

of the British camp. He is a born belligerent. He would have made the best of fighting chaplains. He loves to do battle, whether it be with the rough-and-ready hazers of his Bowdoin days, or the sinewy and dexterous diplomatists of the Turkish court. He enjoys a predicament. "A Yankee's faith in himself," he tells us, "often gets him into trouble, but it doesn't leave him there." In hot rage he strikes a brutal bully a staggering blow with his cane. Instantly half a dozen ugly looking Turks bear down upon him, for he, an infidel dog, has struck a true believer in the face. He is not long dismayed, faces them, and, though himself a lawbreaker, so boldly accuses them of illegal connivance at brutality and so threatens them with legal penalties that they are cowed into an absurdly misplaced submission. Eastern diplomacy is long even in the telling, and the reader must turn to Dr. Hamlin's story itself if he would learn how Admiral Farragut, with a charming innocence of such intention, frightened the over-wily statesmen of the Sultan into granting American missions unasked-for privileges; how curious Turkish magnates visited Dr. Hamlin *incognito*; how shrewdly but how vainly Armenian patriarch, Jesuit priest, and Russian ambassador plotted against him. Nor can I tell here of pupils and disciples; of the profane English sailor rescued from cholera and inspired to be an evangelist; of the poor lad Zenope, determined against friendly counsels and all attractions of wealth and fame to be a teacher among the poor Armenians; of Stepan and Simon and their two long pilgrimages of a thousand miles in search of Bible teaching. Nor have I even hinted at the course and sequence of Dr. Hamlin's life; how he left his farm home to be a silversmith; how, just when business prospects were most enticing, he was led by the counsel of his friends to study for the ministry; how, after nine years' preparation, he settled in Constantinople, and, during his thirty-five years of missionary activity there, founded Bebek Seminary and Robert College, to which modern Bulgaria owes much of its recent progress toward enlightenment, and instituted manual training and practical sciences among the poor Armenians; nor how he has spent these last twenty years in tireless activity in this country, and at last, "coming down," as he says, "from the heights of poverty," is passing his days of retirement on a New England freehold, master for the first time of a house and garden-plot. The American Puritan, like his English cousin, carries his home habits with him wherever he goes. No number of years on the Bosphorus could have obliterated a line or rounded off a corner of Dr. Hamlin's character. His New England sturdiness, homeliness, strenuousness, remain till now, as he gratifies his love for rural life, the mechanical occupations of house and barn, and the simple pleasures of domestic life. His volume is a depiction of American Puritanism, tested and triumphant at home and abroad.



### Sensitiveness

Time was, I shrank from what was right,  
From fear of what was wrong;  
I would not brave the sacred fight,  
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense  
And sorer shame aside;  
Such dread of sin was indolence,  
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise  
And calmly do my best;  
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes  
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;  
Men count my haltings o'er;  
I know them; yet, though self I dread,  
I love His precept more.

—Cardinal Newman.

## The Wandering Jew

By R. W. Raymond

In Two Parts—II.

"Yes," said the Wandering Jew, in his usual tone of complacent sadness, "I went to the Chicago Exposition; and I will confess that, notwithstanding the disappointments of many lifetimes, and the unparalleled acuteness and impartiality which I have acquired as an observer, I was for a while deceived into the belief that here at last was the beginning of the great end of the world. You will not wonder, perhaps, that even I should be thus deluded, when you hear my experiences. You must remember that, in my long sojourn amid the mountains of Asia and the polar snows, I had heard nothing of the preparations for this great celebration, and consequently it burst upon me suddenly in its full glory.

"I reached the place in the evening, and, passing with the crowd through one of the gates, found my way first to the side of a sheet of water, where I took passage in an electric launch. Of course, I have traveled in my times by all means of conveyance known to man; but I frankly confess that I had never felt or imagined before the calm delight of this wondrous voyage. Now and then we passed a gondola—trivial reminder of the old Roman galley, with one slave at the oar instead of a hundred—and in the contrast I realized that even to one like me, a purely philosophic beholder, who takes no part in the affairs of men, there is a certain fatigue in seeing others labor, and a certain rest in feeling that the work of the world is doing itself without special exertion by anybody. It seemed like the lifting of the ancient curse of toil pronounced upon Adam.

"Gliding over the smooth surface of the lagoon and through the canal, with palaces dimly seen on either hand, we reached the Grand Basin, illuminated with thousands of starry lights that traced the outlines of the shores, or set forth in skeleton beauty the domes and columns of the surrounding buildings. As if this were not enough, the great electric fountains of the Court of Honor shot forth from time to time their mysterious jets of mounting, changeful splendor. Over the water came melodious songs, and, high above, the stars looked down with twinkling surprise, to find themselves, for the first time, outshone by the work of man. I cannot express to you the feeling of rest and contentment which came over me. I felt as happy as if I were going to die.

"Nor was I disenchanted when I visited the scene the next morning, and discovered more clearly by the light of day its manifold wonders. I have seen Jerusalem, Rome, and Athens in their glory; I have studied the ruins of the Egyptian temples; I have looked upon the Alhambra and the Taj Mahal; but all these together would not equal for majesty and grace and harmony the picture presented in this White City by the inland sea. As I looked upon it, I said to myself: 'Truly, the end of the world is at hand, for Art has done its utmost here, and nothing is left to do!'

"I mingled with the multitude. Never before had I beheld such throngs, unless arrayed in war. I had come to think that only hatred and anger could bring men together. But here I saw the largest armies outnumbered by the hosts of peace. On every face good will, in every heart a happy sense of brotherhood; pleasure enlivening all, knowledge inspiring all, sympathy pervading all. 'Yes, yes,' I said, 'it is the end!'

"Then I went through one magnificent structure after another, and inspected the treasures contributed from all lands. You will of course understand that, in a person of my unique experience, the things themselves could arouse little wonder. I am familiar with the arts and sciences as they are known in every country, with one exception. I will confess that I find it impossible to keep up with American inventions. In order to do that, I should have to stay in the country all the time, and read the 'Scientific American' and the 'Patent Office Gazette,' besides calling at least once a week on Mr. Edison. But I am obliged to keep traveling, and, no matter how often I may manage to turn up in this country, I always find something to surprise

me. As to the rest of the world, however, I was, as I have said, not surprised by the exhibits themselves, but at the finding of them gathered in this remote place. Why should the nations with one accord bring their tributes from afar?

"I asked this question of a learned-looking professor who was expounding to a group of his pupils the exhibit of the South African diamond-mines. He replied with a line of poetry:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way.

"They have all followed the star," he said; and I thought of the wise ones who followed the star of Bethlehem. Yes, this must be the beginning of the end!

"I visited the Midway Plaisance, and strayed from one camp of outlandish strangers to another, being myself, of course, everywhere equally at home. That is my sad consolation for not being at home anywhere. As I speak all languages fluently and with an excellent accent, and am familiar with all manners and customs, I experience no difficulty in holding communication with any tribe; and I found that these barbarians, from Dahomey to Samoa, had been brought together by one common purpose, namely, to be seen of their civilized fellow-men. That they charged their fellow-men a trifle by way of entrance-fee did not alter the essentially benevolent nature of their motive. With joy I reflected upon the new era in human intercourse thus inaugurated. How simple it would be hereafter to penetrate any desired part of the savage world! The natives, taught by the experience of the Midway Plaisance, would no longer gather to oppose with useless slaughter the advance of the trader or explorer. They would simply sell him his entrance-ticket at the gate, charging him half-price for mere standing-room, and double price for a seat on the stage.

"I visited the great show of wild animals, and beheld the lion lying down with the lamb; that is, I suppose the lion would have lain down peaceably enough with the lamb, if there had been any lamb!"

As Ahasuerus pronounced these words I fancied that I detected a tone of irony, as if he were making game of me. In fact, more than once during his strange monologue I felt a passing doubt of his sincerity. On the whole, he seemed to be taking pleasure in speaking seriously part of the time, at least; and when he did so, it was evidently his pride to do it in handsome style, so as to make an impression. But then, either because he was ashamed of having been in earnest, or because of a malicious enjoyment in spoiling the effect of his own eloquence, he would add something that sounded like satire. The most peculiar thing about it, however, was that he never changed his manner, or gave any token, by smile or otherwise, that he was personally moved by what he was saying. He ran on like a phonograph into which a lot of remarks had been spoken, and which repeated them by clockwork, just as they came, without having any real opinions of its own, and taking satisfaction only in the perfection of its own performance.

But still I said nothing; and the Wandering Jew continued:

"I heard, too, that in the Art Palace at Chicago there was held one great convocation after another, to bring forth the combined wisdom of the world. One of them was the Parliament of Religions, concerning which strange things were reported, but I saw them not with my own eyes. Nor did I quite know how to interpret this novel assembly, until I bethought me that one thing at least was true; namely, if the representatives of all sects could abide together and actually talk of their differing creeds for many days, without destroying, torturing, or even scolding or slandering one another, then the end of the world must be at hand!

"Once more I returned to the fairest spot of all, and stood at sunset before the dome of the Administration Building, looking eastward down the Grand Basin. The flush of the red evening sky was behind me, yet its luster stretched forward beyond the long shadows, to tip with glory the colossal golden statue of the Republic, towering

serene and triumphant from the tranquil water, a sublime symbol of Power in the midst of Peace; and, still beyond, the sunlight shone upon the forms of the heroes of humanity that stood upon the stately Peristyle, and the noble emblem of victorious progress that surmounted all. And at my feet the great fountain, bearing the effigy of a happy State sped upon a prosperous voyage, poured forth, as from an unseen source of illimitable abundance, floods of pure bright water, furnishing to basin and lagoon and canal an ever-fresh supply.

"As I gazed upon the scene, I almost fancied that I was a part of it, forgetting my peculiar relation of a mere waiting looker-on in the affairs of the world. It brought before me vividly a prophecy with which I was familiar.

"I will observe, in passing, that I am thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures, not only those of the Old Testament, but also those of the New, the writers of which, for the most part, I have personally met. I have naturally spent much time in the study of the prophecies for the purpose of getting light upon my own future lot. And I confess that everything in this great display had impressed me as the fulfillment of some prophecy. The highways had been cast up; the wilderness had been made to blossom as the rose; wild beasts were tamed and wild men greeted with brotherly welcome; the bells of peace were ringing, and the woe of the world had vanished. But here before my eyes was the glad fulfillment of the latest and most exalted prophecy of all. For here was the Holy City itself, appearing suddenly, as if let down from heaven by the very hand of God, containing no temple, because it was itself a vast temple, pervaded everywhere with the presence of the Spirit, knowing no alternation of the darkness of night with the brightness of day, because the night was as fair as the day. And here were the nations walking in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bringing their glory and honor into it; and the pure stream flowing forth from the throne in the midst of it, to fill all the channels by the side of which stood, here the majestic trophies of industrious man, and there the evergreen trees of inspiring, renewing, nourishing, and all-healing Heaven, while everywhere sounded the blending melodies of happy souls floating upon the love-lit waters of the River of Life!"

He paused, half like a music-box at the end of its tune, doubtless an orator waiting for applause. In spite of my doubts as to his sincerity, I had been deeply moved by his last rhapsody, and I did not hesitate to confess it.

"You were right," said I, "although you went too far in fancying that this new reproduction of the vision of John was a final and complete fulfillment. It was, indeed, but a repetition of the promise, yet in such grander, clearer form as to convince us that the future universal gladness is not only coming, but is nearer to-day than ever before. You must remember that we are warned not to say too confidently, Lo, here! or Lo, there! is the actual consummation. We should rejoice in progress, not evermore demand attainment."

Apparently he was pleased to have extracted from me an expression of my own opinion. I almost fancied that I could hear him mutter to himself, "So! Now I will demolish your delusions and exhibit to you my superior wisdom!"

"Young man," he began "(you will permit me to call you young, though your son may speak of you as the 'old man'), you are not to accept a passing thought from me, however well expressed, as the declaration of my deliberate conclusions. It did not take me long to perceive that this, too, was but a dream, like all the rest. That same night I read of savage rioters clubbed by the Chicago police under the very shadow of the Parliament of Religions; and in a few days more the Great Exposition of brotherly love ended in murder. My brief delusion was over. I awoke to find the world as woeful as ever, and as far from the promise of a coming Redeemer. Not the Scriptures, but the newspapers, give us the facts as they are. I have a peculiar sympathy with reporters. They seem to me, though each for one short life only, to ransack the world as I do, simply observing. And they seem also, in this occupation, well-nigh to have lost, as I have, the



faculty of faith in man and the inspiration of hope. What do you find in the newspapers? Catalogues of crime and slaughter and scandal; appeals to prejudice and discontent and hatred; accusations that spare no one; schemes of private wrong and public plunder; and acres of boastful advertisements. Even the Great Exposition is treated by them as an advertisement for Chicago. And I, who have waited and wandered so long, must wait and wander forever!"

Here he paused, and his concluding remarks had so exasperated me that I burst forth with wrath.

"Well," said I, "you have had your turn, now listen to me! Who cares how long you wander, you useless, superfluous, conceited, impartial observer! You have been doing nothing all these centuries but what you did at the beginning—bid the Saviour make haste, so that *you* may be saved from trouble! You are always smiting and saying 'Move on!' but you stretch out no hand to lift the burden of the cross. We ordinary folks, with many failures and mistakes, strive to move on with Him, and to help and cheer as we may, not the mob that hounds Him to His death, but the yearning, struggling souls that follow. What use have we for your supercilious criticism?"

"You are very proud of your wisdom. Did you ever add anything from your stock to the wisdom of mankind? If we have made imperfect use of our single lives, what have you done with your twenty-five? You might have become a great leader of your race. Men might have trusted you, loved you, and learned from you. Instead of that, you are nothing but a peripatetic sneer. You haven't even gained wisdom for yourself. You doubt everything, *except the newspapers!*"

"But you need not think that you are even unique. There are lots more just like you, only they die when their useless lives are over. The reason men don't believe in you any longer is that they have plenty of Wandering Jews without you; people who go up and down asking why the world is not reformed more quickly, pointing out the failures and condemning the motives of all the world's real workers, and lifting not a finger for themselves. They declare that politics are hopelessly corrupt, and they do not vote. They think justice is defeated in the courts, and they dodge jury duty. They say there ought to be more Christianity in the Church; but they lend no help to the Church. They are forever prating about the faults of society, and they are not even ornaments of society."

"It seems never to occur to you, or to this pack of your imitators, that, being human, in spite of yourselves (and to the regret of the rest of us), *you* have got to be regenerated somehow, and made worthy members of your kind, before the whole world will have been redeemed. I suppose you will come next to the last. The last enemy, we are told, will be Death; and you are as near Death as anything can be that calls itself alive. If you sincerely desire to hasten the good time coming, why don't you lend a hand, and cease to be a miserable, worthless hanger-on, exhaling, to sicken those who are at work, the odor of antique decay?"

"It is easy enough to find fault. It is easy enough to pretend you thought you had found the millennium in Chicago, and to pretend you were sorely disappointed afterwards. You wanted that disappointment, to add to your stock in trade. You fished for it; you chuckled when you secured it. You think it is a very effective story to play on a stranger in a Pullman car. But you do not impose on me with your rhetorical whining. You only make me tired. You had better give up the business. Your friends the newspaper reporters can beat you out of sight at it; and they do not give the whole of their time to it, either, but do a great deal of useful work besides. If you will take my advice, you will go to work to make the world wiser and better; and as to the good time for which you wait, when it dawns in your own heart you will know that it is coming surely for all men. But be sure that tramps and dudes will not be the first to discover it!"

How much more I might have said I cannot tell. When I get a-going, I am almost a match for the Wandering Jew; and, moreover, I had forgotten him, and half imagined

that I was addressing a multitude of modern critics and pessimists. But at this moment the train stopped, and a brisk, cheery, keen-eyed little man, passing through the car, paused, bent over my companion, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Uncle Joseph Ben-Israel, here we are!" The old man laboriously extricated his voluminous feet, and, as he rose, bowed to me, saying:

"You have spoken to me, sir, such words as I had never heard before. I assure you they will give me food for thought. I regret that I must leave you here; but I have promised to—ahem! to visit this peaceful spot." Then he shambled out of the car, and I saw him no more.

As the train started again, I perceived through the window a large and handsome building. Presently the Pullman conductor came in and sat down in the seat just vacated by my companion.

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The State Lunatic Asylum," he replied. "That was one of 'em. Found him out, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I, hesitating a little; "I suppose I found him out, more or less. Tell me more about him."

"Well," said the conductor, "there isn't so very much to tell. He was at one time a sort of lecturer, and edited a paper, or a magazine, or something of that kind. Used to pitch into the parsons and the church people, and make 'em pretty mad sometimes. He was always finding fault with something. But last year he got caught in a blizzard, and when they found him he was about gone. They thawed him out, and then it appeared that his wits *were* gone. I suppose they couldn't *be* thawed out. He would have it that he had been at the North Pole; and, while they were trying to talk him out of that, he caught sight of his own feet—he always did have tremendously big feet, and when they were all rolled up in bandages they looked bigger than ever. And when he got a good view of 'em he shouted out that he was the Wandering Jew; and the Wandering Jew he has been ever since, in spite of all that anybody could say. He spends most of his time over old histories—he calls it reviewing his own experiences—and when he has read a lot about something or other he comes out as bold as anything and pretends he saw it all himself. He is a great hand to travel, and every little while he gets restless and says he must move on. There is a little money belonging to him—enough to pay for a journey now and then—and, as he is perfectly harmless, they humor him occasionally, sending an attendant with him to keep him out of trouble and pay his bills. He always keeps his promise to come back and 'visit' the asylum, and they say that, as a rule, he don't speak much while he is gone, but just looks at things and mutters and shakes his head. I suspect this trip to Chicago sort o' woke him up. You are the first person I ever saw him talking with, and he seemed to be going it pretty strong with you. Up at the asylum, folks get him to talk quite frequently. My brother, the attendant in charge of him just now, tells me it is good as a history-class to start the old fellow on what he calls his experiences. Only, my brother says, it makes them all feel blue to listen to him, he runs down everything so. Makes you think there isn't any good in anything, and never was, and never will be. But my brother says Chicago pretty nearly fetched him. For several days he couldn't find fault with anything there. Then he began to get back to himself, so to speak, and enjoy picking flaws in things. I presume that by this time he is about as snarly and sneery as usual. Looked to me, towards the end of his talk with you, as if you were rather turning the tables on him, and giving him a dose of his own medicine. He went off quite meek."

"I told him some plain truths," said I, "which I fear were wasted on *him*. I only wish I could have as good a chance to bestow a piece of my mind upon some other people I know, who are as foolish as the Wandering Jew, without any blizzard for an excuse."

"Well," said the conductor, "I'll tell you what. You write a story about the Wandering Jew, and, while those other fellows don't suspect that you mean them at all, just plump it right into 'em!"

"I will," said I.

## The Spectator

Two friends of the Spectator, young gentlemen who ought to have known better than to waste their time, spent many weeks several years ago in writing a novel. As one of the authors was a romanticist and the other was a realist, there was much difficulty now and again in deciding upon the treatment to be adopted. In reviewing the work of each other, they did not exactly quarrel, but they strained courtesy almost to the breaking point. But at length the work was completed, and the pleasing event was celebrated with a modest dinner in what is known as the French quarter of the town. Now came the question as to what should be done with the manuscript. An acquaintance who had had experience with publishers informed the young gentlemen that it would be necessary to have the manuscript copied by a typewriter before it was sent to a publisher. This was done, and the aspiring authors had the satisfaction of paying forty dollars for this work, and the outlay had the same effect on the romanticist that it had on the realist, and the latter felt that typewriting was a kind of semi-publication. Another dinner was eaten to celebrate this event, and this dinner was a strain upon the digestion, as the young gentlemen felt that they were entitled to a more elaborate repast than usual, now that fame and fortune were almost within their grasp. During this dinner it was decided to submit the manuscript to a large publishing house in New York, because the reader for that house was a friend of the realist member of the copartnership. And so the precious typewritten story was handed in and submitted to its first trial.

The young gentlemen did not see much of each other for more than a week. Then they met every day for more than a week, passing an hour or more together in anxious speculation over the result of this first trial. One day the realist appeared with the manuscript under his arm, and a letter from the reader in his hand. The reader said that he had examined the manuscript with care and pleasure, but he was afraid it would not keep the average reader long enough in suspense, and therefore his firm, with many thanks for the privilege of examining it, returned it with regret. The letter was a sugar-coated condemnation. But the authors did not see it exactly in this way. They re-read the story together, and made slight changes here and there. This involved a week of hard work. Once more the novel was committed to the tender mercies of a publisher. This time there was a difference of opinion among the readers, and a decision was not reached until the head of the house had himself dipped into the story. He did not find what he tasted at all to his liking, and the authors got back the manuscript, now considerably soiled and dog-eared, with more polite words of condemnation. Our authors did not celebrate either of these last events with dinners; instead of that they fought shy of each other, and each suspected that the other blamed him and his work for the failure of the book to please the readers. But they tried the story on several other publishers without success, and then rearranged it as a serial for a magazine. By this time another typewritten copy was needed, and this cost \$32, so that the Spectator's friends had now invested \$72 in cash in their literary venture. But the editors returned the story with polite words of regret. Now they tried the publishers of light reading-matter—summer novels.

The authors waited week after week and month after month. Its long detention made them hope that at length the MS. had found favor, and they celebrated this revived hope with another dinner. In complacent after-dinner mood they agreed to call on the publishers the next day and ask for a decision. They were met with the politeness that is the characteristic of dealers in literature, and were informed that the manuscript had been rejected and returned many weeks before. Here was what Mr. Gilbert has called "a pretty howdy-do." The manuscript appeared to have been disposed of, but the authors had achieved neither fame nor fortune. Now ensued some very polite letter-writing. The publishers promised to search for the lost novel, but denied all responsibility—whether the loss had been occasioned by their

carelessness or not. The authors took advice from their friends on every side. The lawyers said that the publishers were liable; other publishers said that they did not know whether there was any liability or not, but all of them expressed the hope that the authors would test the question in the courts. It may be remarked just here that this question of the liability of publishers for manuscripts submitted to them has not been definitely settled. One thing was certain, however—that if the authors sought to recover for the lost manuscript they would be required to prove its value. Here was a hard nut to crack. Had the manuscript any value? Naturally, the authors thought that it had, but it would be well-nigh impossible for them to prove such a fact. Taking this into consideration, together with their indisposition to appear litigious, they concluded to let the matter drop for a while, and, when they had recovered from their disappointment, recast the first draft and have a new copy made. At this juncture the publishers generously offered to pay for typewriting a clean copy. There the matter rested for several years.

One day in December of last year one of the Spectator's friends, the romanticist of the partnership, received a letter from the gentleman who had just retired as Consul-General at Cairo, in Egypt, saying that the lost manuscript was in the American Agency there, evidently by some mistake. Application was made to Mr. Frederic Penfield, the present Consul-General in Cairo, and that courteous officer replied at once, and in part as follows:

When I took over the archives of this Diplomatic Agency and Consulate-General, I found many interesting articles and documents—for this is the land of the mysterious—but none more so than the MS. of a story which not only revealed your name, but familiar chirography. I had long intended writing you about it. I now send you the wrapper of the parcel with its inscription, and also Colonel ———'s memorandum. How the MS. came to be in Egypt, or why ——— should have left it at this office, is more than I can tell.

The wrapper bore the name and address of the publishers, and also the name and address of one of the authors. These two addresses indicated places in New York not ten minutes apart. The gentleman who received the manuscript by mistake, and deposited it in the United States Consulate in Cairo, is an African explorer and also a writer of some note. Why he should not have notified the publishers of the mistake is, to say the least, rather odd. It may be that he had received a manuscript of his own that had been rejected, and that he was not in a mood to waste politeness or courtesy upon any one. But, at any rate, the lost had been found, and the authors were in a quandary as to whether they should condole with or congratulate one another. Of course they will try that manuscript on other publishers, for authors never quite believe that what they have created is devoid of merit.

The Spectator has related these incidents in the hope that their recital may here and there discourage a person from engaging in the profitless work of making manuscripts. If the work put upon manuscripts in the United States, that are made for publication but are never published, were paid for at the rate of one dollar a day, the amount in two years would, in the aggregate, be sufficient to half pay the National debt! The Spectator feels sure that this is not only a waste of time but worse than a waste. Even when the maker of manuscripts has a good measure of success, his reward is miserably small in comparison with a similar success in any other profession. But ninety-seven per cent. of the writing that is done is never published—that is, these authors fail utterly. And those who succeed, those who write that other three per cent., what is their reward? It is a mere pittance in comparison with a lawyer's or a surgeon's fees, and the Spectator verily believes that there are not ten literary men in America whose earnings, independent of salaries as editors, amount to more than a bare and insufficient living.

