MUMMY HUNTING IN PERU.

Interesting Facts About Chile and Peru.

An Aboriginal Cemetery, Many Miles in Extent, Where Thousands of Mummies May be Had for the Digging.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY UNION.]

SAN MARCOS DE ARICA, Chile.

To my mind there is no more interesting region on the western side of the continent than this, which by right belongs to Peru, but was seized by Chile during the recent war. Besides the neighboring nitrate and guano fields, Iquique, Tarapaca, Atacama and other places familiar to the world, it includes the city of Tacna, forty miles inland, and Arica, its seaport. Approached by steamer, the most conspicuous feature of the shore is an enormous promontory just south of Arica, called the Morro, which rises almost perpendicularly out of the Pacific to a hight of twelve hundred feet, and then slopes off at a steep grade to the sandy plain behind it. The face of the great rock is seamed, wrinkled and corroded, and it is full of dark caverns and inaccessible grottos, where thousands of seabirds, and nobody knows what strange forms of marine life, find refuge. The long swells of the Pacific, dashing forever against this obstruction—now roaring, now sighing as the tides ebb and flow—seem chanting a requiem for the hundreds who perished here a few years ago; for the headland has become historic from what will always be remembered as "the massacre of Arica."

It was a fair sample of the engagements between Peru and Chile, and occurred in this way: Upon the topmost peak of the Morro the Peruvians had placed a heavy battery for the protection of Arica, manned by 1,200 soldiers; and then the citizens felt perfectly safe from any attack by their belligerent neighbors. But early one morning some Chilean men-of-war came sailing into the harbor and engaged this fort in an artillery duel at long range, which continued until nightfall without much damage having been done to either side. Believing their position to be impregnable, the Peruvians slept peacefully; but during the night the wily Chileans landed two thousand soldiers some distance above the town, and marched them by a wide detour to the foot of the hill, where they silently rested till daybreak. Then with a yell they dashed up the slope on a fearful charge. The Peruvian cannon were useless, being all turned seaward, and the men, surprised in their sleep, became so demoralized that hardly a shot was fired. Being shut off from escape, many jumped over the precipice into the sea, preferring to drown rather than have their throats cut with the terrible *curvos*, or crooked knives, that the Chilean soldiers carry. It is estimated that nine hundred Peruvians were slaughtered by the *curvos* that bright morning on the Morro, and the rest of the force perished at its base in the roaring surf.

Though sprung from the same stock and living side by side, the Chilean soldiers are entirely different from those of Peru. Before the war, the latter were quiet and servile Cholos, "kept under" all their lives by a system of peonage amounting to slavery. Being conscripted into the army and having no idea what they were fighting for, they had none of the enthusiasm which gives strength in the defense of one's country. Whenever they met the fierce Chillanos in battle, even though they outnumbered the enemy, they invariably fled, for the Chillanos—reckless, daring and combative by nature, incited by the promise of free license to plunder, and their innate deadly cruelty aroused—never remained in line of battle like civilized soldiers, but fought with a whoop and a furious rush, carrying all before them, taking no prisoners but cutting the throat of every man they could reach.

To the north of the Morro is a low line of verdure, a cluster of modern built houses, a rather handsome church, and a long mole—the latter piled high with bags, bales and boxes, and crowded with merchants, cargadores, soldiers and civilians. This is Arica, the famous port; but in spite of its mole, steamers must cast anchor away out in the bay and passengers be rowed ashore in canoes. However, they no longer have to be carried through the surf on the backs of cargadroes, as of yore, but they now clamber up the stairs of the pier. Arica has quite changed her complexion since the war, which made her a Chilean instead of a Peruvian city.

But that which attracted us to the place has nothing to do with the fitful governments of these burlesque republics, and has remained unchanged through many centuries. Behind the town, sweeping back from the Morro, is a great windrow of yellow sand which forms a kind of amphitheater, unrelieved by tree or shrub, or blade of grass. All this ridge, and the desert for miles around it, is one vast cemetery of the ancient inhabitants, crowded with the dried-up bodies of those who once fished from their balsas in the bay, or cultivated the narrow valley on whose borders they were buried. When workmen were digging up the sand to fill Arica's pier, and were opening a track for the railway that leads to Tacna, they found mummies everywhere—not only humble fishermen wrapped in their nets, and lowly tillers of the soil in shrouds or braided rushes, but now and then the body of a chief or other personage of extraordinary consequence, enveloped in a thin layer of beaten gold. These fared worse than the humbler cadavers, for while the latter was left comparatively undisturbed, *los ricos*—now grim and ghastly as the poorest—were stripped by rude hands of everything valuable, and their crumbling bones tossed, uncovered, by the wayside.

It seems a strange thing to deliberately set out on a grave-robbing expedition; but in this part of the world it is fashionable to go mummy hunting, and to search the aboriginal cemeteries for the curious articles they may contain besides dead Indians. The Arica burying ground must once have been of enormous extent, for though a large portion of it has been washed away by the sea during the last century or two, miles of it yet remain. The spades of inquisitive people have dug up considerable areas, in places here and there; yet the great bulk of it is entirely undisturbed, and will doubtless remain so until, in the lapse of ages, the slowly encroaching Pacific shall swallow it all.

We went out on horseback, about five miles from Arica, having sent some peons ahead with shovels. It is not quite safe for one or two persons to go by themselves, for highwaymen are abroad in the land, and even the workmen might be tempted to mischief if anything valuable were unearthed. However, people bent on such gruesome errands as disturbing the dead are not likely to hunt alone, but prefer plenty of company to keep their spirits up.

Arrived at the desert, you may dig anywhere and cannot go amiss of a grave. In this rainless region, protected by the magnetic sand, nothing can decay, and the contents of the tombs look as if they were put there yesterday, instead of many centuries ago. There is no consuming insect, and no moisture to produce decay. Flesh dries without decomposition, wood and vegetable matter petrifies, while fabrics and articles of stone or clay will "keep" forever. The early Peruvians preserved their dead something after the manner of the Egyptians, except that these are always in a sitting posture, knees drawn up to the chin, and hands clasped about the knees; head and all enveloped first in dyed cotton cloth, bound around with braided ropes of llama wool—much like the ropes made by Andean Indians to-day—the whole uncanny bundle inclosed within another netting of ropes, or in a basket-like case of braided rushes. Remove the cloth, and the features are found well preserved, even to their expression, which is usually that of extreme terror and agony, confirming the assertion of historians that those about to die were placed in what was considered the proper position for mummifying and firmly bound with ropes before breath had left the body and death stiffened the muscles. The teeth are always perfect, and the hair—sometimes grown unnaturally long in the grave—has generally turned a reddish brown by contact with the nitrous earth.

A clue to the extent of the aboriginal population, and some knowledge of their religion, arts and customs, may be obtained from the millions of bodies that are buried in the drifting sands. As the soldier going on a march, takes his cooking kit, canteen, blanket and other portable treasures, so did the belief in a future life cause these dead Peruvians to be well equipped for their journey from this world to another. One may find in their graves weapons for war and for hunting, fishing tackle, apparatus for cooking and weaving, water jugs, copper knives and other utensils, cups and platters of gold and silver, spoons, strings of beads, idols, combs, rings—in short everything supposed to be required by the spirits of the dead to set up their primitive housekeeping anew in the Happy Country.

Our peons dug down about five feet deep, in several different places, and unearthed half a dozen well-conditioned mummies—two of which I afterwards shipped to the United States with their wrappings undisturbed. The most curious things we found that day were not the rings of beaten gold encircling bony fingers, or water jars of quaint designs in molded clay, or spindles with thread still on them, just as the weaver laid down her work some hundreds of years ago—but the petrified eyeballs, which a careful digger may always find, seldom inserted in the face of the mummy, but fallen out among the wrappings. Modern science cannot comprehend how these eyes were preserved, but it is now a commonly accepted theory that they were never human optics, but those of cuttle fish, with which the more perishable eyes of the subject to be mummified were replaced. But they are none the less curious, and are really beautiful things—flat on one side, round and smooth on the other, bright, amber-like yellow, holding light as an opal, and varying in size from the tip of your little finger to the end of a man's thumb. They are eagerly sought for the settings of pins, sleeve buttons, etc., and are durable as most jewels. Everybody remembers the story that went the rounds of the press a few years ago—how Tiffany, the New York jeweler, was sent a number of these mummified eyeballs to be made into a necklace for some fair lady, and how two or three of the workmen employed in polishing them died before it was discovered that their sudden demise was due to the fine dust which flakes off from these relics of the tomb.

The quality of the wrappings, and the various articles found in the graves, enables one to judge pretty correctly what was the condition in life of the occupant. E. G. Squier, who spent a long time searching these Indian cemeteries, writes: "In Peru, as elsewhere, the hewers of wood and drawers of water met in death a treatment corresponding to that meted out to them in life. They were thrust into crevices of the rock among the mountains, or into holes in the nitrous sand of the coast, with such scant paraphernalia for their wanderings in a future world as their own limited means, or those of their humble friends, could supply. Few and rude are the relics found with their shrivelled remains—a gourd, perhaps a carved wooden cup containing amulets or charms; an implement of toil, a rude wooden idol, and a few curious stones, to the natural peculiarities of which the superstitious mind rendered reverence."

The plebeian dead were buried in such shallow graves that sometimes earthquakes tossed them up to view, or winds uncovered them. In order to utilize all the arable land, the ancient inhabitants used to pile up the stones that encumbered the ground into great heaps. There are thousands of stone piles all over the country, and nearly every one holds mummies. Mr. Squier's description of one that he uncovered answers well for the rest. He says: "The dead man sat alone among the stones, wrapped in rustic cloth, with some bean pods and ears of corn pressed between his breast and knees. At his feet, enveloped in coarse cotton cloth, were two objects of interest, obviously connected with his superstitions. The first was a kind of mask or idol, cut out of wood, bearing a resemblance to the carved idols brought from distant Pacific Islands. It is painted on the face and has holes on the top and sides, through which thin cords, still remaining in place, were passed, as if to attach them in front of some object. A projection beneath the chin, apparently designed to fit into a socket, suggests the possibility that it was carried surmounting a pole or staff. There was also a wooden bowl, carved with a border representing birds running around its rim, packed full of layers of variously colored alpaca and vicuna wool, in perfect preservation. Between each layer pebbles were deposited that bore some faint likeness to animals, a little strengthened by art. There were fragments of crystalized quartz, and a very good carving of an ear of corn."

Father Arriaga, in his rare book on "Idolatry in Peru," calls these pebbles (*canopes*) the household deities of the early Peruvians. He says that bezoar stones and small quartz crystals were most esteemed; and that a stone, carved in imitation of an ear of corn, was considered a great treasure.

In the cemeteries around Lima the mummies are sometimes put in layers of tombs, one above another, three or four deep. Perhaps the most interesting one which Mr. Squier opened—in the second layer down, and evidently belonging to a family in middle circumstances—was about four feet square, three feet deep and walled with adobes. It contained five bodies—a middle-aged man, a full grown woman, a girl of about 14 years, a boy some years younger and an infant. The baby was placed between the father and mother, the boy by the side of the man, and the girl cuddled up close to the woman. Each was enveloped in a braided net-work of coarse grass, bound closely around the body by cords of the same material. Under the man's outer wrapping was another of stout, plain cotton cloth, fastened with a variegated cord of llama wool. Next came an envelope of cotton cloth of finer texture, which, when removed, disclosed the mahogany-colored corpse, dried and shrunken, but well preserved. Passing around the neck and carefully folded over the knees, on which the head rested, was a fishing net made of the twisted fiber of the agave, the threads as fine as the finest used today and nicely knotted. Wrapped in a cloth at his feet were some fishing lines of various sizes, copper hooks, barbed like ours, and copper sinkers. Under each of his armpits was a roll of white alpaca wool, and behind the calf of each leg were a few thick, short ears of corn. A small piece of copper had been placed in his mouth, corresponding, perhaps, with the "*obolos*" which the ancient Greeks put into the mouths of their dead for a fee to Charon.

The wife, beneath the same coarse outer wrapping of braided reeds, was enveloped in a blanket of alpaca wool, finely spun, woven in the style known as three-ply, in two colors, brown and white, and an elaborate, diamond-shaped pattern in which were representations of monkeys climbing up and down. Beneath this was a soft, closely-woven cotton cloth, twenty yards long, rolled round and round the woman's body. In one hand she held a comb, made by setting the rays of fishes' fins into a piece of the dwarf-palm tree, and in her other hand were the remains of a fan, with a cane handle, from the upper points of which radiated the faded feathers of parrots and humming birds. Round her neck was a triple necklace of shells, and between her body and bent-up knees were several domestic implements, among them some spindles, half covered with spun cotton. The most interesting article was a wallet, made of two pieces of thick cotton cloth of different colors, ten inches long by five broad. The lower end terminated with a fringe, and at the upper end of each of the four corners was a braid, the strands neatly plaited together higher up. The whole was carefully folded and tied by the braids, and contained some Lima beans, a few pods of cotton, some chalcedony beads, and several thin pieces of silver, each pierced with a hole.

The girl mummy was seated on a box of braided reeds, which was eighteen inches long, fourteen inches wide and eight inches deep, and had a cover, hinged on one side and fastening on the other. In it were childish playthings, rude specimens of knitting, with places showing where stitches had been dropped; tiny spindles, implements for weaving, and braids of irregular thickness, evidently kept for the sake of contrast with others better done. There were needles of bone and of bronze, a comb, a little bronze knife, and a fan, similar to that of the mother, but smaller. The body was wrapped precisely like the woman's; her hair was braided and laid around the forehead, encircling which was also a cincture of white cloth, ornamented with little silver spangles. A thin, narrow bracelet of silver still hung on her arm, and between her feet was the dried body of a parrot, which had doubtless been her pet.

There was nothing of especial interest surrounding the boy, except his sling, which was bound around his forehead. The baby mummy had been embedded in alpaca wool, then wrapped in fine cotton cloth and placed in a queerly-braided basket of rushes, with loops at each end and handles, as if for carrying it. A rattle was found beside the little body—a seashell, with pebbles inside, the orifice closed with a pitch-like substance.

There were a number of household utensils in the vault, among them half a dozen earthen jars, pans and pots of various sizes. Some of them were still encrusted with the soot of the fires over which they had been used, and each contained something—corn, peanuts or Lima beans.

Having spent a long day at mummy hunting, we rode back to Arica, across the desert in the gathering twilight, somewhat awed by what we had seen and by thoughts naturally induced of the mutability of all things earthly; but feeling ourselves immeasurably richer, not only by reason of the two mummies before mentioned, but with a treasure-trove of petrified eyeballs, spindles, combs, needles, water jars and a carved wooden face (whether mask, or idol, I do not know), to add to my already heterogeneous "collection" at home.

FANNIE B. WARD.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

If a lovely woman smacks me on one cheek I will turn her the other also.—*Josh Billings.*

When a woman wants the earth, it is with the view of giving it to some man.—*Boston Courier.*

Lobbs—"Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?" Bobbs—"He left the earth. What more could I expect?"—*Boston Gazette.*

"I haven't seen Jones lately. How's his cough, do you know?" "It's gone." "You don't say so." "Yes; Jones went with it."—*New York Sun.*

"I thought you told me your father was a retired merchant?" "So he is. When the Sheriff took possession he had to retire."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Waiter (to Uncle Greencorn)—"What is your order, sir?" Uncle Greencorn—"I belong to the Masonic order at Sturupville; thank ye. Can't I have something to eat?"—*Time.*

In Darkest New York: "Why do they always take a prisoner's money from him before locking him in a cell at the police station?" "So as to prevent him buying his way out."—*Puck.*

The nuisance of the hotel was in the parlor warbling "Oh, would I were a bird." "Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord. And he handed him his bill.—*Fort Plain Free Press.*

Lawyer—"The ante-mortem statement says——" Judge—"Hold on, now. We don't care anything about what Ante Mortem or Uncle Mortem says; what did the deceased say himself?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Himmelstein (who was first to get over)—"Run toward de bull, Chacob! Vave him your redt handkerscheef! And you, Rachel, come dis vay! Chacob is der von to be tossed—he has der live-insurance!"—*Puck.*

"Is your nephew a practicing physician, Mrs. McGuelley?" asked her visiting neighbor. "Yes, I b'lieve he is practicing just at present, but he has as good a show for learning as the most of them."—*Washington Post.*

"A wealthy man ruined by new wheat," read Mrs. Talkene. "This is sad," she commented, "but thousands of wealthy men are ruined by Old Rye, and the papers don't say anything about it."—*New York Ledger.*

"See that house over there?" said one traveling man to another. "Yes." "Bilson, the novelist, built that." "It's a fine building." "He paid for it with the proceeds of one story." "Oh! it's pretty high for a one-story house."

Instructor (to class in horology)—"What are the essential characteristics of a good repeater?" Mike (first-born of an Alderman)—"Ability to vote every half hour while the polls are open and get out of the State before the ballots are counted."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Rev. Dr. Discord—"Why, dear Jack, I am glad to see you; you are looking so well. What have you been doing?" Jack Scraggs—"Pitching for a league club at $5,000 year. What are you doing?" Discord—"Preaching for a chapel at $500 a year."—*Texas Siftings.*

Nickleby—"What are the vowels?" Squeers—"A, e, i, o, u." "Now, say them again, dropping off the first one." "E, i, o, u." "Now, once more, dropping off the second." "I, o, u." "I know you do, and I wish to thunder you'd pay up."—*Lawrence American.*

"Are you going to the game to-day, Browne?" asked a traveling man of a friend. "No; there's no reason why I should." "Why not?" "I've got a bawl match at home. Twins five months old, and an even score up to the present time."—*Merchant Traveller.*

As she strolled along the beach,
She looked as sweet as a peach
In her dainty, pretty summer rig.
When I saw her by-and-by,
Then she seemed a perfect guy.
For her bathing suit was miles too big.
—*New York Journal.*

"Johnnie," said a loving father to his son, the other day, "you must now commence to lay the stepping-stones to fortune and to fame, as I will not always be with you." "All right, father; just leave me the rocks when you die, and I'll attend to the rest."

"You can talk about your cheap postal rates, but I have seen 150 pounds go for one stamp. Cheap? I should say it was!" "Where did you see that?" "This morning. My wife was angry, she stamped once, and I got out."—*Commercial Traveler.*

A personal item says that Miss Marie Louise Eve is "a rising young poetess of Augusta, Ga.," but does not name the hour she rises. It is hoped that she rises early enough to help her mother wash the breakfast dishes and pare the potatoes for dinner. That's the kind of "rising" poetesses this country needs.—*Norristown Herald.*

Tramp—"Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gittin' sich a fine supper today, mum. May heaven bless ye!" Housekeeper—"As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood." "Yes, mum; but you know the old adage, 'After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

The correspondent who want to know "how to cook cabbage without having an odor in the house" is informed, in the absence of the expert who conducts our household department, that another good way is to boil the cabbage in the middle of a ten-acre lot, and keep the doors and windows of the house tightly closed while it is cooking.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Oh, what a bad dream I had last night. I saw elephants, snakes, lions, bears, and all sorts of animals," said Smith, at the breakfast table, the other morning. "Well, it was that cheese you ate last evening. I told you not to take it, but you would; you are always contrary," said his loving spouse. "Yes, my dear, but I ate it for economy. I saw a whole circus without it costing me the usual dollar."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

"George," remarked Mrs. Jackhigh to her husband, "who is this Sam Taylor I heard you and Major Johnson talking about? Is he a good waiter?" "A good waiter, my dear! What do you mean?" "Why, I heard you tell the Major that down at the club the other night, Sam Taylor came in with a tray full and dropped his pile, and I thought he must have been very careless." And then George gazed out of the window with a far-away look in his eyes.—*Life.*

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The School-Life and Games at Old Rugby.

Description of the Noble Old Town and School Made Famous in the Fascinating Novel, "Tom Brown at Rugby."

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RUGBY, England, March 9, 1891.

My hosts, guides and companions at Rugby have been one of the marshals and a young English friend, a lad in the "Lower Middle" form, Modern Side; and some of the things learned about the famous school are worth telling.

All boys at Rugby School must enter between the ages of 12 and 15 years, and must leave the school at the end of the next term after they have reached the age of 19 years. They are 96 boys who are schooled free, or partially so, on behalf of the Laurence Sheriff Foundation Fund. These 96 boys form three classes known as "old-foundationers," "major" and "minor" "foundations." The old-foundationers number 50, and they must be the sons of persons who have lived in, or within five miles of, Rugby since 1868. These receive instructions free of all charge. The major-foundationers are twelve boys selected, on examination, from the townsfolk and people living within the five-mile limit, and qualified by attendance at the subordinate school, who, like the old-foundationers, receive their instruction free. The 24 minor-foundationers must have the same qualifications as to residence and preparation as the majors. These secure their tuition for one-half the usual fees. The 96 foundationers may compete with all other students for the many Rugby prizes.

Probably no other boys' school in the world offers so many and such varied prizes. To name them in the briefest manner would require more than a column's space in this paper. Aside from the Queen's gold medal prize for an English essay on some historical subject, I have had counted out to me by my companions upwards of 75 prizes, the value of the lowest of which is two guineas. On the line of excellence in scholarship there are numberless gradings and distinctions. The great goal to be reached in Rugby school-life is the "Sixth Form" of the upper school, and the life of a præpostor in that. There are fifteen præpostors. These constitute the "upper bench" of the upper, or highest school in Rugby. The dignity and privileges obtaining are alone secured through splendid scholarship; and all Rugby traditions warrant the lad who has reached this eminence through intellectual pluck in the free and ungrudged exercise of his rights to "fag" those beneath him to the very limit of his inclination. It is not carried to the same extent it was in "Tom Brown's" time; but his experiences, though somewhat exaggerated, give the best description extant of the every day workings of the system in Rugby School. The next and the highest reward bestowed upon superior scholarship at Rugby is that of "Exhibitioner." It is not only a great honor in English school-life to be known as a "Rugby Exhibitioner," but it is by no means an empty honor. There are two classes, major and minor, "Exhibitions;" and three "majors" and four "minors" are awarded each year, on election by "external examiners" appointed by the Rugby Governing Board. Every major exhibitioner receives £60, and every minor exhibitioner £30 per year; each "exhibition" holding good for four years after election—provided the holder leaves Rugby and pursues his studies at any university of the United Kingdom, or at other approved place of preparation for a profession or occupation. They are practically $300 and $150 per year scholarships, good anywhere that proper use may be made of them for four years; their full value therefore being respectively $1,200 and $600. Oxford and Cambridge secure these splendidly-trained youths in about equal numbers.

In investigating all these more serious matters about Rugby School, the most delightful thing which everywhere impresses one new to its government and policies is the utter absence of what we Americans term flunkeyism and aristocratic exclusiveness. Its trustees and governing board comprise great and titled men, but the patronage of the school, and the actual practical regime and discipline which have been enforced from the days of the famous Dr. Arnold to the present time under its equally wise and unswerving Head Master, Dr. Percival, have been grandly democratic to the core. Among the thirteen trustees are three earls, one marquis, three lords, two right honorables, two members of Parliament, one archdeacon and one canon; while the Governing Board of twelve comprises equally as many from among the great and titled of England. But Rugby students are from English middle classes, the backbone of the realm. I personally know many whose parents, while not people of poverty, are very humble folk indeed. Occasionally a lord or an earl may send a stripling down here to Rugby for the very discipline afforded; but these finelings cannot form a "set;" are in nowise toadied to; have never yet cowed their inferiors in wealth and station; and in every instance where they have not immediately adjusted themselves to the "fair-play," equal rights atmosphere of the school, they have had the over-fine skin kicked from their lordly little shins and the superfine hauteur cuffed out of their disdainful little faces in very short order; with a genial and dreamful inattention on the part of the masters, inexpressibly dear and delicious to every Rugby boy of the "right sort."

In what we would term the "faculty" of Rugby School there are twenty-seven resident masters or "professors," as we would call them, exclusive of the Head Master, the Rev. J. Percival, LL. D. Besides these, there are seven resident tutors. Every school has its ogres—beings dreaded, hated, preyed upon, endlessly the but of all devilish ingenuity in boyish malevolence. These are known at Rugby as "marshals;" and there are two of them. "Mr. Blake (our companion) is all right—that is, for a marshal!"—concedes my Rugby-boy friend in an explanatory whisper; "but 'old Patey' the tother one's a reg'lar old grump, he is. He hates to have boys live, he does!" These marshals are a sort of bailiffs, or high constables, who keep very sharp eyes on the goings and comings of these hundreds of lads. They secretly report misconduct, and are the dread bearers of the awful summons "to the doctor's chambers."

As was noticed in my preceding article on Rugby, Dr. Arnold, as long ago as 1828, removed all the irresponsible boarding-house vampires who fattened upon Rugby scholars and put in their places masters of the school. This not only created direct responsibility, but insured good treatment to the boys. The more popular a master made his house, the higher he stood socially in Rugby with the students, with the Governing Board; and besides it increased his profits through an increase of boarders. The system has been maintained, and from time to time commodious halls have been built. There are now seven of these, exclusive of the "School House" proper; and the boys living at each house are distinguished by their "colors;" and each house takes the name of the master in charge, while the boys at each boarding-hall receive the house-name as a general appellative. To illustrate: Whitelaw's, purple and white; Donkin's, red and black; Collin's, light blue and white; Morice's, green and white; Mr. Bowden Smith's, blue and black, on hat; Mr. Scott's, yellow and black, on hat; Mr. Michell's contingent being "fellows;" and the boys are individually pointed out in Rugby streets as a "Donkin's houseman," a "Bowden Smith's houseman," a "Scott's houseman," etc.

I give the every-day routine at Rugby just as my young "Lower Middle" friend rattled it off to me: "Well, the 6:15 morning bell wakes us, but we don't want to get up. Then another bell rings at 10 minutes of 7 for five minutes. We've got to get in our places in chapel in that time to be 'called over,' and if we're too lazy to make it, it means a 'licking,' that's all. After service we march in order to our different 'form' rooms and say lessons till 8:15. Then we have fifteen minutes to buy any little luxuries, like penny-loaves—the house bread's pretty dry!—and then comes breakfast. From 9:15 to 1:15, lessons; and dinner's at 1:30. We get a rest-spell from dinner until 3, and then lessons go on again until 6, except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Them's half-holidays. Every boy has to join the games then, unless he's got good excuse. Sometimes we get off by shamming a sore foot, and many other ways, well-known to us boys. But whatever we're doing at 6 o'clock, games, sauntering or study, everything's dropped, and we give a grand rush for 'tea.' After tea in winter, and after 7:15 in summer, comes 'locking-up.' Nobody likes that. Then we have to pitch in on 'preparation'—that's getting our lessons for the next forenoon—until 9 o'clock, when they give us a *very* light supper that don't make anybody dream. Then it's go to bed, and no fooling, or it means another 'licking,' sure as fees and marshals, that's all!"

Rugby school games are famous wherever the heart of boyhood throbs quicker and stronger in the enjoyment of all manful sport. They comprise racquets, cricket, steeple-chasing, hare and hounds, or paper-chasing and football, for which Rugby gives the rules the world over.

The supervision of all Rugby games is wholly in the hands of the boys themselves. This also includes the management of the great "School Close," the unequaled play ground of Rugby. The details of the management are delegated to a committee of five boys locally called the "Big School Levee." This board consists of the head of the school, the head of the School House, the captains of football and cricket, and one other chosen by these four. This Games' Board levies taxes to be paid by all for the support of school amusements, subject to approval by the Head Master. It is also, from the boys' standpoint, the grand council or senate of the school, to be called together at any time to consider any matter pertaining to the scholars' interests at the instigation of all, or for ordering any action where it is desirable the whole school shall share—such as rebellion against too dry bread or ancient prunes, boycotts upon tuck-shops for unsavory or underweight penny loaves; or for thrashing the insolent "louts" (non-schoolmen) of the village. The head fellow of the house arranges the games, and, as my young friend apprises me, by universal consent "does the licking." If, when called on, a boy does not play, but "funks" and goes botanizing, swimming or fishing, a note is sent to him containing the dread words: "See me at my study at 2:15." The boy goes and is given "200 lines" to write. A terrible punishment to any lad. But if he has committed the unpardonable crime of "minching" from cricket, in the language of my young friend, "you are ordered to kneel on a stool, bend over a chair, while a 'Sixth Form' fellow fetches out a sixpenny cane a yard and a half long, and gives you six rum cuts; so, of course, you ain't in love with the 'Sixth-Formers!'"

Nearly all Rugby games have their own season. Hare and hounds and brook jumping "comes in" with the Easter term. Towards the half-term there is a "Big-side" run at hare and hounds. Then the House steeple-chases begin. The next term brings cricket; and the next, that roughest and pluckiest of all English games, football, never elsewhere played so roughly and pluckily as at Rugby, while racquets are at all times in season.

In the House steeple-chases the boys of the different houses pitch tents on the banks of the Avon, where a brook flows into that stream. This little stream is remarkably winding, and as the "course" is upwards of a mile over the general direction of the stream, the racers are compelled to cross the brook from twelve to fifteen times. Some grand sprinting and splashing are done here, and the boys, at finish, resemble those misguided creatures who emerge half-blinded from the mud baths of Santa Barbara.

Every boy at Rugby is compelled to play at cricket. On every half-holiday matches are made between the houses. Each house has its "eleven" and "second eleven," and often a "third eleven," the latter two being respectively called "the belows" and the "two belows." The first step of a Rugby lad towards a place in the envied "School Eleven" who play the college matches, is to win his "red" by nervy and excellent play. This gives him the right to wear a necktie the same color as his hat ribbon. Then he must gain his "22 cap," that is, the privilege of wearing the regulation dark blue cap, with a blue-bound white cricket jacket. The match "eleven" are chosen from this privileged class; and the Rugby cricketing season closes with the great matches with Marlborough, at Lord's, in London. Football is under precisely the same system, different "houses" playing each other, one side wearing blue and white stripes, the other white, and both covering their doomed shins with the Rugby gray stockings. The best idea possible to be gained of a Rugby football match, without seeing it, may be had by reading the splendid description in "Tom Brown's School Days." Provision against actual slaughter is made in one of the "Rugby Rules," which says: "Though it is lawful to hold a player in a *maul*, this holding does not include attempts to throttle or strangle, which are totally opposed to the principles of the game!"

Brook-jumping is simply an outlet for superfluous, harmless irresponsibility in Rugby boys. A whole house, or the entire school, goes out in charge of the champion jumper to the near brook flowing into the Avon. Then "following their leader" they begin and jump the stream where the banks are narrow, each time increasing the space jumped until every lad is "ducked." If a boy refuses to jump he is deliberately thrown in, and makes his way back to Rugby with his "whites" dangling with water six inches below their proper length, to receive only the sympathy of indignant housewives along the way, who, with motherly misconception of the first principles of boys' real fun, know, and, in fitting terms, denounce "the 'orrid h'outrage." There is something fine and manly about hare and hounds. The chase is a genuine test of pluck and endurance. Two of the best runners of the school are selected as the "hares." These are provided with finely cut paper bits slung over their shoulders in light bags. These particles of paper (now chopped like theatrical "snow") are flung out from time to time as "scent." The hares are given about a minute per mile the advantage at start, over the hounds, usually two boys from each house. The object is, on the part of the hounds, to overtake the hares, who make the chase in every possible way difficult, and for both hares and hounds to excel all previous records. The long runs here are from ten to fifteen miles. The "Big-side" run towards the end of the half term goes the famous "Great Crick Run" of thirteen miles, so winsomely described in "Tom Brown." But no lad is permitted to enter for this "run" whose capacity and soundness have not previously been tested by a physician.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the SUNDAY UNION.]

EASTER HYMN.

He is risen
From His prison!
Love has burst the stone away.
Joy and gladness
Freed from sadness,
Crown our lives this Easter day.

Earth and heaven
Now are given
To the gladsome sound of praise.
Bury sorrow!
Let each morrow
Echo back the hymn we raise.

Christ hath risen!
Death's cold prison
Could not hold the risen King!
Set in glory,
Rhyme and story,
Easter joy will ever bring.

A. G. G. (DORA BURNS).

March 29, 1891.

It is claimed that the finest forest preserve in the United States is the Adirondack region, and that the Black Forest in Germany, the Norway forests and the forests of Canada cannot be compared with it. There are 2,760,000 acres in that region, which it is proposed to include in the Adirondack Park.

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.

An Episcopal newspaper in Minnesota describes by implication the majestic proportions of the altar in Trinity Church, Boston: "The six clergymen who were to officiate entered the altar, headed by the grand physique and noble head of Trinity's rector, Phillips Brooks."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "Another belated act of justice is the passage of the international copyright bill. Among ancient nations the words stranger and enemy were synonymous. In the ancient pagan spirit, we have denied alien authors the protection of copyright, so that it was lawful to plunder them at our pleasure. The law as enacted is an unnecessarily complicated provision, with features which detract from its value. But it is so important that the righteous principle should be recognized, and that a practical demonstration should be given of the benefits of impartial copyright, that the friends of the measure were disinclined to higgle for better terms. It may be confidently hoped that after a few years' experience of the working of the Act it can be amended in accordance with more enlightened conceptions of what is due to meritorious authors."

The *Christian Union* says: "The passage of the copyright bill on the last day of the session of Congress marked the successful close of an agitation extending over a half century. After perpetual postponements, delays and defeats, the United States has formally recognized the principle of ownership in literary property. The bill as it stands is by no means adequate, but it is a great gain to have secured a recognition of the principle that the foreign writer owns his work, and that it cannot be taken from him without theft. The *Christian Union* has urged this measure in season and out of season for years past, having entire faith that so soon as the people of the country learned the import of the measure it would command their entire approval. We believe that the people supported the measure long before Congress acted upon it. The action of Congress, tardy as it was, is a matter for sincere rejoicing among all those who care for the honor of the country and the higher interests of American life."

The *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "While making its report to the Assembly the Committee on Revision expresses its own judgment and wish, that the Assembly should take no further action upon it than simply to print all the proposed changes and additions, and send them down to the Presbyteries (as was done a few years ago in the case of the Book of Discipline), that they may consider them informally and propose any further modifications which they may then deem desirable. To this we see no objection, if the Assembly so approve, as it is a matter of which it is itself the best judge. Such an arrangement will give everybody the fullest chance for examination, criticism and emendation. It will enable the committee to understand more exactly what sort of revision—just how much or how little—the church, as represented in the Presbyteries, really desires. It will tend to allay anxieties, to soften opposition, to unify opinion, and to secure the great end of final agreement. To some the delay of another year may seem undesirable; but the process of discussion is in itself healthful; it is an education in theology, the result of which would probably be more satisfactory in the end. There is hardly a State in the Union whose Constitution can be changed in less than three years, and surely we need not regard it as lost time if we take as much to revise our Confession—a work which may not need to be undertaken again for a century."

The *Interior* (Pres.) says: "The Revision Committee will make a unanimous report—which means that the 'concept' of the Confession is to remain as it is—with an addition to its 'verbal infallibility.' Not even 'preteriton' will be slighted. It is to be the same sword, but the handle-end is to be next the church, not to the enemy. The committee have done no wiser thing than to recommend no action to the next assembly. Let the committee report progress and be continued. It is better that the Presbyteries be afforded an opportunity to speak, without either affirming or negativing an overture. After a year's consideration the committee can perfect their work, and then when it is submitted we shall have it adopted with practical unanimity."

The *Christian Leader* (Univ.) says: "The frequent use of the phrase 'intermediate state' by Professor C. A. Briggs in his books and addresses points to theories which he is supposed to hold on the subject of a 'second probation,' but which he has not anywhere fully unfolded. From the drift of much recent discussion among Biblical students, both in England and in Germany, it would appear that the doctrine held by the church in the first centuries, regarding Christ's mission to the underworld, is to be revived among Protestants and made to do duty in the interest of the 'larger hope.' Such scholars as Plumptre, Luckack, Farrar, in England, and as Delitzsch and Dorner in Germany, while not taking a decided dogmatic position, argue with all the energy of conviction, that Christ's ministry reaches beyond this life. This seems to be what is in Dr. Brigg's mind when he speaks of the 'intermediate state.' The world do move."

The *Interior* (Pres.) says: "Sciolists in philosophy think that they have discovered a new truth when they have invented a new term. For our part we are a little tired of hearing about our 'environment,' and are willing to go back to statements older than the Apostles' Creed or the Mosaic Decalogue. That a man is influenced by his surroundings, that he is known, too, by the company he keeps, that evil communications corrupt good manners, these do not become modern discoveries by taking on new forms of statement."

The *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "The vote in the Baltimore Conference, held in the city of Washington, on the question of admitting women was 42 for their admission, 146 against. In explaining his vote, Dr. Henry M. Harman, Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Dickinson College, and the author of 'Harman's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures,' in voting 'No,' said: 'In all my study of the Scripture I find that the headship is given to the man; in the annals of the church woman has never been in its councils.' The recent meeting of the National Woman's Council and of the Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington made several converts to the opposition. A number of ministers went to the council as observers, and when they heard the opening sermon 'that had no Christ in it,' as the *Union Signal* says concerning it in its last number; and when they heard the Biblical account of the creation of the world spoken of as an exploded myth, a story; and especially when they heard Mrs. Stanton's essay attacking the Scriptures read and enthusiastically applauded, they concluded that the tendency of the whole movement was against the Scriptures and the interests of women. One of them wrote us that what he had heard there had done what our arguments had failed to do, convinced him that the safe side for the church was to vote in the negative.

"We observe that the *Union Signal* of last week repeats the misstatement that 62 per cent. of our membership has voted in favor of the admission of