ITALIAN SHEPHERDS.

Description and Account of Their Every-day Life.

METHODS OF HERDING, FIELD-CRAFT, FLUTE PLAYING.

Inspiration Drawn from the Pastoral Poem Written by "Lorenzo, the Magnificent"—Wakeman Continues His Wanderings Among the Peasants of Italy.

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FLORENCE (Italy), Nov. 27, 1890.

About the year 1480, at the dawn of the golden age in Italy, there were daily gathered at the table of the chief citizen of Florence such men as Pulci, Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo. The host, whose wealth and matchless attainments made him known among the potentates and savants of southern Europe as "Lorenzo, the Magnificent," wrote a pastoral poem of wondrous sweetness and power called "La Nencia Da Barbarino." I was once in a position (being an editor, worse luck!) to have this little-known though surpassing composition translated for the first time into English, in the original metre, by no less a scholar and poet than Sir Edwin Arnold. The poem, comprising 300 lines, depicts in simple though glowing words and imagery, the hopeless and consuming passion of the shepherd-lad, "Ravella," for a dainty peasant-girl, "Nencia." One cannot read this lowly-life heart-cry without the awakening in his own soul of a thrilling and commiserative tenderness for the humble lives it so plaintively reveals; and it was with this feeling that I sought, perhaps over-much for the poetic and romantic side of the picture, to know the real every-day lives of those who tend the flocks and herds of Italy.

My first wanderings were in southern Italy, the territory of olden Apulia. Once this was part of Græcia Magna. Its great cities were Arpinum, Luceria, Arpi and Canusium. Partly on foot, partly by the antique cabriolet of provincial Italy, partly by lettiga, the lectia of the ancient Romans, and partly on the backs of tiny donkeys of wondrous shagginess and marvelous power, I made my way in a zig-zag course back and forth across the infrequently-traveled, little known, weird and lonely, yet always transcendently beautiful and fascinating peninsula. Upwards of 300 castles, modern, medieval and in ruins, striking recalling the splendor and decay of Ireland, were counted. The few remaining relics of Cannæ, where the Romans met their crushing defeat of B. C. 216, and where the historic city was finally destroyed, in 1083, by Robert Guiscard, one of Tasso's heroes, were found. Bari, upon the Adriatic, as famous now for its fish as in the time of Horace, was seen. The ancient abbey and church of S. Niccolo, where are found the paintings of one of the earliest Italian masters, Vivarini, and where in 1098, Pope Urban II. held the famous council which sought to reconcile the Church of Greece with that of Rome, was visited. I climbed past Melfi, with its castle of the old Norman sovereigns, to the extinct volcano, Monte Vulture, the "Apulian Vultur" of Horace, whose crater, overgrown with oaks and beeches, now contain two lakes, perched above one of which is the most eerie monastery of Europe, possibly excepting Monserrat, Spain, and from whose towers the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the west, and those of the Adriatic on the east, could be discerned. I tramped, too, with hundreds of returning pilgrims, camping with them at night by the wayside; sat with the carrettajo as his cart and ox waited by the fountains; climbed to the shrines with the reverential pilgrims; waited by the mounting-blocks with roadside beggars; made countless and astounding excuses to get into the interior of cabins for draughts of acqua di latte and nanfa, butter-milk and orange water, which you can get everywhere in the country for the value of half an American cent; straggled from town to mountain with the pecore and his flocks; assisted more than one shepherd in building a rude hut of stone, after the manner of the Pagan "bee-hive" cell upon wind-swept moors; and after making my home for a brief season among the shepherds of the eastern mountain range of Otranto, followed on foot, the classic Appain Way to the shepherd haunts of the olive and vine-girt hills of Tuscany. Shepherds, shepherds everywhere; but nowhere was the dream of shepherd-life breathing from "La Nencia," as the attar from the heart of a rose, fulfilled.

One of the most interesting facts regarding the shepherds of Southern Italy is that they are not only a distinct class, but, through holding themselves aloof from all other peasant classes, are almost a distinct race. In ancient times all this country was subject to scourging depredations by the Saracens, to an extent requiring that people should herd together in walled towns for protection of life and property. Then nearly the entire population of old Apulia were shepherds. They drove their herds from the towns to the mountains, returning for safety at night. The descendants of these in a direct line for more than 2,000 years are doing that identical thing to-day, not for safety, but from traditional custom. All those who exist in Southern Italy to-day who are not shepherds, goatherds or herdsmen, form the population of cities and towns and comprise the contadini or field laborers, and the ancestors of all these may be said to have gradually grown away from the shepherd's life, rather than that the shepherds of our time are a product of new forms of rural economic necessities. They rarely intermarry with other classes. When they do they instantly depart from the flocks, are absorbed in the lower orders of the cities, or become the most desperately hopeless of the human cattle that labor in the fields. The pride in their own descent, in the exclusiveness of their class, in the long line of shepherd ancestry they can trace, amounts almost to a passion. It is practically the one pride they possess. This isolation of blood and interest has preserved interesting traces in physiognomy. They are wonderfully Saracenic in their look. The tall, slender, supple figure, the oval face and shining skin, the neck, tiny at the throat, spreading quickly and heavily in protuberant muscles, like a broad-butted tree, to the shoulders, the yellowish-blue tinge of the white of the eye, the distended nostrils and the dazzling teeth, all pronounce the Eastern origin and retained physiological affinities.

In every part of Southern Italy you will come upon a broad, grass-grown highway. It is called the "traturo." For twenty centuries it has served the same purpose. It can be nearly likened to our own vast western stock trails leading from "grass to grass" when herds are driven northward, fattening on their way to the great live-stock markets. On this "traturo" occurs the yearly spring exodus from the lower valleys and coastwise moors and marshes to the Apulian mountain summer pastures. In the autumn, hundreds of thousands return along these ancient ways. During the winter the herdsmen and shepherds live in town-hovels, or in huts near the towns and villages. The herds and flocks are then driven out to and returned from daily grazing. But in the summer time on the mountain sides is the real out-door life of the guardian of the flocks and herds. Whether he be herdsman, goatherd or shepherd, he is usually given charge of a flock or herd of from fifty to 100 animals. Among the cattle, and herding in common with them, are large numbers of a species of buffalo, smaller and less hairy than the now extinct American bison. In a herd of 100 cattle, twenty will be provided with unmusical bells. In a flock of as many sheep twice as many will have bells, some of which are exceedingly melodious; and the quality of his bells are of more concern to the Apulian shepherd than that of his sheep. The latter are odd little poddy creatures. Nearly all are black. Their legs and hoofs are black and shiny as ebony drum-sticks. Their eyes are exceedingly small and a brilliant yellow; while the little creatures are as agile as chamois. Weird, strange groups are these which follow the flocks and herds to the mountains. Nearly every shepherd of southern Italy is married. He marries young. He rears, or rather there grows, seemingly all unconscious to himself, a large family. The sons marry other shepherds' daughters; the daughters, other shepherds' sons. Himself, perhaps born in the grass by the side of the "traturo," in a cleft of some rock in the edge of a torrent's gravina, or in some low hut on hill or moor, he emerges from babyhood to childhood a nomad; is a nomad in youth and manhood; he mates as a nomad; and never ceases a nomadic life until the quicklime of some village Campo Santo consumes his bones. So that to every flock belongs a family.

The tatterdemalion group possesses no home but that of the daily grazing land of the flock. Their sole possessions never equal five dollars in value. Their total earnings do not exceed eleven cents per day. Like Wallachian Gypsies, they squat anywhere for rest and sleep, and eat anything that will sustain life. If they possess a single aspiration on earth, it is that secret one of so many other Italian field and moor laborers to "take to the hills," that is, to become outright brigands. Universal indolence and repugnance to effort are safeguards against this. The Apulian shepherd himself is a picturesque fellow enough, despite your consciousness of his vacuous ignorance, his unvarying cruelty to his flocks, and his utter sodden, rather than active, brutality to his wife and children, who serve as his pack-mules, like the American squaws, for transporting his slender belongings to the hills. Tall, and straight as an arrow, he is clad from head to foot in undressed skins. A bifurcated garment of untanned hide, fashioned after the pattern of that one so well known to American dress reform ladies, forms a sort of waistcoat and trowsers combined. The latter are opened at the sides, below the knees often displaying gaudy buttons ornamenting the sides of his half-gaiter, undressed skin boots. Over his waistcoat is a long, loose armless jacket of hide, provided with numberless pockets, his rain-proof storehouses of meager treasures. A jaunty, brigandish hat sets perkily upon his fine, curly head, and brings into striking relief his olive skin, his large, grave eyes, and crinkly, curly beard—a half Egyptian type, one would say, to see it represented in painting. Slung from his right shoulder across his left hip by a broad band of hide, with occasionally the priceless treasure of a polished brass or bronze buckle, is the inseparable capsella or shepherds' pouch. A rusty carbine, which is never discharged, or a stout staff as high as his breast—but never the shepherds' crook of olden tales and modern tableaux vivants—complete the picture. And it is always a picture; for this fellow with the face of an apostle and the eyes of a saint is so deliciously languid and inexpressibly lazy, that his splendid form is forever in pose and repose.

On the mountain sides the life of this shepherd family is a changeless one the whole summer long, unless the terrible hail-storms of southern Italy fall upon the mountains, or the still more destructive wind-storms, that frequently fling both sheperds and flocks from the crags to death, come whistling over peak or howling through gravina. Then the human marmot awakens from his lethargy and accomplishes prodigeous feats of strength and wondrous acts of valor, in rescuing endangered members of the flock or of his own terrified brood. His food is polenta and chestnut-flour bread. He is the one Italian who drinks water instead of wine. His field-lore, though unconscious to himself, is marvelous. When spurred by extreme hunger, all mountain moorland birds are doomed where he sets his snare. It is a wild, strange, melancholy land he looks down upon, if he have the energy for looking. His wife and children around him are as voiceless as himself and his flocks. The very melody of the sheep-bells becomes a meaningless din. One carries away from his environment and companionship with him only a pathetic sense of his hopelessness and degradation. You can only remember him as another animal in hairy hide, insensate to the trumpetings of eternal nature around him. The sheep browsing at his side are his equals in intelligence; his superiors in demonstrable forces and activities. The lone kestral wheeling above this Apulian shepherd has a wider horizon of view.

But there are other shepherds in Italy of whom a sunnier picture can be drawn. These are the shepherds and shepherdesses of the peasants' lesser flocks in Piedmont, in Lombardy, in radiant Tuscany, and even in pestiferous, death-breeding Maremme, on the Tyrrhene Sea. There are many among these who, like the Apulian shepherds, have descended from shepherd ancestors, and who all their lives soddenly follow the one vocation. But in the main they are the little folks and the youths and wives of all the peasantry. In northern Italy the peasantry are a happier folk than those of the South. The beauty of the cities, quaintness and peacefulness of the villages and hamlets, the radiance of the valleys and the noble picturesqueness of the forests and mountains, seem to have given a reflexive peacefulness, sunniness and even virility to the people. Their shepherds do not possess the grave, sad, vacuous faces of the South. Companionship accounts largely for this. In the North the shepherd is always one of the villagers. He or she shares their every-day life. The feasts, espousals, marriages, funerals, all are theirs for enjoyment and contemplation. Nearly every family has its own little flock. Often several of these are merged into a larger flock and taken to the higher mountain lands for the entire summer. In such cases a shepherd and his family accompany them, and they live much as do their kind in Apulia. In October the same flock will be driven to the moors and marshes of Maremme, where the shepherd and his family subsist almost entirely on snared wild fowl, which come here in myriads to escape the winters of the British Isles, the Baltic regions and the German forests.

But tens of thousands of little flocks led by tens of thousands of little shepherds and shepherdesses leave the village greggia or sheep-fold and home every morning, for the higher glades. Sometimes a dog, often a pig trained to herd the flocks, goes with them. If a maiden has charge of the flock, she will have her spindle of knitting, and will work and sing and tend her flock the whole day long. If a lad or stripling tend a flock, he will let the pig or the dog tend the sheep, with an occasional moment of executive observation, and the rest of the day he gathers mushrooms, hunts the young of birds, and all of which are eagerly eaten, save those of the swallow and hawk, snares forest fowl, or pipes on his flute in idle fantasy. Both must bring a back-load of ferns, grass, oak, elm or vine leaves, with the flocks at night. Some of this is for temporary use; but the winter store is chiefly thus gathered. I have counted more than 100 of these little flocks descending from the mountains with the shepherds at eventide. The valleys are voiceful with thousands of tinkling bells, with the notes from hundreds of shepherds' flutes, with the *trilli* of scores of shepherds' songs. Then, as the shadows fall softly upon the hamlets, comes the housing of the sheep in the greggia, and the pastoral yields to the prosaic while "Ravella" and "Nencia" gain new strength for the morrow from their bowl of steaming polenta, or porridge of crushed white beans.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"Say, Hold On, Boss."

A colored couple called on a well-known clergyman in Boston recently to be married. They were accompanied by another couple, who came to "stand up" with the bridegroom and bride. The quartet stood in line, and by a queer misunderstanding of the requirements of the occasion the "contracting parties" got separated, the man standing at one end of the line and the woman at the other. The clergyman, supposing they were properly stationed, said: "You take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife——" "Say, hold on, boss! de woman dat I'm goin' to marry am at de oder end of de line; I'm not goin' to marry dis yer gal." The extremes met and the ceremony was begun again and finished without interruption.

RED BLUFF.

How Hoffman Was Banquetted and Fulfills His Promise.

WHERE ORANGE TREES GROW LIKE A POET'S DREAM.

One Might Plant a Lemon in the Morning and Drink a Lemonade on the Same Spot in the Evening—The Truthful Real Estate Man.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY UNION.]

Three weeks ago, while I was in the beautiful little city of Red Bluff, I was given a reception by the solid citizens. After nearly an entire night had been spent at a banquet, which was the most gorgeous thing of its kind I ever saw, I was escorted to my headquarters by the Philharmonic Glee Club, which sang, "We Won't Go Home 'Till We're Sober," "Up in a Balloon, Boys," "Johnny Ward, Get Your Gun," and other mellow old melodies, that made the welkin ring. (I don't know what a welkin is, never having had one of my own, but there is one in Red Bluff.)

The next day a committee of three men called upon me, and their foreman spoke as follows:

"Mr. Hoffman, we have here in the midst of this bloomin' garden of the unicorn—I mean the universe—one of the prettiest little towns I guess you ever saw. She's a real beauty. On ev'ry hand there lies the green fields of golden yaller wheat—only they ain't yaller yet, bein' as the seed ain't all in the ground on account of our bein' put behind with our plowin'—and on either side of us rises the towers and steeples of the onward path of Progress, which the watchword of it is allers WESTWARD Ho! Here we has our homes, and here we lives by the sweat of our brows. We has resources, sir, that would make your hair to stand on end like the quills on the forgetful porkapine. We has lands that perjuice bounteously, and we can offer to the world at large the wonderfullest inducements to settle in this here town. We has a town clock, sir, which strikes out the hours disregardless of expense, and is heard in the land along with the turtle. And now, sir, we has come to you to state that the boys got up a bang-up feed in honor of you last night, and weask, sir, that you do write up a genuine simon-pure puff for us. We has read your scripture in the papers, and we know you can perjuice a good article if you want to. And right here let me remark, young feller, that if you don't perjuice a good article, there'll be somethin' covered with coal tar and feathers floatin' on the bosom of the Sacramento river the very next time you put in an appearance in this here beautiful, law-abidin' and peaceful little city. That's all, sir. Good day, sir."

Then they marched out. I have since learned that the three men were three fellows who think they own the town, and who were not at the banquet for certain reasons known to the Committee on Invitation.

But it is a fact that Red Bluff is a beautiful little city. It sits enthroned upon the banks — principally upon the western bank—of the Sacramento river, but the people do not use the waters of this stream for drinking purposes. They get their drinking and cooking fluids from the hills northeast of the town, and from the various places of sin which are found scattered promiscuously here and there along the streets. The river, however, is not a lost quantity. In the summer months the people use it for swimming, and also for angling purposes. On Sundays it is not unusual to see a long line of the solid citizens standing in the shallows where the water is not above their short ribs, with rods in their hands and enormous strings of real carp and catfish hanging from their necks.

Red Bluff is pretty, orderly and quiet. It never gets on the warpath and paints itself a lurid, gory hue. It is a city of homes, where there is peace and plenty, and no man covets his neighbor's manservant or maid-servant. The backbone of the place is wheat, and its spinal marrow is the railroad. It is unshaken by booms, and the price of land and bread and whisky is reasonable enough for anybody. There are never any riots there, and the people go right along about their business, are born, marry, grow old and die without the least suspicion of a fuss. There are no extraordinary hard times; no busting of banks and failure of firms. There are vineyards and orchards and wheat fields and factories. There are figs and olives, oranges and lemons. There is enterprise and prosperity and several churches. There is health and wealth and happiness and three daily papers that never toot their own horns loud enough. There is life and enjoyment, hilarity and pleasure and babies on the block. There are a great many very beautiful young ladies and a great many handsome young men who belong to Company D. There is a sash factory and a round-house and a large number of rich widows, who went there for their health and have remained there. There is a city jug and a city pound and several places of sin. Also a Salvation Army of two soldiers and several real estate agencies. All the real estate men are kept busy doing something.

The people who live in Red Bluff are the best people in the world. That is, some of them are. They were all made to order, and when the contract was finished the molds were broken up and smelted into rakes and door-knobs. They are all healthy, and so energetic that they wear out annually 400,000 pairs of tailor-made pants. They generally live to a ripe old age and either die in peace or in pieces. Is that puffy enough O, ye cits of Red Bluff?

Red Bluff has been called "The City of Cats." Cats grow there spontaneously, like Jonah's gourd, and live very long and useful lives, like Methuselah or the Wandering Jew. As they age they grow mellow, and acquire a deep, rich tone, and when they vibrate it is as though the arch-fiend had stretched a bass string across the sky and was thrumming it with a cyclone. If a stranger should kill a cat there he would perish miserably. When a cat dies at Red Bluff he is gently skinned and stuffed and mounted on the piano, where he continues to vibrate until he sheds tears of straw, when he is laid away at the foot of an orange tree in order that nothing may be lost.

The real estate men were very kind to me. They took me out for long drives and longer walks, and showed me the country, pointing out the best places as we ambled along. I saw spots where oranges would grow like a poet's dream; where olive vines would flourish; where limes could be made to produce twenty barrels of lime to the acre; where one might plant a lemon in the morning and drink a lemonade on the same spot in the evening. They also told me that good old story about the melon vines growing so fast that the little melons were bumped to pieces on the ground.

We passed little garden spots where large colonies of owls sat over their burrows and twisted their heads round and round and round without twisting them off. I tried to get one to twist his head off by running around him in a circle, but it didn't twist. I tried it for an hour and gave it up. The agent who was with me said it could be done, but I was in a hurry just then. I have discovered since that that particular agent had never heard of George Washington.

I was shown the beautiful city which was founded by Sam'l o' Posen, where the people are invisible and the streets are of solid gold, also invisible, and the gates are of pearl and jasper, also invisible. We did not enter the town, but stood afar off and gazed at it in wonder and admiration. There is a wonderful wealth of scenery around the city of Sam'l o' Posen, but, like everything else, it is invisible. It was created by magic. There is a beautiful little legend which tells how Sam'l o' Posen was born of poor but honest parents, and was compelled to go out to work for a living at a tender age, and for a long time debated with himself whether he should go upon the road and stand up stages or go upon the stage and stand up the road. He finally chose the latter course. Just as he was leaving the home of his youth, with a tear in his eye and a bundle of new toothpicks in his valise, he perceived in the road a curious stone which resembled brass. He picked it up and attempted to rub the dust away. Straightway there was a crack in the air, and a great genii, called a Boomer, stood before him, saying:

"Sam'l o' Posen, what will you? I am the slave of the brass. Flip your jaw; your wish is law. I will obey whatever you say—I and the other slaves of the brass!"

Sam'l o' Posen had heard of Alladin, and he was not such a fool as he looked. He made the old slave work, but he never wished for anything but money, and money took wings. One day he was in Chicago, busted, as usual. He took out his magic brass and rubbed it, and the genii appeared and said:

"Sam'l o' Posen, flip your jaw!
Whatever you say to me is law.
Rolly du whack fa lollah!"

"Old feller," said Sam'l, "I wish I had a city of my own."

"Your wish is granted," said the old boomer, and he told Sammy where it was, and helped him make a plat and maps, and Sam'l put some of the best lots on the market and was never busted any more. See. The beautiful city of Sam'l o' Posen is there unto this day.

I did agree to write a short biographical sketch of forty-seven prominent citizens of Red Bluff, but I really haven't the time just now. I will say, however, that the prominent citizens of Red Bluff are noted for something, but what it is I cannot remember just at present.

I will add a word in praise of the police force of the town. I never met more efficient gentlemen than those who wear the pewter in the stronghold of Tehama county. So anxious were they that I should not be sand-bagged or stood up, they followed me continually during my stay in the place, and kept a diligent look out when I was meandering through the suburbs, for which I am very thankful, as it is very disagreeable to be sand-bagged in a strange town simply because the constabulary are not on the alert.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

One of the most beautiful frontispieces ever produced in an American magazine appears in the January number of the "Cosmopolitan." It is a reproduction in colors of Francois Flameng's famous picture "The Cake Seller." It is one of the most charming of subjects. The "Cosmopolitan" has become noted of late for its frontispieces and this very much excels its previous efforts. The "Cosmopolitan" claims that it ran up from a 16,000 edition at the close of 1888, to 100,000 copies December, 1890. This remarkable increase has kept pace with the change in the character of the names which appeared upon its table of contents. Among those for January are Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Frank Dempster Sherman, Henry George, William H. Rideing, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edward Everett Hale, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Murat Halstead, John J. a'Becket, Col. Charles W. Larned, F. O. C. Darley (posthumous), Elizabeth Bisland, probably as strong a collection of names as ever appeared in any number of an illustrated magazine in this country. The number contains the first of two parts of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's novel, Mademoiselle Reseda. Another paper is from the pen of Miss Bisland, describing a visit to the People's Palace in London. A most interesting posthumous paper by F. O. C. Darley, with his own illustrations, is also given. A'Becket's clever story, "Don Gracias," is illustrated in a novel manner, the well-known actors, Sothern and Miss Harned, having consented to pose for the situations of the novel, the results being reproduced in photogravure.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose fame has been greatly enhanced by her "Anglomaniacs," is the subject of the engraved protrait in the January "Book Buyer." The accompanying sketch of Mrs. Harrison's life proves entertaining. The paper suggesting titles for a $500 library, made up of either historical or biographical works, which the publishers offer to the winner of the grand prize in the scheme which was explained in the Christmas number. The prize, a library of books to the value of $500, selected from the catalogues of any American publishers, is certainly one to spur book-lovers to extraordinary exertions. The other features of the "Book Buyer," the illustrations, reviews, sketches, readings, answers to correspondents, etc., are as readable and entertaining as usual.—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Bancroft Company, San Francisco, has just issued the most complete and elaborate railway, stage and shippers' manual that has ever appeared upon the Pacific coast. It is simply exhaustive, and every possible detail that can be of interest to shippers or travelers is set forth. We like the arrangement of the work. It has been made up in divisions of roads and routes, not by classifying places alphabetically after the old style. In that respect it is an infinite improvement. Certainly no guide-book so complete, so fully meeting every possible reasonable desire for information, has ever before been presented to the public of the Pacific.

The Bancroft Company, San Francisco, has its "San Francisco Blue Book and Pacific Coast Elite Directory" for the season of 1890-91. It contains the fashionable private address and ladies' visiting and shopping guide. It gives the county residences of the fashionables of San Francisco, reception days, club lists, etc., and includes those of a number of interior towns and cities and of the California Colony in New York.

"Little's Living Age" for January 3d (Little & Co., Boston), is made up of papers from the "Contemporary Review," "Murray's Magazine," "The Quarterly," and the "National Reviews," "Temple Bar," "The Gentleman's Magazine," and "The Speaker." The "Age" gives weekly to its readers the cream of the English magazines and reviews. It is an admirable journal and one of the oldest in the nation.

"Idle Hours" is a volume of very happy verse, by W. DeWitt Wallace, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; The Bancroft Company, San Francisco. Mr. Wallace has true poetic spirit. There are as yet some evidences of want of care, some stooping to common phrases and subjects, but on the whole we should say that Mr. Wallace is a poet with the inspiration of true genius.

Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M., has through the Pennsylvania Publishing Company, issued a handsome octavo volume that tells "The Story of Iliad, or the Siege of Troy" for boys and girls. It is a well-told translation of the Homeric narrative and poem, and will serve well to introduce youth to classical reading.

"Our Little Ones and the Nursery" (Russell Publishing Company, Boston), makes its January number a holiday issue. It is handsomely illustrated and well filled with excellent matter for the very young.

Of the "Riverside Paper Series" we have from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Henry James Jr.'s novel "Confidence." It is the seventh edition of the novel.

The Ruling Passion.

They were teaching the swell little New York girl how to count.

"Three-hundred and ninety-seven, three hundred and ninety-eight, three hundred and ninety-nine, four hundred," said the mother.

And the child followed correctly.

"Four hundred and one," continued the mother.

But the child stopped.

"Go on," said the mother, "you are doing very nicely."

"No, mamma," she said with dignity, "I can't go beyond the 400."

And there she stuck.—*Washington Star.*

Everybody Isn't a Mother.

"Yes," remarked the clergyman, "the character is mainly formed by the way a boy is brought up. My mother always trusted me."

"My mother trusted me, too," said the seedy-looking man, "but everybody ain't a mother. There's the grocer, for instance."—*Cape Cod Item.*

RELIGIOUS OPINION.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

CURRENT TOPICS DEBATED FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "The compliment given by a layman to his pastor, printed some time ago, that 'he was a great preacher, who never fell below his average and often rose above it,' has been outdone by another, who writes us that his pastor 'is a true minister, a man of God—more than that, a man of brains.' Perhaps he means that in addition to piety he has a strong intellect, but the language is somewhat equivocal. The more brains a religious pastor has the greater his success; but a minister of intellect without piety is not likely to build up the Church, though he may draw a crowd."

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "The affluence of life in the Apostolic Church is one of its marked features. The life was too strong for programme, too overflowing for ruts, too fresh and full for stiffness, too ardent to be chilled or checked by formality. The opulence of the spiritual life burst out spontaneously, joyously. The Holy Ghost was on them in power, and everything was full and quickened and mightily stirred by His presence. The fullness of life, a stirring, talking, working life, was theirs. Silence and deadness were strangers to their assemblies."

The *Interior* (Pres., Chicago) offers the following comment: "The *Living Church*, Episcopal, is out in favor of opening the Columbian Fair on Sunday—limiting its advocacy to the 'parks, hills and conservatories.' 'You may shelter your head in my tent,' said the Arab to the camel, 'but you must keep your body outside.'" But the *Living Church* says in answer: "If the parable is fairly applicable to our position, we venture to say it is applicable to the actual home use of the *Interior's* admirable editor. We do not think he would deprive his guests of the privilege of looking at the beautiful pictures and flowers in his own house, on the Lord's day, nor forbid them to walk in his grounds. Why should Chicago impose a 'Sabbath' regulation upon her guests that a good Presbyterian elder would not (we presume) enforce in his own house?"

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "The Elsmerians have come to the conclusion that 'whatever does not happen in this nineteenth century, never has and never can happen.' Following that line of argument, we should logically conclude that if the nineteenth century does not produce a Jesus or a Nazareth, no period of the world's history has ever done so. Analyzed, the proposition, as stated, involves the principle that nothing can happen in one century that does not in another. No other century ever produced anything so comprehensive and so profound as the namby-pamby nonsense of Robert Elsmere. The philosophy of the Elsmerians will lead them into a maze from which they cannot extricate themselves. Meanwhile, men by millions will continue to believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from among the dead, and, believing in him who is the Resurrection and the Life, will be saved."

"Far mton" says in the *Advance;* "I like to study the development of ministers, or the failure of ministers to develop. A good many ministers I meet not oftener than once a year. Such infrequency of meeting gives better ground for testing the progress of ministers than a frequent meeting. I have been struck by what seems to me to be the failure of ministers to develop in mind and heart. I find that several of them do not now speak as well as they spoke five or eight years ago. This decline, I think, is more common among ministers of large churches than of small; more common among ministers that have large relations with the public than among those who live more private lives. I infer, therefore, that the minister whose relations are many and the calls for whose services are diverse and frequent, has a much harder task to develop himself than the minister whose labor is more secluded. If I were to utter a word of warning to any of the popular preachers of the time, it would be: 'Your intellect will go to pieces upon the rock of popularity. At 55, when you ought to be in your prime and still growing, you will be in your decline, if you do not give heed to yourself.'"

The Rev. J. R. Slattery, writing on the negro question in the *Catholic World*, says: "Just here the influence of many Catholics is cast against the negroes. In the Protestant South they enjoy the right of working at all trades. Not so in the North, where the Church has her stronghold. The great bulk of the trades-unionists are in many cities of the North Catholics; yet they leave no opening to the negroes for the learning of trades. A friend of mine lately employed a negro. All his fellow-workmen, every one of them a Catholic, struck immediately. They would not work with a 'nigger.' Much the same complaint can be made against our colleges and professional schools; of the former but two or three receive negroes, and of the latter there is none that I knew of which has a negro studying for a profession. The same may said of our convent schools. This is more surprising as the communities in charge of Catholic institutions of learning, with a handful excepted, are European foundations; like our own ancestors, these societies are importations. Yet, in institutions of the same societies in that Europe whence they have come to us, no distinction is made between white and black; is it not strange to find it here in free America? A young lady, the daughter of one of our oldest Catholic families, told me that in the French convent in which she passed eight or nine years of her girlhood were negro girls as dark as midnight; yet the order which was in charge of the school will not receive a black child into any of the fifty or sixty houses which it has in our land."

The *Independent* says: "It has come to be a rule among all our Protestant denominations, with the exception of the Episcopalians, that they will put the total burden of all the work (in a parish) upon one salaried pastor. It matters not whether it be a church of fifty members or of 2,000, that one man must conduct the whole of all the services on the Sabbath, must prepare all the sermons without exchanging, must do all the visiting, must bury all the dead. Of course he cannot do this work as it should be done in a large church. This is beyond the capabilities of human nature. It is a cruelty to ask it of any man. But worse than all this cruelty to the pastor is the injury done to the church itself. The church ceases to be a well-managed organization; it becomes a mob flocking about a preacher, and a preacher who is unable to do anything more than provide an attractive pulpit. The minister is not for the church, but the church for the minister. The real work for which a church exists must in large part be neglected. It cannot engage in aggressive work; or, if aggressive work is undertaken, it must depend upon irregular and ill-organized volunteer services, supplemented perhaps by a Bible reader or a nurse. It is not strange that the churches which conduct their business on business principles and provide men to do their work are the successful churches. They have their roots grown deep in the hearts of their people; they are not in danger of dissolution when one man goes. If the Protestant churches of our large cities and towns propose to do good work and to reach the people they must increase their force of paid laborers. They must have a body of assistant ministers who have the time to do their duties, to visit the sick, to care for the poor, to conduct meetings, to direct mission operations and to compose a council to consider all sorts of good church work. The newspaper which puts all its editorial work mainly on one man is fifty years behind the times, and the large city church which has but one pastor is as much behind the times."

EDS. SUNDAY UNION: Baptists have not altogether forgotton the hardships which they in an early day endured in consequence of an established religion, or quite renounced their first principles declaring for religious freedom, and a total separation of church and State. In the *Canadian Baptist* of November 13, 1890, occurs the following editorial note: "The Presbyterian Synod for New York recently sent a deputation to the New York State Baptist Pastors' Conference, which met in connection with the State Convention in Lockport, asking their aid in an effort to rescue the compulsory teaching of the essential doctrines of the Christian religion and morals in the public schools. The Pastors' Conference, by a rising vote, adopted a report declining to accede to the request, and declaring that the State should have nothing to do with the teaching of religious doctrines. A Baptist Conference could have made no other reply." If church and State are to be kept separated in this country, and religious freedom is to be enjoyed as the founders of our Government intended it should be, no other reply should be made to such requests. The Baptists are evidently on the right side of this question. It is to be wondered, however, if those who favor compulsory religious instruction in the public schools will now class the Baptists, as they have others who oppose the theory, with infidels, foreigners, saloon-keepers and thugs, and say they are enemies to God, the Government, good religion and humanity. W. M. HEALEY.

ART NOTES.

Calder Marshall, R. A., has placed his resignation in the hands of the President of the Royal Academy, and will forthwith join the ranks of the "retired." He is the Nestor of the Royal Academy, having been elected associate in 1844, and full academican in 1852, eighteen years before Mr. Hook, who now becomes the senior member of the Academy.

As a writer and speaker, Premier de Freycinct, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, has a thin, elegant and lucid style. He excels in clear statement, an orderly marshaling of facts, and delicate though striking innuendo. In arguing most he never seems to argue, but gently compels his hearers to deduce the conclusions at which he wishes them to arrive. He is a delightful fireside talker, and one of the best chess players in France. The English of the new academican is almost as fluent and felicitous as his French.

George T. Brewster, who designed the figure "Indiana" for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument to be erected at Indianapolis, is a native of Massachusetts. He is not yet 28 years of age. His first work was "Homer and Shepherd," exhibited in the Paris Solon in 1883. When he returned from his studies in Paris he was associated with J. Q. A. Ward, his principal work being on the Garfield monument in Washington. For two years he has been engaged on the Cleveland monument, which is to be surmounted by a figure of "Liberty." His "Indiana" will be the largest bronze female figure ever cast in this country. The figure proper is 22 feet high, and stands on a globe 18 feet high.

Prince Victor of Hohenlohe has completed the plaster cast of the life-size statue of the Princess of Wales subscribed for by English ladies. When the marble statue is finished it will be placed in the Royal College of Music. Prince Victor is said to have succeeded in producing a striking presentment of the Princess. She is represented in the doctor's cap and gown belonging to her Dublin musical degree. Her right hand, the wrist encircled by a plain gold bracelet, holds back the heavy embroidered folds of the gown, and discloses the plainly pleated French merino dress which she wears when in academic costume, while the left hand grasps a roll of music. The only other ornament is a small harp-shaped brooch, which fastens the neck of the gown. Both the Prince and Princess of Wales have expressed their great satisfaction at the work. In an adjoining workshop at St. James Palace studio the companion figure of the Prince of Wales in Field Marshal's uniform is already in the marble stage, though it will not be finished for eight or nine months. This, too, is an admirable likeness. The pedestal of green serpentine marble is also in active preparation, and will be surrounded by a gilt wreath of flowers, including the rose, shamrock, thistle and leek, together with the lotus of India.

In the best portraits of all schools of painting we find invariably that they carry in themselves the evidence that possess two qualities without which, we are agreed, they never could be placed among the great works of art that endure for all time. Character and truth are written in their every line, and we need no personal testimony to convince us that the painter has not given us an impression of his sitter that is uncharacteristic, just as we can see for ourselves that he has not been untruthful in his presentation of facts. The masters have had different ways of expressing truth and character, and where some have insisted on detail, others have summarized and selected; Holbein, who omitted nothing, is not more true than Velasquez, who omitted much. Among all the great painters the analysts and synthesists have this in common, that the first thing to be sought for in art is truth, and this they have always attained, no matter how widely they may have differed in method. After truth comes beauty, for we cannot have the second without the first, and it is here that so many modern portrait painters are deficient. It is not enough to transcribe facts in nature, and present them as nearly as possible as they look, the manner in which they are presented is what makes the picture. It is not sufficient to pose one's sitter in a favorable light, and paint him on a canvas as he stands, and put a frame around it. There is one place on the canvas, and one only, where the head ought to be, and if it is an inch too high or too low, or an inch too far to one side, something is lost. There is one part of it where the light should be strongest, and another part where it should be most subdued; if this is not felt and the masses are not placed where each tells to the best advantage on the other, something more is lost. If the space about the figure is not properly proportioned above and below and on either side, if the hands are not placed where they balance in the composition, the picture loses in style. If, in short, the composition is not studied in line, in mass, and in color, we shall have little more to look at in the picture than a chance attitude as the photographer gives it. It may be in one sense characteristic, but it is not dignified or sober, or graceful or beautiful, as the case may be. The painter who complains that the public cares for little but the likeness in a portrait ought to know that the public must be taught, and that it will never care for the other things, and consider a portrait as it ought to be considered—as a picture—until it has the evidence constantly put before its eyes that bare truth is one thing and that beautiful truth is another and better thing. The conditions under which American art is making its way are favorable to good portrait-painting, and if the painters do not neglect to practice what they preach, comparative indifference on the part of public will quickly turn to keen appreciation. We have some excellent painters of portraits already—and their work is highly valued. With this good beginning, with the progress that must come from them and from those who mean to paint with the same motives they do, general recognition and encouragement are sure to follow.—*Harper's.*

PULLED DOWN TO DEATH.

All Because He Refused to Pin Up His Long Coat Tails.

You have perhaps journeyed between New Orleans and Mobile, and remember the vast expanse of marsh with waterways cutting through it. In the midst of this desolation is a club-house and a railway station called English Lookout. It is still good fishing and shooting ground, but the alligator has become so scarce that the sight of one is a novelty. Ten or twelve years ago they crawled across the railroad tracks, and passengers had but to look out of the windows to see them swimming.

One day, during my week's stay at the club, several boats were going out, and one of them was occupied by a French army officer,