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He should not dissemble by making his lips a profession of belief which his heart or his intellect denies. But what crowd can be drawn that will satisfy the religious unbeliever? It is this unbefitting, so notable at this time, which is revolting against the old creeds rather than any mere change in belief, to which the creeds might be accommodated without destroying them.

At the Mines
The SUN's report of yesterday of the situation at the mines, differing in no respect from that of the other newspapers in this city, tells an impressive story. Here are samples of the report:

On the evening of June 6 six firemen reported for work at the mine pumps which supply the town of Nanticoke with water. The next moment the colliery was surrounded by a hooting and howling mob of men, women and boys. Two of the firemen promptly quit work. The wives and children of the four who remained stood at the colliery gates begging their husbands and fathers to come home, as they feared for their lives.

At Yorktown seventy men on their way to the mines to work were besieged in a store by a mob of miners. They got away under an escort of twenty-one armed deputies.

At the Pine Range Mill Mine in Hudson, the strikers kidnaped a policeman and a fireman and imprisoned them in a house whence, after threats of violence, they were released on agreement not to work.

At Mine No. 20 at Maxwell one set of men refused to work if the police guards were not withdrawn and another set refused to work without them.

At Shamokin the Sheriff was called on to protect men from being pelted with stones by the strikers, and in Scranton an engineer said he no longer dared to leave his engine house after dark.

A number of new laborers were stopped at Hazleton by a mob and turned back. In that town "edgies were hung in every mining patch and along the highways, and a reign of terror exists in many towns."

In the newspapers fawning at the feet of lawlessness, there has been a steady stream of compliments to the strikers for preserving "peace." Yet since the strike began not a single day has passed without some disorder of the effective kind here described.

The facts cannot successfully be concealed or safely ignored. They show too plainly for any man familiar with past experience, and possessing a knowledge of human nature, that what prevents the owners of the anthracite mines from producing coal is physical force, exerted by the striking miners. Lawlessness holds the public by the throat.

The remedy, the ultimate and indispensable remedy, is easily seen. It is a sounder public opinion than that which now permits a situation so full of outrage to endure.

The Revision of Ancient Religious Formularies.
The General Synod of the Reformed Church, in session at Asbury Park, has done wisely in referring to a large and representative committee of clergymen and laymen the whole subject of changes in its liturgical forms, with instructions to report to the next General Synod.

The changes proposed, as we showed shortly before this meeting of the General Synod, are neither of a doctrinal importance nor a literary value to justify their adoption. They are merely modernizations of forms consecrated by long usage and put forth at a period when religious faith was more positive and more devout than it is now; and for that reason they are held in the tender regard by the Church. It was a period, too, when literary expression was simpler and more precise than it is now—a very healthy period in literature generally.

The liturgy of the Reformed Church in America is substantially that first adopted by the Synod of Wesl in 1568. The offices of baptism, the Lord's Supper and ordination are made essential by the Constitution of the Church, but the use of the forms of prayer and of the marriage service is left optional with the minister. The translation from Dutch into English, made in 1763, when Reformed preaching in English began to be introduced into New York, may not be altogether elegant, but it is faithful to the original and clear in its doctrinal expression. Moreover, as we have said, long and uninterrupted use has hallowed it.

The amendments to the Westminster Confession adopted by the late Presbyterian General Assembly, and the accompanying "brief statement," afford a striking illustration of the literary decline which is inevitable when attempts are made to substitute ambiguity for the directness of an ancient formula. The modernization stands out as incongruously as a new patch on an old garment; final feebleness of literary style and extension comes in as a disfigurement by the side of the severe dignity and vigor of the old standard. Modern scholarship has found many blemishes in the King James version of the Bible, but modern translators and revisers have not been able to do the literary part of the work of amendment in a way at all satisfactory to the religious public. The old English Bible is woven into all English literature. The new version has no popular literary standing, but has fallen dead, so far as concerns its use in churches and in the mouths of the people. When literature draws from the Bible it is still invariably from the rich and abundant fountain of the old version of King James.

It is said that religious creeds and formularies should express the belief as it is actually at the period when the confession is made, and it is true so far as concerns the individual confessor.

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If the Richmond Dispatch is not mistaken, there is not so much demand for mint juleps in Virginia as there used to be. There are not so many old-fashioned gardens with their patches of mint. Perhaps the great artists, the consummate compounders of mint julep, have passed away with so many of the good old judges and clock-makers of the fine gentlemen with frilled shirt bosoms and ceremonial manners who used to be seen in Washington occasionally, as they were the ornament and honor of many Southern communities, those who communities, truster as they may in commerce or agriculture, will produce no finer articles than those made by the old-fashioned collection of mixed drinks. It stood alone, which was more than some of its two-headed devotes could say of it. It was a bouquet and a poem. More than that, it was, and is, in its way, the flower and expression of a phase of life that has passed.

In the North it has no proper place. It is an exotic that droops under transplantation. There are legends and myths of great men of the heroic age who know how to make mint juleps in this town. We have heard praisers of past time land the New York Hotel, and aver that the juleps of its most high and palmy state were a delight and a desire. Gaiety or all but gone is that old race of epures and toppers, having some smack of the earlier and coarser age, who celebrated the prowess of Lord Seymour drinking his seventeenth consecutive cocktail at the bar of the New York and failing in the arms of victory or was it a distinguished resident of a New York city who won in that noble competition?

But cocktails throw no light on juleps. Could Joe Fernandez of the New York Hotel make an acceptable julep? Certainly he could, since the man of reminiscences, or of the hotel Well, Joe Fernandez, equipped at the New York Hotel in the early '80s, but we never heard of him making a drink for a mint julep. Jerry Thomas, once famous from San Francisco to Broadway and according to him, off the inventor of the Tom and Jerry, a drink that seems to have vanished as absolutely as the dodo—you ought to have seen Jerry Thomas make a julep, the ancients would tell you. Jerry, obscure and fallen from his high estate and surrounded by caricatures of famous and unknown New Yorkers and others, glenned with a faint alcoholic and reminiscence light in Sixth avenue twenty years ago and more; but he had lost the secret, if ever he had it of the mint julep.

It is said that the barkeepers of the young school have little opportunity to mix anything except seltzer and milk. The progress of total abstinence and the passion for whiskey and water or "highballs" must tend to keep the young barkeeper's education in a state of arrested development. But even natter and more skillful chemists in New York might double in value at fusing the elements of this classic composition. The mint julep, dusty, weathered, homesick in the North. We have seen, even in clubs where should be reverence for the old masters, supposed juleps in which a mess

of seaweed seemed to be partially immersed in a sea of aerosolous oil. Only on Southern soil will this flower blossom.

Let us say, for the relief of our Prohibitionist friends, that we regard mint julep in a purely romantic and bookish light. To us it belongs in the category of the continuous harmless impossibility of Mr. Pickwick's journey to Birmingham with Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen. We ask water "julep," a mixture of brandy and water, of port wine, negus, of blackstrap, of that Harvard commencement punch, which flows no more, alas, no more! Mint julep is real in the South, but only a dream here. The veranda of an old, white, Doric or Ionic-pillared house, the Potomac, York, any river in the foreground. A young lady of the happy ante-Gibsonian days and proportions, steps out of a window which is a door, trips into the garden, brings back some mint, mixes with incomparable grace incomparable juleps. There is plenty of time. There is plenty of money. Slavery is a divine institution. You are half inclined to believe that mint julep is. Life is as placid as the river and as agreeable as the julep.

General, the Commissioner of the Crown Lands and of Public Works and the Secretary for Native Affairs. They have the right to sit and speak in either branch of the Legislature, but may vote only in that branch to which they have been individually elected. The Constitution of the Cape Colony is more liberal than that of the Dominion of Canada. Not only is the lower house, which consists of seventy-six members, elected on a very liberal franchise, but the upper house, or legislative council, is also elected, with the exception that the Chief Justice of the Colony is, ex officio, chairman of that body.

Such are the political institutions which Cape Colony has until very recently enjoyed in fact, and still enjoys in name. Of late, however, the Cape Parliament has not met according to the terms of the Constitution, which, consequently, many politicians regard as already abrogated. It is certain that, unless the British Parliament passes a bill of indemnity, the present Cape Ministry will be held personally responsible for the money spent without the sanction of the Cape Parliament. No fewer than forty-five members of the Cape Parliament have signed a petition in favor of a suspension of the Constitution. The answer returned, however, by Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, was unfavorable. His objection to the proposal was based on the ground that such a step would be a retrograde movement, un-English, and contrary to British interests.

Those in favor of it assert that such disadvantages are outbalanced by the peaceful state of things which, in their opinion, is bound to exist under Crown Government. They allege that race hatred would certainly be excited by a general election held at the present time in Cape Colony, and that tranquility in the Orange River region and the Transvaal would be jeopardized by the development of new parties at the Cape. It is further suggested that Lord Milner, in his capacity of High Commissioner, will be more likely to have a free hand in dealing with the newly-admitted republics if he is not trammelled in his capacity of Governor of Cape Colony by Ministers responsible to the Cape Parliament. There has long been a difference of opinion among officials as to whether, as High Commissioner, the Governor of the Cape must guide himself by the advice of his colonial Ministry. Sir Bartle Frere was inclined to consult the Cape Ministers as High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson endeavored to take the opposite course.

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