THE TIMES, - - - PAGES FIVE TO EIGHT.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1890.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things.—Phil. 4th. 8th.

LOWLY WORKERS.

There is a work for each to do,
Though humble it may be;
There is a crown that each may win,
Within the heavenly lee.

None is too rich and none too poor,
To join this glorious band
Of workers for the Saviour's cause,
Bound for that heavenly land.

Not all can go across the sea,
And to the heathen preach;
Yet each can try, with loving words,
Some wanderer to reach.

Or speak a kind or gentle word
To one you chance to meet,
While out in lonely country road,
Or in the crowded street.

Not all who work for Jesus' sake
O'er this earth spread their fame;
Yet, working with a lowly heart,
God loves them just the same.

For God is always pleased to see
One with a humble heart,
Who, earnestly and willingly,
Will strive to do his part.

Hundreds of souls who labor here
Unknown to worldly fame,
Work for the dear Redeemer's cause,
And glorify his name.

Although unknown to mortals here,
With God 'tis written down;
He labored for me while on earth,
And his shall be the crown.
—The Evangelical.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE STATE.

Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the diocese of New York, in his address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Havard University said:

"The Scholar and the State; this is my theme during the few moments that your rare favor vouchsafes to me. Forgive me if I speak to it with the plainness, which, as I am profoundly persuaded, the hour demands, even if your judgments may not quite approve.

"The Republic at this moment is confronted by three conspicuous dangers, which, while they may not be those which all of us may own as most grave, have, nevertheless, a typical and representative character whose significance it is not easy to overestimate. Let me speak of them briefly for a few moments, and then of those more particular obligations which their existence devolves upon scholars. No system of government has won more hearty encomiums from those trained under alien skies and rule than our own, and no one who has read the remarkable review of our political institutions by that eminent and gifted Englishman, Professor James Brice, to whom we owe the two volumes entitled 'The American Commonwealth,' can rise from them without a profound sense of the great possibilities of a nobly conceived and so firmly balanced a system of government instituted under conditions so exceptionally favorable to its success. But, as De Tocqueville pointed out long ago, the excellence and delicacy of a vast civic mechanism only the more demands intelligent, prudent and reverent handling. With that rare foresight and penetration which will make him for all time a teacher to this people, he wrote, nearly three-fourths of a century ago: 'It would seem as if the rulers of our time sought only to use men to make things great. I wish they would try a little more to make great men; that they would set less value upon the work and more upon the workmen; that they would never forget that a nation can not long remain strong when every man belonging to it is individually weak, and that no form or combination of social policy has yet been devised to make an energetic people out of a community of pusillanimous and enfeebled citizens.'

"And yet one would think that no system had ever been devised more effectually to disparage the work and to degrade into pusillanimous and enfeebled citizenship the workman than that system of civil service which, for the last fifty years, and never more insistently than of late has been trying to establish itself among the people. A policy of favoritism which makes partisan service the substantial basis for political preferment and a fine disdain for the element of personal fitness, whatever the place or task, which exacts only so much competency as can rescue the place holder from absolute disgrace; this has come to be the warcry which treats every political contest as simply a scramble for political emolument. That such a view of the service of the Government should be held by some Tuscan bandit escaped out of the Transvaal pine fastnesses to prey upon our unsuspecting institutions would not be occasion for surprise. But that it has come to be the deliberate conviction of men in high places among us, and that this new gospel of unscrupulous self-seeking is openly proclaimed as the only spell powerful enough to maintain a healthy and active interest in our political institutions—that, in other words, there is no instinct of patriotism strong enough to constrain a man to active participation in the political life of the nation unless there dangles before him all the while the possible prize which he may snatch out of the sordid and shameless strife—this, certainly, is a teaching which may well make all honest people flush with keen and indignant shame. For, in close touch with it, there stands plainly enough the inevitable corollary that no man who serves the State only from such motives will scruple to sacrifice public interests to private ends whenever he can safely do so. And, indeed, that no higher sense of civic obligation than this is widely prevalent is indicated by the painful fact (to which one finds it difficult to allude with becoming delicacy and reserve) that great parties and great personages are able in this matter to affirm on platform and in official pronunciamentos and with such unctuous solemnity a virtue which, in practice, they find it no less easy with open and brazen impunity to flout and disregard. Such a situation, gentlemen, disguise it or dispute it as men may, never can be belittled or urged as a mere partisan issue. It is an issue of morals; it is a question of common honesty; for men in civic power are simply the servants of the State, and the public service is a public trust, abuse or perversion or malfeasance in which is not a less, put a greater crime than unfaithfulness to a private trust.

"And that brings me to speak of another danger which threatens the safety of the public, and concerning which I think the duty of all scholars is equally clear and imperative.

"Out of the evils to which I have just referred there has grown, not unnaturally, another, which, in its enfeebling and corrupting possibilities, is a matter of portentous import. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," has drawn an impressive picture of the decadence of Roman greatness under the deteriorating influence of Roman conquests. Enriched by the wealth wrung from her barbaric neighbors, with a dominant class, flushed with success and debilitated by self indulgence, the Imperial policy soon became one pre-eminently of profuse indulgence. It was easier to bribe the unemployed to silence than to devise efficient methods for their employment, and powerful citizens provided for their trains of dependents by largesses of corn and of money paid directly from the public treasury. There was thus secured to them a docile and obsequient constituency, and, as Gibbon shows, the time came when the mercenary spirit so far prevailed over every other that when, after the murder of Pertinax by the Pretorian guard, Sulpicianus undertook 'to treat for the Imperial dignity,' the more prudent of the Pretorians, apprehensive that in this private contract they should not obtain a just price for so valuable a commodity as the crown, ran out upon the ramparts and with a loud voice proclaimed that the 'Roman Empire was to be disposed of by public auction to the highest bidder.' With us there is, you will say, no throne to be bought or sold, and no Bretorian guard to claim the prize or deliver the scepter. But we may not forget that the evidences of our recent struggle for national existence have left behind them a condition of things which makes possible a situation only less scandalous, because less open and notorious.

"The honorable provision for those who suffered and were disabled in their country's defense threatens, under the selfish and unscrupulous manipulation of those who see in the degradation of their fellow-citizens a short and easy road to political supremacy, to become a pauperizing system whose least and most innocent consequence is the ruinous burden which it is destined, sooner or later, to saddle upon the public Treasury. Never was there a pharisaism of philanthrophy in which personal aggrandizement more impudently masqueraded in the garment of a grateful patriotism than our halls of Congress have lately presented, and the unmanly silence with which schemes so grotesque that they should have long ago been laughed out of any intelligent public assembly have been received, is one of the most amazing facts of our political experience. Indeed, far apart in time as are Rome and America, we must need own that the resemblances of history are at once tragic and significant. It was a huge military organization, remember, which once put the Roman empire up at auction and proposed to knock it down to the highest bidder. To-day it is in the air that it is the party which bids highest to a precisely similar constituency that is to be rewarded with the symbols of National supremacy and authority. And out of this it has come to pass that, not alone some scarred and honorable veteran; not alone some brave and medaled survivor of an heroic charge; that not alone the widow and orphan whom death on the field or in the hospital has left bereft and penniless, but every skulking camp-follower and deserter; every fraudulent and tainted claimant who has the effrontery to demand his bribe can have it, if only his vote shall thus become a commodity within the contract of partisan dictation, and he himself a lackey to do his political master's bidding. I have nothing to say of those who have devised this infamy and baptized it with the name of civic gratitude; but for the manhood which it is destined to corrupt and degrade no honorable man can feel, I think, any other than the most profound sympathy and sorrow. This, surely, is a system of Government that deliberately conspires to degrade men, and no delicacy ought to consent to excuse or condone it.

"Happily, a situation so grave has in it elements of alarm which cannot easily be barren of some good results. We are not at the extreme, wise men tell us, of a drift which became wellnigh inevitable as a result of the vicious forces generated in connection with our great civil war. And if the nation is strong enough to survive that innermost deterioration which has threatened, and which is threatening, the foundations of character among us, it will be stronger still, because of the victory which it has won over its unworthier self. For one, I rejoice to believe it; but, if it is to be, I am no less persuaded that it will be because those whose are the best gifts among us, the stewardship of the highest truths, and the ability to translate those truths into a language—in the old English phrase—'understanded of the people'—have recognized their great trust and their obligation to discharge it.

"The community of the Phi Beta Kappa is supposed to represent the flower of our American colleges. For now more than a century it has enrolled among its associates those whose gifts and attainments have earned for them, during their college life, the highest recognition. Surely such distinction ought to illustrate itself in unselfish service for the State. From this no preoccupation with other cares can wholly excuse any one of us, and it is impossible not to own that in such a trained force, if once it should arouse itself to its opportunity, the highest interests of the nation might rightly look to find their best defenders."

THE PASTOR AS A TEACHER.

A formal call to a minister of the gospel to assume the leadership of a church of Christ often contains an invitation for him to become the "pastor and teacher" of the church. The former term is figurative, and may cover the ordinary meaning of the latter; but when both terms are used, unless it be a mere matter of form, it is evident that some further function is added to the office, or that special emphasis is meant to be put upon certain phases of the pastoral work.

The teaching function of the ministry, as distinguished from pastoral oversight, or preaching, always needs to be emphasized. It is the function that is most difficult, and that is most likely to be slighted; and yet it is a question whether it is not more important than either preaching or oversight. A distinguished leader in our Sunday-school work is reported to have said recently, that should he ever return to the pastorate, he would give much more attention to teaching than he had formerly done. He doubtless gave voice to a conviction that is becoming general. At least, our more sagacious leaders are coming to recognize more and more the possibilities of the teaching function in the work of the ministry. Jesus was a teacher rather than a preacher. The so-called Sermon on the Mount was widely differentiated from an ordinary sermon, both in structure and delivery. There is no intimation that Jesus ever used the arts, though he may have possessed the skill, of an orator. His method was conversational. He was the "teacher come from God," and, while he "spake as never man spake," it was the voice of the teacher, and not of the preacher, that so charmed men. The apostles and early leaders of the Church of Christ were also teachers, though preaching soon came more and more into vogue as Christian disciples multiplied and great congregations were gathered. Missionaries also are teachers. It is only after years of patient teaching that sufficient followers are gained to make preaching, in the technical sense, practicable.

Is it not probable that the primitive method is, after all, the better method? and has not the ministry yielded too much to the subtle temptation that lurks in a great audience? There is unquestionably a wonderful fascination for many in a great multitude under the sway of the eloquent orator or preacher; but is there not at least a hint in the example of Jesus that the true method of the kingdom is not by the temporary excitement of vast crowds, but by the continuous leading and training—teaching—of single souls?

Those needing to be taught may be loosely divided into two general classes—the impenitent, and young disciples with uniformed characters. A field of vast possibilities opens before the minister in the former class, even though he exclude the hardened from consideration, which he must not do. The greater possibilities, however, lie in the work for children, with whom one can do whatever he pleases. The wise pastor will open his heart to them every one, and bid them nestle there as in a mother's arms. He can teach them by his own example, by his kindly and considerate treatment of them, by casual conversations with them in their homes; but is it not time for every pastor to come into even closer touch with the children of his parish as their spiritual guide and teacher?

There is also a vastly important field for the pastor to cultivate in the spiritual training of his younger church-members. We certainly have learned better than to regard church-membership as constituting character. It is quite impossible too highly to esteem the value of subsequent training in the formation of character and in preparation for the work of God. This training is a chief part of the pastor's great work, and is neglected or slighted only at great loss. Who does not know that one well-trained and thoroughly equipped discipline is worth more to the church than a score of those who only have a name to live? And is it not a fact that we have so many of these name-Christians, because pastors have failed to discharge the teaching function of their ministry?

There is, moreover, one thing to be said in view of the seeming fact, that it is a greater work to preach to hundreds than to teach dozens. The teacher of dozens becomes a teacher of teachers, and through their work greatly widens his influence and deepens his power. Just as the professor in a theological seminary with his ten and twenty students wields a vaster influence than he could as a preacher to many hundreds, so does the wise and faithful pastor, who is all the while teaching his people how to be like Christ, wield a much wider influence through them than that which results from mere preaching. It is not simply sounding out the truth, no matter how eloquently or powerfully, but it is helping the people to take the truth up into life, transform it into character, and work it out in noble conduct among men. And this is teaching!—Rev. George S Ricker in Sunday School Times.

PULPIT PLAGIARISM.

In a certain religious denomination there has been a considerable stir of late because a close resemblance has been detected between a sermon delivered by a particularly young minister and a sermon preached some years ago by another minister. As usual the secular press has taken up the subject, and so far as we have observed, the views of the secular press have been very reasonable.

There is plagiarism and plagiarism, and plagiarism of one sort is as despicable and pernicious as another sort of plagiarism is necessary and even laudable.

The ass parading in the lion's skin and the rook dressed in peacock's feathers are merely ridiculous. The preacher who delivers a sermon of Melville's or of Liddon's or of Beecher's or of Spurgeon's as if it were his own, is a good deal worse than ridiculous; he acts a lie in pretending to preach God's truth. No words can adequately express the unworthiness of such self-confessed hypocrisy.

Other men, however, shall go to the pulpit and follow the outline of some great preacher's discourse, using, it may be, not a few of his very words and phrases, and yet their plagiarism shall be innocent, and even laudable. How does this case differ from the former? Simply enough, it seems to us.

To take any other man's work and use it as one's own is to claim it as one's own. The preacher who uses another preacher's sermon says in effect to the congregation to which he delivers it that the sermon is his own. No man has ever, on any occasion whatsoever, the least excuse for acting such a falsehood. On the other hand, however, it would be absurd to expect the average preacher, and particularly the young preacher, to make up two sermons a week altogether out of his own head; and we should be sorry for his congregation if he tried to do so. Preachers, like other professional men, must study. If they do not study, they will preach nonsense; and if they would learn the art of preaching they must make a special study of the discourses of good preachers. Now, some men have a strong verbal memory; others, who never forget a thought, have no verbal memory at all. One of the latter who has been deeply impressed by a discourse which he has studied will be able to preach the substance of that discourse, or to work some of its very best matter into a sermon of his own, and no one will suspect him of plagiarism, while the man who has the disadvantage of a too retentive verbal memory will be charged with plagiarism because he unconsciously retains and uses not only the ideas but the very words of any discourse which he has attentively read. In point of fact the one man is no more a plagiarist than the other; and if both of them have so studied their author as to make his thoughts really their own, that is to say, if what they have learned from him has become an honest part of their own intellectual wealth, neither of them is a plagiarist in any bad sense of the word. It is precisely this process that makes the living preacher valuable. His very function is to feed his own mind and heart with divine truth, and then out of his acquired fulness to bring forth things new and old in a form adapted to the state and requirement of his flock.

Nothing is more despicable than dishonest plagiarism in the pulpit. We have known some curious cases of it, but not many, and we do not believe that there are many. The charge of plagiarism which is so often and recklessly made we believe to be generally as unjust as it is inconsiderate. Every preacher ought of course to guard his own moral and intellectual integrity; but with that understanding we openly express the wish that what is often called by the name of plaigarism were were much more common than it is. There is no difficulty in distinguishing the two things. The preacher who selfishly apppropriates the work of other men in order to shine in borrowed plumes is an unworthy pretender; the man who diligently gathers food for his flock from all available sources and uses it for their advantage, not his own, is a faithful preacher, though he may at times chance to use not only the thoughts but the words of other men.
—[The Churchman.

PROBLEM AND SOLUTION.

A very useful article is published in the current number of the Treasury, a ministers' magazine. It is written by President Raymond, of Wesleyan University, Connecticut, and is entitled "The Pulpit and Ethics" It is one of a series of living issues discussed by college presidents. Speaking of the questions of the hour which need to be treated by the pulpit, he tells us that the question, "What principles shall control the conduct and determine the relations of a man to his fellow-man, is deeper than all other questions." This is very true, and this is the question which we must ever propound to ourselves, never resting until we have answered it in such away that we are prepared to carry the solutions of the problem out along the line of our most intelligent convictions.

Dr. Raymond strikingly contrasts the work of socialism in its efforts to make crooked things straight. He pictures the socialist as not proposing to wait for the development of a perfect moral state before realizing his dreams. "Evolution is slow and manufacture rapid. He will, therefore, make the ideal state with his own hands. He will plan it and secure the popular decree that shall put it in operation. Let there be socialism, and there will be socialism—overnight, possibly; anarchy will put an end to the experiment in the morning."

On the other hand, we have presented the one only force that can settle every difficult thing—"The socialism contained in the law, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' That is a law which cannot be ignored even in the labor problems and the questions of economics. Ours cannot continue to be 'the age of the first person singular,' as Emerson once called it. The first person plural, we and not I, or the possessive pronoun plural, ours, not mine, must characterize the new age." Happily all this is not a new discovery, and so we need not revolutionize our methods of elevating mankind. It is truth, however, that it is well worth enforcing and emphasizing. We are glad that in a magazine devoted to their use ministers are thus reminded of their duty to preach such a gospel. It is the spirit of the Lord's Prayer, which never uses the words "me," "I," but "our" and "us." It is the spirit of the law of Christ, which is to bear one another's burdens. It is the spirit of the law of Moses, which is summed up in the command to love God and to love our neighbor. And in possessing that law, and still more in possessing the Holy Spirit who is able to bring our lives into obedience to that law, we have all the needed forces for making the world what it should be. That the world will become what it ought to be in a single day we do not believe, because even the most divine forces work slowly and we must wait patiently for results even when the most vital seed is sown. But the solution of the problem is at hand, and it is in the law of the Lord.—The Observer.

SUMMER CHARITIES.

If it be true, as the genial poet wrote, that "the poetry of earth ceaseth never;" it is no less true that the world's charity is also ever continuing. Every season—in our busy, practical life—has its appropriate charity, and nearly every form of illness or distress would seem to pe provided for by special agencies or institutions.

It is in summer, however, when the period of inactivity is supposed to hold sway, that charities flourish with a breadth and variety which are hardly appreciated. Fresh air funds, country vacations, outings for the working-girl, mountain air for the consumptives, flowers for the hospitals, fresh fruit and food for the sick poor, ice for the tenement—what a wealth of human kindness is here exhibited! Surely the heart of mankind is good and pure and loving.

One fact about these summer charities is particularly gratifying. Of course, a number of them are under the special auspices of societies that depend for support entirely on their own denomination. But a greater number are wholly unsectarian—as are God's air and sky—and to them all classes and sects contribute. The newspapers become the universal agencies that spread the glad tidings, and old and young, rich and poor, Christian and Jew, send their dollars and dimes to secure health and rosy cheeks for city sufferers and tenement children of the poor.

This is summer twice blessed. The givers rise above the petty walls of sect and become vitalized by the tonic air without. The recipients attain new life and energy, and their little jaunt is to them a treasure-trove of glad memories.—[Jewish Messenger.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

Pastor Felici, of Udine, Italy, recently delivered an address, in which he gives an interesting inside view of the progress and success of the Protestant Evangelization of Italy. The systematic work of evangelization really began, however, with the eighth decade of the present century, when the political union of Italy first made this possible. In all the larger and in many of the smaller cities there are Protestant congregations with a membership of a hundred and more. The number of sympathizers is much greater. Even in the villages evangelists have begun to preach the Gospel. The Italian Protestants, as a rule, belong to the lowly of the land, and the erection of schoolhouses and churches and the maintenance of separate organizations is not an easy work for them. The outlook, however, is very hopeful.

It is expected that the decision of the court of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln, against whom complaint was made for ritualistic practices, will be announced the present month. The Bishop of Salisbury, who was one of the archbishop's assessors in the case, in a recent speech said that he hoped the clergy would try to take the decision patiently, and make the best of it when it should be announced He said he could not, of course, say anything about the features of the judgment on particular points, but the judgment would be a unanimous one.

The joint committee of the Methodist New Connection and the Methodist Free Churches of England has issued a report which declares in substance that the union of the two bodies is not only desirable but practicable. The report will be presented to the annual assembly of each of the bodies. It is thought that it will result in their union.

According to the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the lay members are next fall to vote on the question whether women shall be eligible as lay delegates to the electoral and General Conferences of the Church.

There are 334 Congregational churches in Connecticut with a total membership of 12,840. The average salary of the settled pastors is $1,200.

It is stated that there are 459 Sunday schools in Chicago with an attendance of 124 250 scholars. The Methodists lead with 96 schools and 23,493 scholars.

THIS IS LIFE.

There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green;
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimensions fills
With joy that never dies.

Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die—
I shall not taste of death.

Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Savior, this is life!
—J. East.

The despondent critics of contemporary poetry, "The Pall Mall Gazette" says, "scan the horizen for the dawn of the poet who is to illumine the nativity of the twentieth century—hitherto in vain. Well, suppose the worst. Suppose Mr. Swinburne is to prove the last English poet. That is not likely, perhaps; but it is not absolutely impossible. If history shows few ages unvivified by an intellectual creative effort, it does show long periods of dearth in special domains of production; and after our splendid poetical record, such a period may possibly lie before us." Possibly one reason that good poetry is not plentiful is the fact that the poet of the day doesn't woo his muse in profitable solitude. He rushes straightway into the current of city life, and expects to make that shyest of sweethearts listen amid a thousand unpoetical distractions.

LITERARY LEAVES.

"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only sensible in the duller parts."—Love's Labor Lost.

What is twice read is better remembered than what is transcribed.
—Samuel Johnson.

THALIA.

A middle-aged lyrical poet is supposed to be taking final leave of the Muse of Comedy. She has brought him his hat and gloves, and is abstractedly picking a thread of gold hair from his coat-sleeve as he begins to speak.

I say it under the rose—
oh, thanks!—yes, under the laurel,
We part lovers, not foes;
we are not going to quarrel.

We have too long been friends
on foot and in gilded coaches,
Now that the whole thing ends,
to spoil our kiss with reproaches.

I leave you; my soul is wrung;
I pause, look back from the portal—
Ah, I no more am young,
and you, child, you are immortal!

Mine is the glacier's way,
yours is the blossom's weather—
When were December and May
known to be happy together?

Before my kisses grow tame,
before my moodiness grieve you,
While yet my heart is aflame,
and I all lover, I leave you.

So, in the coming time
when you count the rich years over,
Think of me in my prime,
and not as a white-haired lover,

Fretful, pierced with regret,
the wrath of the dead Desire
Thrumming a cracked spinet
by a slowly dying fire,

When, at last, I am cold—
years hence, if the gods so will it—
Say, "He was true as gold,"
and wear a rose in your fillet!

Others, tender as I,
will come and sue for caresses,
Woo you, win you, and die—
mind you, a rose in your tresses!

Some Melpomene woo,
some hold Clio the nearest!
You, sweet Comedy, you
were ever sweetest and dearest!

Nay, it is time to go,
when writing your tragic sister,
Say to that child of woe
how sorry I was I missed her.

Really, I cannot stay,
though "parting in such sweet sorrow."
Perhaps I will, on my way
down town, look in to-morrow!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

Engraved portraits are not the most satisfactory things in the world, but they have a certain fascination quite their own, and after all, perhaps, they are almost as satisfactory as biographical portraits, and in a general way as true to their originals. We may take it for granted that those pictures of celebrated people, made by artists who had an ax to grind, were flattering pictures and not in the best sense portraits or likenesses. Furthermore, the old engravings made from these somewhat glorified drawings cannot be relied upon as accurate reproductions.

Recently I have found time to go through the Library of American Literature, by E. C. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, not reading through it, that is a work of years, but tasting through it and lingering with the portraits contained in it.

The frontispieces naturally attract most attention, beginning with the vigorous, ruffianly face of Captain John Smith, and ending with Bret Harte's comely countenance, ten in all, a gallery of genius. If I had criticism to offer, it would be that Theodore Winthrop should not have had precedence in the ninth volume, where Aldrich, Burroughs, Howells, Eggleston, and many others, far above Winthrop in literary genius, appear in secondary places. That Winthrop was a brave, patriotic, noble young man there can be no doubt, and his death crowned his life; but war is war, and literature is literature. Theodore Winthrop gave encouraging promise, but he has left nothing from which we may draw the certainty that he was a man of extraordinary literary ability. To my mind he had no right whatever to the place of honor in a literary comparison, over a full baker's dozen of his superiors. Cotton Mather, with his courageous face and masterly wig, rightfully leads the corps of Vol. II.; Ben Franklin usurps nothing in taking first seat in Vol. III.; Charles Brockden Brown has his title clear to overtop the crowd in Vol. IV.; but here is Washington Irving playing first fiddle over William Cullen Bryant in Vol. V., which I don't like. Hawthorne, notwithstanding Poe and Emerson, has his proper place at the front in Vol. VI.; so has James Russell Lowell found his own in taking the lead in Vol. VII.; nor can we fairly grumble at Parkman for having his clean, clear business-like face preferred in Vol. VIII.; and in Vol. X. there can be no question that Bret Harte has taken his proper position.

Of course this is a mere quibble about pictures, and I shouldn't make it if I could find anything else to grumble about just now. Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have done their colossal task so well that it is not safe to praise them to the full measure of their deserts. After all, the reader is left to decide for himself as to the real matter of precedence.

Supposing that I were asked to decide which of these many faces looks most like my ideal of the window of genius, I should decline the task with appropriate thanks; but I might venture a few remarks about those portraits which represent dead authors, for in so doing I could avoid the trifling embarrassment of a few bricks hurled at my own conscience.

Hawthorne's picture has a heavy, dull, uninspired look, as if the original might have been sleepy when he sat for it; but the forehead is a fine one—broad, high, full—suggesting a big brain. Sadness, more of temperament than of experience, looks out of the eyes, and one is compelled to say that it is not a thoroughly friendly or congenial countenance.

Charles Brockden Brown gazes right out of the page with clear, earnest, magnetic eyes. His features remind one a little of Emerson's, as shown in his youthful portraits, but they suggest more energy and fire with less of philosophic reserve.

Theodore Winthrop's face is disappointing in every way, so is that of N. P. Willis; but Charles Fenno Hoffman's is a superbly handsome and winning one. Poe's features are fine, but the expression is not pleasing; the eyes are insincere, and the mouth is ready to smirk. His forehead is magnificently developed, with just a suspicion of approaching baldness at the top.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, whom Poe, writing in one of his fairest moods, did not dare call altogether beautiful, sits reading a book with her elbows at sharp angles and with her head poised stiffly. Her face is immensely long, her nose large and her chin strikingly prominent. Her hair is combed smoothly down at the sides of her head, and a slender strand is drawn under each ear apparently, and fastened at the back of the columnar neck. She has a firm, prim, old-maidish air, and the cast of her brows and forehead hints of a certain oddity of temperament.

Washington Irving's face is the type of good-natured, optimistic genius, facile, cunning, not too deeply sincere, a good friend, a good laugher, ready for the table, and busy all the year round. If you had to rely solely on this picture you would be ready to trust the man as a jolly good traveling companion, but you would hesitate about his deep scholarship or his critical judgment.

Longfellow's picture is of the man in his old age, a genial aristocratic countenance, lovable, demanding reverence, but not the face of a genius. On the other hand, Bryant's almost Dantesque features grimly project an idea of one who is great, a viking of literature, but it is as if the greatness were fought back and disabled by an overbearing disposition.

Emerson gazes intently with eyes that are insistent and earnest, but there is something just short of frank sincerity in their expression;—the vaguest hint of some latent disease of the brain, or of some obscure nerve lesion, lies behind the whole face; but the prevailing impression one receives from the portrait is that here was a shrewd, kindly-disposed man of rare character and luminous imagination, who wrung his genius a trifle out of plumb with his will-lever and suffered ever after from the wrench.

It must be borne in mind that what I have said does not refer to the men, but to their portraits. The study has led me to suspect that pictures give us but a poor conception of originals. Indeed, if we recall our experiences with photographs, we shall recognize the trouble at once. In these sun presentations a large man will look as if he were small, and a diminutive man will appear a very giant. Some dull people are photographed into brilliance, and not unfrequently a remarkably homely face comes out of the camera transformed into beauty. So in portrait painting the artist must be incorruptible and possessed of genius, or the picture will be a much doctored presentment. This doctoring process is a very dangerous one; for the impartial hand of time fades a lie. The pictures of Shakspeake are about as satisfying as those of Christ.

The boyish portrait of Francis Scott Key has more genius in it than his poetry hints of, and Mrs. Osgood's shows little of the beauty that has been claimed for her. Daniel Webster, as here presented, is a typical, large-eyed, super-solemn bank president.—Maurce Thompson in America.

MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT.

Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett was born in Cambridge, and has spent some part of nearly every year of her life there. When Professor Fawcett's parliamentary duties called the family to town, his daughter attended the Clapham High School, whilst in Cambridge she profited much by the teaching of Miss J. McLeod Smith. Later she attended classes at Bedford College and University College. Mr. Karl Pearson was her mathematical lecturer at the latter institution. It was clear from an early period that her forte lay in the direction of mathematics; but Mrs. Fawcett, whilst careful to secure for her the best possible teaching in this branch, gave her a first rate general education as well. In 1886 she passed the highest local examinations with brilliant success, taking a first-class in the language group, with distinction in two languages, and a first-class in the group for logic and political economy with a distinction in the latter subject. Upon the strength of this achievement, Miss Fawcett was awarded the Gilchrist Scholarship. The regulations of the scholarship did not oblige her to avail herself of it at once; and, being rather below the average age for entering Newnham, she acted upon the advice of Mr. Pearson, who counseled her to continue her studies at University College one year longer. At the end of that period Miss Fawcett enrolled herself among the students of Newnham College, and about the same time added another laurel to her wreath by coming out at the head of the list in the mathematical group of the higher locals.

Had Miss Fawcett not been, like most able people, extremely modest and unassuming, and gifted, moreover, with coolness and determination, she must have been put to a severe trial during her student life. She had scarcely set foot in the college before her chances of success became the topic of local conversation, and even in her hearing estimates were frequently made of her precise place in the tripos list. As far as possible, however, she ignored gossip of this sort, and went quietly on her way. In the matter of work, Miss Fawcett was not one of those foolish virgins who sit up into the small hours of the morning, with a wet towel round their heads, until brain and nerves give way. About six hours a day was her usual allowance for study, but during these six hours it was real hard work, as we may imagine. She went freely both into general and college society, and took plenty of exercise, enjoying more particularly lawn tennis and hockey. She is also a proficient fencer, having taken lessons in the science of arms at an early age. Public speaking she rather shunned, but now and again took part in the debates of the Newnham Political Society. Altogether, a more happily and healthily constituted method of existence could not have been desired.

Miss Fawcett had only the benefit of a single term with the celebrated "Senior Wrangler maker," Mr. Routh. She was taught for a time by Mr. Atkinson, of Trinity Hall, but her coach during the latter period of her mathematical training has been Mr. E. W. Hobson (Fellow of Christ's, and Senior Wrangler in 1880.)

Miss Fawcett had rivals of no mean mettle. Mr. Bennett, of St. John's College, is so distinguished a mathematician that a former Senior Wrangler, on learning the result, was heard to declare, "If she is senior to Bennett she would have been senior in any year." It is an open secret, however, that she outstripped even this formidable opponent by a considerable number of marks.

It may be a matter of surprise to some that the university, loving her sons better than her daughters, should bestow a title upon one of the former when she cannot bestow the reality. The general public, however, which has been taught to believe that no one can possibly be "above" that exalted being, the Senior Wrangler, will view, in the Cambridge phrase, a distinction without a difference, and will recognize that the Head of the Tripos, the Senior Wrangler and Miss Fawcett are one and the same person.—London Queen.

THE TRAINING OF WOMEN.

The woman whose intellect has been trained will not be necessarily a pedantic bore or an overpowering force in the family; the better her training the better her balance; the better her understanding of her household's needs, and her ability to meet them, the better will she know how to retain and increase the affection once secured and to make her home all that the ideal home should be. Beauty will still be beauty, charm will still be charm, and academical honors cannot strip women of either; and the love that is attracted by them when accompanied by thorough intellectual development is a love which will outlast that captured by the tricks and arts which kindle but a temporary flame, for the development of the mind develops and enlarges all the rest of the being, other things being equal. It is well known that there are no better mothers, nor more faithful wives, nor more accomplished housekeepers, nor more delightful guests, than can be found among our present cultured, learned and literary women. All the education in the world will not eradicate from the feminine nature the household instincts or the love of home and children. Nowhere is real intellectual training found to weaken the feminine type; but, on the contrary, homes are finer, richer, more exalted, and happier under its power. It brings about a perception of mutual rights that does not come to the ignorant; it prevents encroachments; it renders due honor; and it knows how to produce comfort and joy, and puts the knowledge to use. When at last any wide number of women thus trained for generations have married—for if marriage is not to be the aim of these women, it is, at any rate, the destined end of these as of all others—and have married men who did not suffer themselves to be outstripped, it can only be a mighty race of men and women which will be born and reared, compared with whose achievement all that we have at present will seem rudimentary.—From Harper's Bazar.

BANE OF NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

As long as gossip was oral, it spread, as regarded any one individual, over a very small area, and was confined to the immediate circle of his acquaintances. It did not reach, or but rarely reached, those who knew nothing of him. It did not make his name, or his walk, or his conversation familiar to strangers. And what is more to the purpose, it spared him the pain or mortification of knowing that he was gossiped about. A man seldom heard of oral gossip about him which simply made him ridiculous, or trespassed on his lawful privacy, but made no positive attack on his reputation. His peace and comfort, were, therefore, but slightly affected by it.

In all this the advent of the newspapers, or rather of a particular class of newspapers, has made a great change. It has converted curiosity into what economists call an effectual demand, and gossip into a marketable commodity. This old Paul Pry, whom our fathers despised and caricatured, and who was roundly kicked and cuffed on the stage for his indiscretions, has become a great wholesale dealer in an article of merchandise for which he finds a ready sale, and by which he frequently makes a fortune. In other words, gossip about private individuals is now printed, and makes its victim, with all his imperfections on his head, known hundreds or thousands of miles away from his place of abode; and what is worst of all, brings to his knowledge exactly what is said about him, with all its details. It thus inflicts what is, to many men, the great pain of believing that everybody he meets in the street is perfectly familiar with some folly, or misfortune, or indiscretion, or weakness, which he had previously supposed had never got beyond his domestic circle.

It is no defence for this state of things to say that the passion for notoriety of any kind has been fostered to such an extent by this wide diffusion of printed gossip, that there is a large number of people who do not dislike it, but on the contrary put themselves in the way of having their private life explored by the press. They are a small minority at best, and their taste must be recognized as a depraved one.—From "The Rights of a Citizen to His Reputation," by E. L. Godkin, editor of The Evening Post, in July Scribner.

BOOKMAKERS ROGUES.

Apart from the grosser forms of roguery, the bookmakers have a great advantage over the public. With their comparatively easy access to jockeys, stable boys, and others in the secret of the stables, to say nothing of their facilities for unearthing unsuspected causes of disqualification, they are in a far better position than the public to know what is not going to win. In unison with the possession of such secrets, a remarkable system can be worked of what is known as "making false favorites." For this purpose a combination of artifices is often sufficient to impose upon the public: rumors, freely circulated, of the horse's excellent condition, and of his successes in his trials, accompanied at the same time by rumors antagonistic to his competitors; fictitious bets, commonly known as "stumers," recorded in their books and published in the papers—all are calculated to bring the public in to back him, perhaps up to the position of first favorite.

There is, at the same time, considerable mutual dependence between racing and betting. Racing, of course, is the substratum of betting; but nobody who looks facts in the face can fail to see that racing derives a great deal of reciprocal support from betting. It would be idle to suppose that the crowds which throng the stands at race-courses pay their guineas for admission in the same way as they might take tickets for a theatre, simply to see a show. If the betting element were abolished from the race-course, as some would have it, it is not difficult to see the effect such a change would have in the receipts of the meeting; and if the race-fund suffers, the prizes that are given at meetings must suffer, too. The body of professional racing-men forms another link between racing and betting. If part of their reimbursement is derived from prizes or stakes, for the bulk thereof they look to "getting on" at a good price; and this they are only able to do through the existence of a free market for betting. Vague rumors are from time to time afloat as to the enormous sums won by "the stable" over some big handicap, which, if even approximately true, must cut considerably into the profits of the ring.—G. Herbert Stutfield in the Nineteenth Century.

DE QUINCEY AND HIS ENGLISH.

De Quincey is, however, first of all a writer of ornate English, which for once was never a mere cover to bare thought. Overpraise and mispraise him as anybody may, he cannot be overpraised for this. Mistake as he chose to do, and as others have chosen to do, the relative value of his gift, the absolute value of it is unmistakable. What other Englishman, from Sir Thomas Browne downward, has written a sentence surpassing in melody that on Our Lady of Sighs: "And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten deliriums?" Compare that with the masterpieces of some later practitioners. There are no out-of-the-way words; there is no needless expense of adjectives; the sense is quite adequate to the sound; the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. And though I do not know that in a single instance of equal length—even in the still more famous tour de force on Our Lady of darkness—De Quincey ever quite equaled the combined simplicity and majesty of this phrase, he has constantly come close to it. The "Suspiria" are full of such passages—there are even some who prefer "Savannah la Mar" to the "Ladies of Sorrow." Beautiful as it is, I do not, because the accursed superfluous adjective appears there.

The famous passages of "The Confessions" are in every one's memory, and so, I suppose, is "The Vision of Sudden Death." Many passages in "The Cæsars," though somewhat less florid, are hardly less good, and the close of "Joan of Arc" is as famous as the most ambitious attemps of "The Confessions" and "The Mail Coach." Moreover, in all the sixteen volumes specimens of the same kind may be found here and there, alternating with very different matters, so much so that it has no doubt often occurred to readers that the author's occasional divergence into questionable quips and cranks is a deliberate attempt to set off his rhetoric, as dramatists of the noblest school have always set off their tragedy, with comedy, if not with farce. That such a principle would imply confusion of the study and the stage is arguable enough, but it does not follow that it was not present. At any rate, the contrast, deliberate or not, is very strong indeed in De Quincey—stronger than in any other prose author except his friend, and pupil rather than master, Wilson.—Macmillan's Magazine.

"THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP."

An enterprising Englishman, Mr. George Bainton, has made a book which he calls "The Art of Authorship." The idea is Mr. Bainton's, but the work is not. The book is written by a galaxy of well-known authors of England and America, of whom he inquired their opinions on the subject of literary style. One of his first letters was addressed to Miss Marie Corelli, a writer of the Ouida school, and the answer must have been like a dash of cold water in his face.—

"As you ask me whether in 'early life' I gave myself to any special training for the literary profession, I think it is but fair to tell you that I am in 'early life' still (I suppose you would not call a woman of four and twenty very old!), and that therefore my 'training,' if training be considered a sine qua non, must perforce be going on in my case now, however unconsciously to myself."

Mr. Browning, having passed 'early life' when Mr. Bainton's letter reached him, was not offended by its wording, and replied:

"By the indulgence of my father and mother, I was allowed to live my own life and choose my own course in it; which, having been the same from the beginning to the end, necessitated a permission to read nearly all sorts of books in a well stocked but very miscellaneous library. I had no other direction than my parents' taste for whatever was highest and best in literature; but I found out for myself many forgotten fields which proved the richest of pastures, and, so far as a preference of a particular 'style' is concerned, I believe mine was just the same at first as at last."

Mr. George Meredith says (and these are those who will agree with him):—

"I have no style, though I suppose my work is distinctive. I am too experimental in phrases to be other than a misleading guide. I can say that I have never written without having clear in vision the thing put to paper, and yet this has been the cause of roughness and uncommonness in the form of speech."

Mr. Froude replies in much the same vein:—

"I have never thought about style at any time in my life. I have tried merely to express what I had to say with as much simplicity and as little affectation as I could command. . . . As a rule, when I go over what I have written, I find myself striking out superflous epithets, reducing superlatives into positives, bringing subjunctive moods into indicative, and in most instances passing my pen through every passage which had seemed, while I was writing it, to be particularly fine. If you sincerely desire to write nothing but what you really know or think, and to say that as clearly and as briefly as you can, style will come as a matter of course: ornament for ornament's sake is always to be avoided. There is a rhythm in prose as well as in verse; but you must trust your ear for that."

Of the American authors quoted, Mr. Lowell is the most eminent. He writes:—

"If I have attained to any clearness of style, I think it is partly due to my having had to lecture twenty years as a professor at Harvard. It was always present to my consciousness that whatever I said must be understood at once by my hearers, or never. Out of this I, almost without knowing it, formulated the rule that every sentence must be clear in itself, and never too long to be carried, without risk of losing its balance, on a single breath of the speaker. If I have ever sinned against this rule it has been in despite of my better conscience."

Mr. Bret Harte gives to his dexterity as a type-setter the credit of his condensed style as a writer:

"I was very young when I first began to write for the press, and, as a very young and needy editor, I learned to contrive the composition of the editorial with the setting of its type, and it is possible that to save my fingers mechanical drudgery somewhat condensed my style. This was in a country where people lived by observation rather than tradition, and the routine was not without a certain chastening effect on both writer and reader."

Mr. Bainton's book has not reached this country yet, we believe, but its arrival is anticipated with no little interest. The extracts we have given are taken from the English papers. 'The Art of Authorship' will attract the attention of all who are interested in the profession of letters, and the literary aspirant will doubtless find in its pages many a useful hint.—The Critic.

HARRIET SHELLEY.

During a conversation which I held with Trelawny in July, 1875, I happened to ask him whether he knew anything as to the character of Shelley's first wife. I give his answer in the words which I wrote down shortly afterward: "Harriet was pure, lofty and noble. Lady Shelley wishes to glorify Shelley at the expense of Harriet, and for that reason I have preserved these papers." While speaking he drew some documents out of a box and held them up. I asked whether it was his intention to publish them? He replied, "No, the less one has to do with the private character of a man like Shelley, the better. He should be judged by his works. Harriet was pure and good—and I love fair play. She shall not be abused. If Lady Shelley publishes anything against Harriet, I will speak." I asked whether he knew the immediate cause of her suicide. He turned his eagle eyes upon me, as though to find out whether I was trying to "pump him," and then, after a pause, said: "She was all feeling—lofty and high toned. The accumulation of her troubles so bitterly affected her that she sought relief in death."

Our talk turned to other matters—Byron's lameness, the Bolivar, the squabble at the Pisan gateway, Leigh Hunt, &c.; and after a time Trelawny himself reverted to the subject of Harriet Shelley. These were his words: "I hear that Lady Shelley tells her friends that she is only waiting for the death of the poet's sisters to publish a great many letters and other matters about Shelley. This is nonsense. She has got nothing at Boscombe of any value. She seeks to glorify Shelley at the expense of Harriet, but, by G——d, while I live I will defend her. I don't mean to publish anything more about Byron or Shelley unless I am driven to it. Let Lady Shelley leave the memory of Harriet Shelley alone."

If anything further was said on this subject I have no note of it. But I think the extracts given are sufficient to show what view Trelawny took of this painful subject. Recent revelations in America seem to bear out Trelawny's statement, and go far to prove that Shelley's first wife was more sinned against than sinning. But, be the truth what it may, it is surely a monstrous perversion of the moral code to blacken the character of a deserted wife in order to justify a husband's wrong doing. And that is the intention of Shelleyan apologists. It is now pretended by these persons that Shelley's conduct in deserting Harriet and living with Mary Godwin was the natural result of Harriet's unfaithfulness. Against that view of the case, it is the duty of all right-minded persons to protest. In that one act of Shelley lies the darkest blot on his immortal fame, and no one was more sensible to the cruelty of his conduct and its direful results than Shelley himself.—Temple Bar.