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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication will have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for this purpose.

His Record.

Always eager to promote economy and "educate the masses," the Progressive Pompadour from Wisconsin has had "reprinted" in the Congressional Record of August 2, to "correct an error" of omission in the published report, a speech already printed in that thrilling sheet of July 29. Bombarding BOB took care not to omit this passage:

"I believe, Mr. President, some records are being made here, day by day, that will have to be settled for in the not distant future."

The record day by day of this typical Progressive saint, who proves the mightiness of his present economic principles by his easy swallowing of his earlier ones, will be a tale of wonder even in the Brazen Legend of Progressive statesmanship. His unselfishness, his sincerity, his devotion to the public good, his freedom from pretence and cant and hypocrisy—whatever record leaps to light, his never will be broken till URBAN HEPP comes back to a yearning world and heads the "great reform movement." A record yet to be "settled for" when Wisconsin comes out of her hypnotic sleep.

How a Frenchman Built a City.

A few years ago, when the Moroccan question was much younger and French attention less sharply fixed upon the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of the Shereefian empire, a retired French naval officer was seized with the purely Rhodesian ambition to found upon the African coast a seaport which should bear his name, become the water gate of a vast and fertile hinterland, and play a considerable part in the grandiose scheme of "pacific penetration," then just taking form.

The adventures of this French officer, M. LOUIS SAY, are somewhat summarily described by M. ANDRE COLLEZ in his new book, "La Frontiere Algéro-Marocaine." They furnish a not unilluminating sidelight upon the contrast between the operations of the Gallic and the Anglo-Saxon mind when it comes to a question of colonial enterprise and city building. For the fact is that M. LOUIS SAY did precisely what an Englishman would have done under similar circumstances; he proceeded to found his city without delay or conference.

All this was very wrong from the French point of view, and resulted in many hardships for M. SAY. First of all he selected his site unwisely. Looking on the Moroccan map he picked out the mouth of the Muluya as the point at which to place his town. But when he came alongside Cap de l'Eau his fortilla was greeted by Moroccan bullets, his companion was actually killed, and he escaped with difficulty.

As for the French Government, it looked with natural disapproval upon the performance of M. SAY, because Cap de l'Eau was beyond the frontier, was in fact inside the sphere of the Spanish port at Melilla; and the SAY expedition was presently followed by a Spanish invasion, and Cap de l'Eau passed definitely into Spanish hands, while the French Foreign Office had its own difficulties in explaining an "aggression" which looked unfriendly from the Madrid point of view.

But M. LOUIS SAY was not discouraged; on the contrary he moved a little up the coast, dropped anchor at the mouth of the Wady Kiss, and took shore on the French side of the frontier and promptly christened his landing place Port Say. Then with a moderate amount of difficulty he purchased 2,500 acres of land with a sea frontage and began to build his great colonial city.

Immediately there was trouble again. The French law holds the waterfront as public property. No sooner had M. SAY begun a breakwater and a wharf than a cloud of functionaries descended upon him and he was bombarded with proverbs. One functionary sent by sea to Port Say to dislodge the founder and destroy the breakwater escaped drowning only by the fortunate interposition of the breakwater, behind which his shattered craft found refuge.

Next an official connected with the marine branch of colonial administration declared in a report that M. SAY was a pirate, and alleged offences for which the punishment was a life sentence to hard labor or death itself. A final revenge of the functionaries was an effort, almost successful, to change the names of the places upon which M. SAY had bestowed titles, including his own.

Another difficulty assailed the intrepid colonizer: he had a seaport, but no boatmen. But this time genius triumphed promptly. M. SAY sent down the Rifian coast to the village of the Bocayas, once famous as Moroccan

pirates, and brought them bodily to his city, erected a new village for them and permitted them to follow their pirate calling in the small boats which served for disembarking passengers and freight from the steamers that called at Port Say.

In the end M. SAY had his reward. The French sense of humor, if not the colonial mind, was touched by the pirate episode. M. JOANNART, then Governor-General of Algeria, intervened to temper the zeal of the functionaries, the cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed upon the Algerian Cecil Rhodes, and what was really more to the point, \$180,000 was appropriated to build highways over the mountains to the Port of Say, at last assured of its honorable title.

It is doubtful if Port Say will ever rival Oran or surpass Algiers. Even Melilla, across the Spanish line, has better prospects, but with a wharf, a narrow gauge railroad, and a few resources of port administration, Port Say may become the sea gate to the plains of the Amalat of Ujda, with a roadstead there in fair weather steamers can take on and unload cargo. As for M. SAY, he has not yet realized financially upon his speculation, but on all recent maps his name stands forth, the last within the French frontier of Algeria.

Another Mississippi Poet.

How many students of American literature know that to-day Mississippi, as rich in laurels as in cotton, a nurse of sublime headed poets, has kicked Indiana off the throne of song? And her noblest poets are her noblest statesmen. In the present House of Representatives sit and sing EZEKIEL SAMUEL CHANDLER, Laureate of the Tombigbee and TITUS of Tishomingo; BYRON PATTON ("PAT") HARRISON, the Chrysolite of Crystal Springs, and SAMUEL ANDREW WITHERSPOON, the Cotton Chanter of Meridian. To the work of the first two some grudging justice has been done; it is our happiness to bid reverent eyes look upon the effulgent, the almost interminably bright, high noon of Mississippi poetry. Like a jewel in a pig's snout the Witheredpood flashes from out the cloudy pages of the Congressional Record of August 2, that even unusually stuffed and stodgy volume, containing among other invocations to sleep two or three hunks of the Hon. ROBERT MARIONETTE LA FOLLETTE's ten year serial speech. Mr. WITHERSPOON has been tramping along the beaten track of tariff talk; the cotton schedule is his theme; he has fang statistics and figures at his weary face; then the divine madness seizes him; cotton turns to the golden fleece, cotton cloth is transformed into cloth of gold.

But even when human minds are so separated by the clouds of ill will and the dark fog of prejudice that neither the sunlight of reason nor the softer moonlight of human sympathy can penetrate through the gloom from one to the other, there is a power divine whose influence knows no limit. It is the still small voice whose music is always sweet to the human soul. CH. W. DICKENS says that in the midst of the wild waves can be heard the voice of the Great Creator, which speaks to the heart alone, and it was one of your own great poets—who do not venture to say our own—who wrote:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A varied language."

"It is the divine voice coming from the lips of nature upon which I depend for my appeal. Go with me in thought to the cotton farm. As we pass the humble unpainted home you will find the doors closed and the windows down. There is no laughter or prattle of children in the yard, and the footfalls of the mother do not break the silence within. Passing on down to the cotton field you will see the farmer with his cotton sack slung to his shoulder, bending over the row. By his side walk the ever faithful wife, under whose sunbonnet you will see a face whose charm no adversity can destroy. And still next there is a blue eyed, rose tipped girl whose tender fingers with the beauty of a flower and the grace of a human gait that wonderful fibre in which the human race is clad. And all through that cotton field among the bending limbs and green leaves of the cotton stalk you will see a great multitude of cotton blossoms as white and spotless as your own snowflakes from the way from heaven. These are the tongues of nature, and they murmur with a mute but more than mortal eloquence how the manhood, the womanhood and even the sweet childhood of the South is consecrated to the service of humanity.

"And go with me again next day and you will find these same white blossoms have changed to red. They are about to fall. They are the bleeding tongues of nature, and they mutter its last dying declaration that the life blood of the great cotton industry of the South is being shed to satiate the thirst of power greed.

"If argument has lost its power, if logic is no longer potent, if human sympathy and pity are forever dead, still listen to the sweet voice of truth as it finds its expression divine in the living and the dying flowers of the cotton field."

The bleeding tongues of nature drip their purple sorrow on that immortal page. Listening against his will to the sweet voice of truth, the unfeeling Mr. MANN of Illinois coughs fiercely to hide his honorable sob; the Hon. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, who has come in a merely formal neighborly way to listen and congratulate, shifts his cud unasily from one cheek to the other, brushes away a little Mississippi of a tear, and unconsciously with his nervous right hand brushes the left front of his coat. Till that moment no living man had seen any coat of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS's display any evidence of having been brushed. There could be no more potent proof of the Hon. SAMUEL ANDREW WITHERSPOON's gift to upset the urn of tears.

The Play's the Thing.

The traditions of theatre managers mature slowly, and even the strongest of them are subject to change. It now appears that the wise men of the footlight world have reversed one opinion which they formerly held. In their present view it is not the actor who draws the public into the theatre, but the drama in which he appears. This is the latest contradiction to a judgment which several years ago began to multiply the number of so-called "stars" until there were few representatives of any other kind of acting.

The explanation of the rapid promotion of this or that actor to a post of such obscurity was always explained by the public taste for personalities. The public was supposed to be crying for personality, youth or beauty, and these qualities were liberally supplied by the managers. As the public was not believed to have any wishes in the matter of talent or efficiency, such traits were rarely considered.

The long announcements of the returning masters of the theatre lay much more emphasis on their plays than on persons who are to be seen in them. Experience has taught them, at last, that even the most liberally boomed of the "stars" is powerless to "draw" unless the vehicle in which he or she is exhibited has some quality of its own that is conducive to popular success; and if there be vitality in a drama, it makes no difference which of these distinguished artists appears in it. There is enough in the play to overcome the lack of artistic skill in even the rawest of manager made stars.

There was, of course, a time when it was the actor that appealed to the people more than the work in which he was revealed. That was true of the EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, who played Hamlet or Macbeth may have made some slight difference in the size of the audience, but it was unimportant so long as he was in the play. Perhaps he was more popular in some roles than in others, but the warmth with which he was received by the public was not different to any marked degree. In the same way it was the presence of MARY ANDERSON, LAWRENCE BARRETT, ADELAIDE NEILSON or JOHN McCULLOUGH that brought the public to the theatre whatever might be the drama in which they were to be seen.

There were various reasons then for this concentration of interest on the actor rather than the drama. These players all acted the standard plays that figured in the repertoire of the comedian or the tragedian. Novelties were then slightly regarded. Students of acting in those days delighted in the comparison of their various favorites in the same parts. They were interested to hear one's conception of a famous line and see what "business" another introduced to illustrate the text. So what the play happened to be did not materially affect their decision to go to the theatre. On the old fashioned classic stage the actors alone counted.

Some time other American actors will be able to inflame the audience with the fire of their genius and people will flock to the theatre to watch them and not to the play. Such genius recurs from time to time, and there seems no reason to doubt that the theatre in this country may once more bring forth players equal to the best of their predecessors. Then the managers will have to change their minds and agree that after all it is not always the play that's the thing.

The American Lobster.

There is little comfort for the lovers of the lobster in the interesting biography of that valued crustacean which Professor FRANCIS HOBART HERRICK has prepared for the Bureau of Fisheries. The consumption of the lobster is going on at a rate beyond the power of nature and artificial hatcheries to make good; its number is decreasing, its size is diminishing, and its price is going up, but no practical remedy or hope for the future is given. The professor is concerned not only about the perpetuation of the lobster but also about its retaining a respectable size; the professor recalls sadly the days when lobsters were sold by the piece and not by the pound, and eight or nine pounds was the usual weight for those sold; he contrasts the few cents paid for one of these with the 30 or 35 cents a pound asked nowadays.

It is only incidentally that Professor HERRICK touches on the economic or gastronomic side of the lobster problem; it is the "Natural History of the American Lobster" that he has to relate, and he does this with sympathy, pathos and humor. In reading his pages we wonder how the lobster ever comes into existence, or, being born, how it manages to grow to a size fit for the table. Consider the dawning of crayfish life:

"If the egg stalk does not adhere to a hair of the parental swimmer or to another egg; if the two eggshells are not themselves adherent; if a certain delicate thread, which is spun, as it were, from an embryonic cuticle shed at hatching time, does not itself stick on the one hand to the telson of the young and on the other to the inside of the inner eggshell, and thus tether the little one to its mother, if, again, a little later, when its leading cord has broken, this young one has not been entering enough to hook on to some part of the egg glue with its great forceps, the tips of which have been bent into fishhook form. It comes to certain grief."

After life has started the microscopic lobster is exposed to the action of the waves, to being ground to pieces on the sand and rocks. It must withstand the cannibalistic appetite of its brothers and parents, and the taste of fishes which are as partial to lobster as humans are. In shallow water, the cunners eat the small fry; as the lobster grows older the larger fishes have their share, menhaden, bass, pollock, and above all cod, which eats soft and hard shell lobsters up to eight inches or more and "is very partial to the young from two to four inches" long; when it is full grown, sharks and skates have their turn. Fortunately the lobster has few parasites, and little is known about its diseases, though some mysterious epidemics are noted. It seems a wonder that man gets any chance at the lobster. Even when captured, lobsters packed together eat each other.

Professor HERRICK gives much attention to size, the records of which are as dubious as those of fish that escape the hook. The largest authentic lobster, which is preserved in the Museum of Natural History in New York, was captured on the Jersey coast in 1807. Its length from spine to tail is 23 1/2 inches, its weight when alive was 34 pounds. If measured with the big claws extended as far as possible, however, the length is nearly four feet, so that the report by the Pilgrim Fathers that New York Bay lobsters were five or six feet long may not be so badly exaggerated. The Rev. Mr. HIGGINSON is authority for the weight of early Salem lobsters, of which many weighed 25 pounds apiece. Professor HERRICK has a list

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY.

A Young American Poet on the "Holy Grail" in the Boston Library.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The delivery room of the Boston Public Library hums with its usual business, though a few more people than usual sit gazing up, with more or less of reverence and understanding, at the scenes that glow under golden lights above the oaken paneling. Chance brought me to Boston and to the library within twenty-four hours of that hour when Edwin A. Abbey "knew out" in a land that had been more kind to him than his native land.

It is strange that though the lobster's anatomy is better known to scientific men and amateurs than that of most creatures, its habits and peculiarities should be nearly unknown. For the intimate details of its family life Professor HERRICK is obliged to trust to hearsay and isolated observations, and what it does in deep water seems also a matter of conjecture. Reports of big lobsters caught at great depths have appeared recently, but what the lobsters were doing there is unexplained. The public is indebted to Professor HERRICK for much entertaining information, but the question of when we shall have all the lobster we want at a reasonable price is unanswered. Her hints at the possibility of a lobsterless America.

It was the late BERNARD HARRISON who one day, according to tradition, his native city, gave it wide publicity by declaring that "it was no mean city." His utterance became a catch phrase, and many other aspiring communities took it and applied it unto themselves. Advertisements for the Boston Public Library will not Mayor GAYNOR or the American Bible Society furnish this Tar Heel heathen with a needed addition to his library?

General ABBEY was nearly as impressive and triumphant as are our own beloved insurgents.

The Gulf Stream of progress—Raleigh News and Observer.

Thus does JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Bard of Blowing Rock, felicitously allude to the utterances of the Open Mouth in Trenton.

Days pass into weeks and still the Hon. HOCUS P. SMITH owes one undivided half Hoke to Georgia and the other to the United States Senate.

Part of old Jones's Wood, on the east side of New York, is under cultivation again—Evening Post.

Jones's Wood; there's a magic in the name of it to any New Yorker of the golden age. To be sure, it is fast taking a battle-ground of tithes in its latter days, but it lingers as a sort of enchanted Arcadian bazaar in the mind of the ancient who knows enough to forget the accidental disagreeable and to be faithful to the old landmarks.

The drive of 383 yards 1 foot made the other day by the English golfer GEORGE DUNCAN in the course of a four ball match must be accepted as about the record. The conditions were favorable, a sunbaked fair green, a following wind and a flat course. DUNCAN, moreover, made the drive when the match was in a critical stage and when it is not likely that he would abandon the result by trying for a record. JAMES BRADY, who was driving for him at the time, claims a year ago, and W. H. HORN, another British player, is credited with 388 yards, although the exact position of his ball when it came to rest was never definitely established. But these drives were made, one in practice, the other in a friendly competition, and their merit has never been considered as great as a similar performance in the stress of a competitive match. So that DUNCAN's drive becomes one of the achievements of this season's golf, and an inspiration to the player who has long labored to beat his own 200 yards.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Letter of Dr. W. B. Burroughs of Brunswick in the "Macon Telegraph."

Noticing a statement in some of the papers the other day that the original proclamation of emancipation was one of the historical documents saved at the fire in Albany which destroyed a part of the State Capitol of New York, I wish to correct this error. The original proclamation of emancipation does not exist. The document in the New York Capitol building, which is the one now in existence, is dated September 22, 1862, in which he declared that the object of the war was to restore the Union; that [in] all the Southern States which reenter the Union by January 1, 1863, the institution of slavery might remain, but that if the States do not reenter, the slaves be retained or relinquished as they see fit, but if you do not reenter the Union by that date I will declare your slaves free. (See Statutes at Large of United States, 1862-63, Appendix, page 1.) So you see there was no question of mercy, of humanity or consideration of the slaves, but trying to force the South, which was fighting for its rights and independence, back into the Union.

Now, on January 1, 1863, the South was still fighting for its rights, and the original proclamation of emancipation, which was signed by Abraham Lincoln in full, not "A. Lincoln." This document gave to the slaves of the United States as they thought best for the benefit of the wounded Union soldiers. This document was sold at public outcry. George F. Ryan of Chicago bought it for \$3,500, and he loaned it to some public entertainment committee in 1871 and it was entirely destroyed in the great fire of Chicago, October 8, 1871.

The 100 day notice or warning or threat was given to the Christian Commission likewise to raise money for the "iron soldiers." In a rare copy of the Boston Herald, N. Y. edition, I have found a notice that the Legislature of New York voted to buy it and paid Gerrit Smith \$1,000 for it. Many years ago among the collection in London of Charles Jeffrey Smith, who wrote "The Life of Lincoln" in the "Days of American Slavery," there existed a duplicate of the original proclamation, and when in need of money he hypothesized his treasure with James Ivegasakis (Iregaskias), a bookseller at High Holborn street, London.

THE COLONIAL CHURCH SILVER AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has issued an attractive and complete catalogue of the exhibition of American church silver at the museum. With the cooperation of the churches appealed to and of numerous private individuals, the collection brought together a most interesting collection of both church and domestic silver.

The catalogue contains an introduction on early Connecticut silversmiths by Mr. George M. Curtis, an appendix list of American silversmiths, and many handsome plates. There are over a thousand numbers, most of them showing the beautiful simplicity of design characteristic of Colonial silverware, and there are several handsome pieces that have in addition a historic interest. Among these is a punch bowl lent by Dartmouth College, presented to the president of that institution by the Governor of New Hampshire at its first commencement.

In the church silver is a beaker lent by the First Congregational Church of New London and inscribed as presented by the owners of the ship Adventure in 1699. This beaker is a punch bowl inscribed with the work of Jacob Hurde, a Boston craftsman (1702-58), including two baptismal basins engraved with coat of arms, several good tankards, beakers and ovoid cups, a singular engraved kettle with four curved legs and claw feet, and a large tray engraved with coat of arms.

Paul Revere, the patriot, is adequately represented by thirty-seven pieces, and there is also exhibited some of the work of his father, Paul Revere, Sr., a Frenchman who emigrated to Boston at the age of 13. The Reverses seem to have inclined more toward slenderness and delicacy of outline than other early American silver workers, a characteristic which may be accounted for by their French extraction. An appropriate specimen of the younger Revere's work is a punch bowl inscribed with the names of the members of the Massachusetts Bay, who, undaunted by the insolent menace of Villains in Power, from a Strict Regard to Conscience and the Liberties of their Constituents, on the 30th of June, 1768, voted NOT TO RESCIND.

Eighty-six numbers are by John Burt, a Boston smith (1691-1745), and his three sons, who followed the same calling. There are nine beautiful pieces by John Putwain, including a fine flagon lent by the First Parish Church of Charlestown. Tankards, flasks, beakers and domestic silver by William Cowell, Knight Leverett, William Moulton and many others are also shown.

In the short biographical paragraphs which follow each name a name suggestion on which the imagination may build romance and adventure. Silversmithing in the colonies was an honorable occupation. It required both brains and brawn, and many in the calling were well connected and active in the public affairs of their communities.

William Homes, known as the "Honest Goldsmith," was a nephew of Benjamin Franklin. In a number of the sketches the subjects of them are described as officers of the militia, Justices of the Peace, or town constables. Often they were the engravers of the Colonial money.

There are some disastrous exceptions to these records of industry and respectability. However, about Samuel Casey (1724-70), King's Arms, it was reported that in 1770 he was arrested for counterfeiting money and sentenced to be hanged, but his friends, not believing him guilty, broke into the jail and he escaped on horseback. It is a coincidence—shall it be said appropriate?—that none of this gentleman's work is now preserved in church collections. All his known work is in the possession of private individuals.

Mr. Curtis's description of the business card of Joseph Carpenter, a Norwich smith, the copper plate of which was recently discovered, is interesting. His name is prominent in the card, and a group of silver tea set, cake basket, mugs, spoons, tongs, buckles, watches, rings, a clock and a knife box, illustrating the article, are shown. It is a fine example of the world's "Arts and Sciences" on a ribbon scroll, while cherubs, supported on clouds, hover above these treasures.

This noteworthy exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts will continue until December.

Healey's "Webster's Reply to Hayne."

Taking recognition of the reports that the Art Commission is considering the reduction in size of the famous picture in Faneuil Hall, "Webster's Reply to Hayne," former Mayor Samuel A. Green sends a word of protest against altering the portrait.

"I do not believe in this move," he said. "The Art Commission may be perfectly correct from their point of view, but Faneuil Hall, I take it, is dedicated to a masterpiece of art, and an aesthetically well balanced picture gallery."

"The picture has been well enough as it is for the last fifty years, and I see no reason why it should not be as well for the next fifty years. Faneuil Hall is not all that an architect could desire, but its main purpose is preserved, to inculcate patriotism and loyalty into citizens."

SOME IMAGINAR SAINTS.

A saint frequently mentioned by early travelers in Palestine is Archidrius. A. G. Gallie (1103) found a monastery, Casa de Gallie, which bore his name, and was 3000 found there by Sir John Maunvel in 1372. In medieval sermons he is often introduced as the master of the feast which presided at the wedding of Cana. G. turning to the Vulgate (St. John II, 8, 9) find the origin of the name, for this fastidious is there called archidrius, which is nothing more than a transliteration of the word in the Greek meaning the chief of the three-cooked banquet. From the Vulgate it was adopted into the version—the "Roman"—"archidrius taste lo vifaid daya" and Weyl's "archidrius taste the water made wine." Thus St. archidrius is just St. President or St. chairman. Even better known was the name of Longinus, who in early apocryphal writings is a Christian legend was to centurion who carried out the crucifixion of our Lord. The story went that he was a blind knight, and "pierced our Saviour's side with a spear, and the drop of the blood which he drained out fell upon the eye of Longinus, and he was restored to sight," and in his "Vision of Piers Plowman mentions him: "They cam forth a blind nyght with a spear; yowght."

In 1644 Evelyn saw a statue of Longinus of a colossus magnificence in St. Peter's at Rome. Dean Burgon writes—the inscription which surmounts it—"Longinus lanceam quem Innocentius VIII. Pont. Max. a Bajazete Turcarum Tyranno accepit." We wonder probably from what independent source of information the medieval Church came to know the name of this soldier. It occurs first in the "Acts of Pilate" and the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and is a mere functional name evolved out of the "stone-man," which the word for the lance with which he wielded his spear. Thus Longinus, as if Longineus, is the "span-man." In Old French it appears as "Lonia" and "Lungis," who in modern times has been adopted as the patron of the lazy "lounger." Such are the "causatives" of words. The recently discovered "Gospel" according to Peter knows no name of the century who rolled stone the door of the sepulchre: "Late assigned to them Petronius the centurion, with soldiers to guard the tomb." Obviously Petronius is the "stone-man," which the name of the "petra" of which the stone is made. Similarly the mystery plays tell of a man named Centurion, Cayphas addresses him, "Centurio, quoniam tu canas non read." The "elect lady" whom St. John addresses his Second Epistles often been called the "petra" of which the stone is made. Similarly the mystery plays tell of a man named Centurion, Cayphas addresses him, "Centurio, quoniam tu canas non read." The "elect lady" whom St. John addresses his Second Epistles often been called the "petra" of which the stone is made. Similarly the mystery plays tell of a man named Centurion, Cayphas addresses him, "Centurio, quoniam tu canas non read."

The same principle applies to the characteristic epithets which usually explain the provenance of a Fresh saint mentioned by M. Saintryes in a curious book "Les Saints Successeurs de l'Evangeliste," whose cult is much observed in the Department of Berry. Originally his name was "Luce" and he was called "Luce" in the woods, and according to the popular tradition he is identical with Lucius, who is said toward the end of his life to have retired to the forest of Berry. It seems much more likely, I venture to think, that the name of the long apartment he used to wear, in the forest, was "Luce" and that, as in his characteristic act of climbing up into the tree and thus winning himself the descriptive sobriquet of "treman" or "forester." Sylvester, with whom Sylvian is often associated, was the "knowledge" of the forest, and the pilgrim saw the "spot where Peter had climbed," the lame man at the gate of the Temple, the name being due to a misunderstanding of the Vulgate "Quidam viri erat claudus." Dives, which has obtained universal fame, is a quite similar case, in the mystery play of "The Harrowing of Hell" Syndonia, the maid who brings the flax linen cloth to envelop the body of the Saviour, owes her existence to the sinner or, just as the story of the "Luce" is a legend, the name gave shelter at the sacrifice his own life, appears to have got his name, if not his being, from the priestly cloak a garb (amphibian) which he used to "eat around" him (amphibian). Bada baba special mention of the long apartment he used to wear, in the forest, was "Luce" and that, as in his characteristic act of climbing up into the tree and thus winning himself the descriptive sobriquet of "treman" or "forester." 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