INGERSOLL.

His Arguments and His Methods.

Ottomar Hebren Rothacker, in Tribune, Denver, Col.

Mr. Ingersoll is a great phrase maker. He has many musical mannerisms. The element in his lectures which tend most to make them widely read is the exquisite fugue on domestic love which he is constantly playing. His arguments are not new, nor is the basis of his declamatory unbelief a foundation recently built. Voltaire sneered before him; Volney philosophized before him; Tom Paine railed and denounced before him. They were hard, logical, analytical and sterile. He covers the hardness and sterility with flowers of rhetoric. He adds to borrowed reason an artificial sentimentalism. Beauty and brutality go hand in hand with him. His infidelity is a Lilith who lures to spiritual ruin.

Men with strong brains do not follow him, and therefore he is most dangerous. He is the apostle of the shallow; the demi-god of amateur thinkers. The graces of his oratory hold audiences which are above the substance of his speech. He bedizens impiety with pretty words, and exhibits reason as one would a puppet show to make the groundlings laugh. An eloquent juggler, he attempts to teach truth by trickery. He hides the snake under a tropical luxuriance of word-blossoms. Distinctly practical, he buffets at the form because the essence is beyond him. He plays with language in that which is essentially spiritual and beyond language. He answers an organ tone with a jingle, a poem with a jibe. He is a phrase-huckster, preaching the gospel of unrest; a moment brawling at Eternity. And yet this man has done more to injure Christianity than any one who has ever written or spoken against it. Lacking the finer fibre himself, he has been singularly influential in bruising or destroying it wholly in others. There have been many answers to him, but the majority of them have been utter failures in effect. So far he has held his own against the Christian world.

The reasons for this are palpable. An analytical examination of his position shows that it rests upon three pillars.

First—The contradictions of the Old Testament as contained in certain texts.

Second—The rapine and murder enjoined upon the chosen peope of God in certain passages of the Old Testament.

Third.—A sentimentalism which charges that the family relations are destroyed and slavery taught in certain portions of the Bible.

These pillars would be pillars of sand but for the stubborness and stupidity of the men who have attempted to reply to him. As long as it is maintained that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, is the inspired word of God, that those who wrote its various books were the inspired amanuenses of the Almighty, and that, in all the centuries from its first delivery to the present time there have been neither changes, the anti-orthodox will have an advantage which will strike every reasoning mind. The moment the theory of inspiration is abandoned, and the historical portion of the Bible are regarded as history, subject to the errors of fact and opinion which belong to history, and to the alterations of time, Christianity will be on a foundation from which it cannot be shaken. The essence of the deliverance is in a sentence from Matthew Arnold: "He, the historian, may give us in the very same work, current errors, and also fruitful and profound new truth, the error's future corrective." Why should ministers of the gospel cling to this theory of inspiration? It is not maintained in the Bible itself. Indeed the Bible is itself a contradiction of it. The Old Testament is a history of the the creation of the world, of wars and conquests, of Jewish victory and Jewish defeat. Is it necessary to maintain that this narration of facts is inspired? The New Testament is a record of the birth, life and death of Christ, with a subsequent detail of the growth of His doctrine. Is it necessary to maintain that these historical books, colored by the minds and varying with the memories of the Apostles, are inspired? By no means. What Christ himself said is thrilled with inspiration. What the men who read his utterances by a dim light, the men who disputed as to who should sit upon the right and who upon His left hand in the kingdom of heaven, the men who slept while He cried aloud in his agony in the sombre shadows and sentient silence of Gethsemane, the men who deserted Him at the cross, and left Him to breathe out the God-life upon an atmosphere tainted with jeers—what they wrote, with imperfect understandings, need not be called inspired, for all reason is opposed to it. It is of profound interest, but no more.

If what men have given as God's utterances are true, then the old charge, which has traveled down the years and lodged in Ingersoll's mouth, that God teaches polygamy and murder, is true. If reason is consulted, and these passages in the Old Testament are accepted as the utterances of men only, the charge falls instantly to the ground, and Christianity is in a position to fight back.

The answer to the theory of inspiration may be found in the life of Christ. He was born in Nazareth, on the shores of Galilee. He was raised in a village, under the teachings of rabbis, whose lessons in customs and religion were drawn from the records of the nation as found in the Old Testament. Yet his entire ministry was a protest against the formalism, the ceremonials, the caste distinctions, the hypocrisy, and the false doctrine which were so constantly taught. His life and teachings were utterly antagonistic to the interpretations of the Scribes and the Pharisees, who taught the very doctrines in the Old Testament which to-day furnish Ingersoll, and those of his kind, such a rich source for argumentative guffaws and noisy denunciation. Christ saw the defects long before they did, and the realization of it was expressed in that terrible outburst, beginning, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye pay tithe of mint, anise and cumin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy and fidelity. Blind guides that you are, straining at gnats and swallowing camels." The doctrine of the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible are by no means identical. It is not necessary to believe one to believe the other. Indeed, the latter belief is almost sufficient to destroy the former. What He did not teach, it is not necessary for His followers to teach.

When this is conceded there will be an end of text-mongering by loud debaters. The muck-hunters will cease to pick over contradictions, and hold a fresh one up in triumph whenever it is discovered. The men who keep their eyes so closely upon a detail that they miss the general whole will be less notorious than now. Contradictions will take their proper places as errors of man, and truth will take its proper place as one of the "ordered pulse beats of the Divine All." The vociferous declaimers who pass from platform to platform as prosecuting attorneys, with a case against the Almighty, will turn to other occupations, and christianity will stand upon a rock instead of the quicksand it seems to have chosen for a battle ground. Then the insects upon the rosebush will not make one inveigh against the roses.

Mr. Ingersoll's second great position is that Christianity teaches murder and polygamy and destroys the family relations. It does nothing of the kind. If it did murder and polygamy would be as common in America to-day as daylight, for Christianity is stronger here than ever it was in Judea. The Christianity which is taught in the New Testament is the Christianity which was preached by Christ against the doctrines of the Scribes and Pharisees, which are recorded in part in the Old Testament. It is Levitical purity without Levitical hair splitting. It is Essene simplicity without Essene asceticism. It is broad, and free and tender. It is spiritual cleanliness thrilled with the pulse beats of divinity. The utterances of fanatics cannot sully it. The blood stains of conquest cannot soil it. It is a grand spiritual poem instead of a doubtful chronology. What is outside is fragmentary, and it needs no additions. It is harmonious whole in itself.

It is easy for Mr. Ingersoll to take a passage from the Old Testament ordering the sack of a city, and then dwell pathetically upon the picture of a babe being torn from "the thrilled and happy arms of a mother." This has been done often enough before, though not in such happy phrases as he employs. But there is no argument in the position. If Christianity taught this once, it would teach it now, and a record of what was done more than a score of centuries ago is no criticism of the present. All the beauty and pathos of the home circle center in Christianity to-day. What is more exquisite and tender than a child kneeling at the feet of a loving mother, and lisping with sleep-clogged tongue the simple prayer which has been taught it? Mother, love, and religion are so enwrapped as to be almost identical. The child grows in years, and the wrinkles gather upon the loving face that had beamed above him. He goes out into the world, where there are ambitions and hopes and disappointments and realizations, unrest and strife—the world in which he is unjust, and injustice comes to him in turn—the world in which childhood becomes a tender reminiscence, as vague as the perfume of a garden in the silence of a summer night, and the present grows hard and metalic. And yet, though the years may carry him on and away, down devious and narrow paths, the blessing of the old tender time is ever with him. The head which bent over him then has grown gray; the voice has grown tremulous and tired; the feet step wearily and cautiously down the shadowy declivity, yet the undying love still sends its message for him to the heart of the undying love, which, in the form of a Galilean peasant, walked the straggling streets of Nazareth nineteen centuries ago. This is not born of a doctrine of rapine, Mr. Ingersoll. It may be a superstition, but it is a beautiful one. It may be the scoff of intellectual hardness, but it is tender, nevertheless. It may be a doctrine of folly and falsehood, but it is folly begotten of love, and a falsehood which is a beautiful idyl. Men may sneer at it, but when the sneer comes one cannot help thinking of the wild, haunting, despairing cry which came from Alfred de Musset on his death bed. "Poisoned from youth with the writings of the encyclopaedists, I early imbibed the sterile milk of impiety. Human pride, that god of insanity and egotism, closed my mouth to prayer. How miserable are those men who have railed at that which can save a human soul. I was born in a corrupt age. I have much to expiate. Pardon, O Christ, those who blaspheme."

Because there are bad artists, one can not condemn art. Because there are bad poets, one cannot condemn poetry. Because there are bad Christians, one cannot condemn Christianity. There are dividing lines between false and the seeming; and the only reason which Mr. Ingersoll boasts as the basis of his doctrine is necessary to throw the distinction under the light of a calcium. He holds reality responsible for the pretense. He talks of genuineness when he means hypocrisy. It is true that men enter the church as a means of individual advancement. It is true that the church is sometimes cowardly enough to accept the one-tenth as a tithe of that which was not honestly earned. It is true that pretentious piety can hold its own at times against the purity which should overthrow it. It is true that the mantle of the just has covered injustice, and that falsehood has been a noisy partner of truth. Yet all these do not alloy the pure metal.

They may deceive, but they do not change the order and make untruth truth. Those who attempt it are the victims. Those who suffer it are worse if they are willing knaves; they are to be pitied if they are pious dupes. The shams which Mr. Ingersoll talks of in the churches, the wars of which he talks of in the history of the churches, have nothing to do with religion. A church is merely the expression of truth. If it is incomplete the truth is not hurt. It is not the less the truth. It is still the expression that is awkward. Because Raphael is copied by a fool is he the less Raphael? Because God is travested by a man is He the less God?

The argument will not do. One must deal with realities, and not with their imitations. We must take things as they are, and not as they are represented to be. There has been bigotry in the church, but there has been none in religion. There has been persecution in the church, but there has been none in religion. Persecution is bigotry armed and in action, and bigotry is the bastard of belief, but that which is beyond it—the great living truth—cannot be held responsible. It has not the bar sinister. They are separate, and should be so held. The scornful analysis of the Scriptures which free thought is so fond of making cannot be applied in one case and ignored in another. To sustain a system of unbelief there must be a harmony of method. Justice cannot charge religion with the wrong-doings of its pretended votaries. It must concede that in their wrong-doing they are doing that which is expressly forbidden, and therefore, no matter what their protestations may be, they are as much the opponents of religion as those who openly avow infidelity. Indeed, they are worse than the latter, for their hypocrisy makes them sneak-thieves, stealing a name to which they have no right.

It is not fair to talk of St. Bartholomew's day in the discussion. It is not fair to take the exaggerated traditions of the inquisition. It is not fair to note the record of blood of the middle ages. It is not fair to cite martyrdoms and imprisonments. As arguments against the cruelty and shortsightedness of ambition and fanaticism these are all effective. As arguments against religion they have no force. Doctrine has too often been made a scapegoat for conspiracies of state; the church has too often been made a city of refuge for tainted reputations. Yet the Higher Teaching is not chargeable with the effects of the lower teaching. That which has been done in its name by men cannot be laid at its threshold. The quarrels of creeds, the fanaticism of forms, the assertiveness of sects, are all supplementary. They are finite additions to the infinite.

Mr. Ingersoll says that Christ was a great man, a manly man, a lover of freedom but no more. That He was enthusiastic, but not inspired. That he was universal, but not divine. The position admits of little argument. It is above the cackle of the present and the turmoil of petty reasonings. The divinity of Christ must rest upon belief. It is not a subject to be made the football of pros and con. The grand simplicity of the life He led, the pastoral beauty of His wanderings and teachings along the highways and through the by-ways of Galilee, the splendid courage with which He taught the truth that was to be the light of the world, in face of the death which was sure to come, the marvelous quality of His words which gave them a universality which will reach to the end of time, the sweet manliness, the exquisite justice, the broad generosity which marked His every step—all these may belong to earth and to man, but they have never been repeated in any life which has been lived since, nor were they known in any life which had been lived before Him. He preserved the harmony to the last, against temporal and church power, and at the end He was the joint sacrifice of both. Only in His utterances in the last hours is there found anything for the quibblers to pick over, and these are His words in the garden. And what is there in them? When the stern, starless darkness hung over the olives of Gethsemane and the disciples who could "not watch one hour" were asleep, when the winds shuddered eerily through the shrinking leaves, when the Spirit of Dread stood like a sentinel between the time that had gone and the morrow that was to be an end yet a beginning, when the God-life that had been a poem of grace and love and light was wandering down the valley of shadow to the deeper blackness of a tragedy, is it strange that the great sad-eyed soul of humanity, Who was both man and God, should have suffered like the one and endured like the other. It is the accepted theory of free thought that it was the fear of death, born of the human in Him, which through the pathos of that wild cry—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Yet is it not more probable that it was the profound sorrow and pity that His people were about to commit a great and causeless crime that forced the words? Does not the latter prayer which came from His whitening lips when, with unutterable love, He looked from his dimmed and dying eyes upon His murderers, and, a mediator in the death which was life, cried out—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—support a newer theory? Perhaps not. They say that he was only a man. Ah, well. We are men also. Has the word two meanings?

Mr. Ingersoll says that the life of Christ and the doctrines of Christ are similar to the life of Buddha and the doctrines of Buddha. This has been said often enough before, but repetition does not make it true. The statement only proves a lack of analytical knowledge. There are resemblances, but they are only surface. Buddha was a prince. He lived in the languid luxuriance of an Oriental court until he became tired of life and all that pertained to it. He saw sickness and sorrow and death about him, and the belief that to exist was to suffer became a conviction. All was vanity and vexation. Therefore he abandoned his magnificence, deserted his wife, assumed the garb of a beggar, humiliated himself and went out into the world to search for the secret of happiness. For seven years he sat under a tree and meditated, and when the seven years were ended, he found his answer, and went abroad preaching that happiness lay in utter annihilation, in a state of Nirvana, in which there was no thought, nor action, nor hope, nor fear, nor love, nor hate. His heaven is a voiceless void. His reward is a serene nothing. He believed in doing good and he taught his belief—but in this resemblance begins and ends. His doctrine is a doctrine of skepticism, a weariness of life, a dread of action, a repugnance to responsibility, an appeal for extinction. The parallel between Christ and Buddha is drawn by ignorance.

What is Mr. Ingersoll trying to do? What good results does he expect to bring about? What advance in morals or civilization is to be the consequence of his destructive eloquence?

In a confused way he says that he is anxious to free the world from superstition. Both the attacks upon religion rest purely on personal belief. There is no proof on either side. A violent churchman has aggressive faith. A violent anti-churchman has aggressive folly. Noise from one or the other can not accomplish anything, because religion can be neither suppressed nor expressed by praise. It is all centered in the words, "I believe." The moment one goes beyond this he is in a chaos of doubtful reasonings and eternal entanglements. Religion can no more be defined than the perfume of a flower can be painted. It is as easy to say that materialism is a superstition as it is to say that christianity is a superstition, and one is just as forceful as the other. On one side there is assertion; on the other there is denial; on neither is there tangible testimony. The evidence is all intuitive and eludes language. The Christianity which Mr. Ingersoll says is a superstition is the policeman of public morals at the least. If it be nothing more than this it has that in it which should call for respect. Its civil influence alone is powerful enough to make its growth desirable.

If he should succeed in destroying Christianity, what then? After he had taken reverence from the heart of women, after silence has succeeded prayer on the lips of childhood, after hope has flown from the tired brain of age, after the crucifix has been snatched from the rapt eyes of the dying, what will he substitute? There is nothing left but a doctrine of nihilism which may not assert and yet will convey a surrender of all moral and intellectual responsibility. Mr. Ingersoll is posing as a reformer, but to be a reformer one must reform something. What is there in a religion which teaches love, hope, morality and charity to reform? He may say that religion does not hold a monopoly of these doctrines and that they are also in the moral code of the universe. But what of this? If the moral code is strengthened by a belief which adds to the recognized and unassailed amenability of humanity to civil and social laws, an amenability to a higher power, ought not the support to be strengthened? The word reform carries in its meaning a presupposition of a something bad which is to be changed. What is there bad in this spiritual assistant of morality? The truth is that Mr. Ingersoll misuses words. He recruits language which describes something noble and high and makes it capture a Falstaffian company of illogical statements and ragged and disconnected reasonings. No better instance of this can be given than his lecture on the liberty of man, woman and child. He incorporates his sounding appeals for everybody's liberty—which liberty, by the way, everybody has—in an assault on Christianity, and unthinking people who hear it go away with the belief that, in some way or other, he has made a point against religion, although they cannot indicate what the point is. He calls for social liberty as though there were social slavery, and leaves the impression that modern religion is destructive of the very admirable doctrines he advances on this subject when just the contrary is the case. This is utterly deceptive and unfair. One might as well quote the details of a Roman battle as an argument in an attack on the existing methods of raising potatoes. There would be as much connection and logic in the latter as there are in Mr. Ingersoll's rhetorical soda-water about freedom. His words are the florid plumage of the peacock, but the voice with which he strives to speak to the inner nature of man is as discordant as the voice of a peacock.

There is one effect, and one only, which he is producing—this is harm. He is the idol of addlepated young men who are deaf and dumb and daft in the world of thought; he is the gospeler of little parrots who only remember, yet who deceive themselves into a belief that they think. He puts words into their mouths, and they, poor fools, holding the theory that to be an infidel is evidence of intellect, repeat them and statueize as advanced thinkers. He tells them to "progress," and they at once proceed to "progress;" but he neglects to show what they are to "progress" to. His doctrine is strictly a doctrine of subtraction. He takes away, but he gives nothing for that which is taken. He destroys, and then mounts upon a broken pillar and calls the ruin progress, and liberty, and reform, and many other fine names. But the ruin is still a ruin in spite of his beautiful adoration of it and misuse of sounding substantives. And this is his triumph. These are his results. Claiming a position as a leader in the world of reason, his victories are only among those who have but the foggiest notions of what reason is. He is not a judge of Christianity. He is its prosecutor. With all his glittering phrases about womanliness and motherlove, he has made more bitter tears flow down the cheeks of mothers who have seen the sons they had taught the better lesson wander off under the charm of our newer Pied Piper of Hamelin, than any other man in America. He sows his seed of words, and the crop is pain and unrest. And this, he says, is reform and liberty.

Life is the child of truth. That which lives through centuries and resist the attacks of generations of hostile intellect has in it the vitality of authenticity. *Tem pora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* Things are plainer than they were and the world is growing reasonable. The contraction which bigotry urged has gone out of fashion and the newer action of breadth is more in consonance with what was taught by the Nazarene. The centuries have outworn the places where he walked and talked. Fertility has gone from the fields of Galilee. The populous villages which once lined the shores of the Galilean Sea are ruined and desolate. The fishermen who stopped in their hauls to hear his words are faraway outlines. The long trains of pilgrims which toiled up the steep sides of the Mount of Olives and found the first sweeping view of the Holy City, with its magnificent temple and glittering architecture, reward enough for all the trials which had been endured, struggle no more along the paths which their feet had made. The gossips who gathered by the wayside and in the shops to chatter garrulously of the peasant who called Himself the Messiah are folded in the silences. The Roman soldiery who lounged carelessly in the tribute provinces have gone back to the earth from whence they came. The time and its teeming life form a picture vague and distant. Past it events have swept. New years have been born, grown old and died, and history has added many chapters to the world's story. Wars and woes have been thrown heterogeneously into the lumber room of the centuries, covered with dust and wrapped in the noiseless mantle of forgetfulness. Millions upon millions of lives have walked hand in hand with sorrow and solice, out of the mystery into the mystery again. Kingdoms and crowns have risen and fallen in the juggleries and jealousies of national rivalries, and the glory of one epoch has become the hopeless pride of eyes that looked back from another. Yet His doctrine still lives. The growth of civilization is its growth. The progress of intellect is its progress. The scoffers may cry out at it. Ribald tongues may turn the weapons of hate upon it. Hypocrisy may stab it under the fifth rib, while heresy buffets in the face. But it is eternal. Above the clamor of cant, above the desperate declamation of infidelity, above the tedious twaddle of formalism, above the quibbling trivialties of little brained pretenders—sounding clearly through the discordant chorus—vibrates the last appeal which came from the uncrowned and crucified king, and it is an appeal for them—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

THE BUFFALO GNAT.

A Source of Great Annoyance—How a Congregation Was Frightened into Obedience.

From the Arkansas State Gazette.

Every man who has made the acquaintance of the buffalo gnat has a just cause for loud grievance. For the past few days the people of this city have been annoyed almost beyond endurance by this malicious insect. Natural history gives but an imperfect biographical sketch of the buffalo gnat. One writer alleges that he first made his appearance in the city of Buffalo, but soon finding that he was unable to drill holes in the jaws of the inhabitants of that town, came south, where he has met with success in business.

Colored people who, as a rule, escape the ravages of the mosquito, are southdown mutton for the buffalo gnat. Last Sunday a Little Rock colored minister, after trying in vain to frighten sinners into religious obedience by glaring pictures of the torch flourished by Satan, suddenly exclaimed, "Brethren, the revised addition tells us that it has been deskivered that thar ain't no hell. What I have said on this subject heretofore I'm now mor'n willing to take back. I quote: 'Whuras the reconstructors of this book has found that there ain't no hell fire, be it resolved that the word hell be stricken out and the word hades be substituted. Recent advices say that the place where the bad souls go is thickly infested with a species of winged insects called the buffalo gnat. Hades in the Greek language means gnat resort.' Now, bruthren, you has a practical illustration already of what you are gwine to suffer lessen you mend your licks mighty sudden."

After a short pause, fifteen well known sinners arose, approached the mourners' bench and swore eternal allegiance to the colors of salvation.

A justice of the peace yesterday asked of a witness, "What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Nathaniel, but they call me Nat for short."

"If your name is Nat, young man, you can't testify in this court," and he mashed an insect on his neck and grinned at the witness, who, recognizing the justice of the decision, withdrew.

Quite a number of cattle in the neighborhood of the city have been killed by gnats, and the farmers say that their ravages render plowing almost impossible. The gnats are sufferers from the overflow, and, driven from the bottoms, they have come out to feed upon lawyers and other innocent citizens. If the United States could make some arrangements to feed these lawless foragers, the people would be greatly relieved.

What Lace Ruffles Used to Cost.

From the Boston Transcript.

Young men who sigh over the possibility of bringing lace ruffles and cavalier fashions again into gentlemen's dress are referred to histories of the Restoration, from which they may glean that a gallant of the time paid $150 for a pair of lace cuffs, and his bills for lace in a single year amounted to $20,000; the pretty little item of lace tops for his russet-leather boots cost 7,000 livres, and that genuine exquisite and court favorite, Cinq Mars, left three hundred pairs of these necessaries at his death. Those were days when gentlefolks wore lace and the common people paid for it.

SOME OF UNCLE REMUS' VIEWS.

The Preacher, the Bag of Meal, and Subscription Papers.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The Rev. Jeems Henry preaches to a large colored congregation in Atlanta, and he is not only respected by his own race, but by the whites as well. He is energetic, persistent and devout, and in the midst of it all, he manages to keep an eye on Uncle Remus, in whose spiritual welfare he manifests great interest. Uncle Remus is many years older than the Rev. Jeems Henry, and his attitude toward the preacher is one of paternal respect. The old man, however, is accustomed to listen to the lectures of his young friend with an air of listless and patient indifference which, when Uncle Remus' restless and fiery disposition is taken into consideration, is the next thing to dramatic art of a very high order—if dramatic art lies anywhere in the neighborhood of simulation. Recently the two met on a street corner. Brother Jeems Henry was going forth upon a mission connected with his church, while Uncle Remus was gazing anxiously at the cloudy skies.

"Bless you, Brother Remus!" exclaimed the preacher by way of salutation. "How you come on this mighty long time?"

"Middlin', Brer Jeems Henry—des middlin'. I'm some'rs 'twix de po'-house en de doctor-shop, yit I's glad fum my heart dat 'tain't no wuss."

"That's what I tells 'em all, Brother Remus. They ought to be thankful for what they've got. I hope soon to see you workin' in the vineyard, Brother Remus. The harvest is waitin', an' de labor few."

"Dat so, Brer Jeems Henry; I stan's wid you dar, sho. But de mo'est w'at er old cripple nigger lak me kin do dish yer kinder wedder is ter set down en wait fer watermillion time."

"All the same, Brother Remus, the Marster's work is got to be done."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, Brer Jeems Henry, en I ain't gwineter 'spute it—kaze w'en I sees you peradin' 'roun', en promenadin' up en down wid yo' stannin' coller a stickin' up, en yo' stove-pipe hat a shinin', en yo' black frock coat a floppin', den it seem like ter me I done miss my callin'."

"How is that, Brother Remus?"

"Hit's des dis away, Brer Jeems Henry. W'en my bag er meal run dry, en my little rasher er bacon disrepear fum de cubberd, whar I gwine git any mo', ceppin I sail out an' scuffle 'roun' after it? En yit, ef I wuz stoopin' up-'erds in yo' shoes, Brer Jeems Henry, dey ain't kin be much uv a scuffle."

"How so, Brother Remus?" asked the preacher with an uneasy smile.

"Monst'us easy, Brer Jeems Henry, monst'us easy. I'd 'tend' de speunce meetin,' like ter-night, en let drap 'er hint, en I'd 'ten' de pr'ar meetin', like day atter ter-morrer night, en let drap a ne'er hint. By Sunday de scheme 'ud be plum ripe, en den I'd rise upen rap de congregation ter order, en line out 'Ye livin' mens, come view de groun' ; en und'kivver er dat, I'd sen' 'roun' de conterbution plate, en' I boun' you, de nex' time folkk come wisitin' 'roun' me, de'd be a bag er meal, en a rasher er bacon, en a jug er 'lasses in de cubberd. Dat dey would, honey."

"You doin' us both injustice when you talk in that style, Brother Remus," said the preacher.

"Ter de contraries er dat, Brer Jeems Henry," responded Uncle Remus, "I ain't mix bofe un us up in it. I des bin tellin' you 'bout de pogranee w'at a no 'count ole nigger name Remus would er laid out, perwidin' dat his streak er luck had er bin de lenk en breadt' er yone."

At this point, Brother Jeems Henry concluded to change the subject.

"Well, I wish you'd come down to class-meetin' next Sunday, Brother Remus. A lady from Liberia is expected to make a little talk. She's at my house now, an' you might come down and get acquainted with her."

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Jeems Henry! my 'omanin days is done gone. I seen de time, en 'tain't bin so mighty long 'go, n'er, w'en I'd des jump at de chance ferter call on dish yer lady, en it'd a done yo' heart good fer ter see me sidlin' 'roun' 'er blue pidjin on top er de barn; but dat time done pas'. Ain't dish yer lady," continued the old man,—"ain't dish yer lady got a 'scription paper 'long wid er?"

"I don't know if she ain't, Brother Remus," replied Brother Jeems Henry, after a pause.

"Ah-yi! dat w'at I think. She got a 'scription paper, en she hail fum some s'ciety ern'er, 'way off yan', w'at nobody ain't never year talk un, en she'll git up dar befor' you all wid a bokay er coffee weeds and pepper pods, en she'll natally intrance you wid de niceness er dat country, en den, lo en beholes, bimeby she'll out wid dat 'scription paper, en she'll up'n, say dat bein's how dem folks 'cross dar gittin' on mighty poly wid de coffee weeds en der pepper pods, she hope and trus' dat eve'y body'll fling in sump'n ef 'taint nuffin but a thrip; en der Brer Rastus'll slap his han' ter his jaw and raise de chune, en de money'll jingle, en der nex town w'at de lady'll strak, she'll strak it wid a bran new bonnet. No use to tell me, Brer Jeems Henry. I done been dar. I done bin seasoned wid um."

Brother Jeems Henry here consulted an immense silver watch, while Uncle Remus went on—

"No, Brer Jeems Henry; ef you see dat lady en she ax atter me by name, you up'n tell 'er I sent'er howdy, but don't go no fudder; des take yo' stan' 'pun dat. Den ef she take'n press de question, take off yo' hat en tell 'er dat wiles you wuz roamin' 'roun' you met up wid er old nigger w't got mo' gray ha'rs dan he is money, and dis ole nigger he up'n 'lowed, he did, dat ef 'tain't no fudder fum de meetin' house ter de chicken-coop in dat Liberious country dan w'at 'tis in dish Nunited State er Georgy, den dey's lot's er trouble all 'roun' de worril. Gun 'er dat, en let 'er go."

As the preacher, smiling in spite of himself, turned to go forth upon his mission, he was followed by the sonorous voice of Uncle Remus:

"Put my name in yo' pra'rs, Brer Jeems Henry!"

Canals on the Planet Mars.

The Rev. T. W. Webb, author of "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," writes thus to the *London Times* respecting Schiaparelli's discovery of "canals" on the planet Mars: It has long been known that the surface of the planet Mars is so mapped out into brighter and darker portions as to suggest the idea of continents and oceans, and the analogy thus implied with the arrangements of our own globe is strengthened by the existence of brilliant white patches, as of snow or ice, situate at or near the planet's poles of rotation, and varying in extent with its changing seasons, as well as by occasional differences in outline or coloring, which may well be explained by the supposition of a vaporous atmosphere.

In the autumn of 1877 and spring of 1878, a number of minute, straight, black or dusky bands were detected by Schiaparelli, traversing and subdividing the supposed continents in various directions. These have been called from their aspect "canals," though, of course, their scale entitles them rather to the appellation of straits, or very long, narrow arms of the sea. A few of these had been previously seen by various observers, but to the Italian astronomer belonged the credit of developing and delineating them as a system. At the ensuing return of the planet in 1879-'80, they were again detected and drawn by him, with very little difference. But during the course of last January and February he has been so fortunate as to perceive the duplication of these dark streaks by the addition of parallel lines of similar character and length in no fewer than twenty instances, covering the equatorial region with a strange and mysterious network, to which there is nothing even remotely analogous on the earth, and which leads us at once to see how premature have been our conclusions in this respect, and how far we still are from any adequate conception of the real constitution even of our nearest neighbor but one in the solar system.

THE RELATIONS OF SERVANTS with employers are on a very democratic footing in Spain. We had an admirable butler at Madrid who used to join in the conversation at table whenever it interested him, and was always answered with good grace by the conversationists, who admitted him to their intellectual repast at the same moment that he was proffering them physical nutriment. These Toledan servitors of the Fonda de Lindo were still more informal. They used to take naps regularly twice a day in the hall, and could not get through serving dinner without an occasional cigarette between the courses. To save labor, they would place a pile of plates in front of each person, enough to hold the entire list of viands. The last phrase is a euphuism, however, for the meal each day consisted of the same meat served in three separate relays without vegetables, followed by fowl, an allowance of beans and dessert. Even this they were not particular to give us on the hour. Famished beyond endurance one evening at 8 o'clock, we went down stairs and found that not the first movement toward dinner had been made. The mozos (waiters) were smoking and gossiping in the street, and rather frowned upon our low-born desire for food, but we finally persuaded them to yield to it. After we had bought some tomatoes and made a salad at dinner, the management was put on its mettle, and improved slightly. Fish in this country is always brought on somewhere in the middle of dinner, like the German pudding, and our landlord astonished us by following the three courses of stewed veal with sardines fried in oil and ambuscaded in a mass of boiled green peppers. After that we were contented.—*George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.*

Suspended Animation.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Within two weeks the *Herald* has reported three cases of supposed death, in each of which some person who had been placed in a coffin exhibited some phases of countenance that are not common to dead persons. It is hardly probable that, if a spark of life was in any of these bodies when they were prepared for burial, they were really buried alive, for several minutes in a closed coffin would be sufficient to kill a healthy person, let alone one who was too feeble to speak or make any motion. Still, it is well to remember that if a sick person seems likely to die the quickest way to hasten the final shuffling off of the mortal coil is to lay him on his back in a coffin or any other place and put ice under or around him. To lie flat upon the back, with the head on the same level as the body, is an experience that no healthy person can long endure without frightful sensations, and to any one exhausted by disease the position offers a positive prospect of early decease. When a body in a coffin shows signs of life there is little trouble and no risk in removing it, laying it on its side upon a bed and gently agitating the chest and abdomen as is done in the case of a person who has been drowned. The opinion of a physician is generally satisfactory evidence of death, but when there is any doubt it is simple idiocy to leave a body in a coffin, particularly if natural warmth is being antagonized by ice.

The Three Cold Days of April.

R. H. Proctor in Knowledge.

Few weather phenomena in this country are more remarkable, and seem at present less easily explained, than the so-called "borrowing days," as they are called, between the 10th and 14th of April, when usually the temperature falls considerably below that due to the time of year. The cold at this time is, at any rate, sufficiently marked—first, to have attracted long since general attention; and, secondly, to affect in a very obvious manner the average temperature for these days during the last eighty years. We find these three cold days of April, which before the change of style were the first three days of the month, thus described in doggerel lines in the North of England:

"March borrows from April
Three days, and they are ill;
The first of them is wan and weet,
The second it is snaw and sleet,
The third of them is a peel-a-bane,
And freezes the wee bird's neb tae stane."

The following lines are given in the "Glossary of Scotch Words and Phrases":

"Said March to April,
Gie me three hoggs upon yon hill;
And in the space of days three
I'll find a way to gar them die.
The first a bitter blast did blaw,
The second it was sleet and snaw,
The third it cam sae full a freeze
The birds' nebs they stack to the trees;
But when the days was past and gane
The three puir hoggs cam hirplin hame."

This is manifestly an imperfect version of the lines in the poem called the "Complaynt of Scotland," where the reference to the borrowing of three April days is much clearer (in the above account March borrows hogs, not days):

March said to Aperill
I see three hogs upon a hill;
But lend your first three days to me,
And I'll be bound to gar them dee.
The first it shall be wind and weet,
The next it shall be snaw and sleet,
The third it shall be sic a freeze,
Shall gar the birds stick to the trees.
But when the borrowed days were gane,
The three silly hogs cam hirplin hame.

This is, I believe, the oldest version of the doggerel. It belongs to a time when the three cold days of April really were the first three days of April. The other was modified to correspond with the new style, according to which the cold days fall in the heart of the month, and cannot be very well imagined to be borrowed by March. It is worthy of observation how correctly common observation has indicated the true position of these cold days, for in the temperature curve derived from three-quarters of a century of accurate observation at Greenwich the depression corresponds exactly with the days which before the change of style were the 1st, 2d and 3d of April.

A Chicago Idyl.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Must I really go, sweetheart?"

"Yes," replied Lillian McGuire, placing her shapely white hand in his, and looking into his face with a tender earnestness that showed the true womanliness of her nature, "it is better far better for both of us that we should part forever," but as she spoke the hot tears of pain welled into her beautiful brown eyes—those eyes that had witched with their bright glances and dreamy tenderness so many men—and with a little sob of pain Lillian's head was bowed upon George W. Simpson's shoulder in an ecstasy of grief.

"Couldn't you put a ten-year limit on your bill, darling?" asked the young man, bending gently over the little head that was pillowed so trustingly just under his left ear; "I certainly ought to have as good a chance as a Chinaman."

A low moan of pain and a convulsive shake of the little head was the only response.

But George was not to be denied so easily. "Can I not have one hope?" he said, "one little nickel-plated, 10-cent hope?"

Lillian looked at him steadily. "Perhaps," she said, in cold, Baffin's Bay tones, [illegible]

George W. Simpson was [illegible] proud [illegible]

"Very well," he said, in husky, haven't-had-a-drink-in-two-hours tones, [illegible]

Lillian looked at him steadily for a moment. [illegible]

"Well, I should gasp," [illegible] a pearly tear glistening in George's eye.

"Then," said Lillian, twining her arms about his neck, "I will roost on your knee next Tuesday evening as usual. Papa has decided to let a man who can talk like that go out of the family."

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