OLD YARMOUTH TOWN,

The Quaintest of English West Coast Cities.

Home of Dickens' "Peggottys"—Headquarters of Herring Fishers and Extraordinary in Legends, Ancient Architecture and Sociological Peculiarities.

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YARMOUTH, England, Feb. 12, 1891.

"Every night," said Mr. Peggotty, "as reg'lar as the night comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that if ever she should see it, it may seem to say, 'Come back, my child, come back!' If ever there's a knock, Ham (partic'lar soft knock), arter dark, at your aunt's door, doen't you go nigh it. Let it be her—not you—that sees my fallen child!"

Thus, said poor old broken-hearted Mr. Peggotty, to Ham Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, as he set forth on his weary search for the wandering little Em'ly after the pitiful episode of her departure from the Yarmouth boat-house with Steerforth. In the whole range of English fiction there is nothing to compare with the sweetness and pathos of the joys and woes of this one seafaring family, which the master-hand of Dickens, in "David Copperfield," enduringly placed, as type of lowly loyalty and love, against the perspective of humble toil; just as Millet has fixed two peasant forms against one Breton evening gloaming, for an eternal suggestion of prayer.

Without Dickens' "David Copperfield" and this one family—which we always associate in our minds with long reaches of sand-dunes, bits of wreck, splatches of ghostly spume and drift of a rather dreary and cruel shore, with a steely, measureless waste beyond, and a very dank and clammy fisher-town near at hand—Yarmouth would be unknown to-day, save for the great plump smoked herrings it sends all over the world under the name of "Yarmouth bloaters." In our youthful days, and with the uncompromising appetites of we who were "brown-faced tunicked country boys," how their subtle aroma mingled with and overcame the mysterious scents of the country grocery store Mecca! With their accompaniment of crackers they invariably won our last coppers. Then came the royal feast on the empty barrels and boxes in the rear of the "store." We never got enough. But we all registered vows that when we "got big" we would go to Yarmouth, wherever that was, and just sit down and eat one box of herrings without ever leaving off. All that dear grocery store time I have heard called very common and vulgar. But we lads were exactly correct in our undirected but unerring tastes. Grilled smoked herrings are the tid-bits of the most refined cuisines to-day.

"If as mine thy boyhood's eyes
Rested first on country skies,"

and your first impulse to find Yarmouth only had so vulgar an inception as in hunger for herring;

"Or if first thy childish feet
Pattered o'er a city street,"

while you seldom got so good a thing to eat as a herring, and you never wanted to see Yarmouth save to come within the framing of the picture Dickens has painted in either case do not make the same blunder I committed some years ago when I first set out to find the ancient city. For England has two Yarmouths. In my guide-book I saw one named, and set out from London to see it. By rail I came to Lymington, thence across the Solent by steamer to the lovely, almost tropical, Isle of Wight. There was Yarmouth surely; a staid, prim, pretty place, with the breath of the sea ever in its winsome face, with the chalk cliffs of England just across the blue Solent, and serenely dozing in its little nook of beauty and comfort, because of the aristocratic facts that Dr. Robert Hooke, inventor of the pendulum-spring for watches, was born here, and that, upon a time, when Sir Robert Holmes was Governor of the Island, a house was built by him purposely for the reception of Charles II., for which loyal act the good Sir Robert, after death, got his figure cut in fine white marble, with some nice Latin epitaphs on the pedestal.

But the real Yarmouth, the herringopolis of England and the home of Dickens' Peggottys, is away around on the east coast. It stands on a narrow strip of sand between the mouth of the River Yare and the German Ocean. The same river separates the shires of Suffolk and Norfolk, to the latter of which Yarmouth belongs. It houses perhaps 60,000 souls. Half of these are in some way seafaring folk, or exist from some vocation revleant to seafaring, fishing or shipbuilding. The quaint old city is the easternmost in England and the first object in all England touched by the morning sunlight is the tower of its old parish church of St. Nicholas. Its harbor, a mass of fishing-smacks and coasters, is the river-mouth itself: and the Yarmouth Roads, always crested with the foam of scudding, white-capped, choppy waves, is the rendezvous of the North Sea British fleet. Steamers to and from the Scottish and English east-coast ports; coasters with salt and coal; and the queer Dutch craft from Holland, directly opposite, ceaselessly hovering about the English ports, or on their way to the Shetland Isles, to the Faroes, to Iceland, or to the Norway Coast, form interminable ghostly passing processions, cut cameo-like against the dark eastern horizon, by day, and in the moonlight of peaceful nights, blended into the pale intaglios as of mimic forests set in a bed of steel and stars.

But at best this is a wild, walling, woful coast; and Yarmouth, which has furnished men and masts innumerable as victims to the fury of all seas, has seemed fated to be the scene of the ocean's saddest tragedies. In 1692, in one night 200 sail and 1,000 souls were lost by tempest in the Yarmouth Roads. In 1544 between 50 and 100 sail and their crews were lost in a single day. A still larger number met the same fate in 1790. And only within the decade a similar horror occurred. It is regarded by all seamen as the most dangerous coast in Britain; and there is only one other on the globe recalling so many and terrible ocean catastrophes. That one is Sable Island, 100 miles south of Nova Scotia, known to sailors the world over as "the graveyard of the sea." Yarmouth never figured greatly in history; though there are some curious records of its early days. It originated in the early part of the Anglo Saxon dynasty. It was just a little sand-bank then, where the Bure and Waveny Rivers joined the Yare and together pushed to the sea. Fishermen frequenting the coast built a few rude huts on the strip of sand between the mouths of the rivers and the ocean. Then the Dutch who scented trade everywhere began coming with their nicknacks and wares and exchanging them for fish. King Henry III. granted permission for environing the town with water and a moat, and it was made impregnable to missile-engines then in use; but it was not defended by forts until during the Revolution, when our American privateers were so lively in their menaces if not attacks upon British ports. When the Cinque Ports of Dover, Hastings, Heythe, Romney and Sandwich, considered the keys of the kingdom from being nearest France, were instituted by William I., in 1078, and their jurisdiction vested in baron lord-wardens, such jurisdiction, but not the title, being abolished as late as 1855, Yarmouth endeavored to attain to the same dignity, but only secured a sort of municipal jurisdiction through deputed bailiffs of the Cinque Ports' lord-wardens. But the city secured better than a dignity in her great annual "Free Fairs," which shortly became the headquarters of hordes of Dutch traders, and eventually made Yarmouth the greatest herring mart of England. Yarmouth furnished forty-three sail and 1,075 marines for the memorable siege of Calais; and it was here that was fitted out the beautiful ship sent to Norway to bring to England the King's daughter for marriage to Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward II. Among the strange customs of the old city none were more curious than the mode of electing the Mayor, High Steward, Recorder, Sub-Steward and other municipal officers, which was only changed as late as the middle of the present century. An inquest of twelve persons was formed by placing the names of twenty-four freemen into four hats. Then a person called an "Innocent," usually a child, drew three names from each of the four hats. These twelve persons formed the inquest; and they were literally incarcerated in the city hall "without meat, drink, fire or candle" until nine of them agreed upon the municipal officers; and there was no appeal from, or contest arising out of, this primitive procedure.

The Dutch have left their mark plainly upon old Yarmouth. Indeed one will find similar traces of continental influences, though very old and remote, to a number of the seaports of Great Britain. In Berwick, Scotland, and in many of the fishing villages of the Firth of Forth, as well as in old Edinburgh itself, you will find a type of face, manner and occasionally suggestings in ancient architecture, which point straight and true to progenitors and builders from the Norman French. At Plymouth and Penzance, in Cornwall, the old Hebrew strain is clearly discernable, though the Jews were never in Cornwall in numbers less than 800 years ago, when they found a source of wealth in the tin of the Cornish mines. Up in Aberdeen, Scotland, the Norse blood still tells marvelously, in complexion, hair, figure and in local names of places and men. Away up in Lerwick, Shetland, all the old portions of the city are as typically Dutch as the oldest portions of Harlem and Amsterdam. At Cork you will find traces of the French. Away over at old Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, the faces and forms of the Spanish fishermen of Barcelona are reproduced in those of the fish-wives and men of Claddagh; and you will find bits of arch, column, balcony and tiny patios or courts, in Galway, as Moorish as any in Grenada or Seville. In like manner you are continually reminded of Holland in Yarmouth. Amsterdam lies but a little way distant, straight across the North Sea. The great "Dutch Fairs" of olden times brought hither all the provincial folk of Suffolk and Norfolk and of the "North Countree." Many Dutch factors and merchants settled here, married and became merged with the local population. Yarmouth herring-fishers copied the Dutch method of taking the fish, and the curers, their process of "pickling" the herring. The grand plan of the harbor was executed under the direction of Joas Johnson, a Dutchman. And everywhere among the ancient shops habitations and fishermen's homes of Yarmouth are numberless structures, behind which one feels certain must be found folk with tasseled caps, short skirts, bodiced waists, wooden shoes and the marvelous pipes of Holland.

This is nowhere more noticeable than in the narrow maze of streets intersecting the main thoroughfares from east to west. There are nearly 200 of these. They are called "Rows." None of them are ten feet in width; the most are less than six; and across many friendly hands can be shaken. I believe that it was Dickens himself who, in *Household Words*, said "Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by the "rows." As a rule this portion of the city houses the lowly. At nearly every door some indication of the fisherman's life is apparent. Bits of wreck are lying in this one to be transformed into "lighters" or kindling. Sinkers and buoys are piled in another entrance. Models of anchors, smacks and full-rigged ships adorn the ground-floor windows; while from the casements and meager balconies above everything that can hang and dry in so little space, from a suit of "oilskins" swaying like a fisherman-scarecrow, to a quarter-mile herring-net in folds, or a mainsail of a smack, flaps and slaps the facades on either side in easy and friendly familiarity.

There is but one vehicle in all Yarmouth which can traverse these shadowy "rows," many of them as close and dim as the sunless thoroughfares of old Algiers. This is called the "Yarmouth cart." It is a genuine antique, but remains in general use, because necessary for service in "the rows." It has but two wheels, low and heavy. The stout rack or frame which they support runs rearward and upward at an obtuse angle, and, to the front, the same distance, at the same angle along the lower part of the shafts. One horse only is used. The cartman usually balances the cart in loading directly over the wheels, but if not, accomplishes the same by the addition of his own weight. The shafts are of extraordinary length, like those of the curious Cuban *volante*. You will frequently find them fully fourteen feet long from tips to socket, where they really begin. A cavalcade of these empty carts, clattering down the quaint old streets on their homeward way at eventide, with the dimly-defined perspective of ancient facade and tower, will easily flash into one's fancy the suggestion of a procession of chariots returning from the Roman races of old.

There is little at Yarmouth and round-about for actual identification of the things and folk Dickens made you feel were here, save in all the seawise flavor of objects and men. In that respect you can at once find innumerable families of the Peggotys. To be sure you can come, as I did, along the level Suffolk highway, over the same road on which Dickens, Mark Lemon and John Leach first traveled during their famous exploring expedition to Yarmouth. Over there between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, you will find the little thatched hamlet of Blundeston—the "Blunderstone" village of "David Copperfield's" birth—and all along the way you will see lane, farmstead and quaint old house, where Barkis the "willin'" carrier set down his packages and bundles. When you have crossed the Yare and wandered into the city, here and there you will find, just as in "Copperfield's" time, the same quaint shops of the "Drapers, Tailors, Haberdashers, Funeral Furnishers," etc., as the one over which the cheery, asthmatic Mr. Omer presided. But the dear old boat house is gone. First the city pushed down across the sands and hid it. Then, twelve years ago, the roofs from some tumble-down buildings were removed, and, no one suspecting its existence, the crumbling hulk was discovered. There it stood just as Dickens knew it and peopled it; the side door preserved; the little pane of glass where the rudder had run through, unbroken; the very same window intact in which the candle was set for little Em'ly's return. The upturned keel was torn to pieces by the workmen; but it could never be destroyed. Among all fadeless things, with its light and love and sadness, it will remain an endless beacon upon this stormy coast. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Woman.

I knew a certain dunce
Whose days were full of woe
Because a willful woman once
To him said "No."

I know a man whose life
Is one long wretchedness
Because a maid became his wife
By saying "Yes."

Oh, woman! you're an ill!
Which there's no way to shunt!
You break our hearts both when you will
And when you won't!

—*George Horton.*

A Story of Bismarck.

A very amusing story was told about Chancellor Bismarck by Earl Russell. The incident occurred at Versailles during the war of 1870. Lord Russell was to have an audience, and he was waiting for Count Von Arnim to leave Bismarck's study. Presently Von Arnim came out, fanning himself furiously with his handkerchief.

"I really cannot understand," said he, "how Bismarck can live in such an atmosphere; he is continually smoking, and the strongest cigars, too. I had to ask him to open the window, for I could not stand it."

Then he took leave of Lord Russell and went his way. As soon as Lord Russell entered the room Bismarck said to him: "What strange tastes some people have! There is Von Arnim, now, who has just gone out of the room; it is a lad of his to scent himself up to an unbearable degree, and to-day the perfume was so intense that I had to open the window."

The wool clip of New Mexico for this year is estimated at 15,000,000 pounds.

CARNIVAL SPORTS IN PERU.

The Sports and Frolics of the Merry-Makers.

Cascarones and Squirt Guns—Indian Songs and Dances—Burying the Spirit of the Season on the Eve of Ash Wednesday.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY UNION.]

AREQUIPA, Peru, 1891.

Should a stranger, unacquainted with the carnival customs of Peru, chance to arrive in Arequipa during that merriest and maddest carousal of the year, he would think the whole city had gone crazy. The railway station is situated in the suburbs, a mile or more from the hotels, and, there being neither public nor private carriages, he must walk that distance or ride up in the horse-cars. Either way would be bad enough during carnival time, but the latter presents the advantage of somewhat shortening his misery. As prisoners among savages are sometimes compelled to run the gantlet of blows rained upon them with thorns, cudgels, fire-brands or spear-points, those abroad in Peru during the three days preceding Ash Wednesday are pelted with egg shells hurled from all points of the compass, deluged with buckets of blood-red water thrown from balconies and house-tops, covered with flour colored in all the hues of the rainbow; and besides these indignities are liable to have their noses tweaked, their hats jammed over their ears, and a thousand tricks and jokes perpetrated upon them by a jeering crowd of convivial creatures in strange attire, many of them with hoofs, horns and forked tails, who look like so many imps direct from the infernal regions.

The horse cars, passing at rare intervals, are a convenient target from every side, and the luckless passengers cannot take to their heels as pedestrians might. The drivers, knowing well what to expect, are swathed in oil-cloth from top to toe, and each is additionally protected by an umbrella-like screen rigged up over head; but though he whip his horses to their utmost speed, those inside the car are sure of rather rough treatment, for the carnival players have ample time to prepare their batteries and turn them full force into the approaching vehicle.

To have a realizing sense of this alleged "sport"—so like that between the boys and the frogs—the reader may imagine the principal streets of his own city packed with maskers bent on merry mischief—people on the pavements, balconies and house-tops excited to the highest pitch of reckless fun, with precedent and custom to uphold their wildest excesses; while not only the most staid and dignified citizens, but mischievous small boys, children and servants are privileged to sling water, *ad libitum*, upon anybody. There is no use getting angry, however despitefully used, for one cannot fight a whole city-full; and nothing delights the belligerents more than to get hold of a victim who rages and wants to whip the crowd.

As before mentioned, carnival ends with Ash Wednesday, and though only two or three days are devoted to street battles, the fun begins a week before. During the whole year every household in the land has been carefully hoarding its egg-shells, with an especial view to cascarones for this occasion; while every senorita has longed impatiently for its promised gaieties, and the gallant dons have mapped out their compaignes and planned their grotesque or stunning costumes. What golden opportunities those mad revels afford for the tabooed lover to boldly enter the home of his sweetheart under the shadow of a domino—even to clasp her in his arms in the waltz and whisper honeyed words in her ear, right before the eyes of stern *pater familias*—much as those warring households in old Verona, the Montagues and Capulets, became so fatally mixed up under similar circumstances! During all that lover-encouraging season there are semi-public balls in every *casa*, and the "gilded youth" (gilded age, too, for that matter,) masked and in fancy dress, go around from house to house, dancing awhile and taking refreshment in each, till dawning sends them home for a few hours' slumber. The maskers generally perambulate in companies, headed by a leader of known respectability, who discloses his own identity to the master of each house and vouches for the good conduct of his followers. No doors are closed against them, but on the contrary, the more a house is thronged with various companies of maskers, the more its inmates plume themselves on being social favorites. Young and old join in the dance, from the father down to the children, and it is not uncommon to see the gray-haired grandmother swinging around the *sala* in the arms of some unknown young blood disguised as a wild Indian, a knight, a prince, or a devil. Of course efforts are made to discover who the guests really are, and the latter disguise their voices by adopting the high-pitched, squeaking tone of actors in a Chinese theater.

The rough-and-tumble time begins in earnest on Sunday, when, till the eve of Ash Wednesday, the streets are transformed into a perfect pandemonium, and no lady dares venture out between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 in the afternoon. The people are about evenly divided into besieged and besiegers. Those inside the houses, including all females, have prepared barrels, bath-tubs and tanks of water colored ruby-red; while the principal weapons of the belligerents are eggs, emptied of their original contents through a small hole in one end, refilled with red water, flour or powder, and carefully sealed up again with cloth or paper. These are called *cascarones*, and one may buy bushels of them at the average rate of $2 per hundred.

The great endeavor of the men in the streets is to force an entrance into the houses, and of those inside to keep them out. Every shop is closed, every door locked and window barred, and most of the balconies are partially protected by canvas curtains, behind which the besieged may dodge when too closely pressed. The lords of creation come on foot and on horseback, in groups, in battalions and singly, to bombard with eggs the casas of their lady friends, who return the fire with interest from their house-tops and balconies; and the gentle senorita considers herself most highly complimented when the greatest number of eggs smash squarely in her face. The eminently "swell" thing is to go around on horseback, closely followed by a servant, also on horse, carrying a big basket of eggs. A comparatively recent innovation in the way of water-throwing is the use of enormous tin syringes, or squirt-guns, by which a considerable stream may be sent some distance with great force.

The men endeavor by every means, forcible and strategic, to gain entrance to the houses. They bring ladders and climb to the balconies, or "shin up" convenient pillars, or run like cats from roof to roof and drop down into inner courtyards, or, failing in every other method, a number will retreat a few yards, then, starting together on a run, as if storming a battery, will actually kick or push a door from its fastenings. Once inside, the mischief that may be accomplished in a few minutes is terrific, the highly excitable people becoming perfectly reckless. Sometimes the besieged or the besiegers turn the hose loose, full head, in the dining-room or parlor, till the whole premises look like the few houses that remained standing after the Johnstown flood. The women fly, shrieking, to hide themselves, closely pursued by the men; and woe betide one who is caught, be she the most dignified senora or the belle of last night's ball! Her male friends and admirers drag her to the nearest water-spout, tank or bath-tub, and nearly drown her; they pour dippers of water down her back, sprinkle flour and pink powder in her hair, and cover her with perfumery. Sometimes the women combine to overpower some unfortunate man, whom they carry bodily and plump into the tank, ducking him repeatedly, sometimes holding him under the water beyond the point of safety.

It should be mentioned that the carnival customs differ greatly in the various countries of South America, and even in the different cities of Peru, those of Lima, the more refined Capital, being less rude than those of interior villages. In most places little or no water is thrown, but perfumery, flowers, finely-cut tissue paper, colored powder and flour instead. I am writing particularly of the Arequipa carnival, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was."

We were invited to participate in the sport in the house of the only United States' family resident in the city, and were warned to come very early. Long before the regulation horn for beginning we tucked our gowns well under waterproof cloaks, donned over-shoes, veils, and hoisted umbrellas, though the sun was shining brightly; yet in spite of precautions we received more than one "compliment" in the shape of a shower-bath, a dipper of flour or a hail-storm of cascarones, while running the gauntlet of only half a block. Our friends' house is very high, and stands by itself, with no inner court and the balconies not attached to others; so that we were safe from outside invasion after the doors were securely barred. A fine balcony extends around two sides, and this was partially screened with canvas awnings, affording a fine vantage ground from which to observe proceedings without taking part in them. Two bushels of cascarones had been provided, a bath-tub filled with ruby-colored water, a squirt-gun for each member of the party; and luncheon was spread in the dining-room for the consolation of those friends who might later be made the victims of our moist attentions.

Words fail to depict the tumultuous confusion that reigned in Arequipa during those afternoons, growing wilder and more furious toward the close of the day. Of course business of every kind, except that of carnival, was entirely suspended, and the streets were filled with yelling mobs—eggs flying like snow-flakes, water splashing by buckets-full to the pavements below, horns tooting, horsemen skurrying up and down—everybody, apparently, gone stark, staring mad. Sometimes an organized attempt was made by a body of men to take a certain house by assault; and presently the screams of women, mingled with laughter and exultation, told that the attempt had been successful. The young Englishmen, of whom there are twenty or more in Arequipa, are known to be the worst carnival fighters, not only on account of the energy and determination that characterizes the race in contrast to the more easy-going Latin—but because they have plenty of money with which to purchase unlimited cascarones. Hereabouts, as in Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, all Anglo-Saxons are designated by the common name of *Gringos;* and whenever came the cry—"Los Gringoes! Los Gringoes vienen!"—the excitement increased a hundred-fold. They came tearing down the street on the double-quick, as usual all together in a body, and everything fled before them. Again and again they stormed our impregnable casa—in front, in the rear, on both sides at once, trying strategy, surprise, force, and failing in all; until, our own "ammunition" exhausted, a trusty messenger was dispatched to admit each of the dripping gentlemen who would give his word of honor to leave all carnival play outside.

On the eve before Ash Wednesday, carnival was ended by the formal burial of the spirit of the season. A procession of hundreds of men on horseback, with bands playing and banners flying, proceeded to the *Campo*, or open fields beyond the city, carrying in the midst the stuffed effigy of a fat, jolly-faced man in the uniform of a naval officer, seated in a miniature full-rigged ship. A great grave had been dug, and in it they placed the figure with appropriate ceremonies and volleys of musketry.

During all the week, while the upper classes were thus diverting themselves, *los pobres* (the poor), particularly the Indians, were celebrating the occasion in their own peculiar fashion. How many barrels of chicha were consumed there is no disciple of the W. C. T. U. here to enumerate—but certainly enough to keep all that numerous portion of the population considerably more than "half seas over." Every chicharea was filled with music, dancing and sounds of Chola revelry; but the Indians, who are a distinctive class by themselves, seemed to have much the best of it. Looking out at any time of day or night, one could see groups of them, dressed in their fiesta best, and gaily bedecked with feathers and garlands of flowers—the men with reed flutes and mandolins of home manufacture, the bowls of the latter being composed of hairy armadillo shells—all singing, chattering, dancing and shouting.

Watching a company of these, far as the eye can reach up and down the long thoroughfare, one sees that they keep it up untiringly, never faltering for a moment in their dancing, singing and music-making. One dusky belle, then another, whirls into the middle of the stony street, singing shrilly, while the men spin like tops in a circle around her. It is difficult to catch much of their song, except the constantly repeated words "Hay car-nee-val"—the last word accented strong on the final syllable and hay (pronounced i-e), meaning "there is," or "we have." It is noticeable that, in spite of their conviviality, the various tribes never mingle socially, but Aymaras, Quichuas and Auracanas retain each the dress and manners of his own people and will have nothing to do with representatives of any other tribe.

Having occasion to visit a dentist the day after carnival—perhaps the natural result of several drenchings—we found the streets in a singular condition. People literally "walked on egg-shells," the pavements being thickly covered with them, while the walls of the houses, doors, windows, even the stones of the street, were streaked and stained a hue like human gore, as though a most sanguinary conflict had occurred. Everybody's premises must be scrubbed and painted, and it will be a month before the city assumes its natural appearance.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A VERY QUEER FAMILY.

All the Seven Children Have Peculiar Characteristics.

A Munson (Pa.) dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: People in this locality claim to have among them the queerest family as to physical peculiarity in the whole country. Jacob Hiers, a farmer in moderate circumstances, has seven children. The oldest is 16, a bright boy, but having thirteen fingers and thirteen toes—seven on one hand and six on the other, his toes being similarly divided. Next to him is another boy, 14 years old. As long as this boy is quiet no one would suppose he had any peculiarity, but the moment he opens his mouth to talk he loses all control of his hands, arms, feet and legs, and they jerk and thrash and kick around as if they were hung on wires.

The boy is as slow of speech as his limbs are active, and in answering a simple question it is no uncommon thing for his legs to have carried him a rod or more away before he is able to articulate yes or no. The boy does not seem to mind his affliction, and not only does not hesitate to respond or try to, when he is addressed, but is always ready to begin a conversation on the slightest excuse. He can be seen almost any day arguing with or explaining some point to some companion, who is kept constantly busy either in avoiding the involuntary kicks or blows of the boy's sprightly feet or hands or in following him briskly to keep the run of the subject.

The third child is a girl, who is a hunchback and a dwarf. She is 12 years old. A boy next to her is deaf and dumb. The fifth child has a bright red birthmark encircling her neck like a piece of red flannel. It is an inch and a half wide. The other two children are twins, 3 months old—a boy and a girl. The boy's head is covered with hair enough for a grown person, while the girl twin hasn't the sight of a hair upon the head, the little poll being as white and shiny as a billiard ball. The girl is fat and the boy lean. When the boy laughs the girl cries lustily, and when his little sister is merry the boy sheds tears and yells.

Every one of these seven children is handsome and mentally bright. Mrs. Hiers is a fine-looking woman, and her husband is sound physically and mentally.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

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

The *Christian Register* (Unit.) says: "'Lent' may not be much as an *institution*, but certainly, in a busy world like this, it is valuable as an *opportunity*; and it is a wholesome sign of the times that other churches besides those which have inherited it as a sacred obligation, are beginning to avail themselves of it. Certainly, there is not too much of the element of worship among our liberal churches; and we earnestly commend to our readers the announcement of extra 'Lenten Services' in our Boston Unitarian churches."

The *Congregationalist* says: "It is a significant fact that fifteen ministers are employed on the daily press of New York city writing on religious topics. It does not indicate missionary zeal on the part of the newspapers, but it shows that religion is a matter of growing interest, and that the constituency which is most valuable to the secular press demands to know what is going on in the world of religious thought and life. It is encouraging to note that scandals concerning ministers and churches no longer monopolize the columns devoted to religious matters."

The *Christian Leader* (Univ.) says: "Dr. Briggs makes himself offensive to 'technical' rationalists, by a distinct avowal of supernaturalism, and this with an implied definition which abruptly separates Biblical revelation from the notion of the humanly evolved; though not, of course not, from the humanly tested. He accepts the miracles as facts, but avers their modern apologists misapply them; they are, he says, not so much miracles of evidence as 'of redemption.' We do not expect that our Presbyterian and other nominally 'evangelical' friends will look to us for counsel; if they should be so unexpectedly wise as to consider our advice, that advice is that they patiently consider just what the real issue is, else they may do something ridiculous."

Of the expulsion of Mr. McComb, the *Presbyterian Banner* says: "It seems to us, and it will so appear to the church and the public, that the junior class and the faculty of Union Theological Seminary have put themselves in a very unbecoming attitude. They do not intimate that what McComb reported was untrue; therefore, they convey the impression that it was true, and consequently place Dr. Briggs in a worse position than the one occupied before. It is rather a bad state of affairs when a Professor can, without rebuke, disparage the inspiration of the Bible, and yet the student who reports it has to be expelled. Nothing is so illiberal as assumed liberality. There is no obligation resting upon a student of a theological seminary, who conscientiously believes that a Professor is inculcating error, to keep his lips closed. No Professor has a right to teach his students concerning the Bible, Christian doctrine, or anything else, what cannot be published to the church and the world."

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "The student's duty was to complain to the trustees of the seminary before appealing to the public against his teacher. Did he do so? On the other hand, has the suspended student furnished any untruthful statements in regard to the utterances or general character of Professor Briggs' teaching? Has he made known anything that was not accessible to any one who wished to be informed, and which ought not to be known to the church and to the world? Until this is determined there will be a suspension of public judgment in regard to the conduct of the student. It is singular that the first practical result of the recent agitation in regard to the extraordinary utterances of Dr. Briggs should be the expulsion of a student who had undertaken to make them known. It is not at all strange that it is generally asked whether the same vigor and rigor will be be shown in regard to the Professor whose inaugural has been welcomed by the press generally as an astounding victory for the enemies of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith."

The *Interior* (Pres.) says: "There are some things in the Old Testament which from comparison and reasoning from other texts we may be in doubt about, so the rule is followed of construing Scripture by Scripture, and this process gives absolute certainty of bringing out the truth. We are left in no danger whatever of failing to understadd the teaching of the Word. But were there any errors in the original text? It depends on what you call an error. The expression 'from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same' was in the original text, but a man who should charge error upon that expression in a book or a conversation now would only make himself ridiculous. The Bible as it stands is the *infallible* rule of faith and practice, and there is no error nor even obscurity in it in regard to what should be our faith and our duty."

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "Belief in the absolute authority of the Scriptures is what is stigmatized as 'bibliolatry.' The idea that human reason can veto a command of God, or modify a truth that He has revealed, is rejected by evangelical Christians, but is very precious to some. The notion that tradition can add to or take from the Scriptures and possess equal authority with it, which is the foundation of Romanism, is now revived by certain Protestant teachers. Those who would ascribe supreme authority, not to the Scriptures alone, but to a trinity consisting of the Scriptures, the reason and the Church, are naturally and inevitably opposed to those who recognize no authority outside of the Scriptures. Naturally also, some of them manifest this opposition by hurling epithets.

"In the sense we have indicated, every Baptist, every Presbyterian, every evangelical Christian must plead guilty to 'bibliolatry.' It is the fundamental profession of his creed, the source of his knowledge of divine truth, the cornerstone of his faith. If to accept heartily and sincerely the teachings of Scripture as God's revelation to man and therefore his supreme rule of faith and practice, is to be a bibliolater, Baptists, at least, will be well content to be known by that title to the end of time."

The *Churchman* says: "The Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler has been writing to *The Evening Post* about 'the cause for the disproportionate growth of the Episcopal church in this city as compared with the other denominations.' He says it is no longer possible to aver that what draws people to the church is either 'its superior attractiveness of ritual,' or 'its doctrinal looseness.' He finally puts it down to 'the doubling of ordinary working forces'; i. e., the multiplication of ministers attached to each single congregation. This, among other things, enables the church to be kept open all summer, and often saves it from being shut six days in the week. Our Lord sent His evangelists out two by two, and, of course, 'two are better than one, for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow.' The co-operation of two or more men mutually deepens responsibility. 'Woe unto him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up.' To put one man at the head of a congregation of thousands, not only overtaxes physical and intellectual strength, but it is apt to produce egotism, or at least individualism. Working with others is a fine school for developing usefulness and self-knowledge, and this makes a minister powerful for good. We agree with Dr. Schauffler that the isolation of ministers is often prejudicial to their efficiency, and we wish that the big churches of the city had twice as many clergymen on their staff as they at present support. The result of such an increase of helpers would be increased efficiency and power, and increased attachment to the church on the part of a well-shepherded people."

EDS. SUNDAY UNION: A Dr. Briggs has exploded a dynamite cartridge in the ranks of the Presbyterian Church. He was to be appointed to the chair of Biblical Theology in a theological seminary, New York. Dr. Briggs issued a pamphlet in which he states that the inspiration of the Bible lies in the concept (or conception) of the writings and not in the words; and that there is progressive sanctification in the other world. The whole church is agitated by it, and many of the clergymen intimate that if Dr. Briggs is right, then the whole Bible is a humbug. When Darwin came out with his evolution ideas, all clergymen were confounded, and said Christian religion was busted. To-day, ninety-nine out of every one hundred talk nothing but evolution, some even believing that they sprang from monkeys; at least one might think so from the foolish teachings of many of them. When these *learned* copyists understand Dr. Briggs' ideas correctly, you will find them all giving long dissertations on the proper rendering of Biblical truths, and that we can increase our sanctification in the other world. If these Presbyterian clergymen would think a moment, they would discern the fact that hardly two men, even of the same church, take the same view of any one sentence in the Bible. Changing the ancient writings in the Bible from one language into another must always cause a different way to express the same idea. The man having a perfect knowledge of different nations and their languages must be able to express a thought almost unintelligible to the man knowing only one language. In interpreting the thoughts of the Bible you must be governed by the spirit of them and not the letter. The Bible itself says: "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive." The same Presbyterian clergymen, forty years ago, taught and believed that the six days at the creation were days of twenty-four hours each. The same men now teach that a day was an epoch of time, about 100,000 years long. In the revised edition, the spirit of the idea has been given instead of the letter, and in many places where the spirit was properly given, the learned numbuys gave the letter, by which they damned the whole work.

As for Dr. Briggs' sanctification in the other world, it shows plainly the young man is bordering on Spiritualism, viz.: that we bring into the other world our earthly bodies. No ignorance is so great as that of believing that earthly matter can enter into a spiritual kingdom. They judge that because Christ's body has entered into Heaven, so will theirs. The god-head entered the earthly body so that man could understand the Father in a person like ourselves, and that that earthly body could deal with us in the flesh. Dr. Briggs is trying to grasp the idea that many millions of people die without the knowledge of Christ, and hence cannot enter Heaven, although they were otherwise genuine good people—say, for instance, Jews, Indians, Chinese, etc. Now these people must get a chance to see or know Christ. For that purpose Christ has to come again to give all a chance to believe in Him. Those who have willfully rejected Him cannot possibly receive him when He suddenly appears in their midst.

From Adam to Christ's death not one soul entered Heaven. Those who did not believe in Him have to remain here until Christ comes again. These are the poor souls that Spiritualists can see, if they can see any. T. H. D.

CORNING, Cal., Feb. 26.

PEOPLE WHO CRITICISE.

The More We Know of a Subject the Less We Are Inclined to Criticise.

There are some people in the world who believe it to be their mission to criticise others. They never by any possibility accomplish anything of value themselves, but they are always ready to offer unpleasant comments on what the world's workers are accomplishing.

I once heard a young man grumbling about the defects in a benevolent society in his native town. His father, a man of broad views and marked activity, was a leading member of the society, and had given much time and thought to its management. Although by no means satisfied with its conditon, he was so shaping its fortunes as to offer many hopes for its future.

It was at the dinner table that the son volunteered his fault-finding remarks. The father listened politely for a time, until it seemed to me, the one guest at the table, that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. Suddenly he turned to his son, and with that decision which characterized his efforts, quietly observed:

"My son, if you can better the affairs of the society, I shall be most happy to resign my position in your favor."

A painful silence followed, but every one at the table, unless perhaps the young man himself, felt the justice of the implied rebuke to one who had never been known to manage the affairs of anything.

Thus to place the pretensions of a would-be critic in their true light is wholesome, to compel him to activity is still more wholesome.

A certain Mrs. R—— was once President of the Ladies' Society of a well-known church. She was a thoughtful, earnest person, who was known to have the true interests of the church at heart, and was a faithful, indefatigable worker. In the course of her labors she learned that the time and energies of those who worked with her were devoted to the enterprises on hand, and to forming plans for future endeavors, while the people who did little or nothing to assist were profuse in their criticisms on all that was done.

One lady, Mrs. B. we will call her, gave her especial annoyance in this way. No sociable at the church, for instance, ever by any chance suited this lady. She was always ready to find fault with the refreshments, the method of entertainment, or the lack of sociability, yet she was never known to contribute in the slightest degree to improvement in any of these directions. In fact, so far as sociability was concerned, she was the only lady who attended the sociables who seemed utterly devoid of it. The most provoking feature of her criticisms was that they were always prefaced with, "Everybody says," "Everyone is finding fault," etc.

One day Mrs. R—— decided to take heroic measures to end this nonsense. She had Mrs. B—— elected leader of a section, and formally notified her that she was expected to take charge of the sociable assigned to this section. It was in vain that Mrs. B—— protested that she had no time, no strength, and more to like effect. The matter was so placed before her and the rest of the society that she felt ashamed to refuse.

It is needless to state, that from the time of her first active participation in a sociable, a new era began for Mrs. B——. She did not wish the others to despise her efforts—she ceased deriding theirs. Besides, having gained practical experience in the difficulties connected with the work, she was prepared to be less severe than formerly in her criticisms on the efforts of others.

It is the same in all departments of life, in painting, music, letters and sculpture. The more we know of a subject the less we are inclined to criticise, or at least the less aimlessly we criticise. Wholesome criticism is helpful. It is well for us to criticise ourselves, it is well for us to offer intelligent criticisms on their undertakings to those over whom we have an influence, but if there is anything in the world that should be absolutely detested, it is the habit of finding fault with matters of which we have neither knowledge nor appreciation.

If you are a worker yourself and have any improvements to suggest in my neighbor's work or mine, you will do my neighbor and me, and the world at large, a kindness by freely and frankly making the suggestion. If you are an idler, a mere cumberer of the soil, better make ever so bungling an attempt to do something useful than to fold your hands and ignorantly growl at what some one else is doing, or trying to do.

A curious phenomenon was recently observed on the sea at Folkestone, England. A ship laden with oil sunk in collision and the water was covered with oil. This produced a strange effect on the wild fowl which are plentiful there. Wild ducks, teal and other birds were easily caught, as they seemed unable to fly on account of their feathers being saturated with oil.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Appearance of Marie Wainwright in "Twelfth Night."

**"A Barrel of Money"—Flashes From the Footlights of Many Theaters—