

# AN HOUR with the Editor

## ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

George IV. and William IV. personally contributed nothing to the development of British institutions. George III. was not fortunate in his family. George was a libertine and a man without definite convictions on any subject; William was dull and vulgar. His other sons were not much of an improvement upon these. Even Edward, Duke of Kent, from whom the present king is descended, was a man concerning whose private life the least said the better. When George III., a lunatic, was succeeded by George IV., a man whose lack of morality was conspicuous, and whose ability to administer the affairs of a kingdom was a negligible quantity, and in his turn was followed by a dullard, it is not surprising that the people of the United Kingdom lost much of the respect that they had for the kingly office. It was not a matter of wonder, therefore, that the Chartist movement acquired great strength, but of this more particular mention when the reign of Victoria is considered.

Nor was the United Kingdom particularly fortunate in her statesmen at this time. Lord Castlereagh, who was Prime Minister at the time of the accession of George IV., was a man of very moderate ability. Percival, another Premier, who had preceded Castlereagh, was very weak. Canning had not yet risen into prominence; Peel had not come to the front. Huskisson alone showed anything approaching genius. Perhaps the strength of the nation was represented by two men, each of whom was of high character, each actuated by a lofty patriotism and each trusted by the people. They belonged to different parties. Earl Grey was one of the few survivors of the great Whig peers, and his personality was the centre around which Whiggism rallied. The Duke of Wellington was of the Tory school, and his wonderful success on the battlefield made him for the time being the idol of the nation. What steadied the country during the somewhat perilous years of George IV. was undoubtedly the sound common sense of the Whig nobles and the realization of greatness and responsibility won for the people on the field of Waterloo.

We find at this time the dawn of what came to be known as Radicalism. This term has come to have a significance the reverse of complimentary, but in itself it simply meant that those who were ranked as Radicals aimed at getting at the very foot of the evils that afflicted the nation. To say that a man is a Radical came to mean that he was a dangerous fellow. As matter of fact, all it meant was that he was a sincere and thorough reformer. Among the Radicals of the reign of George IV. were such men as William Cobbett, a writer who did much to educate the people in the principles of self-government; Jeremy Bentham, whose favorite phrase, "the greatest good of the greatest number," has become almost a proverb, and Brougham, that marvellous man whose unbounded energy and versatility were the admiration of even his opponents. His great speech in defense of Queen Caroline, from whom the king sought to secure a divorce was one of the most extraordinary forensic efforts of which there is any record. These men and others of less prominence set on foot a movement that has not yet lost its force.

The first step of importance in the reign of George IV. was the removal of political disabilities from the Roman Catholics—the Catholic Emancipation as it is called. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was moved by Lord John Russell, well known for the part he afterwards played in politics, and who came prominently to the front in connection with this measure. To this followed a Bill which threw parliament open to Catholics and admitted them to all the great offices of state except that of Regent, that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and that of the Lord Chancellor. Of this measure Lord Melbourne, a politician of remarkable qualities, which fell short of the full measure of statesmanship, said: "All the clever fellows are on one side, and all the damned fools are on the other, and the damned fools are right." Melbourne was not as far away from the mark as seems on the face of things, for there is no doubt at all that the chief object of Catholic Emancipation, the pacification of Ireland, was not attained. The fact of the case was that it was not political freedom that the people of Ireland wanted, but a better system of land tenure. The condition of the Irish peasantry was deplorable, and if there had been men at the head of affairs able to grasp the real facts of the situation, and provide some sort of a remedy, a century of Irish discontent might have been avoided. But the United Kingdom at this time had no great statesmen. Wellington was at the helm, and his genius was military, not political. He did not appeal to the imagination of the Irish people, the most imaginative race in the world. On the other hand there was Daniel O'Connell, a man of wonderful skill as a speaker, absolutely fearless and able to inflame popular passion as few speakers have been able to do. He was far from being a man of a high type. Goldwin Smith says of him that he was foul-mouthed, untruthful, perfidious and had a strain of the savage in him. His vanity was boundless; his temper quick and exceedingly passionate. He thought of results only, and he cared nothing for the means by which he reached them. His influence upon the Irish people has been permanent. He instructed them in ideas, having some truth at their foundation, which rendered them restless under British rule. He sowed seeds of dissension; he set class against class. There is no doubt as to the sincerity of O'Connell's patriotism as far as Ireland is concerned; there is no question that he had much justification, perhaps ample, for the ter-

rible invectives he hurled at the head of the English people. The story of Ireland is one which no Englishman can read without a sense of shame. The unfortunate thing is that there was no one who was able to meet him with measures that would tend to allay the discontent that he and others like him, though less conspicuous, were arousing. For Wellington was unequal to the occasion. He accepted Catholic Emancipation grudgingly, and only because it seemed to him to be the only course by which a greater evil could be averted. It has been said of him as a statesman that he pursued in all things the policy of a soldier. If he could not carry one position, he attacked another. He did not hesitate to retreat; he did not hesitate to abandon what seemed to be his convictions. Indeed, there were those who said he had no convictions in matters political, being content to follow along the line of least resistance. Hence, when Catholic Emancipation was seen to fail in producing the expected effects in Ireland, he did not seem to think it necessary to grapple with the fundamental difficulty, namely, the land question. He knew that if Irish discontent became serious, he could crush it with a few regiments of soldiers, and so disregarded it, just as a general on a field of battle ignores for the time being the movement of his enemy, which he knows he can prevent if it threatens to be dangerous. The truth of the matter probably was that he did not realize how necessary it was to do something more for Ireland than grant Roman Catholics political privileges, and he had no colleagues who appear to have given the question serious thought. The affairs of Great Britain were engaging their attention, for there was arising a demand for a change in the governing trade and commerce. Ireland was left to its fate while the Reform Bill and later the repeal of the Corn Laws engaged the attention of the British people.

## THE EARTH

### II.

It is popularly believed that the earth consists of a crust enclosing a mass of fire, or at least of melted matter in a high state of incandescence. The basis of this belief is that the temperature of the earth increases with more or less regularity downward, and the inference drawn from this fact is that the increase, if it continues, would be sufficient at a distance of about 45 miles to melt every known substance. If this is the case, it would seem to follow that the greater part of the globe consists of a mass of matter heated far beyond the melting point of the most refractory substances. At present there is no means of determining if this theory is correct, and there are some things that seem to show it to be untenable. For example, in northern regions soil remains frozen at a depth far below the influence of the surface temperature. In one place a depth of nearly 500 feet of frozen soil was found. Granting that rocks and soil are very imperfect conductors of heat, it is difficult to understand how in the infinite number of years that have elapsed since the crust of the earth solidified and became cool, sufficient heat would not have been radiated from the vast mass in the interior to prevent freezing below the depth to which surface changes in temperature penetrate. That the interior of the earth, even if it is heated intensely, is fluid is altogether unlikely, because the pressure must be too great to permit the existence of anything in a fluid condition. Another consideration seems worthy of weight. If there is an increase in temperature towards the centre of the earth, which increase is in proportion to the earth, so that at 45 miles the hardest substances are heated beyond the melting point, it would seem to follow that, at a distance below the surface that is easily calculable, everything must be heated to such a degree that it would be gaseous, if it were not for the pressure. Hence a terrific expansive force must be constantly exerted against the relatively thin and brittle solid crust, compared to which force the pressure in a steam boiler is trifling. These seem to the lay mind to be objections to the theory that the centre of the earth is a molten mass or matter that would be molten if it were not for the pressure.

The existence of volcanoes seems to imply the existence of great heat below the surface of the earth. The matter ejected from volcanoes, although not uniform in structure, is essentially the same in composition, and consists of silica, which has been reduced to a fluid of more or less disintegrated form. The generally received opinion now is that volcanic eruptions are caused by water coming in contact with heated masses below the surface of the earth, with the result that steam is developed and chemical action takes place, leading to the ejection of the silica in a liquid or powdered form. The force of the explosion depends upon several conditions, but it is never great enough to justify the theory that it originated in or near the centre of the earth, or that it is due to an effort of the earth to rid itself of accumulated gases caused by the contraction of its surface. Volcanoes occur in what seem to be regular belts, and the theory of geologists is that the crust of the earth is weaker in those belts than elsewhere. As a rule they are near the sea. Hence the inference is that water finds its way through fractures in the strata to levels where there is sufficient heat to cause chemical action, and the result is the creation of yet greater heat and the disintegration of the rocks; some of the matter being thrown to the surface in melted form and some of it in the form of dust or "ashes," as it is commonly called. Volcanic ash is not the production of combustion, but of chemical action resulting in the disintegration

of solid matter. It has not yet been established that there is any essential connection between volcanic action and earthquakes; but it seems probable that such a connection exists in some instances and not in others. The actual motion of the earth, even in the most violent earthquake, is very slight, that is regarding the affected area as a whole. Owing to exceptional local conditions, considerable surface disturbance may result from an earthquake, but this is not the earthquake itself. A slight tremor may dislodge a mass of earth, and it may be carried for a considerable distance by its own weight. A fraction of an inch would measure the greatest earth movement of an earthquake itself, but the resulting movements may be much greater. It has been said that an earthquake of similar relative proportions to the twitching of a horse's skin, when it seeks to dislodge a fly, should occur, the whole surface of the earth would be changed and every vestige of life would be destroyed.

There are about four hundred active volcanoes in the world, and none of them is more than one hundred miles from the sea. It is not meant by this that there are four hundred volcanoes in a constant state of eruption, but only that there are that number of peaks which from time to time are in eruption. The number of extinct volcanoes cannot be enumerated. Mounts Baker and Ranier are active volcanoes, for although there have been no eruptions within historic times, steam yet issues from their craters, indicating that they are yet in close connection with subterranean heat.

Referring again to the internal heat of the earth, it may be stated that the increase of temperature below the surface is far from uniform. The most rapid increase observed is one degree for every forty feet; the slowest is one degree for every eighty feet. In considering this question of interior heat, there are other difficulties to be considered besides those above mentioned. One of them is, solid rock is heavier than melted rock. When water solidifies it expands and therefore ice floats on the surface; but rock does not expand when it becomes solid; consequently its tendency is to sink. Whence it seems to be inferable that if the earth was originally molten, the solid outside would fall to the centre as rapidly as it was formed, and the result would be a cooling from within and without at the same time. Two estimates have been made of the length of time requisite to bring the earth by cooling to its present condition. One fixes it at 100,000,000 years; the other at 1,000,000,000 years. With this enormous margin of difference, it seems fairly safe to assume that scientific men are doing very little more than guessing at the nature of the inner portion of the earth.

## ANGELS

"Do you believe in fairies?" asks Peter Pan. If the question had been asked of the Apostle Paul, he would have promptly answered: Yes. Read what he wrote to the Ephesians: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." He was not exhorting the Ephesians to physical action, but against resistance to temptation; he was urging them to "put on the whole armor of God," so that they might be able to "withstand the wiles of the devil." Again, we reading of his saying, "We are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." Illustrations might be multiplied from the writings of Paul, the most hard-headed of the Apostles, that he believed we are surrounded by "unseen beings of various grades, and only a very little imagination is needed to suppose these grades extended from fairies to seraphim. Dionysius, the Areopagite, who tradition says was converted by Paul and made first bishop of Athens, and who may be assumed to have derived his ideas from the great Apostle, taught that there are nine divisions of angels. The early Church never questioned for an instant the existence of these beings, which was an old belief of the Jewish race, for we find David saying, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." There was much discussion among the Fathers of the Church as to the nature of angels, one set holding that they resembled fire, another that they were immaterial, and a third claiming that they could be materialized or not at will. There is extant an account of a discussion among certain Schoolmen, as the pseudo-learned men of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries are called, over the question: "How many angels could dance upon the point of a needle?" But belief in angels was not confined to the Jews and Christians. Many ancient peoples believed in good and bad angels, and the idea of guardian angels was borrowed from heathendom by Origen, who defended it upon the strength of Matthew, chapter 18, verse 10, where Jesus is represented as saying: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven," as well as by reference to the 15th verse of the 12th chapter of Acts, where it is said that when Peter knocked at the gate, the people within the house said: "It is his angel." Some of the Fathers taught that every person born into the world has two angels, one prompting him to evil and the other to good and protecting him. It may be said that the whole Christian Church acknowledges the existence of angels. Thus we find in the Book of Common Prayer such expressions as: "Therefore with the Angels and Archangels and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name." Our hymnology is full of references to angels. Indeed, if we struck them out there would be very little left that could be called poetry.

According to the Church Fathers, the lowest order of angels are the Messengers, the highest the Seraphim. Next below the Seraphim come the Cherubim. It may be mentioned that the words Cherubim and Seraphim are plural, the singular being Cherub and Seraph. The principal office of the Cherubim was to draw the chariot of Jehovah; but according to the Book of Genesis, they were set on guard at the gate of Paradise after the expulsion of Adam and Eve. Cherubim are represented as having four wings. Seraphim are represented as having six wings. They are the personal attendants of Jehovah, and stand next His throne, their duty being to sing His praises. Therefore we read, "To The Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry." Rankings below the Cherubim are the grades known as Dominions, Principalities, Powers, and others whose names do not at present suggest themselves. While the names Michael, Gabriel and Raphael have been in common use from the early days of the Church, the names Uriel, Raguel, Simiel, and some others supposed to be borne by a higher order of angelic beings were introduced by the ecclesiastical authorities as late as the year 745. At one time there was a dispute as to the existence of an order of beings higher than the angels and intermediate between them and the Deity. Jesus unquestionably taught the existence of angels, and all the Evangelists, and, indeed, possibly it might be said that every writer in the Sacred Canon accepted their existence as a matter of course. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that allowance must be made for the chance that many of the expressions relating to angels may not be understood by us quite in the same sense as they were meant; nevertheless it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that nothing is more clearly identified with both the Jewish and the Christian religions than a belief in angels as messengers and instruments for working out the will of God. The imagination of ecclesiastics may have surrounded this teaching of the Scriptures with much for which there is no warrant in the Scriptures themselves, but this does not dispose of the fundamental belief in these beings. There is, of course, no reason why there may not be angels. The fact that we never see them does not prove that they are not. Science has demonstrated that there are colors that we cannot see and sounds that we cannot hear. Nothing can be proved from ignorance except ignorance. So far as human belief goes, the existence of beings that are not human but are spiritual is established. If there is one thing that all the world believes, it is in the existence of beings of intelligence that are superhuman. They are not always held to be beneficent beings, and among the lower races of mankind they are usually otherwise. Coming back to Peter Pan's question, none of us likes to be so childish as to admit to a belief in fairies; but there are not many of us who, down in the depths of our hearts, do not believe there are angels.

One bright day in midsummer about a hundred and fifty years ago, a little boy of thirteen started out from his native town of Copenhagen, his worldly belongings in a pack upon his shoulders, with the large intention in his small mind of walking to Holland, and from thence to sail to the Dutch Indies in a search for treasure and adventure. This youthful traveler was Johanne Ewald, and he was ignominiously overruled and brought home again, after he had been but a few hours on the way. But this sudden upsetting of his plans did not kill the boyish love for romance, nor quench the fires of imagination. Johanne Ewald was to live some years longer, and to become recognized before he died as the bright and particular star of the literary firmament of Denmark in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century.

Nor was it during his childhood alone that Ewald sought for distinction and reward by running away to foreign parts. When he was only fifteen he fell in love, with all the absorbing passion of which a youth of that impressionable and romantic age is capable. The object of his affections was little more than a child, and Ewald was in no position to engage himself to her, for though the future appeared to him very brilliant and full of promise, those promises were for the most part mirage-like and intangible. So the ardent young lover ran away to Hamburg to join the Prussian army, and play his part in the Seven Years War, hoping to achieve fame and fortune on the battlefield. But he was disappointed, as many have been disappointed before him. His dreams of glory soon faded when he perceived that he was only a very insignificant unit, indeed, and not the gallant hussar he had hoped to become. Tired out at last of working without even thanks, he deserted, and after some months of hiding, he returned to Copenhagen a sadder and a wiser man.

Then Ewald settled himself to his studies, and took them up where he had broken them off through a surfeit of love. He applied himself diligently, proved his efficiency, and gave large evidence of that talent which later he was to cultivate with so much advantage to the nation at large. Then after he had successfully graduated and seemed to see an dreamed-of happiness a realization, the maiden

in whose service he had spent the best years of his youth proved faithless, and married another man.

The most of our poets' lives have contained one misplaced affection at least. They have this experience in common with the rest of mankind. "Nine times out of ten," says the philosopher, "it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the gulf from youth to manhood. The interval is usually occupied with a misplaced or disappointed passion. But . . . We may measure the road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone." We can recognize that this is true enough of the normal man and woman, and it is no less true of those who have been marked by the shining star of genius. From having been tried by the fires of suffering they give the world better, purer, truer work. Embodied in spirit through patience in misfortune, their message is always an inspiring one. So to a large extent it was with Ewald.

He was the son of a Lutheran priest, and it was intended that he should follow his father's calling. But nature had ordained otherwise; he had neither the taste nor the temperament for such a profession, and though he passed the theological examinations creditably, and might have assumed pastoral duties, had he so desired, the poetic muse, especially after the loss of his love, became his divinity. His first literary work, however, was not poetical. "The Temple of Happiness: A Dream" was an allegorical sort of composition, of mediocre merit, but recognized by the literary cult of Copenhagen and published by a prominent society. "Adam and Eve" was his initial drama. It was in verse, of five acts, with lyrical interludes. It is superior to "Rolf Krage," which followed it. Horn describes it as "the first serious attempt in Danish literature to solve a great political problem in a grand style." The came three pieces of satire in the shape of the plays, "The Bachelors," "The Brutal Claqueurs," and "Harlekin Patriot," the latter the best of the three.

His last work is his greatest. "Fiskerne" was written during years of poverty and suffering, while the poet was wandering from one seaport town to another, crippled with rheumatism, and earning barely enough to keep body and soul together. There came a friend when hope was gone and the poor-house seemed the only refuge; and through that friend's influence "Balder's Dod" and "Fiskerne" were put upon the stage, and immediately attained success. "Fiskerne" deals with life on the coast of Denmark. It is replete with patriotic sentiment; its characters are noble ones; its poetry is tuneful and strong; but more than all, this play furnished Denmark with the words of her national song, than which there is none nobler in any country.

Ewald died when he was only thirty-seven years of age, after a long and painful illness, but before the end he knew what it was to have his earnest and noble efforts crowned with the diadem of fame.

## The Danish National Song

King Christian stood by the lofty mast,  
In mist and smoke;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed.  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.  
"Fly!" shouted they; "fly, he who can.  
Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar:  
Now is the hour.  
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
And smote upon his foe full sore,  
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,  
"Now is the hour!"  
"Fly!" shouted they; "for shelter fly!  
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
The power?"

North Sea. A glimpse of Wessel rent  
Thy murky sky.  
Then champions to thine arms were sent;  
Terror and Death glared where we went;  
From thy waves was heard a wail that rent  
Thy murky sky.  
From Denmark thunders Tordenskoil;  
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
And fly.

Path of the Dane to fame and might,  
Dark-rolling wave,  
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despise,  
Proudly as thou, the tempest's might,  
Dark-rolling wave;  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave.

## MEAN TRICK

Gunner—Their quarrels began soon after the honeymoon.  
Guyer—Yes, they blame it on the cynical friend who was present at the wedding.  
Gunner—What had he to do with it?  
Guyer—Why, instead of throwing old shoes at the carriage he threw a pair of spats.—Chicago News.

## SPEAKING OF ISMS

"The worst of isms," said the lecturer, "is pugilism."  
"Pardon me, my friends," rejoined a man who had just entered the hall on crutches, "but I know a worse one than that."  
"What is it, sir?" queried the lecturer.  
"Rheumatism," answered the other.—Chicago News.

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