy father of a considerable family, we do not know of how many children, some of whom are grown up, married, and settled. He is already a grandfather, though he does not seem to be more than from forty-five to fifty years of age. Returning from abroad, he resumed his labors in Utah, established and con-

ducted a large daily journal, the *Telegraph*, which was a power in the land and profitable to its owner. Recently Mr. Stenhouse was led to question the correctness of some of the doctrines and prophecies of the Salt Lake Saints, and his quick and intelligent mind investigated and sifted all the points on which their doctrines were based.

Finding the country flooded with false statements in regard to the Mormons, he undertook to write and to publish a history of the Rocky Mountain Saints, which has occupied him for several years past, the result of which is an octavo volume of more than 760 pages, with more than twenty full-page engravings, a capital portrait on steel of Brigham Young, and numerous other portraits on wood of the leading men in Mormondom, some of whose heads would compare favorably with the best of those in the nation. Indeed, we have met not a few representatives in the Mormon Church who were entitled to become leaders among leading men.

It is very easy to denounce those not of our own faith as imposters, swindlers, etc., and the Mormons will no doubt receive their share of such denunciation; but we will say this for them, that whatever other sins they have to answer for, they have been, while in Utah, the most industrious, the most temperate, so far as their habits were concerned, and the most religious of any similar number of persons on this or on any other continent.

There was almost no alcoholic drinking, no gambling, no prostitution, and little or no pauperism among them. They had to fight the storms, drouth, grasshoppers, and a most forbidding-looking country; but they subdued and conquered nature, making the "wilderness blossom as the rose," which all will admit who visit Salt Lake City, very recently a wilderness in the Rocky Mountains.

The book under notice gives the most complete statement of the origin, rise, progress, and present condition of that singularly interesting and wonderful people. In addition to all this, the industrious author has compiled a list of all books, pamphlets, essays, with innumerable private letters and valuable documents in manuscript, relating to the Mormons, all of which are alphabetically catalogued in the volume before us. This is not only the basis of history, but history itself.

It has been well said that truth is stranger than fiction. We have here what may be called the truth of this whole matter: How and where Joseph Smith became impressed through a vision when yet a stripling of a boy; how this vision grew upon him till it became thoroughly real; how he became the seer in its religious sense; and how many other men, educated men, accepted his prophecies, his revelations, and acted upon them. But we can not describe this work in a paragraph. It must be seen with its striking illustrations to be admired, and it must be read to be appreciated.

All, therefore, who have any interest in this phase of religious growth and development (call it a delusion, if you will, remembering at the same time that *others* will cast your own religion into your teeth, and say that you, too, are equally deluded in some other way) should procure a copy of the "Rocky Mountain Saints."

AS SHE WOULD HAVE IT. By "Alex."
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In these covers we have a brief consideration of the "woman question" in its general aspects, the author laying particular stress, if anywhere, upon the necessity for better physical development in American women if they would vie with their brothers in the strife for self-maintenance. Fashionable education, with its artificial notions of delicacy and refinement, and the whirl and excitement of the drawing-room, are not, according to our author's views, the way in which women are to achieve their rights, perform their duties, and maintain an honorable independence. "Alex" does not impute all the blame for the "subjection of woman" to the wrongs inflicted by *mankind*, but is of opinion that much of the injustice exhibited toward her is due to her own indiscretion and willfulness. She is confident that she can emerge from her subjection and dependence by reason of her innate strength and talent, assume her normal position as the equal of man, and yet be a woman still. The suggestions with regard to the development and culture of woman, here and there distributed through the volume, are as valuable as truthful. 'Tis a book at once candid and cogent, and in its compact style quite covers the ground of the subject discussed.

A MANUAL OF HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY PRACTICE. Designed for Horses, all kinds of Domestic Animals and Fowls; Prescribing their Proper Treatment when Injured or Diseased, and their particular Care and General Management in Health. One vol., Library Style; half calf, red edges; octavo; pp. 659. Price, \$5. New York: Boericke and Tafel.

A ponderous volume covering the whole ground of Homeopathic Veterinary Practice, including all kinds of domestic animals and even barn-door fowls; and why not? The allopathic school has issued many works on the subject, prescribing all the old methods of bleeding, blistering, purging, etc., to the agony of many a poor trembling biped. And now come the more merciful and considerate Homeopaths, with their infinitesimal remedies, with which they promise equally favorable if not better results. From the late epizootic which prevailed among horses throughout America (epizootic among animals corresponds to epidemic among men), has called the world's attention to the necessity of kind care and judicious treatment to our willing servants everywhere. Those who would like to know more of this work should send stamp to the publishers for a descriptive circular, which will be sent them by return post.

NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS: Notes of Travel. By Grace Greenwood. One vol., 12mo; pp. 413; cloth. Price, \$2. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Grace Greenwood confesses her sins. In her preface she speaks of original sin, sins of omission and sins of commission. So much by way of confession. She concludes her preface, however, in these words: "If from some of the richest poetic treasure-fields of the world I have brought only rock-crystals of fancy and sentiment, I hope they are good articles of their kind, and I do not claim them diamonds." She begins her letters at Chicago, goes the rounds of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, and home *via* Colorado in the autumn. To say that she gives us magnificent pen-pictures of some of the sublimest scenery in the world is not exaggeration. She writes facts, and gives truthful descriptions of real scenes. The book is a republication from letters written last year to the *New York Daily Times*, wherein many readers feasted their minds on these rich literary treasures. The book is handsomely published, and will be read with avidity by all who take interest in our own great, great West.

SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, from verbatim Reports, by T. J. Ellinwood. Plymouth Pulpit. Seventh Series, September, 1871, to March, 1872. Also, the same work, Eighth Series, from March to September, 1872. Octavo, cloth. Price, each, \$2.50. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Where this thinker, observer, talker, and writer gets all his thunder is a question which puzzles many. Week after week, month after month, and year after year, he pours forth enough volumes to stock a respectable private library. Nor is there any marked repetition in these utterances. There is something fresh, crisp, and vigorous in each and every statement, each and every sermon, lecture, oration, or discourse; something telling and instructive in every article—yes, in every paragraph which comes to the public through this man's brain. We will not undertake to solve the riddle or answer the question save to state that Mr. Beecher descended from good stock. He inherited an excellent constitution. Instead of being a chronic invalid, he is, for the most part, tough, hearty, and enduring. His habits are all regular and strictly temperate. He drinks no bad whisky (all whisky is bad,) neither smokes nor chews bad tobacco; nor does he dissipate in any way. His whole time is fully and profitably occupied. When he sleeps it is all over, and profound. By this he is recuperated, and the process of waste and repair go on harmoniously and constantly. The lamp of life is kept full of oil, and he does not permit the wick to be pricked up too high. In short, he is a model for a sculptor, an excellent subject for the painter, and an object of admiration by all human beings who meet him without prejudice.

He makes no pretensions to being a genius, a philosopher, a poet, or an inventor. He simply claims to be a practical, common-sensed man. An interpreter of nature in its various aspects, his works will follow him, and when he departs this life the world will miss him. Hear him all who can. Read him all who may, and learn.

JOURNAL MISCELLANY.

In this Department will be published current and personal matters, such as may be separated from the body of the JOURNAL in binding.

Our Journey's End.—At this point, we come to the end of vol. 56, and passengers disembark. Of course, with some of our travelling companions, we must expect to say, however regretfully, a final

"Good Bye," but we shall keep "right on," stopping only just long enough to let off, and take on fellow passengers. With many, if not with most, who have accompanied us thus far, we anticipate a most hearty

"How do you Do?" when we are to meet soon again. Already considerable numbers have indicated a desire—indeed a determination—to go through with us on this

Voyage of Life, and they are booked as "LIFE SUBSCRIBERS." We always find them on board at starting and it is a real comfort to meet their cheerful faces, or more properly we should say, to

Read their Welcome Names in the new lists which come back to us. "O this is a renewal." "He has been on our Books for years." "His letters are always cheering and encouraging." A solace to hard-working editors. For the convenience of subscribers who wish to

Renew, we have inserted a Blank Prospectus in the present issue, which should be taken out, and when filled up with names, it should be

Inclosed in a Letter, with the amount, and returned to this Office, when names will be entered on our new Books.

Please Write Plainly, and give, in each and every instance, exact post office address, with County, State, and name of writer. Then few or

No Mistakes can happen, and returns may be promptly expected. This is as good a season to secure clubs of subscribers as any. No other paper or magazine can be a substitute for

This Journal, which is the only one of the kind in the world, and *everybody should read it.* We can only edit and publish, *others* must distribute, or the good it would do will be limited. If a copy were placed in

Every Family, it is believed much good would be done. Of this, present readers are the best judges; and we leave the matter of

Forming Clubs, and securing Renewals, in their hands. It will be a real happiness to us, and add strength to the cause, to have our Prospectus returned, laden with names—new and old—at the beginning of our 57th volume, which commences with the next number. The engineer now whistles

Down Breaks! We come to a stand-still. There will be time to lunch, look after baggage, write letters, and re enter the train, for another six months or a

years' stretch. All aboard! All aboard! Away we go!

"Hold On," here is a telegram, saying that, owing to "hard times," a young magazine ran off the track, and that we—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—are desired to take the passengers—subscribers—on board *our* train. All right, we shall stop at the next station, and subscribers who prefer a six months' trip, can so arrange. In this case, tickets are only \$1.50, or still less in clubs. But who can live without food? Is not food for the mind almost as important? What is \$3.00 a year, to one who seeks to know what is in him? What he can do best? And how to make the most of himself? This JOURNAL has been the means of giving a start to many a man; and opening up to his views, fine fields of useful enterprise, which secured the best success. It will do the same for others; and, dear reader, why not for you, and for your sons and your daughters, your friends and your neighbors? *We believe it will, if you avail yourself of its teachings.*

Good and Cheap Reading.—A complete set of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, from Vol. I. to Vol. LVI., may be had at \$300. We know of only a single set which can be bought. Of the new series, beginning with the year 1870, sets can be had nicely bound in muslin, at \$3.50 per year; or, the three yearly volumes when taken together, at \$3 each, or \$9 for the set. This is a favorable opportunity for one to make a commencement in current phrenological literature.

The volumes previous to the new series commencing in 1870, are out of print. Those wishing to have perfect sets from and after 1870, should speak soon. Address this office.

Our New Illustrated Catalogue.—We have just published a new *illustrated and descriptive catalogue* of our works, the finest we have ever issued, containing over fifty pages, with full titles and descriptions, and many beautiful illustrations, portraits of Drs. GALL, SPURZHEIM, and COMBE, and all the PRESIDENTS from Washington to Grant, with biographical sketches; two full-paged groups of characters from Shakespeare; extracts from the books, etc. This catalogue will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

Fat Folks.—In the June number of the *Science of Health* is an article "How to make fat folks lean." This will be of interest to every reader, personally, or in the interest of some friend who is suffering from being over corpulent. If the directions and instructions given are carefully followed, the desired result will be brought about. In our July number we shall publish an article "*How to make lean folks fat,*" which will be of even greater interest. Only 20 cents each.

"How to Help."—Our enterprise of publishing books and journals, though based on and conducted in accordance with business principles, has other than commercial motives and objects. If "making money" were the chief object in view, we should have less regard for the public good, and go in; as money-making publishers do, advertising quack nostrums, lotteries, and swindles generally. We should also print blood-and-thunder stories, coming down to the low level of printing sensation novels, catering to the prurient and perverted appetites of low, lustful men and women, and of boys and girls. The sort of literature sells best which fits its readers for the brothel, the prison and the gallows! The papers of largest circulation and most profit, are conducted by men who make no pretension to motives above mere money-making. All reformatory publications have but limited circulation and support. Many utterly fail. Reformers do not work for money, nor do they get rich. Whiskey, rum, and tobacco manufacturers and dealers fatten on the ruined bodies and souls of their patrons. The same is true of those who set "lottery traps," and catch poor and ignorant persons; also of patent-medicine men. Publications like this, which seek to *benefit* their readers, to call them out, and develop their higher manhood, are appreciated by a few, who enter zealously into the work of dissemination, and feel that they are doing God's service in helping their fellow-men. This is not working for money. This is not sordid nor selfish. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," etc. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, etc. Now, can one accomplish this work more effectually than by doing good among his fellow-men here in this world? We do not know how. And we propose to invest liberally in trying to do all the good we can in this way. We shall certainly enjoy ourselves in the doing of it, whether or not the impelling motive be sound philosophy or a delusion. Who will join us in this enterprise? Those who give an hour's time, a day, a week, or a month in talking up the subject, inducing persons to look into it, read the books and journals, will thereby "show their good works," and secure the blessing which is sure to follow successful effort. We will furnish reading matter; others must furnish readers; and *this* is the way to *HELP*. Reader, may we not hear from you? Every additional name counts, and is a real comfort to editors and publishers. With warmest thanks for past favors and for kind encouragement, we invite continued effort in the ways proposed, so that all the members of every family may have the benefit of the man-improving knowledge, derived from the proper study of mankind, as taught in the science of mind.

Phrenology in Wisconsin.—The "Sheboygan Times" of recent date, says: "Miss May Chapman gave an excellent lecture on 'The Law of Human Progress,' at Unity Church, on Wednesday evening, in which she evinced a thorough knowledge of her subject, drawn from extensive philosophical study and scientific research.

"After the lecture she gave delineations of character from phrenological delineations, which were pronounced correct by those who knew them best.

"Miss Chapman is a lady of modest, unpretentious manner, of more than ordinary ability, evidently well versed in the principles and philosophy of the science she advocates, and believes in its power for good to individuals, society, and the human race, if its teachings are intelligently lived up to."

To the Charitable.—A good work needs only to be mentioned to enlist our sympathies. We learn that a home for aged and infirm deaf mutes has been commenced by the Society, known as "The Church Mission to Deaf Mutes," and is temporarily located at No. 220 East Thirteenth Street, New York. It is designed that this Institution shall be national in its character. It is now ready to receive all deaf mutes who have become unable by disease or old age to support themselves. By thus bringing them together they can much better receive that religious instruction and pastoral care which they so much need.

Information from different portions of the deaf mute community shows that this Home has been providentially begun at the right time. We think it is only necessary that the attention of the benevolent be called to it, to assure its support.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., so well-known for his efforts in behalf of deaf mutes, is the General Manager; to him donations may be sent at No. 9 West 18th Street, New York.

Railway Land Sales.—The Union Pacific Railroad Company sold during the month of March, 1873, 17,637 acres of land, at an average price \$1.79 per acre, amounting to \$31,461.99. Sales averaged 94 acres to each purchaser. Total sales to April 1, 1873, 703,437 acres, at an average price of \$4.27 per acre, amounting to \$2,996,430.31.

This Company has a land grant of 12,000,000 acres, lying on each side of the track, and extending through one State and three Territories.

3,000,000 acres of choice farming lands on the first 300 miles of the road in the State of Nebraska, are now for sale at very low prices, on ten years' time, with interest at 6 per cent.; no interest is required in advance. A discount of 10 per cent. is allowed when full payment is made in cash at the time of purchase. Mr. O. F. Davis, of Omaha, Neb., is the Land Commissioner.

The Beckwith Sewing-Machine.—This was the first cheap sewing-machine ever offered to the public which gave satisfaction; and this does. It has received the hearty commendation of all who have examined and used it. We call attention to the advertisement of the Company in this number, and would say that we have made an agency arrangement with the manufacturers, which will enable us to supply it to our friends and subscribers at the Company's prices, and on the same conditions.

A New Proposition to Local Agents.—We have just printed a new catalogue for our local agents, with new terms, and shall be glad to place a copy in their hands, on receipt of their address, and stamp with which to prepay postage. When writing, please ask for new terms for June and July.

Allie Johnson sends fifty cents for a box of initial note paper; but gives neither post-office, county nor State. We, of course, cannot supply it until we have a letter of complaint; we presume a bitter one.

Premiums.—We are still offering premiums which will enable canvassing Agents to make it pay to put forth a special effort when opportunity presents itself. Our complete descriptive catalogue will be sent on application to all who are interested.

Star Music.—See Ditson & Co.'s Advertisement of Star Music in this Number, each of the Books are commended.

Crushed White Wheat.—We have had occasion several times to commend this excellent article to the attention of our readers. It seems beyond question that the true and only healthy way to use wheat is as nature presents it to us. The custom of separating the white portion of wheat from the bran, and using only the former, is a false and pernicious one, and has been and is now doing infinite harm. Thousands of cases of dyspepsia and indigestion may be traced to a too free use of bread, pastry, cake, etc., made from fine flour. Many of the most important elements required for the sustenance of the body are thrown away with the bran, in order that flour may be produced white enough to satisfy a false taste among the people. Messrs. F. E. Smith & Co, who prepare the CRUSHED WHEAT, deserve great praise for their efforts to extend a much-needed reform. Crushed Wheat has already attained a large sale; and if your grocer does not keep it, or won't get it for you, send direct to the proprietors, at the address given in their advertisement on another page. They have prepared a very interesting little pamphlet on the subject of wheat, giving the views of many celebrated chemists, and presenting a chemical analysis of nearly all the different articles of human food. This pamphlet is well worth reading, and will be sent *free* to every one of our readers, who will take the trouble to write for it, mentioning at the same time that they saw the advertisement in THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.



How to Swim.—For practical instruction in the art, with illustrations, by which boys—yes, and girls too—may learn to swim, see our little book entitled “The Bath, Its History and Uses.” Besides all the different processes in bathing, we have swimming with a plank; with a bladder; with a rope; plunging or diving; treading water; side swimming; thrusting; swimming on the back; floating, etc. It costs, in paper covers, when sent pre-paid by post, only 25 cents; or, when nicely bound in embossed muslin, gilt side stamp, 50 cents. Address this office.

“Waters’ Concerto Parlor Organs” are the latest production of Mr. Horace Waters, of No. 481 Broadway, whose name may almost be said to be a household word from one end of the land to the other. The New Concerto Stor, from which this organ derives its name, is produced by a third set of reeds, voiced in a peculiar manner, and producing a tone beautifully soft and clear. The stops in the largest of these organs comprise the heavy Sub Bass, Melodia, Piccolo, Flute, Dulciana, Forte, Vox Humana, Viola, Coupler, and Concerto, giving great variety of expression. The model of the instrument is very handsome. There are book closets on each side, carved lamp-brackets, and a neat little clock surmounts the whole. The “Concerto” is already having a large sale, as it possesses the elements which a long experience has shown to be necessary in popular instruments. Write for catalogue, as per advertisement in another column.

Dead Letters.—Solomon E. Houk sent us fifty cents for sample pictures to use in canvassing, but gives neither State, county, or post-office. Hope he will advise us at once of his address. We presume he expects that we remember his address; if he was our only agent or correspondent, we might.

Six Months “On Trial.”—With the July number begins a new volume of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which will end with December. Many of our present subscribers can readily induce friends to try it for this vol. To aid them in introducing it, we will receive six months’ subscription at one-half yearly rates, \$1.50. In Clubs of Ten at \$1.00 each, and an extra copy to Agent, or a copy of our Chromo—The Anxious Mother, &c Premium.

The Education of the Feelings, or Affections. By CHARLES BRAY. Third Edition. 8vo., cloth. 176 pp. Price \$1.50, by mail, post-paid.

While works treating of the intellect and its proper development in the child and the man, are multiplied by the score, scarcely a pamphlet is now and then ventured on the training of the sentiments and emotions. Cultivated people, as a class, look upon feeling and affection as innate, and apparently expect their development to be dependent upon the culture of the intellectual faculties, and commensurate therewith. This error can only be attributed to ignorance of the nature of mind, of its composite organization: ignorance which is persisted in, notwithstanding the evidence we have in our daily life of the criminal and brutal conduct of individuals, whose mere intellectual education has by no means been neglected. Fraud and violence are so often committed by persons whose talents for business and even professional life command admiration, that we have ceased to wonder at such revelations. Strange, that in our boasted civilization, methods of moral education should be so much subordinated to those of intellectual! The fact, that we have so many educated ruffians, scientific robbers, ingenious swindlers, preying upon the public, is due to the neglect of the affections and propensities of children. The Sunday-School, we are told by some, compensates for the moral oversight of the Day-School. But, while much might be said of the lack of *practical* moral instruction which exists in nearly all Sunday-Schools, we will only remark that the infrequency and brevity of the Sunday-School session, and the very few children, compared with the great aggregates, who attend it regularly, renders that really valuable institution inadequate to supply the training needed by all. Mr. Bray has given the world a valuable treatise on the subject of moral and affectional education. He discusses the subject from the points of view of science and common reason; laying it down at the start, that the great rule in the management of children is “to be ourselves what we would wish our children to be.”

The illustrations of improper management here and there given, are true to the life, and set off strikingly the author's sound views. No parent can read this work carefully without obtaining hints and instructions, which, if faithfully applied in the treatment of his or her children, will make him or her feel ever obligated to Mr. Bray, for the improved order and tone of the household. Sent by mail, post-paid, to address, on receipt of price, \$1.50. Address this Office.

A New Work on Architecture.—Messrs. BICKNELL & Co. have just published a new work, entitled “Detail and Cottage Architecture.” This is perhaps one of the best works on the subject yet published, containing over seventy-five full plates, and giving every possible variety of designs for building in all its parts. Messrs. Bicknell & Co. are rendering valuable service to the country in fine works on architecture which they are publishing. Their latest catalogue is an interesting one. Send for a copy.

Back Numbers.—We can still furnish the numbers of the JOURNAL from January, to those who wish, the year complete. It is well to have complete files although we do not publish continued stories.

The Student's Set.—M. C. L., says in a recent letter, that, “I have received one of your Student's set, and think it splendid. I would not part with it for ten thousand dollars if I could not get another.”

The Sun, which, if it does not "shine for all," its managers contrive to have shine for more than a hundred thousand readers daily, is the liveliest and most sprightly sheet published in the Metropolis. Its rays seem never to be dimmed by any passing cloud, for they glitter and glimmer with the same brilliancy day after day.

THE WEEKLY SUN is double the size, and may be said to be the concentrated essence of the Daily. It is furnished at the exceedingly low price of One Dollar a year to all, there being no club-rates or discounts to anybody. Farmers will find the agricultural department of the paper well sustained, and the ladies are each week treated to a description of the latest fashions.

Club Rates for Six Months.—We have decided to offer the **JOURNAL** in clubs to six months subscribers, at rates reduced in the same proportions as yearly subscribers. We will send ten copies for \$10.00, and to the getter up of the club an extra copy, or a copy of our new Chromo, "**The Anxious Mother.**" Here is an opportunity for each of our subscribers to introduce the **JOURNAL**. This can especially be done where no club has been formed before. Agents should take advantage of this proposition, and start clubs which can easily be continued by the year hereafter.

The Savannah Republican says: We have on our table several periodicals that we have noticed at different times. We have before us two monthlies that we read with pleasure, delight, and instruction, viz.:

"**The Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated.**"—Take it all in all, we consider it one of the best publications that we receive. As to the phrenological department, it discusses the relationship of the brain to the stomach, the functions of the different organs of the brain, how to know one's self, his children, and his neighbors, ethnology, physiology, psychology, social relations, literature, science, and education, all are discussed. It will not please those who can't think, won't think, and have no time to think, but, on the contrary, those who are fond of thought and thinking, will find the **Journal** full of new ideas in every department, and invaluable as a suggestor of thoughts.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH is a new monthly, devoted to health on hygienic principles, and professes to teach one how to avoid disease, how to take the proper and correct care of the body without the use of drugs and sickening nostrums, how to treat sick children, etc.

Natural History of the Human Races.—By JOHN P. JEFFRIES. Pp. 380. Illustrated.

This contribution to ethnography, while containing no important addition to ethnology, is a carefully prepared summary of the knowledge already possessed on the subject. Mr. Jeffries discusses the question of the antiquity of man, his distribution, his physical nature, and natural history. He examines the peculiarities of the various types, devoting a large space to the American and African races. In general, he accepts the theory of the unity of the human family, but considers that theories in reference to human equality should be considered in the light cast on these questions by a knowledge of the respective endowments, physical, mental and moral, of the various races. Copies of this work can be sent by mail, post-paid, for \$4.00. Address this office.

New Volume.—A new volume of **THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH** begins with the July number, and now is the time to subscribe.

Personal.

Alexander Von Humboldt, it is well-known, died in a state bordering on poverty. His financial embarrassments were caused by his loss, in 1843, of the sum of \$9,000 or \$10,000 in gold, which the King of Prussia had presented to him. At the time, it was believed that the money had been stolen from the great *servant*; but the police were unable to find any clue to its disappearance. Strange to say, a short time since, the gentleman now living in the house, formerly occupied by Mr. Humboldt, found the money in a small box among some old rubbish in the cellar. How it got there puzzles Humboldt's intimate acquaintances exceedingly.

Messrs. Trubner & Co., American, European, and Oriental Literary Agency, beg to announce their removal to their new premises, 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill, London, to which they request that all future communications may be forwarded.

These gentlemen fill orders for books published in any part of the world.

Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has engaged in a charitable work, in London, worthy of the name she bears. In conjunction with her friend, Miss Hales, she has taken a house and made it a home for thirty orphan and destitute children, whom they mean to rear and educate for domestic servants.

Mr. Ira L. Guilford, of Michigan, is practising phrenology in Eaton County. "**The Independent**," of Grand Ledge, notices him kindly; and the Springfort pupils call him "professor." Is this title self-assumed, as with some other young and old phrenologists? Why?

Mr. Statham Williams, one of the oldest and most influential citizens of Utica, died in that city on Tuesday, at the age of ninety-nine years and six months. Mr. Williams was born in Deerfield, Mass., in 1778, and settled at Utica just before the war of 1812.

Mrs. H. M. Barnard, appointed by the President one of the Commissioners to the Vienna Exhibition, is a lady of some literary ability, being a correspondent of the New York "**World**," the "**Inter-Ocean**" and the Cincinnati "**Gazette**."

Capt. Williams, of the *Atlantic*, the ill-fated White Star steamer, has been let off with a two years' suspension by the Court of Inquiry by the Canadian Government, immediately after the terrible disaster. Another premium for mismanagement.

Mr. John Anderson, a wealthy New Yorker, has presented Prof. Agassiz with a valuable island in Buzzard's Bay, and a considerable sum of money for the founding of an advanced scientific school.

Lunalilo, the new King of the Sandwich Islands, has appointed his ministers chiefly from among the resident Americans, two of them being New Yorkers.

Ole Bull, the violinist, but a short time ago announced as on his death-bed, is now concertizing through the country.

Mr. H. E. Macduff, of Edinburgh, Scotland, late of Indiana, is now lecturing on Phrenology, etc., in Ohio, with excellent success.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 1.]

July, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 415.]



SALMON P. CHASE,
LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

SALMON P. CHASE.

ANOTHER of those great men, whose really grand lives are crystallized into the history of our nation, and to whom we can not recur without a sentiment of gratitude, has passed into the land of shadow. The suddenness of his departure by a paralytic stroke, although it quickens our impressions of the grave loss sustained by the American people, yet summons to view so clearly the priceless service he rendered, and the shining virtues of his character, that we experience a glow of satisfaction in their consideration. If corruption and dishonor had crept into the very precincts of our national councils, Salmon P. Chase was one of the few whose integrity remained without stain, and his unimpeachable manhood towered over the halting and timid victims of covetousness like an ensign, at once reproving their malfesance and challenging their return to duty. His public career was a model one, hence its great value as a potent influence in the walks of public life. A writer says: "His record presents no stumbling-blocks in the way of the young and ardent. His blameless life can bear the light reflected upon it by his great achievements. It needs no reserves or concealments." This is a lofty ascription, but the man, viewed in his length and breadth, deserves the praise. More than half of his life was spent amid scenes of political strife, and in the furtherance of many important measures; especially during the late war was he one of the most prominent actors; yet through all

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

As indicated in the portrait, Mr. Chase had a large, finely-developed brain. It was well rounded, high in the crown, and long in the anterior lobe. When in

the full possession of his physical forces his great intellect had an outreach and a power which impressed every one with whom he came in contact. His intuition was a prominent element in his mental composition. Ideas and principles were understood at their first presentations. His standard of right was high, and his Firmness was controlling. If anything, his Conscientiousness was the stronger, and served to prop up and stimulate Firmness in times of need. The fullness of the side-head, forward of the ear, indicates a strong taste for the refined and a cultivated appreciation of literature in the sphere of fancy. He had ability to organize, arrange, and adapt systems and theories. There is that in the character of the eye and the poise of the head which convey to us the impression of that steadiness of mind, and equilibrium of faculty which contribute so much to clearness of thought and soundness of judgment. The leaning of the man toward any weakness was indicated, if anywhere, through his sympathy, kindness, and forbearance. There was hardly enough severity in his composition to make him rigid to exact punishment in all cases for transgression.

It was in a position having to do with large and important measures, and where the dignity of the position commanded universal respect, that Mr. Chase would have showed the breadth and depth of his capacity, not in a position where he would be badgered by opposing factions and annoyed by frequent intrusions. Whether or not he had the opportunities to exercise to the full his splendid endowments, and whether or not he succeeded in winning the esteem of men, his history will show.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE was the son of a farmer of Cornish, New Hampshire, and was born in that place, on the 13th of January,

1808. His ancestors on the father's side were English, on the mother's side Scotch. His grandfather, Samuel, had seven sons, five of whom were educated at Dartmouth College, and became more or less distinguished in public life—Dudley Chase as Senator of the United States and Chief-Justice of Vermont; Salmon Chase as a leader of the bar in Portland; Philander Chase as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio. His father had accumulated a moderate fortune in farming, and when our ports were closed by the Non-intercourse act, invested his money in a glass factory, which came to ruin as soon as the war ended. Soon after this disaster he died suddenly, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Salmon, however, was sent to school at Windsor, Vermont, and at the age of twelve was committed to the care of his uncle, the Bishop, who had offered to provide for him. A journey to Ohio in those days was a serious affair; but the boy was intrusted to the care of an elder brother, who was about to join Gen. Cass's expedition to the Upper Mississippi. The Bishop lived at Worthington, near Columbus, and young Chase was obliged to remain for several weeks at Cleveland before he found a chance for continuing his journey. And during this time he earned his living by ferrying passengers across the Cuyahoga in a canoe. At Worthington he divided his time between farm work and hard study in the Bishop's academy. His uncle next placed him in an institution at Cincinnati, where he remained until 1823. Salmon then returned to New Hampshire, taught school for a while, and also prepared himself for college, entering the junior class of Dartmouth in 1824, and was graduated two years later at the age of eighteen. With his diploma and a few dollars he went to Washington and advertised in *The National Intelligencer* his intention to teach "a select classical school;" but he obtained no pupils, and his money rapidly disappeared. In despair he applied to his uncle, the Senator, for a clerkship in the Treasury. "If you want half a dollar to buy a spade and go dig for a living," was the answer, "I will give it to you, but I will not help you to a place under Government. I got an appointment for a nephew once, and it ruined him." At last he obtained charge of

a school from which the proprietor was about to retire, and which numbered among its patrons Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other distinguished men, and during his leisure hours he pursued the study of law under Mr. Wirt's supervision. His entrance into the legal profession was not auspicious. His only client for a long time was a man who paid him half a dollar for drawing an agreement, and came back a few days after to borrow the half dollar. In his first argument before a Federal court he broke down. Nevertheless he soon made his way. He had settled at Cincinnati immediately after his admission to the bar, and while waiting for practice he prepared an edition of the statutes of Ohio, with notes and a historical introduction, which brought him into notice, and as early as 1834 he was appointed Solicitor of the Bank of the United States in Cincinnati.

Mr. Chase avowed sentiments adverse to slavery. This was unfavorable to his prospects in the very outset of his career as a lawyer, especially as Cincinnati lay on the boundary between slave and free territory, and at that time was in warm sympathy with Southern sentiment. He had a hard struggle with poverty, but ill fortune could not force him to relinquish his opinions. In 1837 a case which involved the application of the "Fugitive slave act" brought the ambitious young lawyer prominently before the Cincinnati public. He appeared in court as the counsel for a colored woman, Matilda, claimed as a fugitive slave, and in his defense took the ground, then entirely new, that the phrase in the Constitution which required the giving up of fugitives from service or labor did not impose on magistrates in Free States the duty of catching and returning slaves, and that Congress had no right to impose such duties on State officers. The Court decided against him, and, as he left the room, some one said, "There goes a fine young fellow who has just ruined himself;" but, as the result proved, he there found his opening opportunity to achieve reputation and practice, and the principle he then laid down was afterward sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Other cases of a similar character were intrusted to his care, among them that of Mr.

James G. Birney, editor of *The Philanthropist*, and that of Mr. Van Zandt, the Kentucky farmer, whose history forms an interesting chapter in the early days of abolitionism. The part thus taken by Mr. Chase as an advocate in those exciting times led him more and more into the walks of political life. He signed the call for the National Liberty Convention at Columbus, in December, 1841, and wrote and reported its stirring address on the powers and duties of the people, and the principles of the new party. "It was, perhaps, the best presentation of the subject," says Vice-President Wilson, "that had then been made. No previous paper had so clearly defined the province of political action, its limitations and prospective results." From that time his relations with public measures were intimate and important, some of the most marked movements in the political history of the nation owing their origin to his wisdom and activity. On February 22, 1849, he was chosen Senator of the United States by the entire vote of the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature and of those Free Soil members who favored Democratic views; but when the Ohio Democracy sanctioned the nomination of Gen. Pierce by the Baltimore Convention, in 1852, Mr. Chase acted with consistency, formally ending his connection with the party. It was in a letter from him to the Hon. B. F. Butler, of New York, that the organization of an independent Democratic party was proposed. The Convention met at Pittsburgh, and adopted a platform framed substantially by Mr. Chase, who continued to act with it until the political fragments which had been gradually shaped and guided under his influence combined in the formation of the Republican party.

In the Senate the construction of a Pacific Railroad, the passing of a Homestead law, a system of cheap postage, and a reform in the public expenditures were among the topics to which he especially applied himself. But it was in the slavery debates, as a matter of course, that he took a commanding position. Retiring from the Senate in 1855, he was elected Governor of Ohio. In 1857 he was re-elected to that office by the people of Ohio as a convenient testimonial of their confidence in his ability and prudence, and

in his devotion to the true interests of the State.

The 4th of March, 1861, finds him in the Senate of the United States for a second term, but two days afterward, yielding to a very general demand, he resigned his seat and assumed the very grave responsibilities of the Secretaryship of the Treasury. With but little personal experience in monetary affairs, he nevertheless entered upon his duties with a hopeful, earnest spirit, and to the surprise of friends and foes achieved a success which rises to the level of the wonderful. History will rate as one of the greatest finance ministers of modern times the man who brought our country through the unexampled trial of the war, without serious embarrassment and with unshaken credit.

During the latter part of June, 1864, Mr. Chase withdrew from the Secretaryship, and in October following was commissioned by Mr. Lincoln as Chief-Justice of the United States, in succession to Roger B. Taney. In this sphere Mr. Chase showed himself eminently worthy of the honor. His decisions invariably commanded respect. He came to the Supreme Bench with mental powers apparently unimpaired—they were bright and efficient to the very last day of his life—and a mind enriched by much and varied experience, but with a physical system utterly broken down by the stupendous labors of the previous years. Careful habits of eating, sleep, and exercise contributed to buoy him up during the trying years of his occupancy of the Treasury. But his enfeebled frame was never able, after he retired from the Cabinet, to perform the full measure of work which his intellect would have imposed upon it.

In June, 1870, he experienced an attack of paralysis, but good nursing, and his own judicious manner of life, had seemingly almost restored him. There were, however, some slight traces of that attack in the lips and right hand. He had come to this city a few days previous to the last attack, and seemed to be in good health; but the insidious messenger was near at hand. On the morning of Tuesday, May 6th, before he had risen, the stroke fell, and at ten o'clock the revered magistrate had ceased to breathe.

It would be out of place for us to say that

Mr. Chase never made any mistakes. He was but a man after all; yet so conscientious was his devotion to principle that he had occasion very rarely to defend his course from imputations of selfishness or insincerity. He was a refined and cultivated scholar, read and spoke several languages, was familiar with classical as well as modern literature,

and greatly enjoyed poetry. Those who were admitted to his intimate acquaintance knew the zest with which he recurred to his private studies after release from public business. His conversation was always elevated, instructive, and attractive. The more intimately one knew him the more reason he had to admire, respect, and love him.

THE PROBLEM OF GOVERNMENT.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

IN one of the most memorable debates that ever occurred in the U. S. Senate, Daniel Webster exclaimed, "Would you re-enact the law of God?" William H. Seward replied, "You have no right to enact any other." Webster was then growing old and becoming conservative. Seward was a younger man and more progressive. Both were typical men. Both were religious men—theoretically, at least, Christians; both were scientific men in a large and practical sense; and their relation to each other and to the world may well be taken as representative of the present relation of religion and science, and the relation of these to government.

The grand truth that underlies the apt retort of Mr. Seward no one will question. God's laws pervade the universe, and apply to all conceivable subjects; and all that government, science, or theology can do, or should attempt to do, is to recognize and apply them, each in its own sphere of thought and action.

But, in the endeavor to do this, a grave difficulty meets us in the outset. God's laws are not understood alike by different peoples. His mode of government, and even His attributes, are matters of disputation. Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Budhists, Brahmins, etc., have very different conceptions of the God of the universe, of His prophet, and of His manner of managing the affairs of this lower world. All persons are proper

subjects of government, and all have equal and inalienable rights to understand and worship God according to their own judgments and consciences. To legislate according to the creed of any one party would outrage all the rest; and this is why, in a free government, and in a land of religious toleration, we can not "put God into the Constitution." In the organic law we can only recognize the Supreme Being, without qualification or explanation.

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT.

Poets sing and philanthropists dream of a millenium on earth when each shall be a law unto himself, all penal codes obsolete, and all statutory provisions unnecessary. If this happy period is ever attained, it will be because all persons recognize and practice God's laws as manifested in the relations of human beings to each other. It will be a simple matter of intelligence. Can human beings ever acquire sufficient knowledge of themselves to see it to be their interest to do exactly right toward all other persons? A glance at the present state of society, even in the most enlightened nations, is rather discouraging; yet if we trace history back to the creation, the outlook is in every sense encouraging; for, during the last half century, the developments of arts, sciences, and general intelligence, so far as this question is directly involved, have been greater than in all preceding time; while just now, creeds,

systems, theories, and philosophies, religious, political, social, and scientific, are being agitated, criticised, modified, and revolutionized as never before.

As an art, government has existed from the beginning; and if it be a true art it must have a scientific basis. And if there be such a thing as a science of government, it is, like all other sciences, derivable from certain laws of nature. Can we not ascertain these laws? Their fundamental principle is expressed in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye the same to them." Perhaps the relations of human beings to each other are as well expressed in our Declaration of Independence as they can be in human language: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

But the difficulty with the Declaration of Independence, like the difficulty with the Sermon on the Mount, is not in the theory, but in its practical application. And such miserable work has been made by politicians, in applying the principles so clearly enunciated to government and legislation, that some persons who have been ranked as eminent among statesmen have termed them only "rhetorical flourishes," and "glittering generalities."

Once a year, on each Fourth-of-July, this Declaration of self-evident principles is read to the people assembled in ten thousand places; and Constitutional commentators have been expounding it for ninety-seven years. But they seem to do little else than mystify it. While politicians accept the theory as good and true, they have as many ways of interpreting it practically as theologians have for understanding and applying the Golden Rule.

The whole difficulty comes from viewing

the subject from the standpoint of *egoism*—self-hood, instead of from that of socialism—humanity.

The majority of persons are educated to feel, think, and act within certain limitations of family, society, tribe, or nation; and they go through life incapable of comprehending or even conceiving any principle as applicable to the whole human race. This is why there is so much uncharitableness and intolerance toward those who differ from others in religious or political opinions; and it is probably a historical truth that, of all the punishments and persecutions which have been inflicted on human beings, more of them have been for mere matters of opinion than for vices and crimes.

"Our country, right or wrong," may be a patriotic sentiment, but it is a very wicked one. It may elicit louder cheers from the crowd than would the Ten Commandments. But patriotism is a cheap commodity, and essentially selfish. What a true system of government wants is statesmanship. It wants legislators for humanity as well as for States and nations. Patriotism is to humanity what denominational religion is to Christianity. Christ loved human beings for what he could do for them, not what they could do for him; and legislators should love their mission for what they can do for the people, not what they can get out of them.

INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

The basic principle of all free government, as well as of sociology as a science, is *Individual Sovereignty*. All representative governments recognize this principle in theory, however much they repudiate it in practice. Despotism, on the contrary, invests the ruler with sovereignty, and regards the people as subjects. The ruler claims to be God's representative, and responsible to Him, while the people are accountable to the ruler. This is the theory of what is termed "the divine right of kings."

Despotic government makes the people responsible to the ruler, while representative government holds the ruler or legislator responsible to the people. In a despotic government sovereignty attaches to but a single individual; in a representative and free government all the people are sovereigns.

But what is individual sovereignty? Simply the right to do as you please, provided you please to do right. And this means that, in whatever you do, you do not infringe the equal right of another to do as he pleases.

Yet this axiomatic truth, like all others, may be misunderstood. Its simplest phase, termed political liberty, is often sadly misapplied. The Irishman "just come over," when arrested for indulging in a free fight, asks, in astonishment, if this is not a free country? He has not yet learned the doctrine of freedom, and he imagines that liberty means license.

I can see no restraint that one has a right to impose on another, nor that society or government can justly impose on the individual, except that of exercising oneself so as not to injure another. That liberty which is "inalienable" means this, and nothing more nor less.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

In applying the principles thus far considered to society and to government, we should have to make many changes, some quite radical, others entirely revolutionary. Some of these I will briefly state.

But, first, of government itself—what is its province? I answer, simply the protection of life and property. This is the beginning and end and whole scope of all just legislation; and it means, to prevent individuals from trespassing on the sovereignty of others in exercising their own.

In the theory of our government the individuals are sovereigns. But their sovereignty is legislated away, directly or indirectly, by special statutes. Nine-tenths, at least, of all

the law-making in the United States, and in the several States, is in derogation of the principle of individual sovereignty. Most of the legislation of the world is for the protection of what is called property *against* persons; much of it is for the advantage of certain persons, classes, or occupations. This is special legislation, and all special legislation is wrong.

We concede our individual rights, to protect our own persons and property, to government; we pay taxes to support the government while it is to protect us and our property; and if government does not protect our persons and our property, "we, the people," are defrauded, and government is a cheat and a sham. Let us see how this matter stands in this our "best government on the earth," and in this our country, "the most glorious that the sun ever shone upon."

Our government permits one hundred thousand grog shops to be in operation all over the land, debauching the people, destroying families, demoralizing society, and making drunkards, paupers, and criminals everywhere. And many of these places are authorized by the law—licensed to do the work of ruin they are doing. Is this protection—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" The rum-seller may see it, but I do not. In every city drunken rowdies, maddened with the *legalised* poison, walk the streets, liable at any moment to assault any person in their way. My life is constantly endangered. I have no "liberty" in any street of any city, and my "pursuit of happiness" is at the mercy or control of any disorderly character that I may meet. Moreover, my property is taken from me to support rum-made paupers, take care of the drunkards, and *punish the drunken criminals*. I am defrauded. Well did Governor Dix say, on a late occasion, "We may soon be forced to acknowledge the disheartening truth that there is nothing so uncertain or so ill-protected as human life."

We may as well acknowledge it now, for it has been true since the first grog-shop was "protected," and will be true till the last one is closed.

Houses of prostitution should be closed. But, instead of doing this, government is contemplating their license, which means their legal protection; and this has actually been done in St. Louis, and is seriously proposed in New York.

It has recently been ascertained that more than six thousand persons are constantly employed in the United States in disseminating obscene literature. They are as systematically organized as are the news and express companies; and their bawdy books and meretricious pictures reach every school-district in the land. A government that protected our persons and property from being debauched and swindled, and the characters of our children from being ruined, would not allow this.

The principle of individual sovereignty, applied to government, would at once sort out every pernicious business, traffic, and vocation. It would achieve a reformation that would be sweeping and complete. It would annihilate every gambling den, from the low and disreputable dice and faro in private apartments, to the more respectable and more wicked operations of Wall Street. It would also revolutionize some of our customary methods of doing business.

REVOLUTIONS IN BUSINESS.

Individual sovereignty applied to government would abolish usury. Interest on money is wrong in principle. Money does nothing, produces nothing. If it is borrowed, used, and returned, and the wear and tear made good, as with an ax, a carriage, or a span of horses, that is all the lender has a right to claim.

Now, the way to understand any question of this kind is to trace the principle from its origin to its final practical result. A dollar

kept at interest, and the interest annually compounded, would eventually absorb all the property of the earth; one person, in time, would own the whole. Any principle which admits of such a result is certainly erroneous.

Again, interest allows capital to oppress labor to an unlimited extent. After a person has acquired a few thousand dollars, honestly or dishonestly, he can be a consumer the rest of his life and produce nothing, and still accumulate indefinitely.

"Sad is the State, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Interest on money—which means capital augmenting capital—is the chief cause of the extremes of society, the very rich and the miserably poor. This condition is unfortunate for both; the rich rusting and rotting in indolence and luxury, while the poor are drudged into vice and imbecility. One man with a few millions may employ one thousand persons (it is said that A. T. Stewart employs three thousand), each of whom works for a bare subsistence, while all add to the employer's individual wealth and pleasure, without being able to acquire anything for themselves, or to contribute in any manner to the general welfare.

One extensive land-owner, like William B. Astor, may have a thousand tenants who pay all they can earn for the privilege of living or staying in his houses; some of whom, too, have to *stay* very uncomfortably in pestilential apartments at that.

All laws for the collection of debts are wrong in principle. They substitute legal measures for the moral sense, and tend to make society dishonest. What right has one person to demand of other persons, in the shape of courts, juries, and witnesses, that they shall collect his private debts? No one is obliged to trust. If he does so, let it be at his *own* peril. Let the debtor pay or not as he will, so far as the law is concerned. Then we will have honor instead of statutes, and

general honesty instead of almost universal cheating. I would have all laws for the collection of debts struck out of existence instantly. I would say to every human being, "Trust or not, as you please; but if you trust, do not trouble your neighbors about it. Let the debtor pay or not, as he pleases, and let that be the end of it."

Our system of taxation is all wrong. It should be direct, square, and honest, instead of indirect. If government must have money to enable it to protect persons and property, let it tax persons and property, and abolish the expensive system of customs, which introduces a horde of non-producing officials, who never fail to become one of the most demoralizing influences that ever cursed any nation.

The lesson taught by indirect taxation is vitiating to public sentiment. It is suggestive of circumvention and trickery. It is pronouncing that to be right, if done in a roundabout way, which would be wrong if performed in a straightforward manner; and it leads to chicanery, fraud, and getting the advantage in dealings, or what is called, in mercantile parlance, tact, sagacity, shrewdness, enterprise.

In a correct system of taxation there will be a discrimination against property in favor of humanity. There will be a sliding scale in which property will be taxed in a ratio increasing with its amount. This alone would speedily settle and forever regulate the vexed question of capital and labor. Thus, if a person is worth one thousand dollars, tax his property one-tenth of one per cent.; one hundred thousand dollars, one-half of one per cent.; one million dollars, ten and a half per cent.; ten millions of dollars, twelve and a half per cent., etc. On this basis, when any one became very rich, it would cost all he could earn to keep the amount intact, and accumulation would stop.

Our system of criminal jurisprudence also

needs a thorough reformation. The whole idea of punishment, as that idea is commonly understood, is erroneous. In the order of nature, and in the Providence of God, there is no other punishment than penalty or consequences; and these are corrective and reformatory. I deny the right of society to punish one person in order to deter other persons from committing crime. If individual sovereignty is right, this principle must be wrong. In our civil code we say that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation. Why shall private life be taken for public benefit without compensation? Society has no right to deprive any person of property or life to benefit another person, or other persons.

A person has a right to defend himself, whoever he may damage or kill in so doing. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. But when the aggressor is powerless, no one has any right to afflict him, although society and other persons have a right to restrain him, by force or confinement, from further aggressions. But prisons should always be reformatory schools. To imprison persons one month for stealing a dollar, six months for stealing a hundred dollars, five years for stealing a thousand dollars, and ten years for stealing a million, is measuring criminality by property instead of by character. It is a false standard, and defeats the ends of justice, for one person may be as wicked a criminal in stealing a dollar as another is in stealing a thousand.

Land monopoly should be abolished. Let a few persons own most of the soil, and the many are necessarily slaves or serfs in position and influence, if not in name. Individual ownership in land should be limited, although companies may own any quantity for colonizing and other purposes, on condition that it shall only be sold at cost and expenses.

Chartered monopolies of all kinds should

also be abolished. Government (the whole people) should own and operate all railroads and telegraphs, as well as navigable rivers, canals, the postal system, and currency. As now managed, the railroads and telegraphs yield a few wealthy individuals a profit sufficient to pay all the expenses of the general government. This money should return to the people who pay it.

I have space to mention only one more revolutionary theory that grows out of the

doctrine of individual sovereignty as applied to society and government; and this is, perhaps, more important than all the preceding ones together. I mean the sexual relation. In the order of nature woman is, in this relation, supreme. Man is simply responsive. Let this doctrine be recognized practically, and there will soon be an end of prostitution, foeticide, infanticide, and a catalogue of vices, crimes, diseases, and miseries it would require pages to name.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

*Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.*

CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE—A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY LAURA E. LYMAN.

I HAD been reading one of Parton's fascinating biographies, and was commenting on the excellences of its subject in a very extravagant manner. "That statue will have to come down from its pedestal," said my brother. "How will you bring that about?" said I; "once in grace always in grace, you know." "Nothing easier," replied my brother; "I'll create an atmosphere in which he can not breathe. Bring your collection of pictures."

Now, if there is one thing above another, next to the Bible, that I love to study, it is the "human face divine," and therefore it is that all my books, except the very handsome ones, no sooner come into my possession than they are robbed of their pictures, which are added to my collection. The beautiful engravings of our monthlies have enriched it beyond counting, and when I want inspiration I have only to spread out before me a panorama of noble men and pure women, and straightway wings of aspiration are given me. How can I choose but follow in the bright pathway they have illuminated? The rosewood desk in which these treasures are kept was sent for, and one after another the envelopes containing them laid out. Here are the old Greeks, cut from Bohn's classics; here are the Romans; here England's great

faces; here a gallery of French notables; here a group of military men; here scientists, great Americans, and a miscellaneous collection of eminent and notorious individuals. Not any photographic albums for my collection. The top of the organ is the foundation on which my picture gallery is hung, faces placed close to each other so that the eye passes from one to another as though they sat in an audience chamber. Dress and surroundings have little to do with "effects" here; their soul stands forth naked as in the presence of God, and each one has written upon his forehead, in luminous type, his real name. "We will be very select in our choice of faces this time," said my brother; "less than a dozen will answer. Pick out those that you honor most for moral as well as intellectual worth."

"Here you have them," I replied; "first of all Washington, pure in life and pure in deed; here is the face of Dr. Lee, Lord Bishop of Manchester, written all over as with the point of a diamond with the blessed charities of the gospel, a modern St. John. Here is that glorious Italian dreamer, who stood upon the heights of heaven and gazed into the depths of hell. Here is Sir James Mackintosh, one of the loveliest of men, and as brilliant in intellectual attainment as he

was charming in domestic life. Here is Burke, a spotless record on his face. Of Americans I will give you Bryant, Horace Greeley, and dear old 'Uncle Ben Silliman,' as the Yale boys call him. Here is the flower of our American physicians, and here is Pere Hyacinthe, his face will shine in any crowd, whether native talent, culture, attainment, or purity of heart be the test. There are nine pictures."

"That will do," said my brother, as he arranged the faces around the "statue to be taken from its pedestal." "Now run your eye over these faces, pause at the central one and tell me what you see."

"I see a man of universal genius," said I, "a man formed by nature to appreciate all science, every form of art, and an insight that can penetrate to the heart of mystery and unfold the secret laws of nature."

"But how about the Decalogue," said my brother; "can you not see that expediency governed him in some departments of morality?"

"Alas, it is too evident! What a pity that smart governor of New Jersey was not Deborah Reed's son as well as Franklin's!"

"That was all I wanted you to see," said my brother, "and now we will create an atmosphere on a larger scale, and note the results." Saying which the English notables were grouped on one end of the organ, then the French ranged beside them, then the Americans, our military heroes by themselves, our authors in still another line, the Greeks, the Romans; fair women and brave men formed a miscellaneous group until a sea of faces looked upon us, covering the whole surface of the organ. The results, to my eye, were astonishing, delightful, most instructive. How easy it seemed to glance over the throng and pick out the leading spirits, nay, they stood of their very selves. First and foremost Plato, grand old philosopher, to whose inexhaustible fountains of inspiration the youth and the age of all successive generations since his time repair and fill their urns! Bacon sits just beside him, his practical eye measuring the foundations of modern science and himself doing the mason-work. Here is Julius Cæsar, mighty conqueror, but his luster pales beside the serene and unmatched radiance that, like a crown, rests on the brows of

Washington. Here is Rachel, queen of tragedy; were all these faces instinct with life and breath, she could rivet every eye and enchain every heart. Sophocles would forget his Oedipus in the grandeur of her Phædra; Julius Cæsar would turn away from his Commentaries to wonder at her marvelous personations. And close beside her is a frail sister, another of that ancient and miraculous race, to which was intrusted the oracles of God—Adah Isaacs, dressed as Nourmahl, a vision of unutterable loveliness! Was she, indeed, dowered with immortality? Is Mohammed's paradise only a fiction? and is she not there, as here, the most beautiful of all hours? Put Dante away to the other side from her; *she* is not his Beatrice. And here is Josephine, with witching sweetness of face and manner to win all hearts of all nations and generations.

Let us look a moment at this editor. What culture is in the face, what talent, what delicate perception of beauty, but alas! on the brow is stamped the love of lucre. He sold his soul for gold; gold he got, but what a blasting record has it left upon his forehead! Oh, face of Virtue! daughter of God! why will not mortals forever gaze on thine august lineaments till they are changed into the same radiant image? Here is Cyrus Field, taken before the cable was laid, years ago. I saw a portrait of Columbus with just such eyes looking from his face. He was intent on discovering new worlds, which Field has made one with the old. Here, side by side, are Grant and Lee. This picture of Grant was taken in the field, and looks as though he had settled himself into a committee of ways and means to *pound down* the rebellion, not by stratagem or finesse or manægement or flanking positions, but by solid, persistent, obstinate blows. Lee is worthy of his foe—a man exhaustless in resource, but his right arm, Jackson, lay in the grave, and rarely has Death gathered to his embrace a purer soul.

Turn we to this bevy of fair women. Here stands Harriet Beecher Stowe beside her great brother, and her brow and eyes seem to me as those of an angel in their clear, far insight. She sees infinitely more beauty in the sky and in the field than this queenly Letitia Buonaparte, and knows just how to

give all who have ears to hear and eyes to see the bright visions that throng her brain. I try to picture her brother preaching to this assembled crowd. Plato would say, "We will hear thee again of this matter." "Horace" (our Horace) would doubtless nestle his chin down into his necktie and seem to be asleep, but give a most vivid and perfect report of every thought and every expression. This modern *Æsculapius*, who has looked five years of his life through the microscope, would not say, but he would think, "I can not see it in my lens." (Does cultivating the physical vision darken the spiritual? is not the eye of faith as real as the eye of flesh?) Lord Bacon would listen with perfect delight, and when he went home read over the inimitable prayers for illumination scattered all through his works, and change a word here and there, careful reviser that he was. Franklin would listen attentively and blandly, and keep on in his faith of forty years' standing. Talleyrand would be vastly entertained, and wonder how a man should use words so forcibly to express rather than to conceal his meaning. Vanderbilt would listen and keep on revolving his mighty financial schemes. Thomas Carlyle would be as truly benefited as any man here; nearly all his life he has known that he had a stomach, and this knowledge has made him take gloomy views of everything. Life he calls "a prickly, bitter-rinded, stone-fruit, whereof the fewest have ever found the kernel;" and he would be equally delighted and benefited with the cheerful, hopeful, buoyant faith of the great orator of Plymouth pulpit.

A great deal may be learned by special groupings. Take, for example, military men. Put *Cæsar*, *Napoleon*, *Frederick the Great*, *Gustavus Adolphus*, and *Wallenstein* together; the points in which each general excelled will stand right out. Make a collection of scientists, of editors, of authors, of physicians, or take the masters in each department of art, science, literature, philosophy, and group them together. Each face will reflect light upon every other, and in the multitude of illuminations traits, apparently hidden, will stand out, and the characters of each reveal themselves with unmistakable accuracy. A group of family friends furnishes much profitable food for reflection and

discussion. A thoughtful and cultivated observer of faces can easily see what matches have been judicious and what unfortunate, and trace in children the results of want of judgment in the proper mating of the parents, or see with equal clearness what unions have been in the nature of things most productive of happy results. We venture the remark here that marriage is what it was designed to be only when in contracting it the interests of the succeeding generation are carefully considered.

In these days of cheap photographs everybody can afford a picture-gallery. Instead of putting five or ten cents into candy or a cigar, invest it in a face, and in a few years you may gather around you every great man and woman of this and past ages. You may see, "not as in a glass darkly, but face to face," how virtue evermore stamps her own; how vice leaves its trail on souls that seem born for glorious destinies; how misfortune tangles in its folds even the most gifted, and how some unworthy reap a glorious fortune that should have crowned their toiling predecessors. You will see how, within certain limits, "all things are possible" to the aspirant, and how important it is that each individual, by careful self-study, should know those limits that he may fight to purpose, and "not as one that beats the air." Full of inspiration, of comfort, of stimulus, of warning, of encouragement is this picture-gallery of ours. These men and women are our brothers and sisters; they wrestled even as we do with ignorance, with disaster, with bereavement, with outrageous fortune, and the brave souls have conquered.

"For if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

NOTE.—In our *NEW PHYSIOGNOMY* we have given nearly a thousand likenesses, of precisely the classes named above. We have given groups of clergymen, representative of the leading denominations; groups of pugilists; of warriors; of surgeons; of inventors; of discoverers; of philosophers; of statesmen; of orators; of actors; of poets; musicians; artists, etc., which is, in addition to the descriptive reading matter, equal to an extensive album, and well adapted to every drawing-room center-table.

IMPERTINENT curiosity proceeds from the undue activity of the perceptive organs, just as thievery results from the over activity of *Acquisitiveness*.

To be intelligent we must be observing; to be wise we must cultivate our reason. D.

SKETCHES FROM DAILY LIFE.—No. 3.

AMICABLE vs. HOSTILE DISPUTE; CRUELTY AND KINDNESS—ILLUSTRATED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the facility with which people use the aphorism, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world," there are very few who are good students



Fig. 1—AN AMICABLE DISPUTE.

enough of human character to appreciate the marked differences which exist in the mental endowments of those with whom they associate from day to day.

We often find intelligent persons commenting upon the acts of others, with many expressions of wonder; and after an exchange of remarks, they usually wind up with an ejaculation of this tenor, "After all, no one knows what he would do under similar circumstances." Of course no one absolutely knows what would be the line of conduct pursued by himself or others in a situation of peculiar stress or emergency, but one's organization, temperamentally and cerebrally, being well understood, his probable action in a proposed case, could be predicated with no small degree of confidence.

If apples grow on apples trees, and grapes are produced by the vine; and if the quality of the apples or the grapes may be greatly changed by the processes of grafting or budding, and that, too, by the skillful horticulturist in calm assurance that his expectations shall be realized, why may we not expect that this or that type of human organization will be productive of this or that type of manifestation? Like produces like. This is a

law of nature, and however much the modifying effect of *circumstances* may be preached, organization will assert itself.

When we look over the long roll of great men, we are struck with the salient fact that those who have written their names among the highest are men who fought *against* circumstances, men who did not find opportunities ready for use, but carved them out of the hard and hostile experiences of their lives. The waves which bore them on to fortune were waves set in motion by the rocks of energy which their own hands cast upon the sea of endeavor. They were not stirred into activity by some benign fate, tenderly commiserating their earnest and patient endeavors. No; the success and fame which were won, were but the natural and positive results of matured mental experience and unflinching industry.

Men have different ways of speaking and working; in fact, as has often been intimated in these pages, character is expressed in every word and action. There are some who speak with a smooth, easy, genial grace which wins the hearer; the tone is one of kindness



Fig. 2—HOSTILE DISAGREEMENT.

and forbearance. Such men may engage in very earnest discussion with others who are diametrically opposed in opinion, yet the controversy, though protracted, continues in calmness and candor. In our first illustration

we have an instance of something of the sort. Perhaps our friend on the right has called at the counting-room of our friend on the left, to adjust some matter of difference. The latter is apparently giving his version of the case, while the former is listening attentively to it. Men of this stamp in the great world of commerce are they who build up great houses and maintain them with success, through eras of contraction and financial depression. They believe in amicable adjustment of difficulties, avoiding, if possible, recourse to the uncertain strife and delay of the law; and we think that they are about right.

How different, on the other hand, is the conduct of the class of men represented in our second engraving. "When Greek meets



Fig. 3—KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.

Greek then comes the tug of war." One recurs, in examining these subjects, to the absurd epigram of an "irresistible body meeting an immovable one." On one side is Mr. Combative, excited, up in arms, and ready to pitch in. On the other side is Mr. Irascible Steadfast, who, though not so much disposed to act yet, will not yield an inch to the assailant. The war of words which we can imagine to be going on between them, results in little else than harsh epithets and menaces. The combatants separate with as little friendly feeling for one another as disposition to settle the matter of difference. Both having large Combativeness, the irritating reproaches with which one opened the business on which he had come, arouses the indignant opposi-

tion of the other, and the chasm of difficulty is but widened by the interview.

In some business houses there is said to be a "fighting partner," whose office it is to attend to troublesome customers. He is generally spoken of as a man of robust physical vigor, and constitutionally indisposed to accept insult or aggrievance from any one. Would it not be better for the interest of such houses to intrust the adjustment of differences wherein more or less disagreeable controversy is expected to persons of genial, forbearing, kindly dispositions, associated with a fair degree of talking ability. Such a man as appears on the right in our third engraving, if possessed of a business education, would be well adapted to the place of a "fighting" partner. There would, however, be but little fight under his administration, even in the more serious cases of disagreement, although, as evinced, in the illustration, he would not fear to "take the bull by the horns."

Philanthropy is needed as much in the sphere of business as in any other sphere of life. Some of our practical men are disposed to regard philanthropy as a feature of enthusiasm, merely, and not to be considered at all in business hours. Now, philanthropy, as its name implies, is nothing more than brotherly love or kindness, and no sphere, no pursuit exempt us from its exercise. The business man may be on his way to the bank in hot haste to dispatch some important duty, but should he possess the element of benevolence in large degree, he could scarcely forbear stopping a moment to reprove brutality of the sort illustrated in the engraving.

Now mark the contrast between those two persons. The brute crops out all over the miserable torturer of the poor dumb beast; crazed he may be with rum, but nevertheless the element of Destructiveness is strong within him, and, unfortunately, he has never had the ameliorating influences of good training and good associations. In some poor specimens of humanity the sentiment of kindness appears to have become so overgrown with the horny weeds of hardness and brutality, that they know not how to be pleasant in voice or manner. To annoy and persecute afford them enjoyment in the degree that the annoyance or persecution is productive of

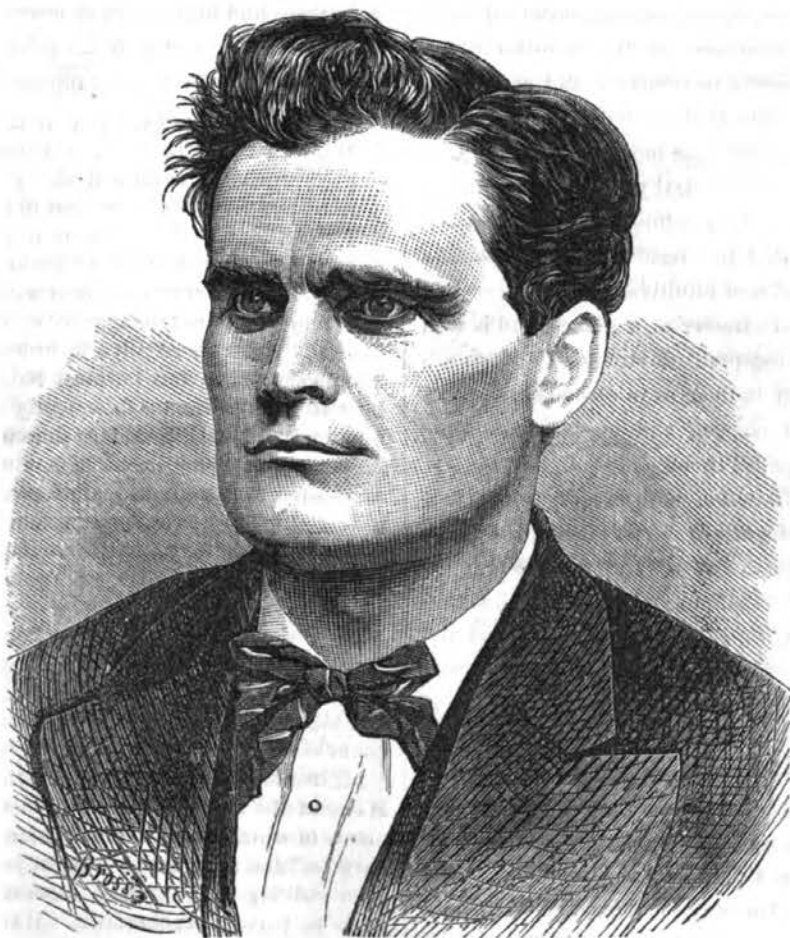
suffering. They delight in the bloody contests of the ring and pit, and usually some sudden violence terminates their warped career. How utterly unappreciative must a being of the type represented in the last en-

graving be of the tender sentiment so warmly uttered by Cowper, in the familiar lines,
 "I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man who needlessly sets
 foot upon a worm."

JAMES P. SANFORD.

THIS gentleman has a large body and a large brain. Weighing nearly 200 pounds, and standing six feet high, possessed of an

He has good digestion and excellent circulation. His frame is ample, his muscles finely developed, and he has that balance and harmo-



ardent temperament, sustained by ample strength, he is qualified to accomplish a great deal of hard work with both brain and body. He is very large in the chest, indicating great breathing power to vitalize amply his blood.

ny of body which indicate facility of motion, rapidity of action, and decided strength. If he were devoted to manual labor, there would be few men of his size and weight that would be his equal in power to accomplish

rapidly and accurately the labor in hand. His head measures about 24 inches, and is amply sustained by his large and well-knit body. The base of his brain, as a whole, is large, giving him force of character, courage to grapple with difficulty, strong social impulses, and that kind of drive-ahead energy which knows no such word as fail.

His perceptive intellect is well developed. His quick observation, his power to analyze and criticise, are remarkable. He has excellent descriptive power. His Language is large enough to give freedom of expression, especially when supplemented and sustained by so strong a development of the faculties which generate thought, imagination, and emotion.

He has a very fertile intellect. He gathers facts more rapidly than most men, and has that reasoning and analytical power which enables him to sift facts, co-ordinate and arrange them so rapidly that the results of his reasoning seem to be almost intuitive.

He reads character at a glance, and is well adapted to comprehend strangers, and so address himself to them as to command their attention and respect, and at the same time mold and control them.

He has Imitation and Ideality large, and these give him fine dramatic talent. He "suits the action to the word," and the word to the action. His Mirthfulness is very large, giving him a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the power to use invective and sarcasm in respect to that which he wishes to scourge through the world.

If he were a lawyer he would take a first rank at the bar. His impulsive energy makes him restless and uneasy, and ordinary legal practice would be too slow to suit him. His large Benevolence would make him anywhere a philanthropist. He desires to serve and assist; at the same time he has the tendency to control and command.

His Veneration is not large enough to make him subservient to mere precedent or antiquated customs. He is very likely to break through the restraints and circumscriptions of prece-

dent. He is very ambitious. His Approbativeness is large enough to give him a yearning for notoriety, and a keen sense of the value of the respect and confidence of his fellow-men. He is cautious without being timid; affectionate and friendly, able to win and persuade, as well as to convince and command.

He would have made an excellent engineer or architect. In fact, a head of that size and ample development might secure a good position in almost any vocation; but with his clear and strong intellect, his fertile imagination, his dramatic power, his ambition, his social nature, and his force of character, he ought to be an orator, and with his voice mold the masses and win success and reputation.

In the latter part of the year 1832 the subject of this sketch was born. Ten years only had elapsed when his mother died. Then James went away to live, or, as termed in those days, was "bound out;" but, as it proved a few years later, "outward bound," for he found the pulse of his master did not beat with his own, and they were not congenial spirits. The naturally quick perceptive faculties of James admonished him that he must be moving, so he left his master. Subsequently he was at home with his father, and, as time wore along, he saw a world just ahead of him with which he desired to become acquainted, and to grasp it he decided to leave his father's roof that he might carve out for himself something substantial for the future; and his purpose has been successfully accomplished.

He worked himself through college in a way that few students have been obliged to do—using odd spells to the best advantage, doing odd jobs—in fact, any respectable business he could secure that would pay his way.

Mr. Sanford believes in the fact that "travel is one of the purest and most profitable enjoyments of which an intelligent human being can partake," and for nearly a score of years he has been striving to familiarize himself with our globe by personal observation. Having made three distinct circuits of the earth, besides studying the manners, customs, and habits of different nations and races of people, he is abundantly able to cast a large amount of light over the general horizon of literature and true knowledge.

For awhile he was in the Southern States; thence he proceeded to South America, where

he found pleasure in learning the ways of the people, or watching the condor on the cliffs of the Andes, treading the banks of the Orinoco, or viewing the birds of plumage in a Brazilian forest.

From South America he went to Mexico, visited the principal cities, viewed the Cordilleras, and climbed the wonderful Popocatepetl. This was in 1852; the same year he visited the West Indies.

He was in Paris when the Republic was proclaimed, and the great battle of Sedan fought, and until after the flight of the Emperor. Turning westward, he re-crossed the ocean and the American continent, descended the Western Slope of the Sierras, and dipped into the briny Pacific—by way of the Golden Gate—thence over the wave to Japan. After “doing” up Japan, our friend next finds his way within the confines of China, where the Pagoda, the river valleys, tea plant, indigo, and camphor trees abound, and where such names as Rang-tee-Kiang, Kin-Cha-Kiang, Chang-Chu-fu, Ching-tu-fu, fell upon the traveler's ears. This is truly the land of pig-tailed, grease-be-drabbed, rat, cat, and puppy eating humanity—the land of cruelty, revolting to God's creatures.

Our traveler continues his peregrinations and is on the Malay Peninsula, under an almost vertical sun, where a walking staff produces no shadow. It is supposed that all who can remain here one year are proof against all diseases. Then he traverses the great Indian Ocean and Bengal Bay to the Island of Ceylon, which Mr. Sanford calls, and very correctly, too, the “Gem Island of the East,” where elephants live and cinnamon groves abound.

In due time, by his untiring activity, he is on the shelving banks of the historical and geographical Ganges, where crocodiles used to feed on babies. The mighty Himalayas are farther to the north. The Valley of the Ganges is left behind, and, by bungly cart, palanquin, and railway, he is conveyed through the heart of Western India to Bombay.

He approaches the barren rocks and rugged headlands of the land of Mohammed, and the land where the Samiel sweeps over the Arabian sands toward Bagdad, and where the tombs of Abu-Beker, Omar, Fatima, Ibrahim, and the prophet of Arabia, and where more than thirty-six centuries ago Yarnab succeeded his father in the Kingdom of Yemen.

Passing along, Mr. Sanford reaches the valley of the Nile, and the Pyramids stand before him like old friends of former years; thence

to the Bible lands, so rich in historical treasures, and where the appellations Judah, Bethlehem, Dead Sea, Mount Hermon, Hor, Ebal, Carmel, are familiar to the readers of Sacred History. Then he stood on the spot where Scripture says Christ wept over the City of Jerusalem. Turkey and her Mosques, Greece and the Acropolis, Temple of Theseus, Areopagus, Parthenon, greet this man of the world. He still gathers flowers along his pathway, and on reaching the Italian Peninsula, the city of Romulus is not forgotten, with its wonderful ruins. What interest have we found in viewing Nero's palace—Diocletian as it was—the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the miles of ancient walls and aqueducts—the Catacombs of the dead generations, and Coliseum, with the once hungry lions and fighting gladiators.

And thus he continued his travels and explorations, until, returning to America, he gave himself to the work of addressing the public as a lecturer on the scenes and incidents of his journeyings. He has acquired a considerable reputation, especially in the West, for ability as a speaker, and deserves much credit for the aid contributed by him in diffusing, in his popular and attractive way, a knowledge of foreign lands among our people.

THE WORLD'S NEED OF YOU.

BY J. A. BEECHER.

THE world is moving slowly on,
In weariness and anxious pain,
To reach the time, so long foretold,
When truth o'er all the earth shall reign.

She calls on you, my noble friend,
Who feel a thrill of honest pride
For every triumph that is her's—
To lend a hand, to breast the tide.

Why should we wait, and wish, and sigh
For all that's high and pure and right,
When man's great pressing need, 'tis plain,
Demands of us our fullest might?

Oh, brother! hold not longer back,
Stay not thy strong and helping hand,
Let want no longer wait for thee—
Go join the world's great working band.

If this in earnest thou wilt do,
Be sure thy heart will sweetly say—
And even men shall speak it too—
“He helped to bring the better day.”

In God's good time that day will come,
Though we may not foretell its truth,
But working, each one in his place,
Will bring its glory on the earth.

Department of Psychology.

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

DREAMS—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY ALBAN V. ELLIOTT.

THE article in the May number on dreams is not only interesting as furnishing examples of unconscious thought or cerebration, but is also interesting on account of its clearness of detail, by which a finer line can be drawn between that class of dreams—prophetic in their character—and the ordinary dreaming in slumber; besides, it opens a door by which the experience of others can be added to weigh for or against the molecular theory of Huxley, or the mere theories of any other man, on so interesting and profound a subject as the relation of mind to matter.

For a long time I have studied the subject of dreams, and have used myself as the instrument by and through which my observations have mostly been made, and the deductions and conclusions I have arrived at are from my own experience mainly. Without referring to the physiological or anatomical properties of the brain, I will state that I am of the opinion that unconscious thought is of a two-fold character. The first, and by far the most frequent, cause of dreams is a reaction, so to speak, of the physical and mental impressions experienced at any time anterior to the dream, or may-hap occurring at the time, and from which the dream takes its character; and if the cause is not sufficient to awaken the sleeper, the dream is modified, and conforms to the new and changing impressions conveyed to the brain. Hence the incoherence and changes often experienced in dreams. Different conditions of the body or mind may so affect and impress themselves on the brain, that although at the time of going to sleep a person might be in a tranquil condition, yet the subject, let it be bodily suffering or mental anxiety, will assert itself afterward, and instead of enjoying rest in slumber, he will be working or suffering the mental problems or the physical pain of the day before in a

restless and feverish dream. This class of dreams is entirely physical. A diseased liver, a full stomach, an undue proportion of blood flowing to the head, lying on one's back, etc., all have their influence, and lend sometimes horror to the dream-life of the unhappy sleeper. Dreams of this nature are, as it were, the reverberating echoes of previous physical sensations.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I will attempt to illustrate this class from my own experience. At one time, not many years ago, while living on the banks of the Hudson, I thought a steam yacht a diverting and useful thing to have, and had one built to my fancy. It was very neat, graceful, but, like some others of the kind, was very hard to manage. Her engine would get out of order frequently, and as it was located in a very close and cramped situation I was compelled, when it needed repairs, to work it by lying at full length on a seat with my head close down against the boiler. In this position in very warm weather, and often in momentary fear of an explosion, I was forced to remain for several minutes at a time. Take her altogether, she was a very unfortunate investment, and gave me much anxiety and labor instead of the pleasure I had anticipated. However, I succeeded, at some pecuniary sacrifice, in getting a divorce from her, and was happier thereafter. I did not feel the effects of so unnatural a position and the result in congesting my brain until sometime afterward, when every night, for over six months, I would have in dream form a most vivid realization of my worst experiences while on the yacht, but always varied in detail, and so seemingly real were my feelings and anxieties, that on waking I could always remember the dream, and suffered the effects of a violent headache the next day.

A YACHT PARTY.

Last summer I took a party of friends on a yachting excursion through the Sound to Block Island, Montauk Point, and out upon the Atlantic Ocean. The vessel I had was but a small open boat, built and rigged smartly, quite piratical-looking, but very narrow and low, and not at all seaworthy. We had but a chart and compass, and as I was the only one on board conversant with navigation, the whole care and responsibility thus rested on me, and I was in constant dread of rocks when near the shore, and of being swamped if caught outside in a storm. As no one could relieve me at the helm, I suffered much for want of sleep. We met with rough weather sometimes, and on one occasion had our starboard fore-shroud carried away, besides having the forward deck ripped up. Being then nearly full of water, and miles out to sea, and the wind high, I felt the peril of our condition, but, the wind moderating, we reached the land in safety. The excitement and anxiety I underwent during the cruise stamped their impressions on my brain, but did not develop a realizing sense of the fact for several weeks after, and not until I was settled and living quietly at home in Philadelphia. There in my dreaming hours, every night for a long time, the scenes of our cruise would reoccur as in the steam yacht case, always varied, but differing from that in being mostly of a pleasing character, always vivid and realistic of sailing on the clear and placid waters, the gentle cool breeze fanning our cheeks, and at sunset we would pass into some pleasant harbor for moorings. But at other times, owing, perhaps, to the position of my head or body, the realities of a storm and its attending phenomena would take possession of the dream sphere, and I would sometimes awake and find myself upright in bed. One night I felt so much concern about the fore-shroud that in the dream I got up out of bed and went to a window, the curtain of which I regarded as the fore-sail, when I was awakened and saved, perhaps, some dangerous somnambulistic experience. At sea, when a boy, I was at one time over a week without food, and in my fitful sleeping moments then enjoyed visions of the most delicious viands spread out before me, and of them I seemed to eat

and eat, but even in my dream I could never be satiated; so on awakening I only felt the worse off for the aggravation.

If I sleep with my arm resting over my heart, my dream will prove of a bloody character. The brute creation are also subject to dreams of the physical class. I have seen the deer-hound, after a long chase, when asleep, yelp and bark in a most determined manner; and who has not been amused while listening to the dreaming pranks of the house dog as he lies curled up before the fire?

There is another class of dreams far more interesting, mysterious, and subtle than those we have considered. We can properly call them psychological, as they relate more particularly to the soul or spirit of man. In my opinion this class can not be fully comprehended by our finite mind; they belong to the unseen, underlying force pertaining to man's spirit-nature. Neither can the subject be measured, weighed, or analyzed in the laboratory of the chemist, but there is none the less of truth in their mysterious phenomena notwithstanding. The brain is the sensitive instrument of our will and of our vital existence, and through which our inmost senses operate. All that is of this earth is earthly, and all intelligence and phenomena coming from another sphere must of necessity operate through the conditions and laws of this. The prophecies in the Bible were generally expressed through prophets, or in dreams or visions.

This subject opens up to us so vast a field of psychological thought and analogy—including clairvoyance, obsession, etc., that space, being a party in interest, must be consulted. I wish to prove, as well as the limited space of a magazine article will allow, the possibility of the brain being made susceptible of impressions during sleep, or at some other quiescent period from some source other than from the individual himself.

WILL AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

Physical science teaches us that electricity can be passed through a man and exhibit force outside of him; he is then but a medium, a conductor operated upon by another intelligence. In sleep the will and consciousness are passive, and the brain of the sleeper is then a better instrument for the reception of impressions from, we will say, supernatural intelligences, and the person so impress-

ed, on awakening, can not immediately, unless by experience, distinguish those impressions from ordinary dreams, except that, perhaps, he will find in his dream he is referred to as in the third person. There are too many authentic accounts of dreams of this character (prophetic or psychological) to need any special reference to them here. Both in the Old and New Testament most of the supernatural communications to man were received in this way. Was it not through a dream that Egypt was saved in the time of Joseph from dire famine? and did not Daniel interpret the prophetic dreams of Nebuchadnezzar? Was not Joseph warned and guided by his dreams in the preservation of the infant Christ?

But as in the old time, there are only certain persons gifted with an organism adapted to receive this kind of impressions, and then, as they are but instruments, they can of themselves have no control in the matter. I do not claim to be privileged, but have found certain dreams, of which I took no especial note at the time, so truthful in detail as regards people and places of which I had no previous knowledge, that it would be hard for me to realize in my waking moments afterward that I had not had an actual conscious experience of them before.

One morning, while on board the steamship *Arago*, on her way to Hilton Head, S. C., during the war, I awoke from sleep retaining distinctly the memory of a dream. There was nothing remarkable about it, only everything in it appeared so natural and life-like. I dreamed that the steamer had arrived at her dock; there was the usual commotion attending such an event, sailors hauling on ropes, officers of the ship giving orders, the all-pervading din occasioned by the escaping steam, passengers, consisting mostly of officers and soldiers, returning from furlough, crowded near, and on the bulwark nearest the shore, a few of the more dignified and higher-ranked officers keeping their seats at the cabin door; the low, white line of shore, the row of government sheds, the fort, the general's head-quarters, the dock at which we were being made fast, with its crowd of eager expectants looking for friends, news, or a drink to be had on the sly in the steward's pantry, the sprinkling of

dusky faces among the crowd, all were as distinct as a tableau, and yet it did not seem that I was a part of it, although I saw myself standing with a group of officers awaiting the placing of the gang-plank. The steamer was at last secure, a crowd came on board from the dock. I noticed them, but especially an officer, who seemed to be looking for some one. He was directed to the person I knew to be myself. I noticed his appearance in every respect. He introduced himself to me as the officer to whom I had been sent under orders of the War Department. I saw myself going with him off the vessel along the dock to his quarters, where were congregated the subordinate officers of his department, and to whom I was introduced. The faces of all I remembered I had never seen, nor had I ever heard any of them described. The scene then seemed to change, and, becoming obscure and incoherent, was not retained by my memory. This dream occurred three days before we actually did arrive, and in every particular, even to the color and shape of the beard of the officer I was sent to relieve, and to the appearance of the subordinate officers with whom I was directly associated for months after, was the dream confirmed. I felt at the time as if going through a performance after a rehearsal, the scene was so familiar. Of course the whole thing—dream and realization—was but trivial; there was no apparent object in the dream, and my after-experience was not influenced by it. It was simply casual, but I think was governed by the same laws as all of this class. What those laws are, and how they relate to material things, is for us here, if we can, or in the rolling years of eternity, to discover. We have as yet but the shadow cast before the substance, but in time the soul or the essence of things, and the subtle laws that underlie and govern the known laws of matter will be better understood. We see as through a glass darkly, and grope in perplexing uncertainties for the truth. But in God's good time, the things that seem so inexplicable to us now will be a wonder only as they prove, as in other proven and demonstrated facts of science in the past, how simple and economical are His laws, and how blind and spiritually idiotic are his creatures with all their vaunted attainments.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

What a wonderful book is the book of nature! The more we study its pages the more dumbfounded we become. We are hardly in the preface yet—not much past the title-page, and every word and every letter open up new worlds of thought and instruction. The mind grows dizzy in contemplation of its magnitude, and yet we are beginning to see—but very indistinctly—the oneness of the grand panorama of creation. God is not an arbitrary schoolmaster, giving us studies beyond our comprehension, but unfolds to us

little by little of his truths, according as our capacity is developed to receive them. All honor be to those who are endeavoring to lift man from his worm-like earth sphere to a better knowledge of himself, his destiny, and his God. They who would be beacon-lights of progress must ever be watchful, and keep their lamps trimmed and furnished with good and pure oil, so that the weary voyager on life's perplexing sea may be guided safely through the fogs of ignorance and superstition, and from the rocks of sectarianism and the shoals of infidelity to the clear and tranquil waters of the harbor of knowledge.

JOHN STUART MILL.

THIS eminent publicist died at Avignon, in the South of France, where he had made a residence for the benefit of his health. He was the son of James Mill, a Scotchman, who wrote a history of British India, a work on political economy, and held an important office under the old East India Company. He was born in London, May 20, 1806, and was educated at home by his father. In 1820 he went to France, where he resided for upward of a year, making himself master of the French language, and occasionally attending public lectures on science. In 1823 he entered the India House and became a clerk in the Examiner's office, where his father was Assistant Examiner. For 33 years he continued to be occupied in the department of the office named the Political, or the transactions of the company with the native States, although he occasionally acted in other departments, as of Public Works and Education. In 1831 he was appointed Assistant Examiner, and he held that office till 1856, when, on

the retirement of the Examiner, he was placed at the head of the department. He was understood to have energetically assisted the directors in opposing the measure for the transfer of the India Government to the Crown, which was carried in 1858. He was

offered by Lord Stanley a seat at the new Indian Council, but declined on account of poor health, and retired from office the same year on a compensating allowance.

Mr. Mill became an author at a very early age, and besides a considerable amount of periodical writing, produced many important works. His first publications consisted of articles in the *Westminster Review*, and in 1827 edited Bentham's work entitled, "Rationale of Judicial Evidence." He took part in the discussions that followed the Revolution of 1830 in France, and the Reform Bill movement in England, and from 1835 to 1840 was editor of the *London and Westminster Review*, wherein many articles of his own appeared. In 1843 he published his "System



of Logic;" in 1844, "Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy;" in 1848, "The Principles of Political Economy;" in 1859, an essay on "Liberty;" in 1860, a selection from his contributions to reviews, under the title of "Discussions and Dissertations;" in 1863, a small work on "Utilitarianism," and later an essay entitled "The Subjection of Woman." In 1865 the Liberal electors of Westminster, one of the metropolitan boroughs, proposed Mr. Mill as candidate for Parliament. He was opposed by the Hon. Robert Grosvenor, who made Liberal professions, and exercised great influence as a property owner. Leaving the conduct of the election to his friends, Mr. Mill did little more than attend a few meetings, where, after giving a brief address, he would invite any one who wished to learn his opinions on current topics to submit his questions. This invitation was readily accepted, and he was plied with inquiries, which he answered with a manly candor. When the votes were counted, to the surprise of every one it was found that the wealthy candidate was beaten, and Mill was elected a member of the House of Commons. During the three years of his Parliamentary ca-

reer, Mr. Mill attained great distinction and popularity. He supported the Liberal measures, except the ballot, and was one of the most active advocates of woman suffrage.

Mr. Mill had made Avignon his residence after his wife had died there, and, amid its picturesque surroundings and genial climate, completed some of his later works.

The perceptive and practical faculties are very largely indicated in the portrait of Mr. Mill. His features are bold and of a peculiarly definite type, expressive of a positiveness of character which is rarely to be met with. We have read analyses of his mental composition in which he was characterized as a visionary in much of his metaphysical writings. But his organization does not warrant us in approving such analyses; we would rate him as a practicalist of an extreme order, and his writings, flavored though they are with the warmth of a strong, emotional nature, and refined with the impress of a very delicate temperament, especially those on logic and political economy, evidence his close scrutiny of men and manners. His early education in France colored his life, impressing it with that dash of romance which some critics of his works are disposed to make much of.

A SHORT CONVERSATION ON SUPERSTITIOUS SIGNS.

BY PAUL ROBERTS.

MY wife is, in general, an enlightened and devout woman; yet she is an inveterate believer in omens, which, as I try to persuade her, are under the ban of enlightenment, and which her church, as she, of course, owns, makes a subject of confession. With all I can do, however, and with all she herself can do, she can not throw off the chains of this petty superstition, thoughtlessly cast on her in childhood, it may have been, by some nurse's gossip, and as thoughtlessly riveted in girlhood by the gossip of young companions. However put on, the work has been well done, bidding fair to defy its undoing. Nevertheless, I hammer at these chains now and then, after the fashion exemplified in the following conversation, which, though it did Mrs. R. no perceptible good, may have a better effect with others, whose associations in

this relation have not become inseparable. Hence I venture to report it.

Mrs. R. Oh, Paul! I have seen the new moon over my left shoulder again! No good luck for us under this moon. I'm so sorry!

Mr. R. Why, my dear Mary, will you persist in this miserable slavery to signs, which, after all, are signs of nothing but your own folly? Aside from the mental misery it may occasion you, what possible difference can it make to our fortunes whether you first see the new moon over your left shoulder or your right? Such a trifling accident can have in itself no significance one way or the other. Pray, do give heed to reason.

Mrs. R. The significance of this "trifling accident," as you call it, may depend on subtle causes lying behind the curtain of our ignorance. We don't know *everything*, Paul.

Mr. R. Very true ; but that is no reason why we should believe everything that we don't know. If it were, what chimera could we reasonably dispute ? Your argument proves nothing, because it proves too much.

Mrs. R. But there stands the *fact* ; I never in my life saw the new moon over my left shoulder that I didn't have bad luck before a month passed.

Mr. R. Did you ever keep a faithful record of your whole life within a considerable period, with a view of testing this point ?

Mrs. R. No ; but I can't remember a *single* instance in which the sign ever failed.

Mr. R. Memory is not always trustworthy ; and, besides, it is much more likely, under such circumstances, to treasure up the bad luck than the good, though the latter exceed the former. The bad you would naturally notice in connection with the sign ; the good you would as naturally overlook in that relation. Good luck generally explains itself. If you consider the matter rationally, you will conclude that the fact does not stand there at all, but, on the contrary, that good and bad luck, with which our web of life is checkered, happen without the slightest relation to your signs, except that relation of accidental coincidence which must obtain more or less in a world, all of whose events that do not occur at the same time, occur necessarily in succession. But the mere fact that one event follows another does not prove that the latter is the cause or sign of the former. If it did, philosophizing would be simply the art of reporting, instead of being, as it is, the process of winnowing the chaff of non-essentials from the grain of essentials. Omens are chaff. In devouring them you feed on the husks of knowledge.

Mrs. R. It may be as you say, but I really can't *help* believing in them, Paul ; and in this respect, you must admit, I am no worse off than many of the greatest men that have ever lived.

Mr. R. The foibles of the great, my dear, are proverbial. The strongest men have their weak sides, as the brightest luminaries have their dark spots. Greatness, indeed, so far from guaranteeing infallibility, often predisposes to error ; those overmastering qualities which, in their proper sphere of activity, impress mankind, tending to distort the mental vision in some directions outside of that sphere.

Mrs. R. Well, I would rather be on the *safe side*, anyhow.

Mr. R. Ah ! Mary, just there the chief evil of the whole thing comes in. You are, unfortunately, not on the safe side, but decidedly on the dangerous one ; for in observing signs you unnecessarily put your peace of mind at the mercy of ten thousand accidents against which no vigilance can guard, thereby helping to draw down on your head the very sort of misfortunes you apprehend, since tumult and disorder of the spirits form one of the most fruitful sources of what we call ill-luck. Thus all the real significance omens have your own folly puts into them. The disturbing accidents of life are surely numerous enough at best without our voluntarily multiplying them a hundred-fold.

Mrs. R. That is true, Paul ; but I don't multiply them *voluntarily*. I can't help it. It has grown to be a part of me.

Mr. R. It does appear so, Mary ; for nothing less, I think, could prevail in your mind against the dictates of reason, combined with the obligations of faith.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

BY AMELIE V. PETTIT.

GRAND patience and heroic labor are required that a person possessing only talent may gain eminence ; without the high, free gift of genius, toil alone will raise the mind above mediocrity. Genius, like the diamond, can be polished but with its own dust, nothing less keen is of any use in bringing out its brightness ; then, too, like the diamond, it catches and reflects the faintest gleam of light.

Talent is a stone of different sort ; it is not cut by its own grit, but is washed into shape and comeliness by wear and friction against other talents, as pebbles upon the lake-shore are ground into ovals by conflict of the waters.

Genius, like the Kohinoor, first belonged to the gods, but mortals coveting it, have sometimes gained the fatal, fascinating gift, and so found a master, for he who has it is possessed

by a spirit and must perforce do its biddings. Though it cast him into stony places, and rend him; though he cry aloud, "Avoid, Satan, I am none of thine!" still must he do its bidding. Though he grow gaunt, and ghastly, starving in a garret, it holds him fast to pen or pencil or chisel. He may hunger, for the master bids him buy—not bread—but paper, canvas, marble, tools to work out the maddening thoughts that strive and cry for liberty and life.

Talent is manageable; it may be forced into this or that course; it may make a mediocre artist, writer, or sculptor, a successful merchant, architect, or editor; it is a more comfortable if not so brilliant a possession as genius.

One may be so rich that his money furnishes but care and fear. So, great abilities may be a sorrow, for they isolate their possessor. Few men of genius live in any one age or country, and fate separates these few. Like the highest mountains, such lives are often cold and desolate; but they always point upward, and the masses are lifted up by the *debris* that the ages bring down from them.

But talent is arable land. Sunsets are not so glorious there, and the mists are not silver veils looped up and lifted away by sunrise. There are no sounding waterfalls, no wonderful glaciers, no gloomy glens, no frightful precipices. But there are broad fields of waving corn for the nation's food. There are gushing springs and flowing rivers for the drink of the nations. There are busy millions shaping the plant of the field, the tree of the forest, the metal and rock of the earth into things of use and beauty.

Has the cold, lonely mountain no part or lot in this? Did not the tempest-worn rocks furnish the soil? Did not the springs and rivers gush there first? So those men-mountains, Mount David and Mount Homer, Mount Plato and Mount Shakspeare, have furnished the mental soil that we are to-day tilling, wherein some toilers gain "thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold" fruits of their labor. While the God-man, Christ, has furnished that stream of living water which makes mental growth perennial, and is a "fountain of youth" to all who drink thereof.

Shall no one, then, take up the pen, the pencil, the chisel, unless driven by an irresistible inner feeling that will not otherwise give its possessor rest?

Shall genius only work in these noblest fields? Nay, not so, for genius alone can fully comprehend and interpret genius, and the masses of mankind who are of "the earth,

earthy," would be without guide or teacher. Talent becomes the interpreter and instructor for this great class, and acts the part of rain and frost toward the mountain, breaking, washing down, and spreading abroad the rich and fruitful soil.

Hence in every department of art and science we need varied abilities; third-class authors and artists, orators and sculptors, are just as necessary as teachers of the people as are those of nobler abilities. Yet should they never bend from truth and purity, never forget that one talent has its measure of increase and tax of responsibility.

Every human soul is improvable. Yet how little is this realized! Look round the world and see the time, labor, and wealth bestowed upon the bodies of mankind, and then consider the nigardliness with which the mind, the soul, is treated. Yet all the civilized world will assent that the soul is priceless, immortal, while the merest child soon comprehends the perishable nature of the body. This care and anxiety for material possessions, and indifference to undying interests, is the most remarkable of phenomena. There is a perversity, a mental short-sightedness, that veils the future and gilds the present. Whoever is thus constituted may be sure he has no claim to genius. For this noble spirit counts houses, lands, or money, as dross in comparison with thoughts, aspirations, and knowledge.

Genius does not primarily work for pecuniary gain, but to throw out, as does a volcano, the matter fused by its own life-heat. If it sell the product, it is an after-thought. And what one such burning mountain pours forth in a day, the middle-men, the talented, will require months and years to cart away and distribute. And it is curious to know the difficulties the "carters" encounter in disposing of their loads. Though mankind is always seeking novelty, everything absolutely new is condemned instantly—"no throwing dirt in their eyes," they know a gem at sight. And scorn and hate and contumely and fagots are piled around the offenders.

No remarkable discovery in science, no wonderful invention, no new interpretation of Scripture, but has brought down the "anathema maranatha" upon the studious, self-sacrificing, innocent man whose genius has forced him into the conflict with bigotry and ignorance. The devilish intolerance of the average human being is as inexplicable as it is universal. And this very spirit retards the spread of knowledge and growth of civilization more

than all other causes combined. Yet in spite of every obstacle the ingenuity of hate or fear can lay in the way of progress, new ideas force themselves into notice, discussion, and adoption.

Another singular circumstance in regard to the reception of new truths, is the fact that the clergy, the "holy men," of whatever nation, sect, or tongue, almost invariably array themselves against its reception. "It is flying in the face of Providence," "It is heresy and schism," and he who has advanced these terrible theories, though he may be truly devout, is consigned to the "depths." God has never yet needed or can need the aid of such champions. Serene in the heavens, He vindicates Himself; and through Christ teaches that faith, patience, meekness, and charity, exemplified by word and deed, are all that is required of His followers; He will defend Himself.

Genius transcends common laws, is a law to itself, or, rather, works through and by "the higher law," which is so far beyond the ordinary ken that it seems to such minds not to exist. As, for example, critics said Beethoven "was ripe for the madhouse" upon seeing one of his greatest works newly published; "because," said they, "we do not understand it; we never had such thoughts; we can not even read and execute them."

When Handel first thought of writing his great oratorio of "The Messiah," the devout public was shocked; "Religion was lost; she must be degraded, familiarized, she would no longer speak with authority after being sung."

Socrates was poisoned by the religion of his day. Christ was crucified, Stephen was stoned, Galileo imprisoned; Huss was burned by a decree of a general council of the Church, being crowned with a paper mitre upon which three devils were painted. Joan D'Arc, because she believed herself divinely commissioned, because she had "visions," and was taught by "voices," was tried by an Ecclesiastical Court, consisting of two bishops and a hundred doctors of theology, and, crowned with a mitre, burned, and the wicked ashes scattered upon the winds. Wickliffe's bones were unearthened and burned. Christianity has too often been a "dim taper which had need of snuffing," but woe to him who dared attempt the task!

Do we believe any of these great souls could have been other than they were? Never! The very words, genius, "a spirit," talent, "that which can be weighed, measured, handled," show that the one is a something which rules the man, making him dare and do, while the other is ruled by the possessor, and is a subordinate and inferior power.

At the shrine of genius we kneel with head bared and bowed, we speak softly and slowly, that we may more deeply feel the serene presence. But in the parlors of talent we gather laughing, chatting, congratulating, while flower-crowned girls float past in the dance, and silver voices sing to merry music, while none of the bright throng remembers that the lonely mountain and the silent shrine made this pleasure possible.

ASCETICISM.

THIS world being a state of good and evil intermixed, men are often the victims of gloomy contemplations, which, when they assume a religious tinge, determine them in thinking mortification of both body and mind acceptable to the Deity. Are they correct in this view, or do they mistake? If their asceticism, or hard living, refusing indulgence in the innocent pleasures of life, be designed to check and wear off evil tendencies, and thus to interpose a barrier to vice, they are right, provided the mortification of the corporal nature attains this end, and renders unjust persons just. This is the Scriptural view of such gloomy exercises as fasting, mourning, and wearing troublesome sackcloth. But for a righteous man, except to remind himself of his dependence on divine Providence for the

maintenance of virtue in his peaceable estates here, there is no warranty in the Bible for the self-afflictions of some professors of Christianity and of the Indian Gymnosophists. One is a Christian, the other a Pagan institution, but analogical in effects; with this difference, that the Orientalists, as the Fakirs, pursue their ascetic habits for life, under the idea of a happy entrance into heaven. They also, in old age, or on experiencing much infelicity, voluntarily immolate themselves, neither friend nor foe opposing or expressing regret. Thus Calanus, a celebrated Brahmin, or Brachman, on ascending his funeral pile, said: "Happy hour of departure from life, in which, as it happened to Hercules, after the mortal body is burned, the soul shall go forth into light."

The Brachmans, somewhat different in habits

and privileges of caste from the regular Brahmins, were originally of one tribe. They are under guardians' from early life, and as they grow up have a succession of instructors. Until thirty-six years old they are in a state of pupillage, after which period they enjoy more liberty, wear sumptuous apparel, and fare on any variety of food. These are not, as a whole tribe, strictly the ascetics, but another branch of the Gymnosophic society, called the Samanæans, devoting themselves to the study of divine wisdom, are remarkable examples of self-denial—giving their children up to the state, and holding no property. "They were supported at the public expense, and spent their time in contemplation, in conversation on divine subjects, and in acts of religion. There was another sect called Hylobeans, who lived entirely in forests, upon leaves and wild fruits; wore no other clothing than the bark of trees, and practiced the severest abstinence of every kind."

The Romish Church attributes a vast deal to man's agency in works, dependent, of course, upon faith, and directs the devotion of the heart to the Virgin and the saints, excluding, in a great measure, direct appeal to Christ, and this gives rise to the supposition, that inasmuch as the creature is perfected by self-denials, he, in the spirit-life, can protect mortals.

There are thought by many religionists to be mysterious virtues appertaining to humanity, which are mellowed and consecrated by abstinence and asceticism.

True religion teaches from the Holy Bible no form of ascetic rules, excepting, as I mentioned before, to mortify sin. Men are not similar in constitution, appetite, or wants. It is no sin to eat or drink in accordance with personal requirements and condition. The true philosophy is abstinence from unlawfully using what is improper, whether one's own or another's property.

FLOURNOY.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a fanatic; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

MEDICAL DECLARATION CONCERNING ALCOHOL.

1. **I**N view of the alarming prevalence and ill-effects of Intemperance, with which none are so familiar as members of the medical profession, and which have called forth from eminent English physicians the voice of warning to the people of Great Britain concerning the use of alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, members of the medical profession of New York and vicinity, unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that when prescribed medicinally it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility.

2. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our cities and country.

3. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and national—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art and mechanism.

Edward Delafield, M. D., President College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of Roosevelt Hospital; Willard Parker, M. D., Ex-President Academy of Medicine; A. Clark, M. D., Professor College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Senior Physician Bellevue Hospital; James Anderson, M. D., Ex-President Academy of Medicine, and President Physicians' Mutual Aid Association; E. R. Peaslee, M. D., Ex-President Academy of Medicine (N. Y.); C. R. Agnew, M. D., Ex-President Medical Society of the State of New York; Stephen Smith, M. D., Surgeon Bellevue Hospital, Commissioner of Health, and President American Health Association; Alfred C. Post, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Surgery in University Medical College, and Ex-President N. Y. Academy of Medicine; Elisha Harris, M. D., Secretary American

Public Health Association, late Sanitary Superintendent Metropolitan Board of Health, and Corresponding Secretary Prison Association of New York; E. D. Hudson, Jr., M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, Women's Medical College, of N. Y. Infirmary; Ellsworth Elliot, M. D., President of the New York County Medical Society; Stephen Rogers, M. D., President of Medico-Legal Society of N. Y.; Andrew H. Smith, M. D., Visiting Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, etc.; J. E. Janvrin, M. D.; Verranus Morse, M. D.; E. T. Richardson, M. D.; William H. Hall, M. D.; Walter R. Gillette, M. D., Physician to Charity Hospital, Lecturer University Medical College; J. R. Leaming, M. D., Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, President University Alumni Association, Emeritus Professor of Medicine, etc.; Jas. O. Pond, M. D., Treasurer N. Y. Academy of Medicine; Theodore L. Mason, M. D., Consulting Surgeon, Kings Co. Inebriates' Home, Consulting Surgeon, Long Island College Hospital, etc., and President Collegiate Department; and others.

The above is from the *National Temperance Advocate*, and is very well so far as it goes, but, so long as we have liquor-drinking physicians, and even tipplers, to prescribe for the people, what have we to guard us? Do not a majority of our old school, or allopathic physicians, drink? How many of them are professedly Temperance men? Then what a farce, to leave it for these toddy-loving guardians to prescribe "Bourbon," Old Port, Jamaica, Bitters, Schnapps, and other alcoholic preparations to every nursing woman, and every gouty old bibber? No, gentlemen, your efforts will be all in vain until you place this business of dispensing alcoholic poisons in the hands of *pledged Temperance men*. When phy-

sicians will not sign the Pledge and live up to it, they may prescribe alcohol as they do other deadly poisons, until both they and the people see the great folly of it. "In the good time coming" it will be found that *the less poisons of any kind one takes into his stomach the better it will be for him*. We take this to be literal truth, with *no exceptions*. When this time comes, and when people live in accordance with hygienic principles, physicians will change their modes of practice—if they practice at all.

As society is now constituted, and as medicine is practiced, physicians are responsible for a large share of the drunkenness which prevails. If physicians will continue to prescribe liquor, and women take it as a medicine, their children come to hanker after it, and when *they* become men and women "they can not do without it," so they say, and physicians substantially encourage them in it. When the ax is applied to the *root* of this Upas tree it will be cut down and cast into the fire, and wholly destroyed, and with it the whole false system of that sort of medical practice in which poisons of any kind are used. Call this "radical," or "ultra," doctrine, if you will—it is the truth, and is based in science; on the immutable laws of God. No more drugs inside nor outside; no more alcohol; no more patent medicines; no more compromising with false doctrines, but an intelligent adherence to strictly Temperance principles in all things is the true course. Put nothing into the stomach except that which may be converted into healthful blood, tissue, bone, muscle, nerve, thou MAN made in the image of God!

HOW TO USE PHRENOLOGY.—No. 2.

THE brain is divided not only into cerebrum and cerebellum, but it has a central division running through its whole length, separating it into hemispheres or halves; the separation is from the surface downward, extending to at least two-thirds the depth of the brain. In fig. 4 that division is shown at the lower extremity, between D D, and at the top it is indicated by the slight fissure, between A A. The brain also has lobes called the anterior, the middle, and the posterior lobes. In the same illustration, A A to B B, are the anterior lobes of the brain; B B to C C are the middle

lobes, and C C to D D the posterior lobes. E E are the two hemispheres of the cerebellum. F is the medulla oblongata, the center of the brain. S is the spinal cord, severed and extended upon the under surface of the brain. At B B there is a fissure which separates the middle from the anterior lobes of the brain. In fig. 5 we have a view of the left side of the brain. Here the cerebellum D is well defined, M, the medulla oblongata, and S, the spinal cord, where it passes out of the skull. Here we see the anterior, middle, and posterior lobes of the cerebrum with their convolutions, which

serve to closely pack the brain matter, and at the same time give it extent of surface.

Fig. 6 is a view of the right hemisphere of

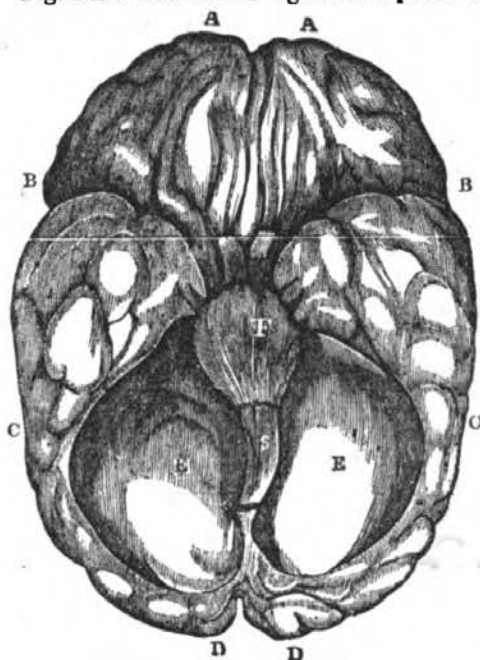


Fig. 4—BRAIN—BOTTOM VIEW.

the brain. The white substance, presenting an arched appearance, is called the *corpus callosum*, which (before it is severed, as this is represented to be) serves as a bond of union, or Siamese connection, between the two halves of the brain. The spinal cord is seen emerging from the brain. Fig. 5 being the left hemisphere, the reader will, in his mind, place them side by side, and imagine the *corpus callosum* as being the connecting bond between them. We have thus two brains united. If one be affected by paralysis or injury, the other performs the work as is done by one ear or eye. During life they are separated by a thin, tough membrane called the *falx* or scythe-shaped projection of the *dura mater*, the lining membrane of the skull. The falx serves to prevent the concussion of one half of the brain upon the other half. If one takes half of a walnut meat nicely from its shell, he will have a pretty good illustration of the two halves of the brain. The brain is first formed

with surrounding membrane, as if it were inclosed in a bladder or rough sack; afterward the bony material of the skull is deposited upon the thin outer membrane. The eggs of snakes and turtles have a tough skin over them, but no shell. As turtles' eggs are deposited in the warm sand to be hatched by Dame Nature, and not by the mother of the eggs, there needs to be no shell. As the bony matter of the skull is deposited upon the *dura mater*, and as the shell matter of the egg is deposited upon the skin which contains the egg matter, both the skull and the shell closely fit to, and are shaped by, their precious contents respectively. No one, probably, ever found two eggs with shells within the egg-pouch of a mother bird. The bird which lays every day must manufacture the shell of the egg in the intervening twenty-four hours. It seems a rapid process, but nature, though seldom in a hurry, can work rapidly when necessary.

The bony matter of the skull is not as a prison-house for the brain, but as a shield and protection against external injury. And when the brain requires room, even as the little clam in its hard shell requires room for growth, the skull of the child or man—and the shell of the clam or oyster—reorganizes. As it were, the bony matter dissolves and is reconstructed, imperceptibly, to meet the requirements of nature.

People, intelligent on other subjects, frequently ask us where the brain is located,

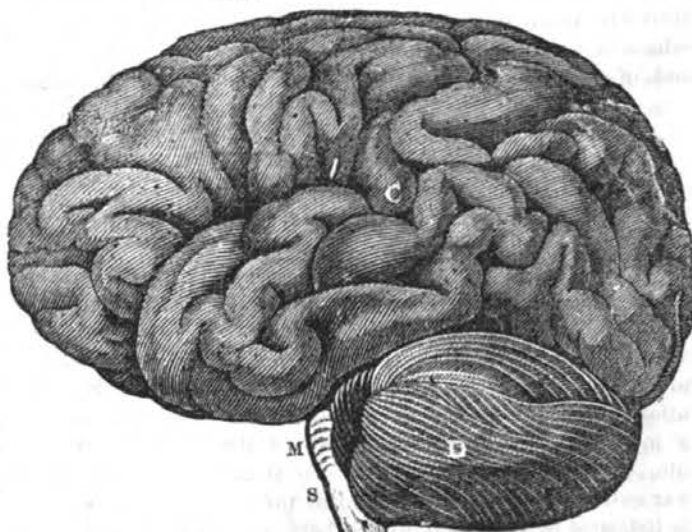


Fig. 5—BRAIN—SIDE VIEW—LEFT HEMISPHERE.

whether in the forehead, the top-head, the side-head, next the ear, or in the back-head.

If the reader will draw a line from the outer

corner of one eye across the opening of the ear around the back of the neck, and back again to the outer corner of the other eye, he will

medulla oblongata as above shown, to the surface of the head, just as one measures the size of a wheel by the length of the spokes, or the

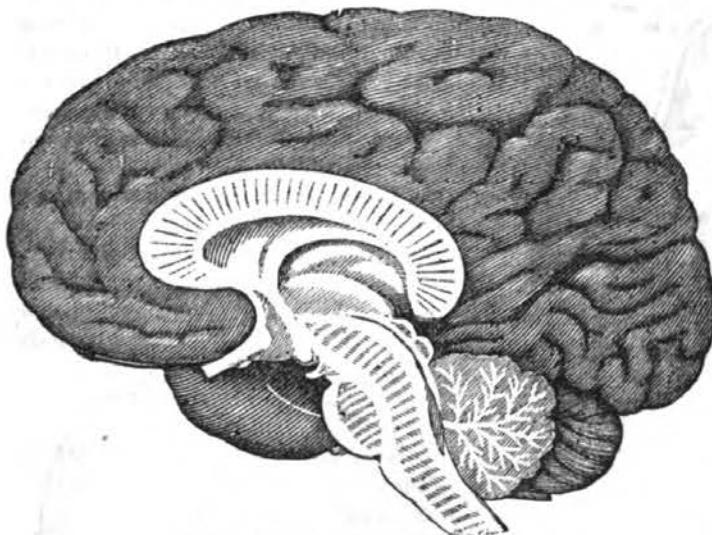


Fig. 6—BRAIN—RIGHT HEMISPHERE.

size of an apple by the distance of the surface in every direction from the core. If one draws an imaginary line from the external opening of one ear to that of the other, such a line will pass through the medulla oblongata (see fig. 4, F), and he will have in his mind the point from which the phrenologist measures distances to determine the size of Firmness, Philoprogenitiveness, Benevolence, Individuality, Destructiveness, etc.

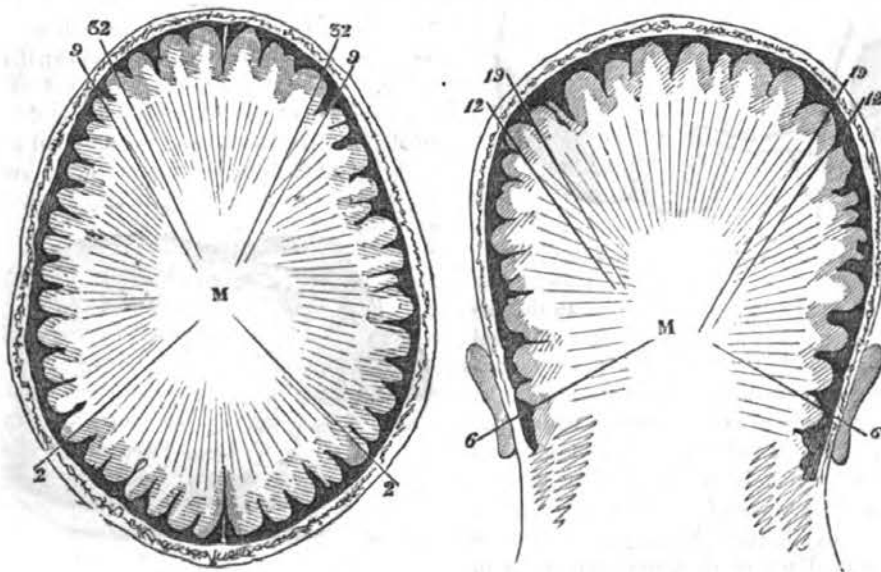
Fig. 7 represents a horizontal section of the skull and brain from a point near the center of the forehead to the center of the back-head.

obtain a good idea of the part of the head which is filled with brain; all that region above such a line being occupied by it.

Some knowledge of anatomy should be afforded the children in our schools, so that at least the primary constituents of their bodily structure would be known to them.

Those who have followed us thus far will

From M, at the medulla oblongata, the fibers radiate in every direction, and the length of the fibers in any one direction is an indication of the development or size of the organs. This diagram is a correct representation of the brain outline; the foldings or dark convolutions, as shown by it, extend far enough outwardly completely to fill the skull, as



Figs. 7, 8—SKULL AND BRAIN—HORIZONTAL AND VERTICAL SECTIONS.

be prepared for the announcement that we judge of the size of the organs of the head by the distance from the center of the brain, the

they should. The large inner region illustrates the medullary or white fibrous portion of the brain, and the foldings or convolutions exhib-

ting the darker part on the outside represent the cineritious or gray matter of the brain, which is made up of nerve cells.

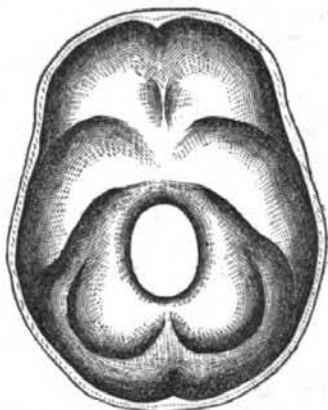


Fig. 9—BASE OF SKULL—BACK-HEAD DOWNWARD, Showing the sawed edge of the cranium, its relative thickness—the dotted line indicating the division between the two plates.

Fig. 8 is designed to illustrate a vertical section of the head from side to side, but the letter M is placed somewhat too far up, or the ear is represented too low down, to make the illustration correct. But the radiating out-

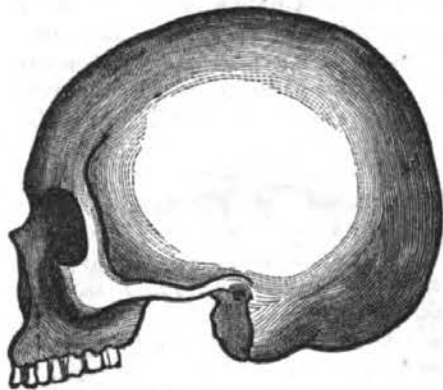


Fig. 10—SKULL OF BIG THUNDER—SIDE VIEW.

growth of the brain from the center to the circumference is what we wish to represent, and it does sufficiently for our purpose.

Fig. 9 is a view of the base of the skull. In the center is the opening through which the spinal cord passes to unite with the brain, and just above which is the medulla oblongata. Immediately below, and on each side of this opening, will be seen the impression of the cerebellum. Back of that, and embracing it, is where the posterior lobe of the cerebrum rests. Forward, and at either hand, is the large bed of the middle lobes of the brain. Still farther forward is the region occupied by the an-

terior or intellectual lobes of the brain. This engraving shows also the structure of the skull, and its relative thickness. The skull is composed of two plates of bone, and between these there is a space filled with a spongy structure and bone matter and blood-vessels; this intervening matter is called *diploe*. This is shown by the dotted line on the cut edge of the skull. There is generally a pretty close correspondence between the external and internal surfaces of the skull, though the variation in some heads is sometimes an eighth of an inch between the thickness of different parts of the skull.

It is by no means an uncommon thing to find heads of the same length fore and aft, with a difference in width from ear to ear of an inch

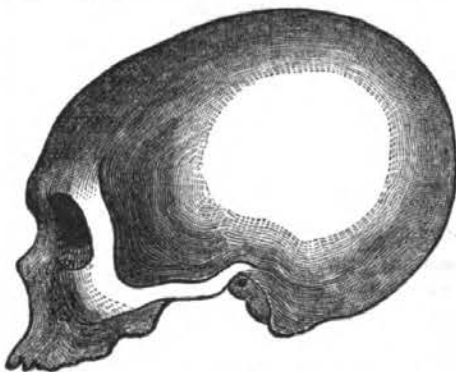


Fig. 11—SKULL OF NATIVE AFRICAN.

and a half, as measured by calipers. It is not uncommon to find heads of similar width and length, one being an inch and a half higher at Firmness from the opening of the ear than the other. And these differences do not exist in consequence of the differences in the thickness of the skull, but because of the different lengths of brain fiber from the center to the surface.

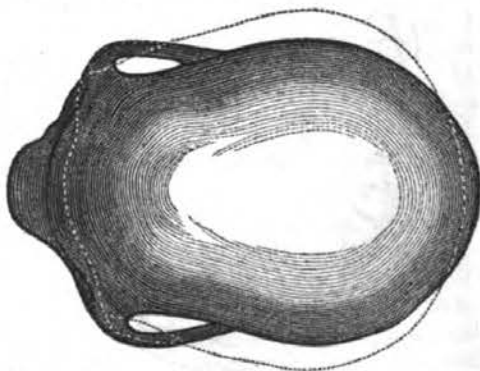


Fig. 12—AFRICAN, TOP VIEW, WITH DOTTED OUTLINE OF BIG THUNDER.

Thus we estimate the organs to be large or small according to the length of the fibers, do-

ing away altogether with the doctrine of "bumps."

If a man should have a head twenty-one inches in circumference, and perfect in contour, it would be a well-balanced head, and all the organs would be estimated as average in size. Another person with a head shaped exactly the same, but twenty-two inches in circumference, would be regarded as having a full-sized brain, all the organs being similarly developed. Let the head be twenty-three inches, and of the same proportion or form, and it would be considered large, and all the organs large. Add another inch to the circumference of the head, and it would be very large, and all the organs very large.

In fig. 10 we have the outline of a skull of an Indian chief, Big Thunder. Its chief characteristic is great width relatively to the size.

Fig. 11 represents a long, narrow skull. It is that of a native African remarkable for a

lack of those force elements which distinguish the North American Indian.

In fig. 12 we have a top view of the African skull in shaded outline, and laid over it is the dotted outline of the skull of the Indian chief. The skull of the African is half an inch longer, and an inch and a half narrower, and thus can we practically account for the marked difference in character of the two nations. There is not a farmer from Maine to Minnesota who could not see and feel the marked difference existing between two such heads. When persons who oppose Phrenology utter in public that which they would not dare to testify in a court, that the differences in the thickness of different skulls render an estimate of the size of the brain entirely out of the question, they lose our respect for candor and correct information. Hardly a day passes in our practice that we do not find as great differences in living heads as shown in these two skulls.

DRINKING AT MEALS.

WE have received a question on the subject of drinking at meals, which seems to deserve a more extended reply than is usually given to questions in our correspondence department. Indeed, the good and ill of life is more intimately related to common matters than is generally supposed. We have often said if we could regulate the eating and drinking of mankind, we could thereby do away with nine-tenths of the sickness and crime of the world. But to the question.

I use no drink but water. For many years I have been in the habit of drinking very freely of water at meals. I am now advised to drink nothing during the meal, but at its close I may drink abundantly and it will not hurt me. Will you give your advice in the matter?

Ans. As to when and how much a person may drink, it depends somewhat upon the constitution of the person, the nature of the food, and the character of his occupation. A thin, dark-complexioned, cool organization generally does not incline to drink much, especially if the exercise taken is not violent or laborious, or not calculated to promote perspiration. In a plump, rosy, warm nature, with light hair, blue eyes, large lungs, and of active or laborious habits, inviting perspiration, more liquid is required and generally taken. Then, again, the kind of food eaten is to be consid-

ered. If one eats fish, or dried salted provisions, dry bread and little or no fruit, and a large amount of sugar, fatty matter, and other heat-producing articles, the desire and necessity for a considerable amount of fluid is indicated. If a person have a medium constitution, and is not exposed to heat and violent exercise, and his food be normal and hygienic, he will be surprised how little drink he will require. A person who eats freely of vegetables and fruit, and moderately of beef and mutton, not cooked dry, will not need much moisture as drink.

No person should "wash down" food with any kind of beverage. Those who drink tea and coffee should let it stand until cool, and this should not be taken with the food, but at the beginning or nearly the close of the meal—mind you, *we* do not *advise* their use. Nature has provided the mouth and throat with salivary glands, which produce moisture and will sufficiently moisten dry bread or crackers, or parched corn, if one do not eat too fast. Many a dyspeptic has cured himself by avoiding drink during meals and eating dry food slowly, masticating it thoroughly, and moistening it in the mouth. If people would learn to eat bread without butter, using nice fresh stewed fruit instead, they would avoid biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, pimples, a

greasy and leathery skin, and *also* the supposed necessity for drinking much either at or after meals.

Animals never drink while eating (unless kept in a pen and fed on semi-aqueous food.) The worked horse or ox, with water at his manger, will, if thirsty and hungry, drink when he comes to the stable, but he will then eat dry hay or oats for an hour or two and not approach the water meanwhile. Grass in the field being moist, cattle at pasture drink but little—sheep and goats very rarely. Sheep feed early, when the grass is covered with dew, but for weeks together will not descend from the lofty hill-top to drink at the springs which flow from its base.

The food of man, as it is ordinarily cooked, is likely to contain about as much moisture as does the grass in hill pastures. Men are made thirsty by the condiments they eat, and by the heat-producing articles which constitute the bulk of their food. Beef steak and roast beef, eggs, poultry, fresh fish, and ordinary table vegetables contain from 75 to 90 per cent. of

water. The drinking of water and other beverages is largely the result of habit, and no little disturbance of the health is the consequence. If one takes no drink but water, he is not very likely to drink too much in the course of twenty-four hours if he eats the right kinds of food and has no bad habits. We would, even with right habits of eating, discourage much drinking during a meal or immediately after it.

Years ago, when many drank cider as a common drink, an old farmer in our neighborhood often ate bread and cider as we do bread and milk, and he always insisted on having a mug of cider alongside of the dish, saying he wanted cider to drink when he ate bread and cider as much as when he ate other things. We have seen hungry boys, when eating bread and milk, take up their bowl and drink between times, as if a meal of bread and milk, like bread and cider, were too dry for health and comfort without intermediate drinking. We think people should drink less than they do, even of that only proper drink—PURE WATER.

LESSONS ON POPULATION,

SUGGESTED BY GRECIAN AND MODERN HISTORY.

THE following is from a review of Dr. Nathan Allen's pamphlet, with the above title. The review was written by Dr. D. F. Condie, of Philadelphia, and published in the *American Journal for Medical Sciences*, for April, 1873:

In this well written and highly suggestive pamphlet, Dr. Allen has examined the lessons on population, based upon facts deducible from the history of the downfall of ancient Greece and Rome. Dr. Allen shows with great clearness, as positive evidence in support of his views, advanced in preceding publications, in respect to population, that when this is dependent mainly upon natural human increase, it must necessarily become diminished by the prevalence of causes having a tendency to render prominent in a people a morbid excess of the nervous temperament. When the great mass of any community is seeking after an extravagantly high standard of self-comfort as their "supreme good," with all the energy, perseverance, and ingenuity they can command, everything standing in the way of its attainment must and will be sacrificed, even including marriage and parental relationship, if these be thought in any degree to conflict with it.

The lessons, based upon the teachings of Grecian and Roman history, Dr. A. would apply to the older settlements of our own country upon its Atlantic border. "As a people," he remarks, "we have set up a high standard of comfort—extravagant and too expensive; it has too many wants, and requires such an amount of physical stamina and brain-power, as to result in premature exhaustion. *This standard is based too much on mere wealth and the selfish nature of man; it is not calculated to develop harmoniously or in the most healthy manner, all parts of the human body; nor to aid as it should in developing the moral and religious character of man, in accordance with the revealed will of God.* The results of such a type of organization were determined, in the case of Greece and Rome, near two thousand years ago, the former flourishing some six hundred years, and the latter five hundred. It is now two hundred and fifty years since the first settlement of New England, and, as a people, we are already reaching a crisis, a culminating point in history, where it is becoming a question whether there is, from year to year, an actual increase or not of native population. And if a decline once commence, the decrease

may be rapid. We can not well deceive ourselves if we would, for there are agents or causes working gradually and quietly, which seriously threaten the best interests of our people."

[We see the fact and lament it. There is less virility in our New England stock to-day than a hundred years ago. One cause is given above, namely, excessive mental activity or a predominance of the mental temperament.

Infant schools make precocious intellects instead of promoting bodily growth. Fashionable mothers and dissipated fathers do not improve the health of the race, and the thousand artificialities in modern life tend to lessen our stamina. Until we adopt a temperate mode of life, and live hygienically, we shall become more and more barren. We must return to a more natural and a less artificial condition if we would not "run out."]

FORTUNE-TELLING BY PHRENOLOGY.

THE heading of this article may strike some persons as a piece of unwarrantable assumption on our part, but we ask that the sketch be read through before an opinion is formed, as we then have no fear of the result, showing, as it does, what may be done by Phrenology when in skillful hands.

This sketch was actually made of a young man about fifteen years ago, who was then about twenty-two years old, and now he hails us on the voyage of life, and reports progress, that our prophecy has been true so far, and we may hereafter again report further progress of him.

The chart as then given was as follows: "Your physical organization is of good quality. You have the mental temperament; therefore what you willingly do will be done with all your might. Your life will be an earnest one. You are destined for mental employment.

"There is no waste material about you; every bone, muscle, and sinew, and mental faculty has its work to do, and it does it. You are organized for high action, and will excel among men.

"Your early life has not been like that of most children. It has been one of increasing sorrows as you grew in years; rays of sunshine brightened your childhood, but as you grew older, and your mental faculties began to develop, cares began to surround and annoy you. You have a keen sensibility; you enjoy much and suffer much. You can scarcely remember being a child. Your early years were filled with heart yearnings, longings, and intricate plans and dreams far beyond one of your years. They grew with your growth and strengthened with your strength. How you longed to become great, powerful, and wise!

"Your life has been one of privation and solitude. You have not been surrounded by genial natures. Therefore you were alone in

the world, and your many mental wants were not gratified. How many times you have sunken down in the pathless desert, as it were, hungry, thirsty, and over-burdened, but you would not give up! Hope and faith have been your companions, and have rescued you and led you on toward a promised land.

"Your early manhood will be filled with toil. Watchful care and anxiety will be your most familiar companions. You will be torn from the obscure and peaceful walks of life by the very force of your predominant faculties; they make you a 'man of destiny.' You will scarcely be master of yourself; you will be swayed like a wave-mounted ship, by the surgings of the sea of passion, the wild, restless beatings and the longings for a higher life, and, such a discord between your circumstances and your nature, you will have no rest. There will be a tumultuous and incessant strife of spirit and struggles to surpass yourself. There will be an inability to calm the breast and repose in fixity, with such cravings after excitement and high action. Your yearnings will be like a caged panther, that rages to leap upon some satisfying object, and, if barred from that, boils and lashes furiously in its den.

"It will be hard for your eagle-spirited soul to be schooled to walk in the ordinary paths of life, and to bear humility. There are but few persons that can estimate the fierce trials and the fierce temptations of such a nature. The spirit that abides in the still valleys of contented mediocrity can know as little of the gigantic sorrows, and sufferings, and allurements, and goadings of such a soul as the shaded pool can know of the deep, sweeping currents of the sea, or the swelling whirlpool of a gulf.

"Your moral faculties are large. Nothing but the influence of the highest moral nature can carry such a being safely through life

without utter ruin; if they lose their way all is lost.

"In your more mature manhood you will be more happy. Your aims will be reached (because you are practical); some of your fondest dreams realized; you will become eminent, honored, and influential, and be surrounded by a large social circle, whose society you will much enjoy. There will be a new and happy world to you, as it were.

"You will undoubtedly live to a moderate old age, as there are no elements of disease in

your system, and as you increase in years you will increase in happiness, and all will be peaceful and in harmony around you."

[The correspondent who sends us the above has some misgivings as to the propriety of the title "Fortune-telling;" but the reader will see that instead of the ordinary jugglery which is practiced under that name, the sketch is based entirely on Phrenological and Physiological data, and is really scientific character-reading. We hope to hear further from our learned correspondent.—ED.]

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

GRACIE.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

Who hath grace like a floating swan?
Who hath eyes like angel divine?
Who hath cheeks like the summer dawn?
Who hath lips whose kisses are wine?
Who braids sunshine into her hair,
Weaving flickering shadows between?
Who hath beauty beyond compare?
Gracie my queen—Gracie my queen.

What is so sweet as Gracie's smile?
What is so free from subtle art?
What is so far from sin and guile,
As my Gracie's womanly heart?

What is so fair as Gracie's hand
Mutely pointing me on my way?
She is my sovereign to command—
I am her subject to obey.

Gracie sits in my Temple o' Thought,
Gracie roams in my Castle o' Dreams,
All the good of my life is wrought
Through the inspiration that beams
Out of her pure and heavenly face;
Tapers of angels are her eyes,
Which I will follow, by God's grace,
Unto the gates of Paradise.

HOW I GAINED IT.

"WELL, friend Allen, I scarcely know whether to congratulate or envy you. What an excellent farm you have! Nothing out of order; no dilapidated fences, half-starved cattle, or gates swinging on one hinge! You are, indeed, a model farmer. And this tasteful home of yours, with its music, books and pictures—those refining influences too often forgotten in farm-houses—I would fain hear the story of your life since in old Massachusetts we two parted to commence on our own account. I hear so many of my old friends bewailing their ill-luck, and see so many discontented, unhappy faces, that it is pleasing to witness your prosperity."

"Ah, yes, Edwards, there are too many who

complain of everything but themselves. They mentally contrast their own character and abilities with those of more favored acquaintances, and come to the conclusion that the world has treated them unjustly; but, did they take a broader and more impartial view of the subject, they would discover that the fault was their own. Our feet are sometimes not shod for the journey, our weapons unprepared for the conflict, and then we fail. Men do not 'gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles,' and the lovers of pleasure and ease—the irresolute, intemperate, and cowardly—can not expect to reap the same harvest as the earnest and faithful laborer.

"At twenty-two, as you well know, I was

without money, land, or friends, and my education but a meager one; but, determined to succeed, I made every energy and circumstance subservient to my will. For years I worked on a farm, only a humble farm laborer, it is true, but daily adding to my small capital, and not neglecting, what many in their laudable industry are apt to do, the culture of my mind. I read agricultural works, kept myself posted on the current topics of the day, and, whenever possible, glanced over the history and literature of the past. Well, time passed away, and gradually I had amassed enough to buy this Illinois farm. I wish that you could have stood with me at the door of my log cabin twenty-five years ago, and have seen the rough, wilderness-like place which was to be my home. But I was not discouraged, for I had not expected to find sylvan ease or Arcadian beauty. There were not wanting the usual number of dismal croakers who predicted all manner of mishaps, and narrated their own failures and

that of unfortunate settlers for fifty miles around. It is strange that in the beginning of every enterprise we meet with so many who delight in pointing out 'lions by the way.' Persevering efforts, however, changed the dense woods into fertile fields, and my little cabin gave place to a more commodious dwelling. It was not all an upward path, for sickness more than once prostrated me; there were failures in crops, injudicious bargains and mistaken calculations, which threw me back. Hard physical labor, pecuniary embarrassments, and the inconveniences and troubles of pioneer life were all endured for many years, and, with a faith in God which never grew dim, and a firm belief in the all-conquering power of manly perseverance and well-directed labor, success at last crowned my efforts. And now," said the old man, glancing with pardonable pride around his beautiful home, and at the happy group which filled the porch, "I am enjoying my reward."

C. S. A.

PRAISE THE CHILDREN.

BY GLEN CAROL.

FOR every child who receives an excess of praise or commendation from its parents, there are ten, at least, who are, oftentimes thoughtlessly, but none the less selfishly and cruelly, defrauded of that which is due them in this respect.

Children love praise, they crave it, and will do much to win it. There are exceptional cases, of course. Occasionally we see a child so stolid and indifferent by nature that praise and blame alike seem wasted on it, but such instances of "total depravity" are few. Childish griefs are short, but they are also bitter; and when a child feels that justly-merited praise is withheld from it through heedlessness or indifference, it matters not which, how sharply does the arrow enter that striving, yearning little heart! It feels that it has been unjustly deprived of a fairly-earned reward; and though it may only realize this in a dim, undefined way, the feeling is there, and a small spirit of resentment, and, possibly, of insurrection, creeps into the little heart also. Of the injudiciousness, the unwisdom of excessive praise, it is useless to speak, since the error seems to lie, almost without exception, in the opposite direction.

But, mother, when your little girl has put her whole baby-heart into some little office she is striving to perform for you; when she has been unusually sweet-tempered and good throughout the trying day, whisper approving words in the little, eager ear; tell her in endearing phrases (on the tip of every mother's tongue) what a treasure she is to you. Such praise will not be wasted. As summer's dew upon the rose, words like these will fall upon the child-heart, making it richer with the fragrant incense of duty and of love.

Father, if your boy has learned his lesson right well; if the daily tasks he is set to do have been performed more thoroughly and faithfully than usual; if, in little ways, he has been more thoughtful of your comfort than is his wont—notice these things! Not silently, but by word of mouth, generously and cordially approving his conduct. Let him feel that his endeavors are fully appreciated, that no good or noble action on his part passes by you unnoticed. Thus will you incite in him a desire to merit always your approbation, and the resolve to make himself more worthy each day of such a father's love.

Withhold not praise from your children

when they can claim it as their right. Used wisely, it is a healthy stimulant, that can not injure, but, on the contrary, is productive of results good and lasting.

See, in the hurry and worry of the flying days, that you forget it not, lest there be, through your forgetfulness, small heart-aches now, and great ones hereafter.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH—No. 8.

IT has not been half a century since the Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Creek Indians possessed the wide domain now known as North Mississippi. The country was then beginning to be sparsely settled by white people, who, attracted by the fertility of the virgin soil, gradually encroached on the choice hunting-grounds of the warriors, and at length effected their removal across the "great river," with their faces turned toward the setting sun. A few of the red men remained behind, but eventually the last of the race took up his sad march of exile. Tradition preserves the name of a chief named Colbert, who remained for years after the removal of his tribe, cultivating, by means of negro slaves, his farm near the present site of Hernando, and educating his daughters in the schools of the whites. Another Indian, named Bemore, acted as missionary to his people, but drew great crowds when he occasionally preached in the log churches of the pale-faced settlers. He is said to have been a man of powerful frame and strong mind—a noble specimen of his people, single-hearted in aim, of a dignified simplicity of manner, the downright, straight-to-the-point style of speech peculiar to the race, characterized by the terse eloquence of a Red Jacket or a Tecumseh. On one occasion, when he was an honored guest at the house of one of the pioneer white settlers of Hernando, he was invited to supper soon after twilight, having at midday partaken of a sumptuous dinner—"I want no more to eat this day, friends," was his curt rejoinder; "*at* when the sun rose, *at* when the sun was overhead; why eat more? Me full? you full. You want for *stuff* me? You white men *eat* too much—eat when you *not* hungry—eat dainty food; make brain *dull*, make head ache, make man lazy."

The venerable Indian, child of nature, thus sententiously taught the hygiene of our modern Science of Health.

There are traces all over this country of its former Indian occupancy—mounds that look as if they were once used as fortifications are now clothed in small growths of beeches and hickories. On opening burial mounds the

skeletons are invariably found placed in a circle, their heads toward the center, their outer limbs forming the circumference.

Among the points of resemblance which seem to give plausibility to the theory that the American Indians are descendants of a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, is a custom of theirs agreeing in its main features with one described in the book of Leviticus. According to the Indian usage, the nearest of kin had a right to slay the murderer wherever he found him, during the interval that elapsed from the time the deed was done till the Green Corn Festival; but if the murderer eluded his pursuers up to that time, and then effected an entrance into the sacred circle of the dancers, he was safe from the Avenger of Blood. This Avenger had it also in his power to grant the murderer a respite. An old white settler, who lived in this country before the Indians left, tells a story of one who was thus respited for a fortnight, at the end of which time he was to meet the Avenger of Blood, at a designated spot, to be put to death. Every day during the interval the doomed man approached the rendezvous and sang his death song, recapitulating his deeds of prowess and his immortality of glory. At nine o'clock on the fair spring morning of the appointed day, the victim and executioner appeared under the shining green leaves of the beech, in the heart of the dewy forest glade. The white hunter had concealed himself near, and looked on eagerly, half expecting to see the victim sue for mercy, or the stern executioner relent from his purpose; but no! the first placed himself at the right distance, crossed his arms on his breast and looked calmly in the face of the Avenger, who, coolly taking aim, shot him through the heart!

The educated and ever alert perceptions of these children of the forest show an immense superiority over the same faculties in the unfortunate subjects of "*mechanical teaching*," as practiced in many public and private schools among white people. Indeed, the mere book teaching, or committing to memory a form of words without an understanding of their meaning, has a tendency to stultify the perceptive

faculties, and often eliminates dolts, who, for all practical purposes, might as well be deaf and blind. An incident which illustrates the actively useful perceptions of the Indians is told by the same old settler alluded to above. As he was returning from a foot race he was overtaken by an Indian hunter, who said to him—

"See anything of *little*, old white man, with long gun and bob-tailed dog?"

"Yes, friend. Why do you ask?"

"Him stole my venison."

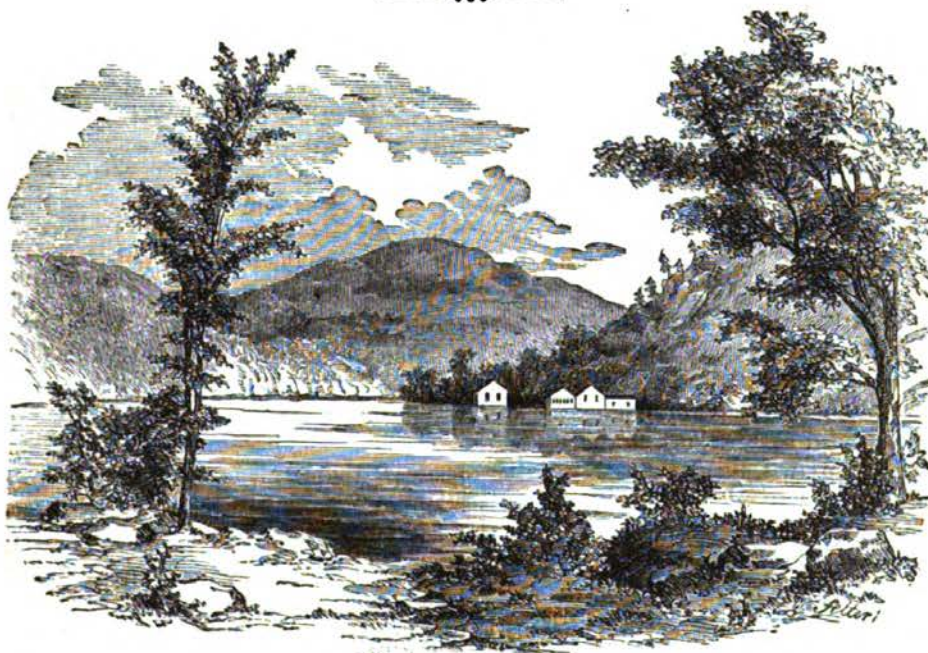
"How do you know that?"

"Me track him!"

"But how in the world could you tell that he was *little*, *old*, and *white*—that his gun was long and his dog bobtailed?"

"Him white—white man turn out him toes, Indian walk straight; him old, he step short—young man make long stride; him little—him put block under limb to get venison down. His gun long; see mark against the tree where him lean it! Little bob-tailed dog; see where him scratch in the ashes."

VIRGINIA DU RANT COVINGTON.



MY LAKESIDE HOME.

As sweetly gleams the evening sun
On thy pure bosom, lakelet dear,
As sweetly doth fond memory run
O'er scenes that grace my childhood's home
Beside thy tideless waters clear.

The vale in modest green reposed,
When summer's breath perfumed the air;
Nor wealth its sullen pride disclosed,
Nor mansion great its bulk imposed
To mar that virgin beauty rare.

There peace its blessings freely shed,
And warmed our hearts to close accord;
There love its comforts richly spread,
Though labor won the daily bread,
And care sat often at the board.

A thousand times from yon hill's brow
I've seen the light fade in the west:
Methinks I view that glory now—

Those mingled tints as they endow
That lakeside home with beauteous rest.

Why must we sigh, in youthful maze,
For other scenes—for other life,
And turn away from father's gaze,
From mother's kiss, and simple ways,
To jostle in the boisterous strife

Of the great mart? How small the gain
For all the toll! How small the wage
For all the thought, care, tug, and strain!
The heart-sick days, the nights of pain
That closely fill the busy page!

Dear lakeside home, I turn to thee;
With joy upon thy scenes I dwell.
How fresh they come in memory!
The year's flow back; from burden free
My heart is light—and all seems well.

HAL. D. RAYTON.

THE SHAKER PROBLEM—No. 1.

BY ONE OF THEM.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.—We trust our readers are sufficiently interested in the important subject of Shakerism to read carefully this article and one to follow it in our next number, which have come from the pens of eminent members of the Shaker Communion, and which were elicited by certain remarks of a critical nature published in this JOURNAL.—ED. A. P. J.

TO many queries which have appeared in the JOURNAL for February and April, I would ask the reader to accept the following as an answer. I had thought that simple Shaker life was better understood by the masses than the articles in which the queries occur give evidence. There was a time when Shakerism *endured* the sobriquet of "disguised impurity;" this charged by the prejudiced multitudes. Now, when it is privileged to enjoy the notoriety of unchallenged purity, the question is put, and the conclusion arrived at, that "the Shakers must be very weak to be so very good!"

The charge that "our standard is an unnatural one, which scarcely any can adopt, and if lived up to would depopulate the world," is a very natural and unspiritual conclusion. We think the Creator made no mistakes "in his institutes of nature," nor in his more valued instructions of the Spirit, and we would that those possessing these "institutes," and having no better use for them, might comply with their highest convictions of right, and produce only "sound minds in healthy bodies," and then "the tree would not disgrace itself by disobedience to the law of God, by bringing forth (as now) disgraceful fruit." Please understand this: the Shakers do not decry matrimony nor reproduction—they consider these as the highest of *earthly* felicities, properly engaged in. And the reason why there are so few good Shakers, or any "growing dissatisfactions," if such is the case, is because the ancestors of the present race have honored the devil, through perverted passions, rather than the God of nature by a proper engagement of his "reproductive institutes." In other words, they have made the indulgence of perverted passions their god, and the consequences are, that rarely a child is born whom nature will own, or of whom the God of grace can make an exemplary Shaker!

[Then why don't the pure, chaste, and unperverted Shakers try *their* hand at improv-

ing the race, by such methods and by such superior conditions as their more pure lives would enable them to do? The exclusiveness which their system maintains precludes, almost entirely, practical effort on their part to reform the world.—ED. A. P. J.]

While we grant that marriage and reproduction are honorable under natural law, we also assert there is nothing of the "higher life" in them; and in the degree that "Thy will is done on earth" is consummated here, "even as it is in heaven," the Shakers opine there will then appear to many beclouded minds the fact that the angels in heaven do not engage in these earthly felicities. And if we would fashion our lives after angelic construction, who have any right to object?

[You are begging the question, and state as "fact" what you can not logically demonstrate, and, therefore, do not *know*.]

The best compliment I can pay the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and the *Science of Health* is, that if individuals engaged their "reproductive institutes" only as therein directed, Shakerism would multiply apace; it would become a populous and most flourishing institution. Herein is our hope, and I may say our only hope, for the race and the maintenance of our institutions. If you are at variance with Shakerism, and wish its defeat, you must either change your policy or suspend the valuable publications at whose head you stand. There are many married people who are "doers of good works;" but to call the married Christian is to insult the angels by calling them unchristian, from whom Christianity sprung. The introduction of Christianity was marked by its making brothers and sisters of those who had known each other only as husbands and wives; and although the *vice versa* has been and is very popular among so-called Christians, it never had, nor can have, the indorsement of the Christ spirit.

Marriage is a civil code, and from it we have the right to look for the peopling of

the earth with healthy material. Celibacy is a religious rite, and this will populate the heavens. And no matter how many objections we bring to these rules, they will stand unalterably eternal, regardless of our ranting.

Our Communistic principle is not copied; it is the result of the baptism of the same spirit that so prominently influenced the Pentecost of Apostolic times; no Church is Christian where some of its members are rich while some are miserably poor. It is unfortunately true that some of our families are, at present, in debt, and we *all* feel the woe attached thereto; yet these debts were contracted by those whose "growing dissatisfactions" caused them to depart society—those who were not "so weak as to be so very good," and obey the "rigid rules of the Shakers," which forbid "running in debt." Any Shaker contracting a debt may be marked as a fit illustration of "growing dissatisfactions" which betoken an early outbreak.

Diversities of opinion are common among us; we make no objection to individual opinions concerning theology, nor aught else, so long as these opinions do not conflict with the purity of life practiced by the saints. Let none attempt an outrage on this. The only authority that must be implicitly obeyed has for its aim the elevation of the soul from "the corruptions that are in the world through lust." We are confident no one ever left the Society intending to live a purer life than its principles enjoined; and we affirm that by submission to these principles, "the Shakers do love one another better than any others" calling themselves "Christians." You ask, "What have the Shakers done for the world?" Passing the significance that from the Shakers came some of the most valued and useful inventions of the age—among others the circular saw; the original, deposited by us, may be seen at the State Agricultural Rooms, Albany, N. Y.; the planing and matching machine; the broom and broom lathe; machine cards; Babbet metal, etc.—I say, passing by these as inferior services, the Shakers are striving, by living like Jesus, to be "the salt of the earth," living "in the world, yet not of the world;" and if following the footsteps of the Christ proves "a clog to the wheels of progress," we think it full time they were clogged.

We next come to "The Shaker Question," in the April number. After what has been said, it will be admitted that we do not "ignore nature," but choose rather to practice the Spirit. To follow nature is to "sow to the flesh," which we, not liking its fruits, prefer not to do; while to "walk after the Spirit," or to fail to fulfill unspiritual lusts, is to live a Shaker life—the consequences of which we love. Ann Lee was a most robust, healthy English woman. We believe she was an instrument used by God for the renewal of unpopular Christianity—called Shakerism. "She was a *woman*;" this is the only crime justly chargeable to her. "She was *not* perfect," but aimed to be so. "She was *very* ignorant;" so was Jesus, "*the man* approved of God"—(Acts ii. 22)—in the literature of the world; but she was most wise as a woman, even as was Jesus as "a man," in the discipline of the heavens. And here presents the glaring unreason of Shaker opponents. That which they admire and adore in Jesus they condemn in the Shakers. Let any one rise up and condemn the absence of courtship, marriage, or reproduction in Jesus, in whom God made no mistakes, by failing to endow the proper "institutes," and would he not be arraigned as insane and heretical? Who has ever been so religiously audacious as to charge egotism upon Jesus for not permitting diversities of opinion and contentions among his disciples? And he that would criminate him or them, because their lives were "clogs to the wheels of progress," because these were not prominent as "inventors, artists, poets, and musicians," would be invited by their orthodox brethren to go out and hang themselves!

The sum is this: We have two natures—one tending to the earth, the other to the heavens. Both are good; one is paramount to the other. Who save *this* must be content to lose *that*. This is our case exactly. We acknowledge the good in nature; but if its good interferes with our heavenly prospects, it must be relinquished as well as its evil. We propose to get along with this just as Jesus did. Adam was the type of which Christ was to be the anti-type. One represented reproduction; his followers are not Christians. The other exemplified resurrection above reproduction and marriage, and his

followers are "the children of the Resurrection, who neither marry nor are given in marriage," neither fulfill they any other demands of the flesh which Jesus did not. Our brethren are all mankind who live as Jesus did, no matter what their theological profession. "The children of this world marry,"

and we have no objections; why should they so often object to the "children of the Resurrection" (Christ), because they choose to live as do the angels? This short paper is given to your intelligent readers in the hope of spreading correct information wherever the JOURNAL may go. G. A. LOMAS, Shakers, N. Y.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

THE sun that shines the clearest
Sudden clouds can overcast;
And love we hold the dearest
Oft the year doth not outlast!

Ah! the rose that blooms the brightest
Oft is first to fade away;
And the heart that throbs the lightest
Oft is sad ere close of day.

The fond hopes that seem the fairest
May cloud o'er with darksome fear;
As the gems that gleam the rarest
Often lose their radiance clear.

But the darkest, stormiest night
That e'er held its angry sway,
Must soon flee the morning light,
And furl its clouds away.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.

PRISON REFORM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE philanthropic efforts in behalf of prisoners made by earnest reformers in the old Commonwealth are thus summed up by Channing in an article in the *Independent*:

Now that our State Legislature has settled the senatorial question, by electing the Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell to succeed the Hon. Henry Wilson, the way is open for it to attend to the rest of the business before it, one of the important items of which is the somewhat broad and difficult matter of prison reform. Definite recommendations are now awaiting its consideration, and are of such general interest as to deserve national attention.

The present Board of Commissioners of Prisons for Massachusetts was organized in 1870, for the purpose of devising methods for the improvement of the county prisons of the State. That some practical results were intended to be accomplished by its organization is shown by the fact that an advisory board of three eminently well qualified women was appointed in connection with it, the two Boards meeting together weekly.

And that the members of these Boards undertook their duties as no sinecure, but in good faith, is shown by the fact that, when it became desirable for their secretary, Rev. Joshua Coit, to visit Europe, last summer, on a tour of inspection, several of them joined him in the payment of his own expenses. It is a part of the duties of the Commissioners of Prisons to classify, so far as practicable, prisoners held under sentence in jails and houses of correction; and to this end they have power of removal from one jail or house of correction to another, also to prepare rules and regulations for the direction of officers of jails and houses of correction, subject to the governor and council, and to visit all jails and houses of correction once in six months, with full powers of inspection. The Advisory Board are expected to visit prisons used for the imprisonment of women once a month, and they also have full powers of inspection.

Under the present prison system in Massachusetts, each county, except Suffolk, in which the duty is assigned to the city of Bos-

ton, is required by statute to provide suitable jails and houses of correction. The jails are used for the detention of persons committed for trial, for the detention of witnesses in the trial of criminal cases, and for confinement of persons on sentence upon conviction of an offense, and of all other persons committed for any cause authorized by law. The houses of correction are prisons, with convenient yards, workshops, and other accommodations for the confinement and employment of offenders committed thereto. In several instances the county jail and house of correction are in the same building. But there is little uniformity in the management of the institutions of the different counties. There are almost no efforts for the reformation of prisoners. There are great inequalities in discipline and in privileges. Some of the prisons are generally overcrowded, others are often nearly or quite empty. The expense is thus very unevenly distributed; so that, for instance, in the larger prisons it costs \$1.18 a week to maintain the prisoner, and in the smaller \$6.27. The sheriff is himself frequently the jailor or the master of the house of correction—a union of responsibilities not the wisest. And the proper classification of prisoners according to sex, age, crime, character, and deportment is rendered well-nigh impossible.

After a careful study of the situation, the Prison Commissioners have recommended a thorough reconstruction of the system, the main points proposed being as follows :

1. The State to be redivided for prison purposes (the State Prison at Charlestown lies entirely outside the field here contemplated) into seven districts. Several of these districts will comprise two or more counties; each district to have a house of correction for the grave offenders, and a workhouse for drunkards and vagrants; each house of correction and each workhouse to be also a jail.

2. In each prison district to be a prison-master, to be appointed by the governor, who shall himself keep either the house of correction or the workhouse, and appoint a deputy master, by whom he shall keep the other and by whom he shall be held responsible.

3. No more short sentences of vagrants and habitual drunkards, running one, two, or

three months; but sentences of all such to be extended to from six months to two years, so as to give some fair opportunity for reformatory influences to work.

4. A reformatory prison for women, to which all female convicts shall be sent; the institution to be under the personal control of women "who have faith in the possibility of reformation long enough for reformatory treatment to take effect."

As an illustration of the spirit which it is desirable to see imitated in the management of our American penal institutions, the reader is commended to the following outline of the Irish prison system, as furnished by Mr. Secretary Coit to the Massachusetts Commission:

"A male convict goes first to Mountjoy, where he spends eight months, and, if ill behaved, he may spend twelve in a cell, working, eating, and sleeping there, going out once a day for an hour's exercise in the open air, and on Sundays to religious service.

"From Mountjoy he is sent to Spike Island, and with him a record covering his register, number, name, age on conviction, particulars relative to former convictions, crime, sentence, and date of conviction, information received relative to character in jail and before conviction, conduct and character, and period passed in separate confinement, misconduct and punishments at Mountjoy.

"At Spike Island he has better food, and is in his cell only at night, working by day at hard labor in companionship. Here he is marked regularly in three respects—behavior, school, industry; and by his marks his advance from class to class is regulated, and on his arm he wears a badge showing his class and condition.

"There are four classes here. A convict rising from one to another on good behavior gains additional privileges.

"The length of time spent in this prison depends upon the behavior of the convict. With a five-years' sentence the shortest possible stay on good behavior is two years and nine months; with a ten-years' sentence, six years and eight months. But upon bad behavior, the whole sentence may be exacted in this prison.

"When a prisoner has gained the necessary number of good marks, he is transferred to the intermediate prison at Lusk. And this is really not a prison, but a farm. The convict is in a condition intermediate between confinement and freedom. He is not locked up, night or day; he works with his fellows during the day-time on an open farm. He may run away, if he choose; but, if he runs away, in all human probability he will be retaken, and, if retaken, he goes back to Mountjoy. There are no punishments at Lusk. Misbehavior, violation of the few rules that regulate his conduct result in his going back to Mountjoy. His privileges here are, for a convict, very great. He is allowed a small sum for wages, which he may spend as he pleases. At Spike Island a convict is punished for stooping down to pick up a piece of tobacco; at Lusk he is allowed to buy tobacco. [Of course we object to this license of vicious appetite; but Great Britain depends largely upon her tobacco revenue.—ED. A. P. J.]

"Besides the farm work, there is at Lusk a school, and for religious service the convicts attend the parish church of the village. From Lusk the convict, after a stay of from six months to a year and four months, is discharged on license, and until the expiration of his whole sentence he is under special police supervision.

"The longest period of remission on license is, for a five-years' sentence, one year and one month, leaving three years and eleven months in prison. For a fifteen years' sentence the longest period of remission on license is three years and seven months, leaving eleven years and five months in prison.

"During the whole period of his imprisonment the convict knows that advance to the next higher class is hastened by good behavior and retarded by misconduct. He has not only an interest in, but a power over the length of his imprisonment. And, while there is an undoubted tendency in this system to make good prisoners, in distinction from good men, yet the establishment at Lusk, which can hardly be called a prison, bears perpetual witness that these convicts have learned to control themselves. And the long and severe prison-life they have led gives security to society that, having power

to control themselves, they will in the future, for their own sake."

This picture ought to have some effect on our legislators, as I doubt not it will. It now looks as if the State Workhouse at Bridgewater would be made into a prison for women, by way of trying the experiment. As for the State Prison it is well-nigh settled that the old and outgrown building at Charlestown is to be abandoned, and a new one erected elsewhere, on a site hereafter to be determined. For this purpose an appropriation of one million dollars is proposed.

[All this is most encouraging. New England gave us the best schools in the world; and we may now look to her for the best methods of prison discipline and prison reform. When studying up the subject it will be well to keep in view the character of those to be restrained, modified, reformed and improved. In short, the reformers must know something of Phrenology, before they can attain a perfect system, and *then* they should have phrenologists to conduct their prisons.]

INDIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—As the war upon the Modocs—a small isolated tribe of Indians—is a matter of deep interest now to us, it will not be out of place to consider the entire number of Aborigines in the country. All told they scarcely exceed 875,000, and are distributed as follows:

1. In Minnesota and States of the Mississippi River.....	32,500
2. Nebraska, Kansas, and Indian Territory.....	70,650
3. Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho.....	66,000
4. Nevada and Territories of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona.....	84,000
5. California, Oregon and Washington.....	47,850
Total.....	300,000

Besides these, there are some 70,000 civilized Indians, who give the Government no trouble.

Now, if forty or fifty of the wild ones, in their war-paint, can give the nation so much trouble, is it not well for the Government to adopt such a policy as will secure the amity of the great majority, and not only adopt it, but see to its being thoroughly carried out by honest agents? The trouble on our frontiers, in nearly every instance, has originated through the fraud and rapacity of the officials who are appointed to discharge the obligations of the Government toward the poor savage.

HON. JAMES L. ORR.

MR. ORR was both large and tall. He had a predominance of the vital temperament, which was indicated by the largeness of his chest, fullness of his face, plumpness of muscle, and general stoutness of build and breadth of organization. This development gave him health, power of endurance,

sition. By observing the form of the head it will be seen that he was largely developed over the eyes, indicating great perceptive intellect, practical talent, readiness of mind, ability to gather information, and to take clear, practical, scientific, and business views of life. The middle portion of the forehead



warmth, and enthusiasm; also ample support to the brain, imparting to it soul and earnestness of action. He had a fair amount of the motive or bilious temperament, which gave toughness and hardihood. He had enough of the mental temperament to give him clearness of mind and a studious dispo-

was also large, showing excellent memory of details, historical facts, and whatever transpired in his own experience. He carried in his mind the knowledge which he had gained by reading and observation, and could bring it to bear on the point in question with more readiness and force than

ninety-five in a hundred men who are in public life. The upper part of his forehead was only about "full," showing less of the abstract and profound, philosophical and dreamy; hence he was not inclined to indulge in theoretical speculations, or to work out abstract questions. He took wide views and regarded subjects in their practical aspects. He possessed the qualities for a historian, and these qualities availed him as a lawyer and politician, and gave him that ready business capacity for which in Congress he was distinguished. As Speaker of the House, he was required to remember all the phases and points of parliamentary law, to hold in continual readiness the rules, usages, and customs of a deliberative body, and also to keep in his mind all the windings and complications which, in the process of legislation, arise from various questions and motions which came before the house. A similar form of forehead is seen in the portraits and busts of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many others, who have been distinguished for their practical talent, command of details, and power to use all their knowledge on the spur of the moment, and to the best advantage. Had Mr. Orr devoted himself to science instead of to law and legislation, he would have distinguished himself as an investigator, a teacher, and demonstrator. He had a fine development of the organ of Language, as seen in the fullness and prominence of his eye, which gave him great readiness of speech, while his intellectual faculties in general were so developed as to enable him to arrange his ideas, and to clothe his thoughts and prepare them for expression. His temperament gave him the requisite emotion for a writer. The top-head, especially in the region of Benevolence and Veneration, was high, giving him considerable religious sentiment, kindness of character, blandness of disposition, and smoothness of manner. He had large Firmness,

strong determination, a desire to finish thoroughly what he began, and to drive through difficulties, however great. His side-head was fully developed, showing mechanical talent, desire for property, power to restrain his feelings, promptness, energy, courage, and thoroughness. He had strong social affections; made friends easily; was bland, cordial, and affectionate toward men, women, and children. Among his own friends he was, where not watched and criticised, open, frank, and undisguised. He had large Self-Esteem, was dignified, and, while he had a just sense of his own character and consequence, and was determined to command respect, his large Approbativeness induced an active regard for public approval and the desire to stand high in the estimation of all. Power to acquire knowledge, and determination, energy, and ambition were his strong qualities. He might have shown a domineering spirit and fierceness of passion, when provoked; but, with his temperament and general self-control, he would generally carry himself acceptably alike to friends and opponents. He was capable of acquiring knowledge, and able to do a great amount of work, either mental or physical.

The portrait represents him as he appeared about fifteen years ago, he then being in the fullest measure of physical strength and mental vigor.

James Lawrence Orr was born on the 12th of May, 1822, at Craytonville, Anderson District, South Carolina. His father, Christopher Orr, was a country storekeeper, an intelligent man, who thoroughly educated his children. In his eighteenth year he entered the University of Virginia to complete his studies and prepare himself for the practice of the law. In 1841 he devoted himself to the study of history and general literature, and in 1842 entered the law office of Judge Whitner, then solicitor of the Western Circuit, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1843, at twenty-one years of age. Early success marked his career as a lawyer, and during

the first year of his practice he established and edited the *Anderson Gazette*.

Mr. Orr freely mingled with the people of his district, and made himself personally acquainted with most of them. In 1842, when only twenty-two years of age, he was elected a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, having received a higher vote than any other man in the State, and that, too, in a district which had cast a Whig vote in 1840. During his first term in the Legislature he made his celebrated speech in opposition to what was known as the Bluffton movement, a design to commit South Carolina again to a nullification of the tariff of 1842.

He was an earnest and energetic advocate of giving the election of presidential electors to the people of South Carolina, and delivered an able and powerful speech in favor of the change. He advocated also a liberal and enlarged system of internal improvements, through the aid of the State, and a general reform of the free school policy.

Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress in 1848, and was elected by 700 majority. He took his seat at the opening of the Thirty-first Congress, and found himself surrounded by an array of talent equal to any which has ever graced the halls of our national Legislature. The Senate then contained Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Cass, Douglass, Rusk, Benton, and others of high renown. In the House were Winthrop, Toombs, Stephens, McDowell, Bayly, Kaufman, and other gentlemen of distinguished ability. He was re-elected at the close of the term, with the cordial approval of a large majority.

Mr. Orr opposed the series of Congressional measures known as the "Compromise Measures," and on his return home in March, 1851, found a formidable party organized in favor of South Carolina seceding *alone* from the Union. He warned his people earnestly against the disastrous policy they proposed to adopt. He admitted the *right* of the State to secede from the Union, believing it to be the highest attribute of sovereignty, and the only effectual shield of State rights against the despotism of consolidation. The Secessionists were defeated by 8,000 majority against them in the State. Very few public men have evinced more true courage and determination than did Mr. Orr in this contest. During the

Thirty-first Congress Mr. Orr was a member of the Committee on Public Land.

At the second session of the Thirty-second Congress Mr. Orr was for the first time called upon to preside as chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. On the assembling of the Thirty-third Congress, Mr. Orr was appointed chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, in which position he did much toward reforming the Indian policy of the country. He aimed to domesticate the red men by granting to each head of a family a quarter section of land, making the same inalienable and exempt from sale under execution. He advocated the payment of Indian annuities in agricultural instruments and other articles for their comfort, in lieu of money, and a total abrogation of their tribal organization. In a bill reported by Mr. Orr, and which became a law, this policy was applied to the Chippewa Indians, in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the experiment is working admirably. Mr. Orr co-operated cordially with the friends of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in securing the success of that measure, establishing thereby, as he believed, the great principle of "Non-intervention by Congress," in the legislation of the territories.

In principle he was a strict constructionist of the Constitution; in theory and practice a States' rights man, and, in general, a rigid economist. His votes while in Congress exhibit his independence in doing what he conceived to be right.

His later history is briefly summed up as follows: In the South Carolina Convention of December, 1860, he recorded his vote in favor of the immediate and separate secession of that State, and was soon after sent as one of a commission of three from the State to the government at Washington. He organized and led into the field a regiment of rifles in the Southern army; but was a member of the Confederate Congress from 1862 to 1865. He was Governor of South Carolina from 1866 two years. He was elected a Judge of the State Circuit Court in 1870, and served with ability in that position until his appointment to the Court of St. Petersburg. In the reconstruction of the State he had been a consistent conservative, and advocated the re-election of President Grant in 1872.



NEW YORK,

JULY, 1873.

FACTS.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

IT is a fact, admitted by all intelligent men, that the brain is the organ through which the mind manifests itself.

Proof. Where there is little or no brain, there is little or no mind. On the other hand, where there is much brain, and of good quality, in a live and healthy human body, there is much mind.

It is a fact, that different portions of the brain perform different functions. The social affections have their seat in the lower back-head; the propelling powers, which give energy, force, and push, in the lower side-head; the intellectual or knowing faculties, in the fore-head; and the moral, religious, and spiritual organs, in the top-head.

It is a fact, that, according to the fullness or deficiency of these portions of brain will there be degrees of affection, push, ability to acquire knowledge, and moral accountability.

It is a fact, that one may have one, two, or three portions of the brain well developed and be sadly deficient in the fourth. In other words, he may be very intellectual, and very unloving; or very loving, and almost idiotic in intellect; or he may be almost a moral imbecile, like Ruloff, and have a strongly marked intellect. One has faith, and is a ready

believer; another has not faith, and is a skeptic, a doubting Thomas!

Go with us into any of our penitentiaries, and we will point out, among the prisoners, those who have bright intellect and deficient caution and moral sense. We will even indicate the crime which each would be most liable to commit. One would be tempted by money, another by wine or woman, another by a violent temper, and so on through the catalogue of crime. There is a difference.

It is a fact, that "birds of a feather flock together," and that kindred spirits, whether in religion, politics, or in other matters, will be found in fellowship. Thus Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Pagans are distinctively associated, and are sub-divided also into sects and societies, according to their mental organizations, proclivities, and affinities. Christians and Jews are as dissimilar in looks and character as in creed and sentiment. But, though so very different, they may, like oil and water, mix and ultimately assimilate.

It is a fact, that all natural born idiots are very different in their make up and appearance from natural born children, who become philosophers, and that the one may be readily distinguished from the other.

That philanthropists, benefactors, and really good men and women, such as Howard, Oberlin, Eustache, Melancthon, Fry, Nightingale, have high heads, with large Benevolence; while all low, brutal, and treacherous, savage murderers have low, broad heads, with more *base* or animal propensity than *top* or moral sentiment.

That mere money-getters and money-keepers, all avaricious men, have more Acquisitiveness and selfishness than Benevolence and charity.

That musicians, painters, sculptors, mechanics, inventors, and artists and artisans generally acquire a type and

cast of brain and expression peculiar to their special callings.

A thief looks like a thief; an honest man looks like an honest man. Head, face, and body correspond.

The same is true of the lecherous libertine, and of the pure and chaste lover; of the drinking tippler, and of the temperance man.

It is a fact, that one is coarse, gross, and swinish in looks and in character, while another is fine, clean, and God-like in appearance and in sentiment. One is robust, tough, enduring, healthy, and useful in any position, while another is feeble, fragile, easily "used up," broken

down, and good for nothing. A child can tell which is which.

A butcher, a boxer, a blacksmith, need not be mistaken for a jeweler, a tailor, or a tinker.

It is a fact, that one's pursuit or calling in life affects his looks, his organization, and his character. If one gives half his lifetime to selling whisky and tobacco, he will be the worse for it, while if he engage in a more noble and useful pursuit it will elevate and improve him.

Thus it will be seen that, in the immediate present and in the endless future,

"We shall reap as we have sown."

INTEGRITY.

THE perpetuity of our institutions depends on the integrity and intelligence of our people. If we, the people, are the custodians of the government, and if those we elect or appoint to office are but our hired servants, it is our privilege and our duty to watch them in all their public acts with "eternal vigilance," lest they go wrong and imperil our interests and our liberties.

If we nominate, elect, and appoint only honest and capable men to office, there can be no danger, and we may rest assured that our Democratic Republic will continue to rise and shine. But if, on the contrary, we permit notorious thieves and swindlers to have the management of affairs, we may foresee, with certainty, the day of our doom. When such bad, ambitious men as Ben Butler are permitted to take the helm of our great Republican ship, we may know our ruin is near; and when we permit such tricksters as Barnum the showman to be elected to Congress, we may hang our heads in humiliation, shame, and despair. The former was sent to New Orleans during the war to render such ser-

vices as were required, and, by efficient measures, effected his purposes. He stumped the country in the interest of the Union. He has been amply honored and amply remunerated for his services. We owe him nothing. He aspires to the leadership in Congress. Weak members would make him their bell-wether. He sees an opportunity to make a nice grab on Uncle Sam's greenbacks, and avails himself of it, carrying with him others of similar cast of mind and moral obliquity. The Nation cried out, "Thief, thief!" but he only laughed at reproaches.

It is but a few years ago that the ambitious showman from Connecticut attempted to break into Congress. He failed, though another fellow of the same name, his competitor, succeeded. If one was only a blatant trickster, the other was worthless as a legislator. The State gained nothing from his services, and the Nation, we presume, paid his salary.

A few years ago an industrious tailor became an alderman in the village in which he lived. Being a fluent speaker and successful debater, he was elected to Congress. By accident he became Presi-

dent, to fill a vacancy. His willfulness and obstinacy were the cause of a costly trial for impeachment, ending in its failure, and he served out his term and then subsided.

An energetic shovel-maker, of Massachusetts, made considerable money, and because of this was invited to become a legislator, which he was foolish enough to accept. Seeing only the interest of the shovel-maker, instead of the interests of the nation, he "went in" for self-aggrandizement, and became notorious. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, or ten millions of dollars, by corrupting members of Congress, and lose his own life?" Because one is a good soldier, tailor, shoemaker, showman, or shovel-maker, it does not follow that he will make a good statesman. Here is where Americans lack discrimination. We glorify success, no matter what in nor how attained. If one excels as a pugilist, *that*

is reason enough why he should be sent to Congress! And we have to-day, in our State and National Legislatures, some very poor, crude, and rotten material—fungus, which ought to be at once cut off to preserve the health of the body politic. How many brainless, though noisy, upstarts, pot-house politicians, whisky-guzzling drunkards, and corrupt peddling traffickers in a nation's honor and liberties there are!

Now, we appeal to all good citizens who wish well to our country to lend a hand in correcting these abuses. What are our best citizens doing in the matter? Are religious men praying and working in the interest of their Government and their homes? or do they "let these things slide," and keep to their money-making? "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Let us select for places of honor and of trust only good, honest, and intelligent men. Then let us elect and sustain them.

WHERE WILL YOU SUMMER?

THIS year many enterprising Americans, who have "traps to sell," go to Vienna, where *they* will be "sold." But our best citizens, however, will spend their summer and their money in America. They will go South, West, North, and East. They will see their *own* great country. Northerners should go through the South, to the Gulf of Mexico, and into Texas; Southerners should visit the White and Green mountains, and the great lakes and Canada.

Westerners should visit Plymouth Rock, the Pine Forests, and the rivers and lakes of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia; and if they would spend a few days—or weeks—in the greatest fish-mart of America, they should go down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Labrador, and so on to St. John's, in Newfound-

land. Easterners should go West—visit Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver, and the hundred intermediate towns and cities, and also go over the Rocky Mountains; stop at Salt Lake City, and while venting their pent-up spleen on the faults of the Mormons, be very careful not to see their own; then push on to the wonderful gold and silver mines; stopping to take breath at any of those wild and romantic places; then they may go to San Francisco, visiting, of course, the Cliff House, Woodward's Gardens, and his model California farm at Oak Knoll, in the Nappa Valley, and to Sacramento and San Diego, and then away to the Geysers, the Yo Semite, fetching up at the Big Trees. Among all the wonders of the world these are the most wonderful! If one

can have his choice of a voyage to Europe, or to make but one of these excursions through our own country, we should greatly prefer the latter. See your own country first, and then, if you wish, go abroad. There is nothing in the Old World to compare with our Niagara, our lakes, our Rocky Mountains, our Prairies, Big Trees, etc. You will *grow*, mentally, by what your mind feeds upon.

Lisping misses, just from fashionable boarding-schools, and the modern "Grecian bends," with their sentimental Williams and Georges, will dress, dance, flirt and drink champagne, at sundry expensive watering-places, while the solid folks, who seek repose, will search out more quiet resorts, where fruits, flowers, simple food, and the pure air of heaven refresh and re-create, giving a new

lease on life to those jaded and overworked brains and bodies. Routine life is not the thing. All need change. Change of air, food, associations, surroundings. Let inlanders go to the sea, and let those near the coast go to the mountains. There will be health in the change. Reader, where will you summer? Should you visit this wicked city, "look out for pickpockets," and, after securing rooms at your hotel, go at once to the Phrenological Cabinet, 389 Broadway, and have your measure taken—not for a new hat or bonnet—but for a chart of character. Learn whether or not you are "on the right track," what you can do best; in short, what you are good for. Among all your other summer memories this will be among the most impressive, and, perhaps, the most profitable.

SIN—WHAT IS IT?

IT is sinful to do what we know, or believe, to be wrong; as, for instance, to lie, to steal, to slander. It is a sin to deceive or mislead another to his harm. There are many sorts, varieties, and phases of sin, besides those indicated in the Ten Commandments. We regard it a sin to commit excesses in eating, in drinking, or in doing anything which will impair the health of the body, affect the mind injuriously, or dwarf the moral or spiritual sensibilities. Through dissipation one becomes the parent of an imbecile or an idiot. By transmitting consumptive tendencies to offspring, or by transmitting scrofulous diseases, a palpable wrong is done, and suffering is induced. Is not this sinful? Preachers confine their rebukes to what may be called moral sins, seldom coming right down to our physical transgressions, such as over-eating, drinking, chewing, smoking, dosing, and drugging, which are among the chief causes of our most serious sinning.

Let us look at these things as they are: We sin against the laws of health when we breathe old and fetid air, such as is confined in school-houses, public halls, churches, and even in private dwelling-houses. We sin when we gormandize or eat more than we need; when we rob ourselves or others of necessary sleep; when we overtax the minds of children, rendering them precocious and sickly; when we lace so tightly that we contract our lungs and impair health; when we spoil our feet, producing corns, bunions, etc., by tight boots; when we cause headache by great wads of false hair, or by air-tight hats; when we go to extremes in anything whereby we waste vitality and engender disease. Extreme greediness is a product of undue selfishness, and borders on dishonesty. He who will not do as he would be done by is not, by any means, a saint. Each of us may hold the mirror up to nature, and if we wish to do so we may

"See ourselves as others see us."

Is it not a sin to gamble, and get gain without earning it? Is it not a sin to sell rum to one whose appetite is perverted, and whose mind is too weak to resist the temptation? Is it not a sin to seduce or lead one from a life of virtue to a life of vice? Is not a peevish, fretful, violent, and ungovernable temper sinful? Is not good nature and a cheerful countenance a duty? Reader, go on with these questions of self-examination, and see where you stand? You can cypher them up, debit and credit, balance the account, and see exactly where you are. True penitence will bring pardon, and, when forgiven past sins, we may start out with new resolves to lead a new life, in accordance with higher principles than those of former times. We may overcome besetting sins. We may improve. It is our privilege and our duty so to do. Let us try.

DEATH.

THE record of mortality for the month of May, 1873, among the great men of this country is painfully large. In the present number are found the sketches of those whose official relations to the Government of the United States were deemed of great value. Besides Chief Justice Chase and Minister Orr, it is becoming to make note of the death of John Stuart Mill, the widely-noted metaphysician and political economist of England.

Captain Hall, the brave explorer of Arctic seas, is no more, having died, perhaps by foul play, in the autumn of 1871, in the midst of his activities, within ten degrees of the grand object of his search, the North Pole. But a part of his expedition has returned to give us the sad tidings, and little else than misfortune is thought to have overtaken the remainder of it.

James Brooks, well known as a leading Democratic politician, and the editor of the *Evening Express*, of New York, and Oakes Ames, whose recent prominence in the Credit Mobilier investigation had given his name a wide circulation, have also passed from this earthly sphere.

PROGRESS.

WHETHER the world is growing better or worse as it grows older, each will judge for himself. One delights to believe in progress, eternal progress. "Onward, onward, ever onward," is the inspiring sentiment which cheers him and buoys him up, whatever may befall. We believe in "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." We regard it a law of nature. As it is in the vegetable kingdom, with the bud, the flower, and the fruit, so it is with man; he is a creature of progress. First there is a birth, then a youth, then maturity, and after this comes perfection in the spiritual nature. Individuals go up or down, according to the way they live; so it is with the people constituting the State and Nation. Certain families "run out;" tribes and nations also pass away, and are succeeded by those of other blood and other manners, customs, and ways of life.

We make progress when we grow in stature, in intellect, and in grace. This is according to natural law and in keeping with the Divine.

THE dictates of the moral and intellectual powers, which constitute rules of conduct, are the collective dicta of the highest minds illuminated by the greatest knowledge.

To be really successful in gratifying and elevating others, we must keep our own selfish faculties in due subordination, and pour out copious streams of real kindness from the higher sentiments, animated and elevated by intellect.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE.

AN ARGUMENT IN BEHALF OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

WE use the term "Compulsory Attendance," to designate a subject that has been much discussed for several years, and has occupied much of the time of several of our State Legislatures during the past winter. We have now, in all the States of the Union, systems of public instruction, more or less complete and efficient. In the States known as Free States before our late civil war, we have had elaborate and expensive systems of free schools for many years. Ample provision has been made in these States for the education of every youth in them, as far as furnishing houses and teachers is concerned. Now, after a period of time, extending in some states beyond two generations, we can begin to estimate the results of our public school system and inquire whether it has accomplished its desired ends. Although all are ready to admit its beneficial results in the aggregate, yet there is a conviction prevalent that it has not accomplished all that was expected of it, and that we had a right to expect of it. Perhaps no class of persons entertain this feeling more deeply and generally than our most intelligent teachers and school officers. There is so large a class of children that do not attend schools, no matter how excellent they may be; and there are so many more that are irregular in their attendance, that those who know these facts feel that as far as these classes are concerned, our public schools accomplish nothing; and just so far fail to accomplish their end, the education of the entire youth of our nation. The remedy for this failure seems to us very apparent: secure the regular attendance of those classes that now fail to enjoy the benefits of our public schools.

But this is the most difficult part of the problem. How can we secure the attendance of these classes which now fail to attend our public schools regularly? We have tried to remedy the evil by improving our school-houses and our methods of instruction, and by making our schools more attractive and efficient. Also, by appealing to public sentiment, and especially to parental love and sense of duty; thus trying to arouse parents and the public to a proper sense of the danger that is imminent; and

to a realizing sense of the solemn duty incumbent upon them. Although we can not claim that we have exhausted all efforts in these directions, still we have had experience enough to enable us to see that there will still remain a large class, after we have done all we can do, that will never be reached by these mere moral influences. In our attempts to provide for public morality and security of life and property, when we fail to reach these ends by mere moral means, we resort to coercive measures. We restrain and punish the lawless and criminal. The idea has long ago suggested itself to the officers and friends of our public school system, that we should pursue the same course in the emergency we are now considering. When we have exhausted all moral means to secure full and regular attendance in our public schools, such as providing the best means of instruction, and appealing to parental love and sense of duty; when these fail, use coercive measures, and compel full or regular attendance. This course has been pursued in several European countries with complete success. Many of our school officers and legislators, observing the partial failure of our school system, are eagerly striving to have compulsory attendance, the remedy that has been so successful for the same ends in Europe, made a part of our public school system.

WHAT PERSONAL FREEDOM IS.

Although the question has been much discussed, in but few instances has the discussion gone down to the real basis of all proper and thorough investigations, to fundamental truths and principles. A deep-rooted, and, to a great extent, an unreasonable and unreasoning prejudice exists in the minds of multitudes against the measure, as an unwarrantable interference with individual freedom and the rights of the parent. Although other objections are urged, this is the principal one, and the basis of almost all other objections. Before we can enter into a proper discussion of compulsory attendance, we must settle these preliminary and fundamental questions. What is personal freedom in its true and complete significance? What are the rights of the parent? In answering the first question, let us remember that might is

not right, nor is license liberty. The great principle: "Each and every one must so exercise his rights, as not to interfere with the rights of any one else," must govern us in the discussion of this question, as in every other investigation of like nature. In the constitution of savage society, and in all ancient governments, rights were largely synonymous with mere might. The father and husband held wife and child absolutely as articles of property. The freeman was the one that could do as he pleased with all his might enabled him to appropriate and use, and this might, or right, as it was falsely called, was bounded only by his power to appropriate and use for his own selfish ends. We have not, even in our modern civilization, got rid of all of these ideas of barbarism. Traces of them creep out in the opposition that has ever been made, and is now being made, to every attempt to restrain human appetite and passion, or to compel men to discharge a duty that curbs their appetites or interferes with their selfish passions.

VICE AND LIBERTY—WIFE FLOGGING.

Nearly all our laws restraining vice are now attacked as unjust and unwarrantable restraints of personal freedom. They deny to men the glorious right of getting drunk unrestrained, and of unrestrainedly making beasts of themselves, by wallowing in vice and beastiality. They deny to them the privilege of gratifying their lusts, and furthering their selfish interests by preying on the dearest rights and feelings of others. There was a time when the English freeman claimed as his inalienable right, the, to him, inestimable privilege of flogging his wife and children to the full extent of his evil passions, and exercised such privilege whenever his passions prompted him to do so. Were not they *his* wife and children? Had not a man, a freeman, a right to do as he pleased with his own? What right or business had government to interfere with the rights of a freeman, in so unwarrantable and tyrannical a manner, as to interfere with these glorious rights of a British freeman? The selfish passions of one class were falsely called rights, and the rights of other classes were entirely overlooked. It is not long since a portion of our country rebelled against the government because they feared it would deprive them of some of their rights. The selfish interests and passions of one class were falsely elevated into rights paramount to the rights of another class, and the rights of the latter class were entirely overlooked.

Wigfall, of Texas, protested against the passage of the Wilmot Proviso because it would not let him take his "dear old mammy" with him to Kansas, if he were to want to go there. Rare old Ben Wade punctured that rhetorical bubble, by coolly retorting in reply to the Senator's pathetic protest against such an unwarrantable interference with his rights and feelings, as an affectionate and dutiful foster-son of "old mammy," that the Senator could take his "dear old mammy" to Kansas just as readily and freely after the passage of the Proviso, as before. It did not interfere with that right at all. The trouble was not that he could not take "dear old mammy" to Kansas, but he could not take her as an article of property. Much of the clamor about parents' rights in the discussion of compulsory attendance, is of the same character as the Senator's pathetic protest. In the discussion of compulsory attendance, too many look at the entire question solely from the standpoint of the parent's selfish interests, instead of the inestimable and inalienable rights of the child. The selfish interests of the parent are elevated into rights, "falsely so called," and the rights of the child, and of the community, and of God, are overlooked entirely, or disregarded.

THE SCOPE OF EDUCATION.

Then as fundamental and as essential to a proper discussion of the whole question, let us settle these questions. What is an education? What is every one's right to an education? What are the duties of the parent in the premises? And what are the duties of the government? An education is the process of awakening, arousing, drawing out, developing, cultivating and disciplining every power of the body, soul, and spirit, so as to secure a complete and harmonious development of the entire man, physically, mentally, and morally. The object of an education is to fit man to discharge properly and fully his duty to God, to his fellow-man, and to himself, and to fit him for the highest possible usefulness and happiness here, and for the greatest and highest happiness he is capable of hereafter. Man was created in the mental and moral likeness of his Infinite Creator. By the very nature and constitution of his being, he was endowed, in the act of creating him such a being as he is, with certain inherent and inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. His powers and capacities, and his relations to other beings, cause to rest on him certain duties. He owes duties to his God, his fellow-man, and to himself. Each human being is an im-

mortal, rational, responsible being, with these duties resting upon him, and with an illimitable capacity for endless growth, development, usefulness, and happiness, here and hereafter. Hence every human being has an inherent and inalienable right to all the education and development necessary to fit him to meet the object of his being, and to accomplish this immortal destiny, that capacity will enable him to receive. Difference in capacity may make a difference in enjoyment, but can make none in the right. Men are equal in this right.

The rights, claims, or interests of no other being can deprive a single being of this inestimable and inalienable right. Above all, the selfish interests of no one, not even the parent, can be allowed to interfere with or destroy this right to an education. God has so arranged his moral universe that, when each does his duty, the rights of individuals, properly interpreted, do not clash. Indeed, the best method of securing the enjoyment of our own rights, is to accord and do what we can to secure to others the enjoyment of their rights; and we can only secure true enjoyment of our own rights, in this way, by a proper discharge of our duties. During the helpless period of infancy, and the thoughtless years of youth, the enjoyment of this right to an education, and, indeed, the enjoyment of all rights, is dependent on the efforts, care, and faithfulness of others; primarily and chiefly on others. If parents are unable, or fail to meet this responsibility, individuals or community in benevolent efforts, or the State, may supply the defect.

THE PARENTAL FUNCTION.

We wish now to call especial attention to a thought fundamental to this whole investigation. Parents voluntarily assume the relation and infinite responsibilities of parentage. Before he voluntarily entered into and assumed this relation, it was a matter of choice with the parent whether these awful responsibilities should ever rest on him. But, when entered into, the relation of parent and its tremendous responsibilities are as eternal as the existence to which the parent has given origin. The highest duty the parent owes to the immortal being with illimitable capacities that he has brought into existence, is, to secure to him the enjoyment of this inestimable right, an education. This responsibility rests on each and every parent. He has voluntarily incurred these responsibilities and duties by entering into this relation, and can never shake them off.

The parent has, and can have, no right that can interfere with, or work the destruction of,

the child's right to an education. The ease, comfort, the pecuniary, or other selfish interests of the parent, can not interfere with, or work the destruction of, this inalienable and inestimable right of the child to an education. Parents do not own their children as they do oxen or horses, nor have they the same absolute right to their time and labor as they have to the time and labor of their cattle. The child belongs to his Creator, to the State, to the community, and to himself. All these have an interest in, and a right to the child, as well as the parent; and the parent's rights, and above all, his selfish interests, can not be allowed to interfere with and prejudice their rights and interests. The parent's rights will never interfere with the rights of the child, and of the community, the State, and of God; but his selfish estimate of his interests often does so. The inability of the parent to meet the infinite responsibilities that his voluntarily assumed relation of parentage causes to rest on him, may relieve him from guilt, in not performing this highest duty he owes to the child, but it can not destroy the right of the child to an education. Should the community or the State supply to the child the means of enjoying this right, no inability or selfish interest of the parent can be allowed to interfere with or destroy the right of the child to enjoy these privileges, or his right to the use of the means the State affords to him to acquire an education. Hence we base our first argument for compulsory education, as it is improperly termed, or, more properly, compulsory attendance, on the inherent and inalienable right of every human being to all the education his capacity will fit him to receive, and to the enjoyment of all the means of such education.

FALLACIES URGED BY OPPONENTS.

We have now, perhaps, said enough already to make apparent the fallacies of the opponents of compulsory attendance. They view the question entirely from the standpoint of the parent's selfish interests, instead of the child's inherent and inalienable right to an education. They elevate the parent's selfish interests into rights, and above the rights of the child. They speak and reason as though the parent owned his child, as he does his ox or his horse, and had the same unlimited right to his time and labor that he has to the time and uses of his cattle. They mistake unrestrained license to do as he pleases with his child, for the only full exercise of parental liberty. True parental liberty can only be consistent with the full discharge of his entire duty to his child. The

parent is not at liberty to do as he may please with his child, unless he pleases to do right. They regard the act of the State in compelling the parent to discharge his highest duty to the child, in sending him to school, as an unwarrantable interference with parental freedom and rights, and an act of tyranny. This naturally introduces

OUR SECOND ARGUMENT

for compulsory attendance. Governments are instituted among men to secure to all the enjoyment of their rights. They can justly use compulsion when the enjoyment of these rights depends on the obligations of others, and their faithfulness in meeting such obligations, compelling the one thus obligated to discharge this duty. This is the special and most important power of government. In the exercise of this prerogative, it exercises an especial care for the rights of those who can not know or strive for their rights. Such persons are the special wards of the State. They are so designated in common law and common usage.

HOW THE LAW REGARDS CHILDREN.

Guardians who have charge of children are, by law, held in bonds to meet their obligations as guardians. Parents, also, who act as guardians for property left to their children, are thus bound and compelled by the State to discharge properly their duties as guardians. Guardians are compelled to use the means in their care for the proper education of their wards. The State will take property and children out of the hands of delinquent guardians, even if they are the parents of the children. It compels parents to sustain the life of their children, and to feed and clothe them, if they are able to do so, and punishes them if they do not. If the parent is unable to do so, it takes the children away from him, and does this work at public expense. It provides poor-houses, asylums, and houses of refuge for such cases. If the State is thus careful about the bodies of children, should it not be much more careful of the immortal minds of the same children? If it compels parents to feed and clothe the body—the house, the tenement of the immortal mind—should it not much more compel them to feed and clothe the immortal mind, the immortal inhabitant of the body? Then government should especially see that the parent does his highest duty to his child, in educating him, or in permitting him to attend the public means of instruction. It should see that neither parental inability, nor his criminal carelessness, nor unnatural neglect, nor his selfishness, robs the child of these rights, just

as it protects the life, health, and property of the child. This is not an unwarrantable, tyrannical interference with the rights of parents, but merely a proper discharge of an essential and necessary power of the government in protecting those that it is its special duty to protect, and in compelling the parent, one subject, to discharge an obligation to the child, another subject.

ESSENCE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT—THIRD ARGUMENT.

To enforce this thought, our second argument, we will now advance our third argument for compulsory attendance. The object of government in providing for the education of the entire youth of the country, is to secure its own proper organization and arrangement, and its own efficiency in making and administering the laws, so as to secure to all the enjoyment of their rights, and to secure its own perpetuity in this work. The proper organization, efficiency, and perpetuity of the government, can be secured only by the education, integrity, and intelligence of the people. Virtue and intelligence of the entire people are necessary to secure these ends. If, then, the primary and chief object of the State in providing for the education of the entire youth of the State be to secure its own efficiency, proper organization, and perpetuity, by fitting each citizen to discharge efficiently and properly his duties as a member of the commonwealth, it must, by proper education, give them sufficient intelligence to do so; and, by moral instruction, the integrity that will impel them to do their duty as citizens. Hence, the State must, as its first and highest duty to its subjects and to itself, secure to every individual the privilege of obtaining such an education as will fit him for citizenship. It has done the first part of its duty in providing the means of such education. It is now its duty to see that each child enjoys these privileges. It fails of its duty in the premises, and squanders the means, if it does not do so. The above thought also decides another important query, What kind of education, and how much, shall the State secure to each one? Such education, and as much, as will fit the pupil for citizenship, for that is the object of the State in educating him

DUTY OF THE STATE.

When parents and guardians can and will give this education in private schools, government can permit them to do so; but even then it should reserve the right of supervision over such schools, to see that such instruction is imparted as will accomplish the end the State

is so vitally concerned to secure—that the pupil is, by the instruction there imparted, fitted for citizenship. This is a power our government should not fail to exercise now, when religious bigotry is taking so large a class of our youth out of our public schools, and placing them in partisan schools; and we have reason to fear that the same bigotry will impart partisan teachings, inimical to the public good. When parents and guardians can not, or do not, provide for the education of the child, and do not discharge their duty in seeing that he enjoys the means of education provided by the State, every consideration of duty and interest imperatively demand that the government should itself secure to the child the enjoyment of those means of education it has provided. It is demanded by a proper regard for its own organization, efficiency, and perpetuity, and by the obligations that rest on it in regard to the child as a subject, and its duty to all other subjects. No selfish inability or interest of the parent, or criminal carelessness, or neglect, should interfere with this highest duty of the government. Selfish interests of the parent should never be allowed to enter into the consideration of the case. His negligence or indifference should be treated as a criminal failure to discharge his highest duty to the child. Inability should be relieved, and indifference and neglect punished and counteracted. Then, our third argument is, that the object of the State in providing the means, demand that it should secure the use of the means of an education.

TO PREVENT CRIME.—OUR FOURTH ARGUMENT for compulsory attendance is based on the duty of government to prevent crime. Government protects the law-abiding in their persons and rights by punishing crime, as a means of deterring the lawless from the commission of crime. It is the duty of the government to use all proper means to prevent the commission of crime. When it can do so, it should prevent the growth of any tendencies or disposition to commit crime. It is this principle which justifies the government in checking the circulation of vile literature, or immoral publications, or in preventing demoralizing actions or displays in public. The same principle justifies the government in demanding that instructors of the youth should have and maintain a good moral character, and also in revoking their license to teach for immorality in life or teaching. If the government can prevent the growth of all disposition to commit crime, it is peculiarly its duty to do so; for, in so do-

ing, it not only most effectually protects the virtuous and obedient, but it also makes of those who otherwise would become lawless, and a curse to themselves and others, useful members of society. Although education will not absolutely prevent all crime, yet an education, in the true sense of the word—one that educates body, soul, and spirit, the mental, physical, and moral man—will prevent a large portion of the crime now committed. It is

▲ SIGNIFICANT FACT

that, while the illiterate are only one-twelfth of our population, they furnish three-fourths of our paupers and criminals. It is vastly wiser and better, then, to educate each child, and thus prevent his becoming a pauper or criminal, and make of him a useful and honorable member of society, than to spend ten times as much to punish him as a criminal, or support him as a pauper; and, besides all this, suffer the evils of pauperism and crime. As the education of every child is necessary to prevent pauperism and crime, it is peculiarly the duty of the Government to see that every child is educated; to see that every one enjoys the privileges provided that will enable him to secure an education. No parent has any right to compel or allow his child to grow up liable to crime and pauperism, through ignorance. The rights of the child, of the community, of the State, and of God are trampled under foot by such criminal indifference or neglect. It is the highest duty the government owes to its subjects and to itself, and, especially, to the child, to interfere with, and counteract, and prevent this criminal neglect or selfish indifference of the parent, and secure to the child the enjoyment of the means of an education that a beneficent government has provided.

OUR FIFTH ARGUMENT—GENERAL HAPPINESS—

is based on the duty of the government to promote, by all suitable means, the happiness and prosperity of all; or, in other words, to secure the general welfare. As we have shown, the education of all is necessary to secure these ends. There are certain efforts of the people to secure these great ends, that can be efficient only when properly directed and controlled, or by the control and direction of government. Governments are instituted to embody and direct and control the efforts of the people in securing these ends, and are their instruments in accomplishing them. Then, as government is the chief instrumentality in securing these ends, and as they can be secured by the education of the entire people, and by that alone, it should:

secure the common weal and prosperity by seeing that all are educated. Parents' selfish interests can not be allowed to interfere with the public good and happiness and prosperity in preventing the education of the child. Our readers will remember that we deny that the parent owns his child as he does his ox or horse. Even if he did, that would not prevent the government's interfering and securing the

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

education of the child, for government does interfere often with the absolute control of the owner over his property when public good demands it. With how much greater reason and justice, then, can government interfere with the control of the parent over his child, when he allows criminal negligence or selfish greed to do an irreparable wrong to the child, to the community, and to the State. CLARK BRADEN.

BEECHER.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
The world-renowned preacher,
Is filled with invincible thought.
The flow from the fountain,
Like fire from a mountain,
Comes seething and foaming red-hot.

The weak are affrighted,
The strong are delighted,
By the grandeur and beauty displayed.
Dry bones in the valley
Awaken and rally,
And in beautiful forms are arrayed.

On his anvil is wrought
Every image of thought,
And donned in most gorgeous attire;
Virgin gold without loss
Is divorced from the dross
In the flames of immaculate fire.

Yet his heart is in tune
With the zephyrs of June,
When twilight's soft veil dims the flowers.
There alone on the sod
He communes with his God
In the temple of Eden-like bowers.

His love and true "charity,"
Oh, what a "rarity!"
And when their deep fountains are stirred,
The walls that divide
Are submerged in the tide,
And the voice of no bigot is heard.

More thoughtful of needs
Than dogmas and creeds,
All conditions his sympathy share.
His love is his rule,
His duty his school,
His deeds most effectual prayer.

To the sorrowing heart
He doth comfort impart,
While the needy are succored and fed.
And the sin-stricken soul,
While deprived of control,
To the path of his duty is led.

Though sadly we fall,
He beholds God in all,
Though the spark is imprisoned in sin;
Yet by love's willing hands
He unshackles the bands,
By expanding the germ from within.

He portrays to the life
The wide world in its strife,
And probes the deep caverns of thought.
While with breathless amaze
We all wonder and gaze
At each image so skillfully wrought.

Every thought is a beam,
Every sentence a stream,
Sent aglow with a meteor's flight;
Yet he may not unbar
The full orb of his star
Lest the feeble be dazzled with light.

And yet the great masses
Discard their dark glazes;
And, like eagles that gaze at the sun,
Would behold with delight
The full orb in its flight,
And the glory his genius hath won.

When Time, in his flight,
Gently whispers good-night,
New beauties, new glories are dawning;
Though Humanity's tear
Will moisten his bier,
The heavens will echo good-morning!

A CENTURY FIRE.

AT Parkgate, near Sheffield, a most extraordinary phenomenon can be seen by all interested in colliery wonders.

About one hundred years ago, several Parkgate gentlemen sank a shaft known as the Old Bassett Pit. They at once found a rich seam of coal—the Barnsley bed, nine feet in thick-

ness. This coal was worked in a very careful fashion for several years—great blocks and pillars of coal, containing many tons, being left to support the roof in place of modern wooden props. For several seasons everything proceeded smoothly; but one day the pit caught fire. Nobody can tell how it was ignit-

ed; and the ancient miners appear to have been utterly dismayed by the unexpected disaster, as they left the pit to burn at will, instead of closing up the shaft and commencing anew, as they might have done. Many years afterward "the burning pit" was again approached by the lord of the manor, Earl Fitzwilliam, who began to work out coal in the locality. A shaft was sunk at some distance from the Old Bassett Pit, and the coal in the direction of Rawmarsh was got at—the new workings being kept at what was considered a safe distance from the fiery pit. Everything proceeded satisfactorily till 1868, when a miner named Parkin descended the Bank Pit shaft—the name by which the new shaft was known—and was greatly alarmed to find fire only ten feet from the pit bottom. He at once gave the alarm—the principal officials were upon the spot, and efforts made to extinguish the fire. "Parkin's flames" were soon put out; but it was found that the whole pit was on fire, and as the Earl's collieries extended for miles, it was feared that the fire would spread over the entire workings. The Old Bassett shaft was at once filled up; the old Bank shaft was also closed; a third shaft, the Top Stubbins Pit, was also filled up. A long and thick wall was built to separate the Old Bassett workings from the newly opened portions of the pit. Explorations had to be conducted by crawling on hands and knees in the midst of suffocating smoke; but the wall was

at length completed at tremendous expense and great labor—it being 1,000 yards in length, and from one foot to five feet thick. Cross-walls were also built to cut off airways, and so help in choking the fire. Thick iron pipes, with iron plugs, were inserted in the wall at intervals of fifty yards, so that views could be obtained of the interior of the Old Bassett workings looking through these pipes. The great wall occupied the time of a large body of workmen for a whole year. A new "futtrell"—the entrance to a coal-mine—had to be constructed. It had to be brick-arched above and below with strong brick walls. Entering by this place, the wall is inspected daily, to get information if the old fire has reached it in any way. The last fire was seen in 1871, and on being examined last week, nothing but "black damp" came through the iron orifices; but the most dangerous place—where the workmen labored at a great wall at the peril of their lives—is believed to be the fiery stronghold. Here the flames are still believed to be raging, although securely imprisoned by the work of the underground heroes who built its prison-walls. Until a year or two ago, the farmers found that their crops over this pit were materially accelerated in growth by the heat; and the fact that this acceleration is not so apparent now is the strongest proof to professional minds that the burning pit has about spent its strength, after a "long fire" of one hundred years.—*English Paper.*

AMERICAN ART APPLIED TO COMMON THINGS.

BUT a few years ago it was said of America that she had no good pictures, and but little taste in art, and our ignorance was sought to be made a means of profit to scores of shrewd foreigners who, without honor in their own lands, thrust upon our market, for high prices and undeserved praise, many ill-constructed and worthless works. It has never been denied to us that, as a nation, we loved pictures and statuary, for our rudest cabins as well as the refined mansions, all bore evidence in some manner to this love, but so barbarous were most of these home-adornments in design and color that the error of cultured strangers might well be pardoned who deemed our taste as barbaric as that of our savages. This judgment was, however, premature, and our native artists have long since proved their ability to produce good work, as have our people shown by their ready appreciation, the growth, not the birth, of a correct taste for the

beautiful. Already is our market closed against the apprentice work of foreign picture factories; their importers have either changed their business or the quality of their wares, and the presses which used to groan day and night in sending out tons of prints, horrible in form and flaming with impossible colors, are rusting. The introduction of the modern "chromotype" is sometimes credited as the cause of this advance to a higher national taste, yet it is not the cause but simply the effect. It was as easy to give, with the old-fashioned "lithograph," correct drawing and good color as with this, but the taste of purchasers was then easily satisfied, and poor art paid publishers a greater profit than good. Perhaps to nothing, so much as to the "photograph," are we indebted for a diffused knowledge of what is good in art. This medium of nature which, in its infancy, was dreaded by many conservative artists as a dangerous rival, has proved

their best friend, and driven out of the field no one worthy to be in it. By its simple interpretations all are made to see beauty in many an original hitherto sealed to them, and its correctness exposes the efforts of imitations once deemed satisfactory. The ones least skilled in art are now no longer imposed upon with portraits of friends in which the only likeness adheres to some peculiar article of dress, nor with pictures which scorn drawing and perspective, and run mad in color. The likenesses of our friends drawn for us by the sun's magic pencil lacking only speech, and the other faithful transcripts which photography makes us familiar with, have been the pioneers opening the way for advanced art, and making a necessity of the dainty gems of the chromotype press which, for a few dollars, or as a free gift, gives us virtual ownership in priceless masterpieces, and shames from the humblest wall the horrible blotches of a past age. It has been urged by those who were impatient for our national advance in art that our great want was a more perfect school, or better privileges for our home-taught students; yet true as this was, a greater want lay in those who bought pictures than in those who painted them, and we have seen at the call for better art a better rise up in answer. So long as poor pictures and portraits were bought poor ones were painted, but when the demand came for better it was encouragingly met. We have for many years been praised for our skill in the arts called useful, but deemed lacking in those dealing only with the fancy; but we have already shown that the taste and skill which make our commonest things marvels of grace and beauty can make beauty for its own sake. We have

already set patterns for the world in the industrial arts. Our steamships, engines, and machinery are ahead of others in every sense; our architecture is rising to equal, if not surpass, the architecture of older nations; from our own designs our hats, coats, and bonnets take an added beauty, and the fertile taste that touched with the witchery of design the commonest thing in the hand of the Parisian artisan, our growing manufactures prove was not nature's copyright to him alone. Our native workmen, in nearly all materials, now show equal skill in fancy with the foreigner, and home-made articles of use and *bijouterie* show equal grace, and what a pure art never lacks, an added purity of thought in design. There are some who confuse the growing desire for ornament in common things with a lapsing into idle luxury, and think they discern the fore-shadowing of such decay as wasted the beautiful cités and empires of the past; but a love for beauty is never a weakness, and the weakness which perverts this to its damage exists in other things. Our hearts and eyes are made loving beauty, while nature grows in beauty for their love, and we can not accuse the Designer of error in His work.

With the days of pioneer struggle and rude living past, with wealth for embellishment as well as need, the republicans of the future may, and will, live in houses as beautiful as Pompeian palaces; go to their work in stores and offices and shops from which all needless gloom and ugliness have been removed, and with the purity of beauty surrounding them everywhere will find no harm coming to their Christian Republic from their refined art.

ISAAC F. EATON.

SOMEBODY WILL DO IT.

IT is natural for men and women to desire to leave behind them those who shall enjoy their accumulations, rejoice in the memory of their good name, and to be laudably proud and happy in view of their worthy achievements. Married people would gladly leave noble sons and daughters to perpetuate their name and secure for them so much of immortality as a continuation of their work and a completion of their plans can give. No worthy work performed with noble purpose ought to die from the memory and respect of the good; and, therefore, he who

aims to benefit mankind by the earnest diffusion of truth, may properly hope that the seed which he sows shall bring forth fruit "an hundred-fold," even after he has been called from the field.

How often the thoughtful man wishes Franklin and Fulton could see the telegraphic wires which, like sensitive nerves, quiver with intelligence throughout the civilized world; and witness on river, and lake, and sea the graceful or massive steamers as, like shuttles, they weave the nations together in common interest and common hope.

Jenner and Harvey, Hahnemann and Preinitz have found their rank among the benefactors of mankind; and Horace Wells, the discoverer of Anaesthesia, by which human pain is nullified in surgery, has just been acknowledged by the first medical talent in America as an immortal philanthropist.

If we properly honor the inventor and physician who deal in things physical and bodily, what honor should be paid to the memory of Gall and Spurzheim, who taught the world how to read and regulate mind, and to comprehend and educate that superior part of man's nature which shall survive all that is earthly and secular?

The great leaders fortunate in discovery and successful in achievement, though not rarely opposed, abused, and sometimes even martyred, have their names enshrined and their works carried forward by devoted and chivalric followers; and even though in some instances, the pupil, like Morse, may attain honor and distinction not inferior to that of the master, every cause has its rank and file, more or less efficient and distinguished, to carry on the work and transfer its benefits to the coming generations.

In the field of Phrenology and its application to the culture and improvement of our race, it has been our pleasure to labor. True, it has been pioneer work. Old prejudices, like stumps and roots in the new clearings of the border forests, have resisted our progress and augmented our labor, but the harvest waves in the sunshine promise a clear and mellow field at no distant day.

But while the broad fields of our effort are white, ready for the harvest, we find *ourselves* becoming whitened by time, and are reminded that younger hands must at no distant day bear the burdens and reap the rewards and honors of this man-reforming work.

Who shall prepare to fill our ranks and more than fill our measure of effort and success. Somebody will do it. All that study and experience have qualified us to impart is now at the service of the cadets who would take it, and earnestly employ it in this most useful of human pursuits.

For one year more, at least, we propose to receive pupils at our annual course of instruction in the science and art of character-reading, when all the skulls, busts, and portraits

of men and animals which we have collected from every quarter of the world during more than a third of a century, will be laid under contribution to illustrate human nature in all its phases. Nowhere else can such ample facilities be had to learn all that is known of Phrenology and Physiognomy, and with these our students are made familiar by extended and varied explanations and careful inspection. The session for 1878 will open on the fifth day of November next, and it is desirable that all who wish to avail themselves of our instruction to prepare themselves for lecturing on the science, or to use Phrenology and a knowledge of temperament to comprehend and properly influence human nature in the family, the school-room, in business, in courts of justice, or in the ministerial office, should give us early notice of their desire to attend. A circular, entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology," setting forth the topics treated, the course of reading, the length of session, terms, etc., will be sent by mail to all who apply.

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GARMENTS MADE WATERPROOF.—A writer in an English paper says: By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travelers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn india-rubber waterproofs, but will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and, for the benefit of your readers, I will give the recipe:

In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals, until it becomes clear; pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry, without ringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, such as you rarely see in the South; and, when he slipped off his overcoat, his underwear was as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is, in every way, better than what we know as most waterproofs.

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.]

Go 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 an early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be answered by letter generally, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage. In all cases correspondents should give name and residence, as our time is too valuable to be spent on anonymous letters.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS—THEIR ORIGIN.

—C. E. H. inquires: As our language is derived principally from the Anglo-Saxon language—so, at least, we are told—will you be kind enough to inform me who the Anglo-Saxons were, and what country or countries they inhabited?

Ans. Anglo-Saxon is the collective name given by historians to the various Germanic tribes which settled in England in the earlier periods of its history. So far as known, these tribes consisted for the most part of Jutes, Saxons, and Angles. Our child histories have somewhat to say in regard to Hengist and Horsa, and other great military leaders, who accompanied some of the invasions of British territory; Hengist and Horsa being usually assigned the date of about 450, and credited with the first invasion. It, however, turns out under the scrutiny of late writers, that these famous leaders had no substantial existence, but were better entitled to the position of mythical heroes, such as are common in the early history of most of the Germanic nations. It is altogether probable, too, that there were earlier incursions from the Continent upon the soil of Britain than that of the middle of the fifth century; for the simple reason that long previous to that time a part of the coast, extending from Portsmouth to Wales, was known as the Saxon shore. How it obtained the name rests in doubt.

The probable truth is, that Britain for centuries had been ravaged and partially colonized by Germanic tribes, and was finally reduced to their sway on the departure of the Romans. The Jutes are believed to be the first comers from the Duchy of Schleswig. They possessed themselves of Kent, the Isle of Wight, and Hampshire. The Saxons were the next invaders, settling chiefly in the southern and central parts of England. They are believed to have come from that region now known as the Duchy of Holstein and the contiguous country. The Angles made a succession of descents on the coasts of Suffolk and Norfolk, and

later on a country north of the Humber, in the southern part of Scotland. The union of the different bands of these conquerors in the course of time among themselves with the original population of the country, gave rise to the so-called Saxon Heptarchy, which was substantially the beginning of a national organization.

IDIOTS AND MATHEMATICS.—Why are idiots sometimes the best mathematicians, and apparently have not sense enough to do anything else?

Ans. The phrenological explanation of partial genius and partial idiocy is the only rational one; but we have never known an idiot who was a good mathematician, because it requires the reasoning organs for the calculations of mathematics. We have known, however, idiotic arithmeticians who could calculate numbers in the head with great rapidity. There was a negro boy in Huntsville, Alabama, years ago, who did not know enough to do the ordinary work of the slave, yet he would multiply and divide with a rapidity and accuracy that put to shame the best accountants. He would tell, for instance, how many seconds old a person was whose age in years, months, days, and hours, was named to him, and he would do it in half the time that would be required to make the figures on a slate by the most expert. Persons sometimes have a poetical genius and lack common sense; or a mechanical tendency without good judgment. Some persons are musical and lack common sense, and some have great reasoning talent and lack ability for figures, for music, for mechanism, or the power to acquire property. We know some little knotty heads that were unable to learn their lessons at school, and now can barely write their names, but they will follow a dollar and capture it; they will make money and get ahead of many a college bred man. The truth is, we have some forty faculties, and any one or ten of them may be possessed in an eminent degree, while all the rest are but moderate or small; and no other system of mental philosophy attempts to explain these facts, though everybody knows that the facts exist. There are some people who respect themselves for intelligence and love of truth, and who shake their heads and stand aloof for fear Phrenology has some truth that may not comport with their preconceived ideas, and they do not know whether it will be safe to believe it. People once thought in the same way about Galileo's discoveries, and in reference to Geology and many other important subjects, whose grandchildren feel ashamed of them for their ignorance

and bigotry. There are people to-day whose grandchildren will feel in the same way are long. Oaks do not mature in a day or a year, and new truths sometimes have to quarrel with old brambles for root room and sky room. A word to the wise.

BRAIN GROWTH.—Do the capacities of the brain in adults ever vary as to their strength, except in case of disease or sickness; and if so, is their variation indicated by a decrease or an increase in the size of the organs, and why? As, for example, one might have much Veneration on being examined by a phrenologist at a certain time, and on being examined again at another time his examination shows that, "not from disease, but from the neglect of the exercise of that faculty it has decreased."

Ans. The brain is subject to the same law of growth and decline as other portions of the system. If muscles are increased by means of their exercise, they first grow dense and then increase in magnitude. The same law governs the growth of brain as a whole, or of the parts most exercised. It may not always be possible to determine the increase or diminution of the organs by exercise or their non-exercise, because there is often not enough power in the system to exercise all the organs of the brain vigorously; when there is such power, and all the organs are in use and well sustained, those most used or least used should manifest themselves accordingly.

A FALSEHOOD.—Is a lie ever justifiable? Suppose, for example, I meet a madman or a robber, who threatens personal violence, shall I divert him from his object by telling him a falsehood, and thus save my property or life, or, perhaps, the lives of others?

Ans. No one need lie. He may divert, outwit, or out-general an evil spirit; he may be "wise as a serpent," but he must be "harmless as a dove." In cases where such questions arise, it will be a safe rule to submit them to the Saviour. As He may be supposed to answer, so answer thou. This also accords with one's highest moral sense. One may not do evil that good may come.

FACULTY AND ORGAN.—I recently read an article, the whole tone of which is embodied in the following sentence, "A man is not a musician because he has the 'bump of music,' but he has such a protuberance only because his spirit has an aptitude for music." Is he right or is he wrong?

Ans. In the present life, all ordinary manifestations of mind act in coincidence with the size, condition, and culture of organization. The organ is the medium through which the mental faculty works out its power. It is believed by some that without an organ there is no mind. We maintain that mind or faculty is first, and organ afterward—that the Supreme Being is the source of mind or faculty, and this produces the organ, or, at least, develops it. A person who becomes blind early in life loses power to exercise his faculty of Color, and the organ of Color stops growing, and at thirty years of age the organ of Color is found to be small. A composer of essays, arguments, dramas,

poems, or music, must conceive them in the mind. He uses the pen to write them. The reader receives the ideas or sentiments of the composer, and lives over his thoughts or emotions. The medium of this communication is simply an organ, or factor; the thing itself is mind, idea, thought, sentiment, emotion; the written page conveys the mental life of one person to another person. We are now prepared to understand that brain, nerve, muscle, bone, pen, paper, piano, brush, chisel, hammer, are but organs working out the powers of the inner man, mind, the offspring of God, which is to exist and enjoy after all its earthly instincts are laid off and forsaken.

NEW CONTRIBUTOR—S. E. B.—The poems you sent us are deficient, not so much in matter and interest as in metrical arrangement. One may write capital prose, and make a wretched botch of it in attempting poetry. A poet may be "born," yet considerable study is requisite before he can put his thoughts in agreeable language. So far as the birth is concerned, he may possess in his organization poetic sentiment and feeling, but he must master the art of expression to convey aptly that sentiment or feeling for the understanding and appreciation of others. You should study the laws of versification, as well as the laws of composition. License, if permissible at all in poetry, does not permit one to set at naught the rules of grammar.

MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.—Are mesmerism and clairvoyance truly and honestly practiced by any in accordance with the principles laid down in the standard works? In other words, are they humbugs?

Ans. We believe that some people do practice mesmerism according to the principles laid down by leading writers on the subject, or according to the science of the subject, and that they are honest in their professions and practice. In regard to clairvoyance, we have seen enough to convince us that there is truth in it; that a person can, by some peculiar mental illumination, read that which may be written or printed on a slip inclosed in twenty folds of paper or cloth. We have known of a clairvoyant girl, fifteen years old, who was an entire stranger to us, who counted the number of pieces of silver and copper coin we held in our hand, giving the date of each piece, the nationality, and the denomination of each, and there were thirteen pieces, and they were taken expressly for the purpose from a quantity of change we never had seen. We are sure that was an honest effort of clairvoyance; but the next fifty trials might be failures, and the next dozen of persons who should act as clairvoyants might not succeed so well, or might not succeed at all; but that does not invalidate the fact of clairvoyant power. We have seen a subject whose eyes were tightly bandaged who would tell the exact time by a closed hunting-case watch, no matter where the hands might be turned or how often changed so that no one

knew the position of the hands, and this was repeated several times. But there are, doubtless, humbugs and swindlers in connection with both mesmerism and clairvoyance. One could not safely wager on the success of any proposed effort in either direction. There is some wheat in both, and we will not say what proportion of chaff, but doubtless a good deal. —

BIBLE CHRISTIANS.—Do the majority of Christians believe that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God?

Ans. Not only the majority, but all real Christians believe the inspiration of the Bible.

TIME.—Do the colored men of our country possess the organ of Time as largely as the white man? If not, why is he so fond of dancing?

Ans. The intellectual organs of the negro are not, as a whole, so well developed as those of the white man. The organ of Time, therefore, has a plenty of room to be large without standing out prominently; and, consequently, it does not often appear to be large externally when its functions are well indicated. The banjo and other musical instruments of the negro develop more of time than of melody or harmony in their music, but it is sufficient for their purposes of dancing. His joyous nature makes him fond of frolicking, and his dancing music tends to train his Time and his dancing tendency together.

"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."—A correspondent writes us from Ohio, requesting advice on a subject—which must be nameless here—that is of vital interest to him, forgetting that we publish the JOURNAL for the public, and not for private individuals. He wishes it done through this department of the JOURNAL, but not to use his name or initials. He ought to know that such subjects can not be treated in a public journal like this. If he sends a stamp to pay postage on our "SPECIAL LIST" of medical books, he will find exactly what he needs. There will be no occasion to consult the quacks, or to swallow pills, bitters, or medicated slops of any kind. We always reply promptly to all private or professional questions, by post, when stamp is sent to pre-pay the same.

NOSES.—I desire information on the subject of noses. I would like pictures and descriptions of the leading types of noses, as the Roman, the Grecian, etc., together with their physiognomical indications. Have you numbers of your excellent JOURNAL which contain the desired information? Have you it in any other form?

Ans. See "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY" for complete description, with more than seventy engraved illustrations of noses. The same work contains eyes, lips, chins, cheeks, ears, all fully described with illustrations.

VENTRILLOQUISM.—Does the practice of ventriloquism tend to injure the health or shorten life?

Ans. We think not; yet it is possible, from the nervous excitement incident to it.

GOOD VINES, GOOD GRAPES.—Your excellent JOURNAL occasionally falls into my hands by the kindness of a subscriber. You can either answer the above questions in the JOURNAL or by mail, and you will confer a great favor on an earnest inquirer.

Ans. It is a fact, just as certainly as that the young of selected animals will prove superior in the qualities of their kind to the common herd, or that good soil, well tilled, will produce better crops in every respect than poor soil, or good soil ill cultivated. In other words, it is both natural and reasonable.

What They Say.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—When I saw "A Cheerful Face" in April JOURNAL, I thought I'll not care for that. So, while reading it, my thoughts ran thus: What right has any one to wear a cheerful face who has just turned from another with a cold word or an unkind act, which caused a little quiver, a little ache, moistened eyes, and perhaps a little hate? It may be so slight that to other ears it seems a polite word, or to other eyes a graceful act; to the wounded, a feeling of shame for the unbidden tear. Yet it only did its mission.

And thoughts ran over scenes that can not be hid by a cheerful face, to my little girlhood. An aged man lay in a deep sleep. A few friends were around the bed; some of them were weeping. I wondered why. He did not suffer. As the truth crept over me, I was more surprised. Now he would scold no more. He always seemed to suffer when scolding. Now, was he not better in that peaceful sleep? My censuring ran on fast, only to be checked by the words "little face—one that we nestle," etc. The pain went out of my face; the ache had left my heart, and as I read on it seemed that guile is not always behind a cheerful face.

PHRENOLOGY AND RELIGION.—How beautifully Phrenology teaches that true religion is a daily work, evincing an upright life, in obedience to the moral sentiments and intellect, the selfish propensities being kept in perfect control. Beecher has wisely said, "True manliness is the highest type of Christianity," and that is just what Phrenology teaches. Phrenology is steadily advancing, and casting light in dark places. The treatment I have personally received helps to this conclusion. Since November the 29th, 1869, I have lectured 574 times, and have examined heads and given charts almost without number; and during all this time have visited eleven different States, and must say that everywhere, in city, town, and village, the people were very thankful for more knowledge of this noble science. May the onward march of its truths know no halt!

J. A. HOUSER.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—One who earnestly appreciates truth, and its application in the daily walks of life, writes:

I believe that what we want is men that are morally and intellectually capable of lecturing on Phrenology, and can advance the truth in such a manner that the mass of people can understand it, and do it for no selfish or pecuniary motive, but for the good of the people. There is too little talked about Phrenology, even by those that understand it. I make use of every opportunity to call the people's attention to it. In all my conversation, where it will admit, I make use of phrenological illustrations and of phrenological terms, and apply it whenever I can. This causes others to talk about it, and they ask questions concerning it, and I am always willing to enlighten them whenever they require it. Now, if a stranger comes into the neighborhood, generally the first question asked me in reference to him is, what does his physiognomy indicate? and what are his phrenological qualifications? I believe it is our duty, as good disciples, to make use of Phrenology whenever we can, to teach it to the children in Sunday-school, and to teach it at home and abroad.

H. W.

TO THE YOUNG MEN.—I feel somewhat interested in the young men of our country; so much so, perhaps, as to use the pen to the best of my ability for the purpose of giving them a little advice through the columns of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. It is too common a thing among the youth (and among the elders) of our land to use that poisonous weed which destroys so much health and happiness. Of course, this is a free country, and each one has his rights and privileges; but he has no right to injure himself by the use of that obnoxious weed if he chooses to do so; for by injuring himself he trespasses on the rights of others, either by his bad influence or by illness, which may compel the care and attention of others, or both.

How important it is, too, that the young people taste not, touch not, handle not that accursed thing, alcohol, which insidiously steals away their brains, money, and precious time, and paralyzes their powers of resistance, and fastens upon them a slavery which in some instances they seem unable to break! Why is it that men will spend their money in buying poisons to be used in the family, and thus set a base example before their children? How inconsistent it is to see a father put the weed in his mouth or the glass to his lips before his son, all the time telling him that it is a foolish habit and that it is injurious to the health, and that he doesn't want him to begin! Why in the world doesn't he quit his bad ways for the sake of his young children, and prove himself a man? It is very natural for young men and boys to follow in the foot-prints of their fathers; but I would advise them, in all such cases, to vary a little, and not form any bad habits. A SUBSCRIBER.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

THE CHRISTIAN SERVING HIS GENERATION. A Sermon by Rev. William Taylor, A.M. Pamphlet, 12mo; pp. 26. Price, 15 cents. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

Besides sound reasoning, arguments drawn from science, philosophy, Scripture, and personal experience, the author paints vivid pictures and tells a good story. Here is one in point:

"Somewhere about thirteen years ago, the Sailor's Home, one of the noblest institutions in Liverpool, was discovered to be on fire. It was past midnight; all the inmates had retired to rest, and were startled out of their slumber by the terrible alarm. The flames spread rapidly throughout the building, and from every door and window volumes of smoke streamed forth, so that, when the fire-brigade appeared upon the scene, it was at once apparent that nothing could be done to save it, and the whole energies of the force were directed to the rescuing of those who were as yet within it. A dense crowd of onlookers had already gathered round, and many stout-hearted men came forth and volunteered their services in the perilous enterprise. A company of marines landed from a man-of-war at anchor in the Sloyne, and gave themselves right earnestly to the same noble work, until at length ninety-seven souls had been snatched by them from the jaws of death, and it seemed as if the whole were saved. And now men breathed freely as they looked upon the gorgeous spectacle of that massive building wreathed in fire; but, hark! a piercing shriek is heard high over the shouts of the multitude; and yonder, on one of the upper ledges of the building, five men are seen calling for help. As soon as possible, the longest ladder on the spot is placed against the wall, right underneath where they are standing; but, alas! it reaches only to a point some twenty feet below the parapet whereon they are. An agony of disappointment wrings the heart of every onlooker as hope for their deliverance is sinking fast into despair. 'Stand back!' cries a resolute and courageous man, as, with another ladder on his shoulder, he places his foot upon the lowest round, and prepares with it to ascend to their relief. On him now all eyes are fixed. They watch him until he has reached the top of the long ladder, and there he joins to it the one which he has borne with him. But, ah! how bitter the disappointment again—it also is too short! What now is to be done? There is no time to lose; so taking the ladder up, he raises it until it rests upon his shoulders, and there, at the height of well-nigh fifty feet from the ground,

standing on the one ladder, and *adding his own length to the other* which he carried, he calls to them to come down over him. The multitude beneath hold their breath in astonishment, afraid to utter a sound, lest they should mar the self-possession of the men; but when, one after another, they have descended in safety, the air is rent with a most deafening cheer, which makes the welkin ring. Thus, brethren, thus must we save the drunkard from the devouring fire—the ladder even of abstinence will be too short unless we *add ourselves to it*, and make over ourselves a pathway for him into safety."

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF HOMEOPATHY.

Under the auspices of the New York Homeopathic Medical College. Monthly, octavo; pp. 48. Price, \$3 a year. Vol. I., No. 1. New York: Carle & Grener.

A new candidate for professional honors in the sphere of medicine. The publishers do their part well, whatever may be said of infinitesimal doses; or, as we have it in *Science of Health*, no doses at all.

THE BUSY WEST.—An illustrated monthly magazine edited and published at \$3 a year by Mrs. Bella French, St. Paul, Minnesota. Our readers have heard of Mrs. French through her admirable poems in the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*. That such a magazine *ought* to be well supported there is no question. The editor is thoroughly imbued with the enterprising spirit of the great West, and her journal is one of its best exponents. Send a couple of dimes for a specimen number, or \$2 for a yearly subscription.

OXLEY. By Lyndon, author of "Margaret; a Story of Life in a Prairie Home." One vol., 12mo; pp. 441; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Oxley is the name of the town in which live the persons described in this book, and the author has evidently studied human nature to some purpose. Delineations of character and descriptions of scenery are the charming features of the story. We should like to have the same pen describe some of the scenery of our own continent beyond the Mississippi River.

TEMPERANCE SERMONS, Delivered in Response to an Invitation of the National Temperance Society and Publication House. One vol., 12mo; pp. 400; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: National Temperance Society.

Here are some of the best utterances—nearly twenty sermons—from the best pulpits of America, on the worst customs of the world. The greatest fight of our past was with human slavery. In that all our material resources were employed. The greatest fight of the present and of the future is to be with alcohol and ourselves. It may be bloodless, but it will be earnest and long. We are in for the fight. Our weapons are, first, moral suasion; second, legislation; third, force. What! will you undertake to put down liquor drinking by law? Yea, verily; we believe in the right of

the good to govern the bad, the temperate to restrain the intemperate. "Down with the devil!"

FERDINAND DE SOTO, the Discoverer of the Mississippi. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 351; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Dodd & Mead.

A thrilling history, narrating one of the most romantic adventures known to the great Southwest. Here are some of the exciting subjects, which must interest every reader: The Childhood and Youth of De Soto; The Spanish Colony; Life at Darien; Invasion of Peru; Atrocities of Pizarro; Execution of Inca; De Soto Lands in Florida; The March to Ochile; A Conspiracy; In the Wilderness; An Indian Princess; Battle of Mobila; Days of Darkness; Discovery of the Mississippi; Wanderings; Death of De Soto.

THE AMERICAN GRAINER'S HAND-BOOK: a Popular and Practical Treatise on the Art of Imitating Colored and Fancy Woods; with Examples and Illustrations, both in Oil and Temper. By the Author of "How Shall we Paint," "Plain Talk with Practical Painters," "Coach Painters' Companion," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 109; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: John W. Masury & Son.

We take this to be "just the thing" for those who propose to follow graining as an art. The book seems to be complete in all its parts, answering fully to its elaborate title. We know of nothing better to put into the hands of a young aspirant who seeks fame and fortune in this interesting pursuit.

SIAM, the Land of the White Elephant, as it Was and Is. Compiled and arranged by George B. Bacon. One vol., 12mo; pp. 347; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Next to Africa, China, and Japan, we know less of this than of any other of the habitable portions of the world. Mr. Bacon gives us herein the best popular view yet presented. His book will beget in traveling Americans a desire to know more of that portion of the East Indies, and, in the near future, we shall break in upon the Siamese as we have on Chinamen and on the Japanese. We shall assist in opening up that heathen country to railways, telegraphs, common schools, Christian churches, etc. Let this beautiful book have a place in every American home. It is worthy the widest circulation.

PLAY AND PROFIT IN MY GARDEN. By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away." One vol., 12mo; pp. 349; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Mr. Roe writes well. Does he talk as well? If so his preaching will do good. "Does gardening pay?" Read the author's laconic answer, and *then* prepare to plant. There is money, health, joy, gladness, and real happiness in a good garden, and thousands who now loiter and languish about the house could get life, vigor, rest, encouragement, and other conditions in a garden. Read this enchanting book, and give thanks.

TOWNSHIP CO-OPERATION: The Legitimate Fruit of the Protectionist Theory. Also, **THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM.** Two Lectures before the New York Liberal Club. By Samuel Leavitt. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Among a mass of information relating to Co-operation, Mr. Leavitt compiles a brief history of several of the successful associations, which are enumerated at considerable length, the facts being obtained from Jacobi, who spent from 1850 to 1858 visiting all the communities in this country. His list is as follows: 1. Ephrata, started in Pennsylvania by Beisel in 1713. They grew rich, had thousands of members, and a remnant remained in 1858. 2. In 1774 came Ann Lee and the Shakers. They have eighteen societies. 3. The Rappites, of whose riches so much is said, began in Pennsylvania in 1803. They sold their town, Harmony, and 35,000 acres of land, to Robert Owen in 1824, and built Economy. They are millionaires. 4. "Zoar," Ohio, was founded by Bimeler and 800 followers in 1818. They live married or single, as they choose; are rich, and a moral people, and number 500. 5. Snowhill Community, Pennsylvania, was founded in 1820. In 1858 they were well off. 6. Metz founded "Ebenezer," near Pittsburgh, in 1846. They are under the guidance of an invisible spirit, which seems to possess good business ability. They permit marriage when this spirit consents. They have thousands of members, some bringing in \$100,000, \$60,000, etc., and have 30,000 acres in Iowa. 7. The Bishop Hill, Ill., Swedish colony, began in 1846. In 1858 they were 500 strong, and well off. They prefer celibacy, but do not object to marriage. 8. The Icarian Community, Iowa, began in 1854. It has sixty members and 1,829 acres. They sustain the ordinary family and marriage relations.

A THANKSGIVING STORY; Embodying the ballad "Betsey and I Are Out," and other poems. By N. S. Emerson. One vol., 12mo; pp. 200; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The physiognomy of this volume is attractive. But what of its psychology? Beside "Betsey and I Are Out," and "How Husband and I Made up," we have Church Discipline; Pat's Dream of Heaven; The Octoroon; Naming the Baby; In California; Among the Mines; Christmas Gifts; Legend of the Virgin, etc., all done in verse. The very popular ballad of "Betsey and I Are Out," has been claimed by another writer, but we know Mrs. Emerson is capable of just that sort of thing, and we believe that child to be hers.

PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By John Bascom, Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College, author of "Æsthetics, or Science of Beauty," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 251; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

A handsome and handy volume on a very important subject. The author treats it well. He gives us chapters on composition, prose, poetry,

oratory, influence, arguments, emotions, imagination, and memory; wit, humor, and ridicule; language, style, perspicuity, elegance, and energy. His descriptions are clear, his arguments cogent, and the whole well adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. —

A TREATISE ON GENERAL PATHOLOGY, and its Relations to Practical Medicine. By Charles L. Carter, M.D., Honorary Member of the St. Louis Medical Society, lately Surgeon in the United States Army. One vol., octavo; pp. 149; cloth. Price, \$1.50. St. Louis.

Dr. Carter makes an interesting book, taking advanced views in the treatment of the subject of Pathology. He says, "The design of this work is to present the outlines of General Pathology in its present advanced position as a science, and its instructive bearing upon practical medicine." The author is his own publisher.

THE MYSTERY OF METROPOLIVILLE. By Edward Eggleston, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "End of the World," etc. 12mo. Price, \$1.50. New York: Ora. Judd & Co.

Dr. Eggleston pictures characters to the life. He studies his subject like an artist, and, artist-like, paints to the life. If it be objected that he sometimes seems to magnify, we answer that few of us would acknowledge the truth if we ourselves were described precisely as we are. We would scarcely recognize our own portraits when put into descriptive printers' ink. The author necessarily uses striking characters, and these, we repeat, he describes most literally, and always with a useful object and proper motive, which is to do good and not to pervert.

GARETH AND LYNETTE. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 96; cloth. Price, \$1.25. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Sweet, sweet poems! With this the author concludes the Idyls of the King. GARETH follows the coming of ARTHUR, and the last tournament proceeds. GUINEVERE, a charming book with striking illustrations. Published in the usual excellent taste of Messrs. Osgood & Co., successors of the late popular house of Ticknor & Fields.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL WORK OF THE WORLD, in 1872. Annual Address by Chief Justice Daly, the President, before the American Geographical Society. Octavo pamphlet; pp. 60. New York: Printed for the Society.

"Multum in parvo." The distinguished orator shows himself as much at home when on the wing traversing all parts of the habitable globe, or in navigating rivers, lakes, and seas, as he does in presiding over his court, and passing judgment on legal questions. And he has given us the sum and substance of all the geographical discoveries which have been made during the past two years in this scholarly address. We may add, that the American Geographical Society is every way worthy the best support of all Americans. It ought to have a membership far greater than at present.

STAR PAPERS; or, Experiences of Art and Nature. By Henry Ward Beecher. New Edition, with Additional Articles, selected from more Recent Writings. One vol., 12mo; pp. 447; cloth. Price, \$2. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Messrs. Ford & Co. are bringing out Mr. Beecher's miscellaneous writings in uniform style. Star Papers obtained great popularity when they first appeared, some of them in the columns of the *Independent*, others in the *Christian Union*. They are descriptive of various tours at home and abroad, extending over some years of observation. They will be rich reading at all seasons. Entertaining as a novel and instructive as practical science itself. We commend these Star Papers to all readers.

Howe's Musical Monthly.—Contents of No. 27 consist of Waltzes, Galops, Polkas, etc., by Coote, Gungl, Verdi, Lanner, Piefke, Strause, Wm. Heiser, Hunt, Lec, F. G. Gausen, Budik, and Weingarten. Each number contains \$6 worth of first-class Piano Music for 35 cents. Boston: Elias Howe.

What more need be said than is conveyed in the above? When we state that this monthly is regarded as among the best of our serial musical publications, nothing more need be said as to its merits.

THE GLASS CABLE, and the Storms it Withered. By Margaret E. Wilmer. One vol., 12mo; pp. 288; cloth. Price, \$1.25. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A thrilling temperance story, such as touches the hearts and fixes the good resolutions of young people who pledge themselves to live temperance lives. It has in it the Scriptural salt which saves. Parents should procure copies for the admonition and pleasure of their children.

PUBLIC DEBTS OF FOREIGN NATIONS.

—The *Banker's Magazine* for April, 1873, contains a tabular and descriptive sketch of the Public Debts of Foreign Nations, viz.:—1. Austria; 2. Belgium; 3. Denmark; 4. France; 5. Germany; 6. Italy; 7. Netherlands; 8. Portugal; 9. Spain; 10. Russia; 11. Sweden and Norway; 12. Turkey; 13. Great Britain, etc. In addition, the new law of Congress in reference to National Banks; also, a list of Failures and Dissolutions of Banks and Banking Firms, March, 1873; and a monthly list of eighty new Banks and Banking Firms throughout the United States, March, 1873.

THE Illustrated Christian Weekly has just closed its second year with a paid subscription list of nearly 30,000 subscribers, and the publishers feel encouraged to push on, such a success in so short a time warranting them in expecting greater fields of usefulness in the future.

THE Association Monthly, organ of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and the British Provinces, has been merged into the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. This

change will enable the young men to receive fresh intelligence of Association work each week, and will bring their cause before a large constituency previously unacquainted with it, except in a general way. Published at \$3 a year by the American Tract Association. Send a dime for specimen numbers, and judge its quality.

CHARITY—A FUND WANTED.

THE daily call, nay, demand, for copies of this JOURNAL, and for other publications, by Young Men's Christian, Hebrew, and other associations, not to mention the numerous hospitals, asylums, prisons, colleges, seminaries, academics, libraries, and other institutions, makes it necessary for us to appeal to the public for a charity fund, that we may give to these needy poor.

Here is one among several others which came to hand by post this morning. Our free list is already larger than we can really afford to have it, and unless put in funds by the charitable, we must shut down the gate, and keep it shut until circumstances shall permit us to open it again:

ROOMS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN }
ASSOCIATION OF MILLEDGEVILLE [No }
State], 1873.

Dear Sirs—An association of the above description having been established in this city, the undersigned Committee, delegated by the Association, take pleasure in notifying you of the fact, and respectfully invite the contribution of your Journal to the files of its reading-room. All such contributions will be appreciated by the Association, and will be laid before a numerous body of readers.

Contributions of books, either new or second-hand, and pictures, will be gratefully received, and the Committee will consider it a pleasure to acknowledge the same, in respect to the former, either in the form of standard religious and philosophical works, works of reference, old periodicals (bound or unbound), or, in fact, any production of good moral tone that may be bestowed. Each contribution will be labeled with the name of the giver, and every one may feel the assurance that they have contributed to a cause productive only of good.

Respectfully,
S. A. Cook, M. R. Bell, J. L. Hunter, Committee.
OFFICERS FOR 1873.—Dr. W. H. Hall, Pres.; O. M. Cone, 1st Vice-Pres.; Dr. J. W. Herty, 2d Vice-Pres.; Edward Bayne, 3d Vice-Pres.; S. A. Cook, Sec'y; C. P. Crawford, Treas. Address as above.

[Who will contribute \$10, \$20, \$50, or \$100 for the purpose of having THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL sent gratuitously to such associations? There are many, no doubt, in which the JOURNAL would do good. We are ready at all times to furnish the JOURNAL and any of our other publications at lowest club or wholesale rates, but we can not give to one in ten who beg these favors. We have often heard that "To do good and to distribute" would be blessed to the giver and to the receiver; we shall try to do our part, and we throw out the above hints that the hearts of those who are willing may be touched in the interest of those who ask mental food.]

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 2.]

August, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 416.]



THE LATE JOSEPH HOWE,

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

IN this portrait we see the indications of constitutional strength and vigor. In that deep, broad chest, in that stocky and substantial body, are the elements of power, and all that goes to make a vigorous manhood. In that strongly-

marked countenance we see earnestness, stability, steadfastness, and sincerity. We see courage, fortitude, self-reliance, and decision of character in that high crown and in that broad base of brain. In the length of the head, from the opening of

the ear forward, are the signs of intellectual acumen, acute criticism, breadth of thought and comprehensiveness, power of analysis and criticism, and a most wonderful memory, as well as great versatility of talent. He could read character like a book, could discriminate in respect to arguments and historical facts, and exhibited that sterling common sense and practical judgment which enabled him to say the right thing in the right way and at the right time; to act promptly, bravely, and as a leader to be in advance of his cotemporaries. His power of self-control was remarkable. He was competent to be a leader; capable of marking out a course for others, and taking the lead in whatever was reformatory and desirable. His large Veneration gave him high respect for religion and its institutions, for whatever is sacred and patriotic. His Firmness rendered him almost fiercely steadfast, and his Self-Esteem gave him self-reliance upon his own resources, which enabled him to take an advanced position, and maintain it without assistance. He had strong social affections; was loving, friendly, and affectionate; and those whose interests were at variance with his own would be molded and melted by his personal friendliness, so that he could mollify opposition, and lead men who were constitutionally his opponents. He was frank, outspoken, and direct; was not extra cautious; trusted more to the merits of his cause, and the correctness of his motives, and his personal ability to rise above opposition, than he did to policy, persuasiveness, or fortuitous circumstances. He expected to work his passage, and felt able to do it; and when he had anything to do, he went about it as if he were the only worker in the field, and as if he were entirely competent to carry it on.

His Language was large, though it does not show very distinctly in the

likeness; his ability in the use of speech was superior, though he did not waste words.

He had a good deal of imagination, strong spirituality, ardent sympathy, and earnest courage and sterling integrity, backed up by self-reliance and determination; and he opened his pathway to success with a clear and vigorous intellect, which made him a natural leader.

It was altogether a strong head, and a strong Physiology, and but for overwork he should have lived seventy or more years.

JOHN HOWE, the father of our subject, was born in Boston, in Marshall's Lane, having served an apprenticeship to the printing business. He was the youngest son of five children, and becoming of age about the time that the Revolutionary storm swept over the old thirteen States, espoused, from conscientious motives, the cause of England, in opposition to the opinions of his own kindred, and was compelled to leave Boston at the evacuation. He retired to Newport, R. I., whither the young lady to whom he was betrothed followed him. They were married there, and afterward settled at Halifax, N. S. Here he was appointed King's Printer, and Postmaster General of the Lower Provinces, offices which he held for many years. He was a fine-looking man, intelligent, courteous, and noted for his benevolence. He died in 1835, at the advanced age of 83, beloved and respected by all classes of the people.

Joseph Howe was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1804, on the banks of a romantic spot known as the North West Arm. Here he spent the first thirteen years of his life; and here he formed the basis of that splendid vigor of constitution which enabled him to perform an incredible amount of mental labor, and identify himself with all the public movements of his native Province for forty years. He received no regular education, and had to walk two miles to get to school in summer, and in winter was kept at home. But he had his father to talk to in the long evenings, and books to read and study. He had a wonderful faculty of retaining what he read, and therefore had large resources upon which he could at any moment draw.

At the age of thirteen he went into the *Gazette* office, conducted by his brother John, who

had succeeded his father in both offices, and for ten years worked at the printing business, occasionally assisting his brother in the post-office, and at times during his absence taking charge of both departments. In 1827 Mr. Howe purchased, in connection with a Mr. Spike, the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, and changing the name of the paper to the *Acadian*, came before the country as a public writer for the first time.

Toward the close of the year, Mr. Howe sold his share in the *Acadian* to his partner, Mr. Spike, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*, for \$5,250, a large sum for a provincial newspaper at that period.

By dint of unwearied industry, a hopeful spirit, great cheerfulness, and good humor, all the difficulties which beset Mr. Howe in his early career as a public journalist, were met and overcome, and the *Nova Scotian* was established on a solid foundation. Seven years of mental training—reporting himself the debates in Parliament for his own paper, traveling over the country, and from the nature of his position, coming into contact with many of the public men of his day, and also making himself familiar with the political literature of all countries which expressed their opinions in the English language—did much to repair a very defective education. He had a most superb physical organization, and his zeal was constant and unflagging. When worn out with labor, however, he would take draughts of refreshment alternately from Bulwer's last novel, or from Grotius on "National Law."

Up to the year 1835 Mr. Howe had no reputation as a public speaker. Everybody knew that he could write, and it was equally well known that seven years of close study and attention to public business, had made him an acute politician. But the time and the occasion were now close at hand when he was to have his ability as a public speaker, as well as his moral courage, severely tried. "Responsible Government," as it is called now in the Provinces, was then unknown to the institutions of British America. There was not an incorporated city in any of the Provinces; they were all governed as Halifax was, by magistrates who held their commissions from the Crown, and were entirely independent of the people. Neglect, mismanagement, and corruption were perceptible everywhere, and nowhere had greater dissatisfaction been created than in the capital of Nova Scotia.

During the winter of 1835 Mr. Howe published a letter from a correspondent, signed

"The People," making heavy charges against the magistrates for undue exactions in levying taxes, mismanagement of the poor asylum, and tyrannical abuse of power generally. The magistrates applied to the Governor, praying that such a course should be adopted as would bring the matter before a court of justice. The charge was laid by the Attorney-General before the Grand Inquest of the County, a bill found by them, and Mr. Howe compelled to stand his trial as he would for any criminal offense. Unable to induce any lawyer to plead his cause, Mr. Howe was compelled to do so himself, and in a speech of six hours' duration, in a vigorous and masterly manner, he so ably defended not only his own personal action in the matter, but also the freedom of the public press and the liberties of the people, that the next day on hearing the judge's charge, the jury, after a brief absence of ten minutes, unanimously rendered a verdict of not guilty. The breathless silence in which it was heard was broken by shouts of applause from the immense crowds in and around the court house. On leaving, Mr. Howe was borne by the people to his own residence, and that day and the next were kept by the townspeople as a high holiday. Immediately after this, all the magistrates in Halifax resigned. An attempt was then made by the selection of others, and by the appointment of a legal gentleman as Custos, to retain the old system, but it only staggered on for a few years longer. The cry for an act of incorporation became daily more loud and general, and in 1841 Mr. Howe had the satisfaction of seeing the old system he had attacked and exposed swept away, and his native town clothed with municipal privileges and securities, in the enjoyment of which it could flourish and expand.

Thirty-eight years have elapsed since Mr. Howe thus brought himself conspicuously into notice, by reason of his successful stand against official corruption, and in defense of freedom of speech. As a forensic effort, aimed at the consciences and sympathies of a jury, by a man who had never addressed a court before, and never did again, it was most successful. As an ingenious argument, addressed by a layman to a legal tribunal, upon an important branch of the law, it is sufficiently curious. But when we consider that a municipal system that had existed for nearly a century was smitten down in a day by this single speech, and never recovered from the effect of that blow until superseded by a liberal Act of Incorporation, its value, whether regarded as

an appeal to the passions, or to the good sense of the community, can scarcely be overestimated. The bold stand which he had taken startled and alarmed a good many timid people, whose fears were excited by the misrepresentations and exaggerations of persons interested in the maintenance of the abuses which this "coming man" assailed. His popularity, however, steadily increased, and his name became more extensively known.

On the 18th of May, a silver pitcher was sent from New York by the Nova Scotians in that city, and at their request was publicly presented to Mr. Howe in the Exchange, in the midst of his fellow-citizens. It bears this inscription:

Presented to
JOSEPH HOWE, Esq.,
By
Nova Scotians Resident of New York,
As a Testimony of
Their Respect and Admiration
For His Honest Independence in Publicly
Exposing Fraud,
Improving the Morals,
And Correcting the Errors of Men in Office,
And his Eloquent and Triumphant Defense
In support of
The Freedom of the Press.
City of New York.
1835.

In 1836 Mr. Howe was elected to represent Halifax in the Provincial Parliament; and there displayed so much sterling energy in righting wrongs in the body politic, such ready powers of debate, such a general fund of sound political knowledge, combined with a persuasive, attractive eloquence, that he carried the house by storm, and soon became the recognized leader of a new party, destined to change materially the future government of the little province of Nova Scotia.

The political affairs of the Province, about this period, were in a sorry plight. The dominant Tory party oppressed as well as ruled the people. The civil offices were inherited by certain families, the son occupying his father's position without regard to ability, honesty, or any other requisite save that of "divine right." The Legislative Council, a body of elderly incapables, also the Executive, sat with closed doors, and a general system of corruption and oppression universally prevailed. Mr. Howe undertook the difficult task of redressing these and other wrongs. By means of his agitation, the doors of the Legislative Council were thrown open, the system changed, and the old owls of hidden mystery and darkness, unable to stand the daylight of public inspection, after blinking and hooting like ill-

omened birds of prey, flew from their high perches, and made way for abler and younger men. The civil officers were all appointed and paid by the British Government, constituting a strong, irresponsible power, as far as the colonists were concerned; and by some former grant from the Crown, all the mines and minerals of the Province were the property of a hereditary order of English nobility, claiming among other titles that of Lords of Nova Scotia, and lord it they did over any poor devil who owned a tract of land in which a vein of coal had fraudulently conveyed itself; he might use it, but could neither work nor sell it. The mines were worked by companies, who paid heavy royalties or duties to the noble, non-resident owners.

Under the rallying cry of "Responsible Government," Mr. Howe was mainly instrumental in abolishing these feudal laws, relics of a barbarous age. Bills were introduced and passed in the Legislature, requiring that heads of Departments should occupy seats in the House, virtually giving the people the power of indorsing or rejecting their public servants; and the government retained its power only so long as it held the balance of power in the Lower House. The mines and minerals of the Province were transferred to the local governments, in exchange for which Nova Scotia paid her own civil officers.

All these reforms occupied years of hard, unremitting toil, and were accomplished in the face of opposition from those whose interests were with the existing order of things, and the ignorance and apathy of the people themselves. The hardest struggles of Mr. Howe were during the administrations of Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Falkland. Both these Governors, endeavoring to favor the Tory faction, obstructed the measures of reform as they were being developed; and Mr. Howe, beginning to feel his power over his own people, stirred up such a feeling of hostility to them that they lost their popularity in the Province, and were recalled by the Home Government.

Mr. Howe had, at various times, filled the positions of Speaker of the House, Collector of Excise, Provincial Secretary, Chairman of the Board of Railways, Commissioner of Fisheries under the Reciprocity Treaty, Secretary of State for the New Dominion, and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. He was holding the latter office at the time of his death, which occurred suddenly at the Government House, on Sunday morning the first of June last.

During his long and eminently useful public life, he wrote and delivered lectures before lyceums, and other institutions, made innumerable public speeches at home and abroad, produced some occasional pieces of vigorous and eloquent poetry, and made for himself a reputation that has not been wholly confined to the British Provinces. His speech before the Board of Trade in Detroit, during the summer of 1865, was universally conceded to be the ablest of the occasion; and in Boston, on the opening of the Cochituate Water Works; and at Faneuil Hall, in 1857, at a Fourth of July banquet, Mr. Howe spoke in a pleasing and popular manner. The last time he appeared in public in the United States, was at the Howe family gathering, at Framingham, Massachusetts, when he performed the part of orator of the day. He was then in failing health, and although cheerful in spirit, and active and firm in step as ever, he plainly showed signs of advancing age.

To the citizens of the United States the struggles of the Colonists for liberty and a free government, for the last forty years, may appear like so much lost time; and leading Colonial statesmen know that their government and people are still behind the times, or, at least, that they have to strain every nerve to keep pace with the growing Republic across their borders. No one of Canada's public men was more keenly alive to this fact than Mr. Howe, as instanced in a lecture delivered by him before the Young Men's Christian Association, at Ottawa, Canada; on account of which the local papers at that time charged him with being an annexationist.

We can not think of any more appropriate conclusion for this article than the following lines, written by him in November, 1856, and sent as his contribution to the Industrial Exhibition, held at Halifax, at that time, and entitled:

OUR FATHERS.

Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tent within;
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And Genius here spontaneous plaudits win;
But yet, amid the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave
Place claim I for the dead. 'Twere mortal sin,
When banner's o'er our country's treasures wave,
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave;

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie—
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye—
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,

And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those and for their works who are not here.

Not here? Oh, yes! our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore, harmonious echoes steal;
And names which, in the days gone by, were spells,
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath should own our reverence for the dead.

Look up! their walls inclose us. Look around—
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works
they be,
The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?

Who made the land they love to blossom as the rose?
Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honor forever to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave;
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture or to die.

The Roman gather'd in a stately urn
The dust he honor'd, while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honor the dead; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
Gather their ashes—higher still and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers;
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest
flowers.

OUR feelings, in order to be right feelings, must correspond to the facts and events of the present hour, the present moment. But every succeeding moment, bearing on its bosom new events and new facts, has a character of its own, and it demands a new experience corresponding with it—a new life.

THAT all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Robert Brown: "A small looking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small."

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,

Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

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

PROPHECY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

THE spiritual history of man has been characterized by incessant resistance against the dominion of uncertainty. What has been denominated superstition has achieved its place in human minds, far less from slavish and abject impulses, than from the innate aspiration to know of the great mysteries of life and its relations with the universe. We instinctively dread to be alone; much of the fear of death owes its existence to the consciousness that we must realize the problem, unaided and unaccompanied. Hence, men, leaving in the background ordinary considerations of personal ambition and advantage, have been engaged during all the ages in the pursuit of a higher wisdom and an interior communion with the potencies that control the phenomena and vicissitudes of every-day life. There has been little difference between the cultivated and the ruder people—in them all have men labored earnestly to discern and resolve the problems of existence and destiny. Everywhere, to the powers that were supposed to be capable of responding, has the interrogatory been propounded—"Who, whence, and whither?"

The wild tale related by the blind girl, depicted by Frederika Bremer in "The H—Family," forcibly illustrates the anxious suspense of human souls. The children gathered together, weeping, pray to know whether they have a God. Christ appears among them, and of him they ask: "Christ, is there no God?" He replies to them, There is none—he has ascended into heaven; he has searched through the domains of infinite space, and found Him not. No, there is no God; they all are orphans. As he answered this, the arches of the vaulted roof above reverberated with the cries and groans of agony and despair.

NO GOD, NO TRUTH.

Without God, in the cosmos universe, there can be no truth, nothing to believe. Wisdom would be but the empty dream of a day. All that the acutest vision could perceive would be the flowing onward of the current of events through all the ages, toward no goal, "from nowhence toward nowhither"—a blind stream of fate, moved by a causeless propelling force, without aim, purpose, or benefit. Justice, goodness, moral excellence, then, would be but the accidents of our mortal existence, temporary and mutable accidents of consciousness, brought to the view by the attritions of every-day experience, but serving little or no ulterior advantage.

To this great whirlpool of unrest and uncertainty are we hurried by the specious reasonings which are based on the phenomenal, regarding only the things which appear, and place the *noumenal*, the interior, somewhere beyond the province of our knowledge. Material things, the *maya* or illusion, which occupy our physical senses, are practically exalted beyond the all-governing life, manifested and exemplified through the affections and spiritual potencies that constitute the *avatar* of the Divine. Death dissolves the former—what then?

The interior world has not been hidden from us by impenetrable darkness; the Supreme Being has not left himself without witness. Because we are unable, with our cups, to measure the liquid contents and take the dimensions of the ocean, it does not follow that the ocean is beyond our knowledge. We view it from its shores, we sail upon its bosom, we are refreshed by the showers which its emanations supply to us; we know that bays and inlets are its mem-

bers, and that the countless rivers flow into its embrace. So, too, we know God. The finite does not comprehend the infinite; but, by our own existence, by the operations of the universe around us, by the ever-watchful providence that cares for us, even when seemingly unmindful of us and our welfare; by the impartial and unerring justice which works everywhere around, within and above us, we perceive His working; and by that higher intuition which carries the mind from the exterior into close and intimate communion with the interior of things.

"All men yearn after God," said Homer; to which Plato responded: "All things are full of Divinity, and we have never been neglected through the forgetfulness or carelessness of spiritual beings."

We deny not the imputation of charlatanry which has been cast upon the whole subject of supernaturalism. The very capacity to imagine the possibility of thaumaturgical powers is itself evidence that they exist. The critic, as well as the skeptic, is generally inferior to the person or subject that he is reviewing, and, therefore, is hardly a competent witness. If there are counterfeits, somewhere there must have been a genuine original. Let the bat repudiate the existence of the sunshine, and believe only in his own night and twilight; true men, while discarding hallucination and morbid hankering after some higher principle, and employing clear and cautious reasoning on all subjects that fall under the consideration of reason, will always be ready to know what is beyond.

PROPHECY AN ORIGINAL FACULTY.

There is a prophetic faculty of the human soul, dormant while the attention is absorbed by the scenes of the exterior world, and during the period of immaturity and spiritual adolescence, but capable of being aroused when the exigency arrives for its manifestation. It would be difficult to believe that God inspired the prophets of the Hebrew nation, and that Dante and Shakspeare wrote unaided. There are intuitive perceptions of eternal verity in all, which are rightly acknowledged as primary revelation from Him. Milton speaks of the abilities of Pindar and Callimachus as "the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but to some (though most abuse) in every nation." Dean Stanley de-

clares that there is a power of divination granted in some inexplicable manner to ordinary men; and he refers to such instances as the prediction by Seneca of the discovery of America; that by Dante of the Reformation, and the augury of twelve centuries of Roman domination by the apparition of twelve vultures to Romulus, which was so interpreted four hundred years before its fulfillment.

The Hebrew prophets, nevertheless, are regarded as the most notable examples of this divine faculty. "Surely," said Amos, "the Lord God will do nothing; but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets; the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" Accordingly, we are assured that Moses, a prophet "whom the Lord knew face to face;" and that "Joshua, the son of Nun, was full of the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his hands [Hebrew, made the sign *samek*] upon him;" the seventy elders or senators of Israel (Numbers xi.), when set apart by Moses, also prophesied, "The Lord came down in a cloud and spoke unto him, and took of the spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders: and it came to pass that when the spirit rested upon them, they prophesied and did not cease."

The idea of the Book of Deuteronomy appears to set forth that there should be a line of prophets from Moses onward. In the 18th chapter, diviners, enchanters, observers of times, consultants with familiar spirits, and with the spirits of the dead, are prohibited; and instead, a regular prophet is promised for all occasions. "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken; according to all that thou desiredst of the Lord thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly."

THE PROPHETIC CLASS.

Nevertheless, there seems to have been an hiatus in the "regular succession." When Samuel arose "the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." But with him the function was renewed; "the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord," and all Israel knew that he was a prophet. He seems to have provided against future dis-

turbances by establishing at the *nayoth*, or dwellings of Ramah, a college of sons or disciples of the prophets, to have been their abbot, as was Elisha after him over a similar institution at Jericho. One Judas, under the Asmonean Kings had a school of this character at Jerusalem. At first they were denominated seers (Greek, *epoptai*, or clairvoyants), but at a later period they were called *nehim*, the plural of Nebo, the Babylonian God of wisdom. They displayed often superior ability in statecraft; Samuel, Elisha, and Isaiah are eminent examples.

Indeed, the Hebrew prophet appears to have been in a greater or less degree a man of genius, lofty enthusiasm, and energy. Whatever his thaumaturgical powers, he depended upon his interior power of perception, normally exercised. Maimonides asserts, "All prophecy makes itself known to the prophet that it is prophecy indeed, by the strength and vigor of the perception, so that his mind is freed from all scruple about it."

Hence, many prophets mingled their own ideas with their utterances to such an unwarrantable degree as to "see a vision from their own hearts," and even to "speak falsehood for God and utter deceit for him."

It is apparent that there is a faculty pursued by men that is capable of cultivation and development, till we are able to receive normally the communication of interior wisdom, and to perceive, as by superhuman endowment, what is good and true, as well as appropriate, for the immediate time. Some may consider it a superior instinct; others suppose it to be a supernatural power. We constantly need, however, both discipline and experience in this as well as in other faculties, for our powers all are limited. It is more than possible to mistake vagaries of the mind and hallucinations for monitions and promptings from the interior world.

DREAMS AS AUGURIES.

But the Hebrew prophet often depended upon dreams and other agencies to develop the clairvoyant faculty. In the 83d chapter of Job it is asserted that "in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." The same thing is corroborated in the 12th chapter of the Book of

Numbers, "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known to him in a vision, and will speak to him in a dream." With Moses he spoke "mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches," like those of oracles.

But theurgical arts were employed. Joseph divined with his cup, and Balaam employed enchantments, or charms, and mystic songs to enable him to prophesy. David sent away an evil spirit from King Saul by music; and Elisha prophesied under the influence which accompanied the playing of a minstrel.

The prophetic manifestations were oftentimes unmistakably those of clairvoyance. Balaam declares that "He heard the word of God, he knew the knowledge of the Most High, he saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." Elisha seems to have excelled in this. He was conscious of the act of his servant Gehazi, when taking a gift fraudulently from Naaman in his name. "And he said to him, 'went not mine heart forth when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?'" When Ben Hadad, king of Syria, attempted to make Jehoram, king of Israel, a prisoner, by stratagem, the latter was forewarned by the prophet, and repeatedly saved himself. The King of Israel, in a fit of anger, sent an officer to slay him; but Elisha was aware of the murderous errand, and, also, that the King would hurry in person to recall the hasty mandate.

The prophet afterward journeyed to Damascus, and was waited upon by Hazael, an officer of Ben Hadad. Elisha looked steadfastly upon his visitor, and predicted the wars and cruelties that the latter would inflict upon the Israelites. Hazael demanded in astonishment how he, a dog, or person without authority, could be able to do this. The prophet answered: "The Lord hath showed me that thou shalt be King over Syria."

Oracles were also employed by the Israelitish kings and judges. When Phinehas was high-priest, the Israelites "inquired of the Lord," at Shiloh, whether they should make war against the tribes of Benjamin. Saul also did it to no purpose. David had better success. With the high-priest, clad in the ephod, he obtained responses at

Keileh, again at Zikleg, and in the valley of the Rephaim (giants). Afterward, he depended upon Nathan, the prophet, and, also, upon Gad, his seer. When Solomon built the temple he placed in it an oracle for the ark, similar to the one formerly in the tabernacle.

ANCIENT ORACLES AND ARTS OF DIVINATION.

We do not care now to inquire how the Israelites differed from other nations of ancient or later times; but we find great analogy in these matters of which we have been treating. Prophets and oracles existed in all countries. The temple of Amun, in Libya, the sacred grotto of Trophonius, the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, and the pyramid-temple of Bel, in Babylonia, were celebrated in those times. Homer speaks of the prophet Calchas. Tiresias, the prophet of Thebes, it is said, was struck blind for having looked upon Athena when the goddess was unrobed; in other words, he had divulged to men the secret counsels of the gods. His daughter, Manto, was also a prophetess, and founded the oracle of Clarus or Colophon. Her son, Mopsus, also excelled in prediction.

The predictions relating to Cyrus have been repeatedly cited. In the prophecy of Isaiah, he is named as the conqueror of Babylonia; the Magians, before his birth, announced his accession to the throne of Asia. The career of Xerxes was also indicated by predictions. The conquests of Alexander were announced by the oracles of his time; and, when he returned from India, to Babylon, the prophets of that city warned him of his impending death. The Hindoo sage, Calanus, also predicted it to him.

Augury, by inspection of the intestines of animals, and sorcery, or sortilege (divining by lot), were also practiced. When Nebuchadnezzar marched westward, and had come to the place where the caravans diverged on their routes, he cast lots and employed augury to determine whether to invade the country of the Ammonites, or that of the Jews. "He stood at the parting of the ways; he shuffled the arrows; he looked into the liver." The decision was against Jerusalem.

HOW REGARDED BY THE GREEK SAGES.

The philosophers who taught esoteric sciences appear to have included with it the

prophetic function. This was true of Pythagoras and his disciples, of Plato and the famous Alexandrian school that professed to revive his philosophy. Socrates counselled young men to study *manticism*, or divination, who were not content with the commoner branches of knowledge. Plato, in *The Banquet*, gives the discourse of the prophetess, Diotima, upon the *enôsis*, or ecstatic identification of the human soul with the Divine Love. This prophetess, he assures us, caused the postponing of the plague at Athens ten years.

Apollonius, of Tyana, who was a student of the philosophers of India, but affected the doctrines of Pythagoras, was especially remarkable for his prophetic powers. He was addressing an audience at Ephesus, when the murder of the Emperor Domitian occurred at Rome, and described it as it occurred, through his power of second sight. Occurrences like this are not uncommon. John Calvin, the reformer, when sick at Geneva, heard the music and clangor of a battle that was then going on near Paris, between the Huguenots and the partisans of the Duke of Guise. When the late Doctor Francis Wayland was a youth, his mother, whose soul was close to his, came one day to his father, at their residence at Frankfort street, in the city of New York, and besought him: "Pray for our son, for he is in danger." At that very moment, young Wayland, who was absent on a trip on the Hudson river, had fallen overboard, and was in imminent peril of drowning.

Apollonius gives the following explanation of his powers: "I can see the present and the future in a clear mirror. The wise man needs not to wait for the vapors of the earth and the corruption of the air to foresee plagues and fevers; he must know them later than God, but earlier than the people. God sees the future; common men, the present; the sages, that which is about to take place. My peculiar abstemious mode of life produces an acuteness of the senses, or creates some other faculty, so that the greatest and most remarkable things may be performed."

INSTANCES AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

The early Christians, particularly in the Gentile cities, had many prophets in their number. Paul, in his epistle to the Corin

thians, endeavoring to check their Bacchic enthusiasm, remarking that "the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

The prophetic function continued with the new religion. Montanus, a bishop in Phrygia, was regarded as divinely inspired, and a large sect of the early Christians, bearing his name, extended over Africa and into Europe. Tertullian, Augustine, and the martyrs of Carthage, were of the number. The Montanists seem to have resembled the Bacchantes in the wild enthusiasm that characterized their orgies. All professed to be prophets, and many of them were evidently clairvoyant. Tertullian thus describes one of the inspired women: "There is a sister among us indued with the gifts of revelation by an ecstasy of spirit into which she falls during the time of divine service in the church. She converses with angels, and sometimes also with the Lord. She sees and hears mysteries, knows the hearts of other persons, and prescribes medicines to those who need them." It was usual, after the assemblies had been dismissed, to take down her utterances in writing; and in this way much information concerning the spiritual world was supposed to have been obtained.

EARLY SPIRITUALISM.

The appearing of the dead to the living was equally common. Indeed, it was a practice of the Christians as well as of others to seek to hold converse with those who had departed this life. To be sure, there were disbelievers as firm as the Sadducees of Judea. But Lactantius asserted that they would never dare say before a Magian that the soul died with the body; for he would refute them on the spot by calling up the souls of the dead, rendering them visible to human eyes, and making them foretell future events.

Synesius, the bishop of Ptolemais, in Libya, himself a long-time student of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, and a disciple of the celebrated Hypatia, had a skeptical friend named Evagrius, of whom he borrowed three hundred gold coins, and in imitation of the old Druids, gave his note for the amount, payable after death. Evagrius died, and three nights afterward, before Synesius had learned the fact, appeared to him in a dream and said: "Come to my grave and receive back your note; I have been paid,

and have written a discharge." The grave was opened, and the note, with a receipt in full, written out on the back, was found in the right hand of the corpse. The note was preserved a long time in the church in Cyrene.

The Neo-Platonists rivaled and even surpassed the Christians in their theurgical attainments. They appear to have made the subject a science. They possessed the power of vaticination in a rare degree. Plotinus read the secret thoughts of men. When his friend and disciple Porphyry contemplated suicide he perceived it and checked the purpose. A robbery having been committed in his house, he called the servants together and pointed out the offender. He also healed diseases.

A SEER'S OPINION.

Iamblichus presents us with full descriptions and expositions of the mystic phenomena, including the prophecy, visions, inspired dreams, trances, and oracles. It is a power, he declares, both sacred and beneficial, which does not originate from the apparatus or habits of the body, nor yet from any art which may be externally acquired. Even dreams are often false, being occasioned by conditions of the soul or by daily cares. But when we are liberated in sleep from the bodily life, the soul may receive divine power, and a ken which perceives what has been and what shall be; also making discoveries in the arts, and perceiving how justice should be administered. Medical knowledge is often given by sacred dreams. Instances occur every day. The army of Alexander was once preserved by a dream in which Dionysus pointed out the means of safety; and the siege of Aphutis was raised because of a dream sent by Amun to Lysander. The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul. In sleep the soul is freed from the constraint of the body and enters upon the life of higher intelligence. Then "the noble faculty" awakens to its power, enabling the mind, which contains in itself the principles of all that happens, to discern the future in those antecedent principles, which make the future what it is to be. The nobler part of the soul is thus rendered a participant in the wisdom and knowledge of God.

The hierophant, Iamblichus elsewhere de-

clares, is a prophet full of God. The subordinate powers of the upper world are at his bidding, for he is a god to command them. He lives no longer the life common to other men. He has exchanged the human life for the divine. His action is the organ and agent of the divine one that inspires and impels him. Such men do not employ the working senses like other men; nor have they a purpose of their own. They speak wisdom which often they do not understand; and their faculties, absorbed in a divine power, become the utterance of a superior will.

"Sometimes the body, while under this influence, is violently agitated; sometimes it is rigid and motionless. In some instances music is heard; in others, discordant and fearful sounds. The person of the subject has been known to dilate and tower to a superhuman height; in other cases, it has been lifted into the air. Even sensation and the functions of animal life appear to have been suspended; so that the application of fire and wounding with knives have not been felt. The more the body and the mind have been enfeebled by vigils and fasts, the more ignorant the person may be who is brought under this influence, the more freely will this power be manifested."

ANCIENT CLAIRVOYANCE, ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The modern science of animal magnetism finds itself anticipated by these old wonder-workers. The sick were treated, and often healed, by manipulations; and the clear-seeing trance was made the agency to procure information from the interior world. The other phenomena, incident to these theurgical displays, are analogous to what we now witness. Streams of a luminous appearance were seen to radiate from the fingers of persons performing the manipulations. Many of the hermits relieved persons by laying on their hands, and even by transmitting written messages or charms to the invalid. Before the Christian era they were denominated *Essenes*, *Therapeutæ*, or *Healers*, from possessing this power. They embraced the new religion in its turn; for with them the external forms were of little account.

It was also a common affair for the Magians and Gnostics to cause tables, and other inanimate objects, to move as if alive; and

they would so influence uncultured men as to produce in them whatever sights and sounds they pleased.

All through the Middle Ages, their peculiar displays of theurgical and thaumaturgical operation appeared in one place, and then in another, over the civilized world. Along with them was also the old Oriental ascetic observances; sexual and other abstinence being regarded, from the most ancient times, as essential to the development of higher powers of spiritual perception. The peculiar views and practices of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists were cherished by the Church and the numerous Sectaries. Portents and marvels instigated priests and princes to undertake the Crusades; and inspired men wandered to every corner of the continent in obedience to the inward voice. It is asserted that two armies of children, aroused by their supernatural calls, took the cross and set out to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. They never arrived; one expedition returned home ingloriously; the other set sail on board of some pirate ships and perished in a storm.

The Albigenses themselves, a Gnostic sect, the Waldenses, the Hussites, and Reformers, had also their prophets, their marvels, and their mystical ecstasies. Teachers believed in the Kabbala, and that the arcane art could draw the angels down to mortals, as Franklin's kite brought the lightning from the sky. Jacob Behmen founded a school of theosophists that yet exists. The Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit constituted a community of prophets. The Camisards of the Cevennes, in 1701, received a wonderful illumination, and for five years wrought marvels in obedience to their spiritual directors. They predicted events, discerned spirits, and overcame the troops of France. Here and there, all over Europe, the prophetic gift was manifested.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD AND PROPHECY.

"It is very probable," says Stilling, "that the inhabitants of the invisible world, and, especially, good angels and spirits, read in the tables of Providence, and are thus able to know, at least, certain future events. So much is clear from all the credible information from the invisible world, that everything which takes place in the material world is previously arranged there, and that

thence the whole human race is governed—yet, in such a manner, that the will of man is not under compulsion.”

Assuming this to be the case, as is apparent from other confirmatory statements, the power of foretelling is as indicated by Apollonius of Tyana. The past and future are mirrored or recorded in the interior world; and the person whose perceptions are vivified to the proper acuteness, may know beforehand of events. All men, as their hold on the exterior world is weakened, have a corresponding aptness to descry the things of the other.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1580, was an event that reverberated throughout Europe. Admiral Coligny, the great Huguenot leader, was murdered on that occasion. We need not wonder at the harvest produced by the dragon's teeth then sown by the Medicis. The surgings of the impending storm were perceived by the Pompadour, as indicated by her gloomy prediction: “*Après moi le deluge*”—after me will come the flood.

Stilling relates the story of an illuminated German woman, the wife of a mechanic, and pledges himself for its truth. She died in March, 1790. A little while before she was interrogated as to the result of the French Revolution. She replied that the present state of things would not continue; neither would the former system ever be restored. The result would be very different from what people imagined; whole rivers of blood would be shed, and dreadful vengeance taken. “I see,” added she, “I see Admiral Coligny exceedingly busy in this Revolution; I always see him in a bloody shirt.”

We all know that Admiral Coligny, while alive, labored incessantly to revive the political and religious institutions of France. Can it be that persons, after passing from this mode of existence, continue to be busy in the invisible world with the affairs that occupied their attention before? Or, was the Admiral elaborating, for two hundred years and more, the terrible retribution which fell upon the descendants of those who did the murders of St. Bartholomew and the Cevennes!

CAZOTTE—STILLING.

M. Cazotte and his remarkable predictions have often been quoted. He was at a dinner party in the year 1788. The company were

depicting the coming golden age of Reason and Fraternity. Cazotte was rallied for being pensive and abstracted; upon which he predicted the bloody events of the Revolution. Condorcet, he said, would swallow poison; Chamfort would open his veins with his knife; Nicolai, Malesherbes, Bailly, Raucher, the Duchess de Grammont, and other ladies of high rank, all would perish on the scaffold; and, among others, the king himself. Stilling spoke of this prediction to Baron von W., a nobleman of great integrity, who had long resided in Paris. The Baron replied that he had been well acquainted with M. Cazotte, who was a man of great piety, and endowed with a high degree of knowledge; and added, that M. Cazotte frequently predicted the most remarkable things, which were always fulfilled; also, that he testified at the same time that they were communicated to him by means of intercourse with spirits.

M. Cazotte predicted his own death, both on the occasion noted, and also a little before his final arrest. In like manner, the martyr, George Wishart, when bound to the stake, announced the assassination of Cardinal Beaton. Stilling, himself, told of the death-wound of his friend, Lavater, the physiognomist, at the very hour that it was inflicted. A court fool, in Germany, announced a conflagration in Colmar. Emanuel Swedenborg, in like manner, described a fire at Stockholm, while it was burning, being at the time in Gottenburg. Did he know of the French Revolution!

“If,” says Stilling, “the developed faculty of presentiment can only be instructed by information from the invisible world, concerning those things which are about to happen in a short time, and for which the foundation is already laid; if it appears difficult to explain how Cazotte could know, six years before, everything so distinctly, even the number of incisions with the razor, the number of blood-lettings, etc.; I reply, that the French Revolution, in its results the most important event in the history of the world, was planned many years before. I know from an eye-and-ear-witness that just at the period when Louis XVI. was affianced to Marie-Antoinette, of Austria—at the time when this marriage was concluded upon in Vienna—

the fall of the royal family was determined, and this marriage-contract alone protracted its accomplishment."

These examples of prophetic vaticination may be multiplied indefinitely. They are as common in our time as in the days of Hebrew seers, Christian fathers, and Platonic theurgists. Our Doddridge and Joseph Hoag dreamed prophetically; our Tennant and others beheld visions. In 1858 the writer heard Fishbough predict the civil war, and the great financial and social changes to grow out of it, culminating in general demoralization of society.

CONCLUSION.

It is evident that the human soul, in certain conditions and relations, is analogous to an electric wire. It will thrill other souls with its own fire, and receive from all with whom it is *en rapport* communications of what they are doing, thinking, and wishing. Why may not the same communication exist

across the line between this and the interior world, and bring us near to angels, spirits, and potencies of the invisible region?

Nevertheless, what is better than such power and achievement, is that wholesome condition of the mind and affections which produces, as of its own out-birth, those sentiments and emotions of reverence and justice, those deep principles of unselfish regard for the well-being of others, which render the person, in every fiber of being, pure, good, and true.* We have little occasion for the illumination of lamps, stars, and meteors, or even of the light of the moon herself, when we have the sun at meridian, beaming forth his golden effulgence in every direction. Nor need we the utterances of seers, expounders, or even of prophets, when we are truly at one with the Divine Source of Life and Intelligence, and so inspired with the sacred enthusiasm, that we, as of our own accord, do the will and think the thoughts of God.

THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

BY AMELIE V. PETIT.

IN the term sensational literature we include not only the class of novels usually so called, but also the greater part of newspaper accounts of murders and other infamous crimes, reporters' interviews with notorious criminals, and paragraphs relating the movements, actions, and sayings of vicious persons who have not, perhaps, fallen under the condemnation of law.

The most deadly foes to moral progress that civilization has to contend with are intoxicating drinks, and drugs, and licentiousness. By the legal overthrow or suppression of these evils, greater good might be gained in a twelvemonth, by the prevention of crime, than the whole force of the clergy would be able to accomplish in a century of unremitting effort. The press and the teacher often forget or ignore the fact, that they wield a more powerful influence, for good or ill, than the pulpit, and, consequently, the responsibility is greater.

Knowing the fallibility of human nature, we ought, in our strong hours, to guard and fence ourselves against ourselves in our weak-

er hours; for, paradoxical as it seems, it is our weakness against which arms must be taken to provide defense. We never need fear devils from without, if a saint keeps house within; but if an evil spirit, masked though he be, and "dressed in white raiment," have possession of the soul, the doors will readily open to admit another, or a legion.

There is a spark of evil in the purest human breast—or, we might say, a flint, from which a spark may be struck. If that fire, latent or active, be kept from contact with inflammable matter, we are safe from conflagration; but what noble edifices go down to desolating ruin through the agency of one burning straw, one crisped wisp of paper!

Literature ought to be a pure teacher. Some of our grandest books need cleansing. Simple-minded young girls have been destroyed by middle-aged friends proving to them from the Bible that they were committing no sin; therefore, the gross stories of the Old Testament should be omitted from family Bibles; no soul should be imperiled; the Bible would still recount sufficient wicked-

ness to convince us "there is none righteous, no, not one."

The improper allusions and expressions should be weeded from every volume of Shakspeare. It is not necessary that youths and maidens should imbibe poison, simply to preserve intact a monument of the indecencies tolerated in a dead century. They are as little a part of the true soul of Shakspeare as the obsolete spelling which has long been discarded. Let scholars and grown men grub amid this dirt, if they will—they know it for dirt, and can brush it aside—but let it be kept from the innocent, for it is not true that "to the pure *all* things are pure;" the cleaner, whiter, any fabric, the blacker shows a stain—the soul is no exception to this rule.

No scandalous story should be related in the presence of the young—we know not what moral taint it may convey; much less should they be allowed to read such things. To many persons, reading of wickedness is worse in its effects than hearing of it, for there is apt to be more warning in the tale told than in the tale read.

Familiarity with sin or crime is not good for any human soul—it hardens or debases. Some may contend that temptation thus offered, if overcome, strengthens virtue; but the ordinary struggles of any soul with evil are quite sufficient for such purposes, without laying by a stock of extraordinary ones. How often criminals, in their last confessions, say that having heard some atrocious crime minutely described put in motion a train of evil thoughts, which finally ended in their committing something equally terrible.

There is such a fatal fascination in wrongdoing to draw one on and on, and in every human heart is a rock, round which a moral maelstrom may be found, in whose slow-circling, enchanted whirls the soul may go down to ruin. The ways of evil are always labyrinthine, and he who enters into them ever so little way is in danger of losing the clue, and of being led farther and ever farther by sylvan voices calling in the distance, and fairy enchantments that conceal from him the way traversed, till lost, friend-forsaken, friends come to jeer at his agony, and desperation hurries him into a felon's grave.

The companionship of crime that intimate knowledge of it brings to the soul, is just as

much to be avoided by one who would keep himself unpolluted as companionship with criminals themselves. The young might almost as well be permitted to associate in reality with the bad, as to be permitted to associate in heart and soul with such close knowledge of their wickedness as many papers and books give, mentally as well as physically.

"The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain."

And whoever contemplates the surging waves of sin too long, is in mortal danger of being engulfed—the higher he stands upon the white cliffs of innocence, the farther and more fatal the fall.

The sensational literature of the day is the parent of, at least, one-third the sin of the day. Directly or indirectly, it is dragging down the pure, the innocent, the beautiful, and the brave into the slime, the degradation, and the corruption of the lowest haunts of infamy. It is as hundred-headed as the Hydra, and, snake-like, glides everywhere. In the Sunday-school library, in every drawing-room, beside every fireside, one may detect "the trail of the serpent." The venom works slowly, but none the less surely. It has entered the heart of that gentle-seeming maiden, who looks "like the innocent flower," placing there discontent with her plain dress, and home, and companions, and a desire for adventure, display, and novelty, that will work into and corrupt her heart, till she becomes but a worthless weed, to be finally trampled upon and despised.

Through all classes of society, high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, the dark poison is working. No one can escape a smutch from its blackness. The sin of a stranger, enacted in a foreign land, may discolor the whiteness of our innocence. This is a fatality none can foresee or avoid; but we can avoid voluntarily submitting our souls to this subtle temptation.

We can turn our eyes from the paragraphs that recite the sin and shame of the fallen. We can leave unread the shocking details of murder and base wickedness, and we can refuse to listen to tales of scandal or unseemly jests. If we deliberately read a novel or book that presents false and exaggerated views of life, morbid and distorted judgments of right

they are needed everywhere. In your home—yes, first of all places, in your home. They will fill it full of sunshine. Give them freely. If your heart is right before God, you will never speak rudely, pettishly, or unkindly in that place where are clustered the holiest, purest of earthly ties. Oh! it must be that the great Searcher of hearts will hold us fearfully responsible for our influence in our home. We can not be too watchful, we can not strive too earnestly or pray too often for a loving, gentle manner. Keep your heart pure; try to cultivate a tender sympathy for others—or, rather, in one word, strive to live out of self; it is worth striving for, though it take your whole lifetime to learn the lesson—God will take care of the rest.

Speak kindly to your dependents and inferiors; to the poor destitute ones. They possess little, and may appreciate a warm, friendly and encouraging word even more than those who abound. Do not be afraid to give them your hand—never mind if theirs

is rough and brown—it may help them over a rough place in their rugged pathway; it will illumine your own.

Depend upon it, not one of the loving words you utter shall pass unnoticed by Him who has said that not even a sparrow can fall without His notice.

If we would each day take some weary one by the hand; help, encourage, and cheer one heart by our loving sympathy, think! we should have made three hundred and sixty-five immortal beings the happier for our existence in one year; then add this number each year for ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and it may be the allotted number, "three-score years and ten." Why! what a glorious record for us to find at that great day when the secret of all hearts shall be revealed!—when wealth and position can avail us nothing, but noble loving deeds shall shine forth as the perfect day—not one forgotten—not one hidden, not one unrewarded.

E. C.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a fanatic; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

DR. HORACE WELLS, AND THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.

THIS eminent gentleman had a temperament of remarkable susceptibility, almost amounting to tenderness. He had also a great deal of strength and fortitude, as if he had inherited his strength and determination and force of character from the father, and his nervous sensibility and refinement of feeling from the mother. We sometimes find strength and coarseness combined, sometimes weakness and coarseness; in this case we find strength and fineness combined. He evidently had a thin skull and a large, active brain, and while he was heroic and earnest, he was sensitive to a fault.

He had a harmonious intellect, was

quick in perception, retentive in memory, thoughtful, and philosophical. He had large Ideality, which gave him a sense of beauty, finish, and perfection. Large Constructiveness joined to well-developed Causality gave him inventive power; and he had strong Spirituality, which enabled him to appreciate by an intuitive outreach and upreach of mind the higher realms of thought and aspiration. He imitated well, conformed to usage, adapted himself to circumstances readily; was an accurate rather than a copious talker, but always had something to say which was interesting. He was very expressive in his conversation, because he was a strong and clear thinker.

From his features we judge that he was a very true friend, enthusiastic and ardent toward those he liked, and confided with more than ordinary openness and fidelity. He was combative, in-

and intrigue of others. He had integrity and manly pride, a sensitive regard to public sentiment, respect for age, and sympathy for the poor and suffering, which made him liberal and tender. He



clined to contend earnestly for that which he deemed the truth, but was almost too frank for association with average men; he had that child-like fidelity and sincerity which made him open to the selfishness and deception

was a sharp, clear-headed, intuitive, inventive, and ingenious man, with talent adapting him to almost any walk in life. If he had been more cold and selfish he could have taken life's rebuffs and disappointments with less unhappiness.

DR. WELLS was a native of Windsor, Hartford County, Vermont, where he first drew breath January 21st, 1815, and was the eldest of three children of the family, and possessed in an extraordinary degree the characteristics of the genuine New Englander.

Among the earlier settlers of Windsor, Conn., were his grandparents, Captain Hezekiah Wells and Sarah Trumbull. The former served with honor in the Revolutionary War, and was an influential man. The parents of young Wells were intelligent, and gave their children every advantage for mental and moral culture. At maturity the doctor is said to have strongly resembled his father in general appearance, remarkable mental activity, and generosity of disposition. Young Wells acquired most of his education at the academies in Amherst, Mass., and Walpole, N. H. He early manifested great inventive genius and mechanical talent. In 1834 he commenced the study of dentistry in Boston, and attained a very eminent rank. He continued in the profession until 1844, during which time he published "An Essay on Teeth," and made many important improvements in this art. In 1844 Dr. Wells gave to the world his wonderful discovery: that insensibility to pain could be produced in men and animals by inhalation of nitrous oxide gas—a state or condition now generally known as *anæsthesia*.

He died in New York on the 24th of January, 1848, aged thirty-three years—at the period when his claims were beginning to be acknowledged in Europe and America, and just as he had received the announcement that the French Academy had awarded him the honorary title of M.D. Dr. Wells was of medium height, had a very large head, a compact and elegant figure, blonde complexion, pleasing countenance and address, and a fine personal appearance. As a citizen, he was a man of great purity of character, and of a thoughtful and religious turn of mind.

He was buried in the North Cemetery in Hartford, where his honored grave is a center of interest to all who revere the memories of the benefactors of mankind. His widow and only son survive him. A monument, surmounted by a bronze statue, has been ordered by the Legislature of Connecticut, conjointly with his fellow-citizens of Hartford, with whom he was immensely popular, to be erected to his memory, under the general supervision of Governor Marshall Jewell. The execution of this statue has been confided to the promising young artist, Bartlett, and is now completed in Paris,

ready for casting in bronze. A copy of this statue is also to be erected in Central Park on the 11th of December, 1874, by the medical faculty and others, that being the anniversary of the discovery and demonstration in his own person of *anæsthesia* by Dr. Wells in 1844.

THE HISTORY OF ANÆSTHESIA.

We had the rare gratification of being present at Steinway Hall on the stormy evening of May 21st, 1873, and of listening to the exhaustive address of Dr. J. Marion Sims, the founder of the N. Y. State Woman's Hospital, on the History of *Anæsthesia*, in which he settled most conclusively that this great and beneficent discovery was due to the late Horace Wells, of Hartford, Conn. Dr. Sims awarded all due credit to Morton and Jackson of Boston for the use of etherization to produce *anæsthesia*, and equal credit to Sir James Y. Simpson for the use of chloroform as an *anæsthetic* agent, and to the great English surgeon and scientist, Richardson, and others for the use of other similar agents.

The results of the investigation into all the facts by Dr. Sims, as set forth in his discourse, will undoubtedly be accepted the world over as settling finally the merit of the discovery of *anæsthesia* as due to Horace Wells.

Dr. Sims was selected to prepare and deliver this historic statement because of his eminent fitness to deal dispassionately with the subject, also because of his recognized reputation as a surgeon and a man. Dr. Sims was followed by Prof. Doremus, with experiments on the chemistry of *anæsthetic* agents; by Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, on the practical application of *anæsthesia* in surgery; and by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the benefits to the world of the discovery made by Dr. Wells. The platform was occupied by one of the largest and most influential assemblages ever seen on a similar occasion, and the auditorium was filled to the utmost limit with the élite of scientific and cultivated society in and around New York.

The following synopsis of Dr. Sims' address will give a very complete *résumé* of the essential facts of the subject, so that all our readers may in some measure enjoy with us the tardy rendering of justice to the memory of one who was unjustly sought to be robbed in life and death of his fairly earned honors as a benefactor of his kind. Dr. Sims said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: By the term *anæsthesia* we mean a state of insensibility to pain, produced artificially by the inhalation of narcotic gases or vapors. Substances capable of producing this condition

are called anæsthetics. We now have many agents of this sort. Those in most general use are the nitrous oxide gas, sulphuric ether, chloric ether, chloroform, amyl, bichloride of mytheline, and others, besides various combinations of some of these. With the exception of vaccination, the discovery of the immortal Jenner, perhaps no greater boon has ever been bestowed by medicine upon humanity than that of producing temporary and complete insensibility to pain.

This search has been constantly going on in all ages and in all countries, until, at last, mesmerism was called to our aid. Our great Mott essayed an operation on a mesmerized patient, and the late Dr. Josiah C. Nott, of Mobile, attempted the same thing about the same time, but without success. But now mankind everywhere reaps the benefits of Anæsthesia. No serious operation is ever performed without it. And it is alike applicable to infancy, to middle life, and to old age. The story of the discovery of Anæsthesia is so simple and straightforward, that we wonder at this day how there should ever have been a doubt or a dispute as to its real authorship.

Some thirty years ago a young man, by the name of Colton, was traveling through New England, and delivering popular lectures on the subject of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, illustrating its effects on the human system by administering the gas to any of his audience who wished to take it. At Hartford, Ct., there lived a young dentist, by the name of Horace Wells. He was a man of great inventive genius and fine mechanical talent. He possessed a peculiarly active, investigating, and philosophic mind. Naturally kind-hearted, generous, and sympathetic, he earnestly sought for some means of relieving the pain necessarily inflicted in the practice of his profession. His inquiring mind had been at work for a long time in this direction. In August, 1840, he was called to extract a molar tooth for Mr., now Dr., L. P. Brockett, of Brooklyn, New York. Its extraction was difficult, and gave an unusual amount of pain. Subsequently a conversation between these two gentlemen turned incidentally, and very naturally, upon the pain of this and other surgical operations, when Wells asked Brockett if he had ever seen any one take the nitrous oxide gas? Brockett replied in the affirmative, and Wells then said, "he believed that a man might be made so drunk by this gas (the nitrous oxide), or some similar agent, that dental or other operations might be performed upon him without any sensation of pain on the part of the patient." According to Dr. Brockett's testimony this occurred in 1840, more than four years before the great discovery of anæsthesia was actually made. Colton, who was destined to play incidentally a very important role in this discovery, arrived at Hartford on the 10th of December, 1844. On the evening of that day he lectured before a large audience, and wound up the evening's entertainment by administering the gas to several gentlemen, among them Dr. Wells. At last Mr. Samuel A. Cooley took the gas, and, becoming furiously excited, rushed heedlessly about, and struck his legs against some benches.

When he recovered his consciousness he sat down by the side of Dr. Wells, who asked him if he had not hurt himself? He replied, "No." Wells then said, "You must have done so, for you hit yourself against the benches." The young man then pulled up his pants, his knees were badly hurt, and the blood was running down his legs. He said, "I did not feel any pain at the time." Wells then turned, and remarked to his friend, Mr. David Clarke, who was near him, and was an eye-witness of all this: "I believe a man, by taking that gas, could have a tooth extracted, or a limb amputated, and not feel the pain." At that moment the discovery of anæsthesia was made, and it only needed a deliberate practical application of its principles to produce intentionally what had happened accidentally in the person of Mr. Cooley.

As Wells walked home with his wife, after the lecture, she playfully chided him for taking the gas, and making himself ridiculous before a public assembly. He excused himself by saying the evening's lesson was a valuable one to him, and that he was now convinced that the gas might be used to prevent pain in dental and other surgical operations, and that he intended to test it on himself to-morrow morning. Wells was so full of the thought that he could not quietly retire to rest. But leaving his wife at home, he sallied forth to proclaim his discovery, and he went to see his friend, Dr. Riggs, who occupied an office on the same floor with Dr. Wells. He told Riggs that he had been to Colton's lecture, that he and others had taken the gas, and that one of the young men had injured himself, but did not know at the time he had been hurt. A long discussion followed, when Wells declared his determination to take the gas for the extraction of a tooth, and he engaged Dr. Riggs to do the operation for him on the following morning.

Thus we see that Wells was so thoroughly possessed with the idea of the anæsthetic properties of the gas, that he declared first to Mr. Clarke, then to his wife, and then to Dr. Riggs, all within an hour, his full conviction on the subject, and his unalterable determination to put it to the test in his own person on the following morning. To avoid any legal risk to any one, in case of a fatal result, Dr. Wells decided to assume all responsibility, and to administer the gas to himself, which he did, sitting in his dental chair, with Colton, Cooley, and others, standing behind a screen, as Dr. Riggs says, ready to run away in case of a fatal termination of the experiment.

According to arrangement made the evening before between Riggs and Wells, Wells sought out Colton, and obtained from him a bagfull of the gas, which was brought to Wells' office by Colton, at 10 o'clock the same morning, when Wells immediately sat down in his operating chair, and inhaled the nitrous oxide gas till he became insensible, and Dr. Riggs extracted one of his largest molar teeth. It required great force to extract it. Dr. Wells did not manifest any sensibility to pain. He remained under the influence of the gas some time after, and immediately upon recovering from it he threw up his arms and exclaimed: "A new era in

tooth-pulling! It did not hurt me more than the prick of a pin. It is the greatest discovery ever made!"

At that moment the discovery, no longer theoretical, became an accomplished fact; the discoverer proving in his own person the truth of his discovery. This was on the 11th December, 1844.

Let it be remembered that nitrous oxide gas was the first agent ever successfully and intentionally given as an anæsthetic for a surgical operation; that Wells was the first person who ever submitted to an operation under an anæsthetic, and that Riggs was the first who ever performed an operation on an anæsthetized patient. From that moment Wells' enthusiasm was unbounded. He gave his heart and soul to the subject. He learned from Colton how to make and administer the gas; he experimented with it daily, and he published his experiments openly. He did not hide his great discovery from the world. He did not take out a patent for it under a fictitious name. No, no! This large-hearted man, this great philanthropist, gave freely to the world his great discovery.

He took every means in his power to lay it before the profession and the community. He did not hide his light under a bushel. He went out into the highways and the byways, and compelled men to come in and witness his work. He first drew the dentists around him, and then the medical profession. He had every doctor in the town and in the country round about to come and assist at his operations. Dr. Marcy, of this city, was then a resident of Hartford, and, among others, was invited to witness the effects of the nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic. Like every one else, he was at first incredulous, but when he saw teeth extracted without pain under its influence, he was convinced. And he told Wells that, when he was a student at Amherst College, he with other students had often for amusement inhaled the nitrous oxide gas, and also the vapor of sulphuric ether, and that the effects of the two were identical, and he suggested to Wells to try ether as a substitute for the gas.

At this hint Wells did try it. He inhaled it himself, and he says: "I found it very difficult to inhale the vapor of ether, in consequence of the choking sensation. For this reason, and for the reason that Dr. Marcy and myself came to the conclusion that nitrous oxide gas was not so liable to do injury, I resolved to adhere to this alone." A few days after this, a sailor called on Dr. Marcy, and asked him to extirpate a small wen or tumor on the side of his head.

Marcy, thinking this a good chance to try the anæsthetic powers of ether, gave the man the vapor of sulphuric ether till he was insensible, and he then cut out the tumor, which was about the size of an English walnut. This was done in January, 1845, and it is the first surgical operation ever performed under the anæsthetic effects of sulphuric ether. Dr. Marcy, having witnessed anæsthesia by nitrous oxide gas in the hands of Dr. Wells, and now having accomplished it himself by ether, advised Wells to stick to the gas, as being, per-

haps, the safest agent of the two. The Professors at Amherst, and at Trinity College, and at Harvard, and at Yale, were in the habit of cautioning students against the danger of inhaling the ether vapor, and it is probable that this influenced, in some degree, the conclusions of Marcy and Wells. Wells also consulted Dr. P. W. Ellsworth on the comparative safety of the two agents, and on the propriety of substituting ether for the gas, and Ellsworth advised him by all means to confine himself to the use of the gas. Wells then, upon the advice of Marcy and of Ellsworth, adhered to the use of the gas, knowing at the time that the ether was as efficient, but more unpleasant to take, and possibly more dangerous. Wells then, in conjunction with Dr. Riggs, gave the gas daily for the extraction of teeth, and continued to do so whenever the state of his health permitted him. Other dentists in Hartford adopted its use, among whom may be mentioned the names of Dr. Terry, Dr. Braddock, and Dr. Crofoot.

But Wells felt all the time that his discovery had a wider range than it could find in Hartford. He was anxious to introduce it into general surgery, and to lay it more broadly before the profession and the world. Accordingly, a few weeks after he made his discovery, he went to Boston for this purpose, and, through his former pupil, Dr. Morton, he was introduced to Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. Hayward, and Dr. Charles T. Jackson. Dr. Warren gave a willing ear to what he had to say on anæsthesia, and invited him to address his class in the medical college on the subject, and he did so at some length. He remained in Boston several days with the expectation of giving the nitrous oxide gas to a man who was to submit to an amputation at the hands of Dr. John C. Warren.

For some cause the operation was postponed. Dr. Wells was then invited to extract a tooth for a patient in presence of the medical class, which he did. But, unfortunately, the gas-bag was removed too soon, and before the patient was sufficiently anæsthetized. The operation was therefore a comparative failure; the patient screamed out and said he felt the pain of extraction. Wells was hooted at and unfeelingly hissed out of the amphitheater by the thoughtless young men present, and he was pronounced a charlatan, and his anæsthetic a humbug. On the same evening, however, he gave the gas before several of the students at a private house, and extracted teeth with entire success, as is testified by several of those present now living, with oath.

But the above incident was too much for his proud, ardent, sensitive, honest nature, and he returned home almost broken-hearted, and he was, in consequence, prostrated by a serious illness, from which he did not recover for many months. When he recovered his health, he went to work again with his anæsthetic. His wife says that after his recovery he was constantly engaged in trying experiments on himself and others; that he would often lie awake at night, frequently went without proper nourishment; that his health was worn down by excitement, and that he was obliged to suspend

business again for a long time. But notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned by his feeble health, his friend and co-laborer, Dr. Riggs, continued the use of the gas as an anæsthetic in his practice till the discovery of chloroform by Simpson. Dr. Wells, in his paper presented to the French Institute, in 1847, vindicating his claims as the discoverer of anæsthesia, says: "Dr. Morton, who is a dentist in Boston, was instructed in his profession by myself, about five years since, and I subsequently assisted in establishing him in the city of Boston, and after I had made the discovery I had frequent interviews with him, and at one of these he requested me to instruct him how to prepare the gas which I had been giving so successfully in Hartford, stating that he wished to make a trial of it in Boston."

This interview was in Hartford, and Dr. Wells told Morton to ask Dr. Charles T. Jackson to make it for him, as he was a chemist. Accordingly, on his return to Boston, Morton called on Dr. Jackson, and asked him if he (Morton) could not be instructed how to make the gas. Jackson replied that he could not do it without apparatus, and the assistance of some one who had some chemical knowledge, and that there was danger of his getting nitric oxide instead of nitrous oxide gas. Morton then asked Jackson to make some for him. Dr. Jackson declined, saying he was too busy at that time to do so. As Morton was about to take his leave, Jackson told him that he could recommend something that would make his patients insensible, and then he could do what he pleased with them. Morton asked him what it was. Dr. Jackson told him to go to Burnett's and get some pure sulphuric ether, and pour it on a handkerchief and put it to the patient's mouth and let him inhale it. Morton asked what sulphuric ether was? Jackson explained all about it, and went into his laboratory, and showed Morton a specimen of ether. Morton then inquired if it would be safe to use it? Jackson assured him that it was perfectly safe. On the evening of the day Morton returned from his visit to Jackson, Mr. Eben Frost came to his office, saying he had a dreadful toothache, but was afraid to have the tooth extracted. He asked Dr. Morton if he could mesmerize him, and take it out? Morton told him he had something better than mesmerism, and he poured out some ether on a handkerchief and asked Frost to inhale it. He inhaled it till he was insensible; Dr. Hayden held a candle, for it was late in the evening, and Dr. Morton extracted his tooth. This was on the 30th September, 1846. Morton went the next day to inform Jackson of the perfect success of his experiment. Teeth were subsequently extracted for others under the influence of the ether, and on the 16th October the ether was given in the Massachusetts General Hospital to a patient who had a tumor exsected from the neck by the distinguished surgeon, Dr. John C. Warren.

On the next day, the 17th October, another tumor was exsected from the arm by Dr. Hayward, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, under the influence of ether; and from that time it came rapidly into general use, not only

in the large cities, but throughout the whole country. Liston was the first to use it in England, at the University College Hospital, London, and he immediately wrote to Edinburgh, where it was taken up by James Miller, Sir James Y. Simpson, and others. And soon anæsthesia, by sulphuric ether, was adopted by the whole profession throughout the civilized world.

On the 27th October, 1846, Professor Charles T. Jackson and Dr. W. T. G. Morton applied to the Government for a patent, in which they claimed that they had "invented or discovered a new and useful improvement in surgical operations," which consisted in the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether to produce insensibility to pain during operations. They confided to the Patent Office the fact that ether was the agent used, but published to the world that their discovery was a new compound, which they called *Letheon*!

Jackson, who ought never to have consented to such a fraud, assigned his interest in the patent over to Morton. Morton, who appeared never to have had an idea higher than that of making money out of his discovery, overran the country with his agents to sell the *Letheon* to physicians, with the right to use the same in certain districts. While Morton was eagerly trying to put money in his purse, Jackson was quietly looking to the honors of the discovery, for we find that on the 12th November, 1846, he sent a sealed communication to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he says, "Five or six years ago I noticed the peculiar state of insensibility into which the nervous system is thrown by the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether, which I respired abundantly, first by way of experiment, and afterward when I had a severe catarrh, caused by the inhalation of chlorine gas. I have latterly made a useful application of this fact by persuading a dentist of this city to administer the vapor of ether to his patients when about to undergo the operation of extraction of teeth. It was observed that persons suffered no pain in the operation, and that no inconvenience resulted from the administration of the ether."

This was the beginning of an implacable war between Jackson and Morton. Jackson thus attempted to carry off all the honors without even deigning to mention the name of the dentist. And Morton then claimed the whole discovery, giving Jackson credit only for some incidental hints of an unimportant character. He then appealed not only to the American public, but he sent his manifesto to the Institute of France, claiming all the honor of the discovery, and denying that Jackson had had anything to do with it.

These two claimants succeeded perfectly in dividing public opinion, both at home and abroad, in reference to the merits of their respective claims to the honor of etherization. There was honor enough in it for both of them, and if they had both acted honestly and honorably, their names would not have been divided, but associated, as they should have been and must be, as co-discoverers. For their case was stated fairly and properly when they filed their application for a patent.

On the 28th October, 1846, Jackson and Morton appeared before R. H. Eddy, a Justice of the Peace, and "made oath that they verily believed themselves to be the original and first inventors of the improvement," etc., etc. And on the same date, Jackson, in assigning his interest in the patent over to Morton, says: "Whereas, I, Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, chemist, have, in conjunction with W. T. G. Morton, of said city, dentist, invented or discovered a new and useful improvement in surgical operations on animals," etc., etc. These two claimants bound themselves inseparably by oath, and by the above article of assignment, and the world will associate them as co-equal in a discovery first made by Marcy, and laid aside, and then by themselves. Jackson would not have discovered etherization without Morton, and Morton could not have done it without Jackson. It required the scientific knowledge of Jackson and the reckless determination of Morton to accomplish it.

While Jackson and Morton were sending bulletins to the Institute of France, Wells went to Europe to present in person his own claims, not as the inventor of etherization, as he might have done in conjunction with Marcy, but as the original inventor and discoverer of the first principles of anæsthesia by the inhalation of gases and vapors. He sailed from New York, on the 22d December, 1846, and arrived in Paris on the 25th January, 1847, and found that it required more than his presence and *ipse dixit* to carry his point. He remained there but a short time, long enough, however, to get from Dr. Brewster, of Paris, all the information he needed for bringing his claims properly before the Institute. He returned home, arriving on the 22d March, 1847, and immediately went to work to write out his "History of the Discovery of the Application of Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether, and other Vapors to Surgical Operations," fortified by the sworn testimony of numerous witnesses. All this was done between the 23d and 30th March, and the documents were sent to Paris to Dr. Brewster for presentation to the Institute.

Thus we had three claimants in the field for the honor of one of the greatest discoveries of the age, and a bitter, wordy war was waged by the partisans of the claimants. The Jacksonites and the Mortonites were intensely antagonistic, and yet they were united against Wells. They contended that Wells had made no discovery. That he had attempted it, but failed. That *nitrous oxide gas was not an anæsthetic at all*. That they alone had first found out a real anæsthetic, and were entitled to all the honors and emoluments of such a discovery. Wells brought forward the experience of Dr. Riggs and himself in Hartford, and that of other dentists there; also the testimony of Dr. Ellsworth, as recorded in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of June 18th, 1845, where he says: "The nitrous oxide gas has been used in quite a number of cases by our dentists during the extraction of teeth, and has been found by its excitement perfectly to destroy pain. The patients appear very merry during the operation, and no unpleasant effects follow." To

show that his nitrous oxide gas could really be used as an anæsthetic in general surgery, Wells induced some friends in Hartford to use it in other than dental operations.

Dr. E. E. Marcy, of New York, who was the first (as before stated) to perform a surgical operation (other than dental) under the influence of the vapor of ether, in January, 1845, was also the first to use the nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic in general surgery. The *Boston Medical Journal* of 1st September, 1847, contains the report of the case. A young man, aged 24, had an enlarged gland in a gangrenous state, requiring extirpation. The operation was performed on the 17th August, 1847, the nitrous oxide gas being given by Dr. Wells, the discoverer of its anæsthetic properties. The patient was brought under the narcotic effects of the gas in one minute, and during the whole operation there was not the slightest consciousness of pain on the part of the patient. The operation was necessarily tedious and protracted on account of the great size of the gland, the extensive and firm adhesion of the integuments to the diseased structure, and the unnatural enlargement of several arteries which required ligature. The whole period of the operation was about fifteen minutes.

The next case under the nitrous oxide gas, in general surgery, was an amputation of the thigh, just above the knee, in the boy Henry Goodale, at Hartford, on the 1st January, 1848. The case is published in full in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Vol. 37, No. 25, p. 498. The gas was administered by Horace Wells, and the amputation made by Dr. P. W. Ellsworth, of Hartford. Dr. Ellsworth says, "The operation was entirely successful, and fully equal to any similar operation under the influence of sulphuric ether or chloroform." The third case in general surgery under the gas was the removal of a wen or tumor from the shoulder of Mrs. Mary Gabriel, of Bristol, Conn., on the 4th of January, 1848, by Dr. Berresford, of Hartford. The tumor weighed six ounces and a half, and the operation, which was entirely painless and satisfactory, lasted five or six minutes.

But, notwithstanding all this, Wells saw nitrous oxide gas supplanted by ether as an anæsthetic—ether, which he had tried and rejected. He saw his own claims as the great discoverer of anæsthesia unrecognized abroad, disputed and set aside at home, and he was disgusted, disappointed, and dispirited. He then went to New York to lay his claims as the discoverer of anæsthesia before the profession of the great metropolis. Soon after his arrival here, he manifested symptoms of mental aberration, and on the 24th January, 1848, in a fit of madness he ended his life with his own hands.

His friends believed then, and they believe now, that his insanity was produced by chagrin and disappointment in not seeing himself recognized as the discoverer of anæsthesia. He knew and felt that the honor was his and his alone, and he realized the fact that he had failed to convince the world of the justice of his claims, and hence his reason was upset.

But if sulphuric ether supplanted nitrous

oxide gas as an anæsthetic, it in turn was destined soon to be eclipsed by the introduction of chloroform, whose anæsthetic properties were discovered by the late Sir James Y. Simpson, on the 15th Nov., 1847. If Sir James Y. Simpson had done nothing more than give chloroform to suffering woman, he would well have deserved the baronetcy so gracefully bestowed by the Queen, but also the great fame that will ever be associated with his name.

With the death of Wells, nitrous oxide gas, which had not then been made portable by compression as it now is, passed for a time out of the minds of men as an anæsthetic. The administration of ether and chloroform was attended with such comparative ease that they supplanted it altogether. Jackson and Morton had labored to convince the world that the gas was not an anæsthetic at all, and the world was ready to accept their assertion. For fifteen years (1848 to 1863), the Hon. Truman Smith stood alone publicly to contradict it.

The revival of the nitrous oxide gas, as an anæsthetic, was brought about in, apparently, an accidental way. Colton, who was, as before stated, a public lecturer and administrator of the gas, in 1844, had continued this innocent and amusing occupation; and it was his habit, at his exhibitions, to relate how he happened to be the accidental agent of Dr. Horace Wells' great discovery of anæsthesia, in 1844. This fact he had repeated in his lectures, week after week and day after day, for eighteen years (1844 to 1862), without its attracting any unusual notice. In May, 1862, during one of his itinerant excursions, he gave an exhibition of the gas in New Britain, Connecticut, and, as usual, stated the fact just alluded to.

At the close of the lecture an old lady present, impressed with what he had said about the safety and efficiency of the nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic, went up to Colton, and asked him if he would kindly give her the gas for the extraction of some teeth, saying she was afraid to take ether or chloroform, and she was afraid to have it done without an anæsthetic. Colton promptly assented, and on the same day he gave the gas to this lady and to two others, while Dr. Dunham, the resident dentist of New Britain, extracted several teeth for them. Of course, the ladies were in raptures with the success of the gas as an anæsthetic, and Dr. Dunham was so delighted with its effects, that he learned from Dr. Colton how to make the gas, and how to give it to his patients.

Colton then took leave of New Britain, and thought no more of the tooth-pulling incident. One year after this, in May, 1863, he was making his usual annual circuit, and arrived again at New Britain, when he was informed by Dr. Dunham that he had used the gas successfully as an anæsthetic ever since his last visit. As Colton was then going from New Britain to New Haven, to give his "exhibitions," he asked Dr. Dunham if he would accompany him to New Haven for the purpose of demonstrating to the profession there the value of the nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic. The doctor consented. They went to New Haven together, and made arrangements with Dr. J. H. Smith, an eminent dentist of that town, to use his

office for the experiment. Their success created great excitement in New Haven, and people flocked to Dr. Smith's office in such numbers to have teeth extracted under the influence of the gas, that during the month of June they extracted one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five. Colton and Smith, seeing how popular and profitable the thing could be made, came to New York and established an institution solely for the extraction of teeth under the influence of the gas. Since that time, now more than nine years, the gas has been given to nearly sixty-eight thousand persons of all ages and all stations in life, without a single fatal result. In 1867, Colton went abroad and introduced anæsthesia by nitrous oxide gas into Paris and London dental practice; and now it is used almost wholly by dentists in our own country, in Great Britain, in France, and in Germany. It is now so easy of administration—having been made portable by compression of 1,400 areas into one by Messrs. Johnson's steam process—so pleasant to take, so quick in its action, so efficient as an anæsthetic, passing off so suddenly, and leaving no secondary bad effects, that it will always remain the anæsthetic for dental practice. It was the wish and object of Wells to extend its use in general surgery. For this purpose he made his unlucky visit to Boston, in January, 1845, but a few weeks after he made his great discovery. For this purpose was it that Marcy performed a difficult operation under its influence in August, 1847, and that Ellsworth amputated a thigh, and Berresford excised a tumor in January, 1848, under like circumstances; and it was for this purpose that Wells went to New York, where he perished before he was able to enlist the attention and the sympathies of the profession here. Had he lived, he would doubtless have established by direct personal effort what has been incidentally, almost accidentally—perhaps I should rather say Providentially, established by Colton, Dunham, and Smith, after fifteen years of disuse. Since the revival of the use of the gas, let us see what it has done outside of dental practice.

In July, 1865, Colton gave the gas for Dr. Carnochan, when he removed a cancerous tumor successfully, the operation lasting sixteen minutes; also in two amputations of the leg. In 1865 he gave it for Dr. T. J. Morton, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, for an amputation of a leg, and for some minor operations. In 1865 he gave it for Dr. Munker, of Baltimore, for the excision of a tumor from the arm—operation, seven minutes. In 1866 he gave it for Dr. Warner, of New York, for the extirpation of an eye—eight minutes. In 1866 he gave it for Dr. James R. Wood, Prof. Willard Parker, and others.

In 1867 I met Colton in Paris, and he gave the gas successfully in several surgical cases for me. In one case the operation lasted eleven minutes, in another eighteen minutes, and in a third twenty minutes. These operations were witnessed by Baron Larrey, Mr. Nelaton, Sir Joseph Olliffe, the late Professor Pope, of St. Louis, Dr. Johnston and Dr. Pratt, of Paris, and many others. In London Dr. Charles

James Fox, instigated by Colton, has been the eloquent advocate of the nitrous oxide gas, not only in dentistry, but in general surgery.

I have already said that nitrous oxide gas is now the almost universal anæsthetic in dentistry, and I have shown you that it has been used in minor operations, and even in great operations of short duration. But it is capable of being used in prolonged operations. Colton has given it for me in this city in operations requiring thirty and forty minutes, and more. Dr. Goodwillie has given it for me in two ovariectomies, requiring, one twenty-seven minutes, the other thirty-three minutes. Dr. Harry Sims gave the gas for me in a case of ovariectomy, at Newport, last summer, for sixty-three minutes, and in another case for fifty-one minutes. Dr. Henry D. Nicholl has given it for me in one ovariectomy, when the operation lasted fifty-six minutes; and in another, one hour and thirty-four minutes.

Thus you will see that I have demonstrated beyond doubt that it can be safely used in prolonged operations. This brief history of anæsthesia embraces four epochs:

1st. The discovery of anæsthesia by nitrous oxide gas by Horace Wells, in 1844.

2d. The introduction of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic, by Drs. Morton and Jackson, in 1846.

3d. The discovery of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform, by Sir James Y. Simpson, in 1847.

4th. The revival of the use of nitrous oxide gas as an anæsthetic, by Colton, Dunham, and Smith, in 1863.

Sir Humphrey Davy first suggested the idea of anæsthesia, and was on the verge of its discovery seventy years ago. We know that he inhaled the nitrous oxide gas for the relief of pain attendant upon cutting a wisdom tooth; that he was relieved of pain while under the influence of the gas, and that he suggested that the gas might be used to relieve the pain of "slight surgical operations where there was no great effusion of blood." If Sir Humphrey had been a surgeon he would, in all probability, have put this idea to the test of experiment. But the great principle announced by him was allowed to lie dormant for nearly half a century, notwithstanding thousands were constantly inhaling the gas for amusement, among whom was the Rev. H. W. Beecher, who "sprained his knuckles and barked his shins, without feeling pain, while under the influence of the gas, when in college," as he informs me, or till Wells, at an auspicious moment, seized the idea, and at once put it into practical execution. The very day before Colton gave the gas at Hartford, he had given it to some young men in New Haven, when one of them rushed upon one of his comrades, and struck him forcibly on the head with his closed fist. After he recovered his consciousness, he complained of his hand, and, on examination, it was found that the metacarpal bone of the middle finger was fractured, and yet this *did not suggest to the mind of Colton* the idea of using the gas as an anæsthetic in surgical operations. Sulphuric ether has a similar record. In 1796, the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether was proposed

in England by Drs. Beddoes, Pearson, and Thornton, as a remedy in certain diseases of the lungs. In 1805, Dr. Warren, of Boston, employed it to relieve the sufferings of the last stage of consumption. In 1812, it was used in Philadelphia to produce its peculiar intoxication, and was supposed to be very analogous to the nitrous oxide gas in its effects.

To that great scientist, Richardson, we are indebted for the bichloride of mythelene. To Sir James Y. Simpson, we owe chloroform. To John C. Warren, chloric ether. And to Morton and Jackson we can fully accord all honor for the use of sulphuric ether, while we claim for Wells the highest place of honor, as being the first to demonstrate the fact that anæsthesia was practicable, and to be accomplished by the absorption of gases and vapors into the blood through the lungs. This great principle established, the only credit due to any one else is for the introduction of new agents capable of producing the same results. Twenty years ago I believed that all the honor for anæsthesia was due to Morton. Now, with all the facts before me, I give Morton and Jackson all credit for the use of ether as an anæsthetic, none for the discovery of anæsthesia. Twenty-five years ago, Sir James Y. Simpson wrote to Dr. Morton, saying, "The great thought is that of producing insensibility; and for that the world is, I think, indebted to you." But as time rolled on, and more facts were brought to his notice, his judgment was reversed; and in the last literary effort of his life, in a letter dictated on his dying bed, April 28th, 1870, to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, in a controversy between them on the subject of anæsthesia, he says, "The idea of relieving patients from the pains of surgery by some such means, or rather, the restoration of that idea in recent times (for it was an old one), belonged justly to Horace Wells."

To my mind it is as clear that Wells was the discoverer of anæsthesia, as it is that Columbus was the discoverer of America. Each was followed by other daring and enthusiastic explorers, who enlarged the boundaries of regions previously unknown. Both were neglected, maltreated, and robbed, while alive, of their well-earned honors, by those who had been friends and counselors, and both overwhelmed by disappointment and grief, died, as it were, of broken hearts.

♦♦♦♦♦
PARENTAGE OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.—In 1701 a clergyman of the Established Church of England, the first man who wrote in favor of William of Orange as successor to James II., observed that his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, and with whom he had lived in delightful harmony for eleven years, did not respond when he prayed for the king. "Why do you not say Amen when I pray for his Majesty?" he inquired. "Because," she calmly replied, "I

do not believe the Prince of Orange to be king!" "In that case," returned the unbending Orangeman, "we must part." It does not appear that the wife, a conscientious, fair-minded woman, who was willing to give the liberty she exacted, made any effort to turn him from his purpose; she seems to have had as strong belief in the sincerity of his convictions of duty as she had in her own. Accordingly, the reverend gentleman went to London and remained a year, leaving several children and the care of the parish and parsonage to his wife. At the end of that time William of Orange died, and as the lady could respond with a hearty "Amen" to prayers for Queen Anne, the husband and wife were reunited. Among the nineteen children of the beautiful, strong-minded loyalist, and the inflexible, scholarly revolutionist, were John and Charles Wesley.

[We find the above in an exchange, and may inquire what effect the stated event may have had on the characters and careers of those children? Is there anything in prenatal influences? Do children inherit the same tendencies of mind as are possessed by their parents? It would seem that these "dissenting" Wesleys came honestly by *their* revolutionary tendencies. When conditions as affecting progeny are better understood, hus-

bands will take better care of their wives, and wives of themselves, in order that the best results regarding the bodies and minds of their children may be attained. Parents are far more responsible for the infirmities of their children, *aye*, their very lives, than most of those persons who compose *society* are willing to admit. The *time* and the *place* to begin to reform and elevate the race and for the establishment on earth of righteousness, faith, and charity among men, is just *now* and right *here*. We are to deny ourselves, drop our bad habits, and reform *ourselves*; to put our bodies into right relations with the laws of life and health; *then* we are to bring all our senses, our whole minds, into *rapport* with the Divine Will. Not till then shall we be in condition to become progenitors of a race organized more in accordance with the original design, and in harmony with the image of God, which, when created, was pronounced "very good." As to *how* original sin came into the world, commentators are not agreed. One way is clear enough to us, and not difficult to correct, and that is, *PERVERSION*. We are, indeed, sick, sore, and "fallen." We are, through inheritance and through infringing the laws of our being, sadly in need of recreation and regeneration, not only in mind or spirit, but in body.]

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH—No. 5.

THE prediction of the astronomer, who last winter foretold "great irregularity in the seasons," in consequence of the "conjunction of the four great planets," soon to take place, really seems in the way of being verified, up to this time, in North Mississippi; and, indeed, throughout the belt of country in the same latitude. Instead of the spring opening in February, as it has been wont to do, with a flush of peach blossoms and a breath like May, we had it so cold and bleak that neither the leaf-buds nor flower-germs dared to put out, ever so little, from the protection of their folding covers. It kept on so until far into March, and the winds that started out, on an exploring tour, with the advent of that month, blew, blew, blew, till every bush was bare, and every oak naked enough to be thankful for an apron of brown tags. A snow-storm in March fortunately

melted nearly as fast as it fell, and so the fruit-germs, cradled in their pink and white corollas, escaped untimely blight. At last, about the middle of April, the March winds whistled an adieu, and a settled atmosphere and warm sun speedily gave us beautiful green woods and wild flowers. At this writing, April 30th, the leaves are full-grown, and the deep green woods are variegated with crimson spikes of buckeye bloom and milk, white dogwood. No sweet Carolina jessamines are in this part of Mississippi, except as exotics in flower gardens. The martins, those pleasant-voiced, home-loving birds, have come, the swallows are again building in the now unused chimneys, and our mocking-bird can scarcely balance himself in his enthusiastic outbursts of song. But, as during last April, we have had it excessively dry; so much so as to retard the growth of

corn and effectually prevent the sprouting of cotton seed. Whether the condition of the atmosphere has been peculiarly favorable or not, certain it is we are having a plague of caterpillars. The ground in the woods seems fairly alive with the little black striped, crawling things. They prefer oak-leaves, and have, so far, devoted themselves to scrub-oak, white oak, and red oak, eating the young leaves to a frizzle. They spin their threads across the public roads even, where these pass through forests; and a person riding horseback often finds something like a thread take him under the nose, and sees a dozen small worms strung on it. They collect in immense numbers on rail fences, and on the railroad tracks; actually so clogged up the wheels of the train, on one occasion, as to stop its progress. "Buffalo-gnats" are another visitation of April, a specialty of the Mississippi Bottoms, named like the Deaths-head moth, from its configuration, resembling the head of a buffalo. It attacks horses, mules, and cows, swarming about the breast and nostrils, and often bleeding them to death. The remedy or prevention is the daily use of coal-oil, or tar and grease applied to the animal's head and chest.

Meeting, not long since a Pennsylvanian who had settled in our neighborhood, we asked him "how he liked to live in the South?" "First-rate," he said, "people were clever and the land good—but the hog meat; *that* was killing him." "How so?" "Why it gave him dyspepsia, and he rather thought it was eating so much *greasy* food that made his family so bilious; he had lost one of his children in a *bilious* spell, and the others didn't look healthy." We asked, "Why he didn't use beef?" "Couldn't get beef in the country only once in a while."

We advised him to try *vegetable* diet; he said he certainly should, as soon as his garden came on. We showed him the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL; lent him several numbers; he was highly delighted with it, and went on to give us a very interesting account of the country and people *up* North, its populousness,—"villages every two miles, and what the Southerners call large cities, we consider moderate sized towns," he said.

The malarial plague of the Bottom country, every spring and fall, beginning about April, is no doubt partly owing to the use of bacon and hogs' lard, which enter into the preparation of nearly every dish on Southern tables. Beefsteak, as we use it, is fried in lard; chicken-pie is "rich" with it, and the simple pone of corn-bread "lightened" with a *tablespoonful*. Another prolific cause is our impure water; the well and spring water in general use is often thick with a milky or clay-colored sediment. Pour one quart of it in a white basin, and in an hour the vessel is perfectly coated with a yellow deposit; yet people drink it greedily.

Sometimes, after a long siege of "chills," the disease assumes a congestive type, and kills in twenty-four or thirty-six hours. We saw a strong, powerful-looking colored boy eating his bread and bacon heartily in the morning; in two days we saw his friends going to see him buried. What in the world was the matter with the poor fellow?

"Gestive chill, ma'am."

But the negroes stand the chills, on the whole, better than white people, who do not work; owing, of course, to their laboring in the open air, the vigorous circulation and exercise of every part of their systems, and their use of corn-bread, which is more wholesome than the fine flour universally at the tables of those who can afford it.

When people are attacked with chills out here, they immediately take a "blue mass pill;" (the pill is as big as a huckleberry) then from ten to twenty grains of quinine a day till the chills are broken.

Physicians say, "Let the patient eat *what he wants*, and *as much* as he pleases!"—per consequence, after the third chill, he gets "better," still having a ringing in his ears, slight deafness, and inordinate appetite, and excessive nervousness. In nine days, or three weeks, he has another spell, and so on, along, till late in the Fall, when he is taken down with bilious fever, typhoid fever, or swamp fever, and either dies, or goes through a course of drug medication, which (or Nature's own power of reaction) puts him on his feet again, but with twinges of reminder in the shape of neuralgic and rheumatic affections.

VIRGINIA DU RANT COVINGTON.

HOW TO USE PHRENOLOGY—No. 3.

HAVING shown in figs. 7, 8, 10, 11, and 12, the way we estimate the size of the organs by the distance from the *medulla oblongata*, we now introduce an engraving of a skull, fig. 13, which will give the reader an idea of the mode of measuring development. A represents the location of the *medulla ob-*

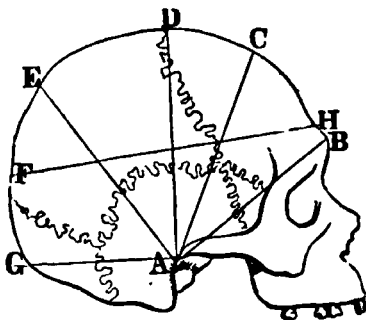


Fig. 13.

longata, or brain center. The line running from A to B, at Individuality, if long or short, indicates the largeness or smallness of the perceptive region. From A to C, D, E, and G, the length of the lines indicates the size of the organs located in those regions respectively. Sometimes that portion of the head located forward of the line A D is great, while back of that line the head is short and comparatively small. The reverse of this is sometimes true, most of the brain lying back of the line A D. We sometimes see two heads that will measure around the line F H the same—say twenty-two inches. In one the head forward of the line A D may be an inch longer than that of the other. In one the character is specially intellectual; in the other, specially emotional and sensual. Estimating the developments of the head from this common center, these measurements will tell the difference in the character of two such persons. Sometimes persons measure their heads by trying on each others' hats, and, if found to be of nearly equal size, they are staggered about Phrenology, because they know their characters are very different; and they say to us, "If size is the measure of power, why is not A as smart a man as B, when he wears the same-sized hat?" Sometimes people build a house with a very large parlor, and in the rear a very small kitchen. Another house of the same size may have a

very large kitchen and a very small parlor. The parlor facilities and the kitchen facilities vary in the two houses, not according to the whole size of the house, but in the way the house is divided. Some men have a great back-head—a tremendous kitchen and dining room, and a very small forehead, showing deficient parlor or library. Then, again, one person has a large head, as measured around F H, while his brain is pretty nearly all below that line. Above F H, in which the moral and reasoning powers, as well as those of dignity and aspiration and prudence are located, he is comparatively small. Such a man has a one story head; the basilar intellect and the animal propensities are strong. He may have wonderful force of character and practical skill, but the top-head being moderately developed, his life is low, his aspiration is toward the animal and sensual, and his knowledge is confined to the realm of things, and does not rise to the realm of ideas and sentiments. If one measures these radial lines with calipers he will find an inch difference, sometimes even an inch and a half, from the opening of the ear to the location of any particular organ; for instance, Self-Esteem at E, Veneration at D, or Benevolence at C, or Individuality at B; and when these differences are thus indicated by measurements, how futile and silly do the common objections to Phrenology seem which are based upon the slight differences in the thickness of the skull. For a third of a century we have asserted and re-asserted the fact, that we do not estimate mental developments by the slight variations in the shape of the surface of the head. Yet, sensible people continue to insist that that is our method, in spite of our denial. We assert this, because they come to us and say they think our sense of touch must be exceedingly nice to discover the slight undulations in the shape of the head. Nobody measures a wagon-wheel by the slight inaccuracies of the surface, but measures the length of the spokes from the hub to the periphery; and we measure heads in the same way.

There is another interesting mode of estimating man's place in nature, how he ranks in the moral or social scale, and we introduce,

to illustrate this, figures 14, 15, and 16. Fig. 14 is a human skull. Region No. 1, located

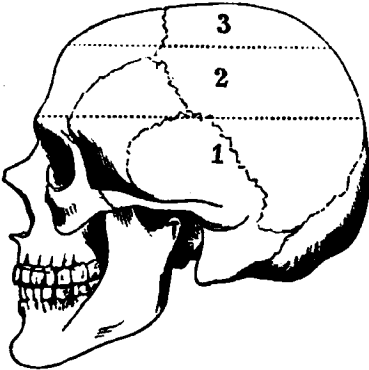


Fig. 14.

in the base of the skull, is common to man and the lower animals. It takes in that part of the brain devoted to animal feeling and perceptive intellect. If the reader will cast his eye at fig. 16, he will see that the region No. 1 takes in the whole of the gorilla brain. The dotted outline is intended to show that which must be added to the gorilla to make the head human in size, form, and development—in other words, what the gorilla lacks; and though his body is shaped something like that of a man, his brain, even on Darwin's theory, has to be essentially changed and greatly increased in size before he can be even a connecting link with the human race. Region No. 2 may be called the reasoning and esthetic field, which animals do not share with man, certainly not to any great extent. In region No. 3 we have the moral and spiritual, which is entirely wanting in all the lower animals. In

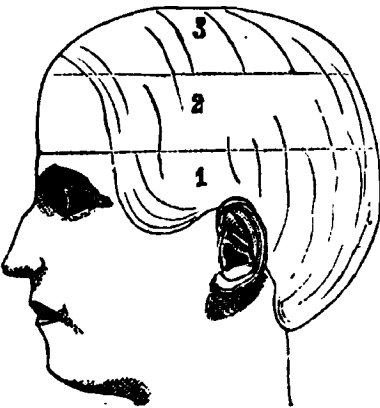


Fig. 15.

fig. 15 region No. 3 is just about as deep as No. 2. That is not the case in fig. 14, because

the skull is not so well developed in the top-head as to make a well-balanced head. In the gorilla head we have the immense jaws and face, and a small bulb constituting the cranium. The brain is not larger than that of an infant a week old. The gorilla has only the animal passions and instincts, while the human being has regions Nos. 2 and 3 added to his head; and these raise him into realms of thought and moral consciousness forbidden to the lower animals. Now, when a person looks at a head with these diagrams in the mind, how readily he can determine whether the brain is chiefly in region No. 1, or whether it is amply developed in regions Nos. 2 and 3.

There are many men who are great in force,

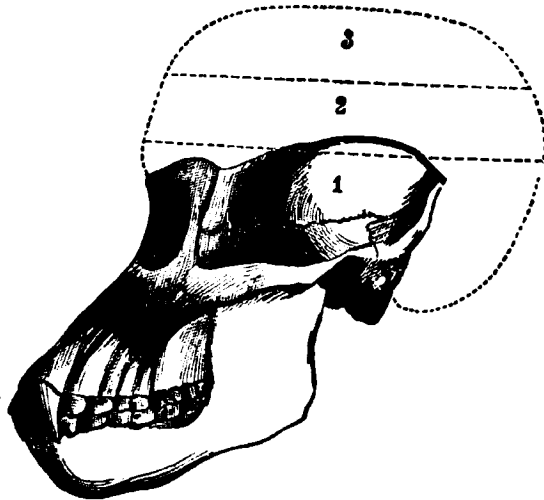


Fig. 16.

executiveness, intelligence, and philosophy, who lack region No. 3, or, at least, are so deficient in it that they are utterly incompetent to be leaders and teachers of mankind in morals and in spiritual subjects. They demand mathematical proof for everything. They say: "Show us God, or demonstrate His existence, and we will believe in Him."

It is not difficult to estimate a man fifty feet away, especially a public speaker, and see whether the brain is mainly forward or mainly back of the ears, or whether it is equally balanced; whether he has the moral region No. 3 strongly marked, or whether he is simply an intellectual giant, with No. 2 for thinking and planning, and No. 1 as the region of force to carry out his plans. The late James Fisk, Jr., had a large brain, but

it was mainly developed in region No. 1 and about half way up region No. 2. He was not a philosopher, but he was a man of great practical talent and prodigious force of character; and his brain was sustained by perhaps as good a body as any man ever had, and he was in perfect health, but the higher reasoning and moral organs were not very strongly marked. He needed a clear-headed, cool thinker to plan his enterprises, just as the cool thinker needed Fisk's force to carry them out; and though his brain weighed heavily, it was not largely developed in the top. Those who look at his busts or his portraits will readily see this.

A glance even at any person is sufficient to determine the general development of the head, or the group or region of the faculties in which the person's power lies; and we wish our readers to learn how thus quickly to measure heads, and estimate the general character of those with whom they come in contact. There are many instances in which people of phrenological information have been astonished when introduced to a stranger, to see the confidence and respect shown him by people of excellent character. The phrenologist instantly saw the wolf in sheep's clothing, the hypocrite, the villain, and warned his friends, and almost lost their

personal respect and friendship by so doing. A year or two afterward, when the villainous character was developed, and everybody found out that the phrenologist was right, the phase of things was changed, but did not change the phrenological opinion. Only a few days ago in a city railway car a man with a dusty working dress came in, and took a seat near the writer. As the car filled up the laboring man was asked to sit nearer, and make room for the rest; and he replied: "Some people don't like to sit near a working man with his dusty clothes." As he lifted his cap, to wipe his perspiring brow, we saw a noble head, and felt that respect for the man which was his due. A friend of ours, a prosperous merchant, having no seat, and standing near, seemed to look with some surprise upon our conversing with an untidy-looking working man. In the ride of two miles it turned out that the man was a master builder, and was overhauling some old stores in New York, and was obliged to dress in a manner suited to his work. We learned that he was the superintendent of a Sunday-school in an Episcopal church, and that he was really a man of standing in his neighborhood. Our mercantile friend, after the dusty stranger had left us, used the significant term, "a singed cat." He had been interested in our conversation, and was amazed to learn the standing and character of the man in question. We measured the man's head, not his clothes, and this is not the first, and hope it may not be the last, instance in which we have recognized a noble man—an uncrowned king—in a dusty working dress.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THERE is a very wide discrepancy between theory and practice in the administration of the Civil Service reform, in that the new regulations are enforced in some cases while in others they are ignominiously set aside. Without displaying the motives of its advocates, it may be well for us to inquire, if there be not some inherent weakness in the theories upon which this attempted reform has been based.

The indecent clamor, whenever there is a change in the administration, from the hungry politicians, who flock to the Capitol by thousands, and whose cravings nothing can satisfy but office, and the never-falling streams of applications for places, were enough to set the

rulers of the nation at devising some method for avoiding this tax upon their strength, time, and good nature. The device of holding competitive examinations was hit upon, and it not only promised a remedy for the evils mentioned, but had an attractive appearance of fairness in giving the offices to those who were best qualified to fill them. Wherein this device has failed I will endeavor to show, and make a suggestion or two as to how this reform might be brought about without any rules, regulations, examinations, or expense.

That an educational test is insufficient needs no further proof than the fact that those candidates who pass the examination successfully,

are required to serve a term of probation in the duties of their new position to test their efficiency before they are finally accepted as a government employé. The examination of teachers, as every one knows, does not show their ability to teach, for that can only be determined by actual duty in the school-room. One may be abundantly qualified as to book knowledge, and be a total failure in every other respect; while another may be an excellent teacher without passing a brilliant examination; and I have observed that in employing teachers more attention is paid to their appearance and reputation for good preceptorship than to the particular grade of certificate they may have received. And here, let me ask, did any of our good friends ever suspect our School Commissioners or Superintendents of being influenced by sordid motives? Has money or favoritism ever influenced the guardians of our schools? Need I more than hint that the time might come when the Civil Service Examiners would be corrupted? How long is it since the traffic in cadetship was suppressed?

Under the new regulations the offices would be very unequally distributed. If the examinations are always to be held in the city of Washington, then will inhabitants of the District of Columbia fill most of the offices; for they, being upon the ground, and familiar with the manner of conducting the examinations, will have a great advantage over those coming from a distance. Should the Examining Board travel from city to city, like a band of itinerant showmen, the residents of the cities visited will have opportunities for testing their ability to pass the ordeal, and failure will cause them no greater loss than their time. Not so the youthful aspirant who chances to live in the country, or in some town not favored with a visit from the Board. So far as they are concerned the examinations might as well be held exclusively in Washington, for they will have traveling expenses and board bills to pay wherever they go. The expense, and the fear of failure, may keep many of them at home, and, perhaps, that may be considered as the strongest point in favor of the new system.

That abuses have arisen from the practice of making appointments on recommendation of members of Congress no one denies, but it has this in its favor, that the offices are more widely distributed than under the new régime. Justice requires that all sections be equally represented in the Civil Service. And may we not consider this as an important factor in wearing off the sharp corners of sectional pre-

judices and animosities, and rendering us a homogeneous people. That agency, however insignificant, which tends to bring the people of different sections in contact with each other, will meet the approval of all thinking men. Congressmen should exercise discrimination in their recommendations, and, by proper inquiry in their respective districts, ascertain the fitness of applicants for position. If incapables are at any time foisted upon the government, the remedy of dismissal remains.

Sinecures should no longer be tolerated. If there be a standard in regard to what constitutes a day's work, which is too low, increase the amount of work or number of hours of labor. The pay should be so adjusted that places will not be sought after so eagerly. The government should not pay a greater salary than individual employers are accustomed to pay their bookkeepers and correspondents for the same grade of work. Those employed should understand that their position is a permanent one, if they choose to remain; or, in other words, competent clerks should be retained during life or good behavior. Of course no discharge for merely *political reasons* could be tolerated. More trouble has arisen from making discharges on frivolous pretexts, for the sole purpose of creating vacancies for newcomers, than from all other sources combined. Then, in conclusion, we will say, the mode of appointment is of least consequence, and reform should look rather to prevention of arbitrary dismissals than to any educational or other test as a qualification for office. A. D. BUCK.

PROGRESS IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia journals think that that State is moving on rapidly toward wealth and power. The Lynchburg *Virginian* says: "It was only on Saturday last that we met with a northern gentleman who, having seen much of the world, is disposed to engage in an enterprise here that, we believe, would prove lucrative to himself and confer a benefit upon the city and vicinity. His object is to be near water navigation, and, at the same time, be within reach of a well-timbered region. He perceives the advantage which the canal affords, in connection with our new railroad, now being constructed through one of the best wooded sections of the State. And this is only one case in many that might be cited. The internal improvements that are now projected or in progress are attracting the attention of enter-

prising men outside our own communities, and these, with our natural advantages, will give an immense impetus to immigration within the next few years.

"As we said the other day: Virginia is going ahead, making wondrous strides for an old State that had lain dormant so long. The new Virginia will, in a very few years, be a marvel of progress in the work of material development to those who have not dreamed that it was possible to bring her to the point of recuperation. That the social features of the State will be what they were in former times—of which every Virginian was justly proud—we can scarcely hope. She will probably undergo a great change in this, as in other respects. But the world moves, and this is pre-eminently an age of progress. We must, therefore, go with the tide, or be left far behind to weep over the moral as well as material decay of 'the Mother of States and Statesmen.' But, as we can not live on the memories of the past, we should adjust ourselves to the new order of things, make the most of our situation, and work out the great destiny that is before us."

—*State Journal.*

Well, why should not old Virginia become one of the foremost and richest States in the Union? She is more favorably located, with reference to soil and climate, and more conveniently situated, with reference to manufactures, commerce, and other advantages, than almost any other State in the Union. She is between the extremes of North and South, cold and heat, and she has immense tracts of the finest timber, and exhaustless mines of coal, iron, and all that goes to make a State, save enterprise and capital. She has grown too much tobacco, and made too much cider-brandy for the good of her pocket, her stomach, and her morals. Let her change these things, and grow only those crops which will bless—and not curse—her people, and a better state of things would be at once perceptible. Better horses, cattle, sheep, timber, fruits, and men and women can not be grown in this world than can be grown in the State of Virginia. Instead of being third or fourth in population and wealth, she ought to be *first*. It is her own fault, rather than her misfortune, that she is not. But she is improving, and may yet take the lead.

INCREASE OF SALARIES.

THERE was a strike for higher wages in Congress before the close of the session. They wanted to get their wages up to \$10,000 a year. They commenced by concluding that the President should have \$50,000 a year instead of \$25,000, which had been the standard pay for the executive of the nation so many years. They finally passed the bill doubling the President's salary and giving themselves \$7,500 a year, counting backward for the two years of their term. So they obtained what they struck for. This was a peculiar strike. The men who held the purse and ordered the pay of the hands, struck to take more pay for themselves. It did not look very well. It looked much like a cashier opening a till and helping himself to what pay he wanted to increase his salary; but it was Congress, and there was no help.

Seriously, this example of Congress is one fraught with mischief of far greater magnitude than is generally recognized. The government can pay these high salaries without much trouble, and the consciences of the

members of Congress certainly are not much troubled about taking all they can get; but the example is a bad one, and extends through our whole society. Extravagance in governmental circles creates a desire to be extravagant throughout the country.

In the early days of the Republic extravagance was not encouraged, and the whole people lived on their income, without over-reaching and stealing. Salaries were regulated according to the expense of living. The Treasury Department in 1799 instituted inquiries as to the cost of supporting a genteel family in Washington, and the estimate returned placed the amount at \$3,549.97 for the years 1789, 1790 and 1791, raising to \$4,163.66 in 1792 and 1793. Among the items included, showing the style of living on which the estimate was based, were the keeping of two horses and the wages of four servants. Hence Congressmen in 1873 must needs have \$7,500 per annum, with pickings and stealings besides, as they all, of course, keep two horses and four servants, to say nothing of other conveniences.

Of course, living is not so cheap as in the old-fashioned days, but there is no necessity for this alarming increase of extravagance. Luxury and extravagant living have been the forerunners of the downfall of former Republics, and we have no doubt that our departure from the simplicity of former days is hurrying us into the same road that brought other nations to ruin. Like causes produce like effects at all times. Why should a Congressman need \$21 a day where a few years ago he was glad to get \$8? His necessary expenses have not increased in that ratio by any means. It is the impatient desire to get rich out of the public treasury, and to be able to make an extravagant appearance. The example becomes contagious, and the business man seems to imitate the fast living of his Congressmen. He rushes into business recklessly and ends in crime or in the most questionable kind of business gambling. Thus is society corrupted by the baleful example of departing from Republican simplicity, on the part of those whom the people have placed in power. This view of the case shows a worse feature and shows how far-reaching the influence of so pernicious an example is likely to be.—*American Working People.*

[There are some great rogues in Congress. Indeed, they have a world-wide reputation for dishonesty. Shall, then, these few wicked sinners corrupt the entire batch of Congressmen? Are the known thieves to become bell-wethers of the flock? The *people* of America look to their appointed or elected servants for honest service in the interest of the nation. When they find their servants stealing they ought to rally and turn them out. The authors of this "grab" ought to be exposed, punished, and then consigned to forgetfulness. No excuses. Those who voted to help themselves to the people's money without the people's consent have not only committed a great crime, but have set a very bad example, which weak ones will imitate. What sort of heads must these men have? We will venture the statement, that each and every one of the authors and defenders of that act is sadly deficient in the phrenological organ of CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. Not this only, but he has inordinate ACQUISITIVENESS, and will, publicly or privately, "take that which does not belong to him." Look out for all such men. Trust them not. They disgrace the nation and will bring ruin on the country unless *put out*, and *PUT DOWN*.

THE LATE OAKES AMES, M.C.

WHAT A FRIEND SAYS OF HIM.

THE sudden death by apoplexy of this recently notorious Representative in Congress from the Second Congressional District of Massachusetts, has awakened no little interest. Speculation is rife with reference to the cause of his death, since, although nearly seventy years of age, he had shown the vigor of body and mind appertaining usually to much younger men. Whether or not the recent Congressional investigation induced the cerebral excitement which terminated in the fatal stroke we can not say. Certain it is, he is dead.

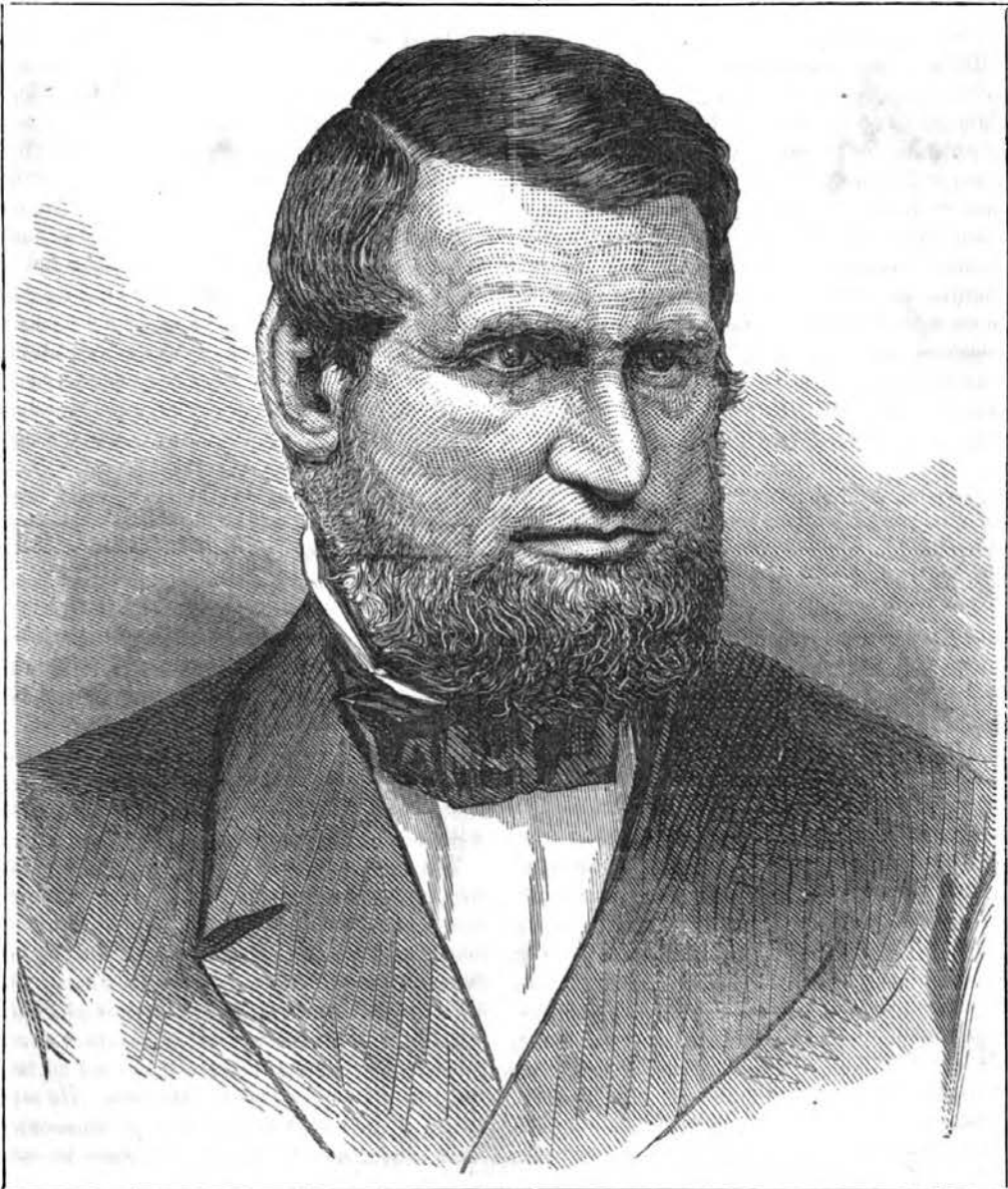
Mr. Ames, was born in Easton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, on the 20th of January, 1804. He received the ordinary public school education of the period. Early in life he became identified with the manufacturing interests of his native state, and for nearly half a century has been an active business man.

Mr. Ames made his first appearance in the political field in 1860, when he was elected a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts, and re-elected the following year. In 1863 he was elected a Representative to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and served on the committees on Revolutionary Claims and Manufactures. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was placed upon the committees on the Pacific Railroad and on Manufactures. He was also re-elected to the Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses. Mr. Ames was a Republican, and during the trying hours of the late civil war his votes in Congress and his action outside of his official duties were all on the side of the Union cause.

Mr. Ames was little known to the general public until, during the last session of Congress, his name became associated with the Credit Mobilier scandal. The last scene in his public

life occurred on the 13th of March, when he returned to North Easton and received a public ovation. He was presented with an address, and, displaying his usual pluck and dry humor, he said that the committee had made the singular discovery that he had the extraordinary

original in this face. It is rather that of the definite, practical worker, who concentrates all his powers and forces on a single interest, and attains the end in view without regard to outside issues. One sees nothing of the spiritual in that face; nothing ideal, imaginative, artis-



ability to bribe men, without their knowing it, to do something of which they knew nothing.

In the portrait we perceive evidences of bone, muscle and physical strength. It is the wedge by which a block is rived, rather than by the beetle which drives it home. There is nothing indicating the philosopher—nothing

tic; little devotional, self-denying, or self-sacrificing. But one may see a close mouth and mind, which seem to say, "Mind your own business," "Save what you get," "Look out for number one," "Hold your tongue," "Keep your own counsel," "Let others take care of themselves," "Avoid contention and quarrel-

ing," "The less said the better." There was great perseverance, push, application, determination, and shrewd, calculating, perceptive penetration here. His proper sphere in life was dealing with men in business, money matters, and machinery, rather than with philosophy, art, poetry, music, or legislation. That head and that face speak for themselves. Both tell the same story.

Because one has succeeded as a soldier in generalship, or in mercantile pursuits as a Stewart or a Claffin, or in city real estate as an Astor, or in street railways as a George Law, or in conducting a newspaper as a Bennett, it does not follow that he will make a good legislator. But there are those among us who, admiring the qualities of a successful pugilist, gambler, or horse jockey, put him up at once for Congress! Vanderbilt was a good boatman, and has grown into railroads, but who would care to see him in the United States Senate? His own common sense would not consent to such a condition.

An acquaintance, who had known Mr. Ames for upward of forty years, kindly communicates the following sketch:

I first knew him when he came with his father to Boston, to make sales of shovels, as was their constant custom. The manner and appearance of Oakes Ames was more like that of a farmer. He gave his whole attention to the business in hand; and as he showed little or no taste for display in dress or address, his Ideality was shown chiefly in manufacturing a handsome shovel, but quality and durability were the more important properties of the shovel. His early life, from what I know, and from a late conversation with one who was familiar with him, was devoted to his business, just as a successful farmer would devote his time and energies to the improvement of his farm and its productions. He supervised the manufactory, carefully watched that no shovels bore the name of Oliver Ames but such as were of the best quality, and all others were branded with the name of a workman, so that every grade was kept separately. The excellence of the goods, first made by the father, and watched over by the son, soon obtained them a world-wide reputation, and the sale of their shovels became very extensive, as they were an article of important use on all the railroads that were being built in this country. Australia has been a large consumer of them. With a strong body, a solid, plain mind, a good degree of dignity, Acquisitiveness, Combative-

ness, Secretiveness, Constructiveness, and good perceptive faculties, he kept on his way; his mind becoming more and more adapted to large operations, and ever watching the details with sufficient care, his firm made money and had a sufficiency of this world's goods to make its members happy in their comparatively plain way of living.

Their large sales of shovels would often bring contractors of railroads greatly indebted to them; and, I am told, that when the Michigan Central R. R. got into trouble, and the contractors could not pay the Ames' for supplies, the latter took the contractors' claims against the railroad, and finding the railroad could not pay, they took largely of its stock, put in their own money, finished the road, managed it themselves for awhile, and made considerable money. This experience gave Oakes Ames a taste, as he himself said, for large operations, and he found that he was adapted to them. He is said to have taken hold of other railroads in a similar way, and conducted them out successfully.

He got hold, in a business way, of a large auger-bit concern, and made that a paying operation. Then he supplied shovels to Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, of Boston, and that great business afterward fell into the hands of the Ames', and the extensive establishment in Worcester, Mass., was conducted under the name of the Ames Plow Co., and is now one of the largest and best managed in the country. The business, however, was sold out a few months since, for about \$400,000, to enable Oakes Ames to fulfill his obligations on contracts with the Credit Mobilier.

The firm of O. Ames & Son also advanced largely to the Kinsley Iron Co., of Canton, Mass., and that business fell into the hands of the former, and has been carried on since under the above name. The Ames' backed up a California hardware house to the amount of \$600,000, and lost \$400,000. Mr. O. Ames was regarded a good judge of character, but in this last case he had never seen his man. He sold goods to him by virtue of high recommendations; but when he did see the man he concluded to close up the business. He was a large loser in a house in Boston from the adversity of trade. He knew nothing but business, and not much of politics, except in its relation to business. He was a practical man, picking up his knowledge and experience together. He gave little attention to literature or solid reading, deeming his constant business pressure too great.

His religious faith was Unitarianism, and I name this, as one's faith is always apt to show itself more or less in character, and will often be a key to assist in unlocking actions that would be otherwise more covered. He was always considered honorable as a man, and was a warm friend where he loved, and yet was philosopher enough in all things to take the world as it came.

In relation to the Credit Mobilier affair, I obtained the following outline mainly from one who was better posted than myself. John Lynch, of Maine, and others, obtained a charter for a Pacific R. R. It was so mighty an affair no one would take stock in it. It had the privilege of issuing mortgage bonds at the rate of from \$40,000 to \$80,000 per mile, according to the difficulty of building. The projectors were granted, also, every other section of land of an area twenty miles wide. They tried to sell the bonds, but no one would negotiate for them. It was then proposed to Congress to divide the mortgage, Congress to take a second mortgage to the extent of an average say of \$40,000 per mile. The first mortgages were then put on the market and sold, because they were backed up by the second mortgage as held by Government. They then organized the Pacific Trust Co. to build the road for the amount of Government subsidies, or \$40,000 per mile, and first and second mortgages.

George F. Train having no regard to the above arrangement, had procured a charter in the Pennsylvania Legislature, organizing the Credit Mobilier of America, for speculation in lands. The Ames Company bought of Train this charter, and gave him lands in Omaha, from which Train is said to have realized \$250,000. Train is also said to have done nothing besides negotiating with Ames.

To get the Government to take the second mortgage instead of the first, was now found an essential to success. The public were in favor of the road, and felt its immense value to unite the country more closely, and there was a sentiment generally prevailing that the Pacific R. R. "would be cheap at any price." To get Congress interested would imply that two-thirds of its members would vote for it, and as people would generally look after that in which they had an interest, it was proposed to give every member of Congress a right to take stock, and put down so much for each member (this being done with or without their knowledge or consent), and these members had the right to sell out subsequently, without their names being known; and it is said Ames and

others bought this right or privilege to purchase stock from such as were willing to sell. Those who did not take stock paid in five or ten per cent. to commence building the road, buying equipments, etc. They afterward received that back, and also nearly the whole amount of the first mortgage bonds as dividends.

Gen. McComb claimed a certain number of rights which Mr. O. Ames had bought up, but which Mr. Ames said did not belong to him; but Gen. McComb claimed not only the rights, but the dividends that belonged to them, and said if they were not given up he would expose Ames. Mr. Ames was not to be intimidated, as he felt that he was doing what he considered proper as a matter of business, and did not fear any exposure that could be made. Hence the trouble. It was expected the road would cost \$80,000 per mile, but it cost very much less when they got to the plains, hence the great profit. After the road was built or completed by the Credit Mobilier, and handed over to the Pacific R. R. Co., the latter sought to raise a capital of \$30,000,000 to equip the road, which was taken by Mr. Ames and others at about \$20 per share, the par value being \$100. (It sells now at \$84 per share.)

With the proceeds of this operation Mr. Ames had also to use his private fortune to back up the Company, and the effort resulted in the failure of Mr. Ames and his firm. The firm obtained an extension, and have since paid up principal and interest on the whole indebtedness. When they suspended they showed assets rising to \$14,000,000, with less than \$6,000,000 debts.

Oakes Ames' estate is now the largest owner, it is said, in the Mobile, New Orleans & Texas Railway, and will probably lose more in this road than he made in the Credit Mobilier or Pacific R. R. operations. You may ask what I think of him on the whole.

1. That he did not intend to be engaged in any mean or dishonorable enterprise for the sake of money—he had money enough. 2. He liked large enterprises, liked to be associated with prominent men, and past success gave him great confidence in his ability. 3. He considered anything right that was lawful, and every man as the keeper of his own conscience; he pushed the matter in Congress which the most able men and contractors generally had rejected, and yet, as he viewed it, could be carried out greatly to the benefit of the age and country, and he thought it would prove a subject of great honor and glory to himself. As the thing progressed, one thing

led to another, and it was too important a matter to fail and crush those who were back of it; and he believed the end justified the means applied to carry the road to completion. 4. The means used finished the road, and are justified by thousands. But "public morals" are too valuable to lose, and nothing can be desirable at their cost.

He was willing to undertake it, and used the means that he thought law and necessity required to build the road, and there probably would have been no question with regard to his work had it not been that an individual felt himself aggrieved, who was apparently as much interested in the road, according to his ability, as was Mr. Ames.

LOOK OUT FOR SMUGGLERS.

WHAT a temptation it is for an avaricious person to seek gain in unlawful ways. He would not steal outright. Oh, no. He is not a thief. But he will evade the law, and smuggle lots of dutiable articles through the lines, outside of the Custom-house, if he can. He goes to Europe, to see the sights, because it is the fashion. He finds hats, coats, gloves, dresses, silks, satins, jewelry, and fine laces—products of pauper labor—ever so much cheaper there than at home, where labor is better paid; and he resolves to fill his trunks, carpet-bags, satchels, etc., with these nice things, and run the risk of having them "passed" without paying duty. He is now on shipboard, with all his traps, returning home. His mind is occupied with anxious thoughts as to consequences. Must he tell the truth, and swear to the value of all that his trunks contain? Must each item be examined? Will it be safe to try to bribe the Custom-house officer? What amount will tempt him? The poor sinner is full of fear and dread, lest his hidden treasures shall be discovered and—confiscated! Observe that "lady" with the enormous "pannier." She may have a thousand dollars' worth of the most costly laces stowed therein. But argus eyes are upon her, and she will be invited into a private office, and lady Custom-house officers will examine even the folds of her petticoat, if she be in the least suspected.

Notice that black-bearded, secretive-looking man, with a hawk-bill nose and a Shylock expression. He has a large ivory-handled

bamboo¹ cane which he constantly carries with him, except when he sleeps, and then fastens it to his person. You may handle it, but will see nothing peculiar about it until—he if he think it safe to trust you—he unscrews the ferule at the end, when you may see that it is hollow, and contains the worth of \$10,000! in diamonds or other precious stones, which he thus attempts to smuggle into the United States. Or he has valuables sewed into the sleeve-linings of his coat, or between the soles of his boots, etc. But the more common modes of smuggling are through *bribing* the officers, or "playing the poor emigrant," and bringing in valuables in old wooden chests or boxes, with bedding, clothing, etc.

Many of "the most respectable people," who go abroad for recreation, deem it a "good thing" to bring home sundry silk and other dresses, which they have cut and basted in Paris, London, or Liverpool, and make no effort to conceal the fact. They trust to the good-nature and obliging disposition of officials to "get them through" without trouble or expense. But "eternal vigilance" is a duty here, as elsewhere, and "Uncle Samuel's boys" are expected to show no special favors, but to treat all alike, and without partiality.

The sin of smuggling will not be winked at, but must be atoned for. Oh, how the poor creatures agonize in anticipation of the dread ordeal through which they are to pass! Shall it be bribery? May it be concealment? Must it be confiscation? Look out for the smugglers!

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE BENDS ITS WAY."—Among Americans of the blatant sort this phrase is often used, but very few, if asked, could give the name of its author. Ireland has the honor of producing the illustrious man who is entitled to the credit of writing a poem in which occurs the sentiment, or rather prediction, so far as this country is concerned. Bishop Berkley, in 1780, composed the following on

AMERICA.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires and of arts.
The good and great inspiring epic rage;
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.
Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.
Westward the course of empire bends its way—
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama and the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

IS IT TRUE? IS IT USEFUL?

YES, the brain is the organ of the mind, and talent and character depend on the size, quality, health, and culture of the brain.

There are many faculties of the mind, and every faculty has its organ. These bear the same relation to each other that the eye does to sight, or the ear to hearing, or the tongue to tasting, or the lungs and heart to breathing and circulation.

Some persons have good sight but poor hearing, others have good lungs but a weak stomach; in like manner, some reason well but can not remember; some are strong in the love of property, but lack the talent to make it; while some have a splendid intellect, but care so little for property that they neither make nor keep it. Some have talent to think and plan, but little practical ability to execute. Some, as architects, can design and lay out work, but lack constructive talent to do the work properly; others are excellent mechanics, but can not plan work or carry on business. These diversities of strength and weakness in different faculties explain why men of strong, general intellect fail of success in special pursuits, and why others with not half so much general talent win success when adapted to their vocation.

Many a strong, planning financier would utterly fail as a salesman or manager of customers or details; and the very best of salesmen and managers of men, machinery, and details are sometimes unable to conduct the finances or hold the helm of large affairs.

On the contrary, there are men who have such fullness and harmony of all their faculties that they are at home in every phase of business. They can plan, design, financier, build, buy and sell, construct, use tools, look after details, control help, instruct the awkward, encourage the hopeless and timid, or command the respect and fear of the wicked and turbulent; therefore, it matters little what they follow as a business or profession; they have the ability to succeed in anything.

Many a man of skill lacks power, hence he needs to ally himself to a strong, governing nature. Some are rough and robust, and lack taste and skill. They should do the

rough work demanding strength, and let a gentler nature follow to do the fine and decorative parts of the work.

To ascertain all these peculiar traits, talents, dispositions, and defects, and thereby put

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE, is the office of practical Phrenology, the utility of which, if true, is made apparent by its mere statement. Can the proper person be selected from a class of school-boys for a lawyer, a minister, a physician, a bank teller, a bookkeeper, a salesman, a manager and controller of others, a mechanic in the various departments of inventor, designer, engineer, draughtsman, pattern-maker, forger, finisher, or user of machinery? Can it be determined who have the right faculties and dispositions for teacher, artist, decorator, dentist; for the soldier, the seaman, the farmer, the florist, the nurse, the governess, the cook, or the servant?

Phrenology in competent hands will direct the proper boy to the blacksmith, to the watchmaker, to the builder, to the banker, to the merchant, to the farmer, to the cattle-dealer, or to the several learned professions, and by thus securing the best talent for each position, would thereby raise the average standard of work performed, as well as the scale of personal success thirty-three, if not fifty, per cent.

Nothing is plainer or more certain than that decided success can be attained by a person in the use of a few strong faculties in one useful pursuit, who would utterly fail were he to change, say from stone-cutting to watchmaking, or from lumbering to designing shawls or carpets.

Every sane man is good for something, and can be of service to himself, his friends, and the public, if he can be led to use his best powers in the right manner.

Good men have run to waste long enough, and many have vainly struggled in wrong pursuits for half a lifetime, who, by a judicious change, could at once become successful and happy.

WHILE vanity is a weakness which we are inclined to pity, self-esteem, if not excessive, at once elicits our respect and admiration.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

LIVING TO WORK vs. WORKING TO LIVE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

MY friend, Sarah T., married a young farmer. We heard that he was a very worthy man—most farmers are; tilling the soil does not seem congenial to rascality in general, and the necessity of being somewhat stationary, rooted, as it were, to one locality for a considerable season, is certainly not favorable to fraud, and defalcation in particular.

So, when it was added that he was a very pleasant man, and possessed a fair education, we tendered our congratulations and, a little doubtfully, *hoped* she would be happy. We supposed she would be, in a plain, contented fashion of happiness, for she was a plain, practical kind of young lady, who would not expect to gather dahlias where she had planted potatoes. Yet we rather sadly supposed that she had left all life's romance far behind, and closed the door of mental pursuits, of literary tastes, of culture, or even leisure, by marrying a farmer.

Next to the minister's wife, in my observation, the veriest slave has seemed to be the wife of a Western farmer. The fertile soil has invited tillage, and the favoring climate has ripened the abundant grain, but the laborers have been few. *They* are lingering in our Eastern cities, some loafing upon street corners; some, whose manliness would be improved by becoming laborers, are lounging upon the steps and balconies of fashionable hotels; some are measuring tape behind counters, receiving a small salary in money, and the balance in gentility.

The Irish cling to the seaside cities, because the ceaseless murmur of the wave seems ever to them a portion of "the ould counthrie," whose shores it also laves, and the countless ships that come and go seem ever messengers of home. Pale girls pine in New York and domestic skill, might be so much improved

and enlarged in the purer country air, and more liberal supply of more healthful food, as to astonish themselves, and make each one of them a blessing to some overtasked wife and mother. We do not yet appreciate the work which more sunshine, out-door exercise, cheerful, remunerative employment, and the better supply of food which these would lead her to require and enable her to procure, might do for woman's strength. Therefore it is that all over our broad prairies may be found women of as much innate refinement, and far more intellect than the majority of their fashionable sisters, who yet perform an amount of daily labor which renders any attempt to ramble in the paths of literature or science simply impossible.

Well, Sarah did not aspire to being literary or scientific—that was one comfort; she would do the duty that was nearest, whatever it might be—that was another. So we became resigned, but resignation is not, after all, the feeling we prefer to have with regard to the marriage of a friend. In process of time we paid the customary visit and offered the customary congratulations. She certainly seemed happy—most brides do—shame to those who would shade the light of an innocent happiness by their ill-timed prognostications of future woe.

Two years afterward, it fell to our lot to spend a few days at her home. We found it a home indeed. It was in the busiest season of farm work, just at the commencement of the grain harvest—a time when, in many farm-houses, all appearance of home comfort is thrown aside, and a perfect babel of hurry and work prevails. At the earliest gray of Boston; others, growing paler and weaker as they sew, whose slight strength, and still less dawn all hands are up, and clothed, not dressed, for work. A splash of water over

nose and eyes, performed at the pump or from the tub which serves at once as wash-basin for all the bipeds and watering-trough for all the quadrupeds; a dab at the common towel, a scratch with the common comb, and the toilet is complete.

Breakfast is ready, of course. Woe unto the housewife if any delay should occur in her domains. No matter if Bridgets are lacking, baby teething, and other children troublesome. It is harvest-time, and all else but the work is forgotten. Stand aside, Hygeine! silence, shuddering stomach! while fried pork, fried potatoes, fried sausages, fried ham, fried eggs, and all the rest of the fry is devoured in a twinkling, and washed downward by sundry cups of an inky-looking fluid, in courtesy called coffee.

Up jumps the master of the house, "Quick to eat, quick to work," and snatching his broad-brimmed straw or palm-leaf hat from the floor of the porch, makes long strides toward the field of labor, while "all hands" rush after him, to the tune of "The de'il take the hindmost."

The mistress of the house draws one long breath of relief, almost the first full breath she has drawn since she tumbled on her clothes in the morning twilight; scrambles together the dishes, flinging all manner of fragments to the dog, pigs, and chickens, which, handily for her, swarm in the doorway; eats her own breakfast, perhaps, as she flies from kitchen to pantry; swashes the dishes and the cook-stove, sometimes with the same rag, and rejoices, on the run, that she has "cleared up" in season to hurry more pork and pastry upon the table for dinner.

All this I had seen many a time with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears; and this I had pictured as the harvest life of my young friend. So, arising early, almost before it was light, I stole out into the kitchen, intent to find an opportunity to offer assistance before the great housewifery wheel began to whirl. To my surprise, not to say astonishment, the master of the house was building the fire, and that, too, in the quietest manner possible, while Sarah, who soon made her appearance, had evidently attended to her toilet as carefully as if she were unmarried, or had never heard of harvest-time.

The husband, after a pleasant "good-morning" to me, and a glance of almost loverlike tenderness to his wife, disappeared to assist in the out-door preparations for the important work of the day. The young housekeeper went about her work with the easy grace which unconsciously belongs to thinking it worth doing, and knowing how to do it well. Instinctively I felt that any attempt at assistance would be intrusion, so I returned to my pleasant room and busied myself with restoring it to the order and neatness I found there upon my arrival. This done, I descended to the parlor. Wonder of wonders! The "men folks" were gathered there! with well-cleaned farm-boots, to be sure, but think of farm-hands in the parlor! What would a New England housekeeper have said had she ever discovered her own husband in the parlor upon any but a state occasion? Woe unto him had he even crept in amid the darkness like a thief, to rest for a moment in one of his own rocking-chairs, or resting his aching head upon his own sofa. Still greater woe, had he dared to withdraw a curtain, or throw open a window-blind, and admit God's freely-given air and sunlight to his stifling and benighted dwelling!

Yet it was an undisguised fact! The hired hands were in the parlor, and appeared as if accustomed to the place, while the sunlight came freely in as if it knew itself welcome. A moment after, Sarah came in with her usual cheerful quietness, and taking her place by her husband's side, the family service began. For the first time I had found a farmer who had time to remember the Lord of the harvest, ere he rushed out to reap that harvest. Most of them gather the golden grain with a "this-is-the-fruit-of-my-labor" sort of exultation, if the weather is fine, and remember the Giver of all, only to grumble if the weather is unpropitious!

It was a short and simple service. A chapter read as if it were subject to the ordinary rules of punctuation and intonation. A brief prayer, in which our varied wants were remembered and brought to the One Friend, as the little child might bring them to its earthly parent, and we were calmed from worldly cares, and fitted for the day's burden, whatever it might be. Then came the unhurried breakfast. An old physician, whom I knew

in childhood, used invariably to reply when called upon for dietetic directions, "It is not so much matter what you eat, as how you eat it." Whether the remark was original with him, I do not know. I never knew him to venture upon any suggestions as to what the proper "how" might be, but the gravity with which he always accompanied this remark, impressed my infantile mind quite as much as it usually did that of the anxious inquirer. I will, therefore, only say the breakfast was plain, well-cooked, and appetizing, eaten without haste, and interspersed with cheerful conversation.

This over, the appearance of leisure vanished. Men from the table—horses from the gate—were gone as if by magic, and my friend at once resumed the appearance of a busy, but not over-anxious, housekeeper. Most of us must work to live; happy are those who do not live solely for work; who, like my young farmer friends, can spare time, even in the busiest season, to remember the Creator of all seasons, and to recognize the claims of a common humanity in their fellow-workers.

"She works hard," said an observer of a notable housekeeper, "but she does not make her family comfortable." Of what toiling millions may the same be said! The merchant who supplies his family with every luxury but his own kind words or smiles; the professional man, whose praise is upon the lips of many, but who returns to his own home to rest as at a hotel; the statesman whose lips give eloquent words when the admiring crowd are there to listen, but has seldom a gentle one for the wife of his choice; these only head the list. It is too long to be transcribed here. They are all living to work, instead of working to live.

Yet there are some in this vast and varied universe in whom this is allowable. Years ago, in the Pine-tree State, I employed a laundress, who was called by pitying neighbors, "not very bright." She was the best laundress I ever knew. It was all she did know, but she knew that well, and found her life's happiness in doing it. No artist or poet could have enjoyed the appreciation of his masterpiece more than did she the praise her work elicited. I think she actually enjoyed the work which to most women is drudg-

ery, and had she not been able to wash and iron, would have fallen into mental imbecility.

An entirely different experience is that of some monarch mind, bowed by a mighty woe, and seeking relief in the busy routine of common work. "When I am in trouble," said the highly educated wife of a college president, "I go into my kitchen, and work there as fast as I can till I feel relieved." No psychological student will sneer at this. We all cling to these little reliefs as to the shrubs upon the brink of the precipice, toying with the telegram, or examining carefully the letter's address, shuddering to break the seal which separates us from our fate.

We read in those highly reliable authorities, the newspapers, of a man bitten by a rattlesnake, unable to seek assistance, burying the wound in the mud of a swamp near by, and found by his friends relieved from pain and poison. True or not in the physical, it is certainly so in the mental world. Heaven has ordained earthly antidotes for earthly woes, and taught us instinctively to seek them.

There have been those—thank God there still are those!—who, in some noble work, have found the higher life—who have lived to do that work, and thereby become worthy of a holier canonization than had they died for it. Let all who have *such* a work live for it. Philanthropist, reformer, poet, or painter, or thou who art but the unrecognized angel of a lowly home, if thou hast a worthy work, then live to do it! The noble work will ennoble the most common life. Even the most common work, if nobly done, and done with a realization of its place in the grand harmonious whole, may be worthy of a life's devotion.

The most soul-stirring poem is formed but of our common words; the most exquisite painting is finished, touch by touch, with the same materials as the veriest failure of the school-boy artist. It is not because the work is common, but because the object is unworthy, that the gaining a little more wealth, a little more fame, or a step higher upon the social ladder, should not be the life-work of an immortal being. A few more flounces upon your child's dress, ah, careworn mother! when her heart is suffering for sympathy; a little extra pastry upon your table,

oh, housekeeper! when your guest desires your conversation; a few more dollars added to your bank account, oh, husband! when your wife is pining for the love you promised her in her youth. We have a test in our practical West, which is invariably applied to everything. Poetical or prosaic, sublime or ridiculous, may be the pursuit, it matters not. We always ask, "Will it pay?" And unflinching the sentence of abandonment, if the answer must needs be, "It don't pay."

It does *not* pay, either in the coin of Hea-

ven or earth, to devote our whole being to the common labor of a common existence. "Were I to live those years over again," said one who had been speaking of a childhood and youth of unbroken toil, "I would try to mix some happiness with them."

Let us all so labor that when all is done, we may look back to the life we have lived, and feel that if work has been the strong, plain warp, yet with love and happiness as the woof we have woven a pattern which shall be "a joy forever."

THE SHAKER PROBLEM.—No. 2.

Be ye ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.—1 Pet. iii. 15.

[We interpose remarks in brackets.—Ed.]

FRIEND WELLS—Agreeably to my promise, I now propose to answer the questions propounded in your JOURNAL of February last.

1st. Shakers are so rigid in some of their rules. Is it not probable that only the very good and the very weak will adhere to their faith and practice?

Ans. Certainly. The very good, and those who are striving to be so, are the only kind we want.

[Yes; the only kind "we" want. But God wants *all mankind*.]

A contented betweenity is worthless. "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; so then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—Rev. iii. 15.

[Was it the righteous, or was it sinners, Christ came to save?]

2d. Is not that the best on the whole which is the best calculated to meet the needs of the masses, and improve, regulate, and Christianize them?

Ans. In one sense I answer yea—in another nay. It will not do to pander to the demands of the masses. Yet it is well to strive to Christianize them. If they are content to be only tolerably good, this is not the place for them. If they can not "strive to enter in"—can not bear Christianizing, or submit to be made very good—it is best for them to leave. But "Him that overcometh (all his lower propensities) will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and *he* shall go no more out."—Rev. iii. 12.

[No. Physical reform begins with ones-self, and is best continued through right generation.]

3d. If none but the self-controlling or weak can bear the restrictions of Shakerism, is the system right which will save or can save but a few dozen people in a thousand?

Ans. Certainly. While "many are called, but few are chosen." The self-controlling are the chosen ones; the others are the ones "without the wedding garment." Therefore, says Christ, "bind them hand and foot and take them away." [Are you sure you are right in this interpretation?] A few dozen in every thousand are far more than the most sanguine in Zion expect of humanity in its present low estate. [How do you know that? Have you been there?] Would to God we could have *one* self-controller out of every thousand. This would make us 36,000 strong in this country. [Let Shakers beget Shakers, and so hasten the glad day. Why not?] But self-controllers are scarcer than all that. It is not numbers, but qualities, that go to make up God's kingdom. [Then why don't you try, in that only possible way, to *improve* its *quality*?]

4th. Is not their standard an unnatural one, which scarcely any can adopt and live up to, and which, if lived up to, would depopulate the world?

Ans. It surely is. But while it is unnatural it is not an *unspiritual* one. [But Shakers are something besides spirits!] A natural plan of salvation is a spiritual contradiction. The Fowlers and Wells are the acknowledged high-priests of the natural gospel of bodily salvation, and very well are they doing their work; but here it stops; it reaches not the soul. [Beg your pardon, but who told you that? Why do you sit in judgment?] The high-priests of this order "discern not the things pertaining to the

spirit, for they are spiritually discerned." [Aye, aye, sir, so say we.] Go on, friends, in your good work. Aid marriage and generation all you can; for to-day it is poor and very needy; bruised and tattered and torn, it reels and staggers—nay, lies imploringly prostrate before you, "wounded and bleeding at every pore." Still it seems "adapted to the masses."

5th. If the spiritual be adhered to, as with Shakers, will it not depopulate the world? Has the Creator made a mistake in his institutes of nature?

Ans. By no means. The Infinite makes no blunders. He, however, saw fit to have our earth a given size of land, about 82,000,000,000 acres, which, in the natural course of things, must fill to overflowing, and should the present ratio of increase continue, the end of this world will be reached in a good deal less than a thousand years! If through Christ this be God's plan to check reproduction and elevate the race, or even depopulate the world, is it not a merciful one? We know it is the expectation, and even the prayer of the professing world, that when the earth is filled to its utmost capacity, that God will touch it off with a lucifer match, like a powder magazine, and so have—

"This wide earth to heaps of ashes turned,
While heaven itself the wandering chariot burned."

Men, women, babies, fish, and fowl! Now, look upon this picture and then upon that; then say what you think of the Christ or Shaker plan.

[We deny all this, as both unscientific and unscriptural, and beg to refer Shakers and others to a little book published at this office, entitled "THE POPULATION QUESTION," in which these things are explained. There is no cause for alarm from any danger of the world's being touched off and burned in the way the Shakers seem to fear.]

6th. Is not the fruit-bearing of mankind just as pure and noble a function, under right conditions, as obedience to any other divine law?

Ans. If the fruit-producing is conducted in accordance with nature's laws, as a duty to God, and for the sake of reproduction only, then I answer in the affirmative; but in its most chastened and refined state it is in no wise adapted to the higher *spiritual* plane where Christ and his true followers stand. This is the worldly leaven, "suited to the masses," which, if admitted, would soon leaven the whole lump. "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

[A little too much metaphor for perspicuity. One attaches one meaning to the word "leaven," and another may, with equal propriety, attach another.]

Answer to the 7th question. Your illustration here, I would say, was badly chosen. Sophistry is nearly always the result of comparing sentient with non-sentient existence; but with you to adopt it, I would just remark that on a certain occasion the forest trees wagged their heads, mocked, laughed to scorn, and crucified the noblest tree of them all! This would not have been the case had it produced the same kind of fruit they did.

[More metaphor.]

8th. Whence the growing dissatisfaction among the members of the Shaker communities, producing withdrawals, not of the worthless, but of the intelligent and pure-minded.

Ans. The most worthless of society are those who are most discontented and dissatisfied with the restrictions which are requisite to insure purity of character to the greatest number. The "pure-minded" never leave the society. [Ah, that won't do. All seceders are called hard names, and yet they may be noble, pure, good. Did ever a Jew become a Christian and not be denounced by other Jews? When a Protestant goes over to Rome what is said of him? or, when a Roman Catholic becomes a Protestant, do not the guns of the Roman Church open on him? And are they who change their minds, and thereby some of them correct their former errors, are they "impure minded?" Where is your tolerance? Because the Pope takes snuff must all the world sneeze?] If purity attracted and held them for years to the cross of Christ, it is more than likely the antinomy of purity, imperceptibly or not, had some influence in drawing them away. One thing is certain; purity and impurity do not attract in the same direction, and it is as we *will* to which we yield. It is not, however, as you suggest, any failure in the system; because, were the fault in the system, *none* could under it live the life of Christ and maintain a state of purity; but since the "very good" can and do live so, the system is relieved, and the fault, if any, recoils back on such as fail to succeed.

[Is not this a little like the "I am holier than thou" doctrine?]

9th. Are not thousands of persons of other faith, who are living in the marriage state, leading quite as exemplary lives as Shakers?

Ans. Nay, not one, let alone one thousand. [Oh, the egotism in this self-righteousness!]

Well, go on.] I will venture the assertion that there is not a living pair of the species (*sic*) homo on the face of the wide, green earth who are as faithful to observe the laws of nature in their generations as do the forest birds. "Christian charity and good works." Blessed words, how little understood! "And he looked and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. He also saw a poor widow casting in thither two mites, and he said, Of a truth, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all." To keep anything from God and his work is not true Christianity. Not only must all property be surrendered, but themselves be consecrated to his service without reserve. This is the finale of the Christian sacrifice.

[It is so easy to quote Scripture irrespective of adaptation.]

10th. Did not the Divine Master, both in word and by his presence, indorse the marriage tree, by taking the fruit thereof in his arms and blessing them, saying—not these the fruits of impurity, but "of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke x. 13.

Ans. Verse 14 explains: "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter therein." This verse cuts through the theological tangle, and shows that it was not the marriage tree that was indorsed, but the innocent state of the children. We are not even told that the children so blessed were the legitimate fruits of marriage. They may have been. But one thing is certain: If innocent children prove marriage to be an incorrupt tree, they also prove the same of whoredoms and the vilest incest. Nay, my friend, "let us keep the saddle on the right horse." These innocents were free from sexual lusts, unquestioningly obedient to their parents, sinless, simple, confiding, and trusting to parental instruction, without a why or wherefore. And such alone, says the Divine Master, can enter the Kingdom of God. When this state is demanded, is it strange that the number are so few?

[So few! And were you appointed to sort and to count the acceptable ones? So few! And can you say who is to be saved, and who lost? Go slow on this ground, Mr. Shaker, for "judge not that ye be not judged."]

11th. Are not some of the Shaker families in debt, while others are rich?

Ans. Not to my knowledge. It is a law with Shakers not to go in debt. Rich! No true Shaker, nor Shaker family, is rich, only in grace. "A rich man (in the worldly sense)

can not enter the kingdom of heaven." Some Shaker families gather more money than others, but all are rich and poor alike. No true Shaker, nor family of Shakers, can claim either money or other property as their own in the personal or selfish sense. It matters not how much is put into the Lord's treasury, none can have the use of anything more than will supply their wants and necessities. If there are either persons or families that claim anything more, they violate their covenant and lack just that much of being the true followers of Christ or true Shakers. [It is claimed by some that Christ was a Communist, or that He taught this principle. It was on account of this that Ananias and Sapphira, his wife, got into difficulty and so lost their lives.]

12th. Is there any practical equality among the membership in reference to the control of the property?

Ans. We all covenant and agree to the appointment of two or more members of the body who, having obtained the general consent and approbation, manage the business property of the institution. If they fail to give general satisfaction, they are released and others appointed. Hence the members in general have little to do in controlling or managing the property. If "all command none obey."

13th. Answered above.

14th. Is diversity of opinion allowed, or any expression of it tolerated?

Ans. Certainly. Only suppressed when persons advocate a breach of the covenantal agreement to which our names are appended.

15th. Is not the *union* and *peace* the result of a rigid autocratic or theocratic governing power?

Ans. Not at all. The union and peace that exist are the result of our making ourselves and all we may possess a free-will offering to God and his service, and by thenceforward living a life of purity, holiness, and freedom from sin.

16th. Do the Shakers love one another better than other Christians?

Ans. Other *Christians*? There are no other Christians. [That seems rather severe.] Plenty of professed Christians, however—but no man is a Christian who does not follow and live the life of Christ. Look at it. Extolling Christ for pelf with Christ lost sight of! Paraphrasing on, and peddling extracts from the Bible once a week for money! Selling pews to the rich—filching hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly from a deluded people for self-aggrandizement—then talk about following

Christ! What a burlesque! what a contemptible farce! Burns rightly interpreted the sanctimonious prayers of these professing Christians when he said:

"Yet, O Lord, bless me and mine,
With graces temporal and divine;
That I with gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by none;
And all the glory shall be thine.
Amen, Amen!"

The promised glory is on conditions that "gear and grace" both be given them. Think not strange, then, when I say they are not Christians. Christ's little community did not so.

17th. Is there not discontent among the great mass of subordinates?

Ans. There are no subordinates, only juniors, only in so far as all freely subordinate themselves to the covenantal compact, "He who would be first must rather be servant of all." The yoke of Christ we have put on only galls such as yield to their passion natures. If many so yield, then many are discontented.

18th. Is discussion for conscience sake ever allowed?

Ans. It is not prohibited only where our covenant is invaded.

19th. Is freedom of individual judgment respected?

Ans. Always. [Except, we suppose, when not publicly expressed contrary to the Shaker creed or platform.]

20th. If conscientious differences of opinion in matters of faith are adhered to by members, are they turned out and sent adrift without purse or scrip, though, by their talents, they may have made tens of thousands for the fraternity?

Ans. The fore part of this is answered under question 18th. But, this making of tens of thousands is purely imaginary. When they go to work for *self* they generally find it so.

Sent away penniless! Having, with others, covenanted with God, and consecrated all my property, self, and services to him forever—claiming no rights only the *use* of the consecrated whole as needs require, I now, after fifty years' adherence, conclude to break faith and covenant with God and my brethren and enter the lists of the generating and selfish world. Can this give me claims and rights which I did not possess before? Can I now sacrilegiously, and with traitorous hands, deplete the Lord's treasury for selfish purposes? What! Shall a man rob God? I still have the liberty of being God's usufructuary during life by keeping my covenant with him. I

freely choose whether I will or will not. But I go, leaving or not a poor old mother and relations behind me for society to maintain. I now claim a *pro rata* division of the consecration, or more, all which I think I have earned. First pretend to *give* my services to God, then play false and claim wages! Consecrate my property, then claim it back again? Is this honorable? You speak of honorable men leaving—I must get different optics to find a speck of honor in this. Why, the poor man to whom we gave a shirt but yesterday, while faithful, has as much *personal* claim to the consecration as I have—though myself, at the present time, a leader. All that either of us has is the right of usufruct—that is, the *use* and benefit of the consecrated property of the heritage of God; just as we have of his water, air, and sunshine. This, and no more. Am I understood? Would not this selfish world, if it could, steal the blue sky and sell it by the acre just as they do God's earth? Would it not bottle up his air and sunshine and sell it by the quart? Surely it would. Though "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," the only part redeemed to him on which selfishness has no lien is that now used by the Shakers.

[And yet do not Shakers buy and sell land? Do they not own and let out land just as other professed Christians do? From this it will be seen how difficult it must be for a Shaker to disunite himself and carry with him any part of his former earnings. You see the property is not the Shakers', but God's, and hence must not be taken from the Shakers' treasury—business, social and religious. It makes their partnership indissoluble. This may do for Shaker philosophy, but it won't do for any other body of religionists.]

21st. Do they not freeze or crush out of the younger members those elements of love and affection which alone make life worth living for?

Ans. The affirmative or negative of this question depends upon which kind of love and affection is meant. If it be carnal, partial, sensual, worldly, animal, I answer *yes*. [But, my dear sir, we are carnal, and the race can not exist without it.] But if it be spiritual, impartial, unsensual, and heavenly, void of the virus of Eden's serpent, then I answer *no*. I was taught, thank God, from early childhood, the difference between these loves, and was told that I was free to choose between them, but I could not have both at the same—so we teach still.

22d. Do they not, by their celibacy, emas-

culate themselves, and so fail to accomplish the ends of their existence?

Ans. To the first part of this interrogatory I answer *yea*—to the last, *nay*. If Christ emasculated himself for the kingdom of heaven's sake, shall his followers do less?

[A short cut to wind up the world's bobbin, surely, and leave the earth depopulated. We shall not, ourselves, submit to the processes of emasculation, nor recommend it to others. Emasculation, indeed! We should like to have a vote taken on this question, and require *all* to take part therein. What a miserable minority would be shown for the affirmative!]

"And there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Matt. xix. 12.

[We must question the propriety of your matter-of-course inference from this passage. Has it not a spiritual rather than a fleshly significance?]

To the last part, the question arises as to what the ends of our existence are? Is it to be

"Fixed like plants to some peculiar spot,
To draw nutrit'ion, propagate, and rot?"

Is this all?

28d. Was the grace of God in sending a

Saviour intended for a handful of people, or for the great mass of the sinful, struggling world?

Ans. He was sent to save all who would hear him—become "self-controllers"—take up their cross daily and follow him. Others he can not save.

[Can not? If omnipotent, why not? Is not the maker or creator of a law above and superior to that law? Can He not abrogate as well as create?]

24th. What are the Shakers doing for the world's progress, etc?

Ans. Nothing much for the intellect merely, only what they are bestowing on hundreds of your pauper children. But they are doing much for the education of the soul.

[Our *pauper* children! And of these the Shakers keep up their numbers or they would run out.]

Our Exemplars, Jesus and Ann, were not of the *litterati*; but their great hearts embraced the world.

25th. Do Shakers not live for themselves alone?

Ans. Nay. They are the only class on earth who live, not for themselves, but for God and humanity.

H. L. EADES.

MY DREAM-LAND LOVE.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

WHERE in life's lonely wilderness, residing,
Art thou with whom my soul might be at rest?
Like Noah's dove, I've no place of abiding,
Nor e'en the ark-like shelter of thy breast.

O dream-land one! say, must I seek thee ever,
As now, with anxious, longing, throbbing heart,
Through all life's by-ways, but to find thee—never,
Nor even know how near or far thou art?

I seek the shore beside the gliding river,
And in my spirit's utter loneliness,
I lay my head where sweet-faced flowers quiver,
And wonder if thou sharest their caress.

I gaze with eagerness on passing faces,
Some ugly; others, beautifully fair,
And though my soul their every feature traces,
The looked-for lineaments are not found there.

I ask the silent stars if they upon thee
Look down and know what valley is thy home;
I ask the flowers if they yet have won thee
As they win me 'mid woodland sweets to roam;

I ask the waters and the summer breezes,
And yet the sunbeams with the leaves at play;
A mocking echo my lone spirit freezes—
A mocking echo as they dance away.

So fully fitted to be loved—for loving
So eagerly I watch and search for thee!—
Ah, this, it seems, were really proving
That thou art watching, searching, too, for me.

Oh! can it be that in the dream-land only
Thou hast a real existence, and that I
Must always wander, anxious, longing, lonely,
Nor even meet thee in the by-and-by?

Or have I passed thee somewhere and not known
Hid by the glamour of the selfish world? [thee,
Hast recognized, yet never dared to own me,
As through some dizzy waltz I have been whirled?

No, No! Thy face, with God's fair imprint on it,
Were surely recognized, at once, by me;
My soul, itself a lover's thrilling sonnet,
Methinks, has never passed unread by thee.

Unlike the world art thou, my dream-land lover,
For with its vices I could love thee not.
A dove of peace above me thou dost hover
With cheering voice to glad my lonely lot.

And if beyond death's silent, mystic water,
When from all fetters I, at last, am free, [ter,
Thou claim'st me as thy sweetheart, sister, daugh-
I'll not regret that I have searched for thee.



NEW YORK,

AUGUST, 1873.

POWER OF APPLICATION.

WHY have so many brilliant young men come to naught in this active and busy world of ours? What is the cause of their failure? It was not from dissipation, for they were temperate. It was not from indulging in games of chance, for they did not gamble. It was not because of indolence, for they were industrious. It was not from wastefulness, for they were saving, and not spend-thrifts. What, then, is the reason for their want of success? We reply: *They lacked application.* It was "a little while here" and "a little while there." "Many things commenced, nothing finished." Such persons become "jacks at all trades, and good for nothing at any."

Admit the facts; but who is to blame? When a child is left to seek its own pleasure or pursuit, it is not likely to practice self-denial to any great extent. On the contrary, it seeks amusement and diversion. Catering to its fancies, instead of directing its mind and energies, the thoughtless mother and the ignorant nurse "let it have its own way," which is aimless, purposeless. Or they take it in doors and out, whirl it hither and thither, and permit it to think of nothing long. Later, when sent to school, it is plied with—how many different studies? Formerly a lad of ten or twelve years of age found it enough to do in one school season to master reading, writing,

and common arithmetic, with geography and grammar added. How is it in fashionable schools to-day? How many different studies is the juvenile expected to master? All the foregoing, and as many more. He must attack the languages, ancient and modern, natural philosophy, political economy, chemistry, rhetoric, etc.—a mass of mixed study, enough to confuse the strongest adult mind, much more the soft and tender brain of a growing boy or girl. Think what a jumble, what a confusion of ideas, such a course must produce. Is it surprising that such a mind lacks application?

Let parents begin early with a child, and teach it to think and act consecutively; to apply itself to a given object, be it work or be it play, till an end be attained. If building a cob or a block house be the thing in hand, let it be completed; then, having attained the end sought, let the thing be taken down, packed up, and carefully put away for use on another occasion. But, while about the work, let nothing call the mind away, or divert it, till *completely* finished.

By pursuing such a course you cultivate both application and method, so also Constructiveness and Imitation. The boy would make a kite, a boat, or a sled. The girl would dress a doll, knit a stocking, or make a cake. All right, so that it be one thing at a time, and that thing be finished before another be taken up.

Later, the boy would choose a pursuit. One, left to himself, tries a thing for a year, and finding it not all play, tires of it, and, after floating a few months with nothing to do, tries something else, and again "gives it up." After half a dozen such attempts, he will be so demoralized that no dependence can be placed in him. He becomes a "good-for-nothing," and with him life is already a failure. Now, he is open for "odd jobs." He will "tend bar" at a hotel; occasionally fill a vacancy during the absence of a man in

a livery stable; go as conductor on a freight train or on a horse railway; assist an auctioneer; wait on table at parties; help make up a set in a dance; set up ten pins; keep a drinking saloon, a cigar stand, or sweep the streets; peddle peanuts, clean spittoons, play second to a "mock auctioneer," sell bawdy books, pick pockets, commit burglary, go to State prison, serve out his sentence, and then be cast out into the world a miserable pauper, awaiting a place in the potter's field—or, cheated of this, his miserable body is put to use on the dissecting table. And so ends the career of one who, under judicious training and direction, might have made life a splendid success.

The phrenological organ which is most essential to give application is called **CONCENTRATIVENESS**, or **CONTINUITY**,

and is generally small in Americans. When found large, the person makes it a rule to do one thing at a time, and to finish what he begins. He also minds his own business. He succeeds.

The organ is found large in those who pursue a single branch of art or of mechanism. The weaver, spinner, file-cutter, etc., who keeps his mind constantly on the one thing, has it large. But the counter-jumper, school-teacher, "city items" editor, and scores of others who seek variety, come in time to have more versatility than application.

Reader, learn to chain your thoughts together; let there be no broken links; drop no stitches; be not diverted from the duty or the matter now in hand; do not get "too many irons in the fire." Let the rule be—**ONE THING AT A TIME**, and **FINISH WHAT YOU BEGIN**.

"ON THE WING."

JUST now editors, merchants, preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, and artists—all who can leave—are "on the wing," sight-seeing, recuperating, taking in mental food and fuel for future use. It is good for men and women to "let up" and "go visiting." One can go all the way from New York to New Orleans, 1,900 miles, and back, by railway or steamship, for \$100, or less. And, if by rail, he can stop a day or a week on the way, and see something of the country in which he lives. He can go from New York to St. Louis, a thousand miles, or more, and back, for \$50; or to Montreal and back for \$25. Would you go to California? Here is a table, showing the expenses of the trip from New York to California, Yosemite, Big Trees, Lake Tahoe, Salt Lake City, etc.:

New York to San Francisco, say 4,000 miles.....	\$140
Sleeping car (full half section).....	30
Twenty meals en route, at 75 cents each.....	15
San Francisco to Yosemite and Mariposa, Big Tree Grove, and return, ten days' trip. \$85 to \$100; say	100
San Francisco to Napa Valley, Geysers, etc.....	30
San Francisco to Santa Cruz, Pescadero, San Jose, etc.; say one week's trip.....	50
Ten days in all in San Francisco, at \$4 per day....	40
Trips to Cliff House, Seal Rock, etc.....	25
San Francisco to New York.....	140
Sleeping car (same as above).....	20
Meals (same as above).....	15

Breaking trip three days at Truckee, to see Lake Tahoe and Donner Lake.....	\$15
Breaking trip at Ogden, to see the Mormons at Salt Lake City, etc., four days; all expenses.....	25

Half of above expenses in currency, for which deduct 10 per ct. on \$350, say.....	\$5
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Total expenses of full Pacific Coast trips, as above, in gold coin.....	\$300
—or less, if you go second-class, and practice economy.	

A flying trip to Europe and back is nothing, in point of interest, compared to this. We speak not from belief or hearsay, but from knowledge and experience.

Shorter trips, to one or a hundred places in all parts of our great country, which it would be pleasant and profitable for every one to see, may be taken at our option. Would it not be instructive, reader, for *you* to look into the coal and the iron mines of Pennsylvania, and examine those immense works? So of the great manufactories all over New England, including the marble, granite, and other quarries. So of the copper mines on Lake Superior; the lead mines in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa; the gold and silver mines in the Rocky Mountains and in

California; the herds of cattle, horses, and sheep in Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming; and the great grain marts of America, at Chicago and Milwaukee. Or one may go into the pineries of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, the Canadas, and the Carolinas. Lessons the most interesting and useful may be learned at all these points. Indeed, such visits would be eminently educational; and *our colleges and universities can not do better for the health and culture of their students than to give them two or three trips a year into as many of these places.* They should be accompanied by teachers who could give them conversations or lectures on all these things. Why not begin with Cornell? Take knapsacks, tents, and hampers, and push into the coal and iron mines for a week's observation and study. "Camping out" in summer time would do our students good, and make them less effeminate. Hunting and fishing in the Adirondacks may be good sport for broken-down preachers, but nothing new is learned thereby, while such expeditions as we propose would afford the richest lessons of practical knowledge and utility; giving health, strength, freshness, and vigor of body and mind at the same time.

When women throw off the trammels of slavish fashion, so that they can walk, climb, and romp in the hills and mountains, we will suggest such a series of botanical, geological, and mineral explorations, as will be compatible with what they may and ought to know, in order to fit them to become intelligent, sound, and healthy wives and mothers, and capable teachers of the race. Women enjoy traveling the same as men. Then, why not? Is wife or daughter frail and helpless? Give her "an airing." Let her sniff the fresh air of sea or mountain, and see how her pulse will quicken, her eye brighten, and then balmy sleep come once more to aid her restoration. Drugs only make a bad matter worse; "bitters" and stimulants only disappoint and deceive. Fresh air, electricity, exercise, a change of scene, a change of food, and a pleasant jaunt by rail, by river, by lake, or by sea, may restore her. Then give her a pleasure trip—long or short at first—but the longer the better, and, instead of paying a hundred dollars for doctor's fees and half as much more for poisonous reme-

dies (?) let her come out of dismal rooms into the creative sunshine, and she will thank God for the luxury of newer life and better health.

WHAT I WISH TO KNOW.

THE following extract from a letter to the editor, and the reply, will answer, perhaps, "for any latitude:"

* * * "I am expecting to attend your annual course of instruction in practical Phrenology and character-reading next November. What I wish to know is, how soon one who is a good speaker—is, in fact, called eloquent—can hope to draw full houses as a lecturer on Phrenology, Physiology, Health, and kindred topics; provided he has good instruction in the subjects, and has read the standard books? Would you recommend a beginner to write and commit to memory a lecture or two to deliver, since, as a general thing, I suppose, the reading of a lecture from manuscript would hardly be acceptable to an audience? Is lecturing as a business on the increase or decrease?" * * *

REPLY.—The time at which one can hope to "draw full houses," and sustain himself well before the public, depends on many things: on his culture, on his natural talents, ease, and force of character, on his personal appearance, and on his knowledge of and familiarity with his subject.

Even an eloquent speaker can not at first command full houses, until known. If John Jones or William Smith were to be announced to speak on any subject, he would not draw John B. Gough's audience, even though able to speak as well; and if he were to give but one lecture in a place, he would have to come again to get a full house, unless he had been heard of from other places. However, as a phrenologist expects generally to remain from one week to two weeks, and lecture from four to ten times in a place, and, though never heard of before, if he will give one or two free lectures at the start, he may draw large audiences and fill his house during the remainder of his course, even if he charge for admission.

In regard to writing and committing lectures for delivery, that depends much on the person. Some can write in an easy, conversational style, and commit to memory and

deliver well; so that, in fact, an average audience will not regard a lecture as an effort of careful, verbal preparation. But most persons write in a style too labored, formal, solemn, and heavy, for delivery otherwise than by reading. If one writes and commits a lecture, it tends to make a kind of mill-horse of him for life; he will hardly be able to do otherwise than go right on and recite the whole thing, and then stop. As a general thing, we do not recommend the writing of lectures either to be read or to be committed and repeated. It is better to learn to talk from skeleton notes, and then the style can be easy, familiar, and flowing—full of illustration and anecdote, with occasional quotations from poets and orators, and now and then a burst of eloquence which will stir the blood of the hearers, and make a lasting impression on the character and memory. A set speech is not easily remembered, nor does it make so vivid an impression as an extemporaneous form of statement. Moreover, phrenological science is full of facts, and must be illustrated by history and by specimens, and may be enforced by arguments and embellished by reference to all that is esthetical and emotional. A back-woods orator might, in his plain way, talk out every sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and make his rustic hearers understand them; and they would remember ten times as much of the gist and spirit of it as they would if he read to them the rolling periods of that noble instrument.

Lecturing as a business is certainly on the increase, and the demand for lecturers is far greater than it was twenty or thirty years ago; in fact, it is now a great business for the best thinkers. Nearly every person, male or female, with any pretensions to skill or genius, feels the necessity of writing books or delivering lectures. We hope you may ultimately do both.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE American Institute Fair, Sixty-third Street and Third Avenue, New York, will open on the 10th of September. Great preparations are making by the Superintendent, Mr. C. W. Hull, and by the new managers, to make this the best ever held in the city.

The exhibition hall is capacious, the location favorable, and now well-known, and we can see no reason why it may not be all its best friends hope for. Be it remembered this is an *American* Institute; and, though chartered by New York, it partakes more of a National character than of a State or local affair. Here will be seen the best productions from *all* the States—East, West, North, and South. Nothing foreign, however, can be exhibited in the American Institute. Those desiring space must apply early, and address the Secretary, Mr. John W. Chambers, or the Superintendent, Mr. C. W. Hull, Cooper Union, Eighth Street, New York.

The most curious objects *we* have to exhibit are Egyptian mummies, skulls, busts, and portraits of Indians, including Caribs, Flat-heads, Esquimaux, Fiji-Cannibals, Negroes, Mongolians, Caucasians, including Greek, Turk, Teuton, and Celt, and a great variety of Americans celebrated for talent, worth, or crime. We have, in groups, some fifty portraits of the noted English pugilists; and it is curious to study the peculiar shape of their heads, and, as their hair was cut short when the likenesses were taken, the form of the head is easily seen. No man can see these portraits and doubt the truth of Phrenology.

As many of our curiosities are not of American production, they can not be exhibited at the American Institute Fair. But, never mind! We have an Exhibition Hall of our own, at 389 Broadway—and, what is better, it is open the *year round*, and always *free to visitors*. It is a good place to rest an hour or two, and study heads, every head being a history and a text-book.

A MURDERER IN OUR NEXT.—We do not claim to possess any fancy for the details of crime, and generally avoid their perusal; but occasionally a case of human brutality demands our attention, and, for the sake of science, we suppress our aversion, and analyze the character and motives of the criminal. In our next number we will publish a sketch of John T. Gordon, the murderer of his own brother, and that brother's family, at Thorndike, Me. This tragedy is more than a parallel to the horrible Deering affair, and we think it as offering a study of human nature more edifying.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE.

AN ARGUMENT IN BEHALF OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

SIXTH ARGUMENT—DUTY OF GOVERNMENT.

OUR sixth argument is based on the duty of government to control, direct, and to secure the efficiency of all great public measures, especially when they can be best secured by governmental action, or when, as is often the case, they can be secured by the people in that way alone. Self-defense and the promotion of happiness and prosperity are primarily the right and duty of each individual; but since they can be best promoted by governmental action, and in that way alone, men have vested in governments the exercise of these powers. Experience has demonstrated that education can be made universal only by governmental action and control. It can only be made uniform, thorough, and practical in that way. Government can guard against errors and defects that would defeat the great end of education—fitting the child to discharge his duties as a citizen and member of community—by direct control and supervision. Hence the people can secure the education of all by governmental action; and a part of such governmental action must be compulsory attendance, or securing the regular attendance of every child on the means provided for his education—the education of every one for citizenship. As our government is vitally concerned in this matter—concerned as no other government is—it should direct and secure the education of every one, using compulsion when parental selfishness or neglect criminally interferes with the accomplishment of this great duty.

SEVENTH ARGUMENT.

Our seventh argument is based on the same fundamental principle as that on which our whole system of public instruction rests. Governments are instituted to protect persons and property, and to promote the general welfare—to protect each one in his personal rights, and to secure the permanence, security, and prosperity of property, and to

promote the good of all. As persons and property are protected and benefited, they should be at the disposal of government, to whatever extent is really necessary, to secure, in a just manner, its legitimate ends. Our poll taxes, military service, and all compulsory service of individuals, and all taxes on property, are based on and justified by this principle. There was a time when taxation for school purposes was as bitterly and strenuously resisted as compulsory attendance is now. It was considered an unwarrantable interference with personal rights of property—let parents educate their own children. In like manner men now urge that compulsory attendance would be an unwarrantable interference with personal freedom—with parents' rights. Let parents send their children to school, they say also. An enlightened statesmanship urged, however, that government can be properly organized and efficiently administered only by an intelligent, virtuous citizenship. Such citizenship can be secured only by the education of every citizen. Government is efficient in protecting persons and property when each citizen is virtuous and intelligent. Crime and pauperism can best be prevented by the education of every one. Such an education is, then, the best means of protecting persons and property, and preventing crime and pauperism.

TAXATION COMPULSORY—WHY NOT EDUCATION?

Government can promote the general welfare and the good and happiness of persons, and the security, value, and prosperity of property better by the education of all, than by any other means. For these reasons, it has been settled as an axiom, a fundamental principle of American statesmanship, that "The entire wealth of the state should be regarded as a common fund, subject to judicious and equitable taxation for the education of the entire youth of the state, to such

an extent as shall fit them for citizenship." The reasons we have enumerated sanction this fundamental principle, now universal in all our legislation. But when the government has, by taxation, raised the money to provide the means for such an education for every one, it is bound by every consideration of fidelity to its trust, and of justice to the parties taxed, to see that the money accomplishes the purpose for which alone it is intrusted, and for which it was contributed. If the State raises a tax to build a bridge, it is bound by every consideration of fidelity to the trust reposed in it, and of justice to the parties taxed, to see that the money contributed is faithfully used for that purpose. The State has no right to compel A to contribute money and place it in the hands of the State to educate B's children, or to erect school-houses and pay teachers for such education of B's children, unless it secures the education of B's children. It proposes to A to take his money for these purposes, in order that it may thus protect, in the best manner, his person and property, and prevent crime and pauperism, and promote the general welfare, and increase the security and value of his property, by educating B's children.

If it compels A to build school-houses and pay teachers for B's children, in order to render A a certain benefit, it must compel B's children to use the school-houses and teachers, for in that way alone can the proposed benefit be secured to A. In other words, compulsory provision of the means of education must be supplemented by compulsory use of those means, or our whole system of education is based on gross injustice, or is a gross injustice. Compulsory attendance, then, is necessary to give logical consistency to our system of instruction, and justice to the action of government in providing it. If we do not do this, let us abandon the whole system.

OUR EIGHTH ARGUMENT

is, that governments invariably use compulsion to accomplish their ends when they can be accomplished no other way. Public good is an overshadowing principle, to which everything else must yield. In case of pestilence, war, or public danger, property, personal rights and freedom, and everything else are sacrificed. Persons and property are held in quarantine, or seized and destroyed, or used

for the public good, regardless of personal rights, interests, or freedom. In case of nuisances, property is destroyed and personal freedom abridged. In case of public improvements, property is seized and appropriated. In all these cases, when public good demands, compulsion is used, and personal rights and freedom and property are overshadowed by it. Education can be secured by compulsory action the same as any other good, and it is above all other goods. Compulsion in securing attendance can be justified above every other exercise of this highest right of government.

OUR NINTH ARGUMENT—WAR MEASURES— is, that in time of war and public danger, the government drafts the child on to the battle-field and into the camp, regardless of the selfish interests of the parent, and when the services of the child are most valuable to the parent. It is done under this overshadowing principle of public good. It can, under the same great principle, draft the child into the school-room, regardless of the selfish interests of the parent. As the purposes of the government in drafting the child into the school-room by compulsory attendance are as vital as those for which it drafts him on to the battle-field, and are constant and perpetual, and not transient and occasional, like the emergencies of war, drafting into the school-room can be defended with almost inconceivably greater force than any military draft. We recognize the justice and propriety of both our last arguments in our systems of education now, in using compulsion to provide the means of education.

TENTH ARGUMENT—NEED OF INTELLIGENCE.

Our tenth and last argument is based on the truths that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. In order that such consent be really and intelligently given, the governed must possess intelligence enough to give properly such consent. The intelligence necessary to a proper consent on the part of the governed can be secured only by the education of the entire governed; hence, that our government be a republic in reality, and not a despotism, government must secure the education of its subjects, that they may intelligently consent to its action and obey its authority. For all these reasons, briefly stated, do we urge that

our system of public instruction should be supplemented by compulsory attendance, and rendered consistent, complete, and just.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

We will now, in conclusion, notice briefly the objections that are urged against a law compelling attendance on our public schools. We will endeavor to notice all that are worthy of reply.

1. "The law can enforce no merely moral obligation, nor can it secure the discharge of a merely moral duty, because it is out of its power to do so, and, of course, beyond its province to attempt it."

This is the only attempt to base an objection on a fundamental principle, and shall have a careful consideration. The principle announced above is true, but it is not applicable to compulsory attendance. Every man is morally obligated to love God, to love his wife and child, to love his neighbor as himself, and it is his duty to discharge these obligations; but government can neither enforce such obligations nor compel the discharge of such duties, for it is out of its power to do so, and beyond its province to attempt it. But all these moral obligations carry with them legal obligations—obligations that are strictly within the province of governmental action, and have connected with them duties that it is peculiarly the duty of government to enforce and compel men to perform. Indeed, all legal duties and obligations are based on moral duties and obligations. It is the duty of the husband to love his wife, and out of this moral duty flows the legal duty to share his means with her in clothing, food, and shelter. If he fails in this legal duty, government can compel him to perform it, although it can not compel the love that would lead him to do so without compulsion. It is the duty of the father to love his child, and out of this love flows the legal duty to educate him. Government can not compel him to love his child, but it can compel him to send him to school, a legal duty flowing out of the moral duty. A law for compulsory attendance is, then, a law compelling the parent—one subject—to discharge a duty he owes the child—another subject,—that is peculiarly within the province of government to enforce, for it is a legal duty based on a legal obligation.

The duty of the government to the child, to all other subjects, and to itself, demands the enforcement of this duty. Compulsory attendance, then, is not enforcing a moral obligation nor the discharge of a moral duty, but a law enforcing a strictly legal obligation, and a strictly legal duty.

2. "A law compelling attendance on school would be anti-American and anti-republican in spirit and tendency." The ten reasons we have given for such a law, it seems to us, clearly demonstrate that it is in exact accordance with every fundamental principle on which our government is based.

3. "It is an unwarranted interference with personal liberty and parental rights." We have already sufficiently answered this, but as it is continually harped over and much relied on by opponents, we will again notice it. Parents can have no rights that can conflict with the child's right to an education, or the duty of the government to secure to the child the enjoyment of this right. The selfish interests of the parent are elevated into rights, and above the inestimable right of the child to an education. The parent's selfish interests in keeping the child at home to gather corn are elevated above the right of the child to an education. Parents do not own children as they do horses or cattle, nor have they the same right to do as they please with their children that the owner has to do as he pleases with his cattle. Government, then, does not interfere with personal liberty of the parent nor with his rights.

Community has a right and interest in the child that is above the selfish interests of the parent. The State has a right to the child that is above all selfish interest of parents, and the right to demand that he enjoy all the means provided to fit him to be as useful a member of State and society as he can become. The child has a right to himself, and right to enjoy all the means that can be afforded him to fit him to become all his capacity will enable him to be. God has a right to the child, and a right to demand that he have the use of all the means that will fit him to become one that will revere and glorify Him.

GLARING FACTS.

4. "It is an unwarrantable interference with the freedom of the child!" I have

even met with one wiseacre—a pettifogging lawyer—who urged this objection. What an idea! What a gross absurdity to talk of the child's freedom to make a choice whether he will have an education or not, in the helpless years of comparative infancy, or the thoughtless years of youth! Will regard for the child's real good, or the public welfare, permit any such pretended choice?

5. It is urged such compulsion is unnecessary. That can be settled only by an appeal to facts. In Illinois, where for twenty years there has been provided by law a system of public instruction not excelled in the United States, the average daily attendance is less than fifty per cent. of the school-going population of the State. After making all allowances for sickness, and private schools, and for those who have completed the public school course of study, the stubborn fact remains, that over one hundred thousand that ought to be in school, are not even enrolled; and that as many more attend so irregularly that their attendance is practically worthless. The same holds true of other States, and in many the condition is far worse. When we enter our large cities this class is fearfully numerous, and they are rapidly developing into criminals through the influence of idleness and evil associations in the streets.

6. "The education of the child should be left entirely to parental affection and sense of duty." The facts we have stated show conclusively that we can not, dare not, so trust it. A large class of parents, through their own viciousness, negligence, and selfishness, can not be trusted with the sole discharge of this duty, so vital to the child and the State. Why not leave the protection of the child from vice and crime entirely to the parent? Why have laws restraining vice and crime? Why have laws compelling parents to take care of their children? Why not trust this to parental love entirely? Why not trust the erection of school-houses and hiring teachers entirely to parents? Experience has clearly demonstrated that they can not be trusted to any such influence. Then, as we already use compulsion to provide the means, let us be consistent and use it to make them efficient and to secure the proposed end.

7. "No law is needed to compel men to

attend to their own interests—to compel them to do what these interests demand. No law is needed to compel men to become husbands and fathers, or to make money, or to secure their own happiness or interests." Let us reason for a moment. No law is needed to compel men to attend to what their true interests demand. Virtue and integrity are for men's true interests. Therefore, no laws are needed to secure virtue or integrity, or we need no laws to restrain vice and to compel men to do what is right. There are two fallacies in the objection. *First*. Compulsory attendance as a law is not a law compelling men to attend to their *own* interests; but a law compelling them to give to others their rights, in antagonism to their selfish interests, or their criminal ignorance, or neglect. It is a law in the interest of the child against the selfish interests of the parent. *Second*. In the case of the child he is not able to make such a choice, and does not understand and appreciate his real interests.

8. "The law would be difficult to execute, and would be oppressive and work great hardship in many cases. We would have often to feed and clothe the child, and sometimes the entire family, if deprived of the child's labor." As the child would be sent to school regularly from six to fourteen, he would have eight years to complete the common school course—ample time for a child of ordinary intelligence. During this time his labor would be comparatively valueless. As soon as his labor became valuable, he could labor part of the year, and attend school when his labor would not be so valuable. He could attend night schools, also, in most of such cases. The State could exercise care to see that he obtained his proper quota of schooling. Common sense would have to be exercised in executing this law as well as every other. There would be cases of individual hardship, as in the operation of all laws, and provisions would have to be made for them. But even if the State had to take care of the child entirely, and assist some others, it would be true economy to do so, instead of feeding paupers and punishing criminals, and lose the advantage of useful members of society, resulting from a lack of education.

9. "It would punish parents for the delin-

quency of children." Not unless responsible for it. If the child alone was responsible, he would be arrested as a vagrant, as he would really be, and compelled to attend school. If incorrigible, he would be sent to reform schools. If vagrant beyond the parent's control, the loss of his time would be nothing, and the State would be doing the parent a favor to compel him to attend school, and bring him under proper restraint.

10. "Our schools are not what they ought to be, and we should make them what they should be before we presume to resort to compulsion." True, our schools are not what they ought to be; nor are our courts of justice what they ought to be, and yet we use compulsion in them in restraining crime. Our schools were not what they ought to be before we resorted to compulsion in building houses and supporting schools. We did not, or could not, wait until we made them what they ought to be before we resorted to compulsory provisions of the means of education. We can not wait until we make our schools perfect before we resort to compulsion in securing the use of the means of an education. Besides, such compulsion will tend to make them what they ought to be.

11. "Such a law is not needed, for if public sentiment will enforce, the law will secure the attendance of all children without the law." We can as justly reason that if public sentiment will enforce laws against crime, it will prevent all crime; and hence laws against crime are needless. The law is not for the obedient and faithful, but for the disobedient and lawless. It will not interfere

with the wishes, freedom, or conduct of a single loving, faithful parent who is doing his duty to his child. It will, however, interfere with the criminal carelessness and selfishness of all who do not do their duty to their children, and so do all laws interfere with such criminality and neglect.

12. "The law is so despotic." It is not despotism to compel a person to discharge a duty he owes to another, when the highest considerations of justice and public good demand it. All laws are thus despotic.

13. Finally, it is urged that we have accomplished so much without compulsory attendance, that it is unnecessary. All we have to do is to pursue the course we have so long pursued, and we will reach the results aimed at in compulsory attendance as soon, and without the evils attending it. Although we have accomplished so much without compulsory attendance, yet the necessity is just as great in the case of hundreds of thousands who never will attend our public schools unless our public system of instruction have compulsory attendance as an essential and necessary feature. Because we have accomplished so much for the millions that have attended our schools is, indeed, the strongest reason that we should, by the aid of compulsory attendance, do the same for the million that do not attend, and will not unless this law be enacted and enforced.

Thus briefly have we attempted to show that compulsory attendance is a measure necessary to the success of our system of public instruction, and essential to give to it logical consistency and justice. CLARK BRADEN.

STUDY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES.

BY GEO. NEWTON BEST.

WE do not propose to enter the warm controversy that has been going on for some time, as to whether the study of the classics should be dispensed with in our colleges and academies, and the study of the sciences substituted in their stead, but we wish to offer some suggestions that may be of value to those already engaged in, or about to commence the study of, the natural sciences. We are led to do this because of

the many failures that have come to our notice. These failures are not due, as a rule, so much to the want of ability, as to incorrect preconceived opinions and lack of energy and perseverance. We would not, however, be understood as saying that *every* one has enough intellectual power to master either or all of the natural sciences; for, contrary to opinions sometimes held, we know, from observation and experience in the lecture-room

as well as in the field, that it requires talents of a high order even to follow in the tracks of those who have so skillfully unveiled the secrets of nature, without advancing a single step; but almost all, by continued application, may make satisfactory advancement.

So deeply are we impressed with the importance of the subject, that we can not resist the temptation to offer a few words respecting the advantages to be derived from the study of the sciences. Nothing yields so much interest to the human intellect as that which affords it a field for the exercise of its varied powers. We can not fully enjoy anything unless it has been the object of previous reflection and investigation. We see a painting and call it beautiful; we admire it, but how little of true admiration and interest do we feel in comparison to him who has made painting a life-time study. Just so is it with the great painting of Nature. On every side, in every nook and corner, are beauties and objects of deepest interest that are passed unheeded, surpassing anything art ever gave; but amid these beautiful surroundings we often pine for something new, something beautiful, something interesting, forgetting that the Creator has placed all around us objects, the investigation of which would amply satisfy the cravings of the mind and direct it to the source of so many wondrous things, causing the soul to burst forth in praise for "His goodness." By the study of science we are entertained; we learn to admire the beautiful; we gain knowledge of practical utility—it ennobles the mind, subdues the passions, and elevates the soul.

In commencing the study of the sciences you should remember that Nature is choice of her secrets, and, if you wish to obtain them, you must secure her favor by constant supplications. She covers the precious metals and rarest gems, so that those who would obtain them must do so by persevering labor. Not only has she hid them, but she has mixed them with substances comparatively worthless. The object in view seems to be to bring into activity our physical powers to obtain them in a crude state, and our intellectual powers to separate, to polish, and to mold them into forms of usefulness. Labor is a law of our being; on it, in a great measure, de-

pend our health and happiness. Nothing worth having can be acquired without it, especially in the realm of mind. Therefore, if you would be a student of Nature, *work*, as she designed you should. Not a single month, but year after year, must be assiduously devoted to study, if we wish to understand her thoroughly. In view of this, can we not easily recognize the cause of failure when many are led to believe that they can master botany, zoology, geology, and the like, in six months or a year? Is it a wonder that we have so many newly-fledged scientists, who disgrace themselves and science alike by their deplorable ignorance and marvellous conceit?

It is not only necessary that you study and persevere in it, but that you study aright. Eager to cull the tempting fruit, you may neglect your foundation, thinking it will "strengthen by age," but after many difficulties and vexations, you will find it to have been the cause of your inability to secure what you most heartily sought for; and here we caution you against a mistake too often made, of beginning where you should leave off. A right, methodical beginning almost guarantees success. Nothing can be more important to you, as a basis, than a thorough knowledge of *first* principles. In mineralogy, for instance, by getting a firm grasp of these, the confusion and discouragement manifested at first disappear like dew before the morning sun, and, step by step, as you advance, new beauties, new interests, new objects, will unfold themselves with a rapidity undreamed of. As you seek, in this science, for certain typical crystals, so, in animal and vegetable life, you seek for certain typical structures, and after finding them, you investigate the functions performed by each. In zoology, you will learn that the shoulder-fin of the fish, the fore-leg of the deer, the wing of the bird, are but modifications of the same type, yet how varied the functions! The leaf, to the eye of the botanist, is not merely the green foliage of trees and plants, but in it he perceives the beautiful flower, with its gorgeous tints, its sepals, petals, stamens, pistils—all being but modified forms of the typical leaf. Nor does it end here. He sees in the leaves the organs of respiration; he sees in them the organs of reproduction—the stamen and the

pistils. Thus he is led to compare the physiology of vegetable life with that of animal life. A new field opens. One kingdom of nature helps to explain the other. New and lofty views are presented. Life is no longer

a burden, nor the Creator a prison-keeper. Objects of beauty and utility are everywhere. Food exists for the mind as well as the body.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."



THE EAGLE OWL.

AMONG large birds few are more interesting subjects of study than the eagle owl, which stands at the head of the owl family. It is found in all the northern countries of Europe, and in the mountain regions of most of the southern, being especially numerous on Mount Ætna. On account of its large size and majestic appearance, it is a favorite with those who keep aviaries. It soon becomes docile and appears only to require all the food it wants to feel entirely at home anywhere. Great numbers of these birds are imported annually into England from Sweden and Norway. They live and thrive in confinement. In Arundel Castle there has been a colony of these owls for upward of sixty years, and is deemed a valuable, if not indispensable, appendage to the establishment.

The interest exhibited by some English gentlemen in the keeping of this great-eyed bird

is scarcely short of remarkable. Now and then reports appear in print of the experience of this or that one who has watched the habits of his pets for a certain period.

Occasionally these birds escape, and, resuming their instinctive habits of freedom, subsist for weeks, or even months, on rats, mice, and moles, until some sportsman puts an end to their not unuseful lives. Specimens of the bird, apparently in a wild state, have been killed in England, but it is generally thought that they have crossed the channel from the continent, or are birds escaped from confinement. Not one has ever been killed in Ireland.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

BY GLEN CAROL.

WHAT ever-tightening webs of steel the spider Habit weaves about its victims! The shining meshes seem at first as but a flowery garland thrown around a willing captive. How light the fetters of which wisecracks prate and prophesy! How little they know of man's strength and will! Why, a child might rend such chains as these—and what matters the enjoyment of an hour? Shall we not "eat and drink to-day, for tomorrow we die?"

Thread by thread the spider is weaving, and slowly, slowly the web is tightening around the unconscious victim. After a season the blossoms in the chain seem to have dropped away, and left but twining vines, and thorns which prick at every step. The captive's eyes are half-way opened, and good resolutions come uppermost—there is a struggle to break the bonds holding the body in thrall, followed by partial success. For a time the fetters seem to be growing weaker, lighter, and the spider, making but little headway in her net-work, never discouraged, is content to wait—knowing full well the varied phases through which her victims pass,

and confident of seeing them hopelessly entangled in her web at last!

Strong in fancied self-security, the doomed one relaxes, at length, the stern watch over head and heart, kept so faithfully for a period; and, just to test strength and will, perhaps, the old haunts are revisited, and the old companions of many a wasted night and day—their name is “legion”—are taken by the hand, and given friendly greeting for the sake of “old times!”

Should we be credited with resisting temptation, when we are careful never to place ourselves within temptation's reach? Should not praise be given to those alone who dare to meet the enemy on equal ground, and who pass bravely on, with the lions on either side?

Very logical reasoning, no doubt—but when conclusions such as these are arrived at, beware! The ground may be shaken beneath your feet at any moment, and yawning

chasms open to receive you, body and soul! Busily the spider weaves, and notes satisfactorily the progress of her work. It will soon be completed. Not long is it before the half-freed body will be writhing in its self-riveted chains once again, and though at times efforts almost superhuman are made to regain the lost freedom, the lost life, now in retrospection so far away, the struggles are useless, vain; the mind, kingly once in native strength and majesty, has become an abject thing—a slave, servile and yielding, to the domineering body. The battle has been fought and lost.

The last strand is woven. The web, so long a time in completion, is finished at last; and enwrapped within its steely folds, securely bound beyond all hope of escape, lies the victim of his own irresolute will—a pitiable spectacle—and, oh, what a common one! of the triumph of *body* over *mind*.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THE National Capital long lay in its native mud. For many years it was like an individual with fine natural qualities yet undeveloped. It was laid out on a large scale, but in the early days there was not sufficient strength to develop it; in latter times it was neglected, till it became a reproach, rather than a pride, to the nation; still later, and more particularly since the war, the spirit of improvement has rested upon it; and now one feels thankful that it was at the start laid out on such a large scale, even though it were somewhat rude and impractical. Large conceptions should have large and generous execution; the spirit of harmony should exist throughout all our works; what is started on a low or a high scale should be projected in accordance therewith, and advanced to its final terminus with a progressive spirit.

A few years ago it would appear that our forefathers had laid out the plan in a wild, overconfident manner; but, during the past few years, such practical improvements have been inaugurated as will, ere long, make Washington the finest city in the Union, and well worthy the pride of the nation. It is to be regretted that the public buildings were

not more artistically located. Probably in no place in the world are there so many fine and noble structures which show to such disadvantage, principally for the reason that their location is exceedingly poor. In this though, as in the matter of the streets, the present generation will have to introduce such changes as will make amends; in other words, they will have to exercise their ingenuity, to make such compromise with the old plan as will improve the general effect.

The Capitol is the only one of the number that has a suitable and commanding situation; and one that is all that could be desired to show off its fine proportions to the best advantage. For miles it can be seen, even when all the other buildings about the city are lost in the distance. Like all great objects, its size and grandeur are more fully realized at a great distance than near by; its sharp lines and color cause it to stand out in bold relief, and present a striking contrast to the landscape which surrounds it. This is the only business building of the Government that has a suitable height for its artistic balance; the others, the Patent-office, Post-office and Treasury, are noble structures, yet are proportionately much too

low for good artistic effect. It was reported in the papers last winter that the Post-office building was to be raised and altered, so as to give it much greater height. Some of the New York papers opposed the idea; but we hope that it will be done nevertheless. This is a case which was not treated rightly in the beginning; the structure was built with little regard for general effect, the whole attention being devoted to details. No provision was made for additions; in fact, it seems to have been designed with a view to prevent any change in the general design. As it stands, the mass requires much more height, while the details are such as almost to put a veto upon a further uprearing. The building, in design, is composed of a heavy basement, with a light order of architecture, similar to the Corinthian, directly upon it. Had it been some Tuscan, Doric, or Ionic design, there would not be the present difficulty in treating it. Not only does the design call for more height, but the Postmaster-general asks for more room. How to get it, and yet not injure the building, was the question.

We understand that the architect of the Treasury has made a number of studies to this end, but that none were quite satisfactory, until he ascertained that there were parties in Chicago who could *raise* the building! On this we learn that he based his last and most successful design, which requires the raising the upper stories, and building an intermediate story upon the present basement; and then, in the place of the present flat roof, the putting on of a tall French roof. The plan, it is said, had the approval of the Postmaster-general, and we sincerely hope that it may be carried out; as it will not only greatly improve the building in its general view, but in its artistic relation to the city.

The business of the Government has so much increased that it needs more office room. The Patent-office has been rapidly filling up, and although it is a large building, it will not be many years before there will be a demand for more room. The Patent-office covers two squares and the part of the street which lies between them; that is, it is bounded by F street on the south, G street on the north, and Seventh

street on the east, and Ninth street on the west. The Post-office only occupies the square between E and F and Seventh and Eighth streets; the other square, immediately in front of the western portion of the Patent-office, bounded by Eighth and Ninth and E and F streets, is occupied by a promiscuous lot of buildings, few of which are of any great value. Artistically, this makes a one-sided and very unsatisfactory treatment. We do hope that some arrangement will be made by which the Government can acquire that other square.

The sooner they are taken in hand the more cheaply can these suggested improvements be accomplished, and the eye relieved from the present inharmonious and poorly balanced architectural features. Indeed, a discriminating management may yet secure an effect which will be equaled by few architectural groupings in this or any other country.

I. P. N.

“TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.”

FREDERICK ARNOLD, in his admirable book with the above title, thus happily illustrates the difference between the “Providence that shapes our ends” and what men call “luck” and “chance:”

“What we call a ‘turning-point’ is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous.

“There is the story told of some gentleman, who, on a battle-field, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon-ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of one behind him. The officer, when he saw the marvelous escape, justly observed that no man ever lost by politeness.

“There is a man in Berkshire, England, who has a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when

the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waited to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed as profit a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. His 'luck' was observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them.

"The late Joseph Hume went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He applied himself to the hard work of mastering the native languages, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping

together a large amount of the necessary material, and manufactured it for the troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. And marriage is, after all, the 'luckiest bit of luck,' when it is all it should be.

"There is, then, in truth, no 'luck.' There are turning-points in life, moments, critical moments, that are worth more than years; nevertheless, a great occasion is only worth to a man what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it, and our business in life is to prepare for these supreme moments, these hours when life depends on the decision of the instant. Whatever of truth is veiled under the popular idea of luck and chance is, rightly considered, an incentive to the busiest industry, not an excuse for folded hands and idle dreams."

THE REASON WHY.

BY C. S. ANDERSON.

AMONG the many questions much discussed at the present day, not the least important is the one of female labor. By a certain class the tenacity with which women cling to comparatively genteel employments is severely condemned. They assert that such occupations as bookkeeping, copying, or teaching are overcrowded and uncertain, and that clerks and needle-women are over-taxed and scantily remunerated. With glowing zeal they descant on the dignity of labor, and, alike, despising petty pride and cringing dependency, they point to the broad and open field of domestic servitude, and triumphantly say to the needy, "Behold your vineyard, where you may acquire an honest livelihood, live to some purpose, and assist in elevating a downtrodden and despised position to honor and respectability." All this is very fine! But it is to be feared that should the propounders of such sentiments, under any circumstances, be requested to don the livery of a coachman, or execute the functions of a

groom or footman, they would instantly exclaim in the language of one of old, "I pray thee have me excused." Or should stern fate demand acceptance, we venture to assert that not one year would elapse before a verdict of "justifiable suicide" would be rendered by their peers. To but few are given the reformer's zeal or the martyr's strength.

"What preposterous nonsense," growls our opponents. "Who talks of martyrs?"

Yes, martyrs! we use the word advisedly, for in real life there are many such; whose praises will never be sung by poets, nor eulogized by historians, but to whose broken hearts and wearied frames the death summons or the prison cell would fail to give one fresh thrill of pain. Let us take, for example, a refined, sensitive, and cultivated woman, and suppose her obliged to become a servant, resorting to the vocation only as a *dernier resort*. For a time, we grant that the novelty of her situation would, in some measure, counterbalance its disagreeabilities.

But when the heart craved human sympathy, the mind intellectual companionship—where would it be found? Among the fellow-servants, do you answer? As though the petty jealousies, the low and vulgar slang, common to such classes, could interest one who had tasted of aught nobler or higher. Should she, for a time, forgetting her position, dare to seek the society of the friends of other days, she would, by the majority of them, be shunned, and be speedily reminded that her proper place was without the camp; and with what embarrassment, what fears as to Mrs. Grundy's caustic remarks, would the remaining few bestow on her scant courtesies. It is perhaps suggested that a woman of character and intelligence will ever find a sympathizing friend in her employer, but such, in the majority of cases, is not found. The very fact that her so-styled servant is her equal, if not her superior, in culture, will generally tend to make a lady of the ordinary style mark out and keep more rigidly the lines of caste, and draw more tightly the galling bands of servitude. Feeling her servant's superiority to her position, madam will ever be on the alert to detect fancied tokens of insubordination, unfitness, or disrespect. Thus debarred from congenial, social intercourse, doing toilsome work for but a comparatively small remuneration, unhappy with her co-laborers, who feel that while with them "she is not of them," strong, indeed, must be the heart which faints not, and the faith which does not waver. But it is argued that when the standard is raised and intelligent and self-respecting women fill the ranks, the stigma will be removed. What, then, will become of the shoals of ignorant emigrants who almost daily reach our shores? Yes! when physical labor is accorded a higher rank than mental; when the hand governs the head; when our nation returns to barbarism, and the laws of society are obliterated, culture eschewed, and position despised—then will household service be deemed attractive; but the time is not yet. In the interim, we would recommend to those would-be reformers, who urge upon those to whom it would be but torture to accept of such situations, the study and practice of the Golden Rule. Or that they magnanimously add example to precepts,

firmly believing that after a personal experience they would cease to ask the reason why so many shrink from this species of employment.

WAGES OF THE INDUSTRIOUS.

AMERICANS are emphatically working people, notwithstanding the bad showing of listless loungers which every considerable town makes, where rum and tobacco are promiscuously sold.

The average earnings of each person in the United States has been estimated at \$150 a year, or \$750 for every family of five persons; this makes the sum total of all that is earned by the people, \$150 multiplied by 40,000,000 or \$6,000,000,000.

If we test this estimate by the census report of the value of the yearly production, which is nearly \$2,500,000,000 for farm products, and 4,500,000,000 for manufactures, total \$7,000,000,000, we see that the above-mentioned estimate of the earnings is rather high, as the profits on the products of labor must be more than one-sixth of the value.

If we test the estimate by the price paid for labor, we find also that it is above the real amount. The average earnings of 5,000,000 common but able laborers are, according to carefully prepared statistics, \$1.50 per working day, or \$340 per year, while in the Southern States experienced hands earn in summer only \$1.23 per day, without board, or about \$300 per year; while factory operatives earn \$6 per week, or \$1 per day. As now, on an average, only one person in three is able to work, except in factories, where more are employed (two-thirds of the population consisting of children, old or infirm and sick people), it follows that the average earnings of each person are only about \$100 a year, or the total amount \$4,000,000,000, which can not be far from the truth.

THE TRUE WAY TO TREAT CHILDREN.—

Educators are becoming more and more intelligent on the subject of juvenile training as they advance in understanding character. At a late Convention Superintendent Marble, of the Worcester schools, read an earnest and well-written paper, in which he asserted that every child in school, however young, has the same right to his opinion, his judgment, his will, and his way, which a full-grown man would have, if he sat in the same seat. "The fact," he said, "that he is weak and ignorant

does not alter the case. If the child's opinion or judgment be at fault, we should correct him in the same rational way as we would an adult. If his will be obstinate, and his way be productive of harm to himself or others, we should first point him out the right way, and, if he did not desist from his evil way, we should enforce both adult and child in the same manner. The qualities of reason and intelligence should always be recognized both in the child and in the adult. The first right of every child, then, as of every human being, is to be treated as an equal, and not as

an inferior. It seems to be the opinion of some people that to teach is to stamp one's own image upon the child; that what I know the child must learn; that what I think he must be taught. We have no business to do any such thing. A child is weak, but we have no right to bully him. He is undeveloped intellectually, no more have we a right to impose our opinions upon him without his choice." We can imagine the pedagogues of the past generation rising from their graves in horror at such doctrines, but no legion of ghosts can prevent "new ideas."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

RAPID GROWTH OF THE CHESTNUT.—Seven years ago, while taking down the old rail fence in front of my place, preparatory to erecting a new board one, I found several small chestnut seedlings among the shrubs, briars, and weeds which the former owner had allowed to grow along the roadside in the true shiftless farmer style. The road being quite narrow, I placed the new fence three to four feet inside of the old one, and wherever a promising tree or sprout occurred in the proper place, it was preserved for a shade tree. One little chestnut tree, not more than five or six feet high, I noticed in particular, because it had been twisted or grown in naturally among the rails, and was very crooked; but as it stood in the exact place where a shade tree would be desirable, I carefully disentangled the stem and remarked to my workman that it would yet be a handsome tree. I have just measured that tree, and it is twenty-eight feet high, stem at the base thirty inches in circumference, and at six feet from the ground twenty inches. The stem is as straight as a reed, except a slight crook near the ground. Last season it produced a few nuts, and this year the ends of the branches bend with their load of large clusters. This tree has received no care, except pruning, the soil about its roots being covered with a tough sod. Other trees upon my place have made equally as good growth, and I only mention this one for the purpose of showing what might be accomplished in a few years, if a man will only make a beginning.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

FRUIT-GROWING costs less labor and machinery than grain-growing; does not exhaust the soil as that does, and pays better, in a series of years, in proportion to the land occupied, than anything else. "Sandy and gravelly soil (in New York) yields an income of ten to fifty times as much as the same lands would if sown to wheat."

CHOICE PEARS.—The *Prairie Farmer* gives the following short and good list of summer and autumn pears, for Central and Southern Illinois: Summer—Bartlett, Seckel; Autumn—Duchesse d'Angouleme, Beurre d'Anjou.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Garden* recommends a thin wash of caustic lime, as better than carbolic soap or lye, for the instant removal of moss.

WHAT GRAPES TO SELECT.—According to the *Horticulturist*, the following are the three best family grapes, in the order of excellence, as follows: Eumelan, Israella, Ives; best medium, Concord; best late, Senasqua; best white, Rebecca, Croton, Martha. Best new amber grape, Walter.

CHARCOAL FOR POULTRY.—The benefit which fowls derive from eating charcoal is acknowledged. The method of putting it before them is, however, not well understood. I have found that corn burnt on the cob, and the refuse—which consists almost entirely of the grains reduced to charcoal, and still retaining their perfect shape—placed before them, is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a greater average

of eggs to the flock than before.—*S. Rufus Mason.*

HOW TO PREPARE BONES FOR FERTILIZING.—Collect the bones and break them up with a sledge-hammer, the finer the better; place them in a barrel tight enough to prevent leakage, put in a little at a time, and mixing them, as you do so, with dried, finely-pulverized swamp muck or wood mold, filling all the space between the bones—say one part muck to four parts broken bones; cover the top with a six or eight-inch layer of muck alone, after which pour on all the urine of the premises from day to day, keeping the mass moist. In six weeks the bones will be reduced to a soft pulpy mass, that when mixed even in the compost heap becomes sufficiently soluble for plant-food. Such an application of bone material does not change the carbonate of lime of the bones, like sulphuric acid, into plaster, but it makes the phosphoric acid available to growing crops.

WEATHER OBSERVATION.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you can see. Keep your eyes upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size, take your great-coat with you if you are going from home, for falling weather will not be far off. The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones toward it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking to pieces and dissolving.

WISDOM.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

THE hardest thing to hold in the world is an unruly tongue.

THE children of God have much in hand and much more in hope.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

It is conferring a kindness to deny at once a favor which you intend to refuse.

IN character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

IF prayer does not cause us to leave off sinning, sinning will soon make us leave off praying.

ONE of the easiest and best ways to expand the chest is to have a good, large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

BAD habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

WHATEVER is done by those around you, be yourself fully determined to walk in the way approved by truth and virtue.

IT is in vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you have passed on.

FRIENDS.—Gain a friend by a quarrel, if it is possible; never lose one—however, this is possible; for there is a peculiar mode of conduct, even when dissension reigns, that commands veneration and generates esteem.

A STRONG mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects, and if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

WOMAN—The morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars!

A MINNESOTA land speculator, in describing a lake in that State, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

HERE is a matrimonial advertisement: "A young lady of exterior and pleasant appearance wishes to marry a gentleman of just the same way of thinking."

"WHY should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

EMPLOYER to New Clerk: "Well, Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?" New Clerk: "Yeth, thir! I've posted the ledger; but lor, thir, it wath too big for the letter-boxth, and I had to take it inthide the poth-offth!"

A HUSBAND who was known to be under wifely dominion, appearing one morning with sundry scratches on his forehead, was asked if they were marks of the chicken-pox. "Worse than that," he replied: "they're the marks of the hen-peck!"

AN old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail 'twixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

JINKS had been indulging too freely in ardent spirits. At a street corner his hat dropped into the gutter. Says Jinks: "I know—if I pick you up I'll fall—if I fall you won't p—hic—me—hic—up—good-night!" And he walked off with a smile of satisfaction, describing innumerable zig-zags as he went, leaving his hat in the gutter.

THE Irishman had a correct appreciation of the business, who, being asked by the judge, when he applied for a license to sell whisky, if he was of good moral character, replied: "Faith, yer honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky!"

AN absent-minded man entered a Troy shoe store the other day and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the boy?" asked the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man; "I've left the boy at home! I'll go and get him;" and off he started for his house, six blocks away.

THE Latest Style.—Host: "Allow me to get you a partner." Languid Swell: "Thank you, but I—ar—don't dance." Host: "Then let me introduce you to Miss Twaddle—she's a great hand at conversation." Languid swell: "You're very kind, but I—ar—'never' converse!"

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.

THE PRESSURE OF OUR BUSINESS IS SUCH that we can not undertake to return unavailable contributions unless the necessary postage is provided by the writers. In all cases, persons who communicate with us through the post-office should, if they expect a reply, inclose the return postage—stamps being preferred. Anonymous letters will not be considered.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. 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 an early consideration.

TALL MEN AND TOBACCO.—Your much prized monthly is received and read with avidity by our club, and its contents and questions debated, in our feeble way, as each number circulates. In your article (June No., page 395) headed "Tall Men and Women," you assert "Kentucky and Tennessee produce the tallest men in the country." And again, "Boys who smoke and chew tobacco, or who violate the laws of their being in other ways, undermining their constitutions, can not expect to leave a robust progeny." Yet in both Kentucky and Tennessee boys and men use tobacco freely, and also whisky. How, then, can they maintain, as a people, robust constitutions?

Ans. We once saw an old physician who had a remarkably healthy and vigorous constitution, and had attained to the age of seventy-five. He was standing at a bar with a glass of rum in his hand, among his drinking companions, when one of them, anxious to get an indorsement for drinking from the doctor, remarked, "Doctor, you don't think a

little good rum, now and then, will hurt anybody, do you? It certainly doesn't seem to hurt you much, any how."

The doctor lifted his glass of liquor as high as his eyes, looked through it, and said: "I have drank liquor pretty freely for forty years or more, and am pretty well preserved for a man of my age;" hesitating for a moment, he added, "and if I had never drank any, perhaps I might have lived to be a hundred." The circumstances are very favorable for the development of strength, altitude, and manliness in the mountains of Tennessee and in the blue grass regions of Kentucky, and in spite of the use of tobacco and whisky they are stalwart. In the spirit of the language of our old doctor, we may say, if they had let both articles alone, they might have been larger, stronger, and longer-lived. Everybody knows that alcoholic liquors and tobacco are poisonous; and everybody who has any considerable knowledge derived from experience or observation on the subject, must know that both tobacco and alcoholic stimulants tend to depress vitality and wear out human life. A single drop of the oil of tobacco placed on the tongue of a dog or cat will kill the animal in three minutes, and we venture to guess the weed is not very wholesome for common use by human beings.

NOVEL READING.—Are the people profited by reading novel stories?

A READER OF THE JOURNAL.

Ans. If the strict meaning of the word novel is considered, then the fewer novels that are read, especially by young people, the better; but the popular understanding of a novel is a fictitious

tales, whether it excites the animal passions, or the element of kindness or hope. If, by reading them, the former are excited in a base sense, the practice can not be too strongly deprecated. If, however, through novels the moral and religious sentiments are exercised, and a man is filled with nobler and holier aspirations, and he can get glimpses of a better life, it is certain that the public at large is benefited by the perusal of novels. Dickens appealed to the good that is in men, and made the world better. Others, whom we could name, minister to the base nature of men, and surely hinder the progress of righteousness. Perhaps no work of fiction or imagination in the English language has been more widely read than Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Is a man made worse by reading that? Even the parables of the Saviour are imaginary, yet they illustrate great truths. Are they objectionable?

MARRIAGE.—I have always read with intense interest your valuable JOURNAL, and particularly your replies, in answer to correspondents' questions; the wisdom and soundness of your answers being acknowledged by all true workers in science. Will you be kind enough to give your views on the following: Suppose a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years of age became acquainted and fell in love with a lady who is his senior by fifteen years—their temperaments, conditions, and tastes being favorable to a happy marriage—and who really loved each other in the truest sense of that word, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, there being reason to believe their union would bring happiness. (I have noticed persons united, of whom the wife was very much the elder, who did not live happily together after a time; I ascribe jealousy, on her part, as the cause, or, perhaps, on the part of both.) Now, in my case, just cited above, wouldn't jealousy be very likely to enter in, and mar happiness, under the circumstances of inequality in the ages? By giving me the advice of your experience in such matters, you will confer a great favor.

Ans. We suppose that you may, at present, have that regard for each other, but how long, think you, will it last? when she becomes fifty-five and you only forty, the disparity would be too great for real compatibility, and the association would no longer be conjugal. No, no. One should exercise his reason or common sense, and not be blinded or carried away by mere feeling. Read our work on "Wedlock," and you will see who may and who may not marry, and why.

THICK SKULLS AND BRAINS.—I have encountered the following stumbling-block in debate. My opponent quotes Dunglison as saying that five skulls of equal external size contained, within their cavities, different capacities, varying from thirty-five to fifty-five ounces of brain. My opponent claimed that a phrenologist could not tell by an examination whether a head contains thirty-five or fifty-five ounces of brain.

Ans. In the first place, we doubt the truth of the statement. In the second place, we may say that Dr. Dunglison was once favorable to Phrenology until he thought Phrenology did not make so much of him as he deserved, when he turned

against it and collected abnormal specimens of skulls—one was that of a man who had been insane for twenty years, and his skull had become nearly an inch thick—and this he presented to an audience, and gravely asked, "Who could tell, during life, how much or how little brain the owner of it had?" and he was careful not to tell his audience that it was a diseased skull. This was probably one of the five skulls alluded to. Then he probably got one that was extremely thin, another insane specimen, but insane from over cerebral activity. The intermediate three specimens it would be easy to find, and it would matter little what they were, so they fell between the extremes and helped to make up the number.

Now, we have this to say—and every anatomist is stupid and uninformed if he does not know it—that it is one of the easiest things to know, during life, as to the thickness of the skull. Let one lay his hand firmly on the top of a head and ask the person to speak or cough, and if the skull be very thin there will be a decided vibration. If the skull be thick there will be little or no vibration. Moreover, for the thousandth time, we state that by the temperament we are enabled to judge as to quality of bone, flesh, skin, thickness of skull, activity of brain, and its power. This can be done by a skillful observer, with an approximation to accuracy, without touching the person. Having thus estimated the thickness of the skull by an observation of the build, quality, and temperament, when we come to lay our hand on the head and make a closer investigation, if the skull is thinner or thicker than we had expected, as one time in a hundred it may be, we are quite surprised. Sometimes if, without handling the subject, we estimate that a man will weigh 145 pounds, and are told that he weighs 160 pounds, we always detect our mistake on taking hold of the arms and shoulders, finding the person more compact, fine-grained, and solid than he appeared to the eye. This, however, does not often happen, and need not at all if we apply the proper modes of judgment. Men can understand that a butcher may learn to estimate the weight of oxen by judgment, but they seem astonished that a phrenologist can estimate quality of organization, or the thickness of skull, during life. That which men do not know is mysterious, whether it relate to heads, or to the making of a pair of shoes, called pumps, wrong-side out, and turning them when finished. This was the mystery of our boyhood, till we saw it done. It would do some skeptical wise ones good to sit in our office for a month and hear and see us read temperament and character.

AN UNBELIEVER.—A Mr. T. S., of Hinsdale, N. Y., writes us that a Prof. J. S. Edwards, of the Chamberlin Institute, of Randolph, N. Y., relates something or other detrimental to the claims of Phrenology, or of some phrenologist whom he met when a student in the Wesleyan

University, at Middletown, Ct. We can not be expected to reply to vague statements; that would be very much like kicking against—nothing. State facts, give dates, and names of persons, *then* we will go into an investigation, and beat or be beaten.

CURLY HAIR.—HOW TO STRENGTHEN IT.—A young lady friend of mine has very pretty curly hair; I think it is beautiful, but she despises it, and for the last two years has tried all kinds of oils, pomades, cosmetics, etc., which only were serviceable as long as she kept it stuck down with the stuff. And, finally, some person has told her to use a mixture of one part sugar of lead to two parts litharge, boiled until well dissolved, and then strained and applied; she says it helps some. What we want to know now is, what effects it will have on her if she continues its use, and if you know of anything that will be a remedy? Almost every one says, let the hair be as it naturally is, but we believe that science can alter things to some extent.

Ans. There is no remedy except to cut it off. She may shave her pate and wear a wig; but we should as soon think of knocking out our natural teeth, and putting in an artificial set. But what nonsense! Why not accept with thanks the stature, sex, complexion, and other healthful conditions vouchsafed by God and nature?

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Should not a child, when it begins to attend school, in addition to its little spelling lesson of such words as *boy, kite, hen, etc.*, also be taught how to make a stroke on slate or paper, whereby a greater variety would be suggested to the young mind, and simple mental arithmetic questions be given? I think our teachers do not introduce enough variety, but confine the juvenile to spelling small words only.

Ans. It is true that in this country the best methods for the instruction of children in our primary schools are not employed. This is due, in a great measure, to the inefficiency of the primary teachers. In most of the public schools such teachers are young and comparatively inexperienced girls. In Germany greater care is taken in the primary departments of education, even than in the advanced. The importance of early impressions is not sufficiently appreciated with us. Very young children are sent to school, by too many parents, chiefly for the sake of getting rid of them. There are some good teachers, however, and fortunate is it for the children who sit under their instruction. We know of two or three, and we know that the child who attends their schools has a considerable variety of employment and interest afforded. The teacher who, while giving special attention to one child, can command the interest of all, and so at the same time be teaching all, is the true teacher.

HANDSOME FACES AND BAD DISPOSITIONS.—Why is it that large, straight-featured, handsome persons are almost invariably ugly in disposition, being selfish, overbearing, and tyrannical? They are generally like a large, fine-looking apple that is rotten at its core.

Ans. We do not know the correspondent who asks this question, and wonder if she have not, by

some misfortune, been united to a person who is handsome in feature and from some cause ill-adapted to her. She being the weaker one, and, perhaps, chiefly in the fault, thinks her great, noble-looking, handsome man is tyrannical, overbearing, and uncongenial. Sometimes chemicals boll and quarrel when they are united, each of which might be united with other chemicals in a harmonious relationship. We have sometimes seen a noble-looking man who became infatuated with some spoiled pet of a rich family, who, dyspeptical, unhappy, peevish, and weak, could not command the lasting respect, or retain the affection of a strong nature. We have seen a few handsome faces with wicked and morose dispositions. It sometimes happens that beauty perverts the owner of it, especially if Approbativeness be excessive. Persons being flattered for beauty in infancy and childhood are apt to grow up selfish, and work less for education and for the culture of those virtues which win esteem, than those do who have no fair face to recommend them. The handsomest boys and girls whom we remember in school were petted by teachers and older pupils, as well as by their mates, and, being popular without effort, they did not strive so hard for good lessons, or to be at the head of their class, as some others; while the plain-looking, and those that had poor clothes, had no means of securing popularity but by excellence in scholarship and correctness of deportment. Thus the poorly-dressed, homely children often reached the head of the class, while the fair, fortunate, and favorite ones were careless of both scholarship and demeanor. But beauty should not belong to carelessness or to depravity. The man or woman who stands straight, and is fair in form and feature, should have intelligence, virtue, dignity, and affection; and then be mated with those who can appreciate their qualities and reciprocate them.

Other questions, deferred for want of space, will be answered in our next.

What They Say.

A BOY'S IDEAS OF HEADS.—"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright, they call him soft-headed; if he won't be coaxed nor turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. Our heads are all covered with hair, except bald heads. There are other kinds of heads besides our heads. There are barrel heads,

heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; plu-heads, heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head-winda, drum-heads, cabbage-heads, logger-heads; come to a head, like a boll; heads of chapters, head him off, head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right.”—*Young American*.

TO THE GIRLS.—Girls, *don't* marry for homes. Be independent. Learn something which will enable you, if needs be, to take care of yourselves, and don't look forward to *matrimony* as the chief end and aim of existence.

A brown-stone front and servants in livery are good enough in their way; so, too, is a cottage with woodbine and honeysuckle creeping about; but, depend upon it, neither one nor the other will yield you happiness. On the other hand, when you find a man whose soul is brim-full of the milk of human kindness—whose strong arm is ever outstretched in the cause of humanity, and who would not spurn even the poor reptile beneath his feet, depend upon it, he is a *man*, and in the possession of his love you have a treasure richer than Golconda, and which death alone can rob you of!

MRS. WILKINSON.

“ALL HANDS ON DECK!”—A zealous co-worker in Pennsylvania, well imbued with the spirit of progress and reform, proposes to open a free school in his neighborhood, in which he will teach all who desire the general principles of Physiology, Hygiene, Phrenology, etc. Lessons will be given in the evening, an hour each. Being well read himself in these and other subjects, it will be easy for him to communicate valuable knowledge to others, and we commend his plan to all our readers.

Why should not you, reader, call your neighbors together, especially the young people, who are not worn out by the burdens of daily toil, and give them a useful lesson? It need not be always in one house, but it may be from house to house, as prayer-meetings are held in many country places. One who is thoroughly posted can communicate to those less informed that which would be of lasting benefit, and at almost no cost. What better missionary work can be done than this? We commend the plan to one and all. Those who read this JOURNAL are supposed to know something which others who do not read it do not know. This they may teach. Try your hand, good reader, and secure for yourself the thanks of those you teach, while you yourself will grow by your teaching.

THE “PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL” one of the best and most useful magazines found in the literary world. We think it stands far in advance of the many which are filled with long serial stories, without sense or moral.—*Methodist Home Journal*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN. A series of letters addressed by prominent Americans to Arinori Mori, Japanese Minister. One vol.; 12mo; cloth. Price, \$1.50.—Ap.

FLAX AND PROFIT IN MY GARDEN. By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of “Barriers Burned Away.” A record of experience. One vol.; 12mo. Price, \$1.50.—D.—M.

STORIES FOR ALL SEASONS. By Edward Garrett. A set of books for the S. S. library, by a well-known author, of the highest merit, and at a low price. 8 vols.; 18mo. Illustrated, and bound in fancy cloth, new style. Price, in box, \$4.75.—D.—M.

PALMETTO LEAVES. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. A volume of sketches of Southern scenery, life, and character. One vol.; small 4to. Illustrated. \$2.—Os.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE BOOKS of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Library Edition. One vol.; 12mo. With two illustrations. \$2.—Os.

MEMORIAL OF HORACE GREELEY. With Portrait and Illustrations. Containing a Memoir of Mr. Greeley, his last Hours, the Moral of his Death, the Funeral Arrangements, the Closing Ceremonies, the Mourning of the People, Letters of Sympathy, Voices of the Pulpit and the Press, Tributes from the Poets, Resolutions and Proceedings of various Public Bodies, etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, with additional portrait, \$1.—Tr.

THE AMERICAN'S HAND-BOOK TO VIENNA AND THE EXHIBITION. 1873. Comprising all necessary information in regard to routes, expenses, hotels, postage, monies, cabs, payments, legations, etc. Illustrated. 12mo. 60 cents. Tourists' edition, morocco, with pocket, \$1.25.

SPECIFICATIONS FOR FRAME HOUSES, ranging in cost from two thousand to twenty thousand dollars, carefully and fully written. Comprising Forms for the Carpenter, Tinner, Plumber, Slater, Painter, and Mason. Paper, \$1.75.

A DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE. Embracing every department. Edited by G. F. Rodwell, F.R.A.S., F.C.S. Profusely illustrated. One vol.; 8vo; pp. 694. Extra cloth, \$5.—Lp.

LESSONS ON ELEMENTARY ANATOMY. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S., author of “The Genesis of Species.” 12mo; cloth. With over 400 illustrations. \$2.—M'm.

HOUSE BUILDING; from a Cottage to a Mansion. A practical guide to all interested in selecting or building a house. Crown 8vo. With 600 illustrations. \$3.50.—Ptn.

THE CHANGED CROSS, and other Religious Poems. \$1.50. This edition, the seventy-second thousand in book form, contains thirty additional poems, but is sold at the same price as the previous smaller one.—Rlf.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such NEW BOOKS as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

THE HEREAFTER: A Scientific, Phenomenal, and Biblical Demonstration of a Future Life. By D. W. Hull. One vol., 12mo; pp. 186; muslin. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

Under the several chapter headings of "The Development of Animal and Spiritual Life;" "A Future Life Demonstrated by the Phenomena of Occult Forces;" "Evidences of a Future Life;" "Scriptural Evidences," etc., the author gives the theology of modern Spiritualists, which he finds to be in accordance with Scripture as he interprets it. The Rev. John Hall comes to very different conclusions. Readers with minds of their own will read both, and then decide for themselves. No one human mind, however much he may know, can ever know it all. Let us "live and learn." It is right so to do.

SPEECH OF CLARK BELL, Esq., to the Jury in the late Proceedings before Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly and a Jury, upon the Inquiry as to the Sanity or Insanity of George Francis Train. Price, 25 cents. Address the author, 20 Nassau Street, New York.

G. F. T. is a puzzle to all the medical Lilliputs. They can not take his measure, nor understand him. Consequently they swear he is crazy, forgetting that "all things are miracles to a fool." G. F. T. is simply an eccentric—just like himself, and just like nobody else. Medical experts, who would have sworn away his liberty, and placed him in a lunatic asylum, may be excused on the ground of ignorance, certainly on no other, save that of malice, which no one charges. Mr. Bell has ciphpered out G. F. T. in the most admirable manner. We have the result in this speech. When the proper time comes, it is our intention to give a scientific analysis of the body and mind of this most remarkable man. Is he insane? Is he a fool? Do you think him dangerous? Will he become dictator? Is he rich? He is not a fool. He is not insane. Let those who wrong him look out!

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By the Rev. John Hall, D.D., author of "Papers for Home Reading," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 343; muslin. Price, \$1.75. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The Rev. John Hall is an educated Irishman. He is a great man, as the world goes; great in avoirdupois, and great in mental reach and comprehension. He is a capital speaker; a strong writer; and, in the main, a fair debater. His "Questions of the Day" cover many, and extend all the way from "Is the Human Race One?" to "Is Spiritualism in the Bible?" and twenty other subjects, all treated according to the Rev. John Hall's

"doxy," which is a long way in advance of the Mohammedan, Jewish, and the Roman Catholic "doxiea." But whether or not he will ever rise above his particular "doxy," we will not venture to predict. We have marked his article, "Is Spiritualism in the Bible?" for insertion in an early number of the JOURNAL, which will give our readers a good taste of his quality.

WHAT TO WEAR. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar." 16mo; paper, tinted. Price, 50 cents. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

Packed in this brochure of a hundred pages we find the essence of the argument for reform in the dress of woman. Without mincing, or affected prudery, the author attacks the fashions of the day, and administers brave advice to her dress-sick sisters. She writes clearly, sharply, convincingly, in the interest of physiology, anatomy, hygiene, decency, good taste, and pure morality, and we can not but welcome most cordially her generous and powerful aid in thus taking up arms in a cause which has had the warm advocacy of this JOURNAL for over twenty years.

One of Miss Phelps' sharp and direct animadversions, full of truth, like many others in the book, is this: "Why does a man wear a linen collar and a cloth coat, and his wife wear corsets and a muslin waist with low linings? Why does he clothe himself in flannel from head to foot, and neck to wrist, and her under (if not her outer) garments require that she bare her neck and arms to the freezing but 'becoming' caress of Valenciennes edging on a winter's day?" We trust the book will be widely read by women, young and old.

ROWELL'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, for 1873, contains a list of all newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Canada, and N. A. British Provinces. Large octavo; tinted paper, green cloth, beveled boards; pp. 608. Price, \$5. New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co.

Here is an honest, and a most useful publication. Honest, because every reasonable effort was made to procure exact information concerning every newspaper, magazine, and other periodical published in this country. Business men, merchants, manufacturers, and all who advertise, should have a copy, that they may not act blindly when using "printers ink" to inform the world of their whereabouts and "whatabouts." The book suggests enterprise. Those who have it will be very likely to distance, in a business race, those who have it not.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Education, together with the Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, January, 1873.

We have examined this model Report with great interest. Rhode Island may congratulate herself on the present condition of her educational affairs. Prof. Bicknell, Commissioner of Public Schools,

seems to be "the right man in the right place." In speaking of Compulsory Education, he says:

"The proposition is that no child, employed or unemployed, should be allowed to grow up in ignorance. And surely the case of the child, who is compelled to forego the benefits of schooling, but who is industriously employed, is not so bad as that of the urchin who neither attends school nor does honest labor, but who by idleness becomes trained to crime.

"The State has prerogatives paramount to the privileges of any individual. It may and must protect itself, and no danger is more to be apprehended than that with which a mass of ignorant men threaten the State.

"Education is a real benefit to the individual and society at large. Ignorance is a loss, and sometimes a curse, to both. The theory of Compulsory Education is, then, to confer a benefit and remove a curse."

To all of this we say Amen. And under the banner of Compulsory Education should be comprehended all children of all colors and complexions, and we then shall soon have done with Indian Questions, for when all are educated, all will become industrious American citizens.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR ACQUIRING THE ART OF SHOOTING ON THE WING; with instructions as to loading and handling a gun. By an Old Gamekeeper. Illustrated. 12mp; pp. 88; muslin. Price, 75 cents. New York: Handicraft Publication Company.

The author claims that he who would preserve "a sound mind in a sound body" must needs give some time to "the sports of the field." With this apologetic statement, he proceeds to show how it may be done with dog and gun. We have had some experience in these things, and think there is a natural aptitude in most of our half-savage natures for this sort of life. With a dog, a gun, or a fish-hook and line, away to the forest, or the lake, or the stream! What visions of venison, wild fowl, and of beautiful speckled trout! Is it wicked to like it? Yes; but are not most sporting men "fast?" Do they not all smoke, drink, chew, and gamble? Are not most fishermen indolent and thriftless? Granted; but it need not be so. There are clergymen equally perverted.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT of the National Temperance Society and Publication House. Presented at New York, May 9, 1873.

Progress, progress, useful, hopeful. The good men who are toiling, incessantly toiling, to check the flood-tide of intemperance which sweeps over all the land, are enabled, in their excellent "Annual Report," to show progress. Send 20 cents to Mr. J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, New York, and he will send you a copy. *Then go forth* and preach temperance to every man you meet. Use moral suasion when you can; but fight the devil when you must.

NOTHING TO DRINK: A Temperance Sea Story. By Julia McNair Wright, author of "Best Fellow in the World," "Jug-or-Not," "How Could He Escape?" etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 309; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: National Temperance Society.

The book contains a recipe for overcoming the appetite for alcoholic liquors. It is reliable, inexpensive, and practical. Those who practice its teachings will never become drunkards. Those who are now addicted to the habit may overcome it.

CIVIL MALPRACTICE. A Report Presented to the Military Tract Medical Society at its Fifteenth Semi-Annual Meeting, January 14th, 1873. By M. A. McClelland, M.D. One vol., octavo; pp. 74; muslin. Price, \$2. Chicago: W. B. Keen, Cook & Co.

A book for surgeons and for lawyers. It is a capital compilation of numerous cases brought before the courts, in which damages for alleged malpractice in surgical operations have been claimed. Cases are given in detail, with the verdict in each.

TEXT-BOOK IN INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. For Schools and Colleges. Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Chaplin, D.D., President of Colby University. New Edition, greatly improved. One vol., 12mo; pp. 312; muslin. Price, \$1.50. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

This is a text-book for schools and colleges, and, consequently, arranged in the style most convenient for such uses, rather than for popular reading; but its style does not unfit it for any one out of school who desires the information therein contained. One's mind needs to be clear and strong in order to understand and appreciate so concise a style, and must necessarily learn something from every page.

CHAPTERS ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. Designed to Accompany Champlin's Text-Book of Intellectual Philosophy. By J. T. Champlin, President of Colby University. Pamphlet, 12mo; pp. 83. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

This volume, like the above-mentioned text-book, is no less important to the student of intellectual philosophy.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. No 29. Price, 35 cents. Contains twenty-one compositions, including Waltzes, Polkas, Galops, etc., by Strauss, Budik, Chas. Cooté, Gungl. Address Elias Howe, 103 Court Street, Boston.

If this is not the best, we think it must be one of the cheapest musical monthlies in America.

JOHN BENTLEY'S MISTAKE. By Mrs. M. A. Holt. One vol., 18mo; pp. 177; muslin. Price, 50 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

Mrs. Holt has already earned the thanks of all who have read her very interesting story, which is natural as life, and will impress the young reader with the cursedness of tippling, and the blessedness of sobriety.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 3.]

September, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 417.]



HIRAM POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

HIRAM POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

AMONG the men of genius whom the civilized world has honored with its unselfish respect and admiration, none of our times has shown himself more worthy than the American sculptor, Hiram Powers. For thirty years this earnest, modest, and ever-industrious son of art had occupied the foremost place among sculptors, and lived and labored in such a manner as won the esteem of all who approached him. His death, on the 27th of June last, comes all too sudden for the great world of refinement and taste to which he had so abundantly and richly contributed; and all who love the beautiful, all who respect genius, will drop a tear of regret now that the great master is no more.

Hiram Powers came of good stock, of people who were tough, elastic, intense, clear-headed, persistent, and accomplished what they undertook. He may have inherited less of the brawny and stocky elements than other members of the family, but he had the clearness of thought, intensity of emotion, and power of analysis which distinguished them. That line of perceptive organs is large, and the head, from the opening of the ear forward, is long. Few men made sharper criticisms or nicer distinctions. His facts stood out separately; each was an entity of itself. There is a certain individualism about all his works which introduced a new school of art, at least in America.

He was a man of great sincerity; with a clear eye for the true, he valued reputation only as based upon clean cut integrity and faithfulness. As an artist, he was very true; as a thinker, accurate; as a moralist, upright; as a doer, persistent. He was tender, gentle, and refined in spirit, but his persistency and his moral tone gave him a certain aspect of severity; perhaps the word *accuracy* would be better, for he was by no means cruel or hard.

There is not that luscious beauty, that ornate embellishment, that dashing enthusiasm in his character and works which are sometimes found in great artists; he was a serious man, not ascetic, but always in earnest, aiming to do faithfully whatever he attempted, and this his productions indicate. He was a good talker, and remarkable for his power of clear and convincing expression.

He was born in Woodstock, Vt., July 29, 1805, the eighth child of a family of nine. His parents were plain country people, who cultivated a little farm. He acquired such education as the district school afforded, and found leisure to get some knowledge of divers kinds of handicraft, among which was the art of drawing. His father, finding it difficult to maintain his family in Vermont, removed to Ohio, where he shortly after died, and young Hiram, like most of the family, was thrown upon his own resources. He set out for Cincinnati to seek his fortune, and found employment in a reading-room connected with one of the principal hotels of the city, and afterward became clerk in a produce store, where he remained until his principal failed. He then found a situation with a clockmaker, by whom he was employed in collecting debts, and afterward in the mechanical part of the business; but, although his employment was not disagreeable to him, he aspired to some higher branch of the arts.

In Cincinnati he made the acquaintance of a Prussian who was engaged upon a bust of General Jackson, and, with some little instructions received from him in the art of modeling, young Powers was soon able to produce busts in plaster, which possessed considerable merit. In fact, one of his earliest performances he has declared to be unsurpassed in portraiture and finish by any of his later works. He then felt that his vocation was in art, and he formed a connection with the Western Museum at Cincinnati, where, for about seven years, he superintended the artistic department. How he came to be employed in this museum, he has humorously related in the following:

"A Frenchman, from New Orleans, had opened a museum in Cincinnati, in which he found his fine specimens of natural history less attractive than some other more questionable objects. Among these were certain wax figures. He had, however, one lot which had been badly broken in transportation, and he had been advised to apply to me to restore them. I went to the room, and found Lorenzo Dow, John Quincy Adams, Miss Temple, and Charlotte Corday, with sundry other people's images, in a very promiscuous condition—some without arms, and some without noses, and some without both.

"We concluded that something entirely new, to be made from the old materials, was easier than any repairs; and I proposed to take Lorenzo Dow's head home, and convert him into the King of the Cannibal Islands. The Frenchman was meanwhile to make his body—'fit body to fit head.'

"I took the head home, and, thrusting my hand into the hollow, bulged out the lanky cheeks, put two alligators' tusks into the place of the eye-teeth, and soon finished my part of the work.

"A day or two after, I was horrified to see large placards upon the city walls, announcing the arrival of a great curiosity, the actual embalmed body of a South Sea man-eater, secured at immense expense, etc. I told my employer that his audience would certainly tear down his museum when they came to know how badly they were sold, and I resolved myself not to go near the place.

"But a few nights showed the public very easily pleased. The figure drew immensely, and I was soon, with my old employer's full consent, installed as inventor, wax-figure maker, and general mechanical contriver in the museum."

Encouraged by the success of his early efforts, he journeyed to Washington, whence, owing chiefly to assistance rendered to him by a patron, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, he was enabled to travel to Florence, Italy. He arrived in that city in 1837, and applied himself immediately to his studies.

After diligent thought, and a careful training of his hand and eye, he produced his figure of "Eve." The work was completed in the year 1838, and was at once accepted as a great success by the artistic world. This

was followed by the "Greek Slave," an enduring monument of Mr. Powers' genius. The "Greek Slave" was displayed in the London Exhibition of 1851, and there, in position, the work placed Powers' name high up on the roll of artist fame.

Other well-known works followed. Among them are the "Young Fisherman," which has passed through three repetitions in marble, "Il Penseroso," "Proserpine," "California," and "America," which were modeled for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; also a full-length figure of Calhoun; with busts of Webster, Jackson, Adams, Chief-Justice Marshall, Everett, Van Buren, and other productions in which Americans take pride, and which tend to perpetuate the history of some of the most remarkable epochs in the national life of the United States.

Thorwaldsen admired his ideal statue of "Eve" to such an extent, that the great master pronounced it "a work which any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece."

A bronze statue of Daniel Webster, one of his latest productions, adorns the State House grounds at Boston.

Mr. Powers was ingenious as an inventor; he produced, among other devices, a sculptor's file, in which were arranged, between the serrated cutting edges, holes through which the marble dust could pass away so as not to clog up the tool. He introduced a process of modeling in plaster which, by obviating the necessity of taking a clay model of the subject, expedites the labors of the sculptor vastly. This process he probably tried when he modeled the bust of General Jackson. His own account of his first interview with "Old Hickory" is interesting:

"When I first went to Washington, I had several letters to General Jackson, and called upon the President, and asked him, after he had read my letters, if he would sit to me. 'Do you daub anything over the face?' he inquired, looking at me under his spectacles, with a very ominous glance of inquiry; 'because I recollect poor Mr. Jefferson got nearly smothered when they tried to take his bust. The plaster hardened before they got ready to release him, and they pounded it with mallets till they nearly stunned him, and then

almost tore off a piece of his ear in their haste in pulling off a sticking fragment of the mold. 'I should not like that.'

"'Oh, no,' I said, 'Mr. President, I don't wish to do anything of that sort. I only wish to look at you, for an hour a day, sitting in your chair, and I will engage to produce your likeness.'

"'Ah, then,' he replied, 'it will give me very great pleasure, Mr. Powers, to oblige you. But when can you come?'

"'At any time, Mr. President, it suits your convenience. I have perfect leisure, and am wholly at your command.'

"'Could you come as early as seven in the morning?'

"'Certainly, the earlier after light the better for me.'

"In a few days I was installed in a room in the White House itself."

He lived almost entirely at Florence for thirty-eight years or more. His studio was on the Via di Serragh, in a large building once a convent, which he occupied as a residence and for his suite of studios and workshops, and wherein were constantly employed a large force of the most skillful workmen in the world. It was not only visited by Americans, but by people from all parts of the globe. Though his time was of inestimable value, it was quietly filched to a surprising extent, but by visitors who were invariably received by him in a warm, cordial, and unaffected manner, and shown about his rooms, where were his various works in different stages of completion.

EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

UNDER this startling title a correspondent of the *Dundee* (Scotland) *Advertiser*, of the 17th May last, sets forth the merits of Dr. Ferrier as a discoverer in mental physiology. If it were possible to make experiments on *men* condemned to death, and thus enlarge the bounds of human knowledge, it would, perhaps, be of great service to science. Neither the dog nor monkey are near enough to man in mental development to make experiments very satisfactory as elucidating human mentality. Hints may be obtained from the cerebral functions of dogs to warrant an application of the same principles to the human brain, even though the experiments may not be repeated on men. But to the article referred to:

"For some time the scientific world has not been startled and rejoiced by any very great discovery, but at the present moment we are on the eve of the publication of one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the present age. The happy man who has struck on a new and rich vein of scientific truth comes from the Granite City, and is a very distinguished alumnus of the University of Aberdeen. Dr. Ferrier, who was some time ago appointed successor to Dr. Guy in the chair of forensic medicine in King's College, London, has just crowned the study of years by a most happy and brilliant series of ex-

periments. Dr. Ferrier was a successful student of philosophy, and gained the Ferguson scholarship in Glasgow before he studied medicine. It was, probably, his acquaintance with Professor Bain's psychology that led him to give special attention to the physiology of the brain; and his graduation thesis on the brain, for which he obtained a gold medal, proved that he had already entered on the study in which he is destined to acquire enduring fame. He has never lost sight of the subject to which he attached himself so early. * * * * By the invitation of Dr. Crichton Brown he went to Wakefield, and was amply provided with cats, dogs, and other animals for his experiments. The results astonished himself. * * * * Physiology is on the eve of an extraordinary advance. What Gall and Spurzheim groped after in a loose and empirical fashion is now established on the sure grounds of experiments. The *modus operandi* is new and ingenious. The animal to be experimented on is first put under chloroform. The next thing is to clear away the skull and expose the brain. This, it will be understood, is a difficult and delicate operation, but is done, and the animal may live from three hours to four days. All this has been done often enough before, but the difficulty was to get some mode of rousing parts of the brain into

activity without injuring the parts. Here Faraday comes in. Such is the way of scientific discoveries—every step leads to the next. Without Simpson and chloroform the operation could not have been usefully attempted; without Faraday the operation might have been performed a thousand times without leading to any result. The process employed by Dr. Ferrier is what is known as *faradizing*. After uncovering the brain he applies the point of an electrode to the convoluted surface of the brain. Its effect is to excite the functional activity of that part, and thereby to show what its real work is. One of the first experiments disclosed the part that is employed in wagging the tail. Soon after, the centers engaged in supplying the limbs, the mouth, head, etc., were discovered, and already Dr. Ferrier has succeeded in almost completing a map of the brain with all its organs, distinguished by the sure and rigorous test of experiment. Nothing could surpass the interest of those experiments. On the table before you is the dog with its skull removed. All seems, but for the breathing and movement of the brain, an inert mass of dead matter. The doctor applies the electrode, and presently the tail begins to wag. All else is motionless. Another touch, and its forepaw is stretched out; another, and its head is erected; another, and its mouth opens. Again the magic wand touches the brain, and the animal seems convulsed with fear or rage; and so on the experiments go. Once the divining rod has been discovered, it is comparatively easy for an expert viator to use it. This discovery, so simple once it is known, will effect almost a revolution in physiology. Hitherto it has been looked on as an axiom that you can not experiment with the brain—that it is too near the seat of life to be tampered with. Now, experiment has been introduced into a region where we had reconciled ourselves to the vague and uncertain light of observation. There can be no doubt that we shall soon know the particular use of every convolution of the brain. Phrenology, from the stage of empirical observation, will become a science. One of the chief results attained by Dr. Ferrier is the belief that each convolution is a separate organ, although occasionally several may be conjoined for common work. He also

finds that the great motion centers are collected in the front part of the brain, a result which shows the phrenologists were not far out in that quarter. It also has demonstrated that the nerves moving the muscles of the jaw are just above the ear, where the phrenologists place gustativeness. But the most important immediate effect of Dr. Ferrier's discovery will be an improved treatment of diseases of the brain. It has found out why considerable portions of the brain may be diseased without interfering with sanity, and why other slight lesions produce epilepsy. It has succeeded in artificially producing epilepsy in a dog. This is a most wonderful part of the discovery, and proves the truth of the conjecture of Dr. Hewlings Jackson, that epilepsy arises from a lesion between two convolutions of the brain. Dr. Ferrier has also found out the origin of chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, and has been able to make his animals show all the symptoms of the disease artificially. He has caused tetanus and other peculiar and difficult states of the muscular system. Altogether, the discovery opens a new path in the treatment of disease, and can not fail to produce the most important benefits. It will also give us a real scientific phrenology. * * *

"A young anatomist has recently shown that there is a relation between the shape of the skull and the brain, and that it is possible to know what is in the inside of the head without breaking it open. This is most opportune, for when Dr. Ferrier has mapped out the brain it will be possible to diagnose a man's faculties as easily as tell his shape. We are glad to learn that at the instance of Professor Huxley the Royal Society has come handsomely forward and voted a grant to Dr. Ferrier to carry out his experiments on monkeys. The monkey is the nearest approach to man in the animal kingdom; and as it is, of course, out of the question to experiment on men, the monkey will form an inadequate substitute. Altogether, it is likely that Dr. Ferrier's discovery, beyond any discovery of the present generation, will enlarge the circle of human knowledge, and contribute to the happiness of mankind."

The next week after the foregoing was published, the same paper contained the following, which speaks for itself.

PROFESSOR FERRIER AND PHRENOLOGY.

"Referring to your London correspondent's notice on Prof. Ferrier's experiments on the brain, there is not much very new discovered in them; accomplished phrenologists knew the most of it already. The great advantage to the science of Phrenology will be, that scientific men who formerly would not examine into its merits, but rashly pronounced against it, will now be compelled to give the subject their attention, and they will very soon find out the truth which phrenologists have so long and so firmly believed—namely, that besides the brain being the organ of the mind generally, each portion of it has its function, which could not be found out by dissection only—although anatomists and medical men who had studied the brain in that way generally declared that it was impossible that such could be the case, and they generally turned the matter into ridicule and raillery—poor weapons with which to meet the truth. Scientific men are thus ten years behind the phrenologists in study of mental manifestations as coming through the organ of mind, the brain. But let them persevere, and they will rapidly learn the interesting method of reading character accurately from external signs. Mind has been the subject of investigation in every age, but one difficulty has always been where to assign it a locality, and many a crude notion on the subject has been advanced. Gradually the brain was fixed on, while a certain school imagined the ventricles to be its seat, and Aristotle, Galen, Plato, Haller, and others had each a different theory as to the connection of brain and mind. Willis placed memory in the forehead. Magnus, in the thirteenth century, had a bust marked with the common senses in the forepart, cogitation in the middle, and memory and moving power at the back. Nemesius taught nearly the same, and Dolce, in 1662, had some more divisions, while Prochaska, in 1784, maintained that each division of the mind had a separate portion of brain as its seat. Then size and form of head, combined with power or talent in nations, was made the subject of study, and Blumenbach's, Camper's, and Morton's researches brought out several important points as to sizes, capacity, angles, etc. Lavater did very good service in his attempts to reduce phys-

iognomy to an exact rule; but it is mind which gives character to the face, or the phrenology which gives the physiognomy, and, therefore, the observer of mind from the physiognomy of the head will always have the advantage, and be most successful in reading character from external signs. The outward signs of mental powers were much noticed by Dr. Gall, in Germany, nearly one hundred years ago. When at school he noticed that the boys with large, full eyes could express their ideas readily, knew words well, and were great talkers. He called that the sign of language. Then he noticed who were funny, deceitful, loved to pray, etc., and made his marks, until he was convinced that with patience he could find out any number of outward signs of character. The anatomist who examines the brain by dissection only, could never, as previously stated, discover such results, and may even yet, with his conservative mind, be long in admitting their truth. And the general reader may ask, How can thought have any connection with certain forms of bone in the head? He must just refer it to the proper cause, as Dr. Gall did, namely, that if the brain be the seat or instrument of the mind (not the mind itself), then the portion of brain behind the bone, as at the organs Comparison, Causality, or Eventuality, etc., enables the person to compare, to understand causation, to have a memory for events, history, etc. Thus it will be seen how form, size, and apparent power in different heads just give corresponding talents, powers, and dispositions in the individuals. Thus individual tempers are known (temperament, health, and social position being taken into account), and thus national heads are accounted for. Activity, as shown in the combination of the three temperaments—mental, motive, vital—is a strong balance to power. Yet, other things being equal, the general size of the brain, and of each organ comparatively, is the amount or gauge of its power or function. How can a handful of large English heads control millions of small Hindoo heads? The new fields connected with the investigation of Phrenology are endless, every year new discoveries are being made, and the science is already almost reduced to a certainty. It was George Combe, a Scotchman, who made the science known

in our country, and now a Scotchman, Dr. Ferrier, is giving it great impetus. Then we have a Scottish Phrenological Museum in Edinburgh, where scientific men may study the matter in quietness, amid many hundreds of crania and busta. J. C. S."

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes inflates;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LIVING UNTO LIFE.

WHAT is life,—and what does it embody? Is it the awakening of consciousness to form of expression? or can it be feeling satisfied with its conditions—needing nothing, caring nothing whence it originated, but inertly ready to live or die?

In human nature we find life abounding in illustrations that are both quantitative and qualitative in classification; for man partakes of all things in nature and substance. In all our doings, feelings, thoughts, and expressions, we reflect the great world of mind and matter, and submit to the laws in common with every development of life. Human beings, we are everything in ourselves, encompassing all powers and intelligences; and yet how little are we as men and women! Intuitively, we know that life hath an immensity, a majestic grandeur that we are incompetent for considering—it seems to be forever incomprehensible, illimitable, and mystifying; and we, the "lords and"—pardon the intrusion—"ladies of creation"—what are our thoughts, emotions, and expressions, in comparison with this stupendous life?

We live; but sluggish is the life that hath not active intelligence to ask of its origin or destiny—to inquire what this emotion is which anticipates something, yea, many things of which it hath need, although it knoweth not its needs, nor why it requires. What am I? is a question, the very asking of which gives richness to the nature from which it springs. Miserable, indeed, is he who reveres neither God nor mankind; who has found nothing that is sacred to his innermost soul—no precious hope in his heart, that he longs to embrace with an immortal energy. Poor in nature is he who can not afford the

time, the thought, the endeavor, and will, to analyze his simplest of wishes. Frail is his religion that trusts all to God—asking for little or nothing, lest, asking amiss, it may be denied.

THE ENIGMA OF LIFE.

We know that our sun of life rises and sets—that we are born, and we die; but there is an unknown mystery all about it that refuses to reveal itself; and, rather than labor so much as to force a revelation, we defraud ourselves with the fallacious idea of representing it with the algebraic x , expecting an x to assume the care of its own powers—and of ours, too—obligingly allowing us the freedom to dream dreams of past dreams from the cradle to the grave.

Our first and second childhood play bo-peep over the hills of mind and matter, thinking only of each other. Thought creeps softly around at the foot of the hills, flies swiftly over and above the hills, and goes ringing with echoes between the hills—but seldom and lightly touches the hills. We smite the rock by accident, and behold, the water gushes out! We quench our thirst, and forget both the stream and the need which it has supplied. The blood courses through our veins, from extremity to extremity, with its fluid life, endowing the flesh with the impulse of feeling and the suggestion of thought; and yet, we live because we are born, and die because our forefathers have died. If we coin a thought, or invent a convenience, our moral courage is provokingly slow to take out a patent until we have found a precedent that has become accidentally outlawed, and then life presents the features of a grand lottery, and we have drawn the fa-

mous prize of election; and, in mental ecstasy, we go dancing round and round like a top that is overjoyed to get release from restraining fingers.

Negatively, we think that as God willed us into being, He knows what to do for us—and why should we care for the morrow, or question the circumstances of to-day? Positively and individually, we are a thought, a principle, or a will of Omnipotence, temporarily embodied in the human frame, and purposely obligated to it for mutually accruing benefits.

We are, at once, resultant and causative of special combinations that are too complex for present satisfactory elucidation; but the growth of knowledge—the concentration of facts—was the positive thought, the distinct purpose, the living will-force through which, and by which, we were generated, and in which we find endurance of life.

The man with a single idea is a very diminutive fraction of manhood. He is an inconceivable fragment of entire thought, and—like a ship without ballast—tempest-tossed, unmanageable, and at last drifts, shattered and wrecked, on the mountain-ribbed ocean of life. The combined elements of thought which make up externals are, to his one idea, like herds of untamed beasts of the forest; they surround it, and demand its morsel of life for the momentary support of its larger being. "To him that hath shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

The power of thought should be utilized in a ratio comparative with its increase of growth. Every single thought has its active capacity of power; every idea its moving volume of intelligence. We admit that nothing is made in vain, and then unconcernedly look around and over the immense territory of uninhabited mentality that is calling for occupancy—to the multitudes of meandering streams that are emptying their unobstructed waters of waste into oblivious seas, needing something more than creative power to manifest the spirit that originated them.

NATURE NOT PERFECT.

That nature is perfect in its primitiveness, is an absurdity. That man was created for the sole purpose of dying, is an insult to the father and mother of humanity; yet this is

the one creed of Christendom: "Behold, man is born to die!" As soon as we are born we commence the adoption of all the methods preparatory to a mental and physical death, belittling ourselves with a religion that makes us feel extremely wicked in the natural pursuance of inborn intuitions, and equally pious and dutiful, if we obliterate our reason to prevent it from leading us away from God, into the iniquities of question and curiosity.

Let us suppose that birth and death are the northern and southern polarities—that we are born at Greenland; and as soon as we begin to reason consciously, we are pre-informed that we shall go to Oceanica, by-and-by—perhaps in ten years, perhaps in eighty years; it would be rather detrimental to the general usefulness of the intervening years, if we do nothing but make preparations, and contrive speculations, for the life down in Oceanica. This is exactly what we are doing with our powers of genius.

The aggregate of our teaching is suicidal in its extreme tendencies. Were it not for our little antagonisms, for the active opposition of paltry opinions, we should rush, altogether, to one side of the careening life-boat, causing it to capsize. But a better fate awaits us. These angularities and antagonisms are our life-preservers. We are habituated to reason—neither from cause to effect, nor from known facts back to supposition, but impulsively, like children, we jump from possibility to probability, until wearied with the exercise, when we adjourn, indefinitely, with anything in shape or semblance of a conclusion. "Order *may be* Heaven's first law"—it is undeniably the last resort of man. Heretofore, man has seemed to be a sublime misconception of Deity, inconsistent in nature with all outward existence, and antagonistic to Creator and himself created. His own architect, he despises the architecture, persists that he can do better than he does, but continues to fashion with the same molds, patterns, and devices—with the same instrumentalities of construction throughout, advising everybody to adopt a style of mechanism uniform with his own; and the next thing in order is the anathematizing of adherents and followers. He is anything but that which he would be, and he wouldn't be anything but himself for

worlds. Profoundly jealous of identity, he is both eager and afraid to merge his qualifications into a larger being—into a character superior to that which allows him so little margin for conscientious growth. It is strictly impossible for him to get outside of the boundaries of his nature. But the territory is so extensive, and so seldom are its borders traversed, that he frequently gets lost in its labyrinths, and wanders for periods indefinite, without compass to guide, or sun to throw light upon the unknown way.

"I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost!"

It is a terrible condition, this getting into unknown and unfamiliar surroundings—terrible to our superstitious ignorance; but not so very disadvantageous, perhaps, to him who hath knowledge of himself. Had we an appreciative confidence in our own abilities, and a fair insight of our constituent characteristics, the desert, or the wilderness would present new and interesting expressions of the face of nature, and of nature's God; the poverty of worldly goods, or the dearth of human affection would be nothing more than the affliction of a day.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY.

It is our own nature that we do not understand; it is our own impulse that we do not control; it is our individuality that we have not recognized by measure of thought or expression. It is ourself standing in our own light that prevents us from seeing the outer relations as they influence us.

What am I! should preface every other thought. Ourself the centric force of our little individual world, we live by alternately throwing off this force, and receiving that which is simultaneously emitted by surrounding individualities. Intelligence for intelligence, quality for quality, and degree for degree. This is the law of justice, and its supremacy holds the scales in balance. There is no promise for the trickster, the flatterer, or the pacificator, if he attempts to erase or omit a single letter of the law.

Intelligence is not recognizable to unintelligent elements any more than is beauty to vulgar minds. The magnificence of the thunder-storm has no response from him who sees and hears only the missiles of death and destruction in the flashing and booming of

heaven's artillery. The infinite and inexhaustible varieties of hue and color, with their intensity or delicacy of shade and expression—intercommunicating the revelations of terrestrial and celestial thought—have nothing of attraction or assimilation for the uncultured taste, or the dormant mind. The exquisite emotions of a pure and tender affection are, to the selfish mortal, nothing more, nothing less precious than the enjoyment of personal greed and covetousness.

Capacity pleads for development and culture, while evolution and involution volunteer their forces as co-operative agencies thereto. The inductive qualities of our nature are simultaneous—we had almost said *synonymous*—with its productive intuition. Mr. B. and Mr. C., two young farmers, have taken up sections of land on opposite shores of the river. They are talking, across the stream, of their individual prospects in the agricultural line of business. Mr. B. says: "I have more grain than I can dispose of advantageously in the grain-market, and, thinking you might be similarly situated in regard to your neat stock, I came down to the river, this morning, to see you, in hopes to make some arrangement with you, so that a part of your stock can be fed with a portion of my grain." "Exactly my ideas, sir, and I intended to make the proposition as soon as I could see you," replies Mr. C. Now, if Mr. C. had been shrewd, according to the views of some shark-eyed huckster, he would have found the key to a style of oratory that would have taken every dollar out of Mr. B.'s sight while his grain was waiting for a market, and as glibly enumerated the dozens of individuals standing with bank-notes in hand, day and night—half-famished—waiting for the drover's herd. But the slow shrewdness of the honest farmer sees beyond the "bargain" of a day, the prospect of an extended commerce. The trade commenced with the exchange of cereals and cattle—a ferry-boat chartered, and the immediate result is something more than the utilization of waste power in each man's possession; for the stream, which has hitherto divided their interests, becomes a bond of union, and a trio of forces are unitized.

CHILDHOOD'S PROPHECY.

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" is the symbolical lan-

guage of the prattling child, and a significant prophecy of the innate powers of human achievement. "When I am a big man," anticipates every item in the category of ambitious attainments. There is nothing too great, too difficult, or too good for the young aspirant. Alas, that his ambition so soon gets enveloped in the mists of fear and distrust—that it was *born merely to die!* The child develops physically, while its mental powers coil up into drowsiness, and all its enjoyments and experiences are manifested through a lower gradation of intelligence, and an increasing growth of animal life. Anatomists and metaphysicians, generally, tell us that this alternating torpidity and activity of physiological and intellectual life is a natural process of unfoldment; but forbearing to explain how the equilibrium is held they leave a wide margin for discussion. The boisterous, unthinking buoyancy of youth grates discordantly upon adult sensibilities, making havoc of serious thought, and laughing unfeelingly at that which we consider its rude return for the kindness of our solicitous discretion; therefore, it well becomes our sobriety to inquire where the discord and in-harmony are developing—whether in our minds, the minds of our children, or in both and all. The susceptibility of child character is extremely delicate, and, although we believe with some one, who has said "*the whole man is in the child,*" it is very evident that the man is choked out from many a childhood, leaving child growth to be perpetuated; and while we look upon vacancy or imbecility with horror and dread, the more dangerous lunacy of an impracticable education is overlooked and ignored.

We would not bequeath posterity with the single gift of imitation; but we would recommend originality, not wholly unmindful of the utility of other men's experiences. We would sometimes teach the power of justice, by faithful representation of the complex results of injustice. We would teach the convenience of truth by delineation of the inconveniences of incessant strategy and endless maneuver. We would teach the torture of self-abasement, in contrast with a clear, untroubled conscience. Our individual transit is too brief for a close, analytical study of nature in its entirety; but one life, one

sphere, one condition is typical of other lives, spheres, and conditions; and a rudimentary knowledge is essentially the foundation wall, the basis of our human superstructure. Comparison and contrast are ready and willing teachers; and when we employ them, disproportion must gravitate toward symmetry.

KNOWLEDGE EVERYWHERE.

Intelligence molds itself in the rock; it scintillates in the star; it rains down its crystal fountain of tears from the leaden cloud; the brooks and the rivers take up the rythmical song, and with a joyous faith go singing all the long way to the mother sea; the trees instinctively bow their heads while the rushing winds exhale the spicy perfumes gathered in foreign climes; the mountains keep watch over the sleeping valleys, like patriarchs guarding their tender flocks; the bees, the birds, the insects, know where and how to make their homes; and great and small are busy with the peculiar wisdom of their natures. Everything embodies the answer to our inquisitive interests in its being; every thought imparts duration to the brain which it electrifies. If we partake mentally of the rock, it is the "rock of ages" that shall give security to our feet. If we study the features of the star, we discover faith in its beaming. If we whisper to the sea, the mysteries of eternity come resounding through its mighty waters. The tree of life, the mountains of everlasting greatness, the bird, bee, and flower—all have their wonderful worlds of living knowledge; and when we put ourselves in communication with their unrevealed spirits and their silent thoughts—when we observe the simplicity of their ordinary habits, and the grandeur of their loftiest moods, together with the law of attraction which holds them concrete—then we create and encourage a telegraphic inter-communication of sympathy, by our appreciation of mutual dependence and obligation. We stand at the door of the human temple, absorbing and receiving certain ideas and impressions from exterior life, and, turning thought back to the inner temple of its nativity, we find the record of a corresponding world of wisdom, power, and beauty already created therein—an immortality of love that, understanding universal need, hath found a universal law of interchangeable life.

Reciprocity does not admit the process of cheapening a mental or moral commodity of exchange to accommodate the purse of the buyer. The fictitious fairness of a vulgar brokerage that secures toleration by its immaculate placards—which buys the air at nominal figures, and sells it to fabulous advantage—is only the phantom commerce of plebianism. It is the speculative conceit of deceived ignorance, and, like the glittering dew, vanishes at the approach of the rising sun of intelligence.

I must give my thought to obtain another thought, and whatsoever of external things I may desire, I learn that they are duplicates of hidden things of my own nature. Let me set myself at work to bring them out to the light, or—better choice—let me carry the light to the innermost recesses of my soul to burn day and night, so that I shall not be obliged to grope in the darkness for the requisite faculties of the day.

REAL HAPPINESS DIFFUSIVE.

Not in the inheritance of goodness and beauty are we significantly blessed; but when we ignite these with our inspirational emotions they become perpetual fires for the hearths of our homes. We must heap up the fuel to make living coals of fire, and send the light and the warmth out to radiate and cheer the darkness of unknown and untraversed territory, where we may hereafter venture and, perchance getting lost, find ourselves in the tender hearts of loving humanity. There is just a decimal fraction of us, individually—a decimal with ever so many ciphers between us and the period that rounds our value; all the rest of Omniscience is about us making up the universe. Therefore it is the height of folly to attempt to belittle our neighbors for an impossibility of becoming great by comparison. This has been the favored plan of theologian, moralist, philanthropist, politician, manufacturer, parent, and pupil; and now the cat and dog “stoop to conquer.” Let us leave them. Perhaps they will show greater skill and better valor than we have displayed.

We have just begun—thank God that we have begun—to educate our eyes and ears to the work of discrimination. We see that the mute drops knowledge from the tips of his fingers without a sound; while folly slides

from the lubricated tongue of the linguist to explode when it touches solidity. A great man appears upon the modern stage of life, and while the clamorous throng of worshippers have asked and learned—“Who is he?” some unobtrusive spectator is trying to still the questioner that, away down in the depths of his nature, asks: “What are they, who have given him to the world, and at what price of self-sacrifice was he given? What ambitions have father and mother, and, perhaps, unselfish brothers and sisters, cramped under their own humble living for the sake of this nobility which hath come into our midst?”

There are other parents who have begun in their green old age to grow in usefulness and wisdom, and their second growth eclipses the first—an example to those who are too old (?) to learn new things. There is always a feeling of sadness connected with the warmest enthusiasm we can indulge, when the object of our admiration stands so high, so august, that its own parentage must worship it unseen and unheard, because unqualified to recognize its wonderful product. In all probability, the instance is rare where parents do not imperceptibly appreciate the conjoint creation of their individual natures; and this would be apparent, if minds and hearts were wedded, instead of fortunes—and, oftener, misfortunes. Now and then we witness the beautiful companionship of father and son, of mother and daughter, keeping step in the march of progress; a few more lines, a softer and more subdued expression in the face of maturity, the firmness of the step made gentle with discretion—these to mark the difference of years and the value of experience; but we would not wish to see this in every household, for we are willing that every generation shall gather its trophies of wisdom.

HOME GIVES THE IMPULSE.

Because the feet of youth are swift, shall we despair of reaching the goal? Is our experience to weigh nothing in the balance of destiny? Parental influence gives color, tone, and weight to the atmosphere of home. Commerce is molded here; justice and the affections are welded or severed here; the busy world of mechanics is reflected from the firelight on the hearth; and whether we live anew to the re-birth of the individual, or

find the glories of eternity increasing in the broader and multiplied existences of our children, there is nothing lost by our efforts to unfold the drapery of thought that is wrapped about the face of nature; but there is much to be gained when we attempt to measure our duties by unlimited capacity, even though we fail to secure the desired dimensions of power.

When fear hath fled from her own ghost, affrighted, half swooning at our feet, shall we accept the prophecy that hath fallen prematurely from the pallor of her lips? Because man is born, and because he dies out from the sight of those who still remain in the circle of humanity, shall we accept birth to satisfy the greed of death? Shall we light our tapers for the mere purpose of extinguishing them? Nay, rather let us, while we live, live unto life, trusting nature to snuff the

candle so that it shall go out "just in the nick of time." And when some one tells us—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die,"

let us beware that we cast not a shadow of stain upon the value of present time and opportunity by our opaque conclusion, that because it isn't all of life to live, *it must be the whole of life to die*. The annihilationist is not more remote from truth than are those who live constantly unto death, which, in itself, is the continuance of change—the extension of present evolutionary and involutionary life.

Many are they who have recompensed themselves in "the life that now is;" multitudes have failed to glean a harvest of golden sheaves from the chaff which they have scattered to the wayward winds.

ROSINE KNIGHT.

WHO CAN TELL?

BY BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH.

"Who shall give account unto Him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead?"

To the city where all shall repair
I wandered to-day, and I read
The inscriptions the white tablets bear,
By the living placed over the dead.

While the sleepers lie speechless and still
With folded hands under the mold,
Of the life which they used, good or ill,
They heed not what tale may be told;

But the rank which the world gave them here
O'er their ashes seems symbolized yet:
In fair spots proud columns appear,
For the rich, traced with praise and regret.

In a deep, swampy hollow, where glows
Scarce a smile from the sun on their bed,
The dust of the paupers repose;
Not a word of *their* virtues is said.

Saving these, were the *records* all true,
One must think only good people die.
Is it well truth to falsely construe,
Or write o'er them a flattering lie?

Though their lips for the false or the true
Shall never bear witness again,
They lived much as other folks do
While they dwelt here as women and men.

And all were but human and weak,
And some, doubtless, did far from well;

And though we of their sins need not speak,
Of virtues they had not, why tell?

And the living knew not all that lay
In the hearts now all mould'ring the same,
Even though they would truthfully say
Who *seemed* to deserve praise or blame.

I know not of sunshine or gloom
The portion which life may bestow,
Nor where nor what manner of tomb
Shall be mine when I slumber so low.

And I know not of good or of ill,
The height and the depth of the whole,
Which, active or latent, may fill
My being, and color my soul.

I with poverty's children may lie,
In a grave all forgotten and lone;
Or, should the world care when I die,
Be lauded in sculptured white stone.

But the paupers might humbly have kept
A soul-treasure greater in worth
Than she who in marble pomp slept
With the wealthy and honored of earth.

Then carve me no praises on stone
Of merit, where but grievous fault
May be seen by that One, Who, alone,
Knoweth whom to condemn or exalt.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

THE organization of this eminent Scottish divine is striking. A remarkably broad head declares the man of energy, activity, and practical ability, the man of force and executive power. It would be difficult for such a brain to keep still or "lie off;" even when weariness and debility admonish the approach of exhaustion, he must be active still, although in a sphere of relaxation. Does he take a run

and as an organizer of acquired facts, are remarkable. His sense of the refined and graceful and elegant is acute. A natural critic, he can discriminate between the true and the false in esthetics, and describe with remarkable power whatever attracts his attention. Ardent in feeling, sympathetic and friendly, earnest and emphatic, ingenious and inventive, thorough-going and practical, having withal a



through the highlands of his native Scotland, or does he visit the Continent of Europe for a breathing spell, we find him with eyes and ears open taking notes of what comes in his way.

He must work; it is his nature. He has in a marked degree the elements of versatility; is not satisfied with plodding on in one line, but must have several irons in the fire—and can keep them hot. His talents as an observer,

strong and enduring physique, Dr. Bonar is a man to make his mark in the world, and to reflect honor on the profession to which he belongs.

He inherited the clerical disposition, being sprung from a family of ministers that can be traced back nearly to the Reformation. His great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather, and grandfather were ministers. His own

father, James Bonar, was solicitor of excise for Scotland. Two of his brothers are in the ministry.

Born in 1808, he was educated mainly at the high-school of Edinburgh, and afterward at the university, finishing his professional studies under such men as Dr. Welsh and Dr. Chalmers.

In 1837 Dr. Bonar was settled in the North Church of Kelso, a famous old border town at the confluence of the Tweed and Teviot. Kelso had long been known as a literary provincial town. It was the first such town that could boast of a printing-press of its own in Scotland. Its newspapers have always stood high, and have done good service once and again in the cause of truth. The surrounding country is of extreme beauty and full of historic interest. Two miles to the north of it is the village of Ednam, the birthplace of the poet Thomson.

Dr. Bonar found here a congenial field of labor; and to him it was a field of *labor*. He found work as a pastor, and as a preacher and teacher, even more than sufficient for any one man; but with it all he found time for literary pursuits. He edited *The Presbyterian*, a serial which took very high standing for a time.

It was in those stirring times that he began to issue "The Kelso Tracts." They appeared from time to time, without regular method of any kind. They had three main points only in view: first, a clear and simple exhibition of the nature of the Gospel; second, words of warning; and, third, "the building up of saints in our most holy faith." One of these tracts, "Believe and Live," published in 1839, had, as we have reason to know, a very marked influence upon its many readers. It had a very large circulation in this country, and is, we believe, still circulated in the United States.

He left the Established Church of Scotland in 1843, and cast in his lot with the Free Church. But to him "the disruption" made little change. From some peculiarity in the title-deeds of the North Church, he and his congregation retained possession of it, and remained in undisturbed possession for the greater part of twenty years. His congregation and he were then ejected, and they had another church to build, which they speedily and cheerfully accomplished, and all went on as before.

It would occupy many of our pages should we attempt to give a fair outline of the published works of Dr. Bonar. We must content ourselves with indicating a few of the more prominent. In 1846 he published a little book

under the title of "Truth and Error," in the form of ten letters, dedicated and addressed to the members of his own congregation, a treatise small in bulk, but weighty, and clear, and abundant in matter. It is a book which contains solid truth, firmly and forcibly put, which is well suited for all times. Few readers of his "Hymns of Faith and Hope" will need to be told, also, that he has an extensive acquaintance with hymnology.

One of the most popular of Dr. Bonar's prose works was an early publication, "The Night of Weeping." It had a marvelous sale in a short time of more than sixty thousand copies. It was followed by two companion volumes, at intervals, entitled, "The Morning of Joy," and "The Eternal Day."

Dr. Bonar holds very strong "pre-millenarian views." These views he argues in a well-known volume, entitled, "Prophetic Landmarks," which he has enriched in successive editions by quotations and references from his multifarious readings, and which is certainly by far the clearest and ablest exposition of the doctrines held by pre-millenarians. It gave rise to the book on the other side of the question by Dr. David Brown, in which the opposite view is as clearly and as ably stated and defined. Any one who reads these two volumes will have ample materials for forming a judgment on this very important question of Bible interpretation. We know no two volumes in which the views held by the best men on both sides are so clearly and fully set forth.

In 1856 Dr. Bonar began to feel the strain of his long-continued labors, and rest and relaxation were imperatively demanded. He made a long tour through the Desert of Sinai and the Holy Land. On his return, in re-established health, the first fruits to the public was the publication of a volume entitled, "The Desert of Sinai," and this was speedily followed by its complement, "The Land of Promise." These two volumes contain much information, and many graphic pictures of scenes of interest; and they are full of morsels of Biblical criticism, the ripe product of a well-stored mind.

The well-known *Christian Treasury*, a monthly periodical, was started in Edinburgh in the year 1845. It was edited from its commencement by the Rev. Andrew Cameron, now in Melbourne, who retired from the editorship in 1859. Dr. Bonar succeeded him, and still continues his editorial labors. In addition, he also edits, and has edited from its commencement,

more than twenty years ago, *The Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, a periodical which devotes itself mainly to the consideration of prophetic subjects and matters bearing more or less directly on the interpretation of prophecy.

Perhaps the most valuable, and, in many respects, the most laborious of all Dr. Bonar's

works, is one which he has for some time been engaged upon, and entitled, "Light and Truth; or, Bible Thoughts and Themes." Four volumes are already published, and a fifth, now about ready, will complete it. The work consists of a series of short studies on selected texts from the Old and New Testaments.

ADHESIVENESS—FRIENDSHIP.

ADHESIVENESS gives a love of friends; disposition to associate, and is adapted to man's requisition for society and concert of action. Its excess leads to undue fondness for friends and company. Its deficiency to neglect of friends and society: the hermit disposition. Here are some of the Scriptural recognitions of the organ of ADHESIVENESS:

Then Joseph could not refrain himself—and he wept aloud, and said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And he said unto his brethren, Come near to me; I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that his brethren talked with him.

Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends. Henceforth, I call you not servants; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. Two are better than one; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Society is held together chiefly through friendship; without this quality there would be no concert of action; no community; no society.

True, lasting, unchanging friendship depends much upon the combination of other faculties, especially the moral and religious sentiments. Without Conscientiousness, which is the basis of integrity, there would be treachery; but when friendship is enlightened and our companions chosen with reference to compatibility, and when rooted in godliness, it will endure, and we need not fear estrangement.

The importance of friendship is seen everywhere in civilized life; but nowhere is it more potent than in religious organizations. The want of this power is exhibited in the

following paragraph by Rev. John Hall, wherein he invokes his people to "BE COR-DIAL." He says:

"You enter a church on the Sabbath forenoon with a timid, hesitating step; are gravely, civilly scrutinized by the sexton, who, you feel, is taking your measure and estimating your social position. The worshippers pass you as if you were a post. They do not jostle you, nor yet notice you; they are not rude, but severely let you alone.

"You sit in the pew near other worshippers in body, but remote enough from them as far as sympathy is concerned. One or two children see you furtively, and a casual adult may, perhaps, suggest to you the propriety of your explaining how you came to be there, but you are no further noticed; and when the minister pronounces the blessing, you do not feel as if you had any right to appropriate any part of it to yourself.

"Many quiet respectable churches have this spirit. It is hard to say who is responsible for it, or for correcting it. But it is no help. It chills those who had a little warmth, and it keeps out those who are a little cold. It is as effective against the approach of the poor as a notice against trespassers. And while persons who value the church as a social elevator may go and help to work the refrigerating machine, some 'respectable' persons who want a little religion, as such, will keep away. For the sake of every lawful purpose of a church, all men should keep this spirit out. The sexton should look pleasant, and find a stranger a seat, as if he expected him. Bibles and hymn-books should be handed by the nearest worshippers. There would be no harm in the minister praying for those friends who have turned in to worship; and if a pleasant nod came as the hymn-book is returned, as much as to say, 'Glad to see you—hope you'll come again,'

it would eke out even a poor sermon, and send the 'casual' away with a good impression. A church may have a spirit that welcomes, or a spirit that repels, the people, but surely the bride is to say 'Come.'"

Rev. Dr. Hall probably speaks for himself and for the Presbyterian church — whose membership is very dignified and severely proper, if not just a little proud, and the picture he paints seems true to the life. But this is not true of *all* Christian churches. Take the Baptists and the Methodists, for example. Are they not eminently social and

friendly? How they look after each other and all pull together! Of course, now and then one rebels, breaks away, and sets up for himself when he finds his brethren too slow. But they shut none out who wish to come in.

A young clergyman who has large Adhesiveness, and is friendly, will become popular though he may be less learned or brilliant than some others. It will be the same with a physician, a lawyer, dentist, etc. The element of friendship is an almost sure stepping-stone to success in any of the walks of life. Let it be properly cultivated.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

LAUGHTER.

OF all the audible expressions of the human passions there is none more pleasing than laughter. The mind, overtaxed with a sense of the ridiculous or amusing, finds vent and relief by audibly exercising itself in a very amiable manner. A somewhat ridiculous appear-



BRIMFULL OF FUN.

ance, however, marks the features; yet the close student of physiognomy will observe in a laughing countenance a property of reason expressive of something more than a simple appreciation of the ridiculous. I imagine that a man born and reared in the cave of Trophonius,

of which it was once said, that if a man once ever entered, he was never after seen to laugh, would be forcibly struck with the figure of a laughing countenance, and would, undoubtedly, soon become an earnest disciple of Darwin. Under the influence of laughter, the optical organs assume a dazzling appearance, and shoot forth sparkles highly characteristic of the joy and mirth within; the mouth also forms itself into a peculiar shape, making, generally, as close a call as possible upon the organs of hearing; in fact, the whole physiognomy is marked by a peculiar, radiant expression. There is in laughter an agreeable and desirable sensation, since it serves to slacken the mind, to drive away dull care, and dispel the gloom which often settles upon the spirits.

Though laughter may be considered a property of reason, the excess of it may well be considered a mark of folly; indeed, "there is nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools." This is easily accounted for, inasmuch as a "fool laugheth at his own folly." It has well been said that man, in spite of all the woe and sorrow which afflict him on earth, is the merriest of all creatures. It is a part of his nature that he seeks to turn into ridicule the conspicuous infirmities of those about him. Wherever he turns himself he finds objects for laughter; he is mirthful when he considers characters and qualities that would cause pity in a higher being.

"Man, proud man,

* Dressed in a little brief authority,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep—who, with our spleens,
Would make themselves laugh mortal."

A man endowed with a lively perception of the ludicrous possesses, generally, a strong propensity to create a laugh, and will laugh heartily himself at anything witty or funny. The



SARDONIC.

laughing man is always an amiable man; he succeeds in diffusing a cheerfulness through conversation; enlivens those about him, and is, therefore, a congenial companion.

An eminent English writer of the previous century, in an essay on laughter, affirms that it tends to weaken the faculties, and is indicative of mental infirmity. I claim that laughter is indicative of intelligence. The infant mind, before it is able to express its conception of things by a single intelligible word, gives marked evidence of its appreciation of objects by simple laughter. The matured and intelligent mind finds in laughter a language expressive of mirth; and mirth is simply a part and parcel of his composition. I claim that the activity of the mind is greatly increased by laughter, and that it contributes to health and bodily vigor. It imparts a buoyancy to the spirits, arouses the mind from its dormancy, makes it elastic and sprightly; while indulgence in laughter and hilarity increases respiration, promotes digestion, and creates an appetite.

Experience teaches us that the jovial, laughing man lives long and dies easily, while the sober, sanctimonious religionist, who holds that the exercise of the laughing faculty is improper and even wrong, soon becomes metamorphosed into a hardened cynic. He becomes misanthropic, morose, and melancholy, he ever looks upon the dark side of things, he sighs often, and "every sigh drives a nail into his coffin." We have an old adage which runs, "laugh and be fat," which, I think, is largely corroborated by human experience.

Some one has said that the character of a man may be discerned in every sentence which he utters. I think it may be said, with equal truth, that the character of a person may be recognized by his laughter, for there are as many varieties of laughter as there are different temperaments. By a person's laughter I think it possible to discover whether he be gentle and mild, or coarse and harsh, toward those with whom he associates.

The gods themselves seem to have been fond of laughter; we read of the "laughter-loving dame," which title was given to Venus, the loveliest of the ancient divinities, and Milton makes her *parent* to "heart-easing mirth," who,

"With two sister graces more,
No ivy-crowned Bacchus bore."

Laughter, whether it be the gentle mirth of the modest maiden, or the noisy fun of the merry man, speaks to us in accents gay and festive, telling us that laughter is heaven-born, its exercise free in "pleasures unproved," and reminds us simply of the Latin motto, *Ride, si sapiis*—Laugh, if you are wise. Then,

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jests and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

F. B. P.

SOME MODES OF HAND-SHAKING AND THEIR MEANING.

EVERY man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may not perhaps be discoverable in this fashion, but the more salient points of temperament and individuality may be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what I shall call the physiology or the philosophy of hand-shaking. Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had with malice prepense resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince-meat. And while the tears of

agony come into your eyes and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it—

"With finger-tip he condescends
To touch the fingers of his friends,
As if he feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on his hand."

To be treated with the cool contempt of supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he can not be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shakee, rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far

enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him. Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is next to impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say, I am either too preoccupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult. Friendship is wholly out of the question. To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also cease to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked, as a proof of good faith.

[Those who would know more of the signs or meaning of peculiarities in hand-shaking will find it, with illustrations, in the well-known work entitled "New Physiognomy."]

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE—No. 4.

TWO CLASSES OF BUSINESS MEN.

THEY who dwell in large cities are well acquainted with the many different types of tradesmen who get their living or make their fortunes by gratifying the caprices of human nature. We thoroughly understand the arts and devices practiced by the dealer in gilded gew-gaws and fancy articles; we are altogether conscious that our necessities do not comprehend such petty artificialities, but, nevertheless, we often find our moral convictions yielding to the seductive blandishments of the suave dealer, and our good money parted with for a specimen or two of his trumpery, and we carry home the purchase inwardly striving to offset or subdue the "whips and scorns" of our better reason by the lame assurance that the bit of tinsel in its soft paper covering is a "thing of beauty," and, therefore, "a joy forever."

But can they who minister to the mere caprices and fancies of society be honest?

Honesty in trade signifies the giving in exchange for one's money an equivalent; in other words, the purchaser obtains a reasonable satisfaction for his money, while the seller has given for that money an article which he believes is not only worth the price affixed, but also is in accordance with the wish and purpose of the purchaser. We do not believe in the ascetic idea of some, that to be honest in business vocations men must come down to the "hard-pan" of the substantial, useful, and necessary. Were such a theory to prevail, how cramped would become the domain of esthetics! How little would be the space for the indulgence of refined sentiment and pure feeling! There is use in the beautiful; the culture of the esthetic faculties—and the fact that man has such faculties is a divine testimonial of his right to exercise them—contributes to our higher enjoyment of the creatures material

Providence has placed at our disposal. Christ beheld the Temple, how it was *ornamented* with goodly stones, and *wept over it*. Need we further evidence of the propriety of indulging our taste for the graceful, symmetrical, beautiful? Christ wept at the prospect of the destruction of that grand consummation of art and labor, the Temple at Jerusalem—how grand was His appreciation of that gorgeous edifice!—how divine!

In trade, however, we find two classes of men conspicuously marked by the nature of their calling; one possesses the straightforward earnestness and openness of the dealer in goods which are staple in character and "speak for themselves;" the other possesses the mellow, suave, elastic nature of the dealer in wares which must be described, represented, and "pushed" into sale. The former makes up his stock with articles for which there is a steady demand, goods which the public require, and whose values are extensively known. The latter has a transitional stock; as season follows season his wares change in pattern, quality, and quantity, the same sorts being very infrequently repeated,



Fig. 1—INTEGRITY.

the inference from this constant change being that one purchase of a given article is quite enough to satisfy the purchaser of its uselessness, or of the unwisdom of the selection. But so it goes on, the love of variety or novelty is responded to by the insinuating dealer in *bijouterie*, fancy jewelry, and pasteboard trinkets, and he that to-day complains of being "sold" in the gew-gaw which "caught his eye" on the avenue, will be ready to be caught by some new and glittering nothing to-morrow.

We assimilate to our practices and modes of thought. This is natural, and so the merchant and salesman whose counters are piled with staple and substantial fabrics are known more for their hearty positiveness and direct utterance than for their mellow, pliable manner and persuasive address; while the vendor of small wares and showy frippery is distinguished more for his smooth and oily blandishment, his inviting phrase and well-tuned cajollery, than for clear and candid statement. In our first illustration there are the open, cordial features of the first class we have considered; while in the second illustration the mean, insinuating, crafty expression informs us of the class to which such a face properly belongs.



Fig. 2—CRAFTY.

We have heard of men being "talked to death;" such a catastrophe never occurred in the wareroom of a merchant of the first class we have described. That it may have occurred in the store of one of the second class seems not improbable, since, with our own experience in view, a man once fairly in the clutches of some of those harpies might welcome the suggestion of suicide as a sure relief from licensed persecution.

HAL D. RAYTON.

OLD FACES.

ON a recent Sunday evening, while reading a vivid description of a famed tropical city, my mind involuntarily reverted to another city in the far sunny land of perpetual flowers and verdure, which I had lived in in years gone by, when scene after scene of early youth shot through my brain, like electric flashes. Throwing the book aside, I sought the library, and buried myself among musty books and albums. There were old school-books, old romances, and old books of travel, some belonging to generations long past. Among those of more recent date, was one of my first photographic albums. Ten years ago 'twas fresh and new, and the portraits were of one year's gathering. It had been laid away with other precious things for years, and I took it up with reverential awe As I slowly turned its

heavy gilt-edged leaves, and face after face told its decade of history, a thousand memories crossed my mind, and untold feelings thrilled my heart. There were the dear faces of my parents and my brother, each wearing an expression of love and gentleness; and there, too, were the faces of my little cousins—children then, men and women now. Two aunts—one maternal, one paternal—long gone to their last home. A favorite cousin (an officer in the Federal navy) died at sea, and they left him in remote Singapore. One friend, an officer in the rebel army, was killed while assisting in the storming of Atlanta; and another, a gifted statesman, lost his life by a railway accident. Another, was an eye-witness of a terrible earthquake that destroyed one of the fairest cities of South America, himself but just escaping the jaws of death; and, still another, a bright, distinguished intellect, is

now an inmate of an insane asylum. Many had gone to their long sleep, and as many more have married and drifted from my knowledge. Ah, Fate inexorable! Why have you thus deprived me of the friends of my youth? In early years you sport with us; you weave the chains of love and friendship about us; you build us light and airy temples, whose portals are rose-crowned, and whose every nook and corner are golden-hued; then, link by link, you shatter our silken fetters, and the fairy structures dissolve in mist. Is life but a mockery, that you play with us thus? I can not believe it. The mind that weaves these visions bright has in them a foretaste of its immortality. The chains are not broken, but only lengthened, and the loved ones in whose grasp rest the farthest shining links draw us thereby, surely, gently, after them. The temples of roses mount to Heaven, and we, at last, enter their long-sought doors, never to descend. A. D. S.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bloom
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

GOOD BEHAVIOR.

BAD manners are more frequently the result of ignorance than of a bad motive. If one meets another riding out on the highway, and "keeps to the right, as the law directs," no collision is likely to take place. Or, in the event of injury by a collision, the one to blame, by not "keeping to the right," will be held in damages—*provided*, it occur in the United States. But if in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or anywhere in Great Britain, exactly the reverse is the rule. There the law is, to keep to the *left* instead of the *right*, when meeting on a public road.

The boor, who puffs smoke from his stinking, old tobacco pipe in the faces of decent people, may be altogether unconscious that the nasty stuff is disagreeable to others. Excuse him, when you rebuke him, on the ground of his ignorance.

The boy, full of health and happiness, overflows with noise; he whistles or sings,

when on the street, or, it may be, keeps time with his feet during singing in church, or at a concert. He has not been taught manners in this respect, and don't know any better. The same is true of those lisping lovers who whisper during the sermon or prayers, or at a musical performance. They must be taught how to behave before they can know what is good manners. The same is true in many other cases, and if they, who are so much annoyed, would restrain their indignation, and kindly instruct the ignorant or thoughtless, it would correct the evil, and leave no sting. But if a "curmudgeon" blurt out his displeasure in offensive language, he only excites combativeness or contempt on the part of those he would correct. Ignorant persons are, if possible, even more sensitive to insults than those who are well educated.

All men wish to be good—wish to be happy. Few have yet learned that one's happi-

ness consists largely in making others happy. We are taught that it is "more blessed to give—time, labor, love, money, advice, anything of which we have more than our neighbor—than to receive," but how many realize or believe in this? Some have enjoyed the sweet luxury of doing good to others, without a thought of other reward than the happy consciousness of the act itself. But this is not the principle on which most men—even professed Christian men—do business. They have other ways of laying up treasures in heaven, namely, by "getting all they can, and keeping all they get." But we are straying from our subject. Here is a capital "criticism" from *The Oneida Circular*, which hits us all right where we live, and teaches a lesson which all ought to learn, namely, that nobody *wishes* to hear of our aches and pains, that nobody *likes* another the better, because of his infirmity. There is a prevailing habit with many to report all their griefs to any one who will lend a listening ear. But we may assure the poor invalid that his society will be much more agreeable when he is well, and without any ache, pain, sore, or other blemish. Most persons like sunshine better than shadow, and health better than disease.

A TILT AT MANNERS.

Everybody is familiar with the sound of a cough, but who imagines that it has peculiarities worthy of critical notice? Everything produced by human effort is worthy of study. A little attention turned toward the subject of coughing will find in it such a variety in pitch, power, quality of tone and meaning conveyed, as at once to arouse the interest of an inquiring mind. Coughing is the language of invalidism, and to the unthinking requires an interpreter. There is, for instance, the complacent hack, thrown off at short intervals without the least effort. The meaning of the dry little bark is, that you are an afflicted brother, but are bearing up under your trials with Christian fortitude. Then there is the deep, sonorous cough, which shakes the whole frame and issues with that tearing sound which you imagine must be healthy practice for the throat and internal organs. It produces a note which arrests the attention at once, and when chronic is a good specific for people whose nerves are over sensitive. One ought really to feel privileged

in listening to this solemn sound of advancing decay: for it plainly says—"I am troubled with a very serious lung difficulty, and my cough is quite dangerous. This should make you modest in view of your own robust health." Next comes the spasmodic coughing fit, which possesses greater merit, because more rare. It is most telling when suddenly executed in a crowded assembly during an interesting reading or debate, thus relieving the monotony of the occasion and making a hiatus in the proceedings, quite grateful to the tired listeners. These are some of the elementary sounds, but they are susceptible of endless variation, and may, with practice, be rendered with great effect.

Apropos of coughing is another habit nearly akin to it, viz., sneezing. Most people indulge in a quiet little effort of this kind which is hardly noticed. This is called a cat-sneeze and is childish. The true sneeze for the adult should be accompanied with an explosion like the concussion following a sudden discharge of fire-arms. There are, however, few persons who have reached the highest standard in this little accomplishment. The most remarkable feat in this line of which we have heard was performed by a lady, who is said to have produced such a commotion of atmospheric waves by a single "Ha-rasch-ah!" as to cause a general slamming of the ventilators in that part of the house.

It may not be commonly known that the nose can be made to yield a loud, resonant note when properly handled; such is the fact, however, and it is peculiarly appropriate as a flourish before addressing an audience as signifying readiness for action. Lastly: The majority of folks, including most of the gentler sex, make a silent use of the handkerchief in public when afflicted with a cold in the head. Quite too much delicacy. How will it ever be known that you are suffering from this malady unless you in some manner make your distress audible?

Now, there is a certain class of people who entertain radical ideas in regard to the practices above mentioned. They maintain, for example, that the innocent practice of coughing is a decidedly injurious one, not in good taste in the presence of others, and quite out of character in any public gathering. They say that it is a mild imposition on our neigh-

bor; that he should not be forced to hear what he does not wish to; and, further, that it is possible in almost all cases to so control ourselves as to entirely repress the tendency to cough. Our ailments, say they, should not be obtruded upon the notice of others—but rather carefully concealed. These remarks they aim as much at the nose as at the lungs. This organ they solemnly declare

should *never* be heard from, and they lay down the following rule: "Repress absolutely all sounds which can by any possibility be unpleasant to your neighbor."

[In our little book, "How to Behave," we have given many useful rules, which should be learned and practiced; but the matter of coughing, sneezing, snoring, and blowing the nose, must, in future, be included.]

EVENING.

The evening sun hath gently kissed
A silent, soft good-bye,
And blushes as the fond caress
Hath mantled earth and sky.
Sweet music from the harps of night
Now charm the listening ear,
And on each trembling leaflet lies
Night's beauteous, pearls tear.

The gentle moon, night's radiant queen,
Ascends her jeweled throne,
And breathes o'er earth, and air, and sky,
A sweetness all her own.
The mystic charm, with fettered will,
Earth, air, and sky confessed;
The blushes fade, the pulse beats low—
The world is all at rest. M. E. P.

PROF. J. M. KIEFFER,

A WESTERN MUSICIAN.

THIS gentleman has a temperament indicating sharpness and activity, and a great deal of earnestness and positiveness. His temperament would be called mental-motive, the first quality giving clearness of thought and intensity of emotion, the other giving positiveness and power. If he had more of the vital temperament, to give him smoothness, and that steady zeal which contributes to sustained effort, as well as nutrition for the waste and wear of life, he would be a more harmonious character, and would last longer.

He is decidedly sentimental, lives very much in the realm of abstract ideas, is full of patriotism, ambition, and sympathy. He is a sharp reasoner, but may not follow a plodding course in an investigation of subjects—he grasps by intuition the general theme, and follows its essential elements without any special method. He does not treat a subject as a farmer does his field, by plowing, in regular sequence, furrow by furrow, until it is completed, but takes hold of it rather as the breeze does the field of grain, sweeping over it at a single gust, and realizing the whole at once. He is a hard worker, but not a plodder.

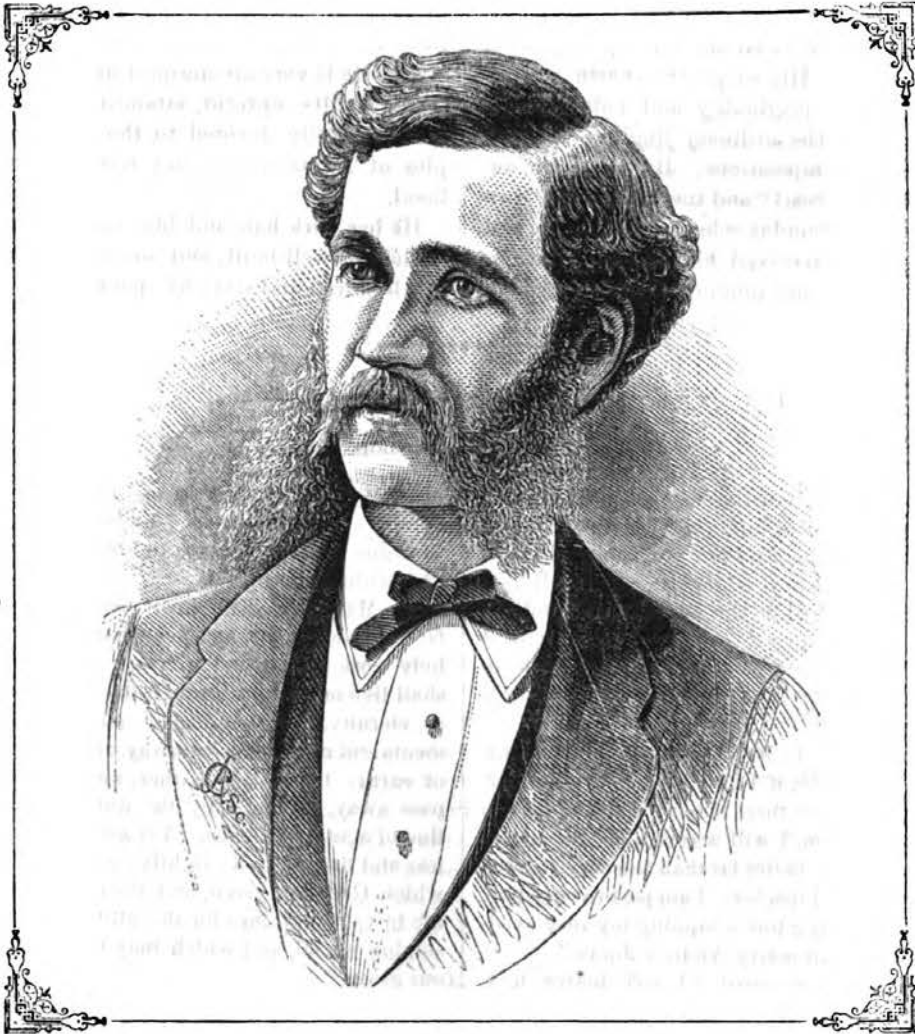
He reads character almost intuitively, forms

acquaintances with strangers in three minutes, and is at ease with those he likes at once, while those for whom he entertains a dislike he avoids. As a critic, he divides men and measures, thoughts and things, into two great classes—the good and the bad; those which do not come up to a fair average are ignored or repudiated; those which are admitted on the sunny side of the medial line he inclines to idealize and foster. He is cautious, and at the same time combative. As a speaker or writer, he would bring out the elements of courage and strength. His Approbativeness is another leading trait; he appreciates character and reputation, is extremely sensitive to censure or praise, is firm in his purposes, but has not, as we have said, a plodding spirit. He goes by fits and starts. When in the mood for it, will do a great deal of work; but when not in the mood, inclines to throw work aside, or to rest and recreate, or change to something which gratifies his love for variety. He is a good friend, admires woman, loves children; is fond of splendid scenery; likes excitement; is a natural artist; appreciates beauty, refinement, eloquence, and grandeur. He would have done well on the stage; he is able to adapt

himself to others, and to co-operate, although he thinks he can achieve results without help; he co-operates socially rather than financially. He is something of an inventor, has good mechanical taste, and a fine development of language.

J. M. KIEFFER, well known in the West as a composer and teacher of vocal music, was born near Smithville, Wayne County, Ohio,

ing and robust school. At the age of twelve years he became the pupil of Mr. B. R. Shaw, a highly-cultivated music teacher, under whose tuition he made rapid progress. In a few years he began teaching singing-classes near his home in the country with marked success; but he soon outgrew this work, and prosecuted his studies still further, under more eminent teachers.



on the 28th of March, 1840. He is the sixth son of American-born parents, descending from French and German ancestry. His father was one of the early pioneers of Ohio, and an honest and worthy farmer.

The subject of our sketch, with his brothers and sisters, spent his early years on his father's farm, in the seclusion of Nature's own elevat-

In 1861 he became a student in Mount Union College, Ohio, and completed a thorough normal course in the sciences. After a short term of volunteer service in the army, in 1864, he again resumed his work in music.

He has been a pupil of Signor Carlo Bassini, Dr. Lowell Mason, W. B. Bradbury, and Geo. F. Root, and has carefully studied the

works of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini, Berlioz, and Marx.

We have many vocal and instrumental compositions from his pen, all of which have been published in sheet form by the Messrs. Brainard, of Cleveland, Ohio. Among the former we might mention "Lay His Sword by His Side," "Remember the Poor," "Daisy Lea," "I'm Dreaming of the Past," "Moonlight Among the Pines," "The Shining Ones of the Better Land," etc.; and of the latter, "National Guard's Grand March," "Dancing Waves," etc. His songs are chaste and refined, and in originality and culture rank much above the ordinary jingling standard of modern compositions. He is also the author of the "Pearl" and the "Welcome," two very popular Sunday-school music books, and which have received high commendations from the press and prominent Sabbath-school

workers in Europe and America. His S. S. songs are full of life and animation, and contain a high-toned Christian sentiment, which at once proves his adaptation to that sphere of composition.

He has been actively engaged in conducting musical conventions and institutes in various cities and towns in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. He enters upon his work with much earnestness and enthusiasm, and never fails to enlist the interest of all under his instruction. He is very circumspect and temperate in his habits, upright, straightforward, and most earnestly devoted to the great principles of righteousness and human brotherhood.

He has dark hair and blue eyes, is six feet in height, well built, and weighs upward of one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

MARY LEE'S DREAM.

BY LAURA OAKWOOD.

"I CAN not bear this drudgery any longer, it is wearing my very life away!" and the weary teacher laid her head upon the desk in her despondency, while bitter tears fell over her cheeks. Awhile she sat thus, then raising her head she gazed round upon the vacant seats in the dusty little school-room with an expression fully as determined as the words she murmured.

"Yes, I will do it. Andrew Jones will ask me to marry him if I only give him an opportunity. Though there is not a spark of love in my soul for him, I will accept him; for a loveless marriage is better far than the cheerless life of the old-maid teacher. I am past twenty-five, and this wearing toil is sapping my very existence, and I will marry Andrew Jones."

"Yes," she repeated, "I *will* marry him. 'Men must open some other avenues for women to earn their bread, or be forever content to take to their arms unloving wives.' When were truer words ever penned than these? There is no other alternative for me, and I will accept that which fate offers."

With this resolve she put on her bonnet and passed out; but as she locked the door of the school-room and dropped the key in her pocket, she felt that she had locked up all the brightness of the future; locked forever in her

heart all the cherished dreams of future good, all the sweet visions of happiness which, as sunshine over the verdure and bloom of spring, had made life beautiful.

Oh, Mary Lee, dive down beneath the surface of your labor, and see what a great and holy work is intrusted to you! Minds which shall live on and on through the infinite cycles of eternity. Despondencies and disappointments *will* crowd the pathway of the children of earth; hopes will wither, sweet pleasures pass away, leaving only the dull, dreary routine of actual existence. Yet *not* dull, not useless and dreary, if we rightly employ the gifts which God has given, and do not waste this life in vain repinings for the glittering baubles shining ahead, and which may turn to dust in our grasp.

Shall we describe Andrew Jones? Then, reader mine, see him: short in stature, awkward in motion; coarse, black hair, growing low upon his forehead, and pointing out in every direction as though endeavoring to free itself; little, bead-like eyes, which look *not* "like the windows of a great and noble soul," that sparkle not with the force of mighty intellect; a voice coarse and unmusical, fit accompaniment to the remainder of his organization.

And *this* man Mary Lee had resolved to

marry to free herself from the toil she thought drudgery.

As she sat alone in the little parlor at home that evening, she saw him come swaggering in and take the seat beside herself. She smiled a faint "Good-evening," a smile like a wave frozen in its course. The silly man was almost beside himself that she deigned to wreath her proud lips into a smile for him, and seizing her slender white hand in his brown, chubby fist, stammered—

"Mary, you're the best girl I ever saw; won't you marry me?"

"Yes, Andrew, I will," she replied, in a tone so cold, so void of any tremor of feeling, that it almost startled her. Her determination was fixed, and she resolutely shut out the picture of a future spent with this man. Her promise had gone forth, she was weary of work and she would abide by her decision.

This, then, was the ending of all the bright, sunny visions she had that night locked in her heart forever. Forever! Ah, they will come back sometimes, and be so much brighter by contrast with the dismal reality. Often, when you think them forgotten, with a suddenness they will flash over you, and the labor you now so much despise would be a happy rest for your tired heart.

Could we brush the dust of forgetfulness from the innermost chambers of many busy brains, what sunny pictures would smile out at us from behind long years of toil and sorrow and disappointments?

But Mary Lee was married. Married in name only, for none of that congeniality, that oneness which make up so much the bliss of wedded life, was theirs. As each day passed over them, she drifted farther and farther from her husband, until she came almost to loathe herself and him. He, poor, simple-hearted man, gave her all the worship of which his soul was capable, and her wish was his law. Her smile sent great waves of joy to his heart and the sunshine rippling over his brown visage. He always acquiesced in all she said, and she felt sometimes she would go mad; his very meekness and worshipfulness almost crazed her. He humored every whim in his power; and when her miserable bondage drove her almost wild, he would silently gaze upon her, and his little, bead-like eyes grew smaller in his sadness until they looked like little black specks shining under his shaggy eyebrows. Sometimes, when she saw how miserable she made him, the smoldering spark of pity shone forth, and her gentle word would

set him all aglow again with waves of joy. They lived on, and as their children grew up around them, they learned to fear the frown of their mother, and pity and compassionate their meek, patient father. Her intellect narrowed, and she became so addicted to scolding and fault-finding, that it was a bright day, indeed, in the Jones household when "mother did not scold."

And did she ever think of the past? Yes, sometimes the dusty little school-room would rise up before her, and she thought the toil of *then*, would be holy rest to her tired heart now. She thought of the sweet, young voices and the loving, happy faces that used to cluster around her desk—and looking up she caught only Andrew's meek, worshipful look, and the sad, old-young faces of her unhappy children; and in that one moment would have given worlds, were they her's to give, could she be free again as when she last locked the door of that school-room.

Her burden seemed more than she could endure, and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud,

"Why, Mary, daughter, what in the world are you crying for?"

She looked up, half expecting to meet Andrew Jones' gaze, but instead her dear mother's gentle face was bending over her, arousing her from the troubled dream. Andrew had not come, and she had fallen asleep as she had sat alone in the parlor that evening, and it was all a dismal, dreary dream.

She entered the school-room next morning with different thoughts from those when quitting its threshold last evening. Every little face looks brighter; every "Good-morning" sounds sweeter, and what was drudgery to her yesterday, is pleasant duty to-day.

Reader, you, perhaps, would be better pleased with our story were we to bring some bold cavalier along to woo with sweet love-words our gentle Mary Lee. But this we do not find to be so; she still toils on, finding new pleasure in her labor, content with the pure love of innocent hearts which every day twine with a closer union around their loved teacher. Instead of narrowing, her mind and heart are each day expanding with more noble ideas of existence. It would be classing her with more than mortal to say she never grows lonely or weary, or longs to go forth from her native hills into the great, busy, throbbing world; longs for

"Something better than she has known;"

but when such thoughts come over her, she instantly checks them, and in activity finds an

antidote for despondency. She does not lose sight of the fact that the consciousness of duty performed well and faithfully is the highest happiness earth can give. She looks to a far, dim future for a reward, when she may hail with supreme joy the golden sunset of that last, long night from which she may awaken to find this life a troubled dream, and heaven the bright reality.

And who dare say, when she becomes a part of the great hereafter, when heaven opens before her, that she may not find flowers blooming in perpetual beauty, the germ of which she sowed among the earth-beds of life? Who can say that she may not there be met by immortal minds, which her labors have helped to mold and fashion into fair forms of beauty and loveliness?

“FOR HER SAKE.”

THE N. Y. *Tribune* prints the following relative to the late Frederick W. Loring, who was slain by the Apaches near Wickenburg, Arizona, in November, 1871, while serving with Lieut. Wheeler's expedition as a correspondent of the *Tribune*. His friends have recovered the effects that were on his person when he fell. In his pocketbook, along with some unfinished sketches, were the following graceful verses [which have in them the only true and unselfish philosophy which should govern in such cases], now first given to the world:

Do you ask me, starry eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise,
Who should know as well as you?
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown,
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone;
Yet he hopes it wins her thought.
All that in his soul has grown,
To her sovereign feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs,
Is not for his sake, but hers.

For her sake he will endure,
For her sake will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice.
If another wins her heart,
Sadly he will from her part;
Sadly, bravely, true love is,
For her sake and not for his.

This is the true lover sweet—
True as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect since it comes from you.
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I could not let you go.
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake and for your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Heart of any former man.
Look at me and then agree,
None have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do,
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away.
When old age our life has spent,
'Twill be time enough to say,
What is love in argument.
For the present all stars shine;
You are here, and you are mine.
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.

MAJOR ELLSMERE'S MANAGEMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

BY VIRGINIA DU RANT COVINGTON.

MAJOR ELLSMERE was a widower, with three children—a son and two daughters. He was accounted an honorable man, and one exceedingly clever, always ready to oblige his neighbors, and of profuse and kindly hospitality. He also had the name of being an exceedingly humane master. His negroes were comfortably clothed, well fed, and prided themselves on their “honesty,”

in which respect they were a refreshing contrast to the dirty, half-made thieves and pilferers living on the adjacent plantation. Major Ellsmere took great pains to instruct them in the code of morals, held his overseer to strict accountability for his administration of affairs, not suffering him to punish one except in extreme cases. Such was his mode of management with his slaves, and it was a

happy success. No planter made better crops, had a more efficient working force, or more devoted servants.

Strangely enough, his way with his children was altogether different. They were small when their mother died, and their negro nurse taught them to fear their father by always threatening them with his anger. It was, "Mass' Edward, your pa'll whip you, if he see you go barefooted!" "Miss Janie, how you tare your frock?—ole massa be mad for dat." So that the little ones early learned to regard their paterfamilias as an ogre. Edward had never been robust, but was a cheerful, active little fellow, possessed of feminine sensitiveness. Having read somebody's treatise on training, his father decided he must be taught to work, and in midsummer put the delicate child to hoeing among a parcel of strapping negro fellows. He fainted, and was brought to the house, limp and apparently lifeless; had an attack of brain fever, from which he did not recover in months. Old Judy nursed him faithfully, and her remonstrances with her master gave the little fellow to her fond but injudicious care for years afterward.

At length, however, the Major became exercised on the subject of education, and nothing would do but to keep Edward at school. Old Judy had been feeding him on pound-cake, rich stews, and soups, until chronic biliousness gave him a constant headache. The confinement of school and the drudgery of memorizing was insufferable. He complained constantly: "Pa, let me stay at home! Pa, I can't study!" But his ill-judging parent reproved him sternly for his stupidity and laziness, sent him to school with a note to his teacher, ordering him "to flog him whenever he didn't know his lessons." The pedagogue of the academy felt flattered by his investiture with such authority, and occasions soon arising—for Edward, poor child, *could* not study—he made unsparing use of the ferule. What words can paint the burning sense of humiliation which tortured that sensitive child soul! He could not bear it, and he would not. And at old Judy's suggestion, he spent next day in the cool, green woods, with Fido, his faithful dog, for a companion; and his nurse brought his dinner to him—chicken, and rice, and

dainty jelly, and a clean towel to spread the good things on, by a clear, bubbling spring. It was so pleasant, so different from that hot, glaring school-house, and cold lunch in a tin bucket. He had a frolic with Fido after Judy left him, and lay down on the soft grass, his arms round the dog's neck, his curly head on the shaggy mane, and slept till the sun was low. How good he felt—no headache, no pain in his little shoulder. It was delightful to play *truant*. He continued to do so for a fortnight. Then came a terrible *denouement*.

"Edward," said his father, one morning, "you have been playing truant, you infamous little rascal! Come with me to the *gin-house*, my young rogue." The child went mutely, said nothing till his father began to *tie* him "hog fashion." "Don't, pa! I'd rather you'd shoot me!" But with muttered curses the process was completed, and that tender, delicate, ten-year old child whipped with a cowhide! The large, soft, hazel eyes were humid while he underwent that baptism of degradation; but no words of entreaty, no *tears*, only one brief, agonizing shriek, ere unconsciousness came, quieting the quivering limbs, pitifully marked in black and blue.

From that day an evil spirit seemed to possess the boy in all his dealings with his father. To his sisters he was affectionate and kind as ever, to the servants generous and considerate. But he kept out of his father's sight, never spoke to him when he could avoid it, and invariably looked sullen and stupid in his presence. When forced by his father, who was a professed Christian, to go to Sunday-school and church, and to read the Bible, he assumed an air of stolid unconcern, and out of sight of his father tossed the Bible on the floor contemptuously, saying, "That tells him to *horsewhip* me!"

Could it be the same child who, at night and morning, had lisped at his mother's knee, "Lead us not into temptation?"

At college he was at first a model student. Away from his father, his native literary turn developed itself, and he took high rank among his fellows. His reports were flattering; and his father, paying him a visit, was so kind and considerate, that Edward, completely won, appeared in the new character of an affectionate, confiding son. Unfortunately, he heard his father express his views on *duel-*

ing to an acquaintance whom they met on the street, who gave Major Ellsmere an account of a recent affair of honor, in which he had acted as second. The Major greatly admired the "spunk" of the person who had sent the challenge, and who had placed his adversary *hors de combat*. A month afterward Edward received what he considered a dead insult from a fellow-student, challenged him, and wounded him so severely that a surgeon, hastily summoned, declared the result doubtful, and Edward only escaped arrest by leaving the city on the first train. He fully expected his father's countenance and sympathy; instead of which he was denounced as a murderous scoundrel, an outlaw, who was determined to disgrace his family. Those bitter reproaches sealed the boy's ruin. From that time he seemed bent on throwing himself away; took to drinking, frequented low groceries, spent his nights in wild orgies, his days in stupor.

One night Major Ellsmere awoke as the clock was striking twelve, and, influenced by one of those curious psychic impressions that one can feel, but not define, he rose, dressed, and walked out to his gin-house, where he found a gang of men loading a wagon with his cotton, *his* son, Edward, standing by with a lantern directing their operations. The proud planter was cut to the heart; that bitter hour engraved the pain lines of twenty years on his brow; yet he tried to turn off his burning shame and humiliation, and told the men he had *given* Edward that cotton, and it was only one of the boy's freaks to have it hauled off in the night; but, alone with his son, he cursed him for an infamous thief, and asked him why he didn't cut his own throat, since he only lived to disgrace his family. Edward listened in sullen silence, went away next morning, and was brought home a corpse, after a week's debauch in one of the grogeries he frequented.

Janie Ellsmere was a beauty—fair, golden-haired and graceful-limbed, sweet tempered, and, though not at all fond of books, of an industrious, *domestic* turn. She delighted in making pastry and cake; liked to see to the garden and attend to the poultry. But her father found fault with these "low tastes," as he called them, and forbade her to go about kitchen or to talk with the servants.

Janie grew restless and discontented, and when old Judy said, "Never mind, honey, when you git married, you kin do what you wants to; you'll be your own 'oman den, and old massa can't scold you no more 'bout bein' *smart*," the words sunk deep in her heart, and she firmly resolved to marry her first offer, and become mistress of a home. Her *first* offer was from a very fast but wealthy young man, to whom Major Ellsmere had taken a fancy. She accepted him, and they had a costly wedding. Her father gave them a handsome house, elegantly furnished, and for a few months Janie was happy. But early maternity and a rapid succession of children undermined her constitution, and made her a life-long invalid. Her husband was a gambler, tippler, libertine, and his unkind treatment and disgusting ways stifled his wife's ambition to keep a neat house, have a fine garden, and well-ordered premises.

Major Ellsmere's last hope, as far as his children were concerned, was in his youngest daughter, Mat; and she seemed destined to satisfy his love and ambition fully. A graceful fairy, of a joyous, unselfish spirit, devoted to her father, and confiding in him with her whole heart. Her eloquent eyes and magnificent brow outwardly symbolized the grand intellect with which Nature had endowed her, and her girlish precocity in music and drawing was a source of infinite delight to her proud, doting father. Every advantage was given her—masters in languages, music, painting—and her thirst for knowledge stimulated to the highest degree. Money was lavished on her—money which, if wisely apportioned to Edward and Janie, might have saved the one from a drunkard's grave, the other from a loveless marriage. But Mat cared nothing for her costly silks and jewels, thought of nothing but her studies, and the beautiful arts which afforded her such rapture. Passionately fond of romance, she spent half of every night absorbed in the most sensational works of Sue and Dumas, with which her injudicious father supplied her. Her maid kept coffee hot for her, and she drank several cups every night. She conceived the idea of going off to school, having no competition at home, under masters.

At college she slept less than ever, had *no* time to sleep, she said, being resolved on get-

ting first honors. She sent home to her father a small manuscript book of poems, which, with the greatest pride, he had published; and every little sketch of hers was carefully framed and hung in a handsome room at Ellsmere Grange.

Meantime this child, upon whom such hopes were centered, was growing paler, more shadowy, the spiritual face was white as a lily, and the slender hands almost transparent. She ate little, slept less, and fed her vivid imagination with poetry, music, and art.

There was a religious revival just before commencement, and immense excitement among the students. Mat Ellsmere was singularly affected, fell into a trance, *they* said, and declared when she recovered that she would "die on commencement night."

She had been awarded the first honor, and was to read the valedictory. The ceremonies took place in one of the city churches, and the occasion had drawn together a great crowd. In the midst of the flower-garlanded

stage, among her womanly-looking compeers, sat fairy-like Mat Ellsmere, white as the goosamer dress she wore. The succession of graduates having read their compositions, the valedictorian's subject was announced last: "Cometh up as a flower, and is cut down." Inquisitive, earnest glances were bent on that fervid, young face, as with physiological accuracy she painted the processes of life and death—the flowering, the reaping—ah, what pathos grew into the artistic strokes that touched the picture to completeness! And then the farewell! Could one ever forget those eloquent tones, the heartbreak in the yearning words, as she concluded with, "And you, too, dear father, adieu!" It seemed only a piece of acting, as she dropped to the floor; but there was no feigning in the pallid face, no *mental* awakening from that death-like swoon—only a torturing five years in a private mad-house! That magnificent young intellect had expired in one grand, soaring effort—the brain had toppled from its balance for want of Rest.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a fanatic; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

OVER-TRAINING.

THERE is a vast amount of material wasted by excessive discipline. An athlete is not satisfied with a healthy development of muscle, but must continue his severe training until all the tissues of his body, every nerve and sinew, have given their quota toward the exorbitant demand, and he becomes an exaggerated specimen of physical prowess. There is always a corresponding loss for the unnatural gain, and one needs to watch the gauge closely lest an undue pressure of steam results in an explosion, and paralysis or apoplexy teaches us a lesson that will be of benefit to others, perhaps, who are following in our footsteps. The immoderate use of any of our faculties is as unwise and disastrous as the indulgence in intoxicating liquors; the appetite being first created for the stimulant, and then the stimulant made use of to sustain the appetite.

Every day we have fresh evidence of the folly of over-training in the sudden death of estimable young men whose lives might have been prolonged, and their usefulness continued, had their judgment been properly trained and their vitality not exhausted by injudicious exercise. But they must be phenomenal or they are nothing. To be merely a good gymnast, to understand "the manly art of self-defense" sufficiently well for personal protection, to be able to walk an average number of miles in an average number of hours, to be strong enough to take a cold bath without having creeping chills running up and down his back, as if Death was playing the flute on his spinal column, is not enough for the ambitious disciple of the over-training school. He must inure himself to hardships, not through necessity, which toughens a man's skin to make amends for

the scarcity of his garments, but by unusual and inhuman treatment, in which he is seconded by some one as ignorant as himself of the laws of nature or the requirements of his own constitution. It is the way we are made that must decide our treatment of ourselves; and what one man may do with impunity, another can not do without running great risks and involving material loss.

One young fellow goes off on a rowing excursion, and, tugging manfully at the oars for two or three hours, returns home in a perspiring condition, with every nerve and muscle a-tingle from the exertion. What does he do?

Common-sense would suggest a warm bath, rest, and freedom from any exertion; but, instead, he strips off his streaming garments, is plentifully doused with cold water and rubbed violently with coarse towels, and dreams that by so doing he will live to a good old age, and be exempt from "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He does not stop to consider that nature can not possibly build up as fast as he is pulling down; that the demand on the vital powers is in excess of their ability, and that instead of becoming a prodigy of physical strength, he is degenerating into a physical wreck.

Thus do men burn out their fuse faster than nature can supply it, and it would be well for the rising generation if these serious mistakes were kept as prominently before the public as are the exceptional victories. That some do triumph over difficulties that seem to be almost insurmountable, is not so much owing to the merit of the measures, as to the natural vigor of the men, and their wonderful powers of endurance. It is the power beyond the fulcrum that makes the leverage.

Enlargement of the organs and reduction of the vital fluids are the results of this system of over-training, which is being carried to such excess in these days of excitement and inflation; and the nation can not afford a waste of excellent material, which, properly directed, would yield a better interest than when invested in that which is unhealthy and abnormal.

A more intelligent knowledge of ourselves is what is required, that we may understand how to use without abusing the faculties God has given us, and may have a realizing sense of what Paul meant by moderation, and what is the true definition of temperance.

Over-training is nothing less than suicide, and is only another name for over-feeding.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

CURIOSITIES OF ABSTINENCE.

INSTANCES of abstinence are to be found among persons enjoying a good, if not a perfect, state of health; but are chiefly confined to cases of disease, particularly attacks of the brain or nerves. Hysterical women have been known to abstain from all nourishment through incredibly long periods. In 1817 a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Arcan, from among the passengers and crew of which sixteen escaped. Five days after their departure from the wreck two of the number died, but the remaining fourteen survived eighteen days longer—twenty-three days in all, without a morsel of food! This is an example of abstinence in possession of good health.

A little boy, five years old, son of one Peter Brucher, of Evansville, Ind., passed a period of four months in sleep, and with scarcely any nourishment. The child was first at-

tacked by a pain in his foot, which was shortly succeeded by violent spasms, followed in turn by paralysis. When the spasms passed off the little fellow went to sleep, and so continued until aroused by violent shaking, or until the return of the spasms. He lost no flesh during the interval of his long sleep, but was quite deserted by the power of speech, and to the last exerted no other control over his muscles than, when aroused, to open his eyes.

A far more remarkable case is narrated by a correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, to the effect that a young girl of Turville, near Great Marlow, England, had enjoyed a nap of two years' duration, and at the time of the writing was not only alive, but in a tolerable degree of health. She was in her fourteenth year, and had slept soundly from March 29th, 1871, for twenty-four

months without nourishment. The girl was primarily attacked by convulsions, from which she fell into a state of total unconsciousness. Throughout her marvelously long sleep it could with difficulty be discovered either that she breathed, or that there was the faintest possible flutter of life about the heart.

Two hundred years ago there lived, in Germany, a madman, named Stephoud, whose mother, before his birth, was the subject of shocking absence of mind. Stephoud came to regard Jesus of Nazareth as an imposter, and, avowing himself to be the Messiah instead, set out to surpass the famous fast of the wilderness. With this determination he totally abstained from any and all manner of food from the 6th day of December, 1684, to the 15th day of February, 1685, a period of seventy days. The fact is established by credible and attentive witnesses, among whom is numbered the judicious Vanderwiel, that during all this time Stephoud only occasionally rinsed his mouth with a little water. When he returned to the use of food the first soup which he took gave him a violent choleric, and so singularly closed were his intestines, he did not go to stool until three days thereafter.

In the year 1667 a Miss Taylor, residing in the county of Derby, in England, received a severe blow on her back, in consequence of which, after having kept her bed for some time, she complained of considerable difficulty in swallowing. From Christmas, 1667, until Dr. Wepfer's visit to her, in 1669, she had not taken any solid food. Her difficulty in swallowing having now increased, it became impossible for her to take even liquid aliment, with the exception of the juice of dried grapes and sugared water, which she was sometimes made to receive in her mouth by a quill. She remained three months in this condition, without any evacuation. The palms of her hands were often humid, her complexion was good, and her voice strong; but all the lower region of the abdomen was reduced in an amazing degree. To avoid all chicanery, the phenomenon was examined with the most scrupulous attention, and the fact is recorded on the testimony of several eminent physicians and surgeons.

Christina Michelet, the daughter of a vine-dresser, near Beaume, France, was attacked

by fever, February 9th, 1751. At first some of the most simple remedies were prescribed for her, which with great difficulty she was prevailed upon to take; but she at length persisted in refusing everything which was offered her, except alone pure cold water. In an excessively violent attack of headache the girl rushed from her bed and threw herself upon the floor, in which situation having been found by her father, he lifted her somewhat roughly, in consequence of which she fell into a fit. This was so long in its continuance, and so perfect a counterfeit of death, as at last to satisfy the belief that life was actually extinct. To the surprise of all, however, she returned to consciousness in time to save herself from being buried alive; but though she recovered her appetite and speech, it was found that she had entirely lost the use of all her limbs. Remaining in possession of her consciousness but a short time, she again fell into a strange delirium, accompanied by horrors, convulsions, and tremblings of the arms and legs, of so violent a nature, that it was a difficult task to confine her to the bed. It was attempted to remedy these terrible symptoms by bleeding and applying cantharides to the legs; but this was productive of the most alarming results, as she now fell into a state of total inaction, losing not only the use of her limbs, but of the faculty of eating and of speech. Nothing was now left her but the senses of hearing, sight, and touch, and freedom of respiration. Except during her delirium, which was only of short duration, her understanding was not disturbed, and she employed it to signify by inarticulate sounds her like and dislike of things offered her. She continued to take nothing inwardly save an occasional sup of water, so that at last her abdomen was sunken to such a degree that her nurses believed they felt the back-bone through it, and could scarcely distinguish that she possessed any bowels whatsoever. It was the opinion of those in attendance that all the abdominal part, together with the lower extremities, in which no sensation remained, were attacked by a partial paralysis, while the rest of her body retained its natural color; her lips were rosy red, and her pulse was not only regular, but generally strong. After having continued in this condition for several months she began

to swallow water more easily and in greater quantities than before. About this time one of her physicians thought to deceive her, by giving her a light veal soup, much clarified, instead of water; but her stomach was not to be deceived, and immediately rejected the soup with nausea and convulsions so violent as to produce a fever. Her father now sent her on a small excursion through the country, upon returning from which thirst preyed upon her so excessively, that upon making an effort her speech returned, and she was able to ask for water. She afterward, by degrees, recovered the use of her arms, so that she could dress herself, and hold two little crutches, with which she supported herself on her knees, not having recovered the use of her legs. She was in this condition on the 9th of December, 1754, about *three years* after the commencement of her disorder, when she was visited by the celebrated Dr. Lardillon. During the succeeding year she, by slow degrees, regained the use of her limbs, and, lastly, her appetite, so that by the month of July, 1755, she could not only walk without the use of crutches, but was able to eat like other persons, having been nearly *four years* without any other nourishment than pure water.

In the diocese of Rouen, in France, there once resided a widow lady, named Harley, who, from the twenty-sixth year of her age, lived in a very singular manner. She ate neither bread, nor meat, nor any other solid food; all her nourishment consisted in a little milk, which she drank every day, and then vomited almost immediately upon swallowing it. What is, perhaps, most extraordinary in this case, she lived for a number of years, and from all appearances in an enviably good state of health.

In 1702 one Apollonius Schorer, of the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, at the age of eighteen years began to experience so great a disgust to eating and drinking, that he ceased to take any food, whether solid or liquid, and so persevered until he had attained his twenty-fourth year. At this time his natural disgust somewhat departed him, and he began a slight indulgence in food, and so continued in his strictly abstemious habits until, in his seventieth year, he died.

While a party of laborers were employed

in a coal mine, near Liege, in Germany, one of their number opened a vein of water, which in a very short time inundated the mine. All succeeded in making their escape except four, who, climbing to an eminence above the reach of the water, were thus imprisoned for twenty-four days. On the twenty-fifth day they were rescued alive, and in quite good health, having had, meantime, no other nourishment than the element about them.

In December, 1760, a coal mine was flooded in a similar manner to the above near Charleroy, in France. Only one of all the miners, one Everard, failed to make his escape. On the seventh day of his miserable confinement a party of laborers had penetrated so near to him as to hear his voice; but, mistaking it for a ghost, fled from the spot. A second party, succeeding better, rescued the unhappy man on the ninth day. During the interval he had drank three times of the water, and though he had slept considerably, much skill was required in restoring him to strength.

The two following cases are, possibly, the most curious of all, because, without any conscious nourishment whatever, the subjects actually increased in flesh and weight:

The first was near Dinen, in France, where a girl of fourteen years lived the space of fourteen months without taking any species of nourishment, at the end of which time she possessed a clearly perceptible increase of flesh.

The second, reported in a work entitled *Le Pour et la Contre*, is still more wonderful. A girl of ten years of age abstained from all nourishment till she arrived at the age of fifteen, when, notwithstanding her privation, she had attained to a size natural to her age. Her complexion bespoke a person in health; her lips and cheeks were red, she walked with ease, and could stand a considerable time without being fatigued. She had no evacuation, never spat, and it ever appeared evident that her insensible perspiration was entirely suppressed, as her shift, after being worn for fifteen days, was apparently as clean and white as when first put on. This long fast had been preceded by a protracted illness, during which she had fallen into a state of debility, or rather fainting, which had continued during twelve days; the flexibility of the parts of her body and the beating of

her heart were the only signs of animation. She recovered from this fit, and afterward apparently recovered from her disorder; but within three months she was visited by another, which deprived her of the faculties of eating and drinking altogether.

* * * * *

The following examples will illustrate the capacity of the lower animals to exist for long periods without sustenance:

The Italian naturalist, Reda, once kept a civet cat ten days, a large wild cat and some wild pigeons fourteen days, without food.

A royal eagle is known to have lived twenty-eight days; and Buffon mentions another that totally abstained during five weeks. A badger can survive thirty days without food, and many species of dogs thirty-six days. A

crocodile will live two months without nourishment. Vaillant had a spider which lived ten months, when its strength was sufficient to kill another of its own species. Leewenhock kept a scorpion three months, and vipers ten months, in a state of perfect abstinence. John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and at the end of fourteen months it was as lively as ever. M. Sue quotes instances of the same animals living eighteen months, sealed up in boxes, without nutriment or respiration. Reda kept land tortoises eighteen months without food, and Baker a beetle for three years. Dr. Shaw quotes the keeping of two Egyptian serpents in corked bottles for a space of three years, which cast their skins and seemed as lively as they were ever wont.

INTEMPERANCE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

LIFE INSURANCE has become so much a matter of course, and so many wives and families have learned to think that if the husband and father should be taken suddenly away, the amount of his life insurance will serve to keep the family together and a roof over their heads, that most people will be startled to learn that intemperance on the part of the insured may vitiate the insurance policy and leave his needy family destitute.

A case involving this question has recently been tried in one of the courts of Cincinnati. The administrator of one F. M. D., deceased, sued the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company to recover \$5,000 under his policy of insurance.

The company resisted the payment on the ground that D. had died in consequence of intemperate habits; and they set up the following declaration made by the deceased in applying for insurance: "I do not, nor will I practice any bad or vicious habit that tends to shorten life." This they contended was an untrue declaration. In regard to this clause, which was made a part of the policy, the Court charged the jury that it was a warranty, and unless it was literally true, and continued to be so, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover.

The terms of the warranty were that the applicant "did not and would not practice any bad or vicious habit that tended to the short-

ening of life. The jury would therefore consider whether or not, at the time of the application, or afterward, the deceased indulged to an extent amounting to a habit in the use of intoxicating liquors, and, if so, whether this was a bad or vicious habit which tended to the shortening of life." In defining the meaning of the word habit the Court instructed the jury that the frequent drinking of spirits leads to habits of intemperance, and that if they found from the evidence that the deceased, at the time the application was made, or subsequently, had an appetite for intoxicating drinks to such an extent that a single indulgence necessarily incited him to a repetition of it, and led him into sprees, and these sprees were frequent and rendered him incapable of controlling his appetite while they continued, then, although there were intervals in which he remained entirely sober, there was such a repetition of acts of drinking as amounted to a habit, and if this was a bad or vicious habit which tended to the shortening of life, the defendant would be entitled to a verdict. Other points relating to the habits of the deceased were reviewed by the Court, the principle being maintained that if the person insured had misrepresented his mode of life or had indulged in intemperate habits, his policy was invalidated. The jury gave a verdict for the insurance company.

This decision, with several others recently

made, goes to show that a policy of insurance, as these policies are commonly worded, on the life of a man who drinks to intoxication is worthless.

We see no injustice in this. If ten men out of a hundred who are insured shorten their lives ten or fifteen years by means of intemperance, those who do not thus shorten their lives have to pay more for their insurance than would be necessary if the others lived and continued to pay. Insurance must pay its way, and if some by wrong living die early, the long livers have to make up the deficiency.

Every man who becomes intemperate should be stricken from the rolls of the insured, or belong to a separate company or class, and be required to pay a premium commensurate with the extra risk. There is no fair method of life insurance except by classifying those who are insured, so that those who have excellent constitutions and good habits shall have the benefit of a moderate annual payment. Brick houses pay but half the rate of fire insurance which is charged for frame houses. Why not apply an equally sensible rule to life insurance?

SPECIAL OR LIMITED INSANITY.

THE subject of insanity is now attracting great attention, especially as connected with courts of justice and criminal jurisprudence. The plea of insanity in mitigation of responsibility for acts called criminal is now so often interposed, that when a homicide is committed public sentiment prompts the inquiry whether the accused was not insane when he committed the homicidal act. Of late, in the case of Mr. Train, Dr. Hammond, Surgeon-General of the United States, is reported to have stated in court that there is no such thing as "emotional insanity," and that nothing is insanity which does not unsettle the "*intellect*."

The doctrine of Phrenology is, that nearly all the insanity is connected with the emotions. There have been philosophical and mathematical maniacs, but where there has been one such case, there have been twenty cases of lunacy from love, fear, jealousy, loss of property, disappointed ambition, depressed or excited pride, or religious excitement, all of which come from derangement of emotional faculties. The following interesting case of derangement from diseased Self-Esteem, given by an authority in medicine equal at least to that of Dr. Hammond, will be read with interest. We copy from *American Journal of Medical Science*, April, 1868:

"Case of Derangement Limited to a Single Moral Sentiment Occurring Periodically, that Sentiment being in a Perfectly Normal Condition during the Intervals. By SAMUEL JACKSON, M.D., Emeritus Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, etc.

"In May of 1833, I joined a party of relatives and friends who were making a tour to the Southern States; we stopped in Baltimore for a night; in the evening I was consulted by

the wife of one of the gentlemen, Mr. D., respecting a peculiar disease with which he was affected. For three years every alternate Wednesday he was morally prostrated from a loss of his Self-Esteem, believing himself to be unworthy as a husband, or the father of his children, or a member of society. This condition continued for a week, and on the ensuing Wednesday he awoke restored to his natural character, associating with his family, attending to his official duties, receiving and visiting his friends; all of which he refused to do when under the influence of his disease.

"This was on a Tuesday evening, the day before the renewal of the usual paroxysm, and I was requested to prescribe some means which might prevent its recurrence. After some little reflection I determined upon the application of cups to the back of the neck, abstracting six or eight ounces of blood, a hot, sinapised foot and leg bath at bedtime, and a pill composed of camphor gr. ij and ex. belladonna gr. ½. The next morning, to the agreeable surprise of all the party, there was no return of the paroxysm, for the first time since his attack. After visiting Washington and Mount Vernon I returned home, while my companions pursued their way to Richmond.

"In the following November I received a letter from Mrs. D., informing me that the paroxysms had returned before they reached home, and wished to know if I thought it was in my power to give her husband permanent relief. I replied that I could form no opinion on that subject, as the case was entirely new, and I was without any experience as a guide, but if they could come to this city I would undertake his treatment. In a few weeks after they took up their quarters in Philadelphia. When I

made an examination of his head I found it to be perfectly formed, without being marked by any protuberances; but at the vertex was a small depression about an inch in diameter and two inches in depth, similar to a small watch glass. I endeavored to investigate the cause of his mental condition, but could find nothing to explain it except the existence of insanity in the family. In his natural character he was remarkably mild, affable, pleasant, easy in circumstances, holding the respectable office of clerk in a United States District Court, mingled in the best society; was happy in his conjugal relations, and his children were of fine promise.

"Without any apparent cause, being perfectly well when he went to bed, he awoke one morning with a total loss of his Self-Esteem, as before described. His desire was to be left entirely alone, he refused to mingle with his family, would not receive or visit his friends, or attend to his office; he would go out for exercise only after dark, so as not to be recognized. From this period such had been the tenor of his life for three years, during which time he had visited Europe for several months, to obtain any benefit which might arise from change of scene, and for the purpose of obtaining medical advice. He returned home unchanged in his state; one week was passed under the moral depression of a supposed state of degradation, the other in his natural character.

"I ordered, from my examination, the top of the head to be shaved, and applied a moxa to the depression, and formed an issue by irritative dressings. A light regimen was directed; a pill prescribed of camphor gr. j. ex. belladonn. gr. $\frac{1}{2}$, to be taken twice a day, and also the occasional use of two or three cups on the back of the neck. This course was steadily pursued throughout the winter without producing any other effect upon the condition of the patient than some little derangement in the order and intensity of the paroxysms. Early in May he had an unusually violent attack; when it had passed away he expressed a desire for me to procure him a room where he could be left alone with books and papers, as the presence of his wife and the people of the house increased his moral distress and mental depression. This arrangement was made, and a room procured in the vicinity of the city, but was rendered unnecessary by the sudden cessation of the paroxysms, which, from this time, returned only at long intervals and for a short time.

"He continued, with the exception mentioned, in his normal character through the

whole summer and until the beginning of the next winter. In the latter part of August he visited Cape May, where he made many friends by his affable deportment, and at a political meeting held there he was nominated as chairman, and made a speech on the occasion. This circumstance is mentioned to show how complete was his restoration. He subsequently visited Bedford Springs and the interior of the State, and returned to this city the last of September. He had become very anxious to return home; I endeavored to dissuade him from that course, representing the danger of a relapse from a return to all his old associations, but could only procure the delay of a few weeks. He, however, made a visit to New Bedford before he returned to his home and pursuits.

"In the course of two or three months after his return, he awoke one morning with an attack of mental derangement. He declared that he had ascertained a distinguished statesman to be a traitor, and plotting the overthrow of the Government, and it was his duty to immediately inform the Governor and have him arrested. In a few days it was found necessary to send him to the asylum at Charleston, Mass., where he died in the course of three or four weeks.

"I received a letter from his father communicating the result of a post-mortem examination of his brain. The lesion, if it may be so termed, was confined to the arachnoid membrane, at the vertex of the brain, immediately under the depression in the skull; it was thickest in the center, gradually diminished, and ceasing at some little distance from it.

"This case, it appears to me, establishes two important facts: the first, the independence of the MORAL SENTIMENTS in a manner similar to that of the mental faculties is, I think, demonstrated by the fact of a single moral sentiment being diseased for nearly four years; the second, that in monomania intermissions may occur."

BROTHER BOB'S HYGIENE.

"PUT on your hat, Nettie," said brother Bob; "I've something to show you—two things, I ought to say. Did you think I had forgotten this was the first of March, and your birthday? No, indeed! And here are eight kisses for you, one for every year of your life."

Nettie, delighted, ran to get her hat. "Was there ever such a dear brother Bob in the world before? She thought not. She was quite sure Tom Snow was not half so good to his

sisters, for she saw him throw Lucy's pet doll quite over the woodshed, and Mollie's little white kitty he dropped out of the third-story window, and when the girls cried, he only laughed and said, 'It would take nine tumbles like that to kill the kitty,' which I don't believe—do you, Bob?" for Nettie was telling all this to her brother, as, with her hand in his, he led her down the garden-walk.

"Where can we be going?" asked Nettie, as Bob turned toward the barn.

"I'll show you in a minute," and Bob unlatched the barn door, and led Nettie along until she came to a box with slats nailed across it, then bidding her look in, Nettie saw two beautiful white rabbits.

She clapped her hands. "Oh! how cunning they are! Where did you get them, Bob? Are they truly for me? And what are their names?"

Bob felt as much pleasure in seeing Nettie's joy as if he had received a present himself.

"I bought them of Luke Sawyer for a birthday present for you, Nettie, and their names are Jack and Gill. But let us go now, for I have something else to show you, and then I must go to school."

I forgot to say that Nettie had been sick, and was now just able to go out of doors, and the doctor said that before she went to school she

had better play around, and try to gain some color in her pale cheeks.

Back of the house was a grove of spruce and maple trees, and they made such a delightful shade in the warm weather that Nettie's father refused to have them cut down. It was here Bob led Nettie, and before she guessed what he could be going to show her, she found herself right alongside of a nice rope swing, fastened between two maples.

"Oh, Bob!" was all she could say; but Bob knew well enough by her looks how glad she was.

"You see, Nettie," said he, "it is so low that you could not hurt yourself, even if you should fall from it."

There was a board fastened in for a seat, and a rope tied across to form the back, and Nettie was not at all afraid to try it. Back and forth she went, with Bob pushing behind. Then he showed her how, by touching her foot to the ground, she might be able to swing herself when there was no one to push her.

"You see, Nettie," said Bob, "this swing is the paint-brush, and the air is the paint, and I want you to come here every pleasant day and paint your cheeks until they are red as roses."

Nettie laughed and promised she would do so, and Bob, snatching another kiss, ran off to school.—*Young Folks' News.*

"LOCAL OPTION;"

OR, THE TEMPERANCE EXPERIMENT IN VINELAND.

IN a recent issue of the *Evening Post* we find the following most satisfactory statement in regard to the above subject:

Last winter, when the bill was prepared by the Temperance Alliance of the State of New Jersey, known as the Local Option Bill, leaving the question of license or no license to a vote of the people, the Judiciary Committee appointed a hearing upon both sides of the question. Among the speakers were Mr. Charles K. Landis, of Vineland, N. J., in whose speech we find one or two paragraphs of practical interest to the people of this State, in view of the recent action of our Legislature on the "local option" question. Among other things, he said:

"The Local Option Law of Vineland was not established by temperance men or total abstinence men only, but by the citizens generally, upon broad social and public prin-

ciples. It has since been maintained in the same way. Probably not one-tenth of the number of voters in Vineland are what may be called total abstinence men. I explain this point to show that this reform was not the result of mere fanaticism, but the sense of the people generally, and that the people who succeed under it are such people as nearly all communities are composed of. This law has been in practical operation since the beginning of the settlement in the autumn of 1861, though the act of the Legislature empowering the people of Landis township to vote upon license or no license was not passed until 1864. The vote has always stood against license by overwhelming majorities, there generally being only from two to nine votes in favor of liquor selling. The population of the Vineland tract is about 10,500 people, consisting of manufacturers and business

people upon the town plot in the center, and around this center, of farmers and fruit-growers. The most of the tract is in Landis township. I will now give the statistics of police and poor expenses of this township for the past six years:

POLICE EXPENSES.		POOR EXPENSES.	
1867.....	\$50 00	1867.....	\$400 00
1868.....	50 00	1868.....	425 00
1869.....	75 00	1869.....	425 00
1870.....	75 00	1870.....	350 00
1871*.....	150 00	1871*.....	400 00
1872.....	25 00	1872.....	350 00

"These figures speak for themselves, but they are not all. There is a material and industrial prosperity existing in Vineland which is unexampled in the history of colonization, and must be due to more than ordinary causes. The influence of temperance upon the health and industry of her people is, no doubt, the principal of these causes. Started when the country was plunged in civil war, its progress was continually onward. Young as the settlement was, it sent its quota of men to the field, and has paid over \$60,000 of war debts. The settlement has built twenty fine school-houses, ten churches, and kept up one of the finest systems of road improvements, covering one hundred and seventy-eight miles, in this country. There are now some fifteen manufacturing establishments on the Vineland tract, and they are constantly increasing in number. Her stores, in extent and building, will rival any other place in South Jersey. There are four post-offices on the tract. The central one did a business last year of \$4,800 mail matter, and a money-order business of \$78,922.

"Out of seventy-seven townships in the State, by the census of 1869, Landis township ranked fourth from the highest in the agricultural value of its productions. There are seventeen miles of railroad upon the tract, embracing six railway stations. The amount of products sent away to market is enormous. Her fruits are to be seen in all the large eastern cities, from Philadelphia to Quebec. There is more fruit raised in Vineland than anywhere else in the United States upon the same area of land. * * * * *

"Were licenses for saloons and taverns obtainable with the same ease as in New York,

Philadelphia, and many country districts, Vineland would probably have, according to its population, from one to two hundred of such places. Counting them at one hundred, this would withdraw from the pursuits of productive industry about one hundred families, which would average a population of six hundred people. Each of these places would sell about \$3,000 worth of beer and liquor per annum, making \$300,000 worth of stimulants a year. I include beer saloons, as liquor can be obtained in them all as a general thing, and in the electrical climate of America beer leads to similar results as spirits. Think of the effect of \$300,000 worth of stimulants upon the health, the minds, and the industry of our people. Think of the increase of crime and pauperism. The average would be fully equal to the other places in which liquor is sold. Instead of having a police expense of \$50 and poor expenses of \$400 per annum, the amounts would be swollen to thousands. Homes that are now happy would be made desolate, and, instead of peace reigning in our midst, we would have social war. * * * * *

"The results in Vineland have convinced me—

"1. That temperance does conserve the industry of the people.

"2. That temperance is conducive to a refined and esthetical taste.

"3. That temperance can be sufficiently secured in a community, by suppressing all taverns and saloons, to protect it from the abuse of excessive liquor drinking. Here is a community where crime and pauperism are almost unknown, where taxes are nominal, where night is not made hideous by the vilest of noises, where a man's children are not contaminated by the evil language and influence of drunkards."

We would only add to this overwhelming evidence, that since these things are so, why not, by local option, extend the blessings of good order, thrift, virtue, and prosperity, to other towns—yea, to *all*. Why, the old toppers themselves, in their sober moments, will vote for it. Is it compulsion? So is *all* law. But *this* is altogether in the interest of society. May we not legislate for this? And shall a few whisky makers and whisky sellers be permitted to continue the work of making idiots,

* This was the year when the Vineland Railway was building through the place.

paupers, thieves, vagabonds, and murderers, for the sake of a little lucre? Great God! May not society protect itself against these devils? "Down with the wrong, and up with the right."

STRANGE CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA.

JAMES HOMER ABBOTT, a former member of the Sophomore class of Yale College, who got into the habit of taking things which did not belong to him, and a year or more ago left college in consequence, turned up yesterday in the same role in this city. He entered the room of H. M. Harding, a Sophomore of 18, South College, and stole a quantity of clothing, which he endeavored to sell at Benjamin Levi's store on Court street. Mr. Levi's suspicions were aroused, and a policeman was called in, and at once arrested Abbott, who confessed the theft. Abbott is a somewhat seedy-looking young man. It is said he was studying with a view to the ministry while in college. This case came up before Judge Stoddard, who was sitting in the City Court bench. The value of the stolen clothes was fixed at a less sum than \$50, and Abbott thus escaped a binding over. In sentencing him to three months in the county jail, and to pay a fine of one dollar, the judge said he should not have dealt thus leniently had he not thought that there was some chance of the reformation of the accused. About one year ago Abbott stole a \$75 violin from a student's room. When he was in college he used to steal the text-books of his fellow-students and sell them at Hoadley's, and even went so far as to cut through the coal-hole of his room, from which he stole coal and other articles. Because he represented he was studying for the ministry, he was helped along by money from the fund provided to aid such students. It is thought there is something wrong about his head.—*New Haven Register*.

["Something wrong about his head! "Then why not have it examined by a competent phrenologist, who could determine the fact at a glance? But who is it that thinks there must be something wrong? Is it the judge who sentenced him to jail? Then why not order an investigation? Nor should it stop at his head, even though it were found to be "wrong." It would be a proper thing to inquire into the parentage of the young man. Was his father sound and sensible? Did he drink? Was his mother peculiar, eccentric,

or insane? Then, after tracing his pedigree through one generation, keep on, and find out all that may be possible concerning his grand parents and great-grandparents. There is no doubt in our mind a loose screw will be found somewhere, which would account for the peculiarities seen in this would-be young clergyman. The reader will observe that, in *accounting* for crime we do not *excuse* it. One must suffer for his mental infirmities, till he corrects or subdues them. But parents must look out that they be not to blame for the faults of their children.]

PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS HABITS.—The *Advocate*, of Chicago, says: There can be no impropriety in mentioning what every one notices at once who looks into his face for the first time for several years, that his bad habits are making their mark on our President. The ever-present cigar and the occasional stimulants whose natural effects may have been somewhat neutralized by the active out-door experiences of the army, are telling on him in the sedentary life of the White House. Such self-indulgence is fatal to that clear-headed, pure-blooded condition which he owes it to his high office to maintain, and it is the right of every citizen to speak of it and protest against it.

[We have had our say on this point, and our readers know exactly where we stand on the tobacco question. We may add, however, in this connection, that we meet men almost daily who are nothing less than tobacco-topers, who would exhibit every sign of delirium tremens, were the drug withheld from them for a day. They are completely narcotized, and so poisoned that there is not a drop of healthy blood in their bodies. Think you, reader, that this does not affect their minds? Aye, and the nation suffers to-day for the sin-sick tobacco-topers in our legislatures and public offices. The fact is, tobacco, like whisky, blunts one's moral sensibilities, and leaves him an easier prey to every temptation. When the people realize this, they will send no more liquor-drinking tobacco-using men to represent them in our legislative bodies.]

BEWARE of them whose foreheads are low and beetling, and whose ears stand out because of the very breadth of their heads, for in such persons propensity has a dangerous sway.—D.

THE body grows according to what it feeds on; so does the mind.—W.



NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER, 1873.

DR. WILDER'S WIT AND WISDOM.

AMONG Dr. Wilder's grave objections to Phrenology in his New York lecture, he makes himself merry over the juxtaposition of the phrenological organs, and shows a want of discernment, or a greater want of candor. He says:

"The newly discovered organ of Conjugalitv, or monogamical marriage, is the lower and hinder portion of the old organ of Combativeuess, now reduced in dimensions. Such an intimate association as this between the inclination to marry one wife and the propensity to quarrel has, to say the least, an ominous look for the marriage relation. The discoverer of Conjugalitv may have been some incongruous old bachelor, for surely no ordinary mortal would locate his matrimonial rose garden in the south-east corner of a battle-field."

We trust that Dr. Wilder, in the selection of a wife, has been so fortunate that he will have no occasion to quarrel with her, and that their relations with the outside world may be such that jealousy, on account of the love element, may never exasperate his Combativeuess. It may not be modest in us to suggest that the doctor has been a very superficial observer of the human race and of the lower animals, if he have not discovered that on no subject is there so much of battle as on the subject of love. The males, among nearly all of the lower

animals, fight more on account of their sexual relations than on any other. The sharp-sighted Darwin, though fanciful, perhaps, in many of his speculations, has shown that the males, of insects especially, are endowed with fighting elements or instruments, and also special appliances for retaining possession of the consort; and shall not a professor of comparative anatomy in a popular university be able to discern the fact in human and animal history, that love-jealousy awakens the combative element more quickly than it is aroused by any other passion or sentiment? Consequently the location of the organs of love or sociality, as a group, would naturally be in the neighborhood of the organs of aggression and defense. Such location indicates, indeed, the essence of Divine Wisdom; and if the brain were mapped by fancy, which it is not, and Dr. Wilder knows it, no fitter juxtaposition of organs could have been instituted. The male of our own race is supposed to defend his consort and to protect and provide for her, and to protect his children, the fruit of his conjugal relation; moreover, friendship or fraternal affection requires the co-operation of the courage element. A man will fight for his friend against all foes; will fight for his child; will fight for his wife, and, if need be, ought to, and there is wisdom evinced in this co-relation of organs. If one portion of the brain might be supposed to stimulate and excite another, why should not active Conjugalitv or Philoprogenitiveness, and Adhesiveness, or Amativeness excite Combativeuess and the other defensive elements? Behold, also, the jealousy of a woman when the object of her affections seems to be sought by a rival; does it not make her angry and excite her vengeance? and, if she can not succeed in breaking up the rivalry, does she not sometimes assault her unfaithful lover,

and drive the gleaming steel to his heart? and, perhaps, destroy also the life of the rival? How often is the threat made by unhappy people who are thwarted in their love, "She shall never marry him." A man who is discarded will murder the woman, whom he would gladly marry, to prevent her marrying another; or he will murder the man who has caused his defeat. Animals, such as deer and sheep, will fight furiously during particular seasons of the year when the social nature is active. What furious battles the farm-yard witnesses; and what is the inspiration of those nocturnal serenaders with which we doubt not Dr. Wilder's ears have been made familiar, but the action of Combateness caused by the excitement of feline Conjugality?

One of the beauties of Phrenology is the grouping and co-ordinating of various organs; and one of the most unquestionable and admirable of all the historical facts in relation to the discovery of Phrenology is that the organs were not mapped out as in a new country counties are staked off and named; but one organ at a time was discovered distinct from each other. Dr. Gall died, leaving considerable territory of the head unappropriated, and so honest and sincere, and, if we may say it, so simple-hearted was the brave old discoverer, that when he found a peculiar development he would make hundreds of observations upon people who had the region of head under consideration large and small, and carefully compare their dispositions so far as he could ascertain them, and he gave organs names, sometimes in accordance with their abuses. Destructiveness he called "murder," and Acquisitiveness "theft." The very organ of Combateness was discovered by collecting together a promiscuous group of persons of low order and no culture, and giving them spirituous liquors, to

see what they would do when excited. Some rushed readily into quarrels, while others were humble, timid, and mild in their nature. He noticed a special breadth of head in the fighters at the region of the organ of Combateness. Mr. Combe describes its location as being at the posterior inferior angle of the parietal bone; and he locates fourteen other organs with equal anatomical definiteness, yet Dr. Wilder says, in the lecture referred to, that only three organs are located in the brain anatomically. The organ of Combateness was thus located and described, and at least fourteen others about the time Dr. Wilder was born, and the book has ever since been published, but by so small an establishment, to be sure, in New York, viz., the Harper Bros., that it may not have come to the doctor's notice.

But we have to do less with what Dr. Wilder does not know—for we have not time or sufficient space to attend to that—than with the subject before us, what he pretends to know in regard to the mislocation of Combateness and Conjugality. What noble nature, well organized and fit to have a conjugal companion, would not promptly rush into danger, if need be, if the object of his love were assailed. For what will a man quicker fight than for the woman of his choice? On account of what is he more keenly alive in the way of defense or protection? and since man and animals harmonize in the manifestation of this tendency to defend promptly the friend, and, especially, the sexual mate; and since in all civilized lands the defense of the wife, the child, and the friend is considered the essence of honor, and its failure the most execrable poltroonery, we can understand thoroughly why the broils and wrangles at the picnics and dancing-parties of the uncultured and rude are so common. It is not the liquor that is drunk, simply, which makes

them fight, for the same men would, under other circumstances, in the absence of the women, drink the same amount of liquor and have a good-natured frolic, there being no love-rivalries and jealousies to excite anger. When we look at the lower animals, and find that their instincts, established by the Creator, lead

them to follow a line of conduct analogous to that which is so common among men, we appreciate the fitness of the location of the organ of Combativeness next to that of Conjugality. For the sake of protection and defense "the matrimonial rose-garden" *should* be "near the south-east corner of a battle-field."

THE ANGEL IN THE BLOCK.

"It is related of Michael Angelo that, while walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a block of fine marble lying neglected in a yard, and half in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him in astonishment what he was doing, and what he wanted of that worthless piece of rock. 'Oh, there's an angel in this stone,' was the answer, 'and I must get it out.' He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil with mallet and chisel, he brought the angel out. What to others was but a rude, unsightly stone, to his educated eye was a buried glory of art, and he discovered at a glance what might be made of it. A mason would have put it in a stone walk; a cartman would have used it in filling in, or to grade the streets, but he transformed it into a creation of genius, and gave it a value for ages to come."

A BEAUTIFUL story this. And now as to *another* application of its moral.

Every human being may be likened to a block of marble just as it comes from the quarry. Parents, teachers, and surrounding circumstances are the artists who chisel, hew, polish, discipline, and develop the character of the child. And every child is born with the attributes of both angel and devil. If the angel be *not* developed, we inquire why not? If the devil—perverted passions and propensities—be developed instead of the angel—moral and spiritual sentiments—then somebody is to blame. Do children take after their parents? Is there anything in hereditary descent? Can a child create his own will, spirit, disposition, tendencies, and character? Chil-

dren are blocks of marble right from the quarry, and the marble in the quarry is coarse or fine. From a fine quarry we get fine marble, from a poor quarry poor stone. Pure and healthy parents will have fine children, with angelic tendencies predominating. Low, coarse, impure, drunken, diseased parents should not expect much angel in *their* children. Objectors may point to seeming exceptions. We state the law. "God is not mocked." His laws are neither revised nor repealed. Obey and live. Disobey, you prematurely die.

Parents, look at those little human blocks before you. They are subject to your molding chisel. Your words, your actions, aye, your very thoughts, are intuitively working on those little statues. You bring frowns or smiles on their plastic faces at your will; you encourage or you depress; you elevate or you degrade; you distort or you beautify; you make angels or you make devils.

Do not shrug your shoulders and deny personal responsibility. You can not put the blame all on Adam, Eve, and the serpent. That child came into existence through human agency. Its parents were the agents. There were pre-natal influences at work which gave shape, tone, and direction to its body and brain. Later, the food, the drink, the quality of air it breathed; the language, the prayers, the music it heard; the beautiful or the horrible objects it saw—

all had their effects in forming its character. Was it born in the Five Points of New York, or in the slums of some other city? Were its parents low vagrants, vagabonds, or criminals, or were they selfish though well-to-do citizens? Were they rich, purse-proud, self-indulgent, distant, haughty, and domineering? We pity their children. Children are expected to resemble and take after their parents. Oh, that our parents had been what God intended them to have been! Oh, that we may become what He intended us to be! Finely chiseled, polished, and graceful sculptures in marble are beautiful works of human art. But how much more grand, beautiful, graceful, and incomparably angelic are intelligent, kindly, loving, just, righteous, noble, and godly men and women!

Reader, let your studies, your efforts, your life, be devoted to developing the angel in the—human—block.

THE HIGHEST PURSUIT.

THERE may be a few among men that prefer a low, wicked course—one that ministers to the degradation, depression, and distress of mankind; but we think the number is very few indeed who would not prefer to do that which would raise, improve, and benefit the race. We often meet men, professionally, who are in a low pursuit, the tendency of which on the morals of men is more likely to be bad than good, and nearly every one of them says he wants to get out of his pursuit, that he was thrown into it by unfavorable circumstances, and as soon as may be he intends to get into something else, partly, perhaps, on account of his children. Some men, no better naturally than those who are in demoralizing pursuits, rejoice that their vocation has never ministered to the vice, dissipation, idleness, ill-health, disgrace, and demoralization of mankind. And such congratulation is wholesome and commendable. A business full of temptation to customers always reacts badly on the man and his family who follows it; while a laudable, useful vocation, which serves to enhance the happiness of the public, tends also to make the proprietor of it more manly and strong in the

right. Young men, sometimes, when we ask what they want to do as a business, carelessly answer, "Oh, anything that has money in it; quick returns, large profits, and not too much drudgery."

Many an ambitious, and, at heart, good young man, has thus followed blindly, carelessly, the idea of "large profits," and for the time forgotten that a man may become bankrupt in morals by the very acts which make him a millionaire in pocket.

We are accustomed to teach that any useful thing any man may honestly do in the way of business is abstractly honorable; but it can not be denied that some pursuits use and cultivate the higher faculties, while other pursuits, however laudable and useful, weary the body without elevating, enlarging, refining, or ennobling the mind and character. The wants of the body are numerous, and multitudes must work to feed, clothe, and house mankind. Commerce and pleasure demand the use of rail trains and steamers, and the smutty stoker or begrimed brakeman, in sunshine, in storm, and darkness, must stand at his laborious and perhaps ill-paid post of duty in order to secure the safe and rapid transit of wealth, beauty, and culture. He should be neither forgotten nor despised. He is an obscure yet important factor in the world's pleasure, profit, and progress.

The engineer, the teacher, the editor, the physician, the lawyer, statesman, and minister of religion are, perhaps, properly ranked among the highest, as their vocation cultivates in themselves, and tends to call out in others, the higher and better elements of human nature.

Of course, as phrenologists, we recognize in our own profession its merit, and the mark it should make in man's moral and intellectual life. And why do we claim for the intelligent, faithful phrenological teacher the highest place among men? Other professions are partial and fragmentary, but the phrenologist has to do with every faculty, the right or wrong use of which shall make or mar the fortune or happiness of mankind. "It is his duty to guide parents and teachers in the education of children according to their particular talents and capacities. It is his province to aid in the selection of pursuits, trades, or professions. He properly holds in his hands the prosperity and happiness of his fellow-men. A single word of advice from him, fitly spoken, may act, as a switch point of the rail-track, to change the course and destiny of a young man for life. When he shall be more generally consulted,

and his advice followed, there will not be but one Watt, Fulton, Arkwright, or Morse; and there shall be fewer men wrecked in wrong pursuits, to their own damage and to the serious detriment of their age and generation."

There are now in the field several young men who have received instruction from us, and they are winning their way to usefulness, success, and honor. It is our desire, before our days of active labor shall be ended, to prepare and send out many worthy laborers to this great, honorable, and important field. Our next annual course of instruction will commence on the fifth of November next. Those who desire information as to duration of the course, topics, terms, etc., will receive by mail, on application, circulars covering the whole ground.

THE COLORED SCULPTRESS.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS—half Indian and half African—is making satisfactory progress in this high art in Florence, where she is executing work, in marble, for American and English patrons. This young woman, born on the Hudson, near Albany, N. Y., is singularly gifted, having real genius, and combined therewith a good intellect, warm sympathies, a vivid imagination, and strong emotions. She has the will, pluck, push, and perseverance of the Indian, with the exuberent *feelings* of the African. But the blending of these diverse natures is far from perfect. For example, her jet black hair on one side of her head is short, crisp, and crinkey, like that of the African, and on the other side it is long and wavy, more like that of the Indian; showing clearly the in-harmony or incompatibility of the two races. In such an organization we should expect to find incongruity—not only a warring of the flesh with the spirit, as in others, but incoherency. On meeting with the young sculptress one is struck with her modesty, sensitiveness, and intelligence. She is very susceptible to impressions, and discerns intuitively the situation, and conforms thereto.

The late Hiram Powers was very kind to this colored aspirant for artistic fame and fortune, not only in words of encouragement, but in deeds. She testifies her indebtedness to him for instruction, and for anything she ever asked at his hands.

Miss Lewis will remain some time longer in Italy, and when she returns to America, she hopes to establish a school for such as may wish to follow art as a pursuit.

PRO AND CONTRA SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Golden Age* gives Mrs. Stowe's opinions of Spiritualism, as follows:

"If we understand Mrs. Stowe's recent pronunciamento concerning Spiritualism, it is that she believes in the agency of spirits, defends Prof. Hare, whom the world called mad, commends Robert Dale Owen, whom the Church has stigmatized an infidel, holds that the phenomena of spirit manifestations give evidence of coming from intelligent beings in another state of life, but considers that the whole subject should be pursued by scientists rather than the common people, and that mourners bewailing the loss of friends should not seek comfort through mediums."

To which the *Methodist* adds:

"We hope the critic misapprehends the authoress. The idea that there is anything preternatural in the wretched outgivings of 'Spiritism' is preposterous. The 'scientists' have at last seriously taken the subject in hand—in England, at least. We have not observed, however, that one of them pretends there is any supernatural reality about it. The most favorable of them suspect only a new physical force, or a special action of the 'vital force,' which they call 'psychical force.'"

Call it what you please, gentlemen, but keep on with your investigations, and when you find out exactly what it is, the world will be grateful.

We had entertained the idea that "Spiritual objects can only be discerned by spiritual eyes." God is said to be a spirit. Can man, a finite being, comprehend God, the Infinite? Man grows, investigates, learns, so let the investigation go on. It will be found that one may have his spiritual—psychological—eyes opened, so that he may see things totally unperceived by others. One may be in a measure prophetic, while another has not the first ray of this divine light—he lives *only* in the senses. A *real* conversion, change of heart or purpose, by which a soul comes *en rapport* with the Divine will, is a step toward the spiritual which, if kept alive and kept growing, will in time ripen or develop into full and perfect communion. We are, as yet, in the body, like the caterpillar before it becomes a butterfly.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

FROM CHEBOYGAN TO MACKINAW ON ICE.

IT was noon on the 5th of April, when our host of the Benton House, at Cheboygan, Michigan, said, "Here is your man." And here he was, a diminutive specimen of the Canadian Frenchman, and because he came from the vicinity of that ancient city, was popularly known as "Quebec." A Mackinaw coat, with hood, covered his body; coarse, heavy pants, with a neat patch here and there, encased his limbs, and were tied at the ankles over the large, comfortable moccasins which covered his feet. A little fur cap sat on his head, a perfect fit. Looking at the man and his outfit, our bargain was soon made, and at 2:15 P. M., in a little box cutter, wrapped in a buffalo robe, we struck the ice of the South Channel at the foot of Main Street, "Quebec" holding the reins over a good little pony whose travels were half the year *on ice*.

Our driver was unique, to say the least. There was more beard and hair than face; the eyes seemed as if retiring from business, and twinkled in their deep recesses like lights in the distance. His beard, we regret to say, was inelegantly smeared from the drippings of the "weed." All the face in sight was of a tawny brown, even in the bleaching winter time. The forehead was broad and low; the face, scarce larger than a child's, laughed while the little head tossed about as the joke passed between us, for as we sped over the ice we fell into the social mood—we and our driver. His broken English was helped out most decidedly by accompanying gesture and grimace, which heightened wonderfully the effect of the story he told, or the picture he painted. "Quebec" is both story-teller and artist—a very antique in his way. Could he be embalmed, a veritable rococo! He pointed out to us his farm on Huron's shore as we glided past, and told us of his girls, who read English far better than he spoke it. If it were not for his good English, however, he could not make a living, he said. With him, then, as with many another, his French was an *accomplishment*. Nevertheless, with his

French he accomplished much. For years he had been the mail carrier between the Island of Mackinac and Cheboygan, and in autumn, when the leaves are falling much further south, the ice is forming here, and "Quebec" by boat and cutter and foot was the link of communication between Mackinaw and the "Outside," as the people of the island term the rest of the world. One little hump-backed, ice-bound rib of earth is peopled by those who, when shut out by winter, and sitting, like crows on a projecting limb, perched at the head of a frozen lake hundreds of miles in length, regard themselves as *inside*, when, in truth, they are themselves *outside*.

But we left "Quebec" with us upon the ice spinning along, heading toward the Great Turtle Island of Mackinaw. He in a rude way began describing how in the spring the coming in and going out of the swift currents in the network of peninsulas and island opened out thin ice by wearing it away underneath, and a hundred other little facts, made plainer to us by subsequent observation and the statements of old residents. We continue our journey, "Quebec" frequently crying out in his shrill yet not unmusical key, "Gemman — arm — Challée," enforcing his speech with a stroke on Châlée's hinder parts from a long and slender barrel hoop that had long before lost its wonted twist along with its power to sting, except it might be the tender emotions of an "Injun" pony, if that ever had any. Doubtless to the pathetic appeal of "Quebec," the strokes of the hoop came like the punctuation in a more accurate composition, or served as exclamation or interrogation parts of an eloquent harrangue. To us a great deal of the one-sided colloquy was *Latin*. When we were some seven miles from where we had started, we approached the "crack," that stretched along for eighteen miles (the channel's length), and which reached by minor connections from the little open water below in the heart of Lake Huron to the little

open water that winter left, too, in the heart of Lake Michigan above. The track we were following we took to be that of the mail carrier who had passed over twenty-four hours before us. Here it sheered around toward shore, as if we were on dangerous ice, and the pony following it was striking out for the shore we had left, making first-class time. "Quebec" endeavored to bring *Challée* to a stop and turn, and finally succeeded, for, like his master, he knew his place, and his business, too.

Warily we neared the crack again, and with one accord master and pony stopped. What next? we thought. The last time we were near this spot steamers plowed through the liquid element, fearing neither rock nor shoal. Very comforting then, but not so now. There was really no cause for fear, but we were as green in ice travel as the firs that moodily greeted us from the near shore. A vague suspicion haunted us that the "crack," had opened and shut imperfectly, or worn thin and filled with a slight drift of snow, and thus beckoned us on to a desperately chilly way of going home, however *warm* the reception awaiting us there. The little man now searched the bottom of his cutter, and bringing forth an axe mounted the long and slightly lifted crest of ice, struck manfully into the crack several strokes, and then advancing as if to measure the weak-kneed ice, struck again and again in another spot. Again and again he stepped forward and tested with his axe, until assured that all was safe, he returned, puzzled to know why the team whose track we had followed had not crossed here. We afterward learned that it was a timid traveler, unaccustomed to this sort of navigation.

While our little wiry driver stood out upon the ice, axe in hand, his hood enveloping his little head, we thought of Kane and the Arctic explorers, and likened his appearance to them when ice-bound in the frozen Arctic. Again, we thought of Santa-Claus. There was the hood, the beard, the twinkling eyes, the laughing, merry face of our boyish dreams. We took off our hat. We were in the presence of the character whom in verse childhood and old age delight in—the personification of St. Nicholas.

We passed over the crack and went scud-

ding along, a light snow dropping upon us from above. There were places here and there where the water lay upon the ice, full three and four inches deep. At first we kept our eye upon "Quebec" to see when he became alarmed, thinking that then would come our time also for alarm. But the water was the last fall of snow the morning sun had melted, awaiting the freezing night to convert into another thick layer over the ice, replacing thus, perhaps, what the current below was wasting, or adding thickness to thickness. "Half way dere," broke in "Quebec," laconically. We looked and judged, and supposed him correct, because we did not know. For once at least, to our knowledge, we were merely the echo of another's judgment. We traveled an unfamiliar element. The shores were full of nooks strange to us, but our driver's jollity comforted. A story opened here. "You see dat pint? Well, de captain wid his men would go round de outside into de lake (Huron), and I told him he make my pony good if him get lost in de hole. He said, 'Oh, yes, yes,'" and the little deep-set eyes shot out a light happy in the thought of his conscious wisdom. So, outside of Bois Blanc Island, over the frozen Huron, he went with the captain and his crew, piloting them to Detour, they being bound for the Sault De St. Marie to fit out their vessel shut in there by the early closing of navigation last fall. "Bime-by he go in, and I say, 'Whoa, *Challée*,' and he kick and go so,"—and here my little driver went through a series of lively pantomime, going over on his side and pawing like a horse, and, finally, rising up in the cutter, settled down to one side like a noble craft thrown on her beam ends. Then, having finished the picture with a few artistic touches, he subsided, satisfied that words and actions more could not convey how funny and yet how lucky the whole occurrence was. The pony had gone through the ice, but, being left free, had, after a few efforts, thrown himself sideways upon the ice, and been drawn away from the hole right tenderly by all hands, while "Quebec," with native wit and knowledge of *Challée*'s shrewdness, had told the captain and his men to keep away with their boards and rope; he piped his song to *Challée*, and

Challée saved his own life, and the "captin" from extra charges for a lost Indian pony.

The Island of Mackinac, standing out from the lake, with its white and green sides and white fort walls, with the village clustered near the shore below, rose grandly before us, the nearer the more grand it appeared. The wind swept up and down the channel, now whistling and then dying away in the distance, as if a dirge was being sung. The air was chill, the thermometer recording about ten degrees above zero, but the sun shone out now and then, and now and then it snowed.

Now round our solitary courser flew between Bois Blanc and Round islands, our course being like that of a ship beating through a channel with the wind ahead. In channels where the current restricted flows with force, there is the most danger from thin ice, hence our devious course. We passed a few fishermen's cabins on the shore of Bois Blanc, entered upon Lake Huron, passed Round Island, and were rapidly driving over the channel between that island and Mackinaw, the pebbly shore of which our pony's hoofs struck at 4:40, over eighteen miles of journey done in two hours and a half, or at a rate exceeding seven miles per hour. We paid our little man, and supposed that for our pen as a subject he had his discharge, but "Quebec" is one of those characters who will have a history. Hence we further make record of him.

On the same evening, as darkness gathered over against the white walls and quarters of Fort Mackinac, at the foot of which the village almost slumbered in the heavier darkness shoreward, a cutter crept out from near one of the village wharfs, two men dropped in and sped quietly yet rapidly away. Shortly after, the roll-call at the garrison revealed that two men were missing, and as it was known that "Quebec" had carried away deserters from the United States service, Lieut. S., with two men in a cutter drawn by two stout mules, went out into the darkness in pursuit. A drizzling rain and a misty atmosphere rendered travel both difficult and dangerous. For safety and comfort daylight at least was necessary. To avoid holes and weak places required a sharp lookout, and to catch the runaways was in itself a sharp night's work. Over the ice, as through

the woods, there are land-marks, but such a night as this, land-marks were nowhere, literally speaking. A pocket-compass, the south half of which was white, was frequently consulted, and more than once in the storm and darkness they found that they were heading back for Mackinac, instead of toward Cheboygan, whence the pursued had doubtless fled. There had now been eight runaways, and the thing must be stopped. After spending the night on the ice going ahead, yet not with certainty or comfort, toward dawn the lieutenant landed with his party a few miles above "Quebec's" homestead. After inquiries at two places, the third proved to be "Quebec's," and, upon entering, that noted person was found regaling himself over his breakfast.

"Where's 'Quebec?'" demanded the officer, whose spirit, fretted by exposure and perplexity, had resolved to have that individual made an example of; but as his eyes rested upon the little man, and the little man recognizing the gravity of the situation, and that no ordinary reply would suffice, dropped knife and fork, and holding himself erect as if above reproach, twice slapped his breast with the palm of the right hand, and exclaimed, "Here, here," as if to leave no doubt of the most perfect recognition.

This dramatic scene was not wasted on desert air, but was keenly relished by the officer, who appreciates good acting at Booth's or in the voyagers' huts near Cheboygan.

"Where are those men?" was next demanded.

"There, there," continued "Quebec," pointing to a door through which the deserters appeared upon being called, and were handcuffed and removed. It was growing dusky when the party landed on fair Mackinac isle. The village greeted them. The prisoners went up the hill to the guard-house, and have since wasted many a precious moment in learning to saw wood. The lieutenant is at ease again, and laughs at the tea-table with us over "Quebec" in the breakfast scene. And doubtless to a high relish for the histrionic art is due "Quebec's" escape thus far from molestation. But then "Quebec" softly says the soldiers told him they were discharged, and at liberty to go.

A playful Mackinaw storekeeper induced "Quebec" to sit one day for his picture to a magic lantern. There upon the counter rested the lantern. In a chair, all absorbed in his task, sat "Quebec," and as the day was a warm one, and the picture took slowly, the perspiration streamed down even into his boots. It was near half an hour before a towel was thrown over the lantern, a card drawn out, and "Quebec" allowed to exercise and dry himself. Those who enjoyed the deception kept well out of sight. At length the storekeeper appeared and told

"Quebec" that the picture was not a good one, and that he should sit again. This brought to "Quebec's" mind an unpleasant task, but he eagerly caught at the card to see how far the instrument had succeeded in taking a good and correct picture, when with a suppressed oath he fled, nevermore to darken the door of that storekeeper's store. On the card was the face of a donkey with enormous ears. That picture doubtless puzzles "Quebec" to this day, and probably the world's wealth would not tempt him again to sit for his picture.

H. B. CRAIN.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

BY MRS. E. C. LAPHAM.

EDUCATION may be well or ill directed. If well directed, it ever tends to harmonize and perfect the soul. If ill directed, it serves to dwarf its powers, deform its proportions, and pervert its qualities. Knowing that false systems of the past have warped the public mind to that degree that thousands, aye, millions, are rendered incapable of discriminating truth from error, though the difference be great, is it not vitally important that the most improved scientific systems be promulgated? those, especially, which teach mankind their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual needs, and, also, how proportionately to supply them, that development may be rendered symmetrical?

The physical organization is the basis upon which it builds; and recognizing, as I trust all do, that the higher the edifice the stronger the basis must be which supports it, that should there chance to be weak or defective parts at the base, reason would quickly tell us that all that will save the structure from ruin is to repair those defects. This process applies just as appropriately to the human organization, upon which rests the grand temple of knowledge. In the construction of this temple, that it may be symmetrical, all nature's laws relating thereto must be considered and practically applied. There must be the elements of mental and moral beauty enshrined in its formation to enable it to give their expression to the world. Oh, how incomplete the temple if the crowning arch of virtue be not there! Though intellectual

brilliancy sparkle in her portals and glimmer through her traceries; though Genius sits enthroned within her walls, and in tones of wondrous sweetness courts the muses with siren powers, naught can compensate the lack of moral purity and grandeur.

Realizing this truth, how sad to behold so many possessing giant intellects with moral and religious faculties dwarfed by an unscientific course of education! Are not the tendencies of the present age more conducive to intellectual and social accomplishments than the culture of heart and brain? if so, we may expect proportionately unbalanced expressions—beautiful theories, taught by those who never practice them. Parents and teachers, remember culture is transmitted. Children of refined, intellectual, virtuous parents usually inherit superior qualities, showing conclusively that the education of the present will have an important influence on future generations.

The faculties of the mind are to the organization as keys to an instrument. If the keys of an instrument are all perfect, it can be tuned to harmony; and, in the hands of a good musician, will send forth the most delightful tones. Whereas, be the keys imperfect, some silent, some jarring, the best musician can but produce discordant sounds, expressive of its degree of imperfection. What reparation is to the instrument of music, education is to the mental organization. Earth-life and opportunities are too limited to allow the most ambitious mind to

become proficient in every department of knowledge; therefore, it seems wise to select those studies from which the greatest benefits may be derived. And, certainly, it is vastly more important to study the qualities, needs, and capacities of ourselves and others, to aid to usefulness, success, and happiness in life, than dead languages and ancient histories which treat of bloody wars, cruel modes of punishment, idolatrous worship, and other barbarous customs, of ages far, far in the past. Not that these possess no value, but it seems unwise to give more time to ancient languages and histories than to science. Scientific knowledge is both a detective and protective power. Were the people scientifically educated, they would know who were morally, as well as mentally, qualified to hold responsible offices, and not place the ill-organized in trustworthy positions.

The consideration of causes and conditions has a powerful religious tendency. Knowing that responsibility should ever be measured by capability; that deformed, diseased conditions must give corresponding expressions, and that nearly all such have been sadly sinned against e'er they themselves have sinned, we can not but look upon them with compassion, though their imperfections be ever so great, and reach to them a helping hand and point a better way. Oh, if there be one element of soul more Christ-like than all others, it is *charity*—that only can forgive ingratitude. Self-perfection is the purest, noblest aim to which mortals can aspire, and can only be attained through the perfect unfoldment of every faculty—then the whole soul would be harmonious, wise, and happy.

What sublime emotions pervade the contemplative mind of him who gazes understandingly upon the mightiness and grandeur of this beautiful universe! All things—rock, flowers, and stately forest trees; mountains, clouds, and heavenly orbs—all, all so eloquently instructive—teach nature's divine laws, demonstrated through her perfect works. How eagerly the progressive mind of man reaches onward and upward for higher and still higher truths, until, at times, he seems almost to grasp the knowledge of the Infinite; when,

Like a bird of wearied wing,
He flutters down to earth again;
Then casts aside one crystal tear
Exclaiming, "All are fledgelings here!
Oh, glorious day! Oh, glorious day!
When I shall leave this form of clay,
And soar forever toward the light,
Nor weary in my upward flight!"

The paths of science are straight and beautiful, leading ever to the golden-arched portals of the temple of Truth, wherein are enshrined the divine beauties of her glorious realities. All the rarest jewels that ever decked a monarch's crown fade to insignificance compared with those brilliant gems which compose the diadem of knowledge, and that sits as regally upon the poor man's brow as upon the rich man's. But who are the truly rich? Those who, at the expense of true knowledge, have succeeded in amassing a fortune of worldly effects, which they soon must leave, and which may, sooner, leave them? or, those in whose souls are garnered those immortal "treasures which moth nor rust can not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," which are ever compounding and increasing in beauty and glory?

THE CHINESE WHEEL-BARROW.

BY REV. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE, SHANGHAI.

FROM these two illustrations one accustomed to mechanics can easily understand the peculiar construction of this useful article. The wheel is very large compared with that in the wheel-barrow known in the United States, and the wheel is protected by a light, strong framework of hard wood, so that passengers and baggage shall not come in contact with it.

Our first picture represents two Chinese girls

who are riding on the wheel-barrow, one sitting on each side of the wheel, and clinging to it. Not unfrequently are three or four persons to be seen on one wheel-barrow, and propelled by one man. The other represents the wheelbarrow loaded with a box on one side of the wheel, and a bale on the other. Boxes and packages to the weight of four hundred weight can be strapped on to the frame of the wheel-barrow. There are several thousands of these institu-

tions at Shanghai and at Tientsin, and they are found in many parts of North China, while at Foo-Chow, Canton, and the ports in Southern China generally, they are not found. The roads and streets in such places are not adapted to them.

The wheel-barrows are usually provided with a cushion for the passenger to sit on. This generally extends over the frame which protects the wheel, and can be removed if boxes and bales are required to be carried in place of passengers. A kind of rope stirrup is generally attached to each side of the cart, which hangs down near the ground. The outside foot of the passenger can be readily inserted in this stirrup, while the other is curled up under him, in case he does not prefer to sit with his back against the frame which protects the wheel, with both feet dangling down on the outside. The wheel-barrow man has a rope or band which he puts over his shoulders, and hooks on to the end of the wheel-barrow handles. In this way the weight which otherwise would have to be sustained by his arms and hands is sustained by the strap or rope.



CARRYING PASSENGERS.

The principal advantage of the Chinese wheel-barrow over the foreign wheel-barrow

consists in having the weight to be carried come by the sides of the wheel, and not between the wheel and the man working it. The



CARRYING PACKAGES.

weight is so disposed that only a small part of it is lifted by the man in wheeling. With the Western wheel-barrow, oftentimes half, or more than half, of the strength of the man is employed in lifting the load, but in the case of the Chinaman with his wheel-barrow, he employs his strength mostly in pushing and propelling his load.

An ingenious mechanic, from these pictures and suggestions, could doubtless manufacture an improved wheel-barrow which would be much more fitted to the transportation of boxes, packages, stone, sand, etc., than the one now in general use in the United States, enabling the barrow-man to wheel two or three times as much weight as now and with less fatigue. At Tientsin, when dirt and pebbles or refuse are to be transported, the wheel-barrow is provided with two or more oblong baskets, which are snugly packed alongside of the wheel.

FOOLISH OBSTINACY;

OR, "WHAT IS NOT WORTH ASKING FOR, IS NOT WORTH HAVING."

WHEN I was a well-grown boy, being away from home for a vacation, I very naturally broke one of my suspenders. I immediately took possession of an extra pair that my father was using for another purpose, without so much as saying "By your leave." When he discovered it, he bade me return

them to their former use. He then added: "I do not like to have you take possession of my things in this arbitrary way. It has already bred a bad habit in you. But I know that you need suspenders, and you can have them when you are willing to ask for them."

But I had long cultivated a false independence, and refused to ask properly for things I needed. I had fixed on a way of my own for getting helped at table, and instead of asking for things with an expression of thanks, I had resolved that a statement of my wants, as "I would like some butter," was as far I could bring myself to go.

I could not, therefore, ask for suspenders, and contented myself with the remaining one. I assure you it was a great annoyance to me to have my pants hung on me in that lopsided manner, and a great grief to my father that I should be so obstinate.

About five weeks after this my father had a plain talk with me about my folly, his anxiety to give me what I needed, and the wretched habit I was strengthening. He told me it would prevent my getting things from God; for they could only be had by asking for them. I frankly told him I hated to give in after I had held out so long. He only said it was easier than after I had held out longer.

Still, I was not ready. And as my suspender was tearing off the top of my trousers, I changed it over to the other button. Father said I could not be allowed to tear my clothes in that manner, and sent to get a tow string for another suspender. It cut my shoulder so bad for a week that I brought myself to say, when he had given me some money for another pur-

pose, "I am sick of wearing these old strings, and I think it high time I had some decent suspenders. Can't I take this money and get some?"

He simply said, "You know you can have them when you frankly and squarely ask for them. But you know this hinting in a round-about way is not what is required." Then I got mad, and declared it was a mean shame, that I was an abused boy, and other sputterings of wrath that were in accordance with my state of temper.

About this time it became necessary to buy me a new suit of clothes. And I gave myself and my father the immense chagrin of trying them on before the dealer, with those old strings over my back. I tried my best to conceal them, but it was with doubtful success. I felt like the boy with the fox under his cloak. I tried to keep my face straight, but it gnawed my very vitals. Finally, I went to father when he was asleep, and said, "Father?"

He opened his eyes and said, "Well?"

"I would like some suspenders," said I.

He paused a moment, and then said, "I think you might have phrased that request better; but you will find a pair in that upper drawer."

I went to it, and took out a nice new pair that had been lying there nearly all the time that I had been sawing my shoulder with those old strings. I felt heartily ashamed of myself. He had the thing I wanted all ready provided, was anxious I should enjoy it, grieved over my loss of comfort and temper, while I was keeping him and myself out of a pleasure.—*Exchange.*

THE PROGRESS OF REASON.

REASON comprehends Nature, directs the moral faculties, and binds man to God. It is, therefore, the chief arbiter of civilization. Truths similar to these certainly impressed Dr. Dodd, when he said: "He who dares not reason is a coward; he who will not reason is a bigot; he who can not reason is a fool; but he who can and does reason is a man."

The progress of man depends upon his judgment of the various phenomena of nature as they are continually presenting themselves to him. Without an intelligent knowledge of them he is certain to refer them to

supernatural agencies, and thus his superstition becomes commensurate with his ignorance.

Though man is a reasonable being, he is in a large degree a creature of circumstances. Physical laws exercise a marked influence over the social compact as well as over individuals. Climate, food, soil, and natural phenomena produce their impress on a people with almost mathematical certainty. The three conditions mentioned are so related that they may be considered together; the climate and soil themselves indicating the kind of food any country is best adapted to

grow. There is such a thing as a national food which is indigenous or readily grown in each grand climatic division of the earth. It is an interesting fact, too, that the food most readily grown or obtained in any country is best adapted to sustain life in that particular region.

The two essential purposes that food serves in the animal economy are to supply nutriment and animal heat. Aliment must, therefore, be either histogenetic or tissue-making, or calorific or heat-producing. We find, accordingly, that the Esquimaux Indians live mainly on whale oil, which is highly carbonaceous, and, therefore, combustible; thereby enabling that singular people to live amid perpetual ice.

Europe and much of North America grow wheat and Indian corn, which are highly azotized—that is, they contain largely of nitrogen, which diminishes the oxidation of the carbons, besides being decidedly nutritious. In Mexico and Peru the national food is maize, potatoes, and the banana; in Egypt, dates; and in India, rice and ragi form the staple pabulum. In all the tropical regions the acid fruits are abundant, and enter largely into the food of the inhabitants, whose circumstances are such that they require ingesta, of which oxygen is a paramount constituent.

It is a historical fact that the first gleams of civilization, rude as they were, originated within the tropics, and in Egypt, Hindostan, Mexico, and Peru, especially; showing that there is nothing like chance or “happen so” connected with these physical laws. The reason is obvious enough. In these regions, and especially in the fertile valleys along the Nile and the Ganges, food is produced in great abundance, and with but little labor. This brought to them a large population of laborers and nomads, who, being rewarded with an abundance greater than they could consume, soon gave them a surplus capital, which drifted into the hands of a few of the shrewdest, and with this accumulation of wealth came the desire and the leisure to acquire knowledge. Thus, wealth and knowledge came to give influence and power to their possessors. This worked a division of classes, which eventually became nobles on the one hand, and slaves on the other—or, as

they are termed in India, Brahmins and Sudras, or, by corruption, Sooder.

The Menu and other Hindoo books of law are rigidly oppressive to the Sooder. For instance, if he insult his superior, he is to have his tongue slit; if he molest a Brahmin, he is to be put to death; if he listen to the Beids of the Shaster, hot oil is to be poured into his ears. English civilization has somewhat altered the social condition of India.

Egypt presents a civilization similar in every respect. There is the same want of social order; the same contempt for poverty and reverence for wealth; the same predominance of the better-informed class over the servile.

The huge edifices yet remaining show that a knowledge of architecture was possessed by those people ages ago, and that laborers were abundant and wages low—perhaps nothing; for it was lord and serf, tyrant and slave. It is said that 360,000 men were engaged for twenty years in building one of those sublime pyramids, and that 2,000 men were three years carrying a single stone from Elephantine to Sais.

In examining the effect produced on man by the external world, or natural phenomena, we shall find that their influence tends as much to the accumulation and distribution of thought, as climate, soil, and food contribute to the accumulation and distribution of material wealth. Natural phenomena impress the uncultivated mind with admiration or alarm, according as they are mild or terrific in manifestation. Thus, a gentle shower of rain excites admiration, but, if attended with a hurricane, it excites terror. In the first of these instances the ignorant man maintains his self-control and confidence; he is inclined to observe and perhaps to investigate, that he may understand the cause and the effect. But in the latter instance he is overawed; his imagination is excited into fatuity; he thinks the gods have ordered a cataclysm, or turned loose their shafts for his destruction. In the tenth century an army in Europe disbanded and fled in terror from a comet.

In the temperate zones, where the aspects of nature are not so imposing, reason has had the fullest play, and given impetus to thought and civilization. On the other hand,

we find that within or near the tropics, as in Hindostan, Egypt, and Peru, where the aspects of nature are sublime, terrific, and fatal to man—in other words, where earthquakes, pestilence, and tornadoes are most frequent, man is most ignorant and superstitious. It is there that the province of reason is usurped by blind faith in traditional fables and mythic gods, and it is there especially where skepticism, reason, knowledge, are comparatively unknown.

That there is a God in the universe, and that there is a soul in man, are facts of which I can not conceive a reasonable doubt; that the attributes of God are wisdom, justice, beneficence, and mercy is about as certain; and that man came into existence for a nobler purpose than eating, sleeping, suffering, and dying is very probable. But the traditions connected with this subject, which have so long offended reason and retarded religion and civilization, are too absurd to stand the test of reason, and too superstitious to bear the light of this age.

Mental laws are either moral or intellectual. Moral truths remain always the same. The "golden rule" has never been improved upon since its negative form was given to the heathens by Confucius. Intellectual truths are progressive; they are the shibboleth of advancing knowledge; they spring from reason, which is the foundation and *vis a tergo* of moral and intellectual philosophy. Our laws are not better because of our morals; but because of our better knowledge we have better laws, better morals, and a higher civilization. Reason begets, in this order, doubt, inquiry, investigation, skepticism, knowledge, and wisdom. As advancing knowledge expels ignorance, so skepticism vanishes superstition. It is skepticism that appeals to reason instead of to traditional faith in the supernatural, and it must in time correct those errors in man which make him in politics too confiding, in science too credulous, and in religion too superstitious and too intolerant.

It was skepticism which, defying tradition and appealing to reason and investigative thought, first gave impetus to philosophy through Bacon and Descartes, to politics through Cromwell, to religion through Chillingworth, and to metaphysics through Hobbes.

The rude people of early times made history, it is true, but they kept no record of events. Their literature, like their theology, was a chanting of ballads and a jumble of fables. The masses being ignorant, superstitious, and credulous, would readily believe anything their leaders told them. Thus, those who led the tribes, in order to govern them and lead them to battle, would tell them that the Lord had appeared unto them, and commanded them to do whatever they desired. The accounts we have of their ceremonies, festivals, monuments, and altars only prove that they thought certain things, but are no proof that those opinions are founded on facts. Hence it was that they raised temples to honor, and commemorated events that never occurred. Trivial circumstances were, in the course of a few generations, fabulated into prodigies. They loved antiquity, but looked little to the present or future. It was 450 years after the death of Christ before it was thought important to note his birthday, and the actual day of the month upon which that event occurred is not known.

As knowledge has advanced, superstition and religious intolerance have given way. It is pleasant to turn from those dark days when a bigoted and intolerant clergy forced men to act and to think to suit them; when they burned men's bodies for the good of their souls; when they issued and enforced decrees of despotism; when they had medical men and other scientists imprisoned and their books burned to prevent the spread of knowledge. It is pleasant, too, to reflect that, despite opposition, knowledge has steadily advanced, and that we are to-day, more than ever before, enlightened and free.

HOLDEN, Mo.

C. L. CARTER, M. D.

"REASON IN DOGS."

THIS is the title of an article which appeared in the New York *Sun* for July 11, and as the gentleman referred to is an eminent lawyer of New York, we determined to ascertain the truthfulness of the report, so that it should not rank with many of the stories for which nobody of responsibility can vouch. Accordingly, we enclosed the paragraph to Mr. Barlow, asking him to

verify or deny the facts. We have his reply, in which he says: "The paragraph is substantially true." It is as follows:

The Hon. S. L. M. Barlow owns a pair of thoroughbred Scotch deer-hounds, male and female. Their sinewy limbs, deep chests, slim muzzles, intelligent faces, and kindly dispositions, make them ornamental additions to a gentleman's country seat, and assert their claim to lineal descent from the stag-hound that lives in poetry as the companion of Sir Walter Scott. Being dogs of good education, as well as blue blood, they seldom leave their master's residence, and treat less favored quadrupeds with lofty contempt. About a week ago the male, who wags his tail to the name Walter, followed the farm cart to a neighbor's house. A very large and ferocious mastiff possessed prior dog privileges there. Instead of receiving his visitor with becoming hospitality, he assaulted him savagely, and in a few minutes injured him

so badly that he was carried home in the cart. The mastiff's teeth had inflicted a bad wound in Walter's chest, almost perforating it from side to side. He refused to submit to human surgery, but tried a remedy taught him by instinct. In the moist earth on the border of a fish pond he dug a hole that just fitted his breast. He chose a shady place for his hospital, and never left it, except for his meals, until he was cured. During the tedious hours of convalescence his mate was constantly with him. After five days he considered himself well. Then the pair went from the house, and going straight to where the mastiff lived, without warning or giving him any other living show, they set upon him. The fight was short, sharp, and decisive. Before their victim's owner could render assistance they had torn the mastiff limb from limb. After seeing that their work had been well done, they turned and jogged home.

PHRENOLOGY—SCIENTIFIC OPPOSITION.

BRO. WELLS:—I have spent some leisure moments in carefully reading the lecture on the Brain and Phrenology, by Prof. Wilder, of Cornell, and must confess that in all my experience it has never fallen to my lot to read so much sheer nonsense from one of whom so much ability and fairness might be expected. Is it any wonder that learning progresses so slowly and painfully when men in such high places either remain ignorant of the simple principles of logic, or stultify their judgments by foolish prejudices? It seems to be a herculean task to get people to be temperate as long as physicians will prescribe liquors, the sad results of which we see in the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who for twenty years drank nothing but water, but in a severe sickness his doctor prescribed alcoholic liquor, and he has never been able to do without it since. So of Phrenology. As long as physicians and professors will blind their eyes to its merits, and will decry it wherever they go, as most of them now do, the upward progress must necessarily be slow. Confidence once established by the masses is hard to change. They have reposed, to a great extent, such confidence in physicians of the old allopathic school that their word is looked upon with almost as much reverence as the Bible.

So, if they say it is right or wrong, it is almost impossible to get even intelligent people to investigate for themselves, and will not believe a demonstration though it is as clear as that twice two make four. If the doctors were earnest seekers after truth, we might hope for some change; but it is too true that the most of them learning from books, follow books, and know nothing out of books. But let the searchers after truth not lose hope; every effort put forth is seed sown, and will bring forth fruit by-and-by. As regards Prof. Wilder, I see you have taken him in hand, but you have been too easy with him. He is evidently a good anatomist—it is only when he gets out of his element that he flounders. He has read the old metaphysicians, and is deeply imbued with their fallacies; he has read the "Principles of Phrenology," but he reads it with green glasses, highly magnified by old associations. Let him be independent, and it is evident that you have a convert—and no mean one either—to Phrenology. Let him throw aside his doubts and prejudices, and say with the old philosopher, "What I know, that I know." Such, I believe, can be said of Phrenology. When an effect can be seen, and that effect can be traced to a certain cause, it is folly to look beneath that which is seen to discover whether it can

oe so or not. When we see a cloud in the air, and are told it is water, lighter than air and can not come down, we may believe it; but when we see that water descending upon us, it is not necessary for us to investigate whether there was sufficient power behind it to push it down; for it seems to me if we did, we should not find much more above it than we do below it.

In fact, on the Professor's theory there is nothing true which can not show previous design and adaptation for the end it serves. On the contrary, every intelligent being knows that we can not do so, even in the greater portion of the commonest things which do occur. You print a magazine (two of them). I deny the fact, for this reason: as a printer, I know that it requires type, ink, and presses to do such work; and, on a careful investigation of your magazine, I do not find there. I find a white surface which is partially covered by something black, which you say tells me all the wonderful events of the age, and makes a bond of sympathy between thousands of minds. Now, as I can not understand how this white surface, which is divided into so many different parts (leaves), can possibly produce such a connected action, in fact, how it can produce any action at all, how am I to credit your story? Besides, if you produce your book by the processes you pretend, why can not you

show upon its face the material by which it is produced? Again, why do you tell me that the black spots are made simply by pressing the paper against a piece of metal? It is against all experience. Have I not seen marble cutters putting epitaphs on tombstones, and if they could simply press them against metal would they occupy days in carving out those letters? I have seen sign-boards which required long hours of patient labor to paint them. Now, I got some pieces of metal just like the kind you say you use, and I got some lampblack and varnish and oil, just what you say your black substance is made out of, and I tried to make some of the clear characters such as are on your pages, but I could not make anything but a blurred and oily black mark. So, can you blame me for not believing you? Stop, say you, you are making a dunce of yourself. You are talking about something you know nothing about. Go to some printing-office, take a few lessons of instruction from a competent person, and you will see no difficulty in what we assert.

As I have had over twenty years' experience in that business, and about the same in Phrenology, I do not doubt your assertion in either case, only, as I made a specialty of printing, and you of Phrenology, perhaps we might teach each other something in our respective branches.

W. G. P. BRINCKLOE.

A NEW PIANO-FORTE MANUAL.*

WITHOUT THE USE OF SCALES OR EXERCISES.

IN announcing a system for the piano-forte which is entirely different from all other methods, some explanation seems to be necessary with regard to the circumstances which induced the author to pursue a course evidently so much at variance with musical custom.

Most of the mechanical exercises, scales, and studies for the piano-forte are so dry and meaningless, so utterly devoid of melodic form or anything calculated to interest the mind, that thousands of pupils become tired, and, to use their own words, *disgusted* with them. It is a statistical fact among instructors that the majority of music pupils only take two or three terms, get discouraged, and abandon a task which *might* have been made interesting and beneficial. Even those who persevere and practice for years upon scales and the most tedious exercises, only acquire a very superfi-

cial execution; their taste is entirely uncultivated, and they can not even execute one of Chopin's easiest *morceaux*, since one of the first difficulties met with in his music is putting the thumb on a black key—a procedure which has always been forbidden in books of instruction. Heretofore, piano playing was confined more to the "profession," and the manner of performing upon it was too little known to meet with criticism. But now the piano-forte has become a household instrument; it makes home happier and affords pleasure even to the unskilled. Almost every one desires to acquire some familiarity with it, and yet very few care to punish themselves with the thousand and one morose exercises which musical doctors prescribe for their deluded patients.

Necessity has again been the "mother of invention." The author has for several years realized that a new demand was being created,

* From the Preface to the work.

that pupils desired to learn to perform upon the piano by practicing pieces or tunes. The question then arose, Can it be done successfully?

The unfortunate experience of many pupils who, having fallen into the hands of ignorant teachers, were educated upon awkward marches and cheap dance music, seemed at first to serve only as a sad warning to those who leave the beaten track. In order to decide this point, let us inquire into the conditions of piano-forte playing. The first and greatest aim of the pianist is to acquire strength and agility of the fingers, which can only be accomplished by exercising them independently and constantly without any motion of the hands or arms. Whenever a key is struck by a motion of the hand or arm, two errors are committed: first, the fact of the key being struck by the hand or arm argues that the fingers receive no beneficial exercise, and, consequently, the pupil makes no progress toward the great aim of educating the fingers; second, a key being struck with the hand or arm, the sound is heavy and indistinct, and the practice conduces to a stiff and awkward manner of playing, as disagreeable as it is unphilosophical. Therefore, when pupils practice upon marches, galops, and pieces of a similar nature, containing heavy chords, they only cultivate an incorrect manner of playing; for chords, or many notes played simultaneously, can not be executed with the fingers. They must be played *with the arm*, which is the very thing every pianist ought to avoid at first. All these chords being played with the arm, the fingers receive no benefit whatever, and the pupil soon becomes a stiff, harsh, and awkward performer, scarcely capable of playing even the most common music for a country dance.

On this account, all chords are omitted in this book until the habits of good playing have become firmly fixed, after which the author will explain the peculiar manner of playing chords so that they will neither sound harshly nor injure the touch of the player.

Keeping in view the facts that the muscles must be left relaxed and easy, and that all the joints of the thumb and fingers must be educated by constant operation, the theory has not only been fully explained, but the pupil is provided with a series of well-grounded melodies and interesting pieces in the form of daily studies; all chords, double notes, repeated notes, skips, etc., having been excluded at first until the pupil has acquired control over his fingers; after which staccato notes, legato coup-

lets, arpeggios, broken chords, and the various styles of playing will be introduced, one at a time, and acquired without difficulty. By giving the hands only one note at a time, there is nothing to prevent a free use of the fingers. The author does not dispute that five-finger exercises, practiced in the proper manner, would educate the fingers. Anything which brings the fingers into action (even though it were playing upon a table) will benefit the muscles, but he does dispute that either course is at present advisable. To select pieces which will gradually educate the fingers to an easy execution is not so simple a task; but it is believed that no unprejudiced person will fail to acknowledge, after having examined this book, that the pieces throughout form as good a practice as the customary exercises, while they are far more interesting. Why, therefore, is not such a course more advisable, when it educates instead of corrupting the pupil's taste?

The author will even venture to assert that pupils will learn more from practicing difficult passages in celebrated compositions than from any series of scales or exercises. Scarcely any good author will use the scales and runs just as they are written in instruction books—whence it follows that the student had better practice that which is really practicable, instead of homely figures which no good composer cares to use in his works.

We have now seen how this new demand for a change in instruction has come about, and demonstrated that it can be accomplished successfully without the tedious drudgery of senseless exercises. And it only remains to point out the errors of existing piano-forte methods, which must be disabused before we can have a sufficient number of agreeable or correct pianists. In the first place, they begin with an exercise wherein all the fingers are held down by whole notes, except one finger, which continues to strike quarter notes, while the others are held down firmly.

Scarcely anything could be more unreasonable than this universally quoted exercise, for the very effort of holding down four keys stiffens the muscles of the wrist, which, being in sympathy with those of the fingers, prevent a free use of that finger which sounds the quarter notes. Then when the pupil comes to the weak fingers they can not be raised, for the simple reason that they are tied down by the other fingers and discouraged. The fourth finger should be allowed to come up with the third, and the third with the little finger, thus encouraging the weak fingers; and after one

has become a good pianist, it will then be time enough to practice such extreme difficulties. Indeed, it is doubtful if the authors who quote this exercise for their pupils can play it correctly themselves—for it was upon an *étude* of this description that Gottschalk practiced twenty years, and was not then wholly satisfied.

Following this blunder we find in every method what they call *amusements*, the majority of which consist of chords and various styles which it would require a good pianist to render properly. In short, they are selected without any regard to the principles of pianism. A little further on they give passages in octaves as a preparatory wrist exercise, not knowing that when the hand is extended to the distance of an octave it naturally stiffens the muscles and prevents a free use of the wrist. How much better is it to begin with single notes played staccato from the wrist until the muscles have become more free; then take sixths in the same manner until they can be played lightly from the wrist, after which octaves may be successfully introduced.

The next mistake is in writing the scales at first with both hands together, for it is one of the most difficult feats to play the scales correctly in this manner. They should be played separately and very slowly for many months.

Some more recent methods use inversions of the scale, bringing an accent upon the weak fingers for the purpose of giving them strength. This is another mistaken idea; for the mere act of heavily accenting a note which is to be played by the third or fourth fingers will not

give them strength. Nothing but constant practice in raising the fingers will give them strength, and, consequently, the weak fingers ought to be brought into more frequent operation if one desire equality of touch. Double thirds and sixths are generally introduced prematurely; the peculiar manner of playing broken and extended chords has not been told, and the great mystery of the pedals is still left unexplained. Nothing is said in the popular books of the mechanical construction of the piano-forte, or of the manner in which almost any effect may be produced upon it. Since the instrument has been so greatly improved, it seems not to have occurred to authors that the old way of playing scales will no longer hold good in cantabile passages—that one note should be held till after the next has been struck. The effect of an adagio played in this manner upon a fine instrument of considerable vibratory power is remarkable.

The old manner of fingering the scales is also frequently impracticable. No one who is afraid to put the thumb on a black key can play modern piano-forte compositions correctly. These and other improvements, together with the frequent explanations of interesting pieces and the style of performing them, will make this book, in our opinion, a more agreeable and more beneficial manual than has heretofore been offered to the American public.

The piano-forte has been nearly perfected; it only remains for the pupil to ascertain its peculiarities and make it speak intelligently.

NEW YORK.

A. J. GOODRICH.

JOHN T. GORDON,

THE THORNDIKE MURDERER.

THE first impression given by the likeness before us is that of dogged obstinacy. That long, strong, bony chin, that long and fixed upper lip, that sternness, coldness, and hardness of expression, combine to indicate severity and obstinacy. The head also corresponds to the face. See what height from the ears upward to Firmness, located at the back part of the top of the head. His Self-Esteem, located at the crown of the head back of Firmness, and indicated by great length from the opening of the ear to that point, is very large, giving a proud, haughty, domineering spirit. His head appears to be narrow at the crown, showing deficient Cau-

tiousness and diminutive Conscientiousness. His head is relatively wide between the ears, showing the elements of courage and severity. This is the head of a natural tyrant, who would be jealous of any slight of himself, and angry, bitter, and revengeful respecting the preference of others. In his organization one can see in him the language of one of olden time: "Lo, I have served thee these many years, yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends." Indeed, he looks as if he would have sold Joseph, to get him out of the way as a rival, had he have lived in the days of Israel.

He has, apparently, large Amativeness,

which would provoke jealousy and revenge if disturbed in his love matters, and it is said the lady whom he loved and expected to marry had received written warning to avoid him on account of his bad disposition, and that he suspected his brother's wife as the author of the warning. If this be so, it will explain his hatred of her and her children.

He is a man of strong prejudices and animosities, and if provoked by insult, neglect, jealousy, or an infringement of his supposed rights, he would be a relentless opponent, and would have the nerve to do almost anything, as his temperament is coarse and strong rather than fine and sympathetic.

circumference, $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches from Individuality to the occipital spine, and 14 inches from Destructiveness to Destructiveness, over the top of the head at Firmness. The animal portion of the brain predominates over all others. Destructiveness is the largest organ in his brain, the head swelling out enormously directly above the ears. The organ of Conscientiousness is, I think, the smallest I ever saw; the head rapidly recedes on each side of Firmness like the roof of a barn. All the spiritual organs are small and inactive, while Cautiousness and Secretiveness are both below the average. In the intellect the percepts predominate over the reflectives;



We venture that his trial will bring out the fact that he has been turbulent, disobedient, selfish, hard and tyrannical from childhood up.

One of our late students, Mr. L. C. Bateman, being in the neighborhood of Thorndike at the time of the tragedy, found the means of securing an interview with Gordon, and the following notes were made by him of that interview and sent to us:

"The first impression of a phrenologist upon seeing him would be that he is in the presence of a desperado, and a phrenological examination would only confirm that impression. I found his head to be 22 inches in

Mirthfulness is quite large, but his wit would take the form of low blackguardism. His neck is short and very thick, being $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference, indicating great animal strength and endurance. His physiognomy is decidedly repulsive; the eyes are well set, but have a malign expression; the jaws are immensely heavy and thick. Taken as a whole, his organization is low and coarse; and I infer from the examination that he is entirely destitute of moral courage. That he will, ere long, break down under his load of guilt and confess is my firm conviction."

The circumstances of the fearful crime are briefly these: Col. John Gordon, a gentleman

about seventy years of age, his wife, his son Almon and wife and three children, and John T., brother of Almon, lived together at Thordike, a town about eighteen miles from Belfast, Maine, in a handsome two-story house, upon an excellent farm, the property of the old couple. On Sunday night, June 15th, Col. Gordon and his wife had been visiting relatives in Bangor, and were absent. A young man named Ward, who had been employed on the farm, on Sunday night for the first time slept at the house of the Gordons. About three o'clock, Monday morning, he was aroused by the cries of one of the children, and noticing a strong smell of smoke, got up and hurried to the room of the brother John T., who slept with one of the children. John was not there, though the little boy was sleeping in the bed. The smoke was growing dense, and full of alarm he rushed to the room where Almon and his wife slept to awaken him.

He forced open the door, when the smoke poured out so densely that he was driven back. He then shouted for John, but getting no answer, turned to run out doors, when, by the side of the bedroom door, he discovered AN AXE COVERED WITH BLOOD AND HAIR.

Horrified, he rushed from the house to alarm the neighbors; but before getting far from the door-step, John came out of the house and shouted to him to come back and help get out the things. Filled with terror and distrust, Ward hastened on to the neighbors whom he aroused and returned to the scene. On forcing an entrance to the bedroom, a most horrible scene was disclosed within. The husband and wife and child were murdered in their bed, which was on fire, and the little boy in a crib near by fearfully mangled. The boy was rescued barely alive. By great exertions the further progress of the fire was stayed, though the brother John gave no assistance, but seemed to feign the appearance of being overcome by the shock, acting so strangely as to excite suspicion. After the fire had been subdued, the attention of all was drawn to the shocking spectacle of the victims, whose bodies had been fearfully mutilated by their fiendish destroyer. They were much disfigured by the flames; but the murderous wounds were only too apparent. Almon M., the husband,

who was a young man about twenty-five, had received three blows with the axe, on the top of the head, cutting clean through the skull, and another frightful gash across the cheek-bone from the ear to the nose.

His wife, Emma A., aged twenty-two years, had received five or six blows, terribly mangleing her head, and a fearful wound on the forehead, between the eyes, having the appearance of being inflicted by some such instrument as a carpenter's gouge. The child, a mere babe, was butchered in the bed with its parents. The little boy, Ira Burton, between five and six years old, who was discovered still alive, had received fearful blows on the head, fracturing the skull. Careful nursing restored him to consciousness, when he said, "Uncle John struck me with the axe. * * * He struck papa, too, and mamma."

Immediately on the suppression of the fire, the neighbors, whose suspicions were aroused by his strange conduct, charged the brother with the crimes, and seized and securely bound him with ropes, and delivered him into the hands of the authorities.

The instigation of the murder is supposed to be an intense jealousy of the father's partiality for Almon, and a desire to gain possession of the property. The father had recently conveyed the farm, valued at some \$5,000 or more, to his son Almon M., retaining a mortgage for the support of himself and wife during their lives. Almon was thus master of the homestead, and John was bitterly dissatisfied with the preference accorded the younger and more reliable brother.

As at this writing the trial had not taken place, we are unable to furnish a more detailed account of the horrible affair.

LACONICS.

THE true phrenologist asks only for a glimpse of a man's head and face to discern his dispositions, and cares not how he may be dressed, or how skillful he may be in dissimulation.

FORCE rules the world: the men with strong motive qualities, the men large in Firmness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, are those who stimulate the activities of society.

COMMON sense is not a native original faculty, as many believe, but the result of a well-stored intellect, and of faculties trained to discriminate acutely.—D.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

CULTIVATING THE WHITE ASH.—The value of the white ash for timber is so well known that it may seem almost superfluous to name it. There is scarcely a farm implement, from a rake handle up to a reaper or mower, of which the tough white ash does not form a part. But the cultivation of this valuable tree has been and is still sadly neglected in regions where good timber for the purposes named is and ever will be needed. The time must soon come when the implements required for agricultural purposes on the far Western prairies will be manufactured there, and good timber must be had; therefore, it requires no great stretch of imagination to see that a profitable market will soon exist far away from the present source of supply. The cultivation of such timber is like money put out at compound interest, and a man investing a small sum at first will soon find himself the possessor of large and constantly-increasing capital. The white ash is a tree easily grown from seed, which may be obtained in unlimited quantities and very cheaply. The seedlings may be easily transplanted without fear of loss, and will succeed in almost any good rich soil. At first the seedlings appear to make slow progress in comparison with cottonwoods and willows, but when fairly established their growth is rapid and in every way satisfactory. As soon as the trees are a few inches in diameter the timber is ready for use, and thenceforward continues to increase with age. Farmers who are in need, or likely to be, of good timber, should not neglect the cultivation of this most valuable tree.
—*Andrew S. Fuller.*

CATTLE IN EUROPE.—A paper was recently read at Seebezirk, Switzerland, giving some interesting statistics concerning cattle in Europe. By this document it appears that the aggregate number of cattle in all Europe is 94,700,000 head. Of this number, 13,000,000 are found in Germany, 12,000,000 in Austria, 12,000,000 in France, 10,000,000 in England, 9,000,000 in Turkey, 4,500,000 in Spain and Portugal, 4,000,000 in Denmark, 3,500,000 in Italy, 2,500,000 in Norway and Sweden, 2,000,000 in Holland and Belgium, 1,000,000 in Greece, and 1,000,000 in Switzerland. In proportion to superficial area and number of the population, Switzerland stands at the head of the list, having 268 head of cattle to every 1,000 acres, and 557 head to every 1,000 inhabitants. In Spain, on the

other hand, there are only thirty-nine head of cattle to every 1,000 acres.

ASPARAGUS.—Cut this when two inches high, run the knife under the ground three or four inches. Put it in cold water as you scrape it off. Put it in a bag for the purpose, and boil it hard twenty minutes, or longer if required. Put drawn butter over in a covered dish, and you have the nicest of all spring vegetables. If you want it to grow large, press a large mouth bottle over the first shoot, and press dirt around it. It will grow to a larger size and be tender.

HOW TO TEST THE RICHNESS OF MILK.—Procure any long glass vessel—a cologne bottle or long phial. Take a narrow strip of paper, just the length from the neck to the bottom of the phial, and mark it off with one hundred lines, at equal distances; or, if more convenient, and to obtain greater exactness, into fifty lines, and count each as two—and paste it upon the phial, so as to divide its length into a hundred equal parts. Fill it to the highest mark with milk fresh from the cow, and allow it to stand in a perpendicular position twenty-four hours. The number of spaces occupied by the cream will give you its exact percentage in the milk without any guess work.—*Miss. Agriculturist.*

DESTRUCTION OF DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.—Our correspondent in Gadsden Co., Florida, under date of June 1, writes as follows:

During the present week I have received reports from three different sections of the county announcing the appearance of the dreaded caterpillar. These are, doubtless, sporadic cases, and furnish no basis upon which to predicate any ultimate result. While upon the subject I will state a fact which is, at least, suggestive, and may lead to good results. Some years ago I was informed by Prince Murat (now deceased, but who then resided on his plantation, located fourteen miles east of Tallahassee) that his crops of cotton had been for several successive years protected from the ravages of the caterpillar by the intervention of numerous flocks of the common "blackbird," which preyed voraciously upon these pests of the cotton-field. The secret of their advent to that locality he attributed to the fact that his negroes were in the habit of cultivating small patches of rice in the damp places occurring in different portions of the plantation. As a confirmation of

his statement, I will state a fact which came under my own observation during the past year. About the time that my corn had fully matured, the "grass-caterpillars" suddenly made their appearance in the fields, and were rapidly destroying the young grass, which we highly value for fall pasturage. I observed at the same time that a large flock of domestic turkeys, with their young, came up of an evening with their craws very much distended. Suspecting the cause, I determined to watch them, and found, to my great gratification, that they were feasting upon the caterpillars. In the course of a day or two not a worm could be seen, and the pasturage was saved. These facts suggest the idea of introducing into the cotton region the "English sparrow," which, I understand, has proven an effectual safeguard to the ornamental trees in the vicinity of many of the northern cities. From the reported habits and great fecundity of these birds, I entertain but little doubt that if extensively introduced, they would, in the course of a very few years, prove an effective antidote to the advent of this great enemy of the cotton plant. —*Rep. U. S. Ag. Dep.*

SHINGLE roofs, and, indeed, all woodwork, may be rendered less liable to take fire from falling cinders, etc., by coating it with a wash composed of lime, salt, and fine sand or wood ashes. This compound also preserves the wood, and should be applied in the same manner as ordinary whitewash.

WISDOM.

THE largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

HEROISM is active genius; genius contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

THE labor of the body relieves us from the fatigues of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor. —*Rochefoucauld.*

IT is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor gleams in the meanest habits.

MAN is physically, as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start. —*Emerson.*

MOST people drift. To do this is easy. It costs neither thought nor effort. On the other hand, to resist the tide one must have principle and resolution. He must watch and pray and struggle continually. And yet no thoughtful person, who cares for his own soul, will dare to drift.

ARTIFICIAL wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants; from this cause the rich are oftener in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competency.

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion—it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the world, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. —*Emerson.*

THERE is no outward sign of politeness which has not a deep, moral reason. True education teaches both the sign and the reason. Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his own image. There is a politeness of the heart akin to love, from which springs the easiest politeness of outward behavior.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

AN epicurean has discovered that the pleasantest way to take cod-liver oil is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons.

WHAT is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, the other his profits from the law.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" asked a gentleman of a fellow leaning in a maudlin way against a post. "I've been practicing at the glass!" was the reply.

AN artless youth seeing in a church-yard the inscription, "I am not dead, but sleeping" thinking this a piece of mere imposition, exclaimed, "Well, if I was dead, by thunder, I'd own it."

ONE of our Freshmen, lately, in giving the divisions of an oration, called the last "Perforation." "That is right," said the professor, "if you intend your oration to be a bore."

A LITTLE girl was one day reading the history of England with her governess, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up and said: "What did he do when he was tickled?"

A SIGN in East Broadway, New York, reads: "New Footed and Second Hand Boots Made and Repaired." Without stopping to ask how second-hand boots can be intended for the feet, we would be glad to know how any shoemaker can make second-hand boots.

NEVER marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand, ladies, pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table-cloth, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted, take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day at once—he will do to tie to.

A YOUNG man seated at dinner the other day, said to his wife:

"Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you: If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

After some time spent in guessing, she gave it up.

"Well," said he, "where they re-tail spirits."

Eager to get it off, she hastens to a lady friend with:

"Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it: If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

Her friend Marian having given it up, she said:

"Where they sell liquor by the glass!"

A MICHIGAN school-master says: "I will spell any man, woman, or child in the hull State fur a dickshunary. or kash priez of one hundred dollars

a side, the money to be awarded by a kommittee of clergimen or skool directors. There has been a darned site of blown about my spellin; now I want them to put me up or shet up. I won't be put down by a passel of Ignorammuses because I differ with noar Webster's style of spellin."

UNCEREMONIOUS.—A Baltimore lady who had been greatly annoyed by mischievous urchins who rang her door-bell and then made off, made a bad mistake one afternoon recently. She lay in wait for them, and soon came a step on the porch, and a vigorous jerk on the bell. She cried out, "I see you, you little rascal!" caught the unresisting figure by the coat-collar, and shook him vigorously. When her strength was nearly exhausted, and hoarse with excitement, she discovered to her horror that it was the diminutive minister of her church, very red in the face, and very short for breath. An explanation followed.

Our Mentorship 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.

THE PRESSURE OF OUR BUSINESS IS SUCH that we can not undertake to return unavailable contributions unless the necessary postage is provided by the writers. In all cases, persons who communicate with us through the post-office should, if they expect a reply, inclose the return postage—stamps being preferred. Anonymous letters will not be considered.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. 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 an early consideration.

MOVING SCALP AND EARS.—I know a boy whom I regard as peculiar. Whenever he gets excited (and once in particular, when preparing to defend himself against another boy who was about to assault him) his nose quivers and moves up and down, and the nostrils expand and contract very rapidly. Is this caused by fear? He also can, at will, move the skin of the forehead, and of the crown of the head, and even his ears, up and down. And he can move either side alone—I mean, he can move the skin or the ear of the left or right side, without moving those of the opposite side. Why can he do this when others can not?

Ans. The mobility of the features sometimes constitutes the chief source of success to an actor. The late Mr. Burton would go upon the stage and without uttering a word would look the very embodiment of fun, drollery, simplicity, and thus

convulse the audience with laughter. As Richard III. said of himself, Burton always could "frame a face for all occasions." Dr. Valentine, Mr. Burdett, Sol. Smith Russell, and others, are noted for this power of muscular control over the features of the face. It is nothing very uncommon for persons to be able to move the scalp both of the forehead and back-head, and we suppose that by training from childhood one could acquire control of his muscular action in many ways now deemed singular or impossible. If one loses the right hand he soon learns to do things with the left which never would have been done without training and trial. We have seen persons who were born without arms who would use the toes with almost as much facility as others do their hands. We have seen a woman who had no arms who would thread needles, sew, embroider, knit, and make tidies and lamp-mats for sale; who would handle and use a tea-cup and saucer with facility, if not with grace. We have seen a young man without arms who would play musical instruments, who would use scissors and a penknife in cutting likenesses, and do it with a rapidity and exactitude which was really marvelous.

The boy now in question is very excitable, and has remarkable muscular control of his face and head. The agitation of the nose is no indication of fear. When the cat is excited every hair stands on end, especially when she goes out of her way to assault a big mastiff, and in her it is no sign of fear. Men sometimes, through excitability, have cold chills flash over them, which is only nervous sensation, and these excitements may be

joyous or grievous, but do not necessarily indicate cowardice.

The horse has wonderful control over his skin, which enables him to shake off the flies, or, at least, seriously to interfere with their annoying work.

IMPROVEMENT OF MIND.—How can I improve my judgment? I am twenty-eight years of age, and have a very poor judgment about matters and things. I use neither tobacco nor liquor, and never did, but I had a great deal of sickness from the time I was two years old till I was eighteen, and took a great deal of strong medicine which, I presume, is partly the cause. Am I too old to overcome the fault? Please give me your opinion upon the subject. I love to read your JOURNALS, because they are down on intemperance, as well as being strictly moral.

Ans. Every faculty can be improved by proper use and training, and by proper habits of life. You do well to avoid tobacco and alcoholic liquors, but do you eat wholesome food of the right kinds? Many eat pork, butter, sugar, and other highly carbonaceous articles in large quantities, and wonder why they feel dull and stupid. Try lean beef and mutton, Graham bread and fruit; drink water, bathe frequently, dress the feet warmly, retire early—avoid overeating and you will be as healthy as your constitution will permit. Read Combe's "Physiology of Digestion" and his "Physiology," and thus learn how to live, and read "How to Read Character" and learn how to improve every faculty of the mind.

WOMEN AS PHRENOLOGISTS.—Are ladies admitted to your class in Phrenology to fit themselves to become lecturers and readers of character? If not, why not?

Ans. Yes, we offer women an equal chance with men to obtain our best instructions in the theory and practice of Phrenology. We gladly welcome woman as a co-worker in every good cause. She has a natural aptitude for Phrenology and Physiology, and if she would become thoroughly instructed in the science, she would equal, if not excel, men in the art. Those wishing to know about our course of instruction, may write us asking for circulars on the subject.

NAMES OF COLLEGES.—How did the colleges, such as Harvard, Williams, Columbia, etc., obtain their names? Such information will prove interesting to most of your readers and, perhaps, to the students themselves.

Ans. Most of our American colleges were named after their founders, or the man who first gave largely for their establishment, like Cornell University and Vassar College. Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books. Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from the Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into busi-

ness, became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called King's College until the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia. Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made to it very liberal donations. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave to it \$50,000; and Dickinson College was named after the Hon. John Dickinson, who made a very liberal donation to it.

PSYCHOLOGY.—Are there methods of healing the sick by psychological influences?

Ans. From the time of Mesmer, and long before, persons have practiced "rubbing," "shampooing," etc., for the relief of aches and pains. Before the discovery of anaesthesia and chloroform, persons were put into what was called a mesmeric sleep, and teeth were extracted, tumors taken out, limbs amputated, and various other surgical operations were performed while the patient was entirely unconscious. A hospital was established in London; with which Dr. Elliotson was connected, and another in India, by a distinguished army officer by the name of Eledale, where many extraordinary cures were performed under the influence of what came to be known under different names as Biology, Electro-Biology, Mesmerism, Psychology, Electro-Psychology, etc. Since the discovery of anaesthesia, less attention has been given to the curative features of psychology, but no less to its mental phenomena, as connected with "brain-waves," seeing with the mind, foreseeing, etc. Philosophers and scientists can not escape its examination, though few are competent to explain its wonderful facts.

All that is really known in regard to the matter is given by the several authors whose works comprise the "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology,"—in one volume. Published at this office.

"NEW BROOM."—What was the origin of the much-quoted expression "A new broom sweeps clean?"

Ans. It is a very old English proverb, and other nations have a similar idea embodied in crisp form. We judge the saying was born of the faculties of Comparison and Mirthfulness, or of analogy and wit. A new incumbent of an office or position feels elated, ambitious, energetic; and he sets vigorously to work repairing and reforming. The friends of the old incumbent, looking on, curiously remark, "A new broom sweeps clean." The late occupant did the same, at first—you, in time, will become careless and dilatory, and will have to give place to a "new broom."

CAN IT BE DONE.—Is there any way by which I can secure from you a careful analysis and full written description of my character by means of likenesses?

I reside more than a thousand miles from New York, and can not well afford the time and money necessary to visit you; yet I am satisfied that an

examination by you, pointing out my defects, with instructions how to overcome them; how to use the talents I have to the best advantage; and what trade, profession, or business I am best adapted to follow, would be to me a great and lasting benefit, and worth any reasonable amount of cost. I have been told you can do this from likenesses—is it so?

Ans. We have described thousands in this way. We are doing it nearly every day; and when we have likenesses that are taken in the right manner for the purpose, we are able to read strangers in a manner so full and accurate, even as to detail, that the persons and their friends are astonished. Only a few days since, a gentleman of New Haven, Ct., Mr. S. A. S****, stated to a friend that he sent his likeness to us for examination and full written description, and that his traits were so thoroughly and accurately described that all who read the statement were not only surprised at its fullness and clearness, but, also, that it could be done from the likeness of a person whom the examiner had never seen.

Ladies sometimes send the likenesses of gentlemen in whom they are interested, with their own—sometimes they mutually request us to give our opinion, in writing, as to their adaptation in marriage; others consult us in regard to education for special professions, trades, or business, asking: "What can I do best?"

We send a circular entitled "Mirror of the Mind," to those who wish it, which will inform them how likenesses should be taken for this purpose; also certain measurements of head, size, and weight of person, complexion, etc., which we desire to know when describing character.

DOUBLE STARS.—We have before us a catalogue of double and triple stars discovered by S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, Ill., within the last three years. The list reaches so high a number as eighty-one. Verily the heavens are full of these wonders. Thus, while one friend of ours, in the United States, is adding to the knowledge of the world respecting the heavenly bodies, another friend of ours, in England, is writing pamphlets to prove that the world is not a globe, but a plane, and he is quite certain Herschel and Newton were quite in the dark on some vital points.

EARS BURNING.—What is the cause and significance of one's ears burning?

Ans. It is a silly saying, and belief of many, that if one ear burns it is a sign that there is some one talking badly of the person; if the other ear burns, it is a sign that somebody is talking kindly. This is only a superstitious fable, with no such meaning whatever. Some persons have a flushed face on the slightest excitement. Some get red if angry, others get pale under similar excitement. Some can work their ears up and down others can not. Some have freer circulation to the ears and to the whole head than others. Some keep their blood heated by the use of liquor and other heat-producing articles, and their ears burn whether

the gossips wake or sleep. Live temperately; avoid alcoholic liquors, pepper, coffee, tobacco, and eat but little sugar, and if your ears ever burn let them burn; there is moisture enough near by to prevent conflagration.

Other questions, deferred for want of space, will be answered in our next.

What They Say.

MORE ABOUT "BRAIN-WAVES."—It is stated that a writer in the London *Spectator* has propounded a theory of "brain-waves" to account for certain mental phenomena. And it seems that a physician in Western New York has become a convert to this theory. Now, to me the theory of "brain-waves" is simply absurd. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it is philosophy run mad—transcendentalism outdone. I do not propose to attempt a refutation of the theory here, further than to adduce an incident or two of a similar kind to those published in late numbers of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, but to which I do not think that the "brain-wave" theory will readily apply.

A few years ago, on one of our Western railroads, a train was under way. Hundreds of passengers were on board, no one, probably, suspecting any unusual danger. It was dark; dark and dreary at that. Station after station was reached and passed. At length, the engineer suddenly became impressed that he ought to stop. At first, he tried to pay no attention to it; but the impression grew so strong that he finally yielded, stopped the train, took a light, examined all the machinery, but found nothing wrong. Again the train was under way, and again the impression that he ought to stop returned with greater force than ever. He determined not to yield again. Swifter went the engine, but the impression grew stronger with the increased speed of the train. He became completely bewildered, feeling that some great calamity would happen if he did not stop. Again he yielded, stopped the train the second time, and sent forth hands with lights to examine the road. The hands soon returned, and reported that the river near to which the train had stopped had become very much swollen, and that a part of the foundation of the railroad bridge had been undermined, in consequence of which a considerable portion of the bridge had given way since the passage of the last train, and that had this train proceeded it would have been inevitably destroyed, with perhaps the lives of all on board.

Now, where did that brain-wave come from that impressed that engineer that he ought to stop? The night was dark and rainy—the accident had occurred during the night, since the passage of the last train. Hence no one knew anything of it till it was discovered by the train hands sent forward to examine the road.

Some years ago a gentleman in this county became impressed that he would die at a certain time, two or three years subsequently to the time of the impression. He related it to his family and friends, who merely laughed at him and paid no more attention to it. But he set about making preparation, and long before the time arrived he had everything pertaining to his worldly interests satisfactorily arranged. The day came. He arose in the morning as usual and shaved himself, seemingly in as good health as ever he was. After breakfast he requested his wife to send for some of his relatives living a few miles distant, with the injunction that they should not delay if they would see him alive. His wife told him that she thought it entirely unnecessary, but that to gratify him she would send, which she did. He went immediately to his room, lay down upon the bed, and died as if he had merely gone to sleep.

From whose brain, we would ask, did that wave proceed which produced upon this man such a singular impression?

But admitting the "brain-wave" theory to be true, is it not remarkable that when this "brain-atmosphere" becomes agitated by the operations of some disturbed brain, the impression is not felt by more than one person? Is it not fortunate that the "brain-wave" always waits the impression to the right person, without disturbing any one else?

But we wait for further developments and further explanations. T. W. S.

WHAT HAPPENED ON FRIDAY.—Some people will persist in denominating Friday as "unlucky," notwithstanding that it is the date of some of the most important and most "lucky" occurrences on the record of human transactions. Let us see: On Friday, Aug. 21, 1492, Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, Oct. 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, Jan. 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, Nov. 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, in his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England. On Friday, Sept. 7, 1565, was founded St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest town in the United States, by more than forty years. On Friday, Nov. 10, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our glorious Constitution. On Friday, Dec. 23, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, Feb. 23, 1733, George Washing-

ton, the Father of American Freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, Sept. 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thus we see that Friday is not so bad a day, after all. —

A GOOD WORKER IN A GOOD FIELD.—It gives us pleasure to insert the following warm testimonial in favor of our friend, Miss Chapman. The world needs many more like her to spread the man-improving truths of Phrenology.

ROCHESTER, Racine Co., Wis.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: *Dear Sir*—We the following named persons bear cheerful testimony to the ability of Miss May Chapman, of Philadelphia, both as a lecturer and a delineator of character by the science of Phrenology, as shown in the lectures she gave us on that subject and on "The Law of Human Progress" while in this place.

During her stay among us she gave a large number of private examinations, resulting in every case in accordance with the opinions of those who knew the persons best, and with the admission of the persons themselves. She also gave several public examinations, at the close of which the decision was unanimous that she was "master of her work." At the close of her second lecture a resolution was unanimously passed, as follows: "*Resolved*, That this audience strongly indorse the work and lectures of Miss Chapman, and extend to her our best wishes for her success in the field she has chosen; and that, as a token of our interest, this action be forwarded to some of the leading papers where she intends to lecture."

We feel confident that she can remove the skepticism of any one on the subject of Phrenology, by giving them a delineation of character.

J. H. GOULD, Prin. Rochester Seminary.

J. T. BANKS.

J. L. COFFIN, M.D.

GEORGE F. NEWELL, M.D.

GEORGE BLACK, P.M.

REV. O. D. AUGIE, Pastor of Free Baptist Church, Rochester.

GEO. G. ODWINE, M.D.

THE "New Scientific Discovery" by Dr. Ferrier, of London—have you seen it? It was published in the Dundee—Scottish—*Advertiser*, and then published in the *Boston Daily Globe*. If I am a judge, it wonderfully supports Phrenology as a science, but may modify its teaching; I can not see why it is not a tester. I hope to see it noticed in your next A. P. JOURNAL.

TIMOTHY WHEELER.

[We reprint it in the present number.—Ed.]

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such NEW BOOKS as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

AHN'S FIRST GERMAN BOOK. By Dr. P. Henn. Exercises in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Translation, and Conversation. Printed in bold type, and containing a very large amount of German Script. Designed for the lowest two grades. Boards, 25 cents. **AHN'S SECOND GERMAN BOOK.** Exercises in Writing, Reading, Translation, and Conversation. Containing much German Script. A sequel to the "First German Book." With Paradigms and Vocabularies of all German and English words occurring in both these books. Boards, 45 cents. These two books together form: **AHN'S RUDIMENTS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.** With Vocabularies. Edition of 1873. Boards, 65 cents. **KEY TO AHN'S RUDIMENTS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.** Boards, 25 cents. **AHN'S GERMAN READING CHARTS.** Twenty-four Plates, with Hand-Book for Teachers. These Wall-Charts are printed in very large German type, with German Script letters expressly cut for the same. \$1.

The above comprise an admirable elementary course for the study of German. We have more than once alluded to the superior merits of Ahn's text-books, and hail these new and improved manuals, from the press of Mr. E. Steiger, of 23 and 24 Frankfort St., New York, with much satisfaction. They are thoroughly practical, and meet the increasing need of our American school system for good text-books in German. Among the commendable features of these publications we may mention the ease with which the correct German pronunciation is taught; the simplicity and wide range of the pieces for English translation; the large number of common words and phrases supplied to the pupil, a few at a time, and the colloquial style mainly adopted, by which German conversation is taught from the outset; the clearness and brevity of the rules, the great variety of matter introduced, and the large amount of German Roman script introduced, so as to give the pupil ready command over German handwriting.

PACKARD'S COMPLETE COURSE OF BUSINESS TRAINING, and Key for Teachers and Private Students. By S. S. Packard, author of "Bryant and Stratton's Bookkeeping Series," and President of Packard's Business College. One vol., octavo; pp. 248; muslin. Price \$5. New York: S. S. Packard & Co.

Mr. S. S. Packard is not only one of the best of teachers, he is also an excellent writer, and knows exactly what to put into the book and what to leave out. He winnows the wheat from the chaff, and gives you only the clean grain. If we had a hundred boys we should deem it fortunate could each of them pass through a few terms under his business training. But though we have not a hundred boys, Uncle Samuel has, and we advise him to send as many of them to Mr. Packard as he

conveniently can, and for all those whom he can not send to Mr. Packard's school, he may procure the book under notice.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NORTH CHINA, with Notices of that of the South, West, and North-east, and of Mongolia and Thibet. Compiled chiefly from the Travels of Père Armand David. Reprinted from the "Shanghai Evening Courier" and "Shanghai Budget," and translated from the "Shanghai Nouvelliste." Shanghai: Printed by De Costa & Co., at the "Ching-Foong" General Printing Office.

An interesting sketch of the physical characteristics of a great region of which hitherto but little has been authentically known. The people and their productions, the animals and birds, the nature of the soil and climate, are briefly stated in a pleasing, instructive style, and from personal observation.

INFANT DIET. A Paper read before the Public Health Association of New York. By A. Jacobi, M.D., Clinical Professor of Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. 12mo, pamphlet; pp. 50. Price, 35 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We make haste to admonish our readers not to be misled by the pernicious teachings of this pretty little book. Its author, not having the fear of the devil of intemperance before his eyes, prescribes whisky for babies. We propose to describe this "Infant Diet" more at length at another time.

FANNING THE GRAVE, AND THE WIFE TESTED. By G. C. Stent. Price, 50 cents. Shanghai, China: De Costa & Co.

Two poems which we presume are translations or adaptations from the Chinese. At any rate, the stories they humorously relate, if true of Chinese women, are rather severe expositions of inconsistency. We are inclined to think them more funny than true; at any rate, we won't accept them as Gospel in allegory.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE AND CATALOGUE OF WOODWARD'S GARDENS, San Francisco, California. Price, 25 cents. R. B. Woodward.

Everybody who visits "Frisco" will look into these gardens, and examine the ten thousand objects composing one of the best museums in America. No Barnum about that.

THE TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS. By Jules Verne, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas." One vol., 12mo; pp. 291; muslin. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

An amusing little story, told in vigorous language, so entertaining that one wishes it were real.

MAY. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "At His Gates," etc., etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 209; cloth. Price, \$1.50; or, in paper, \$1. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

If one will read novels, let him read only the best. "May" is one of this sort, and one may be the better for reading it.

FATHER MATHEW, the great Temperance Apostle. An Address delivered before the Monument Association of New York, by Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States.

It is an able and interesting history of the life and labors of this noble Apostle of Temperance, showing his wonderful power and influence, and giving the visible results of his labors. The history of his visit to this country will be found exceedingly interesting and valuable. It should be in the hands of every friend of Temperance. Price, 15 cents. Address this office.

THE 100 YEARS ANGLO-CHINESE CALENDAR, 1st Jan., 1776, to 25th January, 1876, Corresponding with the 11th Moon of the 40th Year of the Reign Kien-Lung, to the end of the Year of the Reign Tung-Chi. Together with an Appendix, containing several interesting Tables and Extracts. By P. Loureiro. Shanghai, China: Printed at the "North China Herald" office.

This is a curious work, containing upward of 270 octavo pages, nicely bound in flexible morocco, worth, we should say, about \$5. But we are not aware of its selling price. We presume copies may be had in San Francisco, Cal.

THE CHURCHMAN, of Hartford, is one of the best published weekly papers in America. Its type, paper, and general make-up are the best. Its terms are \$3.50 a year; when paid in advance, \$2.50. M. H. Mallory & Co., Hartford, Ct., are the publishers. And now what may we say, what ought we to say, of the *spirit* of this beautiful *Churchman*? One would infer, from its title, that it is a religious paper; but we fail to discover much really **CHRISTIAN** in it. As a commercial enterprise, it is, no doubt, a success. But as a representative of the higher, holier, or kindlier attributes, we can scarcely award it a claim. One, at least, of its writers exhibits more carping criticism and Combativeness than Veneration or Benevolence; he dips his pen in gall and wormwood, and then writes in bitterness. Of course, there is an outward show of sanctity, but that is all. One would suppose from his assumptions that it was his to sit in judgment on all religious questions, and to whip in those who venture to think for themselves. Could we see a ray of sunshine in all his scolding, snapping, and snarling, we should have hopes of his ultimate recovery from a state of chronic mental dyspepsia. We think it unfortunate for the church, which the paper claims to represent, that it has such a scold for a writer. A little more Christian kindness, and a great deal less Combativeness, will "draw" more. Does the man drink? Probably not. Does he smoke? We fear so, and this, with indigestion, may account for his infirmity. It is enough to curdle one's blood to read his vinegar criticisms. Still, we read them, and have not yet committed violence against the law. Should we commit crime, and be brought into court for trial, we should plead insanity, produced by reading the *Hartford Churchman*, and should hope for executive clemency on that account.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August must commend itself to every reader as an admirable specimen of a truly excellent American publication. Mr. Parton's fresh installment of his brilliant sketches of Jefferson's career is very entertaining, particularly in its comparative bearing on the modern Presidential policy. And then there are two good stories, entitled, "Honest John Vaue," and "Gunnar, a Norse Romance," besides instructive papers on "A Glimpse of Contemporary Art in Europe," "The Summer's Journey of a Naturalist," "Roman Rides," etc. There is a hearty satisfaction experienced in reading the *Atlantic*. As is well known, James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, are the publishers.

THE TURKISH BATH. Illustrated. Charles H. Shepard, M. D., has issued a hand-book of thirty pages, containing information on the following subjects: Introductory, Ancient History, Modern History, Introduction into America, Physical History, Description of the Bath, Advantages of Turkish Baths, Effects of the Bath, Defined and Contrasted with the Russian Bath, Perspiration not Weakening, Time and Frequency, The Hammam, Excerpts. Send 10 cents to this office, and a copy will be sent you.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July is the commencement of the forty-fourth volume of its publication, and it maintains its reputation acquired in so many volumes. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale; published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Three dollars a year. Can be ordered through this office, with other magazines or newspapers.

THE GLOBE. A new musical journal. We have received the first number of this creditable addition to the already large list of American musical publications. A capital portrait of Miss Kellogg, as she appears in one of her specialties, is presented with the number. C. A. Atkinson & Co., of New York, are publishers. \$1.00 a year.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY, 128 Second Av., corner Eighth Street, New York. For Catalogue send stamps to Emily Blackwell, M.D., as above.

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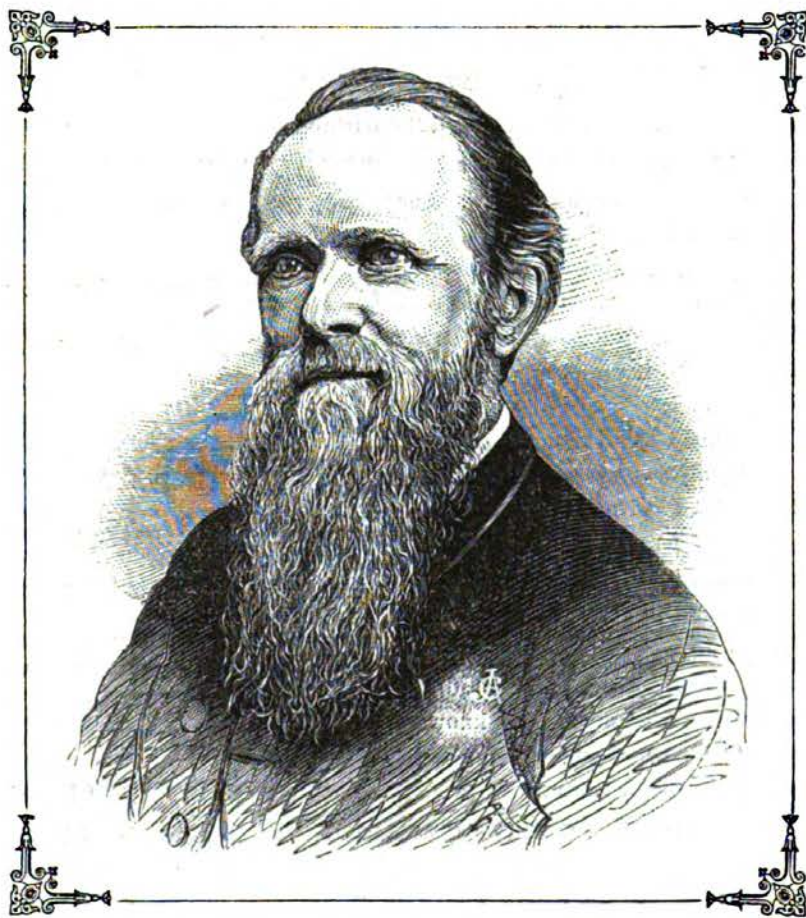
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THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 4.]

October, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 418.]



MILES GRANT,
EDITOR OF "THE WORLD'S CRISIS."

IN this head and face we recognize a fine organization, a temperament remarkable for its activity, combined with force and strength. Here is a constitution in which there is strength without coarseness, and vigor without roughness. It takes into account the mi-

nute as well as the vast, comprehends philosophy, yet never overlooks a fact. In traveling he would discover the minutiae of the picturesque roadside as well as the bolder scenes of grandeur. If we might use the phrase, he is photographic in his observations, taking in

things small and unimportant as well as those which are vast and important. His head has great expansiveness in the forehead, showing strength of thought, power of criticism, and knowledge of the laws which govern subjects. If the head be measured from the opening of the ear forward, it will be found long and massive. His head is also high, indicating strong moral convictions, a deep sense of justice, great Spirituality, and a high degree of Veneration. His Language is finely indicated, and he would be considered an easy as well as a clear and strong speaker. He has a quick sense of wit, knows how to show up the ridiculous side of an argument or course of conduct. He has the power of organizing, combining, and arranging; is capable of governing and supervising; has a great deal of magnetic power, so that he rules other minds easily, and readily becomes a leader. People believe his statements, lean on his strength, trust in his protection, and follow in his lead. He has great Firmness, stands his ground without flinching, and walks through difficulties that would appal many and deter most. He has Combativeness enough to grapple with difficulties, to give him a brave, earnest, and thorough nature. He is too fine-grained to war with carnal weapons, but he uses argument, moral power, and persuasion with great effect.

He is a warm friend, strongly social; readily wins the confidence of children, and knows how to reach their mental status and make great truths seem simple and clear.

He has a systematic tendency of thought, organizes with method, and conducts affairs in an orderly manner. He is a good-humored man; calls out the gentler feelings of people; has enough of the poetical, and mirthful, and historical, in his composition to lead conversation, and spice it with wit and story.

Such a head will take a good rank anywhere. His intellectual and moral forces seem to take the lead, but he has force and courage enough to meet opposition on its own ground, and win victories in almost any field.

The following interesting sketch was fur-

nished us by Mr. H. A. King, editor of the *National Agriculturist*:

MILES GRANT was born in Torrington, Conn., December 13, 1819. Until twenty-one years of age he spent most of his time in hard farm labor, excepting winters, when at school. At eighteen he commenced teaching school in Winchester Centre; the next winter he taught in Wolcottville; and afterward in Winsted, of the same State, for several years, where he was very successful. In the "Annals of Winchester," published by the Hon. John Boyd, we find the following:

"Elder Miles Grant, for some four or five years taught the west village district school, with an ability and success never excelled in our annals. To the sincere regret of parents and scholars, and of the whole community, a sense of duty constrained him to leave a calling for which he was eminently fitted, and to devote himself to the Master's service in another sphere of labor. Highly esteemed and loved as a minister of the Gospel, he has no more cordial friends than his Winsted pupils, now in the active stage of life, who owe to him a training far beyond what is ordinarily secured in a district school."

He was also employed for some time as a teacher at Amenia Seminary, and at Jonesville Academy, N. Y.

His father, Ira Grant, was a noted hunter, and in early days his son, Miles, was quite well educated in hunting and fishing; but at twenty-one years of age he became convinced that these were cruel sports, and quit them entirely—and for more than thirty years has not used a gun or a fishing-rod.

In early life he had some religious impressions, but drove them off and became a skeptic. As such in December, 1842, he went to hear H. A. Chittendon lecture on the Prophecies of Daniel, in the Methodist Church in Winsted. Those lectures convinced Mr. Grant of the truth of the Bible. He was happily converted, and became very active in Christian exercises. He continued in the business of teaching until the spring of 1850, when he felt it his duty to commence preaching the Gospel of Christ. This he did and has continued to do until the present time. His ministerial labors have been richly blest. He has been the instrument of persuading many to become Christians. He is a firm believer and advocate of the doctrine of Bible holiness. During his ministry he has been an evangelist, excepting the interval between 1855 and 1858, when he

was pastor of a church in Boston. In 1855 he was elected editor of the *World's Crisis*, a religious weekly, published in Boston, and with the exception of a few months has held that office to the present time.

The Elder has some peculiarities which should be noticed in this sketch of his life.

1. He was converted into the belief that the second coming of Christ is an event *near* at hand. This he still firmly believes and preaches earnestly.

2. Soon after his conversion he became satisfied that the Bible did not teach that the finally impenitent would be tormented eternally, but after their resurrection and judgment they would die "the second death," and never live again; and that only the righteous would have eternal life.

3. About the same time he was also convinced that the Scriptures do not teach the natural immortality of man, but that he lies in a dreamless sleep, unconscious, between death and the resurrection; and that "if the dead rise not, then . . . they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished."

4. He also believes the Bible teaches that the future home of the saints will be on the "New earth," which is to be the present one purified and restored to its original state, as it was before the first man sinned. These views led him to take a decided stand against Spiritualism and its leading defenders, with whom he has held some seventy or eighty public discussions. He has also written and published much against the system, and is well known as its fearless opponent.

5. His habits of life. Another peculiarity of Elder Grant, which is worthy of special note, is his mode of living, perfect health, and remarkable power of endurance. He is often heard to say that if he accomplishes no other good in the world, he hopes to be able to demonstrate that these qualities depend very largely upon the treatment of our *stomachs*. He does not claim that all should do as he does, but thinks a large amount of sickness, pain, sorrow, remorse, and misery would be removed from the human family, if his mode of living were universally adopted.

For over twenty years he has been a rigid vegetarian—using no meat, butter, tea, coffee, tobacco, or any intoxicating drink. In early life he used tobacco, cider, and cider brandy freely, tea and coffee, and rich food. Then he had frequent headaches, and hardly a day passed without more or less indisposition and ill-feeling; now these ailments are all gone.

He has not had a sick headache for upward of twenty years.

For more than twelve years he has eaten but two meals a day. His hours of eating are eight and half-past two o'clock. He eats no pies and cakes, or pastry of any kind; uses no salt, sugar, or any other seasoning on any food, excepting a little milk or cream. He enjoys his food exceedingly, but is never faint or hungry between meals. The following is his complete list of articles of food: Unleavened bread, oatmeal pudding, beans stewed till soft, baked or raw apples (sweet preferred), other fruits in their season, raw eggs, pop-corn, sometimes dates, figs, raisins, and nuts, squash, the sweet and common potato. He says he feels the best, and can do the greatest amount of work, when he confines himself to the unleavened bread, oatmeal pudding, beans, sweet apples, eggs, and milk. He does not allow himself to eat a meal in less time than half an hour. He formerly ate in five or ten minutes. He uses no drink with his food. He never eats anything between meals.

He always sleeps with an open window, takes a sponge bath every morning; retires as soon as convenient after nine o'clock, and aims to be in bed about seven hours.

As a result of this mode of living, Elder Grant is able to perform a great amount of business without fatigue. He can preach fifteen times a week, do all his work as editor, and feel as fresh at the close of each day's labor as at the beginning. He travels from ten to fifteen thousand miles a year in his ministerial labors through the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, but never seems tired. He claims it is because of his plain diet, accompanied by the blessing of the Lord. He has not eaten a meal for several years without his unleavened bread. He thinks no one is getting through the world more pleasantly, or with less friction, than himself. He says he is a "happy man;" and, from long acquaintance, we have no reason to doubt his saying. His pursuit certainly is a cheerful one. He is most thoroughly convinced that his mode of living adds largely to his enjoyment, and that should he live as most do he would soon lose his health, vigor, power of endurance, and much of his present sweet enjoyment. He never has any "blue Mondays" though he may preach three times on the Sabbath, attend as many prayer-meetings, baptize, administer the sacrament, and converse most of the intervening time during the day. When everybody else is tired he appears still in vigorous condition.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious terrors, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

IS SPIRITUALISM IN THE BIBLE?

[Not long since we promised an article on Spiritualism from the pen of Rev. Dr. John Hall. The following is that article, which comprises a chapter in his recent book, "Questions of the Day." We consider it one of the clearest expositions which have been published of Spiritualism from the point of view of "orthodox" theology:]

THE attempt to learn, by special or supernatural means, what is not unfolded to ordinary observation, or reached by calculation, is neither rare nor novel in human history. Every divine gift to man has its imitation in baser material, and every form of revelation has had its copy; lust of knowledge or lust of power in fallen creatures making the demand and suggesting the supply.

As early as Gen. xli. 8, we find a distinct order of men in the Egyptian Court, called by various names, "magicians," "wise men," etc., the indefiniteness of the popular idea regarding their peculiarities rendering the language indefinite, precisely as among ourselves.

The general public can not discriminate between electro-biology, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, and table-turning, though no doubt the professors in this general line have nice and intelligible distinctions among their respective methods and departments.

In Ex. vii. 11 we find "wise men" and "sorcerers" called to the royal council, and we have conclusive evidence of the zeal, earnestness, and apparent, though temporary, success with which these persons sought to serve Pharaoh. We think the conclusion probably certain, that these men did not accomplish anything outside laws of nature known to them, and that when they were reduced to humiliating confession of impotence they said quite candidly: "This is the finger of God," as distinguished from our arts.

The tribes among whom lay Jewish intercourse must have been much addicted to such devices, if we may judge from the earnestness and frequency with which the Lord warned—as in Lev. xx. 6—against the wiz-

ards and familiar spirits. At this point we get two branches of the line, one in the direction of communicating with the dead, the other of impressing the living by the feats of ventriloquism. Probably both were frequently combined, the unwonted sounds verifying to the client the supposed voices of the dead. That women often cultivated these arts, and with success, appears from the prevalence of feminine words which, like "witch" among us, hold an important place in the popular language.

By the time the book of Deuteronomy is reached we have "divination," "observing of times," "enchanters," "witches," "charm-ers," "consulters with familiar spirits," "wizards," "necromancers." These are all described by their appropriate words, the etymology of which sometimes approximately describes the method of each. It is not needful for our present purpose to follow these minutely.

Later in human history we begin to notice the similarity between the Bible forms of superstitious inquiry and those encountered in the classics. Micah speaks of the "observer of times," and Isaiah of "soothsayers" and "monthly prognosticators;" to whom comets, lightnings, clouds, and meteors were the means of suggestion and enlightenment. Then came, in long and motley array, the enchanters vindicating their claim by power over serpents; "diviners," with their cups and rods and arrows; augurs peering into the entrails of slain beasts, as in Ezek. xxi. 21, "looking into the liver," and the endless variety of oracle-mongers, from the richly endowed shrine with a national repute, to the hag that, from the recesses of a cave, domineered over the fears and superstitions of a hamlet.

Two remarks may be made at this stage.

1. It would be unfair to imagine that all the operators of this machinery were conscious

impostors. Men, by long telling a lie, come to believe it. Education molds the mind, as ample observation proves, to accept things most unlikely and incredible to others; and there is a blinding and hardening judicial process to which men are given up when evidence produces as little effect on their intellect as rays of light on the sightless eyeballs. There were, no doubt, then as now, sincere and honest exponents of these plans, who were, in part, dupes, and, so far, unconscious impostors. It is so still.

2. In the course of life-long application to one set of facts and studies, and this often carried on in one place, or by one undying corporation from age to age, it is exceedingly likely that acquaintance was made with occult laws of human being, the knowledge of which was turned to account, and which availed for impressing, overawing, and swaying the minds of men. The possessors of this exceptional knowledge had secrets—not supernatural secrets, indeed, but such as made them miracle-workers to the mass of men, because the mass of men were ignorant.

This appears to be the exact state of the case in modern Spiritualism. Any one who has seen an exhibition of electro-biology must have been convinced that there are persons of such temperament that their minds can be reduced to abnormal states, can be turned into the current of other minds, so as to feel as they are directed, and to will and command their muscles as they are instructed. From this it seems an easy and not an unlikely step to the controlling mind gaining a perception of the state and feeling of the mind controlled, so as to know what it knows, and, for the time, comprehend and sympathize with its feelings.

We say, "to know what it knows." That is the inexorable limit. There is no case of the revealing mind rising above the attainments of the mind with which it is in sympathy. The inquirer at the oracle gets nothing but what he brings. If he asks as to what is in his own mind the medium has entrance so far to his own mind, and can read off what is seen there. If he inquire of what is unknown to either one or the other, the oracular current does not rise above the level of the supply, and the response is only a guess more or less accurate.

This is the result of all observation; it is also the verdict of scientific inquiry. We do not now touch another and very interesting case of occult or partially known law—in which human will seems to have power that is different from conscious mechanical power—over dead matter, except to say that man may have been—who can tell?—in an unfallen state an image of the Creator in His control over matter, and restored and glorified, may have it given back again, and in this be "equal to the angels."

Now, when we apply the principles above stated to the one well-defined case of necromancy, or Spiritualism described in the Bible, there is a solution of questions not otherwise satisfactorily answered. We refer, of course, to Saul's interview with the witch of Endor. That Samuel should have come in the circumstances to meet Saul and announce the tragedies of the melancholy morrow, was a thing so antecedently improbable that it could only be explained by the theory that God so judged, and aggravated the doom of Saul. There still seemed to be some need for explanation of Samuel's language of complaint as to being "disquieted," and "brought up"—and of the announcement that Saul and his sons should be "with him."

But on the theory which applies Spiritualism to the case as it is now in use among us (and which Dr. Baldwin, of Troy, has carefully elaborated in his "Witch of Endor and Modern Spiritualism"), there are enough points of coincidence to make the explanation worth consideration. The woman has a reputation for necromancy. She is an accomplished medium, possessing the power of biologizing the related natures. Her faculties, like those of the gipsy, the sharper, the fortune-teller, have been quickened by the practice of long and perilous years. Saul is agitated, nervous, faint, hungry, and prepared to catch at anything—just in that mood when

"The very stones prate of one's whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it."

The tall figure of the stately king, and the general look of Samuel, might well enough be known to the witch, and if not, her practiced acuteness soon identified Saul, and he introduced Samuel to her attention. And now, magnetized and full of unutterable tre-

mor, his unbalanced mind picturing the "doom he dreads yet dwells upon," the witch proceeds to read off from that opened page what she finds there. The last time Saul saw Samuel he had on a mantle. Saul remembers it, for in the frantic effort to detain the prophet he laid hold on the skirt of it and it rent (1 Sam. xv. 27). It was an old man in a mantle the witch perceives. The best way in which to exhibit the value of the communication made by the witch is to compare the very words of the living Samuel, which must have burnt their way into Saul's memory, with the words uttered in the cave.

After Saul's rash sacrifice (1 Sam. xiii. 18): "And Samuel said to Saul, Thou hast done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee: for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel forever."

After the episode of the Amalekites (1 Sam. xv. 16): "Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on."

"And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

"For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

"And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee: for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel."

"And Samuel said unto him, The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine, that is better than thou."

"And also the strength of Israel will not lie nor re-

pent it; for he is not a man that he should repent."

Add to this Saul's own statement of his condition (1 Sam. xxviii. 15): "And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

The woman, speaking for Samuel, says (1 Sam. xxviii. 16, 17, 18, 19): "Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?"

"And the Lord hath done to him, as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, even to David."

"Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day."

"Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines."

thing not uttered by the living Samuel, and now put into his lips—namely, that Saul and his sons should be slain—was already in the fallen monarch's mind; for how could that spirit brook "to live and be the show and gaze of the time?" In fine, the woman only put into words what in the clairvoyant state she saw in the brain with which she came into what Richardson calls "unconscious cerebration," or what others call "abnormal psychic relations."

It only remains to be added that while real satanic influence was believed in, and witches were supposed to be in connection with evil supernatural powers, Samuel's appearance was supposed to have been imaginary, but effected through supernatural agency. Later commentators, remembering that *that* form of witch-theory is exploded, differ with Calvin, Luther, and the Fathers, and are compelled to fall back on the theory of a permitted appearance of the real Samuel. It may appear that the whole episode was within the limits of natural law, and that at the same time the process was one of imposition and deception on the part of the sorceress, and an interesting illustration of a point of contact between the heathenism of Canaan, as described in the Scriptures, and the heathenism of Greeks and Trojans, as described in Homer.

Many persons having seen undeniable facts of which they could give no explanation, conclude that the deniers of Spiritualism are ignorant of these facts, and that their denial would be less strenuous had they opportunity to witness them. For the sake of such readers we offer a brief sketch of what may be called the scientific history of what now assumes to itself the honors of a religion.*

* The substance of the following pages appeared over the author's name in the *New York Ledger*, and the writer has reason to know, with the effect of satisfying some who were perplexed and in danger of losing their hold of revealed truth. The result of the publication was a correspondence of some interest, in which the strongest arguments and evidences available were laid before the author. The effect was twofold: 1. To confirm the theory of the text, and to deepen the conviction that Spiritualism is a comet with a small body of natural fact and an enormous tail of guessing, of sensation, of superstitious and ignorant fear, and of conscious and interested imposture. 2. That it is, as far as it is intelligent, animated by a malignant dislike of Christianity, though occasionally claiming to offer evidence in favor of its great facts.

That Samuel is described as the speaker is in accordance with the usual method in such cases. Apollo gave the oracles at Delphi, though priests spoke; and in any number of the *Banner of Light*, the organ of Spiritualism in this country, the dead—mighty or not, wise or otherwise—are credited with the declarations, though the trance-speakers and the mediums make the actual communication. There is absolutely nothing told Saul that he did not either know or expect, for defeat stared him in the face, and the only

The subject gained some scientific interest in the hands of Frederick A. Mesmer, a German, born in Baden in 1734, and educated as a physician. He published in 1766 a work called "*De Planetarum influxa*," to show that a fine subtle influence pervades the universe, affected like air and water by the heavenly bodies, in turn affecting the nervous system of animals, and influencing human disorders. Then, he concluded, if artificial means of exercising this influence could be obtained, cures might be effected; and he tried magnets.

But a rival in Vienna, with the ominous name of Hell, claimed the prior use of this device, and so far made good his case. In vain Mesmer tried to obtain the indorsement of learned bodies; and his attempt to cure Mademoiselle Paradia, a public singer, in 1777, left her as blind as ever.

Paris has always been a good field for the ingenious, and thither Mesmer went; practiced there; made friends; published his theory, and had it refuted. Handsome, and not timid, he intimated that he was a benefactor of the race, and desired an estate as an acknowledgment of his services. On condition that he would submit his process to three persons appointed by the government, a good pension was offered him; but he declined it, and left in high dudgeon for Spa. Returning—tempted by another offer—to Paris, he set up a curative establishment, luxuriously furnished, in which he operated upon his patients, as they gathered round a kind of magnetic battery, producing, no doubt, many of the familiar phenomena of electro-biology, which, being then new and strange, made him a prodigy. In 1784 the French government appointed a scientific committee of inquiry into the Mesmeric process, including many physicians and men of repute, such as our own Benjamin Franklin. This committee pronounced it a humbug; so did the Royal Society of Medicine; but that did not prevent Mesmer from escaping to England with about fifty thousand dollars subscribed to pay for his secret. There he lived and spent his money, under another name, but finally returned to Germany, and died in obscurity in 1815.

The life of Mesmer may be regarded as the immediate precursor, in modern times, of

table-turning, biology, spirit-rapping, and other feats, underlying many of which there is, likely, a basis of true natural fact—such fact, namely, as scientific men recognize as animal magnetism. Mesmer's magnetic rod has given place to passes with the hand; and these, again, have been dispensed with, and the eyes have been a sufficient means of producing the desired bodily and mental condition. Perhaps a tithe of the human race is susceptible of this abnormal state, which, according to the report on Mesmer's process signed by Franklin, was produced purely by the imagination of the subjects, and not by the operator, as the committee made out by experiments on those who were affected.

All that was yet shown, however, was that Mesmer gave an erroneous account of the facts. The facts were there; as probably most intelligent persons have seen them in biological experiments. There was no clear explanation of them. "Everything unknown is taken for the magnificent;" and these mysterious facts offered a tempting facility for "practice." Perkins constructed his patent metallic tractors, and might have made a good thing of them but for Dr. Falkoner, of Bath, who made wooden "tractors" that produced identically the same results.

But a new generation is continually coming up, ready to notice curious facts. A man or woman with a few of these claims the ear and eye. On the narrow base of fact a great pile of—something else, is raised. The pile is condemned as a whole; but a few persons undoubtedly see the base of fact, spurn the unbelievers, and believe too much because too much has been denounced.

The following facts are well known and established on proper scientific evidence, and no one, in his anathemas of imposture and jugglery, need waste his breath in their denunciation.

1. The minds of some persons, by their gazing on a copper cent, a spot on the wall, or vacancy, can be tired into reverie or sleep; and, as the facts of sleep-walking show, some fall into this state without the act of any one's will, their own, or others'. The "operator" only produces this state, as a school-ma'am produces tiredness in a child whom she compels to stand for two hours on one spot.

2. In this state a suggestion can be made to the person by any one, by word, or look, or touch, which will be obeyed. But it must be *so* conveyed. An operator, it is believed on evidence, may *wish* his "subject" to do a thing, forever, and in vain, until the suggestion made, and the vague and dreamy ideas of the subject—floating in vacancy—are fixed, and begin to become forces. Being told to do so, the subject will now taste sugar as salt, or salt as sugar, shiver in the cold, or be oppressed with heat.

3. Tables and other movables have, undoubtedly, been moved by persons who did not mean to do it. Faraday showed, by an ingenious contrivance, that a dominant thought producing expectant attention, led persons unconsciously to use force. The correct statement to make concerning these table-turners is, not that they were "a fraud," and conscious impostors, but that they did a real something, only not knowing what they did.

4. Pencils in men's hands have stopped at the revolving letters which made out answers on which their attention was nervously fixed. There is no proof of anything being revealed but what has been known to some one in the company. Nor when "spirits" have been introduced does their information ever rise above that of the entire company. There is no "inspiration of elevation." Even defects of grammar and spelling have adhered to very distinguished spirits, suspiciously like those of the operators. There is no evidence of any really valuable discovery made to men by such processes. When Sir John Franklin and Dr. Livingstone had at-

tracted the attention of the civilized world, and reliable information regarding them would have been a welcome boon to science, it did not come. No new religious truth has been authenticated to men. No great national event has been announced with certainty. Any man who had supernatural communications, a few years ago, as to the issue of the American war, could have made or saved fortunes for multitudes. But no one did so. On the other hand, the spirits, so called, have been convicted of mistakes, which would have done them no credit even in the less developed bodily state.

It remains, then, that we candidly acknowledge certain very curious natural facts in the human system, capable of development, perhaps in every tenth person, of the same order as dreaming and somnambulism; facts occasionally presented among the older generations, as in the heathen priestesses, and which are to be studied, like other natural phenomena, by such scientists as Braid, Carpenter, Holland, and Faraday.

It remains, also, that we avoid the connecting of these with the invisible world, or expecting through them any supernatural information, or in any shape or form building a religion upon them, or in any way putting them in the same list with the miracles of Scripture—of which they are possibly the ill-intended caricature, their evil use suggested by him who has been called the ape of God—or expecting from them moral and religious results upon unbelievers. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

JUDGE NOT.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?

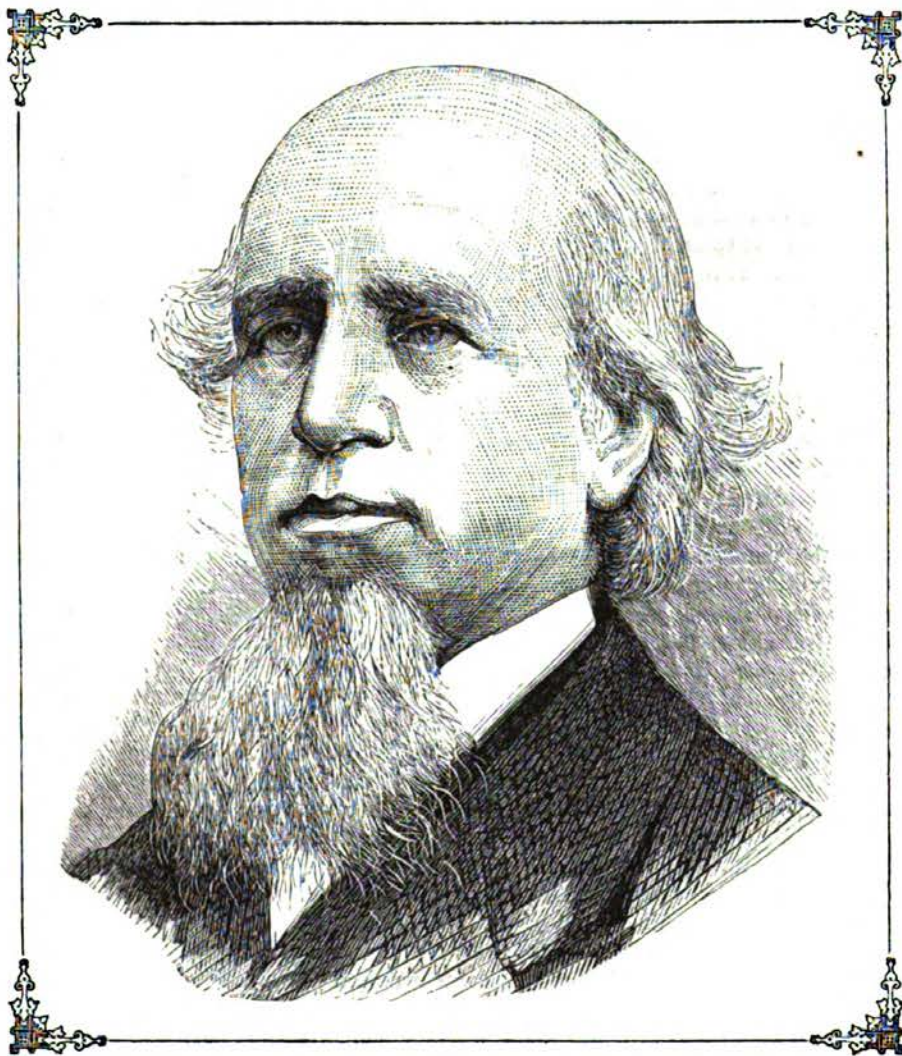
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so;
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercies secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinneth more than we?
How can we tell?

We think our brother walketh guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help, and pity, too—
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,
God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall—
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!



RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.,

THE EMINENT DIVINE.

THIS well-known Episcopal clergyman was born in Liverpool, England, on the 25th of July, 1813. He was a little child when his parents emigrated to this country. They settled in Philadelphia, and there young Newton obtained the advantages of an education such

as were furnished by the common schools of the time. Having early determined to make the ministry his calling, he took a course of preparatory study therefor, when about sixteen years of age, at the Manual Labor School, then in operation near Wilmington,

Delaware. A few years later he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and was graduated in 1836. He pursued a course of theology at the General Seminary, in New York city, and was ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church on the 14th of July, 1839. Shortly after his admission to the Deaconate he took charge of the congregation at Westchester, Pa. A little more than a year afterward an important incident occurred, to wit, his being called to the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, previously occupied by the Rev. Dr. May; and in this relation he continued for the long term of twenty-two years, conducting the ministrations of the church with general acceptance, and contributing to the general prosperity of the parish.

In the spring of 1862 he was invited to take the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany, in the same city. This he accepted, and has proved himself an indefatigable pastor in this relation. Dr. Newton is well known as an author of eminent ability, having published a large number of very interesting volumes on moral and religious subjects, some particularly adapted to the moral entertainment and instruction of youth. His books are to be found in the Sunday-schools of nearly all churches, irrespective of sectarian distinction. Among them are "Rills from the Fountain of Life," "The Best Things," "The King's Highway," "The Giants, and How to Fight Them," and others almost as well known. To the Sunday-school he has always shown a warm attachment, contributing for papers and periodicals in its interest, and making addresses often before Sunday-schools in and out of his own city.

His is the English type of head and face, there being quite enough of the vital element to supplement the requirements of the nervous system. His brain is well developed in the superior region, and, in accordance with such development, his moral sentiments are powerful. His spirit is pervaded by a strong element of intuition, but it is chiefly in the line of his moral and religious views that it is manifested. He has breadth enough to give his brain a marked ideal range. As a speaker he would be inclined to clothe his language with choice sentiments and graphic presentations.

Language, as indicated by the portrait before us, is developed in the direction of accuracy, definiteness, and precision of statement, rather than in the direction of fullness or affluence. His range of conception is extensive, his supply of thought abundant. His lingual capacity is hardly equal to the supply of material furnished

by his warm and vigorous mind. His first impressions of men and things are clear and accurate; he is warm, sympathetic, even impulsive, in his feelings; he aims not only to do good as opportunities offer, but also to make opportunities. It is probable that almost in the start he selected his profession as a missionary field—which, indeed, is the true view—and has ever been solicitous to perform the grave duties connected with it well.

RELIGIOUS APATHY.

"NEW ENGLAND," says the *Watchman and Reflector*, "is ceasing to be an agricultural people, and is fast becoming a manufacturing one. With this tremendous change of interests there has come an equally great change in the habits and character of the people. Go among the shoemakers of New England. These men, as a general thing, are of New England birth and stock. And yet, contrary to the heritage of habit and character received from their fathers, they do not attend our churches. They are fast drifting away from Christianity, from Christian observances. We write of these men as a class. It is the result of our observation that it is only a few of the shoe operatives in a factory who attend church, or pay any religious respect to the Sabbath. And this is not the whole of it. There is a hard materialism and gross skepticism found among these men which makes the matter infinitely sad to contemplate. There is an open hostility to the church, to its ministers and people, which is constantly manifesting itself in their ridicule and scorn of them. Now, to account for this state of things is perhaps impossible. Some would say that the division which has been introduced into labor, making each laborer to repeat his one simple operation forever, re-acts upon his mind, and, degrading him into a machine, takes from him all the nobler qualities of faith and reverence. Others say that the crowding of operatives into rooms, where a bad man of native force and individuality of character can assert himself, leads to a general demoralization. Probably the antagonistic feeling which the laborer has for the capitalist has much to do with the matter. The Church is regarded by many of these men as aristocratic, and so, inimical to their interests. Pride and envy work together to build men up into an immense prejudice against the church.

"But account for the fact as we may, the fact remains that our New England people—

men and women bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—are separating themselves more and more from the Christian Church and its influences. And it is with this fact that we are concerned. How to meet it seems to us to be one of the gravest difficulties which confront the church of to-day."

The *New Jerusalem Messenger* says: We would suggest that the best way to meet these grave difficulties is to give the people a common-sense religion.

[How would it do to give the shoemakers and others a little more real Christianity and a little less sectarian theology? Or give them a live Beecher, without too much total de-

pravity, and something encouraging, and we may even reach, interest, and hold the shoemakers as Christ held the fishermen. But are the seats free in our grand churches and synagogues, or are they more especially constructed, finished, and furnished for the fashionable and wealthy sinners, who treat the poor incomer as one out of his place in their company? In short, is the prevailing church system the best adapted to the wants and necessities of poor folks? If not, where is the fault? Are our preachers intelligent? Can they feed hungry minds with real grain, or do they offer their hearers husks and chaff? Babes want real milk, not cotton.]

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

THE FACE FACTORY.—PART I.

STROLLING down Broadway the other day, and being in a contemplative mood, I fell to musing upon the endless variety of countenances that is constantly greeting one on that great thoroughfare, mentally noting the various degrees of difference between them, and observing with interest how near one countenance could approach another in similarity of expression, and yet invariably retain a something—often undefinable, but still clearly recognizable—that served to stamp it with an individuality.

And what countenances some of them were, to be sure! What pitiful caricatures upon "the human face divine," were to be encountered, ever and anon, from out the busy throng! and what histories some of those heads could reveal to him who knew how to interpret aright the signs and tokens indelibly impressed upon them!

But what, perhaps, most impresses the mind in the streets of a large city—what most taxes its powers of conception—is, the inexhaustible variety of which the same assortment of features is susceptible, without touching upon actual deformity. What man's inventive genius would suffice to furnish designs for the different faces we meet on Broadway alone, setting aside the rest of the great

city? What man, or number of men, would like to undertake the job? And then the still greater world without—where *do* they find patterns for all these?

Heavens! what a face! It chills me with horror even to look at it, seeming, in its repulsiveness, more like the creation of a distempered dream than an actual living reality. And yet—can it be possible?—there surely is something familiar in that countenance, though I do not recollect ever having seen it before. I'll follow it a short distance and see if I can satisfy myself upon this point. What! recognition on that side, too? Yes, he certainly recognizes me, and now he is trying to avoid me. Who can it be? Is it possible! Yes, I see it all now. It is indeed he—the friend of my childhood's days—once the ideal, to my childish fancy, of all that was noble and exalted in man, and now—what a fearful change! what a perfect wreck! what a terrible satire upon his former self! What evil influence has been at work here? What necromancer's art has wrought this odious transformation?

Now, whether I then and there fell into a trance, and, without moving from the spot where I then stood, saw all that followed in a vision, or whether the events which I am

about to relate actually took place, I know not, neither know I whether, in the absorption of my mind in this subject, I uttered these words aloud or not, but certain it is that scarce had they formed themselves in my mind when a voice close by me replied : " Would you really like to know ? "

I turned and saw standing by my side a figure so strange, so out of keeping with the busy scene around it, that I shall not tax my insufficient powers, or the patience of the reader, by attempting to describe it. In reply to my look of astonishment it continued : " You said, just now, that you wondered where designs were procured for all the faces that you see, and you have wondered, also, how a countenance could become so changed as that of the man who just passed you. If you will follow me I will take you where you may obtain an answer to both questions. Will you come ? "

I had scarcely expressed my assent to this unique proposition by a nod—for I was speechless with amazement—when the strange being seized my hand, and the next moment we were traversing the crowded streets with the ease, and, as it seemed to my bewildered senses, the rapidity of lightning. We arrived, at length, before an archway resembling the entrance of one of the large warehouses by the river-side, save that within all was pitchy darkness, while low, hollow, rumbling sounds echoed and re-echoed far back in the interior. Pausing only a moment to take breath, my guide plunged with me into the gloomy passage before us, which we traversed with unabated speed for what seemed an interminable distance. At length, after a most wearisome lapse of time had passed, and I had begun to entertain serious doubts as to the intentions of my guide, and to fear that I should never be able to extricate myself from my present most uncomfortable position, and was vainly endeavoring to release my hand from the icy grip now fastened upon it, preparatory to making a desperate effort to escape, a sudden turn revealed a dull, red light, like the glow of a furnace, not far ahead of us, which brightened and multiplied on every side as we approached it, while the muffled sounds that had accompanied us hitherto now broke forth with redoubled violence, and became almost deafening. The passage,

also, now widened rapidly, and in a few moments I found myself gazing in wonderment upon a most remarkable scene.

I stood in the midst of a vaulted, but low-roofed, chamber, which seemed to extend off to a vast distance in every direction, and was lighted only by the glare of the flaming forges scattered at intervals throughout the length and breadth of the cavern-like apartment. Encircling each forge was a group of anvils ; and thronging the chamber, some busily engaged in fashioning tools and instruments of most strange and ominous shapes, others flitting hither and yon, bringing fresh materials to be worked up, or broken tools to be repaired, or carrying away the finished productions of their art, was a multitude of dusky, dwarfish, half-naked, and hideously-deformed beings, whom I could liken to nought but the gnomes and evil genii of fairy tales—but who were more frightful in their ugliness than even those are represented.

As I stood gazing in amazement at this weird spectacle, rendered doubly spectral in its effect by the fitful, uncertain light of the forges—now flaming high as the active creatures stirred the glowing coals, now most obscured by the intervening shapes that thronged around them, and the masses of metal thrust within them, and the heavy, black shadows lurking everywhere, the figures of the gnomes seeming to change their shape, and to grow larger or smaller as they retreated among these shadows or advanced within the radius of the firelight, the whole forming a picture worthy of an artist's pencil—my guide, impatiently plucking my sleeve, exclaimed, " Come, the end is not here ; this is but the preparatory department where the tools are fashioned that they use yonder. I brought you this way only that you might form an idea of the amount of work performed in this establishment, but if you would see it for yourself, delay no longer, but follow me at once."

So saying, and turning abruptly to the left, my guide led the way into a low, narrow, vaulted passage, opening from the chamber in that direction, and following this through several windings that soon conducted us beyond the sound of the noisy anvils, we found ourselves in a second chamber, higher and larger, apparently, than the first, and

lighted by huge lamps, raised high above the ground by grotesquely shaped pedestals, and which, though they burned only with a sickly, phosphorescent gleam, seemed to furnish light enough for the numerous inmates. These, although taller and better shaped than those whom we had just left, were yet of a dusky complexion, while upon every countenance (many of which would otherwise have been even handsome) was an expression of the most diabolical cunning and malignity.

As soon as I could accustom myself to the dim, uncertain light, which was more like that of a charnel-house than aught else to which I could liken it, I began to look around me with much wonder and no little curiosity; which, my guide perceiving, began to direct my attention to the various objects of interest, and entered at once into an explanation of the scene before me.

"This," began my guide, "is one of the establishments, of which there are only two in this city, where the business of fashioning and altering human heads and faces is carried on in all its branches. This being by far the largest of the two, and doing the most flourishing business, I have brought you here first, that you might see the establishment patronized, more or less, by the majority of your fellow-citizens. And not only are the city orders very heavy, but numerous commissions are also received here from various parts of the country and from abroad; and specimens of their handiwork may be seen in almost every part of the globe.

"This," continued my guide, stopping before a large case full of heads of infants, as plastic and expressionless as so many lumps of putty, inserting her hand as she spoke, and stirring them up and tumbling them about for my inspection, as if they had been really but so many balls of that substance, "is the raw material upon which the artists of this establishment usually prefer to begin operations, it being now in a condition to be easily worked. There are many parents—and you can form some idea of the number by the quantity of heads you see here, which, however, is not the half that are received, as they have now several cases more of them on hand—who send their children's heads here to receive the first touches, in their earliest infancy, and continue to send them regularly

as they grow up, in order that their heads and faces may, as far as possible, be kept up to the standard of excellence that obtains in this establishment.

"These," she continued, turning to a large chest, and rapidly opening one after another of the capacious drawers, and busily turning over their contents and selecting specimens as she spoke, "are some of the patterns that you wished to see, and which are designed by the artists of this establishment after various models and in every style to please all tastes. As you will perceive, presently, in all these various designs the artists have but two objects in view—one, to obtain a pleasing variety, and the other, to approximate, as near as is consistent with that variety, and as the taste of the customer will permit, to the model which is recognized as the standard of perfection, which was designed by the master-hand of them all, and which I am now about to show you."

So saying, and taking up a number of patterns already selected for the purpose of comparison, my guide, leading the way toward an elevated space in the center of the chamber, paused, at length, before a large, dark object which, by the dim, uncertain light of a lamp burning near, I could just perceive to be a huge bust, without, however, being able to distinguish a single feature. But, by some manipulation of the lamp, its feeble rays were concentrated so as to fall in one bright stream full upon it, and I recoiled in instant horror at the image it revealed. My guide had not exaggerated in calling it a masterpiece, for there, before me, in all its hideousness, was a full realization of the utmost that diabolical art can effect upon the human countenance. There it stood, a hideous triumph of satanic skill, more horrible to look upon than the most hateful beast, and surpassing them all in its deformity of contour and frightful malignity of aspect, for it was the countenance of an arch-fiend!

"What think you of this?" demanded my guide, with a triumphant air; "is it not a truly wonderful work of art?" and then, as I remained silent in horror and disgust, which she willfully seemed to mistake for speechless admiration, she continued: "This is the type of masculine perfection—the feminine model

is opposite, toward the further side of the chamber. Shall I show it to you?"

For a moment I hesitated. "The female sex," thought I to myself, "is ever the most beautiful; the ugliest woman could never approach the awful hideousness of this object; and even another form of ugliness, so it be a lesser degree, will be a relief after this. Yes, I will see it."

I speedily had cause to repent my decision. As woman in her best estate is far superior to man in point of physical beauty, so, in her worst estate, does she fall far below him—how far was now for the first time revealed to me. I will not undertake to describe what I for an instant saw, for having ventured one glance, I did not hazard a second, nor the sensations that it produced within me; for they are beyond the power of words to express. Suffice to say that the hideous apparition which that one glance disclosed to me will haunt my dreams for years.

In compliance with a request from my guide, so imperious that it partook rather of the nature of a command, I proceeded to examine the designs and patterns that were handed to me for that purpose, and to compare them with the model; but confining my attention to the first, for I could not bring myself to look again upon the second. Every variety and degree of ugliness, it seemed to me, was here represented; in some cases partaking more or less of the characteristics of various hateful beasts and birds of prey; the hog, the fox, the crow, the vulture, and the serpent being largely represented in numberless nicely-graded shades of resemblance, but in all was plainly to be seen the effort to reproduce, in one or more points, the ideal embodied in the image before me.

"You would be astonished at the quantity of these designs that are constantly being made," said my guide, continuing to supply me with fresh ones for my inspection, as, one by one, I laid the others aside; "but you can form some idea of the number that must be required when you consider that each one is intended for a separate individual, and, consequently can be used but seldom, and but for a short time, comparatively speaking, and, moreover, when I tell you that this establishment underlies the greater part of the city, and communicates by subterranean pas-

sages and stairways, with nearly every dram-shop, gambling-saloon, brothel, and prison in the city, in every one of which we have agents representing the establishment, and soliciting commissions for it. And, indeed, we do a good business with them all. We do business, also, with establishments that you would least suspect of favoring us or our handiwork, having large orders, sometimes, from inmates, and even officers, of many so-called reformatory institutions, and also, not infrequently, from members, in good standing, apparently, of different churches, who enter the sanctuary with traces of our handiwork indelibly impressed upon their countenances.

"And now," she continued, seeing at length that I was weary of contemplating the various forms of ugliness with which she so persistently plied me, "if you would like to see the use that is made of these patterns, and the manner in which the work is performed, follow me and I will show you."

She led the way to another part of the vast apartment where, at a long table, lighted by innumerable lamps, which gave a somewhat better light than the rest, was seated a row of these diabolical workmen, each having before him a pattern to guide him, and the head of a young child upon which he was operating. Each, also, had by his side, in convenient reach of his hand, an assortment of odd-shaped tools, some of which I recognized as having seen in the manufactory of the gnomes, but which, as they resembled none that I had ever seen employed by terrestrial workmen, it is impossible for me to describe. The skill and dexterity with which they handled and applied these tools was truly marvelous; and in spite of my horror and disgust at the fell work that was progressing all around me, I could not repress a feeling of considerable interest in the manner in which it was accomplished.

But a few touches at a time were made upon any one of these heads, as the material was so very soft and plastic that each impression of the tool had to be allowed a short time to "fix," else it would be obliterated by the next. Each head, therefore, when it had been worked sufficiently, was laid aside and another supplied by an attendant—the workmen being kept constantly busy. And as

each workman had a different pattern to follow, and, moreover, as the heads were of different degrees of softness, they were in various stages of completion. In order, therefore, to compare the work of each individual, and thus gain a comprehensive idea of the whole, I went slowly down the long table, noting details, and examining the various tools as I passed.

Though each followed with great care and exactness the pattern that he had before him, yet I observed that there were certain general rules observed by all, in so doing, the efforts of all being directed to reducing the size, and depressing all prominence of the top and upper frontal portions of the head, and developing, correspondingly, the posterior and basilar regions—in various degrees, of course, according to the effect intended to be produced.

In examining the tools used for this purpose, I observed that each was labeled; and after a little scrutiny I was enabled to decipher the inscription of several, although traced in characters with which I was unfamiliar. One blunt, clumsy-looking instrument, which was to be found in the hand of every operator, though of different sizes and weights, according to the manner and extent of its use, which was to depress and narrow down the forehead, was labeled "Ignorance," while another, of a clamp-like shape, largely employed to contract and diminish the organs located in the top of the head, was inscribed, in crooked and misshapen letters, "Selfishness." Another tool, which served in many ways to mar and distort the countenance, was labeled, "Passion," and another, still, which was used to develop the lower part of the head, just forward of the ears, together with the lower part of the face, was labeled, "Greediness." "Cruelty" and "Obstinacy" were among the tools employed to aid in developing the lower and back parts of the head; while "Deceitfulness," "Malice," and "Impudence," were in great request for impairing the features. Besides these there were others whose names I could not decipher, but whose effects upon the countenance, when they were used to any extent, were fearful to behold.

In another part of the chamber was a similar table, at which were employed those en-

gaged upon the heads of youths of both sexes. Besides the tools already mentioned, which were all here of a larger size, and were used with much greater freedom, were a number of additional ones, among which "Vanity," "Dissipation," "Intemperance," and "Impurity," produced the most deplorable effects in proportion reverse to the order in which they are named. Here, also, were employed, but sparingly, as the material upon which they worked was still delicate, colored liquids, which served to deepen and "fix" the impressions of the tools, to impart an unnatural hue to the skin, and to rob it of its bloom and freshness.

Passing on to a third table, devoted to repairing and molding adult heads and countenances, I could perceive but little difference in the tools employed there, save that they were much larger, and were used with the utmost freedom, and more in accordance with the taste or caprice of the artificer than with the wishes of the customer who, indeed, seemed now to have but very little voice in the matter. Here, also, the liquids which I had observed at the other table were used in great abundance and with most deadly effect, obliterating every lingering trace of beauty from the countenance, and covering it with various foul discolorations and the most unsightly blemishes. "Pride," "Envy," "Hypocrisy," "Prejudice," and "Bigotry," were among the additional tools chiefly employed at this table.

The fourth and last table was devoted to the heads and countenances of the old; most of the work done here being in the shape of "repairing," as it was called. The tools here used were but few, one labeled "Avarice" being the one most largely employed. The liquids, however, were used in great abundance, the whole countenance being frequently saturated with them, and their effects, though not so instantaneous as hitherto, were no less lamentable. Here the finishing touches were applied, and the hideous work which, in most cases, had been commenced at the first table, and carried on through the various processes of the others, was brought to a close, and the perfection of ugliness and deformity attained.

As I stood earnestly contemplating the work, which, in spite of the horror and dis-

gust which it excited in my mind, seemed to possess a strange fascination, the sound of voices engaged in angry altercation fell upon my ear; and the tones of one, seeming to be somewhat familiar, attracted my attention. Looking up, I perceived that a stranger, like myself a denizen of the outer world, had entered the chamber, and was standing by the third table, disputing violently with one of the workmen, and listening attentively for a moment, I caught these words:

"Did you not assure me that the alterations that you intended to make in my face would not disfigure it in the least, or change it at all for the worse? And yet, to-day, I passed an old acquaintance whom I have not seen for many years, and no sooner did he discover my identity—for at first he did not recognize me—than he started, and looked as horrified as if he had beheld some fearful vision. What is the meaning of this?"

The reply was given in so low a tone that the words escaped me, but after a little more arguing, the stranger seemed to change his mind, for he exclaimed, again raising his voice, "Be it so, then, work as you will; but take heed that the alteration is complete. I will not again run the risk of being recognized by the friends of my early days."

As he spoke he turned his face in my direction for the first time; and I recognized once more the man whom I had met on Broadway, and who had been, indirectly, the means of my coming hither.

Whether he recognized me or not, I can not say, for a sudden, sickening horror took possession of me. My brain grew giddy, and the lights danced and whirled before my eyes, so that I could scarce keep my footing; while from every nook and corner of the chamber, in whatsoever direction I turned, *that face* seemed to leer out upon me and mock at my distress.

As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently, I desired my guide to conduct me from the place at once. She demurred, at first, declaring that the hasty and insufficient glance that I had bestowed upon this portion of the establishment was inadequate to the full apprehension of the many wonders it contained, and made every effort to re-enlist my interest, and persuade me to renew my investigations; but upon my firmly refusing

to remain longer, or to inspect anything else—for a strange feeling of faintness and suffocation that was fast growing upon me, warned me that my powers of endurance had already been severely taxed, and would bear but little more—she complied, though with evident reluctance, and turned to lead the way from the apartment. I soon perceived, however, that we were not returning by the same way that we had come; but on directing the attention of my guide to the fact, she carelessly replied that it was not customary, nor in accordance with the regulations of the establishment, for visitors to return that way, and that the route that she had chosen was by far the best.

Shortly after quitting the chamber we came upon a long succession of apartments, or, rather, suites of rooms, of different sizes, but all much smaller than the one that we had quitted. These, my guide informed me, were the studios of the artists who designed the patterns that were used in the department we had just left; and in spite of my anxiety and impatience to leave these abhorred surroundings, which, constantly augmenting, had now attained a point of keenest distress, and my frequent and earnest entreaties that our exit might be achieved as speedily as possible, my guide seized every opportunity for stopping and diverting my attention from the end in view; doing it all so artfully that without any force being employed, or any tangible act of faithlessness upon which to found a reproach, that I found myself being constantly hampered and hindered, and my eager footsteps detained upon one specious pretext or another, so that my progress seemed to be retarded in proportion as my impatience increased.

At length, breaking away by a determined effort from the last of these detestable attractions, at which my guide would have detained me, it seemed, forever, we plunged into a gloomy passage, similar to the one by which we had first approached this place. Again came the gradually increasing, and, at last, total darkness, and the seemingly interminable distance; our course following so many turnings and windings, that my tired limbs seemed, at length, about to fail me, and consciousness to forsake my confused and throbbing brain. Just as I was on the point

of yielding in despair to the terrible weariness that was fast overcoming me, and resigning myself to my fate, I beheld, once more, the glimmer of a light far ahead. Taking courage at this welcome sight, and arousing all my energies, I pressed eagerly forward, and ere long found myself standing at the entrance of an immense chamber, so wondrously like that which I had but lately quitted, that it required but little scrutiny on my part to satisfy me that it was, indeed, the same! Yes, we had all this time been traveling in a circular course, and had now arrived once more at the point from which we had started.

As soon as I could fairly realize the situation, I turned to demand an explanation of my guide; but ere I could open my lips, the occupants of the room, who had hitherto remained indifferent to, and apparently oblivious of, my movements, seemed now, all at once, and for the first time, aware of my presence; and one after another hastened up to me to know my pleasure, and to entreat me to examine specimens of their handiwork. Though I repeatedly assured them that I had already fully satisfied my curiosity on this point, and that my pleasure was now simply to depart as speedily as possible, they paid no attention to my replies, but gathering more thickly around me began clamoring for a commission!

Apprehensions as to the final result of all this now came thick and fast upon me, filling my mind with ominous forebodings; but resolutely repressing all outward signs of trepidation, and carefully concealing the utter horror and disgust that filled my soul, I endeavored by fair words to make them understand my wishes, and yield to my request of immediate departure. But this only served to embolden them; and laying hold on me, with one accord they declared vociferously that I should by no means depart thence until I had testified to my appreciation of their artistic skill by giving them a commission at once — either for another, whom I would solemnly promise to bring hither, in person, or for myself!

Thoroughly appalled at the dangers that now threatened me, and the utter helplessness, as it seemed, of my condition, I stood for an instant irresolute; and then, nerved to

desperation, I gave full scope to the tide of burning indignation that coursed through my whole being, and, by a sudden effort, extricating myself from their grasp, I exclaimed in sternest tones:

"Away with your devilish workmanship, I will have none of it; think not that you can ever practice your diabolical arts upon me. And as for you," turning furiously upon my guide, "at your peril delay an instant longer to conduct me from this infernal place." But I was not suffered to proceed. My assailants, who had retreated a few steps at my first impetuous outburst, now recovering themselves and uttering fearful howls of rage, again rushed upon me in yet greater numbers and fiercer determination. At the same instant my guide, giving utterance to a shrill, derisive laugh, struck her foot upon the ground, and instantly, as if by magic, the whole scene before me vanished entirely, and I found myself wandering, with unsteady steps, through pitchy darkness.

When I fairly recovered consciousness, I found myself standing, in broad daylight, in a busy street, and tightly grasping an iron railing. Looking up, a heavy, gloomy, cold, grey building loomed up before me, which I quickly recognized as the "Tombs." Ominous, but fitting title; for how much of promise, how many hopes and aspirations after better things have been buried within its gloomy, forbidding, death-damp walls never to be disinterred! As I gazed at it with an involuntary shudder, recollecting how closely it and other places like it are allied with the scenes through which I had just passed, a face appeared at one of the grated windows, and lowered upon me with a most sinister expression. *That, too, I recognized!* Turning hastily away, I paused only long enough to get my bearings, and then hastened directly home; but not to enjoy complete repose. For, in spite of the cheerful scenes and associations with which I then and subsequently endeavored to surround myself, it was a long time ere I could recover from the effects of my strange subterranean visit, and could traverse the streets without finding them haunted with ghastly reminders of the scenes I had witnessed.

ALTON CHESWICK.

—♦♦♦—
HELP yourself, and heaven will help you.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

HELEN EARLE'S TRIAL.

"Who did sin, this man or his parents?"

"LOVE is a strange god, but I suppose he must go where he is sent," whispered Mrs. Lake to her right-hand neighbor, as they waited in the old ivy-clad church, in College Green, on Helen Ward's wedding morning.

"True, madam—'There is no accounting for tastes,'" was the smiling rejoinder of Mrs. Dr. Greene.

"No; but who would have thought a scientist like Prof. Ward would have allowed his young and charming daughter to become the wife of a *deformed* man, no matter how wealthy or talented the gentleman is, or how high his family in the social scale. They say it is a case of long standing, too; that Mr. Earle fell in love with Helen when he first came to Yale College."

"Perhaps she marries him out of pity?"

"It is possible. Mrs. Ward says that her daughter hesitated a good while before giving a favorable answer."

"And yet Helen must be strongly attached to him, for she has refused several of the best 'marrying men' in New Haven. I presume that the young lady's judgment told her that his deformity was probably hereditary, and might sometime in the future reproduce itself. My husband says deformity may be inherited as well as consumption, scrofula, or insanity."

"Still, it may not make any difference in this case. Although he has a withered hand and limb, and can not walk without the aid of a cane, the defect is scarcely perceptible to the eye."

"Poor girl! his enviable position and splendid establishment will not repay the sacrifice, I fear. They go to Italy on their wedding tour, I am told?"

"Yes. Her *trousseau* is elegant, and her presents superb and costly. You must see

Mr. Earle's gift to the bride—diamonds worth a small fortune. But here they are! How beautiful she is!" added the first speaker, as the party took their places in the chancel.

"*Maia*, how white she is growing! She will faint before the ceremony is over," said Mrs. Greene *sotto voce*.

The bride did not faint, however, but she looked more like a beautiful, frozen corpse than her own blooming self at the altar; and no wonder, for the touch of that cold, flaccid hand sent an icy thrill through heart and brain, awakened again that nameless fear which had caused her to hesitate so long before accepting William Earle "for better or for worse."

They sailed across the Atlantic, then along the blue waters of the Mediterranean, visited the most noted cities and countries in Europe, and, after spending a year abroad, returned to their palace home in the Elm City. Yet, amid the glorious scenery of the Old World, the memory of that shivering dread at the altar, of that undefined, shadowy fear, came constantly between the young wife and her keenest enjoyments.

Her husband, who was fondly attached to her, anticipated every known wish, and did all in his power to make her new life enjoyable. He surrounded her with all the treasures of art which wealth could obtain, made her home as charming almost as the palace of Aladdin. Yet, although she never complained, he saw a shadow in her eyes, felt that some hidden trouble had changed her laughing, piquant face into one of gentle sadness in that brief year of wedded life.

"What ails her?" he had asked himself a thousand times, but, man-like, his intuitions were not keen enough to unravel the secret. And his wife brooded over it constantly, thus:

"Shall I never be able to bear his caresses

without a shudder? Must the sword of Damocles hang over my defenseless head always? Shall I ever dare to tell my husband, my best friend, of this dread which is almost undermining my reason? Will he *hate* me if I tell him?"

In the sweet June weather Mrs. Earle lay in her darkened room white and death-like, oblivious to the loveliness without or the anxiety which had reigned for hours within her home on her account.

The fearful struggle between life and death was ended at last, and her husband bent tenderly over her pillow and whispered, as he softly kissed her white lips:

"Oh, Helen, God has been good to us. He has not only given you back to me, but has added another gift—a son!"

His words awakened her from the stupor into which she had fallen. The dizziness was all gone in an instant. The purple hue of death receded from her poor faded lips and cheeks.

"Yes, I remember now. Bring me my—baby—quick! I have named him already. Let me see my wee Willie—I can not wait, William!" she urged.

He gently drew her head within his sheltering arms.

"Presently, my Helen—only the doctor said that you must sleep first—that you should not excite yourself to-day," he answered in a hesitating manner.

"What! *sleep* before I have seen my baby? No; a mother is never too ill to see her first child." Then, with pretty willfulness, she turned to the nurse:

"Mrs. Beebe, bring him to me! I shall die if you keep me in suspense any longer!" The feverish glitter in her eyes warned them not to thwart her wishes. Baby, enveloped in soft folds of flannel and muslin, was laid upon her bosom. Oh, the nameless bliss which that precious burden awakened in her heart for a moment! Then, like a last night's dream, her old terror returned. She tried to stifle the thought, as she passionately kissed that tiny, quiet face, but the new-born mother-love would not be silenced. How eagerly she scanned its pink arms and hands, and peered at his silken eyelids or the rings of soft hair over his broad forehead.

"I wonder if he can see? Nurse, open that

blind a moment, and let the light fall full upon his face." As the sunbeams streamed across the bed the infant opened his round blue eyes intelligently, wonderingly.

"Yes, he can see; but can he hear?"

The little cuckoo clock on the mantel sang out the noon hour, as if in answer, making baby cry out like a startled bird. A smile broke over the mother's face:

"Yes, the darling can hear—he is not dumb either. Now I must see his pretty toes." Her husband and nurse exchanged glances, and tried to take the child from her trembling hands, but she held him closer, and panting for breath, sobbed hysterically:

"I will—I *must* see if his limbs and feet are perfect!" Then she drew back his wrappings, and, before they could prevent it, saw with horrible distinctness that her boy would be a *helpless cripple for life*. His lower extremities were terribly deformed—were twisted, shapeless stumps without feet. Her husband's infirmity had cropped out in a more dreadful form. The mother's head fell back upon her pillow, as she moaned brokenly:

"Oh, husband! 'the thing that I most dreaded has come upon me!' I have loved the beautiful all my life, and hated deformity and ugliness. Take this *thing* from my sight—let me never look upon either of you again! I expected this—the thought has haunted me constantly. If prayers, or tears, or *love* could have availed, this blow would not have fallen. Surely, God has been unkind to me! My life is a failure—a cruel nightmare!"

She paused from mere exhaustion, and her husband endeavored to soothe her with tender but mute caresses. She motioned him away with a bitter frown.

"Take your hated hand from my head! It scorches my very brain! Let it never *touch* me again! As heaven is my witness, William Earle, I will never bear you another *cripple*!" she deliriously raved, then relapsed into a deathly syncope.

The June days had drifted into July before Helen Earle awoke to consciousness and asked for her child.

"It is better off than it could have been with us, dear," said her mother; "so do not fret about it, but try to get well for the sake of those who love you."

"Yes, mother, you are right. Wee Willie

will not be *lame* in heaven," she calmly answered.

"That he will not, my daughter. Now drink this, and think of your boy as"—

Mrs. Earle interrupted her: "As we do of the angels."

The days came and went, but, alas! returning health brought no joy to Mrs. Earle. If she could have felt that her babe was dead, that he was at rest under the daisies, it would have been a relief to her; but something told her continually that he was still a living reproach to her for disregarding the laws of nature and of common sense.

Despite of reason, she had a vivid impression that he was not only alive, but was near her night and day.

Another thing began to worry her as the summer days grew shorter. Her husband had scarcely spoken to her alone since her convalescence. He would accompany the physician, or her friends, to her room, or ask nurse Beebe at the door how his wife was; he sent her hot-house flowers and choice fruit every morning, bought new books or periodicals for her daily, was uniformly polite and kind; yet she knew that he purposely avoided an interview with her alone. She was certain that her bitter words on that fearful day had killed his love and respect for her. At first, so stupefied had her heart become, she regarded his coldness with perfect indifference, but as September drew near she felt a strong desire for reconciliation. The conviction that she had been the most to blame, that by brooding over a fancied misfortune she had thus been instrumental in bringing it about, finally forced itself upon her mind. She thought tearfully: "My own miserable nervousness and pride have been the cause of all our unhappiness. My husband *must* forgive my blind folly! I can bear his coldness no longer!" Then, rushing into the library, she fell upon her knees and begged his pardon. He told her that his regards for her had not changed; that, supposing it was her wish to be left alone, he had not inflicted his presence on her more than he could help, and took the blame entirely upon himself, poor fellow, for marrying. Said he:

"Mrs. Ellis was right when she wrote, 'All deformed, diseased, little, and ugly people

should never marry.' I do not quote it correctly, perhaps, but the writer was wiser than myself."

Then his wife told him how hungry she was for a glimpse of her child's grave:

"Somehow he is not dead to me. I have such a singular mental perception of his presence constantly. Strange as it may seem to you, I nightly rock my imaginary baby to sleep in my arms. I *must* see his grave."

"I think, Helen, that you had better defer your visit to the cemetery until next spring," he answered.

"But I really can not wait. It does not seem to me that he is *there*. I dream of him whenever I sleep. Last evening I saw him in a little carriage, stretching out his arms toward me. I keep a bright light in my room all night, for his face haunts me continually in the dark. How can you account for these strangely vivid hallucinations and impressions?"

He gave her an evasive answer, then told her to get ready for a ride. They drove out on the West Haven road, several miles into the country. The September day was beautiful. Its robe of crimson sumachs, orange, opal, and scarlet tints and rich browns, and umber-colored ferns, with the sun's golden lances slanting obliquely through all this variegated foliage, and the intense blue of the sky above them, awakened again the young wife's artistic love for color, and stirred anew the passionate depths of her woman's heart.

"We have each other to live for still," said her husband, noting the happy expression of her countenance for the first time since her illness.

"Yes, William, while I have *you* I will try to be contented and thankful," she replied, as they stopped at a small white cottage which was covered with a scarlet Virginia creeper, and surrounded by locust and ailanthus trees. In the shady front yard a young girl was drawing a baby's phaeton, in which sat an infant a few months old. The little fellow was laughing and clapping his hands when the Earles halted at the garden gate.

"If our boy had lived he would have been like that one," said Mr. Earle. His wife looked at the infant a moment, then sprang out of the carriage, exclaiming:

"This is the very baby that I have dreamed

of so often! It is my lost Willie! My instincts were true after all!" When Mr. Earle reached the happy mother she was crying for joy and showering kisses upon the little one's poor dwarfed limbs.

Of course, they took their child home with them, and Mr. Earle explained: "I intended to undeceive you as soon as you were able to see him, Helen."

Peace, like the fabled Hestia, again presided over their hearthstone. They both learned to love Willie dearly; but at the age of three years a pitying Saviour called the sufferer home. His mother wrote: "We have another son, Willie's *fac-simile*—only his form and face are as perfect as Raphael's picture of the infant Jesus. It almost seems to us that our lost one's soul has taken possession of this new body. I tried hard to keep my mind at rest on this one subject, believing that it was my own nervous dread which caused my first-born's malformation. I would like to lift a warning voice to all ladies who are addicted to borrowing trouble and meeting it half way.

"Fancied trials often become realities. Nature seems to delight in punishing us for our lack of faith. I believe that a calm reliance

upon Our Father's care will prevent such calamities under nearly all circumstances."

Helen Earle undoubtedly brought her sorrow upon herself by allowing her mind to dwell so persistently upon her husband's deformity. If she had loved him better, or had placed more confidence in a protecting Providence, it is probable that the affliction which nearly wrecked her happiness would have been averted. By fretting over and fostering any pre-natal delusion or cause of mental disturbance, great harm may be done to the next generation, while untold sorrow and mortification must be the portion of the perpetrator of this irremediable injury. On the other hand, as in Mrs. Earle's latter experience, the happiest results follow an unwavering determination to allow no unpleasant thoughts or events to agitate the mind.

It is a pity that this theory will not hold true in all cases of hereditary disease and those infirmities which result from the use of ardent spirits. It is a great privilege to *build a house for an immortal soul*, and it must be a crime equal to decide to destroy one of these "temples of the living God!"

EMMA MAY BUCKINGHAM.

HONESDALE, PA.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

Oh, what a host of pleasant recollections
Are clustered 'round the spot which we call
home!

Dear memories are they which linger ever
With us, though far our wandering feet may
roam!

I go out in the busy world to-morrow,
And leave the true hearts which I love behind.
They have been mine in pleasure and in sorrow,
And such as they I never more may find.

Out in the world, perhaps no more to meet them;
Their paths and mine I know must be apart.
No wonder, then, that my weak soul should sicken,
And that a dreary pain should pierce my heart.

Oh, ever more, perhaps, beside home's altar,
At morn and eve, a vacant place will be;
And when upon the path of life I falter,
Oh, who will guide and cheer and strengthen
me?

Sad, sad am I to-night. My soul is weeping
Such tears as those we weep above the dead,
When one by one the sods fall on the coffin,
And we turn from the spot with weary tread.

Ah, there are sadder things for us than dying;
Yes, sadder things than closing glassy eyes
When some fond one in Death's embrace is lying;
'Tis when we put away what most we prize.

Farewell, dear ones; may God's sweet angels guide
you
To flowery paths, where skies are ever clear!
Oh, if a prayer of mine had power to bless you,
Then what a wealth of joy would crown each
year!

Farewell! Farewell! The world is full of sad-
ness, [lives;
And of wrecked hopes and joys, and wasted
Oh, happy he who keeps its faith and gladness,
And who its bitter, blighting storms survives!

VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

I HOLD the deepest and most unqualified respect for any person who is habitually cheerful.

Though he be plain to ugliness and ignorant to boorishness, or though he be as poverty-stricken as the proverbial, "Job's turkey," if he be naturally and thoroughly and heartily cheerful, he has more of the true principle of earthly happiness than was ever extracted from the mines of Ophir.

Under Dickens' pen the irrepressible Micawber became a hero and a philosopher, not from any marked achievement or talent, but purely from the man's supreme ability to face the most humiliating reverses with the same serene, unruffled exterior.

What sugar is to coffee, so is a cheerful man to the neighborhood in which he lives. While the society of which he is only a single member is self-sustaining and independent without him, it is much the pleasanter for being generally flavored by his influence. And who does not know all about the "world of good" it does us, when a score of small annoyances set in in a tide against us, to hear the hearty laugh and look into the wholesome face of our cheerful neighbor?

A talented author once said that "a cheerful disposition was more essential than talent." A sweeping assertion, but who admires talent in a human porcupine. Soundly sensible people prefer less talent and more geniality.

The man who entertains you for an hour with a statement of his colds, and his headaches, his losses and his crosses, and ends with

an excruciating report from the dyspeptic locality, is invariably a sullen, grumbling misanthrope.

Beyond a doubt laughter is healthy. Whenever we are thoroughly pleased, we are in a measure nourished. Hence the old maxim, "Laugh and grow fat."

All really healthy people are likely to be good-humored, and good-humored people are quite as likely to be strong in spirit.

Kind words and smiles and genial greetings, and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit each after its own kind.

Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal: the more is spent the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

Jovial, sweet-tempered, pure-hearted people are charitable; they are liberal; they are not jealous. They are the sweet, their opposites are the bitter; the two elements combine and make the social world a *bitter sweet*; unfortunately, the flavor of the bitter is most powerful.

The mountain is grand, majestic, and sublime, so are great deeds and achievements. But as there are more hills than mountains, so are there more little deeds than great ones in our lives. If the hills vary our landscape, and by culture yield us our daily bread, then are the hills better for us than the snow-capped mountains.

Let our acts of sympathy and love, our words of cheer, and smiles of joy, lighten others' burdens, or strengthen faint hearts; it is better for us to be kind and gently considerate, than that we had won a fortune.

UNCONSCIOUS EDUCATION.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Day by day the little feet

Crossed the sunlight-trellised square;
Day by day the childish eyes
Saw, with nothing of surprise,
The cathedral standing there.

Silent, from the crypt below,
Where the columns round begin,
To the great tower, climbing high,
Silent 'gainst the silent sky,
Where the birds fly out and in.

Rising gray in massive stone,
Where the strong foundations stand,
To where lightsome, airy spires,
Like the flames from altar fires,
Crown the towers on either hand.

Rising from the uncarved stones,
Rough and rudely mortised seams,
To the sculpture fine and strange,
Where the eye can hardly range,
Like the fancies in fair dreams.

Day by day the childish laugh,
As a game was lost or won,
Rang along the sculptured way
Of the cloisters old and gray,
Through the shadow and the sun.

Week by week the springing feet,
Through the apostle-guarded door,
Quiet paced the pillared nave.
While the great rose-window gave
Glory to the stony floor.



There the restless, wistful eyes
Followed base and fluting gray,
To where rows of columns grand,
Upward springing on each hand,
Into arches melt away.

All in silence day by day
Grew, from bud to bloom, the soul;
From the groping dim, obscure,
To where thought, with footing sure
Treads where starry planets roll.

Rooted firm in living truth,
Yet up-springing, light, and free,
Through all forms of consciousness,
To the light and airy dress
Of the finest fantasy.

Strong for daily work and toil
In the roughest way and lot,
Yet so perfect in each part,
Beautified with such high art,
That no trifle was forgot.

Touched with reverence deep and true
For the lesson of the Past,
Where the lives of priest and sage,
Half-said truths of every age
Are our heritage at last.

Filled with aspirations high—
Till the heaven's glory streamed
Through the windows toward the sky,
Still transforming with its ray
All that poor and low had seemed.

Following ever high and higher
 From the footways of the real,
 Till all May-be's changed to Being—
 Till all faith was turned to seeing
 In the perfect, fair ideal.

So the soul was broad and strong,
 Beautiful, and grand, and fair.
 Many teachers claimed the praise;
 Silent through their noisy phrase
 Stands the old cathedral there.

THE MYSTERIOUS TESTAMENT.

A GLEANING FROM HERODOTUS.

THE modern traveler, journeying beneath Oriental skies, searching inquisitively into the hieroglyphic remnants of antiquity, often finds his arduous investigations fall far short of truth; his credulity is imposed on by those who make it their business to play upon the faculty of curiosity in mankind, and he is induced to regard, with admiring wonder, things which have neither intrinsic nor associated value. He is shown ruins, in reality comparatively modern, which he is taught to believe have come down from remotest antiquity. For instance, on the Euphrates, that "river of willows," sacred to the melody of the most plaintive of psalms, the traveler is shown the *so-called* Ruins of Babylon! Yet is it very uncertain whether a vestige of that city still exists. And when we reflect upon the perishable nature of the sun-dried bricks of which its walls and buildings were composed, we can hardly believe that any remains have survived the lapse of three thousand years. Doubtless the predictions of the evangelical prophet, as well as the despairing denunciations of him who wept for the woes he foresaw (sorrowful Jeremiah), have been fulfilled to the very letter, and now, where once stood the stately palaces, the wild beast makes his lair; where erst the banqueting halls echoed to the strains of music, the jackals lie at ease. The fierce hyena lurks among the bones and briars where hearthstones once were warm with life; and the ominous owl hoots shrilly from the covert of the poisonous vines that have sprung into noxious existence from the decay of the ruined wells.

The "mighty hunter," the great grandson of Noah, was the founder of this ancient city, and its first king. Among the long line of princes who inherited his throne, two queens wielded the scepter with masculine energy and skill.

History smiles amid its stern facts, and unwittingly puts on the air of a romancer, when describing the beauty and genius of Semiramis, wife and widow of Ninas, king of Assyria, of which empire Babylon was the great heart and capitol. Under her rule the city

grew till it spread over an area of forty-five miles in compass. She commenced those stupendous walls, two hundred feet high and fifty broad, which were classed among the "wonders" of the ancient world! Making a royal progress through her extensive dominions, she had a public road constructed at immense expense, leveling the mountains and filling up the valleys; thus erecting to her memory the noblest monument, by a work of the greatest utility to her people. On the various structures, useful and ornamental, that distinguished her reign, two millions of men found employment.

Long afterward, Nebuchednezzar, a successor of Semiramis, brought home a bride from the neighboring kingdom of Media. She longed for the breezy heights and fragrant airs of her native land, and the "Hanging Gardens" of Babylon were conceived and created for her pleasure. An artificial mountain was formed by means of a series of arches, strengthened by an enormous wall; and on stone, brick, and lead foundations was heaped the mold out of which grew the tallest trees, the most arborescent shrubs, as well as dainty flowers, vines, and tempting fruits. In her gorgeous apartments, skillfully contrived among the arches, the beauteous Amytis could recline at ease on her satin divan, elevated far above the vale of the Euphrates, enjoying a most charming prospect.

Five generations after Semiramis reigned the "wise" Nitocris, the widow of Evil-Merodach, and the mother of Belshazzar. She sought to make Babylon impregnable by strengthening the wall, deepening the moat, and obstructing the navigation of the river. Numerous channels and a wide lake were excavated to receive the diverted waters of the river, in whose drained bed were built huge piers, on which rested a magnificent bridge, connecting the two portions of the city divided by the Euphrates. At each end of the bridge Queen Nitocris caused a palace to be erected, one of which occupied, with its courts and gardens, a space

eight miles in circumference. While the waters were withdrawn, a subterranean passage was built under the bed of the river, as a means of communication between the opposite palaces. The numerous splendid buildings with which this queen adorned Babylon were all ornamented with sculptures, representing animals, of the size and altitude of life. Her last work, during her public administration of affairs was to have erected for herself a costly mausoleum, the site of which, with singular taste, she placed in one of the most frequented gates of the city. Over one of the "hundred gates" glittered the white stone walls of the sepulchre, and on its door was engraved the "mysterious testament" of Nitocris. She passed through many vicissitudes ere her embalmed form was placed in its destined casket.

Reigning as queen consort and queen regnant; as queen-mother giving wise counsels to her profane and voluptuous son, Belshazzar, at an advanced age she witnessed the triumphant entrance of Cyrus, through the channel of the Euphrates, from which the waters had been diverted by means of the reservoirs Nitocris had, herself, caused to be made. She was

treated with respect by the magnanimous conqueror, and, on her death, was interred with distinguished honors in her tomb over the great gate. Neither Cyrus nor his successor sought to possess themselves of the treasures reported to have been buried with the queen; but when the grasping Darius Hystaspes came to the throne, he was greatly exercised by the inscription embodying the mysterious testament of Nitocris. He was haunted by the words:—"If any of my successors, kings of Babylon, find himself in want of money, let him open the sepulchre and supply his need; but if he be not in want, let it alone."

Darius imagined he would find many of the crown jewels, besides enormous wealth, and he, therefore, desecrated the tomb by forcing an entrance to its secret chambers. But instead of having his lust for gold gratified, he found only the embalmed body of Nitocris, grasping in one of its shrunken hands a piece of parchment containing these words:—"If thou hadst not been insatiably covetous and greedy of the most sordid gain, thou wouldst not have opened the chambers of the dead."

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Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

THE TRUE LAW OF POPULATION.

BASED ON PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY.*

BY DR. NATHAN ALLEN, OF LOWELL, MASS.

IT may appear almost presumptuous to assume the phrase, "true law," which might seem to imply that all other theories were false or not true; but such is not our meaning. It is intended to express this sentiment: that whatever views are entertained on this subject, or however diverse they are, they must all, as far as true, be subservient to a great general law which has its origin and foundation in physiology.

More than thirty years ago a work was published in London with this title, "The True

Law of Population shown to be Connected with the Food of the People." The merits of this work consisted very much in the evidences which physiology afforded in support of its theory, arising from the effects that food, combined with other agencies, had in changing physical organization. But, unfortunately, Mr. Doubleday, the author of this work, as well as some other writers upon population, have not been thoroughly educated in the principles of this science.

As this subject is so vast and complicated, a large volume would be required to discuss it properly, especially in expounding any new views; we can present here only a few points or heads of topics, by way of suggestion and

* This article is copied from the *Medical Press and Circular*, which is published simultaneously in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and is one of the oldest and most extensively circulated medical journals in Great Britain.

illustration. An examination into the views and theories of most writers upon population shows that the laws which they lay down for its increase have been controlled generally by agents or objects entirely external to the body, and some of them hold only remote or indirect relations to it. Now, while these external agents, such as food, climate, exercise, etc., may operate as powerful factors or as secondary causes, we maintain that there is a great general law of propagation which extends through the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. Whatever influences these agencies may have in the development of the body, the most important agent or law of all, the law that shapes its life, character, and destiny, it would seem, must have its origin and seat somewhere in the body itself. What, then, is this law? It may be defined thus: *It consists in the perfectionism of structure and harmony of function*; or, in other words, that every organ of the body should be perfect in its structure, and that each should perform its legitimate functions in harmony with all others.

While this perfect physical organization is nowhere to be found in nature, we can readily conceive of such a standard, and that there may be all manner of approximations toward it. The nearer this standard is reached, the more completely the law of propagation can be carried out. This theory is supported by evidences deduced from physiology in a variety of ways.

All diseases interfere with the operation of this law, especially those that are considered hereditary. This class of diseases becomes intensified by each generation, and tend rapidly not only to impair the vitality, but to blot out the existence of the race. There is another class of diseases or weaknesses, described under "sterility," "barrenness," and "impotence," from which strong evidences may be derived.

There is a general principle in physiology, favorable to this theory, which is thus described by Dr. Carpenter: "There is a certain antagonism between the nutritive and reproductive functions, the one being exercised at the expense of the other. The reproductive apparatus derives the materials of its operations through the nutritive system and its functions. If, therefore, it is in a state of excessive activity, it will necessarily draw off from the individual fabric some portion of aliment destined for its maintenance. It may be universally observed that when the nutritive functions are particularly active in supporting the individual, the reproductive system is undeveloped,

and *vice versa*." Let, therefore, any class of organs, or any parts of the body, be unduly or excessively exercised, and it requires the more nutrition to support them, thereby withdrawing what should go to other organs. In accordance with this physiological law, if any class of organs become predominant in their development; if what may properly be denominated one of the temperaments becomes excessively developed, it conflicts with this great law of increase. In other words, if the organization is carried by successive generations to an extreme—that is, to a high nervous temperament—a predominance of the brain and nervous system; or, on the other hand, to a lymphatic temperament—a predominance of the mere animal nature, it operates unfavorably upon the increase of progeny. Accordingly, in the highest states of refinement, culture, and civilization of a people, the tendency has always been to run out of offspring; while, on the other hand, all tribes or races sunk in the lowest stages of barbarism, controlled principally by their animal nature, do not abound in offspring, and, in the course of time, they tend also to run out.

The same general fact has been observed among all the abnormal classes, such as idiots, cretins, the insane, the deaf and dumb, and, to some extent, with extreme or abnormal organizations, such as are excessively corpulent, or spare, as well as of unnatural size, either very large or diminutively small.

A similar fact has been observed among distinct classes, such as the nobility, the aristocracy, etc., where, by inheritance, refinement, and culture, the nervous temperament becomes very predominant; it is found that such families, in the course of a few generations, do not increase in offspring, and, not unfrequently, in time, they become extinct.

A similar result has also followed the intermarriage of relations, from the fact that the same weaknesses or predispositions are intensified by this relation. Again, if we take those families and races which, for successive generations, have steadily increased most, we shall find that, as a whole, they possess a remarkably healthy, well-balanced organization. Illustrations of this type, we shall find, abound most among the middling or working classes of the German, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, and the Americans.

The laws of hereditary descent afford strong evidence in favor of some general law of propagation. The fact that "like begets like," subject to certain variations and conditions, is a

proverb that has been too well attested to be called in question. The union of two agents, possessing similar and dissimilar qualities, constitutes an important condition to which this law of propagation is subject. While it may be difficult to point out, in all cases, the exact results of hereditary influences, still it has been found on a large scale that, in the aggregate, there was the most unquestioned evidence of such agency, and that it was minute and extensive, and continued for successive generations. When this department of physiology becomes thoroughly understood, hereditary influences will more readily be traced back to their primary sources and to the secondary causes operating to change and modify them. Now, the same evidence that proves the existence of hereditary agency, implies that there is somewhere a general law, of which this is part and parcel; and no one thing will throw so much light upon this whole subject of inheritance as the recognition of a law of propagation, being based upon a perfect standard in nature. Again, there must exist in physiology a certain standard or type of organization for woman, best adapted for increase both for herself and her offspring. This, we believe, consists in a perfectly healthy and well-balanced body, that, with such an organization, the pregnant state harmonizes, the process of delivery is the safest, and the materials for nursing offspring are found most complete.

This theory of human increase derives evidence from an analogous law in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is well known that wonderful improvements have been made, within the present century, in domestic animals, and this chiefly, too, by an application of physiological laws. To such an extent have the results of observation and experiment been here carried that this process of improvement has been reduced almost to a science. The terms here used, "Pure Blood," "Thorough-bred," "Pedigree," "Breeding-in-and-in," and "Cross-breeding," may all be explained by two great leading principles. One is a general law of propagation based upon a perfect standard, and the other is the law of inheritance subject to certain conditions.

In fact, these two laws constitute, we believe, the two great principles that underlie most of the theories of Charles Darwin; these are discussed under the heads of "Natural Selection" and the "Law of Variability;" and whatever may be said against his theories, of the "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," these two general principles are, in our opinion,

founded in nature, and will survive all opposition and criticism.

A similar law of propagation exists in vegetable physiology. It is a fact well attested by gardeners, that in order to produce flowers and fruit the soil must not be too rich or too poor; if the plant or tree grows too luxuriously, its branches or roots must be pruned; while, on the other hand, if unthrifty, it must receive better culture, and its roots be enriched, before it will become fruitful. So the most beautiful flowers and richest fruit have few seeds, which in time run out, while that of a poor quality may abound in seed, but will not flourish long. It is true the conditions here vary, and so do the modes of perpetuating life; but, by analogy, facts and arguments of a positive character may be gleaned from this source to confirm a similar law in human physiology. Other facts and arguments might be adduced in favor of such a theory of population, did time and space permit, but we close with two or three suggestions. If this law of propagation is true, it presents a great standard for improvement, where there may be found the perfect free agency of man, and, at the same time, the highest motives for improvement. It could not have been intended by the Creator that man should always be ignorant of, or ignore, the great law of propagation, in many respects the most important in the universe; neither could it have been intended that man, as a moral and accountable being, should be a mere *passive agent* in the propagation of the species.

Again, this law of population should interest medical men, as it affords a new stand-point in physiology to study the relations of the body as a whole, and especially in their connection with the reproductive organs, which have constituted the chief study on this subject. It presents, also, in some respects, a new guide to female organization as to what is the normal or best standard for the propagation of the species, and it may throw light on the changes occasioned by pregnancy, as well as on the qualities indispensable for good nursing. It explains in a clearer light than ever not only the laws of hereditary descent, but magnifies their value and importance in relation to human progress and welfare. It opens new views connected with anthropology, and aids in explaining many changes in the history of different races and nations. Inasmuch as it furnishes a new key to the study of the body, and exalts physical laws in their connection with human improvement, it should certainly inter-

est medical men. From more than thirty years of observation and experience in a busy professional life, we have become every year convinced more and more of the truth and im-

portance of the law here so briefly discussed, and would commend it to the attention of all inquirers after truth in this great field of observation and study.

HOW TO USE PHRENOLOGY.—No. 4.

HAVING in previous articles explained the anatomical outlines of Phrenology, which, of course, lie at the basis of the whole subject, and indicated how to measure heads



Fig. 17.

by the eye or by the hand so as to appreciate the size of the head as a whole, and the relative development of the different parts, we come now to remark that he who undertakes to study heads should carry in his mind the outline of a head harmoniously developed. While one head is very high at the crown and slopes every way from that part (see fig. 17), another is high above the forehead and slopes backward (see fig. 18), another is large in the lower part of the forehead and retreats rapidly (see fig. 19), another still is large in the upper part of the forehead and small in the lower part (see fig. 20); one has a head that is elongated behind, running out to almost a point; another is square behind, and is short when the distance from the opening of the ear backward is considered. One man has a very narrow, long, thin head, which may or may not be high (see fig. 21); another has a broad head that rounds out plumply and fully, and may or may not be high—but more often such heads are not very high (see fig. 22).

Now, all these differences mean something; and if one has in mind clearly defined the form of a well-balanced head, he will instantly see wherein and how much any given head varies from the proper balance or true form, and this will enable him to estimate a stranger in what we would call an outline manner. Most persons can readily recognize the build of men—the high, square shoulders, the sloping shoulders, the stooping shoulders, the small waist, full waist, or large waist; they readily recognize fine limbs and handsome feet; and where the knees are bowed out or bowed in, and the toes turn in, and the step is clumsy and stiff. Opinions are formed relative to all these things with clear and critical discrimination. A similar attention to the shape of heads would make everybody as intelligent about the build of the head as about the build of the body.

A more careful and critical examination of the head, however, is desirable—where the hair stands up loosely, or, as in the case with women, it is braided or puffed, so that the contour of the head is hidden—when manipulation with the hands becomes necessary if the char-



Fig. 18.

acter reading is to be critical and accurate. The mother, anxiously training up her little ones, hoping that they shall be wise and good,

will have no trouble about ascertaining the form of their heads, if she knows how to study them. Hours of time are spent in careful combing, brushing, and curling heads, while the nurse or mother may be ignorant of the slumbering ambition or fierce passions that may be lurking there, waiting for time to give them development and dangerous outbreak. We may venture to say that if gentlemen or ladies would spend one-tenth part of the time and thought upon the form and character of



Fig. 19—THE OBSERVER. Fig. 20—THE THINKER.

their heads which they spend in training and dressing their hair, the old threadbare but supremely wise injunction, "Know Thyself," would become practical and popular; and as we do not expect mothers, teachers, and others to become experts in practical Phrenology, we do claim that they might become sufficiently well versed in the subject to readily understand the general drift and spirit of the character.

Every family of children exhibits, or if the number is considerable, may exhibit, traits of character widely diversified, so that no one child will be so much like either parent that a knowledge of that parent will serve as a means to recognize the child. No two children in a family will be found precisely alike. One may take to some extent the general character of one parent with modifications, another the general characteristics of the other parent with modifications; so that the character of neither parent furnishes a complete study for the character of the child. Another child will take the father's reasoning and the mother's perceptive power; or the father's will, pride, determination, and independence, with the mother's social affections; or the father's greediness for gain with the mother's liberality. In fact, this inheritance from parents is very interesting. We sometimes see a young man or woman in whose face and head are noticeable strange combinations of traits and features inherited from both parents. We know a person with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and light complexion, who has black eyebrows and a black

beard. The father had black hair and black eyes, the mother had blue eyes and light hair. We have seen persons with the mother's eye, the father's nose and upper lip, the mother's underlip and chin; and when we pointed out these peculiarities to others, they recognized them and would never forget them.

Now, if this is true of the face, how natural it is that it should be true of the head. Everybody will recall faces and foreheads which have a queer general expression, and when critically studied it is found that there is a nice nose, a good mouth, or a good chin, as viewed separately, but they do not harmonize either in form or size. And there may be a good forehead, so far as the mass is concerned, but it is of a singular shape; perhaps there is a hollow in the middle, with great square corners above and below, and on account of it the features seem strangely adjusted. The writer has just examined the heads of two boys: one of them resembling the mother throughout in feature and head, except that the organs of Language and Hope were small, and like those of the father. The other boy had the father's head and face, with the large Language and large Hope of the mother. The value to the boy of the inheritance of these two faculties from the mother can hardly be measured in money. The differences between these boys in these two respects will mark their career for life: one will always be looking for bad weather and the delinquency of debtors; the other will rejoice in the prospect of all that is good and desirable, and if he shall be disappointed even, his elastic Hope will enable him readily to recover from the disappointment, and go on his way rejoicing. While one will have keen perception and clear thoughts, but be unable to express himself with ease and fluency, and will therefore



Fig. 21—DR. BOND.



Fig. 22—SULLIVAN.

seem to know less than he does, and not pass for what he is really worth, the other will carry sunshine in his whole life, and be able to cut his bigness through the world with his tongue—will be likely to succeed in a profession or business requiring good talking talent—make a

preacher, a teacher, a lecturer, a negotiator, or a salesman.

People seem to look upon this art of character reading as something mysterious, requiring peculiar talent and a long life of practice to make it of any value. Practice, experience, and time are as valuable in Phrenology as in anything else; but a single hour of close attention to illustrations of heads, with proper explanations, will make any sensible person comparatively intelligent on the subject—will, indeed, give most people more information than they now possess on the subject of judging character.

There are many ways of using Phrenology, or, we might say, employing it; and those who are in the phrenological field, and are examining heads every day, recognize not only the truth, but the practical utility of Phrenology in a most vivid and interesting manner.

Twelve years ago we examined the head of a little boy, and gave his parents a full written description of his temperament, health, and character, setting forth the proper manner of feeding him and giving him exercise and sleep. He was precocious; his head was too large for his body; he needed guidance and restraint; and being fond of gaining knowledge, was eager to read and study, and anxious to know everything. We told his parents if they expected to raise him they must treat him in a guarded manner, hold him in restraint as to intellectual labor, and allow him to study only so much as was consistent with his growth and development.

On the 2d of June of this year we received from the father the following statement:

"St. Louis, Mo., June 2, 1873.

"Permit me to thank you for the great service rendered us by your advice relative to our son. You made an examination of him twelve years ago, and gave a full written description of his temperament, constitution, health, talents, proper course of training, study and best pursuit. His mother has followed your instructions to the letter, and we fully believe your advice has saved him. He was very delicate, had a large, active brain, and was very precocious, and inclined to overdo; and by strict conformity to your directions we have been able to maintain and even improve his health, and regulate his studies; and now, at nineteen years of age, he is ready to enter Yale College with decided promise of success.

"Thinking it due to you to be informed of these facts, and to receive the grateful tribute of his anxious parents, I am, etc., E. C. B."

We may add that this mother, like a sensible woman, has accompanied her son to the college, and will keep house and board her boy, and see to it that he has nine hours' sleep, his meals regularly, and the right kinds of food, and that he is not hazing about, smoking, drinking, and wasting life, as many do, while pretending to get an education.

In the city of New York, and in the region for fifty miles around it, there are many families that do not put a boy to a trade or business until they have brought him to us for a critical examination. Not long since a woman from Paterson, N. J., said to us, as she brought in her boy: "You have selected trades for my three older boys, and they are all doing nicely. Now I have brought the fourth, to find out what he ought to do. I have one more boy to bring a year hence, when he will be old enough to go to business."

Our St. Louis friend thinks that he owes to our advice the life and success of his darling boy. The mother just referred to believes that we have placed her sons in the best pursuit for each one, and that their prosperity and happiness will be largely the result of obtaining and following the counsels of Phrenology. And the cost to these parents was comparatively small. A picnic or two would have spent quite as much money for them, leaving behind it a sour stomach, headache, bilious difficulty, and no advantage whatever.

Phrenology will determine what a person is best adapted for, and there is no department of industry, no intellectual pursuit, no phase of social life, no human relationship or duty, in regard to which this comprehensive science of first principles has not a profitable word to say.



L A C O N I C S .

SOME men are like hickory trees, smooth and symmetrical outside, but hard and tough at the heart.

THE noble brow is high and gently rounded: tenderness and sympathy dwell with him who possesses it.

WHY does this stranger attract, while that one repels? Simply because we find "the mind's expression in the face."

DO men gather grapes of thorns, or figs from thistles? No; neither do they look for expressions of culture or refinement from him who was born a boor or reared among the vulgar and vicious.—D.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

PUGET SOUND EMIGRATION—THE PROFIT AND LOSS.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

THE financial agents of the North Pacific Railroad are using manifold agencies to interest the people in this enterprise, and to secure the sale of its bonds.

Among other shrewd strokes of policy, they have employed able writers to depict the best features of the country through which the projected road is to be built; and having collected choice samples of cereals, grasses, fruits and vegetables from the settlements already in existence, placed them on exhibition at many State fairs, and, notably, at the great one of all, the American Institute. They have also sent Hon. Selucius Garfield to various large towns and cities of the East to lecture upon the wonderful atmospheric and climatic phenomena that characterize the entire region of country affected by the isothermal line. Mr. Garfield is a man of rare elocutionary powers, who "speaks the pieces" written for him with an art that makes them seem to be the impromptu utterances of a profound but thoroughly-in-earnest man.

These combined influences—gifted pens, an oily tongue, and huge apples, pears, cabbages, and beets—have created a strong under-current throughout the country in favor of emigration to various points on the line of the road, but especially to Puget Sound.

The writer of this article is an emigrant of a date prior to the inception of this grand system of advertising, and came to the country more from an American restlessness than with an expectation of settlement. The experiences of a few months made a longer residence desirable, because the sum total of profits was in his favor.

It is safe to say, that of those who, in the last three years, have come to this country under the inspiration of Jay Cooke & Co.'s skillful advertising, at least two-thirds have confessed their bitter disappointment, and half of them, or one-third of the whole, have gone back to the States greatly incensed at what they considered the fraud perpetrated on them. Now, these people have been cheated only by themselves. Jay Cooke & Co. have in their

publications and through their lecturers told only the truth. The wheat, apples, beets, and squashes were all actual products of this country. The trouble with all these dissatisfied souls is the same. They counted only the profits of the venture, not considering the cost.

The wonderfully mild climate, the fertile soil, the magnificent inland sea, so beautifully depicted by the pen of Carleton and the tongue of Garfield, are all here. The crystal lakes still reflect the azure heavens, and the broad prairies sweep off to the horizon's verge. But, and there comes the trouble, these new settlers expect the climate of Italy, the fertile prairies of Iowa, and the corner lots of a great commercial seaport all in combination. On their arrival they find hundreds of paper cities to one inhabited village, and an absurd uncertainty as to the railroad terminus. The fertile soil is on the river bottoms, extending hundreds of miles into the interior, but its virginity is protected by tangled thickets of alder, vine maple, and an endless variety of shrubs and festooning vines. The bill-hook and axe must prepare a way for the ox and the plowman. The prairies are vast gravel beds, covered with a growth of short, hardy vegetation, beautiful to look at, affording nutritious pasture for sheep and cattle, but almost valueless for agriculture.

Over east of the Cascade Mountains are other prairies, vast in extent, all ready for the plow and the sower. But there the climate is more like that of northern Kansas—cold in winter, hot in summer, and variable as that from which they fled.

So our friends from Michigan, New York, and Kansas look about them with an ever-increasing disgust, seeing only the unexpected obstacles in the way of immediate sowing and reaping. Then those who are more flush of money than pluck take a return steamer to San Francisco, and will from henceforth denounce this country as a fraud. The others conclude, "now they are here," to remain and try it. The writer has yet to find the first person of this

class, who, after one year's residence, is not thankful that he outstayed his early chagrin. He has tried the country one year, and the profit and loss account balances on the right side.

Briefly, the facts are these. The professions are overcrowded, except the ministerial. In the city of Olympia there are now five physicians, and a death-rate this year of but eight persons in a population of 2,500. Within five years seven other physicians have located there, and been starved out. The same is true in every town on the Sound. Lawyers are still more numerous, and but few of them live by their profession. The mercantile business is overdone, and there is no room for competitors. Mechanics earn from \$3 to \$4 per day, in coin, and get work about two-thirds of the year. The class of settlers needed for the country are farmers, stock raisers, choppers, field and farm hands, lumbermen, fishermen, blacksmiths, good common school teachers, boot and shoe journeymen, female domestics (good help can get \$20 per month, coin), file-cutters, and men and women skilled in other homely but useful industries. All such may be assured of steady, remunerative work. Five hundred good dairy hands, men or women, could get work at once; and the latter, if in the market, would secure good husbands within a year. (For the greatest need of this new country is good women to make help-meets for our sturdy pioneers).

Suppose a colony wishes to locate here, and establish a farming community, they can find plenty of contiguous government land on which to locate their homesteads, and, buying adjoining railroad lands, can control a township to suit themselves. Such a colony, located near to tide water, could in two years become self-supporting, and see the land held in common appreciate so rapidly in value as to pay every colonist a handsome profit from a trifling investment. To do this would require hard work, plain frame or log houses, abstinence from many luxuries and some valued privileges. These last would not be long in coming, and, the farms once well under way, neat homes would replace the pioneer habitations. Now, where is the profit over the loss?

First. Land for the landless, free.

Second. A climate free from the extremes of heat or cold, and wonderfully healthful.

Third. Very light taxation.

Fourth. A new country, the rapid growth of which is but a faint index of what it will be when the railroad is completed.

Fifth. A market at one's doors that now makes all farming largely remunerative, and that increases yearly in its demands.

These reasons, with a handsome resultant of profit over loss, are the incentives this country presents to industrious men to come and settle on the shores of Puget Sound. For drones, grumblers, busybodies, and fancymen, we have neither room nor favor. Let them keep away! More than all else, we want good women and holy men of God—the first for wives and mothers, the last to reason boldly on “righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come.”

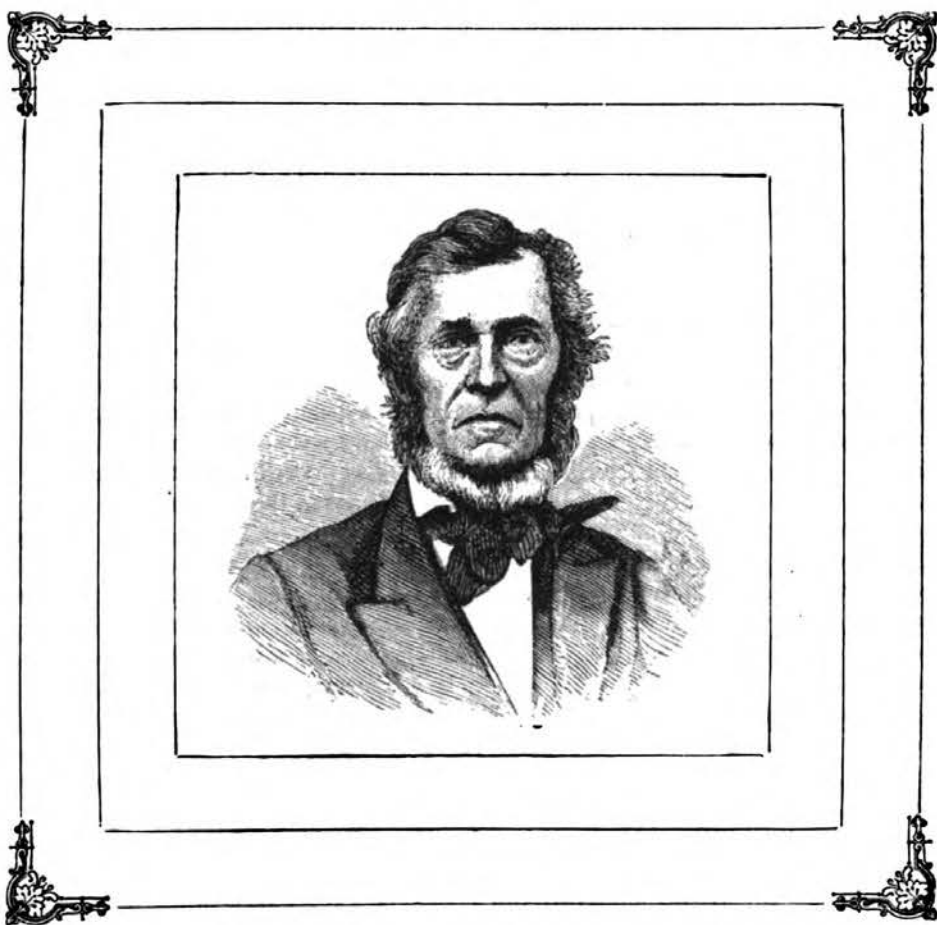
SOME OF OUR AMERICAN BENEFAC- TORS.

DO not Americans appreciate education? Here is a list of some of their benefactions: \$1,300,000 by Mr. Simmons, of Boston, for the industrial and medical education of women; \$1,000,000 by Daniel Drew to endow a Methodist Theological Seminary, to which Abel Menand adds \$100,000 more “for the education of women for the ministry;” \$200,000 by Erastus Corning for a female college; \$400,000 by Robt. Barnes, of Indiana, for the education of orphans in that State; \$50,000 by Orange Judd for Scientific Department in Wesleyan University; \$60,000 by Cyrus McCormick for Theological Seminary at Chicago; \$100,000 by Daniel Appleton for Chancelorship and library in New York University; \$100,000 by Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, to Harvard University; \$100,000 by Chauncey Rose, of Terre Haute, Ind., for Female College; \$100,000 by Henry Sage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for female college building at Cornell University; \$500,000 by Mr. Shaw, of St. Louis, for park and botanic garden; \$200,000 by Mr. Pardee, of Pennsylvania, for Scientific Department of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa.; \$75,000 by Horace Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., for a library building at Rochester University; \$50,000 by the Rev. Jesse T. Peck to the new university at Syracuse, N. Y., which donation has been increased by other citizens to a million and a half; \$1,250,000 by Samuel Williston for educational purposes at Easthampton, Mass.; \$250,000 by Captain Richardson, of San Francisco, Cal., to found the Richardson College in Chicago University; \$50,000 by Edward Tompkins to found a chair of Oriental lang-

uages in the University of California; \$20,000 by Mr. Raymond, of Oakland, to the college at Toledo, Ohio; \$75,000 by Dr. H. H. Toland to endow a medical department in the University of California; \$100,000 in property and \$50,000 in cash by John Anderson, of New York, to found the Penikese School of Natural History.

[Now, who will give fifty or a hundred thousand to establish a school of Phrenology on a grand scale? We will put in our entire cabinet of busts, skulls, etc., the accumula-

tions of half a lifetime, and worth some thousands of dollars. What is wanted is, a large fire-proof building with lecture-room, museum or exhibition hall, galleries for books, and rooms for business purposes. Rich men must die, and they can not take their money with them. Why can not some one of them, whom Phrenology has greatly benefited, give back to this cause a sum which would thenceforth make Phrenology respected the world over? We simply make the suggestion, and shall be happy to chronicle action thereon.]



THE LATE WILLIAM J. LOWRY,
OF EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

THERE are many grand souls distributed throughout our population, who, without claiming the least notice of the world, are powerful agencies in their influence on those who know them. They pursue a straightforward, independent course in their

business or profession from day to day, yet such is the weight of their high integrity, such the brightness of their sterling morality, that the respect and affection of whole communities are given them. Such men deserve our tributes of gratitude for their noble examples.

While brilliant talent nowadays is no warrant for honor and integrity, it is becoming for us to glean from the walks of private life those subjects whose upright, honest, and successful careers deserve special mention. To such men we are always pleased to accord the little honor of an appearance in these pages, and such a man was he whose name stands at the head of this sketch.

For the material of the following sketch of Mr. Lowry's career we are indebted to a correspondent who had been associated more or less closely with him for many years.

William Johnson Lowry was born in Arundel County, Maryland, October 15th, 1795. During his early childhood his parents removed to Ohio, settling in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. He remained with them there until he had attained the age of seventeen, when he left his paternal roof and went to Cincinnati. Here for two years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, exhibiting, though a mere boy, those sterling qualities of mind and heart which gained for him in course of time a useful and influential position. He entered into what was known as the "river trade," continuing in it until 1820. Such was his health and endurance, inherited in great part from a vigorous ancestry, that during his business career in Cincinnati he twice made the journey from New Orleans to Louisville on foot, successfully competing with steamers and horsemen in the time consumed in the journey. He was at different times employed by the government in the survey of public lands in Alabama, Florida, and Missouri.

In 1819 his parents removed to Indiana, and settled on a farm in the vicinity of Springfield, Posey County. At this place, on the 18th of July, 1823, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Nettleton—a union which was singularly harmonious and happy. The 18th of last July was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage, and they were almost permitted to celebrate their "golden" wedding.

After his marriage he followed farming for five years, then removed to Mount Vernon, Ind., where he engaged in mercantile pursuits with good success. Subsequently he opened a banking office in Cincinnati, in partnership with his brother-in-law, under the firm name of Lowry & Nettleton. In 1861 he removed

the residence of his family to Evansville, Ind., where he made his home until his death on the 22d of February last. For several years he continued to superintend the Mount Vernon Bank, of which he was president. In 1864 he transferred his business to Evansville, becoming the founder and President of the Evansville National Bank, and senior member of the well-known firm of W. J. Lowry & Co.

In the language of an appreciative obituary which appeared in the *Evansville Journal*:

"His physical frame was one of iron, made for the use of a soul that had a life work of immense magnitude to perform. He was rarely afflicted with illness, and, by habits of industry and temperance, preserved a remarkable degree of healthfulness until within a few months of his decease. Last autumn, while on a visit to his relatives in Posey County, he received an injury from a fall which immediately induced a failing state of health, and, doubtless, hastened his death. To those who intimately knew him, it has for some time been painfully apparent that his robust constitution was gradually yielding, and that the end was drawing near. Still, his departure was so unexpectedly sudden, that its announcement startled the community as the falling of the mighty pine in the stillness of the night startles the inhabitants of the forest. Without a sigh or groan he fell asleep in Jesus as calmly and sweetly as a child sinks to rest on the maternal bosom. As is the case with most men who have been accustomed to a long life of continuous activity, he ceased at once to labor and to live."

We quote the following analysis of his character as being fully in keeping with our impressions derived from a scrutiny of his portrait:

"The character of Mr. Lowry was one well worthy of study and imitation. He happily combined those elements of character which are most difficult to harmonize. Devoted with untiring energy to business pursuits, he was still not unmindful of the delights of the domestic circle and the amenities of social life. He grasped for earthly fortune, but at the same time laid up for himself treasures in heaven. He was economical without being miserly or illiberal; he was charitable without being excessively indulgent. There was

about him an honest bluntness of manner and expression, an aspect of sternness; but beneath this rugged exterior there was a warm, true heart, full of the generous impulses of noble manhood—a heart unwaveringly loyal to progress, humanity, duty, and God. Without claiming any of the higher intellectual and literary accomplishments, he possessed a

soundness of judgment, a keen perception of the principles of justice and right, which made him a safe counselor and a trusty friend. Caring little for the cold conventionalities of society, he was a gentleman, nevertheless, who could take you cordially by the hand, talk to you in a familiar way, and make you feel at perfect ease in his presence."

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.—No. 2.

THE world at large advances irregularly; it readily adopts some new ideas, while others, quite as important, it very much neglects. Thus it is here in Washington. Great improvements have been made, and many are now in progress, while others fully as important are quite neglected. Yet the way has been opened, the spirit introduced. This inspires hope toward that which as yet lies in rude condition. The advancements already made, and which are not few, will in time necessitate the carrying out of others.

The place is fast becoming a railroad center, which fact will give a new spur to the condition of things, and tend more and more to develop the natural resources of the district, which for such a length of time have lain dormant.

In all localities there are a few men with ample brains to see what benefits, under favorable circumstances, might result from improving the various natural resources, yet who are themselves too poor to do anything beyond examine into the rich bounties of nature, and to talk with their few friends, who are usually as helpless as themselves, of the latent powers with which the locality abounds.

Washington certainly has good streets and sidewalks, particularly sidewalks, which here extend for blocks in very thinly-settled places, and, in fact, for squares where there are no houses at all. This is done for the convenience of those living beyond, for the better access to remote and isolated parts. The city, as a whole, is not thickly settled—and seems the most settled in spots of any place we were ever in. Here is a closely built section, and just beyond few or no houses at all—if any, only a few negro shan-

ties; beyond this, again, a densely settled locality. From this and the condition of the soil we discover the need of these sidewalks even where there are only open lots. The soil is of such a nature that during the winter months, or rainy spells, but for these nicely paved walks it would be exceedingly difficult—we might say impossible, except to those who are strong in limb and who wear the heaviest and best foot covering—to make their way from one locality to another. The soil seems peculiar to a person coming from a hard, sandy region like New England. During the dry spells it is exceedingly hard, and seems to be sandy, and as if it would afford good footing even in wet weather; but as soon as a little rain falls it begins to soften and grow slippery, much as though it was being covered with a coating of grease; and if rain continue for a time it becomes sticky, like soft putty. The longer the rain the softer, more slippery, and sticky it becomes. In fact, Washington street soil has only to be wet a little to form the best kind of mud for making a road impassable one ever saw. During the war the army expended much of its strength in forcing a passage through it.

Much of the manner and system of building is well advanced, though, as a whole, the work is not done as well as the same class of work is at the North. Brick is the material chiefly used, though in the more thinly settled districts there are many houses built of wood. Stone is not much used, excepting sparingly, on the best houses, for trimmings and steps. As a substitute, though, for stone trimmings, a party here has introduced galvanized iron; and we will venture to say that there is no better work of its kind done in the country. It is surprising with what facility they shape

this iron; they make anything in the line of cornices, window-caps, or capitals, which can be formed in wood or stone.

There are a number of very fine iron fronts here. Stone and iron, though, seem to be very costly; so oftentimes in brickwork, where stone or iron for posts, sills, and lintels should be used, wood is substituted. The consequence of this is that in a few years the walls are badly cracked over the openings. It is very rarely that the foundations of buildings are laid with stone, and made broad; they are mostly laid with brick, and quite narrow. The soil here seems treacherous in spots, which is probably owing to the presence of small springs. This oftentimes causes a settling in the pavement of the street and in the foundations of buildings, which it is difficult to guard against. For this reason a clayey soil is not as good as a sandy soil for foundations. In passing along the streets one often discovers the undermining effect of these small springs. Their presence necessitates the constant repair of the streets, and causes many a rent in the walls which the builder had supposed to be sufficiently strong to last for many years. We think that it would add much to the strength and durability of these brick walls if they would put in wide stone foundations. Stone suitable for making the best of foundations is very abundant in the immediate neighborhood, but it is one of those things which needs a little more enterprise, combined with capital, to introduce into the market at rates which builders will appreciate. This stone is very hard, and is similar to the North River bluestone.

The city has a fine general market, one of the best in the country, and one of which the Washingtonians may well be proud. It is large, airy, well arranged, and well built; the walls are of brick, and the roof, as to the main portion, is of iron. The whole is essentially fire-proof.

We have a very effective fire department here. At the late great fire in Baltimore it was called upon to lend a hand. Two of the steamers were sent, and the firemen did themselves great credit by their quiet yet effectual way of combating the devouring element—the necessities of the occasion particularly brought out their ingenuity.

The water supply of the city is abundant. Previous to its introduction the inhabitants depended on the town pumps, which were located at nearly every corner. The introduction of the hydrant, as elsewhere, gradually reduced the number of the pumps; yet in many parts of the city, and especially in the eastern districts, where water-pipes have not yet been very generally laid, the corner pump continues to be the water supply of the neighborhood. A good supply of pure water, and means by which to get rid of the refuse water of the household, are two essential elements of comfort and health. Washington heretofore has been very deficient in good drainage, but under the new system now being completed it will have as good drainage as any city in the country.

Practical improvements in all these important things are fast making the National Capital a very desirable place to live in.

I. F. N.

SAVE THE WOOD.

AMONG all the utilities relating to the improvement of our great country, no one thing interests us more than the cultivation of trees—trees for fruit, for timber, for ornament, etc. Our great prairies are to be dotted with acres of forest trees. Our mountain tops and sides; our hills, ravines, and valleys, including all waste places, may grow trees. Here is an excellent suggestion from the *New York Herald* on the conservation of wood:

One of the most important economic problems of the age, the conservation of wood, has recently been undergoing experimental solution among French and Belgian engineers, with very interesting results. Chief among these is the discovery of the rates of decay of the various woods, similarly exposed and similarly defended, by the aid of substances insoluble in water and unaffected by the atmosphere. Instances are mentioned by one of the experimenters, M. Melsens, in which prepared blocks, into the sinuosities of whose woody fibers the tarry preparation had penetrated, after exposure to alternate steam baths and frosty weather and to burial in wet or marshy soil, were perfectly sound and uninjured after twenty years' trial. A section of a piece of timber impregnated with tar shows that the conserving substance has followed the lines of the longi-

tudinal fibers, and often the microscope reveals the complete filling of the pores, and every channel which might give entrance to deleterious agents is plugged by the tar, which, in many cases, is also found a perfect preserver of bolts, screws, and nails.

It is said that a railway sleeper thus carefully coated and injected with the solution ought to hold together as long as an Egyptian mummy, and it is easy to see that with proper attention to this one item of railroad expenditure millions of dollars might be annually saved to the companies, and the disastrous deforesting of the country be measurably arrested. The experiments show that the oaken blocks superficially prepared are capable of outliving the roughest exposure to weather for many years without internal or external dissolution of the fibers. The enormous extension of the American railway systems, and the ever-multiplying demands for the forest oak for mining, shipbuilding, and street pavement purposes, in all of which the timber is exposed to rapid decay, establish the necessity for great economy in the use of wood, and the expediency of using every means to preserve it when once put in use. The railways, the great timber-consumers, have usually taken little trouble to make known the ascertained durability of the wood used in their tracks and bridges; but enough is known to demonstrate the great economy of preparing timber for track use before it is put down. In Belgium more than two-thirds of the sleepers on all the railroads have been chemically prepared since 1863; and there can be little question that the experiment so successful and satisfactory in that climate would be still more so in the United States.

WORK FOR WOMEN.—The United States census returns show that, independent of woman farmers, there are 45 female stock herders, 6 barbers, 24 dentists, 2 hostlers, 2 professional hunters and trappers, 5 lawyers, 525 physicians and surgeons, 67 clergywomen, 7 sextons, 10 canal women, 196 dray women, 1 pilot, 4 gas-stokers, 33 gunsmiths, 7 gunpowder makers, 16 ship-riggers, with large numbers of artisans, mechanics, inventors, telegraph operators, teachers of navigation, and so forth. In view of these facts, who may say what woman may not do, if it be at all proper to be done? "There are no sexes in heaven."



NEW YORK,
OCTOBER, 1873.

QUALITY.

MEN WHO "ARE UP TO THE MARK."

HOW often we hear it said of those who come short of their undertakings, and who, from some cause, fail in what they undertake: "He is not up to the mark."

Of another it is said: "Boy though he be, he is always in the lead."

The first has too much "slack" in him, and drags one foot lazily after the other. The second has "snap" in him, and when he acts or speaks he accomplishes something, and is felt. *He* is "up to the mark," and will make life a success, be his calling what it may; while the first-noticed is shuffling, shiftless, slipshod, and will scratch a lazy, poor man's head all his life.

What is the organic difference in the "make-up" of these persons? Their heads and their bodies seem to be much alike in size, and yet they are so different in disposition. Pray, who can tell what makes this difference?

There may be several causes.

First, the quality may be very different, and this element is chiefly derived from parentage. The parents of one were coarse and flabby. Owing to the way they lived their blood was poor and watery, their brains soft and sloshy. His father's system was saturated with whisky, tobacco, or other foul stuff. The mother's body was made out

of pig, pumpkin, and onions, moistened with beer, green tea, and muddy coffee. The father was rheumatic, gouty, dyspeptic, and the mother was almost an invalid from a complication of infirmities or diseases. Children were born to them, and this unfortunate "sap-head" is one of them. He is more to be pitied than blamed. "He was born so."

Some people are so "refined" that they can not subsist on common food, but must eat pastry, confectionery, knick-knacks, and froth; they keep late hours, retire at midnight, and seem to shun bright daylight. Their windows are tightly battened, and closely shaded with curtains. Fresh air seldom finds entrance to parlor, drawing-room, or bed-room. The beautiful feather beds are overhung with costly curtains. All the floors are heavily carpeted, and one breathes the invisible dust which rises therefrom at every step. The occupants of these charming cages are fragile creatures; but they sometimes have children, and these children are—like their parents—"refined" and fragile. The original stock, however, usually runs out at the second generation. It may reach the third, but it becomes impotent and barren.

THE SENSIBLES are they who live according to Hygienic principles. They "eat and drink to live," rather than live to eat and drink. They neither snuff, smoke, nor chew tobacco; they drink no beer or bourbon; they do not gamble; neither do they steal, rob, or riot; they *earn* an honest living. Industrious, temperate, frugal, honest, and religious, they become, in Bible metaphor, the "salt of the earth." They are clean, healthful, active, vigilant, enterprising, up to the mark in all good works. They build school-houses, churches, asylums, hospitals; and they plant trees by the highways, that others may enjoy the shade and fruits thereof. They are merciful to horses, cattle, and other animals. Their children live, grow up, and

follow their progenitors with gray hairs of honor to their last earthly resting-places.

The vagabond, though of very poor quality at birth, still further impoverishes his body and brain by an idle, shiftless life. He prefers the uncertain chances of hunting and fishing for a living to the more sure and certain returns of steady work and honest toil. He works only when necessity or hunger compels.

Have we answered the question as to the differences in these persons? Is it not clearly seen that the matter of *quality* is important? Is it not as clear that we may, and do, improve or degrade the quality of body, brain, and mind, by the way we live? What we eat, drink, breathe, and the occupation we follow, have much to do in determining these conditions. We leave the subject to the reflection of those who would be "men up to the mark."

SOWING AND REAPING; OR, PURSUITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE *Christian Union* says:

AN observation of our watering-places and other summer resorts shows always an immense preponderance of women over men. The scarcity of beaux is a proverb. Where are the husbands and fathers and brothers of all these ladies? The answer is plain enough; they are at work. The class of men who have leisure to be idle all summer long, or for any considerable part of it, hardly exists in America. With the women it is very different. In the poorer classes, of course, both men and women find scarcely any intermission of toil. But with the American family of moderate wealth, it seems to be the pretty general rule that through the hot weather "mother" and "the girls" should be off in the country, while paterfamilias and John stick to the office or the store. It strikes us that society is so arranged that the American young lady has a pretty easy time of it compared with her brother. [Which proves to be her misfortune, rather than her fault.]

Now here is another side of the matter—a case just brought to our notice, like scores already known to us, and tens of thousands all over the land. A lady has children to support, and no property, her husband being worse than dead. *What can she do?* She is intelligent, cultivated, but not skilled in any

one art by which she can earn her bread. Every editor, we suppose, has constant applications from such women for literary work, and every editor knows what a hopeless field that is to the average applicant. The great resort of women in such circumstances is teaching. But for this very reason that profession is terribly overcrowded.

If this lady had a brother, he in his youth learned some trade or business, as a matter of course. Whether he was rich or poor probably made no difference as to that. Having learned it, he has a life-long possession on which he can fall back in case of necessity. But his sister has been brought up on the theory that some one else was to provide for her. That proving delusive, what is she to do?

We know that the question has many aspects and many difficulties, and is by no means to be disposed of in a paragraph. But seeing all these nice girls, to whom the long summer is a holiday as a matter of course—and therein not very different from the rest of the year—we can not help asking ourselves how many of them will come to the cruel strait of this poor lady, and whether, if their lot now were more like that of their brothers, there might not be a possible advantage in it.

[Remedy. Let both girls and boys learn to do something. It would be ladylike for intelligent and educated girls to learn shorthand—phonography. If they become rapid writers they can earn from \$18 to \$20, or more, per week at reporting, etc. Then telegraphy is a light and ladylike occupation, which girls can learn and perform as well as boys. It pays well, the demand for operators will increase with the extension of this modern marvel, till the people of the ends of the earth shall be brought into quick and intimate relations. Women can learn and follow horticulture; it is healthful, beautiful, profitable. She can grow, pack, sell and ship the smaller fruits, or at least assist in many departments of this growing business. She can work into different departments of mercantile pursuits. She can keep books, attend to the correspondence; or she can become cashier, saleswoman, or even manager, if qualified. She can study medicine and practice it. She can take care of patients in hospitals, asylums, reformatories, prisons. She can study theology, go on foreign missions, preach, teach, and write for the press. She can do a hundred and one useful things, if put in the way of it, by which to help herself, when duty or necessity compels. But

she *should* learn some *useful art* by which to earn a living, or, at least, to *assist* in taking care of herself.

And now as to boys. Every boy in America should learn a trade or an art, no matter what his pecuniary circumstances or his education may be. The learning of a trade will call out and develop faculties which would otherwise remain dormant through life. He may learn a trade which is simple or complicated, as he pleases, but a trade he should learn. It may be to make brooms, baskets, or straw hats, or it may be that of engineering, architecture, machinist, carpenter, mason, shipwright, cabinetmaking, blacksmithing, bridge builder, millwright, or whatever he inclines to. The moral and industrial gains to the nation would be immense if all her boys and men could use tools with skill and dexterity. Every boy should have a tool chest, a work bench, with materials at hand for working out his ideas. There would be less mischief, idleness, dissipation, gambling, carousing, and crime, if these views were put into practical operation.

OUR PENAL COLONY.

THE establishment of Alaska as a penal colony for convicted criminals of the higher grades would prove an incalculable advantage to us both in the physical and moral sense. We wonder that the matter is not urged by those who hold positions in National and State affairs, on account of the relief such a colony would afford to our society at home, and the opportunity for reform and personal maintenance it would give to the criminal. European nations of the first class have tried the experiment, and most successfully. England would not yield her hold on Australia for any consideration, scarcely, having for so many years experienced its vast benefit as an asylum for her transported convicts. Russia has in her Siberia a menacing chastisement more feared by her vicious population than even death itself.

The ameliorating tendencies of the penal station are so marked, that those European nations which have no such establishment are moving for it, while the vaunted "land of promise," America, is a laggard in this interest. It would seem that our heavily-taxed

citizens are content to disburse their million in keeping up the vast stone fortresses which are so thickly strewn over the land, each one an ugly blotch upon the fair picturesqueness of the scenery, and a foil to our civilization. The experience of those who have taken part in the administration of our prison system declares adversely to the general success of reformatory measures which have been undertaken heretofore, and which in themselves have proved no light burden of expense to the philanthropical.

In a penal colony or country so large as Alaska, and possessing so many facilities for industrial enterprise, the transported felon would be comparatively free to act his will; and as the necessity of labor to sustain one's self is a most beneficial element in the school of reform, what there was of true mankind in him would be aroused, and he would be likely, if anywhere and under any circumstances, to improve in morality and intelligence, and secure an independence. It is a fact almost too well known for repetition, that many of the English convicts in Australia are wealthy farmers or herdsmen, and many have become esteemed members of the society which has rapidly sprung up in that far-off land. Had these men been compelled to labor with irons on their limbs within the narrow inclosure of massive stone walls, and surrounded by an armed guard, it is not likely that their moral condition would have improved, while hope of a physical redemption would have been cut off entirely. As it is, England receives valuable contributions to her wealth from the very men whom she expatriated, but left to shift for themselves.

Men's pockets nowadays seem more sensitive than their hearts, and we would appeal to their appreciation of pecuniary advantage in behalf of the criminal and for the establishment of our penal colony.

ONE-SIDED MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

A TRUTH ever to be remembered is, that each kind of mental discipline, besides its direct effects on the faculties brought into play, has its indirect effects on the faculties left out of play; and when special benefit is gained by extreme special discipline, there is inevitably more or less general mischief entailed on the rest of the mind by the consequent

want of discipline. That antagonism between body and brain which we see in those who, pushing brain-activity to an extreme, enfeeble their bodies, and those who, pushing bodily activity to an extreme, make their brains inert, is an antagonism which holds between the parts of the body itself and the parts of the brain itself. The greater bulk and strength of the right arm resulting from its greater use, and the greater aptitude of the right hand, are instances in point; and that the relative incapacity of the left hand, involved by cultivating the capacity of the right hand, would become still more marked were the right hand to undertake all manipulation, is obvious. The like holds among the mental faculties. The fundamental antagonism between feeling and cognition, running down through all actions of the mind, from the conflicts between emotion and reason to the conflicts between sensation and perception, is the largest illustration. We meet with a kindred antagonism, among the actions of the intellect itself, between perceiving and reasoning. Men who have marked aptitudes for accumulating observations are rarely men given to generalizing; while men given to generalizing are commonly men who, mostly using the observations of others, observe for themselves less from love of particular facts than from desire to put such facts to use. We may even trace the antagonism within a narrower range, between general reasoning and special reasoning. One prone to far-reaching speculations rarely pursues to much purpose those investigations by which particular truths are reached; while the scientific specialist ordinarily has but little tendency to occupy himself with wide views.—*Herbert Spencer.*

[We think Phrenology would have thrown some light on this subject if Mr. Spencer had been willing to follow it. He says, "men who have marked aptitudes for accumulating observations, are rarely men given to generalizing," and for the best of reasons. They have inherited predominant perceptive organs, and comparatively moderate reasoning organs; hence, their strength is found with the strong development. The "marked aptitudes" go with the marked developments. It is true, however, that men are apt to use their strongest tendencies to the neglect of the weaker ones, and thus they warp and impoverish their minds. Moreover, one has neither the time nor strength to be great in everything. It takes a lifetime to become eminent in science, or in literature, or in mechanism, or in law, or in merchandising, or in farming. A man may be excellent in

one thing and intelligent on other topics. He need not be a general fool for the sake of being a special philosopher. If all the organs, or classes of organs, were well and equally developed, one could show good, if not "marked aptitudes" for "observations" and "generalizing." Most men find it easier and more pleasant to use their most "apt" faculties, thereby securing success rather than self-culture; hence with one it is all business, with another all art, and little sense or knowledge is exhibited in any other field of thought or effort.

ONE WAY TO DO GOOD.

SOME men acquire fortunes, with which they endow hospitals or colleges, and they leave at once a monument of their generosity and a means of benefiting mankind for generations after they are gone. He who educates a teacher, and thereby starts an agency which goes on widening and strengthening forever, confers a benefit on the human race which can not well be measured.

There is a field for beneficent service which is at present but partially occupied. There is a demand for teachers of the human race in a direction which is peculiar and not covered by the system of instruction in any college or common school. Men need, more than anything else to-day, instruction as to what they are and how to employ their time, talents, and energy in the best manner for themselves and the community.

If we were to ask fifty young men, taken indiscriminately, what they desired most, they would say, "an easy and profitable business." One, possibly, in the fifty, might say, "Give me wisdom and knowledge; let me know how to carry myself bodily and mentally, so as to make the most of myself and do the most good." The drift and tendency of culture to-day is toward making men strong, rich, and popular, rather than to make them wise, healthy, happy, and useful. If the latter were the tendency of culture, there would be more permanent prosperity in the line of the former. If men could be taught to live properly they would be more likely to be rich, honorable, and popular.

The study of Phrenology and Physiology comes right home to the man himself, teaches him how to make the most of himself bodily, how to acquire the strongest and clearest mental action, and how to use both mind and body in the highest and best way.

The true phrenologist teaches men to know themselves, to educate aright their mental forces, and to build up a character that is correct and influential.

The world needs teachers in this field, and those who wish to do good, and, at the same time, secure financial success, may take this field, confidently expecting that their life shall not be a failure in any respect.

We open a class for instruction in theoretical and practical Phrenology on the 5th of November next. Those wishing to attend may apply to us at once for circulars explaining the whole matter.

The demand for good lecturers on the science of man, and good delineators of character, is daily increasing, and where there is now one there ought to be twenty. A clear-headed and upright phrenologist, who has the good of his patrons at heart, has it in his power to save a human being every working day of his life. He may add ten per cent. to the worth of almost any man by showing him how to live and how to make the most and best of himself, and some he can save *in toto* who are rapidly going to ruin. This field offers a rich harvest of good to those who are able and willing to reap it—but the laborers are few. Who will enter upon the work?

THE FIRST EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

IN the year 1838 the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL was started, and Dr. Nathan Allen, now of Lowell, Mass., was for three years its editor. The Doctor has become eminent in his profession, and has extended a favorable knowledge of his name and attainments throughout the civilized world by means of his researches and writings on "The True Law of Population," an abstract of which we publish in the present number of the JOURNAL. It gives us pleasure, also, to copy a paragraph from the *Saturday Vox Populi*, published at Lowell, the home of the Doctor, as follows:

"At the Annual Commencement, Amherst College honored our fellow-citizen, Dr. Nathan Allen, by conferring the degree of LL.D., a compliment which, we are sure, is not an idle formality. We think this degree is seldom given to members of the medical profession, but generally to persons distinguished in law and divinity—to judges, pro-

fessors, authors, or scientific men. If conferred on medical men it is in recognition of special attainments, and its rarity to physicians makes the honor more marked and noticeable. The late Dr. Dana, who for years was a chemist in the employ of the Merrimack Corporation, was the only resident of Lowell, previous to Dr. Allen, who ever received the distinction conferred by this degree. It affords us pleasure to record an act so complimentary to our well-known fellow-citizen."

"ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE."

WE took a roundabout way in going from New York to Gray's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains, last summer. Having resolved on a "vacation," we did not care to go again to Europe—where so many silly Americans go before seeing their own country—so we decided to take a run down to Texas—where so many other wicked people go—to the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and to see how the Mormons are getting along in Salt Lake City. In a little less than six weeks we managed to go over nearly eight thousand miles, camping out, sleeping on the ground a part of the time away up in the Rocky Mountains. Of course we saw sights, and other bears, too numerous to mention just here, and we print this to assure everybody that everybody may expect to hear from us again through the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—EDITOR.

JUSTICE vs. MERCY.

THE *Chicago Schoolmaster* says, "we cut the following from an exchange:"

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was at one time defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his effort with the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God, in his eternal council, conceived the thought of man's creation, he called up to him the three ministers who constantly wait upon the throne—Justice, Truth, and Mercy—and thus addressed them: 'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice: 'O God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws.' Truth made answer, also: 'O God,

make him not, for he will pollute the sanctuaries.' But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed: 'O God, make him; I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread.' Then God made man, and said to him: 'O man, thou art the child of Mercy: go and deal with thy brother.'"

The jury, when he had finished, were drowned in tears, and against evidence and what must have been their own convictions brought in a verdict of—not guilty.

The *Schoolmaster* adds: What is there *beautiful* about this? That jury ought to have been indicted and capitally punished. What kind of a government is that in which those in whose hands are the execution of the laws are nothing better than the slaves of feeling and maudlin sentiment?

[And is the attribute of *mercy* only "maudlin sentiment?" Does the *Chicago Schoolmaster* go in for whipping "little boys and big girls?" It is not many years ago when men were put to death in England for more than a hundred different crimes, whereas now there are but two or three capital offenses. The tendency of civilization is to modify *punishments* and increase *reformatory measures*. Is the tender-hearted *Schoolmaster* proposing to take a back track on Christianity, and go back to Judaism, and so exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Is he in favor of savage "revenge?" He would *hang* a dozen merciful jurymen! Were he a judge, what would become of other sinners?]

CULTIVATION OF THE GRACES.—All our better qualities should be cultivated to the neglect of none of them. If one side of a tree grows, and the other does not, the tree acquires a crooked form—is a misshapen thing. Nor are monsters among mankind made only by want of parts, as when the body wants a limb, or a face an eye, or a leg a foot, or the arm a hand; but also by some one part growing in excess of others. Analogous in its results to this is the unequal growth of Christian graces. Let fear, for example, that godly fear which is so strong a safeguard of the soul, grow out of due proportion to faith, and the result is a gloomy, despondent, unhappy Christian. Or, let that zeal which makes us, like a flaming fire in the service of our God, grow more than knowledge, prudence, wisdom; and, like a machine without director, or balance-wheel, generating into extravagance, carries men away into the regions of wild fanaticism.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE GENESIS OF GEOLOGY.—No. 1.

Origin of Matter—Schools of Geology—The Nebular Theory—The Age of Fire—The Age of Convulsions—Igneous Rocks—The Earth's Center—Period of Humidity—Beginnings of Life—The Crinoid—Trilobite—Vertebrata—The Devonian Age.

WHEN we recall the trials and struggles which science in days gone by has suffered; when we realize that for long years her every step was over a path of thorns, that her votaries were the subjects of anathema, and were made to feel the sting of ecclesiastical hate, we wonder not that few walked in her paths—that the army of her defenders was small. But at last the dark clouds that so long overcast the sky have vanished, the age of intellectual night has closed, and the sun of knowledge shines brightly, sending its life and health-giving beams over the world. Once science was exclusive in her teachings, deemed too abstruse for the common mind. Her truths were announced only before learned academies and erudite conclaves, and scientific men talked and wrote alone for themselves. But now she extends her hand to all the world, and he that will can sit at her feet and learn of her. Not as in days gone by do her volumes stand, dusty and unread in the dark corners of libraries, but find their way into every household. At the fireside of the lowly laborer the last comet, the nebular theory, evolution, are common themes of discussion. The schoolboy of to-day is a very philosopher. How gratifying to feel that this era of light and liberty is ours; that the edicts of councils and the dogmas of schoolmen no longer send terror into the hearts of the good. To popular science the world will, in the future, attribute many of her richest blessings, and those apostles like Franklin, Morse, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, and Agassiz, when their bones have long lain with their fathers, will live in the grateful memories of generations yet unborn. Of all the departments of science, none, we dare say, has felt the genial influence of the spirit of the age as much as geology, for none has been so maligned, none has suffered so at the hand of those monster tyrants, bigotry and superstition. Scarcely yet has the echo of her oppressors' voices died out,

nor has the old charge of infidelity become quite extinct. To such as persist in the foul slander we can only reply in the words of the Christian geologist, Hugh Miller: "From the great truths of geology the Christian has nothing to fear nor the infidel to hope."

In this article we shall endeavor to lay before the general reader a *resumé* of modern geologic doctrine, as maintained by the leading authorities of the times. If in this we shall succeed in inspiring any with a taste for the study of geology, and in any degree vindicate the good name of the science, we will be content.

ORIGIN OF MATTER.

When it was, how far back in eternity, when the edict went forth that matter should be, we know not; nor can the most sanguine hope to reach more than an approximation. Our data are too uncertain for us ever to have a correct chronology of matter. All we know is that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." This is the watchword of the true geologist. Rob her of this fundamental idea—God in creation—and science becomes a dead, cheerless thing, a ship without a compass, a religion without a deity. Take this away, and our beacon is gone, and we are left to grope and blindly wade through nature's intricate paths, surrounded on every side by unfathomable mystery. Blind must be the mind that fails to behold this truth from the high stand-point of geology, for wherever he turns his gaze it is present. If we descend into the bowels of the earth or sink to the ocean's bed, scale mountain heights or linger in the valley, everywhere we read, GOD CREATED US.

SCHOOLS OF GEOLOGY.

There may be said to be three popular classes of geologists. First, the Catastrophian; second, the Uniformitarian; and, third, the Evolution. The first teaches that all geologic phenomena, all great changes,

are due to the operation of forces entirely foreign to those of modern times. Upheavals, *i.e.*, elevation and depression of land, attributed to other than ordinary causes, may be classed among Catastrophic effects. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries this was the prominent theory, and, in truth, in Europe at the present time it has many adherents. Murchison, Humboldt, and Sedgwick were among these. Sir Roderick Murchison says: "The crust and outline of the earth are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overthrows of strata, as well as great denudations, could not, even in millions of years, have been produced by agencies like those of our own times."

The Uniformitarian occupies quite an opposite extreme, by maintaining that all geologic phenomena are the result of the constant and long-continued action of the forces as they are ordinarily observed. He overlooks causes that he does not now observe as much as the other fails to recognize the ordinary existent forces. The one goes to the past in search of a solution to the problem, and the other clings to the present. Relying upon the constancy of nature to her laws, they think the common forces and causes now in operation are ample to accomplish all that has been performed. Among the leaders of this school we may name Lyell and Hutton. While we admit that much has been done for the cause of inductive thought by this school, we can not but feel that it, too, is extreme; and while we allow to each a certain amount of truth, we hope that ere long a middle ground, a field of compromise, will be found, and this, we are confident, will be the office of the Evolution theory. Huxley has well said that the Catastrophian was the school of the past, the Uniformitarian of the present, but that of the future would be the Evolution. As yet its champions are not numerous, but when such minds as Tyndall, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and Sir William Thomson espouse a cause, we may safely affirm strong grounds for it.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

Evolutionism finds expression in the nebular theory of Laplace. To this we request the reader's careful attention. When the edict went forth that matter should be, it sprang into being in its most attenuate form, that of a highly rarified gas or ether, and space be-

came a vast ocean of matter in its most atomic state. Thus were the heaven and the earth created. Simultaneously with the birth of matter its essential laws began to operate. Gravity, radiation, and adhesion began their work. The law of change, stamped upon all created things from the first, was in operation, and the original condition could not always remain. By radiation the rare ether began to grow denser, and so the process continued, and in time a nucleus was formed, to which matter flowed from all directions. Particle leaped to particle and atom to atom, and space became a sea of raging matter—a maelstrom of atoms. By constant accessions the body grew until, in obedience to dynamic law, motion was imparted to it, and it went whirling, meteor-like, through space. Thus the sun was born. Kant gave us a hint of this doctrine, which it may be well to note, showing how closely akin were the great thinkers and illustrious scholars, Laplace and Emanuel Kant. The latter says, "Give me matter and I will build a world." He speaks of space once having been a vast expanse of chaotic matter, of the formation of a center of attraction which, by deduction upon known principles, must result in the development of a central body surrounded by planetary bodies in all states of development. As a result of the great velocity of the sun, rings of vapor were evolved not unlike those thrown from a fast-revolving grindstone when water is poured upon it. Upon the evolution of a ring it coalesced and formed an orb which followed the parent mass in an orbit. In this manner were the planets formed, those which were earliest evolved being the largest; the same process was repeated in themselves, and their satellites were born. Saturn still poises her rings in space to teach us how the worlds were born. It is not safe to assert that the sun has ceased to give off rings, for we know that now and then some planet-hunter announces the discovery of a new child of the sun. Quite lately an intra-mercurial planet has been described. Spectroscopic and astronomical observations confirm the nebular theory of the sun's constitution—an orb with a central-solid nucleus enveloped in an atmosphere of luminous vapor. It has also been proven that meteoric stones contain no substances that do not exist in the earth,

which goes far to establish a community of origin between the celestial body from which they emanate and our planet. Mars, too, has much in common with the earth. He has his mountains and valleys, brooks and great rivers, lakes and mighty oceans. Grim winter pays to the war planet his annual visit; spring-time comes in its turn, and seed-time and harvest are vouchsafed to him. Were not the other planets so hidden by a cloudy atmosphere as to elude present observation, doubtless we should find that they possess the same physical aspects.

THE AGE OF FIRE.

The sun was in his place, and the moon kept her vigils, while the earth, an orb of incandescent matter, made his rounds, rolling up its fiery tides. Terribly grand must have been that scene. The god of day waned amid the huge volumes of smoke that incessantly rose from the bosom of the flaming sea, and Cynthia's beams sickened in the lurid light that lit up the nocturnal sky. At even the sun went down amid flame and smoke, and bathed in the fiery deep, and at morn arose outrivaled by his new-born child. It is difficult for the reader unaccustomed to the thought to lose sight of our fair earth as it now is, to forget its beautiful scenes, the picturesque landscape, the babbling brooks and crystal rivers, and erase from the mind those myriads of living forms which people the sea and perch in the forest; it is hard to leave these scenes of life and beauty, and transport ourselves to times when all was chaos and conflagration. However, the transition is not so sudden when we call to mind that the condition of matter is regulated by the degree of temperature and pressure under which it exists. For example, we are accustomed to look upon the natural condition of water as fluid and of rock as solid; but this is only the case while they exist under present conditions, for were the temperature elevated vapor might as easily be the ordinary state of water, and fluid of rock. Thus we have only to imagine all matter existing under a high temperature to realize its condition during the age of fire. The radiation constantly at work in time led to the formation of a solid nucleus at the center, where attraction and pressure were most intense.

It is a commonly accepted idea that the

earth's center is yet in a fluid state. True, there are some plausible arguments in favor of this view, but when examined in the light of law and analogy it appears fallacious. The great pressure that must have been exerted at the center of the earth must have had a strong influence in bringing about the solid state, for it is an established fact that many substances are capable of absorbing enormous amounts of heat under pressure. From this we must either admit that pressure is overcome by the expansive power of heat, or deny the existence of a central fluid condition. We are unable to say what the degree of heat is at the earth's center, nor what is its proportion to gravity—or, in other words, what is the rate of expansion; but in this, as in many other cases, it is safe to rely upon nature's constancy and analogy, as guides to an opinion. The phenomena of volcanic action and the increase of temperature as we descend, which have been used as weapons of defense by the champions of the fluid theory, are explicable in more than one way. It is not improbable that after the solidification had extended some distance from the center to a point where the pressure was much diminished, it was overcome by the power of expansion, and a semi-fluid zone of matter was formed, upon which the crust was made; thus having a solid center and circumference, with an intermediate zone of incandescent matter. This is also apparent from the fact that volcanic matter never contains any specimens of the oldest formations nor metallic substances as are supposed to exist near the earth's center. We do not deny the existence of an extreme temperature at the earth's center, but only ignore its power to melt substances under the great pressure which must be exerted there. Again, matter in general is not like water, which grows lighter as it assumes the solid state; but the converse of this is the case with many substances, their specific gravity increasing with their density; hence as soon as cooled at the surface they would sink. As our limits forbid further detail upon this question, which every young geologist should settle in his mind, we refer the reader to Mr. Shaler's paper, read before the Boston Society of Natural History; Dr. Hunt's Lecture on Primeval Chemistry, published in the Smithsonian Report; and Prof.

James Hall on the Evolution of the American Continent, reported for the *New York Tribune*.

THE AGE OF CONVULSIONS.

After the crust was formed it was destined to undergo great changes and convulsions from the effect of contractions of the mass within and volcanic upheavals. This was an age of tempest and tornadoes, when the earth was dotted with volcanoes, from whose throats were poured out fire and smoke as a result of these violent forces; the crust was frequently depressed and elevated, making huge wrinkles here and there on the earth's face, some of which formed the base of mountain chains. At last the crust settles down upon the mass within, the conflagration which for long æons had raged ceases; the flames which so long lit up the primeval heavens are smothered, and the earth is now a huge ember. Chaos was now passing into cosmos, and the plan of the great architect was gradually going forward to its consummation.

THE IGNEOUS ROCKS.

To the cooling of the crust is attributed the origin of the primary or igneous rocks, all of which bear the evidences of their origin in their fused, unstratified condition. M. Durocher divides crystalline rocks into two classes: one having a mean proportion 71.0 of silica, which he terms silicious; the other containing less, 51.5 of silica, but abounding in lime, magnesia, manganese, and iron, which he terms basic. Among the former are granite, the porphyries, and trachytes, which underlie stratified formations, and are present in the older volcanic deposits. To the latter belong the trap and greenstone rocks, the augitic lavas, dolerites, and basalts; the silicious rocks grow rarer as we leave the older formations, but with the basic the opposite is true, they being peculiar to the later deposits, and especially characteristic of modern volcanic products. To the latter belongs a higher specific gravity than the former, hence when both were in a fluid state we may infer the existence of two zones—the basic underlying the silicious, like water and oil; although the basic are the heavier, the silicious are the older. The granite formation can not extend to a great depth, else we would be able to discern it in the volcanic rocks.

THE EARTH'S CENTER.

Having learned the nature of the igneous rocks, we naturally inquire what is the nature of those substances which are below them. There is every reason to believe that underneath the basic rocks exist those elementary substances which are either quite rare or are not found in the already explored strata; these are arsenic, selenium, antimony, copper, and gold, together with those metals found in mines in an unoxygenated state. The presence of metals in veins, whatever is the state of combination, is due to a process of sublimation or other agency, by which they are carried from their beds below. The specific gravity of the earth, which is twice as great as that of either of the classes of crystalline rocks, is corroborative of the existence of a metallic bed near the center. The specific gravity of water, and the stratified rocks, and that of the igneous rocks, would be insufficient to give the earth its known specific gravity; hence we are forced to infer a compensating power near the earth's center, the existence of subterranean matter as heavy as the heavy metals, and bases ranging from 6.0 upward. Sir William Thomson thinks the deficit is made up by a mass of magnetic iron similar to that composing some meteorites.

THE PERIOD OF HUMIDITY.

The earth is now nearing a grand era in its history. The atmosphere is growing denser, and when, betimes, the heavens were revealed, amid the smoke there might have been seen light floating clouds—*cirrhæ*—the foreboders of the coming storm, at first not larger than a man's hand, gradually they grew until they descended into lower air, but were quickly dissipated, and rose upward from the heated earth. Thus for ages the storm clouds gathered and fell, and rose again, when the scene changed; the heavens were covered as with a pall; the dull, distant thunder was heard, and the darkness made visible by the lightning; the ominous roar of the wind in the distance rendered the scene more sublime. Nearer and nearer the clouds came, louder the thunders peal, and the lightning flashed amid the darkness. The great drops began to fall, the flood-gates of the heavens were raised, and the rain in torrents was poured out upon the hot earth, which refused the gift, and sent it back, hissing in clouds of

steam. Thus for long ages did the primeval storm rage, until at last the offering was received, and the low places were filled; the waters rose higher and higher, until the whole earth was covered, save a few jutting peaks of granite that raised their heads above the deep. The vapor arising from the heated waters filled the air, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

THE PRIMEVAL OCEAN.

The ages have come and gone—chaos is supplanted by cosmos—and confusion has given way to order. The ordeal by fire is passed; the ordeal by water has begun, and the old ocean holds universal empire. How beautifully grand! how terribly magnificent! must have been those displays of geologic time. The sea now embraces the earth; his dominions are boundless. Ever and anon the heated waves dash and break against the outcropping rocks, and the ebbing and flowing tide constantly wears and breaks them down, strewing the debris upon the ocean's bed—thus laying the foundation of the sedimentary rocks.

The eroding power of the ocean was then doubtless much greater than now, for its high temperature, in addition to its chemical combinations, gave it the power of an acid to break down and destroy the rocks. That the first sedimentary rocks were thus deposited is clear from the fact that they do not differ from the igneous, save in their stratified form. This was an age of terrible displays of nature; where volcanoes spouted up in the sea and geysers prevailed. At this time a class of rocks, called the metamorphic, was formed by the action of heat upon the first sedimentary rocks.

Hitherto, our journey has been through times of lifeless desolation—a period termed the Azoic, or lifeless age. The air and water, so long heated and charged with noxious gases, gradually became purified, and the time came when the scouts of the army of life appeared. Geologists fix the limit of the Azoic period by the absence of fossils, or other traces of animate being in the strata; but this is very uncertain, for the mere absence of evidences of life is not *prima facie* evidence of its never having existed there. The discovery of the Eozoan Canadense in the Laurentian—a formation once deemed

Azoic—is an example of the fallacy. Again, it is not impossible that life might have existed in strata which were afterward subject to some convulsion which erased all traces of its existence.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

The question comes to us: How and where did life begin? Did nature, by a giant sweep, cover the mountain sides with towering oaks, or humble lichens? Did elephants and huge monsters stalk abroad over the yet small continents, or did great whales and leviathans people the deep? If the human mind was left unaided by law and a knowledge of nature's methods, it would doubtless believe her first work the greatest. The vegetable was doubtless the herald of life. In fact, it is hard to conceive of animal existence independent of the vegetable, whose function it is to draw from the soil and elements the constituents of nutrition, and assimilate them to the purposes of development. In the early days of the earth the air and water were charged with carbonic acid, a condition unfavorable to animal life, but highly favorable to vegetable. To the latter belonged the work of purification, preparatory to the advent of higher organisms. Prof. Sedgwick informs us that at the period when the Skiddaw slates were formed, fucoidal plants were abundant; and Sir R. Murchison states, that the oldest fossiliferous rocks of Russia and Scandinavia are characterized by the presence of the same. Before entering the Paleozoic, or life period, it may be well to notice the more important points concerning fossils in general. What is a fossil? The remains of an animal or vegetable found in formations of rock. It may be the mere cast of a shell or leaf made while the formation was soft; or it may be the animal or plant in a state of petrification. Again, animals in walking over sand or mud have left their footprints, which became permanent by the hardening of the deposit, thus leaving a fossil footprint. So we may term any trace of life a fossil. By them we are, in a great measure, able to infer the comparative age of formations found in different regions. For example, a strata exists in New York, characterized by certain organic remains, and another in England with like characteristics, and we are led to infer that they are about the same age.

THE SILURIAN AGE

has been divided by geologists into the upper and lower, and, in point of time, earlier and later. While the old ocean was piling strata upon strata, there was at work another by no means feeble force bringing about a similar end—chemical action. The rains which descended during the primeval storm brought with them immense stores of acid gases absorbed from the atmosphere, thus causing the ocean to be impregnated with chlorine, sulphur, and carbon, in the form of hydro-chloric, sulphuric, and carbonic acids. The silica of the earth, acting the part of an acid, attacked the fixed elements, producing the silicates as found in the older rocks. The acids named uniting under the high temperature that then existed, with these silicates, caused a chemical change by which silica was liberated and deposited in the form of quartz, while the acids combined with the bases, causing precipitates of chlorides of lime, sodium (salt), carbonate of lime (common limestone), sulphate of magnesia (gypsum), etc. Thus the reader, having a slight knowledge of chemistry, can understand how many of the strata were formed. The ocean was gradually losing his empire, and the continent was constantly making aggressions from the north. The lower Silurian closed with a great throe of nature, which bound up the germinal ridges of the continents. The first appearance of the western continent began on the coast of Labrador, and extending by a narrow track south to the region north of the lakes, where, by a bend, it took its course north to the Arctic sea, thus describing the letter V. The new conquest of the early Silurian age brought to light the basin of Lake Superior, north Wisconsin, Minnesota, the northeast part of New York, and a considerable part of New England. The sea-coast passed west through central New York, thence northwest to Georgian Bay, thence downward through Wisconsin, thence toward the polar regions—all south of this line was the Atlantic, midway into which once extended the coast of Labrador, subsequently worn down and deposited in the ocean, forming the banks of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, together with the islands and peninsulas of the New England coast.

The life period has arrived. The forces so long at work have culminated. The warm waters begin to teem with living beings—not great whales, huge fishes, and gigantic serpents, but the lowest organized creature—the first which came from the hand of God. The rocky shores wore garlands of sea-weed, among which might have been seen three of the four great orders of life. The radiate, or star-fish; the mollusk, or soft-bodied, like the oyster; and the articulate, or lobster order. It is a striking fact that no departure from the original types is evinced through all time, save, perhaps, in case of the radiate, which, in the Silurian age, numbered its rays in multiples of four instead of as now in six. The early Silurian sea was the birth-place of the sponges of the protozoans, graptolites, and crinoids of the radiates. A little later appear the mollusca, represented by the brachiopods and others, and the articulates, by the trilobites.

MINUTE ORGANIZATION.

It is characteristic of Silurian life that it was highly prolific; for example, in Tuscany, from an ounce and a half of stone were obtained 10,454 chambered shells, of which 400 or 500 weighed only one grain. Ehrenburg informs us that in Germany there is a formation, fourteen feet in thickness, made up of shields of animalculæ, so small that 41,000,000,000 are required to make a cubic inch.

On this continent the lowest Silurian formation is the Potsdam sandstone, so termed on account of its extensive deposit at that place in New York State. The number of fossils is not great in this rock, but we think it is due to the nature of the formation being ill adapted to their preservation. Overlying the Potsdam are strata called calciferous sandstone, from the lime present, due, doubtless, to the shells imbedded in them. Organic remains are more abundant in this than in the preceding. Those little toilers of the deep, the coral, had begun their work, and, heedless of wind and storm, riding upon the waves and borne upon the tide, they added room after room to their lithodomes, until, from out of the deep, great islands were reared, lasting monuments of the patience and industry of the builders. The barrier reef off New Caledonia, the extent of which is 400 miles, and that off the coast of Austza-

lia, a quarter of a mile wide and 1,000 miles long, are the work of these ancient architects.

THE CRINOID—TRILOBITE.

Inhabiting the Paleozoic sea was a little radiate, the crinoid, which clung to the rocks with its plant-like roots, and with stalk and cup like a flower, forming, in many places, a perfect garden of lilies, as it were. Around its cup, which was the stomach, projected a number of feathery arms, or leaves, which were extended or drawn in as required. It has been computed that the bones of its tentacles amount to at least 100,000; those of the side arms, 50,000. It has 800,000 muscular fibers, and the head contains 26,000 bones. Thus, what to the ignorant mind would seem to be scarcely endowed with being, becomes to the contemplative eye of science a specimen of wonderful skill and complexity. The crinoid had many varieties, the lower forms having but a single cup, the higher having an increase of projections—and so nicely organized that among ancient or modern animals we are unable to find one of greater beauty than were some of these little Silurian radiates.

Perhaps no animal of this period is so well represented, and gives such proof of its great abundance, as the trilobite of the articulate order. Of it, too, there were many varieties. It was characterized by a crescent-shaped head, and a body incased in an armor of articulating plates, not unlike that worn during the age of chivalry. It possessed no organs like antennæ, having only a kind of rudimentary legs or reflections of integument. The most beautiful feature of this animal was its visual apparatus, which consisted of two pyramidal eminences, three-fourths of whose surface was studded with lenses, and so arranged that it could see in all directions without turning the head. This animal seldom, if ever, attained considerable size; and while numerically it held a respectable place among the denizens of the Paleozoic sea, its prowess was feeble in comparison with some of its contemporaries.

The most abundant of the mollusca, doubtless, was the tingulu, named from its resemblance to a finger-nail. So numerous were they that their remains constitute, in a great measure, a formation called the tingulu flag. The monarch of the Silurian sea, at this time, was the cephalopod of the mollusk. This

was a voracious animal, and often of great size, which sent terror to the heart of the trilobite and other tribes. The casing which inclosed the animal of this period afforded but little protection from the strong, parrot-bill jaws of the cephalopod; and when he reached out his arms and seized his prey, it was held as by an iron grasp in his sucker-like hands—struggles are vain; the magic touch of this monster seals the victim's fate, his eight or ten arms being supplied with an organ not unlike a hand, which adheres to whatever it comes in contact. Of this tribe but a vestige has come down to our own times. Its best representative now is the nautilus.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE VERTEBRATA.

The honor of the grand debut of the vertebrates was given to fishes which appeared in the closing days of the Silurian. The old ocean, so long monarch of the earth, is steadily losing its empire and retreating southward before the advancing coast. Amid the convulsions which took place at the close of this age, the Ecrenite—from which were made those gardens of flowers which added so much to the landscape of the ocean's bed—the trilobite and the cephalopod found a common grave, and lie intombed in the debris of that period.

In the Silurian rocks are found many of the metallic veins which, to a certain extent, were deposited there by subterranean agencies. These are not confined to the Silurian, but frequently are found in the metamorphic rocks. Not as we would suppose were the first fishes of the lowest type, but the contrary. They had a dual nature, partaking of the reptilian in addition to their own type. Agassiz has given to them the names, placoid and ganoid. Perhaps the best representative of Silurian vertebrates which appear in our times is the Port Jackson shark. It is sad to contemplate that these forerunners of our type, these honored heralds of the highest life have, in our day, so feeble a representative. They were characterized by an internal framework of cartilage, surmounted by an armature of bone, consisting of plates and spines.

The first traces of terrestrial vegetation now begin to appear. The land, so long bleak and bare, began to wear a livery of

green; not the mosses and lichens decked the mountain sides and clung to the rocks, as we should expect, but higher forms first, as in case of the fishes, gave life to the continents. From the marshes and shaded places shot up ferns. The shore of the ocean was now in central New York, and well-nigh all of Canada and Wisconsin had emerged.

The structure of the earliest animals teaches us that they were made for war, and that the struggle for existence began with the birth of animal life. The attitude in which many fossils are found is that of defense, and some show that they were dying at the hands of the stronger, and met their doom by violence. During this age myriads passed away, and found a burial place in debris of the ocean's wreck. Many of these vanished never to appear again. So great was the mortality among the species that, in North America alone, at least 1,000 became extinct during the early, and over 800 in the later, period of the age. The Silurian closes with a scene of convulsive throes, as if nature would celebrate the dawn of a new geologic year.

THE DEVONIAN AGE.

The Devonian is divided into two parts. During the first, the deposits were principally of animal origin, being mostly limestone, owing to the great amount of silica and lime in solution in the waters, which made them favorable to the development of soft-bodied animals incased in shells. The upper Devonian strata are composed of sandstone, shale, and some conglomerates. In Europe it is called the old red sandstone, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to Hugh Miller. This was pre-eminently an age of fishes, the grand army which followed the advance of the Silurian. Instead of the few ferns that flourished in the Silurian marshes, the mountain sides and hills were studded with pines, and down in the valleys the calamite sent up its jointed trunk a score of feet into the air, and along the newly-traced brooks and rivers a wilderness of rushes waved and bowed before the breeze. But of all the life that made earth rejoice, not a single species was fit for the use of animals; all, save the conifers, being so highly impregnated with silex as to render them unfit for food. The few species

of ganoids and placoids that appeared in the preceding age have increased to a mighty host. The sea, instead of being a habitat for mollusks and star-fish, is now the home of higher life—monsters voracious and formidable. Down through the ages the little, ancient worker, the coral, accompanies us, and assiduously plies his vocation. A monument of which, in this age, is found in the limestone formation at Louisville, Ky. It is a noteworthy fact that the more pretending creatures of the last age were the least durable, so that the coral and trilobite live when the brachiopod and cephalopod have faded. Of the two species, the placoids were the more numerous; but in point of rank the ganoids are higher, possessing reptilian characters, having the power of moving the head up and down by means of a concavo-convex articulation, and having an air-bladder which partook of the nature of lungs.

Thus did nature bridge the chasm which separates distant species, and, regardless of the so-called law of progression, give a hint of a type yet in the far future. In Europe, the ganoids are now represented only by an occasional sturgeon. Thus did these monarchs of Devonian waters fade from view, like the Copts of the Nile and the Aztecs of America—mighty and populous once, but now their greatness is known only in the tombs that contain their dust. Among some of the ganoids were certain connecting links with the placoids, which, however, long ago became extinct. Prominent among these we name the acanth, which ceased to exist in the coal measures. The denizens of the Devonian sea gave many examples of creative skill and structural wonder. So strangely did nature mold some of these creatures that they long defied the best efforts of paleontologists to classify them. Of these we will notice the *coccosteus*, *cephelaspis*, and *pterichthys*. These, like all monstrosities, soon filled the measure of their existence; the first only living through a single formation, and the others passing not beyond Devonian times. In this we have but another example of the law which determines that all departures from the natural order—all deviations of typical form, such as giants and dwarfs, etc.—are the result of irregular causes, and of short duration. Let us pause for a moment

and examine these monsters of geologic antiquity.

The cephalaspis, or buckler-head, was characterized by a crescent-shaped plate of bone, which projected from each side of the head. Its body, as compared with the head, is small, it has an arched back, which recedes toward the tail, which is of moderate length. It was covered with variously shaped scales. It never attained a great size, no specimens exceeding seven inches in length. Agassiz thinks the crescent-shaped plate on the head was a means of defense for mutilating the mouth of its soft-bodied enemies in their attempt to swallow it, during which act the sharp points would lacerate the tissues over which they passed. The bones and scales were osseo-cartilaginous. Concerning the habits of this animal, we know nothing. The pterichthys, or winged fish of *Miller*, was cased in a strong armor, not unlike a war-ship, being weaker below, doubtless for the same reason, having greatest strength where the attack would be most effective. It is described by Miller as resembling a decapitated man with extended arms, the body elongated and diminishing toward the extremity, as if the legs had been removed, and one placed in the center of the inferior end of the trunk. At the junction of the head with the body there emerged two projections, hard and pointed, resembling wings; these, doubtless, served as means of defense. In some species there were also two projections from the inferior portion of the body. Underneath the armor of plates was a tough, elastic skin, which admitted of great extension, so that the animal was enabled to contain prey larger than its natural self. The mouth was obscure, marked only by a slit between the bones, and the eyes and the nostrils were small. So great was this departure from the natural order, that some naturalists were prone to place it with the insects, others with the crustacean, and others with reptiles. The *coccosteus*, or berry-bone, is so called on account of the berry-like projections that adorn its buckler; and owing to its resemblance, in this respect, to the tortoise, some have supposed that the latter existed during the Devonian. The most striking features of this creature are its jaws and teeth, the latter being formed of solid bone ap-

parently chiseled or filed out. Its head was high, broad, and circular, and enveloped in a number of plates, which extended over the body.

Here we will leave the life of the Devonian sea, stopping only to remark how abundant it was during this period. Near Geneva, N. Y., is a limestone deposit of which acres are exposed, containing millions upon millions of corals, crinoids, and other specimens of the Devonian faunæ. Many, indeed, attribute the origin of petroleum to the animals of the Devonian ocean, which subject we hope to discuss in another article. Terrestrial animals begin to appear at the closing portion of this period, and the pine-clad hills and rush-bound rivers, which had never heard sound save their own rustle in the wind, now were enlivened by the insect's hum.

The continent now claimed and added the whole of the Empire State to its dominion; and the Rocky Mountains were rising above the deep, while an inter-continental sea swept over the broad acres of the great West. The waves of this inter-continental sea alternately broke against the mountain base, and bore eastward huge loads of sand and mud to complete the building of the Appalachian range, which it began in the Metamorphic times, and carried on through the Silurian.

N. L. HUYETTE, M. D.

VALUE OF SPARE MINUTES.—Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy princess, to whom she gave daily lessons.

Dagnesseau, one of the Chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

Elihu Burritt, while earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by simply improving his "odd moments." He finally acquired fifty-three.

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage upon his daily rounds.

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book, which he carried for the purpose.

Samuel Smiles says, in his late work, that he personally knew a man who learned Latin and French while carrying messages as errand-boy in the streets of Manchester.

Kirke White, also, learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

Burney, the musical composer, learned French and Latin while riding horse-back from one pupil to another.

"Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose."

SWIMMING AMONG THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

THE natives of most of the Pacific islands are generally good swimmers, and apparently as much at home in the water as a duck. The Sandwich Islanders are particularly celebrated for their aquatic habits. One of their amusements is surf-swimming, which, notwithstanding its real danger, is practiced with a zest which must be seen to be appreciated. In Captain Cook's Voyages an account of this sport is given, which we transfer to these pages:

"Swimming is not only a necessary art, in which both the men and women are more expert than any people we had hitherto seen, but a favorite diversion among them. One particular mode in which they sometimes amused themselves with this exercise in Karakakooa Bay, appeared to us most perilous and extraordinary, and well deserving a distinct relation.

"The surf, which breaks on the coast round the bay, extends to the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, within which space the surges of the sea, accumulating from the shallowness of the water, are dashed against the beach with prodigious violence. Whenever, from stormy weather or any extraordinary swell at sea, the impetuosity of the surf is increased to its utmost height, they choose that time for this amusement, which is performed in the following manner:

"Twenty or thirty of the natives, taking each a long narrow board, rounded at the ends, set out together from the shore. The first wave they meet they plunge under, and, suffering it to roll over them, rise again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming out into the sea. The second wave is encountered in the same manner with the first; the great difficulty consisting in seizing the proper moment of diving under it, which, if missed, the person is caught by the surf, and driven back again with great violence; and all his dexterity is then required to prevent himself from being dashed against the rocks. As soon as they have gained, by these repeated efforts, the smooth water beyond the surf, they lay themselves at length on their board, and prepare

for their return. As the surf consists of a number of waves, of which every third is remarked to be always much larger than the others, and to flow higher on the shore, the rest breaking in the intermediate space, their first object is to place themselves on the summit of the largest surge, by which they are driven along with amazing rapidity toward the shore.

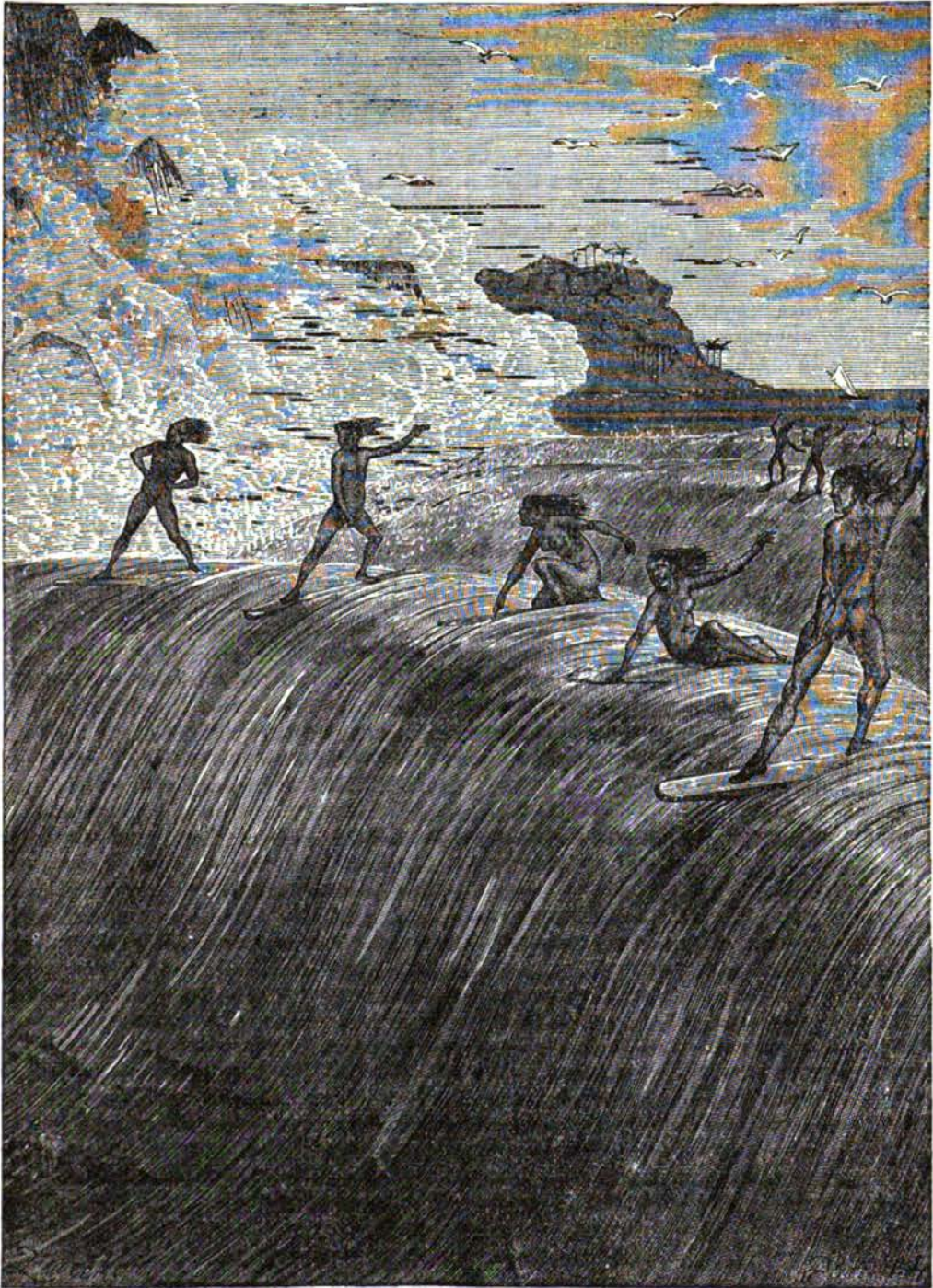
"If, by mistake, they should place themselves on one of the smaller waves, which breaks up before they reach the land, or should not be able to keep their plank in a proper direction on the top of the swell, they are left exposed to the fury of the next, and, to avoid it, are obliged again to dive and regain the place from which they set out.

"Those who succeed in their object of reaching the shore have still the greatest danger to encounter. The coast being guarded by a chain of rocks, with here and there a small opening between them, they are obliged to steer their board through one of these, or, in case of failure, to quit it before they reach the rocks, and, plunging under the wave, make the best of their way back again. This is reckoned very disgraceful, and is also attended with the loss of the board, which I have often seen, with great terror, dashed to pieces at the very moment the islander quitted it. The boldness and address with which we saw them perform these difficult and dangerous maneuvers was altogether astonishing, and is scarcely to be credited."

Both sexes and all ranks unite in it, and even the very chiefs themselves, who have attained to the corpulency which they so much admire, join in the game of surf-swimming with the meanest of their subjects. Some of the performers attain to a wonderful degree of skill, and, not content with lying on the board, sit, kneel, and even stand on it as they are hurled shoreward by the giant waves. The boards are of various sizes, according to the age and stature of the owner. For adults they are about six feet in length. They are slightly

convex on both sides, and are kept very smooth—all surf-swimmers cherishing a pride in the condition of their boards, and taking care to

long to the civilized walks of modern civilization may rival the semi-nude inhabitants of the Pacific islands in an art which, to the latter, has



SWIMMING AMONG THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

keep them well polished and continually rubbed with cocoa-nut oil.

It can scarcely be expected that they who be-

been for ages inseparable from their daily life and subsistence, but there is a value in the possession of some skill in swimming which com-

mends it to every sensible person. So numerous have become the facilities in the sea-side resorts of summer leisure, and the baths of every well-ordered city, that every one not invalidated by disease or deformity may acquire a knowledge of the art, and thus be self-protected in a greater or less degree against unexpected ac-

cident when traveling by water. During the few months past there have been several most distressing marine disasters, when hundreds of lives were lost, and it is most probable that a knowledge of the graceful art of swimming would have greatly reduced the list of deaths by drowning.

GREAT FORTUNES OF ENGLISHMEN.

TO get rich is the chief study of very many minds. It is usual for short-sighted mortals to associate happiness with riches. We grant that it *is* a happiness to be able to contribute toward worthy charities, and to take part in useful enterprises. But let it not be forgotten that he who gives personal service or advice, or even "a mite," in the right spirit, is credited with even more than he who gives millions through pride or ambition. *Chambers' Journal* describes the rich men in England thus; we have merely changed pounds sterling into dollars:

The richest subject in England, in 1685, had estates which little exceeded \$100,000 a year. The Duke of Ormond had \$115,000 a year; his grace the Duke of Buckingham, \$98,000; and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, left property which would yield a like sum. Macaulay, quoting King's "Natural and Political Conclusions," says the average income of a temporal peer was about \$15,000 a year; of a baronet, \$4,500; member of the House of Commons, \$4,000 ("History of England, i. 309). Sir William Temple observes: "The revenues of a House of Commons have seldom exceeded \$2,000,000.

Passing up to the eighteenth century, it has been said, no doubt with truth, that hardly any Englishman could have produced half a million of money in 1750. We presume Alderman Beckford could have done so, as in 1770 he left to his son Fonthill (which had cost \$1,200,000), \$500,000 a year, and a million of ready money. How rapidly that fortune was dissipated! The author of "Vathek," at the age of thirty-six, in 1796, came to reside at Fonthill, and began to build a new house in the Gothic style. The following description of the house, by a visitor, is given in the preface of a recent edition of "Vathek." "To give you an idea of

the place, you must think of York Minster placed on a commanding elevation in the midst of a woodland paradise of many miles in extent. * * * Although at this spot the interior of Fonthill has not the vastness of York Minster, yet I think the whole building stands on more ground. The dazzling effect of the stained glass in the lofty windows, when the sun throws their colors on the crimson carpets, contrasted with the vivid green lawn seen in the distance through the lofty entrance doors, themselves as high as a moderate-sized house; the galleries a hundred feet above you; the magnificent mirror at the end of the room, reflecting the prospect of the grounds for miles, present a scene I shall never see equaled. Looking right and left, you have a clear view of three hundred and thirty feet, not bare stone walls, but a magnificent apartment, furnished with the most valuable books, cabinets, paintings, mirrors, crimson silk hangings, and a thousand things besides; you walk the whole distance on superb carpets, and at every step your attention is arrested by some beautiful work of art or natural curiosity." In 1822, the whole, in consequence of the depreciation of his West India property, combined with reckless expenditure, was sold to Mr. John Farquhar for \$1,650,000; and its former owner went to Bath, and there built an immense tower, from the summit of which he could see Fonthill, though seventy miles distant.

The rise of the great house of Rothschild belongs to the eighteenth century. Meyer Anselm, a Jew, was born in 1743, and was established as a money lender, etc., in Frankfurt in 1772. From his poor shop, bearing the sign of the "Red Shield," he acquired the name Rothschild. He found a good friend in William, Landgrave of Hesse; and when the Landgrave, in 1806, had to flee from

Napoleon, he intrusted the banker with about \$1,250,000 to take care of. The careful Jew traded with this, so that, in 1812, when he died, he left about a million sterling—\$5,000,000—to his six sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Meyer, Charles, and James. Knowing the truth of the old motto, "Union is Strength," he charged his sons that they should conduct their financial operations together. The third son, Nathan, was the cleverest—smartest—of the family, and had settled in England, coming to Manchester in 1797, and London in 1803. Twelve years after, we see him at Waterloo, watching the battle and posting to England as soon as he knew the issue, and spreading everywhere the defeat of the English. The clever but unscrupulous speculator thus depressed the funds, and his agents were enabled to buy at a cheap rate; and it is said that he made a *million* by this transaction. He died in 1836; but the real amount of his wealth never transpired. It has been said: "Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp, nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for millions as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist."

William Strahan, the printer, made a large fortune in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His third son, Andrew, who succeeded him in the business, left more than five millions when he died, in 1881. Thirty years after, the Duke of Buckingham died, who, like his father, squandered a vast fortune at Stowe, and had to sell the contents of the mansion. This sale occupied forty days, and realized \$877,810. What a pity such a dispersion seemed! His Grace was, says Sir Bernard Burke, after the present reigning family, the senior representative of the royal Houses of Tudor and Plantagenet.

James Morrison, who died in 1840, made \$2,500,000 by the sale of his vegetable pills. According to Mr. Grant, Holloway, the inventor of the celebrated pills and ointment which bear his name, has amassed a fortune of from \$7,500,000 to \$10,000,000, and intends following in the steps of Mr. Peabody. Pianoforte-making would also seem to be a profitable business, since Mr. Thomas Broadwood, who died in 1862, left \$1,750,000 personality. William Joseph Denison, the bank-

er, left one of the greatest fortunes of modern times—namely, twelve and a half millions, in 1849. When Coutts, the banker, died, in 1821, he left his wife (formerly Harriet Mellon, the actress) \$3,000,000, as well as estates to a large amount. One instance out of many will suffice to show the good use his granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett Coutts, has made of this wealth: at a cost of \$250,000 she endowed the colonial bishoprics of Adelaide and British Columbia. The Earl of Bridgewater, who died in 1823, left property amounting to about \$10,000,000 to the then Lord Alford, on condition that if he should die without having attained the rank of marquis or duke, the property was to go to his brother. But the question was raised, when Lord Alford died without having assumed these dignities, whether his son was not entitled to the property: and the House of Lords decided that the condition was contrary to the principles of the English constitution, and Lord Alford's son was confirmed in the title. Another will, which was the subject of much litigation, was that of Mr. Peter Thelusson, who died in London, in July, 1797. After leaving his wife \$500,000, the residue (about \$3,000,000) he committed to the care of trustees, to accumulate during the lives of his sons and their sons, to be divided, when they were all dead, among their survivors. It was believed that the property would then amount to \$90,000,000 or \$95,000,000. But legal and other expenses prevented this, and when divided in 1856, little more than the original sum was divided among the three survivors. But wealth has gone on accumulating in England to an enormous extent, and the proving of the personality of wills allows us to realize this pretty accurately. Mr. Gladstone was, no doubt, right when he said at Liverpool College, December 22, 1872, "More wealth has, in this little island of ours, been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still among us—than in all the preceding ages, from the time, say, of Julius Cæsar; and again, at least as much of wealth within the last twenty years, as within the preceding fifty."

The *Spectator*, November 16, 1872, published a list containing an account of the for-

tunes exceeding \$1,250,000 personalty during the last ten years. From this list it appears that during the decade ten persons left more than \$5,000,000, fifty-three more than \$2,500,000, and one hundred and sixty-one more than \$1,250,000. It must be remembered that these fortunes do not include landed investments.

There are a few examples of great fortunes made by misers, who often denied themselves the necessaries of life in order that they might leave a large sum behind them. Such a man was James Wood, of Gloucester, who died in 1836, possessed of property sworn under \$4,500,000. A will was found in which he left all his property to Alderman Wood, of London, his attorney, and two clerks. But

a short time after a codicil to the will was sent in anonymously, bequeathing various large sums to different individuals. It was accompanied with this extraordinary memorandum: "The inclosed is a paper saved out of many burned by parties I could hang. They pretend it is not J. Wood's hand—many will swear to it. They want to swindle me. Let the rest know." The writer was never discovered; and now came litigation, which lasted four years. Sir Herbert Jenner gave his judgment in 1840, rejecting the codicil as mysteriously sent. But—oh, the glorious uncertainty of the law!—Lord Lyndhurst, in a higher court, reversed the judgment, and the money was divided according to the terms of the will.

HO FOR CALIFORNIA!

TWENTY years ago it was "Ho, or 'hoe,' for California!" and gold hunters, with pick, spade, and pan, were the ones who "Hood." It was a long time before the wise ones admitted that California was a success. They looked wise and said, See what it cost? So many ships cost so much money. So many men, whose services, in growing grain, in manufacturing, etc., would be worth so much more. And it was proved over and over again that California would never pay. But California *does* pay. A new world has been opened up, not alone for gold, but for healthy, happy homes, where formerly herds of wild cattle and wild horses occupied the land. Hides, horns, and tallow were the chief exports. How is it now? With only a few less cattle and horses—all of which are more profitably utilized—we have thousands of acres in waving grain, making millions on millions of bushels, requiring hundreds of ships to transport it to consumers in the East and in Europe. Besides this, we have immense quantities of the finest fruits in the world. Cargoes, by ships and by rail, are sent abroad to nourish and strengthen the inner man, and to create new tissue, bone, muscle, nerve, mind. The climate—we should say climates—of California are soft, mellow, and tropical, in some parts; with cool and snow-capped mountains in other parts. In San Francisco the constant cool sea-breeze during the summer prevents any suffering from excessive heat. And in winter there is only a brief rainy season, which, on the whole, is rather enjoyable than otherwise—al-

ways providing one is comfortably clad, fed, and housed.

On the north there is Oregon, with her Columbia River and her magnificent mountains; and adjoining we have Washington Territory with Puget Sound, unsurpassed for beauty, grandeur, soil, timber, water, fish, game, and other attractions. On the south of California we have the original block from which California was chipped off—and that block is beautiful Mexico—the country, not the half-savage and shiftless people. Opening Lower California is virtually opening Mexico. It is only a matter of time when she will come under the stars and stripes and form a part of the United States of America! May we live to see it!

Recently an organization has been formed under the title of "The Southern California Sanitary Industrial College Association," about which the projectors say:

"A year has been occupied in a careful survey of the southern part of the State. This survey has extended over all the territory between the south line of Monterey county and the south line of San Diego county on the north and south, with the Pacific and the Sierra Nevada for the east and west boundaries. The object of this thorough reconnoissance was to find the very best location, with the following qualifications, held in importance in the order mentioned: First, healthfulness; second, productiveness; third, accessibility. It must be kept in mind that the party who undertook this had no preferences, and was bound to be governed by the above conditions, let the selec-

tion fall where it would. It fell upon Los Angeles County; and the citizens of Los Angeles—now that it is known that so important a boon is theirs—are coming forward to the work of preparing for the reception of the valetudinarians from all the world. "Some of the ground outside of this county was gone over five times, to make sure that the instruments were correct, and that there was nothing overlooked that could in any way affect the health of any one; and we are satisfied that, if the whole world is gone over, no place can be found that, on the whole, is as desirable a point for the purposes for which our Institute is designed as the section of Los Angeles County which has been selected. The Association has several thousand acres of the choicest locations in this section to choose from, and nothing is wanted now but the means to erect the buildings, which, with the undoubted securities and certain profitability of the investment, can not be long in being obtained, so that we may look confidently to being able to supply guests with all reasonable demands for accommodations within a twelvemonth."

It is further stated that the objects and purposes for which the corporation is formed are: "First.—The promotion of health, and the art and science of preserving health.

"Second.—The encouragement of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

"Third.—As auxiliary to said objects, the acquirement of real estate and the erection of suitable buildings.

"The place where the principal business of our Corporation is to be transacted is the city and county of Los Angeles.

"The time of duration of our Corporation is fifty years.

"The number of Directors is seven.

"The capital stock of the Association is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$250,000).

"The stock shall consist of two thousand and five hundred shares, of one hundred dollars (\$100) each."

It is claimed that the value of the lands for fruit-growing alone are greater than the price of shares in this company. There can be no doubt but that Southern California is to become a great resort for health-seekers from all parts of the civilized world.

INCOMPETENCY OR INTemperance.—Referring to the loss of the steamer *Atlantic* last spring, on the coast of Nova Scotia, the *N. Y. Herald* says: "Unhappily, in this medley of incompetency and blunders there does not appear to have been a single officer capable of keeping a sound and manageable vessel off a

rock-bound coast on a starlight night, or a man on board who, after the calamity happened, had the courage or the humanity to make an effort to save a helpless female or child. Even the one boy saved owed his life to his impotency. His piteous cries compelled attention to his peril. It is horrible to think that two lines in our latest dispatches may explain the whole story: 'Some of the crew were insubordinate and beyond the control of the officers during the voyage.' And the *Witness* gravely asks, Was liquor served to the men?"

It was stated by one of the owners that the captain solemnly promised before going on board at Liverpool, that he would positively abstain from "drink" while at sea. This implies that he was not a temperance man; and that at least one of the owners felt impelled, as a matter of safety, to exact this promise. How well the promise was kept we do not know. We can not avoid, however, the most serious suspicion that some of the officers in charge *had* blunted their natural sensibilities by either rum or tobacco—probably by both.

THE ROMANZOFF ISLANDERS.

AMONG the island-inhabitants of the Pacific Ocean few tribes have proved more interesting to navigators than those who claim the Caroline Archipelago as their home. This group of islands is very large, and lies in a southwesterly direction from the Sandwich Islands, covering nearly nine degrees of north latitude, and extending about two thousand miles from east to west. Being so near the equator the climate is soft and genial.

The Carolines are distributed into several subordinate groups, among them the Marshall and Gilbert islands, which are the most easterly appendages of the archipelago, and, in consequence of their low position, escaped the observation of voyagers until 1788, when the navigators whose name they bear discovered them. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the inhabitants of one island in the Pacific differ more or less from those of a neighboring island in customs and disposition, although on both sides their origin may have been the same. The Caroline Islanders are evidently of Malay derivation, yet they differ among themselves in usages, social and religious, so that there is a distinctness of tribal relation discoverable on nearly every one of those ocean-bathed mounds of coral rock and fertile soil.

The Romanzoffs possess one of the Marshall subdivisions, and are characterized by a physical organization which marks them as superior to most of the neighboring tribes. As represented in the illustration, they are finely formed, with good features, and, for savages, good manners. They use the tattoo profusely, and are more fastidious with regard to their clothing than

considering their facilities, exhibiting no small amount of nautical skill and prowess in sailing their canoes, often making long voyages of visitation and discovery, from one island to another. They possess a fair amount of mechanical ingenuity, and are much more industrious than the average of their neighbor islanders.



ROMANZOFF ISLANDERS.

most of the Polynesians, the men wearing a short mat round their waist, while the women are clad in a neatly made garment of fine quality, which reaches nearly to the feet. Their long, curling hair is ornamented with various devices; the subjects of our engraving have mounted a curious arrangement, not unlike the large combs sometimes in vogue with the ladies of civilization. Both sexes are given to personal decoration, ear-rings being in great demand, and by some are worn very large.

The Romanzoffs are good navigators, con-

EVERMORE.—“For evermore!” Words easily uttered, but in comprehension vaster than human thought can grasp; till man, entering upon eternity, shall rise to faculties fitted for the scene! “For evermore:” for an existence to which the age of the earth, of the starry heavens, of the whole vast universe, is less than a morning dream: for a life, which, after the reiteration of millions of centuries, shall begin the endless race with the freshness of infancy, and all the eagerness that welcome enjoyments ever new.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FARMERS AS A POLITICAL POWER.—The *Rural World* says that the farmers and producers, who should in reality constitute the governing power, must cease to be governed; they must claim their natural rights, and maintain them by means of prompt and efficient organization. Farmers' clubs may serve as a basis for a township organization; these to form the basis for a county, State, and national one. It is not desirable that such an organization should be political in character. Its whole aim should be to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number. The time is at hand for the marshaling of the mighty forces that have hitherto been apparently at rest. The worth and value of the producer must be acknowledged. It is time that equitable and just laws be enacted in the interest of farmers and workmen.

COAL-ASHES.—The following experiments of M. Lebouf, of Argenteuil, upon the value of coal-ashes, shows that in the ashes alone, without an admixture of soil or any manure, plants may grow and come to maturity. Thus, having filled three pots with ashes, he planted in the first wheat, in the second oats, and in the third strawberries. The growth was accomplished during the summer, the wheat and oats ripening and producing full heavy grains. The straw of the wheat attained a height of about four feet six inches, while that of the oats grow to about three feet six inches. These experiments have been several times repeated, with the same success.

TO HAVE A GOOD LAWN.—A Western horticulturist thus advises for the treatment of worn-out lawns: First sow over your lawn fine bone meal at the rate of eight bushels to the acre, then plaster at the rate of one bushel to the acre, then cover the whole half an inch thick with fine garden soil, leaf mold, or fine chip mold from an old wood-yard pile, and then sow clean blue-grass seed at the rate of two bushels to the acre, and rake the whole with a fine-tooth iron rake, finishing by rolling. We guarantee a lawn that will stay fresh and green all summer, no matter how dry the season.

FOUNDER.—An exchange says: Almost every one of our agricultural journals has some standing cure for founder, which might almost be stereotyped, so often and regularly is it published. In this, as in many other troubles,

"one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Avoid watering or feeding a horse while he is warm, for this is one of the most common causes of founder. If the animal is worked slowly, or gently driven, immediately after the feeding or watering, it does not seem so liable to do harm, as the worst cases often occur when the horse is fed when too warm, and then allowed to remain quiet until he has cooled off.

BEST POULTRY.—The much-vexed question as to the best breed of poultry is still open, and seems fair to remain open for years to come. The breed may have something to do with it, but yet we know of women, farmers' wives, who do much better with common mixed fowls than some of their neighbors do with the most expensive selected breeds. In such cases, the secret will usually be found in the treatment of the fowls. Common fowls with proper treatment will do much better than the best fancy ones under improper feeding and care.

THE wood of some tools will last longer than the metal, as in spades, hoes, and plows. In other tools the wood is first gone, as in wagons, wheelbarrows, and machines. Such wood should be painted or oiled; the paint only looks well, and petroleum oil is as good as any other kind.

A NEW JERSEY peach-grower dares to maintain that the yellows are occasioned by poor soil, and he declares that with rich land, high culture, and a constant application of the right kind of manure, he has no fears that his trees will catch the disease from those in contiguous orchards.

CALIFORNIA farmers cultivate tea, coffee, cocoa, opium (which they should not), grapes, the mulberry, wheat, and cotton (which they should), and raise sheep and cattle.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—If we were asked the question what causes the greatest number of failures in removing trees, we should unhesitatingly answer, allowing the roots to become dry while out of the ground. Especially is this the case with the conifers or cone-bearing family, and, in fact, all trees with persistent or evergreen leaves.

Despite the oft-repeated cautions of our leading horticultural writers—amounting in many instances to earnest pleading—the careless practice hinted at is still adhered to by a large proportion of our planters, including many

whom we fear really know better. Scarcely a day passes during the spring and autumn months that we do not notice trees and plants laying out waiting until the workmen are ready to set them, although exposed to the combined influences of the wind and sun, which invariably causes rapid evaporation to take place. In the majority of instances the nurserymen are obliged to bear the burden of the failures—"for was not the planter careful in setting his specimens? hence previous disease must have been the cause."

Friends, never let the roots of your trees dry for one moment when out of the ground. You might just as well keep your favorite Cotswold and Durham from the water-trough and expect them to thrive. Tramping the soil firmly preserves the roots moist after the planting, and a slight mulch over the surface completes the work in a satisfactory manner.—*Weekly Tribune.*

WISDOM.

AN hour of triumph comes to those who watch and wait.

THE less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.—*Henry Home.*

UNPOPULARITY, or popularity, is utterly worthless as a test of manhood's worth.

THE great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

IN proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word is never lost—

The fallen brother needs it;

How easy said! how small the cost!

With joy and comfort speed it.

Then drive the shadow from thy brow!

A smile can well replace it;

Our voice is music when we speak

With gentle words to grace it!

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

FAITH is a profound sense of security for the present and future, and the assurance springs from confidence in an immense, all-powerful, and inscrutable Being. The firmness of this confidence is the one grand point; but what we think of this Being depends on our other faculties, or even on circumstances, and is wholly indifferent.—*Goethe.*

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

WHAT goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaping-machine.

How to keep square with the world—Don't go round too much.

A YOUNG lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately-constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished, the following Sunday, to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.

"My dear boy, honesty is the best policy."
"Well, you ought to know, father, for you have tried 'em both."

THEY give degrees to women at Straight University, in New Orleans. Miss Amanda Malvina Perkins and Miss Smith have recently been dignified by the title of M.S.—"Maids of Science."

WHAT can be wetter than a woman with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirt, and high-tied shoes? Why, one with a notion in her head, and swimming in tears.

AN Irishman quarrelling with an Englishman, told him that if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head and let the brains out of his empty skull.

As a stout old lady got out of a crowded coach in front of the Russ House the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, that's a relief, any how!" To which the driver replied, eyeing her ample proportions, "So the 'osses think, mum."

THE first chapter in a Western novel has the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber, and emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish!"

"MOTHER," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out!"

A DEAF old gentleman, walking lately in his garden, heard the milkman shout on the other side of the wall. Imagining some one called to him, he cried, "Here," and turned his ear-trumpet in the direction of the wall. The milkman, in his hurry, took the trumpet for the servant's call, and delivered a quart of milk therein.

DIO LEWIS advertised through the country that he could tell any one how to grow fat on a dollar a week. We won't charge a cent for telling how to live on half that sum—live on your relatives. Hundreds of people who have tried it can testify to the soundness of the above recipe.

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.

THE PRESSURE OF OUR BUSINESS IS SUCH that we can not undertake to return unavailable contributions unless the necessary postage is provided by the writers. In all cases, persons who communicate with us through the post-office should, if they expect a reply, inclose the return postage—stamps being preferred. Anonymous letters will not be considered.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. 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 an early consideration.

WHERE THE DAY BEGINS—In traveling around the globe, from east to west, for every degree of longitude there is a loss of time. How much is this loss? and does it amount to one day? and where would the day be counted out? Would it be on any particular degree of longitude? If so, what one? Can you explain this matter to us so that we can understand it?

Ans. This subject was once a puzzle to navigators, so that a definite understanding was found expedient for their convenience. The 180th degree of longitude east or west from Greenwich Observatory, England, is the place now universally recognized where the day is supposed to begin or end. Vessels circumnavigating the globe from east to west lose a day, while those passing from west to east gain a day. This 180th degree of longitude lies nearly in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, near the Sandwich and the Society Islands. Dr. Prime, in his "Around the World," notes a curious feature of the different observances of the Sabbath by the Christian inhabitants of the Sandwich and Society Islands; the reason for which difference is to be found in the fact that missionaries who carried the institutions of the Bible with them sailed from different lands and in different directions, meeting, as it were, midway in the journey around the world. For instance, the missionaries to the Sandwich Islands sailed from the United States, going westward by Cape Horn, while the missionaries to the Society Islands sailed from England, going eastward *via* Cape of Good Hope. But when they crossed the 180th degree of east longitude they should have made a change in a day, which they did not; thus the difference of a day in the observance of the Sabbath. The time will never come when the day will begin all over the world at the same moment, or when the whole world will be keeping the same hours

as the holy Sabbath; until the earth is flattened out and becomes a plane instead of a globe. With the present shape of our world it would be as much an impossibility as for the sun to rise on every part of the globe at the same moment of time.

SUSPENSION OF MEMORY.—Some years ago, a horse, driven by an uncle of mine (who was accompanied by his wife), became frightened and ran away, throwing both persons out of the wagon, the lady striking on her head. She has not the least recollection of being at the funeral, nor of anything that transpired that day. Everything previous to that day she recollects, and her memory respecting everything since is as good as before. I know of another case of injury or shock which produced similar results. G. A.

Ans. Some persons, who have sunstroke or a fit of apoplexy, and recover, have a blank of an hour, a day, a week, or a month. We know a person who had small-pox at five years of age, and everything previous to that is a blank. Some have, by sickness, or by an injury, or a fit, lost all previous education, and had to go back and learn the alphabet and how to read and spell, like a child, and a year or two afterward, another fit or injury, or a shock, restored the original memory and education, and put in the shade all that belonged to the artificial state of mental being brought about by the first injury.

There are some things in physiology and in psychology which baffle analysis. The power to recall knowledge often falls before the reasoning and moral powers become enfeebled by age. The failure of memory by age is, perhaps, as great a mystery as the obliteration of a day's proceedings by means of an injury; especially when we recall the fact that old age remembers the facts of early life, but forgets the most important facts of yesterday.

WATER.—How is the water consumed that daily pours into the ocean through our large rivers and lakes, and how are our springs and wells kept constantly supplied with fresh water?

Ans. The ocean constantly gives off to the atmosphere its moisture. Water is evaporated, leaving behind it all the mineral substances which it holds in solution. A cloud will arise from the sea, and the rain which falls from it is entirely fresh; and the sea becomes more and more salt, because the rivers are bringing down to it the mineral substances contained in the soil, and they never go back in the shape of rain. If no rain or dew were to fall upon the highlands the streams would soon become exhausted. If no evaporation were to occur from the ocean, and the streams could be continually pouring in as they

now do, there would be a sensible increase of water in the ocean. It would rise upon the shore. But the evaporation into the air is as rapid as is the influx from the rivers, and the fall of rain from this evaporation supplies the springs and streams, and thus there is a continuous rotation. As the water comes from the ocean fresh, and goes back more or less laden with the salts of the earth, the ocean is taking on these mineral ingredients at the expense of the land. —

NERVOUSNESS.—What is the cause of nervousness? Can it be cured?

Ans. Nervousness sometimes comes from the constitutional temperament. One who has a strongly-marked Mental Temperament, and not quite enough of the Vital Temperament, if he or she overwork or study too much, or have care and anxiety arising from unfavorable conditions, or large Cautiousness, will become nervous, as it is called. The way to cure it is to avoid tea, coffee, spices, alcoholic liquors, tobacco, and opium; to live on simple, plain diet, retire early, and sleep abundantly, and avoid subjects and people whose tendency is to irritate and excite.

SLEEP.—Does a person who studies to a great extent require more sleep than a person who does no studying at all?

Ans. Sleep was ordained solely to rest the brain and nervous system, and if one study he works the brain, and therefore it needs more rest by means of sleep than if he studied none. Yet many people who do no thinking lounge and sleep excessively, while others that study much and get their nervous system wrought up to a high pitch can hardly get asleep. Persons who become insane, or exceedingly nervous and excitable, generally manifest symptoms of insanity by wakefulness; and when patients are taken to the asylum the first aim of the physician is to induce them to sleep. If he can induce sound and abundant sleep he very soon settles the question of temporary insanity.

A JOURNALISTIC EDUCATION.—Will you do me the kindness to mention in the "Mentorial" department of your excellent JOURNAL, the studies which may be pursued for the attainment of excellence in journalism? I am a printer's "devil," nineteen years old; can not attend school, but have considerable leisure time for study.

Ans. To be well prepared for that most important profession, journalism, is to possess a superior education, an extensive acquaintance with the literature of Europe and America, and superior facility in the use of the pen. An editor finds no knowledge unnecessary; therefore, the more comprehensive his reading and acquirements, the easier it is for him to wield an efficient pen. Read the best works on English literature and composition. Taine's treatise on the first is excellent, and Parker's "Aids" admirable in the line of the second. Prices are, we believe, \$5 and \$1.75. Study the best models, like Bascom, Addison, Macaulay,

Arnold, Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson, etc. Readings in history, biography, science, and *belles-lettres* should be undertaken and regularly carried out. Perhaps Mr. Reid's Lectures on Journalism, published, we presume, in the New York Tribune, may help you.

"HOW TO DO BUSINESS."—Does the science of Phrenology, in which I am becoming a firm believer, through the JOURNAL, lay down any rules by which I can cultivate myself to become a passably good, if not a thorough, business man? Would your book entitled, "How to do Business" help me?

Ans. Yes; Phrenology not only analyzes the mind and explains its different functions, but it teaches how to use them in the selection of a pursuit and in the management of business. The book entitled, "How to do Business" would be of essential service, price 75c. "Self-Culture," price \$1.50; "Memory," price \$1.50; "What to Do and Why," price \$1.75, would open to you the whole subject of self-improvement and choice of pursuits.

CONFIDENTIAL.—A young lady wishes to know if physicians ever reveal the secrets of their patients, and whether it will be prudent to consult one by letter?

Ans. It is a matter in which the most sacred secrecy is observed. No true physician would betray any trust. It is only the quacks and impostors who are to be feared.

A FOWL QUESTION.—Why does a hen cackle when she lays an egg?

Ans. We suppose her noisy demonstration is an effervescence of joy on account of a success which has been somewhat painfully accomplished. Does not the human mother rejoice over a happy birth?

MAD DOGS.—How can we protect ourselves against them?

Ans. Cut off their tails just back of their ears, and they will be mad no more; or hold their heads under water, say for ten minutes. This is more merciful than to poison them.

HEART AND MIND.—Has the human heart any knowledge of the mind?

Ans. The heart and mind are correlated, and so interdependent for health and vigor. It is, however, true that the mind exerts the greater influence, as is the case when we compare it with any organ of the body. There is, doubtless, a physical consciousness of the heart, otherwise that organ would not respond so readily to mental emotion; but as for its being a consciousness, like that of the mind, we do not believe. Otherwise the heart would be a thinking, intelligent organ, instead of a machine provided for the purpose of ministering to life.

"WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE" AGAIN.—We have had occasion to consider this question before, and the inquirer will find our views with respect to the relative merits of Shakespeare and Bacon in dramatic authorship recorded in the

February number for 1872. Comparing heads as now generally accepted, we are inclined to Shakspeare's as the one more adapted to the work of writing, adapting, and compiling the grand works which bear his name.

EASTER EGGS.—Can you tell me what gave rise to the custom of coloring eggs on Easter?

Ans. We can not, as the custom is a very old one, running back much anterior to the Christian era, and common among the old Persians and Jews. Perhaps some paleontologist among our readers can give us more light on the subject.

SHORTHAND LESSONS.—I wish to be a shorthand writer, and have no one here that teaches it. What books shall I purchase to learn it?

Ans. We can best answer your question thus: send stamp for a circular which we publish on the subject.

WOULD-BE COLLEGIAN.—C. A. M.—We can not encourage you much in your wishes. Many young men have worked their way through college, but the majority of those whose tuition cost them little were on scholarships. You might, on application to some institution of learning, secure a scholarship, but to procure the means of subsistence during your course would be by no means easy. We think you could get the employment you ask about, but as the night schools are open only four or five months in the year, you would be obliged to dispense with school the balance of the year. However, you could improve all your leisure.

PRIVATE ANSWERS TO PRIVATE LETTERS.—We find it necessary to repeat, it is useless for persons to ask for *medical prescriptions* to be given them through this JOURNAL. Nor can we pay any attention to letters which do not contain a name and a post-office address, with stamp, so that we can reply by post.

Other questions, deferred for want of space, will be answered in our next.

What They Say.

THE SPIRITUAL SENSE.—In an interesting article, in the May number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for this year, on certain obscure phenomena of the mind, the readers of the JOURNAL are asked to contribute the facts in their experience relating to the subject. It seems to me that those impressions by which the mind is informed of certain actions which are taking place—but not by the ordinary means of hearing, seeing, and feeling, etc.—are explained by the hypothesis of brain-waves. But that mysterious mental operation of prescience, or prevision, is a totally different manifestation, and to it the brain-wave theory does not apply. Let us see how Phrenology may be applied to the analysis of this subject.

It is a well-known truth in Phrenology, that for every great law and principle of nature there is a corresponding faculty in the mind of man that links him with it. Thus, Form is a universal attribute of nature, and man has the faculty of Form. Color, also, appertains to nature, and there is an organ in the mind that appreciates colors. Plan, design, adaptation of means to ends, are exhibited throughout nature, and to these man is linked by the organ of Causality. Now, it is a well-known truth that every effect must have an adequate cause, and every cause must produce its legitimate effect. And all things are bound together by the chain of cause and effect; thus there is a mutual dependence and connection between all things, past, present, and future. That is, in any relation of things, through the operation of their inherent forces. Changes are produced and new relations formed, and through the continued operation of these forces other changes are made and relations formed, and so on, forever, so that by taking cognizance of the present relations of things, we may know what will be the effect of these relations, or what dependent events will take place in the future. As this is a great law, pervading, governing, and causing all the changes and operations of nature, does it not seem reasonable, from analogy, that there is a faculty in the mind corresponding to it? Every mental function is put forth by means of some organ of the brain, and this phenomenon of prevision is a mental function; hence it has an organ in the mind.

The cranial organ for this function, if known at all, is Spirituality, which, when well developed, confers the gift of prophecy, and enables us to know and dwell upon future events just as Eventually does upon the past. The reason this phenomenon occurs so seldom is, we are so material in our relations that the organ of Spirituality is almost wholly wanting, and its feeble voice is drowned by the boisterous uproar and discordant sounds of the less noble faculties, and can only be heard when they are hushed in sleep. I humbly submit these thoughts to the readers of the JOURNAL, and hope they will examine them.

P. H. SOUTH.

VALUE OF TIME.—He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries a thread which will guide him through the most busy life; the orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid—where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents—all things lie huddled in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order in the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and

inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out: but when they review it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion, at the same time complaining that "life is short."

Among those who are so careless of time, we can not expect to find order much observed in its distribution; and, by such fatal neglect, how many materials for severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which is suffered to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at the proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by a neglect of youth. Old age oppressed by cares that belong to a former period, labors under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity has hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time.

CHARLES ANDERSON.

PHYSIOGNOMY—ITS SIGNIFICANCE.—

consciously, or unconsciously, every person is, to some extent, a physiognomist, and many possess, in an astonishing degree, the faculty of reading character at sight. Among these may be mentioned expert police detectives, who, from natural powers of observation, improved by practice, are able to read character from the face with almost perfect accuracy. Some lawyers acquire an equal degree of facility. A friend has told us an anecdote illustrative of this which it may not be improper to introduce here.

"I was once," he says, "standing in a crowded railway depot near to two men who were conversing on the subject of reading character. The younger man thought it impossible to really know people except by years of intercourse. The elder remarked that he had had nearly forty years of legal practice as an advocate and judge, and that for the last twenty-five years of that time he had never made a mistake in the character of the persons with whom his profession called him in contact.

"Then," said the younger man, 'you will be able to tell me the characters of the persons now standing about us. I am personally acquainted with nearly all of them. What sort of a man is that?' pointing to a rather fine-looking, gray-haired man, well-dressed, and with what would usually be called a most respectable air.

"I've been watching that man," replied the old gentleman. 'He is an accomplished rogue. When he was conversing awhile ago his face was *made up*. Now he is intently thinking of something, and his face speaks its natural language. If he occupies a position of trust—and most likely he does—he may some day make off with the funds, and perhaps with some other man's wife.'

"The young man colored and stammered, and at last said: 'He is a bank cashier; I think you've made a great mistake in his character. As my father-in-law, I've known him for ten years, and never have seen anything dishonest in him, though I confess I fear he has not always been quite correct in his life.'

"Has he any money of yours in his bank?" pursued the judge. 'If so, get it out as quickly as possible, or you'll be sorry.'

Two years after this, chancing to re-visit the same place, our friend had the curiosity to inquire after the man upon whom this seemingly harsh judgment had been so hastily passed. Within a year after the above conversation, the respectable-looking man with the snowy hair had indeed eloped with another man's wife, and embezzled the funds of the bank. The son-in-law, not having profited by the old judge's advice, had lost nearly all he possessed.

Now, it seems to us that all who have the power of judging thus correctly of character, owe it to the world to communicate the signs which to them indicate so much. They may vary in their views, may even seem to contradict each other, and yet the very discussion of their differences will develop truth. Hints in regard to these signs may be picked up daily by the observing. Thus we may hear it said by a successful man of business, "I never employ a fellow with a loose, shackling gait; he doesn't care whether he finishes a job this week or next." Or, "I employ such a man because he does his work well, and so far has never cheated me; but I keep a sharp eye on him—he looks too much like a cat not to be sly and untrustworthy."

As far as we are aware, the first modern writer who attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science was Lavater, whose works excited wide attention nearly a century ago. Since then the works of Dr. Redfield and of Alexander Walker have been the best known authorities upon this subject, until the publication of the book before us. Mr. Wells—the eminent phrenologist—has made full and judicious use of the observations of his predecessors in the study of physiognomy, and has added to them the valuable results of his own twenty years of experience in the careful and close observation of signs of character, as written not only in the face, but in temperament, form, quality, motion, etc. Among students of human nature there can be but one opinion in regard to the interest of this work. Its more than seven hundred pages are filled with facts which can not be lightly rejected. Among the most entertaining chapters are those on "National Types, and the Physiognomy of Classes." We wish our space would permit us to give extracts, but as it will not, we can only refer the curious to the compact, well-printed, and profusely illustrated volume published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.—*Poughkeepsie Daily News*.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

LYNX-HUNTING; from Notes. By the author of "Camping Out." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated; 16mo; pp. 283; cloth. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The "Camping Out Series," of which this new volume is number four, has the merit of authenticity, or of furnishing in pleasing guise, incidents from real experience amid the wild and rugged scenes which characterize the region bordering on our Canadian frontier. "Lynx-hunting" sketches the life of a party of young sportsmen, during a winter in the backwoods of Maine. As it was not sport altogether which led the members of the expedition so far from home in a rigorous season, but a desire to add to their scientific knowledge as well, the book contains many items of information respecting the natural history of the region explored.

Volumes of this character are valuable as popular instructors with regard to the topographical character of portions of our own country and their animal and vegetable productions. They furnish, also, a stimulus to our youth in the organizing of like expeditions, and so are conducive to a pure, healthy, and profitable enjoyment of a vacation.

"Lynx-hunting" contains eight illustrations, most of which are sprightly renderings of certain memorable passages in the wilderness life of the expedition; the others are representatives of well-known animals which abound in the northern forests.

DIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA: a Complete Explanation of the Physiology of the Digestive Processes; with the Symptoms and Treatment of Dyspepsia and other Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Illustrated. By R. T. Trall, M.D., author of "The Hydropathic Encyclopedia," etc. 12mo, cloth; pp. 160. Price, \$1. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

We have believed for many years that the best treatment for diseases of the dyspepsia type is of the hygienic character, and a perusal of this new work adds fresh confirmation to our belief. The author, who is too widely known to need an introduction to our readers, says that this volume "is a summary of the data which I have been collecting for more than a quarter of a century with regard to the nature, causes, complications, and proper treatment of the diseases of the digestive organs, and an experience of more than thirty years, during which time I have had the professional management of several thousands of invalids (besides hundreds which I have treated through correspondence), a large portion of whom were dyspeptics, has convinced me that the theories advanced

and the practice recommended in this volume are true and useful." We quote the author's dictum to show that his work is not a mere literary compilation or rehash, as is the case with so many of our later "medical" treatises, but the garnered facts and recipes of an extended experience. Part I., devoted to **DIGESTION**, furnishes a practical and instructive treatise on the anatomy and physiology of the digestive function; being well illustrated, the reader will have no difficulty in obtaining a good knowledge of the various processes comprehended therein. Part II. is taken up with the consideration, in sixteen chapters, of **DYSPEPSIA**, the most valuable portion of which is given to its treatment. There is so much general information on the subjects of diet, exercise, clothing, sleep, occupation, etc., that the volume can not be read by any without conferring material benefit.

SARATOGA; AND HOW TO SEE IT. By Dr. R. F. Dearborn. Illustrated. Price 75 cents. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Printers.

A neatly made and handsomely illustrated guide-book to one of the most celebrated summer resorts in America. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct for us to designate Saratoga as the most celebrated spa on our continent, known as it has been since the days of Sir Wm. Johnson, who was borne on a litter to the spring, in 1767.

This "Guide" is designed for practical uses, and so contains a great amount of information respecting the scenery in and around Saratoga, the character of the many hotels, the business features of the town, and the accommodations, generally, for visitors. The illustrations are very numerous, many of them being tinted lithographs of good artistic quality.

INSANITY AND ITS RELATIONS TO CRIME.

A Text and a Commentary. By William A. Hammond, M. D., Professor of the Mind and Nervous System and of Clinical Medicine in the Bellevue Medical College, Physician-in-Chief to the New York State Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, etc. 8vo; cloth; pp. 77. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As Dr. Hammond has made the investigation of nervous disease his specialty for many years, his views with regard to insanity are worth the consideration of all who are practically interested in the amelioration of society, whether as physicians, political economists, social reformers, or jurists. The first half of the work is occupied with the "Text," or a summary of interesting cases from the criminal records of France. These cases are murders by persons under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to awaken doubts concerning the perpetrators' mental integrity, which doubts are strengthened by the sequelæ to their trials.

Dr. Hammond's commentary contains a dispassionate consideration of the cases quoted, and also his views on the nature of crime, and of moral responsibility, clearly indicating the difficulty which frequently arises in our modern murder

trials, for judge and jury to discriminate wisely with regard to the guilt of the accused. He says, on page 87: "As to any rules for the determination of the degree of responsibility, none can be given; the decision being necessarily left to the examination of the phenomena of each individual case." He, however, lays down this as a personal conviction, that, "The only forms of insanity which should absolve from responsibility, and, therefore, from any other punishment except sequestration, are, such a degree of idiocy, dementia, or mania, as prevents the individual from understanding the consequences of his act, and the existence of a delusion in regard to a matter of fact which, if true, would justify his act." We agree with him, that, "persons suffering from either of these forms of mental derangement should, in the interest of the safety of society, be deprived of their liberty."

READING WITHOUT TEARS; or, a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the author of "Peep of Day," etc. Small quarto; cloth. Price, in neatly bound form, \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This admirable primer and reading book for children needs no special commendation from us at this time. It has all the qualities a text-book can have for the attraction and pleasure of little learners, and yet remains a genuine lesson book. As the triplet in the title-page runs:

"Pretty pictures or stories embellish each page,
That the rosy, the bright-eyed, and flaxen-hair'd
age,
May learn the first book without shedding a tear."

THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHER for September is a mammoth issue of that useful publication. Its great size—something like five hundred pages—is due to the complete report of the "Fifth Annual Meeting and Exhibition of the National Photographic Association," which was held at Buffalo, in July. To the profession it represents, no commendation is required to enlist their appreciation of this valuable and enterprising periodical. Price of the number is 50 cents.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE. Composed by Edwin Gledhill. Price 40 cents. A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto and Ottawa, Publishers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CEREBRAL CONVOLUTIONS OF MAN, represented according to Original Observations, especially upon their Development in the Fœtus. Intended for the Use of Physicians. By Alexander Ecker, Prof. of Anat., etc., in the University at Freiburg, Baden. Translated by Robert T. Edes, M.D. 8vo. \$1.25.—Ap.

THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES, so classified and arranged as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. By Peter Mark Roget. Revised and edited,

with a List of Foreign Words defined in English, and other additions, by Barnas Sears, D.D. New American, from the last London edition, with additions and improvements. 12mo, cloth, pp. 567. Price, \$2.—G. L.

SHAW'S TOURIST'S PICTURESQUE GUIDE to Great Britain and Ireland, specially prepared for the Use of American Tourists. By Geo. Shaw. 16mo, pp. 372. With maps and illustrations. Leather, Tucks, \$4.—E. L.

VICTIMS OF IGNORANCE; or, the Perils of Early Life. A Treatise on the Diseases and Deformities of Children. By George S. Stebbins, M.D. Illustrated. 12mo. \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50.—F.

BOOK OF WATER-COLOR PAINTING. By R. P. Leitch. Consisting of a Course of Lessons in Water-color Painting, with 24 colored plates, the Letter-press to each containing full Instructions to the Learner as to the Colors employed and the Method of Mixing them; the Plates showing the Progress of the Work through the different Stages. Oblong 4to. \$2.50.—Ca.

THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST'S COMPANION. By Frank Cropper. 18mo. 50 cents.

TRUE SUCCESS IN LIFE. By Ray Palmer, D.D. 12mo. \$1.25.—Ba.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. Edited and Revised by the authoress of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette." With Preface and Introduction by the editress. 12mo. \$1.50.—Lip.

THE IRISH RACE: in the Past and the Present. By the Rev. Aug. J. Théband, S.J. One vol., 8vo; cloth. \$3.50.—Ap.

HAP-HAZARD. By Kate Field. One vol., small 4to. Uniform with "A Chance Acquaintance." \$1.50.—Os.

GOSTWICK & HARRISON'S OUTLINES OF GERMAN LITERATURE. Uniform with the class-room abridgment of Taine's English Literature. Large 12mo. \$2.50.—H. W.

SUNSHINE. The new Sunday-school Singing-book. By P. P. Bliss. For 1873, now ready. Price, single, 35 cents; per doz., \$3.60.—C. & Co.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE, and the best means of Putting Out Fires in Cities, Towns, and Villages. With practical suggestions for the security of life and property. By Joseph Bird. One vol., 12mo; cloth. \$1.50.—H. H.

PON'S PROSE TALES. A collection of the entire Prose Stories in two uniform volumes, each volume containing a complete series. 16mo. Extra cloth, gilt top, per vol., \$1.75.

PON'S POEMS. 16mo. A Library Edition, handsomely printed. With steel portrait and frontispiece. Uniform with the "Prose Tales." 16mo. Extra cloth, gilt top, \$1.75.

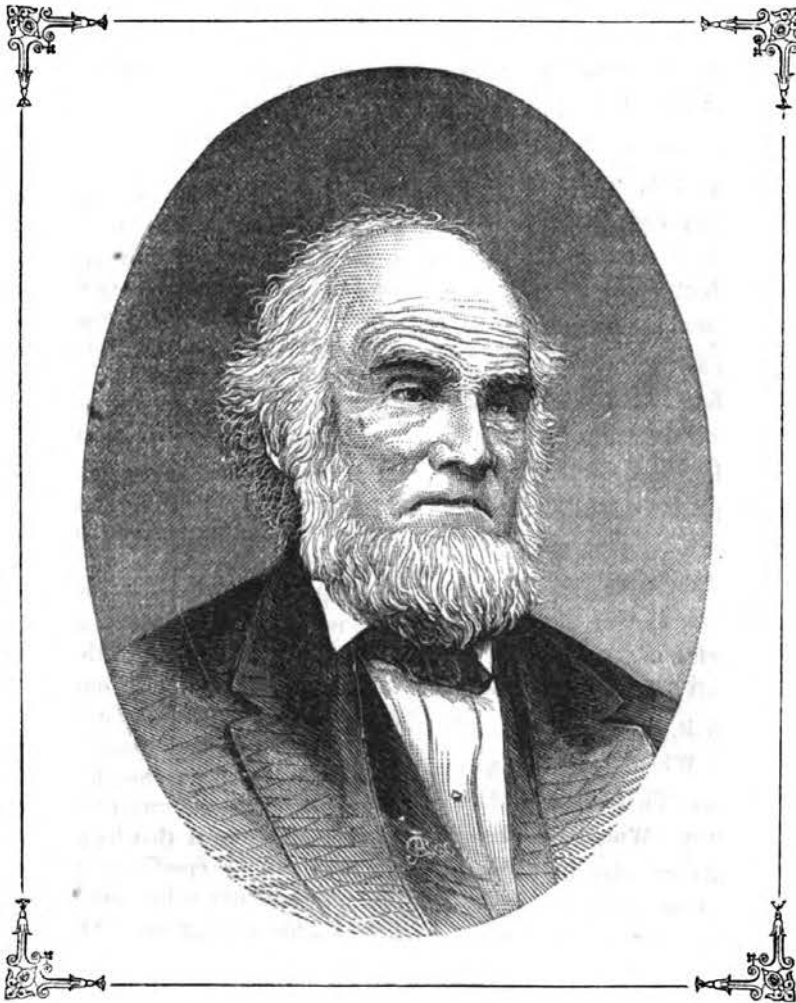
MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. With carbon-photographic portrait of the author. 12mo; about 500 pp.; cloth. Price, \$2.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 5.]

November, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 419.]



REV. DR. J. BLANCHARD,

PRESIDENT OF WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILL.

JUDGING from this portrait alone, reader, what would you say of the character of the person represented? The likeness is from a photograph said to be life-like. Do

you hesitate? are you uncertain? surely you can say whether he has the look of a philosopher or of a fool—of a self-regulating citizen or of a malefactor. Do you see energy, firm-

ness, independence, and perseverance in that face? or, do you see passivity, indecision, submission, and vacillation? Let us state that the head is large, measuring nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, and is high and long in proportion. Furthermore, the *quality* is good; the temperament active, tough, and the whole remarkable for endurance and tenacity.

Look again. Observe the height or distance from the chin to the crown of the head. See how Self-Esteem and Firmness tower up! See how elevated at Veneration! how large at Benevolence! The head is also large in the base, including all the social organs, with Combativeness, etc., while Secretiveness, Destructiveness, and Acquisitiveness are less conspicuous.

The intellect, in both the percepts and in the reflectives, stands out with a bold front, which would awe a common mind.

But what of the face? It is that of a lion, with the blending of the lamb. That nose is meaningful, and, if not actually aggressive, is very strongly defensive. The eye is calm, steady, expressive, and penetrating. The mouth means "no nonsense here. Let others play the clown if they wish, I have higher duties to perform." As a whole, this face asks no favors—it demands duty. When it says No, you feel it, accept it, and make no further appeal. When it says Yes, you *know* it will be done. That is the character for any place of trust. Would he yield to any ordinary temptation—say like that of our "back pay" Congressmen? Never! Would he accept a bribe? Not if it would pave his path with gold. Would he timidly shrink from any duty or responsibility? No; for he has no sense of fear. He is as plucky as we can find men. Still, he is kindly and aims to be just. What a lawyer, judge, or legislator he would have made! Aye, and a soldier, too. With a military education, and on a horse in the line of duty,

he would have been a very Havelock—at once a Christian and a warrior. But such a brain on such a body, with culture and temperate habits, can do almost anything that man can or ought to do. The story of his life is in keeping with his head, his face, and his character.

Dr. Blanchard is a New Englander, a farmer's son, born in 1811; obtained his preliminary education in Chester, and in 1828 entered Middlebury College. He commenced his student life with an impaired constitution and among total strangers. His finances were evidently low, as he had then but a dollar and a half in his pocket; but, nothing daunted, he worked his way through the course with success.

After securing his degree he was appointed a teacher in Plattsburg Academy, where he remained two years. From Plattsburg he returned to his home among the hills of Vermont, and there worked for some months upon the rough soil of the farm, apparently satisfied with what he had experienced of the world outside.

However, having made a choice of divinity as his pursuit, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and studied for two years. During his studies the slave question was warmly discussed in the college, and in his seminary there was no small disputation with regard to it. The first agitation at Andover was induced by the Englishman, George Thompson, and young Blanchard's interest being awakened, he earnestly looked into the subject, and discovered, as he says, "that the American churches, Andover included, were chloroformed by the slave power," and he decided that he must either quit the ministry or crouch and whine before slave-masters, unless he were bold enough to fight for his convictions. "I had," he says, "no particular taste for counterfeiting money for a living, but I would much sooner have attempted it than make a counterfeit of religion by standing at the communion table with slavery shouldering in loving fellowship by my side. I saw, too, that the Abolitionists were dropping Christ and the Bible, and grappling with the mightiest human evil, with nothing but humanity to lean or look to for help."

After leaving Andover he traveled in Pennsylvania, and lectured against slavery. He visited several counties in the course of his lecturing progress, and obtained sixty delegates for a convention in Harrisburg, which was attended by Thaddeus Stephens, Dr. Lemoyre, and others. Louis Tappan was there, and denounced Quaker delegates and others, who, in attending the convention, he claimed, broke the holy Sabbath. His denunciation greatly affected the assembly. Mr. Blanchard wound, up that year with two public debates in Washington, Penn., and Pittsburgh, and then proceeded to Cincinnati, the headquarters, commercially, of slavery for the West, where he preached nine years. The late Salmon P. Chase and ninety others sent a written request that he would give a course of lectures in his pulpit against slavery, to which he responded with characteristic energy and effect.

His health having failed through hard work, at the solicitation of friends he crossed the Atlantic in 1843. In London he attended the World's Second Anti-Slavery Convention, and was appointed American Vice-President. It was while conducting his ministry in Cincinnati that Dr. Blanchard became interested in the Anti-Secret Order movement. The disappearance of Morgan roused the public indignation so much that ministers, and others interested in religious affairs, deemed it necessary to take part in the agitation. Dr. Blanchard preached against Masonry with much earnestness. A sharp and protracted controversy between him and several popular advocates of the Order grew out of his sermons. This controversy affected his professional relations somewhat seriously. He was at length invited to Wheaton, Illinois, on account of his anti-secret society views, but he found it necessary to struggle there also to maintain his ground. The sharpness of the contest may be inferred from this: he says, "A lodge-master applied to our Circuit Court for a mandamus to require us to revoke our rule against secret societies, and as Paul's were, our perils were among false brethren who were disturbed by the agitation, and who wished to be leaders of a dead congregationalism. These men and their creatures have sought to destroy Wheaton College, but it has prospered by

the support of God and good men." Under Dr. Blanchard's management of fourteen years the institution has, indeed, taken a new departure, the improvement being in every respect very manifest. The college buildings are now completed, and possess an architecture which is inferior to scarcely any other like institution in the land. The debt remaining unpaid is but \$20,000, and that, it is thought, will be disposed of ere long. One significant fact which attaches no small merit to the character of the instruction given is this, that during the past twelve or fourteen years but one or two students have been graduated who are not professing Christians. The consistency of Dr. Blanchard's contest with secret societies is quite evident from the following personal statement: "In the fall of 1867 a gentleman came to me and said that the old Morgan troubles were dying out; and I then wrote a call for a convention, which met at Aurora on the 31st of October, 1867. Instead of a few persons, six States were represented. This was encouraging, and it was determined to hold a National Convention the following year, which was carried out at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, and nineteen different denominations were represented on that occasion. In 1869 another convention was held at Farwell Hall, Chicago; in 1870 another at Cincinnati; in 1871 another at Worcester, Mass; in 1872 another at Oberlin, Ohio; and this year the convention, or anniversary, as it might be called more properly, was held at Monmouth, Illinois."

Dr. Blanchard could not well avoid connection with the press, so conspicuous has he been in this anti-secrecy movement. He started a paper in the same interest, well known under the title of the *Cynosure*, in the fall of 1868. It was commenced without influence at its back or a subscription on its register. It is now published weekly and fortnightly, and has a patronage of over five thousand. The office was burned at the great Chicago fire, and since that time has been destroyed twice, but the publication still lives. Several other papers of like ilk have sprung up "like sprouts around an old tree," indicating that public sentiment in regard to the matters discussed by these publications is undergoing a marked change.

THE WELSH OR THE BRITON: THE INSPIRATIONAL RACE.

THERE are races which may be denominated inspirational races. They form the basic parts of the nations which rule the world and lead the vanguard of an earnest civilization. They are distinct in their type from the races of Genius, unless we give to the word genius a very primitive meaning. In the complex sense, implying magnificence of gifts and elaborate intellect, the genius race is very distinct from the inspirational or intuitive race. To reach their roots at once, take, for example, the Grecian and the Hebraic types, and apply the classification to peoples, or, rather, to individuals, for souls may come from either, blending the qualities and manifestations of both.

The genius races, such as the Grecian and the Italian, are, of course, endowed with inspirations; but these are manifested in their art and elaborations. The one articulates Deity, even in a semi-savage state; is an oracle in the cave long before the age of temples and cathedrals; is a seer of the Infinite primevally before culture has entered into the mind; hears the thunders of God's voice in the solemnities of the everlasting hills, and rudely carves a revelation for all the coming ages on rugged tablets of stone. The other represents art and culture even in its earlier states, for it is itself a compound of older races; is heroic in its inspirations, and poetry, rather than prophetic, and declamatory of divine missions, and immortalizes *itself* in philosophies and plastic types, and does not emphasize the great Primitive One. Such is the Hebrew on the one side—such the Greek on the other.

But we bring up the antique Hebrew here, not to write a chapter upon him, but because his type is recognized and his influence in civilization, as a transmitted oracle of the ancients, appreciated. As he represents pre-eminently the inspirational race of the Old World, we call him up to find his antetype in the development of Christendom. The Britannic base of modern society will give the best antetype of the ancient Hebrew race, and that basic nature, upheaving itself through dominant races of a different type, like the Saxon and the Norman, created England, founded America, and stamped them both with their unique characters. These nations are now very compound and complex, more than any other race from the beginning. For the ancient Briton we must go most to the Welsh, who, in their native hills, render him almost as purely as when the

Roman conquerors drove him there—fiery, proud, and untamable.

The Welsh people are endowed with the prophetic soul. They rank nearly as high as the ancient Hebrews in their inspirational gifts. We denominate them prophetic to denote a rarer quality than that implied by the generic term *mediumistic*. We have met curious speculations connecting the ancient Britons and the Welsh with David, King of Israel. Of course the value of such a speculation in ethnological science is not much, but it is certain that, as a race, they possess the qualities of the psalmist king. More than any other people that we know of, excepting their prototypes, they are endowed with the gifts of the psalmist and the gifts of the prophet. Not even were the primitive Hebrews more rare in this blending than are the British and Welsh when manifested through their compounds and in a state of culture. David and Solomon were not altogether Hebraic in the primitive sense. They were gorgeous combinations of a two-fold genius, something akin to that of the artistic and universal Greek with that of the prophetic and priestly, belonging to a Moses or a Samuel. "Divine John Milton" is about their equivalent. This two-fold genius is not purely Abrahamic and patriarchal, nor are the gifts of King David perpetuated in modern Judah. It is very singular that both the character and gifts of the royal psalmist and his son are found almost purely in the Welsh and English, the latter deriving their exalted inspirational nature from the Britannic element of their own country, or from a mixture with their Welsh brethren. Hence, we have said that the Britons are like the offspring of David, without intending to connect them ethnologically with the royal house of Israel; this fancy is borne out, too, by the national instrument of the Welsh, the harp, and their patron saint, David, of Wales.

And just here we have come to the place to mark the difference between the inspirational gifts of the Briton, which we have called prophetic, and which belong to their very nature and race, and that species of mediumistic inspiration known among modern Spiritualists. There are inspirational and seeric gifts, very gorgeous in their manifestations, which may operate wonderfully without religious fervor, or even a belief in Christianity. This is illustrated in modern Spiritualism, which, though

mediumistic and oracular, is, in its present development, not prophetic in the Hebraic sense. It is intellectual and transcendental, but it lacks the Divine fervor and religious faith of the Hebrews, the Britons, and the old Puritanic stock of England and America.

Religion and Deity are in the very natures of the Welsh and English, and their manifestations are prophetic and protestant. On the English side, take John Milton and John Wesley, who, between them, blend all the qualities of character and genius found in the Hebrews, including the priest, the prophet, and the psalmist. What are the "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" but epic psalms to Jehovah and his Christ? and what was Wesley but a prophet-priest? These men and their inspirations are the offspring of the Welsh nature and genius, directly from family or indirectly from the infusions of the ancient Britons into the Saxon, Norman, and Danish compounds.

When Christ and his apostles were cast out of the Jewish synagogues, and out of their nation, which for a thousand years had been the "living oracle" to the world, it was strangely providential that they passed so quickly over to the West and laid the foundations of Christian empires in Gaul and Britain, and from thence went their dominance to Rome. Had they and their successors traversed the course which Mohammed and his military apostles took in the seventh and eighth centuries of our era, they would have failed; for the old nations which had represented the ancient civilizations and dominions were not only in states of decay, but were altogether unfit to receive the new spirit and principles of the Christ mission. The west of the then known world was the only part open for the peaceful conquest of Him whose mission was peace and good-will to mankind. His spirit led His apostles and ministers to Rome, and from Rome they spread over various parts of Europe, finding in Britain an inspirational race very comparable with the patriarchal Hebrew, just ready for the uses of Providence, as Abraham and his primitive tribes were long centuries before Israel became a nation. The inhabitants of ancient Gaul were of a kindred stock with their neighbors of ancient Britain.

We have early record of the Briton inspiring Christendom. In 292 Constantius Chlorus was appointed Cæsar, or lieutenant-emperor, of the West. He reigned in Britain over the vast division of the Roman empire which fell to his lot. He protected the native Christians

and made them his friends, for he had married a British princess whom the Church has immortalized as St. Helena. She gave birth to Constantine the Great, who was crowned by his father, at York, emperor of the West. But the emperors of the East refused to acknowledge Constantine, and Maxentius was about to set out from Rome with an overwhelming army to crush the son of the British princess. Then Constantine, moved as by a mighty impulse, threw his army into Italy, and one night, seated in his tent, looking through his mother's, not his father's, nature, he saw the vision of the flaming cross in the heavens. St. Helena's soul in her son inspired him, and he, in turn, inspired his Christian troops, which were largely composed of the natives of Britain and Gaul. The flaming cross led them on to Rome, which they triumphantly entered, having routed the vast army of Maxentius and driven him and his panic-stricken soldiers into the Tiber.

From England, then, the first Christian emperor sprang, for he was not only of British descent on his mother's side, but in the land of his maternal sires he received from his father's hands the Cæsar's crown. It was the warlike character and executive ability of Constantius Chlorus in him which placed him at the head of a Roman army, but it was St. Helena's British and inspirative nature which made him emperor of the world and the head of the Christian Church.

And during the entire reconstruction of Europe, when the hordes from the North poured into Europe, breaking up the old Roman empire, the basic races of Gaul and Britain, and mixing with the ponderous Teutonic races, that wonderful fusion of primitive races of almost opposite qualities, just merging out of barbarism under the training of cultured bishops and priests from the executive Roman and the philosophic Greek, soon brought forth the empire of Charlemagne and the kingdom of Alfred the Great, which succeeded and rivaled the empire of the Cæsars and the Constantines. It was then that the civilized man of modern times was born—then an infant, now matured.

The English people owe their genius and inspirational gifts to their ancient British parentage, and not to the Saxon, the Dane, or the Norman. True, the Saxon gave stamina, the Danes intrepidity, and the Norman the iron force and executive ability; but the Welsh and the primitive British mixtures gave to the English nation their genius and inspirational endowments. For though we have made a radical distinction between the genius race and

the inspirational race, yet when the latter is mixed with superior races like the Caucasian, and in a state of culture, *individuals* are produced of superlative genius. Hence England has produced Shakspeare, Milton, her Bacon, and matchless men of every class who have rivaled the greatest of Greece and Rome.

There would have been in the English nation but little of poetry and music, but little of intuition and enthusiasm, had there not been a constant infusion into it from the various Celtic sources, especially from the parent source of ancient Britain. The pure Saxon, without this mixture, is not inspirational, nor has it of itself manifested largely any of the types of genius. The Saxon nature, without the vivifying and inspiring elements of some opposite race, is sluggish, unimaginative, destitute of prophetic intuitions, and materialistic in nearly all its tendencies. It is gifted with neither poetry, music, nor a fine sense of beauty, and is thoroughly inclined to utilitarianism. The Saxon is great in his stability and society-founding qualities, and, as a matter of course, is largely developed in his acquisitiveness and commercial endowments. Left to himself, unless in exceptional cases, when intellect and spirituality predominate in his organization, he would destroy all there is of the beautiful and inspirational in religion, and make salvation and eternal life a commercial affair.

If you think that the genius and the mechanical skill of the English may have come rather from a mixture of the Saxon and the Norman, you will very much err. The Norman gave the aristocratical, not the earnest and gifted plebeian class. What came of the Norman conquerors in their pure descent or in their trifling mixture with the Saxon gentry is easily traced through their class selectness. They have been great administrators of State, dominant barons and haughty knights, the lions on their escutcheons ranking them truly on the field; but the *genius* of England, even when found among her statesmen, has come from an entirely different source, as have her learned men and Protestant divines. Her great and gifted queen, Elizabeth, descended from Owen Tudor, of Welsh origin; and her British blood undoubtedly gave her the strong impulses that stormed in her life, with that earnest religious nature and kindredship with genius, wherever she found it, which so glorified her reign in spite of all her faults. The two greatest men of the Commonwealth, Oliver Cromwell and Sir Harry Vane, were also of Welsh descent. The sister of Thomas

Cromwell, Earl of Essex, a man of humble birth, who rose to be Henry VIII's Prime Minister and Vicar-General of England, married a gentleman of the name of Morgan Williams, of Llanishen, in the County of Glamorgan, and from Sir Richard Williams, the son of this Glamorganshire squire, sprang Oliver, the Protector of England, whose family had taken the name of Cromwell from the Prime Minister of Henry VIII., who was himself of Welsh descent, and perhaps the greatest of England's kings, although the perpetrator of many black deeds.

The adopted son of America, Sir Harry Vane, who is called the Seer of the Commonwealth, and who, like Algernon Sidney, was beheaded for the Republican cause of Charles II., was also of Welsh extraction. The Vanes sprang from Howell-ap-Vane, of Monmouthshire, whose son, Griffith Ap-Howell Vane, married Lettice, daughter of Bledwin Kenwyn, Lord of Powis. Sir Harry Vane was the purest and most illustrious of the English statesmen of that period, and, as has been said, so much of the prophet as to be designated the Seer of the Commonwealth. Milton, who wrote a matchless eulogy upon Vane, was inspired with a genius which could only have been derived from the ancient Britons, for his "Paradise Lost" is altogether akin to the writings of the Hebrew seers, and, excepting in the fine workmanship displayed in the sonorous verse, and in its methods and construction, it has nothing of the Greek or Roman in it. The genius of Milton's epic is as different from the genius of the epics of Homer and Virgil as were that of David or Isaiah. His culture he received from the universities and from a study of the classics. He copied Homer and Virgil so far as he resembles them, but he drew the Isaiahs and Davids out of his own prophetic and psalmist soul, which was given him, not by his Saxon, but his British parentage. A kindred soul to that of Milton's was bursting into action or into theme in all the great men of the Commonwealth, and a kindred inspiration fired the army and navy rather than the ordinary heroic flame. Like Milton's giants, they tore up mountains to hurl at the enemies of God and the Commonwealth, and, like him, sang psalms which had the epic subject in them. An interesting volume could be written tracing out the prophetic and inspirational element which so much entered into the great republican revolution of England in the seventeenth century. Indeed, English literature lacks an epic treatise of the men and the age

of the Commonwealth. Carlyle is almost savage in his complaints of this, and he edits Cromwell's letters expressly to prepare the way and supply some subject for a work yet to be done. That wonderful age is as a sealed book. Were Milton here he could write the epic treatise and show us how much it was with his compeers and himself like an inspirational revolution.

We are not here treating of the Saxon, who gave largely to England and America their courage, love of independence and justice, not of the capacity and character which build commonwealths, and which are pre-eminently Saxon, but of that earnest religious nature which was so wonderfully stirred in the seventeenth century, and which gave birth to a commonwealth, not *built* it.

Next to Cromwell, John Wesley stirred this British nature, which, upheaving through the Saxon people, is like long pent-up fire bursting from a mountain. Methodism was eminently adapted to the plebeian English and the Welsh as a religion, but not so adapted to the higher classes of England, which have always inclined to the high church and Romanism from the time that Norman William and the great statesman-priest, Lanfranc, won the kingdom and the primate see of England. The warlike Normans resemble the Romans, and they understood religion best in crusades, and the gorgeous Roman Church is a church better suited to both than that of the Protestant dissenter like John Wesley. But Wesley's mission stirred the depths, the masses of England, and reached the British nature. Its gospel was full of earnestness and childlike faith, and its unselfish spirituality took hold of the entire nature of the Welsh people. The spirit ran among them like electricity communicated through galvanic wires. The Gospel to them was not a cold argument, nor its success among them the result of so much eloquent preaching. Indeed, it was always found that the earnest, simple preachers carried with them the "influence," wrought out the most revivals and energetic prayer-meetings, and converted most souls. It was, in fact, this inspirational nature, not the intellect, which was so strongly drawn out by the mission of John Wesley.

The Britannic element is found quite extensively in some parts of England, predominating even over the Saxon, and throughout the entire country it is diffused in good proportions. It should be noted that the dark-haired plebeian in English society shows unmistakably his ancient British origin, and that there is in him a

preponderance of the Briton over the Saxon. His dark hair and swarthy countenance came not from the Norman, for the Normans never mixed with the plebeian class. They gave the magnificent earls, who, of old, were almost potentates, and the proud baron and the warlike knights, who, for ages, deemed it a loss of caste to mix with the supplanted Saxon nobility and gentry.

"If the Saxon and the Norman mate,
Their love shall breed an unhappy fate," etc.,

is the style of the old prophecies of families. The Saxon nobility fell to the class of the English gentry and the gentleman farmer, and they, in turn, were as jealous of their caste as their conquerors were, and mixed not with the plebeians. And so the English people have been almost altogether cut off from the Normans, who have scarcely given a drop of their blood to the masses of England. The dark-haired men and women, and the people of swarthy countenances, found in English society, show the preponderance in them of the transmitted race of the ancient Briton, and, judging by the signs of the fair-haired race and the dark-haired race, the British element in England has always been at least equal to that of the Saxon.

In Wales, of course, the Briton has been pure in his race qualities, in some places being found almost what he was two thousand years ago. In Cornwall, too, he has been preserved; but perhaps the most unmixed example of the ancient race found in all England was in Portland, in Dorsetshire (after which the Portland of America is named). There, fifty years ago, the Briton was as pure as he was in Wales, living upon a wonderful mountain rock—a quarry almost for a world! All have heard of the Portland stone. The Portlander was gigantic in his structure, and just the man to work his quarries. He lived upon his island rock, and fifty years ago not even could the people of Weymouth, his next door neighbors, understand his language. Portland was out of the world, the Dorsetshire people said, and they humorously told stories of the time when the Portlanders "went on all-fours." The Portlander was a great smuggler, strong and courageous as a lion. He had all the peculiarities of the Welsh, was quick-spirited, impulsive, inspirational, and generous. Reach his heart and you reach him altogether. Methodism flourished greatly on his exclusive isle. A religion of the heart only could satisfy the Portlander—this pure specimen of the Briton—as a religion of the heart only could satisfy the Welsh. As a race, neither delight in cold

science nor in a materialistic religious philosophy, if anything materialistic can be called properly religious. The Portlanders, however, like the Welsh, are now mixing and coming out from their mountains into the great world. The famous breakwater of Portland, and the steamers and railroads, are changing society on that island, while Wales is sending thousands of the descendants of the ancient Britons over

to this continent. The Mormons alone have brought ten thousand Welsh emigrants to this country. The Briton will be better for the mixture with the Saxon and German element, and they, also, for the nature which he infuses. We need for the culminating race the blending of the heart with the intellect, the reason with the impulses, the philosophy with the inspirational nature.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,

Without star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

OUR IMMORTALITY.

OF all the conceptions of which the human mind is capable, the highest, the deepest, and the grandest is the idea of the immortal existence of the soul. To give a mere mental assent to this doctrine when they hear it preached from the pulpit, and to ignore it wholly in their every-day thoughts, seems to be the extent of consideration bestowed on the subject by many. They received the belief from others, just as it had been transmitted from generation to generation, without questioning its genuineness or trying to corroborate it by personal investigation. Such persons live in the flesh, and derive their enjoyment from the "loaves and fishes" of this world. They have so narrow a conception of the capacities of the spirit for happiness, that the death of the bodily senses is to them the annihilation of all the sources of enjoyment. Hence the idea of any other state of existence than this they regard as a terrible mystery, and endeavor to drive the thought from their minds by devoting themselves to sensual pleasures.

But there are those to whom the idea of an immortal existence is not a mere traditional impression, exciting fearful expectations of the future; but it is a living, comforting, and constantly increasing faith, a hope which they delight to cherish as the richest boon that Heaven has given to man. The evidence on which this faith is founded is not the testimony of others solely, but is evolved from the intuitive comprehension of the soul itself. From the hidden depths of

the inner life arise convictions of immortality which abstract reasoning can not produce. The mind tremblingly attempts, by the aid of an objective logic, to prove immortality, but it soon turns from this presumptuous effort, and accepts it as a self-conscious truth. Reason approaches the end of this life, and recoils at what appears to be annihilation; but the soul stands fearlessly on the brink of the "dark river," and by its stronger sight penetrates the interposing mist, and discovers the dim outlines of a world on the other side. This mysterious land can not be reached by the guidance of a material philosophy. It is linked to this world by no chain of cause and effect which the most profound thinker can follow. The lamp of reason alone sheds but a faint light on the darkness beyond life's terminus, and they who look further than the confines of this world for existence must have a sight strengthened by an inward faith.

But this intuitive belief in immortality does not come unsought, nor can it be maintained except on its own peculiar evidence. It is developed by that earnest inquiry which the soul makes when it turns to itself and questions its own nature and destiny. When the mysteries of life perplex us, when the world loses its beauty and harmony, and material destruction seems inevitable, we turn from the chaos of fear and doubt to our inward selves and ask that our faith be renewed and the darkness of unbelief dissipated. And though the evidence adduced by this investigation which the spirit makes

within itself is not tangible to our coarser faculties, and though the reasoning from which a conclusion finally follows is too subtle to be expressed by the terms of common logic, yet the inquiry does disclose hidden proof of the soul's immortality, and we are reassured that the expectation of existence beyond this brief life is not without foundation. Then does the soul, "secure in its eternal existence," smile at the phantom of annihilation, and follow trustingly the light of an immortal hope, feeling, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

Sometimes, it is true, we lose our faith in the eternal and glorious destiny of man. Life seems a transient and purposeless bubble floating down the stream of time, soon to be engulfed in the hopeless abyss of death. But these seasons of despair are of short duration,

from which we hasten back to the faith that our everlasting Father, in His own inscrutable way, rules all things in harmony with His infinite goodness, and that the belief in immortality is not a vain hallucination of the mind, but a prophetic knowledge imparted by God himself to direct the soul to the deathless world, in which He has prepared a glorious and eternal home.

In comparison with this grand idea of our immortality, the dogmas which constitute the subject of religious controversies dwindle into insignificance. While from the difference of our natural capacities of mind, and from the force of our different educations, we will inevitably have different opinions on some points of both natural and revealed religion, we can, I think, agree on this fundamental doctrine of all religions, which nature contributes to and Revelation teaches.

H. CLAY NEVILLE.

HAMLET: A PSYCHOLOGIC STUDY.

THAT Shakspeare was "true to nature," is the universal feeling and judgment; what that truth "to nature" in Hamlet's case was, or would be, were any similar soul "put in his place," is for the critic to determine. Hamlet is heir to the throne of Denmark. A man of noble birth is intuitively judged noble, and well endowed in person, manners, and mind; unless warned otherwise, we naturally believe him superior. Our prepossessions, then, are all in Hamlet's favor. Would not Horatio have informed some other person concerning the apparition, had he doubted Prince Hamlet's ability to bear the shock of such knowledge? But no, his first impulse was

"To impart what we have seen to-night
To young Hamlet."

He did not fear his friend would fail in resolution to come and see the dread spirit, at once divining that the father would open his soul to the son, for he says,

"Upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him."

Horatio's companions agree, on the moment, to inform Hamlet concerning the ghost; there is no discussion whether any round-about speaking or preparation is necessary to prevent a fatal shock; they did not consider that since his position naturally shielded him from contact with disagreeable, distasteful, and painful circumstances, such circumstances would be

more keenly felt than by others less delicately nurtured; they know him strong, well-poised, resolute; and when, without circumlocution, the wonderful tale is told with all minute particulars, at once, without prompting, he decides that he will "watch to-night;" and more, vows almost presumptuously that he "will speak to it, though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace."

He showed no fear, no irresolution, no lack of prudence, inasmuch as he desired his companions to speak of it to none else; and with night and the hour is ready, and since no one says otherwise, probably calm and tranquil, even philosophizing with Horatio upon the custom of "heavy-headed revel," in which the court was engaged.

Suddenly Horatio whispers, "Look, my Lord, it comes!" The first word of the young prince is an invocation to higher powers; he exclaims, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" then, seeing the apparition is in appearance his father, he adjures it to say why it has burst the cerements of the grave, why "revisited the glimpses of the moon," troubling men with "thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls;" yet he evidently feels no fear, telling his friends, as they beg him not to follow the beckoning figure,

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

And when they would restrain him, throwing them off, he still follows the retreating kingly shadow. When the ghost has roused his indignation and horror by calling upon him "to avenge his foul and most unnatural murder," he is eager to "sweep to revenge;" but when the whole dreadful tale is told, implicating both uncle and mother, under the three-fold agony, the loss as 'twere of all his family at one stroke, the high heart yields, the young intellect then and there totters. Is it unnatural that it should be so? Hamlet is grieved almost to broken-heartedness by the sudden death of a dearly-loved father, stricken with shame and isolated, by the immediate marriage of his mother to a hated uncle. Then comes the excitement of learning that his father's ghost walks; the meeting with it; and, finally, the fatal truth—it would have been most unnatural had he borne the shock without change.

Horatio observes immediately the alteration in his friend. Hamlet, as yet, has had no time to fix upon a course of action under such fearful circumstances of concealment; he is forbidden "to sweep to revenge," for "he must not contrive aught against his mother;" she must be left "to heaven." But when Horatio, in reply to Hamlet's proposition "to shake hands and part," says, "these are but wild and whirling words," the prince knew instantly the whole difficulty of his position. With this terrible secret burning in his heart, and feeling his mind shattered, distracted, seeking time to think, Horatio's words suggested the future course; and straightway comes the resolution "to put an antic disposition on," as a cover and a shield—but still the clear, undimmed, boyish mind is gone forever.

Not that Hamlet's mind is utterly wrecked; not that he has become insane; but he is appalled, crushed, and feels a constant need of a mask when in the presence of any but Horatio, and apparent aberration of mind is a most secure one for a time. In some respects Hamlet becomes "himself again;" in others, his natural characteristics never return. His involuntary trust in mankind is gone, never to be recalled.

After the great stroke of maternal falseness, he determines to thrust love for woman out of his heart; hence he buries his love for Ophelia. It is very evident, in the conversation between them, that he has decided to throw aside all thoughts of her, and that the harshness in his conversation is not feigned, but felt; for he remembers too well the Queen seemed fair, but still was false, and he can now trust no other

woman; besides, he has sworn to "wipe away all trivial, fond records" "from the tablet of memory."

He is upon the border-land of real insanity, as has been many another with less reason; and at times his mind wanders. His whole moral world had turned to blackness; love, faith, honor, brotherhood, conjugal affection had been swept from off the earth by his uncle's crime and his mother's acquiescence. He at first seems to feel himself tainted by their foul deed, and no longer a fit companion for his friend. What can be more pathetic than his "As for me, I'll go pray!"

Hamlet can in no way contrive the punishment of the king without afflicting and implicating his mother; and then, again, after reflecting upon the subject, his religious nature suggests the thought that—

"The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil! and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
Abuses me to damn me!"

The fear that the apparition may be a fiend, urging him to destruction, and not the true spirit of a true father, determines him to employ the players, that indirectly the guilt or innocence of his "uncle-father and mother-aunt" may be known. Yet, in some other respects, his conscience seems not so tender; he does not deeply regret having killed Polonius, who had done him no real harm; and he disposed of his two former friends as coolly as the king would have laid him aside.

Like all people of a sensitive nature and lively imagination, he can not plot harm to others. It must be done quickly, in the heat of passion and conflict, or never done. It is inconsistent with such a temperament to plan revenge; to such a soul the faintest seeming of treachery is abhorrent. And, at last, without any purpose of punishing the king, Hamlet rushes headlong into the fatal trap set for him; and, stung by the last kingly treachery, though at the gate of death, forces the monarch in before him.

Though apparently the chief figure in the tragedy, Hamlet is played upon by those who "know his stops," and the final catastrophe is arranged not by himself, but by others. The reflective, speculative intellect is rarely united with prompt executive powers; it waits and thinks, plans and lays aside, till fate or outward, uncontrollable circumstance brings the end—forces a result. Thus was the young prince brought to bay. Why, then, does he so deeply interest us? Why is he, after all, the

central figure? Simply because he was real—because the mind and soul of the author lives in him—because Shakspeare is Hamlet.

AMELIE V. PETIT.

GROWTH OF CHARACTER AND HEART.

"There's an angel in the stone."

IMMEDIATELY there rises before us a vision of a stately column of marble as it stands ready for the chisel of the sculptor. But as yet, the unrevealed form of beauty that skill must wrest from its bosom lies locked and silent in the stone, existing only in the mind of the artist. But the work is begun. Day after day the ideal form is developing in form and expression, until at last it stands forth a triumphant and wondrous representation of a human form, crowned with every grace of attitude—a poem in stone.

Thus is character molded. The artist may represent the combined influences that silently but skillfully shape the soul of man into outlines of ugliness or beauty; however, these have not to deal with lifeless and inanimate marble, but with beings through whose veins courses the warm life-blood; while in harmony with the music of its flow moves the swift and silent machinery of thought. In every human soul are placed germs of possible excellence, which, if faithfully nurtured, will bear bud and blossom; but the hand that performs the work must be diligent and patient—we can not hasten its completion. The reward oftentimes lies afar off, and we must be content to labor long among the shadows ere we emerge into the sunlight of success.

We are, as human beings, a society of mutual sculptors. Speaking in a spiritual sense, every right hand holds a chisel; and the thousand delicate shades of character that we take on from our daily associations may represent the countless tiny incisions of the steel. These are the silent forces that penetrate so deeply into the life, and by their subtle workings have power to crush the very life from out the soul, and leave it "dry as summer dust," or to make it the theater of grand conceptions and noble purposes.

In connection with this form of the subject, another, which bears an intimate rela-

tion to the first, presents itself. We believe that none can become truly efficient and strong among the world's workers without being touched by the fire of trial. Spiritual culture must come to us, in a great measure, through discipline. These heart-throes of keenest pain are really necessary to clear and strengthen our mental vision, to crush our pride, and, by the gradual crucifixion of the grosser qualities of nature, to awaken and develop into vigorous life the truly noble ones. Our struggles and consequent victories thus become the stepping-stones of moral advancement. We may gather proof on every side of us. Who are the strong? Those who are tenderly guarded from the wounds of life's thorns, and shielded from the east winds? Nay, rather those who have come up out of the depths, who have suffered and grown strong, and who have triumphed over the agony and oppression of spiritual darkness. Who are those that find the most sweetness in life's cup, the most beauty in its gifts, the most blue in its skies? Are they not the latter?

Genius, also, is almost universally the offspring of discipline. Occasionally it springs spontaneously from virgin soil and shoots up thrifty and strong, with little to aid but the rains of the overshadowing heaven, the breezes, and the sunlight; but thus nurtured, it grows with a wild irregularity and profusion, with more of strength than delicacy, and more of abundance than perfection. Yet, knowing these things, we shrink from the dread ordeal; the waters are cold and the tide is strong; but this baptism of spiritual pain has its mission: it separates the gold from the dross, and converts the former into current coin, which, if genuine, will be an added jewel in the crown of Time. And when the frail heart of flesh from which it emanated has moldered in a forgotten grave, it will shine on with an increasing radiance for all time. In conclusion, we remark that there is no mind so degraded and lost to virtue that will not yield to the combined forces of good influences and discipline if they are brought to bear upon it; and their united skillful action will tone down its discords to a chastened and mournful but holy harmony; while the finer chiseling of culture will help to discover to the world the angel in the stone, and complete the work. E. S. P.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR CONVERSATIONS ABOUT FACES.—No. 2.

"THREE lines in every face," said my brother, "give it significance, and indicate its place in the scale of intelligence and power. Take, for example, the side-

every one of them is full and strongly marked; surely this Cæsar could not help but be the 'foremost man of all the world.' In the line of the brow we read intelligence; look at it!



JULIUS CÆSAR.

face of Julius Cæsar, in which the lines that bound the brow, the nose, and the chin are readily seen. In his face they run parallel to each other, are of about uniform length, and

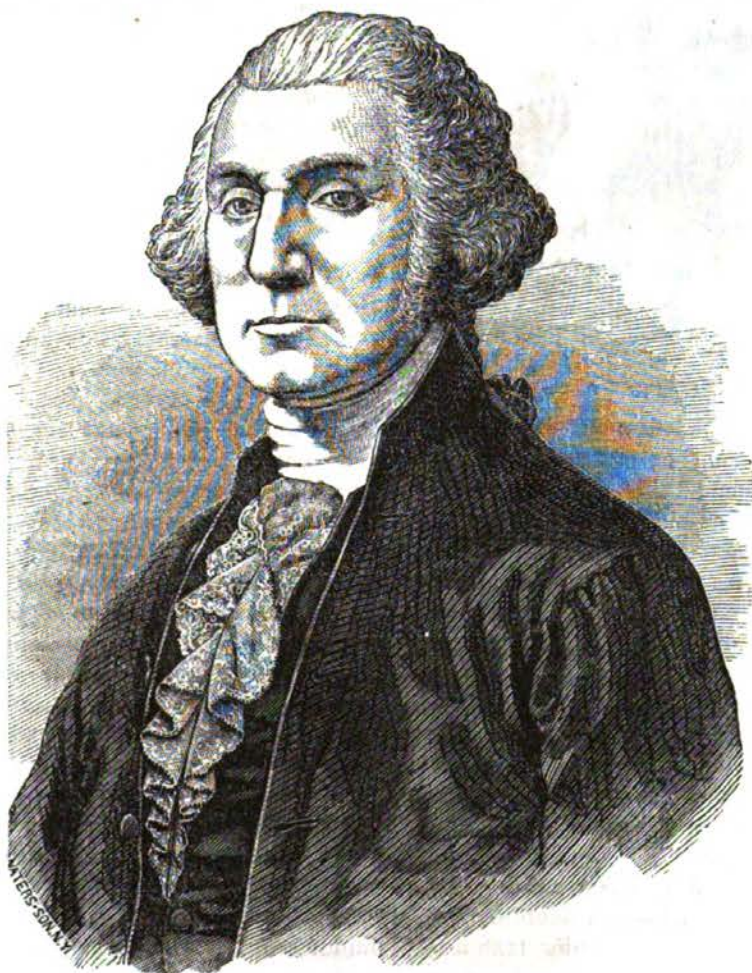
what knowledge or accomplishment of his time was he or could he have been ignorant of? In the line of the nose we read the direction that intelligence is made to take,

and in the chin the amount of force brought to bear upon both."

Here let me digress for a moment. A few days after this conversation took place, I attended the installation into office of our rector, at which all the leading men of the neighboring country were present. Now is a good time to apply my brother's rule, thought I, and, with mental calipers, I proceeded at once to take the measurements. There were many broad, high, shining foreheads, well packed, too, with learning and lore of all sorts, but the noses were not powerful, the chins often weak. Indeed, there was but one

that time President of the railroad and the bank, and chief man in the county.

"Now," said my brother, taking up the faces of Washington, Jefferson, and Farragut, "here you see this rule finely illustrated. In each of these faces there is, so to speak, a perfect balance between the legislative (brow), judicial (nose), and executive (chin) powers. To all three of these men it was given to read their history in a nation's eyes. Washington was strongest in his moral faculties, Jefferson in his intellectual, while in Farragut we find a mild blending of both. Farragut owed his greatness, not to any marked superiority in



WASHINGTON.

face in all the congregation that would stand the test. This belonged to a wealthy farmer of limited education, but who, by the sheer force of his abilities, had risen to a high position of wealth and influence, and was at

in any one faculty, but to the perfect union of all."

"Here is Horace Greeley," said I, "apply your rules to that face."

"Nothing more easy," said my brother;

"his greatness lay in his brow and in his chin; both are mighty. Just put the nose of Julius Cæsar or of Richelieu (picking up



JEFFERSON.

the portrait of that famous cardinal) on Horace's face, and he'd a' been President without any doubt."

"You should see him," said Augustus, who had hitherto borne no part but listener in the conversation; "you should see him writing at his desk there at the *Tribune* office; the whole end of the room is luminous with rays that come from his face and head—he is like a light shining in a dark place. And don't you remember when the Franklin statue was unveiled, and Horace was making the speech, how everybody in the *Tribune* office spoke of the likeness between the two heads, his and Franklin's?"

"If his nose had been larger and longer," said my brother, "he would doubtless have died in the same calm splendor that made radiant the closing days of his illustrious brother printer, whom he greatly resembled, and to whom, in some respects, he was superior."

"Here is Walter Scott" [p. 286], said Augustus, "how do you read that face according to your rule?"

My brother picked up Napoleon and placed the two beside each other. "Put Napoleon's nose and chin," said he, "on Sir Walter's face, and England could not have contained him; he would have revolutionized all Europe and been himself the Marmion, the Saladin, the Black Prince of his battles."

"But let me call your attention to this," said I, ranging beside each other Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington, "how the line bounding the heads of both Cæsar and Napoleon culminates in the region of pure intellectuality, while the same line in Washington is highest at the top of the head, where the moral faculties are located. They reached a greater apparent height during their lives than he; but their absolute elevation among the laureled heads of the race is far less than his is now, and ever shall be. There is no statue so lofty as that attained by souls who love virtue above self and all material splendors—no crown so bright as she bestows, no laurel so unfading!"

"I knew you were going off in a coruscation," said Augustus; "but here are two faces I wish you would talk about, Edward Everett and Patrick Henry. I always wondered why Edward Everett, experienced statesman and diplomat, silver-tongued orator, accomplished historian as he was, could let so magnificent an arena for the play of his peculiar talents as our late war afforded pass unimproved. Patrick Henry had little education and small experience in public affairs, but his glorious utterances thrilled and nerved the country from Maine to Georgia. He bounded at once from obscurity to the fore-front of the contest, and his voice, like the shout of Achilles, inspired his friends with courage and carried dismay to the camp of the enemy."

"You are going off in a coruscation," said I, "I knew you would when you took up Patrick Henry."

"Have you duplicates of these faces?" said my brother, "and would you mind if I mutilate them?"

"I guess," replied Augustus, "we can get more like them in New York; but at any rate will sacrifice these on the altar of science."

Taking a sharp knife, after scanning the two faces very carefully, my brother pro-



EDWARD EVERETT



PATRICK HENRY.

ceded to cut each face into two pieces, right across the nose, just below the eyes. Placing the upper part of Everett's head with the lower part of Patrick Henry's,

"There is the answer to your question," said he, "you can read it yourself."

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Augustus.

"Now," said my brother, "match the two



HENRY-EVERETT.



EVERETT-HENRY.

other halves, and see what comes of it; with the same brow and eyes, but Everett's nose and chin, Patrick Henry's voice would scarce have been heard beyond the roll of the Potomac; certainly King George's throne wouldn't have trembled at the sound of it. Notice



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

another point in these two faces. Patrick Henry's forehead sweeps down in one line, without any break, to the end of his nose, so that it is hard to tell where his forehead ends and his nose begins. With such a man, conviction and action are one. No sooner did he see what was to be done, than his feet were in the path and his voice shouting to others to follow. This same peculiarity may be seen in nearly all men remarkable for the promptness with which their ideas are carried into action. The face of Edward Everett was imperfect in this respect, and there was a corresponding defect in his character. Had Everett and Patrick Henry changed places in time, we should have heard little of Everett, and Henry would have left, instead of only a colossal traditionary fame, a body of discourses on the natural rights of nations, on the fundamental principles of law and government, illustrated with all the wealth of learning, and sent home to the hearts of thousands of readers by his own profound convictions."

"Here are two faces," said Augustus, "I

would like to hear you discourse of, Aristotle and Lord Bacon."

"In them both," said my brother, "you will notice that the intellectual faculties are full, and the chins also; but the characteristic feature of each face is the nose, which in both is large and clearly cut; indeed, their noses greatly resemble each other. Aristotle mapped out the world of thought; so did Bacon. These two men have done more to shape the channels of intellectual activity than any other two that ever lived, and it comes of their noses. Just put this nose of De Quincey's on either face, and see how instantly you cripple its power. De Quincey was a mere circumnavigator of literature, a wonderful rhetorician, to be sure, an estimable man, but how slight our obligations to him."

"Tread softly," I whispered, "Augustus worships De Quincey;" and my brother, to change the subject, picked up Las Casas, the biographer of Napoleon at St. Helena.

"Now look at this," said he, "and tell me if you think this man could properly portray the great emperor in any manner interesting to real discerners of character. When I read a biography or history, I want first to see the face of the writer, and judge whether, from the contour of his mental make up, I am likely to be paid for my trouble. It would



RICHELIEU.

be a good thing if the picture of every author accompanied his book, that we might see in his face a reflection of his work. Many a volume thus illustrated would lack readers among people of discernment."

"I wish to give this conversation a more practical turn than even that," said I. "Here is the photograph of my friend Jennie. She is well educated and has quite an esthetic taste, but her house shows no trace of it; her windows are dingy, her closets in disorder, her furniture ill-arranged, and things



EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.

have generally a dowdy look, though, when you examine each article, it is good of its kind. She quotes poetry, has quite a literary turn, and is a good historian."

"The difficulty with her lies, in the first place," said my brother, "in her nose, which is entirely without expression, and, for all the aid it gives her in regulating her daily life, might as well be made of wax or putty. It is simply a little fleshy bulb or tuber attached to her face to contain the organ of smell, which is by no means acute."

"You are right there," I rejoined. "I always leave the door wide open on purpose when I go to see her, and I've seriously thought of lending her a work on ventilation, but fear it might offend her."

"Her forehead is good," continued my brother; "large Ideality; perceptive not so good, though, as the reflectives, and her chin is all right. Now put on her face the nose

on this lovely picture of the Empress Josephine, and you would make of her a very superior woman."

"What a pity it can't be done," said I.

"It can be done to a certain extent," said my brother. "A course of training, to which she heartily submits, would chisel angles in that nose, sharpen it at the point, define its lines, and give it expression. Thought, feeling, and habit are continually working away at our faces, deepening the lines, sharpening or wearing away the angles, setting lights here and shadows there."

"Josephine was an example of the most exquisite and faultless taste in dress and deportment," Augustus remarked. "Is all that in her nose?"

"Mainly there," replied my brother; "she was not a woman of superior intellectual endowment or of rare education, but she had infinite tact and discernment, which, in connection with a physical organization of exquisite delicacy and harmony, enabled her to reign queen of all hearts from the day of her coronation to her death. Her nose is the most significant part of her face. It is quite large, well defined, and perfect in shape; not so intellectual as that of her mother-in-law, Letitia Bonaparte, but infinitely more lovely."

"Intellectual and lovely noses," laughed Augustus; "the terms sound misplaced."

"Not at all," replied my brother. "Now, if your friend Jennie will study the rules of art and the laws of taste, and conform to them, the expression of her nose will begin to change; a certain air will creep over her whole person which will transfigure the expression of every feature. Just as the sculptor works away at his statue until the loveliness he dreamed of stands in marble before him, so may we chisel away at our own features till they are wrought into the shapes we would have them, or, what is just as well, till they are so charged with the expression of what is 'noblest, loveliest, supremest, best,' that we shall *appear* as we would, for, as Spencer says—

'Mind is form, and doth the body make.'

The entrance of company interrupted our conversation, which we afterward resumed, and which will perhaps be reported at some future time.

L. E. L.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

THE ENROLLMENT ACT OF 1863.

THREE great flushes of patriotism had rushed from the heart to the face between April '61 and '63. One was the grand up-rising when Sumter fell. The next, after the two opposing parties of undisciplined soldiery fired in each others' faces at Bull Run, then yielded to panic and precipitately fled. (It was the good fortune of the Southerners to be the first to discover that they were not pursued, and then turning back to feel their way cautiously to the battle-field, occupy the ground, and thus wear the victors' laurels.)

The last, after the disastrous Fredericksburg campaign, where the noble Burnside and his heroic men failed through the treachery of those who could and should have rendered effective co-operation. These several flushes, productive of large enlistments, had nearly stripped the country of ready volunteers. 'Mourning in bereaved homes; maimed men in city and village, on car and steamboat; hospitals crowded with sick and wounded; disasters many and great, successes few and trivial; the stay-at-homes all growing rich, what wonder that volunteering was virtually ended. The shattered ranks must be filled. All loyal men agreed to that, but who were to go? Each wanted his neighbor to volunteer, but could not see his own calling to the ranks.

Then Congress interposed the celebrated Enrollment Act, popularly (or the contrary, rather) known as the Draft Law. Provost marshals were commissioned for all the Congressional districts; officers of the regular army were detailed to supervise the matter, and for the first time in the history of this generation, the young men of the North were enrolled *en masse*, and each individual held subject to military duty, until his right under the law to exemption should be proven.

The law, as enacted, was stringent, and yet guarded by many carefully-devised exemptions from working unnecessary hardships.

Had its administration been intrusted to men like Wadsworth, Heintzleman, Burnside, or Sedgwick, who united to a military experience a varied and thorough knowledge of civil life, there would have been no clashings worthy of notice between the people and the district officers. But instead of these, or men of similar caliber and training, Col. J. B. Fry, a brave and accomplished officer, was made Provost Marshal General. Col. Fry was a man of the *regular* model, and wholly unfitted, by his long army experience, to appreciate the perplexities certain to arise under his administration. Naturally he selected for his personal staff, for assistants in the different States, and for their aids, junior officers, many of them recently from West Point, and full of the self-importance attaching to the majority of that class before it has been subdued by rough contact with the world. It needed no prophet to foresee the result. The law was acquiesced in as a necessity by all loyal citizens, and the local officials everywhere set themselves zealously at work to assist the enrolling officers in the discharge of their duties. There was scarcely a Congressional district in the North where some prominent patriots, who had sent their sons to the front, had given money without stint, and were, in all things, doing a patriot's duty, were not severely snubbed by these high-toned young men for what they termed their "officiousness." The trouble lay in the fact that these Assistant-Provost-Marshal-Generals and their inspectors were red-tapeists of the strictest kind. War they looked upon as their trade, and they felt that to them exclusively belonged the duty of carrying out the provisions of the Act of Congress for refilling the thinned ranks of the army. They felt none of the peculiar spirit which had led so many thousands of our young men to leave their homes at a great personal sacrifice and enter the service. To their minds one able-bodied man was as good as another, and all

who entered the army were so many persons to be pushed about at the will of their superiors. The political considerations that entered into the draft were perfectly incomprehensible to them. They looked upon it only as a great sieve, which was to catch everything swimming, that the best fish might be selected, and the remainder thrown back into the ocean. County, city, and town authorities poured in upon the district marshals (who were generally men selected from the volunteers for that duty), and propounded all manner of questions regarding the operations of the law. Many of these had to be referred to the man of astonishingly long title at headquarters, who, at his convenience, would return an official reply, couched in technical language, which quietly told the district marshal and the local officials to mind their own business, and ended in *Micawberish style*,

I am, Sir, very resp'y, your obt. svt.,

John Smith,

Major U.S.A.,

A.D.C. and A.A.P.M. General.

And when the marshal aforesaid was so indiscreet as to hand the reply to the anxious supervisors, selectmen, or other local officials, the manner in which they were affected by the insulting document was well worth noting. Some uttered startling oaths, others turned away in disgust, and all were justly indignant at the petty tyranny and supercilious arrogance betrayed in the letter.

But the insolence displayed at the outset was a trifle compared with that which attended the progress of the enrollment. Every district was subdivided into localities, in each of which some judicious man was made an enrolling officer, whose duty it was to obtain the name and age of every man in his district coming within the provisions of the law. Common sense taught these officers that a man who had lost an arm or a leg, or was palsied or bedridden, was not an able-bodied man, capable of bearing arms. But the knowing gentlemen at headquarters would not allow the exercise of common sense. What could an ignorant civilian know of such matters? "Enroll everybody!" was the order, and it was faithfully executed. Again civic officials went before the shoulder-strapped gentry and tried to

explain the injustice of this course. Said one gentleman, "Don't you see, Major, if you set down all the cripples you increase our quota, and then the able-bodied men have both to stand their own chances, and to make good the places of the disabled also? It isn't a fair shake anyhow you look at it." "I have not time to attend to such nonsense," was the dignified reply. "If you had only done your duty there would have been no need of a draft." This to the representative of a town which had freely sent more than two-thirds of its young men to the front, and it was but a sample of what all had to undergo who supposed that the A.A.P.M. General would listen to reason. These facts might be multiplied indefinitely. That they excited universal, though unjust, disgust against West Point training, is well remembered by all well-informed Union men of those days; and had the question of continuance of the Military Academy been submitted to a popular vote at the time, it would have been buried so deep that no influence could have resurrected it.

The draft was productive of many ludicrous incidents which relieved it somewhat of its harshness. Among the bodily disabilities that secured exemption was the loss of teeth. In one of our New England cities an elegantly-dressed young conscript reported for examination at the time specified in his notice, and made a profound bow to the board, lifting his hat simultaneously with an artistically finished set of upper teeth from his head. "That will do, Mr. Tompkins," said the surgeon, "we don't want you." A plain farmer, about sixty years of age, went with his notice before the officials, and claimed exemption. "The enrolling man had made a mistake and put him down at twenty-four. It was wrong to make him all that trouble." The mistake was evident enough, but before granting exemption "the Provo" made a few inquiries of the "injured" man's neighbors, and learned that a son twenty-four years old bore his father's name. Instead of an exemption, the old man got a paper that brought the son to the scratch in double-quick time. In one of the States was a crack cavalry company, whose charter antedated the American Revolution. Its members were wealthy men, who wore gorgeous

uniform and made a brilliant display in all civic parades, in which the Governor of the Commonwealth participated. It was a prevalent idea that the members of this Governor's guard could not be drafted for duty away from their commander-in-chief, and so its ranks were filled to repletion with patriotic non-combatants. When, however, individual "guards" found themselves enrolled by the impartial officers, they concluded that some action was required to right themselves. One of their number, a loyal and worthy gentleman, was deputed envoy to Secretary Stanton to present the facts and obtain an official order for their exemption. He went to Washington, was accorded an interview by the great War Minister, and detailed at length the ancient standing of his corps, the superior character of its members, their fine equipment, admirable discipline, and proficiency in drill. Mr. Stanton was evidently interested, and the committee man was sure of a successful result. "I am very glad to hear all this," said the Secretary. "I should be very sorry to impair such an efficient organization, and wish I could order it drafted intact. As it is, Mr. —, the law will only permit us to take individual members; but each man of your company who may be conscripted will doubtless be a valuable addition to the regiment to which he is assigned." The deputy returned from Washington and reported, but if that company volunteered as such, the fact was never known. Somehow many of its members seemed to lose interest after that.

The enrolling officers experienced the greatest difficulty in the Irish neighborhoods. The

men were patriotic, as a rule, and gave their names as freely as the native-born. But the women were very troublesome. Some refused all information, while others, more cunning, gave it with true Milesian volubility, but the disgusted officer would find, in a day or two, that the numerous Tims, Pats, and Terrences he had enrolled were mythical persons, and that the sons, brothers, or husband of tonguey Bridget had escaped him.

The physical examination of conscripts developed the fact that there were an astonishing number of crippled men, especially in the manufacturing districts. But this number, great as it was, was nothing to that of the men who suddenly discovered they were invalids, and placed themselves under medical treatment. Bread pills and other simples were in demand to an unprecedented extent in those days. Country practitioners reaped a rich harvest from these invalids prior to the draft, but when that had gone by, those who escaped convalesced with a rapidity perfectly suprising. The surgeons of the enrolling boards were called upon for the exercise of all their wits to detect those bogus invalids who were caught by the turn of the wheel. Nothing has ever occurred in this country to exhibit the high-toned honor of the medical profession in such brilliant light as this draft. Every inducement that would lead men to swerve from the strict line of duty was presented to them, and yet their records are stainless. Wise, fair, impartial, they added luster to a reputation already high, and gained a new hold upon the esteem and confidence of the American people.

BESP.

MONEY—ITS FUNCTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS.—No. 1.

ANALYSIS OF THE GREENBACK.

THE function of science is to note facts, and from them learn the principles which underlie them.

Tea-kettles had agitated their covers for ages before James Watt looked under the fact and discovered the laws, the application of which multiplied the material force of the human race indefinitely.

Apples had dropped since the days of Adam, but it was reserved for Newton to learn the

cause, and therefrom deduce the law which impels and restrains planets in their spheres, and gradually drops the autumn leaf and the snow-flake to their resting-places.

If such results have accrued from noting sizzling tea-kettles and dropping apples, deducing causes and thence arguing to further results, is it not possible, with the chronicles of the past, and the living experience of the last twelve years to deduce a *Science of money*?

Let us try, beginning with the query—

WHAT IS MONEY?

The Hon. George Opdyke, eminent as a banker and political economist, defines it as "*an instrument of commerce designed to facilitate the exchange of all other commodities by presenting an equivalent in a portable and convenient shape.*"

Now, let us try to learn the requirements for its most perfect usefulness. We find them to be—

1. *Security*, that it may never fail of exchangeability for equal values.

2. *Uniformity* of value in every part of our country.

The above two characteristics inhere fully with our present currency. The following are lacking, and if they can be supplied we shall have a currency more perfect by far than any previously existing, and developing our industries and commerce in as great a ratio as steam has mechanics.

We believe these defective points can be remedied, and a system evolved, the operation of which will be in accordance with known laws—where science will take the place of empiricism; organization be substituted for spasmodic manipulation; acting as automatically as the governor of a steam engine.

The qualities needed by our present currency are these:

3. *Stability*, that it may not be elevated or depressed by outside influences.

4. *Elasticity*, capable by its inherent power of adapting itself to any requirement.

5. *Cheapness*, that the average cost of its use shall not exceed the average value of its service.

6. *Volume*, equal to any conceivable emergency.

7. *Convertibility* into such form as shall be perfectly safe, and subject to satisfactory conversion on demand.

I will now endeavor to show, in the order above quoted, some of the points where the deficiencies show themselves.

LACK OF STABILITY AND ELASTICITY.

The peculiarities of our climate and productive industries, especially farming, are more exacting to a given and fixed amount of currency than those of any other country.

The heat of our summer is so intense that our cereals are in danger of damage in transportation, and if they were not, our farmers are too busy in their fields to prepare and cart them; many factories "only keep their hands along," and merchants and bankers take a holiday.

The functions of money are suspended, and it lies inactive at three per cent. per year.

September shows a change. The farmers have "laid away"—that is, stopped cultivating their corn—thresh out their oats and wheat, shell last year's corn, and push them toward the seaboard, gradually hurrying more and more as the advance of the season warns them of the approaching close of navigation, which will increase their cost of transportation, while bad roads will double the labor of hauling. Factories work into the night, and the same amount of money which caused a plethora in the summer, is found to be totally inadequate in the fall. Rich gamblers see it, and not only make "corners" in stocks and merchandise, but also in currency; and this is the second consecutive year our country has lost millions of dollars in credit and cash, and been on the verge of bankruptcy for want of money to move the crops.

The lack of stability and elasticity is thus shown, as the same money which was neglected at three per cent. per year in July, is in September inadequate to the demand, even when from twelve to three hundred per cent. per year is offered.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, said in his report of December 2d, 1872:

"A degree of flexibility in the volume of currency is essential. * * * There is a necessity every autumn for moving the crops without delay from the South and West to the seaboard, that they may be in hand for export and consumption as wanted. This work should be done, in the main, before the lakes, rivers, and canals are closed, and yet it can not be done without the use of large amounts of currency.

"In the summer months funds accumulate at the centers, but the renewal of business in August and September gives employment for large sums, and leaves little or nothing for forwarding the crops in October and November.

"Nor would this difficulty be obviated by a permanent increase or a permanent reduction of the volume of currency. The difficulty is due to the natural order of things, and increases with the prosperity of the country, as shown in the abundance of its harvests. * * * The problem is to find a way of increasing the currency for moving the crops and diminishing it at once when that work is done."

We propose to solve Mr. Boutwell's problem before we get through.

LACK OF CHEAPNESS.

The yearly average increase of our property is not far from three per cent. An average of higher rates argues a merging of the gains of productive industry into the reservoirs of the capitalists.

No argument is required to show that if the prevailing rates for the use of money continue with us to rule from two to five times those paid by our competitors across the water in ship-building and all other productions, no system of bonuses or tariffs can long sustain us.

LACK OF VOLUME.

When the ship-builder designs a first-class steamer, he does not calculate on the minimum of strength, buoyancy, and engine-power required for the finest summer day, but imagines every circumstance of wind, sea, and lee shore, learns the possible maximum requirements, and adds to that somewhat for mistakes and flaws.

We perceive from the shakiness of our craft, in what would ordinarily be considered smooth water, that there is something radically amiss in construction, and on examining models and working plans, and comparing with others, discover some of the defects.

For instance, Mr. Knox, Controller of the Currency, in his last report, page 8, shows the entire circulation of the nation, December, 1872, on population of 1870, per head, \$20.48.

If we add 10 per cent. to the population for growth in three years (which is right, as we double in thirty years), and deduct the bank reserves of October 3d, 1872, we find currency per head, \$13.67. He quotes France, same page, per head, \$25.05. He quotes the United Kingdom (England, Ireland, and Scotland) at \$19.48. If we should throw out Ireland and Scotland, which have but little money, England would stand easily at \$30.

As England is an old and finished country, and we are just building ours, as a nation we should have at least double her quota, or 30 by 2 — \$60. Again, as individuals requiring comforts for ourselves, and education for our children, that should again be doubled.

This, mind you, is the maximum—analagous to the outside estimate of the ship-builder for strength, buoyancy, and steam-power, to meet cyclones, ice-fields, and lee shores. One-eighth the amount would more than suffice us for January, February, June, and July, in ordinary years, gradually working up to one-quarter or one-half the amount in September, October, November, and December, leaving the balance for extraordinary emergencies.

LACK OF REDEEMABILITY.

Practically, this lack has been more ideal than actual, as the greenbacks are legal tender, and all, from scullion to steward, have been eager redeemers with all their personal and pecuniary resources; and from the moment of the demonetization of gold, and their taking its place as *part* of our currency, and the basis of the remainder, they have been fully as redeemable as gold ever was.

But we propose to give them in the currency of the future a power which gold never had: the option of the holder to exchange the same at par for United States interest-bearing bonds—for working of which see next chapter.

And now let us leave the unpleasant task of criticising the deficiencies of our greenback currency—that efficient friend, which came to our rescue when all else seemed to have deserted us, and saved the Republic for us and for humanity.

Let us learn how we can strengthen and assist it on its great mission, and send it on its way untrammelled by the weakness, the burdens, and the blunders of the past, reinvigorated, conquering and to conquer, until all the rough places shall be made smooth, and the wilderness blossom like the rose.

THE CURRENCY OF THE FUTURE

will be the theme of the next article of this series, and will appear in our next number.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

THE June roses were blooming regally when we turned our faces eastward, homeward bound for the "old States," the fair Atlantic coast, where we first saw the light, leaving the lordly current of the Mississippi behind us. It was by no means a monotonous journey, though every foot of it was familiar; indeed, it was freighted with scenes and faces which, seen through the light of added experience and sharpened powers of observation, had even a novel interest for us. Nothing along the route impressed us more than "Stone Mountain," in Georgia, a huge, isolated eminence, rising from the midst of table-lands, presenting a surface of glittering slate and limestone. Treeless, shrubless, it looms up, a stately sentinel in the midst of the plains, more striking from its loneliness, like some giant intellect among pigmy minds—a Homer embalmed in the heart of an age of darkness; a pure *Pliny*,

perfect in the midst of corruption. Lacking the castellated summit, Stone Mountain reminds us of the "Pilot," in North Carolina. But we also greatly enjoyed the mountain views in Tennessee. It was early dawn when we woke, to find ourselves among them, the vapors all about us, wreathing mountain peaks, flooding the valleys, so that we seemed to be speeding through an ocean of mists, nothing tangible but the platform of the car to which we clung; then the sun rose, and the vapors scattered, like beaten battalions, the mountain peaks swelled up all round us, and "Lookout" towered at our side, rock-ribbed and gray, catching the first sunbeams and wearing them like a crown of gold—its neighbor peaks smoking their pipes of mist, like old men after breakfast. Chattanooga has the appearance of a large village, its low white houses dotting the green plateau in the midst of an amphitheater of mountains. Atlanta is a live place, a growing, prosperous, manufacturing city. Among its large capitalists are many persons from the North, who have built up large fortunes here since the war. Indeed, Atlanta bids fair to rival Memphis and Nashville, the giantesses of the Southwest. Columbia, South Carolina, sits on as many fair eminences as seven-hilled Rome. It has long had the reputation of being the most beautiful town in the South, and deservedly. It used to be the resort of the "low country aristocracy," whose homes were models of elegance and beauty, according to Southern ideas; but Columbia is, if possible, more beautiful now than ever; there is more life and enterprise about the place. Peace has spread her lovely mantle over the ashes and desolation of war; has rebuilt the burned homes and blackened streets with greater splendor and more modern breadth. The State House, built of white marble, has been completed; the Wheeler House, a first-class hotel, opened, and an immense car factory put in successful operation. A ride on one of the oldest roads in the South brought us to Wilmington, North Carolina. This queen city of Cape Fear has grown a third larger since the war, is doing an enormous business in turpentine, lumber, and naval stores, as well as the shipping trade, both coastwise and foreign. Our attention was called to a very pretty place on the road,

whose streets were set out in rows of ailanthus trees. We were sorry to see them so popular, and would fain do what we can to destroy an injurious growth. The ailanthus, copal, or varnish tree, *Oriental* known as the "tree of heaven," is a species of the deadly upas, whose deadliness does not consist in poison actually exuding from the tree and infecting the air around it, but in the pollen blown from the blossoms. The flowers emit a strong balsamic odor, and their pollen powerfully and injuriously affects persons of delicate, nervous, and feeble organizations. It was introduced into this country from Japan for the bark, which was used for tanning purposes; but about the time the enterprising speculator got his Japanese cions to growing, somebody else discovered an indigenous vegetable that would answer; and in order to keep from losing money, the speculator advertised his "trees of heaven" as unequalled in *shade*, marvelous in growth, and beautiful in flower. A street in Washington was planted with them, but during the first season that they bloomed a high wind blew, and a kind of nervous epidemic prevailing soon after, it was discovered that persons so affected had been exposed to this wind, loaded with the pollen of the blooms; those on the side of the street where the trees grew were not affected. Consequently the "trees of heaven" in Washington were given to the axe.

V. D. C.

A TUNNEL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

IN this age of engineering wonders, each fresh achievement attracts comparatively little attention, and schemes that twenty years ago would have been called incredible or chimerical are now heard of as matters of course. The Pacific Railroad, the Suez Canal, the tunneling through Mount Cenis, and at last even the East River Bridge, with its span hitherto unheard of, are successively put down as in the regular routine of things, and the world is apt to forget within how short a time it pronounced each of these enterprises to be impossible, and as little worth talking about, for any practical end, as the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion. Were it not for this blunting of the sense by the engineering triumphs, the newest grand project of that sort—that of tun-

neling the Rocky Mountains—would have had a similar welcome; but, as it is, the scheme is listened to with a kind of passing amazement, indeed, but still with little trace of incredulity.

Already this colossal undertaking has been begun, however, and it is hoped in no long time to push it to consummation. The tunnel is to begin at a point near Black Hawk, and to emerge in Middle Park. It will be twelve miles long, and, at its greatest depth, under James' Peak, there will be 6,000 feet of earth and rock over it. The object of the tunnel is not only that of furnishing an avenue for the railroad, thus avoiding an immense deal of grading on both sides the slope, but it is hoped that vast mining profits will likewise accrue, so as to make the work remunerative at a very early day. The bore is to be effected by "diamond-pointed drills," driven by machinery; and it is calculated that the tunnel will be cut at the rate of five feet per hour, or sixty feet per working day. At the Black Hawk terminus work is already in progress; and early in 1874 work is to begin at the other end in Middle Park.

The preliminary operations have been remarkable. The side of a mountain has been graded down for the face of the tunnel, and a flume has been built 1,300 feet long from this point to the nearest water-course. By this means, a fall of twenty-five feet has been procured for a stream of water, which is made to run an overshot wheel. This wheel will be used to force air into the tunnel—an indispensable measure for future proceedings—and the waste water will supply the workmen and their families. It is intended so to shape the line of the tunnel that it will strike certain valuable mines whose existence is already definitely ascertained. If the expectations of the "Sierra Madre Tunnel Company of Colorado" are fully realized, they will not only construct one of the most stupendous works of engineering ever wrought by human hands, but will deflect through it nearly the whole line of Pacific travel, and make themselves enormously rich.

The expense, however, of their undertaking is certain, while, until it is fully carried out, the reward must remain more or less doubtful.

The national taste for grandeur of dimension should find, in the Rocky Mountain Tunnel, ample gratification. It will be nearly twice the length of the Mount Ceniz Tunnel—the distance from Forneux to Bardonneche being but seven miles five furlongs—while the deepest point of the Mount Ceniz line beneath the crest of the Alps is but 3,480 feet. When to those points of obvious superiority are added the gold,

silver, diamonds, and other gems the company hope to find, to say nothing of the humbler but more useful minerals, the metallurgists promise to delve forth in its way, the pre-eminence of the American Tunnel must at once be claimed and acknowledged. If, now, instead of taking fourteen years—the time expended in boring the Alps for the Mount Ceniz Tunnel—its Rocky Mountain rival should be "put through" in, say, four—which an average of sixty feet a day, or even 15,000 feet a year, working at but one end should apparently effect—the element of swiftness of construction will be attained to endow our colossal bore with its proper and crowning national characteristic.—*N. Y. Times.*

FAILURES IN BUSINESS.

THE man who has never failed in business can not possibly know whether he is honest or not, can not possibly know whether he has any "grit" in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, and then rises who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinetmaker, locomotive builder, and grocer; but as often as he failed he "tried and tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, and made it worth a million of dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.

The founder of the *Herald* kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglass made dinner tables and bedsteads and bureaus for many a long year before he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

General Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a

pair of breeches ; a dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a wood pile, "team-ing" it to town for forty dollars a month ; and yet he is one of the great soldiers of the age, and is now the honored head of a great nation.

The lesson for every young man is this : As long as you have health and power to do, go ahead ; if you fail at one thing, try another, and a third—a dozenth even. Look at the spider : nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to a place of attachment, and on the twentieth it succeeded. The young man who has the "gift of continuance" is the one whose foot will some day stand on high

ground, and will be able to breast the angry waters of human discouragement.—*Journal of Health.*

["If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," is excellent advice ; but if a really practical method is at command, by which a young man in the start of life may obtain some sound suggestions with respect to his particular capacity and aptitude, would it not be the part of wisdom for him to employ that method, and so avoid the risk of failure in his undertakings. Phrenological science offers the only means by which a person may obtain a knowledge of the self-hood ; and they who study it with serious aim, find it a mine of priceless wisdom.]"

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

APPLICATION OF ART TO DRESS.

IMPERFECT as is our application of the arts of design to architecture and household surroundings, we yet abuse these the most in the matter of dress and personal adornment. Just where we make our greatest attempts, and where the least unostentation would most assure success, are made the broadest failures. The choice and arrangement of our dress is as much dependent upon the exact laws of art for pleasing effect as is a picture, a statue, or a building. We do, indeed, give much study, or, perhaps, *thought* without *study*, to the color and texture of material, and our tailors give us much uneasiness in its shaping ; but a pleasing result is more often due to generous nature than skillful craft. Two-thirds at least of the expense and trouble of our dressing is in striving after beauty, though we are fearful of owning this to ourselves, or confessing it to others. We have not yet set the approval of correct taste and a worthy desire upon the consummations of our fashion plates ; we have not come to look at ourselves and our neighbors as walking pictures and statues, as did the beauty-loving people of Athens and Pompeii, and we do not confess, like

them, that this or that part of our dress is only for ornament. What between not knowing ourselves how to apply correct design to dress, and the ignorance of our tailors and dressmakers, these play sorry tricks with us, and it makes the matter no better in this case that many of them are done behind our backs. We order a suit, and with a dim recollection of some hint in color, try to select a suitable one, but our memory generally leaves us stranded upon the *fashionable shade*, and to the tailor is left all discretion as to cut and figure, and all figure will be secondary with him to the figures in his bill. Even if he gives us latitude in cut, it will be only in the narrow range of the prevailing fashion ; while if we choose for ourselves, we shall generally commit the folly of selecting a garment because it becomes another, who is probably our exact opposite in form and complexion, and it should be remembered that we seldom fancy a form the counterpart of our own. Tall men appear in straight cut coats and small figured goods to be larger than they really are, and though this may be pardoned, a small man should not wear long-waisted coats with large but-

tons and pocket lappels, nor array himself with broad stripes running around his body and legs, because these destroy the upright lines of his figure, which give him height; and the same rule holds in regard to the loose waists, wide stripes, and broad flounces worn by women. We need make no apology for striving after beauty in dress, for we have the sanction of nature, which, ever showing beauty, yet makes nothing beautiful that is not useful, and shows deformity only because her rules are broken. In nature there is not one ounce of useless material, and the seemingly most careless line is arranged in reference to every other around it. So with her colors, which, always in harmony, are the guide of the painter, and furnish the canon of color. A few of the first rules of color are known and followed in dress; blondes generally avoiding the bright shades of yellow and red, leaving these for brunettes, who, in turn, relinquish blue, green, and gray. But beyond this, sad work is often made in the details of dress, and a lady will appear having her dress and bonnet strings to suit her complexion, but not suiting each other. Dark colors always give an effect of weight, light ones the reverse; but often will be seen one with dark colors alone at the top and bottom of her figure, with none between to give continuity to it. The extremities, especially the hands, should keep an appearance of lightness, and not be made to obtrude; but case them in red or green gloves, and they will be the first to catch the eye. The face is properly the center of the figure, or that to which the eye is first drawn, and may be, by art, as it is by nature, adorned with

the brightest color, but the hands or feet should never be.

In art, there is a division of colors into what are called "hot" and "cold;" "hot" meaning all of the reds and yellows, and "cold" the blues and greens. Mixed, or secondary colors, are called "warm" or "cool" according as they show a predominance of either "hot" or "cold." The hot colors are the most catching to the eye, or, as it is termed in art, "assertative of place," and this fact may explain to those who have not made a study of color why a light yellow or pink catches the eye before a blue or green. From this is seen the reason of clothing any part of the person which it is desired to render conspicuous with warm colors, and those not so desired with cool. White and black belong definitely to neither of these divisions, being properly not "colors," but shade and light, though black gives usually the effect of warmth, and white that of cold, yet both depend for this much upon the colors surrounding them. By a union of cold and warm colors is produced what is called in art "transparency," or smoothness, a most desirable effect either in a picture or on our persons. Many, perhaps, have noticed that a boot or shoe will look clean and well-polished when worn under a cool gray dress or pair of pantaloons that will not look so under a warm color. As a clean boot or shoe is always desirable, this fact makes cool colors most suitable for pantaloons, though as a lady's foot is not so obtrusive, this is not so imperative in the case of her dress. In another paper we will show the relation of "line" to dress. ISAAC F. EATON.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

"OH, uncle! I am so glad that you are here," said Charles Adams, as he entered that gentleman's office, "for I am very much perplexed just now, and have therefore come to request your advice."

"Well, my boy, tell me your difficulty; I promise that I shall give it all attention."

"You know, uncle, of my earnest desire to become a lawyer, and that for some time I have studied with that intention; but father, who has ever thought unfavorably of this

project of mine, has to-day informed me that he has made arrangements for my entering into the mercantile business, and refuses to aid me further in preparing for my chosen pursuit."

"But are you sure, Charlie, that your talents fit you for that profession; confident that it is not mere ambition which prompts you? Is the power equal to the aspiration? It is, unfortunately, the case, that there are many who, despising the well-trodden paths

of trade and commerce, aim at something which they suppose to be higher, and, lured on by the brilliant reputation of gifted men, they, too, long for celebrity. And, mistaking vanity for ability, and obstinacy for perseverance, our learned professions are crowded with unworthy candidates, who find obscurity instead of fame, and, in place of riches, poverty."

"Uncle Morgan," said Charlie, and his dark eyes flashed while the color rushed to his cheeks, "I will not deny that I have some degree of ambition, and that I long for success; but my ruling motive is, that I love that profession above all others—be they what they may. It was the dream of boyhood—it is the hope of manhood. In all my studies, and, in short, in all my pursuits, I am ever acting with reference to that one career. It is not an obstinate fancy, produced by emulation and pride, but an innate, undying love, a firm consciousness which urges me onward; an abiding conviction that ridicule can not destroy, nor failure unsettle—which assures me of final success. Besides, if you will pardon the seeming egotism, and consider it but as a weapon used in self-defense, I might add that my ability has been acknowledged by men well competent to judge."

"Why, then, leaving that point for settled, Charlie, I would say that, considered in your own day-dream, and not in the disenchanting light of experience, all this seems to be very fair. We will pass from the present to that indefinite future time when you are admitted to the bar and ready for practice. Full of glowing zeal and confidence, you anticipate a fair field for action, and imagine triumphs; but days lengthen into weeks, and months become years, and yet few clients have appeared, and no important cases demand your consideration. You are but one of many. Money dwindles away, landlords become impatient, your clothing is seedy, you see others not superior to yourself patronized, and 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'—what then?"

"That is father's favorite argument, dear uncle; he says that he is acting for my best interests—but I am aware of all this, for I have counted the cost; I know that there are many claimants, that years of self-denial, toil, perhaps privation, would be before me. But

power is born of suffering, and patience is won by endurance. The soldier must bear the weary march and encounter the perils of the battle-field before he can wear the laurel crown or join in the shouts of victory. Experience, or observation, show us that in every calling disappointments and difficulties are met with. My only feeling would be but self-contempt did I allow them to deter me."

"Then, if so sanguine, so sure, why ask my opinion?"

"For the reason that my friends are so strongly opposed to it, and I question if it be not my duty, in compliance with their wishes, to renounce my cherished plans."

"No, it is not your duty," said Mr. Morgan, gravely; "there is a limit to all human obligations, though it may be to defer your studies for a time. Were an invalid father or widowed mother depending on you for sustenance, the case would be far different; as it is, it is yourself alone who will have the privations to endure, the difficulties to encounter. Satisfied long ere this as to your fitness, I have spoken thus merely to ascertain your basis of expectation—it is the true one. The withdrawal of means may interrupt and embarrass you, but it will not ultimately prove to have been a detriment. In the two-fold struggle for maintenance and education you will gain a knowledge of human nature, rich stores of experience, and a manly self-reliance, which will prove invaluable in future days. I am ever impatient with those who, in direct contradiction to the laws of God and nature, would crush young hearts by driving them into uncongenial pursuits. I do not believe in the favorite theory advanced by some, that success is as certain in one business as another, and that no attention should be paid to well-sustained and unchangeable preferences. It is contrary to the evidences of biography or history or philosophy, and at variance with the best instincts of our own hearts. If obstacles but inspire you with fresh courage, and trials but endow you with new strength; if your trust in God fails not, and while pressing forward, yet kept and guided by a Higher than earthly power, you ever hold unswervingly to what is just and honorable and true, then, be assured, my boy, you will not fail."

C. A. ANDERSON.

LYDIA BARTLETT ALLEN,

OF GOWANDA, N. Y.

THIS worthy lady is now in her seventy-ninth year, and, as is apparent in her portrait, possesses a vigor and freshness altogether unusual among those who have exceeded three-score and ten. Her frame is of the bony, motive type, large in proportion and symmetrical. A fine constitution by inheritance has not been impaired in this case

her the success she has enjoyed in her family relations, her health, and present condition. She has ever been known for her practical judgment and disposition to look upon the affairs of life from the point of view of fact and necessity. She has Hope enough to smooth over the ills and mishaps which are to be met with in this sphere of action, and



by irregular living, but ministered to and fortified by temperance, activity, and vivacity. Good nature sparkles in her well-cut features and mild eye. She is by no means deficient in those qualities which give steadfastness of character; the large Firmness and Self-Esteem, confirmed by the square mouth, indicate one whose convictions are not easily overcome or modified. Directness of purpose has marked her life's course, and given

so cheerfully to make the best of unpleasant circumstances. She has been, and still is, a good manager and counselor; is not easily wearied or fretted by the trouble incurred in performing what she has once set on foot, whether for herself or others, and, as a general rule, under her even direction obstinate and annoying undertakings have been accomplished after they had been despaired of by others equally interested with herself.

Lydia Bartlett Allen was born in Cumberland, Providence Co., R. I., on the 25th of April, 1795. Her father, also a native of Cumberland, was a blacksmith, well known in that region for his mechanical ingenuity. Her mother, an energetic daughter of New England, was mistress of a trade, and by its means contributed in no small degree to the comfort of their household. Like most of the grand old women of sixty or more years ago, Lydia and her twin sister Mary, who is also living and in good health, was early introduced to the mysterious processes of housekeeping, together with its accessories of those days, spinning and weaving. She says of her sister, when a little girl, she could do more housework, and do it well, than many women two or three times her weight. A portrait of this twin sister lies before us, and there is still in it the snap and vim which must have made her in her prime a woman of rare energy and performance.

In the spring of 1815 Lydia was married to Isaac Allen, of Vermont, and shortly afterward the young couple removed to the "West," at that time situated in the remote wilds of Western New York. They settled on a farm in Erie County, and there the industry and thrift so natural to their well-born and well-bred characters soon made a comfortable home and won a respectable independence. Seven children, five sons and two daughters, were born to them, of whom the mother writes: "They were good children; our sons were never seen to quarrel or strike each other." She very modestly omits to say aught of their careful training and the excellent examples they had in their upright and judicious parents. Would there were a hundred thousand Lydia Bartlett Allens among the mothers of our "rising" generation! How much our country needs the clear-headed foresight, sound sense, earnest industry, and robust health of such women! Their worth is inestimable.:

TO-MORROW.

ONE little word
So often heard,
How much from it we borrow;
And build on air
Such castles fair,
For that bright day—To-morrow.

When cares oppress
The troubled breast,
And often, when in sorrow,
We hide a tear,
Suppress a fear,
And think upon—To-morrow.

How very true—
And yet how few
Would willingly believe me,

Were I to say
That happy day
Was made but to deceive thee.

This day goes by!
Although we sigh!
Much from the next we borrow;
But when to-day
Has passed away,
Where is our bright To-morrow?

It is not here
To dry the tear,
Nor yet to soothe the sorrow:
Why, then, do we
So trust in thee,
Untold, untried To-morrow? AUTHOR?

WIVES WHO HENPECK.

WE do not write in regard to the class of husbands usually termed henpecked, like Cooper Apjohn and Mr. Wilfer, who have no minds of their own; for it needs a strong-minded woman, like the severe Mrs. Wilfer or the rotund Mrs. Apjohn, to supplement such a nature. But we refer to those men who are perfectly willing and able to govern their own households, but who are blessed with partners whose continual peck-

ing no amount of severity, firmness, forbearance, or tenderness can subdue.

First, there is one class of women who make so much of neatness and cleanliness, that it comes much nearer being a vice than a virtue, and is removed to the furthest extreme from godliness. We know of a poor farmer who hardly dares enter his own kitchen, lest some undiscovered spot of mud on his boots should soil his wife's immaculate

floor; and if such an unfortunate event ever happens, he is made to feel the full heinousness of his crime for one day at least. If he should chance to retort that the spot of mud was hardly worth the fuss made over it, immediately his spouse becomes more irate than ever, and by her unending nagging actually drives him from the house to the society of his cows and horses, which at least possess the negative virtue of being dumb.

Another class of women use as a very sharp bill for husband-pecking their own assumed worthlessness. If their husband's finances will not allow the purchase of a new black silk at once, according to their own account they had much better never have been born, for "They are of no use in the world now; they are not able even to please their own husbands. Perhaps *once* they could, when they were young and pretty, but now they are old, and no one cares for them." The poor husband, perhaps, protests that it is not so, but that he loves her more than ever. She is inwardly delighted, but only protests the stronger, and in still more broken and tearful accents, that she is utterly useless. "Things were different when she was in her father's house," she says, "and she could have as many dresses as she chose, and people seemed to care something for her."

Possibly the distressed husband has learned the folly of combating the opinions of his better-half at such a time, and only makes ghastly attempts to smile, when in reality he doesn't feel the least bit amused, or perhaps merely reads his evening paper in silence. But this is worse than his former protests, for now he hears nothing but "Oh, the dreadful man, who enjoys seeing his poor wife miserable; but he'll be sorry for his treatment some day, when she is dead and gone, and he don't have anybody to do his drudgery for him." And the last and most effective peck is given by a freshet of tears.

Another class of wives who belong to the genus henpecker (we wish we could find some euphonious Latin name, but no other will express their character), are sure to have a fit of sanctimonious silence come on, if any of their views or wishes are disregarded.

Possibly their good husbands, though meaning to do right in general, have some bad habit, such as the use of tobacco. Of course,

they give their advice very freely on this subject, and if it is not at once followed, forthwith they take it as a personal affront, and go about the house with an air of the most resigned meekness on their faces, saying nothing in words, but with their lackadaisical looks, continually remarking, "I will wear myself out in working for my husband, even if I am not appreciated, and he does not care enough for me to leave off his tobacco." And then they seize the broom or rolling-pin with unwonted and unnecessary vigor, and would actually rejoice to have a slight headache or backache, as a result of these unusual exertions, for the express purpose of more perfectly acting the martyr, and thus pecking their hard-hearted husbands in a tender spot. If, during one of these silent moods, he should ask her advice on any subject, he will either begin to think that he has married a deaf mute, or else he will be told that of course it is of no use to ask her since her advice is of no value.

We are well aware that some of the best women in the world occasionally fall into these sloughs of despond, when they have the "nerves," as Grandmother Rigglesly expresses it, although they may have no other interest than their husbands' at heart. But there is another class who continually use these tactics to accomplish their petty purposes.

To these we wish to whisper a very few words. These little ways and means which you imagine will irritate only for a few minutes at the most, will do much more than you suppose, and may make a wound which a lifetime will not be able to heal.

Better let your kitchen be dirty, my dear madam, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and say nothing about it to your careless husband, than to allow the cleanest floor in the world to stand between you and his love.

Better wear calico all your days, if your husband's means can afford no better, than to have the stiffest of black silks figure in a divorce case.

Better allow your husband to sit in the front parlor, in his shirt-sleeves, with his feet on the mantel-piece, than have a husband only in name, and lose his esteem by continual bickering and henpecking!

WHICH WREATH FOR ME!

Will they gather tiny flowers,
 Blossoms of the early spring?
 Will they twine a wreath of beauty
 Out of frail-like flowers that cling;
 Whether loving hands will make this
 Mortal eyes can not foresee—
 Will the angel come in spring-time,
 Will they make this wreath for me?

Summer brings the whitest roses,
 Many blossoms on a stem;
 Queenest flowers of all the seasons—
 Will they make my wreath of them?
 The All-Father reigning o'er us—
 He alone has heaven's key;
 I can never know the garland
 That my friend will make for me.

Will they make a wreath in autumn
 Out of lilies pure and clear:
 Truest types of heavenly angels—
 Will they place them o'er my bier?

Dying season, would you have me
 Mark your touch upon the tree?
 Does it say that you are making—
 Making up this wreath for me?

Will they choose the pale-white flowers,
 Vieing with the winter's snow?
 Will they weave in bright green leaflets
 With this wreath of hope and woe?
 Oh, the seasons! none can tell me
 Which my wreath will ever be;
 Winter seems so cold and fitting—
 Will they make this wreath for me?

There's a garden blooming ever
 That is growing me a crown,
 When the clouds of life shall sever
 I shall see it coming down;
 Shining crown of faith and glory,
 God alone I look to thee—
 He has promised all His children,
 He will make a wreath for me!

LITTLE HOME BODY.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED.

I AM not sure whether I did right or wrong. I am sure that I meant right. It was in this wise. Believing implicitly that the bending of little human twigs should be accomplished during the early stage of their growth, I concluded to commence on Vieve. My intention was to give her a lesson in firmness. Accordingly, I filled a box with chestnuts, and placed it within her reach, saying, "Now, Vieve, dear, you must not touch them without my permission."

"Well, den, I dess I'll not," was the reply, while the brown-eyed three-year-old gazed wistfully toward the sweet temptation. I gave her six or eight.

"In my dear 'tittle potit, fank 'oo!"

I went to my work and labored with all the cheerfulness of an inventor who is pretty sure his machine will be a success.

During the afternoon it occurred to my mind that those eight nuts were lasting a remarkable time. Assuming my blandest tone for the occasion, I asked:

"Vieve, have you eaten all your chestnuts?"

"No; I fink not."

"Come here, darling. Where do you get so many?"

"Oh, I dets 'em out o' my potit."

"Well, but here are more than I gave you at first," I said, as I examined the dainty receptacle. "Oh, Vieve! have you been disobeying me, and getting more out of the box?"

"I 'spects p'r'aps I have."

"But are you sure?"

"Yes, I's pitty sure."

"Oh, dear, Vieve," I cried, with the feelings of one who discovers his invention to be a failure, "this makes poor mamma feel so sad. I do not like to punish you, but what must I do? I must have my little girl obey me. Oh, what shall I do?"

The small sinner looked reflective. "Well, mamma," she presently said, in solemn tones, "I dess 'oo had better pray."

Believing her suggestion a wise one, embodying about all the wisdom of the entire affair, I acted upon it. Returning to my occupation after our session adjourned, the first thing that caught my attention was a scrap of old newspaper, containing this sentence:

"He who, through intention or neglect, throws before another a temptation, is, if he be overcome, equally guilty."

I put away the box of chestnuts, and am awaiting further light.—*National Baptist*.

[Well, now, let us see what must be done

in such a case. The child loves its mother, and it loves chestnuts also. Its moral sense, as yet, is weak—undeveloped—and it has not been taught *self-denial*. It knows almost nothing of the principle of “mine and thine.” The mother must teach it this. This is *mine*, that is *thine*. The child must be taught to respect the *rights* of others. Does it steal? Most children do till taught not to. Does it tell lies? It is *afraid* of *severe* treatment if discovered, and hence tries to conceal it. Children usually have large Secretiveness, and are “Oh, how cunning!” Secretiveness, however, should not be ignored or crushed out. The injunction is, “Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.” A child may

—must—be taught to confess to its parents, and when *right* relations exist between them it will be no great cross for it to do so. But in such cases *love* must preponderate over *fear*. Take the child quietly one side; assure it of your love, kindness, and care; talk with it, pray with it. Vieve was right when she advised her mother to pray. Punishing a child for stealing or lying never corrected it, or, rather, never developed powers within the child to resist temptation. Grace is a matter of growth, and prayer, without ceasing, is a constant desire that God’s Will may be done in the heart. A little more praying and a little less whipping will be as good for the parent as it will be for the child. “I dess ’oo had better pray.”]

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

Cultivate the physical man exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.

PRISON-LIFE IN PRUSSIA.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London), gives an account of the Zellengefängniss, or cell-prison, in the suburbs of Berlin, a gloomy, castellated structure, shut in by lofty walls, and having a square battlemented tower rising from the midst of it. It was built by command of Frederick William IV., who, during a visit to England, had been impressed by the Model Prison at Pentonville, on the plan of which the Berlin Penitentiary was erected. The *Gazette* thus describes it:

“The prison, which covers eleven acres of ground, has room for five hundred convicts, and is invariably filled. Its inmates, who are all supposed to be of the Protestant faith—Jews and Catholics being subjected to correction elsewhere—are, without exception, under five-and-forty years of age (that being the period of life when, according to Prussian philosophy, reformation may be no longer hoped for), and sentenced to terms varying from one to twenty years. Recently, however, the new criminal code of the German Empire has limited solitary confinement to three years, unless a prisoner, with the view of securing his separation from other crim-

inals, voluntarily elects to undergo it for a longer period. As in all penal establishments of the same class, the convicts are completely isolated from each other from the moment they enter until they quit the prison, having separate cells and separate boxes at school, bathing in separate bath-rooms, taking exercise in separate yards even, and wearing, moreover, caps with long peaks hiding nearly the whole of the face on all occasions when they leave their cells. Moreover, they are required to keep ten paces apart while proceeding from one portion of the prison to another.

“The following is the system pursued at the Zellengefängniss, as propounded by Director Wilke: From the moment that a convict enters the prison he is treated as though he were an honest man. He is never reminded of his crime, and as little as possible of the punishment he has to undergo. If well-behaved, he is allowed to keep birds and cultivate flowers. He is permitted to hang the walls of his cell with the portraits of his friends, and other photographs and prints. He is encouraged to spend the little spare time at his disposal in drawing and reading,

and, above all, in learning foreign languages. He is privileged, under certain restrictions, to supplement the scanty prison fare with such delicacies as butter, bacon, herrings, bread, milk, apples, etc. Even from the triangular slip of ground wherein he takes his daily constitutional he gains glimpses through the open rails of green lawns planted with shrubs and flowers. He is, however, compelled to work, and to work hard; for it is a pet theory with Prussian prison officials that in becoming habituated to labor lies a criminal's only hope of reformation. The task set him is not merely penal, but remedial; one principal object being to awaken in him a disposition for work, that he may be able to support himself on regaining his liberty."

The correspondent gives a description of several cells which he visited, an example of which must suffice:

"The inspector unlocked the door of cell 182, which offered a complete surprise. Covering the walls were numerous specimens of wood-carving, plaster bas-reliefs, drawings, photographs, and nick-nacks of various kinds. The inmate of the cell—a short, thick-set, middle-aged man, who had been condemned to eight years' imprisonment for robbery, eighteen months of his sentence being unexpired—had been brought up as turner in wood, and had taught himself wood-carving. He was just then engaged on the handle of an elaborate paper-knife. The inspector asked him to show me a pair of panels of his own design which he had almost completed, whereupon he produced a couple of bas-reliefs, exhibiting not only remarkable skill, but something more. In one subject Cupid was represented forging his darts, and in the other sharpening them. Both, it seems, had been executed without models, and even without the aid of drawings or engravings. Excepting that the anatomy of the figures was slightly defective, scarcely a fault could be found with either composition. The pose, the arrangement, the classic form of the different objects, the suggestive accessories and the ornamental framework, were alike deserving of very high praise. The subjects had been entirely carved after the regular day's work was over—that is, between seven and ten o'clock at night—special permission having been grant-

ed for the purpose at the convict's own request. Although the pair of panels would have brought fifty or sixty thalers [about \$40], the prisoner had been content to dispose of them to the workmaster who employed him for four thalers.

"In other cells more wood-turners and carvers were at work, of whom one was undergoing a ten years' sentence for a street robbery with violence. Their productions, however, though creditable enough in themselves—more especially those of the garotter—fell far short of the performances of the inmate of cell 182. They consisted of such things as caskets, portes-cigares, boot-jacks, paper-weights, photograph frames, stick and umbrella handles, inkstands, paper-knives, pipe-rests, etc. One cell appeared to be set apart as a repository for articles of this kind, and its occupant sat at a high desk, with his pen and ink and account-book before him, prepared to make sales or to take orders."

Reformation, rather than punishment, is the idea conveyed above, and is the object of imprisonment in Prussia. We trust our American managers of prisons will act on the same humane principles, and see what they can do by way of *improving* our criminal classes. Is it not true that the worst may repent and be saved? The poet says:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

THE DEATH-RATE REDUCED.

THE duration of human life is governed by law. Those who understand and obey the law which governs life and health, have a surer guarantee of long life than the dissipated, ignorant, and disobedient. That we may lengthen or shorten our lives is proved by incontestible facts. Still, it would be irreverent for any one to claim that he is master of life and death. Accidents, earthquakes, tornadoes, etc., cause many premature deaths. But there are epidemics and many diseases which are avoidable in part, if not altogether.

From the records of London, about 200 years since, there were about 50 per cent. more deaths than births—of course threatening the depopulation of the city—while from 1851 to 1860 there were about 80 per

cent. more births than deaths—a vast improvement. Similar statements apply to Dresden, Augsburg, Breslau, Paris—this mortality relating to “plagues” and “pestilences,” fifty-seven of the latter having appeared during 1,789 years of the Christian era, by which vast numbers were swept away, a fearful visitation of which we can have no adequate idea. [Some say by a merciful Providence, to prevent the world from becoming overstocked. Intelligent moderns, at least most of them, have other views.]

But omitting the ravages from these special causes, a comparison of ancient and modern mortality will surprise many. For example, while in London 200 years since the deaths were one in every 20 of the living, the present rate is one in 42; in Silesia, from 1728 to 1735, the rate was one in 31, but from 1861 to 1863 only one in 35; in Berlin,

during 88 years, the rate was reduced from one in 28 to one in 37; in Dublin from one in 22 to one in 38 in about 150 years. In England and Wales, from 1720 to 1820, the mortality was reduced two-fifths; while in Boston, from 1728 to 1752, the rate was one in 21.61, from 1846 to 1861, it was reduced to one in 42.08. A record in Europe gives the average of human life in the 16th century as 21.21, but in 1833, 40.68; while an American life insurance company insures life on the supposition that more than 12 years have been added during the last 50 years; similar estimates for Massachusetts give an increase of 8 years and 2 months.

[We think it must begin with physicians. They must cease prescribing alcoholic drinks as medicines; and the pulpit, the press, and the people co-operating, must resolve to establish temperance principles and practices everywhere.]

LIFE INSURANCE AND MODERATE DRINKING—FACTS!

BY JAMES ALEXANDER MOWATT.

ONE of the best mutual life insurance organizations of the world to-day, is “The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution,” of London, England, of which Mr. William Tweedie, the eminent Temperance publisher, and other leading Temperance men of England are the directors. The company is thirty-two years in existence—a long experience—the experience of a whole generation—older than the Mutual Life Co., of New York.

The system of the company now is to insure all classes of the community who are sound in health and addicted to no bad habits or pursuits. At first it only insured absolute teetotalers. It now insures very moderate drinkers as well. But it still keeps the two classes separate in different ledgers. All pay the same premiums for the insurance, but the dividends are divided according to the results in each ledger account—teetotalers distinct from moderate drinkers.

This is the very best test, we take leave to say, and can be applied, as to the effects of even the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, on health and longevity.

Here are healthy men introduced by the

same agents, examined by the same doctors, the applications for insurance carefully scrutinized by the same board of teetotalers as directors, and what is the experience of the company?

The Actuary of the Temperance Provident is Mr. Samuel Bener, of world-wide fame in his profession. He is not, himself, a teetotaler, but he is a mathematician, and figures don't err. He has just reported to the directors the results of their last year's business.

According to the Carlisle tables of mortality, there ought to have been 137 deaths among the lives of the teetotalers insured in the books of the company. There were only 90 deaths—47 less in 137 than the tables calculated for. The amount which ought to have been payable to the widows and orphans of the deceased teetotalers was \$130,290, in gold. The actual amount payable was only \$65,025. The saving in the Temperance section, from low mortality, was, therefore, no less than \$65,265 out of \$130,290. The mortality claims among the teetotalers did not fully come to 50 per cent. of the amount calculated upon.

On the same laws of calculations, by the

Carlisle tables of mortality, the death-rate among the moderate drinkers ought to have been just 244 persons. The actual mortality was 282 individuals, being 38 in excess of the tables.

This is an enormous per centage beyond the death-rate of the teetotalers. The amount of claims ought to have been \$244,415, gold. The actual claims for the moderate drinkers came to \$252,875, being \$8,460 in excess of the sum calculated for in the tables. This shows a fearful per centage in excess of the claims in the Temperance section.

The result of this is, that the teetotalers insured in the U. K. Temperance receive from 30 to 50 per cent. higher dividends than the moderate drinkers insured in the same institution on the same terms. We, personally, receive those dividends, being for several years now insured in the U. K. Temperance and General Provident Institution, and, therefore, write of what is within our own knowledge.

When Dr. George W. Beard asserted, in "Stimulants and Narcotics," that we have no statistics to prove that teetotalers are healthier, or live longer, than moderate drinkers, he

only wrote in utter ignorance of the thirty-two years' experience of this Temperance life insurance institution, and of the equally satisfactory experience of the Whittington Life Insurance Co., of London; the Victoria Assurance Society; the Sceptre Life Assurance Co.; the Emperor Life Assurance Co., and other life companies of England, that insure the lives of teetotalers in a distinct section. The Rechabite Friendly Benefit Society (teetotal), which has many thousands of members in the U. Kingdom and Australia, and which assures for sick allowances, weekly, and a sum at death, has just experienced the same results arising from the teetotalism of the members. The sickness and mortality among them has never been as high as among kindred societies which are non-teetotal, as the Odd-Fellows, the Forresters, and the Druids of England and Ireland.

Here are facts and statistics, as to the mortality of teetotalers and moderate drinkers respectively, which can not be gainsayed nor refuted. We commend them to the readers of this JOURNAL as proof positive of the advantages of total abstinence from all that intoxicates.

WHAT IS PHRENOLOGY GOOD FOR?

PEOPLE frequently say, "Oh, yes, Phrenology may do very well for those who have much to do with mankind, such as ministers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, merchants, travelers, and speculators; but for plain farmers, mechanics, and common, quiet people, who for the most part live by themselves, it can be of no earthly use."

Let a few plain facts settle this question. We had a call for an examination by a farmer, of German descent, from Pennsylvania. We described him as a man of quick business judgment, and, among many other things, stated that he should act at once when his intellect had decided in favor of a course of action; but if he waited for his very large Cautiousness to conjure up difficulties, he would never act till after the favorable opportunity had passed.

He brought in a son a year after, and obtained for him a full written description; the next year he brought another son for a similar examination. He remarked that our examination

of his own head had been of very great advantage to him in urging him forward to take more risks and act more promptly in business matters. He stated that just before he first met us he was offered a lot of land for \$90 an acre, and through his great Cautiousness he decided not to take it, but he has since bought it at \$125 an acre, an advance in price to an amount of \$2,300 more than it was offered to him for but a few months before; and though he made a good bargain at the last he might have saved \$2,300 if he had acted up to the first clear promptings of his judgment. "Now," said he, "I remember your advice, and buy and sell property as my intellect directs, and keep my fears in the background, and succeed better than ever before. I am satisfied I never paid out money to a better advantage than that which I have expended for phrenological examinations."

A man from Texas writes that we examined his head sixteen years ago; that our directions to him as to business have been followed, and

all our predictions have proved entirely true, and he feels that he owes to our advice his eminent success and good position.

A healthy, enterprising-looking man accosted us recently, and said, "You don't know me, but I never can forget you. I came to you fifteen years ago, and you wrote out my character, telling me my faults with great plainness, and, as I then thought, with severity. You said I had strong propensities which would lead me headlong to ruin if I did not at once turn about and do my best to become a man and use my talents in a right direction. You told me what to do in the way of business and how to make the most of myself. When I got the written statement I read it over and over and resolved to cut loose from my rowdy associates and adopt the business you named; in short, 'I turned over a new leaf' entirely. My friends were astonished, my former rough asso-

ciates jeered, those who disliked me said my reform would not last; *but it did last*, and here I am a respectable man, have succeeded in my business, acquired property, and a good standing in the church, am superintendent of the Sunday-school, have one of the best of wives, and four healthy, happy children. And now, permit me to say, I owe all I am and all I hope to become to you and your timely advice. I have all your books in my library, and I send people to your office frequently for examination, and in doing so benefit them and make a thank offering to you and your cause. Moreover, my associates, who jeered at my reformation, have all 'gone to the dogs;' two have died in the poor-house, broken-down sots; one committed suicide when suffering from *delirium tremens*; one found his way to the penitentiary, and not one of them has come to anything desirable."

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY E. M. CHESLEY.

IN this brief paper we wish to present for the consideration of young men everywhere a few thoughts on the Science of Mind. Having for a number of years past given a large share of our attention to the investigation of the Science of Man, and particularly to Phrenology as a philosophical system of man's mental nature, and being still engaged in studying and applying its great truths wherever we mingle with men in the various relations of society, having come to the investigation of this subject with a mind prepared to receive or reject, in accordance with the evidence, we think we can speak from personal knowledge and experience, and hence with some degree of justice. A man should not utter positive opinions on a subject about which he knows comparatively nothing.

First, then, we would say that after careful and systematic study, both theoretically and practically, we are firmly and truly convinced that the science of the human mind, as developed and taught by Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Fowler, Wells, and others, is of inestimable value to the human race, and is stamped with the impress of truthfulness and nobility. We say truthfulness, because its principles are scientifically demonstrable; we say nobility, because man is one of the noblest

works of God, and mind the crowning glory of man. The study must, then, partake of the greatness of the objects.

Having been benefited ourselves, we now desire to refer others to the same source of benefit. We would lay it down as a principle, that a knowledge of Phrenology is our grand basic element of true manhood and womanhood. It underlies, as we believe, the cause of individual, social, and national reform. From it should naturally spring health, success, growth. We are everywhere hedged in by laws—the laws of nature, which are the laws of God. It is important to know these laws, for obedience produces good—transgression, evil. The penalties are unavoidable. The rewards are also fixed. In order to a well-balanced body, we should become acquainted with the laws of the body; in order to a well-balanced mind, the laws of mind.

We would lay it down as another principle, that all who honestly and thoroughly investigate Phrenology will be convinced of its utility and correctness, and will never regard their time lost in so doing. The proofs are evident. Our opposers are of those who have *not* carefully appealed to nature. This science understood gives a man power over

himself, power over others, and power to become better and happier. We feel that it is one of the great means employed by God for the social, moral, and spiritual improvement of our race. We know this to be the case, if, indeed, we can know anything of the plans and purposes of the Creator, as manifested in nature and by all his workings about us. Let us, then, urge upon all readers of this article to study Phrenology and its associated sciences. It will certainly do you no harm, else the Creator's works are at variance with himself. It will assuredly do you much good. Procure books, read them in your leisure hours, make opportunities for reading them. A little learned every day, and a subject is soon mastered.

To young men about visiting the city of New York we would say, do not fail to visit the Phrenological Rooms. In consulting your best interests, be persuaded by us, if possible for you so to do, to take the course of theoretical and practical instruction annually offered at the New York Phrenological Institute. Its cabinet is well supplied with skulls, busts, casts, drawings, and all the appliances for studying man and mind. We speak as one desiring your good, for we feel that this knowledge is calculated to ameliorate the condition of humanity everywhere.

Upon the young clergyman we would especially urge the claims of this science. You are about to deal with mind and with mind's higher moral and spiritual faculties. How important, then, the study of that mind in its various relations by those means which the God of nature has placed in your power. Phrenology shows the wonderful adaptation of Christianity to man's religious nature, shows how best to appeal to and develop that religious nature. It gives greater power in the interpretation of Scripture. It will aid most largely in teaching men how to improve and culture themselves, and to become moral, enlightened, and self-governed human beings. It is very useful in reasoning with infidelity and extreme rationalism. It demonstrates that reason is not the only or yet the highest mental power. It meets the skeptic on his own ground, the natural. It points to moral and religious faculties. These look for spiritual food, recognize spiritual influences and existences, and the life here-

after. They believe in God, and seek his spirit and guidance. If these innate spiritual wants exist, are there not also truths in nature *answering to them?*—truths not to be tested by a mere material reason alone, because appealing to faculties of another order and nature. Here is opened a wide realm for interesting research—the mental philosophy of Christianity.

The teacher also has to deal with mind. To him our science offers its valuable assistance, a kind of assistance nowhere else obtainable. Engaged in this calling ourselves, we speak that we do know and testify that we have seen. Had we to institute a comparison, we would place this mental knowledge above all other kinds except the religious. But the whole tendency of Phrenology is both moral and religious. To enumerate all its bearings on the training of children, that great work on which hang our hopes of the future, would require a volume. Here it has a golden mission.

Phrenology loudly appeals to the physician. Its doctrine of the *temperaments* in its constitutional bearings is especially valuable. Many diseases are connected with the brain, are nervous, are mental. Mind and body are most intimately connected. Is there no advantage to be derived from an understanding of the nature and functions of the brain, as developed, applied, and demonstrated by those who have given their lives to this special department of scientific research? Are there no benefits derivable from a knowledge of the normal and abnormal action of the various mental organs? Does not this come within the sphere of the medical profession?

To every young man or woman, of whatever calling or station, we would say learn to "know thyself." All of us should have a purpose in life. It is not for us to be content to drift along on the sea of circumstances aimless and purposeless. We are not mere automata. We are creatures of a higher destiny. Let us not suffer ourselves to be misled by that delusive and nerveless doctrine, that circumstances are all-controlling. The human will does, and can, and must surmount them. But what is this purpose or aim we should have in life? It is the **FORMATION OF A CHARACTER**, the building up our inner natures with the elements of strength,

self-government, aspiration, virtue, honor, manliness, temperance. To aid us in doing this, my young friends, the sublime motto of the ancient Greeks, printed in golden letters on the Delphic Temple, shines down to us along the ages—"Know Thyself."

WINDOW GARDENING IN ENGLAND.

IT is apparent, at least, that the English people generally take more interest in flowers than the Americans. The extent to which "window gardening" is practiced in and about every village, town, and city, commands the notice of foreigners. Among the poor, as well as the rich, are to be seen structures on the window-sills, kept constantly filled with flowering and ornamental leaved plants through the whole season. In the more wealthy neighborhoods these window structures are elegant in the make and finish, and in places the whole front of a house would seem ablaze with bright colors and climbing vines. Through the mechanics' and laborers' quarters there would be a less gorgeous display; but even in the most wretched hovels, where the poor are compelled to live, it was quite common to see, in a back alley, on the sill of a window, four or five stories up, a single plant of geranium, or a pot of mignonette, that had been carefully tended by its owner. The demand is so large for this class of plants, that they are propagated by the million, and sold at very low rates, when compared with our prices for the same kind and quality of plants. Fuchsias, strong, stalky plants, for twelve cents apiece; geranium, balsams, calceolarias, etc., etc., at from four to six cents, or one-sixth of what they would cost here. In London, propagators from the suburbs send thousands of these flowering plants every morning to Covent Garden Market; from here they are distributed by men, women, and boys to all parts of the city, each of whom has his own customers, and keeps them supplied with whatever kinds they want, not only for window decoration, but also for garden culture.

[Mr. Henry T. Williams, of this city, has earned the gratitude of many, by publishing an excellent book in this special interest, which gives instruction as to sorts to plant,

and how to arrange, cultivate, fertilize, etc. The price of the book is \$2, and may be ordered from this office.]

STILL THE SAME.

THOUGH a slanderer may defame you,
Make your friends forsake your side,
Make them scorn you, make them hate you,
Make them shun you in their pride;

Though his bitter, envious lying
Makes your heart feel sick and sore,
Still, in heaven's estimation,
You are as you were before.

C. E. WORLINE.

PREJUDICE.—The prejudiced man is like a man walking on a narrow path with his eyes downward, and will not raise them to behold even the grandest sceneries which appear on either hand. Or, like a man shut up in his house, with the doors locked, the windows closed, the shutters fastened, and the blinds down; without a candle or a lamp to light his dismal condition, dark, and in the dark, without much hope of seeing things differently; yet he is indulging a kind of satisfaction that he is right, and all who differ from him necessarily wrong. He is afraid of opening his eyes, for fear that he will see something to disconcert and rob him of his present condition of complacent satisfaction. Blindness is the safety and happiness of prejudice, as well as its sure universal result.—*Thomas Hughes.*

[Such a person has not a well-formed intellect, nor a full top-head. He is wanting in powers of observation, in Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, and, especially, in the organ of Spirituality. There may be large Firmness, which, with but moderate intellect, would give obstinacy, and, with large Combativeness, render him a morose, carping critic—a negative, satisfied with nothing. He may have been born so. Possibly, he was "an unwelcome child;" consequently, lacking the warm, hopeful, joyous nature common to those born in happy wedlock. Whatever may be the cause of a mind constitutionally narrow and prejudiced, its possessor is more to be pitied than blamed. Let us be lenient to the unfortunate.]

GOLD wears away in the handling. Government officials state that in the simple counting and transfer of \$1,000,000 from one vault to another, the loss by abrasion amounts to \$6. The amount lost by aberration has not yet been computed.



NEW YORK,
NOVEMBER, 1873.

THE LATE PANIC.

DISTRUST is the child of dishonesty. When the people find their legislators, from President down to pettifogger, whom chance has elevated to place and power, engaged in plundering the public Treasury, speculating in Credit Mobilier stocks, voting themselves thousands of dollars "back pay," and doubling their own salaries at their own sweet wills; when it is seen that great land-grants are bestowed on railway speculations, in which the people who own the lands have little or no interest; when defalcations in banks, revenue offices, trust companies, post-offices, etc., are so frequent, is it matter of surprise that the people have no confidence in public men, or that a crushing panic follows such wickedness? With an honest government, in which the people could place reliance, there could be no ground for such "scares."

Before the war there were opened up, or put under the plow, some ten millions of acres of virgin lands yearly. This had been somewhere near the average, and was considered a healthy growth of the country. But since the war, through enormous railway land-grants, more than forty millions of acres have been opened yearly, and put into crops. This has created a glut in the grain markets, and prices dropped to a figure rendering its transportation un-

profitable. Hence the GRANGERS. A war between farmers and railroads is, of all things, the most senseless, and only small-minded demagogues will engage in it. The railways are the parents of more than half the farmers, who are now complaining because the railways can not transport their produce to market. Had the farmers grown less grain and more wool, cotton, flax, hemp, etc.—less bulky than grain—there would have been less difficulty in its transportation. What the West needs now is a more *diversified* industry. It is true, our means for transportation between producers and consumers has not kept pace with our agricultural productions, and instead of new railways reaching into wild prairies, we need more east and west trunk lines, more facilities for transportation by water. In short, we want direct communication by ship canals between the upper great lakes, the Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, and the Atlantic. If the States and Territories of the Union are to remain united, the east with the west, the north with the south, increased facilities for rapid and cheap intercourse *must* be established. All barriers which keep people apart must be broken down and removed. Negro slavery, the cursed inheritance of monarchical progenitors, was wiped out of this nation in blood. Those whom the war did not destroy, it demoralized. All felt its "cold and clammy hand." The pulpit, the press, the school, the family, felt the spirit of carnage, and the nation was shaken from center to circumference by that dread demon, war. Passion became rampant. Men in the armies, who never drank before—circumspect men—became drunkards; men who were satisfied with moderate gains became avaricious; men gave way to their lusts, and children were begotten under these circumstances, and passion and belligerency characterize thousands of the rising generation. But

worst of all, there was a general letting-down of moral principles; swindlers got into office, pretended patriots proved bounty-jumpers and wicked rioters; low, bad men were elected to offices of trust, which they dishonored, because "respectable citizens" were careless, and neglected to attend primary elections and nominate men of worth. For example, call to mind our late city swindling rings, that robbed and plundered at their wills.

Weak, if not criminal, Congressmen yielded to the lead of unprincipled shysters, and were caught like a swarm of rats, each voraciously gnawing away on the public cheese. *The President of the United States* PARTICIPATED in and *indorsed their action!* Need we look further for the cause of the late panic? for the "tight times" which threaten our people? for the want of employment which thousands of willing hands suffer to-day? Instead of honest, capable statesmen, we have in our legislatures wicked rogues, miserable quacks, and ignorant tricksters. The exceptions are comparatively few. Why, a majority in every State legislature is made up of slaving, whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing, or tobacco-smoking toppers! slaves to appetite! Can honest, healthful legislation be expected from such diseased, depraved, and debased conditions? Not much. We want clean, healthy, moral men, not whisky or tobacco drunkards, in our legislatures; and until we secure them we may expect to suffer all the evils which now curse us. As a nation, we are decidedly sick and in debt, but not yet in a hopeless state, or beyond recovery. *The Tribune* advises "bread and water" as a remedy for the patient. We believe in simple diet, plain clothes, and hard work. Stop all extravagance. Import less jewelry, less frills, flounces, and feathers, and come down to the substantial and *useful* until we get out of debt. Use the pruning knife—cut off "dead beats" from among politicians.

We must weed out poisonous and worthless brambles, and burn them in the fire of public indignation. Then we must select the best material at our disposal, lay a foundation on the rock of honesty, and build such a structure as will withstand not only a panic, but be so firm that the gates of hell can not prevail against it. Metaphor aside, there are clean, honest, temperate, and capable men in this nation. We must appoint or elect no others to places of trust or to manage our public affairs. Then, by temperance, industry, and economy, we can, through our immense natural resources, soon come into normal conditions, and take our place at the head of *all* nations.

One cause for congratulation is the fact that there can be no starvation here, where crops have been so bountiful. We shall all have enough to eat, though we may not have enough money to pay all our debts or to indulge in useless luxuries.

Among other hopeful signs are the following: The Evangelical Alliance promises more zeal in the cause of free religion; temperance men are kindling temperance fires in every school district, which must reach every family; common schools are to be kept up and improved; prison reformers will try to convert our penitentiaries into reformatories, so that he who goes in as a convicted felon may come out the *better* for the training he receives. May not even *such* wicked sinners repent and be saved? Failing to improve the prisoner while serving out his term, or to fit him to earn an honest living, he is released only to prey again on the people. Then, with revenge in his heart, and without hope or true aspiration, he contaminates all with whom he comes in contact, and leads others into greater crimes. Thank God for the favorable change which has come over the public mind in this respect, and which

promises such favorable results. With all the obstacles in our way, with all the drawbacks, financial or other, we are, as a nation, still in the way of "PROGRESS

and IMPROVEMENT," and shall finally rise above the rule of intemperance and PASSION, and come under the reign of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Godliness.

MEMORY AND CRIME.

[We have received the following account from a Washington Territory paper, with a request that we append some explanation.]

"CONVICTION.—The jury in the case of Joseph H. Terry, indicted for assault with intent to murder, after a few moments of consultation, came into court with the verdict of guilty, as charged in the indictment. The main facts of this case were published at the time of the assault and commitment. From the details brought out upon the trial, it appears that Terry was a teamster, carrying on the business of hauling in and about this city on his own means, and heretofore bore the reputation of an honest, industrious, and thrifty citizen, never before accused of crime or irregularity. That upon the day of this assault, feeling unwell and greatly depressed in spirits, he went into the 'Fashion Saloon' and engaged with others in playing cards for the drinks, in which he spent several hours and drank from ten to fifteen times. On the last occasion he lost the game, and after drinking told the bar-keeper he had no money to pay the reckoning, whereupon the latter remonstrated with him rather sharply for ordering what he could not pay for. He immediately left the saloon, went to his room, soon after returned with a navy revolver, sat down upon a table to steady himself, and deliberately fired at the bar-keeper, the ball entering his left side, passing round the body in front, and lodging between the ribs on the opposite side. The man shot has nearly recovered from the effects of the wound—a most wonderful escape from instant death. At the time of his arrest the prisoner was crazy drunk and resisted like a maniac, and was only overcome and conveyed to the prison by the exercise of strong physical force. Upon the trial he declared under oath, with much show of reason, that he had no knowledge or recollection of any circumstance connected with the affair from the time he was

playing cards until the next morning when he found himself in prison.

"Messrs. White and Judson, counsel for the prisoner, defended on the plea of insanity. It was contended by counsel that the insanity was clearly manifest in the fact that the attempt to kill was without any apparent motive or reasonable provocation, and that if produced by intoxicating drink, the victim of the assault furnished the sole motive for his own destruction, and should be held at least equally liable for its consequences. The jury held that insanity produced by intoxication was no justification for crime, and made their verdict accordingly. The prosecution was conducted by G. N. McConaha, Prosecuting Attorney, assisted by James McNaught. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court."

[The plea of the prisoner in this case is, of course, open to suspicion, because most men who have been intoxicated and committed a crime in that condition remember pretty distinctly all that happened; but in New York and elsewhere the same plea is often made, and we have no doubt that it is sometimes honestly and sincerely made. Alcoholic stimulants, especially those poisoned with drugs, of the present day, so bewilder and stultify the mind that men have intelligence enough to fight a battle and use the requisite means for doing an injury to an opponent, and seem to be intelligent in their conduct, yet are entirely destitute of moral consciousness. Some forms of insanity are such that persons live for years, and when they recover they have no remembrance of anything that occurred during the term of derangement. Others can remember everything with perfect distinctness, just as we remember a ridiculous dream. We suppose that the safety of the community requires that men be punished, certainly that they be restrained, who have, in a state of intoxication, committed a crime.

Men who can not be trusted with liberty because they will take into their stomachs that which steals away the brain, and leads them to murder men among their best friends, ought to be restrained of their liberty; but we have no such law, though we have a law to hang a man who uses his liberty wrongly, in becoming intoxicated and then committing a crime. The plea of forgetfulness, or unconsciousness, is an easy one to make, and it would not be safe for courts to accept it, except on the surest grounds. Would it not be the part of wisdom to save the broken hearts and the sorrows of wives and children by restricting the sale of that which perverts the judgment and unsettles the memory, and leads the otherwise kind father to imbrue his hands in the blood of children? There are ten thousand drinking saloons in New York, more or less, probably more, and we profess to have no power legally to close them, but we do profess to have the power to hang those who, drinking the vile stuff, become maniacs, and thus are rendered liable to commit the most terrible acts.]

WANTED—CAREFUL, HONEST MEN.

THE *Churchman* says: We hear not a few complaints from men in business that they find it very difficult to obtain responsible and faithful agents, who act from a sense of duty, and who may be always trusted in. Take any class—for example, the employés of railways, persons upon whose care and fidelity the highest interests are depending. Scarce a week, perhaps we might say a day, passes in which some fearful accident is not reported, and in a large majority of cases the result of culpable carelessness. The switch-tender forgets to set his switch right, the engineer neglects to notice a signal, the conductor mistakes the time, and the sad catastrophe follows. And there seems to be no legal remedy. There is no deliberate intention to do wrong, no positive offense. There is negligence, but against this it is not easy for the law to make provision, and it is very difficult to find jurors who will punish. The experience of the world is amply sufficient to show that men can neither be bribed nor forced to the discharge of duty. These may

be effectual for a time, but only the man whose conduct is ruled by the sense of what is right can be steadily relied on. And here is the root of the present trouble. When selfishness and greed seize on a community, and love of money becomes the ruling passion, every class of society is demoralized. Then it becomes rare to find a man for any position who really makes his employer's interests his own, and gives himself heartily and earnestly to his work. To get much and do little is the order of the day, and shirking of labor and carelessness followed by disastrous results appear in all quarters. The only remedy for this that we know of is a higher moral culture, so that men, in whatever position placed, know and feel and accept its responsibilities. If we can not have confidence in our fellow-men that they will perform their duties faithfully for conscience' sake, society will become disorganized. No amount of force can hold it together. The cry is for honest and faithful men—where can we find them? Surely a sad cry to be heard in a Christian land.

[We say again, why not apply the principles of Phrenology in selecting men especially adapted to particular positions and pursuits? A cautious man is needed to be an engineer on a locomotive; honest men are needed to run our savings banks and other financial institutions; while religious newspapers and pulpits *ought* to have good, religious men to conduct them. Phrenology can put its finger on the "right man for the right place." Then why not employ it? We think there would be a sudden change in some places were this test applied.]

STRONG DRINK—A CRY FOR HELP.

THE following is but one among many of similar tenor which greet us and grieve our hearts. It is written by a true woman, who seeks to reclaim her husband. Hear her prayer:

"EDITOR OF PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—
Dear Sir: I have read your JOURNAL long enough to discover that no word of cheer is ever denied to suffering humanity by you in time of trial. I have a very dear friend who is an inebriate. It is terrible to watch him

day by day struggling against this influence, knowing that it is surely growing stronger, and that he is growing weaker all the while. I have heard that there is in New York city an Inebriate Asylum. Will you tell me something of this? Have you a personal knowledge of any cures ever effected in the institution? It is my last and almost my only hope of reclaiming my loved one, my husband.

"The lifetime, weal or woe, of more than one human heart is involved in this matter. In consideration of this I come to you for help. Please find out exactly what the price of one month's board and treatment in the asylum would be, and let me know as soon as you possibly can. Also whether or not I would be allowed to remain in the institution with my husband, provided he can raise means sufficient to have me accompany him. If you can reply at once to this, I pray you will do so. Remember my anxiety, and that if you can give me no hope, your reply will at least relieve a cruel suspense.

"MRS. —."

[Of course, we wrote the lady in reply to her appeal, and shall religiously keep her sorrowful secret. But *why* this sad and crushing experience? Why should a MAN, made in the image of God, come down to this? It is answered in a word, and that word is *self-indulgence*, when it should have been *SELF-DENIAL*. The man becomes a helpless, driveling imbecile through his cups. Did the "doctors" prescribe bourbon for his mother when she suckled him? Probably. And so he came to love it. At any rate, the hand of the great black demon is on him now, and will in all probability chase him into a hole in the ground, where his body will molder away, and afterward his soul will be brought to judgment for his course.

What a picture is this! A wife pleading that her dissipated husband may be saved! Reader, there is a question now agitating the public mind throughout the world. It is this: Is it right for governments to license individuals, for a price, to sell intoxicating liquors to weak human beings, and thus lead thousands into vice and crime, and millions to drunkards' graves? Question: Will you vote for temperance, or will you give the unchained devil another thousand years on earth?]

CLASS OF 1878.

OUR Annual Course of Instruction in Theoretical and Practical Phrenology opens on the 5th of November. Those who desire to join it can receive circulars by mail giving all information relative to it by applying at once. Please address this office.

HOW STOCK SPECULATORS BECOME BALD-HEADED.

NEARLY all of the men along the line of Comstock lode are fast becoming bald-headed just above the right ear. A manufacturer of hair-restorer observed that among the first to come to his place for advice were curb-stone brokers; next, dealers and dabblers in stocks generally; finally, mining superintendents and experts and commission brokers in stocks began to call, all displaying bald spots more or less clearly defined an inch or two above the right ear. Taking a hint from observing the class of persons first afflicted, the hair doctor kept close watch about the several bulletin-boards in front of the offices of the stock brokers, and narrowly observed the actions of those who came to read the reports. He noticed that each man, after studying the reports a short time, invariably gave his hat a slight shove over to the left, and walked off, scratching his head vigorously about two inches above his right ear. After this discovery all was as clear as day to the great hair doctor. He went home and hung up a sign announcing his ability to cure the "new baldness," which he calls "sympathetic." His treatment is simple and efficacious. His first condition is that the patient shall get out of stocks; second, that he shall be kept out. After this the hair generally starts within a week. In some obstinate cases it is found necessary to put the right arm in a sling in order to correct old habits.—*Virginia City—Nevada—Enterprise.*

[Now, let us give the philosophy of this odd fact. The organ of Acquisitiveness, or love of gain, is located on each side of the head at the place indicated. Its activity, whether pleasurable or the reverse, creates excitement at that point, and the man rubs it accordingly. When will editors become as well-informed as they are brilliant?—ED. PHREN. JOUR.]

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THOSE who contemplate writing for the press would do well to read the following rhymes carefully, and carry out the advice to the very letter. By so doing, they would save editors a world of trouble and anxiety of mind, and themselves a disappointment:

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your T's and neatly dot your I's;
On one side only let your lines be seen;
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct, yes, re-correct all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Inclose the postage stamps to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it, too,
For editors look black on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore."
Yet ere it goes, take off a copy clean;
Poets should own a copying machine.
Little they know the time that's spent, and care,
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.

THE Hartford *Churchman* makes fun of a Presbyterian: "Patronage" is a very good thing to have, and we do not see why it should not be given to those things which deserve it. But one of the most novel appeals for patronage which have come under our notice, is the "Presbyterian Cook-book." To this unique production *The Presbyterian*, of August 23d, devotes nearly half a column of editorial. We are unfortunate in not having a copy of this remarkable book before us; for we should like to see, for one thing, what sort of a dish it would make of "the five points." We must remonstrate against the practice of carrying denominationalism into cookery! It is bad enough to have the mind trained and molded into the pattern of a denomination; but when our friends carry this habit into their diet, and so make the body Presbyterian, it is too bad. We beg them to think of the consequences. There are many mental obstacles to unity now; but how will it be when the system of Presbyterian cookery is fairly established? The Arminian stomach, for instance, will never be able to digest a Calvinistic meal, and one result will surely be that whenever the Methodist accepts the proverbially generous hospitality of his Presbyterian

friend, he will be obliged to carry an antidote in his pocket, as he now carries a theological antidote against Presbyterianism in his mind. Here is a great work for "liberalism" to do. Let it arm itself for opposition to this terrible bugbear of dietetic dogmatism.

[Those who eat much pork are said to be piggish, or of mutton, sheepish. May it not be the same with those who feed—mentally—too much on any particular religious creed? Why not take a mixed—theological—diet?]

BRAIN DISEASES IN ENGLAND.—According to Dr. Charles Elam, of London, during the last thirty years, while the English population has increased thirty per cent., the mortality due to diseases of the brain has multiplied nearly four fold. This he attributes to the fact that "the great development of railway and telegraphic communication has resulted in an enormous increase of business transactions, entailing a vast augmentation of the cares, worries, and anxieties of life. The brain, receptive of all impressions, and originating all volitional impulses, has a double load to bear in the economy, etc." Our modern civilization needs a more practical application of its knowledge of the physical moral laws. There are too many intellectual suicides!

BACK PAY.—Gen. Butler says: I voted for, advocated, engineered, and made myself responsible for—however the same may be phrased—an increase of salary to President, judges, members of the cabinet, and of Congress, to every degree in my power, and am glad that I was able to bring it about to the extent charged upon me. It is a responsibility from which I do not shrink, and I shall neither falsify my acts nor prevaricate myself in palliation or excuse.

[Which is precisely like any other body of "hired men"—for Congressmen are nothing more—saying to their employer, we hired out to work for you at \$500 a month, which we were very glad to do; but now that it is in our power to double the amount, and you can not prevent us from so doing, we have resolved to "help ourselves;" and with his thumb on his nose, gyrating his fingers, boasts of his dishonest daring. Is this American statesmanship? Friends and brethren of our Democratic Republic, we must put a stop to this sort of bold robbery, or we shall go down. Let us rebuke the miscreants, and send them into merited obscurity, and put better men in places of trust.]

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

PREMATURE DEVELOPMENT.

NO people exhibit such impatience under restraint, such a restless desire of actual and rapid progress, as the Americans. The German will patiently plod on through ten or twelve years of laborious study before he enters his profession, and the Englishman will serve an apprenticeship of five or seven years without complaint; but the American frets and chafes in a very uneasy manner if he must serve three or four years' probation in any calling. This spirit of restlessness communicates itself to the children, and impatient of childhood, they reach onward to boyhood; and impatient of boyhood, they try to be men long before nature intended them to wear that dignity.

Though this spirit seems almost natural, yet it is encouraged by fond parents, who are not content to see their boys being boys, and their girls being girls, but are anxious that they should exhibit all the accomplishments of men and women before they have become thoroughly acquainted with their toys. As a consequence, we see boys sporting their fine hats and canes, and talking proudly along the streets, when they should be trundling their hoops or playing ball; and we have girls putting on the fine-lady style and entertaining beaux when they should be minding their kittens and doll-babies. Americans seldom see anything improper in these things, but foreigners never fail to observe it, and make it a source of amusement; for to one viewing the affair from the standpoint of common sense, a monkey tricked out in the habiliments which commonly belong to men is not a more ridiculous object than a boy aping the outward appearance of manhood.

There are two periods to be gone through before we arrive at maturity, and each has its own function in developing the perfect man. There is the time when the child must have his little toys, and there is another time when the boy must have his sleds and swings, and neither burdened with care nor fettered with the conventionalities of society, he

must be allowed freedom of movement and thought. Any hurrying from one stage to another, as regards his mental or physical development, is at enmity with the highest perfection of man, because it is unnatural. And perhaps it is more to be discouraged on another account—it lowers the standard of manhood. The boy who is convinced that fine clothes and the ability to say a few smart things will make a man of him, has laid a sure foundation for a superficial life. Taking the outward appearance—and that a very doubtful appearance—for the real substance, he will always be a mere shadow of a man, with few of those virtues and qualities that ennoble humanity.

Fond parents commonly deem it an unalloyed blessing that their children should be witty and "smart," and able to "head" their superiors in years; but the immense growth of pride and impudence that invariably spring from such soil generally, more than counterbalances real precocity of mind, which itself is not always a good omen. The dwarf tree will bloom early because it is a dwarf, but may not bear fruit long; and so the early exhibition of mental power may be but the early blooming of a dwarf capacity, which shall have long ceased to bear fruit when the slow-growing trees around, having towered high above it, shall continue to blossom and bear on a scale of luxuriance.

It is a great thing to have superior natural abilities, but it is often a misfortune that they should show themselves at an early age. How often it happens that the person who, at six, is esteemed a prodigy of youthful wit, at thirty-six is altogether unnoticed among the crowd of mediocres! Early flattered into the belief that he is a genius, he learns to regard the question of his future success as merely a matter of time, without any reference to effort. Consequently, though expecting much, he neglects entirely, or makes, in a very superficial manner, those preparations for the future which others less confi-

dent are accustomed to make, and when, at last, he launches out upon the sea of life, he finds himself without sail or rudder.

A gradual development is most favorable to the highest perfection, since it is most likely to be free from early flattery and self-conceit. It is not well that one should receive praise for that which is accomplished without effort. Yet this will often occur when extraordinary qualities of mind are early exhibited. Praise is very much like money: as the reward of labor, it encourages greater industry and exertion; but as a mere gift, for which no equivalent is paid, it may work the ruin of the one who receives it. It is better that the great mind keep its secret locked up within itself, and that it declares it not until there be no risk of overpraise, and when praise shall be estimated at its true worth.

In truth, the greatest minds have not commonly shown such symptoms in early life as would justify great expectations; but their power became known only after they had gone through a long and thorough drill. How many poets have been entirely forgotten who, at twelve, might have far excelled Milton at the same age? How much greater reason the friends of young Cowley seemed to have to expect him to stand at the head of English poets than the friends of young Milton had to picture the same destiny for him! Yet the genius of Cowley,

being soon developed to its fullest extent, fell below the general expectation, and his star began to wane before the evening of his life had approached; while the genius of Milton continued to unfold itself even to the latest day of his existence, and his fame is still undimmed. Déan Swift is a remarkable instance of slow mental development. For a long time he was considered an incorrigible dunce, and received his degree at the university only by special favor; yet he afterward signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of mind. Though precocity seems to be a peculiar trait of American character, yet it was not exhibited to any great degree by those who have become our greatest men. Generally, they have been remarkable for laborious application and a consequent gradual growth of power.

The mind is aptly compared to a century plant, which can not be expected to come to perfection in a few years. What if it do grow very slowly? Its tardy growth may result in the production of firmer fiber. It is not *rapid* development that we should seek after. By far the most desirable mode of development is that which, like the oak, increases gradually in strength, as it increases in years, sending its roots deeper and spreading its branches wider each month. That is the natural way—it is God's own way of development, and man should reverently acquiesce and throw aside all hot-bed processes.

J. L. McCLELLAND.

“NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.”

A TRITE saying, and a favorite with croakers; yet, let me ask the question soberly, Who is willing to banish it from his phraseology? There is “more truth than poetry”—more fact than fiction in it than we are always quite willing to admit; and, however much we would have it otherwise, things we now think ours by the divine right of discovery, some antiquary persists (and in all justice) in dating them back to the time of a Confucius, or some one of his prehistoric contemporaries.

Even “Old Probabilities,” that quaint old gentleman who makes his home among the winds and clouds, with communicative agencies established in a corner of every newspaper, is to lose his laurels. Although his guesses on

the will-be caprices of weather over half a continent come most marvelously true, and though all classes, from officials to yeomanry, give him recognition, and our shipping heeds his oracles as the hosts of the Greeks did those from the Pythian Apollo, yet his matter of divination is not peculiar to himself, nor is his tripod of invention, although of modern style. So far back as 1600 a soldier of the “guards,” stationed at one of the large castles on the high bluffs of the Adriatic, was accustomed to give warning of an approaching storm to the grandees, husbandmen, and fishermen in that vicinity. His information of unpropitious weather was obtained by presenting a steel-headed halberd to a tall iron rod that stood upright on a promontory near by, the rod in this place

giving off sparks at each presentation of the weapon. Cloudy weather generally gave these phenomena, and so the "storm-bell" was rung to give a timely warning; and from which arose the many storm, fog, and coast bells that now dot our coasts in scores of places.

Isn't it Franklin that school-boys prate of as "first bringing lightning from the clouds" and giving us lightning-rods? Yet here was a soldier on (weather) "picket-duty," two hundred years before Franklin's time, obtaining Franklin's results, and from a lightning-rod, too. Still a century before this soldier's time, swords were lashed to mast-heads to protect the vessels and disenchant the storms. Charlemagne, eight centuries before this period, was as eager in the erection of wooden "cloud-dispersers" as in converting the "barbarous Saxon tribes." Instead of steel, however, or platina tips, he was content with bits of "magic paper" nailed to their tops. Then, too, centuries before Charlemagne's empire had a name in the annals of history, a Persian monarch, Artaxerxes, was firm in his belief that two swords tip to tip, and stood upright in the ground, would disperse the threatening clouds. Herodotus also tells us (B. W. ch. 93) that "the Thracians shot their arrows toward the heavens in times of thunder and lightning to threaten the god." Tradition tells us, too, that the "dwellers by the northern ocean" shot their iron-headed arrows heavenward to disarm the thunder-clouds.

Copernicus, the "morning star" in the reformation of astronomy, is now in a fair way to be shorn of a great part of his honors. A recent lecturer states that in one of the ruins upon the east bank of the Nile, near the site of the temple of Carnac, of the once famous "hundred-gated Thebes," he saw a painting of the whole solar system, representing the movements of the planetary bodies, and all as we now understand it. If this be so, would that the Romish Church had turned her attention to the study of Egyptian archæology, and so saved Galileo Galilei his recantation scene. *E pur si muove* was then but a statement of a fact known decades of centuries before, and Copernicus but the successful grappler of the broken astronomical cable that links the times of the Ptolemaic astronomer with that of Galileo.

Our now much-famous light-houses had their origin in ages long gone by. For many years to come will the marvelous Eddystone stand as a monument of the mechanical and architectural genius of a Smeaton; yet it was all

grandly foreshadowed in that one which stood upon the Isle of Pharos, near to Alexandria, and which for centuries gave signal-light over the Egyptian coasts of the Mediterranean. Erected in the reigns of the two Ptolemies, Soten and Philadelphus, it elicited the admiration of contemporaneous monarchs, and was honored by a place in the catalogue of the "seven wonders of the world." This edifice was built entirely of white marble, was pyramidal in form, having a square base, and rose to the height of some five hundred feet. It consisted of stories and galleries, one upon the other, and on its top beacons were kept burning throughout the night to guide the ancient mariner to the Alexandrian harbor. It had mirrors so arranged in its upper galleries that the movements of vessels far out on the sea were made known to the guards that fed the fires. Josephus tells us that its signal could be seen at a distance of forty-one miles.* The architect of this vast structure, as the stones themselves bore witness, was "Sostratus, of Cnidus, son of Dexiphones." It is also said that the Emperor of Rome, Claudius, so admired it that he had its counterpart erected at the mouth of the Tiber, over against the seaport town of Rome, Ostia.

Our lately introduced "postal cards" Yankees generally regard as of their own invention; yet in the late Franco-Prussian war similar cards were in extensive circulation among our Teutonic brethren. Pen and ink were hard to be obtained by the soldiers, so the German Government issued bits of pasteboard to them, and on these they penciled their messages to their friends at home. This postal history might still be carried farther up the ages, even to the time of Cicero, when the stylus and waxen tablets were in vogue, or to that of Confucius, when the silken scrolls were in length and brightness of colors commensurate with the Mandarin's position in state—or to that of the "shepherd kings" of Egypt, when the papyrus plant furnished the Egyptian scribes with epistolary material.

Medicine and surgery are also full of rejuvenations; in fact, the history of the profession is that of improvement rather than originality.

* There is manifestly an error in this statement of Josephus: for the farthest possible distance it could be seen from the sea, if the height I have given be correct, would be a trifle over twenty-seven miles, owing to the curvature of the earth. Authorities differ in the heights assigned it; some say 440 feet, others 550 feet; but even at this height its beacon-light could not have been seen thirty miles.

Our rhinoplastic operations were successfully performed by the ancient Hindoos. One of their commonest punishments was the decapitation of the nose, hence the demand for its reproduction. But the records of these operations were buried in the rubbish of accumulating shastas and their later theorizing manuscripts. It took a Diffenbach, Liston, Velpeau, and Pancoast to open to us the road anew.

Ophthalmic surgery, which now is an independent field by itself, the Egyptians long ago understood. In a papyrus of one hundred leaves, a *pode mecum* of therapeutics and surgery, which was recently discovered at Thebes by a learned German, nineteen of the pages were devoted to the remedial and surgical treatment of diseases of the eye.

Trephining, which has had its rejuvenation (some call it birth) in the past century, was known and practiced by the Peruvian Incas long before the existence of such a continent as America was known to the European world. A gentleman of New York has now in his possession a skull which has a *square* trephination of the right parietal bone that is a marvel in execution, and bears attestation of the skill of the Peruvian surgeon. In their burying places it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with skulls having golden palates to remedy their

traumatic or congenital malformations. And yet these operations on the palate, staphyloraphy, are generally considered the achievements of the nineteenth century. Indeed, turn whichever way you will, we usually find *Resurgam* to be the epitaph of things, and the history of the succession of ages but the unfolding of the truth of the prophecy.

Finally, *apropos* of the well-blown but ridiculously collapsed *Graphic* balloon voyage across the Atlantic, is it not a little singular that no croaker has suggested the Aristophanic flights of Socrates in his wicker-basket among the clouds, discoursing platitudes to men? Then there is the successful aerial voyage of Dædalus across the Mediterranean from Crete to Sicily, and the unfortunate one of Icarus upon the same day and date; and last, but not least, what boy has not essayed wings, or, like "Darius Green," got up a "flying-machine" that was sure to land him on his crown in the barn-yard below—

"In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars, and various things—
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half?"

C. HENRI LEONARD.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

THERE are many persons who go through the world with their eyes closed to the beauties of nature. This should not be so. We should cultivate a love of the beautiful in nature. How beautiful is the earth with its oceans, its continents, its stupendous mountains, and its variegated scenery! What a vast field of thought does it present to the minds of men in its mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms; and when we look abroad at the illimitable worlds which present themselves to us in every direction, we can truly exclaim, in the language of the pious Psalmist, "Day after day uttereth speech, and night after night sheweth forth knowledge." Everything that we can take cognizance of through our senses is teeming with life, and reminds us of our Divine Author. As we behold Him manifested in the beautiful forms of vegetable life, we feel that to know more of His power would be a blessing unto us. We see Him manifested in the animal kingdom, and we

are lost in wonder, while our thoughts ascend unto Him to know more of His power. Flowers speak to us of His tenderness and love. The birds warble forth His praises, and all nature proclaims in language that can not be mistaken, "The hand that made us is Divine." Nature teaches us lessons of utility, beauty, progression, and love. Let us call your attention to the seasons, in the irannual changes, commencing with spring.

When the sun starts on his northern tour, the icy chains that have bound the laughing rivulet, the skipping brook, and the leaping cascade, begin to relax, and they go dancing on their joyous glee to fulfill their grand destiny. The crocuses and hyacinths begin to bloom, the buds to swell and burst, the birds to choose their mates and build their nests, and, at last, amid blooming flowers, bursting buds, and singing birds, old gray-haired winter progressively glides into the flowery lap of spring.

Here, certainly, is progress, use, and beauty all combined. But these infallible signs indicate to the husbandman that the proper time has arrived when he must prepare the soil and sow the seed for the coming crop. Mark, now, how strictly in accordance with the progressive law does the work of growth go on. First the tender blade comes peeping out of the warm bosom of mother earth, and day by day increases in stature. Then see how gracefully the growing corn bows its leaves of green; how majestically it rears its tasseled head on high, and how beautifully, from its girdle, hang out the silken cords! There are many people in the world that are such perfect utilitarians that they see no beauty in all this. They only see so many bushels at harvest time, and so many dollars for their money-bags. But behold with what luxuriousness of beauty nature bedecks herself beneath the strong and fructifying rains of the summer sun; notice the white and red roses, the blushing peonies, the delicately formed china asters, the crimped-leaved poppies, the majestic tiger lilies; nor would we forget the morning-glories, from whose beautifully shaded cup the rising sun drinks his nectar sweet, and whose beauty lingers but an hour; nor would we be unmindful of the tiny flowers whose bright eyes and smiling faces fill our souls with beauty; nor of the sunflower, the holly-hock, and all those of a statelier class; all bloom in beauty and loveliness, covering the earth with delight and making the air redolent with fragrance. How beautiful are all the flowers, and how I love them! It seems, sometimes, as though they were only so many footsteps of angels scattered over our pathway here to lure us to fairer worlds above, where immortal flowers bloom and never fade.

But summer grows weary, at last, with the burden of her fruitfulness, and pours the result of all her toil in the gorgeous lap of autumn. The fields, that all summer long were green with growing grain, are covered all over with a ripening crown of glory; then, again, the woods—

"O, I love to gaze on the grand old woods,
Dressed in their russet, gold, and brown,
And one by one to see their tinted leaves
Softly, gently, come falling down.
They seem to me like glit'ring rubies bright,
Plucked from some lofty, regal crown,
To richly grace the solemn marriage rite
Of summer green with autumn brown!"

Who does not love the autumn? Those beautiful October days, so dream-like, as though they were especially made for meditation! Everything so still, and the bright rays of the sun are softened by the haze of the atmosphere. The autumn oftentimes, in its brightness, reminds me of some toil-worn pilgrim, drawing near the end of life's journey after an active life well spent. Just as his steps begin to descend the valley, the radiance of the brighter world breaks around, and a smile lights up his countenance with immortal beauty delightful to behold, ere death draws his curtain over the scene.

In conclusion let me recommend to all to cultivate a love of the beauties of nature, and to study the great book of nature and learn from its mystic pages. Its pages glisten with beautiful extracts from a still grander work, the universe of God. Its poetry is in time with the music of the spheres, and its well-rounded periods and brilliant metaphors are the impulses of that great First Cause. Nature's book was written by God, and its leaves glisten with the choicest treasures of His infinite mind. * * *

LINES.

It sparkles on, but leaves no trace
Of beauty, as it strays,
No blooming flowers its margins grace,
Nor flocks beside it graze.

Not so the maid of quiet mien,
And sympathizing breast;

Her presence brings a calm serene,
Like twilight's soothing rest,

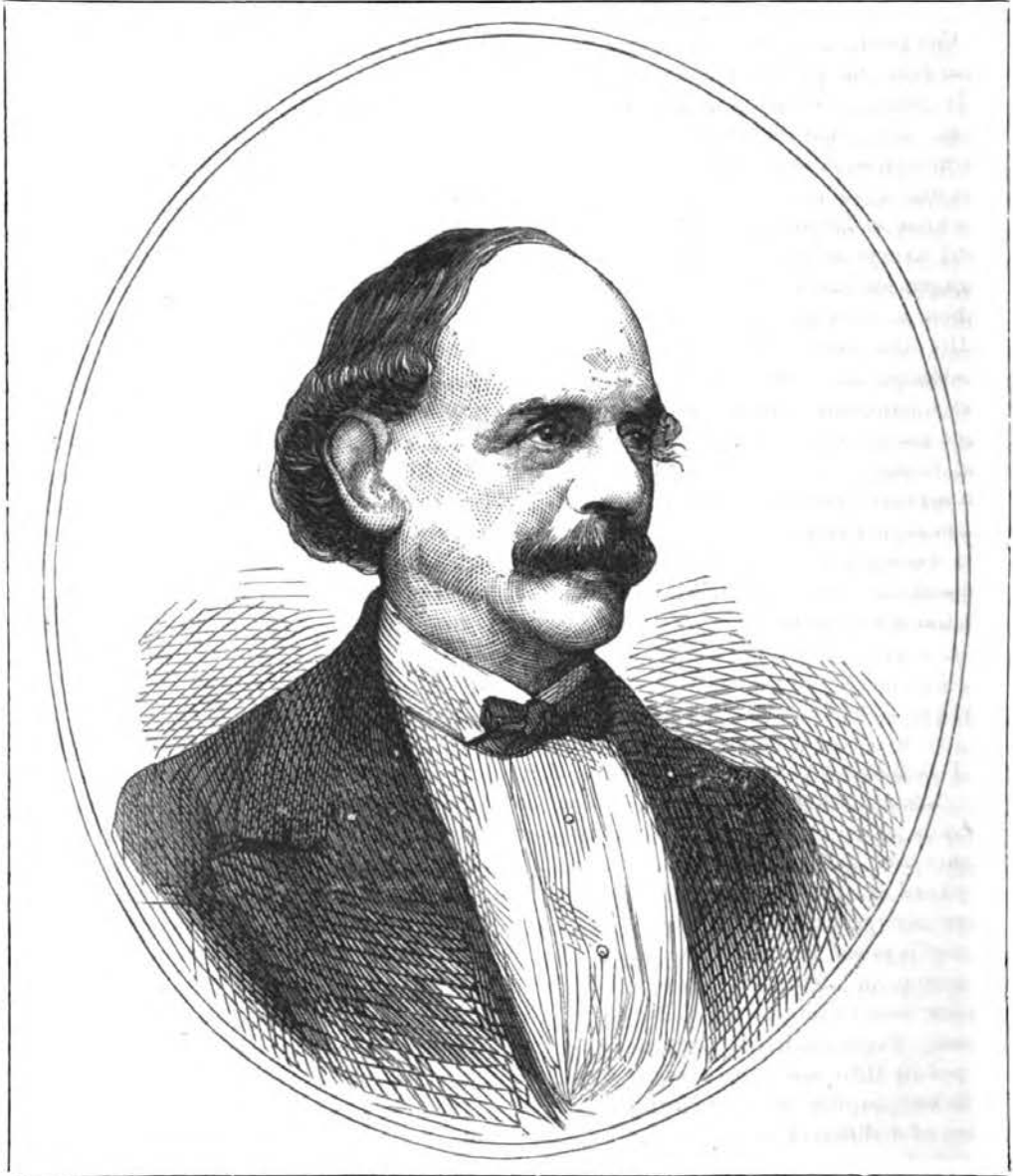
And leaves the heart in better mood
The ills of life to bear,
To shun the evil, choose the good,
And e'en be happy here.

G. T. R.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

THIS celebrated composer, whose life in great part has been spent in England, was born in Stuttgart, Germany. While yet a boy he exhibited so decided a passion for music that his parents favored the inclina-

tion. For more than four years did Benedict remain with this illustrious master, treated more like a son than as a mere student. During this period he accompanied Weber to Berlin and to Vienna, to witness the first



tion. He was placed under the tuition of Hummel, at Weimar. Under the care of this master he made very rapid improvement, and in 1820, he was advised to pursue further his studies as a pianist and composer, at Dresden, with Carl Maria von Weber.

performances of his preceptor's "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe." In Berlin he became acquainted with Mendelssohn, then a boy, and formed a lasting friendship with the author of "St. Paul" and "Elijah." At Vienna he was also introduced to the immortal Beet-

hoven, and obtained through Weber's influence and his own talents the position of musical director to the Italian Opera. At this time he was scarcely seventeen years of age. Barbaja, who was then its manager, also conducted the theaters at Naples and Milan, and shortly afterward proposed to Benedict to take the position of *maestro di capella* in the theaters San Carlo and Fondo, at Naples. In this position Benedict remained for more than four years, from 1825 to 1829.

In 1830 he became acquainted with Malibran. The great singer at once exhibited a warm interest in Benedict's talents and career. She urged him to accompany her to England. His visit to England was, however, deferred until five years later, in consequence of his engagement to a young Neapolitan lady (whom he subsequently married).

His first concert before a public audience established his reputation. It, indeed, gave him a European celebrity which he has ever since maintained. At this concert Malibran and Grisi, for the first time, sang together. Subsequently Benedict appeared as conductor of the Opera Buffa at the St. James Theater, and was engaged for a number of years as the musical director of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden theaters.

During this time he produced several operas, among them the following: In 1827 he produced the "*Giacinta ed Ernesto*" at Naples, in the Fondo. In 1830 the management of the San Carlo presented his "*I Portoghesi in Goa*." In 1836, "*Un Anno ed un Giorno*," a charming little opera in a single act, was given to the public. After his arrival in London the first opera which he produced was the "*Gipsy's Warning*," in 1838. It was only in two acts, but such was the sweetness of the melodies and the art displayed in the instrumentation of the opera, that it at once stamped his reputation; and when, in 1844, the "*Brides of Venice*," a grand opera in four acts, was produced by the management of Drury Lane, he had already been recognized as one of the greatest composers of the country of his adoption. Since that time he has produced but one opera, called the "*Crusaders*," at the same theater.

There is much strength of character evinced in this portrait of Benedict, the temperament is marked for force and endurance, the features are prominent and individualized. He is a thorough worker. Success is obtained, not by courtesy or luck, but through effort and desert, by men of such organizations.

LITERARY PEDDLERS.

IT is difficult to account for the prejudice against peddlers which is common in what is called "polite society," since merchants are looked upon with favor, and peddlers are merely peripatetic merchants. They are peripatetics because a peddler's license is much less expensive than the rent of a shop, and fewer goods are needed to fill a pack than to furnish the shelves of a warehouse. Beginners in literature are compelled to peddle their wares, because they have not sufficient capital to warrant the establishment of a different sort of literary business. There is nothing dishonorable about this method of procedure; indeed, when one compares it to the waiting of literary sycophants upon titled men a century or so ago, the present mode seems almost perfect in its honorable independence. Robert Burns, whose clear eyes pierced the illusions of rank, and

whose sense of justice deprecated distinctions conferred by kings, lived, unfortunately, in the age of literary patronage, and suffered insults and neglect from men of rank, from which the humblest literary peddler of the present is free. For example, Burns was invited to dine with a company of patronizing lords, who placed him at the lower end of the table, thus signifying the distance existing between a lord and a commoner. The most wretched literary flunkey of to-day would hardly sit through a dinner under such circumstances. It is pleasant, however, to remember that when Burns was asked to sing for the entertainment of the noble lords, he gave his own song, "*Honest Poverty*;" and, roused to energetic scorn, sang with enthusiasm the words, "*A man's a man for a' that*."

Although literary peddling is honorable,

it is not always a pleasant employment. There is a certain sensitiveness about people who engage in the business of selling their own thoughts not common to those absorbed in other pursuits. The fluent peddler, as he swings from his shoulder the pack filled, according to his own account, with the finest of goods, may be rather irritated if he make no sale; but he does not feel insulted by the refusal to buy. Peddlers of literary wares manufacture the articles which they offer for sale; they take red-hot thoughts and beat and fashion them into cunning devices, or weave textures from golden threads of fancy, imagining that these will find a ready market. Then the peddling business begins, and purchasers are sought in the form of editors and publishers. These men are almost always polite, even when hinting that if an article is unsatisfactory it will be returned as promptly as possible, or refusing to preserve rejected manuscripts.

After a long time of suspense and anxiety, the peddler receives his article, which he believed would help civilize the world, in company with a politely-worded, usually printed, form of rejection. The rejection of his early manuscripts is only second to the insult he would receive, if some one should call him "an adventurer." After he recovers from the first shock he takes what comfort he can extract from the disappointments of others, thinks of Jane Eyre shut out in the cold by London publishers, and allows his soul to revel in the literary misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith. Thus fortifying his soul by such illustrious examples, he recommences peddling, anathematizing with ferocity the editor who declined to publish his manuscript.

It is, perhaps, well to remember that want of success in this sort of business is traceable to natural causes, not to be controlled by an editor, found sometimes in the peddlers themselves, but often in the state of the market, and kindred causes.

One class of literary peddlers consists of geniuses and persons of talent, in harmony with the present age; these will succeed rapidly. Another class is made up of geniuses and persons of talent out of time with the age, who will impress the future as they have not been able to do the present—their own

time ranks them as unsuccessful. To a third class belong those persons who have the knack of taking their wares to the wrong place. Such peddlers persist in trying to sell whip syllabub to a periodical dealing only in strong meat, or offer heavy wares to sheets devoted to light articles. Persons belonging to this class need tact, without whose aid the highest literary capacity moves but slowly, and without efficiency.

An author in preparing an article should consult his own principles and individual standard of taste; when he peddles the article he should remember that each periodical has its peculiar principles and standard of taste. It would, therefore, be useless, as a general thing, to take an article in favor of "Woman's Suffrage" to a journal opposing that movement. It would be worse than folly for any author who wishes to bolster up the declining fortunes of Tammany to offer an article in favor of the same to a sheet which unqualifiedly opposes Tammany. A theological treatise would hardly be accepted by a fashion monthly, or an abuse of English aristocratic institutions by a conservative English newspaper. It is not a matter of wonder that this class of bunglers should be unsuccessful.

There is a fourth class, consisting of those who have neither the capacity nor industry to succeed in literature. These drop off after awhile, since it is generally true that no one but a person who has real ability and confidence in the same is able to endure the discouragement of even a year of literary peddling.

It is well for every unsuccessful beginner to spend some time in finding to which of these classes he himself belongs: such self-examination is more profitable than abuse of unappreciative editors. If unsuccessful peddling is the result of a glut in the literary market, or like causes, the peddler must wait patiently for better times. An astute writer on business remarks that there are seasons in every successful career when a man should sit down and do nothing until he sees clearly the way opened for action.

Are these unfortunate peripatetics never able to set up shop, and discontinue their wanderings? Persons of marked ability in harmony with the present age soon become

useful, and purchasers are very glad to seek them out, paying sometimes almost fabulous sums for their wares. Such cases are exceptional, for all success is rare; but they teach

how much better and nobler are the successes founded on early literary peddling than the past results of literary sycophancy.

HARRIETTE A. KEYSER.

A "DESIGN" IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

It stands a thing of beauty rare,
Though only formed of clay,
An artist's soul has breathed upon
And purged the dross away;
While tenderly the artist's hand
Has wrought with magic skill,
Until there stepped from out the mold,
The creature of his will.

He stands a noble pilgrim, just
Where age and manhood meet,
His trusted staff within his hand,
Restful his sandaled feet.
His noble form but just betrays
The weary mile-stones passed,
An hour-glass resting in his hand
Hints that he nears the last.

Some furrows line his noble brow
('Tis one a king might own),
But every one that's resting there
Tells of a battle won.
In earnest thought the head is bowed,
His dangers are not o'er,
But while the Cross he leans upon,
The victory is sure.

The wind that sweeps his flowing beard
Perchance has blown aside
Full many a care and weary doubt
That once with him did bide.
And may the gifted artist, 'mid
Life's sunshine or its night,
So nobly win as this grand man
His genius brought to light. M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S BEAR.

[We are sure our readers will be interested in the following, which was written for the *New York Times*, from "The Garden of the Gods," near Colorado Springs, where she now resides.]

LITTLE Bruin was an unfortunate, motherless foundling—more unfortunate and more motherless than ever foundling was before—for he never saw his mother, and his mother never beheld him. He was emphatically "an unlicked cub"—in fact, he was never born at all. An Indian hunter, well-armed, came across a monstrous cinnamon bearess, and killed her—and—well, in short, our little bear was a sort of *Macduff*. He was a native, if that term can be used, of the Rattoon Mountains, in New Mexico. The aboriginal hunter who slew his mother was a Ute. Moved by a strange touch of tenderness, he wrapped up the tiny little creature, and took it into Trinidad, where he sold it to a Philadelphia traveler, Dr. L—, who took a fancy to bring it to his friend, Mrs. M—, of Glen Eyrie. It oddly happened that this lady had always had in the "many mansions" of her great, tender heart, a little house set apart for a pet bear, which had never come to her. Now he was on the way—traveling as fast as the stage-coach could carry him. He had to be fed on milk, from a bottle, and when hungry, as was frequently

the case, would cry so like a child, that passengers, seeing in the doctor's arms a bundle very like a baby, were moved to gentlest sympathy. At Colorado Springs, the doctor had a chance to present his offspring in person. Mrs. M—graciously received it in a box, which was deposited in the bottom of her carriage. Then she set out for home. But the way was long, the bottle was empty, the bear was hungry, and missed his late guardian. He cried, he whined, he roared, he broke from his box, tore round the carriage, and had to be held by two strong hands. Even at that age this mite of an *ursa minor* displayed extraordinary strength and spirit. Arrived at the house, he was fed till he was gorged and grateful, and dropped off into a happy slumber, lying on his back, with all four feet in the air. It was soon found impracticable to bring him up on the bottle, as his fierce appetite caused him to devour the indigestible India-rubber tops. He was next taught to drink from his mistress' fingers, laid in a saucer of milk. He would always grasp her hand with both his paws, and hold it firmly till he was through. He was allowed to run freely about the house, and while from the first singularly playful and cunning, was gentle and affectionate. Little Daisy, the loveliest child

alive, would trot about with him in her arms. If she squeezed him ever so hard, or pulled his morsel of a tail, he would grunt a little, but never use his teeth or his claws. It was a new and charming little version of Beauty and the Beast. He delighted to play with the three little boys, running, jumping, clambering, and tumbling about, in a marvelously jolly and childish way. When it came to climbing trees after one of them, it was a question whether the bear was most of a boy or the boy most of a bear. He learned easily various tricks, such as walking on his hind legs and standing on his head. For music he showed a strong liking, preferring that of a lively character. Whenever he heard the piano he would prick up his ears, leave play, his bed, anything but his dinner, go and seat himself beside the player, and listen with all the air of a musical critic. In mischief he surpassed small boys, puppets, and monkeys. He delighted to get at a nicely-made bed, and turn it into a "mare's nest." He was the torment of the poor Chinaman's life—slyly creeping into the laundry, and in an instant turning his baskets of neatly-ironed clothes topsy-turvy. More than once he reduced Ah Sin to despair and tears. At last he began to make foraging raids into the store-room, and one day was found heels over head in a cask of sugar, having "a sweet, refreshing season." Soon after this, he was banished to the barn, where, as he frightened the horses and cows, he was chained in his little pen. But he worked at the spring of his chain till he opened it and escaped to the house. He stole in, went directly up-stairs, turning the knobs of all the doors that hindered his progress, made his way to the chamber of his mistress, tore all the clothes off the bed, danced, and tumbled, and had a high old time generally. Once again he broke jail, and wandered off to parts unknown, and all one night his kind mistress was troubled with fears that some one would find him and sell him to a showman, and that he would grow up a demoralized, vagabond, learned bear. But he returned, like a prodigal son, and humbly licked her hand, and then his own paw, in token of hunger. He showed decided favoritism. On one of the servants, who had been kind to him, he lavished caresses, but always turned a cold, bear shoulder on the cook, who had teased him, and objected to his lawless fondness for sugar and pickles. When eating, he gave his whole attention to the business, and did not like to be talked to, or interfered with, in any way. Over his pan of milk he was as cross as an Al-

derman over his plate of turtle soup. If any one touched it, he would take it up and carry it, growling, to the other side of the pen. One day, when he was about four months old, the eldest of the little lads, his favorite comrade, annoyed him by idle fooling, at the supreme moment of solemn feasting, and for all his gentle Christian training, and exclusively human associations, he showed a spice of original cinnamon—in fact, turned on his play-fellow and bit him. The boy, in turn, whipped him severely. This was the crisis—poor little Bruin was declared dangerous. "Beware, Macduff!" was the cry—and in family council it was resolved to send him from home—to banish him to Manitou. He went with evident reluctance—giving the Irishman who led him no end of trouble. He would stand on his hind feet, and fall back with all his might—then suddenly rush forward and catch Pat by the legs.

Little Macduff, now about six months old, is seeing life and having a tolerably good time at the gay watering-place. He is petted, bepraised, and sugared—he stands erect, and balances on his head for very distinguished people, who condescend to laugh at his droll and jolly ways. He has been promoted to a meat diet, but he has not forgotten his old home and earliest friends. When his mistress and the children go over to see him, his bear's heart melts within him. He is overjoyed to see them all, except the lad with whom he had that "little unpleasantness." Him he has not forgiven, and never will forgive, unless the millenium should come, and reconstruct both bear and boy.

COWARD OR HERO?

A WESTERN ESTIMATE OF CAPTAIN JACK.

WHEN this wily Indian and his followers were yet in the lava-beds holding at bay our trained soldiers, the *Chicago Times* said:

For six months a savage, wholly untaught in the science or art of war, naked to the breech-clout, has held at bay the entire available military forces of a people, who, if the ruling be left to themselves, are brave enough to whip all creation. He, at the head of sixty warriors, and without cavalry and artillery, has soundly whipped his opponents in three battles; and he has done this, although he was outnumbered forty to one by a force commanded by the best generals of the nation, and equipped with all the best appliances of offense known to modern times. It is for the future historian to

decide whether such a record proves the Modoc chief a "cowardly cur," or a leader who has developed qualities which are worthy the highest admiration of military minds. (1.)

Again, in the shooting of Canby, the historian will have to deal, not with Canby's excellent and generous qualities, but with the naked facts. He will find, upon a dispassionate investigation, that at the very time Canby was negotiating under a flag of truce, he was gradually bringing his men into position, and was, in short, violating one of the best known and imperative rules of honorable warfare—that forbidding the pushing of military operations under the protection of a flag of truce. The historian will not justify the killing of the federal leader under these circumstances, but, we may be sure, he will take a much more lenient view of the act, and will not hold the slain man wholly guiltless in bringing upon himself his own destruction. (2.)

When the historian of the future shall reach the surrender of the Modoc leader, it is doubtful that he will greet the fact with a contemptuous guffaw, or that he will find in it anything that will induce him—unless a plain blackguard in place of a historian—to characterize the prime actor in it as a "cowardly cur." On the contrary, he will find much that is dignified, much that will provoke an admiration not unmixed with sadness. He fought until there remained to him but two warriors. His forces had all left him; he was entirely out of supplies, and continuation of the fight was impossible. He might easily have escaped alone, but—and here is a feature worthy of note—he had five women and six children, and to escape he

must abandon them. He chose rather to surrender; and, savage and cruel as he may be, there was a chivalry in this decision that is just as lustrous as though an emanation from the soul of the most gallant knight of the middle ages. And it is possible that the historian, in the fact that the Modoc chief, after his surrender, proved himself no brawling savage or whining coward, but who, when surrounded by enemies and the center of a staring crowd, sat like a statue—possessed of a stately something that reminds one of some noble Roman unmoved amid an ordeal that involved his honor and his life. (3.)

[(1.) That is scarcely a fair way to put it. Capt. Jack's mode of warfare may be likened to a badger in a barrel, where the dogs can not get at him. But we have no doubt as to his bravery, or, we should say, his comparative indifference to death.

(2.) Capt. Jack fully believed that the pale faces were seeking to outgeneral him, and that the only way to cut the knot which tied him was to kill the leader. That is the view the Indian took of the situation.

(3.) An Indian knows how to die. He fights for his freedom and his home while there is the slightest hope, *then* he gives up, and awaits the action of his executioner. There *are* those who regard the Indian as being all bad, without redeeming qualities. We judge them differently, and believe that proper, or fair, treatment would secure the same from them. At any rate, the Indian is human; God made him, and he once had *rights* in this country. How happens it that he has lost them? Will our boasted civilization please answer?]

INSTINCT AND REASON.

EDITOR of the JOURNAL: If you will permit some criticisms on "Instinct and Reason," in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March, 1872, I think you will find that in "More Criticisms on Darwin," pages 29, etc., that the opinions of the *London Quarterly Review*, which you quote on that subject, are fully refuted by Huxley, and that the rules laid down in the *Quarterly* are but confused, muddled dogmatisms on the supposed difference existing between men and animals in their impulses to action. Let us first proceed to examine and agree, if possible, upon terms of expression for a definite conception of our subject.

Sensation, I apprehend, can have no other clear meaning than the effect upon body and mind which the simple action of the five senses impresses. Perception is the act of reasoning upon the objects the senses so present, which enables us to understand their import. Therefore, sensation is feeling—the evidence of life; and perception is intelligent reasoning—the evidence of understanding. So that if you admit that animals have sensation and perception, you must grant them life and intelligence—which, I believe, none can fairly deny. The same endowments, in varied degrees, necessarily apply to all animals (including man) having the five senses,

and who must all have the capacity, more or less, to perceive or understand the character of the objects so presented, or else the senses are valueless; for they are powerless for induced reciprocal muscular action, which is alone the behest of mind—will—reasoning upon the things presented by the senses for their action. We often see, hear, feel, taste, and smell without perceiving their import. Thus the great bulk of seeing, sensation only, does not necessarily imply perceiving, or understanding the things seen; so that the many who travel have little knowledge of things seen, while the few have perceived with an impressed understanding. Animals have Locality as a prominent trait, which implies observation, memory, and so discrimination.

Thus there may exist every grade of perception, which is knowledge obtained through reasoning upon the things presented by the senses; used alike by all animals as well as man, differing only in degree—acuteness—but not in kind.

You say "that with animals impressions result in appropriate movements without the intervention of sensation or thought." If there was no sensation how could there be any impression?—impression is sensation; and if there was no thought, for reflex action, how could the muscles be controlled for appropriate acts unless guided by the thinking mind, which alone forms judgment and will to impress corresponding muscular action?

You say "that with man sensations and sensible perceptions are reflected on by thought." If to perceive is to understand, then perception is the result of thought, and not the cause of thought, which sensations alone undoubtedly are. Man, mentally, may ask what his sensations (feelings) are, but not what his perceptions are, for they are his consciousness of the why and wherefore.

You say "animals have no perception of the difference between truth and falsehood," then why are they truthful—protective*—to

* In our discrimination of mental qualities we make some distinction between those relating to the truthful and those to the protective disposition, and reasonably so. Protection may have little or no truth about it; it may be merely an expression of selfishness, or the product of friendship and association, not founded on the high moral principle of truth or integrity.—Ed.

friends, and so frequently the reverse to strangers, often exhibiting much falsehood in cunning, which is an act of reason to circumvent? You say "animals have no knowledge of right or wrong or of moral sense." Now, ugliness, viciousness, and docility, amiability, dislike, and affection, with corresponding actions, certainly exemplify a knowledge, as well as practice, of right and wrong; and if they have the latter they must have a moral sense, as the knowledge of right and wrong constitutes our moral sense.

You say "that animals have no self-consciousness." What is their individuality in thought and action but their self-consciousness? Almost every class of animals, like men, have their selected leaders, chosen by mental discrimination for needed possessions, both in the wild and domestic state, thus fully evincing their self-consciousness, and which their leaders so fully manifest in pride-of-place, as well among animals as men.

In further elucidation of this interesting subject, please publish this reply, and oblige

Yours, truly, CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERIES.—The punishment of death for forgery was abolished in England in 1837. Many years ago the Bank of England was in constant trouble on account of the numerous forgeries perpetrated upon it. Between 1797 and 1818 there were nearly 1,000 prosecutions of persons for forging Bank of England notes, or knowingly being in possession of such notes, and 313 convictions and executions. After an act was passed in 1798 enabling the Bank of England to issue notes under the value of five pounds—\$25—forgeries increased amazingly, and in the eight years subsequent no less than 146 persons perished on the gallows for the crime of forgery on that bank. The notes were so exactly copied that even bank officers could not always detect the forgeries. This state of things led to special effort to protect the bank by manufacturing the paper by peculiar and expensive processes. This has been done for the last half century with great success. The note-paper is manufactured at Laverstoke, a small village in the county of Hampshire. The notes are never issued a second time, but are always destroyed after their presentation at the bank for payment. No notes for less than one pound—\$5—are issued.

THE BLESSING OF THE RAIN.

FALL down! fall down! on rafters brown,
On cross, on tower, on steeple;
Fall down in showers on vales and bowers,
And on a waiting people.

Fall, drip, and flow! and as you go
The buds and blades caressing,
We know you bring to everything
You touch the balm of blessing.

Fall, flow, and drip! touch beauty's lip
With life's aroma laden;

And so refresh the weary flesh
Of child and man and maiden.

O rain! O rain! remain, remain,
And bathe us in thy glory!
Swathe rock and hill, the valley fill—
Touch mountains old and hoary.

Fall down! fall down! on rafters brown,
On cross, on tower, on steeple;
Each drop of thine shall be a sign
Of blessing to the people. WM. E. FABOR.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

DOES FARMING PAY?—A writer in a recent number of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* has the following on this subject: "The great topic which goes around among the farming class is, does farming pay? There are, of course, various opinions in regard to the question. Let us look for a moment at those taking the negative side. They are a class of men who do things in a slipshod sort of way, letting things go at loose ends, or have come from other businesses, and know nothing of the science of farming, that make the cry that farming does not pay. They are not a class that wish to comply with the injunction laid down in the Bible, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' And now for the class that take the opposite view. They are a class continually looking after their business; their whole minds are absorbed in it; they do not mind things by halves, they go in for better stock—the latest improvements and new ideas; they are continually searching for new food for the mind; they will prove by statistics without number that farming does pay, and is the most healthy and most independent occupation on earth.

"Therefore, get knowledge, get understanding, and forget it not—it is an injunction as ancient as time immemorial."

ARRESTING DECAY IN POTATOES.—Various plans for arresting decay in potatoes after digging have, from time to time, been made public, such as dusting with quicklime, gypsum, charcoal dust, etc. Prof. Church, of Cirencester, England, the eminent agricultural chemist, announces that sulphate of lime appears to exercise a very remarkable influence in arresting the spread of decay in potatoes affected by the potato disease. In one experiment the salt was dusted over some tubers, partially decayed

from this cause, as they were stowed away. Some months afterward the potatoes were found to have suffered no further injury. A similar trial with powdered lime proved to be much less effective.

GROWTH OF TREES.—From the results of observation and the testimony of the reliable men, the following is shown to be the average growing in twelve years of the leading varieties, when planted in belts or groves and cultivated: White maple, one foot in diameter and twenty feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in diameter and forty feet high; blue and white ash, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high; white willow, one and a half feet in diameter and forty feet high; yellow willow, one and a half feet in diameter and thirty five feet high; chestnut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high; elm, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high; white walnut, or hickory, eight inches in diameter and twenty-five feet high. The different varieties of evergreens will make an average growth of eighteen to twenty inches in height annually.

It is maintained that the inferior quality of certain kinds of wheat and rye flour is frequently due to the action of sunlight on the flour; even when in bags or barrels the gluten experiences a change similar to that occasioned by heating in the mill. The tendency thus imparted to it, to become lumpy and to form dough without toughness, is similar to that of flour from moist grain, or flour when it is too fresh or made from grain ground too early, or when adulterated with cheaper barley meal. Such flour can be improved by keeping for some weeks.

WHY EGGS ARE SPOILED.—The following

is given as the theory why eggs are spoiled and become rotten, by *The Journal of the Farm*: During a late conversation with one of our egg dealers, he advanced the theory that eggs spoiled because the yellow, or yolk, comes in contact with the membrane between the white and shell, and if eggs were turned occasionally they would keep for an indefinite length of time. He further stated that if a sitting hen did not turn her eggs every few days they would invariably spoil, and fail to hatch. His theory was, that so long as there was a portion of the white, or albumen, between the yellow and shell, the egg was practically air-tight; but when the yellow came in contact with the shell it adhered to it, and allowed the access of air.

MUSTY BARRELS.—Many barrels at this season of the year are found to have become musty, and, consequently, unfit for use. The *Ohio Farmer* says: "Put in them about a pint of unslacked, fresh lime; pour thereon one or two gallons of water; bung up and shake the barrel; while shaking, loosen the bung occasionally, to give vent. When it has stood three to six hours, pour out, and rinse with clean, cold water; if not perfectly sweet, repeat the dose. Usually one application will be sufficient."

WHAT THE FARMER MUST KNOW.—He should know his soil—that of each lot; not only the top, but the subsoil.

He should also know what grain and grass are adapted to each.

He should know when is the best time to work them, whether they need summer following.

He should know the condition in which the ground must be when plowed, so that it be not too wet nor too dry.

He should know that some grain requires earlier sowing than others, and what these grains are.

He should know how to put them in.

He should know that it will pay to have machinery to help him as well as muscle.

He should know about stock and manures, and the cultivation of trees and small fruits, and many other things—in a word, he should know what experienced, observing farmers know, to be sure of success.

According to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture, the wheat crop of the United States this season is likely to be 250,000,000 bushels. Last year the Department estimate was 220,000,000 bushels, and the actual crop turned out to be 249,997,020 bushels.

RELIEVING CHOKED CATTLE.—On an animal becoming choked with any hard substance that can not pass the gullet, harsh measures should never be used until all others have failed.

The practice of placing a block against one side of the throat and endeavoring to break the obstruction with a mallet, as is sometimes practiced, is simply brutal. One of the simplest and, at the same time, most efficacious remedies is to give a half pint of lard oil, or melted lard, by drawing out the animal's tongue, raising the head, and administering from a thick bottle. This lubricates the gullet, sickens the stomach, relaxes the muscles of the throat, and in coughing the lodged substance will generally pass either up or down.

If the choking has existed so long that inflammation of the throat has ensued, resort must be had to the probang, any flexible rod, either whalebone, vulcanized rubber, etc., with a sponge or soft substance affixed to the end. Introduce the soft end into the throat, holding the animal's head up, and, the obstruction being reached, press it firmly down at any risk—for it is now a case of life or death.

To relieve the inflammation, apply a slippery-elm poultice, keeping it in close contact with the throat by securing the folds in which it is placed by means of cords to the horns; keep the animal on light food, assisted with linseed tea, until the inflammation is subdued.

CHLORIDE OF LIME furnishes one of the best known means for driving away noxious insects and rodents. It appears to be especially obnoxious to rats and mice, so much so, indeed, that they are said to leave at once when chloride of lime is scattered about. The same substance is also said to aid in freeing fields, farms, gardens, etc., from fleas, caterpillars, etc., the only requirement being the sprinkling of the infected places during dry weather with finely pulverized chloride of lime, and to continue it occasionally, as necessity may require.

REMOVING TAR SPOTS.—The old remedy for removing tar is butter; tar is soluble in fat, and especially in butter; when this is left on the tar spot for some time, both butter and tar are easily washed out by a sponge, with soap and water. It is the same with resinous wagon grease. Recently Dr. Brikerd announced that he had discovered that a creamy mixture of powdered extract of liquorice, with oil of aniseed, will easily dissolve tar, rosin, pitch, Venice turpentine, etc. It is afterward washed out with soap and warm water.

WISDOM.

THE history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge*.

THE knowledge of evil may help to do good, and assist us to measure its value; every new idea should be to us a new feather in wings that bear us upward.

SMALL means often accomplish great things. Each of us may do something for others, and true sympathy and loving ministry are never lost.

TALKATIVE persons seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?—*Lander*.

HOPE,

While there's a hand to strike!

Dare,

While there's a young heart brave!

Toil,

While there's a task unwrought!

Trust,

While there's a God to serve!

Learn

That there's a word for each!

Feel

That there's a strength in God!

Know

That there's a crown reserved!

Wait,

Though 'neath cloud and rod!

Love,

When there's a foe that wrongs!

Help,

When there's a brother's need!

Watch,

When there's a tempter near!

Pray,

Both in word and deed!

A MUDDY stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may, for a time, keep its purity in foul company; but a little later, and they mingle.

THERE is no such thing as a menial office, when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a mean man in it; and it makes no difference whether it is a king's office or a scavenger's office.—*Anon*.

IT was a saying of Aristotle, that virtue is necessary to the young, comfortable to the aged, serviceable to the poor, ornamental to the rich, honorable to the fortunate, succorous to the unfortunate, ennobling to the slave, and elevating to the noble.

GRIM care, anxiety, moroseness, all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which every one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

MIRTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

FOLK's heads are pretty much like their garrets, where all the rubbish and broken things they've no use for down stairs are stowed away.—*Beecher*.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD little boy recently complained that his teeth "had trod on his tongue."

A SCRANTON household is enjoying an era of peace. The lady of the house put her tongue to a flat-iron to see if it was hot.

JOHN REEVE said to his boy when shaving proved a difficulty—"John, I wish you would not open any more oysters with my razors!"

MISS PARTINGTON writes to her aunt that the bridal wave, which the papers talk so much about, has not touched that town for six years.

FOOTE once asked a man without a sense of tune in him, "Why are you forever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," answered Foote; "you are forever murdering it."

"I ALWAYS knew that John's love was unremitting," said a gentleman friend to a lady who complained that her husband had not sent her any money since his absence from home.

AN Iowa paper proclaims itself an "honest newspaper," and in another paragraph says, "When a man professes honesty now-a-days, keep your eye peeled for a thief."

SEVERE.—A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

"Don't you think," asked a conceited fiddler of a critic, "that I can play the violin like a Paganini?" "Yes," said the critic, "or any other lunny."

A BISHOP, fond of hunting, being rebuked that the apostles never hunted, replied, "No; shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

HARD ON HIM.—A candidate for the Civil Service recently gave up his examination in disgust, because he was asked how many bushels of wheat could be bought for two pounds, if one bushel cost two shillings. He said he had not learned anything about wheat, but had always done his sums in potatoes and turnips.

A LECTURER undertook to explain to a village audience the word "phenomenon." "Maybe you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I'll tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost, and pick the fruit, it is a phenomenon."

Our Mentor 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.

THE PRESSURE OF OUR BUSINESS IS SUCH that we can not undertake to return unavailable contributions unless the necessary postage is provided by the writers. In all cases, persons who communicate with us through the post-office should, if they expect a reply, inclose the return postage—stamps being preferred. Anonymous letters will not be considered.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. 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 an early consideration.

TROUT GOING UP STREAMS.—A gentleman says that he had seen mountain trout ascend the falls of the Colorado and Rio Grande, ninety feet high. He said they would ascend the volume of water with about one-half of their bodies out; that he had seen hundreds and hundreds go up, and none would fall back. I had my doubts about it. Can it be so?

Ans. Yes, if the rapids be not too rapid. He could not pretend to believe that fish would go up a perpendicular waterfall of ninety feet, nor even nineteen feet, nor yet nine feet. But if the fall be like that of a rapid river, with few other obstructions, the fish can go up. Fish commissioners, who are trying to restock our rivers, lakes, and brooks with fish, are having fish-races built around mill-dams and waterfalls, so as to permit fish to go from the sea to spawning grounds at headwaters. Fish do not perform miracles; and it is best to keep probabilities in view when telling fish stories.

NERVE CENTERS.—Where and what are the "nerve centers?" What about that set of nerves, neither of sensation nor motion, that preside over the animal functions? Are the sympathetic nerves the same as those of which I speak? Is it true, as in a medical work I have read, that serious, even fatal disease in a vital organ may be going on without the knowledge of the person—no feeling of suffering being reported by those nerves which direct animal life? An explanation will gratify a subscriber of over twenty years' standing.

Ans. The nervous centers, as generally understood, comprise the brain and spinal cord, which preside over all voluntary motion; the latter being also the medium through which "reflex motion" is produced, or, in other words, the brain may sleep, the spinal cord never.

The sympathetic nerve provides for the vital organs, whose work and functions are out of our control, since they must be exercised during

sleep, and at other times when the brain would be unable to take cognizance of them.

It consists of ganglia attached to each organ, and connected by nerves, which also bring them into immediate union with a series of ganglia located along the front of the spine and on each side of it, the two lateral halves being united above by the "Ganglion of Ribes" in the brain, and below at the coccyx by the "ganglion impar."

The sympathetic system acts as a line of telegraph to keep the different organs *en rapport* in their work, and to preserve that sympathy and synergy of vital action which constitutes health.

Fatal disease in a vital organ may remain for years obscure, but always produces some perversion of function which, if opportunity be afforded, will reveal the cause to the skillful diagnostician.

OVEREATING.—It is impossible for me to avoid overeating. How am I to avoid this? Please answer through the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, as it may be of use to me and many of your readers.

Ans. Most persons of good sense and fair self-control, when they learn that any article of food or drink is bad for them, or that a given quantity is too much, can resolve to do right, and succeed.

Those who can not stop when they get enough should deal out the amount they think they require, and eat it and stop, or take it away from the table, when the temptation to take more is not before them. We pity the slaves of rum, tobacco, and opium, and those who can not stop when they have enough. They should learn to eat and drink like a brute—he stops when he has enough.

It would do many the good they need to read "A Sober and Temperate Life," by Cornaro—price, by mail, 50 cents.

"ORIGINAL SIN."—Sir: I am a believer in Phrenology, and am somewhat at a loss to account for the sudden fall of Adam from his original state. As he surely had all the organs fully developed, how do you account for his fall—by simply eating of the forbidden fruit?

Ans. Commentators are not agreed as to what is meant by the Fall. It is not our province to go into a discussion of theology—our theme is Phrenology. We know nothing about "original sin," nor of the fall of Adam, except what we find in the Bible. We take it that man was created about right, but that he is to-day very much perverted and a "miserable sinner" we admit and deplore. There are very few who do not drink, smoke, chew, lie, cheat, steal, gamble, backbite, or slander, take advantage of others, or do some one or more ungodly act. But that all are equally bad is not true.

There are degrees of goodness and badness, as there are talents, etc. It is the mission of Phrenology to point out *differences* in men, and to state where each stands as compared with others. One is a murderer, another a thief; one is a drunkard, another a libertine; still another may embody the spirit of all the crimes in the calendar.

Whether or not Adam became *perverted*, or what were the circumstances of his sinning, the inquirer has the same means of ascertaining that we have, and we respectfully refer him to the Scriptures, his clergyman, and to all the true sciences. Newer discoveries may throw new light on the subject, and newer interpretations may be given.

But why trouble ourselves about Adam's fall when there are so many around us who are daily falling, and when we ourselves are in such imminent peril of being lost to ourselves, our friends, and to the world! Should we not look well after the safety of our own bodies and souls? If

"In Adam's fall we sinned all,"
there is a way of escape which is or can be known to all men. Seek ye that way.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGES.—"Hopeful" inquires if it is best for one to attend one of these, and which is best. We think well of all educational efforts tending to develop one's faculties and to fit him for business and self-support, or for usefulness in any direction. "The more one knows of *all* things, the better can he do any *one* thing." We can not say which of the hundred different commercial schools are the best. Why not study Phrenology? We have merchants enough, but of good phrenologists there is not one to a million of our inhabitants!

MELONS.—The muskmelon is, when ripe, a rich yellow. It is usually almost twice as long as it is wide. The nutmeg melon, or cantaloupe, so called, is nearly round, and is green when ripe enough to eat, but it becomes yellowish when dead ripe.

INCREASE IN SIZE OF ORGANS.—How can I increase the size of the moral and perceptive organs—and can this be done after the age of twenty-eight years?

Ans. The use of the muscles will increase their size and strength if the exercise be not excessive; the same law holds good as to the brain or any part of it. A sailor or a shoemaker does the chief part of his work with his arms and shoulders, and both are noted for, and known by, their heavy shoulders, light hips, and small legs and feet. The dancer develops the legs more than the arms and shoulders. Take a child from an intelligent and moral people and bring him up among low, uncivilized people, and his forehead and top-head, where the intellectual and moral organs are located, will be dwarfed in size from their non-exercise; while the base of the head, where the organs of the animal propensities are located, will be proportionately large. The child thus taken and brought up

by savages would show his hereditary culture by a larger forehead and top-head than his low neighbors had, but he would be so far below his blood relations that everybody, at a glance, would see the difference. It would take three generations, perhaps, to rub out of his organization the effects of his civilization, and bring his head down to the level of the savage. And it takes more than one generation of culture to bring the savage up to the cerebral standard of the civilized. Between the cultivated and uncultivated among civilized nations, these marks of culture or non-culture are seen. Development of brain can be increased in a healthy subject up to fifty years of age, but from five to twenty-five the development is more rapid and more easily effected.

CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS.—What are the causes, symptoms, and usual treatment of the disease called cerebro-spinal meningitis?

Ans. The "Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis" is an inflammation of the "meninges," or membranes which inclose the brain and spinal cord. The form of this disease which is most common, is the "spotted fever" as it is called, or the epidemic form of meningitis. The spots are not always present. The causation of the disease is very uncertain. The symptoms vary—sometimes coma, at other times convulsions—with severe pain in back of head and neck, and great stiffness of the neck. Temperature goes up sometimes very high—at other times is not much altered.

The treatment now most in use among "the regulars"—allopaths—is that of quinine with bromide of potassium in large doses, with ice-bags to the head and back of neck. Mortality under any treatment is about forty per cent.

BRAIN WEIGHT.—You often speak of the weight of the brain of different persons. Please tell how the weight of the brain is ascertained?

Ans. It is done after death, the brain being taken from the cranium and weighed.

Other questions, deferred for want of space, will be answered in our next.

What Chen Say.

BONES FROM AN INDIAN MOUND.—**EDITORS JOURNAL:** A few days since I rode some eight or nine miles into the country, to see what I consider a very remarkable skull. Believing that an outline description of this discovery will prove an item of some interest to your subscribers, I will give it. In an Indian mound, in Hardin County, Ohio, Dr. M— found the bones of twenty-eight human skeletons of the tribe known as the Mound Builders. Most of the bones were so much decayed that they fell to pieces on being exposed to the air. The opinion of the "oldest inhabitant," founded upon what is known of the

growth of timber on the mound, and the fact that Indians in that county fifty years ago knew nothing credible about it, is that the mound is at least three hundred years old. The only skull that was well preserved was that of a female; and, judging from the ossification of her bones generally, and the non-appearance of two teeth in the inferior maxillary, necessary to make a complete set, she was not more than twenty or twenty-two years of age. In form and texture it is one of the handsomest and most symmetrical skulls that I ever saw. The measurements made are as follow: Circumference around Individuality and Parental Love, 18½ inches; from ear to ear, over Firmness, 11½ inches; from ear to ear, over Causality, 9 inches; ear to ear, over Philoprogenitiveness, 8½ inches. Cerebellum very large. Distance from "Powell's" life-line to the *meatus auditorius externus*, seven-eighths of an inch. Domestic brain full; Selfish and Ambitious full to large; Moral and Religious brain, average to full; Intellect full and sharp; Perceptives and Reflectives about equal.

A very large skeleton was taken out of the center of the mound, about ten feet from the surface. On and around it were all the marks of distinction usually seen on the person of a leading warrior or chief. I will notice here only the size of the inferior maxillary bone, which is the largest one I ever saw. The Symphysis measured two inches. Distance between Condyles, laterally, 5½ inches; Inner Condyles, 4½ inches; height of the Ramus from the angle to the Condyle, 3 inches; from the angle of the Ramus on one side to the same point on the other side, 9½ inches. How is that for a jaw? The teeth are all perfect, long, large, and as sound as teeth can be. From the form of the skull mentioned above, its thinness, texture, and evenness of development, I judge that it is that of a white woman of the Nervo-Sanguine Temperament—fair hair, light eyes and complexion. Respectfully,

J. H. MANVILLE, M.D.

"REASON IN DOGS."—Such is the title of an article both in the *N. Y. Sun* of July 11 and your excellent *JOURNAL* of September, 1873. From this do you wish to lead your readers to believe that *dogs have reason*? People generally are too prone to jump at conclusions, and half satisfy themselves that such and such things are true, without due consideration upon the subject. I am puzzled to know whether or not you believe dogs have reason. The "facts" in reference to the two "deer-hounds" do not, in my mind, prove the possession of any ability in the beast to determine the effect of certain causes. I am not yet prepared to admit that a dog or any other beast is on the same plane with man. There is as much difference between men and beasts as between waking and dreaming, and as between light and shade. Man is endowed with will and understanding; but with a beast, instead of will, has affection, and instead of understanding, science. Man can think as from his understanding what is not

of his will, for he can think what he does not will, and *vice versa*; but with a beast affection and science make one, and can not be separated. A beast knows what appertains to its affection, and is affected with what appertains to its science; and inasmuch as the two faculties which are called affection and science with a beast can not be separated, therefore a beast can not destroy the order of its life, and hence it is that it is born with all the science of its affection. Man can destroy the order of his life by thinking contrary to his will, and willing contrary to his understanding. The fact that the wounded hound would not submit to human surgery is evidence of an innate science in unison with affection for self-preservation. And the united efforts of both dogs in a simultaneous attack upon an enemy is also like proof of a born knowledge of defense, without the capacity of estimating the results.

A. FRENCH.

[In "New Physiognomy" we have given an illustrated chapter on Instinct and Reason, considered in the light of Phrenology, to which we beg to refer the reader.]

GRATITUDE.—A subscriber in Louisville, Ky., says: MR. EDITOR—I write you to express my gratitude for the services you have rendered me—services, of course, unknown to you. I refer to the influence of the *JOURNAL* over me. I was but sixteen years old when I began taking it, which I continued for three years, and I am glad to acknowledge that I can not estimate the worth it was to me. My character was just forming, and if I am near the right track, I certainly owe much of my success to you and the *JOURNAL*. Once for all, accept my thanks. May the *JOURNAL* prosper. I only wish it the success it deserves.

KEROSENE IN KINDLING.—We do not at all commend this practice, but in spite of our disapprobation we suppose hundreds of the early-rising housekeepers throughout the country will persist in running the risk of being blown up, or scorched fatally; for it is so nice to hurry up the fire. A correspondent sends us a recipe for the admonition of these persistents, and we give it a place for the reason which he urges, that it "may save many lives." He thus writes on the subject:

"Not all the admonition or caution in the world seems to have the least effect in preventing the many disastrous accidents occurring through the thoughtless or careless use of kerosene oil. Permit me, then, to give my plan in lighting a fire. I shave a piece of pine, the slivers of which I place in the stove, and the larger pieces of wood on top of them. One of the slivers I reserve, and when all is ready, I thrust it into the kerosene can, giving the can a shake, so as to get the sliver covered, then, with a match, I go to the stove, strike the match, touch the sliver, which ignites at once, and thrust it in among the kindling, and twenty to one if the fire is not started before the kindling is exhausted. Besides being a safe, it is also a quick

way of starting what may be styled a *dull fire*. Will the press, generally, please give this an insertion?
ALLEN HARPER.

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has several original articles with new thoughts, and new editions of old ideas about evenly balanced."

Thus saith the *Baptist Weekly*, and as this worthy paper has copied into the edition which contains the above notice two or three paragraphs from as many different articles, we presume it detected therein the important qualities of originality and newness. Very well, brother "Ed.," we have no protest to make against your discrimination.

ANNUAL CLASS IN PHRENOLOGY.—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—*Dear Sir:* The time for your Annual Class to meet is nearly at hand, and probably all who are coming have fully made up their minds and arranged to that end. You not only made the course last year instructive, but also had so kind a regard for our comfort, while with you, that I will ever look back to that time as one of the pleasantest as well as most profitable seasons of my life. I then learned lessons taught nowhere else. Would that hundreds might receive your instructions where one does now! To the readers of the JOURNAL I say, let all who can attend this fall. "Now is the accepted time," no matter what your age. One of last year's class was forty-eight, another nineteen. All were well pleased with the course, and the knowledge they gained will, doubtless, extend its influence through all their future lives. I speak soberly and candidly when I say were I offered the wealth of the Rothschilds to lay aside the study of Phrenology, it would not tempt me in the least. And now, congratulating you, and wishing you the best of success in your most excellent work, I remain, yours, truly,
F. E. ASPINWALL.
Loudonville, Albany Co., N. Y.

A VOICE TO THE TEMPTED.—O youth! how many, many temptations lie in your pathway, alluring you on to the dark, unfathomable depths of sin and wretchedness! But you have only yourself to reproach, if you do not heed the earnest voices that are trying to keep you in safety: reason, conscience, instinct, example, the pleading of friends, and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Don't use tobacco. It poisons—though *slow*, it is *sure* in its effects. It will make your nerves less steady, your mind less clear, and your heart less pure. Don't place the wine-cup to your lips! It will make you unkind to those you should most dearly love. It will take away your manhood, and place you on a lower level than the brute; it will deaden the intellect; it will make you an outcast and a wanderer; it will destroy body and soul both, and drag you down, down, 'neath the surging billows of misery and woe. How many gilded allurements could be enumerated that tempt only to lead downward! But if these two habits be carefully shunned, very many dangers and down-

falls that now beset the paths of our youth would be avoided, for what evil is not the offspring of these? Do you think there is no harm in "just a little" now and then, and do you say, such an one drinks wine or smokes and chews tobacco, and "Why may not I?" Ah, beware! just that little might prove a deadly snare for you. Remember that the saying is no less true than trite, that "he who handles fire *will get burned*;" and if he escape apparently uninjured, his escape with so little harm tempts many others to certain ruin. When you find that doubtful pleasures are enticing you, think how much easier it is to pass the *bittersweets untasted*, than to escape or suffer after being once caught.
M. Y.

LECTURES FOR MERCHANTS' CLERKS AND OTHERS.—Here is the announcement of the Mercantile Library Association Lecture Course for 1873-4. Arrangements have been completed by the board of directors for the following course of ten popular and interesting lectures, which have never been delivered in this city, to be given at Association Hall, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, every alternate Monday evening: 1st lecture, Monday, Oct. 20th, Henry Ward Beecher—subject, "Manhood and Money;" 2d lecture, Monday, Nov. 3d, John B. Gough—subject, "Now and Then;" 3d lecture, Monday, Nov. 17th, Gerald Massey, of England—subject, "Charles Lamb;" 4th lecture, Monday, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Scott Siddons—Dramatic Readings; 5th lecture, Monday, Dec. 15th, James T. Fields—subject, "Writers of Modern Fiction;" 6th lecture, Monday, Dec. 29th, P. B. Du Chaillu—subject, "Land of the Midnight Sun;" 7th lecture, Monday, Jan. 13th, John Brougham—subject, "Flies in the Web;" 8th lecture, Monday, Jan. 26th, Bret Harte—subject, "Some Bad People;" 9th lecture, Monday, Feb. 9th, Wendell Phillips—subject to be announced; 10th lecture, Monday, Feb. 23d, Hon. Dan'l. Dougherty—subject, "Politics and Politicians." Lectures to commence at 8 o'clock.

A preliminary half-hour concert will commence at 7.30.

The eminent talent of the lecturers and the varied subjects on which they will treat, it is hoped will insure a large attendance of members and others, thus enabling the directors to increase the purchase of books.

The following scale of prices has been fixed for tickets, which can be obtained at the Library; Schirmers, 701 Broadway; and Ticket Office, 114 Broadway. Tickets for the ten lectures, with reserved seat, \$5; single do., \$1; single admission, 75 cents. Chas. S. Arthur, Alex. M. Eagleson, Chas. F. Allen, lecture committee.

A capital course, which must result satisfactorily to all concerned. Our citizens will patronize a worthy object, when entertainment and instruction are combined, as in these Library lectures.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE. An American Novel. By J. G. Holland, author of "The Bay Path," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "Bitter-Sweet," "Kathrina," etc., etc. With Twelve full-page Illustrations by Mary A. Hallock. One vol., 12mo; pp. 401; muslin. Price, \$1.75. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Enough to state that this is Dr. Holland's latest and best. If people must have stories, we beg they may have such as are written by minds untainted by vile whisky and tobacco—minds with moral principles which elevate the reader instead of letting him down among perverted passions. Dr. Holland grows in grace as he grows in years.

THE AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. I., A—Asher. Octavo; pp. 816; muslin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A new edition, with new illustrations, new maps, and new materials, of this great work is now going through the press. It is the most important and every way the most costly work ever attempted in this country. It requires "a fortune" in capital and scores of the richest, ripest, and most scientific and scholarly minds in the nation to give, in a single work, the sum total of knowledge to date, which this cyclopædia promises to do. The first edition, considering the magnitude of the undertaking, was well done, though there were in it, as in all human productions, errors of omission and of commission—errors which will, no doubt, be corrected in the present, and we may safely count on such a work as shall give cause for just pride to every educated American.

Here is what the New York *Herald* says:

The American Cyclopædia, edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, Vol. I., D. Appleton & Co., is the first issue of a revised edition of the New American Cyclopædia, the wide circulation of which entitles it to the character of a truly national work. A slight notice which appeared in our columns a short time since, we find, upon further examination, does insufficient justice to the evident care, thoroughness, and ability evinced in its preparation, as well as to its remarkable merits as a book of general reference for American readers. As is clear from the long array of names which follows the preface, the foremost scientific men are contributors on their own favorite subjects, while all others are treated by writers who have made their respective matters a specialty. It was to be expected that the riper experience of the editors and their associates would produce a work distinguished by a greater unity of treatment, and that they would avail themselves of the new sources of information laid open by the recent discoveries and progress of science. This is abundantly manifest in this first volume. The numerous and beautiful illustrations, which form one of

its most attractive features, have not crowded out any one single article of real interest, while the reader will be surprised to see so many useful additions to former articles, and very many new ones of great importance. Such are the articles "Acoustics," "Aeronautics," "Agassiz," "Air Pumps," "Alabama," "Alaska," "Arizona," "Armor," "Army," "Artesian Wells," "Artillery," etc. These, treated as they are, thoroughly, and illustrated without care of expense, are only a few of the many improvements which promise to make the American Cyclopædia superior to anything of the kind hitherto undertaken.

Vol. II. is now ready. The work will be sold by subscription. Agents are now at work.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN IN THEIR PHYSICAL, MORAL, AND INTELLECTUAL RELATIONS. By a Medical Man. One vol., octavo; pp. 491; muslin. Price, \$3. Sold only by subscription. New York: John P. Jewett & Co.

Modesty is so rare a virtue in famous literary men, that we entertain a profound respect for those who practice it. But was it modesty that induced this "medical man" to withhold his well-known and honored name from the title-page of his excellent book? Or was he afraid to meet the women after telling all their faults? Whatever motive, we regard it unfortunate for the publisher and the public that the strength of his good name was withheld.

Of our own knowledge, we may state that this "medical man" edited a leading medical journal more than thirty years; that he was for one or more terms mayor of a populous city; he has held offices under the general government for many years; he has traveled much in many parts of the world; has held professorships in medical colleges; has lectured on scientific and popular subjects in the chief cities of America; that he is a husband, a father, and a very much respected citizen. Then why should he not put his name to his book? We are tempted to publish his portrait, biography, and character in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, but will spare him a little longer; meantime, we commend the book as containing a world of interesting and useful information—not all of which is of a strictly hygienic nature—though reformatory and progressive—the author being of the "regular," or "old school," practice.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. A Free and Independent Translation of the Æneid. Wherein are unfolded the Travels of Æneas, the Origin of the Roman Empire, the Stratagems employed by the Goddess Juno (happily without success), to nip that important enterprise in the bud, the counterplots of the Goddess Venus and her mischievous little son, Cupid, and the furious love and romantic death of Queen Dido. In Hexameter and Pentameter. With Illustrations. By Thomas Worth. Designed for the use of Families, Schools, and Colleges, and especially for Students in Virgil, into whose hands this volume may be put without the least danger of its being used as a "pony." Octavo; pp. 22; paper. Price, 25 cents. *Herald Office, Winsted, Ct.*

The above elaborate title fully describes the work, and we only add that the learned and the unlearned will find much entertainment in it.

PROCEEDINGS of the Seventh National Temperance Convention, held in Saratoga, N. Y., August 26th and 27th, 1873, containing the Papers presented, Speeches delivered, Resolutions and Reports adopted, Roll of Delegates, etc. Octavo; pp. 168; paper. Price, 25 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

A complete record of the most successful Temperance Convention ever held. The delegates evidently meant and mean *business*. A sum of \$10,000 was subscribed, to carry on the publications of the National Temperance Society.

Here are some of the subjects considered and reported: Shall any Distinction be made in Legislation between Distilled and Fermented Liquors? The Relations of Drunkenness to Crime; The Sabbath and the Beer Question; Parental Responsibility; Law as an Educator; Work among the Children; National Legislation; Temperance Literature; Temperance in Educational Institutions; Words of Cheer and Signs of Progress. All interested in the cause should secure a copy.

If a declaration of war was ever justifiable, it is so in the case of temperance against intemperance—we mean, of course, a war of moral suasion—legislation, education, and Christian principles against man's perverted appetite. "Shoulder arms!" "Tramp, tramp, tramp," etc.

WHITE ROSE AND RED. A Love Story.

By the author of "St. Aba." One vol., 12mo; pp. 343; muslin. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The *Home Journal* describes "White Rose and Red" as a remarkable poem. It says: "The critic will hardly say it is of the usual imitative and hackneyed sort, for it is full of startling surprises, which astonish as well as amuse and shock. There are many beautiful and highly poetical passages in this love story, and there is a good deal which had better never have been written. The author has a full-blooded imagination, and is never at a loss for style or resources. His range is large, and he does not hesitate to rush in where angels might fear to tread. The aim of the poem is to show the fickleness of man, the wonderful constancy of woman, and the superiority of the virtue and strength of character of the maid of the forest, 'Red Rose,' the Indian, over the little white woman, 'White Rose,' the prim Phoebe of a village in Maine. The theme of the poem is exceedingly slender and simple, and can be told in a few words:

"Eureka Hart, a wild, roving young man from Maine, goes into the Southern country, and surprises a beautiful Indian maid while bathing. He takes her to wife without any marriage ceremony (after the orthodox fashion), lives with her until he tires, then says good-bye to Red Rose, giving her his card at the same time, and departs for home, promising to return. Arriving in Drowsietown, Maine, he falls in love with Phoebe Ann, the 'White Rose,' and weds her in church. He lives with her happily until he is surprised one night during a terrible snowstorm by the appearance of Red Rose at his door with a white babe in her arms. Red Rose waited for Eureka until she

was tired, and then started on foot to find him. She and the babe soon died after reaching Eureka's house. White Rose took care of her, and Red Rose was buried in the old churchyard. After this the Yankee husband and wife live together in peace, although we read that

"Indeed, for seasons of domestic strife
She kept this rod in pickle all her life."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHOLERA, as it appeared at Nashville, in the year 1873. By W. K. Bowling, M.D. Octavo; pp. 63; paper, 50 cents.

Dr. Bowling, now and many years editor of the *Nashville Journal of Medicine*, gives the causes and, we think, the *prevention*, not only of cholera, but also of other epidemic diseases. A fine map of the city of Nashville is given in the book, showing what parts were most affected, and why. Physicians and others should read it.

VISITORS' POCKET GUIDE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY. Including a Map and Directions how to find the most prominent points of interest, and also a brief History of Greenwood. By John Mountain, late Officer of the Cemetery for a period of over ten years. Price, 25 cents. Johnson, Wilson & Co., publishers, N. Y.

"City of the dead!" How beautiful! All that art, money, and affection can do is done in Greenwood to make it inviting. The little hand-book should be read by those not already familiar with the ground, that they may not overlook the most interesting objects when visiting Greenwood.

"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

AUTUMN CATALOGUE and Floral Guide, containing a choice Collection of Dutch and Cape Flowering Bulbs, consisting of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, Iris, Lilies, Gladiolus, Anemones, Ranunculus, Ixias, Oxalis, Sparaxis, Scilla, Tritonias, etc., with Full and Explicit Directions for Culture. To which is added a Complete List of small Fruits, containing the most Desirable Varieties cultivated in this Country. Illustrated. It is the Fourteenth Annual Edition, 1873-74. Octavo; pp. 42; pamphlet. Price, 10 cents. New York: B. K. Bliss & Sons.

For the florist, or even for the lady who grows a few window plants, it is worth many times its price. The horticulturist and farmer can find in it descriptions of garden seeds, implements, fertilizers, with a thousand things not only useful, but indispensable. Send for a copy.

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of New York. May, 1873—April, 1873.

A very satisfactory condition of affairs is shown in this report. Besides four hundred and sixty of the best periodicals published in Europe and America, the library now has one hundred and forty-five thousand volumes of the best books in print. The terms for membership for merchants' clerks is only \$4 a year. Courses of lectures are given under the auspices of the Association every winter. The best speakers are always secured, and

the lectures are well attended. We congratulate, not only our merchants' clerks, but our citizens generally, for the good work which is being done by the Mercantile Library Association.

THE FAIR GOD; or, the Last of the Twins. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew. Wallace. One vol., 12mo; pp. 596; muslin. Price, \$2. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Here is a really instructive history, as well as a very thrilling romance. The *Literary World* says of it: "We think the public need wait no longer for 'the great American novel.' If we have it not in 'The Fair God,' our expectations are raised too high for human realization." Is there not a little too much intensity or rhapsody in it? The author is "high-pressure."

THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HOMEOPATHY. August, 1873. Editor, S. Lillenthal, M.D. Octavo; pp. 152. Price, \$1 a number, or \$4 a year. Quarterly. New York: Boerliche & Tafel. Filled with its usual learned lore.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.—Messrs. De Witt C. Lent & Co., of New York, announce a new edition of the "Progress of Religious Ideas Through Successive Ages." By L. Maria Child. 3 vols., 8vo; cloth; on superfine paper; at \$7.50 for the set. We regard this as the best history of religions yet published. It is impartial. It covers the ground from Adam to Beecher, and gives the creed of each Church. Those who want to know what are the differences among Jews and Gentiles, Mohammedan and Christian, may find the facts here. The same house will publish immediately "Apologetic Lectures on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity." By Chr. Ernst Luthardt, Doct. and Prof. of Theology. Translated from the seventh enlarged and improved German edition. With an Introduction by Prof. H. B. Smith, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. First American edition, 12mo, \$1.75. "The Presbyterian Church Throughout the World," from the Earliest to the Present Time, in a series of Historical and Biographical Sketches. This is a well-printed, thick octavo volume, with large type, profusely illustrated with engravings upon steel and wood, all by the best artists. *Sold exclusively by subscription.* In English cloth, \$3.50. "Poems of Twenty Years." By Laura Winthrop Johnson. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—Eleventh Annual Announcement, 1873-74. Located at 187 Second Avenue, corner of Twelfth Street, city. Fall term commences 18th October, ending 17th March—has this anything to do with St. Patrick's day? The Report is encouraging; and it is conceded by all that this college is doing a good work for women—and, we may add, for both sexes. Copies of the Report will be sent to any who wish it, on receipt of stamp, by the secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, 339 Broadway, New York.

CATALOGUE OF STORER COLLEGE (Normal College), located at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, 1873. The fall term commenced 29th September, and continues till April next. Rev. George H. Ball, D.D., president; Rev. A. H. Morrell, secretary; and Rev. N. C. Brackett, treasurer. The college is located on Camp Hill, a most beautiful situation.

LITTLE THINGS, edited and published by a family of girls, price 25 cents a year, has met with a change, and is now titled "Little Folks' Journal," and published at \$1 a year. Brinton, Pa.: Lukens Sisters. Send a dime for a sample number.

CHAMPION SCHOTTISCHE. Composed by Charlie Baker. Price, 30 cents. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick. For sale by Millett, 395 Broadway, N. Y.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE continues to "hold the field" against all competitors. Monthly. 80 cents a copy.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNOUNCEMENT of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. 1873-74. Philadelphia.

"How time flies!" Is it possible that this college has been in existence so long? Send a dime for the "Announcement," and learn all about it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN PRESS. A new book entitled "A Self-Made Woman," by E. M. Buckingham. Over 300 pages, 12mo, bound in fancy cloth. A large part of the first edition has been already subscribed for. Price, \$1.75. Orders received at this office.

MEN ARE WHAT WOMEN MAKE THEM. From the French of Adolphe Beliot, by Julia M. Furbish. One vol.; 12mo; pp. 348. \$1.50—M'K.

THE HOME; Where it should be and What to Put in it. By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo; cloth (Putnam's Handy-Book Series). 75 cents.—Ptn.

MORE WORLDS THAN ONE. The Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. By Sir David Brewster, K.H., M.A. 12mo; cloth extra. \$1.50.—Ptn.

A TOURIST'S GUIDE to the Yo-Semite Valley, and all the Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California. Illustrated with over 100 engravings. Also giving Map of Routes to Yo-Semite and Big-Tree Groves, Tables of Distances, Rates of Fare, Hotel Charges, and other desirable information for the Traveler. By J. M. Hutchings, of Yo-Semite. An elegant 4to vol., tinted paper, extra cloth, beveled edges. Price, \$3.—Rom.

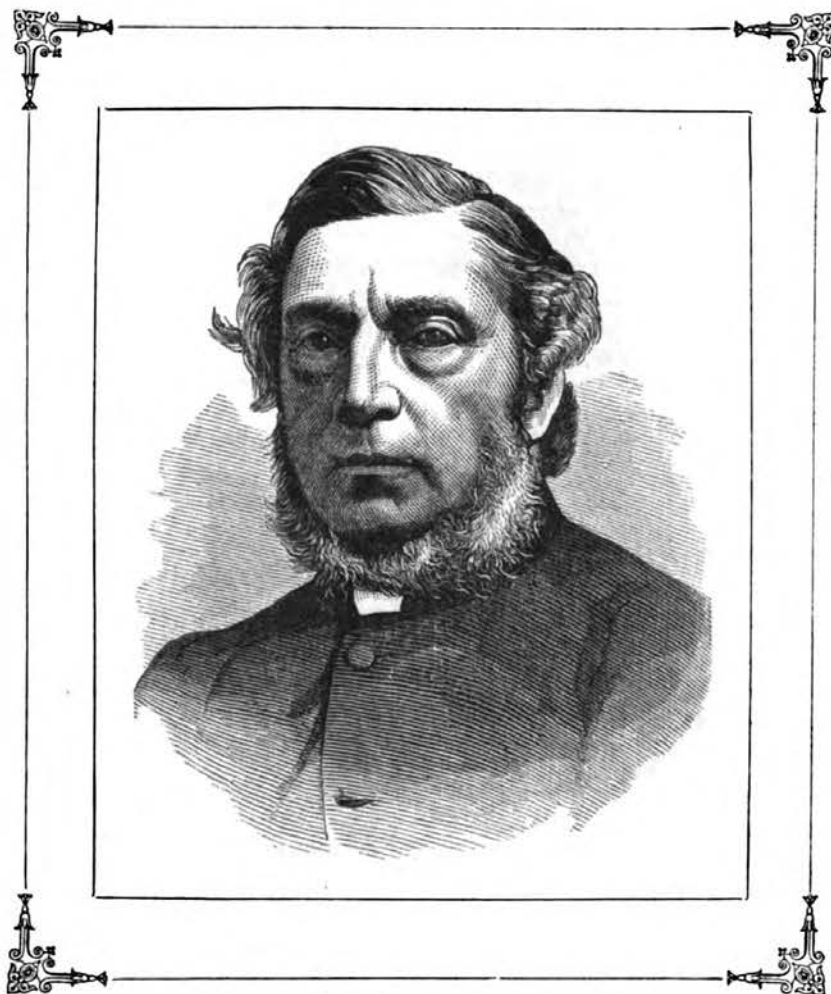
THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW. A series of twelve designs by Gustave Doré. Reproduced by an entirely new process of Photographic printing. Prefaced by an explanatory chapter on the Origin and History of the Legend. 8vo; cloth extra. \$3.—Gbe.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LVII.—No. 6.]

December, 1873.

[WHOLE No. 420.]



THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN AMERICA.

SOME OF THE LEADING DELEGATES.

THE recent Congress at New York of Christian ministers and laymen, representing many denominations and schools of religious thought and work in different parts of the world, has proved a most important affair. The Alliance, as convened, did not profess to be a general council of the Christian Church, but of those sects chiefly

which term themselves "evangelical," as the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, Lutheran, Congregational, etc.; in a word, those bodies which recognize the doctrine of the Trinity, and the divinely appointed mediatorship of Christ, as cardinal principles of faith.

The sessions of the Alliance were formally opened at Association Hall on the evening of October 2d, with an address of welcome to the foreign delegates by Dr. William Adams, of New York, to which cordial responses were given. From the opening to the close of the conference, on the 12th of October, the warmest interest in the proceedings was shown by those participating and the crowded audiences which were in constant attendance at the three or four places where the different sections of the Alliance were held.

This great meeting in New York commanded so much public attention, and comprehended so much of the best scholarship, thought, and endeavor of the period, that it was pronounced the most important held thus far by Alliance. Indeed, aside from its religious object, it had a character which commands respect, for no such aggregation of intellectual strength and activity could occur among people of the American mold and temperament without communicating

new incitements to thought in every useful direction, and contributing to bring about a closer correspondence among enlightened minds with respect to great moral and intellectual questions.

We hail the appearance and rapid growth of this Evangelical Alliance as a prestige of a not far distant era when Christians generally will be closely united in one common ground of faith and doctrine; when the

cherishing wings of charity shall cover all diversities of personal opinion, and the equality of enlightened man as to his religious practices will be universally recognized.

The object of the Alliance was well stated in the address of Dr. Adams, and we may not do better than quote a paragraph or two from that eloquent speech. He said: "We come not to discuss forms of church organization or government, or any-



REV. DR. I. A. DÖRNER.

thing which is extrinsic and casual. We meet to manifest and express our Christian unity. Divers are the names which we bear, both as to countries and churches: German, French, Swiss, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, Lutheran, Reformed, Anglican, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Independent; but we desire and intend to show that, amid all this variety of form and circumstances, there is a real unity of faith and life; believing according to the familiar expression of our common Christian creed in the "Holy Catholic Church, and the Communion of Saints."

From the large number of delegates, all of whom are men of distinction and worth, we find it difficult to select the few whose portraits can be given to our readers at this time. However, we place a leading representative of the English Church, an extensively known and venerated divine of Germany, a prominent leader in the Free Church movement of France, and a native minister of India on our pages.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

The first mentioned, Dr. Robert Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, was born in the county of Gloucester, England, in November, 1818, and was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1841, and obtained the Boden (Sanskrit) and the Pusey and Ellerton (Hebrew) University scholarships. He was ordained for the Church, and rapidly rose to prominent positions. In 1865 he was called to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford University, and in January, 1871, was promoted to the distinguished and responsible position that

he now holds, as successor to the celebrated Dr. Alford. Dean Smith has published numerous works, and is distinguished as one of the leading Oriental scholars of England. He is a gentleman of wide liberality of Christian sentiment, if the following extract from one of his addresses is any evidence.

"I have heard a good deal said about denominationalism, but I can not agree with my friend Dr. Russell in the belief that denominationalism should be weeded out of our Christianity. It is not possible for this

variety of opinions to vanish from off the earth. It is the way of God to produce the great and harmonious beauty of our planet by an innumerable diversity of forms. If variety of opinion and, consequently, denominationalism, vanishes, there will ensue no progress of opinion, but stagnation. We must remember there is a great unchristian world around us who consider our divisions as proof that our religion itself lacks harmony. If we could agree on the minor matters upon which alone we are divided, as well as upon the great truths whereon we are fully united, the arguments of the unchristian

world would vanish. But it is not that we differ, but the bitterness which we bring into that difference that renders us liable to such unfriendly criticism. We place our opinions on an infallible standard, and are bitter against those who do not accept our standard. We hear of an infallible Pope, and we refuse to accept his infallibility. We should, then, lower our standard placed on similar heights.



REV. DR. GEORGE FISCH.

We are only seekers after truth at the best. We are little pitchers, and can not carry all the truth, for it is too vast. We must not, then, place our portion of the truth in an infallible syllabus. Where minds are constituted differently, we must have different opinions. It is well it is so. If we all had the same shapes I might go home and find some other man exactly like myself claiming my place as Dean of Canterbury. Some of our differences arise from the differences of language and its inadequacy to

express intelligently to the ordinary mind the things that belong to heavenly truth. We must first feel that charity or Christian love which Paul said was greatest of all. With that assured, we will soon acknowledge the main truth, that where all the points upon which salvation depends are accepted, the bitterness of controversy upon minor matters should pass away. As your States are many, yet form the one empire, so, though many families in Christ are here, we are but the one household, have but the one head and hope for the final attainment of the one heaven."

The reader at once observes the robust, hearty Englishman in the features of the Dean. There is a clearness, an individuality, an openness, and a power in the expression of the face which in each case is unmistakable. The organs giving a sound and searching discrimination, a quick and accurate appreciation of the practical uses of things are predominant.

He has great breadth of head, in the temporal region, and very prominent perceptive, indicating a mechanical and esthetic order of mind rarely met with. He is gifted with unusual versatility of thought and readiness of expression, finding no difficulty in conveying his meaning by suitable words and adequate emphasis. He carries a robust vigor in his thought and speech which are at once impressive and persuasive.

REV. DR. I. A. DORNER.

The most prominent among the German representatives was the Rev. Professor Isaac August Dorner, D.D., of the University of

Berlin. He was born at Württemberg, June 20, 1809; was educated at Tübingen, subsequently visited Holland and England, and has since occupied in succession the chairs of divinity of Tübingen (1838), Kiel (1839), Königsberg (1840), Bonn (1849), and Berlin. Dr. Dorner is the author of several important religious works, among which are "The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," and a "History of Protestant Theology," now publishing in an English dress.



REV. N. SHESHADRI.

In one of his addresses, we regret that we do not have it at hand for verbatim quotation, Dr. Dorner said that, although "Germany would not sacrifice its individuality, yet it would not attempt to enforce its tenets to an unnecessary extent. As diamonds can only be cut by diamonds, so nations can only be improved by contact with nations. Germany, great as it is, can yet be improved by familiar and frequent intercourse with oth-

er nations." He said that, "divided as the religious bodies of this country are into numerous sects, he had never seen greater evidences of more vital religion than there are in the United States." He also pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of a union between Church and State as exemplified by the Constitution of the United States and that of Prussia.

An order of mind highly organized and cultured beams from the portrait of Dr. Dorner. Earnestness of purpose and intensity of meaning penetrate his every thought and

action. His aims have ever been lofty, upborne not only by his strong moral qualities, but also by an innate aspiration for excellence of attainment. His nature being deeply social, he has labored for the welfare of men, ever keeping a vigilant guard over his own actions lest anything inconsistent with his teachings should crop out. A model of prudence, taste, and systematic observance, Dr. Dörner well deserves the high regard felt for him by associates, friends, and the constituency of a great German university.

REV. DR. GEORGE FISCH.

From France came an eloquent Christian minister, who appeared full of hope for the future of his country, notwithstanding her great political and religious distractions.

Rev. George Fisch, D.D., of Paris, was born in French Switzerland, July 6th, 1814, and was educated at the Academy of Lausanne. He has occupied several responsible positions. At Lyons he was the successor of the celebrated French pulpit orator, Adolph Monod. Dr. Fisch is the founder of a French alliance which was organized as early as 1844. He is at present colleague of Pressensé, at the Collegiate Church in Paris, and President of the Free Church of France.

In closing a long address on the religious state of the French people, Dr. Fisch said: "Religious liberty is still secure. Six months ago a proposal was made to give to France a perfect religious liberty which we never had. This proposal went into the hands of a committee, composed of thirteen clericals and two liberals, and they were unanimously agreed that it should be laid before the house. And since we have religious liberty with France so well prepared, when Popery has shown to the nation what it is, with that longing for reformation, what may we not be? Then, my Christian friend of America, you will stand with us under anything. France lies before us like a wounded man in the road, and you will be the good Samaritan—you will have compassion upon us. Let no one say that the work in France is very slow, and repays little of the work in its behalf. Such a one is certainly no Anglo-Saxon, and certainly a poor Christian. You Anglo-Saxons go ahead and never mind obstacles. You overcome them. But we

have a good work, and shall succeed at last."

We have in Dr. Fisch an excellent type of the cultivated Frenchman. The intellectual development, well shown by the profile view, is very large, while the moral region is almost as strongly marked. Benevolence and Firmness are among the characteristics of his disposition, which are clearly shown in his every-day life, the latter imparting to his opinion a steadfastness which is not easily affected by opposition or attack; the former rendering him usually genial, kindly, sympathetic, generous. He is well organized for a place where a bold, intrepid, yet forbearing and conciliating mind would be required.

REV. N. SHESHADRI

From the far East came a converted Indian to declare the interest felt by Asiatic Christians in the cause of religious unity. Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, a native minister from Bombay, was, before his conversion, a Mah-ratta Brahman. He accepted Christianity while at one of the mission schools studying English with a view for preferment in the Government service. After a complete course in theology, he was licensed to preach in 1851, and in 1854 became a missionary under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland, and has since been engaged in arduous and successful work among his countrymen.

The fluency and flavor of this earnest-spirited Oriental may be inferred from some of his remarks before an evening assembly in Brooklyn:

"It may be that most of you may not find your way to my native land, but there is such a thing as acting upon my countrymen from this distance—15,000 miles. You have already done so through your noble-minded missionaries that you sent to our land, and their lives were like the life of the blessed Redeemer, whose they were and whom they serve. And I hope that every American that visits our shores, and there are many that do visit them, not as missionaries, but as merchants, as sailors, as engineers, and I do not know in how many capacities besides, but let all—Americans and Germans and Englishmen and Scotchmen, come there as living members of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they will be preaching so many sermons, and so powerfully, that these sermons will have

greater effect than the sermons we have heard in this city from even Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. And will this be realized, I ask? Judging from the progress that Christianity has made during the last fifty or sixty years in my country, I am full of hope and encouragement. It may be, before this generation has passed away, we may have the happiness to receive thousands of my countrymen into the Church of the living God. And oh, what a consummation that would be! You are accustomed to look upon your own land as a grand land; and it is indeed a grand land, and your own continent as a grand continent, and so it is. But I come from a country that is nearly as grand as your own country. You talk of your extensive mountains! Why, we have the highest mountains in the world with us. You talk of your rivers! Why, we have gigantic rivers among us—the Ganges, and the Indus, and the Nerbudda, and the Krishna. And under the enlightened Government that we have at present, the development of our country is progressing more rapidly than ever before. Just think what has been done during the last few years. We have a canal 500 miles long, and we have five other canals out of the Indies, stretching over a thousand miles, and spreading on every side fertility and wealth and happiness; and what is done in Northern India will be done in Southern and Central India. We have now a network of railways which allow us to go 5,000 miles

through the whole country. We can get into our railroad cars—as good as yours, and we have sleeping-cars—and we can leave Bombay and go to Madras, Lanore, Calcutta, and in a few months we can also go to Kuna-chee. And all that serves to spread intelligence and wealth and civilization. Ah, there is a national awakening of the whole land; and although my forefathers tried to keep my people secluded from the rest of the world, we have broken the shackles of caste, and thrown away the bull of infallibility, and we can now go not only to Europe, but come to your land and go to China, and throughout the whole world, and we shall receive enlightenment and civilization from other regions.”

Exuberance of feeling and sprightliness of expression should characterize the ex-Brahmin whose face now engages our attention. There are points in this face which are most persuasive of the modifying influences of education and association on the human character. Through “conversion” and the training of religious teachers, the wily, jealous, ambitious, exclusive Hindoo of high caste has become the earnest, warm, self-sacrificing, laborious missionary. Such an instance of the capabilities of the human mind for reform is most striking and wonderful, and pregnant with encouragement to all those engaged in the noble work of improving the moral and intellectual condition of their fellow-mortals, whether as Christian ministers or teachers.

THE FACE FACTORY—PART 2.

SEVERAL weeks later, while strolling along Broadway one pleasant, sunshiny afternoon, I became aware, all at once, of the fact that I was in the neighborhood of the rencounter that had led to my strange adventure; and not caring to risk a recurrence of the same experience, which to my still morbid fancy seemed ineradicably associated with the scene from which it had sprung, I turned with nervous haste to retrace my steps and make my way as fast as possible to some other part of the city not fraught with such weird associations. I had not gone far, however, when my attention was arrested and fixed by a modest-looking sign over a door-

way, which, though I had passed and repassed that very door scores of times, I never had observed before, and which gave to passers-by this singular information:

“Heads and Faces skillfully repaired and improved here;” with an invitation to passers-by to enter and inspect samples of workmanship within.

The door thus surmounted stood open, but did not show signs of being very much frequented; while for the time being, at least, I seemed the only one out of the numberless throngs continually surging past in either direction who paid the slightest attention either to the curious sign or its invitation.

Recollecting that I had only half fulfilled my object in following my guide to the regions whither she had conducted me, and that I had as yet looked upon only one side of the picture, and as, moreover, there was something in the general appearance of the entrance, and apparently of the interior of the premises consecrated to this sign, that served to remove every feeling of reluctance I might have had to pursue the subject of my inquest in this direction, I acted upon the impulse of the moment, entered the narrow doorway, and began briskly climbing the stairs, which, though well lighted from above, were very high, very steep, and apparently very little traveled.

I soon found that the task of climbing to the top was no easy one, for after ascending the steps for some distance the stairway made an abrupt turn to the right, and again led up for a considerable distance, lighted, as before, from above. Two or three more turnings presented themselves in succession, each as before to the right, and by the time I at length gained the summit, a square hall or antechamber, I was so overcome by my exertions, combined with my recent illness, that I sank exhausted and breathless on the topmost step, unable for the present to go farther.

As I sat panting for breath, and wondering what to do next, a door opposite the head of the stairs opened, and a noble-looking old man, simply attired in gown and cap, stepped forth, and glanced around, as if in search of some one. As soon as his eye encountered me his face brightened, and with a beaming smile he hastened toward me and gave me his hand. The magnetic touch of his fingers seemed to infuse new life and vigor throughout my frame, every trace of fatigue vanished instantly, and, quickly regaining my feet, I accompanied him, as a matter of course, into the apartment from which he had just issued.

The scene now before me, though different from anything that I had beheld hitherto, was not altogether unfamiliar, but bore a resemblance to scenes of its kind pertaining to every-day life. As in the former case, I had first entered the apartment where the tools used in the establishment were manufactured and repaired, and which presented in every respect a striking contrast to the subterranean cavern of the gnomes. The room, though not

very large, was commodiously spacious, and well lighted on the sides by windows, reaching from the ceiling, which was slightly arched, nearly to the floor; while, in place of the flaming forges, little braziers, well filled with coals, which burned with a clear, steady flame, without smoke or ashes, and supported on bright tripod stands, were scattered here and there through the room; while the work of fashioning and repairing the tools heated therein progressed almost noiselessly.

Without stopping for more than a cursory glance around this preparatory department, I followed my guide, who pressed eagerly on until he gained the door of an inner chamber, where he paused, and speaking for the first time in a low, rich, clear voice, invited me, in the most cordial yet graceful and dignified manner, to enter and inspect the work then in progress. The room into which I was ushered was very bright and cheerful, being lighted from above, but seemed to me extremely small for the nature and extent of the business which I imagined must be carried on here, being not more than one-third the size of the apartment where the tools were prepared, and crowded with various utensils and appliances for which there seemed neither place nor room.

Placing himself at my disposal with the utmost graciousness, and yet with the quiet dignity of a man who knows his own worth and that of the profession in which he is engaged, he welcomed me once more to his laboratory, and asked if I would like to make any inquiries in regard to the place or business—perceiving me to be a stranger to both—and what he should show me first.

Hardly knowing where to begin among the multiplicity of objects claiming my attention, and the host of questions that rushed simultaneously to my lips, I glanced curiously and attentively around, and my attention was at once riveted by the absence of workmen, not one of whom I could discover in any part of the room. Several work-tables were placed in various parts of the room, well provided with every required utensil, but no hand was there to wield or direct them; all were lying apparently useless, and some even appearing to be growing rusty.

"How is it?" I asked, in surprise, "that I see no workmen here, with such indications

of business as are apparent in the apartment beyond? Are you so short of hands, and why so?"

The old man sighed and shook his head, as he replied gravely:

"The harvest, truly, is great, but the laborers are few.' Skilled artificers in this work are, indeed, very rare and seldom to be had, but they exist, nevertheless," he continued, his countenance brightening as he spoke, "and you shall see more than one of them before long; noble men and women, who labor unremittingly, doing a work that the world knows little of now, but the effects of which it will feel mightily one of these days!"

"Do you, then, employ women in this work?" I asked.

"Most assuredly; their assistance is invaluable; and no business of this kind, whether directed toward good or bad ends, could possibly prosper without it."

I reflected a few moments, and then I recollected that in the subterranean workshops I had indeed seen among the workers a set of hag-like looking creatures, of all grades of hideousness, which I believed now must have been women.

"Business is dull with us at present," he continued; "and, moreover, you happen in at a time when our workmen, who, I will admit, are none too numerous, are employed elsewhere; some at the repairing room yonder, sharpening and repairing their tools, others conveying messages and directions to our various branch-offices, and others still soliciting custom through our city. I am happy to say, however," he resumed, his countenance growing more and more beaming at every word, "that times are mending with us and for us all over the world; and at no time, even when our business is least prosperous, are we ever obliged to suspend operations entirely. Day and night, unceasingly, the work goes on—slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely. There is an operation connected with our business going on at this very moment in this room," he continued, in answer to my look of inquiry, "which is of the greatest importance. Indeed, we often accomplish the most here when we appear to be doing little or nothing. See here," and wending his way carefully among the various

articles so thickly scattered around, he crossed to the opposite side of the little room, and directed my attention to a large covered tank with glass sides, in which a number of human heads were being subjected to the action of an almost palpable fluid of some kind, preparatory to receiving the impress of the tools.

When I had regarded them attentively for a few moments without perceiving that the liquid in which they were so completely immersed produced any perceptible effect upon them, the old man took down from a broad shelf near by a number of large glass jars, labeled "Influences," and filled with various delicately-tinged substances in both liquid and gaseous forms.

"These," he explained, "are delicate essences which we employ very extensively in our business, and which, though extremely volatile and evanescent in their nature, are yet remarkably subtle, and very powerful and lasting in their effects when they succeed in penetrating to any extent. If I should uncork a flask of this," pointing to a jar containing an almost colorless gas, "in a room full of people, it would very likely be dissipated in a few moments, without affecting the majority in the least degree; but if among them all there was one head in a condition to be acted upon favorably by it, in any part, it would be certain to find that head, and the precise spot in it to be acted upon, and would accomplish for it what nothing else could possibly do."

As he finished speaking, the old man took from a table near by a small flask filled with the same gas, and uncorked it. Instantly a most delicious fragrance filled the little room; and as I unconsciously drew it in my lungs in one long, deep breath of admiration and delight, it seemed to penetrate every sense, enhancing and quickening each in a four-fold degree. Scales seemed to fall from my eyes, so brilliantly clear and distinct did everything appear around me; indeed, it seemed as if now for the first time I really knew what it was to see; the blood flowed more freely through my veins, and tingled in the tips of my fingers and over the surface of my body, as if instinct with new life; my brain grew clearer—in a word, my whole mental, moral, and physical being felt rejuvenated

throughout. The next moment, the wondrous essence that had produced this effect was completely dissipated; scarce was I conscious of its delightful influence than it was gone. I returned to my former state of mind and body; and only the faintest trace of perfume yet lingering on the air remained of all that was past.

"This influence is rather stronger than any to which you would ordinarily be subjected," said the old man, with a smile, as he observed the effect it had produced upon me; "but strong as it is, and frequently as we make use of all the essences, they are not always powerful enough to counteract the effects of"—he paused abruptly, and then, after a moment's silence, he continued, fixing his gaze upon me as he spoke: "You have seen the inner workings of the *other* establishment; you have been *there*!" and he pointed significantly downward.

"I have," I replied, with an involuntary shudder at the recollection.

"I knew it. I was positive of it the moment I saw you; you bore the impress of that visit in every feature. Impossible to touch coals and remain unsmirched; you could not venture into such haunts as those and not show the results of the influences to which you were for a time exposed. For they also use powerful essences, similar to these in form, but very different in character, with which they interfere with, undo, and spoil a vast deal of our work, and this fact is quite disheartening at times. But we have agencies and powers at our disposal to which they can never gain access, and with which we shall surely get the better of them in time," and he smiled.

"These liquids," he resumed, "we use when we have unusually hard cases to deal with; and we have many such, for which we are expected to work wonders, when only too frequently the most important element of success—viz.: a willingness on the part of the subject to profit by the best we can do for him—is wanting. But even these are not powerful enough, and it often seems as if our best efforts could accomplish but very little indeed. When all else fails, however, we subject the case to the direct influence of the sun's beams as they descend to us through this upper window; and the divine potency

of light and heat has often wrought wonders without the intervention of any human agency, save what was required to bring the subject within the range of its influence;" and looking up with a beaming face through the broad sky-light window, which occupied nearly the whole of the ceiling, which was vaulted into a dome above the little chamber, the old man reverently uncovered his head.

"In this we have a great advantage over *them*," he said, presently, and again pointed downward.

Instinctively following his example, I replied:

"If these mighty powers be for you, you must accomplish a great work; even greater, in spite of all odds, than that which I saw in progress below."

The old man sighed and shook his head.

"We have wonderful means and appliances with which to labor on every hand; there is no lack of them—they multiply daily; but in the application of them to the various cases that come under our care, to accomplish the end we have in view, we have many difficulties and hindrances to encounter both within and without—many embarrassments and much vexation of spirit."

"Within?" I echoed in some surprise. "I can well understand that you might have great and almost insurmountable difficulties to contend against *without*, but *within*—among yourselves—how can it be? Among the infernal workmen in the subterranean factory, the utmost order and unity of action prevailed, everything moved like clock-work, and their fatal work progressed in a swift, steady, unbroken course, fearful to witness, with naught to prevent the full and perfect accomplishment of their sinister designs but the will of their too-unresisting, infatuated victims. If they, doing a work of destruction which horrified even their patrons when they paused to contemplate its results, could agree so well among themselves in their dismal gloom as to the means by which their work was wrought, how can ye, working in the clear light of day for a worthier end, and with more powerful if less terrible appliances, fail to do vastly better than they, as far as *your* part of the work is concerned?"

"Because it is always easier to damage and

destroy than it is to repair or build up; and clouds do sometimes even at this height, intervene between us and the clear light of day," replied the old man; "besides, we are very differently situated with respect to our co-workers than are those of whom you speak. They are either skilled laborers who work for hire, or—as are the majority—bound slaves to one master-spirit, who directs them all. We do not, because we can not, employ either hirelings or slaves; the nature of our work, which is a labor of love, forbids it. Our laborers are all volunteers, who enter our service—as some of them also leave it—of their own free will. Many of them are unskilled in the labor which they have undertaken, and each has his own ideas of the manner in which the work is to be performed; and as these ideas differ greatly in different individuals, they not unfrequently disagree sadly among themselves, thwart and distort each other's efforts, undo each other's work, and hinder and damage the cause they all have at heart, especially when, as is sometimes the case, two or more are employed on the same subject. Moreover, among those underground workmen there is no possibility of a clumsy hand spoiling his work; for if he use his tool never so unskillfully, he can but deform his subject, which is the ultimate aim of all their operations, and in no case does he run the slightest chance of beautifying it by accident. But our willing, but sometimes misguided assistants, not unfrequently make sad slips with their tools, which require a steady and skillful hand to use to advantage, and sometimes in their zeal to perfect one part, unwittingly entail deformity upon another."

"But can not you—" I began.

"I am not their master to command them," he replied, as I hesitated; "I can but instruct and advise, and that only to the extent to which they are willing to accept and profit by my suggestions."

At that moment the tread of feet was heard without, and presently eight or ten workmen entered the room, apparently all ready for work. They all greeted me cordially, desired to know what they should have the pleasure of doing for me; and when it was explained to them that I was there for the present merely as a "looker-on," they wel-

comed me heartily, and invited me to inspect the work in progress on their various tables; and each set himself, without further delay, to his accustomed employment.

The little room was quickly filled with bustle and animation; the click of tools and the busy hum of voices as they conversed with each other, asked or answered questions, and occasionally addressed a remark to me; the whole affording a striking contrast to the ominous and death-like stillness with which the subterranean artificers pursued their labors. They were all fine, earnest-looking fellows, with an independent, manly bearing; and although they paid the utmost deference and respect to the old man as he went from one to another, suggesting, advising, encouraging, or condemning, as the case might be, they evidently felt themselves at liberty to follow his directions or not, to the extent which seemed to them best.

I was very much entertained, in going from table to table, to see the various ways in which the different artificers went to work. Some grasped their tools with an air of the greatest confidence, as if assured that they understood what they had to do thoroughly, and could not possibly mistake; and seemed evidently determined to pursue some fixed plan of their own, with the utmost assurance as to the result. Others, more timid and irresolute, laid down their tools at almost every stroke, changed their plan a dozen times, and were continually calling for advice and assistance from the old man or from some of their neighbors, and as continually forgetting and going wrong. Others hacked away clumsily enough, but with such honesty of purpose, and such hearty good-will, as almost compensated for the havoc they now and then unintentionally made; while here and there was a truly skilled workman, whose operations it was a pleasure to witness.

The old man had his hands full among them all; here, stopping a hasty or careless hand that was on the point of inflicting irreparable injury; there, guiding a clumsy hand, or strengthening and encouraging an irresolute, uncertain one; solving some difficulty here, or repairing, as well as he might, the results of some unlucky slip there; so that I was left for awhile to my own devices, and occupied myself by examining the vari-

ous tools in use. Many of these had their names worn off by constant use, others were called by different names at different tables; but I contrived to ascertain the names of some of them.

One large tool, universally employed in the enlarging any portion of the head that required it, but especially for broadening and heightening the forehead, was generally called "Education." Several tools of different sizes and shapes, but all employed for a similar purpose, were labelled "Religion." Among other tools, I recognized "Temperance," "Moderation," "Cleanliness," "Purity," "Cheerfulness," "Liberality," "Integrity," "Courage," "Truthfulness," and others of a similar nature, whose names I have forgotten, which were all pretty generally used, though some tables favored some more than others, and *vice versa*.

At last the old man, having reduced matters to some order and got things moving smoothly, came once more to my side, and renewed the conversation.

"From whence do you derive your workmen?" I asked, at length.

"From almost all classes," he replied; "but chiefly from the ranks of preachers, teachers, poets, artists, and physicians; from which, also, I regret to say, our enemies often receive valuable assistance, as well as we. But they who are to be our skilled workmen in the future, who are training for it in the present, who will be preachers, teachers, and physicians, ministering to man's three-fold nature at one and the same time, who will possess the key which will unlock so many difficulties, and for want of which so many stumble, viz.: the knowledge of the true relation sustained by the outward manifestation to the inward cause, and the ability rightly to interpret it, are the noble army of the phrenologists, few at present, but daily growing stronger; whose constant study will be man—not as an animal merely, not as a curious piece of mechanism, animate or inanimate, not as a collection of feelings, thoughts, and impulses only, but as man in all his varied moods, phases, and manifestations, mental, moral, and physical. With such workmen as these, and such models to guide us as these, what glorious things might we not hope to accomplish? what things should we

not accomplish even now, harrassed and hampered as we are, if our patrons would only permit us!"

At the word "models" I glanced up quickly, and following the direction of the old man's hand I looked and beheld a recess in one side of the chamber, which I had not observed heretofore, enshrined in which, upon a marble pedestal, stood the life-size statue of a man, so exquisitely carved that I could scarcely realize that it was not a living being. One glance riveted my attention, and then it seemed as if I could have gazed forever. Never before, whether chiseled in marble or pictured on canvas, in this or foreign lands, certainly never in fleshy mold, had I beheld or imagined such majestic, manly beauty—such perfection of form and face that it seemed as if an archangel might have stood for the model—as was realized here. Never before had I known the full meaning of the declaration, "And God made man in his own image;" and I felt both humbled and exalted at my own immeasurable inferiority, and yet at the thought that I was in any way akin to such a glorious possibility. Could this ever be realized in human flesh and blood? I asked, at length.

"It might—it can—it *will* be," he replied, with the calm assurance of a prophecy. "But this is not all," he continued, seeing me still wrapt in contemplation of the heavenly ideal before me; "see here," and he directed my attention to another recess, wherein was enshrined the companion statue of the Ideal Woman.

What was the Venus de Medicis? what was any incarnation of physical loveliness, however perfect, compared with the union of perfect soul and body that I now beheld fairly portrayed for the first time! I stood spell-bound.

"Who would not wish to attain to such perfection as this?" said the old man, in a low tone.

"Aye, who, indeed!" I murmured, without taking my eyes off the figure.

"And who should not be willing, desire—aye, strive hard to attain as near to it as is possible?" he continued.

"Who could do otherwise, who had once beheld this?" I replied.

"And yet they are many who absolutely

refuse to allow us to bring them up as far as may be to this standard. One of the greatest difficulties we have to encounter is this unwillingness on the part of the greater number of those who do patronize us to permit us to do our best for them. In this respect the other establishment has the advantage of us, for their customers soon become their slaves, and are compelled, in a great measure, to submit themselves to their operations; but we can not interfere in the slightest degree with the free will and choice of any who resort to us; and although it seems to be comparatively easy to compel men to their hurt, we find it a difficult matter to induce them to agree to the means necessary to insure their benefit, without interfering with their freedom of choice. Some occasionally resign themselves into our hands, with the sincere desire to profit by the best we can do for them; but they are very, very few."

Even as we were speaking, footsteps were heard without, and the next moment the door opened and admitted a lady, leading by the hand a little boy of about ten years of age, and a girl of about thirteen. In response to her request to see the director of this establishment, the old man stepped quickly forward to ascertain her pleasure.

"I understand that you profess to improve and beautify heads and faces," she began, in a small, childish voice.

"That is our constant occupation," he replied.

"Well, I am not quite satisfied with my little boy, here. I want him to be smart and clever; and I am told that such boys always have large foreheads. His is hardly large enough to give him much of an appearance of cleverness; and then his face could be improved somewhat, I guess. I should like him to be a little prettier."

The old man, taking the boy by the hand, led him forward to where the clear light of the dome window fell full upon him, and regarded him attentively for a few moments. He was by no means a prepossessing child, and his head bore ample evidence of its need of considerable repairing and altering to approximate it in any degree to the required standard. So evidently thought the old man as he passed his hand lightly over the boy's head, and resumed:

"This will necessarily be a matter of time, as there is a great deal to be done here; but I can promise you a satisfactory result if you will consent to put the child entirely under our control, and allow us to do the best we can for him."

"Well, I don't know," she replied hesitatingly; "your establishment is apt to push matters to extremes, I have heard. What is it that you wish to do?"

"We must first direct our energies to reducing and modifying somewhat the very large development here," placing his hands over the sides of the head where Alimentiveness, Secretiveness, and Destructiveness showed themselves unusually prominent; "and here," indicating the back of the head, where the various animal propensities exulted in an active and extensive growth, "in order—"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the mother impatiently; "that part of his head is very well as it is! I see no reason for changing it, and I will not have it meddled with. All I want is to have his forehead made broad and high, and his face pretty."

"But it will be impossible to do that, madam, unless we first bring the other parts into proper subjection and orderly relations. All true beauty consists in the harmonious development of all the several parts; if any one of them is either excessive or deficient in any marked degree, the beauty of the whole is marred."

"That's all nonsense!" exclaimed the lady more impatiently than before; "you shall do nothing of the sort! Pretty sort of workmen you must have here, if you can not alter the boy's face and forehead a little without putting him to the trouble and inconvenience of having his whole head altered; as if it made any difference what the shape of it was, so long as his face is pretty and his forehead is high! But I see you do not understand me at all. Let me see your patterns and I will show you what I want."

"We have but one model for boys of his age," replied the old man, taking down from a shelf a beautifully executed bust of a child of most exquisite loveliness.

The lady examined it with many expressions of admiration.

"There! this is what I mean!" she ex-

claimed, indicating the noble brow and charming features; "make him look like *this*. Never mind the other parts of his head, but make his forehead as high as that, or a little higher if you can; and make his features as regular as these and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"But, madam," urged the old man, "do you not see that this noble development of brow and the expression which constitutes the principal charm of these features that you admire so much, could not exist if those 'other parts' were not brought into harmonious relationship with them? I assure you it will be impossible for us to produce anything like a satisfactory result, or one that we should be willing to be instrumental in producing, except by the means I have indicated to you."

"Oh, very well! if you can't do it, that's another thing," replied the lady coldly; "I suppose it will be hardly worth while to consult you with regard to my daughter, here, as your decision will probably be no more satisfactory! I might have known, however, what to expect from such professions as yours! Come, my children, we will apply elsewhere;" and the boy, whose dull, heavy countenance bore in every line the stamp of greediness, deceitfulness, cruelty, and animal passion to an extent that would have ruined the most beautiful features, and the girl, whose sallow complexion, thin, hollow cheeks, feverishly-brilliant eyes, and sinister, unchildlike expression, betokened habits of life totally and radically wrong, followed their offended mother from the room ere a single effort had been made for their improvement.

"You see the difficulties under which we have to labor," said the old man to me. "This lady is but a fair sample of the majority of our patrons. You would be astonished at the number of mothers who come here with their daughters; of fathers who bring their sons, desiring them to be improved or altered in one or two particulars, only to the total neglect of the rest; forgetting that abnormal development in *any one direction* entails deformity upon its object. Do you wonder that our progress in the good work we have in hand is slow and tedious?"

"Those children," he continued, "both

evinced unmistakable signs of having been subjected to the infernal workmanship of the other establishment; and, through the culpable neglect or willful perversity of their parents, will be submitted to it again and again, until the ruin of all that is good and beautiful has been effected. And so it is; if we can not work miracles, and undo and rectify in a day the errors and misdoings of years, our patrons grow impatient or discouraged, withdraw themselves or their children from our hands, and speedily fall a prey, through choice or neglect, to the deadly skill of our enemies and theirs."

The noise and bustle of departure here aroused me to the consciousness of the fact that the workmen, having accomplished their allotted task for the day, had ceased work and were taking their leave, one by one, saluting the old man as they passed. In a few moments the old man and myself had undisturbed possession of the little room. Thinking I had now fully accomplished the purpose of my visit, and that nothing more remained to be seen of the workings of this interesting establishment, I was about to follow their example, when the old man, who had left my side, and was busily rearranging the tools left by the workmen in another part of the room, turned, and perceiving my intentions, beckoned me to remain. I obeyed, and, following the direction of his hand, seated myself, and awaited further developments with renewed interest.

I had not long to wait. The little room had not reposed many minutes in the profound silence which had immediately followed the departure of the workmen, when all at once I observed that it seemed growing brighter; the shadows which had been slowly gathering with the lengthening hours shrank closer and closer within their allotted corners, while a steadily increasing tide of radiant light came pouring through the window above my head. The old man seemed to notice it also, for he advanced presently beneath the window, and after gazing intently upward for a few moments, seized a cord that was looped just over his head, and slowly and steadily pulled upon it, moving the circular casement to one side until it was no longer visible, and there no longer intervened even the slightest obstruction between

us and the clear, blue sky visible through the opening, through which a perfect flood of radiance now poured, illuminating the little room in every part.

Presently faint strains of music became audible; then the sound of light footfalls on the roof above our heads, and immediately the descending rays of light seemed to intertwine with one another, and form a sort of fairy-like ladder, down which, a moment later, thronged a company of beautiful, radiant beings, whom there was no mistaking for denizens of our dim, lower world, or, indeed, for aught other than what they so plainly were.

"Is all in readiness?" asked the stately leader of this noble band, in a voice that sounded like the soft'ly attuned concourse of many waters.

"All is in readiness," replied the old man; and without another word the new-comers, who represented both sexes, dispersed throughout the room, taking possession of the tools and tables left unoccupied by the workmen. I bent eagerly forward to observe their operations, which speedily filled me with wonder and admiration. In taking hold of the work left unfinished by their predecessors, they touched and retouched with the most exquisite skill, softening every harsh line, toning down and modifying every defect, and heightening the beauty of every object they handled. Not long did they work; but marvelous for its delicacy and wisdom was the result they accomplished. While the general effect of the entire work in hand was greatly improved, apparently hopeless blunders were rectified, difficult operations performed, and without being by any means completed, everything was left in the most favorable state and condition for the workmen to resume their labors the following day. Having thus repaired damages and ensured all possible improvement, the noble artificers withdrew in the same manner in which they had come, leaving the glow of their presence in all that had momentarily surrounded them.

"Can you wonder," said the old man, turning to me with his eyes bright with the reflected glory; "that we feel sure of success in the end, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles, when we have such allies as *these*

to second the efforts of the most unskilled among us? Do you wonder that we scorn despair, and fear not the worst that our enemies can do for us?"

My heart was too full at the obvious meaning of all this for me to reply in words, so I could only grasp his hand in token of what I felt.

Hand in hand we quitted the little room, the old man closing the door softly behind us. As we traversed once more the outer workshop, now silent, deserted and dusky with the gathering shades of evening, an irresistible impulse drew me toward one of the windows. Gazing out, I was astonished to see the height to which I had attained; the city seemed so far below as to be almost invisible.

"You will come again? you will not forget us?" asked my guide, as I drew back, dizzy from the contemplation of the distance below me, and resumed my way out; "you have no cause to regret your present visit," he continued, and with a wave of his hand he directed my attention to a large mirror set in the wall, and which we were just passing. I hastily glanced into it, and then I paused in astonishment at the transformation that had taken place in my own features. Outline, expression, color, all bore the impress of the influences to which I had for the last few hours been subjected; while not a line was changed that properly belonged to their identity, the effect of all was enhanced for the better ten-fold. I seemed to have renewed my youth, and at the same time to have verified its every promise.

"I shall, indeed, be only too happy to avail myself of the privilege of visiting you often," I replied, enthusiastically; "if *this* is the usual result, I shall haunt these precincts constantly."

The old man smiled benignly; and still retaining my hand in his, he began descending the stairs with me.

"You will always find me here," he resumed, "whenever you attain this height; but we have other agencies, or branch offices, that are easier of access than this, where you will be sure to meet many of our workmen; and from what you have seen of their workmanship, I think you will have no difficulty in recognizing them; and you will never fail

in meeting a hearty welcome. But we hope," he continued, his voice sinking to the softest murmur, "that we shall see you again, even *here!*"

Already dark when we commenced the descent, it had been growing darker and darker at every step; and with the last words that the old man uttered, the gloom became so intense that it enveloped us like a mantle, and effectually hid his form from my sight, though I still kept hold of his hand. To this I clung with all my strength, for, from some unseen cause, we now began descending very rapidly, and the constant and rapid turnings made my brain very dizzy. In spite of all my efforts to retain it, the hand seemed slowly escaping from my grasp; and though unconscious at what moment I lost my hold upon it, when I finally reached the lowermost stage of all, and stood once more within the still open doorway, it was to find myself alone.

As I stepped forth into the crowded streets, I became aware of the fact that I had been breathing a charmed atmosphere, one which afforded a marked contrast to the dull, damp, lifeless air that now found its unwelcome way into my lungs, effectually checking the exuberant flow of my spirits, and sending a chill through my whole frame; while the scenes through which I had so lately passed faded before the cold, stern reality of the present into the misty uncertainty of a dream.

Warned of the lateness of the hour by the lights that were multiplying all about me, and by being jostled by a passing lamp-lighter on his rounds, I buttoned up my coat, turned up the collar, and made the best of my way homeward at as rapid a pace as was consistent with the state of my mind and the crowded condition of the streets.

Many times since then have I retraced my steps in that direction; long and carefully have I searched for that little door in the neighborhood where I feel sure it must have been, but have never, as yet, succeeded in finding it, though I am certain I must have passed that identical spot more than once. Indeed, I might suppose my whole experience to have been a dream, were it not that I have found several of the branch offices of which the old man spoke to me—often in places where I never should have thought of

looking for them, and have more than once recognized and shaken hands with some of those very workmen, though they never have been able to direct me to the exact locality of their aerial workshop. I live in hopes, however, of being able to discover it and repeat my delightful visit, perhaps to profit by it in a more marked degree than before; for sometimes, when present at one of these branch offices watching operations and summing up results, and from the heights of the far-reaching observation and experience of the able co-workers, and through the medium of their ever-active agencies, looking forth into the great world and beholding what has been accomplished, and what is still being done in the good cause, I seem to be again under the influence of the wondrous essence showed me by the old man; the rich tones of his voice are once more vibrating in my ear, and I seem to be reascending to the scene of my recent experience.

Meanwhile I am constantly seeking in every countenance indications of the workmanship of both establishments that I have visited; nor do I seek in vain. The unmistakable signs are plainly visible in every face I see of one or the other class of workers, or more frequently of the contending influences of both. Need I say which establishment is most largely represented in the streets of our metropolis?

Friends, which do you patronize? for under the influence of one or the other of these laboratories you must come; there is no help for it. To which are your children sent, day by day? To which order of beings is intrusted the hourly development of their heads and faces? Guard carefully those little ones, in whom your heart's best earthly affections are centered, from every adverse influence; secure to them all the benefits that await in such abundance to bless them on every side; and relax not for a moment that eternal vigilance over their dawning intelligence and moral discernment which is the price of every good result; for it is yours to determine whether, in the years to come, our streets shall be thronged with noble, God-like men and women, or wretched counterparts of brutes and demons. Wherefore I say unto you all: Watch and work.

ALTON CHESWICKE.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE—No. 4.

THE present seems to be an age of precocity, or, rather, of assumption of great mental ability and energy by all classes of persons. Everywhere we go, in the streets,



Fig. 1—SCANDAL MONGER.

in the shops, in the places of public resort, and in the drawing-rooms, we hear the interchange of ambitious speech, and see the hollow garishness of affected demeanor. Modesty is not entirely wanting in our modern life, but it is very rarely met in public places. Like violets in the meadow, it shrinks from observation, and is discernible only by the searcher after solid substance and real worth. Evening companies in our fashionable society are made up chiefly of those who assemble for the purposes of gossip and flirtation.



Fig. 2—"SMART" MARKET WOMAN.

There we find the elderly spinster descanting volubly on the qualities, usually shortcomings and mistakes, of acquaintances. Her flippant tongue never seems to lack inspiration; she catches the passing remark of an-

other, and, with great fertility of invention, weaves it into a long story. She treasures up the half-uttered hints and asides of those she meets, puts this and that together, and, on occasion, pours her wealth of disparagement into sympathizing ears.

The whole physiognomy here is indicative of peevishness, craft, pertinacity, and meanness. The nose has a low aspect of Combativeness, that which stabs and bites in the dark. Such a character derives gratification from the pain and mortification she inflicts on others.

Where scandal abounds we shall expect to find coincidentally a disposition to cozen, cajole, and flatter. To get on "the right side" of people is deemed an important step toward securing one's aim.



Fig. 3—MODESTY.

In the face with its natty cap we think we can see the woman who sells us vegetables and eggs in the city market. She has one eye to her wares, of course, and the other, a very piercing one, for the purchaser, and plentifully seasons her recommendation of this or that article on her stand with a copious expression of admiration for the purchaser's appearance, dress, and grace. How impertinent, audacious, and insinuating the expression of this face! and yet how repellent to the delicate, discriminating taste! She keeps the best, "of course," and always gives full weight or measure, "of course." Beware of her, ye who provide for the necessities of a household. The looseness of her tongue and the slatternly character of her dress and air are true exponents of her disposition and of her way in doing business. Approba-

"What can have become of her?"

An alley was near, and into this I dodged, running down it until I came to another street, when I turned my face in the direction of home. Like a hunted animal, I made my way thither, scarcely daring to breathe until I was safe in bed. In the morning Mrs. R. called and berated me for my ill-behavior. It was the last time that I ever spoke to her, or she to me. But a few days later I received a letter with some ink-lines scrawled on it, which I translated thus:

"Mis yer think yer air smart but yu air a fule i wud have made yu my wif for all yu be so crazy but i cant stand yur perceedings—yu think yu air a Poit, but i can tell you that Poits don't grow on american soil, and yule see the da that yule wish yu had married an Honest man like me—my Advice is go to work and don't be a fule yours in disgust

J—L—

Strange as it may appear, I do not yet regret that I did not marry him; but I may regret it yet.

About a year later, I was beset by a small, fat carpenter, with a head as round as a ball, and as soft as an over-ripe muskmelon. I do not like to keep company with very small men, even if they are jewels. I stand five feet four inches, minus my boots, and I do not like to look down on a man. I want to look up, if it is only an inch. This carpenter, who was Jimmy number two, was shorter than I. I disliked him; but he had worked for my father and presumed on this to consider himself privileged to call at our house. He had a fashion of calling on me every Sunday, and inviting me to visit a certain park with him. Twenty times or more he invited me, but I invariably refused to go. Still he did not take "no" for an answer. Regularly as the Sunday came, his little round head bobbed into the house, bringing the never-ceasing invitation on his tongue. Wearied, at last, I asked my mother's advice how to act.

"Tell him that I do not allow you to go out with gentlemen without my company," she said; "that will silence him."

But she was mistaken.

"Take your mother by all means. I like to see girls careful," he responded; and I took this word to her.

"Let us go," she said, "we will have some sport."

I did not like the idea, but I went. At the park my mother ordered some ice-cream and cake for herself and me; Jimmy pleaded indisposition, and took nothing.

"This cream is delicious," said my mother, anon. "More cream and sponge-cake, waiter."

Then some other things were ordered. My mother thought Jimmy penurious, and was having her revenge. Meanwhile our escort moved uneasily in his seat, gasping at every fresh order. My mother innocently inquired if he had a flea on him; but he shook his head in reply. Finally she arose, and announced her readiness to return home. The poor fellow was very white around the mouth by this time, and now reached out his hand as if to stay us, stammering:

"Ma'am, could you lend me a dollar or so? I wasn't prepared to buy only two creams. I didn't take none myself on that account. I supposed one cream was all anybody wanted."

"Dear me! how unfortunate!" said she; "my money is in my other dress pocket."

"What shall I do?" cried the young man, in tones of desperation.

"Go to the office and arrange it some way. It is near supper time, and we will not wait for your company."

On the way home we laughed every time we looked into each other's faces.

But a cure was effected. Jimmy number two never called again. I afterward learned from a mutual acquaintance that he pawned his beaver for the bill, and went home with a chip hat that he bought from a boy. He was also heard to make the remark that he was disenchanted. He knew he could never support a woman who could *eat so much*.

Passing other lovers, about whom people saw comical things which for some reason did not strike me as being so very absurd, perhaps it was because I had more tender feelings than of yore, I come to a lover who annoyed me later in life. He was a youth of twenty, several years my junior, so tall that I had to look twice to see the top of his head; thin as a country editor's pocket-book, and conceited as a Bantam rooster. He delighted in thread-bare outer clothes and dirty shirts, and considered himself a genius of a high order. He worked for me in my print-

ing-office, consequently I was thrown daily in his company, and, though he did not tell his love, his actions were enough to drive one wild. He had strange, dark-gray eyes, which took a terribly wild appearance when he was not pleased, and squinted up sickishly when he got in a loving humor. He had an ungainly nose, and very white teeth placed far in his mouth, giving his face an uncomfortable look. Then his straight, dark hair, no lock of which was ever guilty of even a wave, generally stood on ends, each individual hair taking up life on its own account, and spurning its fellows.

He was exceedingly attentive. If I attempted to clear up my desk, he went to work at it too; if I crossed the office for any article I wanted, he stumbled ahead of me and brought it to me; if I was making up a book-form, he annoyed me so by trying to hand me the rules, leads, coins, etc., that I sometimes ordered him out of my presence—only to find that he would not go; and more, he persisted in accompanying me home, in spite of my declarations that his attentions were objectionable to me. Once, when I was walking on the street with a gentleman, he had the audacity to step between us, and walk there until I reached my home. The next morning I found one of his poems on my desk. I will give one verse here as a sample:

"Though the day doth bear no song,
And the night be dark and long,
When the storm-clouds gather o'er thee,
And the hail falls thick and fast,
Then I'll throw my strong arm round thee
And uphold thee to the blast."

His voice was something between the quacking of a duck and the filing of a saw, sinking and rising from high to low and low to high along this scale, and he was always singing. Belle Ma Hone was his song. He would squint up his eyes and look me in the face at the beginning, then turn them upward with—

"Meet me at Heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Ma Hone."

I finally sent this ardent admirer out to canvass for my book. He spent his commission and fifty dollars of my money, then got "stuck" in a country town, and wrote to me for assistance. But I let him stick. This disgusted him. He wrote me a farewell letter, informing me in an underlined sentence

that appearances are often deceitful. At last accounts he was much thinner in flesh than ever. Perhaps my readers will be surprised that after having three such ardent admirers I am still

"Wandering alone."

But so it is, and so it will be until the end of time, unless—well, I might as well out with it—unless the Professor finds in his examinations of craniums some one peculiarly fitted for my "queer" nature, who will take me at the Professor's recommendation, when I shall cheerfully consent to become a victim to matrimony in order to further the progress of science.

DEFINITE DUTIES.

MUCH valuable time is wasted, and many choice opportunities allowed to pass by unheeded, for want of a knowledge of definite duties. To know what one has to do, how to do it, and when it must be done, are the elements that form an intelligent capacity for work, with the ability to perform it.

Most boys have a goal set before them as soon as they start out in life, if not before, and are taught what steps to take in order to be successful in their pursuits; they have a definite aim—that is, if they are properly educated—and have definite duties devolving upon them.

But with girls no such thing is attempted, and hence the idle, rapid, aimless lives of the majority of the sex. They are not to blame so much as are their parents and guardians, who put them on their feet and tell them to struggle along somehow or other, and look out for themselves. The capacity for looking out for one's self is not an inherent quality; it frequently has to be fostered, sustained, and supported, until the latent idea becomes the ruling principle of life.

Let one get up in the morning without having any definite idea as to what he is to busy himself about during the day, and he will be listless and languid, with every hour hanging heavy on his hands, putting off until to-morrow what he might easily have done to-day, had there been a real necessity for his doing anything. What an awful record of misspent time must such an one present at the judgment-day!

On the contrary, with what alacrity one

risers to his work who knows what duties he has to perform; and what a joyful recompense is his when he feels that he has accomplished a good day's work.

Definite duties nerve us to greater deeds, while vague and indefinite performances inevitably result in sluggishness and indifference, if they do not lead to mischief and crime. To be engaged in no good work is an evil thing in itself, for the ear and heart of an idler are open to the suggestions of Satan, and so God sets benevolent traps for those who are wandering toward dangerous pitfalls. Sunday-schools have caught many a boat that was drifting along without chart or rudder, and fitting it out with a desirable cargo, commissioned it immediately for service—with souls for its hire. It can read its title clear, and is no longer at the mercy of wind or wave. See that child in its cradle! It does not know why it is here, or what are its duties! It is expected to laugh when it is pleased, to grow in stature, to increase in strength, and to be wise in its day and generation. But who is to teach it to do all this? It has hands; how shall they be used? It has feet; are they simply to support the body? It has an intellect and a will; who shall awaken them and give them the right direction?

God gave it to you; it is a diamond in the rough. Do you trust the care of it to Providence? He has given his angels charge concerning it; but they have no power to educate, to train, or to discipline an immortal being. The child needs work; not hard, exhaustive labor, but work enough to keep up an interest in his surroundings, and furnish a "safety-valve" for excessive vitality. Let children do for themselves, occasionally, and let them know, early in life, the pleasure of doing for others. The parental love that shields the child from every trouble and exertion is ministering only to selfishness and fostering a spirit of indulgence and exclusiveness, which destroy the sweetest traits of childhood. The angelic lineaments are obliterated by injudicious training. Begin early to systematize your work, and you will be astonished to find how much more you can accomplish than would be possible if you had no established mode of procedure, no definite duties. In order to build a house the work-

men require plans and specifications, and can you undertake to build a temple fit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit without having some idea of what your duties are? Improve the time; let your duties be well-defined, and there will be peace of mind, and an entering into joy, if you have been careful to work diligently and walk righteously.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It was twenty years ago, and now I'm old and gray;

It startles me—the threads of hair so white I found to-day.

My eyes are growing dim and my steps are weak and slow,

Oh! where is now the laughing girl of twenty years ago?

I wonder if my heart grows gray, like to my sunny hair;

Ah, me! they've been weary years of sorrow and of care.

And as I sit to-night, by my firelight's golden glow,

My heart recalls one summer's eve full twenty years ago.

The stars shone soft and bright, and the gentle sighing breeze

Sang lullabies to sleeping birds, whose cradle was the trees;

We stood together hand in hand, with whispered words of love,

With only summer flowers to hear, and glowing stars above.

Heart answered heart; he loved me true, and I would have died for him;

Ah, well! 'tis many years ago, yet my eyes *will* grow dim.

'Twas only a light word spoken, but two hearts were full of pride,

So we tread alone the path we should have walked in side by side.

A word, a look, a jarring tone, and a lifetime of regret;

'Neath a careless touch a heart may break, and the music Time will set

To the dreary words is a minor strain, mournful, deep, and low—

Such is the song my heart has sung since twenty years ago.

Ah, well! the sunny days of youth have glided far away;

I feel the heavy hand of Time, and my hair is growing gray;

The shades of night have deepened, and my fire is burning low,

And gone with the light are the girlish dreams of twenty years ago.

LEMORE.

Our Country and Its Resources.

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.*

MONEY—ITS FUNCTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS.—No. 2.

OUR CURRENCY.

WE have, as a people, demonstrated the possibility of a "church without a bishop, and a state without a king." We have also created a currency without a specie basis, and for eleven most trying years it has proved the best the world has ever seen.

Specie, panic-struck, hid or ran away the first year of the war. The greenback bridged the chasm, and when, on return of peace, everybody anticipated a recurrence of the almost universal ruin which followed our other great wars, we moved on, to the astonishment of the world, "prospering and to prosper."

It was a remarkable fact that while, at the close of the war, we moved on with steady steps, England and France reeled like drunken men.

The reason was the healthfulness of our currency, the strength of our money system; healthy because detached from that most feverish of all money elements, specie; strong, because based on the wealth of the nation—its goodness could not be doubted. But in all this "we builded better than we knew."

When Mr. Chase, repulsed by the bullionists, issued his first \$20,000,000 greenbacks, he apologized for so doing, putting in the plea of necessity; and from that time to this the history of our currency has been a series of temporary expedients, compulsory in inception, empyric and spasmodic in execution.

The child was born amid the sneers and curses of our enemies, and cold shoulders of our friends. If, with such a birth and nursing, it has in its youth been an angel of such goodness and strength, what may we not expect of its manhood, if cultured with better surroundings?

In our last we demonstrated that the elements yet required to perfect our currency were stability, elasticity, cheapness, volume, and convertibility, indicating the diagnosis of the disease, and now we propose to discuss the mode of cure.

The contemporary of Luther taught religion only in an unknown tongue—the one by sermons in his own vernacular, the other by the

eloquent teachings of the trees and flowers—the Gallileans learning only from the venerated Rabbins at the synagogues, or from the sanctimonious Pharisee at the street corners, have no more reason for surprise than our readers have at the very simple prescription for all these ailments.

Let Congress pass a very simple, and, therefore, easily-understood law, *providing for the issue of treasury notes (greenbacks) as legal tender for all purposes whatever, to the extent which the requirements of the country indicate, and make such legal tender reconvertible, at the option of the holders, into Treasury bonds bearing a rate of interest not much in excess of the average annual national increase of property—say 3.65 per cent. per year.*

This involves very little, if any, increase of the public debt, whether as represented in currency or bonds, as the old bonds would be retired about as fast as the new ones would be issued, and a reservoir would thus be formed into which any surplus currency which might be afloat in a time of business inertia would gravitate as surely as the freshet seeks the ocean, and when the season of commercial activity again approaches, as certainly as the surplus waters of the spring-time are returned from the ocean by automatic action to vitalize vegetation, so would the life-current of the nation's money respond to the demand, again to retire to its resting-place when its work should be accomplished.

One of our ablest political economists (Wallace P. Groom) remarks:

"In the *interchangeability* (at the option of the holder) of *national paper money* with Government bonds bearing a *fixed* rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of finance and commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by its 'governor.' Such *paper money tokens* would be much nearer perfect measures of value than gold and silver ever have been or ever can be."

The *volume* of our currency would thus regulate itself and become *elastic* and *redeemable*.

The constantly increasing burdens of the people in paying rates of interest disproportioned to production would exist no longer, and the Government would realize a large economy, as when the currency was out it would on that pay no interest, and when returned for redemption into 8.65 bonds, the rate in *currency* would be much less than it now is in *gold*.

The nearest approach we have recently made toward legislation on this matter is as follows:

On the 7th day of January, 1873, the Hon. William A. Buckingham (Ex-Governor of Connecticut, now U. S. Senator from that State) introduced a bill in the U. S. Senate, extracts from which we give below, which was read twice and ordered to be printed.

It was called up three days after, and referred to the Committee on Finance, which, by its chairman, Mr. Sherman, reported it back on the 16th with an amendment, striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting matter of an entirely opposite and mischievous character. If my memory serves me correctly, it was then "laid on the table."

Perhaps it was necessary that the evidence of our spring's and autumn's history should accrue to give further emphasis to the words of eloquence, experience, and wisdom, with which the distinguished author supported his bill.

We quote below such portion of the bill and remarks as are pertinent to our present subject matter (the parenthesis and italics are ours):

"That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds, as herein described, of denominations not less than one hundred dollars, and legal tender notes in denominations not less than (five) dollar(s).

"That United States legal tender notes, in sums of one thousand dollars and its multiple, shall, on demand by the holder thereof, be redeemed by the Treasurer of the United States (either in coin or) with United States bonds, the principal of which shall be payable on demand in legal tender notes, and the interest on which shall be payable semi-annually (in coin), at the rate of three and sixty-five one-hundredths per centum per annum."

We quote extracts from the remarks on the bill by Mr. Buckingham.

* * * "The industrial interests of the country require and demand a currency elastic, secure, and convertible into that which is of more value than the currency itself. A circulating medium that shall combine these three qualities would stimulate our energies, increase our commerce, and facilitate exchanges both

foreign and domestic. * * * The experience of more than three quarters of a century furnishes evidence that we have often exerted our energies until they have been nearly exhausted in order to maintain a system of specie payments which, as yet, has been only intermittent. * * *

"The internal commerce of the nation does not absolutely require specie resumption. * * * In looking over the country I notice its marvelous progress, and when I see that industry has been richly rewarded, and that nearly every branch of business has been productive of profit during the past five years, I am not so ready as *I have been* to curtail the currency by an arbitrary statute for the sake of deceiving the people with the old idea that banks can always maintain specie payments. They have not done it heretofore, for when the pressure came they were no more held by their obligations to redeem than was Samson held by the green withes of Delilah. Nor am I willing to wait in a state of inactivity for business to increase until it shall make coin and paper of equal value. I would lay aside a theory which, in times of great commercial embarrassment, has furnished no relief, and try the more excellent and practical measure of redeeming circulation in United States bonds. * * *

"The bill at first will cause a demand for bonds in exchange for legal tender notes, but when the time shall come that an increase of currency will be demanded for business purposes, the tide will change, and notes will be in demand for bonds. Bonds will be exchanged for notes, and notes for bonds. This interchangeability, taken in connection with free banking and central redemption, makes provision for an *elastic currency—a necessity long felt but never secured*.

"The business of the country is never stationary, but is always contracting or expanding. When it contracts, bonds will be in demand; when it expands, currency will be in demand. Whenever it shall contract, a man may have a surplus of capital in his business for which he will seek a temporary investment. The bill offers him United States bonds bearing interest, and gives him the privilege of taking back his capital whenever he shall require it. The certainty of receiving it whenever demanded will make it for his interest to take and hold the bonds until his necessities for currency are greater than his necessities for interest. On the other hand, the business of the American people will vibrate toward the other extreme.

Agricultural products must be moved, labor on unsold manufactures must be paid for, stocks of merchandise must be carried over a dull season, and cornering speculations must be prevented without depending upon adventitious aid from the Treasury Department, which, if rendered, will in the end prove to be unnatural, impolitic, and inadequate. This will require more currency. If the demand shall be so pressing that notes will be of more value than bonds, then men can obtain them according to their ability.

"Money is the power that moves the commerce of the nation. No Senate can determine the amount that will be required until it can determine the nature and the amount of business to be transacted. This bill does not propose to limit either the power or the business, but to adjust the amount of the one to the necessities of the other upon automatic principles, so as to make use of all that shall be necessary, and no more. It will act like the regulator of the throttle-valve attached to a steam-engine. When the load which the engine is to move is heavy, the valve opens and the steam presses upon the piston with sufficient force to carry it; when the load is lessened, the valve closes and the power is not wasted. So, when business increases, it will open the channels through which currency will flow so long as it shall be required, and, as business contracts, it will return to the vaults of your banks. The exchange of bonds for notes, or of notes for bonds, will cause no excitement and produce no panic or alarm, but will meet the ever-changing conditions and demands of business. * * * Bonds will, at times, be worth more than coin. Again, this increased demand for bonds will be for the home market, and save a large annual drainage of coin, which would otherwise go to pay interest abroad.

"The bill, if its provisions shall be carried out, will also establish our system of banking so firmly upon national obligations as to render the payment of the principal unnecessary, and relieve the present generation of those heavy burdens of taxation which it has borne for years past.

"Mr. President, I am not an advocate for an inflated, irredeemable currency. It would overwhelm every industrial interest, and bury them in ruin. There should be no expansion without provision for positive redemption. They are practicable measures which, if incorporated into a public act, will increase the value of national securities, reduce the rate of inter-

est thereon, and give us an elastic currency redeemable in that which will approximate the value of coin more closely, and maintain that value more uniformly than any other securities. Try them. They will produce no disturbance and cause no alarm in financial and business circles, but their influence will be as imperceptible, and yet as real, as the morning light which ushers in the perfect day."

Let us see how this law would practically work in supplying the deficiencies of our present (greenback) currency, considering them in the order quoted above.

Stability would be insured, as our currency, for the first time in our history, being entirely under our own control, and based solely on our own property and production, would be free from the "entangling alliances" of the past, which have hitherto, in matters of finance and commerce, bound us as firmly to the dictation of Europe as if the Declaration of Independence had never been proclaimed.

This is, what it is intended to be, a startling statement, and if it is enough so to shy our leaders away from the deep ruts of the past, we shall be pleased.

Let us see if it is substantiated by proofs:

"The borrower is the servant of the lender," is a very old truism.

Being a new country, with everything to construct, and too enterprising and impatient, as a people, to wait for the slow accretions of our own industries and gains in developing national and private undertakings, we have always been, are now more than ever, and for a long time must continue to be, a debtor nation. Gold ever has been, and we see no reason why it should not continue to be, the *international* regulator of exchanges between nations.

While we fully concede to it this *international* function, we do not admit that this concession gives any claim to mix in our *internal* money relations. The shore line is the division. Our legal tenders sustain our industries and float our crops to that line; beyond that all is international and subject to specie liquidation of balances.

Indeed, justice to our creditors, as well as ourselves, would indicate that the small amount of specie we hold in our own right should be devoted to that function.

Bullionists argue that gold is the world's currency, and, therefore, should be ours. This argument on their side is not worth a row of pins—as, if it proves anything, it proves that we should accept monarchy, nobility, entail, and primogeniture, and other nuisances which, at

much cost of brains, blood, and money, we have happily shaken off.

We freely accept, as above indicated, gold as an international regulator, but claim a distinctive currency for our domestic use, as fully and freely as we claim our other domestic institutions.

When, by reason of war, financial disturbance, or any one of a dozen causes, Europe, our creditor, wants what we owe her, and calls for it in gold, if our currency is based thereon, the foundation is withdrawn and the superstructure tumbles, as it has always tumbled heretofore, burying in its debris the savings and hopes of half a generation.

"He doth destroy mine house
Who doth destroy the prop which holds mine house."

With gold demonetized, *this* is just our position. Our citizens owe balances to their European creditors, variously estimated at from five hundred million to one thousand million dollars, payable on call. These balances will remain undisturbed just so long as our average rate of interest is very much higher than can be obtained in Europe (now from two to three times their rate), and no longer.

Should the rate with them (implying an increased demand for money) rise to our level, or should our rate (implying a more ample supply) fall to theirs, those balances would be called for; in either case with precisely the same results—to wit: an advance in the price of gold. *What of it?*

Before the small amount—small, contrasted with our liabilities—we hold could be drained, the augmented premium would have caused all kinds of exportable products and manufactures to be sought for, and bought at prices augmented nearly to the advance in gold—much to the benefit of the nation. *Who is hurt?*

Another beneficial result would appear. In exactly the same ratio as the gold premium acted as a bounty to our producers, it would act as a protective, or prohibitory tariff, on imports. Again, who is hurt?

I am not sure but it would result in annihilating free-traders and tariff-men as such, gratifying the former by closing the custom-houses and discharging the officials, and responding to the latter by an equivalent to a tariff, on a sliding scale, worked without cost, and also responding to all national requirements; thus not only developing all our industries to a hitherto unthought-of activity and extent, giving our commerce the area of the planet for a market, but purifying our political atmosphere

from the tendency to corruption engendered by political patronage, which presses on all its surface and permeates every pore.

Our system designs no fraud on our foreign creditors, who are entitled to their dues when they want them—in fact, it facilitates their realization.

We hold our gold (like all other merchandise and products) subject to the demands of our creditors, and, holding the same by so precarious a tenure, has it not always been rash to allow it to be the basis of our money, and especially so now, when our currency has stood more firmly than ever, subjected to almost the greatest supposable strain for a dozen years, based on the property and production of the nation? Would it not now be insanity again to tangle all our material interests in what Washington called an "entangling foreign alliance" with Europe?

Every banker knows the feverishness with which, in the former reign of King Bullion, European events were watched.

If money was plenty on Threadneedle Street—Bank of England notes three per cent. per year, street rates one half per cent. less—foreign creditors ordered their funds invested here; money plenty, discounts free, and "everything lovely."

Then comes a European commotion. Germany or somebody else wants money. Gold goes out of the Bank of England. Interest advances there. Our foreign correspondents draw or order remittance; specie is shipped; discounts are shut off; loans on storage certificates and other collaterals are called in; merchandise sacrificed at half the cost of production; the year's savings of the merchant are gone in an hour.

This is but a flurry, which occurs twenty times where a panic does once.

The *flurry* is distressful—the panic is horrible. Grand old firms, with assets twenty times enough to meet their liabilities, are upset, smashing smaller fry as they tumble. Honorable merchants, who to pay the pound of flesh do not wait for Portia's ruling, but pay it, if all their heart's blood follow, so that their honor is saved. Daily and hourly destruction of life by the intensest torture. Wealth destroyed more rapidly than in war. Banks sympathizing, but do no more, for at that crisis to afford relief would be their own legal destruction. Cities telegraphing, watching, listening to cities, hoping, trusting, praying that their neighbors would be the first to sunder the chain which is entangling the nation; and when the word

flashes from Albany that our metropolitan banks may clear their necks from the murderous halter and *suspend*, in an instant, simultaneously, New York and Boston—with a heart-felt *Thank God!*—breathe.

But at what a cost! the accumulation of a decade gone in an hour—and, with many, the last productive decade on earth, and, oh, their widows and orphans!

Did such disastrous results, worse than sinking a navy, occur on any coast, millions, if necessary, would be expended for beacons to warn the sailors. Did they result from physical malaria, not a Grand Jury in Christendom but would indict the cause as a nuisance.

But we, with an infatuation more criminal than that of the worshipers of Juggernaut, consider these things as inevitable decrees of nature.

And, in a sense, so they are, as was the plague of London, and more recent visitation of the cholera, decrees of nature until the causes were removed, when the disease disappeared with it.

Men and bretheren! why will you not apply the same tests of analysis and synthesis to the nation's life-blood which you do to a hen cholera or a potato rot.

We have above more facts to form a science on than Newton's apple or Watt's tea-kettle afforded. The cause of the disastrous panics which have *before the war* so often prostrated our country, are directly traced to specie affiliation; this is proved by the removal of the cause, which has always been followed by disappearance of the symptoms.

This inference is further sustained by the fact that since our currency has been partially sundered from this feverish element, such deplorable phenomena have disappeared, and we have found our circulation healthy in just the same ratio as we have refrained from that disturbing cause.

From the above we may deduce this axiom: As long as America bases her currency wholly or in part upon specie, Americans live financially on European sufrance.

In this connection we quote Mr. Charles Sears, one of our best political economists:

"Independently of circumstances and on its merits, the 'Specie Basis' hypothesis is the most disorganizing element that ever obtained place in society, and its ghostly presentments ought to be laid without benefit of clergy whenever they show in daylight.

"On this hypothesis our monetary, industrial, and commercial system constitute a huge pyra-

mid or cone standing upon its apex. Forty billions of property resting upon six billions of current production, which rests for its value upon say seven hundred millions of currency, which in turn for its value rests upon two hundred and fifty millions of specie, which, so far as our possession of it is concerned, depends upon the interest and the good-will of our rivals in industry and haters of our political system.

"The precious metals, being limited in quantity, are insufficient to meet the demand for money to effect exchanges, and the quantity is supplemented by the fiction of paper money payable three or four dollars for one in coin. Here is an artificial limit to production and exchange. Coin being limited, bank notes on the specie basis must necessarily be so, even if the legitimate demand for money in production and exchange be, as it usually is, three or four times greater than the sum of coin and bank notes. At this point a system of extended credits intervenes, and private obligations supplement the bank notes; so that, upon the day of liquidation, the balances would amount to ten, twenty, or fifty times the amount of coin.

"Of course on this system all people in all times have been insolvent. Production and trade have been carried on upon sufrance. So long as confidence continued unimpaired, the movements of property were kept up, but the exigencies of war, of local trade, of the stock and money speculators (the real money being limited in quantity invites speculation), *the natural tendency of the system itself requiring periodical settlements*, demonstrate the general insolvency. Within the last fifty years pay day has come quite regularly at the end of every ten years. Something—any one of a dozen or twenty causes, few know what—sets gold flowing out. Fifty millions withdrawn in a short time from their usual places of deposit is quite sufficient to make the whole volume of coin disappear from ordinary commercial circulation as completely as if it never existed. The 'Metallic Basis' is gone, slipped out; the pivot of the system is dislocated; somebody wanted it and took it; and the pyramid tumbles down, burying in its ruins three-fourths of a business generation. The creditor class does not even now get specie payment of balances from the debtors, but such property as may be in possession, or a list of uncollectable credits. Nor does specie enter into ordinary commercial liquidations to much extent at any time. In the immense volume of our ex-

changes, specie payments do not enter to the extent of one-tenth of one per cent.; the pretense of specie payments, therefore, is a false pretense, not innocent by any means, but a ruinous falsehood; which, together with the limited volume of currency incident to the system and the consequent high rate of interest, is rapidly concentrating in the hands of a small class, those who control gold, who 'traffic in the revenues of Empire,' the surplus earnings of the nation.

"For a dozen years past we have enjoyed immunity from these commercial cataclysms, although during this period we carried on a devastating war, and our activities were suddenly arrested and changed into new directions, incident to the close of the war. Such immunity has been due to two causes:

"First, to the fact that we cast out from our monetary system the lying pretense of specie payments.

"Second, to the larger volume of currency in circulation, enabling us to make exchanges with facility, and also to make cash settlements more largely than ever before, and so eliminating one element of bankruptcy from our dealings, namely, credit. Truth in our monetary system, and a larger volume of currency, saved us.

"The laws governing the production and exchange of property necessarily inhere in its representative, therefore the measure of monetary issue should be freely responsive to the demand for it in production and exchange. There would be the same propriety in restricting production and exchange by law that there is in restricting by law the issue of the money required for production and exchange, provided always that money represent property, and not person or credit. Money is the *currency* which floats property, by its title, from hand to hand, as water is a current to float property from place to place; and there would be the same wisdom in restricting the supply of water in our canals to one-third or other proportions of their capacity, as there is restricting the volume of our currency to one-third or other proportion of the volume required to make exchanges. In either case property perishes by detention in transit.

"To establish and maintain a just balance, a working equilibrium between property and money, is a financial problem which, perhaps, only the people of the United States can solve. The opportunity has come, and the method has been indicated, namely, by a Government issue of bonds bearing a low rate of interest,

which rate shall not much exceed the average annual increase of property and bond certificates; the bonds and bond certificates to be mutually convertible, at the option of the holder.

"These bonds to replace the existing bonds as rapidly as the conversion can be made. They would still represent the public debt, but they also represent part of the cost of our civilization; they stand for a certain value, namely, our institutions, laws, usages; and for the present are a suitable basis of currency issue. They would constitute the reservoir into which any surplus currency would speedily flow whenever the volume afloat should rise above the industrial demand. These bond certificates, together with coin certificates and coin, would provide a currency adequate to all our monetary want. * * *

"Whenever we get out of debt, and have no further occasion to issue bonds, property certificates, based on current production, may replace the certificates issued on the bonds, and the current expenses of Government be paid from interest on loans. That is to say, the people, collectively, would loan their own money to themselves in their private capacity, and provide a currency at so low a rate of interest that our resources may be freely developed without artificial restriction, and Government be maintained without other taxation than the small interest representing part of the annual increase of property.

"Every step of change henceforth should contemplate a forward movement toward a popular monetary system, corresponding with our popular political and religious system, and not in any measure tending backward to the financial scheme of past ages, generated of, and in accord with, despotic institutions and caste society, and which has been for our industries a system of organized destruction.

"Let us have a people's money, and abolish credit in exchanges."

In future numbers we shall treat on the elasticity, cheapness, volume, and convertibility of our proposed system.

◆◆◆
THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 108 feet higher than the Washington Monument; in Baltimore, 68 feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and 23 feet higher than the Trinity Church tower in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is

a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? About 4,000 tons, or a weight of about 70,000 full-grown persons, or about equal to a thousand loaded coal cars, which, holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half.

Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 12,477 pounds to the square foot. St.

Peter presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require, to crush the supporters of our dome, a pressure of 557,270 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,000,000. The new wings cost \$6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about \$3,200,000.—*Exchange*.



MAJOR J. M. BUNDY,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING MAIL."

THE photograph, by Sarony, from which we engrave the accompanying portrait, represents a fine piece of human sculpture. Those features may be considered classical. They are finely chiseled, and everything seems

to be exactly in its place and in harmony. The head is well set on a compact, well-built body. The chest is full; the frame not large, but perfect in its proportions; and the Physiology is kept in excellent working condi-

tion. A healthy stomach, good circulation, ample breathing power, a tough, wiry, and solid muscle, all indicate a fine quality of organization, with the Mental Temperament slightly predominating. There is no adipose matter here, no mud in that brain; but every nerve and every fiber is in tune, and responds promptly to its duty. There is great activity here—quite the opposite of a dull, slow, pectory condition. He may be considered a perfect magnet. Touch him where you will, and you strike fire. And yet all is under excellent control, for there is a clear intellect and high moral sentiments. Conscientiousness, Veneration, Hope, Benevolence, and Spirituality are well represented. His Faith will be in accordance with his intelligence, not blind; his Conscientiousness demands justice; his Veneration makes him obedient to the Divine will. He is reasonably cautious, and therefore prudent; he is dignified, manly, self-relying, and steadfast, and will hold to his convictions and principles.

Socially he is warm, genial, companionable, but not over familiar. He respects himself, and commands the respect of his fellows. Quick to perceive, he penetrates the minds and characters of others, and can read them well.

He has Ideality, and is tasteful; Sublimity, and enjoys the grandeurs of nature, so also poetry, oratory, and the beauties of art. His Language is sufficient to give freedom in expression, without great copiousness. He can both write and speak with fluency.

Were we in the habit of making predictions of men, we should feel safe in saying that Mr. Bundy will grow in favor and in the confidence of the public as he grows in years, and that away along down in time to come we shall hear of him and find him in the front ranks among men who are respected, trusted. In the homely phrase of the Mississippi boatmen we may say that he "will do to tie to."

The following biographical sketch gives particulars of Mr. Bundy's past and present standing. A young tree from New England soil, planted and nurtured in the great West, must take deep root and become larger, more liberal than it would have been possible, had he remained in his New England hills. New England is excellent nursery ground; the great West is the field in which men ripen and their characters become more comprehensive and powerful.

Mr. or, as he is usually addressed, Major Bundy was born at Colebrook, N. H., about the year 1836. In his early childhood his parents removed to Beloit, then in Wisconsin Territory. After completing a collegiate course of training he studied law, attending the Harvard Law School, and afterward returning to Wisconsin for the purpose of entering upon practice. He, however, did not long continue in this relation. Circumstances favoring, and his mind naturally inclining him in that direction, he gravitated into journalism. He became connected with the *Daily Wisconsin*, a paper published in Milwaukee. From that he went to the *Sentinel*, a morning paper published in the same city, and with which he was connected as editor for two years. During the late war he was drawn into the army, acting as an Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General Pope. At the close of the war he came to New York, and became attached to the editorial corps of the *Evening Post*, and was its literary, dramatic, and musical critic for about three years, substantially performing three men's work. On leaving the *Post* he assumed editorial charge of the New York *Evening Mail* in the latter part of 1868, and has remained in that connection down to the present time.

The position of the *Mail* in journalism is somewhat peculiar in two or three features of its management, which in this stirring age of political conflict and the strife of opinions, to say nothing of the rapid changes, might have been thought calculated to contribute to its failure rather than to give it the extensive circulation and success which it has secured. Mr. Bundy, however, thought that there was room for a paper of the sort

he conducts, and his aim has apparently been to keep out of journalistic fights, and also to maintain a neutral position in the arena of partisan warfare. The field which the *Mail* has occupied has been chiefly in the line of literature and art, and of musical and dramatic criticism; and in connection with these interesting subjects the discussion of those social questions which arise in the current of American life. In its freedom from partisan associations the paper has had the *entré* to persons and places where it would not otherwise have been received, and so has been able to exercise no small influence upon the thought and social life of its many readers. Its tone has generally been elevated, one chief object being to exercise a sort of reformatory bearing by its being able to espouse any cause or side as might be deemed wise. One creditable fact in the record of the *Mail* is that it has never resorted to sensation for the purpose of increasing its circulation or strengthening its financial basis. It has avoided bitterness or hostile personalism, while at the same time it has been very decided in its utterances, and has displayed no disposition to shirk the consequences of them.

One good illustration of the method adopted in considering public questions appears in its treatment of the old political Ring troubles of our city. The *Mail*, being outside of the party arena, waited until the *New York Times* produced the proofs of its charges against the members of the Ring, but as soon as those proofs were produced, then it immediately entered into the contest, and was just as earnest as the *Times* in its attacks upon the arrant scoundrelism of the corrupt officials. During this time, too, the *Mail* exhibited marked ability; at all events, it seriously hurt the Ring, and proved a most important auxiliary in behalf of political reform in its endeavor to break up a powerful conspiracy against the people.

More recently, in another newspaper attack upon a great wrong, it stood in the front; this occurred when an effort was made by a wicked and powerful clique to corner gold in the market. The *World* and the *Mail*, according to the *Nation*, fought that battle almost alone, and, as is well known, the scheme of the gold gamblers failed miserably, because the banks, taking their cue

from the warnings of these newspapers, became alarmed lest their directors should step in and inquire as to how they were conducting their business.

While Mr. Bundy was in Wisconsin, he took strong ground in reference to the decisions of the State Courts on the great questions involved in the Fugitive Slave law, such decisions being generally against the United States. He perceived the inconsistency of these adjudications, and felt himself impelled to publish a pamphlet entitled, "Are we a Nation?" which attracted a good deal of attention, and was considered the best argument made in favor of the constitutionality of that important act of Congress. His study of the law was unusually thorough; he gave more attention to the underlying principles of national and State jurisprudence than most students, and so brought to the consideration of those questions, which were raised constantly in the early stages of the war, a mind well stored with accurate knowledge, both historical and legal, and thus was capable of taking a more comprehensive and discriminating survey of the elements disturbing the public mind.

He always had a strong taste for reading history and biography, and also for literary criticism. He wrote two articles, one on D'Israeli, and one on the American doctrine of neutrality, which obtained considerable notice, the latter being attributed to Mr. Godwin, and the former called by the *New York World* one of the two or three best criticisms which had lately appeared on either side of the Atlantic.

His criticisms of the drama, art, social life, etc., as they appear in the *Mail*, have something more than the commonplace character of ordinary newspaper articles, for the reason that they enter more deeply into their philosophy and rationale. He is a very careful yet pleasant writer; one who exhibits marked affection for the pen. He writes in such a clear, natural way, that the reader is generally able to understand exactly what he means. Few writers have a better faculty for adapting their opinions and reasonings to the public appreciation.

Although he has devoted himself with so much earnestness to literature, and conducts a paper practically neutral in politics, yet he

has strong political leanings, and has for years given much of his time to an active participation in political affairs. He was an efficient member of the Committee of Seventy on the state of municipal affairs in the city of New York from its organization in 1871, and is also a member of the Union League Club. From time to time he has been called upon to address public meetings, deliver lectures, and to enact other important parts in the field of civil life.

Personally, Mr. Bundy is of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, and corresponding complexion, and weighs about 150 pounds. His health is uniformly excellent, having inherited a capital constitution, well marked for its wiry tenacity and endurance, while his habits have been well regulated, and such instrumentalities made use of as conduce to vigor of body and clearness and force of mind. His brain is large and his nervous system elastic and sprightly. He works rapidly while at work, and is capable of long-continued mental exertion without experiencing much fatigue. He is eminently a social man; is widely known in the community and esteemed for his talents, straightforward conduct in his profession and friendliness of disposition.

COST OF OUR SCHOOLS.—In 1872, according to the Report of the Commissioner of Education, the benefactions to colleges and universities in the United States amounted to \$6,282,461.63, distributed as follows: California, \$90,000; Connecticut, \$44,600; Delaware, \$700; Illinois, \$112,000; Indiana, \$224,000; Iowa, \$86,840; Kansas, \$31,736; Kentucky, \$36,136; Maine, \$10,125; Massachusetts, \$1,916,995.48; Michigan, \$43,594; Minnesota, \$22,796; Mississippi, \$35,000; Missouri, \$60,000; New Hampshire, \$96,500; New Jersey, \$532,000; New York, \$1,450,944.15; North Carolina, \$15,000; Ohio, \$159,000; Oregon, \$20,000; Pennsylvania, \$464,450; Rhode Island, \$60,450; South Carolina, \$20,000; Texas, \$22,000; Tennessee, \$159,050; Vermont, \$1,500; Virginia, 220,025; West Virginia, \$41,300; Wisconsin, \$45,360; Colorado Territory, \$10,150; District of Columbia, \$225,000. Louisiana and Alabama are not here. Utah is not mentioned, nor are several of the other Territories. There are Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, Washington, Dakota, etc. Were the statistics all in, we presume the amount would exceed \$10,000,000.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1873.

THE END.

HERE we are, dear reader, at the end of another volume, and near the close of the year 1873. The unerring finger of Time points to day and date on the dial, which record the fact that we are

"A year's march nearer home."

And must we, mental sojourners, now part? Written orders were sent here for a twelvemonth's trip. We booked you, dear reader, accordingly, and now our contract is fulfilled. We await further advices.

It has been our endeavor to keep, not only abreast of the times, but a little ahead. Not so far, however, as to be lost sight of by the toiling millions whom we would enlighten, and encourage, and point the way onward and upward toward the source of all knowledge, all goodness, and all wisdom, where only may be found that perfection of character and peace of mind which passeth understanding.

Whether our work has proved profitable to all, we can not tell; but this we do know, it has been pleasant to us, and we have tried to make it so to you.

To get money was not the chief object of our undertaking. We were satisfied when expenses were met, and all profits were dedicated to enrich the JOURNAL with original matter and illustrations. As to how well this has been done the

JOURNAL itself must speak. That we have escaped the financial rocks on which many enterprises have been wrecked, we are duly thankful. So far there has been no break, no interruption in the regular monthly issue of this magazine since its commencement in 1838.

We have many good things in store for the new volume. All the faculties are engaged to speak and work in the interest of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Causality and Comparison will attend to logic and analysis. They will ask and answer many questions. Ideality will poetize among the spheres, and speak her sentiments in rhythm. Constructiveness will put all his machinery in motion; he will call other faculties to his aid, develop new ideas, and secure patents for new inventions. Necessity, "you know," is his mother. Mirthfulness and Imitation will make lots of fun, by "taking off" the peculiarities of those who are eccentric. They will insist upon the correctness of the old saw, that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Individuality, Locality, and other perceptive faculties will go out on exploring expeditions, hunting for that same old "pole;" whether they find it and climb it is another "open question." May they not get frozen in! These same faculties will go hunting among the stars for new planets, and with Acquisitiveness will prospect among the mountains for minerals and money. Acquisitiveness in this way hopes to make a mint of money. Benevolence will look after the charities, build new hospitals, improve the condition of prisoners, and with Conscientiousness near at hand, will settle personal and national disputes and quarrels by arbitration rather than by force.

Destructiveness will find enough to do in blasting rocks, tunneling mountains, felling forest trees, opening rivers and harbors, building railways, etc., without

going to war or practicing revenge on his neighbors. No more wars, if you please. Christianity teaches a better way. Belligerency and bombast will step to the rear, while Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence, and the reasoning powers will take the lead. Combativeness will continue to discuss questions and fight with tongue and pen as is his will or wont; and when home (Inhabitiveness) is invaded by vagabonds who live down among the perverted passions and become burglars, or when mad dogs or prairie fires show themselves, Combativeness and Destructiveness will be called on and bring them under control.

Secretiveness will set traps to catch rogues and other "varmints," and bait hooks to catch fish. Secretiveness will be as wise as a serpent, if not as harmless as a dove. Acquisitiveness will count coppers (or currency), and Secretiveness will try hard to keep them; but Benevolence, Ideality, the affections, the intellect, and their neighbors, will make frequent drafts on him, and cringe as he may he will be compelled to "shell out." Conjugality will want a wedding ring, Philoprogenitiveness will demand a new frock for the babe, and Inhabitiveness will want a home of its own. Then school-houses and churches must be built, and Acquisitiveness must furnish the means.

Self-Esteem wants to be captain, and is very dignified, standing erect, assuming an attitude of assurance, and expecting others to submit. Approbativeness desires to be praised; she decorates herself with royal robes, plumes herself with fine feathers, and, when perverted, piles on the agony in the shape of false hair, wampum, and great big humps, something like dromedaries. Mrs. Grundy is the mistress of Approbativeness, and the weak women and silly men fall down and worship her. Alimentiveness

looks after the good things, fills the cellar with eatables, and smacks his lips over the dainties. He gathers in the corn and fruits, and such lots of vegetables as will last all winter. When perverted, Alimentiveness drinks bad whisky, smokes or chews nasty tobacco, and becomes a self-indulging nuisance. His right or normal use re-supplies the oil of life which burns out by physical and mental exertion.

Time and Tune want pianos, melodeons, organs, music-books, etc. The Quakers ignore Tune, and will have none of it. Sublimity will discourse on the grandeurs of the Rocky Mountains, the Yosemite, Niagara, and go into ecstasies while standing on Inspiration rock, or while looking up into the tops of the big trees which reach away into the heavens. He also delights in a storm at sea, providing Cautiousness does not sound an alarm of danger. But, even then, Sublimity swings his hat and hurrahs to the earthquake, the avalanche, and the volcano. Thunders and lightnings delight him. He also glories in tragedies, and may incline to extravagance, but must not be permitted to go to extremes.

Hope will "keep the heart whole," and will buoy one up when in trouble. She reaches into the great beyond, and with Spirituality, the faculty of the proph-

et and the seer, at her elbow, foresees and foretells coming events. Is the power of clairvoyance possible? Is there, indeed, a window through which the human soul can see into the great beyond?

Veneration will bow down and worship God. He counsels respect, meekness, humility, obedience, and submission to the Divine will. With Ideality and Sublimity, Veneration glorifies God, and with Faith and Hope he prays without ceasing—which, freely translated, simply means a constant desire to be one with God, and a well-wisher to all the race.

We could thus go on indefinitely enumerating the function of the faculties; but it is our intention to marshal all these faculties and forces into our service. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is the vehicle through which they will manifest their powers and contribute their teachings. If there be such a thing as a SCIENCE OF MIND, we have its basis, and propose to work in accordance with its principles and teachings. Will you, reader, go with us? We wait to hear from you, trusting you will not only return yourself, but bring others with you. We wish to disseminate these truths throughout the continent—nay, throughout the globe. Will you by your presence and material aid co-operate with us in this useful and ennobling enterprise?

OUR YEAR'S WORK.

BESIDES the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and the *Science of Health*—now a fixture in hygienic literature—we have published and republished during the present year more than seventy-five different books, all relating directly or indirectly to the SCIENCE OF MAN, his constitution, character, capabilities, health, culture, discipline, government, improvement, and so forth. We have given more than a hundred lectures, popular and professional, and have delineated the characters of several hundred persons, giving charts with full written statements to

many, and merely oral descriptions to others. We have visited convicts in prisons, lectured in insane asylums, to keepers and patients; before temperance societies, and have instructed a class in "Character Reading," oratory, organizing and managing public meetings, etc. In our classes we teach theoretical and practical Phrenology, Physiology, Anatomy, Physiognomy, Ethnology, and Psychology.

We are now sending our publications to all parts of the world which are opened to civilization—China, Japan, Africa, New Ze-

land, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, Norway, Greenland, British Columbia, etc., besides having them for sale in bookstores in the principal European cities. We have some two thousand local agencies in America, through whom our books and JOURNALS are supplied. Many lecturers on Physiology, Phrenology, Health, etc., also distribute books through their audiences.

We also supply Phrenological societies and lecturers with cabinets of busts, skulls, manikins, skeletons, portraits—size of life—in sets, mounted on canvas, and in sheets, with all needed apparatus.

We have added a number of skulls, human and animal, to our museum during the past year, also portraits of distinguished and of notorious characters. The late Captain Jack and his confederate Modocs have a place in our gallery. We have also received specimens from Arctic explorers, the Rocky Mountains, and from other quarters, all of which we hope to preserve for future generations, especially after we have secured a fire-proof building, which we hope to do through the munificence of some man or men of means, who will denote, say \$100,000, or more, for the purpose. At present, our capital is all employed in our missionary work of disseminating the truths of science relating to MAN and his development. In this good work we are heartily seconded by hundreds of willing hearts. We are often moved to give thanks to God for the hearty expressions of encouragement received from co-workers, who take hold of this reformatory movement from no other motives than the desire of doing good. Letters come pouring in to us by every post breathing sentiments like the following: "Go on in your noble mission; you are doing God's service." * * * "Here is good cheer, as well as dollars—subscription money—for keeping on the glorious work in which you are engaged." * * * "My wife requests me to resubscribe for what she calls the best magazine she ever read." Another says she "can not keep house without it." "My son, now in college, is doing all he can to introduce the JOURNAL among the students. He thinks it will save them—those who read it—from falling into many pernicious habits, which ruin so many of our young men." "The JOURNAL has taught me 'how to

live.' " "I look for each new issue with eagerness, assured of a rich feast of good things." "Had I known twenty years ago what I have lately learned through your publications, I should have rejoiced in *health*, instead, as now, suffering the torments of a permanent invalid through ignorance of the laws of health." "Blessings go with you, say I, in teaching the people how to make the most of themselves." "I now see my mistake in choosing an occupation which was always distasteful to me, and in which I have struggled half a lifetime to little or no purpose. Had I been put on the right track, success would, no doubt, have crowned my efforts."

Such congratulations, such sentiments, are most assuring and encouraging. The fact that our labors are not in vain, that here and there is one who has found "a new life" through reading the columns of our publications, would quicken our blood and stimulate our efforts should our enterprise as an individual effort not "pay," according to the common significance of the term. The fact that it *does pay* a splendid interest on the investment in the way of improved health, improved thought, instructed minds to hundreds of readers, is glory and satisfaction enough. We only ask for such pecuniary support that will keep the good work going on. And we know that there are enough enlightened lovers of their kind among our readers to prevent any interruption in this work. The world has too great a need of earnest laborers to suffer the suspension of any well-directed, ameliorative efforts.

BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD.

OF the execution of this terrible sentence, the supreme fiat of human law, the writer was recently constrained to be a witness. A gigantic negro, strong, sensual, a perfect human animal, had been adjudged guilty of murder and condemned to the gallows. Having been convicted on circumstantial evidence, he made several efforts to secure a new trial, and was for a few months hopeful of escape from his doom. Some weeks before doomsday he became convinced that all such efforts were futile. This conviction

produced no perceptible change in his demeanor. Twice a day, until a short time before his execution, the doomed man went out into the jail-yard for air and exercise. His limbs were fettered with what are technically called "stiff irons," which consist of a fetter on each ankle, with a stiff bar, about eighteen inches long, connecting the two. From the windows of the several corridors overlooking the yard, the prisoners watched for his appearance, and greeted him with jeers, questions, and audible comments on his bearing and looks. Such remarks as these are samples of the best. Much of what was said was of the most polluting character. "Hello, Tom! How are you, old boy?" "What a neck! Take tough hemp to stretch that." "How's your appetite, Tom?"

"Tom" would roll his cigar between his thick lips, chuckle, and shout back with an oath, "I'm bully." He frequently indulged in a shuffle to show how well he could manage his stiff irons. His manner throughout was full of coarse bravado.

A week before his execution the gallows was erected in full view of his cell, and his walks in the yard ceased. Not so the comments of the prisoners. Jests, coupled with obscene allusions, were bandied about. The gallows, and its victim staring out through the grates at it, was a frequent theme, but the comments were always jocose, never serious. If any thought of the solemn character of the expected event, they kept it buried in their own bosoms. The day was looked forward to with such eagerness, as we see exhibited by boys expecting the advent of the circus. Many oaths were uttered, because during an execution all the prisoners are locked into their cells, and those were subjects of special envy whose cell-doors commanded a view of the gallows. One man experimented until he found that by holding a mirror at a particular angle he could see the reflection of all that transpired, and was much elated by his success. On the day of the execution, this man watched the scene, and reported each act in the drama to his fellow-prisoners in that corridor, in loud, excited whispers. Of several scores of prisoners within hearing of the tragedy, but one manifested any suitable emotions, and he was a colored man held for trial for murder. Con-

finned in a close, solitary dungeon, he managed, notwithstanding his heavy irons, to climb up to the ventilator above his door, where he could see the details of a scene in which he has great reason to apprehend he may soon be called to repeat.

The tragedy was impressive. In the square yard of the jail (inclosed by a massive brick wall) stood the leaden-hued gallows. A strong cordon of neatly uniformed police kept back the chosen witnesses and such voluntary spectators as had been admitted. Several Roman Catholic priests administered the last rites prescribed by their ritual, while the excellent warden and his assistants stood with grave faces and uncovered heads around the felon and the priests. He, the one for whom all this preparation had been made, towered above the others as Saul did over his brethren, and, with pinioned hands and feet, stood intently listening to the low, mournful voice of the officiating priest. Above him were the beam and rope; beneath, the coffin to receive his body; around him the officers of the law and the witnesses to its execution. In the upper windows, and on the roofs of the houses commanding a view of the yard, were numerous spectators, among whom were women and children. One of the officers standing behind him adjusted the noose to his neck. The dark, oily face changed instantly to a dull charcoal tint, through which, as through a veil, appeared an under hue of ashy gray. One quick comprehensive glance at the clear blue sky overhead, and then the black cap was drawn over his face, and in an instant the sharp fall of the trap, the whirr of the running rope, the dull thump of its checking, and the tremorous vibration of the beam, told that the sentence was executed, the majesty of the law vindicated, and another solemn warning uttered against the crime of murder.

Now for the moral effect. To the prisoners within it was simply an exciting spectacle which nearly all would have been glad to witness, and elicited a running fire of comments. "He didn't die game a bit," said one. "No. I told you he'd wilt," said another. "I mind me how Jim Grady hung," said a third. "Jim didn't brag and bully round beforehand, but kept quiet, listened to the priest, and then, when the time came,

shook hands with us all, said good-by, and walked out like a man. Ah, a good boy was that same Jim, and a pity 'tis to hang the likes of him."

The spectators, outside the line of police, had selected the most eligible stands for a good look, and until the fatal moment they gazed at the victim as though he were a huge ape, or some other Darwinian relative, brought out for their inspection. One person, in clerical garb (he is an itinerant preacher over a small charge in this vicinity) stood there, smoking nonchalantly, stroking his long, sandy beard with an air that said plainly enough, "See how coolly I take it. I've good nerves, I'd have you know."

In all that group of upturned faces, not one indicated any thought of the solemn fact that here was a human soul to be sent summarily before the bar of the Most High. It was a sensation, and they made the most of it. When the trap fell, some changed their positions so as the better to watch the swinging of the body; others lit their cigars, or compared watches as to the time; one man sketched the scene for some one of the "Illustrated" filthies; and there was much the same neighborly conversation as ensues when Van Amburgh escapes in safety from the lion's cage, or Herr Reckless accomplishes the dangerous trapeze, at the imminent hazard of his neck.

The priests, the officers of the law, and the police guard, were all of serious demeanor; the spectators were happy in the enjoyment of an unusual sensation, and the prisoners had exciting food for conversation for several days to come, and were glad of it.

But who was warned? Who deterred from murder in the future? Certainly not the prisoners or spectators, who were made more or less jolly by the execution. The catalogue of murderers is increased weekly in this vicinity, so it could not have produced much outside efficacious result.

Is it not about time to repeat the old cry, "*cui bene?*" or to adopt the terse belief of honest Horace Greeley that the world has better use for men than to hang them?

Is the law a minister of vengeance? Is it designed to bring sinners to repentance? What reasonable hope is there that the murderer condemned to die will repent "unto

life," when his mind is divided between fears of his impending doom, and hopes and schemes for avoiding it? His prayers are more fervent for escape from the halter than from hell, from the shadow of the gallows than from the fire of the pit.

Granted that the murderer has forfeited his right to life for his own uses, have no others a claim upon it? Are not the wife, the fatherless children, the aged parents, or other dependents of his victim to be considered? Does not society owe support to those who have been robbed by violence of the hand on which they leaned? If human law fails to guard life, is it not bound to make amends to those who have lost all through the act of the criminal? Would not life-long, *unpardonable* confinement at hard labor, for the benefit of the family of the victim, be a more reasonable, a more Christian method of punishing crime committed, and preventing its continuance?

Would not the hope of the sinner's repentance be more likely to be well founded? This is not a plea for sentimental pity for the murderer—the present law evokes that; but what is best for the man, for society, for the State? Will not the certainty that conviction will be followed by sure, life-long, unpardonable punishment be more likely to deter the "dangerous classes" from crime, than the extreme penalty against which so much of Christendom conscientiously protests? No; the felon condemned to death is a hero in the eyes of his fellows. He is well clothed, his appetite is pampered, he smokes the choicest cigars; his sayings and doings are the themes in which reportorial fancy revels, to the intense delight of thousands of morbid readers. He is a man to be aided to escape, by legal shrewdness, executive clemency, or surreptitious means. All these failing, he is expected to be the star actor in his own tragedy, and to drop out of this earthly life in a plucky and becoming manner.

"By the neck until dead" has a terrible sound, when uttered in sonorous tones by the presiding judge, but deep down in the heart of the offender would sink the more terrible sentence, "solitary confinement at hard labor for life, which by law is debarred from appeal, commutation, or pardon."

OUR PREMIUMS.

THE NEW TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

WHATEVER may be said of the premium business, as generally conducted, we feel warranted in affirming that our subscribers have generally been satisfied with such presents as have been accorded them in connection with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and the SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Our lists have ever been open to scrutiny; and no one who has examined them has declared that he found a "gift horse."

It is not, however, altogether creditable to the taste of the masses that the premiums which publishers have generally found to draw best are of the cheap, insubstantial, and unpractical order; and so they have been led to offer objects possessing more glitter than usefulness. But, at the risk of loss, and of being considered lacking in shrewdness, we have placed before the reading public as incentives for subscribing to our periodicals, many articles of real merit and every-day utility, while the ornamental and tasteful were not omitted from the schedule.

Now, we make an addition to the list, in the shape of an article whose usefulness is instantly recognized, viz., a Terrestrial Globe. This is not a mere toy, but a veritable means of instruction, being manufactured for the use of schools, and all who would assist themselves in the study of geography, by an apparatus at once moderate in cost, and yet showing the relative positions of the countries of the world, and the important provinces, rivers, lakes, mountains, cities, and other special features which constitute a good aid to a most interesting study. It is emphatically *multum in parvo*. One would think that such a globe was an indispensable article in every school, however small; and yet there are hundreds of places in this land of free education where the globe and its use are unknown to the children who daily recite their lessons in geography. How a teacher can instruct classes well with reference to the form and characteristics of our earth without a globe of some sort, is a problem we can scarcely solve!

In the home-circle, too, the globe is a most valuable means of instruction and entertainment, conveying at a glance information

which otherwise could with difficulty be imparted by mere verbal description.

Our premium now comes into play as a most desirable object, and is offered on terms so easy that certainly every family and school in the country could very soon command one or half a dozen, its size well adapting it to class use. By referring to another part of the JOURNAL, the reader will see a representation of this globe. It is offered for \$3 cash, or given as a premium for three subscriptions to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1874, at \$3 each.

HABITS OF OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS.—We wish to procure a list of the names of all our members of Congress classified thus: those who smoke tobacco, who chew tobacco, who snuff tobacco, who both chew and smoke tobacco; and who smoke, chew, and snuff tobacco, those who drink alcoholic liquors of any kind, and those who both drink such liquors and use tobacco also. Then we want the names of all those who use neither tobacco nor alcoholic liquors. We desire also the residences of each of these persons.

We wish a carefully prepared table, giving the exact facts in the case, for publication in this JOURNAL. It must be a statement susceptible of proof by oath, so that in holding the habits of our servants up to public view, we shall do them no wrong. We should be glad to know also how long each one has been addicted to one or other of these habits. Who will furnish us with the facts? Personal confessions would be well; but most of the victims of appetite would be ashamed to tell the truth, and so we must obtain this information the best way we can. The public will be interested to know how many and which of our public servants are sick from improper habits, and, therefore, not fit for service.

We are desirous also of ascertaining why it is that the moral sensibilities of these persons become so obtuse that they forget what is theirs and what is ours. In short, we want to know who are, and who are not, *perverted*, which of them it may be safe to trust, and which will yield to the slightest temptation? Has whisky or tobacco anything to do with it? We would investigate the matter, and see.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

FINE ART APPLIED TO COMMON THINGS.

ARCHITECTURE.

IN an article preceding this, in the November number, mention was made of the rapid and general growth in America of a correct taste in the fine arts, and of the readiness with which our workmen in the ideal have answered to the call for skillful and finished works in both painting and sculpture. This was an urgent necessity for two reasons: first, that our art patrons, possessed of taste as well as money, might be kept from turning to the markets of Europe for their expenditure; and, secondly, that our public galleries and parks might be no further filled with pictorial apprentice work or marble and brass deformities which, though able to pass muster before the judges in years past, will not be so fortunate before those who are to come. But as pleasing as are these facts, we have a still greater, though more common, cause for gratification in the spread of true art, in that it has risen high enough at its source in luxury to overflow and refresh the lonelier objects of every-day life. It is apparent to every cultured eye that our houses, our stores, furniture, dress, show evidences that the artist, like the schoolmaster, is surely abroad. Next to guiding the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel, art finds its noblest work in directing the hands that build our houses, and, indeed, may be said, in one broad sense, to do its noblest work with the builder's trowel. The skill given to the painter is enjoyed only by the few; but that intrusted to the architect becomes the property and delight of all. The man of wealth fills his galleries and parlors with beauty for himself, but the outside of his house he builds for his neighbors, and often the free gift of a tasty gable or portico may earn him more blessings than all the envied treasures of his gallery. His "Cuyps" and "Murillo's" are of the nature that "Mr. Jagger" described as "portable property," and may pass to enrich a distant owner; but the beauty of his house is real estate, and its value is settled upon the community.

In this view it is pleasing to see art which gives this permanent and general pleasure growing more and more common, and spreading its influences to communities where its more costly forms must ever be unknown. The building of one pretty cottage in an obscure village is of more worth to the country than the importation of the most costly painting or statue. It is not disputable that a great part of the irksomeness of the "rural districts" which yearly drives thousands of young men and women to the cities, often to no purpose, distills from the barrenness or positive deformity of the communities in which they were born. Sickened by the tedious sight of brick-red houses, stump fences, and weather-beaten barns, they fly to the city where, they are told, there are more beautiful things, and so are drawn thither, not by what is usually set to be the reason, "the cursed thirst for gold," but by the nobler thirst for beauty.

Sentimental citizens who lie in the shade of mountains and woods a week or two per year, and then return to the city to prate the balance about the "beauty of the country," may perhaps doubt this; but if they will analyze the feelings they bring back with them, they will surely find that all their pleasant memories attach to the things of nature, and not to the works of man, and that these, endured long enough for the novelty to wear off, would become irksome to them. I remember, when a child in New England, that there was but one house in the neighborhood which ever attracted me by its outside, and this was an old, cream-colored farm house, whose builder must have shocked his plain Puritan neighbors by running underneath eave and cornice an ornamented border of black on a white ground, a very simple thing as I remember it now, but which gave my childish eyes constant satisfaction. Opposed to the monotony of its neighbors, in unrelieved and wearisome colors, with treeless and flowerless dooryards in front, and bare,

red barns in the rear, this cottage, which so modestly showed a desire to make itself attractive, was the pioneer to my eyes of all that they have since seen of the novel and beautiful in architecture, and was, in its day and station, more daring in adornment than the gayest building now upon Broadway, although even here are now to be seen the most unconventional efforts toward architectural ornamentation in our land.

Upon several new buildings in this famous street the designer has broken through the restraint which confined the architect to the solid but more costly ornamentation in form, or confined him to a few neutral tints, and has made them to shine with all the colors of the rainbow. There will be no objection to this if the harmony in color of nature's adorning is kept; but skill must be foremost, or a profusion in this, like profusion in form, will defeat its own ends. We have too many examples in our city to show where this last

has been done, and costly structures, overloaded with sculptured ornament are not rare enough.

The first accomplishment of the designer is the construction of ornament; but a no less needful one is to know how to use this for if used too freely the whole loses its value. One of the principles of beauty is contrast, and every ornament must have, to be effective, a "setting off" of plainness. Several of our bank buildings are costly examples of a disregard of this, and the most expensive dwelling within the city's limits has many thousands of dollars' worth of rich marble ornamentation wasted in this way. Ornament in form supplies to the eye a substitute for color, and the architect who is too free in its use is no more skillful than the painter using upon every part of his picture the most glowing colors, or the dressmaker covering the lady's robe with flounces and bright-colored ribbons.

ISAAC F. EATON.

GENESIS OF GEOLOGY—No. 2.

THE dawn of a new age appears, an era which is more interesting and important, if possible, than any that has preceded it. The sub-carboniferous was a period of submergence, during which the ocean held the earth in its embrace. From fossils contained in the strata we learn that in the waters sported swarms of sharks and ganoids, while the ocean's bed was the home of innumerable crinoids and brachiopods. This was the introductory to the coal age, the period of preparation for that important era when nature would lay up in her storehouse those immense quantities of materials which were destined to prove so great a boon to intelligent creatures yet in the womb of the far-off future. The formations of this age are principally limestone, but in some regions of sandstone and shales there are to be seen thin seams of coal.

THE CARBONIFEROUS AGE.

This was pre-eminently an age of change, the continents at times attained an extent unequalled in any other period; but these conditions were far from constant, the land alternately being elevated and depressed—at one time submerged beneath a vast sea, and at others the landscape presenting a scene of islands, marshes, vast plateaus, sandy plains, and shallow inland seas. The surface never

attained a great elevation, but was gently undulating; the rocks resemble those of the Devonian, being distinguishable only by the fossils they contain. The striking feature of this age was its Flora, in which nature was most lavish.

If from an eminence we could have viewed the prospect, we would have beheld a vast expanse of plain and low hills, covered with luxuriant growths, and marshes filled with rank vegetation.

This was the grandest era of geologic time; the forces which so long played with inanimate matter now began a higher evolution, and the poisonous gas which so long filled the air and threw over the earth the pall of death, is now appropriated to the development of vegetation. A tropical climate prevailed, the air was warm and humid, conditions most favorable to vegetable life; but this was not a flowery age; nature was wont to evince her power and skill in the gigantic rather than the beautiful. In the jungles and forests flourished at least 900 species. There were ferns from the humblest forms ranging upward to gigantic growths, reaching fifteen or twenty feet into the air, and lepidodendra—among the most abundant of the period—covered the marshes, hills, and plains; tall and majestic, their scaly trunks

towered above the carboniferous forest fifteen feet in height, with pine-like leaves a foot in length. From the marshes rose the calamite, or tree-rush, twenty or thirty feet high; fungi, or mushrooms, were scattered over the ground, but, strange to say, notwithstanding the great vegetable display of the period, the mosses were not to be seen. Of the individual species the fern was the most prominent. Francis estimates the recent ferns of Great Britain at forty-one species in all, and the flowering plants at 1,400, the proportion of the former to the latter being about one to thirty-five; whereas, in the coal measures, the flora consisted of about 300 species, of which 120 were ferns, this constituting about three-sevenths of the vegetable growth of the coal period in Great Britain—and fifty species more are, it may be said, more closely allied to it than to any other. On this continent the fern was quite as abundant, it forming one-half of the flora of the age. As we intimated before, it was a flowerless age; but nature, never amiss in her operations, compensated for this want by the beautiful foliage which adorned the trees and plants, for what is more beautiful than the foliage of the fern?

Ages roll on, rising higher and higher in the scale, from the humblest fern plant to fern trees, when, at last, great conifers rear their heads high above the soil a hundred feet. "Of an intermediate class we have no existing representative, for nature does not linger willingly in mediocrity; and so in all ages she as certainly produced trees or plants of tree-like proportion or bulk, as she did minute shrubs and herbs." With seemingly distant kinds she formed near alliances; for example, the bramble and the strawberry are members of the same family, as the orchard tree, the hawthorn, and ash; and the garden pea and locust are closely related. The tall bamboo of the Indian jungles is but a stalk of field grass cast in a larger mold.

ANIMAL LIFE APPEARS.

While these displays of tropical prodigality were made in the flora of this period, the evolving forces were at work in the development of higher terrestrial being. The hush of death, which for long ages had overcast the earth, was broken. No longer did the rustle of the leaves, the tempest's roar, and the varied voices of nature fall upon dead ears; the earth, so long barren of animal life, is ripe for the change, and onward goes the work toward the consummation. The purification of the air of its carbon by the aid of immense vegetable

growths was so far completed as to render it partially respirable.

What infinite wisdom! how full of intelligence that process which removed from the air the great barrier to the existence of higher life forms, at the same time laying it up in the repository of nature for the use of man! The hum of insects now enlivened the long silent forests, and the anomalous monsters of preceding times gave place to beings of a more defined type. Among the insects of the Coal age we may name the genus *Blattina*, or cockroach, scorpions, beetles, and locusts. Many preceding types continued to exist, but others had passed away, and evidence of their former existence was only to be seen amid the ruins and debris of past convulsions; and in their stead new and higher orders of being appear. Those ancient denizens of the deep, the ganoid and selachian, still bore their old characteristic, the caudal fin. And the selachian often reached the enormous size of eighteen feet in length.

THE REPTILES.

Another order of beings now appears; the Ichthyic class, so long the monarchs of the sea, is about to be supplanted by the reptilian. As yet, these new creatures dared not take possession, but seemed first to come to spy out the land. The most prominent of the carboniferous reptiles was the *Enaliosaur*, or swimming reptile, having paddles like a whale. When this anomaly came upon the stage, the earth was unfit for the existence of a perfect air-breathing animal, hence we find this forerunner of the reptile horde endowed with functions which adapted it to existing conditions, it being neither fish nor reptile, yet partaking of the characteristics of both. The origin of reptiles has been a disputed question among geologists, and as it is a subject of so much interest, it may not be amiss to devote more than a passing comment to it, even if we trespass slightly upon the domain of natural history.

In the scale of being reptiles rank next above the batrachians, whose place succeeds that of fishes. The reptile is an air-breathing animal, the fish strictly aquatic, and the batrachian breathes in infancy in water, and at maturity becomes air-breathing, as it were, a connecting link, a compromise between the ichthyic and reptilian orders. The reptile is enveloped in a scaly or bony covering, and the batrachian is enveloped in a smooth skin; the vertebra of the batrachians corresponds with those of fishes, being concave at both extremities, and that of the reptile is concave at one and convex at the other, usually the posterior extremity. Among

existing batrachians the frog stands foremost in rank, it having a tail during its early or tadpole state alone. The salamander stands next, and retains its tail through all stages of life, while the fish-lizard retains both tail and aquatic mode of respiration. The first traces of batrachians occur in the latter Old Red or Devonian strata, and in the carboniferous formations.

Among some tracks found in the Connecticut Valley are those of the bipeds, one of which had feet twenty inches long—certainly it is trying to one's faith to admit that a frog of such huge dimensions once croaked on the shores of this ancient estuary. The first evidences of reptilian existence in the coal age were tracks discovered by Sir William Logan, in the coal measures of Nova Scotia, in 1843; and the first bones were discovered in 1852, in the coal measures of South Joggins.

During the carboniferous age the ancient fishes reached their fullest development. They were great in number and monsters in size, and though the reptile had appeared on the stage, they retained their reptilian characteristics until the close of the system.

ANCIENT SEA KINGS.

In the fauna of this period the paleontologist finds no traces of a golden age, nor any evidence of that harmony and perfect peace which the poet tells us of; rather do we infer that this was an age of strife, of bloodshed, and violence. That terror of the sea, the rhizodus, a ganoid, flourished in the waters, and from it the weaker tribes fled in instinctive dread. It was armed with teeth sharper and more trenchant

than those of the crocodile of the Nile. The rival of this monster warrior was the gyrocantus, or placoid, larger than any existing fish, having a dorsal spine, spear-shaped, and barbed like the lance of a New Zealand chief, a very effective and terrible weapon. But of all the formidable array the pleurocanthus ranked first, possessing a sharp, rounded, and polished armature, not unlike a stiletto, mounted with two rows of barbs curved baseward, which, together with its density and strength, made it the most effective of all instruments of offense of this age. Nature, ever mindful of the wants of her creatures, failed not to provide a means of defense, hence the defensive armor was in keeping with the offensive weapons of the age. One tribe was the natural foe of the other, and each was armed according to its peculiar wants; for example, when the ganoids existed, the shark was provided with massive teeth; but as this ancient race began to wane, and the soft-scaled cycloids and cetoids appeared, a change took place, and he was provided with teeth adapted to his prey. How sad the reflection that the history of these mail-clad warriors, like that of ancient dynasties and nations, can only be gleaned from the dust in which they lie entombed!

We are now led to a subject replete with interest, and proceed to study the process by which those immense stores of coal were deposited for the use of a people whose appearance is dimly foreshadowed by the vertebrata, and was destined to come upon the stage in the distant future; but this must be considered in a future number.

ULYSSES L. HUYETTE, M.D.

UTAH PRISON DISCIPLINE.

[In January last the National Prison Reform Congress held a session in Baltimore, and during its very interesting proceedings a paper was read by Mr. A. P. Rockwood, the warden of the Utah Penitentiary. The substance of this paper is of special value as a faithful syllabus of the method pursued by an enlightened and humane prison officer, and of the results obtained. Must we of the progressive—fast—East learn from the far West, and that, too, from a Mormon, concerning matters of so much concern to our Eastern socialists as the treatment of our prisoners?

Mr. Rockwood has kindly placed his address at our disposal, and the following is an abstract:]

AN experience of sixteen years as a prison warden enables me to furnish the testimony relative to the treatment of prisoners which is contained in this paper.

In Utah there is no intermediate prison or

House of Correction provided by law, consequently the warden has large discretionary powers. He is authorized to hire out any or all of the convicts on any public or private works, provided the directors approve. All offenders, when convicted of high crimes or misdemeanors, are sent to the Penitentiary, and there I have found it convenient to classify them as (1) "Old Offenders," or desperadoes, who lead lives almost entirely devoted to crime; (2) those who have committed an overt act while under the influence of liquor, or while excited with passion; (3) youths who are not hardened in crime. The first class is considered past reclaiming, but in the

treatment of its members I am governed by the law of kindness, and endeavor to awaken within them a hope for a better nature. An illustration in point may convey clearly the nature of my method in relation to such subjects. Several years since, two well-known desperadoes were arrested for horse stealing, and were committed, in default of bail, to the county jail to await trial. While there, they asserted in the hearing of the keepers what they would and would not do when they were committed to the Penitentiary. What they said soon came to my ears, and enabled me to prepare for the emergency. They were delivered into my custody in June. I received them quietly, and bid them make themselves as comfortable and contented as possible under the circumstances. When supper time drew nigh, I went in and asked them if they were fond of bread and milk. They answered that they were very fond of it, but had not enjoyed such a luxury for several years, and that it would remind them of their early homes. I soon brought in the frugal meal, and with it a bowl of strawberries. So unexpected was this consideration for their comfort, that they actually evinced a great degree of delight and satisfaction.

The next morning, some beefsteak and vegetables, with more bread and milk, were served for breakfast. Next came the assignment of the day's labor, which they had sworn they would not perform. However, they appeared to have forgotten their bold avowals of insubordination, because they quietly set to work at once without the faintest protest. When all had been suitably arranged, I cautioned the superintendents, in the presence and hearing of these men, not to work them too hard, as they had been shut up in the county jail for several weeks, and were not accustomed to the scorching rays of the sun, and their hands were somewhat tender for the rough exercise given them by our picks and shovels. That evening the superintendent reported that the day had passed quietly, and work had progressed well. The new-comers inquired of the others if this was the way they were treated all the time, and were answered in the affirmative, and assured that the warden would be as kind to them as a father. The next day being Sunday, I went my rounds, inquiring

about the welfare of each convict, and when I came to the two in question, I addressed them in a few kind words, and was surprised by a burst of tears, followed by a confession of what they had said in the county jail. They promised that I should have no trouble with them, and kept their word. If such men's hearts can be melted with kindness, whose can not be?

SECOND AND THIRD CLASSES.

Those who constitute the second class are usually reclaimable. When considered sufficiently reformed, members of this class are sometimes hired out, as is described hereafter.

It is to the third class, as is natural, my attention has been particularly directed in the effort to reform and train them for usefulness. Under the provisions of the law I frequently hire them out to a relative or friend; but when application is made for a convict of this class, I require evidence that the prisoner shall be protected from injury by persons who might be disposed to seek revenge for past offenses; that the person offering to hire is a suitable man to be intrusted with this part of the execution of the sentence; and that the convict can be trusted with a parole of honor. If assured in my own mind of the safety of the course, I lay the matter before the Board of Directors, and if they approve the contract, it is entered into; if not, the old condition of the prisoner is maintained.

The usual conditions of a contract to hire are, that the employer shall suitably feed, clothe, guard the prisoner, and pay all charges that may be incurred in the execution of the sentence, and also pay to the warden a certain amount as wages, set forth in the agreement. A further condition is, that he shall see that the convict abides by the rules of the institution, as far as practicable. Still another condition is, that the convict shall be returned on the order of the warden, without his assigning any reasons for the return. Such preliminaries and others having been entered into, the employer is appointed a deputy warden, and files bonds, with security, for the faithful performance of his duties in respect to the convict committed to his custody. Now and then worthy prisoners of the second class are favored in this manner.

Of those who have been thus hired out, about four per cent., at the most, have proved recreant to their trust. Ninety-six per cent. have been, in a measure, reclaimed, of whom one-half have, at the close of their term, settled down and become good citizens. Of the other half of the ninety-six per cent. I can not speak advisedly, as they have disappeared from the sphere of my observation. Suffice it to say that not one of this class has ever been committed to my custody for a second offense.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES—CHARITY.

A brief notice of such preventive measures as are in operation in Utah, may not prove uninteresting here.

First. The License law, with reference to the sale of intoxicants, is so restrictive that it amounts nearly to a prohibitory law; especially is this the case in small or thinly inhabited settlements. Second. The Territory is subdivided into about 170 wards or precincts, nearly all of which have an organized Female Relief Society, the business of which is to look after and supply the needs of the poor, and children who are not suitably cared for. These societies are exclusively managed

by the ladies, and all aid rendered is by voluntary donation. The chief aim of this organized movement is to prevent children from being brought up under demoralizing influences. Third. By an act passed by the Assembly, in 1853, the Probate Court of each county is authorized, on complaint that there are in the county minor children who are not properly brought up, to issue an order requiring him to bring said children before the court, and to summon the parents or guardians, as the case may be, to show cause why said children should not be bound out. Most of the residents of Utah are partial to large families, consequently there is little or no trouble in procuring suitable places for destitute children in respectable families, with little or no cost to the county.

The salutary effects of such preventive measures as I have mentioned are visible in the streets of our cities: in the orderly behavior of the people, and the lack of immoral or improper exhibitions.

[The whole number of convicts in Salt Lake City does not exceed twenty! and in the whole Territory less than one hundred! Is not this an orderly people?]

THE BAR.

BY D. X. JUNKIN, D.D.

His "bar" is always supplied with the choicest liquors.—HOTEL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Why call it a BAR? Say, whence is derived

This name for a *depot* of spirits of evil?

Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived,

Or, like the thing named, did it come from the devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name,

Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant;

And I rather suspect from the devil it came;

For e'en to his *friends* he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a BAR?

Because *prima facie*, it bars from the liquor;

But that's not its full, honest meaning, by far;

Just jingle the money, the rum follows *quicker*!

I'll tell what it means—'tis a *bar* to all good,

And a constant promoter of everything evil;

'Tis a *bar* to all virtue, that is well understood,

A *bar* to the right, and a *fort* for the devil!

'Tis a *bar* to all industry, prudence, and wealth,

A *bar* to reflection, a *bar* to sobriety;

A *bar* to clear thought, and a *bar* to sound health,

A *bar* to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A *bar* to the sending of children to school,

To clothing and giving them good education;

A *bar* to the observance of every good rule,

A *bar* to the welfare of family and nation!

A *bar* to the hallowed enjoyments of *home*,

A *bar* to the holiest earthly fruition;

A *bar* that forbids its frequenters to come

To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A *bar* to integrity, honor, and fame,

To friendship, and peace, and connubial love;

To the purest delights that on earth we may claim,

A *bar* to SALVATION AND HEAVEN ABOVE!

LECTURERS AND LECTURES.

HERE are the names of some well-known lecturers, their topics and their terms, for the fall and winter of 1873-4. It should be remembered that much time and study have been spent on the subjects by the lecturers, and that it costs something to travel. We could wish Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology had a recognition by the getters-up of these entertainments. The time may come when they will be in demand.

Miss Susan B. Anthony tells about "My Trial" for \$50 to \$100. Miss Lillie Devereux Blake combines "The Wife, Mother, and Citizen" for from \$25 to \$50. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher combines "Manhood and Money" at \$200, while the Rev. R. Laird Collier tells what he knows "On the Joining of Hands; Rings, Fools," etc., for \$75. The Rev. E. H. Chapin gives you "Columbus" for \$150, while Col. R. H. Conwell charges only \$50 for making "A Plea for Lawyers." For \$30 the Rev. R. H. Cudworth orates on the impressive theme of "What's What," while R. J. De Cordova tell us all he knows about "Our First Baby" for \$125. "The Morning Dawns" on Mrs. Jane O. De Forest, at \$50 to \$100, depending on the place where the accident occurs; and Paul B. Du Chaillu will for \$150 give, with a matinee, his "Gorilla, Chimpanzee, Gibbon, and Orang-Outang." Mary F. Eastmann will "Lend a Hand" on *your* terms; and Mrs. Lillian Edgarton, for \$150, will let you know that "Woman is Coming." Edward Eggleston will "Talk" for \$100, while Kate Field goes up "Among the Adirondacks" for \$150. "The Fat Contributor" asks you "What will you Take?" for \$75; and Rev. H. M. Gallagher will "Put Money in thy Purse" for \$100. W. Gladdin will allow you to "Help Yourselves" for what you may be pleased to give; while Grace Greenwood goes "Indoors" for \$100. R. J. Griffith, LL.D., of England, goes "Between Two Loves" for \$25. Matilda Gage Joslyn will decide "The United States on Trial" for your price; while Bret Harte tells about "Some Bad People" for \$250. Col. John Hay lets "Day Break in Spain" for \$100, and the Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth ventilates "Humbugs" for \$100. May Hamilton will

let a congregation enjoy "Social Life in Washington" on easy terms; while the irrepressible Judson Kilpatrick gets on "The American Stump" at what you please to pay. Dr. Paul Hoffman goes "Drifting About" on easy terms. Eli Perkins begs "My Uncle Consider" for \$50 to \$100. Prof. S. K. Murdoch will for \$75 discuss that interesting question, "Rise and Progress of the Order of Knights Templar;" and Prof. W. H. Niles "Rambles Among the High Alps" at \$100; all about "The Coming Man" will be told by Dr. Samuel Osgood for \$100. Mrs. E. A. Pollard combines a scientific discussion of "Bubbles and Show Windows; or, Fashionable Life in Washington;" while Prof. J. H. Pepper, of England, will for \$300 "Handle Red-Hot Metals," or "Introduce a Ghost;" and for \$200 Wendell Phillips will draw "Some Inferences from Froude;" and for \$100 Mrs. Zena Fay Pierce undertakes "The Regeneration of the Democratic Party." Matthew Hale Smith, for \$75, discourses on "Our New Minister at Hardscrabble." John G. Saxe gets a "Love" for \$125, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton gives "The Coming Girl" for \$85 to \$100. For \$100 Colonel Homer B. Sprague gives a disquisition on "When I was in Jail," and the Hon. Carl Schurz, for \$200, is ready to address an audience on any subject. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe reads her own books for \$125. Mrs. Minnie Swayze has an attack of "Free Hate" for \$50, and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage charges \$200 for getting on the "Rocks upon which the People Split." Ben. F. Taylor is getting \$100 for asking "What Made Him Do It?" and Theodore Tilton treats the "American Woman" for \$100. E. D. Taylor says that "Just for Fun" he will charge \$50, and Miss Virginia Vaughn reads "The Poetry of the Future" for the same amount. For \$125 Professor E. L. Youmans will give "The Correlation of Forces," and Emma Webb gives you \$50 worth of "Petrarch and Laura."

[We wonder that no more of the live and progressive clergy enter the popular lecture field; and so increase their incomes. It is a method by which real instruction, as well as rich entertainment, may be conveyed in the most effective way; although in the above

list many of the topics do not impress one with a sense of great profit to the listener. One who can speak well on religious topics, *ought* to be able to do so on secular, scientific, and educational subjects. It used to be the custom for clergymen, on returning from a trip to the Holy Land, to give a series of weekly evening discourses, which drew in not only their own congregations, but the world's people as well—and so much geographical and scriptural information was communicated. And why not describe, in the same manner, different parts of our own country? One may take up the Rocky Mountains, the great American lakes, our navigable rivers, our mines and metals, stone

quarries, marbles, granites, soils, trees, fishes, birds, wild animals. Let Mr. Beecher or Mr. Chapin give us, in a lecture, "life in New England;" with such a theme they would draw immensely. Let another give us life in the South; and another, life in the West. We wish our clergy to meet the people on their plane: to come *en rapport* with their wishes and aspirations, and so help to lift them up. By these means they may earn a few extra dollars, keep young men out of drinking saloons, play houses, and gambling dens, and do society a real service. The platform and the pulpit *may* be worked together, with injury to none and good to all. Try it.]

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

A WORD OF PROTEST FROM A FARMER.—It has often been a cause of regret to me, in looking over the different agricultural papers, to see so many complaints from farmers in relation to their business not paying. And then we quote or point to the merchants as an example of prosperity compared with ourselves, little thinking that if they published their complaints as freely we should find their papers and magazines overrun with accounts of failures. It is with farming as with everything else, not the business that makes the man, but the man the business. Farmers, as a class, try to do too much. It is one thing putting in a crop, and another thing taking care of it. I think that if we were to give the thought and labor to the different crops which they demand, our complaints would be far fewer than they are. All the patrons of husbandry, all the clubs, all the agricultural papers in the country will not help us, if we do not try and help ourselves. So far as I have observed, those who do the most grumbling do the least work and thinking.—*Country Gentleman*.

SHEEP AND PIGS IN ORCHARDS.—The best fruit—the cleanest, best grown, and least deformed fruit—I have seen, is that grown in orchards in which pigs or sheep have been permitted to range for a series of years up to the time the fruit really begins to mature and drop. It is astonishing what a difference it makes in the aggregate amount of perfect specimens of apples, pears, and plums that hang on the trees. They destroy innumerable insects.

Those who admit the pigs to the orchards ring or rim their noses. They do not allow them to break the sod by rooting. Thus they make them watchful of every larva and insect which appears on the surface, and compel them to eat the stung fruit, which drops from the trees in the early part of the season.

Sheep are more dangerous in an orchard than swine. They are more liable to gnaw the bark from the trees—especially if young, and the pasture is short. But, as a rule, there is little damage done. Here is one man who has kept thirty handsome South-Downs in his orchard this season, and not a tree is injured; nor can you find an apple on the ground after ten o'clock in the morning, unless you happen to be under the tree about the time it drops.

DO THE DEVONS MAKE GOOD COWS?—This question is asked me every few days. I will state the income from my four cows and one three-year-old heifer, all thoroughbred Devons. I commenced March 1, 1872, with one cow to make butter; the next cow came in March 4; the other two came in the first week in April; the heifer came in the first week of May. The butter sold from the five amounted to \$396; for premiums at fairs on the five cows, \$84; three calves sold for \$170; two calves on hand, reckoned at the same as was offered last October, \$130; total amount, \$780. The same cows have also furnished all the milk, cream, and butter used in the family during the year.

This is the income from the five up to the time they went dry. The same cows have all

calved again this spring after going dry three months. The calves were fed with the skim-milk of the cows. The butter, milk, and cream used in the family would more than three times balance the hay and other feed used for the five calves.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

THE *Scientific American* says the practice of mixing iron scraps, filings, or drilling chips from machine shops in the soil about the roots of pear trees is becoming general with some of our best fruit-growers. The health and productiveness of the trees are greatly promoted thereby. Pieces of iron hoop, old scythes, and other useless bits of iron, have long been used by the most successful growers.

ROYAL CATTLE.—The greatest sale of cattle took place a few weeks ago at New York Mills, near Utica, New York. Twelve head of Short Horns, eleven cows and a bull, brought the enormous price of \$250,800. One cow, the Duchess of Geneva, brought \$40,600, another brought \$35,000. The whole herd, consisting of 108 head, brought \$380,490, an average of \$3,523. They belonged to Mr. Campbell, a stock-breeder of some note.

VERMIN UPON FOWLS.—H. J. Mulberry Corners, N. J., writes: "I noticed in one number of this year's *World* two kinds of lice spoken of—one which could be got rid of by whitewashing the hen-houses, and another which are bred on the hen, and could not be cleared in this way. How can the latter kind be disposed of?"

Carbolic soap-suds are good. Apply with a small syringe till the feathers are slightly moistened at the roots. There is one objection

to this, which is, that it renders the fowls liable to take cold, unless the weather is warm. Another perfectly efficacious remedy is the Persian Insect Powder, made of the pulverized blossoms of an imported plant. It is the same powder that enters into the compositions of many of the high-priced "exterminators," "eradicators," and "dead-shots," for bugs, cockroaches, and fleas. We have tried it upon a dog swarming with fleas with immediate and perfect success. On applying the powder over night, the most careful scrutiny failed to reveal a live flea next morning. Though poisonous to insects, it is not at all noxious to fowls, dogs, cats, or other warm-blooded animals; and there is no danger in having it about where there are children.—*Poultry World*.

LYE FOR APPLE TREES.—We notice a great deal of questioning as to whether strong lye from wood-ashes can be used as a wash for destroying insects on apple trees. We wish to state, if it will be any benefit to the public, that we have an orchard upon which we have used strong lye washes for thirteen years. The application was made every year, between the middle of May and the first of July, in order to destroy the bark lice. It has accomplished fully the purpose for which it was used, and the orchard is considered the finest collection of apple trees in the town. The trees are thrifty, bear every year, and are almost entirely free from bark lice.—*M. C. Hawks*.

WHEN your pasture becomes short in the fall give your cows a little corn meal and wheat bran mixed, and they will keep in proper flesh and have a good flow of milk.

Our Mentorship 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.]

Go Our Correspondents.

INSTINCT—REASON—INTUITION.—S. R. WELLS, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: In the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL please answer this question—Is there any difference between the *instinct of animals* and the *intuitive faculty of man*?

Ans. Instinct is simply instinct, whether in man or in animal. The eye of man and the eye of animal are equally adapted to light, and both see. So of the organs of hearing, taste, smell, etc., all alike common to man and animal. Take away

man's reasoning faculties and his religious sentiments, take away all his faculties above the Perceptives, and you bring him down to the level of an animal. It is the reasoning intellect, and the moral, religious, and spiritual sentiments which distinguish man from the animal. If it be claimed that animals manifest powers of mind *above* the office, reach, or function of the instincts, we demand proof. We deny that *any* animal ever manifested the sort of reason manifested by the human organ of Causality, or that any animal was ever known to exercise the function of the organs of faith, charity, or veneration. Was ever dog, horse,

monkey or gorilla known to engage in prayer or in other purely human devotional exercises? Was there ever known a tribe of human beings so low that they did not worship? The god of one may be wood, stone, sun, moon, fire, or it may be an ass, zebra, or a serpent. The sort of god one worships depends on the intelligence of the worshiper. No animal is so highly developed as to worship any kind of a god. No man is so low, save in exceptional cases of idiocy, that he has not the conception of a god or of a power much greater than himself.

THE EARTH'S SPECIFIC GRAVITY.—How is the specific gravity of the earth estimated?

Ans. There are several methods by which the earth's density or specific gravity is measured; the more prominent being Dr. Maskelyne's, Cavendish's, and Airy's. Mr. Airy's method is simple, viz., by comparison of two invariable pendulums, one at the earth's surface, the other at the bottom of a coal mine, 1,260 feet below the surface. By this method the mean density of the earth is found to be between six and seven times that of water. By Cavendish's method, for the details of which see "Chambers' Encyclopædia," and which is but a careful estimation of the comparative attractive force of large and small balls, and their proportionate deviation, the density of the earth is measured at 5.67 times that of water, and this result is generally accepted as approximating the true density.

HOW TO FILL UP HOLLOW PLACES IN THE HEAD.—A young man writes as follows: My forehead is rather broad and high (will be when hair is removed), and just above Individuality there is a round dent which I dislike very much. Could not the skin in that dent be made to swell out so as to fill it out even with the rest by the application of some kind of oil or mixture? And, if not, could there not be something inserted under the skin? If you know any way to remedy such a state, please inform me where I can get the remedy, and how to use it, and state price and particulars; and also if there are any books that treat on the subject.

Ans. Your Eventuality is moderately developed, but by exercising the brain beneath that and other hollow places it may grow, and those places become filled up. Copious breathing expands the lungs; why not enlarge the brain by vigorous thinking?

DIVERSITY OF NAMES.—As we are generally considered all descendants of one pair, and no new family names are being founded now, can you tell by whose authority and when the human race was divided into distinct families, and from what the multitude of surnames are derived?

Ans. As the members of the human family increased in number it was found necessary to distinguish them, for the sake of convenience at least, by some names. Traces of the original appellations of men and women are easily discoverable to-day. The first Smith was probably a worker in metals, and was named for his trade. So, too, the Bakers, Clarks, Bishops, Carters, Turners, Whitehouses, Cruikshanks, Birdseyes,

etc., were originally named from the callings which they adopted, or from some peculiarities in their organizations. If the reader is familiar with Old Testament history, he will remember that the ancient Jews were accustomed to name children from some interesting or impressive incident connected with their birth. This subject of names is a very interesting one, and will abundantly recompense extensive research.

HIS HAIR TROUBLES HIM.—A young man desires to be informed how he may prevent the hair from growing low on his forehead. He thinks if he could prevent this that he would have a good-looking head. In answer, we beg him to thank God that he is not an idiot; that he has hair on his head; and that being yet young, he may, by hard, honest study, enlarge his diminutive intellect. Be patient.

LAUGHTER.—Even when going along the street, if any queer or funny thought runs in my mind, I laugh heartily, sometimes even aloud when alone; and if it be observed by others, I feel quite ashamed of it. Some say it is a sign of mental weakness, and others that it is due to sensitiveness. How may I eradicate it?

Ans. You probably have Mirthfulness well developed, and an active temperament, and you laugh at funny thoughts as you would at funny sayings. We advise you not to eradicate it; time and trouble will take the laugh out of you quick enough. Laugh while you may; be sedate when you must.

PENNY: ITS DERIVATION.—What is the derivation and meaning of the word "penny?"

Ans. It is evidently correlated with the Latin *pender*, which signifies to weigh. The penny is a very old coin in England, and was originally of silver, being the twenty-fourth part of a pound weight; the fourth part of a penny was called by the Anglo-Saxons *feorthing*—hence farthing.

Other questions, deferred for want of space, will be answered in our next.

What They Say.

"PUT A HEAD ON."—It so happened that there came to me three A. P. JOURNALS awhile ago. The three books, in their covers, looked very much like other "yellow-covered literature," and they lay around loose some time, all because there was no "head," as usual, on the cover.

Were I aboard the cars, and the paper boy should come along and thrust one of your books into my face, do you suppose I would put on my glasses to see what he carried? If it had that head full of pictures on the outside, I could see that mule, which I have expected to see break his halter every time I ever looked at it—I say I could see that the whole length of the car with my own eyes. A girl was looking over the JOURNALS,

wanted to find where Cupid was located, but she looked all through the book, and could not find the cunning fellow. Some day he that carries the arrows will find her, and you will be responsible, all because you had no *head* for a guide-board to that inquiring lassie. Somebody objected to music being a part of the contents of the JOURNAL, some time since, because they wanted Phrenology, "Simon pure." Now, if you saw the force of that reasoning, can't you see if you want the people to know that your JOURNAL carries the Simon pure Phrenology, you must "put a head on," so that they can see it!

If you want an angel to hold a crown over your head, I've no objection—rather like it; but for pity's sake, get back your old head—it is worth a dozen new ones. Will you? L. H. B.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, U. S.

[The *Brighton* (English) *Times* pays our JOURNAL the following kind compliment.]

We are in receipt of the above useful and highly instructive journals direct from New York, and we have to thank our friend, the enterprising editor and publisher, Mr. S. R. Wells, for their remittance. "Go ahead," is the motto of our American cousins, a motto, too, which they fully carry out in almost everything. Intellectual life in America is ever running a race; there is no time to stand still to take breath, therefore the Americans must be very long-winded, and their *physique* must be strong and vigorous, or they would have long ago fallen down exhausted by this never stand-still, go-ahead process. Take the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for example, which has nearly completed its thirty-fourth year, and yet the number before us proves that as it increases in years, so does it in vigor. Phrenology in England, since the days of Combe, has scarcely advanced a single step on the highway of progress; not so, however, in America, where the impetus given it by the publishers of this JOURNAL have sent it with flying colors into the arena of science, in which it occupies a high place. In America there are real practitioners of Phrenology, in England we have many sham ones, whose quacking has been the means of bringing disrepute upon that science. Character telling in America, by Phrenology and Physiology, has accomplished wonders, a phrenological character by these gentlemen being something that can be depended upon; unlike our stupid English method of taking a person upon the strength of anyhow-procured testimonials. Testimonials as to character are one of the greatest evils of the age, except the recipient has lived for years under the eyes of a conscientious master, who will on no account give him a false character to be rid of him. The biggest scamp in the village often obtains excellent testimonials in England, solely that the inhabitants may rid themselves of such a pest. Now, an employer in

America requiring an honest, industrious servant, sends the applicant to the phrenological establishment, 389 Broadway, New York, and receives a true character, one that will stand testing; in fact, the individual's real character, estimated upon scientific principles, for Phrenology strips off the mask of assumption, and reveals the real man. In 1862, Messrs. Fowler and Wells paid a visit to this country [England], and astonished the English by their skill in character-reading from the phrenological development, combined with the physiology and physiognomy of those subject to their examinations. Their success was immense. During their stay in Brighton, we tested their scientific skill both in public and in private, and can conscientiously bear witness to the correctness of the character given—read off momentarily as you would read a book. "Know thyself," was written over the Temple at Delphi, yet how few know their own minds, or what they can or can not accomplish! Study Phrenology on the American principle, combining, as it does, physiology, and you will glean more of that wonderful thing called mind than all the metaphysicians can teach you.

The recent number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now lying before us, is most aptly termed "a Pictorial Magazine of Human Science," embracing as it does Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. What an array of scientific subjects! and their treatment in this JOURNAL, under the able editorship of its publisher, Mr. Wells, is marvelous, both for erudition and the power of expressing it. This JOURNAL is one of the most highly instructive of magazine literature and science, and from which our English caterers for the reading public might glean many a useful hint. "The Science of Health" is a journal of the same standard type, containing articles on "Popular Physiology," "Physical Culture," "Medical Systems—Methods of Cure," "Hygienic Agriculture," "Cookery," and a variety of other useful and readable matter. We can not too highly recommend these well-printed, instructive journals to the perusal of our readers. We doubt if anything of a like useful and cheap character can be found in our magazine literature to compete with these high-class instructive American journals, which are obtainable at J. Burns', No. 15 Southampton Row, London.

[One cause of our success in England, over that attained by phrenologists in practice there, was owing to the fact that we made no pretensions, did not dub ourselves "professors," but simply gave our lectures, and proved that the science is in harmony with *true* religion, taking it completely out of the hands of fatalists, materialists, secularists, and other crotchety fanatics. If we delineate character correctly, it is because we keep to the rules of science. We are grounded in Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. There should be no guessing, no blundering, no mistakes. When we go by rule we must go right.]

TWO BALTIMORE MURDERERS.—E. J. C. writes us as follows: The readers of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* will no doubt remember the Lampley murder, which took place in Baltimore not many months ago. Nicholson and Hollohan went to Lampley's to rob the house, and it is thought that they took Mrs. Lampley's life without intending to do so. These men were hung a short time ago, one of them having confessed his guilt.

Mr. E. G. Rennous, a phrenologist, in whom I have confidence, writes to me as follows: "I was permitted in the private room where no reporters were admitted, and sat by their side for an hour. Nicholson looked like a young man of sense, with a keen dark eye, that showed the devil when excited, and a determination to carry out all his designs. Head full size; motive temperament; Combativeness and Destructiveness large; Cautiousness, Benevolence, Language, Hope, Veneration, and Intellect full, and Conscientiousness moderate.

"Hollohan presented an appearance of hearty impulse and thoughtlessness. Head, large; sanguine temperament; Combativeness and Destructiveness large; Cautiousness small; Benevolence, Language, Veneration, and Hope large; Intellect full, and Conscientiousness moderate."

Mr. Rennous thinks it very strange that men having Benevolence full and large should take life;

but the evidence showed that they intended to rob the house, and that the murder was unintentional.

[Benevolence is often found to be large in very bad men. It was so in Gibbs, the great pirate, who is said to have caused the death of hundreds. But it is also said of him that, though he robbed and murdered, he would give his last shilling to any poor beggar who appealed to him for alms. It is further said of him (we think it is in his confessions), that he could not take life when sober; but that it was not till after he had taken a seventh glass that he could take human life without a pang of remorse. We presume it was the same with those Baltimore murderers. It was the alcoholic liquor which fired up and *perverted* their passions, and rendered them capable of deeds they could not perform when in a normal condition. Alcohol fits men who are otherwise not bad for the wickedest crimes. Even the best citizen who drinks is liable at any moment to commit an act of violence for which death on the gallows must atone. Better not drink.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TWO YEARS OLD.
—Daniel Fox, of Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., died June 23d, last, aged one hundred and two years, three months, and twenty-two days. Our readers may remember that we published a sketch of him with portrait, in the February number of the *JOURNAL* for the current year.

The Library.

In this department are given the titles and prices of such New Books as have been received from the publishers. Our readers look to us for these announcements, and we shall endeavor to keep them well informed with reference to the current literature.

SEX IN EDUCATION; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society; Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 181; muslin. Price, \$1.25. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Dr. Clarke says the question of woman's sphere will be decided by her organization, and that she has a right to do what she can do, and ought to do what she can best do. The way in which she shall accomplish this, and complete her development as woman, is the question. The author has studied his subject thoroughly, and it is expressed in plain, common-sense language, and deserves to be read by all who are interested in this subject.

TROTTY'S WEDDING TOUR, and Story Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With numerous Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 224; muslin. Price, \$1.50. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Just what its title indicates, a story book, and reads just as if Miss Phelps were talking to children, whether big or little. Here is the table of contents: The Divorce; An Interruption; The

Duel; The Consequences; May's Logic; Lill's Bright Idea; Another Story; The Third Story; A Fish Story; Ruby's Visitor; Rye's Fritters; Just Like Aunt Banger; The Day of Judgment; More Ways than One; The Chapter that Trotty Didn't Print; A Very "Common" Story; The Baby's Day; The Calico Paper; Deb; The Last Story; The Wedding Tour.

A GOOD MATCH. By Amelia Perrier, author of "*Mea Culpa*," 12mo. Price, \$1.50. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

"A Good Match" is reproduced from the *Christian Union*, through which it passed as a serial story. It is written in the style of the better story books or novels, and is not in any respect unhealthy. The lady describes her first offer; How Difficulties Begin; Preparing for the Struggle; Her Last Lover; An Unexpected Reappearance; Is Friendship Love? She tells also about Sweet Sorrow; Waiting for a Situation; A Wedding Journey; Our Way Through the World, etc., making up such a description of experiences as are common to English life.

BRAVE HEARTS. An American Novel. By Robertson Gray. Illustrated by Darley, Beard, Stephens, and Kendrick. Price, \$1.75. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Here is something of sensation, with adventures, daring and reckless exploits, and pictures to match. Our hero had taken the advice of good Horace Greeley—"Go West." His parting from the

home station is pathetically described; the picture of the stage with one wheel over a precipice, and the four horses flying down a mountain, is given with dramatic effect. Interesting letters are received; courage is manifested, and a trip overland is given. Eccentric characters are described, and life in the Western wilds is portrayed.

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL. By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. 12mo. Price, \$1.75. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Among the Apostles St. Paul was one of the most striking and conspicuous characters. Preachers like Mr. Beecher delight to dwell upon his sayings and doings. Our author, who has made a beautiful book under the above title, describes St. Paul's Tact and Presence of Mind, his Tenderness and Sympathy, his Conscientiousness and Integrity, his Courage and Perseverance, and describes his mode of thanksgiving and prayer. The work seems to be that of love and real appreciation. What Boswell was to Johnson, Doctor Howson is to St. Paul in this. He gives us views, in general and in detail, so that we seem to feel the presence of the great evangelist. No one who reads this work will doubt the power or the integrity of this pillar among the saints. The book will be acceptable to all believers.

AGAINST THE STREAM. The Story of a Heroic Age in England. By the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," etc. 12mo. Price, \$1.75. New York: Dodd & Mead.

These publishers have been most fortunate in the selection of subjects for their series of works. There are no more popular authors in America than the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," of which Messrs. Dodd & Mead are the American publishers. "Against the Stream" is such a work as will encourage the reader to make his best effort to rise in life, and so make the most of his opportunities. It is a story, but so true to life as to be almost descriptive of a single individual. It is indeed a capital book, and its perusal will do good.

CROOKED PLACES. A Story of Struggles and Hopes. By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "The Dead Sin, and other Stories," etc. 12mo. Price, \$1.75. New York: Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway.

This work is dedicated to the memory of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., whose friendship was a treasure on earth, and is now laid up a treasure in heaven. The author describes A Just Woman; How God Guided a Genius; Millicent's Romance, and what it was made of—an interesting conclusion to the whole matter. Of course it is a love story, and we have, among other topics, Mated for Life; Talent put to Interest; One's First Success; The Talent bears Interest; A Gift from a Lord; A Sharp Young Man; Darkness and Dawn; Rising and Falling; Gratitude; The Day of Reckoning; Found and Lost," etc. The work is published in Dodd & Mead's usually substantial style and good taste, with striking illustrations.

THE ORGAN AT HOME. A Collection of New and Standard Music, by the best composers, for Reed Organs and Melodeons. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; C. H. Ditson & Co., New York; Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Price, in boards, \$2.50; cloth, \$3; full gilt, \$4.

There are some two hundred pieces of music in "The Organ at Home," and it should be accepted without other guarantee for its excellence, coming as it does from the house of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. Of course all organ players will need the book. A three-cent stamp addressed to the publishers will bring you a circular giving the names of the pieces contained in the volume, for which we have not room here. The same house furnish all valuable music published in Europe and America. Address them for a catalogue.

THE STORY OF WANDERING WILLIE. By the Author of "Effie's Friends," and "John Hatherton." With Frontispiece, by Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A. Reprinted from the 3d London Edition. N. York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

There is good mental medicine in this story for the hopeless and desponding. Wandering Willie exhibits Christian resignation under the most trying circumstances, and keeps a hopeful, cheery heart, and, we doubt not, a pleasant countenance throughout. Judging from his own description, we infer that his mouth turns up at the outer corners, rather than is drawn down in the shape of a half moon. The story is concluded with these appropriate lines—

Lead kindly, Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

DOING HIS BEST. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Jack Hazard and His Fortune," "A Chance for Himself," etc. With illustrations. 16mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Our young friends who have read the excellent stories mentioned in the title just given will need no incentive to procure "Doing His Best." The natural vein in which Mr. Trowbridge relates his stories of boys and girls, and the lively incidents which sprinkle every chapter, make him a general favorite with youth. We must confess to no little interest felt by ourselves in the fortunes of Jack Hazard, Phineas, the ever good—"nattered" scamp, Wilkins, Annie Felton, and the many other striking characters of the book. We trust that the author will write another in the series, giving us a clue to the future of Jack and Phin, and enlightening us as to the final catastrophe which must have wound up the oblique career of the celebrated vender of the "unequaled 'lectrical 'lixir."

GARDENING BY MYSELF. By Anna Warner, one of the authors of the "Wide, Wide World." 12mo; cloth. Illustrated. \$1.25.