

and hearer can dismiss from mind any estimate of the number, beyond these three, the better for both parties.

A prompt and sympathetic audience will often carry a speaker further and higher than he could ever go if he were hidden behind a pen. In this favor of the audience there is danger, ruin indeed if it carry him higher than he can fly and further than he meant to go. But if, when he begin, he know absolutely what he wants to say, means to say, and will say; if, by prayer and vow, he have so strengthened himself that he can be sure to hold to this eternal truth which he has determined to utter, then he is greatly indebted to the audience for the sympathy and attention which give him words which he could not command when he was alone; the audience even helps him to simile, metaphor, or other forms of illustration which would have been else impossible. The wisdom of all is greater than the wisdom of one; this is now generally confessed. So is the enthusiasm of all quicker and warmer than the enthusiasm of one; and naturally the courage of all carries forward and, as we say, encourages an anxious leader. While this is so, oratory will not lose its hold and empire. After orators are dead, the people who have not heard them are fond of ridiculing them and underrating their hold on their time. But while they are alive, if they are of the true stuff, the people who hear them are apt to do as they bid. Here are the reasons why, in every generation, we are told that oratory is a lost art: and why this is always untrue.

You have only to compare the real speech of an orator with the cold skeleton of it—which, under the goad of the press, he has prepared in advance and sent to the reporters—to see how much the presence of the audience has to do with the real life of what he says to them. And when you say you will read the speech in the "Thunderer" in the morning, and spend the evening playing whist, with your slippers on, instead of going to hear the speaker, it is much as if you said you would drop a nickel in the slot to hear the phonograph reproduce Rubinstein instead of going yourself to hear Rubinstein play.

The process, four times out of five, is this: A particular reporter is directed to obtain Cicero's speech, or Hortensius's, or Mr. Grattan's, for the "Thunderer." In nineteen cases out of twenty he cannot write shorthand; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he prefers to have another person do his work instead of doing it himself.

So he calls on Cicero or Hortensius the day before the speech, and asks him if he has any notes of it. If he has, the poor man is so afraid of what is called a "sketch" that he gives them to the reporter. If he has not, he summons an amanuensis, walks up and down his study, and dictates, in cold blood and without an audience, the substance matter of what he means to say. He sends this to the reporter. The reporter gives it out as copy to the "Thunderer's" managing editor, and goes to his own club to play chess or poker.

Hortensius or Cicero or Mr. Grattan meanwhile goes to the Cooper Institute, or whatever is the hall. Thousands on thousands of people welcome him. The speaker before him leads them to a certain plane, where they see the subject as they never saw it before. Hortensius himself is delighted by the vivid address and audacity of his young friend. He rises and is met with a storm of enthusiasm. He takes the subject where the other man left it. His introduction is all unnecessary now, and so he goes on with easier foot, or quicker wing, with more time and better opportunity for illustration, argument, and conviction. He expresses himself as he never did before. The people see as they never saw before. They anticipate his epigram. They will not let him close his sentences. And when that great oration is finished, they are ready to march with him, if he bids them, to overwhelm any infidel.

The next morning you read his clever study of the subject in the "Thunderer," and you say, "Really, Hortensius is a very able fellow," and you say, "These newspapers are a great convenience. I am so glad I did not go out last night."

In saying which you show, not for the first time, perhaps, that you do not know in the least what you are talking about.

A Reminiscence of General Armstrong

By J. S. Emerson

The Geometry class at Punahou, which, as your readers will remember, is in the Hawaiian Islands, during the school year of 1858-9 was composed of the following pupils: Mary Alexander, Pattie Cook, Hattie Parker, Carrie Parker, George Wilcox, Edward Wilcox, and Joseph Emerson. Our teacher, Mr. Edward Beckwith, took great pains with the class, requiring at each recitation, not only a good understanding of the mathematical principles involved, and a logical accuracy of demonstration, but also an exact memorizing of the words of the text in the statement of every definition, axiom, and proposition. Our text-book was Robinson's Geometry in its earlier form of seven books, a work which was well adapted to the method of teaching and to the wants of such a class. Mr. Beckwith took a proper pride in his class, and never was a teacher more beloved and respected by his pupils. Before we had more than half finished the subject he was obliged to give up the charge of the class into the hands of a student who was but little more advanced in his mathematical studies than we were. We were all very sorry to lose Mr. Beckwith, but hoped for the best from our new teacher.

It required no little tact for an undergraduate to take charge of a class under such circumstances. But Armstrong seemed equal to any emergency. On the playground he was the leading spirit in all athletic exercises, and was the undisputed champion in the game of wicket, in which his side seemed always victorious. On taking the class in Geometry, from the very first he began to inspire us with some of his own enthusiasm. Coming in from a hotly contested game of wicket, he looked every inch a man. He would deliberately close his own book and lay it one side, seldom referring to it during the hour of recitation. It was thus easy for him to persuade us to follow his example in this particular. Our memories were trained to do admirable service, so that at the end of the year the majority, if not all, of the class could repeat the entire seven books, except the demonstrations and mathematical calculations, from beginning to end, or give any axiom, definition, or proposition by its appropriate book and number. In the demonstrations on the blackboard a very different course was pursued. The figures were often purposely changed from the form given in the book. Numerals were usually substituted for the letters, and every effort was made to make the demonstration as much as possible a training of the reason, with as little of mere memorizing as could be. We were stimulated to study up other demonstrations, and sometimes he would set the example by giving us the result of his own study of other text-books. In this way we were trained to self-reliant habits of study, which I have found of the greatest service in all my subsequent mathematical work. It was remarkable how much hard work he got out of his class. But in this, as in everything else, he always led others by his own example. I have been under the instruction of various teachers in the higher mathematics, some of whom were finer scholars than Armstrong, but I have yet to know the man who could inspire an entire class with his own spirit and purpose as he did. There was something in his personality far more influential than mere learning or scholarship, and I can never cease to look back to the work done under him as among the most valuable to me of my whole life.

With the end of the school year came the public oral examination. The books were, as usual, laid aside, and, with a method and precision almost military, the class was put through its drill. Every one was delighted with the bearing of the teacher and the readiness of the class. At length, by way of variety, Edward Wilcox was told to demonstrate a certain theorem in Book First. After drawing the figure, he was requested to change the order of the numerals to be used in the demonstration. Then, after a few moments given him to fix the figure thus renumbered in his memory, he was ordered to turn his back on the

board and proceed with the demonstration from the figure thus pictured in his mind. This was done in such a ready and prompt manner as to excite the surprise of one of the examining committee, who, not appreciating the true object of this unusual display of intellectual gymnastics, interrupted him with the repeated request: "Look at your figure, young man!" Armstrong then explained to the rather puzzled examiner the nature of the test to which he was putting his pupil, who was now permitted to finish his task, to the great interest of all present. The superior work done by the teacher and his class was highly appreciated by the committee, and will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to belong to the class.

During the General's late visit to the Islands, the writer, in a familiar chat, alluded to some of the incidents connected with the Geometry class, and particularly to the drill in memorizing, such as that in which Edward Wilcox figured. He seemed very much amused with the account, and modestly said, "Why, Emerson, I was never anything of a mathematician. It seems absurd that I should have taught such a class, and put them through such performances!"



A Prayer

By Marion G. Duncan

Give me, O Christ, thy love in all its power,
And let my thoughts be good and pure and true.
Give me the grace to do thy will, not mine;
And when I falter, as I often do,
Be thou my guide.

Help me to bear my crosses patiently,
And rid me of all discontent and doubt.
When I am weary waiting, sick and faint,
With tender pity compass me about,
And show the way.



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

REINOUT'S COUSINS

Next afternoon Reinout went down to the little station with a couple of carriages, and all the Rexelaers van Altena were let loose out of the crowded Christmas train and came driving back with the young heir through the startled village. The village was very much interested. The former lords had lived in the silence of an approaching dissolution; the curtain had now risen for another and a brighter play. The village criticised the smart town carriages and the smart town ladies, and the liveries and the horseflesh, especially the horseflesh. It still said "Well!" but the tone was sinking from doubt to content. Jaap Hakkert, the butcher, agreed with the two bakers that a full table and a full purse at the table had their advantages. The tailor smiled. And the oldest inhabitant said that things reminded him of the Baron's father's father's time.

Thys looked into his Lise's eyes. "Do you remember," he asked, "how hard pressed the Baron was when he refused to sell the Chalkhouse Farm?"

"Of course, Thys; we all remember," said Lise. Thys was Lise's cousin, as well as her lover. He had lived all his life at the Chalkhouse Farm.

Count Rexelaer's younger brother Frederik, as everybody knows, had married a daughter of the great Gelderland family of Borck, a cousin of that powerful Baron Borck of Rollingen whose estate joined on to Deynum. The lady had brought her husband a little money and a number of influential connections. He was a quiet, insignificant, sat-upon little man, a member of the magistrature

and an utter failure as a lawyer. But he played whist very well. And she was comfortable and florid, and managed everybody and everything. You got on excellently with her if you said "Yes" in the pauses of her talk. They made Frederik van Rexelaer a judge before he was forty. Her cousin R—— was Minister at the time.

"My dear Betsy," his Excellency had said, suddenly surrendering after a long tussle, "as you have got his name proposed—Heaven only knows how you managed it!—I will appoint him in spite of—"

"Thank you, Herman, that is like you—"

"Superior claims. But on one condition only. He must solemnly bind himself to me *never* on any account to express a separate opinion. He must always 'concur' with his colleagues." You understand me. I can have no awkward questions cropping up."

"I understand perfectly," replied Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck. "I promise."

"But I would rather have his own word bind him—"

"Really!" said Mevrouw, with a peculiar smile. "Well, of course you know best. I am much obliged to you, Herman. You are the best friend we have."

But she had more best friends. The judge faithfully kept his promise, and he found it very easy to keep. And they knew the right people, whom to know renders utter misery impossible. Besides, they were anything but miserable, although they experienced some difficulty about always making both ends meet exactly in the manner they wanted. She liked children. She liked managing. And he liked whist.

And the five children, as they grew up, liked themselves, which is always a great advantage. And they liked their mother's numerous relations—a rarer coincidence—and their large circle of acquaintances. Of course they all believed, heart and soul, in the Greatness of the Rexelaers, and tried to forget that the brand-new title of this branch was not—officially, at least—a revival of the Holy Roman one. Grandmamma Rexelaer (the haberdasher's daughter) had never existed at all. Grandmamma Borck was alive, and a very great lady indeed.

The chief event of these good people's life had been the arrival from foreign parts of the head of the family with his wife and his olive-colored cherub and all their delicious, if rather disquieting, paraphernalia of foreignness. And the Rexelaer liveries once more shone in the streets of a city of flunkies, and the lion's-paws stretched forth their swords from the panels of the Creole Countess's brand-new carriages—*ipsa glorior infamia*—and her family arose and called her blessed. The children were rather disappointed about her color. Rolline, the younger girl, had long identified her aunt with her nigger-doll Jumbo; Jane, the elder, avowed a preference for café au lait. Margherita was not a bit like Jumbo. She was very handsome, and the whole family talked, in public, of her beauty alone.

"My dear," said the venerable Baroness Borck to her daughter, "I asked Madame de Jercelyn about the Cachernard family. She said she had never heard the name. And there I think we had better stop."

There were five young Rexelaers van Altena—where is Altena?—two sons, Guy and George, the younger just out of his teens, and after these three daughters, Jane, Rolline, and Antoinette. They were all golden-haired and good-looking and stupid, except Jane, who was sharp of features and of soul. Guy was at Leyden preparing to follow his father's career, with all his father's chances of success; George, the beauty, foolish, good-natured, Apollo-faced George, was nowhere, everlastingly plucked in the A B C. "George will have to marry," said Grandmamma Borck. The girls, too, would have to marry, though what could any one make of plain-featured, plain-spoken Jane? They were always well dressed, and they were "altogether English," which means that they spoke Dutch with an English accent and English with a Dutch one. That was the proper thing among their "set" at the Hague, and you must on no account make use of any language but English in public places and conveyances, and very nice it would be if the

¹ Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

¹ Verdicts, in Holland, are pronounced by juries of judges.