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II.

The walls are shining with holly red—
 The roses of Christmas snows;
 And wreaths are twining with cones o'er-
 spread—
 The nuts that Christmas bestows.
 No home so lonely but through its gloom
 The light of Christmas is seen;
 Though it be only a single room,
 It hangs up its Christmas green;
 Though it be only a single spray
 Picked up at the closed church-door,
 Though it have only the sunlight gray,
 The bare, uncarpeted floor
 Of some poor dwelling in narrow street,
 Where the all-day shadows fall,
 It still is telling the tidings sweet,
 Glad tidings of joy to all:
 "Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

III.

The city people are old with care;
 They are old beyond their years.
 From the church-steeple, through the clear
 air,
 The bells' voice reaches their ears:
 "Come unto me, ye weary and worn!"
 It echoes from east to west:
 "Come unto me, ye poor and forlorn;
 In me ye shall all find rest!"
 The rich man, weary with counting spoil,
 A moment forgets his gold;
 The poor man, dreary with hopeless toil,
 A moment forgets the cold—
 The bitter weather, the cares of gain,
 Are vanquished by Christmas-spells;
 And both together are boys again,
 As they hear the Christmas-bells:
 "Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

IV.

The mourner hears, as high in the air
 The echoing chimes are tost;
 The mourner's tears start in new despair—
 She thinks of her loved and lost.
 The well-known sound of those little feet,
 Fast running to meet papa;
 The well-known sound of the greeting sweet,
 "A merry Christmas, mamma!"—
 Are gone forever, leaving behind
 But a waste of broken toys—
 Are gone forever, leaving behind
 But a waste of broken joys.
 Then, faint and low, like far music-swells,
 Echoing down from above,
 Come soft and slow, through the chiming
 bells,
 These words of heavenly love:
 "Suffer the children to come to me—
 They are but lent, not given;
 Suffer the children to come to me—
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 The dark room beams with a vision bright,
 And the mother's tearful eyes
 See pearly gleams from the walls of light,
 As fair crystal bulwarks rise
 Above, afar, where the children's souls
 As a glory fill the place,
 And, like a star whose soft ray consoles,
 Bends down her lost darling's face.
 Angels rejoice, as the cherub throng
 Keep Christmas up in the sky;
 Her darling's voice leads their joyful song,
 And the mother joins in the cry:
 "Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

V.

The poor soul haunted by tempting thought,
 With hands stretched out to begin
 The work enchanted, by Satan wrought,
 The gleaming palace of sin,

Sits trembling, lost, with the gloating face
 Of the tempter behind his chair,
 Dissembling his smile, filling the place
 With visions, bewildering fair,
 Of fruit forbidden, whose flavors burn
 The heart with a fiery breath;
 Of pathways hidden, whose footsteps turn
 Down, ever downward, to death.
 The poor soul spurs his conscience' faint fears
 To note what the tempter tells;
 The poor soul turns, when, sudden, he hears
 The sound of the Christmas-bells!
 The Christmas-bells! Lo! the Gospel-truth
 Comes back to his memory;
 Unbidden it tells of his guileless youth,
 The prayer at his mother's knee,
 Till the sudden thought his bosom swells—
 The contrast 'twixt now and then—
 And his sudden cry goes forth with the bells:
 "Help, O thou Saviour of men!"
 The tempter gloating is put to flight,
 The visions of evil end,
 As, downward floating on rays of light,
 Angels of Christmas descend;
 They take control, they strengthen his heart,
 They calm his bewildered fears;
 And the rescued soul, as his sins depart,
 Thanks God, as he cries with tears:
 "Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

VI.

"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"
 Once more, once more, has the year rolled
 round
 To the Saviour's sacrifice;
 Once more, once more, comes the heavenly
 sound
 From the walls of Paradise:
 "Glory to God!" sing the choir above,
 And Earth rolls out her "Amen"—
 "Glory to God in the highest love!
 On earth peace! Good-will to men!"
 "Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

WALL-STREET ENGLISH.

OF the technical terms in use in Wall Street, where transactions amounting to fifty or sixty million dollars frequently take place in one day, only a few are understood by the general public. You, my good sir, are not a speculator; of course not. You do not care a button about "cliques" and "corners;" and, whether "bulls" "squeeze" "shorts," or "bears" "hammer the market," your mind is easy and your conscience clear. But, nevertheless, you may possibly be willing to know the meaning of the strange phrases which form the idiom of the great financial centre, and which, if you read the money articles in the dailies, doubtless sometimes set you wondering at the queer antics our language is compelled to play.

As all the world knows, the regular operators in stocks are divided into two classes—"bulls" and "bears." Sometimes these animals change their species, bulls becoming bears and bears bulls, as a falling or a rising market may lead their honest hearts. The main object of the bulls is to advance prices; that of the bears, to depress. Frequently, when the market is rising, and there are prospects of a continued advance, speculators who have consorted with the bears for several months will suddenly desert them and join

the ranks of the bulls, remaining there while Fortune smiles on that side, and rushing back to the bears the moment the fickle goddess indicates an intention to transfer her favors. On the other hand, habitual bulls often leave their own pasture for the den of Bruin when the market shows signs of turning downward, and remain in Bruin's company till their regular grazing-ground again becomes particularly attractive. Or, to simplify the matter, a speculator will be a bull or a bear, according to the prospect of making money on one side or the other. One who is a bull to-day may figure as a bear to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

Bears thrive most on public calamities. Any occurrence that unsettles values puts money in their pockets. The burning of Chicago was worth many millions to the bear interest in Wall Street. Occasionally the leaders of this interest devise a scheme to shake confidence in financial soundness, and possibly bring on a panic, in order that they may break the market and buy stocks at low prices. They do not care how much the community may suffer, or how many merchants, bankers, or manufacturers, may be ruined, provided their own interest is served. Generally they are utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish their object, and the more embarrassment and suffering they cause to others the more likely are their own transactions to yield them handsome profits. Yet, if there were no bears in Wall Street, the Stock Exchange would be found a rather dull place.

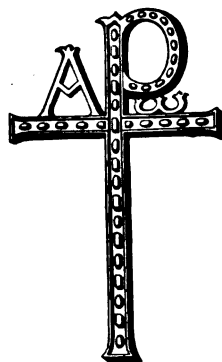
The terms "long" and "short" are of respective application to the bull and bear parties. The bulls are always "long" of stock, and the bears are always "short." The speculator who has stocks on hand, which he bought with the expectation of selling at higher prices, is on the bull side, and, in the parlance of the street, is "long." A bear seldom has stocks on hand. His business is to sell "short"—that is, to sell property which he has not got, intending to buy and deliver when prices are lower. Generally the stock is to be delivered the day after it is sold, but quite often the bear does not buy it for a month, or two or three months. How, then, can he deliver it within twenty-four hours? By borrowing from another person. There is in Wall Street a regular system for borrowing stock. The broker who represents the speculator procures the stock on loan from another broker, to whom he gives a check, as security, for the value of what is borrowed. This transaction is good for one day only, but it may be renewed the next day, and then the next; and thus several weeks may pass before the stock is really purchased for delivery. Meantime, the seller, if he belongs to a clique or "pool," is trying every day to depress prices, in order that he may buy the stock at a lower figure than that at which he sold it. This is the operation known as "hammering the market," and a very exciting one it sometimes is.

But the bears are often badly "squeezed," and then they make a rush to "cover." When the bulls learn that there is a large "short" interest in any particular stock, they put their heads together and get up a "corner." When a stock is said to be "cornered," the meaning



13.

ful bass-relief, now in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican. The jewels are only in marble, but they represent the real gems often lavished on the cross and the monogram:




Jewelled Monogram, from the Vatican.

Of a like antiquity is the bass-relief of the cross surmounted by the Chrismon, at the end of this article. In this the sacred monogram is surrounded by an elaborately-sculptured wreath, and the dove stands on one arm of the cross; the other arm, unfortunately, has been broken. This example, also, is in the Vatican.

Some writers have contended that the P in the monogram of Christ is the Latin P (*p*), and not the Greek P (*ρ*); and that the abbreviation must be read, "*Pro Christo*," indicating, when found on a tomb, the grave of one who died a martyr "for Christ." But numerous tumular inscriptions, where the context necessitates the reading of the name of Christ alone, prove the unsoundness of the claim. This is evident from the following examples, found in the Catacombs:

IN  DEO,

which can be read only, "*In Christo Deo*," "*In Christ God*;"

IN PACE ET IN ,

"*In Pace et in Christo*," "*In Peace and in Christ*;"

IH  ΔΗ,

"*Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ Δούλην*," "*A Servant of Jesus Christ*."

In the following both the name and the monogram are given:

BIBAS IN  CRISTO,

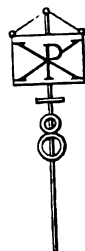
"*Vivas in Christo*!" "*Mayst thou live in Christ*!"

In the later Latin inscriptions B and V are often confounded; but the error in the last word can be accounted for only on the supposition that the engraver was not entirely at home in the spelling-book.

There are few facts in history stranger or more suggestive than the adoption of the Christian symbol by Constantine, and its elevation to the dignity of a national emblem. His action appears the more remarkable when we take into consideration how much an object of horror the cross was in the eyes of a Roman. To him it was the instrument of tortures inflicted only on slaves and strangers; and with it were associated ideas of guilt and ignominy. Its very name, *cruz*, was ill-omened, and was used as a synonym of trouble, misery, and torment. Says Cicero ("*Pro C. Rabirio*"): "Let the very name of the cross be absent, not only from the body of Roman citizens, but also from the thought, from the eyes, from the ears." To overcome such a prejudice so thoroughly as to secure the adoption of the hated emblem as an object of pride and veneration must have required something more than the fiat of the emperor, however much he was beloved by his soldiers.

As on all events where the supernatural has part, a shadow of doubt and uncertainty must ever rest on the story of the vision of Constantine; but whatever may have been the motive cause of his subsequent act—whether it had its origin in a burst of religious enthusiasm, as the Christian writers assert, or in a deep-laid scheme of policy, as others have suggested—the result was the same. The new standard, bearing the emblem of Him who died on the "accursed tree," was elevated before the hosts of heathen Rome, and followed by them to assured victory.

The Labarum, as the banner was called, was a pole with a horizontal cross-bar, forming a cross, from which depended a square purple banderole. The staff was surmounted by a golden crown, set with jewels, in the midst of which was the monogram of Christ. The banderole, which was about a foot square, judging from the height of the men carrying the standard on the ancient monuments, says Montfaucon, was adorned with fringes and with precious stones, and had upon it the figure or the emblem of Christ. Prudentius, who describes its glories with poetical fervor, says that "Christ, woven in jewelled gold, marked the purple Labarum;" also that the monogram of Christ was inscribed on the shields of the soldiers, and that the "cross burned on the crests of helmets."



Labarum.

The accompanying cut of the Labarum is from a medal of Valentinian I. (A. D. 364-375). It will be noticed that there is no crown on the staff, but that the monogram is represented on the banderole.

A vast deal of learning has been expended on the Labarum and its verbal derivation; but it is not our province to discuss whether it was identical in form with

the *vezillum* of the Roman cavalry, or had a foreign origin; nor to decide whether it derives its name from the Latin, the Greek, or from some more barbarous tongue. Nor, further, is it of consequence whether it was first borne against the legions of Maxentius, in A. D. 312, or, ten years later, against those of Licinius. But the question of the form of the monogram adopted by Constantine is nearer to our subject. On this point, also, there is a diversity of opinion. Some contend that the original was merely the combination of the letters X and P, which we have designated as the more ancient form; others, that it was of the cross-form. Pelliccia says that it resembled an X overturned, with one point bent around (*renversée avec une pointe recourbée*), which would give it the cross-shape. Perret says that "one finds sometimes the one and sometimes the other on the coins of Constantine." On the contrary, Humphrey says that "we seek in vain for Christian emblems on the coinage of the first Christian emperor." This is not quite correct, although they appear to have been very rare. Vaillant and Akerman both describe one gold coin which displays the Chrismon. According to the former, this has the cross-form. On the coins of Constantius II., the son and successor of Constantine the Great, the monogram appears frequently in both forms. Julian the Apostate (361-363) substituted for it, on his coins and medals, the old letters S. P. Q. R.; but Jovian restored the sacred emblem, and it is found on the coins of the succeeding emperors.

In later times, the Chrismon fell gradually into disuse, and it is now superseded almost altogether, in church ornamentation, by the monogram of Jesus, the I. H. S.



From the Vatican.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

I.

"CHRISTMAS is here! Christmas is here!"
The bells are ringing it far up-town;
Old Trinity chimes below;
The boys are singing it up and down,
Shouting it over the snow.
Merrily, merrily, sound the bells;
The children listen with glee;
Cheerily, cheerily, each one tells
The words of their melody:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"