

THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW

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I.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON.

FEBRUARY 16, 1897, will be the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Philip Melancthon. The Protestant world will remember to celebrate the day as one of gracious influences. For the name of the most irenic spirit among the noble group of the great reformers is one that all the churches delight to honor. Lacking the vigor and originality of his great chief, falling short of the constructive force of the resourceful Calvin, and representing in himself no national movement as did Zwingli and Knox, yet as the tried and trusted lieutenant of the mighty leader of the German Reformation, the calm and scholarly theologian, the judicious and temperate advocate, he holds a place of deserved prominence and even more deserved affection. Luther in one of his fine bursts of enthusiasm wrote of him: *Res et verba Philippus; verba sine re Erasmus; res sine verbis Lutherus; nec res nec verba Carolostadius.* Such an estimate was more than kind to Melancthon in so far at least as the comparison with Luther himself was concerned. It was to Luther in no small measure that Melancthon owed his capacity for deeds; without Luther to wield the weapons which he forged in his intellectual armory it is to be feared that the fires in the forge would often have gone out. He shares from their close comradeship a large part of Luther's fame as the herald of intellectual and religious freedom, yet, by the temperate spirit which animated his words and acts, escapes the hostility so often stirred by his rash and rough-spoken leader. If at times he yields too much in the effort to reconcile

IV.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.

A QUARTER of a century ago, an American writer, contributing to an English magazine, wrote of the first Pacific railway, then in process of construction, that all these myriads of workmen and thousands of teams and hundreds of engines were building a highway into the wilderness "to introduce to places now desolate the farm, the workshop, the village, the schoolhouse, the church—and the American Lecture System." Alas for human prescience! Four such highways span the continent now, but so far from proving channels for the outlet of the lyceum, the lyceum has perished at the fountain head and has already become the subject of historical disquisition. It might be hard to tell to whom the narration of Æneas proved the more entrancing, to the companions of his toils or to the strangers of Dido's court. A well-written history of the American Lyceum, how it rose, flourished and—alas that we must write it—fell, all within the space of two-score years, would prove of almost equal interest to the veterans of the platform and to the novices of the schools.

It is not purposed, however, in the present paper, to give more than a brief outline of a literary campaign, all of which the writer saw and part of which he was, at least to the extent of having once introduced a lyceum lecturer thirty odd years ago. How well can he remember that hour of his too brief glory. How brilliant was the village hall with the then newly discovered and unwonted splendor of "kerosene." As if it were but yesterday, he recalls the bustling officiousness of the doorkeeper, the half-suppressed whisperings and gigglings of the village maidens, and the suffocating sense of self-consciousness as he passed down the aisle with the speaker of the evening. When he mounted the platform, he seemed to himself to have as many legs as a centipede, and when he sat down, to possess as many arms as a Briareus. The whole scene comes back with a force half pathetic and half ludicrous as he attempts to write out the story of a system to which this experience pertained: a system whose meteoric flight was well nigh as brief as it was brilliant; a system which exists only here and there to-day in the feeble glimmer of "dime lectures" which, like slowly fading

sparks, mark the track of the fallen star; a system whose cold remains lie upon our library shelves imbedded in volumes of *Speeches and Addresses* that bear no more resemblance to the thing itself than the lustreless, metallic aerolites in our museums do to the flaming torch which once swept its wide circle through the darkness of the night with such beauty and brightness.

The American Lyceum was, with all its odd experiences, a genuine glory to our nation. Its loss is a positive breach which every lover of his country would be glad speedily to repair. Even so late as twenty years ago there were few towns of any pretensions in the North which failed to provide some intellectual recreation and betterment for the winter months. In the valley of the Mississippi the lyceum flourished with unusual luxuriance, and children born by the Father of Waters were made familiar with the faces and voices of the most famous orators and rhetoricians. At that time one city in Iowa provided, through its bureau, for the rostrums of one hundred and ten societies in its own and neighboring States.

When was the American Lyceum conceived and from what stock was it descended? Was it, like the rocking chair and the wooden clock, something which sprang complete from the Yankee brain? By no means. For although the American lecture was something unique and *sui generis*, as we hope presently to show, it has its genealogy. Lecturing, in fact, like laughing and crying, is one of the marks of the *genus homo*, or, as Polonius would say, "like reading and writing" which "come by nature." Years ago we read the biographical sketch which a certain eminent American scholar had prepared of his deceased wife. It began with the table of her ancestry, and was concluded with the post-mortem report of her physicians. The historian of the American Lyceum might, if he chose, imitate this illustrious example, for the lyceum had a genealogical record, and, alas, that it must be said, it has also a mortuary literature; for while it has left a numerous family of weaklings bearing its name, the lyceum itself is "as dead as Scipio Africanus."

Upon many a library shelf one will see to-day the *Histories* of Herodotus and the *Beacon Lights of History* by our own Dr. John Lord. Separated by a little matter of twenty-four centuries, each series was prepared not for the library, but for the rostrum; each was first presented to the ear of the public rather than to the public eye. When Napoleon III had repressed the Republic of France and denied to the eloquence of the people its natural outflow in the Senate chamber, he did exactly what Rome's Cæsar did before him, viz., he sought to build up a system of popular lyceums which

should at once satisfy the ambition of the learned and amuse the leisure of the people. The once celebrated lecture of Vice-President Colfax upon Abraham Lincoln reminds the student of the eloquent panegyric of Pliny upon Trajan, since each was prepared not for the halls of legislation but for the open forum of the lecture field. The assault of Preston Brooks upon Charles Sumner aroused furious eloquence, just as twenty centuries before a political assassination did that of Cornelius Severus, whose glowing praise and fierce invective constitute one of the most precious fragments of the past. That tribute, we remember, was prepared for a popular address to be used in all the cities of the empire. Long before Anna Dickinson shook her short curls or swept her long train upon a public stage, Roman matrons, "fired by emulation or conscious of desert," asserted their right to share the honors and emoluments of the public assembly. And even the "young American Roscius," twin of the boy preacher, had his prototype in the boy Hermogenes, who at the tender age of fifteen was advertised upon many a Latin "bill-board" to astonish the citizens of old Alban and Etruscan towns with his eloquence. Nay, even Augustus Cæsar, as Higginson has told us in his admirable sketch of the lyceum, did not disdain to grace the stage with his personal presence, while his nephew, Tibrius, "read the literary trifles of his august patron." Surely, the lyceum was not "a Yankee notion," although the American lecture was a thing distinct and marked alike from its ancestors and its descendants.

It is this which makes its loss the more to be regretted, since, modified by its environments, it was distinctively American. The popular lecture in America was neither a homily nor a rhapsody, though it wore the bright robes of fancy like the one and spoke to the moral sentiments of mankind as the other. It was its American audience which gave to it a distinct character. We variously boast our "old English stock," or Huguenot *ancestres*, or *deutschen Ursprung*, but we are neither English, French nor German. An American audience is such as exists nowhere outside the native home of the American eagle; and the audience made the lecture what it was. It was prepared for an audience such as never gathers in a land where the nation is broken up into distinct classes. In the old world, communities do not exist as homogeneous entities, but as stratified deposits, only partially disturbed by past social cataclysms. But the lecture in America, whether it was originally prepared for Faneuil Hall, the Cooper Institute or a schoolhouse in the backwoods, was prepared for the people as a whole; and it was given to men and women having common sentiments, but a diverse

culture. It enjoyed that freedom of speech which is only possible in English-speaking communities ; but it labored under difficulties, or rather triumphed over difficulties, which do not beset the platform speaker in the "tight little isle." Society in England exists only in layers, oftentimes as whimsical as the clouds in form but as fixed and unalterable as the carboniferous rocks. In England a man must take his choice, or, if you prefer, accept his fate, between lecturing before "gentlemen" at a guinea the course, like Thackeray, or addressing tradesmen at half a crown, like Jones, Smith and Robinson. The lecturer will never get together there Hodge and Huxley, Duke and Darby, Bridget and Clara Vere de Vere, to sit down to the same intellectual repast whose viands must at once satisfy the workman's appetite and tickle the lord's palate. The American Lyceum, therefore, was by force of circumstances a thing distinct, autochthonous, as genuinely American as Bunker Hill monument or our grandmother's pumpkin pies. It was prepared for communities which flocked together *en masse*, and no audience was ever better fitted to bring out and test thoroughly a man's various intellectual powers than that which greeted the platform speaker in our American cities. Here the blacksmith and the university-bred man sat in neighboring chairs ; the banker and the 'bus-driver touched elbows ; while the minister's white choker shone hardly less conspicuous than the flaming red necktie of the bumptious boy, who, spoiled favorite of the high-school girls, was to be the valedictorian at the next academy commencement.

It is not to be wondered at that these peculiar conditions produced a distinctive result. The lecturer was brought face to face with a people whose native good sense would brook no mere trifling, and a people whose keen appreciation of wit would suffer no stuffing of a subject with dull platitudes and worn commonplaces. Sons for the larger part of a Puritan ancestry, they demanded that under all the brilliancy of rhetoric there should be some deep moral purpose ; but, met for recreation, they would brook no old sermon revamped—like a colonial square house converted into a Queen Anne cottage. There was no common professional interest to atone for the lecturer's lack of power in presentation, but there was everywhere a general and common measure of education which permitted no trifling with facts. In short, the lyceum lecturer met an audience which could nowhere be met outside our Northern and Western States ; an audience which at once demanded the loftiest purposes, the noblest diction, the clearest statements, the most glowing rhetoric, the most logical deductions, and, over, in and through all, such a warm and genial shining of wit and humor as permitted not the attention to flag for a moment behind.

It is possible few have stopped to consider what the delivery of a popular lecture in America demands. To many, doubtless, the whole performance seems, in Hamlet's phrase, "as easy as lying;" but it is not, by any means. The popular lecture demands for its production a man who is neither wholly a philosopher nor altogether a buffoon. It requires a man who can command respect without losing attention; one who will instruct while he seems only to amuse; one who shall not fail to charm while he does not hesitate to exhort. The best lecture in this resembles the very best of Shakespeare's tragedies, the shadow and the sunlight playing through every part. The lecture must neither sink by the weight of its own wisdom, nor, like a child's balloon, go up by its own gas. As a popular lecturer it would be hard to tell which was the greater failure, Artemus Ward or Charles Sumner. Even Stanley tells us that when he attempted in these later years to revive the lyceum, his lecture was a dismal failure until he introduced his native African, Kalulu, to dance a war dance between the heads of his discourse, as into "The Tempest" the dramatist introduces Ariel and Caliban. It is the lecturer's duty to point out many things well known to his hearers, and he must not be afraid to point to some things beyond the range of vision of many who sit in that audience. He must have the happy faculty of choosing themes which are instinct with the pulse of life; to introduce such diversion as will keep the mind up to its best work of absorption, and to clothe both new fact and old truth with perpetual freshness and beauty. In short, he must be just such a man as the inmates of a certain asylum we wot of demanded of the authorities for a superintendent—"a man who can both fiddle and preach."

A glance at some of the old-time programmes will inform us what was the character of the addresses which charmed the people thirty and more years ago. We find upon one such list these themes: "American Literature," "Eloquence and Orators," "Robert Burns," "The Coming Empire," "A Chat about Irish Bulls," "Peasant Life in Ireland," "Charles Dickens," "The Adirondacks." A chapter might be written about the titles of lectures, but the most successful speakers soon learned that, as in the making of books, for immediate demand it was better to have a poor lecture than a poor title. Anna Dickinson's lecture upon "Idiots and Women" was by no means either profound or popular, but its title was worth thousands of dollars both to the bureau and to the fair speaker.

Men reading to-day the printed addresses of those whose living voice so charmed the ear thirty years ago cannot always under-

stand wherein lay the power. But the lecturer's living presence and his personality are not a small part of his success. It is said that Garrick once declared he would give a thousand pounds to say "Oh" as Whitfield said it; and Maeready never produced a profounder effect upon an audience than in crying out, "Who said that?" When some one told Charles Fox that So-and-so's speech read well, he said, "Then it must have been a bad speech." Who to-day can understand by Gough's printed lectures why it was that men struggled for hours at the box-office to procure a ticket of admission? We have heard one of his finest perorations copied by an ambitious pulpit orator, and it fell as flat as Hamlet's soliloquy in a district school. But those who heard John B. Gough himself deliver his own words will agree that there never was a platform speaker in America or England who could so melt his hearers into silent tears or convert the howling multitude into a perfect cyclone of laughter as he. The three foremost lecturers America ever produced were John B. Gough, Henry Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips.

For versatility of talent and variety of theme, Henry Ward Beecher, was possibly the greatest platform orator of the world. God gave him one of the grandest physiques imaginable; a piercing eye, a mobile face, and a voice which could fall to pity's softest cadence or rise to indignation's most terrible burst of thunder. His mind, lacking the finest discipline of study it is true, was nevertheless marvelously stored with facts: and his unrivaled imagination saw every detail of his theme with a thousand analogies surrounded. Like Shakespeare's "melancholy Jacques" he "fed on similes," and his every thought blossomed into figures of speech upon his lips. No other lecturer approached him for brilliancy of imagination, fertility of trope and novelty of conception. To him an uneasy and discontented man was simply "a high steeple with a cracked bell in it;" the great city in which he lived was but a "huge drum that rolled out its mighty reveillé every morning mustering the youth of all nations to its ranks." He can speak of sorrows only as "clouds which pass over us with their shadows, but which, being past, become like the garments of God thrown in lines of purple and gold along the sky." He sees a mighty purpose to be "deep as the sea, firm as the mountains and calm as the heavens that bend over all." Is there a nobler image in all literature than that he gives us of love, "which is amid the other graces of this world like a mighty cathedral tower. It begins on the earth, and at first is surrounded by other parts of the structure. But, at length, rising above buttressed walls and arch and parapet

and pinnacle, it shoots, spire-like, many a foot right into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. So love, here, is surrounded by the other graces and divides the honors with them, but they will have felt the wrap of night and darkness while it will shine luminous against the sky of eternity." Mr. Beecher has permanently enriched literature with some of its noblest metaphors, and future rhetoricians may illustrate their instructions from his glowing pages.

It is not many years since friends followed to the grave the good gray head of the second of this trio, John B. Gough. Less successful lecturers used to speak of him as "a sort of evangelical comedian," and he himself tells us in his biography that among his earliest presents and playthings were a pulpit and a Punch-and-Judy box. That was just the sort of combination out of which to form the popular lecturer. For at least a score and a half of years this man was one of the chief ornaments of the platform. Like every orator whose words will live in beatified remembrance, his soul was moved by a deep and mighty purpose. He himself has said that "eloquence is a gift. It cannot be learned, and it should be used for God and right. The gift of oratory places a man under an awful responsibility." As a mere word painter he was inferior to Everett or Thoreau or Emerson, or even some lecturers of the second class like Benjamin F. Taylor. But out of the shadows and darkness of his own early life his fiery speech broke at times like lightning from the cloud. His addresses were like the cup in which Dryden says was enshrined the heart of Guiscard—"a goblet rich with gems and rough with gold." Though without so much as a common-school education, his imagination at times vies with the very grandest of his peers. His soul rises as "one whose spirit tabernacles in the chambers of thunder, who knows to ride upon the lightning's flash, who can walk upon the wings of the wind."

A fit colleague with these in the lecture field was liberty's great champion, Wendell Phillips, who no less than they made plain that true eloquence must spring from moral conviction and be nurtured by lofty aims. Phillips hated slavery as Gough hated rum. He never chose any other theme willingly. Although it is said he delivered his lecture upon "The Lost Arts" a thousand times, he used to give lyceum committees the choice between that lecture at \$100 the night or a lecture upon slavery free. His favorite theme was Toussaint L'Ouverture, unknown to fame until Phillips introduced him as "the black Napoleon." He himself

has said that "political convulsions, like geological upheavings, usher in new epochs of the world's history." No less truly may it be said that such crises in the affairs of men and nations create their own orators and bestow new forms of eloquence upon mankind. As the clash of resounding arms woke Patrick Henry into fame, as the first guns of the Revolution broke the seal upon young Hamilton's lips, so did that mob in Faneuil Hall, when liberty was denied the right to protest against the assassination of her friends, start the sleeping powers of this young giant into life. The story is told of an enchanted bugle whose single blast woke a horse of stone and a knight of bronze into life. The crack of that rifle which afar off by the Mississippi killed Lovejoy, in Boston woke a knight whose lightest words had the impact of a bullet, whose sentences plunged through the ranks of the oppressors as solid shot from mighty guns. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; and the death knell of slavery was sounded when Wendell Phillips stepped upon the platform in the place of Lovejoy, whose voice had been silenced. That which he said of the average American was emphatically true of himself, that "if you would cut an American into a hundred pieces and boil them all down you would find him all Fourth of July." He, almost alone of all our lyceum lecturers, was without sense of humor or flash of wit, other than that which flashes like lightning to annihilate; but it was his, as Webster says, "to seize the thunderbolt as it went smoking by," and hurl it with such directness that you could fairly hear it strike.

The second trio in this army of the sons of Anak was composed of Everett, Emerson, Holmes.

Edward Everett was among the first rhetoricians, among the first orators, that our country has ever produced. For silver speech and brilliant word-painting America has never produced his superior. But he lacked just that *perfervidum ingenium*, that certain fiery something, which is needed to make a popular orator of the first rank. Of aristocratic birth and lineage, of fastidious tastes, of careful training, of indefatigable literary industry, he possessed every requisite of oratory except the most essential of all, a soul fired with passion. He was the most absolute master of the sword in the school of word fencing, but it was left for less dexterous swordsmen, who fought with claymores, to lead the nation. His word-painting was like Meissonier's, to be put under glass and criticised only by the help of a microscope; but his favorite productions were usually what Coleridge says of Carlo Dolce's Holy Families, "only Christs in sugar candy."

Perhaps no critic of Emerson could more fitly characterize many

of his public addresses than is done by himself in one of his letters to Carlyle, in which he speaks of part of his work as "more of a brick kiln than a house." The drawback to his usefulness or acceptance was, that he never set before himself any definite goal or end for effort or existence. It was one of Emerson's dogmas that "a truth polemically stated loses half its effect;" but surely there is some middle substance between a fog and a bullet. This beautiful world of ours is neither a nebulous mist nor a frozen moon. Emerson began as a lecturer when he was but thirty years old; and he wrote in all about two hundred such addresses, more by a hundred and fifty, it is supposed, than any of his colleagues. In 1850 he tells his friends that his winter lectures produced about \$350 profit; and in 1858 about \$800. He continued lecturing as late as 1878, although now, like most of his fellow-laborers, he has fallen on sleep. Higginson, who has written more for the platform and about the platform than almost any other of our scribes, tells us that when about 1840 Emerson lectured in a certain village in Indiana, the ticket which admitted to his lecture was printed as "good also for a ball and an elegant collation to be given at the hotel the same evening after the lecture." It would be interesting to know what mental or spiritual sustenance our hoosier brethren of that day absorbed from such instructions as these, found in one of his addresses: "In God we meet, therein we are, thence we descend upon time, and these infinitesimal facts of Christendom and trade, and England Old and New make the soul now drunk with sleep, and we overleap at a bound the obstructions, the griefs, the mistakes of years; and the air we breathe is so vital that the Past serves to contribute nothing as to the result." Carlyle said at the time that this was "as one of the voices of the morning;" but if so it could not have been the morning of which the Psalmist speaks, "a morning without clouds." It needed some immediate crisis, like the imprisonment of the Massachusetts black sailors in South Carolina, to bring him down to such sturdy Saxon speech and truth polemically stated as this: "Gentlemen, I thought that the deck of a Massachusetts ship was as much the territory of Massachusetts as the soil on which we stand. It should be as sacred as the temple of God. If such an outrage can be perpetrated upon the person of a citizen with impunity, let the Governor break the broad seal of the State; he bears the sword in vain. The great-hearted Puritans have left no posterity." One such truth "polemically stated" is worth whole reams of what he calls his "dizzy vastitudes," and there were moments in which he confessed himself to prefer "solids to solutions."

Not the least enjoyed of these three lecturers was the wise, witty

and mirth-provoking Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was among the first in the field; among the last to retire from the fray. The excitements of the platform; the applause, worthily bestowed; the congratulations at the close of his addresses; and (as he himself has confessed) the *douceur* afterwards from the treasury of the lyceum—were all most congenial to the soul of this prince of good fellows. No one would class him among the great orators of America; and yet upon the platform he carried off the honors over the heads of many whose winged words and mellifluous tones charmed even the rustic ear. None other whose name we have mentioned possessed such inexhaustible humor, such sparkling fun, such effervescent wit; but he lacked a tongue on fire and a soul flaming like that of a seraph in a heavenly service. Gifted with the power of seeing strange and ludicrous contrasts in conjunction, he was ever quick with the most striking antitheses and whimsical counter-similitudes; but the very aptness prevented the highest results of oratory. In fact, he has probably given the best description of his gifts and defects in that saying of his, that “jerky minds say bright things upon all possible subjects, but their zig-zags rack you almost to death.” His image of a dull speaker and a bright listener, “a crow with a king-bird after him, now under and now on top, before and behind, around him forty times, and on the tree-top before he is,” is one of the happy sallies of his wit. And his saying that “the bigot is like the eye of a cat: the more light you pour into it, the more it will contract,” is an example of his biting satire. His description of a cantankerous man as “standing at an acute angle with all the world,” is worthy of Sam Jones; and his saying that “a good and true woman is like a Cremona violin,—age but increases its worth and sweetens its tone,” is equal to the best of Charles Lamb’s.

There are few who recall the flourishing days of the Lyceum who do not recall a vision of that most grotesque of figures which ever shuffled across a lyceum stage. A strange compound of affectation and simplicity, of vanity and loving kindness, was this Horace Greeley, this genuine “Tribune” of the people. Uncouth by nature, he became a very Caliban by malice prepense, and receiving at birth as a gift from mother nature only the wavering voice of Orator Puff, he seemed to have cultivated it into the most ridiculous wind-instrument with which an orator could come before a public assembly. To see him come upon a platform with his historic old white coat dragging about his heels and his still older white hat set back upon his capacious head, and then to find him throwing off both of these to appear in full-dress suit, as we have seen him do, was to enjoy the first of the surprises with which he delighted to astonish

his audience. And then to hear him begin: "I suppose it is universally conceded that I am the worst public speaker in America," was to set the house in a roar and to put himself upon the best possible footing with his hearers. But his life upon the stage, as well as with the pen, was one which could leave it possible for him to say when foreseeing his near decease: "Looking calmly, yet humbly, for that close of my mortal career which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed to me in the past, and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope, I await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world."

It not infrequently happened in those days of which we speak that the next lecturer in the course would be that most faultless of gentlemen, that most courteous of scholars and most mellifluous of speakers, George William Curtis. It was the happy privilege of the young man of that day to have here set before him so fair an ideal of the American gentleman. Handsome in appearance as Antinous, faultless in his apparel, correct in his literary tastes, pure in his style, choosing only themes that were lofty and noble, his presence was as a benediction and his address a pleasant song. When nearing his three-score years, his whole past fitted him for that duty he so admirably performed a few years since when, at the unveiling of the Puritan's statue in Central Park, he found in the Puritan character and Puritan history a congenial theme.

These and their colleagues—men like John G. Holland, Elihu Burritt, Frederick Douglas, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Chapin, Bayard Taylor and Mr. Higginson—made the American Lyceum a grand factor in the development of the generation which now fills the pulpits and professorial chairs of our land. In the early years of the Lyceum they endured no little hardship as soldiers of a good cause. In the first days of the Fifties the lecturer could not, like Falstaff, take his ease in his inn. He accepted such hospitality as "the spare-room" offered, in a season when the spare-room was not the most cheerful domicile. In those days the lecturer gathered his scanty harvest by no little toil. One of their own number said that "from November to April, wherever there was a snowdrift you might be sure there was a lecturer stuck in it: wherever there was a dusky, shivering dawn, there was a lecturer getting up in it; wherever there was a tough beefsteak, there was a lecturer eating it." But it was not the hardships of the course which killed it. On the contrary, it was its sudden popularity and its sudden acquisition of wealth which proved fatal. In the pioneer days of 1850-60, \$10 an entertainment was considered a fairly liberal fee. So late as 1863 the Autocrat speaks of \$50 a

night as the source of no little "satisfaction." But within ten years from that time men were demanding \$100, \$200, even \$500 a night; while some were receiving from \$1000 a month to \$30,000 a year.

That was the signal for the crash that followed. There was one grand rush for the platform, only equaled by the rush for the "gold diggings" in 1849. Philosophers and fools, reformers and buffoons, bronzed explorers and painted beauties stormed the castle, rifled the treasuries and left the goose that had been so silly as to lay golden eggs—dead. Where great-hearted men had first presented noble themes to listening ears, ephemeral jesters drawled out silly nothings about "The Babes in the Woods;" and the Pearl of the Platform, whose boast was of her costumes rather than her mental equipment, simpered silly inanities to addled pates. Lyceums in their haste to be rich forgot that those who seek their life shall lose it, and pandering to tastes lower, and to classes still more numerous, sunk to the level of the spectacular theatre and the variety stage: and they found that they had, in the end, lost the one class of patrons and had not gained the other. At first competing with the pulpit, the Lyceum fell presently to competition with the opera bouffe, and was worsted in the contest. There was and is a broad field between the homily and the Hibernicon, but the managers of the Lyceum were unwise enough to desert it, and to enter upon ground already preoccupied by amusements more to the taste of the groundlings. The Lyceum which seeks only to amuse and not to instruct signs its own death-warrant. It can no more exist apart from a moral purpose than the pulpit can survive which neglects a spiritual end. Art, nature, heroism, philosophy, history and idealism all demand hierophants and interpreters who shall stand between their sacred mysteries and the common mind. For this purpose men are needed who are not forgetful of high purposes, not greedy of filthy lucre. The new movement toward University Extension promises a revival of the Lyceum. Under the patronage of societies and clubs which seek to popularize study, we look to see the lecture platform rebuilt, not as for a class-room, but for the open forum. From such a stand new speakers will address a new generation not insensible to the charms of oratory and not insensible of the needs of the intellectual man. Thus may we hope to see revived one of the most beneficent and one of the most mourned of our national institutions.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

HERMON DUTILH JENKINS.