

RARE COPTIC MANUSCRIPTS SECURED BY J. P. MORGAN

An announcement made privately at the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America in Pittsburgh last week will be received by students of Egyptian and Semitic languages and collectors of rare manuscripts the world over as one of unusual importance. It is that J. P. Morgan has just acquired for his private collection the most complete and valuable collection of Coptic manuscripts that has ever been unearthed in Egypt and that he intends to put the same into such shape as will allow the world to profit by the great additions to the knowledge of Coptic literature brought about by this most recent find.

The collection has just been received by Mr. Morgan from Paris, where its purchase from the antiquarians who rescued the shelves of ancient manuscripts from the Arabs was made. Prof. Henry Hyvernat of the Catholic University of

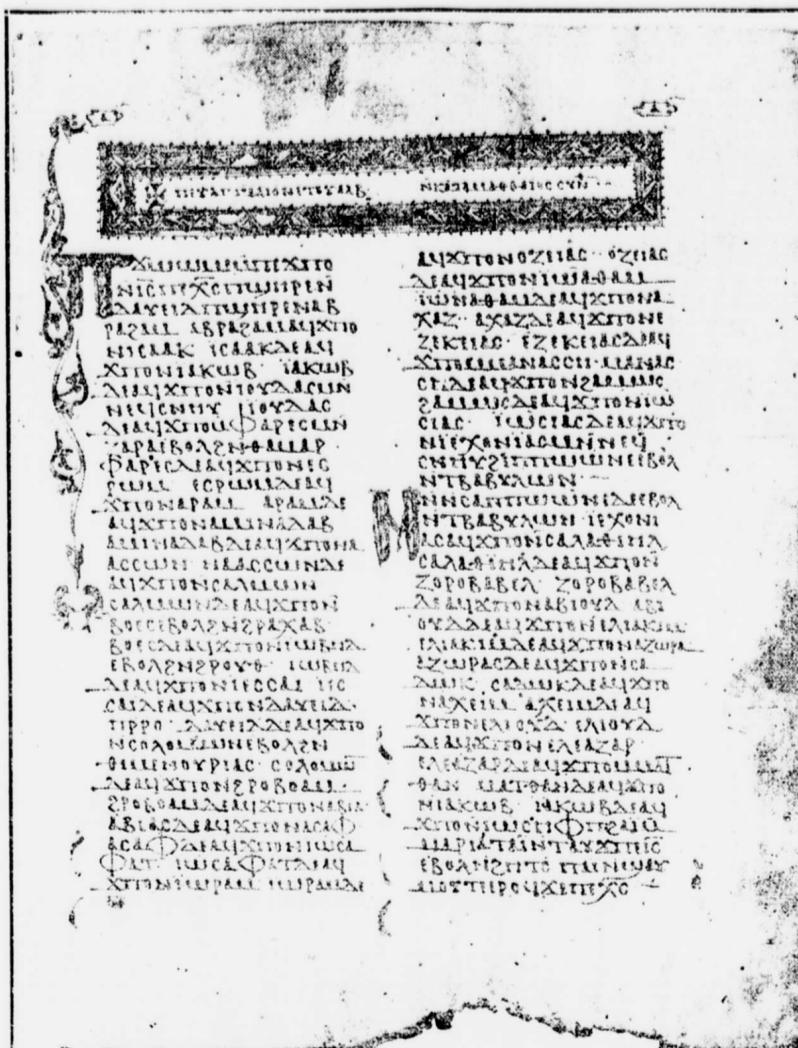
in their original bindings, typical of the severe asceticism of early Christian art. A dozen of the books are adorned with full page pictures representing the Virgin with the Child at her breast, angels, holy martyrs and anchorites of the desert, and throughout the collection there is a wealth of marginal illuminations and text adornments.

One peculiar point of value in the collection is that it contains the oldest dated Coptic manuscripts yet found. These dates range from the middle of the fifth to the latter half of the tenth century. The miniature and ornate bindings are also the earliest examples of Coptic art uncovered and carry the arts of codex making and bookbinding back further than any previously discovered specimens.

The collection is rich in Biblical manuscripts. It contains six complete books of the Old Testament. These are the books of Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, the First and Second Books of Samuel and the Book of Isaiah. Of the New Testament there are the three complete Gospels, of Matthew, Mark and John, an incomplete Gospel of Luke, the fourteen Epistles of St. Paul, two of St. Peter and three of St. John. In the case of all of these previous Coptic finds had been confined to fragments of uncertain age and origin.

When the edited collection comes to the hands of students they will find that aside from the invaluable Scriptures, here complete at least as to the individual books, these liturgical books, unique in their collection and of great importance to the study of exegesis, throw new light upon the liturgical observances of the early church of Alexandria. These are a lectionary, a breviary and an antiphony all complete.

Aboriginal literature of the Church, which found a fertile field in the Egyptian



COPTIC SCRIPT OF THE NINTH CENTURY. ILLUMINATED PAGE FROM THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

fugitive bundles of manuscript were all brought together again. This was only accomplished after six months of labor and at the frequent risk even of the lives of the two enthusiasts. To them is due the credit of having preserved the most complete collection of Coptic manuscripts extant.

Prof. Hyvernat gave to a Swiss reporter the following scientific review of the collection.

"Most of the documents are couched in the Sahidic dialect, the home of which seems to have been in Upper Egypt; but evidently this dialect had spread in the Fayum district as a literary language, at least as early as the eighth or ninth century."

"Many of the colophons to be found at the end of the manuscripts make it clear beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the manuscripts were all written in the province of Fayum. Two of the manuscripts are written in the local Fayumic dialect. There is also a Bohairic

The question of priority between these dialects—if understood of the greater or lesser similarity which they bear to the respective dialects of the ancient Egyptian from which they are derived, or of the time when they first came into use as Christian dialects—cannot be safely decided. All we can say is that we have no Bohairic manuscript or literary monument as old as some Sahidic manuscripts.

The layman also cannot appreciate the enthusiasm with which scientists will welcome the addition of this collection to the store of the world's knowledge of Coptic literature without knowing a bit of the history surrounding the early church in Egypt. The first seeds of the church were planted by missionaries from Judea and Asia Minor, carrying with them the Gospels and Epistles in Greek. The church waxed strong under Roman persecution until Christianity became the recognized religion of Rome and consequently of the civilized world. Then involved disputes among the



FRONTISPIECE FROM "THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN," FROM A LIFE OF THE VIRGIN DONE IN THE NINTH CENTURY.



ILLUMINATED FRONTISPIECE SHOWING THE MONK SHENUTE IN CONVERSE WITH THE SAVIOUR.

American, who is one of the best known authorities on Coptic literature and who was instrumental in gathering from Archibald and other codices of almost priceless value, has done profuse work upon the collection, sufficient to assign the value of the whole collection as a contribution to the world's knowledge of this branch of ancient literature and sacred art. Reproductions of many of the frontispieces and pages of text, samples of which are shown on this page, have been made and the collection has fairly passed through the preliminary stages of editing and collation. Prof. Hyvernat says that it must be called the most complete and from the point of view of ancient Christian art the most valuable yet known.

In bulk the collection comprises fifty volumes, some of which contain as many as nine or ten treatises by the monks of the ancient Church of Alexandria. Nine or ten of them are still

in their original bindings, typical of the severe asceticism of early Christian art. A dozen of the books are adorned with full page pictures representing the Virgin with the Child at her breast, angels, holy martyrs and anchorites of the desert, and throughout the collection there is a wealth of marginal illuminations and text adornments.

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Aboriginal literature of the Church, which found a fertile field in the Egyptian

branch, holds a prominent place in the new Morgan collection. These are treatises on the life of St. John the Evangelist and on the investiture of the Archangel Michael as head of the heavenly host, homilies attributed to St. Cyril of Jerusalem and other semi-biblical early fathers of the Church and numerous biographies of famous anchorites and composites, such as St. Anthony and St. Pachomius. Details of early martyrdoms, such as are set forth by Eusebius and Irenaeus, hidden by the mists of antiquity are given in these books of anonymous origin.

The store of the recovery of the manuscript forming the new Morgan collection possesses all of the qualities of a treasure. Whether Arab found the great masses of voluminous books some twenty months ago in the mists of what had been the convent of the Archangel Michael in the Fayum district of Egypt.

The manuscripts were hidden in a stone vat as if they had been hastily disposed of by the Coptic fathers in anticipation of a raid by infidels. With them were the writing implements used by the ancient scribes—three ink wells, combined with callam cases, and two of the callam themselves, consisting of reed stems sharpened into pen nibs at both ends. The ink wells were of lead and designed to contain sponges, once soaked with ink after the custom of the Egypt of today.

The Arabs have learned that collectors are willing to pay high prices for the skin and papyrus relics of a past age that are so easily turned into cash by chance from their posing place of sanctities and they have come to be shrewd bargainers. It has grown to be their custom during the last hundred years of ardent collecting in the graveyards of Egypt's past whenever they found a cache of manuscripts to tear the shelves of manuscripts

apart and distribute to each man of the party his share of the spoils. By selling the manuscripts piecemeal in this fashion the Arabs have found that they could get larger prices in the aggregate. Tourists and collectors have been known to pay as high as \$50 for a single fugitive sheet of vellum, while they would hesitate to buy a whole volume at that rate.

Because of this crafty custom of the Arabs many of the relics of Coptic literature collected in the past have been fragmentary and many scattered leaves have been destroyed or lost in the migrations of the original finders. In the instance of the present collection, however, the great mass of manuscripts had been divided among the Arabs and made the find.

It was due to the energy of M. Chassinat, head of the French Institute of Archaeology at Cairo, and Prof. Hyvernat that the

manuscript, the copy of the four Gospels. It is the oldest copy of the four Gospels in that dialect.

For the understanding of the layman it should be explained here that the various dialects mentioned by Prof. Hyvernat represent different epochs in the history of the Coptic language. The Coptic language was an offspring of the ancient Egyptian, or rather the old Egyptian in the various popular corruptions evolved when Egypt as a whole became Christianized in the third and fourth centuries.

The Sahidic (Theban) dialect was that of Upper Egypt and was the earliest language of the Christians in Egypt. The Fayumic dialect, the Coptic speech of middle Egypt, and the Bohairic, or dialect of the region of the delta, seem to have superseded the original Sahidic, but on the point of their historical chronology authorities differ.

churchmen upon the physical and spiritual nature of Christ and other dogmatic subjects began to tear the early church apart. The council of Ephesus in 431 condemned the Nestorian heresy, but the differences of the churchmen grew wider and the council of Chalcedon, a city in Bithynia, was called in the year 451. The disputes were carried on with venom and animosity during the twenty odd days of the council's session, everything went against Bishop Dioscorus of Alexandria, and the beliefs held by his people. The Coptic Christians of Egypt were banished. Thereafter, the Coptic broke away from the authority of the church and until the present day under the name of the Jacobite church have continued a separate and permanent schism.

All of the manuscripts represented in the Morgan collection are of the post-Chalcedon period in origin, though the subject matter of the homilies and treatises on saints and martyrs is of the period preceding the schism.

CLARA BARTON AT 90

The Founder of the Red Cross in America Recovering From Her Recent Illness—Her Home at Glen Echo, and Its Tokens of the Worldwide Honors Paid Her.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29. She has been decorated by kings and czars and emperors. Presidents and cabinet members have done her bidding. Poets have sung of her and orators have spoken on many a platform of her achievements in behalf of humanity. All the world has loved her—but ask her neighbors. They will tell you that, not forgetting the Red Cross Society, her living monument, or the medals awarded her by royalty, or even the masses that soldiers on a hundred battlefields have breathed upon her name, it is just as plain friend and neighbor that Clara Barton shines.

Miss Clara Barton's house? Why, well, you go off at the right place, sure. The trolley car conductor assures you, if you have made bold to seek out the remote spot near Glen Echo, Md., which is Miss Barton's home. "She's much better," he says, "and a wonderful woman she is, one of the neighbors. 'I tell you, I tell you, with genuine pride in his voice."

The steps at Red Cross, a rickety, old-fashioned, little station on this side of the grocery store. At the station some of the neighbors, or the neighbors' children, are waiting for the next car in Washington.

"She's better today," they chorus, when they are asked the way to Miss Barton's home.

It is the first and main thing on their minds. Miss Barton has been ill. But she is better now. Soon she will be at her household and other tasks again, ready to lend a sympathetic ear to the story of the new tooth, or of what Johnnie May got for Christmas.

The boardwalk running from the station to the left and brings you to the stationer's house on the Maryland Avenue side. And such a house! A simple, unassuming, frame building that looks as if it might have sprung from a night and a sure to be carried off by the first robust wind that comes along. But all its vastness there is something substantial and a real in this strange dwelling. And no wonder. It was never meant to be a house at all.

Years and years ago when Miss Barton was required for the Johnstown flood relief to Johnstown, Pa., the building was shipped to Johnstown and the room of supplies and relief stations for the Red Cross Society. When after eight or ten months the strick in city was again

upon its feet and Miss Barton was ready to return to Washington, the grateful citizens of Johnstown insisted that one of the largest of these Red Cross supply stations be moved to Washington, and used as national headquarters for the Red Cross Society.

So this rambling old house, with its long hallways, numerous verandas and twenty or more huge rooms was removed to Washington but to Glen Echo, Md. Until Miss Barton's resignation from the presidency of the Red Cross Society it was used as the national headquarters of that organization and ever since her retirement she has made it her home.

To-day in one of the sunniest and biggest rooms of the old house Miss Barton lies convalescing from a recent bout of illness which brought anxiety to her hosts of friends throughout the world. For all her 90 years, her birthday was just a few days ago, she is as protesting and rebellious an invalid as if she were a small girl with an attack of measles.

The cutter so fortunate as to be allowed to have a word with her is ushered into a large old fashioned bedroom that reminds him of his grandmother's. A big easy chair and a worn footstool are there by the stove. In one corner of the apartment stands an old fashioned writing desk, its pigeonholes bursting with packages of neatly arranged letters. Bookshelves are ranged around the room, which is both a sleeping apartment and a workshop, and there are vases of flowers and pots of growing plants on every hand.

From her pillows Miss Barton smilingly protests that she is well enough to be up and about if only her tyrannical doctor and her equally tyrannical household could see it that way. But since they will persist in keeping her in bed she is glad to have an opportunity to send through the papers a message to her friends and the friendly public.

"Just please ask your paper to tell them for me," she says, with merriment in her eye, "that it is utterly impossible for me to answer all my Christmas cards. Also that I cannot reply to the hundreds of letters which people have been good enough to send me."

And oh, yes, there were telegrams, hundreds of them. There were also Christmas work with which her name is long been synonymous, and all such communications are promptly forwarded



MISS CLARA BARTON.

by her to Red Cross headquarters in the State, War and Navy Building at Washington.

Among other letters which pour in upon her from various sources are read by her, but none of them receives a reply. With a number of close personal friends, however, she carries on an animated correspondence. Between herself and the Grand Duchess of Baden, an aunt of the present Emperor of Germany, a weekly letter has passed for years. The Grand Duchess and Miss Barton became intimate friends while nursing soldiers in the hospitals of Berlin during the Franco-Prussian War, when the brother of the Grand Duchess, Emperor William, bestowed upon Miss Barton the Iron Cross.

With regard to movements of the present day Miss Barton possesses a remarkable store of information, and a ready opinion. She has been since her young womanhood an ardent woman suffragist and to-day boasts that she occupied a seat on the platform at the first woman suffrage convention ever held in America.

This convention met in Washington and the group of women who occupied the platform was notable. It included, besides Miss Barton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard, Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone. At a national woman suffrage convention held in Boston a few years ago Miss Barton, in company with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss Anthony, appeared upon the platform and the three introduced to the audience as "all that was left of the Old Guard," received a notable ovation.

Not woman suffrage, however, but universal peace is the cause nearest Miss Barton's heart. In newspapers and magazines she follows closely the progress of the peace movement, which she regards as the greatest of the present day.

If men and women knew the horrors of war as I know them," Miss Barton remarked recently to a friend, "all other movements would fade into comparative insignificance beside that for the establishment of universal peace."

Miss Barton's home is filled with souvenirs of her remarkable life experience. A print taken from *Harpers Weekly* of 1875 shows her raising the national flag at Andersonville, Ga., after the graves of one Union soldier had been marked through the efforts of herself and her co-workers.

Pictures of distinguished men and women, many of them members of royal houses in Europe, she possesses in great number. Tributes and certificates of honor from American patriotic societies and municipalities line the walls. One received from the people of Galveston shortly after the Galveston flood is inscribed by:

"The woman who is the life and spirit of the Red Cross; she who is the embodiment of the saving principle of laying down one's life for one's friend; whose friend is the friendless and whose charge is the stricken; who should be exalted above queens and whose achievements are greater than the conquests of nations."

Among her souvenirs are also certificates of honor from Oriental rulers and European monarchs, and in addition to these she possesses a glittering array of medals and jeweled pieces bestowed upon her by these members of royalty.

In contrast to the honors heaped upon her by the great of the earth is the simplicity of Miss Barton's life.

"At the age of 90," says Miss Janet Jennings, an old friend of Miss Barton's who is with her at present, "Clara is just as free of nerves as a girl of 15. She has never had the sleepless nights that come to many old people."

When she is well she goes to bed early, gets up early, eats three good meals a day, and is glad to be alive. She does not have a telephone in her house, and she dis-

poses with steam heat. She has never drunk tea or coffee, and she has always had the most amazing capacity for work.

Two years after resigning the presidency of the American Red Cross Society Miss Barton organized the American Red Cross Association, of which she is still the head. But it is as the mother of the American Red Cross Society that she will go down in history.

This was organized here in 1881. In the civil war Miss Barton had been a field nurse, and upon the close of the war she secured President Lincoln's consent to her going to Andersonville, Ga., to begin the work of identifying and marking the graves of Union soldiers who had died in prison there. Broken in health when this gigantic task was completed she went abroad for rest, and it was in the Berlin hospitals during the Franco-Prussian War that she first saw the workings of the Red Cross.

Miss Barton returned to America and interposed President Garfield in the organization of the American Red Cross Society. Upon Gen. Garfield's assassination the work was taken up by President Arthur. Though under the guidance of the Government the National Red Cross Society was during the early years of its existence kept alive through the devotion of Miss Barton.

America was the thirty-second nation to take up the Red Cross, but in other countries the beneficence of the organization was extended only to the sufferings of soldiers on the battlefield. Under Miss Barton the activities of the American National Red Cross Society were made to cover every phase of human suffering, whether due to fire, flood, famine, pestilence, earthquake or mine explosion.

Miss Barton withdrew from the presidency of the Red Cross upon the reorganization of the society under a new charter from Congress in 1905. With her went the entire personnel of the national headquarters. Miss Barton was named in the new charter as one of the incorporators, but she never attended a meeting of this body and ceased entirely her connection with Red Cross affairs. The remodelled organization is now headed by the President of the United States, ex officio, and managed by a board of directors, of which Gen. George W. Davis, U. S. A., retired, is the chairman and Miss Mabel T. Boardman is the most active member.

Carried Off Dickens Debris.
From Munsey's
Everybody knew Dickens. He could not die in public without attracting attention. When he left the dining room, his admirers would descend upon his table and carry off eggshells, orange peels and other things that remained behind, so that they might have memorials of this great and much loved writer.

A GREAT FLUTE PLAYER.
Frederick the Great Said to Have Moved His Residence to Tege.
From the Journal des Debats.
Abdul Hamud used to amuse himself while he was enjoying life at Yoziz, by strumming "Il Travatore" on the piano, and perhaps that wonderful piece of resistance of our brass bands still makes life endurable in his Sabania villa.

George D. H. was fond of quoting the melodies of Handelian choruses for the delectation of his court, but the world has seen no real royal musician since Frederick the Great played his last tune on his flute, though of course even Frederick could stand no comparison with our own Henry VIII, who played remarkably well.

The approaching centenary of the birth of Frederick, which will be celebrated on January 17, has revived interest in the great man's Thyrenian piping and a certain industrious Johannes Heintzen has unearthed contemporary comments on his piping. It seems that the king excelled in adagio movements, into which he infused a warmth and tenderness of feeling that would hardly have been expected from the conqueror of Rossbach and the friend of Voltaire. "It is difficult to listen to his performances without weeping," says one musician.

One reason why he preferred adagio was that he was somewhat short of breath, which made him exclaim on several occasions: "I am not a more delicate assistant of the clavichord than he was practicing."

Toward the end of the Seven Years War he sat down to play in a quartet, and at the finish cried enthusiastically: "It is as sweet as sugar!" His companions were not so sure, for Frederick had lost a tooth and his fingers had stiffened with gout. Finally in 1758 he had to give up his piping, and "I have lost my best friend," was the wail of the disconsolate monarch.

THE CRY OF THE GIRAFFE.
From the Field.
Those who read the accounts of the giraffe in the textbooks and the descriptions given by travelers may have noticed that no mention is made of its voice. Sportmen in fact, allude to its apparent voicelessness.

Nor so far as the records go has it ever been heard in captivity. Up to the present it appears that no one could say whether the cry of a giraffe was a groan, a bellow, a bleat or a neigh. Hence the record of the recent experience of a naturalist in East Africa, who has actually heard its voice, is of special interest.

Blaney Percival, the naturalist in question, spent the day in concealment over a waterhole where the wild animals came to drink. He had at times giraffe and zebra drinking within thirty feet of him. While thus watching he had the good fortune to hear the giraffe.

It was making a bleating noise, but Mr. Percival says it is quite impossible to describe the sound in writing. "The nearest I can get to it," he says, "is 'warble' rather drawn out, not just a 'baa,' like a sheep, but more prolonged, and the softening at the end more noticeable."