

They should be willing either to defray all the expense of providing oil and oil-distributers or to reduce the rate of insurance to vessels which have them.

The boards of trade and chambers of commerce are interested as representatives of those who own the vessels and their cargoes. They certainly ought to be willing to take such simple measures to save their own property from destruction.

The state should lend its aid and prescribe penalties for those who may be responsible for the neglect of the use of oil in cases where such use would have prevented disaster. The duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. There is no question of this duty in precautions against epidemics, and it is equally clear in this case. No vessel should be allowed to leave port without oil

and oil-distributers for use to still the waves upon occasion.

There is no doubt of the efficiency of oil for this purpose, and that government which neglects to provide for the safety of its subjects in such a case as this fails to meet its obligations.

Those who go to sea as passengers have a blind confidence that all precautions are taken for their safe transit, and they should use their influence to have such a simple measure adopted.

The effect of oil is indeed magical, and its value has only recently been brought to light prominently, but it is in keeping with the scientific progress of the age. This progress of science, properly so called, reminds us of the Divine power of the Perfect Man, whom the wind and seas obeyed at the command, "Peace, be still!"

NOTE.—In preparing this article the author has availed himself of pamphlets and articles by the following: Commander J. R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; Lieutenants G. L. Dyer, E. B. Underwood, and A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Cloué, French Navy; Mr. John Shields; "Le Yacht, le Journal de la Marine"; "The Manufacturer and Builder."

W. H. Beehler.



DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

I' BE'N down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,
Where Congress meets and passes on the pensions ort to be
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence the war
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all — and yit how proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes turned in and tuck and made
Me stay with him while I was there; and longer 'at I staid
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes to kind o' git away,
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see, I 'd got the idy — and I guess most folks agrees —
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes what they please:
A man worth *stacks* o' money, and a Congresssman and all,
And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'an an Masonic Hall.

Now mind, I 'm not a-faultin' Fluke — he made his money square.
We both was Forty-niners, and both busted gittin' there;
I weakened and onwindlessed, and he stuck and staid and made
His millions: don't know what I 'm worth untel my pension 's paid.

But I was goin' to tell you — er a ruther goin' to try
 To tell you how he 's livin' now: gas burnin', mighty nigh
 In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,
 Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They 's people there from all the world — jes ever' kind 'at lives,
 Injuns and all! and Senators, and Ripresentatives;
 And girls, you know, jes dressed in gauze and roses, I declare,
 And even old men shamblin' round and waltizin' with 'em there!

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other room
 Jes chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and perfume;
 And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes, made
 Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.

And Fluke he coaxed and begged and plead with me to take a hand
 And sashay in amongst 'em — crutch and all, you understand;
 But when I said how tired I was, and made fer open air,
 He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.

"My God!" says he, Fluke says to me, "I 'm tireded 'n *you*.
 Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.
 Set back a leetle funder in the shadder; that 'll do:
 I 'm tireded 'n you, old man; I 'm tireded 'n you!

"You see that-air old dome," says he, "humped up ag'inst the sky;
 It 's grand, first time you see it, but it *changes*, by and by,
 And then it stays jes thataway — jes anchored high and dry
 Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.

"Night 's purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be
 When my first wife was livin'. You remember her?" says he.
 I nodded like, and Fluke went on, "I wonder now ef *she*
 Knows where I am — and what I am — and what I ust to be?

"*That band in there!* — I ust to think 'at music could n't wear
 A feller out the way it does; but that *ain't* music there —
 That 's jes a' *imitation*, and like ever'thing, I swear,
 I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

"It 's all jes *artificial*, this 'ere high-priced life of ours.
 The theory, it 's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours.
 They 's no *home* left, ner *ties* o' home about it. By the powers,
 The whole thing 's artificialer 'n artificial flowers!

"And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know
 The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes to go
 And set down by the kitchen stove — Lord! that 'u'd *rest* me so, —
 Jes set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.

"Jes set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in,
 'Peared like, to say the whole thing over to hisse'f ag'in;
 Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer
 Somepin er nother in the grass — I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I 'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still
 A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pension bill,
 I 've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich,
 They 's nothin' much patheticker 'an jes a-bein' rich!

James Whitcomb Riley.

YORK CATHEDRAL.



THE likeness between the cathedrals of Lincoln and York is merely of a general kind and disappears when their features are examined; but added to the fact of their near neighborhood it suffices to bind them closely together in one's thought. Each is a vast three-towered but spireless church. Each stands in a town that was famous in the earliest times, and still seems large and living although outrivaled by those black hives of modern commerce which now fill the north of England. Each is the crowning feature in a hilly city and is distinctively a city church, only sparsely provided with green surroundings. When we think of the cathedral at Lincoln or at York we think almost solely of an architectural effect; and this can be said of no other except St. Paul's in London.

I.

THE history of York as a cathedral town begins much further back than that of Lincoln. The Normans first set up an episcopal chair in the place which centuries before had been Lindum Colonia of the Romans; but in the year 314 Eboracum of the Romans sent a British bishop to take part in the councils of southern Christendom, and where there was a bishop there must have been, in some shape, a cathedral church. In the fifth century walls and worshipers were swept away by English immigration. But the first preacher who spoke of Christ to the pagan English of York bore an even higher title than bishop. With him—with the great apostle Paulinus in the early years of the seventh century—began that archiepiscopal line which still holds sway in the northern shires. It is true that the new chair was almost immediately overturned by the heathen, that Paulinus fled to far-off Rochester and never returned, and that for a century there was not again a fully accredited archbishop and sometimes not even a bishop at York. Yet the right of the town to its high ecclesiastical rank was never quite forgotten through all those stormy hundred years, and from the eighth century to the nineteenth the "Primate of England" has sat at York while the "Primate of all England" has sat at Canterbury. The terms are perplexing, and their

origin sounds not a little childish in our modern ears.

When Pope Gregory sent Paulinus after Augustine to England, he meant that there should be an archbishop in the south and another in the north, and that each should have twelve dioceses under his rule. But no such orderly arrangement, no such equal division of authority, was ever effected. Rome gave the ecclesiastical impulse in England, but insular customs, wishes, and occurrences guided its development. The earliest bishoprics were laid out in the only practicable way—in accordance with tribal boundaries; and as these boundaries were lost to sight an existing chair was suppressed or shifted, or a new one was set up as local necessity or secular power decreed. And meanwhile there was bitter quarreling between the two archiepiscopallines—the southern fighting for supremacy, and the northern for equal rights. In the synod of 1072 the Archbishop of York was declared by Rome to be his rival's subordinate, but about fifty years later Rome spoke again to pronounce them equals, and the unbrotherly struggle continued, waxing and waning but never ceasing, until in 1354 the pope discovered a recipe of conciliation. Canterbury's archbishop was to be called "Primate of all England," but York's was, nevertheless, to be called "Primate of England"; each was to carry his cross of office erect in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of all England, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas, a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds. "Thus," as caustic Fuller wrote, "when two children cry for the same apple, the indulgent father divides it between them, yet so that he gives the better part to the child which is his darling."

To-day the Archbishop of York is simply the ruler of the few northern sees of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury the ruler of the many central and southern sees. Neither owes filial duty or can claim paternal rights, but Canterbury is a good deal the bigger brother of the two.¹

The most interesting part of the matter to a stranger's mind is that the verbal juggling of the Roman father should still be piously echoed although it is so many generations since any

¹ The province of the Archbishop of York now embraces the sees of York, Carlisle, Durham, Chester, Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Sodor

and Man. The bishops of Scotland were nominally subordinate to him until an Archbishop of St. Andrews was created, towards the end of the fifteenth century.