BY THE NUN OF KENMARE.

THE IRISH QUESTION CONSIDERED IN ITS SOCIAL ASPECT.

A Saxon Prince's Poem Concerning Ireland—Famines and Wars of the Thirteenth Century—Absenteeism and Taxation.

It will be generally admitted that paving stones are not arguments. Yet what may be called the paving-stone argument, or, more classically expressed, the *argumentum ad baculum*, has been the unvarying reply of a governing power in England to every Irish remonstrance. It would seem, indeed, as if it was quite impossible that any government in this nineteenth century of Christian civilization should so treat its subjects, but, impossible as it appears, it is nevertheless true.

We have elsewhere spoken of the ardently expressed desire of the English Government to uphold what they are pleased to call "law and order" in Ireland, but this means practically that Englishmen are to make what laws they please for Ireland without the slightest regard to the circumstances, the interests, or the wishes of the Irish people, and that the Irish people are to submit to them or be accused of being rebels and opposed to "law and order."

We have shown that every legal enactment made by the English people for Ireland has been directly opposed not only to the rightful interests of the Irish people, but to common justice. The social condition of the people has in consequence been just what might be expected. It has alternated between spasmodic attempts at violent resistance to this injustice, and sullen submission when English ideas of law and order have subdued these spasmodic rebellions by the draconic severity of the sword and coercion acts.

If there is a thirty thousandth century awaiting us in the future, what will its people think of the great English nation, which boasts of its world-wide power, which looks down on other nations as so vastly inferior in every respect, and which can only rule one important part of its empire by coercion acts? We proceed to consider the social state of the Irish people during three great standpoints of their history—under the Norman, under Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, and under Queen Victoria. Right here let me observe that if there were less of the paving-stone style of argument and more thoughtful and calm consideration of the Irish question it would not be difficult to understand or to remedy.

Englishmen are not unwilling to do justice to Ireland, and those who have failed to do so are for the most part men who have a very strong personal interest in keeping up a code of injustice. This is a point which should be very carefully noted. If interested parties are wisely excluded from a trial by jury, the opinions of interested parties should not be accepted without scrutiny where the interests and character of a whole nation are at stake. It is quite too common to hear some Englishmen speak of the Irish as a people whom nothing will satisfy, yet these very people will not take the trouble to ask why they are dissatisfied. Such men think it quite a sufficient reply to say that the Irish are born rebels, therefore nothing will satisfy them. But they do not stop to ask why they are born rebels. Surely a consideration of even the few facts which we have already submitted will prove that if the Irish are "born rebels" they have cause to be such. Let the cause be removed, and the rebellion will soon cease again. Some Englishmen say nothing will satisfy the Irish people. I ask what has been done to satisfy them? It is true that an English Government passed an act of Catholic emancipation, but the force of public opinion which has brought in an era of religious toleration obliged this act of justice. It is true, also, that the Gladstone Land acts were a certain installment of justice, but they were nothing more. And in the working of these acts we find a clue to the social state of Ireland of such gravity and importance as to deserve the highest consideration. There is no space here to tell how bravely the battle was fought which won even the poor justice of saving a man from capricious eviction, but a few words will tell the pitiful fact that Irish landlords, even men who voted for the passing of this very act, took care that their Irish tenants should not benefit by it. It was proved—it is not mere hearsay, because the leases were produced in court—that men like Lord Devon, who own the land of Ireland, had clauses inserted in their leases by which their tenants agreed not to demand the benefit of these acts of Parliament. Thus were the men of Ireland in this nineteenth century compelled to sign away their poor rights. A device so pitiful on the part of their—I had almost said oppressors—a trick so contemptible on the part of men who pride themselves on their "John Bull" uprightness, might well make all honorable men refuse them the hand of friendship.

I do not speak of all Englishmen, but here I will say that if America has men who will descend so low as to receive wholesale bribes for political or commercial advantages England may not throw the first stone at her. The English Governors of Ireland, of India, or Africa, of any country or colony where money could be had by unjust dealing, have not been slow to place money first, and to deny common justice and humanity to their unhappy dependants.

The social state of the Irish people in the past may not seem of immediate interest, but it bears so thoroughly on the burning questions of to-day as to merit a thoughtful review.

I am by no means disposed to claim any exceptional merit for the Irish race, save indeed the merit of an extraordinary devotion to their country and to their faith under centuries of suffering, save also the merit of a rare patience in enduring evils from which they could not free themselves.

I desire to show in this series of articles on Irish subjects that the chronic condition of affairs in Ireland has been one of oppression on one side and of attempted and unsuccessful resistance on the other.

I think the Irish question would be far better understood if the normal relations between the governing power and the governed were more fully considered. The American people can grasp the subject more readily than other nationalities if they recall the feeling which existed between the planter and the slave.

The old slaveholder did not look on his human possession as his human equal, or as having the rights of men. The rights of his slaves were regulated according to his idea of what they should be, and not on the ground of equity due to a common humanity. To treat a slave as an equal in law or justice would have been too absurd an idea for a moment's consideration. The slave was considered an inferior being, and consequently treated as such legally, morally, and socially. The case between the Saxon and the Irish (slave, I had almost said) is precisely similar. I do not believe any slave owner has ever looked down upon his slaves as Anglo-Irish landlords have looked down upon their tenants and dependents. Let it be remembered that this state of things continued century after century; let it be remembered that even to-day this tradition of centuries holds good. Say what they will, few Englishmen look on the Irish as their equals, and one cause of English injustice to Ireland is easily explained, though it can never be justified.

There is little doubt that Ireland was once a fertile country. The bard and the historian both agreed on this point. A remarkable poem is still extant which describes the social state of Ireland before the Norman invasion. This poem, which is exquisitely descriptive, has the additional advantages of having been composed by one of the many Saxon princes who came to Irish colleges for education. He eventually became King of Northumberland. His poem commences thus:

> I found in Innisfail the fair
> In Ireland, while in exile there,
> Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
> Many clerics and many laymen.

Of the wealth of Ireland he sings:

> Gold and silver I found, and money,
> Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey.
> I found God's people rich in pity;
> Found many a feast and many a city.

Indeed, the ornaments of gold and silver, with their exquisite Celtic workmanship, which still remain, are undeniable evidence both of the riches and the high-art culture of these ages. The great national characteristic of hospitality was even then a long-known trait of Irish character. The poet says:

> I found in each great church, moreo'er,
> Whether on island or on shore,
> Piety, learning, fond affection,
> Holy welcome and kind protection.
>
> I found the good lay monks and brothers
> Ever beseeching help for others,
> And in their keeping the holy Word
> Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

In truth, the exquisite description of peace and plenty, of faith and love, is rather like a glimpse of Paradise than a record of earthly history. The good Saxon prince concludes his long poem thus:

> I found strict morals in age and youth,
> I found historians recording truth;
> The things I sing of in verse unsmooth
> I found them all—I have written sooth.

No doubt we must make allowance for a poet's fancy and faculty for embellishment, yet contemporary historians endorse his statements. The venerable Bede, the English historian and saint of a later period, writes also of the pre-Norman social state of Ireland as being one of peaceful and learned leisure and of domestic prosperity. But even as the serpent brought desolation and misery unto Paradise, and Eve brought disgrace and exile on Adam, so a woman was the immediate cause of the ruin of Erin's fairest dreams.

I have already briefly stated the facts of the Norman invasion. There were often wars between the native princes in Ireland before the invasion, but now every man's hand was against his fellow. The Norman nobles plundered the Irish and plundered each other. The Irish made such reprisals as they could on the Norman, and then they fought with each other as the Norman made alliances with some Celtic prince for his own benefit—an alliance which he broke with perfect facility when it suited him.

Order, in fact, had ceased, and the result of English rule in Ireland was practically that he who could get should take, be it from friend or foe, and that he who got should keep until some stronger hand should dispossess him.

The "Four Masters," as certain Irish annals are called, have the following graphic entry under the year 1236: "Heavy rains, harsh weather, and much war prevailed in this year." The annals of Kilronan also give a fearful account of the wars, the weather, and the crimes. They mention that Brian's people burned the Church of Imlagh Brochada over the heads of O'Flynn's people, while it was full of women, children, and nuns, and had three priests in it. There were so many raids on cows that the unfortunate animals must have had a miserable existence. How a single cow survived the amount of driving hither and thither they endured, considering their natural love of ease and contemplative habits, is a mystery.

The quarrel for the possession of Connaught began in the year 1225. During these hostilities the English of Desmond, and O'Brien, a Thomond Prince, assisted by the Sheriff of Cork, invaded the southern part of Connaught for the sake of plunder. In the previous year, 1224, the corn remained unreaped until the festival of St. Bridget (Feb. 1), when the ploughing was going on. A famine also occurred, and was followed by severe sickness. Well might the friar historian exclaim: "Woful was the misfortune which God permitted to fall upon the west province in Ireland at that time; for the young warriors did not spare each other, but preyed and plundered to the utmost of their power. Women and children, the feeble and the lowly poor, perished by cold and famine in this year."

And so the miserable history went on. No country could prosper under such misery and misrule, and the English people owe to Ireland a debt of reparation for the social wrongs of centuries. It matters little which page of social history we turn over from the beginning of English rule under the Normans to the present day. The record is the same.

There are two points, both of which deeply affect the social condition of Ireland. First point: Even as early as the reign of Henry II. absenteeism, with its evil consequences, had begun. The English settlers found that it was far more agreeable to spend their time in England, but they took very good care to pay the expenses of their English houses from the rents and the plunder of their Irish lands. Even Mr. Froude, in a rare moment of justice to Ireland, says: "Richard II. appeared in person on the scene, brought the chiefs upon their knees, read Ireland the oft-repeated lesson that England had but to exert herself to assert an instant and absolute supremacy."

Just so. Given a sufficient number of men and money, and it is always easy to cut down, or, in plain English, to murder any number of the inhabitants of a country. It has always been quite easy for England to "exert herself" in this way; and, truth to say, the exertion has never seemed disagreeable. But he continues: "Absenteeism, the deepest root of the mischief, had already been at work. Lords and gentlemen, who retained most completely the English character, and whose presence in Ireland, therefore, was most indispensable, had learned to prefer the society of their friends at home to the pain and trouble *(sic)* of coercing banditti in Donegal or Galway. They had reduced their connection with their estates to drawing rent or revenues from them (as they do to-day), and the old families came back into their places charged with payments which, on such terms, were no more than robbery. Civilization was not sufficiently advanced to tolerate modern views of the rights of property."

Precisely so. But the Irish have not even yet made this great stride in civilization. They do not see how the "rights of property" can be all on the side of force, and cannot quite yet understand that English law is always founded on justice.

The second act of English injustice to Ireland, also continued to the present day, was this: Not only did Irish landlords spend the money in England which they got in Ireland, but the Government drained Ireland precisely in the same way. After peremptory demands had been sent to the Sheriff (4th Edward II.) to collect with all expedition the money due to the Crown for the wars in Scotland, the Crown being manifestly in a chronic state of difficulty, it was found that the royal interests suffered even by the royal demands on Ireland, and in the 5th Edward II. the King states, in his writ to the Sheriff of Kerry, and to the other Sheriffs of Ireland: That in times past the money arising from his lands of Ireland had for the greatest part been converted to the use of his affairs in England and Scotland, and that the residue of the money had been insufficient to maintain and govern Ireland, and that consequently "the felons and rebels there, presuming upon their number and strength, from day to day commit arson, homicides, robberies, and other trespasses. The King, therefore, acting upon the advice of his Council in England, directs that all the money to be thereafter levied in Ireland shall be therein expended to preserve the peace, and he commands the Sheriffs to bring it into the exchequer with all haste."

The same fatal policy continues to the present hour. How can a country prosper when its capital is being drawn from it day by day and spent in another land? The cry from England to Ireland is always "Give! Give!" and if the giving fails it is from no want of will on the part of the unhappy Celt, but rather because of the stern decrees of an inexorable Providence which has so ordered life that men cannot live without food.

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UNSCRIPTURAL.

The Little Man Failed to Turn the Other Cheek—He Apologized, and then Fought.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Look here; you can't run against me in that kind of way!" exclaimed a large, red-faced man, with bristling hair and whiskers, to a meek-looking fellow of average stature who had accidentally brushed against him in hurrying across West Madison street, near Halsted, Saturday morning last at an early hour.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the meek-looking man, in a deprecating way; "if I ran against you it was accidental."

"Well, it didn't look like it to me," blustered the red-faced bully; "and I tell you right now you don't want to do it again."

"I have apologized to you for it sir," was the reply; "what more do you want?"

"I don't want any of your lip! That's what I don't want," vociferated the bully, crowding the inoffensive and apologetic man almost off the walk; "for two cents I'd chug you one right now."

"I'm in a hurry," pleaded the smaller man; "I have an engagement—"

"You'd better have an engagement, I can tell you."

"I have to meet a person in ten minutes," persisted the meek-looking man, glancing at his watch, "but I think I can make it in about eight, and unless I am mistaken I can convince you in two minutes that to take an apology is the best and sometimes the safest way to settle a matter of this kind."

With this remark he shot out his right fist with the air of a man accustomed to gestures of that nature, and landed it with precision and force on the nose of the big bully.

"I can generally spare time from an engagement," he continued, as he planted a blow with his left on the big man's jaw and adroitly dodged a heavy lunge in return, "to polish off a chap that needs it as badly as you seem to. I think I'll give you another one right there," said he, meditatively, as he delivered a crushing blow on the nose again, "which will be accompanied by the claret, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

The big fellow, taken by surprise, and dazed by the vigor of the attack, struck out awkwardly, but without effect.

"I have less than a minute to spare, I must hurry," said the smaller man, and he planted a blow under his burly antagonist's ear, stretching him at full length on the sidewalk. Then, looking at his watch again, he was off before a crowd had had time to collect. The big man slowly arose to his feet and slunk away, with a disposition to let the matter drop.

REWARDS FOR GOOD INDIANS.

Bronze and Silver Peace Medals with the President's Portrait in Relief.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—There has been received at the Interior Department, from the Philadelphia Mint, the first of the peace medals struck for the use of the Indian Bureau. It has been a custom since Buchanan's Administration to present these medals to deserving and faithful Indians who have aided the Government in suppressing outbreaks or by influencing their friends to carry out the wishes of the Government. The medal is oval in shape, half an inch in thickness, and three inches in its longest diameter. It bears on one side a representation of a very trustful settler shaking hands with an Indian, with a tomahawk and pipe crossed underneath. The obverse side bears the bust of the President, who is supposed to present the medal. The medals are bronze, costing the Government 50 cents apiece, and silver costing $6 apiece. The latter are given to chiefs and head men.

Up to this time the Indian Bureau has been presenting Indians with medals bearing President Arthur's likeness, thus economically using up an old batch of medals on hand. Those received to-day bear an excellent likeness of Mr. Cleveland, whose somewhat robust neck and rounded head make him an excellent subject for medallion work. The view is, of course, a profile, and his head seems to fill out the medal more symmetrically than that of any other President. Grant's head upon these medals was the next best, and President Garfield's follows a close third. President Arthur's profile was too refined for a medallion artist to do it justice upon a die for the mint, while Lincoln's head was the most unfit of all. In the latter's time a ring was passed through these medals so that they could be suspended from the neck, but of late years they have been put up in a neat pasteboard box when presented.

THE RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.

HISTORY OF THEIR EXTRAORDINARY DYNAMITE ASSOCIATION.

Michael Bakunin, the Stormy Petrel of European Politics—Aims and Methods of the Secret Clan—Their Declared Object is the Destruction of God, Law, and Order.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 2.—The repeated attempts that are daily made upon the life of the Czar, and that are fully chronicled in the despatches, call attention to the history of the secret association whose avowed objects are the overthrow of existing Governments, not only in Russia but elsewhere, and of all social order. Thirty years ago nihilism was not heard of, although there were mutterings of discontent and sporadic outbreaks. These last were chiefly confined to the struggles of Poland for national freedom, to rebellions of the Tartar tribes, and to Cossack revolts. The mass of the Russian people were so sunk into subjection that not one aspired to freedom or to revenge. Thus they continue still, despite the pretence of manumitting the serfs which Alexander II. went through, and which, while freeing them from villanage, also robbed them of their interest in the land. Nihilism owes its existence to the sudden inundation of Western ideas upon half Oriental minds in no wise prepared to receive them soberly, but ready to carry the deductions of doubtful Hegelian philosophy into practical effect. But every idea and every movement has an originator, and this Russian nihilism has had in one of the most remarkable men of the century—Michael Bakunin.

Michael Bakunin belonged to a rich Boyard family, favorably known both in the army and at court. Born in 1814, Bakunin was, according to the traditions of his family, intended for a military career in the Imperial Guard. When 20 years old he entered the School of Gunnery at St. Petersburg, where he soon showed signs of discontent and insubordination. Consequently he was refused admission to the Guard, though he passed a creditable examination, and was assigned to a line regiment in some out-of-the-way town. To explain the hardship involved in this we must state that while the Imperial Guard are stationed in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the officers of the line regiments are compelled to spend their lives in rural quarters. Disgusted with this treatment, Bakunin neglected his duties to such an extent that he was soon obliged to leave the army. Thus, at the age of 22 he found himself, like Othello, with his occupation gone. He took up his abode in Moscow. Here he joined Alexander Herzen and several other well-known Russians in forming a club for the discussion and study of Hegel's social philosophy, which was then in vogue. He soon attained the chieftaincy of the club, and surpassed all his friends in his enthusiasm for the new German philosophy. He soon began to consider himself the appointed apostle for the spread of these doctrines in Russia. In 1841 he went to Berlin to pursue his studies at their fountain head. Hegel himself was dead, but his teachings were still venerated by a wide circle. In 1843 he is found in Dresden writing rabid articles for a socialistic review under the pseudonym of "Jules Elizard." A year later he went to Paris, telling his friends that he could learn nothing more in Germany.

At Paris, Proudhon and Louis Blanc were then at the height of their influence, and the capital of France was regarded as the central spot whence would issue the social regeneration of the world. About this time the Russian Government began to regard Bakunin with suspicion, and demanded his return on pain of refusing him passports. Disregarding this recall, he spent the next five years of his life partly in France and partly in Switzerland, dependent upon the good will of the police authorities for his safety, owing to his being without papers. In 1847, however, he was formally expelled from French territory at the request of the Emperor Nicholas because he made a speech at a banquet commemorating the Warsaw insurrection, in which he urged the overthrow of the Czar's Government and the establishment of a confederated republic in its stead.

Tracked everywhere he went, and constantly shadowed by the agents or detectives of the Russian Government, which had offered 10,000 roubles for his capture, he wandered from place to place until the revolution of 1848 invited his return to Paris. But here again he was disappointed, for the Provisional Government turned a deaf ear to his proposal that France take the lead in revolutionizing Europe; and he soon received hints which caused him to leave French soil.

He next turned up in Prague, where he made an abortive attempt to stir up the youth of that city to a revolt against the Government. With the Austrian police upon his tracks, he escaped to Dresden, just in time to take a very prominent part in the serious disturbances of 1849. The insurgents were in possession of the city, and only surrendered after an obstinate resistance of three days to the Prussian and Saxon troops. Bakunin, whose proposal to set fire to the city when its defence became no longer possible, had exasperated even the insurgents against him, was captured on May 10, 1849, at a short distance from Chemnitz. After a year's imprisonment he was condemned to death by a Saxon court martial. Before the sentence could be carried into effect his extradition was demanded and obtained by the Austrian Government. Sentenced to death again by the Austrian Judges for his exploits at Prague, he once more escaped the penalty, in consequence of a request from the Emperor Nicholas that he should be transferred to the Russian Government for punishment. From 1851 to 1856 he remained a close prisoner in the dungeons of the St. Peter and Paul Fortress in this city. Owing to the same powerful family influences which had guarded his life so far, Alexander, on the occasion of his coronation, commuted Bakunin's sentence to banishment for life to the eastern shore of Siberia. In 1861 he escaped in an American trading schooner to Yokohama, whence he travelled through the United States to England. In London he was received with open arms by his former friends, Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, and the small colony of political refugees.

After taking a prominent part in the Polish uprising of 1863, Bakunin and Herzen transferred their headquarters to Geneva. Soon afterward Bakunin parted from his friend Herzen, and lost no time in making himself active in the various revolutionary organizations of Europe. In 1867 he was not only a prominent member of the "Internationale," but also on the permanent committee of the "League of Universal Peace" in Switzerland. His attempts to convert those organizations to his views met with but little success, and in 1868 he was formally expelled from both associations. Upon this he founded the "International Alliance of European Revolution," in connection with the Nihilist party of Russia, of which he was the acknowledged chief. In his address to this association he announced the principles of nihilism. A few passages are selected:

> It is our mission to destroy the Lie; and, to effect this, we must begin at the very commencement. Now the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of frightening or alluring nine-tenths of the human race into submission to the other tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand to destroy those thrones to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would assuredly use it to overthrow those altars where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of a God; for, as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is.
>
> The first lie is God. The second lie is Right. Might invented the fiction of Right in order to insure and strengthen her reign—that Right which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind.
>
> Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that Might should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the possession of those nine-tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of Right before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own might, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of Right.
>
> And when you have freed your mind from the fear of a God, and for that childish respect for the fiction of Right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice will snap asunder like threads.
>
> Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad, for if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created.
>
> According to the priests' fables a deluge destroyed all mankind, but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses rise and engulf temple and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction.

In December of the same year Bakunin delivered a speech at Berne, in the course of which he said:

> I detest communism: it is the denial of freedom, and I do not like to picture to myself any human being without freedom. In demanding the abolition of Commune and State, I also wish for the annulment of the law of inheritance, which is nothing but an institution brought into life by the State, and a consequence of its principles. Give all children, from their very birth, the same means of support and education. Then grant to all grown-up people the same social standing and the same means of supplying their wants by their own labor, and you will see that the inequalities, which are now looked upon as being quite normal, will disappear, for they are merely the result of difference made in the condition of development.

What the eloquent speaker does not explain, and what none of his kind can explain, is how, with the condition of freedom, after making everybody equal, men having various abilities can be kept on this dead level. But it is useless to apply logic to this farrago of nonsense, seldom equalled in modern times. Here is another choice passage from Bakunin's Berne speech:

> It is impossible to destroy the superstition of religion by means of argument or education. Religion is not only an aberration of the brain, but also a protest of human nature and human hearts against the misery and narrowness of the reality by which we are surrounded. As man finds nothing in this world but injustice, stupidity, and misery, he allows his fantasies to beget a new and a better one. When, however, the earth again receives her due, namely, happiness and fraternity, then religion will have lost its *raison d'être*. We need but a social revolution to bring about its disappearance.

A year after founding the "International Alliance of European Revolution" and delivering the above utterances, Bakunin entered into communication with the notorious Netchaieff, whom he sent to Russia accredited as the emissary of the chief committee of the Nihilists. In 1870, after the fall of the third empire in France, he published a pamphlet entitled "L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la Revolution Sociale," in which he summoned the proletarian classes of all Europe to assist France in bringing about a social revolution, and to free her from German domination. In this brochure he also advocated the dismissal of all officials, the imprisonment of all landed proprietors, capitalists, and priests; the distribution of government and private property, and the transportation of all Bonapartists for life. After publishing this manifesto he betook himself to Lyons, having heard that the Commune had there been set up. He arrived on the morning of Sept. 20, and was most warmly received by Cluseret, Richard, and other Communists. He assisted at the storming of the Hôtel de Ville by the insurgents. Twenty-four hours later the National Guard had recaptured the Hôtel de Ville, dispersed the revolutionists, and seated Bakunin in a train bound direct for Geneva. The remaining nine years of his life were spent between Berne, Zurich, and Geneva actively employed in directing the work of nihilism in Russia. Then this stormy petrel faded from the arena of the world after having winged a most extraordinary flight across it, but he has left everywhere the bloody stamp of his wings, and the storm raised by him is not likely to subside in a short while.

The class to whom Bakunin and his agents chiefly appealed was not the mass of the Russian people, but the university students, who number thousands in Russia, all of them looking for Government places, as that is the sole occupation for which they are adapted open to them in this country, and nine-tenths of them being of course disappointed. Most of these students are the sons of middle-class parents, and after they get their education they are expected to shift for themselves. If they fail to obtain a Government place, as nine-tenths of them must, they are compelled to fall back upon grubbing in the fields. Hence their eagerness to receive and to propagate the new evangel of nihilism.

Netchaieff, to whom I have referred in connection with Bakunin, was a *déclassé* student of the St. Petersburg University. In 1869 he went to Geneva, saw Bakunin, and obtained from him a card bearing the following mystic words: "Alliance Révolutionnaire Européenne; le Comité Général, 12 Mai, 1869." Armed with this document Netchaieff returned to St. Petersburg, and spent the next four years in luxurious ease at the expense of others. The students of both sexes hailed him as a wonderful being, and obeyed his slightest behests. He greatly impressed them by talking about his "secret chief," and swindled many people out of large sums under pretence of contributions to the revolutionary funds. Whenever the victim hesitated he hinted about the deadly vengeance of the committee. In 1873 a young man named Ivanoff demurred to his extortions, and Netchaieff wounded him mortally. In consideration of his disclosures, this common murderer had his sentence remitted. The 183 implicated by his confession were adroitly seized by the police on the same day, May 20, 1875. They consisted chiefly of students, from the classes I have mentioned, and were charged with disseminating Nihilist principles. After a trial which lasted until December, 1877, and during which the judges exhibited the most extraordinary weakness, ninety-nine of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, thirty-six subjected to police surveillance for a certain number of years, and the rest acquitted.

Scarcely was this great trial over when the Government was panic stricken by the attempted assassination of Gen. Trepoff, the chief of that section of the Imperial Chancellerie which has control of the gendarmerie of the empire. On Feb. 5, 1878, he was shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young woman, formerly a medical student, named Vera Sassoulitch. Because of her acquaintance with Netchaieff, she had been subjected to a constant supervision by the police, and goaded almost to desperation by their persecutions. The "committee" had, consequently, little difficulty in persuading her to avenge a flogging which Bogobjuloff, a Nihilist, had received for some infraction of discipline. It should be added that Vera was a perfect stranger to the man. She had never even seen him. The Government was advised to treat her not as a political offender, but as an ordinary criminal, and to have her case decided by a jury. Her trial, which took place in this city, created an immense sensation throughout Russia. The presiding Judges behaved as in the preceding trial, and allowed the proceedings to be carried on as if Gen. Trepoff were the accused and Vera the prosecutor. Consequently the jury brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner of the crime of which she had pleaded guilty, and directing her release. Frantic applause greeted the verdict, not only in the court room, but also in the adjoining street, which was filled by students and sympathizers. One young student, in the enthusiasm of the moment, drew his revolver, fired one shot into a policeman, another into a harmless old woman standing by, and emptied the third chamber into his own brain. Vera escaped even police surveillance, and is living now, I believe, near Geneva.

Her acquittal had a speedy and baneful effect. Political assassination became the fashion of the day. On Aug. 17, 1878, Gen. Menzentsoff, who had succeeded Gen. Trepoff as Chief of the Third Section, was shot in the street by a young man who managed to make his escape. Baron Heyking, commanding the gendarmerie at Kieff, and Prince Krapotkin, Governor of Charkoff, were murdered during the course of the summer. Gen. Drentein, who had undertaken the command of the Third Section after the assassination of Gen. Menzentsoff, was shot in the early part of 1880. An attempt was made upon the life of the Czar in April of the same year. Four years later the Czar was blown up by a dynamite bomb while riding in his carriage in the public streets.

Of late, however, owing to the drastic measures of repression and punishment meted out to them, the Nihilists have adopted the famous prescription of Hippocrates, according to which, when medicines and the knife fail to heal, fire should be tried. They confine their daylight operations now to attempts upon the life of the Czar, and more vigorously apply the torch at night. During the month of April alone 3,500 fires broke out in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Koslow, Irkutsk, and Uralsk, destroying property to the amount of 12,000,000 roubles. Only 900 of these fires could be traced to possible natural causes, the other 2,600 being attributed to Nihilist incendiaries.

There is no doubt but that the committee has ample funds at command. The Nihilists arrested for attempting to blow up the Czar on March 13 had large sums upon their persons. Agencies are maintained at Berlin, Paris, and London, where travelling Nihilists are fraternally received and provided with money and the necessaries of life. They have no hesitation about levying blackmail. Wealthy merchants receive threatening letters demanding large sums of money under pain of death, and they generally hasten to comply. When asked why they did not seek police protection, they naturally answered: "When the Chief of Police cannot protect his own or even the Czar's life, how can we hope for efficient protection?"

Among the well-intentioned reforms of the late Czar, besides the emancipation of the serfs, was the establishment of an independent judicature, sitting with open courts of justice. But all have been nullified, especially the courts, by the notorious Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie, with its legions of gendarmes, with its power to imprison without trial, and to punish with penal servitude or exile to Siberia at its pleasure. An acquittal in open court may be made a farce, for the discharged prisoner may be seized at once and punished for "State reasons." The chief of the Third Section has been often nicknamed the "Vice-Emperor." For instance, the municipal, district, and provincial assemblies are powerless to adopt any measure until it has obtained the approval not only of the Minister of the Interior and of the Governor of the province, but also of the commandant of the gendarmerie of the place, who represents the Third Section.

It is to be regretted that in instituting those local bodies the Czar did not go a step further and form a National Assembly. A House of Representatives is the only remedy for the present condition of affairs. By his somewhat too hasty reforms the late Emperor gave his subjects a taste of liberty for which they were not fully prepared. They now demand that this concession shall be more fully developed. There are millions of Russians who do not dream of becoming Nihilists, but who look with complacency upon the operations of the terrorists, hoping that they may force the Government to concede what even the Mikado of Japan has granted—a written Constitution.

A Parliament controlling national expenditures, protecting individual liberties, and demanding of the Third Section an account for its actions, would speedily restore Russia's credit, win the hearty support of the liberal element, and extinguish nihilism by depriving it of its *raison d'être* and the material from which its most active and intellectual leaders are drawn.

SCLAV.

Polyphonic.

From Life.

Jack (backward in his grammar)—Papa, what part of speech is woman?

Papa (fresh from a verbal engagement with mamma, in which, of course, he has been worsted)—She isn't any part of speech at all, Jack; she is the whole of it!

PRESIDENTS AS HORSEMEN.

HOW THE CHIEF MAGISTRATES HAVE REGARDED HORSES.

Washington's White Chargers—Jefferson's Inauguration—Andrew Jackson's Race Horses—The Turnouts of Other Presidents—Lincoln's Horses, Likewise Grant's.

From the Magazine of American History.

Gen. Grant has gone into history as the man on horseback. Washington's portraits are largely equestrian, and associated with every period of Jackson's career are the horses he loved so well.

Old citizens of Alexandria say that Washington rode the finest horses in Virginia, and that as a boy he broke to the saddle the colts of his neighborhood. It is said that he once rode ten different horses into Alexandria in a single week, and during his latter years his stables at Mount Vernon were among the best in the country. He visited his horses upon rising in the morning, and always saw that they had their breakfast before he took his own. He kept thoroughbred horses, and his establishment at Mount Vernon was much like that of a great English lord. He had his pack of hounds, and before the Revolution he was very fond of fox hunting. He followed the hounds everywhere, and was always in at the death. He had a regular hunting costume, and his favorite hunter was a fiery, long-limbed horse which he called "Blueskin," probably from its color, a fine, dark iron gray. His hunting costume was a blue coat, a scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and top boots. He wore a velvet cap, and carried a whip with a long thong. He ridiculed the idea that he could be thrown, and he was wont to say that he required only one good quality in a horse, namely, "it must go along." It was his custom at Mount Vernon, prior to the Revolution, to hunt three times a week, and the game chased was made up of gray foxes and stags. His last hunt was in 1785, when he killed a stag weighing 146 pounds.

George Washington was very kind to his horses, and displayed a great deal of sentiment in connection with his treatment of some of them. The horse he rode when he received the sword of Cornwallis, on the 19th of October, 1781, was a fine chestnut charger, with white face and legs. Washington took him to Mount Vernon after the war, but never allowed him to do a stroke of work.

At Philadelphia, while Washington was President, the Executive stables were in charge of a man called "German John," and at another time of Bishop, the old body servant of Gen. Braddock. These chief hostlers had a number of negro boys under them, and George Washington Parke Custis says that Washington's horses were of the kind known as "muslin horses." This name came from the testing of the cleanliness of the horses with a fine handkerchief. This was brushed over their coats after they were dressed, and if the slightest spot of dirt came off upon the handkerchief, they were not considered well curried, and the stable boys were tied up and whipped for their negligence. The President drove a team of white chargers, "and the grooming of these," says Custis, "will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were entirely covered over with a paste of which whiting was the principal component part. Then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard. It was well rubbed in, and the horses were curried and brushed. This process gave to their coats a beautiful, glossy, and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were now blacked and polished, the mouths washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and, the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of ancient times."

President Washington's coach, which he used with these horses, was the finest carriage in Philadelphia, and its panels were painted by one of the great painters of that day. One of these panels is preserved in the collection of relics in the National Museum at Washington. It is a copper medallion as big as a dinner plate, and the inscription connected with it says that the coach was of a cream color, and it had four of these medallions upon it, each of which contained a painting by Capriana, a famous painter of the times. The body of the vehicle was in the shape of a hemisphere, and its cream color was ornamented with Cupids supporting festoons, and with garlands of flowers around the panels. Add to the white horses and their splendid trappings this gorgeous coach and equally gorgeous footman and coachman, and you may have some idea of the turnout of our first President. In addition to this, there was a chariot kept especially for Mrs. Washington, which was a four-horse affair, with black postilions in livery.

Washington's stables at Philadelphia contained ten coach and saddle horses in addition to the two white chargers. He had a coachman and two grooms, and the servants who accompanied him in his rides were white. They wore liveries of white cloth trimmed with scarlet or orange. The white chargers were the horses of state, and one of these was the President's favorite saddle horse. He was a fine parade horse, as white as snow and sixteen hands high. His name was Prescott, and the President thought a great deal of him, though he had an annoying habit of dancing about on the approach of a carriage. It was the custom then for ladies in driving to order their coachmen to stop, and let down the glasses of their coach whenever the President approached on horseback, in order that he might pay his compliments. Upon such occasions Prescott would always dance, and I doubt not Washington became at times not a little exasperated at him. The other charger was also purely white, with flowing mane and tail. He was an Arabian steed, very high spirited, and so fiery that no one but Washington could ride him with comfort.

Thomas Jefferson kept the finest of horses in his stables, and he paid very high prices for some of them. At the time of his inauguration he rode to the Capitol on his favorite saddle horse, "Wild Air," and the generations of patriots since then have delighted in recounting the Jeffersonian simplicity with which he jumped from his horse himself, and, tying him to the fence with his own hands, walked into the Capitol. The truth, however, is that this act was forced upon him. He had hoped to drive to his inauguration in a fine turnout, and his son-in-law, Jack Eppes, had been sent off to buy four coach horses at a price of $1,600, but did not return to Washington in time, thus the President rode on horseback.

While Jefferson was President he took horseback rides every afternoon from 1 until 3, and he kept up this riding on horseback until within three weeks of his death. He was a bold and fearless rider, and delighted in riding alone. The presence of a servant annoyed him, and he was fond of solitary rides and musing. He kept, while in the White House, four fiery bay coach horses, but he seldom drove behind them. His rides about Washington brought him many strange adventures. He was often mistaken for some other person than the President, and stories are told of how strangers meeting him had denounced Jefferson to him, and on afterward calling at the White House had been covered with confusion at the remembrance of their conversation.

John Quincy Adams was entertained by horse races, and he used to walk out to the Holmstead race course, two miles from the White House, and back again whenever there was a race to be held. Mrs. Madison drove out to see the races in a chariot with four gray horses, and President Jackson not only went to see races, but he delighted in betting on them, and now and then ran his own horses. While he was in the White House a colt of his was entered under the name of his private secretary, Major Donelson, in a race for a stake of $10,000, but it was beaten by Commodore Stockton's Langford. Langford had been lame during his training for the race, and the President's horse was a general favorite. A great crowd of people attended the race, and the annual ball of the season was given that night. The walls of the ballroom were found ornamented with a full-length portrait of Andrew Jackson's horse, so confident had been his friends of winning the race.

Jackson's great love for his wife came out in relation to horses. He bought for her, it is said, the finest coach in Tennessee, paying for it $2,500, and he highly prized this coach in after years. He had it with him at Washington, and would ride in no other. At one time his horses ran away with it, and it was brought back considerably damaged. Jackson was very angry, and his private secretary heard him say to his black coachman: "Charles, you know why I value that carriage. This is the second time such an accident has happened, and if ever it occurs again I will send you back to Tennessee."

Just before Jackson left the Presidency he received a present of a carriage made from the timber of the frigate Constitution, which had taken part in the war against Great Britain in 1812, and had been dubbed Old Ironsides. During the last Presidential term of Jackson the old vessel went to pieces, and the Democracy of New York city gathered the timbers together and made a handsome carriage from them. It was in this carriage that Gen. Jackson and President-elect Van Buren rode to the Capitol from the White House to Van Buren's inauguration, and it is said that this old carriage is now in the possession of a storekeeper in a little Georgia village.

Martin Van Buren had a fine turnout while he was in the White House. His carriage was of a dark olive hue, with ornaments as bright as burnished gold. He had a footman and coachman in livery, and he rode about in grand style.

When Harrison came to Washington to be inaugurated, he walked from the depot into the city, and on the day of his inauguration refused to ride in a fine carriage which, with its four fiery horses, had been presented to him for this purpose by the Whigs of Baltimore. Gen. Harrison had pronounced ideas of his own as to how the President of the United States should act and speak. He thought that it was more becoming for the President to ride to his inauguration on horseback, as the Roman emperors used to pass along the Appian Way. So he refused the carriage, and though the day was cold and windy, he rode both out and back upon a white charger, wearing no overcoat, and carrying his hat in his hand as he did so. He was escorted by the military, but the raw, cold air chilled the marrow of his old bones, and it is the opinion of many that the exposure of that day had much to do with hastening his death, which occurred a few weeks later.

President Tyler brought to the White House the customs of his old Virginia home. A great deal of comment was made on one of his carriages, which was bought at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. It is said that President Tyler asked his Irish coachman what the people would think of his using a second-hand carriage. To which the coachman responded: "And faith, Mr. President, it seems to me a second-hand carriage would not be out of place for you. For you know that some people say that you are only a second-hand President."

President Polk kept a good turnout at Washington. He had a carriage of dark olive, highly polished, and with gilt borders around the panel work. The cushions of the interior were of rich figured crimson cloth with lace trimmings, and the windows had curtains of blue and red figured stuff. He drove four horses, and his equipage was one of the sights.

President Zach Taylor brought to Washington the old horse which he had used in the Mexican War. He was a fine-looking horse, as white as snow, and full of spirit; he pricked up his ears at martial music, and followed the remains of his master to the grave, being led directly behind the funeral car, which was drawn by eight white horses.

During the administration of Pierce the President's stables were directly below the White House, and they were in charge of a gray-haired coachman who still lives in Washington, and who delights in talking of the Presidents he has served. "President Pierce," he says, "was a fine horseback rider, and I can see him now as he used to walk down to the stables every morning with his whip in his hand. He would come in and pat the horses and say: 'Well, Thomas, will you saddle my horse for me, please?' and then he would stroll away to look at the garden which then lay between the White House and the Treasury, while his horse was being prepared for him.

"President Buchanan," continued the old coachman, "had a magnificent turnout, and one of his sets of harness cost him $800. It was made as a present for him by a Philadelphian, but it was President Buchanan's custom not to receive presents, and when the donor brought it to the White House Buchanan asked him what it had cost to make it. The reply was, $800. Buchanan at once wrote out a check for the amount, and made the man take it.

"President Buchanan drove but seldom, and he never rode on horseback. His niece, Harriet Lane, was the chief one who used the stables. She was fond of the saddle, and I was her groom on such occasions. She would often make up a party of ten girls, and they would canter away from the White House door for ten or twelve miles into the country about Washington. President Johnson bought his horses from those which the army sold at the close of the war. He was very careful in keeping an account of their expenses, and he paid himself for every cent's worth of feed they used. He kept eight horses, and one of his teams was very fine. It consisted of a pair of fiery blacks, with skin like jet, and eyes which flashed with spirit.

"Mrs. Lincoln managed all matters relating to the household and the stables, and engaged and dismissed the servants, and she was not the easiest woman to get along with, either. I was not her coachman, however. During Lincoln's Administration I acted as coachman for the two private secretaries, Col. John Hay and Mr. Nicolay. During the Administration I often had to drive Mr. Lincoln here and there, and I often took him to the Soldiers' Home. He had a troubled look during those days, and talked but little. Mrs. Lincoln kept the poorest horses of any Administration I served under."

President Grant's love for horses has become proverbial. He had been noted as a horseman long before he came to the White House, and at the time that he was elected he had a stock farm near St. Louis, where, it is said, he kept more than 100 horses. He drove the best of horses while he was President, and his favorites occupied a large space in the newspaper literature of the time. Among Gen. Grant's handsome horses were Cincinnati, Egypt, and Jeff Davis. Cincinnati was a good saddle horse, and the President could ride him to any point in the city and leave him standing unhitched for any length of time. He was never frightened at parades or street fights, and Grant was sure that however long he might remain in the houses of his friends upon his visits he would find Cincinnati waiting for him when he got through.

The horse called Jeff Davis was a kicker, and he had the habit of biting to such an extent that the stable hands were afraid to go near him. Gen. Grant could, however, handle him as he desired, and as soon as he entered the stable "Jeff Davis" would throw back his ears and move about restlessly until the General came up and patted him.

One of Grant's best horses was known as Butcher Boy, into the possession of which he came in a curious way. Grant was riding one day through Washington, and tried to pass a butcher's wagon jogging along in front of him. The boy driving the horse whipped up, and Gen. Grant and he had a lively race. The General was in a light, unpretentious rig, and the boy had no idea that he was racing with the President. His horse was so good, however, that he kept ahead for a long distance. President Grant admired the horse during this race, and as the wagon drove to a butcher shop in Washington he quietly noted the place. Shortly after this he sent one of his friends around to look at the horse, and buy it if possible. The purchase was made, the money passed, and the butcher's horse took his place in the White House stables. His name came from the curious manner in which he was acquired.

Grant visited his stables daily while he was President, and it was during his administration that the present stables of the White House were built. They consist of a low brick structure in the form of the head of a T, the two ears of which are used as carriage houses, and the head of which forms the stable proper. The stalls are wide and roomy, and they are kept as clean as a New England kitchen. Grant visited his horses after he was through with the business of the day. He saw that they had the best kind of feed, and had them regularly exercised. He did not allow any one to ill-treat them, and when driving always held the reins himself.

President Arthur had a number of good horses in his stables, and he seldom drove about Washington without a coachman in livery. During the latter part of his term his doctors advised him to take horseback rides, and he did this for a time. When he left the White House his horses were sold.

President Cleveland rides out in his carriage every afternoon. His coachman is Albert Hawkins, a tall, fine-looking colored man, who sits as straight as a post, and who is dressed in a livery the color of chamois-skin and trimmed with silver buttons. The President's coach horses are seal brown in color. They have flowing manes and tails, and are about six or seven years of age. The President's country home is three miles from the White House, and the drive to it is one of the most beautiful about Washington. Nearly every afternoon the President and his wife drive out toward it, and at other times in the day you may often see Mrs. Cleveland and her lady friends dashing along the country roads about Washington.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A SPIRITED OLD JEHU.

The Venerable Lawson Fuller will Steer a Four-in-hand Against Time.

If all goes well there will be a novel trot in Fleetwood Park on June 11. The aged Lawson N. Fuller told a reporter all about it:

"You see," he said, "that the best time made by a four-in-hand was made about two years ago by Mr. John Gordon, who sent his four horses a mile in 2:48. He said at that time that if this record was beaten he would present $5,000 to any charitable organization that was named by the winning driver. I have a great admiration for the Manhattan Hospital, and have determined to attempt to win this money for it. I shall drive Russell Sage's horse, Louis B., Col. Robert C. Rathbun's Daisy Hamilton, Percy B. Louis's Harry, and my horse Hughey. The slowest horse of the four is Harry, and I have been training him for the past week. I shall make no attempt to get the other horses into condition until within a week of the day set for the race. I shall drive the horses myself, and expect to break the record. A number of bicyclists have asked permission to wheel around the track on the day of the race. I think permission will be accorded them, and an admission fee of $1 will be charged to all desiring to see the sport. This money will be handed over to the hospital, whether I succeed in winning the $5,000 for it or not."

Mr. Fuller burst into Russell Sage's outer offices at 71 Broadway yesterday afternoon, stumbled over John Ernest McCann, Mr. Sage's confidential man, and declared with vigor that he wanted to see Mr. Sage in a jiffy. He said he wanted to arrange the date for the four-in-hand drive, that Mr. Sage must surely sit beside him on the box, and that a wagon load of money would be corraled for the Manhattan Hospital. Mr. Sage was very busy, but he received Mr. Fuller with his accustomed passive manner, said he was ready to do anything that would advance the interests of the hospital, but really he wasn't ready to promise Mr. Fuller that he would accompany him in the mad plunge around the track. He said, however, that he was heart and soul for the trot, and provided that certain horses could be got he might venture on the box. It was at first proposed to have the trot on Tuesday, June 7, but Mr. Sage and Mr. Fuller recollected the Saturday half holiday, and decided that Saturday, June 11, in the afternoon would be better, as a greater crowd could be secured.

More Puritanism.

From Life.

English Traveller (troubled with insomnia)—Can you give me a London *Punch*?

Indignant Proprietress (with vehemence)—No, sir! We don't keep liquors of no sort here.

ALL SORTS OF MISTAKES.

ERRORS OF VISION, SPEECH, HEARING, MEMORY, AND JUDGMENT.

Tricks Played by the Minds of People—The Waiter who Looked Like Chauncey Depew—Spoiling an Orator's Remark.

There is a good deal of uniformity in the mistakes that people make. For instance, a large number of persons every year put letters in the Post Office without postage stamps, or without addresses, or with wrong addresses. Such mistakes are so common that various expedients have become necessary to correct them. Among these are the printing of the names of the senders on the outside, the short postage stamp, and the bulk of the work of the Dead Letter Office.

Mistakes in drawing law papers are so common that the newest codes make provision for them. Thus, in some cases, where an affidavit has been sworn to before a notary or magistrate, and the affiant has neglected to affix his signature, the law provides that the paper shall not be invalid. There is a well-settled principle of law that a man cannot take advantage of his own error. If this were not so it would be possible to invalidate almost any proceeding by errors.

Before the new penal code went into operation many criminals escaped by means of technical errors of police court clerks who, in the hurry of business, were apt to make technical errors, of which criminal lawyers would take advantage. But many of these probable errors were provided against in the new code.

The mistakes that travellers are apt to make in getting out at the wrong station or passing their stations are guarded against by the practice of calling out the names of stations.

Mistakes of hearing are many and vexatious. Few persons can pronounce the letters M and N separately so as to make it certain which is used. This is recognized among printers, who when the question is raised will say, "N for nuts." Among stenographers the mistakes of hearing are diligently guarded against by close attention to the context, by means of which many errors of hearing are detected. Long practice will give a stenographer great skill in this respect. The mistakes that young phonographers make, who write from sound regardless of sense, are often very ludicrous.

Mistakes of speech are very common. Thus in a law case counsel frequently say plaintiff when they mean defendant. They will say Mr. Jones when they mean Mrs. Jones. The mind works so rapidly in both speaking and reading that words of similar appearance or sound are frequently used for one another. Thoughts follow one another so rapidly that they often appear to overtake one another so that one which should be spoken last is uttered first. If a thought is uppermost in the mind of any one, it is probable that it will find utterance at some most inopportune time and place. Thus, what are called absent-minded people are those who are so absorbed with one idea that they become oblivious to surroundings and keep attention riveted upon that idea, no matter how vexatious may be the result. This state of mind, while it is characteristic of great genius, and is necessary to attain perfection in any art or science, gives rise to many ludicrous results, and is largely used for the funny characters of fiction. Balzac makes a naturalist in love speak of the skin of his lady love thus: "Her epidermis was of that velvety texture that envelops the finest fruits."

The funny lovers of comedy comprise many whose scientific bent is constantly brought in sharp contrast with "spooning." An analogous illustration is that of young Sothern's latest funny man, who is at once an auctioneer and a lover, and throughout the play makes a constantly ludicrous juxtaposition of the two characters, all growing out of laughable mistakes.

Mistakes of vision are many. We think we see many things which we do not see, or which we see but partially. The stories of mistaken identity are as old as the world. Shakespeare's Two Dromios are reproduced every day. The law books are full of cases where men have sworn that strangers were their wives or women have sworn that strangers were their husbands. All sorts of martyrdom have been suffered by people who have had the misfortune either to look like bad people or to be mistaken for them. Twins have from time immemorial played pranks with their friends and enjoyed their discomfiture. There was once a waiter at Delmonico's who bore such a strong resemblance to Chauncey Depew that one night, when Chauncey failed to attend at the New England dinner, where he was well known, a wag brought in the waiter, and the members cheered him several minutes before the joke was discovered. A man who looks like Jay Gould or Barnum or Dr. Talmage, or any other well-known person, soon finds life a burden in the constant necessity for explaining mistakes.

Mistakes of printers are proverbial, but many if not most of them are traceable to bad copy. Some years ago, when the late James Watson Webb was editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, he had a verbal set-to with Theodore E. Tomlinson, then a lively practising lawyer with a strong interest in politics. The editor had considerably the advantage of the lawyer in having his newspaper at command. Tomlinson on one occasion determined to give the editor a shot, and fixed up a speech for a public meeting on the Battery. One paragraph of this speech was particularly severe, and the point of it was that Mr. Tomlinson insinuated that his opponent had done certain things, by a series of allegations that he, Tomlinson, had not done them. One of Mr. Tomlinson's sentences was this: "I never crawled on my belly to secure a bribe." But in the *Herald* of the next day Mr. Tomlinson was represented as saying, "I never crawled on my belly to secure a wife." Of course Mr. Tomlinson was furious, and he went to the *Herald* office to blow up the reporter. But his chagrin and defeat may be imagined when the fact is recorded that he was confronted with his own manuscript, where he had written the word "bribe" in such a way that the printer was quite justified in making it "wife."

Mistakes of architects and engineers are sometimes costly. An illustration is seen in the difference between the two big Vanderbilt grain elevators at the North River depot. One was built broadside to the stream. The other, at about the same cost, was built with the end to the stream on a pier, so that vessels may come up simultaneously on both sides. The position of the first one was a costly mistake.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt was a shrewd man when looking at any new-fashioned thing. Once a man came to him with a device for manufacturing fresh water on board ship out of salt water. Part of the apparatus was a donkey engine to pump the sea water in. The Commodore said to the inventor:

"What the d——l do you want of that donkey engine? Whenever the ship is in motion all you need to do to take in salt water is to run in a pipe from the bow of the ship. There, I've saved half your d——d old machine." And the Commodore was right.

The mistakes of the engineers who worked on the first elevated railroad in the city were many, and the various experiments for motors were costly. One idea was to run the cars by an endless chain, which ran in the direction of up town on the elevated structure and back under the street. The consequence was that when the chain broke the ends could only be joined by digging up the street. It cost a good deal of money to find this out. Some very valuable stationary engines were buried under the sidewalk many years. The engineers tried several miles of this endless chain, over and under, side and side, and a costly chain it was. The wire rope was not then available.

The Cooper Institute is an illustration of an architect's mistake, for a great deal of money has been expended in making the foundations what they ought to have been at the start.

There are, in fact, all sorts of mistakes in all the trades and professions, and this recalls a venerable but appropriate joke which describes a word battle between a lawyer and a doctor.

"Your mistakes are fatal," said the doctor, "when your clients are found on the scaffold."

"And yours," said the lawyer, "when your patients are found in the graveyard."

The memory is largely made up of the association of ideas. Most of what we know lies dormant in the mind, to be awakened by some idea revived by association. A very slight derangement of the mental faculties produces curious mistakes of association, so that ideas arise in the wrong place. There is a close analogy between the confusion of thought that occurs in dreams and insane ravings. There are lucid intervals in both. It is not unusual for well persons who have in mind a particular person to mistake others for that person. Such mistakes are frequent with persons of disordered mind, who are apt to mistake almost anybody for some others who have done them real or fancied injury, and whose image appears to be ever present in the memory, and easily called up by some slight association of ideas.

Mistakes of forgetfulness are apt to become more frequent as we grow older. All sorts of expedients are adopted to provide for it. A man who had been caught several times without money, through forgetting to change his pocketbook when he changed his clothing, adopted the expedient of keeping money in each suit of clothing, so that when he did forget he was prepared for it.

Origin of Honeymoon.

From the Epoch.

It may not be generally known that the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking for thirty days after marriage of metheglin, mead, or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila, a celebrated King of the Huns, who boasted of the appellation, "The Scourge of God," is said to have died on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feast.

The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin, in "The Honeymoon," thus refers to it:

> This truth is manifest—a gentle wife
> Is still the sterling comfort of a man's life;
> To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
> To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.