

## SIC SEMPER.

"O, will I?" and "O, will I?"  
A pretty maiden said,  
As playing with her tresses,  
When I asked her for to wed:

"O, will I?" and "O, will I?"  
And "If you capture me,  
To wed you I am willing,  
As willing as can be!"

And then she ran before me  
As lightly as a fawn,  
Intangible, delusive,  
As fleetly as the dawn.

She led me hither, thither,  
O'er many a mocking rife,  
Mid brambles and in roses,  
O'er meadow and o'er stile.

Till I, a sudden thinking,  
Stood still with closed eye—  
The maid the world ran over  
Then in my arms did lie.

WILLIAM J. BERRY.

## CULTURE AND MORALS.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DOD, LL.D.

In a recent number of this journal there appeared an extract from a speech of John Bright's to the following effect:

Some years ago I met a German gentleman in Birmingham, himself, I believe, from the kingdom of Saxony, and the question of education was being discussed. He told me that fifty years previous—that would be now perhaps sixty years ago—intemperance was so common in that country that if there was a man anywhere very drunk they said, "Why, he is as drunk as a Saxon;" but, the gentleman added, now you might use the very opposite expression, and if you wanted to describe a man who was to be relied upon for his sobriety you would say, "Why, he is as sober as a Saxon." I said, tell me how this has been brought about; have you had any great changes in your laws with reference to the sale of intoxicating liquor? He replied that so far as he knew there was no such legal change of any importance—none that struck his mind—but, he added, that he held that the change had been made entirely by the schools. He said that they had had an admirable system of education established, and the result had been such a change in the character of the growing generation—so much self-respect, so much knowledge of what was due to themselves and those around them, so much sense of what would contribute to their own comfort and happiness—that the practice and the vice of intoxication have been almost banished from among them.

This may be taken as a practical answer to the position assumed by many so called "friends of education" that mere cultivation of the intellect, apart from moral training, is not conducive to virtue, and that, since religion is the firmest support of a moral character—some say the only inspirer of truly virtuous conduct—our schools should combine religious instruction (of a non-sectarian nature, of course), with the secular knowledge imparted to their pupils.

Now, it is true that education, in its broadest sense, embraces all those agencies which are calculated to produce a healthy, harmonious development of the entire manhood or womanhood embryonic in the child—physical, intellectual and moral; and the true teacher, in his ambition to have bright scholars, will not forget the physical wants of the growing child, nor will he neglect any opportunity of fostering right habits, instilling correct principles and developing noble sentiments. And yet we maintain that it is proper for the secular teacher to regard intellectual advancement as his chief objective point. And this not merely because the home circle and the Sunday-school are the more appropriate spheres of moral training—if parental influence antagonizes the teacher his labors in the moral direction will be almost fruitless—but because intellectual culture, in the true sense of the word (which implies a great deal more than the simple acquisition of knowledge), does, in itself dignify the aims, enlarge the reason, quicken the activities and sweeten the tone of our whole moral being.

In the subjoined extract from an essay on "The Chief Aim of Education," published not long ago in one of our educational monthlies, there is just enough of truth to be misleading:

It is a mistake to suppose that the enlargement and dissemination of knowledge, the mere culture of the intellect and the multiplication of the treasures of learning will afford any protection against vice, crime, disorder, anarchy, wretchedness and social dissolution. It is not the amount of knowledge which is a private and public blessing, but its character and its use. It is not what he knows, but what he is, that makes the good citizen, the good neighbor, the good friend, the good husband, father and master. The intellect and heart require to be purified and expanded even more than they need to be enriched. All the erudition in the world will not make a man either good or useful, but he may be both with "small Latin and less Greek."

Not one of the above propositions, taken separately, is at variance with the truth. Yet the impression intended to be produced by the paragraph upon the reader's mind is not such as can be sustained by valid argument. The intellect does, indeed, "require to be purified and ex-

panded" even more than "to be enriched." But suppose this very enrichment of the intellect is also found to be one of the most effective methods of purifying and expanding it! (Of course no real enrichment results from knowledge simply crammed into the intellectual stomach and left there undigested and unassimilated by the mental powers.)

Why is it that the morals of civilization are better to-day than at any previous period? That the world has advanced, not only in knowledge, but in virtue as well, no student of history will deny. A purer code of social morals, a clearer conception of the rights of man and the claims of universal brotherhood, a stronger and more helpful sympathy with all forms of distress "the larger heart, the kinder hand," a marked diminution of the rancor of religious and national hatreds—these, next to the wonderful achievements of nineteenth century science, are the most prominent features of the age in which we live, distinguishing ours from every age which has preceded it. Does the increase of knowledge stand to "the nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws," in the relation of cause to effect? We think so.

The root of all vice is selfishness. Now, ignorance, embracing within the circle of its sympathies but few opinions and forms of thought, is essentially narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish, intolerant, cruel. The highest moral law ever promulgated for the government of our intercourse with our neighbors commands us to love them as ourselves. But this we cannot do unless we can enter, with an appreciative sympathy, into their thoughts and feelings. Hence whatever enlarges the range of a man's thoughts widens the scope of his sympathies and makes him a more actively virtuous man.

A mere theoretical acquaintance with the principles of ethics and the truths of religion will not "purify and expand the heart" any more than will the knowledge of the facts of astronomy or geology—hardly as much. The application of moral principles to the conduct of real life depends upon the clearness with which the intellect perceives the good or evil consequences to our neighbors that may result from our actions, and upon the vigor of the sympathies through which conscience is awakened to apply her decisions to the practical problems of social duty. Hence the training of the intellect reacts beneficially upon the moral nature—except with those individuals whose studies have been too much specialized and self-centred to permit of their sympathizing with intellectual pursuits differing from their own.

We have here hinted at a danger which, in the modern demand for specialists in every department of professional research, scientific investigation and mechanical ingenuity, may result in an isolation of individual sympathies apparently contradicting the assertion that knowledge conduces to benevolence and virtue. It is not knowledge, but breadth of knowledge, that enlarges moral sympathies. If the Italian inquisitors had added to their theological learning some slight tincture of the scientific spirit, they would never have imprisoned Galileo.

The specialist, while recognizing that distinction in modern times can be gained only by knowing the details of some one subject more thoroughly than anybody else does, should recognize with equal clearness the moral obligation of maintaining an interest in every human interest. *Homo sum, et nil humani a me alienum puto.* This is really an intellectual obligation as well; for so interconnected are all subjects of human thought that he who would have a complete and comprehensive grasp of any one of them must follow, to a greater or less distance, many paths of study that have only an indirect relation to his main line of research.

The fact that there have been learned men who were not exemplary in the discharge of ordinary social duties is frequently explainable in accordance with the views here stated. When culture is so exclusive and partial as to lead to a want of sympathy with all classes of mankind and an inability to estimate aright the depth of their trials, the purity of their motives and the dignity of their aims, it is not surprising that the cultured egoist (Goethe, for example,) comes to think that the humble plodders along the common highway of life have no claims upon him and no rights which he is bound to respect.

There is one form of partial culture which is particularly apt to encourage self-indulgence and sybaritism. The imagination is one of the noblest and most useful of human faculties; hardly b said to have attained the full stature of moral manhood. Its office is to clothe the nakedness of abstract truth with living and lovely forms; to lift men out of the mire of materialism; to arouse and quicken their sensitivities, and to enable them to realize by spiritual vision the facts of an unseen world. And yet, naturally domiciled as it is in the region where abate faith, hope and charity, when it is cultivated with exclusive assiduity by those who deal with it professionally—poets, novelists, dramatists, actors, musicians, artists—its tendency is to become degraded into the mere servant of intellectual or emotional pleasure, and to effect in its devotees a softening of the moral fibre which readily yields to temptation and prompts them to pursue sensuous amusements with the same zest with which they have sought the higher enjoyments of the aesthetic disposition. Hence the fact that poets and other imaginative workers have sometimes been dissipated or dissolute does not warrant the conclusion that there is not in the

general culture of the intellect a force that warms and vivifies the moral nature.

The intellect of this utilitarian age and country rather needs development in the direction of a high and noble imaginative culture, and cannot do better at present than adopt the motto of this journal:—We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself. Yet we should remember that all one-sided culture is injurious; and the experience of ancient art-loving Greece and of mediæval art-loving Italy should show us, in the corruption which finally ran festering in poisonous streams through all classes of their society, that excessive devotion to the beautiful as an end in itself is not less sure to work moral death than is the most sordid materialism or the most abject slavery to earth-born ideas of utility.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," not only intellectually but morally. The remedy, however, is not total abstinence from the inspiring waters of "the Pierian spring," but deep draughts from many fountains. We believe that most of the instances of abnormal depravity met with occasionally among the highly-educated are due as much to one-sidedness of intellectual culture as to any defectiveness of early moral training. At any rate the rare exceptions—such as Lord Bacon, who certainly was no man of partial culture, for he "had taken all learning as his province"—cannot invalidate the generalization drawn from the comparison of less enlightened ages with our own.

## HOW A BANKER LOST HIS DAUGHTER.

A London correspondent furnishes the following readable story:

A very good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good-natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was as poor as—his salary, and had no connections to push his after fortunes, and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to a hundred and twenty pounds a year, to go on for eight years, at ten pounds a year, henceforth to vegetate for the rest of his life.

The banker, on Sunday afternoons, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever that it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish that there were more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved, and proper. The youth, in spite of a two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat, to breathe the fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my young clerk," said the banker to a *confreere* who was in his back office with him after the youth had brought in some papers.

"Well, you are rather green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you see what's the matter? He's in love."

"In love! Bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it's a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"Oh, the naughty old fool; my clerk is as good as his daughter, and be hanged to him! Thank you for the hint."

As soon as banker number two had disappeared, the clerk was called to.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir?"

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you, but I'll give you a bit of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth running a risk for. Look here! there are £500, and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and it has not hurt me."

The clerk fell upon his narrow bones, and was upon the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man rose and left precipitately, to avoid a scene. The young man considered and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no daughter at the dinner-table of the banker at the country house. The house was in consternation, and search was made in all directions. A note was found, however, on her dressing-table, conveying the customary prayer for forgiveness, and one enclosed from the young clerk, stating that, believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on his suggestion, and that, ere his father-in-law received the letter, he (the clerk) would be his son-in-law. The pill was a bitter one, and the joke a terrible one against him, and as the city men are very averse to a joke against them, it was hushed up, and has got only to the ears of the purveyors of scandal, and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait of London life.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 21.

Mr. HENRY DODD, an English gentleman, has left by will the sum of £5,000 to the Paris Hospital for Children.

THE Paris municipality have decided to follow the example of London, and to lay down wood pavement in some of the leading streets in the metropolis. The avenue between the Place de la Concorde and the Palais de l'Industrie is already closed, and the laying of the pavement will soon commence.

MADAME AMELIE ERNST, the French elocutionist, has recently been publishing in the *Folâtre* a series of her reminiscences of the celebrated personages whom she has met. As the wife of the great violinist, Ernst, as well as on account of her own talents, she has always mingled with that brilliant society which is composed of the literary personages and artists of France.

A YOUNG lady who rejoices in the name of Gambetta, and can prove her right to it by consanguinity, intends to make her *début* shortly at one of the music halls. Claire Gambetta is described as a most piquante brunette, with a fairly good contralto voice, and with an aptitude for public life; which means that she has no dread of facing two or three thousand people—on the contrary, has a certain winning manner about her which will catch the good favor of the majority.

THE Parisians have thought of every means of utilizing the Tuileries when rebuilt except the right one—putting a king into it. Their want of smartness in missing the correct tip is marvellous. They have fallen back on the routine idea of making it a museum; surely there are enough of these musty holes in Paris already. A rifle gallery would be a better notion.

THE latest practical joke has been at the expense of the aged Count de N—, who had to receive, and get rid of as best he could, some 500 good-looking young ladies, who had been advertised for by his victimiser as "a pretty companion wanted." Also, 500 wet nurses, in full nursery power, who had also been advertised for. There was a great commotion around his hotel, and fierce merriment at the cost of the victimised Count.

PARIS society has learnt the reason of the disappearance of the Marquise de G—, who was expected back daily to that life which seemed to be as necessary to her existence as the air of—well, say Heaven, by way of the old phrase, though she lived a life which entitled her to the soubriquet of *sauvée mois jeune homme*. The lady, still with charms sufficient without the aid of art, to attract, has gone to embellish the interior of the convent of the Ursulines at Prague with her beauty, and to live a life of goodness henceforth. *Sauvée femme varie.*

FLOWERS, poor things, have gone out of fashion; they are for the moment in disgrace. Once, and not long ago, the gift was a bouquet that, smelling, might be kissed; now the gallant act is to present a bird, alive or dead. The giver has his choice; life or death is immaterial to the receiver. Alive, it must be in a cage of filagree gold set in ivory. Dead it must be of the loveliest colors; for the setting, a few jewels are not objected to, as it may then be worn *en bouquet*, or on the right shoulder.

THE Château de Valençy has resumed after many years its old grandeur, and the vast establishment of lacqueys and domestics of all ranks that it once displayed during the lifetime of Prince Talleyrand. The first *grande chasse* took place on Thursday last, and a magnificent stag was run down after five hours' hard riding. The Duke and the Duchess de Valençy received on this occasion all the members of the real sporting world, and the Château de Valençy resounded once more with the joyous sounds of the *cor de chasse*, and echoed to the laughter of the guests as in the merry days of yore.

THE chase of the fox does not find a vast number of ardent disciples in France. There are splendid and daring horsemen and *amazones* enough, too, mounted on the best that unlimited cash can purchase, but the fox hunt is considered slow upon the whole. A novelty preferred is a hunt after a lady. The fact may be conceded, and it is not unfrequently carried out. A number of ladies and gentlemen recently assembled near Paris, and gave a spirited horsewoman, the Marquise de C—, a quarter of an hour's grace, and then went off in hot pursuit. The race was to be over in two hours, and catch her who can the sole hunting law. The lady was not caught, though frequently kept in full view. But she led the followers a splendid rush over the country, hedge and ditch and stream, and had such obstacles that had not *amour propre*, perhaps gallantry, been concerned, most that followed would have hesitated or turned aside.