

## AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA.

The United States census, two or three decades ago, in its summary of persons engaged in various occupations included a poet. He lived in Arkansas, if I remember rightly, but may have perished from want, for I have looked in vain for him in later issues of the census reports. I have often thought of him, however, when speculating about the condition of authorship in America, and have admired the courage with which he made his confession. He was the only poet in America to stand up boldly and be counted. The rest of us sheltered ourselves in the census behind such evasive titles as journalist, or editor, or, if specially courageous, literary man. Mr. Carlyle, in his celebrated petition, wrote himself down as a maker of books; but every one feels that Mr. Carlyle's was a case of affected humility and bluntness. If he had had the nerve of the man from Arkansas, he would have subscribed himself a genius, or a man that turns the world upside down.

There is unquestionably a reluctance on the part of all of us, whether poets, or American humorists, or men of general genius—for since I am not going to sign this paper, I am as bold as Snug the joiner—there is a reluctance, I say, on our part to be classified. A guild of authors could exist only as a mutual burial society; though there would seem to be many interests which authors might combine to defend or resist, as a matter of fact there is, I believe, but one literary club in the country which makes the authorship of books a condition of membership, and this Authors' Club has been derided for its arrogance, as if it were another instance of the three tailors of Tooley Street. When any movement is to be made which affects the whole body of literary men, what member has the boldness to marshal his fellows into any phalanx of remonstrants or petitioners? Even in the matter of international copyright, the views of authors have been reached only by individual solicitation from publishing houses or trade journals.

The truth is that this individuality of authors, which seems to some to spring from jealousy or a suspicious habit of mind, is an essential characteristic of their vocation, and a necessary result from the material conditions of their profession. There can be an association of artists, with the object to maintain a school of painters, or to conduct an exhibition of paintings; this can be a historical society to collect materials for history, to discuss and criticize historical writings, and to print papers; but there cannot be anything more than a social basis for an authors' league, because the individual interests of every author are vastly greater to him than the combined interests of all authors, but chiefly because there exists for him already a complement organization which no voluntary association with other authors could supply. An author with his manuscript is an incomplete figure; a hundred authors associated are only a hundred times more incomplete, and the various authors' unions and publication societies which have attempted to disprove this have invariably proved it.—*Fun. Atlantic.*

## THE HUMANIZING POWER OF MUSIC.

At the opening of the Royal Musical College, Kensington, the Prince of Wales said: "The time has come when class can no longer stand aloof from class, and that man does his duty best who works most earnestly in bridging over the gulf between different classes, which it is the tendency of increased wealth and increased civilization to widen. I claim for music the merit that it has a voice which speaks in different tones, perhaps, but with equal force to the cultivated and the ignorant, to the poor and the peasant. I claim for music a variety of expression which belongs to no other art, and therefore adapts it more than any other art to produce that union of feeling which I much desire to promote."

## THE NEW ORLEANS GAMIN IN 1840.

George W. Cable, in the June "Century" continues his illustrated history of old New Orleans, and speaks us follow of the schoolless children of New Orleans forty years ago: "Still the mass of educable youth—the children who played 'oats, peas, beans,' with French and German and Irish accents, about the countless sidewalk doorsteps of a city of one and two storey cottages (it was almost such); the girls who carried their little brothers and sisters on one elbow and hip and stared in at weddings and funerals; the boys whose kite-flying and games were full of terms and outcries in mongrel French, and who abandoned everything at the wild clangour of bells and ran to fires where the volunteer firemen dropped the hose and wounded and killed each other in pitched battles; the ill-kept lads who risked their lives daily five months of the year swimming in the yellow whirlpools of the Mississippi among the wharves and flat-boats, who, naked and dripping, dodged the dignified police that stalked them among the cotton bales, who robbed mocking-birds' nests and orange and fig-trees, and trapped nonpareils and cardinals, orchard-orioles and indigo-birds, in the gardens of Lafayette and the suburban fields—these had not been reached, had not been sought by the educator. The public recognition of a common vital interest in a common elevation was totally lacking."

## BISMARCK WITH HIS CANDLESTICK.

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep their oars in proper respect. Prince Bismarck when a boy was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of his Majesty," said the old Squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart; and to this day the great Chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the Emperor by word of mouth or in writing he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for all the State dignitaries to form a candle procession—that is to say, that ministers, chamberlains, high stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a

lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom round the ball room, where guests are assembled, and thence into the throne room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle procession, and court gossips quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-menial ceremony. The truth was, however, that the Chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout, and at the next wedding day he was careful to silence all carpers by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers.

## UNKNOWN HEROES.

We see them and we know them not,  
So plain in garb and meek are they;  
So lowly is their thankless lot,  
We hear not what they do or say.

And yet for weary months and years,  
Without a murmur, 'plaint or cry,  
Thousands who eat their bread in tears  
To daily duty pass us by.

A sickly mother, wan and worn,  
Bereft of cheerfulness and light,  
From longed-for rest and joy is torn,  
To work from early morn till night.

To steal one hour from dreary fate,  
Or falter in the hardest tasks,  
Would make some home disconsolate,  
And so no peace or joy she asks.

A little child, faint with its fears—  
A girl, untimely old and gray—  
A man bent down by weight of years—  
All bravely go their bitter way.

We see them, and we know them not,  
So plain in garb and meek are they;  
So lowly is their thankless lot,  
We hear not what they do or say.

Heroes unknown—through weary years  
They make no sign or outward cry,  
But eat their bread with bitter tears,  
And we, in silence, pass them by.

## A GOOD RETORT.

A temperance discussion once sprung up in a large coach crossing the Alleghenies, and the subject was handled without gloves. One gentleman maintained a stoical silence until he could endure it no longer; then he broke out strongly, saying:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor seller. I keep a public house, but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

When he had delivered himself he seemed to think he had put a quietus to the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so, thought a Quaker who was one of the company. Said he:

"Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them; but thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and make 'unkards of them. And when their character and their money are gone thee kicks them out and turns them over to other shops to finish off, and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

Surely the Quaker had the best of the argument, for he had the facts on his side. The more respectable and attractive any public house is, the greater the mischief it is able to do in any decent community.

## CARLYLE AND EMERSON AS LETTER-WRITERS.

The fine touch in Emerson's letters, as in his other writings, is always the spiritual touch. For the rest, felicitous as they are, for the most part they suffer a little by comparison with Carlyle's; they are less natural, more composed, have too studied a quaintness. It was his practice, apparently, to make two drafts of these communications. The violent colour, the large, avalanche-movement of Carlyle's style—as if a mass of earth and rock and vegetation had detached itself and came bounding and bumping forward—make the efforts of his correspondent appear a little pale and stiff. There is always something high and pure in Emerson's speech, however, and it has often a perfect propriety—seeming, in answer to Carlyle's extravagances, the note of reason and justice. "Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch, they die outside."—*Henry James, jr., in the June Century.*

COLPORTERS have a hard time of it in Spain. A colporteur was refused shelter at every house in a village, and was obliged to walk about all night without food or shelter. One of his companions was put in prison for four days for not raising his hat as the host was carried by.

MISS SCHARLIEB, who has devoted herself to Zenana work, is studying to qualify herself for practice among the women of India. She has gained distinctions before her male rivals, especially in midwifery; and will return to her chosen sphere of work with such accomplishments as must ensure success to her mission.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN STEWS.

THE Spanish Senate has adopted a bill establishing trial by jury.

OF Switzerland's army of 205,176, only 3,090 are in active service.

MISS MARY CROWELL won the literary essay prize at the Vanderbilt University over 121 males.

PROF. SALMONI of Aberdeen has refused the principalship of the theological college at Melbourne.

A STATUE of Garibaldi was unveiled at Capri lately in the presence of the entire family of Garibaldi.

AT \$5,000 a night it is calculated that Patti in "Lacla" will be paid over \$80 a minute, \$4.10 a word, and \$1.75 a note.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD expects to visit America this autumn on a lecturing tour of four months, beginning in October.

THE Papal journals in Rome argue that a Roman Catholic college at Oxford is the only agency that can possibly save England from drifting into atheism.

ENGINEERS ROEBLING, Martin, and Collingwood, the three chief engineers of the East River bridge, all graduated at Kesselae Polytechnic Institute, Troy.

FATHER CURCI, in spite of the entreaties of his friend the Pope, is about to publish a book in which he will shew up with no sparing hand the intrigues of the Vatican.

SOME forty or fifty members of the Texas Legislature have been indicted for gambling, but the indictments were subsequently stolen from the County Clerk's office at Austin.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the *doyen* of war correspondents, represented the "Daily Telegraph" at the coronation of the Czar. G. A. Sala did not on this occasion make a "journey due north."

TENNESSEE has passed a law making it a whipping offence for any man who beats his wife, the whipping to take place in front of the court house, and the stripes to be laid on the bare back.

IN response to an appeal from the Earl of Dalhousie, no fewer than 306 Scotch ministers have expressed the opinion that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not forbidden in the Word of God.

A DOG luncheon in New York—that is, a recent luncheon to pet dogs of dainties served on delicate porcelain—cost \$200. Did any extravagant folly of old monarchical aristocratic France ever surpass this?

THE "Hebrew Standard" tells its readers that their unpopularity in hotels is in a great degree their own fault, being due to objectionable manners and customs and indifference to the feelings of others.

ON Whitsunday many of the worshippers left Campbelltown Church because the Incumbent refused to remove two large candles and a crucifix which had been placed on the altar. They adjourned to the parish church.

IT is a fact worth knowing that one of the most pungent exposures of the follies of Ritualism, contained in the sketch of St. Wilfrid in "Lives of the English Saints," was written about 1844 by Dr., now Cardinal Newman.

"MATTHEW ARNOLD," says the "Freeman," "reminds us in his way of cursing dissent, of nothing so much as an angry Turk stooping to pick up a piece of filth to cast it with a hissing sneer at some 'Christian dog.'"

M. RENAN, in his newly published "Souvenirs" of his childhood and youth, illustrates his prodigious vanity by the casual remark: "I am the only man of my time who has been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi."

TREASURER REYBURN, of Kilmarnock, says he recollects when there was but one abstaining minister of the Gospel in that town, the unique specimen being Dr. James Morison; now there are a dozen abstainers in the Kilmarnock pulpit.

THE famous Russian novelist Turgenev is hopelessly ill in a villa near Paris. His mind is gone. The doctors attending upon him, M. Charcot and M. Prouzet, describe his illness as *délire cardiaque* combined with an angina of the chest.

MORMONISM, according to Elder King, obtains the largest number of its recruits from the United Kingdom. It is a fact that of 250 missionaries engaged in propagating the faith in various parts of Europe, 100 are stationed in Great Britain.

"PRINCE LEOPOLD," says the "N. Y. Sun," "is by far the most accomplished and highly educated of Queen Victoria's sons. He is an effective orator, and has made speeches which would have been highly creditable to any young man."

THE old squire of Sherborne, England, Mr. G. D. Wingfield, Ditchy, who restored the abbey of Sherborne at a cost of £16,000, and also restored a long list of parish churches besides building many parsonages and schools, has died at the age of eighty-six.

MR. GREEN, the late Incumbent of Miles Platting, went up to Cambridge the other day to take his M.A. degree and received an ovation from the undergraduates, the cheering for Mr. Green being followed by groans, loud and deep, for the Church Association.

TWENTY years since it was in vain that Prof. Fawcett's sister-in-law, now Mrs. Dr. Anderson, tried to walk a London hospital. Lately a lady received her medical degree at London University who is to be medical officer to the female clerks at the post office.

THE Reformed Presbyterian Synod met at Glasgow recently. Rev John M'Kee, Penpont, moderator. It is intended to renew the adherence of the Church to the National Covenant of Scotland, and the Solemn League and Covenant. A mission church has been erected at Anauoch. The proceedings closed with a conversation, at which addresses were given on Broad Churchism, Home Missions, and Congregational Music.