

and which no fair gardener need be too fastidious to superintend. This is the recipe for it.

Procure in the Spring a dozen large square sods and have them piled in a sunny place convenient to the flower-beds. Throw upon the heap during the summer all rakings and scrapings from the garden, and once a month or so a barrow-load of rich black earth from the street. Every Monday baptize with a pail of warm soap-suds from the laundry, and from time to time stir in a shovelful of dry lime to kill the weeds. When Autumn comes and leaves fall, add as large a quantity as can be conveniently collected, and all Winter long continue to apply the weekly soap-bath. Lying thus for a twelvemonth under sun and shower, your compost heap will by Spring exhibit itself a mound of rich, black, crumbly loam, without mal odor, and be daintiest of dishes to set before the garden kings. Every spadeful committed to the generous soil will be returned with compound interest in bloom and growth and delicious flower-fragrance, for Nature, never grudging in her gifts, reserves her choicest favors for those who wait with friendly hands to spread a banquet before her sweet growing things.

#### MIGNONETTE BOXES.

It is late, but not too late, for planting mignonette boxes, and we advise everybody who desires to secure a winter enjoyment of the simplest and most refined sort, to set about doing so immediately.

The box may be simple or ornate, as fancy and convenience dictate. It may be tiled, painted in plain colors, made of simple zinc, or papered to match the room. Or it need not be a box at all, but simply

a large earthen-ware flower-pot. But it must have proper drainage and the soil must be well sifted and friable, with a proper admixture of sand.

The seeds, lightly sown, should be well watered and set in a sunny *kitchen* window to germinate. Kitchens are admirable places for plants, because of the continual steam which arises from the cooking process. Not a potato is boiled or a cup of tea made that does not yield its quota to enrich the air; your mutton may be said to nourish your geraniums as well as yourself. A pane of glass should be laid over the box for the first few days to keep in the warm moisture and coax forward the growing germs.

When the tiny, double leaves of green are fairly developed, remove the glass and let them bask in sun, with moderate watering. After blossom time begins, do not hesitate to cut flowers now and then, and to pinch here and there a top shoot. The tendency is to spindle and run to seed, and mignonette, properly tended, should be one feast of bloom from end to end of winter, and ready, if set out in spring, to renew its labors and afford flowers for May and June while the spring plantings are coming forward.

Few people are aware of the fact that mignonette, like all plants of delicate fragrance, is never so sweet as when house-grown, and in the room with an open fire. The ventilated warmth seems to coax forth a subtle perfume which even the sun cannot reach, and a whole window-box full will make a room so ineffably delicious that it is a pleasure merely to pass the door. But even a tiny twenty-cent pot from the florist will do that. Would we could set one in every sick-room in the land, and every poor house!

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### CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

#### MORE "PSYCHIC" DEVELOPMENTS.

MR. CROOKES has published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* another series of experiments testing the obscure manifestations of power by Mr. Home and others. These tests are much more severe, and much less questionable in their results, than those given before. The possibility of jugglery, or of Mr. Home's "electro-biologizing" the observers, as suggested by Professor Balfour Stewart, seems to be entirely excluded, the effects having been recorded by automatic instruments entirely disconnected from the operators or the observers.

In the first of the new experiments the original board and spring balance were used, with a recording apparatus similar in principle to those employed in meteorological observations. A fine steel point, projecting outwards, was attached to the moving index of the balance. To the front of the balance was firmly fastened a grooved frame carrying a flat box containing a sheet of plate-glass smoked over a flame. The box was made to travel by clock-work in front of the index, the point touching the smoked surface. With

the balance at rest and the clock running, a straight horizontal line would be traced. With the clock stopped and a weight applied to the end of the board (now fitted with a rest to serve as a fulcrum), a vertical line would be marked, the length depending on the weight applied. A pull exerted on the end of the board would in like manner be measured by a straight line downward. With the clock running and a variable weight on the short arm of the lever, there resulted, of course, a curve, from which the tension at any moment could be calculated. Several lines obtained under varying conditions are engraved for the report. At first the apparatus was so arranged that the force would have to be exerted through water. This proved as effectual as with solid contact. Next, the water connection was removed, when it was found that the force could be exerted through air. One of the curves thus obtained showed a maximum pull of nearly 1,000 grains when Mr. Home was standing three feet from the apparatus with his hands and feet firmly held.

Another series of experiments was made with a more delicate apparatus. It was first tried in the ab-

sence of Mr. Home, the operator being a "non-professional" lady whose name is withheld; afterwards with Mr. Home. This apparatus would require an engraving to make a description of its operation intelligible. The force was transmitted through a lever and automatically recorded as in the other experiments, every precaution being taken to insure that no shaking or jarring of the table would interfere with the results. Six tracings obtained by this instrument are engraved, two of them having been made while Mr. Home had no visible connection with the apparatus or its supports.

These experiments Mr. Crookes believes to confirm "beyond a doubt" the existence of a force associated with the human organization in some manner not yet explained, by which force the weight of solid bodies may be altered without physical contact. At one trial with a weighing machine in the presence of Mr. Home, the increase of weight was from 8lbs., nominally to 36lbs., 48lbs., and 46lbs., in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny. At another time, in the presence of other observers, the increase of weight was from 8lbs. to 23lbs., 43lbs., and 27lbs., in three successive trials, varying the conditions.

The problem seems now to have been brought to a point where, as Professor Challis, of Cambridge, says, "Either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony [and he might have added instrumental testimony] must be given up."

#### SOME FACTS FROM ENGLAND.

THERE is, with all the improvements in science and art, in all that makes luxury, and makes it æsthetic in England, a fearful counterpoise in the accelerating degradation of the lower classes. On every side,—country and town, farm-laborer and factory-laborer,—there comes from the lower stratum of society an ominous murmur, to which wise men could not turn such utterly deaf ears as do the English privileged classes, if the gods had not first taken away their senses. With the accumulation of enormous estates—regal wealth and regal indifference to the poor—pauperism in England is increasing at a rate which, by itself, would indicate immense over-population, but which, taken in connection with the fact that there are incomes of £80,000 and others of £30 per annum (supposing the earner of the latter loses no time from illness or holidays); that even bishops (fathers in Christ) have incomes of £16,000, and their "children" are starving in hard labor—proves that there is something radically wrong in the primary arrangements of society. The English newspapers break out now and then with fragmentary revelations of the condition of the substructure of that community in which nothing is common but the air they breathe. A short time ago we had a case of a postman who died of starvation. We one day asked an intelligent letter-carrier in London some questions as to his service. It seemed that, by performing double service, one in delivering letters and another in the office, he

gained *fourteen shillings a week*. In a "harvest-home" which was held this year in Hertfordshire, and at which the farmers were in great glee on account of their abundant harvest, a farm-laborer made a speech in the course of which he put forth the following suggestion:—

Twelve shillings per week was a moderate wage in this part of the country, out of which the laborer had to pay 2s. per week for rent, 2s. for firing, and, supposing he was imprudent enough to be the father of six children, there was just 1s. per week each left for the maintenance of the father, mother, and children. How, then, was it possible for the laborer to obtain animal food, which they were told was so very necessary for the sustenance of the human frame in the early stages of its development? He did not believe the farmers wished to oppress those beneath them, but he would give them this piece of advice:—Let those young men who had been imprudent enough to get married and have a family do the piece-work, as far as practicable, and thus have a chance of earning a few extra shillings to supply their children with animal food to keep their souls and bodies together.—His speech was much applauded.

Truly, there seems a small margin between this and starvation, and yet we see the disparities increase, and, what seems an unaccountable result of civilization, land in England, while it pays so little profit that it seems hardly worth while to continue the agricultural profession, is being gathered into enormous estates, driving the class of small farmers out of existence, leaving only the broad distinction of great-estate owners and laborers; and these estates are declared to be sought and purchased now, not as a source of profit by agriculture, but as luxuries. This means that there are so many large fortunes made from other sources than land culture, *i. e.*, from trade and manufactures, that the land itself has ceased to play a first part in the political economy of England, and is becoming merely an instrument of social or political ambition. The only State which modern history records in a similar position is Venice. Will history be logical, and prepare the fate of Venice for England? Nor is it trade alone that has helped in this malversation of prosperity, but even the condition of the Church in England assists. What with the selling of livings, and the pushing of incapable younger sons of influential families into the church dignities—not to forget other "places"—not only is the substance of the country drained to keep in luxury a class of privileged paupers, but Christianity itself, whose mission it is to lift the fallen and abase the proud, is perverted to a cause of backsliding and offense to the poor—a millstone around the neck of England against the day when she may be cast into the sea. Where an advertisement like the following can be printed in a sporting paper, *The Field*, without irritating the sense of the community, what can be said of the Church, or its influence on the poor and ignorant:—

SOLE CHARGE.—In a good hunting country. Furnished house, stables, and stipend, &c., desired for the coming winter by a benefited clergyman.—Address F., &c., &c.

It comes in our experience once to have met a clergyman of this type at a dinner-party, where he was the hardest drinker and loudest talker. He held three livings, the aggregate income of which was a thousand pounds, and the aggregate flock of which was seven souls. He passed the most of his time in hunting and

shooting when the season permitted, and no one knows how when these failed, he being a bachelor not over forty.

Out of which of these causes come such incidents as the following, told in an English newspaper, the *Western Mail*?—

Quite by accident the veil has been lifted upon a sad social sore at Briton Ferry, a small port on the South Wales seaboard, which boasts of a Board of Health, a sanitary inspector, and high rates. In the course of an inquest on a child which was found dead in bed, it was stated that a family of nine persons, male and female, occupied one sleeping apartment, which, according to the coroner, was scarcely fit for two. The only other bed-room was occupied by lodgers, and the kitchen was common to all. There were no sanitary conveniences attached to the house, and that nothing might be wanting to make the place as perfect a fever-bed as it was possible for human ingenuity to design, the place was surrounded by filth of all kinds. When asked for an explanation, the mother of the child stated that she was compelled to let off a portion of the house in order to be able to pay the rent, and to obtain good and sufficient food for the family. She asserted that the fault lay with the landlords, who would not build houses suitable to the means of laboring men. It does not seem to have occurred either to the coroner or the jury to ask what rent the woman was paying for this fever-den.

But if this is the result of private greed and indifference to humanity, what shall we say of this other, extracted from the record of the investigation into the management of one of the public hospitals of London?

Orlando Guidi, of 27 Stafford street, Lisson-grove, a market gardener's porter, said he had been in the hospital nine days in May. He had seen many patients tied down, but he was never tied down himself. Patients had in some cases been tied down all night. The patients were tied down by the nurses and the convalescent patients. He had often asked for drink during the night, and could not get it. He had asked for beef-tea, milk, and even water. He had been told by the nurses that there was no beef-tea or milk, and that water was not allowed. The beef which was given to the patients was like India-rubber and tainted. Very often he had to send it away. All the patients complained of the meat. There was a great insufficiency of nurses, and he had often seen the ward without any nurse at all. Directly after he got up from his bed, on which he had been for eight days, another patient was put in. While he was there there was no change of sheets on the bed, and none for the new patient. When he had been up a few hours he wanted to lie down again, and the nurse told him to lie down outside another patient's bed. She said, "There is a patient who won't last more than half an hour." He died in a quarter of an hour, and witness was put into his bed. Next day he was sent to the convalescent ward, his bed being close to the water-closet door. When he got into the bed he found vermin the next morning. In the sick ward the sheets were stained with blood. There were only two towels for eighty-four to eighty-eight patients in the convalescent ward, and they were so filthy with vermin that he could not use them. The patients complained to Mr. Gee, the warder, who said, "What can you expect where there is sickness?" There was no bath until a few days before he left the hospital. He himself could not take a bath because he was covered with boils.

Where, then, are the bishops and clergy—the men who make Christ their trade, if not their profession? One can imagine them replying, "When saw we thee sick and in prison and visited thee not?" etc. Even our New York ring and its misdoings are less abominable and uncivilized than all this.

THE revival of French literature after the interruption of the war, the siege, and the rebellion of the Commune, seems to develop a purer atmosphere than has existed among French readers for some years. A few of the popular romancers of the later days of the Empire have appeared on the boards, but they are received very coolly; and works that would have created quite an excitement a year or two ago are now but short-lived in the memories of their old friends. This has

been the fate of Flaubert's *Éducation Sentimentale*, and Arsène Houssaye's *Courtisanes*. Frivolity in literature is, to say the least, no longer fashionable. The Parisian public are growing tired of histories of the war, and the subject is now taking the form of drama, and even poetry, for the thoughts of the great struggle must still find vent in some shape. A young favorite of the French stage has made quite a hit in a declamatory poem entitled the *Cuirassiers*, which is genial in expression and extremely pathetic in sentiment, besides being in measure and rhythm very well adapted to the declamation of the French stage. Then we have, by the same author, *The Two Mothers*, in the form of dialogue, in which a German and a French mother meet at the graves of their fallen sons. Another poet of the lyric school, André Theuriet, gives us the *Peasants of Argonne*, who fight more modestly, but not less effectively, than the *Cuirassiers* with their flourish of trumpets. A former Senator, Leconte de Lisle, makes his bow to the new government with a poem entitled the *Evening after the Battle*, but it is a mere rehash of hollow phrases, which have given the wits an opportunity to declare that the Senator has lost his enthusiasm with the loss of his senatorial salary of 30,000 francs. In the line of prose, Lamartine's memoirs are being republished as a consolation for the follies of Victor Hugo; and Ludovic Hans has published a *Guide through the Ruins*, in which he leads the stranger from Père la Chaise to Neuilly, past the Place of the Bastille, the Hôtel de Ville, the Quays, and the Tuileries—the scenes of the most vandal-like destruction of the Commune. And we are astonished to find the great pulpit-orator and theologian, De Pressensé, out in a quasi-defense of the men of the Commune, in which he attributes to them higher motives than the world is, now at least, generally willing to accord them.

THE WALLS OF PARIS are declared, by one who has made them a study during the last year, to have afforded one of the most singular and interesting histories on record. They have been daily covered anew with posters, long and broad, horizontal or vertical, red, green, yellow, or blue. And what an attractive and instructive story these walls would tell of all the proclamations and declarations, protestations and assurances, admonitions and announcements, in the course of twelve months, through the last days of the Empire, those of the Provisional Government, the Commune, and the present so-called Government of Versailles! This would be veritable history, with all its incredible vicissitudes and simple eloquence, such as no historian could depict. But the posters of yesterday are quickly covered by those of to-day, and as quickly forgotten, notwithstanding their glaring inconsistency, and if any are left, one government rapidly annihilates the proclamations of its predecessor. Thus it is only in the most distant portions of the city that one can have the rare good fortune to meet side by side the bills announcing that "not an inch of our territory shall be given up," and those containing the

sad intelligence that not only Paris had succumbed, but even those of the sadder story of Metz, Alsace, and Lorraine. These walls were the theaters of Paris during the siege, and many of the vain players that there declared their determination to die if Paris should fall, are now still strutting their brief hour on the Boulevards. A pilgrimage to some of these distant walls, whose posters the winds and the rains have still respected, would afford a significant lesson to the curious traveler.

ROBERT BURNS in the Swiss-German idiom is the greatest novelty of the season. One would scarcely admit the possibility of successfully transporting the Scottish Bard into German verse, but Corrodi has taken the lays of the sweet singer of the Scotch Highlands, and brought them into such harmony with his own mountain dialect as to convince the world that there must be an innate harmony between the tongues. The Swiss poems sound like the echo of Robert Burns among the Alpine heights, and the translator has found a poetic relation between the tongues that has a deep significance. There seems to be an affinity between the dialects that develops a sympathy, not only in construction, but also in thought and feeling. It were in vain to attempt to put Robert Burns into any Romanic dialect, because the very thoughts are Germanic in their nature.

THE savans who adorn the witty columns of *Kladderadatsch*—the famous German Punch—are busily engaged, in their peculiar way, in discussing the important political questions of the day. "What is Coming Now?" was the title of leading articles recently, and this question is declared to be the most significant of the period. Some persons who have cousins in the War Department declare that the latter is thinking of erecting an Indo-Germanic kingdom. Moltke is said to be studying special maps of the East, with a view to becoming acquainted with the Himalaya passes and the valleys of Farther India. This assertion is strengthened by the fact that a famous Russian fortune-teller has foretold that an approaching event of great importance will result in making Bismarck a duke, and Moltke a prince. Indeed, in view of the boundless treasures of these Indies which the Germans are to conquer, it is also rumored that no less than four milliards are about to be distributed among certain prominent personages, as an incentive to enthusiasm in the campaign. In short, the Battle of Dorking and some other stories of that ilk have turned the heads of many of the Germans, and they feel that the country must go on doing great things. But *Kladderadatsch* in its wisdom ridicules this unrest, and tells them that nothing at all is coming but a period of repose, which they as a nation need, and which they had better now enjoy while they have a chance.

THE HOLLANDERS seem to have been quite busily occupied with literary matters while their neighbors were engaged in deadly warfare, and their record in the line of letters for the year 1870 is very creditable. Among other publications we notice a collection from the Dutch poets of the seventeenth century, and a new and revised edition of the prose writers of the same period. The Society for the Literature of the Netherlands has also published a new history of their transactions. The field of history has been enriched with several original works, and the translations from Macaulay, Guizot, and Schlosser have met with marked favor from the critics and great success at the counters. A work of much promise, entitled *A History of the Skepticism of the Seventeenth Century*, is to appear in numbers, of which the first is just issued. In the line of travel we notice Kan's *Discoveries in Africa*, and *Fourteen Years' Service in the Navy*, together with an account of an expedition to the coast of Guinea in 1869. The insular possessions of Holland in the East receive a due share of attention, and the list closes with a series of biographical works. In short, without actual examinations of their lists, one would scarcely suspect that the Holland Dutch are so active in literary fields as the record proves them to be. They at least seem determined that their language shall not be swamped in the giant growth and rapid extension of more favored tongues.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE seem to have contained nearly all the Jews of France, to judge from the lament uttered in the columns of the *Revue Israélite* of Paris. It declares that nearly one-third of the Jewish population of the country is taken from it by the loss of these provinces, and this third is by far the most valuable and influential fraction of these people within the French realm. The nation thus loses three-fourths of its Rabbis, readers, and teachers, three consistories, the fine Jewish industrial schools in Strasburg and Mulhouse, and the new agricultural school for Israelites, in the process of construction and of great promise. These institutions were bidding fair to do useful work in training the Jews of France to enter the mechanical and agricultural fields of labor instead of confining themselves to trading and peddling. But what France loses Germany gains, and the Jews have almost a new lease of life and liberty in the constitutions of Germany. If affairs continue to go well with them, they will soon cease to be a down-trodden people there at least. In Austria the government has granted the formation of a Jewish theological faculty for the University of Vienna, with the rank and emoluments of the professors in the other faculties. This is certainly a most generous concession and support from a government so purely Catholic.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

## THE NEW PRESIDENT AT YALE.

AN academic procession at a Puritan college is not, in itself, an imposing or an exhilarating spectacle. It may have its small crowd of attendant urchins following it or accompanying it, with more or less of sportive excitement. But they are present rather from a general and subtle sense of duty than from any satisfaction with the procession itself. To them, indeed (we speak from memory of our own youthful experience as well as from maturer observation), a procession, of whatever sort, is an event to be made the most of; and when the music of a brass band is heard on the morning of Commencement Day, and it is evident that the alumni have begun to form and march, it is a signal not to be unheeded, even though the promise is so sure to be belied by the performance. But always, to the average urchin, there is a feeling of serious regret, a consciousness of being suddenly let down, as from a reasonable pitch of expectation, when the brass band, with more or less glitter of buttons and stripes and burnished instruments, has passed by, and is straightway succeeded by a somber array of black broadcloth and alpaca, and of wholly unobtrusive hats. To be sure, the silk gown of the president, who follows hard after the players on instruments, is a momentary satisfaction, as it rustles by with whispers of official dignity and scholarly pre-eminence. And it is probable that the grave gentleman on whose arm the president is leaning may be the governor of the commonwealth,—though there is nothing to distinguish him from common mortals. But after him there come not even rustling silk gowns nor citizen governors, but mere ordinary costumes, such as one might see for nothing, anywhere and any day. What is a procession worth,—the aggrieved mind of the average urchin dimly asks itself,—what is a procession worth without some kind of costume to distinguish it? Except that they walk two and two and have a brass band at their head, these are like the people whom we see going to the post-office at mail-time. It is a monotonous procession, and to the last degree unsatisfactory. It is so colorless that an alumnus with green spectacles comes to be hailed as an appreciable relief, a cheerful and enlivening phenomenon in the somber scene.

If the day should be rainy, as it so often is, a certain picturesqueness is afforded to the scene by the array of various umbrellas, by which the moving procession is encanopied. There is room for large variety of size and shape and color in so great a multitude of umbrellas—some from the streets and avenues of the metropolis, silken and slender, carried with a pardonable sense of superiority by young alumni from the best society; some from the rural scenes of Squashville, it may be, undisguisedly of cotton, stout of staff, used to protect the alumnal head through the unfashionable years of hard and ill-paid but not unsuccessful work. Not without a picturesque attractiveness is the umbrella-bearing throng, as it moves through the

green to the old church, and executes its one maneuver, when, with uncovered heads, the under-graduates open their ranks and let the alumni pass between them; and not without a certain moral dignity and suggestiveness, as one soberly considers it—the disappointment of the average urchin to the contrary notwithstanding. To those who recognize the faces of the men who have come back to the familiar scenes in which they passed their years of study, and who grow young again as they receive and give the greetings of old time with classmates and associates long separated, there is no lack of interest, of pathos, and even of sublimity in the assembly. Men who have won renown in all the walks of life are there; leaders of thought and of opinion in the State and in the Church; men who have done hard work and good work in society and made the world the better for their living in it; and men who, as they come back to the college walls and call back the college days, and meet the college friends, and salute again the lessening group of old instructors, bear grateful testimony that the strength with which their life-work has been wrought was largely gained here, in the unforgotten time of youth and hope and fresh enthusiasm.

But at the head of the procession on this October morning, and under the protecting shelter of the same umbrella, there are two silk gowns. For this is not Commencement but Inauguration Day. The venerable scholar who, for a quarter of a century, has presided over Yale College, lays down to-day his honorable office—not because of any present infirmities of age, although if hard work, and anxiety, and public responsibility, and inexpressible private griefs could make one old at seventy years, few men should be more aged; but because, with eye undimmed and vigor unabated, he wishes to enjoy the freedom which an unofficial life may give him during the serene evening of his days. And beside him, looking scarcely younger, with the sober cares of office touching him already, and modestly aware how great a vacancy he has been chosen to fill, walks the successor to the chair of Woolsey, Day, and Dwight.

Nothing could be simpler than the ceremony of inauguration. How the fresh young voices of the college choir rolled out the splendid music from the organ gallery! The “Gloria in Excelsis,” the “Domine, Salvum fac Præsidem Nostrum,” were not unmeaning words of a dead language to those cheerful singers. Then came the solemn prayer and blessing, uttered, as was most fit, by the grave voice which now for almost half a century has been most familiar in that sacred house, in various ministries of prayer and praise and reconciliation, as of God’s ambassador. Worthy to be remembered in the annals of friendship is that life-long association of the outgoing president with his neighbor and brother in the ministry and fellow-counsellor in the college, which began when they were school-boys, grew when they were classmates, and has