and best. Few minds which have had the finest training of the schools and breathed the higher air of the best culture become the masters of classic standards and methods instead of being mastered by them. A Sainte Beuve may make common cause with the romanticists in his youth, but his maturity almost inevitably records a reaction toward classicism. To command all the accumulated resources of art, to have mastered all its fine and delicate craft, and yet to be as open to new excellence as to old, to discover the half-concealed promise of the modern, which has still to educate its audience, as surely as the rounded loveliness of the antique, which has already taught the generations—this is a rare mental possession, and it is Mr. Stedman's.

There is abundant evidence of his familiarity with the literatures of the world, of his ample equipment with that scholarship which is the arsenal and storehouse of creative power. He is himself a master of the literary art by virtue of a style of rare delicacy and vigor, and of such weight and amplitude that the sentences seem hardly capacious enough for the thought committed to them. The accuracy and fine quality of his scholarship were long ago displayed in a striking comparative study of Tennyson and Theocritus. Yet, with all the instincts and predilections of high culture, he has an openness of mind which one must look long to match in contemporaneous literature. He combines with the refinements of intellectual aristocracy absolute freedom. His question concerning every new product is not, How does this square with accepted principles of art? but, What has this to teach me? He is as ready as the next critic to apply to construction and expression the most delicate and exacting tests which art has perfected; but for the informing idea of the new product he has only conscientious and sympathetic study. Though it overturn the classics, it shall have a hearing as fair and full as was accorded them. His latest essay in criticism, the paper on Walt Whitman in the last number of "Scribner's Monthly," strikingly illustrates this trait, the possession of which must be adduced as weighty evidence in support of the statement that Mr. Stedman's place is at the front, and that he stands in the direct line of literary succession.

Matthew Arnold has literary perceptions of uncommon refinement and a keenness of judgment which has won for him wide and high regard as a critic; but it is his great misfortune to have lost a little his hold upon life at large. Art is fed out of the deep fountains of universal experience, and it is true and lasting only so long as the communication between its processes and the great currents of popular life is free and unbroken. If the flow of that vital stream is checked, the touch of the brush may be as fine as ever, but the creative power is gone. Every great art age had a rich popular life behind it. Mr. Arnold will have nothing of civilization except its last fine product of art; the rest is Philistinism. There is a genuine Philistinism which is at enmity with all that is creative and progressive; but Mr. Arnold strikes wide of the mark when he stamps the intermediate and imperfect stages of growth out of which art is evolved as Philistine; and this is the weakness of almost all European thinking. The bloom of the rose is possible only through the petal, the stem and the root, and in the truer vision which discerns the unbroken life of the plant they have each their share in the beauty of the whole. It is just here that Mr. Stedman discloses his power and the distinctively American temper of his mind. He has the faith of one who sees the flowing lines of beauty slowly evolving out of crude and raw material. His imagination does not lean on present realization to aid it in its search for the ideal, but with broad, strong flight spans the space between the seed and the flower. Hence the vitality of his thought, his hold upon and faith in the outcome of free institutions, the background of rich and manifold popular life which one feels like an indistinct but fruitful landscape back of all his work. In his conception art is not an exotic, brought to bloom in an artificial air, but a perfect growth of that which is finest and truest in the universal life of men and ages. He is tolerant, therefore, of intermediate processes and stages, and waits contentedly for the splendid flower which compensates the barren centuries. This is perhaps the deepest and most individual conception in American literature, and in the fullness with which Mr. Stedman holds it and the power with which he has expressed it he makes good a second time his claim to the very first place in our literary pantheon.

It has been continually reiterated in recent years, with a cadence as melancholy as the refrain of the chorus in a Greek tragedy, that the spread of the scientific spirit means the decay of the literary impulse, the blight of imagination, the death of poetry. Requiems have been chanted by the poets round the dead gods of Greece, as if in their passing away the power which gave them birth had also ceased to be. In many quarters the breaking of the old spell has been followed by impotence; dreary wailing around ruined shrines has become the poet's vocation. Not so, however, with Mr. Stedman, and for this reason he still waits a recognition which has not yet been fully accorded him, but which is his sure inheritance. He is one of the few who have brought themselves into harmony with the changed conditions of the age. He has absorbed the results of scientific teaching and has been enriched and inspired by it, as every creative mind must be. The aids upon which feeble imaginations leaned have gone, it is true, but in their places have come conceptions so large and stimulating that they urge the imagination to more daring flights. Faun, satyr and dryad have forsaken the woods which they once made populous, but a thought of the oneness of forest and sea and star makes the same woods far more fruitful to the imagination strong enough to rest upon the new thought and be upborne by it. Mr. Stedman holds the past in reverent remembrance, but the light which comes from his thought is from the dawning, not the fading day. Scientific teaching has purified his imagination, while it has given it ampler range by disclosing the deeper and larger relationships of nature and life.

The brief limits of an article devoted especially to the discovery of the creative qualities of Mr. Stedman's work forbid the discussion of its technical excellences; it is enough to say that they are of a character quite as rare as his genius. A masculine earnestness and intensity separates his writing widely from the studied and artificial style of much contemporaneous criticism. No weak cosmopolitanism has exhausted those vigorous and distinctively American convictions in which lies the secret of his power and out of which alone the enduring literature of the future must draw its life.

The radical defect in Matthew Arnold's position has been indicated; Mr. Lowell has written some valuable and charming criticism, but it is largely discursive and fails to put the reader in complete mastery of the subject; Mr. Henry James, Jr., has refined his natural gifts to the point of obliterating all traces of the race from which he springs, and has become little more than a style and a point of view; Mr. Stedman, among his compeers in the English writing world, stands easily first in the original force which penetrates, enlarges and intensifies his convictions, in the breadth and thoroughness which characterize all his judgments, and in the range and delicacy of his art.

THE OLD PALACE KEEPER.

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

IN May, 1878, my niece Lucy and I were in Florence. We had been there, energetic, industrious, and solemnly conscientious, through three long months of sight-seeing, and were now taking our ease. I think the first three months in Florence or Rome is like learning the alphabet; it is some time before one can read. We were now beginning to read. But May in Italy means American summer, and we were not as energetic as we had been; we were, however, visiting the palaces in a leisurely way, a way that was mixed with much driving out towards the violet mountains, buying the wonderful flowers, and even reading novels. No novel had we read during those first solemn three months; we had subsisted upon the solid food of Hare, Horner and Crowe, with a foundation of Vasari and Ruskin, and a superstructure of the Hawthornes and the Brownings. We were now shading off with "Romola" and Henry James.

One morning, old Catarina, who dusted our apartments daily after the amiable and inefficient Italian manner, asked if we had seen the Palazzo Accolti, in the Via Lorenzini; there were wonderful art-treasures there. As both Lucy and I had studied Italian, we talked to the servants and to the shop people in their own language in preference to the parti-colored French which, in Italy, is held sacred to the English and Americans. At Catarina's speech, the young serving man who was in the next room (she did not know it) laughed; and then, appearing with deep respect and apologies at the door, explained that there was nothing in that old palace for the illustrious ladies to see; nothing at all. It was but a delusion of old Catarina's, who had lived there when a girl, and who could never —with the permission of their nobleness—remember the flight of time. Treasures were there, without doubt, once; but they had all been sold. The whole world knew this save Catarina alone. The old woman had shrunk at the sound of his voice and would say no more. But the next time I found her alone I questioned her, and, at length, won from her the belief that the art-treasures of the old palace were not sold, but still in their places in the dark closed rooms above. She knew that the ground floor was turned into shops; but old Marco, the keeper, still lived above, and why should he live there if there were no treasures? Why should there still be a keeper if there was nothing to keep? The palace itself could not be sold while the old Marchese lived. At his death, no doubt "the wicked nephew," who had already sold all that he could, would sell that also; but the old Marchese still lived.

"There?" I asked.

Oh, no; with the permission of their excellence, the old Marchese had been stricken by God, in his mind, forty years before, and was with those who cared for such unfortunate ones. The wicked nephew said that God had certainly forgotten him, since he was now nearly ninety years old; but, plainly, it was that the good Lord was in no haste to give to that wicked one what he so much coveted. If their illustriousness would condescend to go to the old palace, Catarina felt sure that treasures were still to be seen.

Their illustriousness condescended; at least condescended to try. "It will be a comfort to see something not in the guide-books," said Lucy, who, having learned all that those useful publications had to tell, now ungratefully despised them. So one morning we drove into the narrow Via Lorenzini in search of the old palace, and finally found it, an old, grim, lofty stone building, like many another in Florence; its ground floor was now occupied by small shops, and all the shutters were closed above. The great doors of the entrance were locked, and looked as though they had not been opened for a century; there was no bell. We gazed upward in perplexity. But the whole neighborhood was, as the French say, assisting, and we saw that we had only to make inquiries; so, selecting a vendor of lamps, who occupied the largest shop, we said that we wished to enter the palace, and asked for old Marco. This was evidently a surprising demand; but the vendor of lamps would go in search of old Marco, with all speed, if their highnesses would graciously wait. Their highnesses waited, therefore, I hope graciously; and business was suspended for the morning in the Via Lorenzini. At last the vendor of lamps returned, and "with desperation." Old Marco, who was of an "obstinacy most incredible," refused to believe that illustrious ones were waiting, but required that they should come within his own courtyard where he could see them, before he would descend and unbar the door. This obstinacy made the vendor of lamps desire to live no longer, such was his shame in the presence of their nobilities. But their nobilities alighted and followed him through his shop into the courtyard, where, looking up, they saw a dim face behind the glass gazing down from one of the upper windows; it disappeared, and presently a lower door opened and an old man looked out. The vendor of lamps flew at him with a torrent of Italian. But old Marco, holding the door open but a little way, admitted first Lucy, then myself, and then closed it in the face of the vendor and pushed the great bolt; the massive portal was so thick that we could not hear the torrent of vowels which was no doubt surging against the outer surface.

We found ourselves in a vaulted hall, and, in spite of the summer heat, the dusky air was here so cool that I felt myself slightly shivering. In a dull, lifeless voice, the old keeper was asking our pleasure. I explained. A light came suddenly into his eyes under their heavy, creased, wrinkled lids, he straightened himself, and even his voice changed and grew strong. Yes, the art-treasures were all there; their excellence should see them if they would have the affability to follow. They had the affability, but not the breath. The keeper, old as he was, went up the broad stone stairway so rapidly that excellence was left behind and obliged to come more slowly. The old palace was built after the usual Florentine fashion. Below had been the servants' offices; next came a comparatively low half-story; and then, above, began the stretch of vast apartments with lofty ceilings and marble floors, which, whether furnished or unfurnished, are so unlike the American idea of a home. The Florentine idea was coolness, and dusky open space; the richness, if there was any, came from the old pictures on the walls, the statue in the niche, and the wide-mouthed jars filled with flowers, on the floor, and not from what we call "furniture." But here there was nothing, not even the jars; the walls and floors of the stately rooms were bare as we followed the keeper through one after the other. We followed him; but could never reach him. He kept always in advance. His manner, too, was peculiar; as he entered each room he waved his hand slowly, first to the right, then to the left, as if to call our attention to something. But there was nothing to be seen. We constantly expected to come upon an old shadowed picture, but the walls remained quite bare. At the end of the long suite he went into the hall and began ascending a second stately stairway, leading to the upper story. "Shall we follow?" said Lucy.

"Perhaps there *is* something above," I answered. But we found only another procession of rooms like those below, equally large, dusky and lofty, and equal-

ly bare. The keeper was still in advance, waving his hand in the same slow way.

Lucy ran after him. "But the pictures?" she said, in Italian; "where are they?"

"Does their graciousness not observe them?" They are everywhere," he gravely answered.

Lucy came back to me startled. "Shall we go any farther?" she whispered

"Oh, yes," I said. "Even if his mind is somewhat weakened, as it seems to be, he is probably quite harmless. There still may be something; and I confess I am curious."

When we had at last gone through all these rooms the keeper turned down a corridor leading around the court; from it opened smaller rooms, all empty. At the end of the corridor he unlocked a door and stood waiting.

"This," he said, "is the family chapel. Here, as their illustriousness will observe, is our only fresco; our others are all paintings in oil."

The chapel was small, the smallest room we had seen; it was of peculiar shape, the rounding arch of the ceiling beginning not at the top of the walls but at the floor. It was quite bare, save for a small stone altar; and, as the colored glass of the window above had been replaced by coarse white panes, a flood of clear golden light came in, very different from the sombre gloom below.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Lucy, forgetting all about the old keeper's singularities in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. And as soon as I had put on my glasses I echoed her cry. For there, on the back wall which faced the altar, there gleamed out an angel so beautiful that it seemed to me then, as in recollection it seems to me now, the most heavenly vision upon which my earthly eyes have rested. The figure was boldly painted, not quite the size of life; it was not flying, but seemed to have just ceased its flight. Its arms were full of the Florentine lilies—our own flower de luce—and upon its face and in its lovely eyes, which looked at us, there shone the smile which gave, probably, the mysterious charm. For it was a smile not of earth, a smile like that which we dream will greet us when, standing alone on the threshold of the next world, we see coming to meet us those we have loved best here, those whose absence has made life, inwardly, but a remembrance. The angel was alone; the edges of its white robe, of the glory around its head and of the lily branches it bore, were indistinct, merged in the old whitewash with which all the remainder of the wall was covered; it leaned towards us out of this blankness, like the star seen through the single rift in a dull gray cloud.

"I must come here every day and sketch it," said Lucy; "or, at least, try to; and, like Fra Angelico, I shall work upon my knees. It is the most heavenly face I have ever seen."

I asked the old keeper, who had seated himself on the step of the altar with an uninterested air, when the whitewash was removed from this figure, and whether it was supposed there were other figures still buried beneath.

He replied that the old Marchese had discovered the angel, and that it was by his order that the whitewash had been removed. But God had afflicted him almost on the very day of the completion of the labor, forty years before; and all had since remained as he had left it.

"But if there are other figures underneath as beautiful as this," I began, "I should think that the nephew might—" but here I stopped, alarmed. The word "nephew" seemed to have turned the old man into a living statue of hate. He did not move, but his eyes grew so coldly fierce that they glittered. "Cursed, cursed be he!" he cried, and his voice rang through the chapel and corridor, and, passing down the stairs, seemed to echo through all the empty house. Then he rose, waved us out, relocked the door, and, without pause, conducted us down to the outer door.

We were obliged to go. But we came again, and many times; and at length succeeded in forming a sort of friendship with the old man: we did this for the sake of the angel, whose face Lucy was ardently trying to win from heaven down upon her earthly paper—so far, trying in vain. But no matter how often we came, we were always obliged to go first through all the great dusky rooms below before he would take us to the chapel; this was a routine inevitable.

One day, while Lucy was at work, I asked him if he could describe to me the pictures on the empty walls below, of course not to him calling them "empty."

"Most certainly," he replied; and we went down together. Then began a singular scene. From wall to wall, from room to room we went, while, with no knowledge of art and no enthusiasm, he yet described each detail of every picture and its frame with a clear exactness which I felt to be minutely accurate. He pointed out this tint and that fold, this atmosphere and that interior; he described the portraits of a stern old Accolti in armor, and another, a child, a dimpled baby in a stiff little satin gown, so that I actually seemed to see them. In truth I did see them all with my mind's eye, and see them now. Up the broad stairway we went and through the second story; and it seemed as if a company of softly-sliding unseen ghosts were with us and whisperingly following us. It was the most weird two hours I ever spent.

I became quite curious about the old man; I wondered what he ate, and where he slept, and if he had any friends who came to see him. The vendor of lamps could satisfy me upon two of these points. Go to market—old Marco? Oh, no; he never left the palazzo, night or day. His few and small provisions, the same through years, were brought and left at the inner courtyard door. If, in the mean time, old Marco did not descend, and cats appeared, was he, Raffaello, vendor of lamps, to be held in fault? Manifestly not; and none but hardened souls would assert it, since the honesty of all his (Raffaello's) family was most clearly established in all the quarter. Friends? No, old Marco had no friends. He had a son living beside the straw-market; but, what would you! when there was such a disposition as Marco's, none could abide it, not even a son—always with the nobilities' permission.

Once I did see the old man's abode. He had taken me up a little narrow concealed stairway, because I had asked if there were any rooms above; there, under the great cornice which cast a shadow over half the street below, there were some small chambers, and in the smallest of these, a mere cell, there was a narrow pallet-bed and a chair. But from the narrow window opened a magnificent view. All Florence lay beneath: the Duomo, Giotto's lovely campanile, the flower-stem tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and, all around, the violet mountains, and the beautiful valley of the Arno going westward to the sea.

"Is this your room, Marco?" I said. "What a magnificent view!"

"I am near-sighted," replied the old man carelessly; "I cannot see the view."

One day he looked so feeble and ill that I was troubled. "He will die here some day, all alone, and no one will know it," I said to Lucy. "Let us try, on the way home, to find that son." So our driver took us through the straw-market, and after some search we found our man. He was a maker, or rather a mender, of umbrellas, and at work in his little shop when our carriage paused at his door; literally at his door because there was no sidewalk, and we sat in our carriage and talked to him easily on his bench within. He was a small, thin man of fifty, with bent shoulders and a patient face. Yes, old Marco was his father; but he seldom saw him. He found it necessary—with their permission—to keep steadily at work here at his bench.

"Say rather that thou dost not see him because he will not see thee," said his wife, who was behind in the shadow with several children around her. "Will the most noble ladies believe it?" she continued, rising and coming forward, unable to keep silence. "Old Marco will not leave the palace, and has never therefore even seen the little ones, lest they should injure—the innocents!—his pictures there! His pictures, said I? And all the world knows that there are no pictures! Ah, it is of a stubbornness!"

"My father is old; he has his fancies. But he gives us always the half, and more, of the little he has," began the man's mild voice.

"Say rather that he is mad," interrupted the woman indignantly. "What is the money—I ask their nobleness—to a natural love for his own grandchildren?" And, snatching up the baby who was crawling across the floor, and calling the others, she disappeared, her motherly ebullition no doubt for the moment quite sincere in spite of the preciousness of the money.

Left alone, the umbrella mender looked at us apologetically, in a mild silence. I began to explain my fears about the solitary old man. "Do you never see him?" I asked.

"Twice each year, on Christmas day and St. John Baptist, I go there," he answered. "It is then that he gives me the money."

"Have you tried to see him at other times?"

"Yes; but he only looks out and shakes his head. Their nobleness has perhaps observed that my father is at times somewhat obstinate."

So spoke the son, his thin, hard-worked hands folded on the old green umbrella upon which he had been at work; something in his face which seemed to tell me of years of patience with that father, made me rather ashamed of my unasked interference. So, leaving some coins for the children, I drove away, suggesting, however, that he should try to see old Marco soon. He promised, patiently; and went on with his green umbrella.

The days passed by; and we spent now all our mornings with the angel. I too was attempting to sketch the beautiful face, and not succeeding. Occasionally Marco came in, and walked to and fro for a few moments; he paid little attention to us, and was not interested in our attempts. The fees which we gave him he received, but with indifference and without thanks.

"Do you not think the angel beautiful?" I asked one day.

"Oh, yes," he answered quietly, "but we have many others that are beautiful also."

Another time I said, "What do you do all day?"

"There is much to do," he answered—"much. The dust must be kept from all the frames, and there must be no dampness. The flies must be destroyed also. There is much to do."

When my brother came back at last from his pilgrimage, we related our story, and took him to see our angel. He admired it as much as we did; but, manlike, he brushed away all our fine-spun fancies that it could not, would not be copied, that it was too beautiful to possess, but must fade back into the heaven from whence it came, remembered but unpictured, like a vision in a dream.

He announced his intention of searching out Signor Accolti.

"Do you mean the wicked nephew?" I said. For Lucy and I always called him by that name.

"I shall be hardly likely to inquire for him by that title at the door," said Edward, smiling.

The "wicked nephew" turned out, on acquaintance, to be a fat, affable, middle-aged Italian, with dimpled white hands and a taste for vegetable-gardening. The frescoes in the little chapel were painted, he said, some time in the sixteenth century, by a young artist, an obscure person, patronized by one of his ancestors, who had a taste for discovering geniuses, which, however, generally led to nothing. This artist, whoever he was, died young, the chapel being his only extended work. Of course the frescoes, having no name attached, were worthless. They were subsequently whitewashed over, and so remained until about forty years ago, when his uncle had the fancy to have them uncovered; but only a little was done when his sad malady seized him. Ah, there was a fate! To be mindless while the body lived on! Poor old man! He ("the wicked nephew") had often wept over him.

Photographed? Yes, certainly; that is, if old Marco would allow it? (Here the nephew laughed heartily.) If he would *not* allow it, we might as well attempt to take a fortified tower.

As we were not rich enough to buy chapels, or the walls of chapels, we decided to have, if possible, our angel photographed, although it seemed in a certain ense like desecration. But when we proposed it to Marco he went into one of his cold, fierce rages, and said it should not be, and that he would not admit the photographer. He was as good as his word, and although we brought the man there three times, and exhausted ourselves with entreaty and bribes, he refused to open the door and we remained outside, in company with nearly all the inhabitants of the Via Lorenzini, assembled to see the siege.

The summer heat was increasing, and Switzerland was awaiting us; but we longed for our angel. At last Lucy and I thought of another plan. We took with us to the old palace a copyist, an English girl who had a peculiar skill in catching the most delicate shades of expression. We introduced her, somewhat deceitfully, as "a friend," and then, while she was at work, we took turns in asking old Marco to "explain the pictures" to us in the somber rooms below. This he was always ready to do; and the ruse succeeded admirably until one day when he stole up stairs without letting us know, and, coming stealthily in behind the English girl, looked at her work over her shoulder, and then, suddenly stretching out his hand, seized it and dashed it to the ground. Her frightened cry brought us to the scene, where we found her half fainting with terror, and Marco stamping on the copy.

"But we copied it too, Marco," I said, trying to soothe him.

"You *tried*," said the old man with a withering scorn, for the first time using the second person in addressing us. "But no one would ever have known *your* copies!"

My brother was not with us that day, and we three women had to go; he would not allow us to stay longer. And I think, on the whole, we were rather glad to reach the street again. But the next morning we went back, reinforced by Edward and an abundance of gifts; even the English girl was fascinated by our angel.

Old Marco admitted us. He was no longer angry; there was a look of indifference on his face which made us hope that he had forgotten it all. But, through the whole of both the long vistas of empty rooms he made us go, while he gave again his minute description of all the vanished paintings, a description which was never varied by so much as a new comma. We did not dare to interrupt him lest it should rouse his wrath again; and so we held our peace and went through the

ordeal as graciously as we could. At last it was over; of his own accord he pointed down the corridor.

"The door is open," he said.

"He was not going with us then," we mutely signaled to each other. "Better and better." And we went on.

But—alas! alas! when we reached the chapel our beautiful angel was gone. Only a gaping blank remained where her loveliness had been.

We exclaimed and deplored; we were angry.

Lucy sat down on the step of the altar and cried. I think my own eyes were a little wet too; for it was like the death of an old friend.

We heard a step coming down the corridor. Old Marco appeared at the door.

"You will not rob the Marchese *now!*" he said with his cold smile.

The "wicked nephew" only laughed when he heard it, and turned to his vegetables again. "Truly," he said, "old Marco is a delightful old original! One could never tell what he would do next."

The 10th of May, 1880. I arrived in Florence last evening, and I have just come from the Palazzo Accolti. It has been turned into a middle-class lodging or rather apartment house, and every room was full, even old Marco's cell. Partitions had been put up in the large drawing-rooms; the chapel was a kitchen. I inquired for old Marco; he had died the year before. His son, coming on St. John's day as usual, had found the door unlocked and his father lying on his pallet-bed, which he had brought down into the large hall, in order, he said, "the better to guard the pictures." He seemed to suffer no pain; but, with his son sitting by his side, he had passed away at midnight, quiet and conscious, but silent to the last.

I turned away; but the vendor of lamps, whose shop was now farther down the street, had recognized me, and came forward, eager to finish the tale. The old Marchese had died only a month before the death of the keeper; and he, Raffaello, vendor of lamps, considered that the one event caused the other. What would you! The Palazzo was to be sold; had not the sale already been proclaimed? Could old Marco live elsewhere? Could his feet learn how to walk in other rooms, or his eyes to see in other air? Manifestly not, as their excellence must see. There had been a funeral—yes, a worthy one; Marco's son was a pious and patient soul. But old Marco himself—ah! *there* was a madness! But, if their excellence was in haste, he most humbly effaced himself; and, with all good wishes and blessings, gave to their excellence good day.

Inquiring Friends.

—Could you inform me, either through the medium of The Christian Union or by note, if there are any classes established in the city in which instruction is given in the mechanical arts at small expense to the pupil? I wish particularly to acquire a knowledge of the rudimentary principles of cabinet-making, with the view of taking it up now and then as a pastime, My business will not permit me to learn the trade in the ordinary way. I have understood that there are certain books devoted to this subject which give valuable aid. If this be so, can you state which is most serviceable? I noticed your reply to "Inquirer" about "wood engraving," and thought perhaps my application might fall in about same line. I am a regular subscriber to The Christian Union. Hoping you will be able to give information sought for, I am, Yours truly, G. O. S.

BROOKLYN.

The only school for cabinet and wood carving work with which we are acquainted is the Cincinnati Art School, Benjamin Pittman. There is no school for cabinet-making proper. Proficiency requires clay modeling; this may be learned at Cooper Union. Better arrange with some good worker and carver for tuition, perhaps forming a class with others. The trade magazines are better sources of practical information than books. See "Carpentry and Building," David Williams & Co., 83 Reade street, numbers for January, May, August, 1879, and September, 1880; "American Furniture Gazette," F. B. Deberard, Chicago, Ill.; "Builder and Wood-Worker," 176 Broadway, New York. For books: "Modeling in Clay," A. S. Vago, Robt. Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O.; "Bermose's Manual of Wood Carving," and "The Art of Wood Carving," G. A. Rogers, of D. Van Nostrand & Co., 23 Murray street, City.

—If it will not be out of place in your department of Inquiring Friends, please explain the meaning and origin of the exclamation "Tiger!" as heard so frequently just now in the "three cheers and a tiger" of political meetings.

BROOKLYN. H. H. M.

In 1822 the Boston Light Infantry visited Salem, and while encamped in Washington Square indulged in some camp sports. Said one to another who had become a little too rough, "Oh, you tiger!" Immediately it became a catch-word. On the way home a comical genius in the corps sang it to a Scotch air. The word "tiger" induced them to imitate the actions and "growl" of the animal, and the latter became a superlative at the end of any demonstration or cheering. Upon their visit to New York (which, by the way, was the first instance of visiting among regiments, between States, 1826) their three cheers and a "tiger" took the city by storm, and has been popular ever since.

—Please publish in your paper some subjects for debates for beginners.

DANVILLE, La.

Coeducation of the sexes.
Compulsory education.
Does the age demand scientific or classical education?
Should young men who mean to enter business life take a college course?
Should the love of mystery, or fairy tales, be encouraged in children?
Should suffrage have a property or educational basis?
Should religious institutions receive State aid?
Is nude art essential as an educator?
Is this an infidel age?
Should the Indians be made citizens?
In politics, which are the more important, men or principles?
Should the clergy refrain from politics?
Should the Government control the railroads?
Co-operative stores.
Trade unions.
Free trade or protection.
Chinese emigration: should it be restricted?
Are strikes ever justifiable?
Is war ever justifiable?
Is English occupation in India or Afghanistan right?
Is moderation better than total abstinence?

—(1) Can you tell me where may be found the story of Dr. Busby? There was a game of cards, thirty years ago, founded on this story.

(2) Who was the author of an English book for children—now, I suppose, out of print—entitled "Life and Adventures of a Fly"? U. L. S. B.

Richard Busby, the most renowned of English schoolmasters, born at Sutton, Northamptonshire, September 22d, 1780; educated at Westminster and Oxford; buried in Westminster. The type of pedagogues in learning, industry and severe treatment of his scholars. Has the reputation of having "bred up the greatest number of learned scholars that ever adorned any age or nation." Published several works, chiefly for schools.

The "Life and Adventures of a Fly" is not mentioned in any accessible catalogue of either English or American publications. Can any of our readers give the author's name?

—Some little time ago I read in The Christian Union that ex-Governor Newell was appointed Governor of Washington Territory, and that ten families had left Brooklyn to go there. I have heard since that Governor Newell would get passage for $50 for any one that wanted to go there and join a colony. Can you tell me anything about it? E. B. M.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

"The Brooklyn Co-operative Colonization Society" meets on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month at 12 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn. Its president, P. H. Vander Weyde, M. D., may be addressed at 236 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. V. is editor of the "Practical American," 34 Park Row, City, and refers to Peter Cooper, Mayor Cooper and Judge Daly.

—(1) Can you aid me in selecting a French history preparatory to Carlyle's "French Revolution," which I have? (2) Is it true that John S. C. Abbott was employed by Napoleon III. to write up Napoleon I.? (3) What is the best history of our country for "Colonial Days"? READER.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 10, 1880.

(1) Van Laun's "Revolutionary Epoch," two vols., or Taine's "Ancient Régime." (2) No. Mr. Abbott was a thoroughly honest writer, and in his statements of facts trustworthy, though his coloring and interpretation was that of an advocate rather than of a judge. (3) Either Bancroft, Hildreth or Bryant for a voluminous history.

—I want to learn some method of short-hand writing that will be of practical value to me in taking report of lectures, sermons, etc., political speeches and the like. What method is best and where can I get a treatise upon it? A. H. W.

LEOMINSTER, Mass.

James E. Munson's system (154 Nassau Street, New York) is considered the easiest. Andrew J. Graham's (744 Broadway, New York) is more difficult, but the best. These and Pittman's system may be purchased from Fowler & Wells, New York City.

—As one of your Rocky Mountain subscribers, let me answer "Subscriber's" question in The Christian Union of the 6th inst.

Question.—"Will you inform me through The Christian Union whether there are roads in the Rocky Mountains where one could drive a wagon; if so, in what part of the mountains are they?"

Answer.—Oh, yes; several, and in several places. Wagon roads are always found where railroads run. One railroad runs up the celebrated Clear Creek Canon, folding back and forward upon itself like a gigantic letter S along the mountain side, and up to Georgetown, Central and Blackhawk, 8,500 feet above New York. Railroads climb the mountains to the mountain city of Leadville, two miles above sea level. Wagon roads? Oh yes, everywhere.

All over the Rocky Mountains in Colorado are scattered rich mines, from which heavy freights are hauled and supplies taken back. Must not these require good "wagon roads"? If "Subscriber" will mention any place in the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, I think a good road to that place can be shown him. Let him come and see, but if he can't do that, let him go to the office of the "Mining Record" and get Frank Fossitt's book on Colorado.

Yours, etc., S. A. GIFFIN.

—If your correspondent who asks, under the head of Inquiring Friends, about wagon-roads in the Rocky Mountains will write to J. A. Blake, Editor "Mining Review," Denver, Col., and inclose twenty-five cents with postage, and request him to send him his map of Colorado, he will, when he receives it, find all wagon-roads as well as railroads laid down on the map. I might say, in this connection, that there are wagon-roads through nearly all the explored portions of Colorado. Yours truly, J. D. E.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa.

Religious News.

The "Scotch Sermons" continue to be the subject of earnest discussion among the Presbyterians. At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery Mr. McLeod, one of the younger men in the State Church, led off with a motion that further consideration of the subject be delayed, and a committee appointed to confer with Mr. MacFarlan as to the difficulties felt by his brethren in regard to the sermons. He thought it the duty of the Presbytery to exhaust the responsibility that attached to them in relation to brotherhood in so far as that could be done without anticipating one moment earlier than was strictly necessary their possible responsibility as judges in the case. Dr. Elder Cumming gave an uncompromising support to Dr. Jameson's motion denouncing Mr. McFarlan's sermons in strong terms. He held that they contained a denial of twelve leading doctrines of their faith. A motion still more adverse to Mr. McFarlan than Dr. Jameson's was proposed by Mr. Leiper, and another by Mr. Stewart, condemning his sermons as highly objectionable, but, in view of the uncertainty of a prosecution, simply instructing the Moderator to admonish Mr. McFarlan with all due solemnity. Mr. Stewart raised a little storm by declaring that he neither believed nor taught the Confession of Faith in its entirety. A motion was proposed enjoining on Mr. McFarlan, among other things, to use all diligence to buy up the obnoxious book. Mr. W. W. Tullock, son of the St. Andrew's Principal, said he had known Mr. McFarlan from a child, and no more simple, earnest and devout soul was to be found within the bounds of the Presbytery. Mr. Tullock was the most pronounced of the speakers in favor of Mr. McFarlan, though he acknowledged the book of sermons to be most unwise, injudicious and unsatisfactory, and based his support of Mr. Robertson's motion on his anxiety for the peace of the church. Before the Presbytery rose Dr. Jameson read a letter he had received from Mr. McFarlan claiming that his views on one point had been misrepresented by him. The Doctor regretted that he was unable to retract anything, as the explanation had not satisfied him. Dr. Donald Macleod ascribed the origin of the agitation against the sermons to a member of the Free Church, and asserted that more than one distinguished writer in the volume was in total ignorance of the other sermons with which theirs were to be combined. A reply by Dr. Jameson was read, in his absence through illness. He reiterated his conviction that Mr. McFarlan's discourses were unscriptural, and contrary to the principles of the Church of Scotland. The Presbytery, then divided on Dr. Jameson's motion and the four amendments to it. All the latter were in turn rejected, Dr. Jameson's motion being victorious at the last over Mr. Macleod's amendment by 25 to 21. Dissents and complaints were then taken by a large portion of the minority to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, the effect of which is to "sist procedure," as no committee can be appointed till these are disposed of. The Synod does not meet till April, and the case will, in all likelihood, find itself in the following month on the rolls of the General Assembly.

Thanksgiving Day.—The President has issued the following proclamation:

A PROCLAMATION.

At no period in their history since the United States became a nation has this people had so abundant and so universal reasons for joy and gratitude at the favor of Almighty God, or been subject to so profound an obligation to give thanks for his loving kindness, and humbly to implore his continued care and protection.

Health, wealth and prosperity throughout all our borders; peace, honor and friendship with all the world; firm and faithful adherence by the great body of our population to the principles of liberty and justice which have made our greatness as a nation, and to the wise institutions and strong frame of government and society which will perpetuate it—for all these let the thanks of a happy and united people, as with one voice, ascend in devout homage to the Giver of all good.

I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the 25th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgments to Almighty God for his bounties and his protection, and to offer to him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 1st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifth.

By the President, R. B. HAYES.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, which held its session in Boston last week, was a representative gathering. Over 125 delegates, representing the local unions of twenty-eight States, were present, besides multitudes of active temperance workers from all parts of the Union. The meetings lasted from Wednesday morning, Oct. 27th, to Saturday night, Oct. 30th, and on Sunday, 31st, many of the pulpits in the city and surrounding places were filled by the lady speakers from abroad. The business of the Con-