FRENCH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago there occurred in Paris some very serious riots, which occasioned at the time much anxiety among the friends of the Republic, which necessitated the calling out of the military, and which cost the national exchequer some quarter of a million francs. It may also be recalled that these unfortunate disturbances were begun by the students of Paris, who, however, promptly withdrew from the mérite which they had provoked and earnestly protested against its continuance and their being connected with it. This participation of university students in a bloody street-fight caused considerable surprise in this country and has excited, perhaps, some curiosity to know more about a body of youths who, it was thought for a moment by pessimists, had come near precipitating another revolution in France.

Hence the preparation of this little sketch by one who has himself been a student in Paris and who has some acquaintance with the student body of several of the other universities of France. In the first place, let me explain some of the radical differences between the French and American systems of higher education. When these are understood, the relations and character of the French university student will be more easily grasped.

In the United States "a college boy" is an undergraduate of one of our colleges or universities. But in France a collégien is a pupil at a lycée, or state high school. It is the lycée which prepares him for the examinations, conducted by the university professors, which lead to the bachelor's degree. In France, therefore, a young man is a bachelor before he enters the university. It should be added that the French bachelor's degree is not so high as the same degree in this country. It does not represent so much nor such advanced study and can be easily won by boys under twenty, many of the successful candidates being eighteen, seventeen, or even younger.

There are dormitories in the lycées but none in the universities. In a university town the students live where they please and are under no surveillance on the part of the faculty. But in the lycées the boys are carefully watched and when they go out, in a body, to take their Thursday afternoon walk, they are always accompanied by a pion, or tutor. In the lycées, too, are a marking system, roll call, prize giving, and frequent examinations, while religious services are provided though not compulsory. All these things are unknown in the universities. The boarding scholars of the lycées are required to wear a uniform, a custom which has come down from the military Napoleonic days, when the lycée system was created. Among the students of the universities, however, the only sign of uniformity in attire is the béret, a picturesque sort of cap which originated among the Basque peasantry; and even this is seldom worn in Paris, except on ceremones occasions. It is more common in the provinces, however. Robes are sometimes donned by the students but only while undergoing certain examinations. In ordinary every-day life, therefore, the French student, and especially the Paris contingent, does not materially differ, at least as regards apparel, from the generality of French citizens. But he may be recognised, especially in the Latin quarter—the part of Paris where the great schools are situated—by a certain sans gêne and abandon, which give to this class a peculiar distinctiveness.

It will thus be seen that it is in the lycées rather than in the universities that are to be found most of those peculiarities of student life as developed on this side of the Atlantic, though certain features of the American college-boy type are recognised in both of these grades of the French educational system. With this preliminary word of explanation I will now take up the real French students—les étudiants—those of the universities.

Let us, in the first place, consider what the French students lack that our own have. This negative list is longer than the positive one. For instance, the Greek Letter Fraternities, which have become such an important social factor in our universities, are quite unknown in France. There are no "classes,"—French students remaining in the university till they wish to retire with or without a second degree. So "class politics," "class day," "rushes," "the Junior hall," and the like, find no counterparts over there. It can-
not be said that there is any Commencement Day, the most memorable event of the college year for American students and professors alike. Athletics are not even dreamed of by the French student, much less made a part of the curriculum as is done to-day in our leading institutions. So foot-ball, base-ball, lawn tennis, and rowing do not enter into the existence of the French student, though among the pupils of the lycées an interest in these healthful exercises is growing, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Even "college journalism" does not flourish in a land where the newspaper is in several respects superior to our own and where journalists take such an active part in politics. The great French seats of learning produce no students' annuals, monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, though an abortive attempt in this direction is made from time to time in Paris. Nor is there any music. No glee clubs make the tour of France during vacation, and "college songs" are yet to be written. But the climax of this state of poverty is reached when it is known that there is no "college yell."

The disadvantages of the completely unorganised condition of the student body finally dawned upon the young men of Paris, and a few years ago they formed, with the warm approbation of their professors and the university authorities, a General Association, which has its officers, assembly rooms, library, etc., and which has proved to be a useful institution. The example of Paris has been followed in the provinces, and now similar organisations exist, I believe, in all the French universities.

But if French students appear to us to miss much, we may almost say all, that renders college days charming in our country, still at least one sentiment is more highly developed with them than with us. I refer to that admirable spirit of solidarity which actuates the young men of all the universities and seems to make the whole student body one, and which is continually finding expression in the interchange of warm-hearted telegrams and letters, in the despatching of delegations of fellow-students primed with enthusiastic speeches, and the like, on the occasion of celebrations or gatherings in the university centres.

With us, on the contrary, there can scarcely be said to be any friendly intercourse between the students of separate universities. In fact, it is not going too far to declare that there exists a feeling of rivalry, of jealousy, and sometimes even of antipathy. There are several causes for this unfortunate state of affairs. One of them is unquestionably the intercollegiate athletic contests of various kinds—the hotly contested aquatic races, the rough foot-ball struggles, and the base-ball matches—with their wrangles before, during, and after the meetings. These games would in them-
on either side by two younger men in gowns and
"mortal boards." The latter were graduates of Amer-
ican universities and were pursuing special studies in
the Montpellier School of Viticulture, while the color-
bearer was an alumnum of the Dental School of Ann
Arbor and was practising his profession at Montpel-
lier.

As the foreign students were placed at the head of
the column and arranged alphabetically according to
countries, our little band of Americans came first, so
that the professors of France and of most of the other
nations of Europe, the delegates from several famous
learned bodies, and the students of a score or more
continental universities, marched that day under the
lead of the stars and stripes, held aloft by a dental
graduate, supported on the right by a descendant of
the Huguenots and on the left by a grandson of Hayne
of South Carolina. It was one of the grandest tri-
umphs of the American dentist on record.

FINE ART AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
BY EUGENE PARSONS.

The Department of Fine Arts at the World's Fair
is remarkable for two things,—for what it is and what
it is not. The official catalogue, giving names of artists
and their works, contains one hundred and ninety-six
pages. Besides the exhibits of the United States, no
less than seventeen countries are represented—Aus-
tria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France, Ger-
many, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Mexico,
New South Wales, Norway, Russia, Spain, and Swe-
den. In addition to these, the Society of Polish Art-
ists sent one hundred and twenty-five paintings. Never
before on this continent were gathered such immense
collections of pictures and statues of a high order of
merit. At the Paris Exposition of 1889, less than six
thousand works of art were exhibited. At Chicago
the number exceeds eight thousand, (with engravings
and architectural designs,) and most of the exhibits
from foreign nations are larger and better than at Paris.
What one misses here is the incomparable "Retrospective Exhibition" at Paris, including many of
the greatest paintings produced in France during the
last hundred years.

The "Retrospective Exhibit of American Paint-
ing" (in Gallery 4) is interesting from a historical,
rather than an artistic, standpoint. About seventy
painters are represented by one hundred and ten
works, kindly loaned by private owners and by various
art galleries in the East and West. Valuable as this
collection is, as showing the progress of art in the
New World, one cannot but feel regret that it is not
larger and that more painters are not represented.
The student of art looks in vain for some well-known
names in the annals of American painting, such as
David Neal (whose "Interior of St. Mark's" hangs in
the Art Institute of Chicago); Emanuel Leutze, a his-
torical painter of unquestionable genius; Frederick
E. Church, George L. Brown, Albert Bierstadt,
Thomas Hill, and others, whose pictorial achieve-
ments have won praise and honor. An adequate show-
ing of our art should include some of the best works
of Hubbard, Huntington, Meeker, Cropsey, Cranch,
and Antrobus. Fortunately, West, Copley, Trumbull,
Allston, Peale, and Vanderlyn are represented, though
not generally by the compositions which made them
celebrated. Gilbert Stuart is regarded as our most
eminent portrait-painter, and we can judge of his skill
and power shown in seven striking portraits of notables
belonging to the last century. They are perfectly
natural in expression, and the colors on some of them
are almost as bright as though laid on yesterday.
There is only one of Thomas Sully's excellent por-
traits, but one by the once popular Jarvis, and a single
example of Charles Elliott's wonderfully faithful por-
traits (another being at the Art Institute). There are
two of William Page's successful portraits, and one
by Chester Harding (a capital likeness of himself).
W. S. Mount, justly renowned for his genre work, is
seen at his best in "The Long Story" and "The
Power of Music." Weir appears to good advantage
in the showy picture, "Taking the Veil." The three
pioneers of American landscape-painting—Doughty,
Durand, and Cole—are well represented; so is Ken-
sett, by a solitary lovely landscape. There are plea-
sing canvases by Gray, Hamilton, Fuller, S. R. Gifford,
and W. M. Hunt; three of McEntee's exquisite land-
sapes, and one by that superb colorist, Louis R.
Mignot. This "Retrospective Exhibit" proves that
America has brought forth artists of exceptional abil-
ity, who did masterly and original work, notwithstanding
the lack of training and encouragement.

In striking contrast with this exhibit of American
art (in Gallery 4) is the Loan Collection of Foreign
Masterpieces owned in the United States (in Galleries
40, 41, 42), consisting of about one hundred and twenty
paintings, three-fourths of them being by distinguished
French painters. It is a matter of congratulation that
twelve of Corot's finest paintings are here, and eight
of Millet's (including "The Gleaners"). One wishes
that Corot's matchless "Biblis" (owned by Mr. J. J.
Hill, of St. Paul) were here; also Millet's "Sower"
(owned by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston), and some
of the pictures in the excellent collection of Mr. Wal-
ters, of Baltimore. It is gratifying that there are so
many people of wealth and taste in this country who
are willing to allow the public to look at their art
treasures. Mention should be made here of the splen-
did collection (nearly two hundred) of old masters and
modern paintings at the Art Institute of Chicago.
Of the remaining exhibits in the United States section there are more than one thousand oil paintings and several hundred water colors and etchings. Here are poetic and admirable things side by side with the unworthy and amateurish. The impressionist craze has wrought its worst among the third-class painters of our land. One may feel proud, however, of such landscapists as Inness and Wyant, some of whose best paintings are here. And the noble conceptions of Elihu Vedder stand comparison with those of Europe's most gifted artists of to-day. There are half a dozen charming and eccentric things of Whistler's, besides sixty-five really beautiful etchings. An ambitious effort, somewhat ornate in style, is Abbey's "Galahad Brought to Arthur's Court," from the frieze for the delivery-room of the Boston Public Library. Space does not permit of comment on the numerous examples of fine work here by Chase, La Farge, Homer, Martin, Sargent, Tryon, Harrison, Bridgman, Minor, De Haas, and other promising painters.

The French, German, Austrian, and British sections are at once satisfying and disappointing. They contain good pictures in abundance, among them some by Deffregger, Kaulbach, Chouliant, Skarbina, A. Werner, etc., and some pictures which fall short of a high artistic standard. A number of the leading artists of Germany—Leibl, Böcklin, Feuerbach, Richter, Bodenmüller—are not represented. The works of illustrious painters here, in many instances, are not their best. It often happens that the subjects chosen are commonplace, and the treatment is not such as to appeal to the imagination. Even beauty is degraded. Makart maintains his reputation for luscious coloring in the series, "The Five Senses," but they are not great paintings—they are rather magnificent specimens of decorative art.

Contemporary art in France, Central Europe, and England seems to be at a standstill, if not on the decline. It is tending toward the conventional and merely ornamental. The masters are dead. Their successors reach a certain level of proficiency—technically they are well equipped, but not intellectually. They are doing very little of grand creative work.

In walking through the galleries of Dutch, Russian, Swedish, Mexican, and Japanese paintings, one is struck by their distinctive national characteristics. The manners and tendencies of a people and an age are as truly mirrored by art as by literature. At present, the current of art-life is setting strongly in the direction of realism. Too close fidelity to nature is attended by undesirable results. The spiritual is too seldom sought or attained. The local and transitory—genre and portraiture—seem to be gaining the ascendency over ideal and historical themes. One longs for a return of the days of Turner, Delacroix, and Kaulbach.

The displays in the Art Palace of the Columbian Exposition will serve a twofold purpose: in giving an impetus to the study of art, and in emphasising its importance as an essential element of a liberal education. Priceless benefits must follow in the wake of the Fair. It is to be hoped that its influence may lead in time to an artistic, as well as a literary, renaissance.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

By Richard Garbe.

[Continued.]

V. THE DURGA FESTIVAL.

It was the day of the great Durga festival, which was usually celebrated in a renowned temple in the southern part of Benares, founded in the preceding century by a pious queen, and down to the present day called the Monkey Temple. Not only the building itself, but also the banks of the square walled tank which lay near it, and the giant trees hard by, were filled with thousands and thousands of shrieking, chattering monkeys, who tumbled about joyously, conscious of their sacredness, and revelling in the food received from the faithful Hindus. Should a person have dared to kill one of these monkeys, he would have been guilty of a crime against the dread goddess, and must have expected speedy revenge from an excited people. Only recently has the English government felt strong enough to remove the great mass of the monkeys and to confine the remainder to the interior of the temple. High, smooth walls, forming a square, surround the holy place; the side of the chief entrance is marked in the centre by a half sphere with a dome at each corner. Through the small portal one passes into a porch or vestibule, which is supported by twelve carved pillars, and from this a few steps lead down to the open temple court, where the sacrifices take place. In the centre of this court stands the temple proper, an oddly intricate piece of architecture, which contains the dreadful image of the bloodthirsty Durga. In perfect harmony with the character of the goddess the whole temple is colored red.

During the festival the heavy beating of drums in the porch near the entrance was to be heard, while in the presence of the divine image two great bells of shrill sound were rung by the priests. The ground reeked with blood. Hourly after sunrise great herds of oxen, goats, and sheep were driven into the temple by the pious Hindus, till the arms of the priests who had to strike with long swords the necks of the victims fastened in strong wooden forks, were worn out. Without, at a little distance from the temple, stood the vendors of the favorite grain of the monkeys, which
they offered for sale in large baskets. The pilgrims here dutifully purchased food for the sacred animals of the goddess, and if they themselves possessed no vessel, used smooth brazen platters which they borrowed of the venders. The monkeys that were not already overfed crowded in herds to meet the new-comers, and grasped greedily the food in the vessels presented to them. Often it happened that a long-tailed reveller would snatch the platter from the hands of a worshipper, and with a joyful shriek, spilling half its contents, swing himself upon a tree, and from there to the top of the temple. And the other monkeys, not allowing him to enjoy alone his plunder, would run shrieking after him, and begin a fierce battle for its possession. Then, not unfrequently, the metal plate would fall clattering down from the roof of the temple upon the heads of the Hindus crowding at the entrance below, and thus increase the general tumult and confusion. Those who were fortunate enough to get within the temple, made their way, pushing, reviling, and shrieking, to the space before the image of the goddess, stretching out her tongue and staring at her worshippers with gloating eyes. With prostrations and shouts of "Hail, Durga, great mother!" they placed before her wreaths of flowers, or poured milk, rice, and grain on the floor without discrimination.

The glowing sun shone down upon the heap of offerings, decomposed the stuff, and created a fearful stench, of which the thronging masses did not seem to take notice. Before they passed out they threw silver and copper coins upon a great pewter plate which stood under the special care of a greedily watching priest. With eagerness he looked at it and cried at intervals with a loud voice sounding above the shrill clang of the bell and the shouts of the throng: "Durga, the mother of us all is not pleased with you. You have given her to eat and drink, but you give not money enough, and for this the goddess will let you perish, you and your children. If she is to conquer in the conflict with the demons we must support her with our offerings, and so we need money, much money."

Then the departing ones would put their hands into their garments and the coins would clatter upon the plate, which, as soon as it was nearly filled, was emptied by the priest with a sly, unnoticed movement.

Among those present were also two Europeans, who, standing aside, looked with unconcealed disgust at the confusion before the temple. They were the collector of Benares, and the officer who commanded the English battalion quartered outside the city. "Let us not go in," said the former, "I cannot endure the ear-splitting noise and the vile odor; having seen it once is quite enough."

The officer assented, and remarked scornfully: "Now this is the people whose 'wisdom' our good White takes the trouble to study. Day by day he sits at home and gives up to a nigger all the leisure hours which he denies to our company. If he would only come occasionally and play billiards with us! I cannot understand such a man."

"I knew White at Oxford where we studied together," said the collector. "He is a clever man, and was by far the best in his year. But he was always somewhat eccentric, and even at that time shunned the companionship of his comrades. About twelve years ago he told me that he intended to enter the civil service in India solely to have an opportunity of investigating Hindu philosophy. To that end he diligently studied Sanskrit. He has his own peculiar ways, but he is consistent and does not stray from them. Our chief officers esteem him highly on account of his brilliant examinations, otherwise he would not, being so young, hold so lucrative a position."

This, however, did not seem to impress the officer, who only repeated with a haughty sneer: "Hindu philosophy!" and added, pointing to several Hindus near by who reverently bowing were feeding the monkeys, "a beautiful philosophy which teaches people to worship brutes!"

"Yes," replied the collector, laughing, "But I suppose the standpoint of the Brahman with whom White is heart and soul is somewhat higher."

"I don't believe it," said the officer with the air of a man who thinks his own judgment is final upon matters unknown to him, "nigger is nigger."

The two gentlemen did not know how near was the Brahman of whom they spoke; for just then Ramchandra was passing along with the Purohit with whom we became acquainted at the house of Krishnadas. The latter cast a glance at the temple and remarked: "Here the rabble of our city and their priests abide. It is good that in our country we can serve the gods in different manners, the lower classes in this and the higher classes in another. But what a contrast! How otherwise appears the character of divinity to us, the learned Brahmins, than to these uneducated priests of the public temples. True, we must recognise them also as Brahmins, Brahmins they are without doubt,—but they stand further from Brahma than we. They know nothing of our sacred books, and their modes of divine worship are foolish. But one thing I must praise; they understand how to rule the minds of the masses. In this respect we might learn from them. Oh Ramchandra, we must not weary in our work of holding the better classes under control, least of all now while oppressed by the Sahibs. But, Ramchandra, what ails you? You do not seem to hear me!"

Ramchandra started from his reverie, and excused himself. "I was absent-minded while you were speaking. Alas! never has anything so moved me as that..."
which I saw yesterday at the house of Krishnadas. I
did not sleep a moment during the whole night, and
when I arose and took a book to quiet myself, my head
swam; I heard the despairing cry of Lilavati,—I hear
it yet,—oh, it is fearful!

"Ramchandra," said the Purohit, "you are young
and impressionable. When you are as old as I, you
will have learned that worse things can happen to men
than what you saw yesterday. Pray to Brahma to
give to your mind that calmness which is becoming to
one belonging to his chosen caste,—the calmness with
which the sacred Ganga has flowed past our city for
thousands and thousands of years."

"I tried to pray," answered Ramchandra gloomily,
"but I could not. There rang constantly in my ears,
'Water, water, only one drop of water!' Why must
yesterday, just yesterday, have been the widow's fast-
day?"

"Why? Do you ask, Ramchandra? Do you think
that the regular course of day and night could be
changed for a fever-stricken widow? Because a man is
dying, shall the order of the universe be changed?"
Thus spoke the Purohit impressively. Then he paused,
and asked in a sterner tone: "Tell me, Ramchandra,
when Gopa in her blindness yesterday was about to
fetch water to the patient, did you do your duty and
effort to restrain her?"

"Yes, I did; but I doubt whether it was right."

"You doubt whether it was right!" continued the
Purohit. "You yourself are fever-stricken, if you say
that, Ramchandra, you, by whom formerly our holy
laws were regarded as the highest. I advise you to go
home and to sleep."

"But tell me," said Ramchandra, slowly, who had
scarcely noticed the indignation of the Purohit, "if,
as our faith teaches, man, in all things which he ex-
periences or suffers, is but earning the fruit of his
own deeds, if he receives only the reward of the works
he has done in this and earlier existences, of what con-
sequence then are the gods to us?"

The Purohit replied: "They assign the rewards
for the works and lead the pious to good deeds. They
look into the heart of man, for they are all-knowing and
almighty."

Ramchandra interrupted the Purohit: "All know-
ing,—then they must have known that Lilivati, the
widow, would die on the fast-day. Almighty,—then
they could have prevented it. I thought the highest
attribute of the gods was mercy, but it was a mistake,
else they would not have permitted Lilivati to perish."

"Hold, Ramchandra, blasphemer!" cried the Pu-
rohit, now full of agitation. "The gods are merci-
ful. Can you, with your dull eyes, understand their
ways? You look over this one short life and think not
of the cycle of unnumbered births in which creatures
are tried and educated by the gods, until, purified from
the dust of earthly things, they approach them, and at
the end of their career, enter into the great rest of
Brahma. However, do not talk of the kindness and
mercy of the gods; think rather of their ordinances
and laws. Upon them rests the world! The Sahibs
always speak of their kind and merciful God. That's
it, indeed! Now it is all clear to me! The constant
intercourse with the Sahib has spoiled you. I wish
this accursed barbarian—"

Ramchandra at once interrupted the angry man
with the words: "Stop. You do not know him. The
Sahib is good; as good as you."

"You are irreverent, Ramchandra," said the Pu-
rohit, immediately; "the rapid success of your studies
has blinded you. You no longer respect age and ex-
périe; I have long noticed it with regret."

Ramchandra felt himself abashed. He knew that
he had gone too far, and answered: "Pardon me,
worthy sir, but I fear I shall not be able to change.
When any one does an injustice to me or another,
wrath overcomes me as a typhoon which throws the
billows of the ocean to the sky. I cannot restrain it."
The Purohit was silent for a time, then he said in
a milder tone: "Ramchandra, why do you not follow
my advice? You should take a wife; believe me, an
unwedded life is not good for a fiery soul, like you."

Ramchandra made an impatient gesture with his
hand, but the Purohit continued: "I am sorry that
your parents did not marry you when a child; but
still nothing is lost. The most distinguished families
of our caste would gladly give you one of their
dughters."

"Why do you press me?" returned Ramchandra.
"Do not many Brahmans remain unmarried during
their whole life? I will do the same."

"Very few choose the state of celibacy," said the
Purohit, significantly, "and they are of a different na-
ture from yours,—quiet, gentle men, who find the
highest happiness of life in the renunciation of the
world, in god-given contemplation."

"You know," said the young man, I have an ardent
love of knowledge; I am also ambitious; I hate bonds.
No, married life is not for me."

"Is that the only reason, Ramchandra?" asked
the Purohit, searchingly; and when the young man,
looking up with surprise, frankly replied: "Yes; cer-
tainly!" he was evidently relieved. "I believe you,
Ramchandra. For my own part, I do not think that
wife and children would hinder you from study and
investigation; but perhaps they might cure you of the
habit of brooding. You think too much. Our ways
separate here. Farewell!"

The Purohit left his young companion in the vicin-
ity of the Ghats—those quay-like structures along the
CURRENT TOPICS.

Suppose that you should go some evening to see Henry Irving in the character of "Hamlet," would you not feel disappointed if at the beginning of the play the stage manager should step forward and say, "Ladies and Gentlemen! Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Irving, his part will be read by one of the supernumeraries!" Well, I feel a little disappointment when I hear the Chairman of a Parliament, of all religions, or something of that sort, say, "Ladies and Gentlemen! Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was advertised by the programme for an address this afternoon, his paper will be read by Mr. Ebenzer Brown." It increases my annoyance if I find out afterwards that the committee, when they advertised Mr. Spencer, knew that he would not come. I use the name of Mr. Spencer for example merely, but it will do for other men. The practice of having somebody's "paper" read by a supernumerary instead of by the writer of it has come to be tiresome and a grievance. No substitute reader can put into any "paper" the magnetic presence of the man who wrote it, his meaning, his feeling, and that personality which gives to an essay a special interest of its own. No grace of elocution can give living warmth to a speech delivered in a public meeting if the soul of the author is absent from it. When it had been advertised that Marcus Tullius Cicero would speak in the forum on the issues of the day, and the chairman of the meeting told the assembled citizens that owing to a railroad accident which had prevented the attendance of Senator Cicero, his "paper" would be read by M. Sueionus Vesuvius, the Romans rose with dignity, and wrapping their togas round them, left the meeting. Yet we, a greater people, submit to a like imposture every day.

I never knew but one instance where a substitute orator did as well as the original, and that was the case of old Nick Grimes, who used to keep the livery stable at Marbulltown. It was thirty-nine years ago this fall that James W. Grimes was "running" as a candidate for Governor of Iowa, and as there were no railroads west of the Mississippi in those days, he hired a span of horses and a buggy from Nick Warren to take him through the counties on a stump-speaking pilgrimage, with Warren himself as driver. After many days of this they reached the village of Sioux City, then a little hamlet in the north-western part of the State. Just before they entered the town, Grimes complained of illness, and said that the meeting must therefore be given up. Warren declared that such a subterfuge would lose votes, and that as nobody at Sioux City knew either of them, he could pretend to be the candidate, and Grimes could act as coachman. "I have heard that musty old speech of yours," he said, "every night since we started, and I can deliver it as well as you can." Without some reluctance on the part of Grimes, the plan was adopted and Warren made the speech amid "enthusiastic applause." His grammar was not so good as the Governor's but the speech was all the better for that. Even this bit of success is by no means a conclusive answer to what I have said above, because although the speech was the Governor's, Warren delivered it as his own, and threw into it his own feeling, individuality, and force. Had he said, "Fellow citizens! Mr. Grimes is not able to attend, and therefore I will read a 'paper' prepared by him"; or if he had said, "I will give the speech that I have heard him deliver fifty times," the crowd would have contemptuously dispersed; and, what would have been a worse disaster, they would have voted against Grimes.

I know that my story is true, for I got it right from the lips of old Nick Warren himself.

The Chicago papers in describing Monday's attendance at the World's Fair have used up all the superlatives in the language; and when I try to describe the miracle with prose rhetoric, I find that they have left me but a beggarly wardrobe of words. They boastfully say that no city in the world but Chicago could attract seven hundred thousand people to a celebration on a bit of land no larger than Jackson Park and seven miles from the centre of the town, but that is a mistake. London could attract as large a crowd, and so could Paris, to a free festival, but neither Paris nor London could attract such a multitude of people to any entertainment if the price of admission was fixed at fifty cents a head. That seven hundred and fifty thousand people were able to pay fifty cents each for a ticket, and railroad fare besides, is the most wonderful part of the phenomenon, and it shows how superabundant are the resources of the West. The exuberance of nature acts upon human character, and makes men careless about money. Where the land is prodigal of its riches men will not be stingy; and this is the reason why the multitudinous legions which a "contemporary" compares to the army of Xerxes, paid their money for a ticket of admission to the great Columbian Exposition upon Chicago Day.

Although some part of the great attendance at the World's Fair on Chicago Day may be called spontaneous, much of it was due to artful advertising, and for this the managers ought to have due credit. They made a programme of impossible splendor, they rehearsed a triple bob major every morning upon that impudent pretender that goes by the name of the new Liberty Bell, and cut of rather flimsy materials they created a sentiment that exalted into an act of loyalty an attendance at the Fair upon Chicago Day. In the language of Saint Paul they "caught them with guile," and their admirable strategy was worthy of the late Mr. Barnum when at his best. Although, perhaps, not visible in his old familiar form, the reincarnation of Mr. Barnum must have been somewhere in the management; but that is no reproach, for if we charge that the directors adopted Mr. Barnum's tactics, we must admit that they are entitled to the use of his apology. "I gave the people bunting," he said, "but also, I gave them the worth of their money." That excuse will avail here, for I do not think that any man who visited the Fair can truthfully say that he did not get the worth of his money and more too, except of course at the eating houses, and at some of the side shows in the Midway Plaisance. That Midway Plaisance was a sort of exaggerated "Bartlemy Fair," as it was conducted in London before it was "put down"; and, after all, a man who enjoys that sort of entertainment, got his money's worth even there. Considering that fifty millions of people in the United States have not yet seen this greatest of all International Expositions, it ought to be kept open at least for another year.

At last the Senate finds that although it is easy to vote public money into private pockets, it is not so easy to stop the benevolence or to take the money back. Before the presidential election, the hifalutin Senators, competing for the vote of the "silver States," passed a law binding the Government to purchase a hundred tons of silver every month; and when the election was over, they became virtuous and said: "That law has worked mischief, as we knew it would, and therefore we will repeal it now." To that the silver States replied: "It has not worked any mischief upon us, and therefore you shall not repeal it now." The result of that contradiction is a patrician tournament more comical than a circus, where every performer is a clown. As there was no charge for admission, the galleries of the Senate were crowded
with spectators eager to see sixty drowsy old gentlemen testing statesmanship by physical endurance and trying to wear one another out. Unfortunately they have not given themselves any preliminary training for such a contest, as the professional prize-fighters wisely do. They have not even taken a ten-mile spin and a rub-down before breakfast, and I fear they will soon become exhausted. Much good living tries the stamina of a man, and inclines him to a compromise. Senator Stockbridge may be a robust and brave exception, for he appeared last night in the Senate, "although," say the dispatches, "he has not yet recovered from his encounter with a Chicago cabie-car." The only man in the Senate that I would bet on to stand his ground in this battle between Silver and Gold, is the man who could hold his own and get not much the worst of it in an "encounter" with a Chicago cabie-car.

We all know that it is not becoming in any person to laugh at a tragedy, and yet I confess with due remorse that I have sometimes laughed at Othello more heartily than at the Mikado; not at the tragedy, of course, but at the way they played it. I know that it is wrong to laugh at the Senate, but the mock heroics of that assembly are too theatrically solemn for anything but laughter. The by-play and the pantomime, the mounting guard on the picket line, the long roll that summons a quorum, the sleeping on lounges, the bivouacking in the committee-rooms, and the "die at my post" business are all melodramatically done. According to the dispatches telegraphed all over the land and published this morning in a thousand papers, one Senator slipped away to a beef-steak, but before he had eaten a mouthful of it, the long roll sounded, and he was compelled to hurry to his place in line of battle. Another, like a tired warrior, wraps his blanket round him and lies down to fitful dreams; another is "equipped with a comb, and brush, and other toilet requisites"; but the most exciting bit of information, dated at half-past three o'clock this morning, says: "Senator Voorhees has fallen into a deep sleep in his chair. His head hangs forward on his chest, and his arms hang limp at his side." The next item is more suggestive of hanging than the other. "Senator Palmer has just bid good night to his wife and daughter, who remained in his committee-room up to 12:45 o'clock." This gave me an electric shock that will make me dream to-night; for if the reporter, instead of "committee-room" had substituted "cell," I should have thought that my old comrade was to be led forth to execution at nine o'clock this morning, and that he had been allowed a final parting with his family at 12:45 last night. Because the House of Lords has no rules to prevent obstruction, our Senate thinks it ought not to have any either, for it must at least as "conservative" as the House of Lords.

* * *

This is Friday morning, and my fears of yesterday, that the Senators would soon become exhausted, are justified. They had the spirit of gladiators, but the muscle was not there. The majority surrendered, and now like a hungry jury they are ready to compromise on a verdict. The contest was curious and instructive in many ways, especially, perhaps, in bringing into bold relief the genius of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who, according to the dispatches of yesterday, "has compiled a mass of interesting information as to the usual haunts of Senators, in order that those who drift away may be tracked to their lairs." That is a yellow-covered story, and very likely false, for it is hardly possible that the Sergeant-at-Arms employs a corps of detectives to "follow the trail" of Senators, and track them to their "lairs" at night. Whether true or false, it helps to solve a puzzle in ancient history. I have often wondered how it happened that Cicero knew so much about Catiline, so that he could tell him to his face in the Senate where he was last night, and the night before, and the night before that; who his companions were, and what they said and did. The explanation is easy enough now. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Roman Senate knew the "haunts" and "lairs" of the Senators; he had the "interesting information" recorded in a book, and he showed that book to Cicero.

M. M. Trumbull.

NOTES.

Edward H. Hall concludes a forcibly written article on "The New Unitarianism" as follows: "In the presence of this old-time dualism, constantly masquerading under fresh forms, the New Unitarianism cannot hesitate where to take its stand. It knows in these conflicts no higher name and no higher thing than nature. It knows no sublier or diviner thought than the unity of nature, and no sublier fact. It seeks only to make real all that this term, "the unity of nature," implies. By the accident of its name, Unitarianism is pledged to faith in the divine unity; the New Unitarianism simply emphasizes this thought, clears it of all confusion, and carries it to its legitimate conclusion. For the first time in its history, if this view of the situation is correct, Unitarianism represents all that its name implies, the absolute unity of the universe. It represents a unity in which no form of dualism, be it miraculous and law, mind and matter, or divinity and humanity, can exist. It represents a unity in which God ceases to be at odds with his universe, and but one supreme power appears, all the universe over, and all the centuries through; a unity in which man's religious aspirations and intellectual needs alike are gratified; and in which at last the faith of the spirit and the faith of science find themselves at one."—The New World, September, 1893, p. 551.

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