TCHERNYSHEFSKY, THE RUSSIAN SOCIALIST.

In a small world-forgotten hamlet in the province of Yakutsk, district of Vilutsk, Eastern Siberia, died some two months ago in exile a man who, when he was first arrested sixteen years ago by order of the Russian Government, wrote to his wife from the dungeon of the St. Peter and Paul fortress at St. Petersburg the following words:

"Do not grieve for me, my dearest. My life belongs to the history of our people. Centuries shall come and go, but no more shall be loved and respected even by those who never saw or knew us. Our foes can kill me, but they cannot kill the seed I have sown in thousands of young hearts."

The man who wrote these prophetic words was N. G. Tchernyshevsky, the first apostle and the first martyr of what men now call Russian Nihilism. Sixteen years ago he disappeared from the world of the living and the free. Buried first in the mines of Nertchinsk and then amid the eternal snows and in the deathlike stillness of a Siberian wilderness, his spirit was broken long ago; for years and years has he craved for death as his only and last friend, as a liberator from a life which, severed from all that could endear and sweeten it, was nothing else than a long agony. And now that the hour so long pined for has come, now that his torture has been ended by that great deliverer before whom even the chains and dungeons of the Russian autocrat are powerless, the seed he has sown has grown and multiplied in thousands of hearts, his fame rings from one end of Russia to the other, thousands of arms are uplifted to avenge his death, and his name is loved and respected by thousands who never saw nor knew him. His prophecy has come true.

Citizens of a free country in which a new social or political idea arises and develops itself freely and gradually are scarcely able to realize the immense influence which individuals acquire in a community deprived of the advantages of free speech and discussion. The interchange and expression of thought being unrestrained and not coupled with personal danger, new ideas spring up simultaneously in many minds, and are brought before the forum of public opinion and elucidated by general discussion as soon as they are originated. Thus the new creed is either rejected or becomes public property, and assumes a practical shape before it has become identified with the genius, the heroism, or the martyrdom of one individual. Far different is the intellectual and social progress of communities still pining under the yoke of an arbitrary and despotic rule. The existing forms of social and political life being regarded as sacred, as direct emanations of the will of God, every criticism directed against these forms, every new idea disagreeing with them, is silenced by brutal force, and its public expression is treated as a crime. Thus the word becomes a deed, an exploit of which the most powerful natures, the most subtle, energetic, and gifted minds, are alone capable. Once a man endowed with moral courage and intellectual power sufficient to brave obstacles and dangers and to awe his enemies into silence makes his appearance, his word runs like wildfire through the masses, already prepared for its reception; his voice rings the louder the greater the silence around.

Such a man was Tchernyshevsky. To all who take an interest in the extraordinary social revolution now progressing in Russia, a short sketch of the life and doings of the man who may well be said to have in a great part originated it will, doubtless, be welcome. Nikolai Gavrilovitch Tchernyshevsky was born in 1829 in the town of Saratoff, situated in the southeastern part of Russia, on the banks of the Volga. His father, Gavrilo Ivanovitch, had been for more than thirty years a priest of one of the most frequented parish churches of Saratoff, and was loved and respected by all the population. Receiving an income barely sufficient to sustain himself and his family, he nevertheless spent nearly half of it in charities. The poor of his parish adored him. The clergy in Russia being still a caste, his son was naturally destined to become a priest, and received his first education at the ecclesiastical seminary of Saratoff. Having achieved his preparatory studies, Tchernyshevsky found out that he possessed but little inclination for the ecclesiastical career. He requested and obtained his father's permission to enter the University of St. Petersburg. He went to that city in 1846, and at once began a course of philological studies under the direction of the well-known Professor of Slav Philology, M. Sreznevsky. Gradually, however, under the influence of some free-thinking literary men of the period with whom he came in contact, and among whom I. I. Vedensky, the genial Russian translator of Charles Dickens's works, played a prominent part, the studies of the young philologist took a different direction. From the old Slav chronicles and manuscripts he turned to modern literature. The first anti-slavery novel of Turghéniéff, which had just been published, produced a powerful impression on the young student's mind, and first directed his attention to the great social evils from which the Russian people were suffering. He devoured eagerly all the books he could find in German and French literature treating on social and economical questions. For three years he led a solitary life, locked up with his favorite volumes, neither visiting nor receiving any of his friends or acquaintances. From this severe ordeal of mental work Tchernyshevsky came out a new man. His intellect had ripened before the time at the expense of his bodily health. Barely twenty-two years of age, he was an acknowledged authority in the literary and scientific circles of St. Petersburg.

He did not stay long in that city. The conditions of social life in the Russian capital were then miserable indeed. The reign of the half insane tyrant, Nicholas I., was nearing its end. Frightened out of his wits by the revolutionary storms which had ravaged western Europe in 1848, this maniac of despotism had converted his own country into a barrack, and every one of his subjects into a soldier, who had no other will to obey than the Czar's. The number of students in the universities was limited to 400; the Professors were submitted to the strict censorship of the *curateurs*, chosen from among the most brutal and ignorant Generals of the army. The press was not only subjected to the surveillance of innumerable censors, but depended besides upon the good will of so-called special censors, "one of whom was to be found in every branch of the administration. Thus a journal might, on the motion of one of these special censors, be prosecuted for an article passed and approved by the regular press censorship. All the circles of society, from the highest to the lowest, were infested by numberless spies. Any imprudent word might prove fatal. Arrests and mysterious disappearances were of daily, or rather nightly, occurrence.

Tchernyshevsky could not long endure this morbid atmosphere. After spending one year (1850-51) in St. Petersburg as teacher at one of the ordinary schools of the capital, he resigned, and went back to his father's house at Saratoff, where he found employment as teacher at the provincial school, or gymnasium. Here, at a distance from the demoralizing influences of all the official and secret spies of the Government, the teaching and the methods of Tchernyshevsky were less interfered with. In a few months he had acquired the sympathy and friendship of his pupils, all of whom, even if differing in their opinions with their former master, have retained in after life a profound respect for his character. During the two years he spent in Saratoff the love romance of his life occurred. At the house of one of his father's friends, a poor old Government employee, he met the young girl with whom he fell in love and subsequently married. Before linking her life to his, however, he sincerely and openly exposed to her his political and social views. In a letter subsequently found, and most incriminating used against him on his last trial, Tchernyshevsky wrote to his bride:

"Remember, I may be arrested at any time. My lives are numerous, as my enemies, and I know no one to be trusted without fear. Be sure of one fact—that, once arrested, my sentence will follow with all patience, and tell the rascals to their face both this truth: Judge for yourself; have I a right to exist?"

In 1853 he married and returned to St. Petersburg. Here a year of bitter disappointment and misery awaited him and his young wife. As teacher he could find no employment, and he earned barely enough to live by translating German novels for Russian periodicals. As an illustration of the astonishing working power of his mind, let it here merely be said that "two months he learned enough English to enable him to translate not only novels, but scientific works; for instance, Mill's 'Political Economy.'" At the same time he found time to work at his baccalaureate dissertation on "Art and Reality," which he presented to the St. Petersburg University in 1855, the second year of Alexander's reign. In this remarkable essay Tchernyshevsky developed for the first time in Russia a strictly realistic doctrine of art, attempting to prove that there is no such thing as an absolute ideal, and that the conception of beauty, as well as the work of art, is subservient to and dependent upon the social and political tendencies and aspirations of each period in the history of mankind. This bold and outspoken little essay fell like a thunderbolt amid the old, fossil pillars of the university. A subversive odor seemed to rise from these pages, which struck the whole faculty of philology with awe. The degree was refused to Tchernyshevsky.

But of this he took but little heed. He felt that the time for his stepping to the front had come. The liberal atmosphere pervading the first years of the new reign had not yet evaporated. The emancipation of the serfs had been publicly promised by the Czar. The press, though still subjected to a preventive censorship, acquired the right to speak on some questions, at least, of public interest. The leading organ of the party then called the liberals, was the monthly review, *Sovremennik* ("The Contemporary"), established by the poet, Nekrassoff. Of this journal Tchernyshevsky became a contributor, then a co-editor. During six years he stood at the head of Russian political literature. The controversy to which emancipation gave rise, the chief issue in which was whether the land of the former serfs should become the common property of each village or the private property of each peasant, gave Tchernyshevsky the welcome opportunity to develop his social and economical views. This he did in a series of articles, apparently on the emancipation question, but constituting in reality a full explanation of the principles of modern socialism, adapted to the peculiar communal organization of land tenure in Russia. At the same time Tchernyshevsky published in the *Sovremennik* a series of politico-economical sketches in the form of a commentary upon John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Political Economy." This latter work is of a standard scientific value recognized by Mill himself and by Karl Marx, the founder of German scientific socialism. The social theories of Tchernyshevsky are based mainly on the system of Fourrier, without the fantastic and unrealizable dreams the latter indulges in. If Tchernyshevsky had been able to continue his studies and scientific pursuits, he would doubtless have conquered a prominent position among the first and ablest opponents of the so-called Manchester school in political economy.

This, however, was not to be. The influence which Tchernyshevsky had acquired over all the educated classes of Russian society (the *Sovremennik* attained in two years the then fabulous circulation of 20,000 copies) appeared alarming to the secret police of the Russian Government. Some disorders which broke out among the students of various universities added to the panic of the officials. A reaction, as senseless as the previous liberalism had been, set in. On the faith of an anonymous letter received by the Third Section (the secret Police) denouncing Tchernyshevsky as a "dangerous demagogue," he was arrested and locked up in an underground cell of the St. Petersburg fortress—the Golgotha of the noblest minds of the Russian people. No positive charge, however, could be brought against him, aside from the articles he had published in the *Sovremennik*, and these the Government censors themselves had sanctioned. What was to be done? The Third Section of his Majesty's Private Chancery—to give it its full title—is never at a loss in such cases. There were no charges, no witnesses against the political prisoner, and yet he was doomed. Charges must be forged against him, witnesses, incriminating him, must be bought. And so it happened. A well known agent of the secret police, one of the species known in France under the Second Empire as *agents provocateurs*, Vasenolaf Kostomaroff by name, forged some letters in Tchernyshevsky's handwriting in which the publication and dissemination among the people of an incendiary proclamation was advocated. The experts named by the special court which tried Tchernyshevsky's case to compare the handwriting of the accused with that in which the forged letter was written, declared unanimously that they could find but a very slight resemblance between both writings. Nevertheless the court, composed of Senators and other dignitaries of the realm pronounced Tchernyshevsky guilty of "plotting for the overthrow of the established order of government," and condemned him to hard labor in the Siberian mines for fourteen years, and to lifelong exile in Siberia. Tchernyshevsky had borne his trial calmly and silently. But when this barbarous sentence was pronounced his patience failed him, and he cried in a clear, ringing voice: "This is not a trial, but a ——! My poor Russia!" The gendarmes seized him by the collar and dragged him out of the court room.

These were the last words he spoke in this world. Sixteen years ago he was buried alive in a Nertchinsk mine. Since then not a word, not a sign of life, has come from him. Many attempts have been made on the part of the Nihilists, who all this time have been constantly gaining in strength and numbers, to rescue their great leader from his Siberian grave, but they all failed. One nearly succeeded. The conspirators, disguised as gendarmes, had forged an order of the Third Section for the transfer of Tchernyshevsky to another place of confinement. The local authorities believed in the order implicitly, and were about to deliver the prisoner to the pseudo gendarmes, when a soldier who was present noticed that their aiglets were fastened to the wrong shoulder. This aroused his suspicion, which he communicated to the authorities, and the whole band were arrested.

Thus the Russian Government has attained its object. It has crushed and killed the body of the man who was the first to aim a blow at the very foundations on which that Government still rests. But his spirit it has been unable to smother. It lives on in each of his writings, which, though severely prohibited, circulate by thousands or copies all over Russia. Among these, the novel, "Tchto Dielat?" ("What are we to do?"), which Tchernyshevsky wrote during his long imprisonment in the fortress, and which he has bequeathed, so to speak, as his last will to his followers, has become the most popular book. It contained, in the form of a love story, a full programme of action for the Radical party at the time, and it has had too powerful an influence on the development of the young generation in Russia to be disposed of in a line at the end of an article.

On the 19th of June, 1864, Tchernyshevsky was brought out of the fortress to hear the public reading of the sentence condemning him to hard labor. When he appeared on the scaffold, in a convict's dress, his hands and feet linked together with heavy chains, a shower of laurels and flowers was poured on him by the crowd of spectators. And thus, wreathed and embalmed, shall his memory remain for ever and ever in the minds of all generations of Russians to whom liberty and truth are not vain words, but principles worth living and dying for.

S. E. SHEVITCH.

MUSIC IN STONES.

A Cluster of Rocks that have Various Tones, Like a Chime of Bells.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., March 8.—It was 2 o'clock when our party reached "Ringing Rocks." The air of the afternoon was sharp and crisp, the ground well frozen, and most of the snow of winter had disappeared. We had come to ring a chime on the strange and wonderful metallic rocks that nature has so mysteriously placed here in a group. These rocks are on the farm of Abraham Mensch of Pottsgrove township, Montgomery County. They cover a space of about three-quarters of an acre. Our party consisted of ladies and gentlemen versed in music. Each selected a rock suitable to form a scale of eight notes. The leading gentleman took the rock known as the "State House bell." He struck it with a hammer, and it rang out very like the old Independence bell in Philadelphia before it was cracked. The tones of a number of stones were tested before each member of the party had selected one with a tone corresponding to his note of the scale. Finally eight rocks were chosen, and a few tunes, such as "Old Hundred," "Sweet By and By," and "Home, Sweet Home," were given with considerable clearness. Some of these rocks give forth a rich, full tone, which would vie with the best metal. The "State House rock" at one time was one of the largest. It has been broken off several times, but it still preserves its strong, full tone. The sound produced by striking the smaller rocks resembles that made when a blacksmith's anvil is struck, some being clearer than others, but no two are alike. Many sound as though car wheels were being tested by the hammer strokes of the station men. The "ringing rocks" have been visited by thousands. On the surfaces of many of them are marks resembling footprints of horses and other animals. Fac-similes of human footprints are also to be seen.

THE PURITANS OF THE SAHARA.

The Lost History of the Great Tribe of the Beni-Mezabs.

Since the project of a railroad across the desert of Sahara was first mooted in France, Frenchmen have been studying not only the desert soil, but also the character of the desert tribes. Last summer M. Masqueray, formerly charged with a mission to Algiers by the French Ministry of Public Instruction, undertook a journey to the territory of Ouad-Mezab, and has published a book about its inhabitants. The Beni-Mezabs, it appears, are an independent tribe. They pay France a yearly tribute of 45,000 francs, under a treaty which secures to them absolute self-government. Their religion is a sort of puritan Mohammedanism, all the more rigidly observed from the fact that they are surrounded by orthodox Arabs.

M. Masqueray, in the preface of his book, describes the obstacles that were thrown in his way. When he presented his letters of introduction in the Mosque of Ghardaia, he found himself in the presence of twelve silent priests, who received him with cold politeness, and who replied to his long speech: "You have no need of knowing our particular legislation, which, after all, consists merely of a wholesome interpretation of the Koran. Our history does not concern you. As for our books, we have paid our money for them, and there is no Government that has the right to order us to give them up." A few days later, one of these same priests proposed to M. Masqueray, with the innate cunning of his race, to compile for him a résumé of the tribal history. This was a mere trick. It was thought that a European traveller could not bear the heat of a Sahara summer; that M. Masqueray would be obliged to quit the country before the proposed work was completed. But the Frenchman was not to be trifled with. He soon discovered that the Beni-Mezabs were divided into two parties, the conservatives and the liberals. It was by playing upon the jealousies of these parties that he succeeded in his undertaking. The advanced liberals began to furnish him with some details, and the priests, after due reflection, thought it advisable to give him the complete documents. Thus, after a sojourn of about three months, M. Masqueray at length obtained two manuscript chronicles, a large volume of the laws of Ouad-Mezab, a work on the religious tenets of the tribe—ten manuscripts in all, absolutely unknown heretofore to the civilized world. M. Masqueray is silent about his personal dangers and hardships. Accustomed to African life, he has effaced his own personality to occupy himself exclusively with his mission and its results.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SAHARA PURITANS.

The title of the work he has translated and published is "The Chronicle of Abou Zakaria." This chronicle contains a large fragment of the history of northern Africa.

The Beni-Mezabs, who almost monopolize the trade of the inland portion of Algeria, are undoubtedly a people worthy of study. In the most desolate region of the Sahara they have created oases and built towns which are marvels of human enterprise. Ghardaia, Beni-Sgen, Melika, Bou-Noura, El Atef, Guerrara, and Berian are as coquettishly bright and neat as Algiers itself. In any one of these oases an buy English goods, Parisian perfumes, Italian *foulards*, note paper of Angoulême, and many other articles of use and luxury. Ghardaia has a population of about 7,000; Beni-Sgen, nearly 4,000. This reckoning comprises only residents; but the Beni-Mezabs are found in great numbers throughout Algeria. According to M. Masqueray they number at least 25,000 souls. To judge the tribal character from the specimens that are seen squatted in the shops of Algiers or Constantina would be unfair and misleading. There, as they themselves say, they are in a foreign country, and yet strangers. They attend wholly to their business as dealers in coal, meat, spices, and vegetables. At home, in the sand gardens of the Sahara, they are the most active and industrious of Moslems, and are to northern Africa what the Auvergnats are to Paris.

A tribal tradition relates that the Beni-Mezabs were originally an emigrant family from Syria. They are brothers of the Louatra-Berbers, a name which at once recalls the word *Loutea*, by which the Egyptians designated upper Syria. The Berber-Arab books are written in Arabic, but the language which they speak is nearly identical with the Berber dialect of the Sahara oases, notably of Figuig and Tafilett. This dialect has many affinities with the Armenian tongues, and offers an unexplored field to the philologist. In physiography, too, the Beni-Mezabs is singularly unlike that of the Arabs and Kabyles. The skin is olive-tinted, the beard scanty, the eyes very dark and of a metallic lustre. They are prone to embonpoint. They are industrious, taciturn, perfectly trustworthy, but extremely grasping.

HABITS OF THE PURITANS OF THE DESERT.

The Mohammedan sect to which the Beni-Mezabs belong still counts numerous adherents in the island of Djerba, in the Djebel Nefousa, in the Oman, and in the Hadramaut. It is the sect of Abdallah ben Ibad, who lived in Bassora at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Hence the Beni-Mezabs are sometimes called Ibadites. They differ from true orthodox Mohammedans as the Puritans differed from the prelatists. There is not an article of the Mussulman faith upon which they do not hold peculiar views. Their morals are much purer than those of their orthodox brethren. Their aim is to follow not so much the letter as the spirit of the Koran, and they hold that prayer is unavailing unless one fully comprehend the nature of an appeal to the Deity, and unless the heart and the body of the suppliant be alike stainless. They hate lying, and observe strict rules in their conduct in their intercourse with their neighbors. A fortune dishonestly acquired is considered an insurmountable obstacle to marrying. Plurality of wives is permitted, but not encouraged. They also disapprove of third marriages, as did the Montanists and Tertullianists, their ecclesiastic predecessors on the African soil. Before the arrival of the French they wore rude undergarments of wool, and the first looking-glass introduced into Melika was smashed by the elders. European contact has scarcely modified them, perhaps, because their city life is passed under the constant surveillance of ecclesiastical inspectors. If while abroad one of them drink excessively of wine, smoke tobacco, or otherwise misconduct himself, he is denounced and excluded from the community on his return to the Sahara; and he is received back again only after confession, absolution, and public penance. The few travellers who have visited the Beni-Mezabs found not a few of their practices analogous to those of Christianity, and it is not improbable that the tribe is related to the Coptics, or Monophysites, who, in many respects, may be said to be our nearest religious neighbors.

The role played in Africa by the Ibadites during the Middle Ages is treated of at length in M. Masqueray's volume. There was a time (790-909) when they covered the greater part of Tripoli, two-thirds of Tunis, and half of Algeria. The Arabian conquerors of the first century of the Hegira and the Aghlabites, their successors, were frequently repelled by the Berbers. In the space of a century, as the Arabian historians admit, the Berbers fought no less than 375 battles against the troops of the caliphs; and they fought because they were Ibadites. In Kairwan, the historians of the Berbers, barely mentions this struggle. Abou Zakaria, on the other hand, gives in his "Chronicle" an account full of precious details of this period in the history of the Ibadites. His narrative begins on the morrow of the assassination of Ali, the prophet's son-in-law, by the Ibadite Ibn Moldjam.

THE DR. COTTON MATHER OF THE SAHARA PURITANS.

The first personage extolled by Zakaria is a learned and liberal law maker, named Abou Obeida, who had been sentenced to death for schism. Abou Obeida hid himself, with some disciples, in a cave. Noteworthy among these disciples was a descendant of the Persian Kisras, who had been captured in Africa, and whose name was Abd el Rahman ben Rostem. These followers, like those of Christ, started out in all directions to preach the Gospel which they had received from Abou Obeida. Their departure is described in most affecting terms. Special mention is made of the beauty of Abd el Rahman ben Rostem. "He was so handsome," says the chronicle, "that Abou Obeida was obliged to stretch a veil between him and his companions, in order that they might remain collected during his lessons of law and theology. The women of Bassora wanted to behold him before his departure, and they addressed him, saying: 'Be blessed, O young man, like the sail which purifies, like the beam of the sun to which thou navest become!'"

Abd el Rahman ben Rostem and his companions preached Ibadism far and wide. Their lofty doctrine, which admitted but one master, God, and declared all pure men equal, became in the hands of its apostles a terrible weapon against the caliphs. It suited the Berbers of that epoch, who considered the Sultans of Bagdad as no better than the Czars of Rome and Byzantium. Fifty years later the king of western Aouras, Koutila, at the head of Berber troops, slaughtered the followers of Abou Obeida under the walls of Tebouda. Later the caliphs established their authority. But the Berbers were not subjugated. They waited for new apostles to bring them freedom.

The first Imam of the Ibadite Berbers was not Abd el Rahman ben Rostem, but one of his companions, Abou el Khattab. The Imam was originally a military and religious chief, elected by the universal vote of the believers. He was absolute master so long as he governed according to tradition. If he endeavored to make any innovation he was instantly cashiered, rebellion being in this case a sacred duty. He took advice from officers connected for their learning and austerity. Some laymen endeavored to establish a kind of parliamentary government; but the Ibadite doctors stopped that by a curious decision which the chronicler has preserved: "In the name of Allah, Clement and Merciful: Brothers, it is not consistent with the principles of Islam that the Imam should depend upon a charter, and should act according to the desires of a regular assembly. The office of the Imam is truth, and the charter a lie. To impose a charter upon him is equivalent to the suppression of justice, the abolition of authority, the annihilation of right."

Abou el Khattab ruled the provinces of Zanata and Louata, and conquered Tripoli and Djebel-Nefousa, which is still one of the bulwarks of Ibadism. Abd er Rahman ben Rostem was elected Imam after his death, founded Tiaret in 761, and created a veritable empire in Central Africa. His son, Abd el Ouahab, became Imam in turn, and proved the stoutest opponent of Arabian domination. It was he who destroyed the power of the Aghlabites. He had the glory of pushing Ibadism far into the heart of the Sahara. The Ibadites were the first to settle in this frightful country, before which the genius of Rome had halted in dismay; and if our civilization ever penetrates into the desert it must be in their tracks.

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS OF THE PURITANS.

Ibn Khaldoun, the historian, barely mentions Abd el Ouahab, and seemingly knows nothing of his successors. He also passes over in silence the divisions and revolutions which enfeebled their power. The Mezabik chronicle, on the contrary, abounds in important details concerning Felah, the son of Abd el Ouahab, Abu Bekr, and Mohammed, the son of Felah. Yousef, the son of Mohammed, and Yacoub, successor of Yousef, who were Imams of Tiaret between 780 and 909. The chronicle likewise explains their downfall. The power of the Imams was at the beginning a matter of popular franchise; under the influence of the Sheiks it became hereditary. Abd er Rahman ben Rostem was a sort of patriarchal chief; his grandson resembled Charles the Bald, and theology occupied his mind rather than the civil and military organization of his kingdom. "The door of his palace," says the chronicler, "resembled the entrance of a mosque." The ecclesiastical party deemed it well to further the interests of a line so pious. The Rostemites and the Ibadites sufficiently perceived the risk which they incurred under such a leadership; however clear might be the road to heaven with such a régime, a total renunciation of earthly emoluments was necessary. It was too late to turn back when they realized their situation. An enemy already menaced the frontier of the Ibadite empire, where defences were few and far between.

This enemy was not the Caliph of Bagdad. It is probable that some day the riddle of the origin of the Berbers will be solved, and that various groups which now are confounded together will be traced to widely different origins. It is certain that the Ketamas and the Sanhadjas, who have become the Kabyles of our days, were always divided from the Zenatas of Aouras and the Sahara. They were the Ketamas who, remaining quiet during the time in which Abd er Rahman and his sons were founding their empire at Tiaret, took arms against their descendants when they saw them reduced to the rôle of presents of cousin-germans. It was easy for them to find a pretext. At the commencement of the tenth century a certain Obeid Allah, coming from the East, announced himself to the Berber population as a messiah. They followed him and threw themselves upon the Zenatas. Tiaret was sacked, its immense library reduced to ashes, and the Imam Yagoub, protecting the rear guard of the faithful, betook himself to the south, where were the oases which the Ibadites had planted and cultured. He selected Ouargla, and, from sheer fatigue, delivered the government into the hands of the sheiks, withdrawing himself in Carlovingian fashion into a purely contemplative life.

THE WORK OF THE SAHARA PURITANS.

Since that time the Ibadites have been governed directly by the clergy. Small religious communities, leagued in common faith and institutions, were substituted for the older centralized government of the Imams. Incapable of joint action, they were unable to reconquer the Zenatas of the Sahara, who very rapidly diminished in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The great invasion of 1050, which was the true Arabian incursion, imposed the orthodox faith upon Tougourt, Souf, and Djerid. The remainder of the Ibadites were constrained to seek shelter in the most unfrequented portions of the Sahara—for example, in the desolate Chebka of Ouad-Mezab. There they worked wonders. They had not been able to found a durable government. But confined within a narrow space, and having neither priests nor soldiers to enforce the religious discipline, they realize the ideal of a religious society, laborious to excess, learned under a minute and severe discipline. The story soil of the Chebka was wholly incapable of nourishing vegetation, but they have bored in it nearly 1,000 wells averaging from 150 to thirty meters. Their meadows of palm trees are watered every other day like vegetable gardens, and beneath the interlaced crowns of these gigantic trees, the most beautiful, perhaps, in the whole Sahara, a multitude of fruit trees, orange trees and the like emulate their roots in small channels. As Ghadia tree, which sells on an average for 500 francs, yields a yearly profit of 15 per cent, and the territory of Ghardaia possesses not less than 70,000 of these trees, one may infer what wealth this little group of Ibadites has created from these two barren districts of the great desert. Not far from the meadows rise the towns, which are all surrounded by huge walls surmounted by a fortress and a mosque. The houses are all conical in form.

M. Masqueray promises to continue the translation of the historical and legislative documents from the tenth to the present century, and to show that the schisms between the Christian Church and the Christian State are fully paralleled in the history of this curious people. He intends to show that it was high time the priests should resign power and concern themselves with the tolba, or ritual. "Their business is with our funerals," said these radicals of the desert.

LELAND CASTLE TRANSFORMED.

Hunting and Couch Horses, Polo Ponies, Fox Hounds, Foxes, and Pigeons.

A charming rural retreat, heretofore known as Leland Castle, on the outskirts of New Rochelle, has been leased to the Queens County Hunting Club, with the privilege of purchasing. The castle was built in solid English fashion by Mr. Simeon Leland several years ago. The building, with its lofty halls, commodious rooms, turrets, towers, and well-wooded and fruited grounds, comprising forty acres of landscape park, is said to have cost upward of $200,000. Reverses and the death of Mr. Leland have caused his widow to part with the property.

The Queens County Hunting Club is composed of members of the Coaching Club, Polo Club, Westminster Kennel Club, and the Westchester Hares and Hounds. The leading spirits are Col. Delancey Kane, President, of New Rochelle; Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, Mr. F. Gray Griswold, master of the hunt; Messrs. August Belmont, Jr.; A. Belmont Purdy, R. Center, C. H. Peters, Frank Iselin, Dr. Greene, and other well-known lovers of field sports.

These gentlemen have changed the name of their headquarters from Leland Castle to Castle Inn. It is proposed to have two fox hunts a week during the season, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the first one to take place in about a week. The hunts will be open to all ladies and gentlemen wishing to participate, whether members of the club or not.

Col. Kane is to run his four-in-hand Tally Ho between the Hotel Brunswick and Castle Inn daily Saturdays excepted, during the coaching season, beginning about April 7. The distance is twenty miles. According to the English custom of coaching, there will be a horse for each mile—that is, Col. Kane will have a stable of twenty coach horses for the relays. The coach is to leave the Brunswick at 10 A. M., arrive at the castle at noon, and return at 3½ P. M., reaching the Brunswick at 5½ P. M.

In addition to coaching and hunting, facilities will be furnished for polo games, pigeon matches, and other outdoor sports. "Castle Inn and its grounds will be thrown open to the public," said Col. Kane, "on the British principle that everybody is free and equal on the turf and under it."

It was intended to have had a little gathering on the new grounds on Tuesday, but the storm prevented a meeting. There are already thirteen or fourteen horses in the comfortable box stalls of the stables, while stalls have been spoken for for fourteen more to arrive soon. Forty fox hounds are eagerly awaiting a chance to scour the fields, five doomed foxes have been caged for the hunts, and a large number of pigeons are ready for shooting. The pigeons are to be furnished shooters at cost price. The hunting grounds will extend to Jerome Park in the direction of the city, and west from Castle Inn to Yonkers.

The castle will not be given over to the club until to-morrow, when Mrs. Leland will have completed the removal of her household goods. Castle Inn will then be immediately furnished by the club for their visitors. When the coach deposits its load of passengers under the great stone archway at the main door, if there are any Englishmen among them they may imagine themselves back in their native land before some of its famous strongholds.

The entire road from Harlem Bridge to the castle is to be well bulkheaded and made solid and smooth by macadamizing where needed. This will make the drive more enjoyable than it was when the coach ran to a country inn in New Rochelle two years ago.

Col. Kane was busily engaged on Tuesday in making arrangements for the success of the new enterprise. A number of gentlemen interested in the hunt have guaranteed sufficient money for the maintenance of Castle Inn.

Aged Women Voters in New Hampshire.

From the Concord Patriot.

Mr. William B. Buntin, who is engaged in canvassing Ward Five for the names of male and female voters to be placed on the check list which is to be used at the next school meeting, has furnished us with the names and ages of the following persons who have registered: Mrs. Caroline Isaac Hill, 91; Mrs. Harriet Jones, mother of Mrs. Abiel Smart, 95; Mrs. Hannah Smart, mother of Abiel Smart, 88; Mrs. Susan A., mother of James R. Hill, 88; Mrs. Elizabeth, mother of Cyrus S. Corning, 83; Mrs. Jane, mother of D. L. Guernsey, 80. The female voters in all the wards of the city will average two to one of the males.

NEWS OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

A Few Extracts from the Court Journals under the Empire of Ulysses I.

In a pamphlet called "The Coming Crown," recently published in Philadelphia, we find the following items of general interest:

From the Court Journal, Sept. 1, 1882.

His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Ulysses I., accompanied by the Empress, the Crown Prince Frederick, and a numerous suite, arrived at the palace yesterday after a week's visit to the Duke of Pennsylvania, at his palatial residence, Cameron Hall, Harrisburg. His Imperial Majesty, we are happy to announce, is in the best of health. The imperial escort consisted of a battalion of the Guards and two companies of the Household Cavalry.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Nellie will not return to England. We are in a position to state that the consort of her Royal Highness, Algernon Sartoris, Esq., is to be raised to the peerage under the title of Earl of Granton. We further understand that the Earl of Granton is to be appointed Governor, with the title of Lord Lieutenant of the Province of Illinois, and that it is the intention of the Imperial Government to vote $25,000 per annum upon his lordship. A vice-regal palace is to be built at Springfield, the Privy Council having issued an order for the razing of the capitol of the former State of Illinois, and the residence of the Lord Lieutenant will be erected on the site.

Sir O. E. Babcock, whose devotion to the imperial cause, and whose conspicuous gallantry at Albany, N. Y., when the Republican army under Fenton was so completely defeated by the imperial troops, have deservedly gained him so many marks of imperial favor, is now, we are glad to state, quite convalescent. He remains at the imperial villa, Long Branch, for a few days more, when he will return to his palace in Genoa, his duties as Principal Equerry in attendance on his Imperial Majesty.

Lord and Lady Edward Perrepont, Baron Jay Gould, and Sir Whitelaw Reid of New York, who have been on a visit to Lord George M. Robeson of New Jersey, at Secor Hall, Cape May, arrived in town yesterday for the season.

The magnificent yacht which his Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince Frederick, has been pleased to accept as a present from James Gordon Bennett, Esq., of New York, has arrived in the Potomac. She is named the "Ulysses," and is a masterpiece of naval architecture.

From the Imperial Standard, Oct. 1, 1882.

New York, Sept. 30.—The last of the eighteen prisoners condemned to death by the Imperial Military Commission which closed its sittings at Governor's Island on the 20th, was executed at daybreak this morning. The condemned man, Thomas Nast, who was a caricaturist on *Harper's Weekly* before that diabolical sheet was suppressed in June last, was accused of high treason by plotting against the crown and dignity of his Imperial Majesty and by circulating a so-called cartoon representing his Imperial Majesty as Nero. The execution was private, but it is understood that the death was painful, the wretched traitor's life not being extinct for several minutes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 30.—A splendid entertainment is to be given at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening known as the Union Leagues—in honor of his Grace the Duke of Pennsylvania, who is expected to arrive in this city next week. Sir William Stewart, Mayor of the city, at the head of the Committee of Arrangements, and Lord St. Ledger and Baron Rothan (better known heretofore as G. Washington Childs, A. M., and Tony Drexel, Esq.) have each contributed $10,000 to the fund.

Work is being vigorously pushed forward at the new mint in the city replacing the Union Mint, on the site that of the empire. The new gold pieces are of beautiful design, and the specimen kindly shown us by Lord Snowdon of Pennsylvania, Director-General of the Imperial Mints, is a masterpiece of the engraver's art. The obverse bears the bust of his Imperial Majesty, surrounded by the legend, "Ulysses I., Emperor," with the date "1882," while on the obverse appears the imperial eagle, with the arms—the sheaf of Hand—in the Latin inscription, "Aut Cæsar aut nullus," a translation of the memorable words uttered by his Imperial Majesty when he ascended the throne.

Sir Alexander Sheppard has, we are glad to announce, been again signally honored by his Imperial Majesty, an imperial rescript appointing the worthy baronet to the responsible and lucrative position of Court Chamberlain. We understand that his Imperial Majesty has been graciously pleased to dispense with a salary of $20,000 per annum in lieu of the emoluments of this honorable office.

The Hon. John W. Forney of Pennsylvania arrived in town yesterday, and had the honor of an audience with his Imperial Majesty. Col. Forney's devotion to the imperial cause before the establishment of the empire is well known, and it is the opinion in court circles that the veteran journalist will receive some substantial marks of his Imperial Majesty's favor.

Rumors were current in the capital yesterday that Charles A. Dana of New York, the disloyal and virulent Unionist, whose opposition to the imperial cause was so pronounced in the memorable Presidential Imperial Majesty in 1880, has been arrested near Buffalo. Dana's disloyal sheet, The Sun, it will be remembered, was summarily suppressed, and two of its editors transported for life when the imperial troops entered New York city.

The old figure of Liberty, which surmounted the dome of the Capitol here, has been taken down and a colossal statue of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Ulysses I., is to replace it. The statue will be of bronze, and is after a design furnished by Miss Lavinia Hunter. It will be surmounted by a crown, which at night will be illuminated by the electric light, and thus be visible for nearly fifty miles.

From the Army and Navy News.

The new ironclads, Ulysses I., Empire, and Imperial, the keel of each of which was laid forward by Baron Nathaniel McKay, Superintendent of the Imperial Navy Yard, are now almost completed, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George M. Robeson of New Jersey, accompanied by a numerous suite, will make an official visit to the yard early next week.

It has been officially decided by the Minister of War that the new uniform of the cavalry of the line shall be somewhat similar to those of the German Uhlans. The Imperial Guards of the Empire, composed of the cavalry of the Royal Life Guards of the British service, and the Household Cavalry will retain their present picturesque and distinctive style. It is understood that the strength of the army of occupation in the United States, after a conference of the principal officers of rank, at which his Imperial Majesty presided, The effective strength of the entire, including infantry, cavalry, artillery, as well as the engineers, signal corps, &c., will be 400,000 men.

A Calamity Indeed.

From the Poughkeepsie Press.

At the Eastman Skating Park a belle, who is renowned for her charming figure, her elegance of dress, and her skill upon skates, was performing the most fascinating feats at her command, when she suddenly stumbled and fell. Before assistance could arrive, however, she regained her feet, but unfortunately the point of her skate had torn her stocking, though of the fact she was unaware, as she sped along. Her progress, however, for course was marked by a steady stream of sawdust from the shapely limb to which the wounded stocking belonged. She hastily took off her skates, and has not been on the ice since.

The Divine Life.

From McMillan's Magazine.

"Who lived amongst men." (In the original draft of the Nicene Creed—from the Creed of the Catechist of Palestine.)

Where shall we find the Lord?
Where seek His face adored?
Is it apart from men,
In green sequestered den,
Or in the solitude of God,
Or mountain solitude,
Or lonely mystic grotto,
That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

Where shall we trace the Lord?
I was at the cradle head,
Amidst the innocent mirth
And hallowed toys of earth,
Glow brightened side by side,
With bride-groom and the bride,
Whilst flowed the cheering wine,
That first appeared the Life Divine.

What was the blest abode,
Where dwelt the Son of God?
Beside the plain I trod
Where thousands pressed the door,
Where town with hamlet vied