view of establishing, perhaps, a smelter in the coal region of East St. Louis. Our experiments with the ore were satisfactory, but we found difficulties in our way on account of political conditions. We could do nothing there. This was in the spring of 1858.

"We then turned our attention to the zinc mines of Wisconsin and were given great encouragement. This was also true when we came to La Salle, the closest coal field to these ore mines, with the object of establishing a smelter here. Especially did the late Alexander Campbell encourage us in our enterprise, obtaining for us the necessary real estate and also a contract with the Illinois Central railroad. We located near the Central tracks and built the first furnace a little north of the present furnaces. Mr. Hegeler had examined the fire clay in St. Louis and had ascertained that it was suitable to our needs. He bought the necessary fire brick in St. Louis and had it shipped by boat to La Salle. And we started to build the factory.

"The first shovelful of dirt was turned up December 24, 1858. We had a furnace running successfully when the Civil War broke out. There being no sale for splelter after the outbreak of hostilities, we ceased temporarily, but commenced operation again when in 1862 or 1863 a lively demand arose for zinc in the manufacture of arms and cartridges. During the cessation of manufacturing we had been making experiments so that when we started again we did so with decidedly improved methods. Our means were limited, and we were very careful in our expenditures. We spent no money that was not absolutely necessary. The history of the factory here is well known and through it the citizens have had many proofs of Mr. Hegeler's sterling qualities.

"Mr. Hegeler was a most untiring and indefatigable worker. Having set out to do a thing, he had the most unyielding determination, the equal of which I have never seen. He deprived himself of all luxuries so that his means would not give out before he had accomplished success. He never did anything for the sake of appearances, but was always firm for what he believed to be right and was always true to his principles and to his convictions, without regard to financial loss or loss of popularity. Even though he considered a protective tariff to favor his personal interest, he did not advocate it, but opposed it. He realized the advantages of a tariff to manufacturing, but believed in the principle of free trade, and always stood by that principle. He had the courage of his convictions and acted accordingly. Having once decided that a certain line of conduct was correct, nothing could sway him from that course; and in business, having conceived an idea, he would leave nothing undone to bring it to success. Mr. Hegeler was always willing to tackle the most difficult problems. He would work night and day with little or no rest in order to solve them, and he usually succeeded. He had great energy, tenaciousness and perseverance.

"The death of my old friend is a source of great sorrow to me, but I certainly consider it a privilege to have enjoyed the friendship, companionship and confidence of a man so eminent as Edward C. Hegeler."

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HOME AGAIN.\(^1\)

BY T'AO CH'IEN (A. D. 365-427).

[T'ao Ch'ien is a name still familiar to all students of poetry in the Middle Kingdom, says Professor Giles from whose *History of Chinese Literature* we

\(^1\) Translated by James Black.
take the following particulars. T'ao Ch'ien or T'ao Yuan-Ming, as he was called in early life, after a youth of poverty obtained an appointment as magistrate. But he was unfitted by nature for official life; all he wanted, to quote his own prayer, was "length of years and depth of wine." He only held the post for eighty-three days, objecting to receive a superior officer with the usual ceremonial on the ground that "he could not crook the hinges of his back for five pecks of rice a day"—such being the regulation pay of a magistrate. He then retired into private life and occupied himself with poetry, music, and the culture of flowers, especially chrysanthemums, which are inseparably associated with his name. In the latter pursuit he was seconded by his wife, who worked in the back garden while he worked in the front. The "Peach-Blossom Fountain" of T'ao Ch'ien is a well-known and charming allegory. One critic speaks of him as "drunk with the fumes of spring." Another says, "His heart was fixed upon loyalty and duty, while his body was content with leisure and repose. His emotions, scenery, facts and thoughts were all real." Much of his poetry is political, and bristles with allusions to events which are now forgotten, mixed up with thoughts and phrases which are greatly admired by his countrymen. The following poem in the original is considered, in point of style, one of the masterpieces of the language. Its theme is the author's retirement from office, when, weary of official restraints and formalities he heard and heeded, like many another, the call of home. Why, he thought, should he bend any longer before superiors in the prescribed salutations? Were not his fields fallow, and his garden neglected; and his beloved chrysanthemums without any one to tend them?

"Come home again!" Why not? My fields are choked
With weeds, and I to painful office yoked.
No more, then, sadly will I grieve alone.
What's past is done. The future is my own.
And homeward now I soon shall wend my way.
Yesterday I was wrong: I'm right to-day.

Adown the stream my boat sails lightly on,
My clothing stirred by gentle breezes blown.
News of the road each traveler affords.
Too slow the light each rising sun accords.
Afar, at last, my humble dwelling shows,
And hastens my journey joyfully to a close.

The servants all run eagerly to meet me
And on the threshold waits my boy to greet me.
Though mid the weeds I tread where paths were laid,
Chrysanthemum and pine rise undismayed.
I pass the door, and children's arms entwine;
Now sit to rest, and call, "A cup of wine."

How fine that old tree in the court appears!
How good to look on it across the years!
That calm recess by southern window placed,
How comfortable there to sit and rest.
The garden, too, I visit every day,
There, when the gate is shut, alone I stay.

Walking now, and now sitting, oft I raise
My eyes, inquiring, toward the distant haze.

Chrysanthemum and pine: symbols of high character and long life.
I watch the cloud, without intention, come,
The bird that, tired of flying, knows its home.
The sun grows dimmer fast, and soon will set,
But in the pine’s deep shade I linger yet.

Musing, I ponder why the world I left,
Being now of office and of friends bereft.
The world and I were mated ill. In vain
Return and ask of it what here I gain,—
The simple converse of relations dear,
The lute to soothe the heart, and books to cheer.

Now tells the farmer of the season due
When sowing in the west field should be through.
And now the country round, through height and hollow,
In cart or skiff, the winding ways I follow,
The flowery land I view, the bubbling spring,
And myriad nature ever flourishing.

Not such am I. How brief my sojourn here!
This body’s flickering light, its term how near!
But ah! Why think of life as short or long,
Or seek we aught the busy marts among?
Be wealth and honors far from my desire,
I dare not to the “Emperor’s land” aspire.

Afield, then, let me hie, my staff in hand,
To watch the laborers cultivate the land,
Or climb the eastern hill my flute to play,
Approach the spring and try poetic lay,
In Fortune trust to lead life’s journey through,
For Heaven well ordering all, my doubts—adieu.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.


The preface to this work gives a rather pathetic insight into the struggles of the scholar who feels convinced that he has a message for the world but is prevented from delivering it because of insufficient financial support. In this case the message as a whole consists of an historical inquiry into the influence of religion upon moral civilization, and the present volume contains only chapters 5 and 6 which seemed the best fitted for independent publication out of a work of 48 chapters in all, divided into six “Books.” Since the ultimate publication of the whole comprehensive work depends upon the financial success of this specimen volume, the author gives a table of contents of the entire work. The first book entitled “Prolegomena” is of an introductory character, giving the object and method of the inquiry, and defining religion as we are told in this preface, “so as to leave no room for ambiguity, and to exclude that merely figurative or rhetorical use of the term from which all the real meaning of religion has been eviscerated.” The author states that in

*“The Emperor’s land,” i. e., the Court; symbolically, heaven.