SOME NEW BOOKS.

Our Indian Question.

Three interesting essays on the history, present situation, and prospects of the Indians dwelling within the territory of the United States have been lately published in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*. Taken together, they constitute a valuable contribution to our means of reaching a full and correct understanding of an urgent public question.

So far as our sympathy for the red men is founded on a consciousness of the wrongs they have suffered at our hands through the repeated violation of treaties, it is, of course, justifiable. But those who are disposed to take a sentimental view of our relations to the native tribes should not overlook the fact that the history of the aborigines in their transactions with each other is a frightful record of treachery, robbery, and cruelty, to which the annals of the human race scarcely afford a parallel. This fact is brought out with much force by Capt. E. Burton, who reviews the multitudinous intercecine wars which have taken place among the North American Indians since the colonization of the country. The claim of an Indian tribe to the region they hunted in was respected by other red men just so long as the claimants were strong enough to hold their own, and no longer. It is doubtful whether at the date of the first English settlements a single Indian tribe was living on territory which it could equitably claim as its own country. The right to the lands occupied was simply the right of conquest, and that, too, a very recent conquest, not yet hallowed by prescription.

We are reminded also by Capt. Butler that in our struggle for independence the Continental Congress strove in vain to induce the Indian tribes to remain neutral. Commissioner after commissioner was sent to them, address after address issued, council after council held—but to no purpose. There were for a time ambiguous declarations and deceitful delays, but in the end almost all of the native tribes took up the hatchet against the patriots. The colonies were too poor to vie with the British Government in the bestowal of presents, and the red men not unnaturally supposed the richest to be the strongest. It would take volumes to record the atrocities committed by the Indians during the Revolution on the frontier settlements of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Even to read of them, now that a hundred years have passed, chills the blood and drives the reader heartsick from the page. As Capt. Butler remarks after reviewing in some detail the part taken by the Indians throughout the contest, the debt we owe the native tribes for their action in that crisis of our national existence is one which a civilized and Christian nation cannot pay in kind.

These unpleasant memories are recalled to explain, though not to justify, the tardiness with which the liberated colonies awoke to a lively sense of their duty toward the native tribes, and the somewhat different spirit which for a time marked our treatment of them, as contrasted with the attitude of the British Government toward the Indians in its Canadian possessions. It is customary, indeed, with some writers to assume that at all times our conduct has seemed signally unjust when compared with the action of the Canadian authorities. Capt. Butler succeeds in demonstrating that this unfavorable parallel is not sustained by facts. The contrast, for instance, between the treatment of the Appalachian tribes, the Sacs and Foxes, the Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandottes, to all of whom we were indebted only for acts of war, pillage, and atrocity, and that of the Mohawks, whose fidelity to the British was steadfast and serviceable, is far from being discreditable to the United States Government. Neither has our equitable conduct toward the native tribes dwelling on the territory ceded by the republic of Mexico received due recognition. In view of the Mexican law, which was explicit on this point, the United States Supreme Court decided that the Indians within the ceded region are, by virtue of the treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, citizens of the United States, having the same rights as other citizens, but no special privileges. In other words, they can only acquire a title to land by special grant. Nevertheless our Government has, in practice, made no distinction between them and Indians living on territory ceded to Great Britain, Spain, or France. The same treaty-making power has been conceded to them, reservations have been assigned to them, they have been placed in the charge of agents, and fed and clothed like other Indians within our limits. We may add that Indian titles which could not be proved, and which conflicted with the more reasonable claims of other tribes, have been repeatedly extinguished by double purchases. Since 1780 more than a hundred millions of dollars have been paid to Indian tribes for the surrender of districts which had become quite useless to them through the disappearance of animals of the chase, and which, had they ever been industrious and disposed to agriculture, they never could have cultivated. The annuities resulting from these sales of land are to day supporting tribes which without such aid would exist only in name. "He who believes that all the misery of the Indians has been caused by the coming of the whites," writes one who has lived among them for twenty years, "should know that whole tribes have starved and died in the winter, because in the autumn they were too lazy to gather what Providence placed before them."

But while the indignation so vehemently expressed by philanthropists may not be justified by the letter of the official record, no one certainly would affirm that the Indians have no ample grounds of complaint as regards the execution of treaties, and especially the conduct of the agents appointed in pursuance of their provisions. Candidly and closely scrutinized, our Indian question will be found to be concerned not so much with principles as with the loyal and consistent application of them in particular instances. The Interior Department is no doubt placed at a considerable disadvantage, in comparison with the War Department, by the curtailment through party exigencies of an agent's term of office to about four years. An employee who enters the Indian service without any previous experience is only beginning to learn something about Indians at the close of that short period. It may be admitted also that the salary of an Indian agent is not commensurate with the importance and responsibility of the position. Nor should we overlook the fact that an agent who has in charge only a few hundred semi-civilized Indians, whose subjugation may date back half a century, receives as much compensation as one who has to control eight or ten thousand semi-hostile Indians, still in a state of almost primitive barbarism.

Among other remediable errors in the management of the Indian department, Capt. Butler dwells on the difficulties caused by the ignorance and incapacity of the persons not unfrequently employed as interpreters. These are not uncommonly vicious half breeds, or illiterate and degraded whites of the class known on the frontier as "squaw men." The curious fact is stated by a high authority on Indian matters that it is generally the most debased in morals and the lowest in intellectual capacity who acquire most readily some little oral command of the Indian tongues. In view of this state of affairs, Capt. Butler suggests that it might be a judicious step for the Government to train a corps of competent interpreters by taking annually a certain number of intelligent white youths and causing them to be carefully instructed in the Indian languages, attaching them permanently to the Indian Bureau, and detailing them, when expedient, to the various agencies. The truth, no doubt, is that with efficient, honest, adequately paid agents, and with a body of certainly competent and trustworthy interpreters, it could make but little difference whether the Indians were under the control of a civilian attached to the Interior Department or under one connected with the War Department.

Great stress is naturally laid in all of these three essays upon the absolute necessity of a strict system of accountability on the part of the subordinates intrusted with the execution of treaties. Gen. Gibbon advocates the transfer of Indian affairs to the War Department, because he thinks experience demonstrates that a sound system of responsibility in money matters cannot be established in the Department of the Interior. That in some few instances the appointees of the Indian Bureau have proved honest, zealous, and efficient agents, does not in his opinion impugn the rule that as a general thing they are unsuccessful and untrustworthy. It is pointed out that these civilians who accept positions on the frontier find themselves in novel circumstances, prominent among which is a total absence of anything like moral responsibility. They are practically free to do as they please, unrestrained by any fear of detection. With such surroundings a good man is liable to fall into error, while a bad man becomes worse. Earnest attempts have unquestionably been made from time to time by commissioners and by Secretaries of the Interior to bring about a change, but in every instance the system of management, or rather the utter lack of system, has proved too strong for the efforts of individuals. In spite of such occasional endeavors at reform, agents, inspectors, and even Indian Commissioners have gone down only to give place to others who have in turn given occasion to the same sad scandals. There is, in Gen. Gibbon's judgment, but one remedy for these evils, and that is to introduce in the Indian Bureau, provided the management of Indian affairs shall continue to be confided to the Interior Department—a system of rigorous responsibility, modelled as closely as possible on that obtaining in the army.

In the course of his essay Gen. Gibbon examines at some length the question what is the best way to insure the progress of the Indians toward civilization. He can find no warrant in history for supposing that savage tribes can be suddenly transformed from men entirely dependent on the fruits of the chase into tillers of the soil. They are observed as a rule to pass through an intermediate pastoral stage. We are reminded that already, thanks to the introduction of horses on this continent, the great mass of our Indians have acquired some propensity to pastoral habits. The Indian boy or girl is accustomed every day and night to herd horses, and in time of danger to corral them. Would it not, asks Gen. Gibbon, be a reasonable step to take advantage of such inchoate pastoral tastes and habits, and give our native tribes other animals, and especially cows, for breeding purposes? It is certain that kine thrive admirably in all of the vast region which extends westward from the Mississippi River, up to the 49th parallel, at all events, and probably beyond. They live out in the open air and feed themselves, with no other shelter than the timber found in the river bottoms and gulches. This country, which has in times past supported numerous herds of buffalo, might support a like number of the buffalo's kindred, our domestic cattle. We must bear in mind, too, that the latter do not wander over such wide areas as do the buffalo, that a herd once occupying a certain range will remain there permanently, and hence the tribe which owned it would not be compelled to rove so far in search of animal food. In short, to endow an Indian tribe with herds of domestic cattle would insure to it a fixity of position which under the buffalo régime is an impossibility. In this way the interests of the Indians might be localized, and a long step taken toward the establishment of a fixed abode. A log house, a garden patch, and a field of corn should follow in logical sequence, if these points could be attained, the Indian would be on the road to civilization. Gen. Gibbon fortifies this suggestion by the recent experience of the Crow Indians. The reservation of this tribe is a magnificent grazing region, upon the western portion of which, as late as 1876, buffaloes were accustomed to feed in immense numbers. It is now improbable that they will ever return there, and the result is that the Crows are continually obliged to leave their reservation in order to get an adequate supply of animal food. Had a comparatively small sum been invested for their benefit in domestic cattle a few years ago, the Crows could to-day have been abundantly provided with nourishment directly at their doors. That the plan advocated by Gen. Gibbon is practicable has been, we are told, demonstrated by experiments on a small scale, under the supervision of the military authorities on the Missouri River and at Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone. In these instances captured Indian ponies were sold and the price converted into breeding cattle. The writer of this essay argues that the immediate application of the cattle scheme is the more desirable for the reason that many of the tribes still occupy sparsely settled districts, where for a few years they are not likely to be encroached upon to any great extent. Should, therefore, the Indians be furnished with cattle now, and the process of transition to a pastoral state be fairly begun, they would find themselves, when the hour of encroachment comes—as come it must—in a relatively independent situation, with plenty of food and fixed abodes.

In the course of his personal experience Gen. Gibbon has had occasion to witness some of the shameless speculations committed by the agents of the Interior Department in recent years. Two typical instances deserve mention. It seems that a herd of cows and calves was started for a distant agency, there to be used for domestic and breeding purposes. When it reached there it was composed of all the broken-down oxen and yearlings that could be picked up along the road. All the good cows and heifers had been disposed of on the way, but as the number of head was correct, the receiving agent made no objection. Another piece of rascality was exposed by an army officer who saw it, and this incident is one of a class of facts which possibly account for the antagonism existing between the Indian Bureau and the War Department. We are told that an officer of an important post on the Missouri River had his suspicions excited while witnessing the delivery of a quantity of beef cattle to the agent by observing that the weight of the cattle was excessive. He noticed the smell of blacking, and also that the hands of the employees who did the weighing were blackened by using the weights. An examination of these disclosed the fact that holes had been drilled into all the iron weights except one, and that these holes had then been filled in with cork and blackened over. Thereupon the inspecting officer refused to certify to the receipt of the cattle, kept some of the weights, against the protest of the agent, and reported the facts to his commanding officer. The weights were kept locked up, the keys, however, being delivered to the agent. An estimate was subsequently made as to the amount of loss incurred by the Government and the Indians through these fraudulent weights, and it was found to be about twelve per cent. The sequel of this incident is peculiarly significant. At the request of the Interior Department, the post—although it was situated in the midst of a large tribe—was soon afterward abandoned, the Indian agent having expressed an opinion that he could control the Indians without the help of soldiers.

It was the avowed policy of the late Secretary of the Interior to gradually concentrate all the Indians upon a few extensive reservations. This course was unquestionably commended by some plausible considerations. It entailed the concentration of the military force in large masses, and permitted the employment of fewer agents, who could at the same time be more amply recompensed for faithful and efficient services. But, as Lieut. Wood points out in one of the essays under review, there is a fatal objection to the policy adopted by Secretary Schurz. It inevitably led to an uprooting and aggregating of Indians against their will and in the teeth of treaty obligations. We have said that the record of our Indian treaties, regarded as a whole, will compare not unfavorably with that of the analogous compacts made by the Canada Government, so long as we look merely to the text and not to its execution. But there have been of late years some transactions which oblige us to qualify that statement. For example, by the treaty of 1855 the Wallowa Valley was guaranteed to Old Joseph as a home for his band of Nez Perces. By the treaty of 1863, ratified four years later, it was taken away from him against his protest. By Executive order of 1873, however, it was restored to his people, at that time under the chieftaincy of his son and successor, Young Joseph. But by Executive order of 1875 the valley was again thrown open for settlement; the Nez Perces became renegades, were ordered to the Lapwai reservation, and war was the result. It is equally impossible to justify the forcible removal of the Poncas in open disregard of treaty obligations. By the Sioux treaty of 1868 the Ponca reservation was, by error of the United States, ceded to the Sioux, who were the enemies of the Poncas. According to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, this blunder necessitated the removal of the Poncas to the Indian Territory; but most persons would suppose that if the United States ceded what they had no right to cede, the cession must go for nothing.

It is not generally known that at least half a score of treaties made with various tribes of Indians a quarter of a century ago pledged them among other things lands in severalty for homesteads; but in this particular the compacts remain unexecuted to this day. The legal status of the Indians in relation to the land they occupy is discussed by Lieut. Wood with much acuteness and sound judgment. He does not advocate any sudden and violent change in the existing system of tribal occupation, but only such gradual and partial modifications as are permitted and even called for by treaties. It seems clear that if each Indian were allowed and encouraged to take and hold in severalty a certain adequate proportion of his reservation or other public land, he would tend to become fixed and individualized. Protected by a deed which the law would uphold, he would learn to feel self-confidence, the roving instinct and the tribal bond would be weakened, and a step would be taken toward assimilation with his white neighbors. It is suggested that by way of precaution the land might be granted to him in a species of fee tail for about three generations, after which a title by fee simple should vest in his heirs or devisers. For a time, at all events, it would be expedient to deny him all power of alienating his land, and all chances of encumbrance by mortgage or otherwise should also be removed. The title to the property might be qualified for a still longer period than three generations by a restriction as to alienation to any person of white blood. It is further suggested that the United States District Attorney might be designated by law as the counsel for Indians in all actions affecting real property, except, of course, those in which the United States should be plaintiff, or unless the suit should involve two parties having a right to the same counsellor, in which cases some temporary appointment could be made.

The views here propounded by Lieut. Wood should not be regarded as purely theoretical, for they have been occasionally carried out in practice. He has himself seen, he tells us, hundreds of comparatively well-ordered Indian farms, the owners of which were little likely to try the hazards of the war path, and were only anxious for a guarantee of title. It appears, too, that the Indians of the Umatilla reservation, already feeling the hand of the white men at their throats, are clamoring for small farms to be held in severalty. So are the Nez Perces of Idaho, and so are the Arizona Indians. Indeed, Lieut. Wood is led by his own observations to believe that were any intelligent Indian asked what were the great troubles of his people, he would in substance answer: The lack of an assured possession of their individual homesteads, and the absence of any means for the prompt and orderly redress of individual grievances. M. W. H.

Love Among the Cheese Makers.

From the London Athenæum.

A privately printed little book, "Country Conversations," has fallen in our way. It is full of humor of the drollest and raciest kind. The lady who edits it explains in a short preface that her sister, "living for nearly fifty years in a country home, had cultivated habits of the most friendly intimacy with her neighbors." She had an excellent memory, and wrote down, almost word for word, the more notable conversations she held with the farmers and farmers' wives in the cheese-farming parts of Cheshire. The absolute accuracy of these records is vouched for, and they are certainly amusing.

Mrs. Harland and other family friends form the group. "Mary," says her mother, "is very good, prudent girl. She says to me one day, as she was breaking the curd, 'Mother, I will never let anyone my affections on no man till I have proven him to be pious and in good circumstances.' But Mary has disappointed me. "Sixteen or seventeen letters you've turned back, isn't it?" asks Mrs. Harland. "I can't say for certain, I'll tell you, Miss G., how I serve them. I wish to show them every respect, so I put a right down good envelope, not one of them dirty things, and I put the gentleman's letter in it, with a small bit of paper wrapped round it, with these words: 'Mary Harland is much obliged, but she is engaged.' I used to put 'but she is too young before I was turned twenty-one;' but some of them wrote again twice, and then I was forced to explain my sentiments." At last a certain Robert Thornton seems to interest her; but then he wasn't pious, and until he was she would have nothing to say to him. However, he did his best, "and went on writing the beautifulest of letters, mentioning his situation pretty offen," and at a class meeting he declared himself "on the Lord's side."

"Miss G.—You were much pressed, Mary?

"Mary H.—I can't say as I was, for I knew I should have to put him off with something else. The evening after the morning Robert came to me as I was skimming, and says, 'Mary, you said you couldn't marry me till I was converted, and now, as I've made that all right, I hope you'll give me satisfaction.' 'Robert,' I said, 'I'm glad as you've turned your mind into the right road, and I hope it is sincere; but we've had a heavy make of cheese this year, and mother's arms is getting weak, and I couldn't think of leaving her to turn them.'"

Mrs. Harland was appealed to, but was obdurate, and only said to Robert, "A good wife is a valuable thing, and you must learn to wait patiently for one." So he says, "Well, I wanted to have had Mary five years ago. 'Yes,' says I, 'you did Robert; more's the pity.' But we were as unreasonable, just after the Lord had taken our poor Sophia, to think as we could part with another to you, and a cheese every day, and Hemily only eleven!" And then, in another conversation, Mrs. Harland relates how Robert grew ill and rather despairing; but "I spoke quite decisive to Robert. 'Robert,' says I, 'if Mary's not worth waiting for, she's not worth having; young women is not reared to be given to young men just for the asking.'"

However, at last Mary gets married, and Mrs. Harland tells Miss G., "The week before she was married I said I could not go through with it; but my husband and sons were both on Robert's side, and the five years were ordered and there were seven of them, so I was forced to give way; but I always said keen to it, Miss G., that I am as fine a mother-in-law as any gentleman in all England. Before ever Robert took her to the church, I said to him, 'Now, Robert, you go down on your knees and thank me for letting you have her;' and he went down as composed as he could be."

There is not a dull page, hardly a dull sentence in the book.

An Italian and Egyptian Love Affair.

From the Manchester Guardian.

NAPLES, July 5.—That the course of true love sometime runs smooth has been verified in Naples, or rather Resina, within the last three or four days. On the 22d of February, 1880, a young lady fled from the residence of the ex-Khedive, and took refuge in a house on the opposite side of the road. There was a young gentleman, Italian by birth, who received her. All the preliminaries of courtship had been carried on by signs with which Neapolitans, as well as Orientals, are familiar, but they were the eyes which completed the conquest. What was to be done with the "innamorata," however, after her escape?

The laws of the country forbade compulsion, and of her own free will she would not return to the house of the Khedive. A marriage was, therefore, projected, but there were difficulties in the way. By the civil law of Italy certain formalities were required which could not be carried out in the exceptional circumstances in which the lady was situate.

After the space of sixteen months the grave difficulties were overcome, the sympathies of some influential friends had been secured to and awakened, and the King having given his consent, Signor Pasquale Vellari and the Signorina Nasik-Musak, which being interpreted means "infinite goodness," were married on the evening of the 30th of June, by the syndic of Resina. Every one must entertain the hope that "Infinite Goodness" will never be exhausted, and that the honeymoon will endure to mortal life.

What the precise position of Nasik-Musak was in the household of the Khedive it is difficult to say, but it was that not unusual the supreme honors of the harem. Ever since the arrival of Ismail Pasha great curiosity has been felt by the Neapolitans—or they would have belied themselves—as to the ladies under his protection. When living on board the Egyptian steamer they brought their harem boats were constantly plying around, and on the removal of the establishment to Pausilippo some persons were so indiscreet in their approaches to the palace of the Khedive as to require the interference of the police. The only instance of an escapade is that of "Infinite Goodness," which has ended well.

FAIR VISIONS OF POETS.

On An Old Theme.

Partly a lark that greets with song the morning,
Partly a swan that sails at eve the mere,
Half like a rose the carmine ways adorning,
Half like a lily, blanched as it in fear.
She I adore combines in her sweet presence
The grace and tone of both, the flowers' hue and essence.

But, like the rose, one petal is not flawless,
And, like the lily, one leaf shows a stain;
Now, as the lark, the flight at times is lawless,
Or, as the swan, the voice, perchance, gives pain;
Yet still my worship knows no least cessation,
Gaining each day fresh force and consecration.

That which is here, being so, must keep forever
Something for me which made my heart first beat;
While from her very sins I cannot sever
The charm that clothes her merits most complete,
That is alone true love which holds its treasure
Far beyond scope of earthly rule or measure!

Wondering chiefly, in profound abatement,
How it has won a crown so choice and rare,
And dreading vaguely some human displacement,
Which would convert its wonder to despair;
For thus Love's worship holds, like priests' religion,
The fear of pain and loss, and darkness Stygian.

JOHN MORAN.

Lines by the Late Dean Stanley.

From the Spectator.

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Thy lot we take
Thy life we share,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad cares,
Our yearning wills shall clash,
By ceaseless love, and self-forgetful wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissoluble chain,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us sever,
O voice yet music-sweet!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Thro' lonely years
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall give more than we lost the world;
Which needs but that one ink which none may sever;
Till, thro' the Only Word,
Heard, felt, and absolved,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

In Blossom Time.

From the London Temperance Chronicle.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
O bird, sing out to the sky!
And how's Love's happy time, O clever bird—
There are none in your calendar!

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous cups of the flowers all
Brimming my soul away!

For O, but the world is fair, is fair;
And O, but the world is sweet!
I will cut in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will tell in the silent ways,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the before-my green, O thrush,
Thy lays sing in the lone;
Sing loud, sing out, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

ISA D. COLSHIN.

With a Casket of Letters.

From the London World.

What I have written is written,
And never can be rewritten one day,
In this casket where every casket,
Dated, and hidden away,
Will yield such a tale of a woman's heart to another,
Although you swear now I be true,
That I hope that you will burn every letter,
Lest she should discover them, too.

You exclaim I say this to no moment,
To need at the love you have sworn;
Kiss lightly the words I have written to you,
And vow they shall never be torn.
And that it this casket I hope not to sever
The letters that now I entrust,
You will throw yonder fire a river,
Or live like a moth in a crust.

Yet why should you think I would wound you?
I know you have loved truly,
And all I have said in these letters
I think that I, too, dear, have proved;
And I was so long you thought you say, dear,
That your heart will be true to me true,
But every one say we have changed, dear,
And so I suppose that they do.

So, if in the unknown future
You chance on this love verse,
You need not, as you once promised,
Kiss lightly the words of your curse.
There is no need to place them in square tombs—
Any tomb of a faded flower,
Will hold them safely, if you, dear, and I
Are dead and in the tomb.

Still, what I have written is written,
And here you will find my heart;
When most of my words are forgotten,
And half of your vows shall depart,
But you need think only of me, dear,
Or I know that you haven't been true,
For I know you will find in your heart, dear,
That I shall have changed, too, too.

Gentle Influences.

From Chambers's Journal.

Violets in the hedge of spring
By their odors are betraying;
Soft winds, over flower-beds blown,
Reveal their secret as they pass;
Dews, on the moonlit leaves distilling,
Were unknown earth's slumbering breast;
Rills, from out the black hillsides,
Sing the secret they have kept;
Rivers, flowing far and free,
Widen to the boundless sea;
All around the secret tell the earth
To gentle influences give their power;
Sweet influences, which, if we heed,
Lead to right and warn from wrong;
Kinder whispers, mightier prayer,
Are around us everywhere;
Trust the fruitful voices of spring,
Or contempt and anger beam.

Woman's Noblest Mission.

From Punch.

[illegible]

Lady mine, since you are risen in
Charming colors to join the spring,
Let me, in your honor, the silken,
Where I never was before,
Teach my artless fancy to range,
How to make the most of my time,
I shall be contented to range—
There with you.

Teach me to dress dainty dishes
Quick and curious with their rule,
How to season and how to garnish,
Known as whoever can live
You make one of the best world cure A
Because I am a sad sinner,
You're a great hand at a Pasty,
All confess.

Men may come, and also may go,
On the business that they do,
But I'm happy to know
Will fall into no my way and
Since of a seven school
And may see the flame;
Sweetheart as of the table, and an
Sure enough!

Better for them arts as better,
Learned work and peacock lady,
Are these studies of a letter,
Cards and music and page,
There's woman's true position,
In the kitchen's domestic zone,
And a good cook is the best woman
In to cook.

How Blind People Appreciate Scenery.

From the London Telegraph, July 14.

Yesterday afternoon the annual prize festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind was held in the grounds of the institution at Upper Norwood. There was a large attendance. The Duke of Westminster occupied the chair. Among the ladies and gentlemen on the platform were Lady Richard Grosvenor, Gen. and Mrs. Richard-son-Gardiner, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Campbell, M. P., Gen. Sir Arthur Cavanagh, Sir Peter Coats, Capt. E. W. Ramsay, Mr. Fawcett, M. P., and Mrs. Fawcett.

Mr. Fawcett said that of the pupils who had left that institution, not less than 80 per cent., including boys and girls, men and women, were at the present time earning their own maintenance. After making an earnest appeal for much needed help to the institution, Mr. Fawcett went on to say that, from his own experience of blindness, he could confidently say that the greatest service which could be rendered to the adult blind was to enable them as far as possible, to live the same life as they would live if they had not lost their sight. Do not separate them from their friends; do not imprison them in institutions. Let them, as far as possible, enjoy the same pleasures as their unafflicted friends. It was almost impossible for any one to tell the vividness of the impressions which could be conveyed to the blind. By some curious and perhaps inexplicable subtle force, expression could be conveyed of outward objects to those who were blind with a clearness and reality scarcely possible for those who had not lost it even to imagine. Many people, when they were in the company of the blind, hesitated, from a delicate and yet very misplaced tenderness, to speak to them about outward objects. There could not be a greater error. If those endowed with sight took a walk in the country amid beautiful scenery and closed their eyes, the partial closing of their eyes would scarcely make more difference to them than to a blind person if he was allowed to walk about without any explanation given to him, compared with his feelings when he was told there was a beautiful subject to be seen, a beautiful sky to be looked at, and trees to be admired—when, in fact, he was told of the beautiful prospect with which he was surrounded. From his own experience he saw that the most pleasing and happiest hours he ever spent in life were when he was with a friend who talked about everything he saw, or who, if in a room, immediately began to speak to him about the pictures, or told him what people they met—who endeavored, in fact, to convey to him (and they could be conveyed, at any rate, some of the indescribable lore which Nature supplied.

THE RIOTOUS FUNERAL OF PIUS IX.

A Description of the Scenes in Rome by the Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly of New York.

FLORENCE, July 13.—I send you what might not unaptly be called the last chapter to my "Life of Pius IX.," an account of the translation of his remains from their temporary resting place in St. Peter's to the simple tomb prepared, in accordance with the Pontiff's own testamentary direction, in the venerable Basilica of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of Rome. The translation took place last night, the funeral cortège issuing from the great central door of St. Peter's just as the clock struck 12.

From the declaration given this morning in full Senate by Prime Minister Depretis, we know that permission had been demanded of the Roman authorities, in the name of Cardinals Simeoni, Monaco La Valletta, and Mertel, the executors of the deceased Pontiff. The affair was discussed at length in the Council of Ministers, and permission was granted at the urgent request of Minister Zanardelli, on condition that the translation should take place at dead of night and with all possible privacy.

And here it was that the Ministers committed a mistake. The law of Guarantees recognizes the sovereign rank of the Pope, and professes to secure him the liberty and respect due to a sovereign both in life and in death. Whether the translation of the remains of Pius IX. took place at midnight or at noonday, the Government should have spontaneously taken the precaution to turn out the garrison of Rome and lined the streets through which the cortège was to pass with the military—as would have been done for any royal personage dying in Rome. It would have been a stroke of policy to surround the burial of one who had reigned in Rome for thirty-one years with imposing demonstrations of military force, which must have rendered disorder impossible. That, on the other hand, the utmost endeavors of the religious authorities since the time and hour for the funeral ceremony had been fixed, could not have prevented the fact from becoming widely known, and that the feeling of the Catholic population of Rome from showing itself openly, must be admitted. The Government, therefore, in the interval between the granting permission for the translation and the night of the 12th of July, was perfectly well aware of the intention of Catholics to join quietly in the procession, and to show the remains of their once sovereign and spiritual father all due homage as they passed from street to street to their final resting place. And, as the Prime Minister acknowledged in his discourse before the Senate, although the Prefect of Rome and his subordinates applied to the Government for means to secure the public peace during the translation, the Minister of the Interior and his Chief Secretary turned a deaf ear to their demands and representations. Nor could the Government plea, appropriated by the avowed intention of their own partisans to raise a disturbance. The *Riforma* openly calls on Rome to drive forth from within her walls the Pope, whom it calls the *Ricattatore*, the foe of the nation, and all his adherents, and it urges every Italian city to do likewise. The *Lega della Democrazia*, the mouthpiece of the ultra-radicals, expresses the real sentiments of the recent disturbers and of their official leaders by saying that "it would have still more heartily applauded the disturbance if the remains of the old fool had been thrown over the bridge of Sant Angelo into the Tiber."

It was a most magnificent spectacle which was held in Rome last night of the 12th of July, 1881, in the great square in front of St. Peter's. From 9 o'clock the doors of the great church had been closed, no one being admitted but the members of the Pontifical court, the officials charged with superintending and registering the proceedings, the clergy attached to the Basilica itself, and such persons as had been specially invited. Of the services which took place in the interior you will doubtless obtain a description. I hasten to relate what occurred outside and in the streets of Rome.

Soon after sunset, and in spite of the intolerable heat of the weather, the people began to stream toward the Vatican through all the broad avenues and by-streets leading to the Piazza. The contadini from the Campagna had got tidings of the removal of the body, and the Trastevere also seemed to pour forth its entire population—stalwart men, mothers with nursings in their arms and children clinging to their dresses, old women silently telling their beads as they wended their way along, and hoarse, wrinkled men with long white hair shout "Evviva!" among the enthusiastic crowds who greeted, thirty-five years ago, Pius IX. You could see hundreds of them seated or kneeling on the steps of St. Peter's, or beneath Bernini's vast arcades, all through the long twilight, patiently waiting for day, and listening to the sounds of lamentation from within the Basilica, or gazing wistfully toward these windows in the Vatican Palace which shone with such brilliancy. There were the rooms where Pius IX. breathed his last, and there, too, were the rooms where Leo XIII. kept the vigil of the dead with his immediate attendants.

There was no other illumination beside the gas jets in the colonnades and the lanterns of the hundreds of carriages which extended down both sides of the square, and the flickering lamps of the avenues leading from the river mass toward the great dome of Michael Angelo. But over the mighty dome itself, over the lofty portico and the far-extending colonnades, over the tens of thousands of human beings standing or kneeling in the great open square, the full moon of July shed its soft radiance.

As midnight drew near, and the chants from within the closed doors rose louder in the still air, and the moon herself ascended step by step toward the zenith, the silence outside and around the vast multitude became more and more impressive, while the two great fountains shot up their columns of water, like columns of shining silver in the moonbeams. One after the other the confraternities and guilds from all the parishes of Rome began to pour into the square with lighted lanterns and processional crosses, reciting in subdued tones litanies and prayers, as they advanced by the left-hand colonnade and took up the position allotted to them.

Just as the great clock of St. Peter's struck 12, the eyes of the multitude were drawn toward the door, which, together with the entire side of the Basilica to the left of the spectator, seemed all aglow with the most brilliant red light. This came from the church of Santa Marta, near at hand, which had been suddenly illuminated with Bengal fires, throwing an unearthly brilliancy on the gigantic structure. An involuntary cry of admiration burst from the beholders. Then were thrown open the doors of the Basilica, and the casket containing the remains of his Holiness was borne out on the shoulders of the officials of the Basilica and placed in a hearse drawn by four horses.

Only four coaches, bearing the prelates and officials bound by rule to be present on such occasions, were at first to accompany the hearse to San Lorenzo. This had been stipulated by the Government, but neither the Prefect of the province nor any other officer of the Government ventured to attempt any interference of the public authorities could have prevented the nobles and wealthy Catholics of Rome from taking part in the procession. There were hundreds of coaches waiting in line to take their places in line behind the four from the Vatican.

Most magnificent was the spectacle offered by the Piazza and the city beyond it as the hearse proceeded down the square, escorted by the sparty guard of carabineers sent by the municipal council, and followed by the long line of priests and confraternities, all bearing torches or lighted tapers. There must have been at least two thousand of them; and as each solemnly chanted in subdued tones his own psalms and litanies, their lights wavered and flickered more dimly, and the masses of their raiment became blended with the loud prayers of the crowd near at hand as the procession crossed the Piazza Rusticucci and entered the Borgo. Standing on the steps of St. Peter's, where I lingered many of the old men and women who had been young with Pius IX. and had grown old with him, one could see that at the approach of the cortège people in square and street illuminated their houses.

But any one who had cared during the day of the 12th, and during the 11th as well, to enter in some of the most frequented cafés of Rome, or to stand near the corners and shady walks, where the students of the present Roman University congregate, would have felt sure that yonder line of torches and carriages will never reach its destination, nor less than an hour's time. Even now as the funeral hearse, with its escort of police and carabineers, approaches the bridge of St. Angelo, there is a formidable gathering of young men, bent on turning into disorder by this impromptu demonstration.

Two squadrons of cavalry, themselves in all of a sudden with the confusion raised by the shouts of "Viva l'Italia!" They were in front of the Castle St. Angelo, on which the banner of Savoy had replaced the peaceful standard of the Pope. The officers of the carabineers were calmly looking down on a scene of violence which they at a single word from their superiors would have prevented.

Meanwhile the confraternities struggled to maintain their ranks and to continue the chanting of their litanies. But to every invocation the crowd only answered by hurling repeated shouts of "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva il Re!" "Viva l'esercito!" "Viva garibaldi!" "Abasso i preti!" "Down with the Popes!"

From that moment the disturbance acquired ever-increasing proportions. It was in vain that the officers of the carabineers and carabineers endeavored to drive away the disturbers from the line of procession. The confraternities of women were broken up, and the members, exchanging their tapers, or casting them aside in their terror, endeavored to escape from their assailants. Many of these women, on leaving the line of the procession, and not a few of old or timid priests, who imitated their example had to run the gauntlet amid the crowd they found in rage at home. So, as the procession neared the Castle and the Tiber toward the heart of the city, all the anti-clericals in Rome hastened toward the sound of disorder, and the Government seemed to give up Rome to anarchy.

They had begun to illuminate the houses on both sides of the streets as the cortège proceeded. Not did citizens cease doing so till the hearse was in the Via Nazionale. The bodies of men forming the various societies maintained their array, continued their praying and chanting, and kept their sorely tried temper. In the square of the Gesù, however, the most courageous of the laymen began to defend themselves. The carriages in the procession were stopped, and the line of march was interrupted at several points. The interference of the police only seemed to add to the confusion. Forward went the hearse, slowly forward, indeed, under the protection of its armed escort, while the rioters ran ahead to seize upon some vantage ground for another attack. The body of the procession, now straggling and disjointed, followed as best it might through the pelting storm. It was too unequal a contest for the clerical portion of them, nevertheless. They could not repel violence by violence, and they threw down their torches, put away all badges of their profession, and tried to escape through the side streets.

On entering the Via Nazionale, the procession did not find a single house illuminated. By this time the mob seemed to have obtained complete mastery. They formed a compact body, and hemmed the hearse and its escort all round, shouting psalms and litany, and singing the hymn of Garibaldi. The music of this hymn, like the strains of the "Marseillaise," intoxicates the crowd. A combined attack, with every available missile, was made on the small body of men whom no violence had been able to drive away from the neighborhood of the hearse. These were at length forced to defend themselves with their only weapon: they thrust their burning torches into the faces of their foes, and then the yells of rage and pain only served to bring down the police and the military on both the guilty and the innocent.

Let me mention here that the civil authorities, alarmed by what had occurred near the Gesù and in the neighboring Piazza di Venezia, had ordered out a few companies of infantry. These lined the Via Nazionale when the procession reached it. But their presence seemed rather to encourage the assailants than otherwise, for they still attacked the procession shouting, "Viva il Re! Viva l'Esercito!" The troops also lined the streets at Piazza del Termini, where the scenes of violence were renewed, and again the police and military, instead of preventing disorder, only interfered when it was at its height.

It was then past 2 o'clock in the morning. Another half hour brought them to the neighborhood of San Lorenzo. Thither, however, the assailants had flocked in greater numbers than ever, determined, no doubt, to possess themselves of the funeral car of Pius IX. The military blew their trumpets to warn the assailants to disperse, but these would not be balked in their purpose. The confraternities, on their side, were encouraged to maintain their position stoutly by the view of the venerable Basilica, restored and embellished by Pius IX., all resplendent with light, and with its portals wide open to receive his coffin.

It is said that some one in the procession, provoked by this last assault on a funeral cortège, exclaimed, "Hurrah for the Pope-King!" "Viva il Papa-Re!" The Government journals say this cry was taken up by the others. At any rate, certain it is that at this moment the riot assumed alarming proportions. The military and police put forth in unwonted energy, and the worst that happened was the shower of stones and a volley of curses launched again at the funeral car.

And so Pius IX. in death was borne, at 3 o'clock in the morning of July 13 into the ancient portals of the Basilica, where he had so often come in life to solemnize the progress of the restoration and the frescoes which he caused to be executed along the nave. History must put it on record that a Roman mob stoned his mouldering body more than