## THE THREE MOTHERS.

Three Famous Inns in Merry England.

Mother Red Cap, Mother Black Cap, and Mother Shipton.

Superstition Surrounding Them.

Most people are satisfied with one mother, and so they should be in the course of nature. I have, however, writes a London correspondent to The Boston Herald, discovered in one portion of London three mothers, and all of them mothers of the same offspring, all living at Camdentown and Kentish-town, all easily reached by a tram-car starting from King's Cross railway sta-tion, which is situated in the northern part of this vast city. The offspring of these mothers three, is—what do you suppose? Briefly, then, since you probably give up the riddle, it is a bar, not a legal bar, but a public bar, or, in English abbreviation, "a pub." The mothers are the three names of inns of the past, now degenerated into mere way side resorts for the expenditure of the nimble coins of the realm, which seem somehow to burn in the pockets of the British workman and his spouse. Cu-rious to learn something of inns, which, as far as I can ascertain, are the only ones called "mother" this or that, I made a little tour of investigation as to their origin and history, both on the premises themselves and at that mine of knowledge, the British museum, which includes the histories of every sort of English enterprise and of the books and literature of all nations. It was possible, however, to glean most of my facts from the places under consideration—namely, the "Mother Red Cap," "Mother Black Cap," and "Mother Shipton" hosteleries. The people living near them have preserved a large amount of biographical lore, and, save that here and there a date needs verifying, Cam-dentown and its contiguous Kentishtown are well grounded in all pertaining to their celebrated "Three Moth-As far back as 1830 these three inns were in a flourishing condition. Mother Red Cap and Mother Shipton date back to the early seventeenth century, and, believing vague rumors, even further back. Mother Black Cap can not trace with authority earlier than 1820. With Mother Red Cap it was and is at rivalry, and its name was doubtless given in order to be one quite op-posite to red, or, likelier still, because Mother Red Cap was once intended to have been made a second Tyburn. Therefore black may have been used in a derisive spirit. "Orders." wrote The Morning Post newspaper in 1776 "have been given from the secretary of state's office that the criminals capitally con-victed at the Old Bailey shall in future be executed at the cross-road near the Mother Red Cap inn, the half way house to Hampstead, and that no gal-leries, scaffolds or other temporary stages be built near the place."

The first home of Charles Dickens in London was within sight of the Red Cap when he came here with his parents from Chatham in 1821. It was then about the poorest portion of the London suburbs. The thoughtful little lad saw about him that sorry poverty which he so graphically portraved later on in his marvelous word paintings. That his childhood was lonely in consequence of his having at that period of his life no suitable companions was perhaps the best thing which could have happened for the imperceptible develop-

ment of his mental life. The Mother Red Cap was from earliest times a terror to travelers. She was a character in history, sometimes called "Mother Damnable," of Kentishtown. At her house the notorious "Moli Cutpurse," the highway feminine marauder of Oliver Cromwell's day, halted and lodged. Viragos these two beyond all doubt. In 1850 the old house was taken down and a new one built on its sight, with the same swinging sign over the door of a buxom, shrewish-looking woman, with a formidable extinguishershaped hat. The present house is in its stone foundations are not only those comprision the later but the former domicile. As many historics are presented of this somewhat mythical personage as there are days in the week. The venerable dame, witch, or alewife is identified by many writers as the celebrated Eleanor Rumming, of Leather- er brute nor human, but ghoul," to parhead, in Surrey, who lived in the days of Henry VIII. This old alewife is described by the poet laureate of bluff King Hal as being most uncomely of rural England, as in rural America,

bleared, and she gray-haired."

In a work on the history of St. Pancreas is the account of her life which is most probable, and the one nearest the traditions still extant in Camdentown. "She was," says this record, "sometimes called, besides 'Mother Damnable' and 'Mother Red Cap,' the 'Shrew of Kentishtown.'" She was the daughter lingers even in aesthetic nineteeeth cenof one Jacob Bingham, a brickmaker in the town and neighborhood. Tiring of the humble labors of a bricklayer, he enlisted in the army and went to Scotland, marrying there a Scotch peddler's daughter. The result of their union was our Mother Red Cap, whom they named Jinney. At last the father wearied of the army and returned to his set forth: bricks, sometimes relieving life's mon-otony by traveling, with his wife and child, as a peddler. Thus the girl got into vagabond ways, and at 16 had an intrigue with one Gypsy George, or, as he was less frequently known, George Coulter, an idle ne'er-do-well. This man was a deal of bother to the magistrates, and, truth compels us to record, he lived by his wits, which were most disreputable ones. In his evil deeds he was seconded by the lawless Jinney. At last Coulter was caught sheep stealing, sent to Newgate, tried at the Old Bailey, and hung at Tyburn.

Reckless Jinney did not long wear the willow. No. 2 in her lawless affections was a drunken fellow named Darby. They were constantly quarreling, and at last Jinney talked matters over with her mother. After this Darby was missed, nor could be be found by the Consulted one last time, she uttered a authorities. At this period both of Jin-strange prophecy, the one above all ney's parents were summoned before others mostly quoted in this century:

the people rose high, proofs were over-whelming, and they were both hanged. Perhaps the enforced violent deaths of parents and lover may have imbittered the girl, for Jinney henceforth was more reckless than ever. A third temporary liege lord was one Pitcher, of whom little was known, It was not many months when his body was discovered in the oven burnt to a cinder. Jinney escaped hanging for this mur-der because an associate "proved he had often gotten into the oven to escape Jin's tongue." Although acquitted, Jinney was "a lone woman," for even the lowest of her former companions feared her with a deadly fear. She prowled about at nightfall in the lanes, no one either knowing or caring how or where she got her food. She became a hunted, scorned creature, more like an animal of the woods than a human being. During the common-wealth troubles, a man closely pursued, sought refuge by the back door in Jin-ney's house, and on his knees he implored a night's shelter. His face was thin and full of terror. He offered Jinney money, of which he had an abundance, and she gave him a lodging. For years thereafter she lived with the man, who gave her liberal money gifts, although hard words, often blows, were heard from her cottage. One day he died, and the customary inquest followed. It was thought he was poisoned. but, lacking proof, the stealthy murderess, his paramour, escaped a second time the clutches of the law. She was termed "the gallows cheated," and she had not one friend in all the world. But she was not penniless, as she owned her cottage, which had been built on waste land by her father. Years pass in hermit-like life for the poor creature, whose foul tongue blackened all of whom she spoke. To make matters worse she was report ed far and wide as a witch, a dabbler in the black art, in which it was said her fatner had trained her. One can imagine her a veritable Macbeth witch about the burning caldron. She told fortunes and healed strange diseases. If any calamity occurred, the poor old creature

was jeered and hooted by the mob, who showed here no mercy, pelting her with stones, and setting all sorts of traps for her. At this stage of her mild, fitful career, she would lean out of her hatch door, with a weird red cap set upon her uncanny head. The crowd would jeer and call her old "Mother Red Cap." Her nose was broad and huge, her eyebrows shaggy and sinister, her brow deep scarred with wrinkles, and her sensual mouth with an habitual sullen expression. On her shoulders she wore a gray striped frieze, patched in black dabs, looking like a swarm of black bats. Suddenly she would allow her enormous black cat to jump up beside her, when her mockers fled dreading superstitiously, blackest double enemies. To-day, we should call the poor wretch "a maniac," but in her days she was a "witch." Her death is described in a time-yellowed pamphlet in the British lieved either by a grand sweep of the museum as follows: "Hundreds of men, women, and children were witnesses of the devil entering her house in his very appearance and state, and that, although his return was narrowly watched for, he was not seen again, and that

the following morning, sitting before the fireplace, holding a crutch over it with a teapot full of herbs, drugs, and liquid, part of which being given to the cat the hair fell off in two hours, and the cat soon after died. That the body was stiff when found, and that the undertaker was obliged to break her limbs before he could place them in a coffin, and that the justices have put men in possession of the house to examine its contents. Such is the closing history of this strange being, whose name will ever be associated with Camdentown, and whose reminiscence will ever be revived by the old wayside house, which, built on the sight of the old beldame's cottage, wears her head as the sign of the tavern."

Mother Damnable was found dead on

At the beginning of the current cen-tury, the Mother Red Cap was a favorite place of resort for weary Londoners who longed to breathe fresh air and turn a successor to the 1850 one, built revel in country quiet in this house, then about 1875. Much of the walls and standing in the open fields and approached by green lanes and blossoming hedgerows. Over the way was a dairy, a sort of "milk fair," at which visitors were served with fresh milk from the

Leaving Mother Red Cap, who was, it seems, "neither man nor woman, neithaphrase Edgar Allen Poe, less than half less mythical mother than Red Cap. In face, "ugly of cheer, her face all brow-sy, wondrously wrinkled, her 'een what believed. She is regarded as a prophet by simple folk. She is also of the reign of bluff King Henry VIII. Tradition accords her birthplace as Knaresborough, and relates that she "sold her soul to the devil," that she forecast the future to her seekers after tury peoples, only they call that sort of women by high-sounding titles-"astrologers" and "clairvoyants." She was a witch, yet she was not destined to share the fare of the traditional witch, for she died in her bed in Yorkshire, near Clifton, at a very advanced age. In the churchyard of Clifton a memorial stone

Here lies she who never lied, Whose skill often has been tried; Her prophecies shall still survive And ever keep her name alive.

Each day of her erratic life was marked by her foretelling remarkable tales, all of which involved grave attention. From the uttermost counties of England she was consulted by all grades of society, who flocked to their prophetess, "Mother Shipton." To an abbot agent of the king, she foretold the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the sovereign's union with Anne Boleyn, Smithfield's heretic flames, Cardinal Wolsey's death, and the cruel execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In addition she told of the coming to the throne of England of James I. Of this she mut-

the courts for secretly practicing the black art, compassing thus the death c. Shall mingle with a greater flood;

an innocent maiden. Indignation in Great noise shall there be heard, great shouts THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB. and cries, And seas shall thunder louder than the skies. Then shall three lions fight with three, and

bring
Joy to a people, honor to a king.
Peace shall then be as before;
Plenty shall everywhere be found,
And men with swords shall plow the ground. James was also his predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, was disturbed by the strange prophecies of Mother Shipton. For Bess, despite of her masculine intellect and iron will, was a very woman in many essentials. To her Mother Shipton foretold: Before the good folk of this kingdom be un-

done, Shall Highgate hill stand in the midst of This consummation is rapidly being reached to-day, if not at the time it was versed. James, as also Elizabeth, was so moved by the old dame's words that he forbade by law additions to London in the way of building. Down to the fire of 1666, London as a metropolis was very compact. Mother Shipton's sign presents a demure, wizened dame on its swinging board, and leads to odd, ghostlike visions. But a truce to her. Entering the inn to look about a bit, the pert barmaid says: "What shall it be, miss?" I reply: "Water, clear, filtered water: but here is your sixpence, and let us unite in drinking death to superstitution of the black art and the potency of 'The Three Mothers.' "

### London as a Social Forest.

London is a large social forest, marked everywhere by the rich, straggling freedom, unregulated variety, and indefin-ite limit which distinguish a forest from an artificial garden or a walled orchard. And, like a great forest also, it has not a few free green places scattered here and there, to let in the light and give currency to the breezes, while the long lines of streets which we have mentioned are like the green walks through a forest, which enable the woodman to use his ax freely, and to transport the fruits of his labor with ease and expedition to their proper destiny.

The opposite style of this rambling character of London may be best seen in Berlin. The magnificent capital of Prussia-or now, rather, of Germanyhas more the aspect of a manufacture than a growth. The streets run rank and file, like the batalions of a great army. They are utterly without the freedom, the picturesqueness, and the ever-changing diversity which is the great charm of London—of course, we repeat here, of London taken as a whole. There are parts and whole districts of London which are as bald as the most prosaic lines of streets in Berlin or Mannheim, and as destitute of any distinctive feature as a feeble curate's first sermon, in which the skeleton of some "preacher's help" has been tricked up into the customary proprieties of the pulpit. But these long rows of tasteless monotony in London are only parts, which in other cities would make the | nition of her work. whole, and are, moreover, largely readjacent parks or by those frequent green squares of open ground which add a charm to the most prosaic architecture of a town, similar to that conferred by the bending river on the monotony of a wide champaign. As to England generally, the presence of this fresh and fragrant green-not in strips only here and there, but everywhere, in large, interminable sweeps-gives a charm to the landscape with which neither Italy nor Germany nor any fairest continental country can vie, so in London the glory of green trees, vividly fresh amid the dullness of old bricky courts, and beneath the pall of a frequently cloudy sky, brings the memory, so to speak, and a certain afflatus of the country into the town just as the arms of the sea on the west of the Highlands run with a graceful willfulness up to the root of the bens, bringing the strong breath of ocean along with them. This strange and unexpected combination of contrary things fills the eye with changes of a pleasurable surprise.

A great contribution to this delight ful intermixture of town and country is formed by what was once the suburbs of London, but what are now essential parts of the city; for it is a rule, with few exceptions, that men who do business in the city proper—that is, the district of which St. Paul's is the center. with the Tower and the Strand as the two wings-reside not in the city, but decamp regularly about 4 or 5 o'clock into those comparatively open circumjacent districts which are either separate small towns or open green com-mons surrounded with villas.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

# Iron-Clads and Torpedo-Boats.

A Berlin dispatch to The London Standard says: The new iron-clad Oldenburg, will be of entirely novel construction. It is a broadside ship, with 10-inch guns, five on each side, two above and three below deck, but the whole five can be concentrated on the might be able, while living on earth, to same point with sufficient force, it is estimated, to disable even the strongest iron-clad. The displacement of the Oldenburg is 5,200 tons, and her engines 3,900 horse-power, enabling her to steam fourteen English miles an hour. The German government is apparently not well satisfied with the construction of the torpedo-boats at Stettin. It has ordered new ones in England, and refuses to accept six that have been completed. China also has ordered her three new iron-clads to be built in England and not at Stettin. Herr Schwarzkopf, of Berlin, will on Tuesday next complete his thousandth torpedo.

You Should Think. One of the most idiotic practical jokes indulged in by persons carrying lightweight brains is loading a cigar or pipe with powder for some victim to endanger his eyesight. It is on a par with suddenly drawing away a chair upon which somebody is about to sit, then laughing at the party's discomfiture. Sometimes the laugh is on the wrong side of the mouth, when the victim hurriedly proceeds to put the joker's eye in mourning, or tap him forcibly on the proboseis, and serve him right. Harmless jokes are excellent, but anything that may disfigure or cripple anybody for life should not be indulged in. "I didn't think" is not a good excuse. You should think -Peck's Sun

No wind can do him any good who steers for

The Personnel of Some of Its Well Known Members.

Its Founder, Its Platform and Its Object-A Resume of a Famous Club About Which Much Has Been Said.

NEW YORK, December 30, 1885. The Art rooms at 6 East Twenty-third street are very familiar to all picture lovers, but they have taken on a new character this season by having been selected for the meetings of the Nineteenth Century Club. Exactly what the Nineteenth Century Club is few outside the organization seem to know, yet no club or so-ciety has ever existed that has occasioned so much speculation or individual desire and heart burning. Come with me to the club rooms, for the meetings are no longer held in Mr. Palmer's elegant parlors, and we will see what the Nineteenth Century Club is like.

It is easy to see at the start that it is not an exclusively male club. The social air is too well defined. There is too much refinement; just the touch of formality necessary to save from undue familiarity, and that subtle charm of oder from delicate prefumes and flowers. of odor from delicate perfumes and flowers which would indicate to a blind man the presence of cultivated women. Crossing the first gallery we ascend the red carpeted stairs which lead to the upper floor. At the top of these, and at the entrance to the west gallery, which is filled with seats facing a platform, members and guests are received by a committee of ladies, first of whom is Mrs. Cortlandt Palmer, whose willingness to sacrifice for a time the quiet of her beautiful home made the club possible, and whose grace and courtesy as hostess, aided by the constant presence and

co-operation of ladies whose names are a social power, preserve its character intact.

One of these, perhaps the one whose influ-ence has been most potently felt, is a slight, delicate woman, of great refinement and dis tinction of appearance and manner. Seeing simply her air of thorough breeding, one would not give her credit for the energy she possesses the amount of excellent work she has done in the amount of excellent work she has done in her plays, her bric-a-brac stories and other works, not to speak of constant efforts in behalf of societies and public and charitable enterprises. For this is Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, author of "A Russian Honeymoon," "Weeping Wives," "Old-fashioned Fairybook," "Woman's Work in Modern Homes," "Bric-a-brac Tales," illustrated by Walter Crane, "Crow's Nest," "A Little Centennial Lady," and other plays and stories whose names I do not rememplays and stories whose names I do not remember now. Mrs. Harrison comes quite naturally by her genius for literary work, for her grandmother, Virginia Randolph, was the kinswoman and pupil of Thomas Jefferson; early trained by him at Monticello to habits of intellectual exercise and in her day a year well. tellectual exercise, and in her day a very wellknown writer on old-fashioned themes of doctrine and romance. From the book-loving and literary Fairfaxes of English descent on the paternal side Mrs. Harrison inherits the same taste, and her early life in the old Fairfax family homestead in Virginia, under the careful guardianship of a mother who was a rare specimen of intellectual womenhood was well. specimen of intellectual womanhood, was well adapted to foster and stimulate her last gifts. Pursuing her literary works in a somewhat desultory fashion and merely for the love of it, Mrs. Harrison is less known as a writer of books than as a social leader and the author of a brilliant little play, based upon a comedy of Scribe's, which, though written for amateur production, was performed at the Madison Square Theatre for nearly a hundred nights. It is true that quite recently she was made a member of the Executive Committee of the Copyright League, but it was probably more out of gratitude for her strong and successful effort in getting up the series of "Author's Readings" last spring than knowledge or recog-

The third of the trio is a lady also well known in the best social and literary circles; ore widely known indeed other woman of her standing, for her work has been diversified, and her relations intimate with representative people in society, as well since a series of clever "Conversations" on literary and social topics in Appleton's Journal attracted the attention of literary circles in New York. They were signed "M. E. W. S.," and it soon became an open secret that the author was Mrs. Sherwood, a well known leader in society, and a woman of singular breadth of mind, added to a various experience and cultivated intelligence. Mrs. Sherwood has only recently returned from an extended visit abroad, but she was one of the ladies whose names gave strength to the infant phenomenon, represented by the Nineteenth Century Club, and every one is glad to see her back and re-ceive her cordial welcome.

The Rubicon passed—and it does not take at all so long as I have employed in writing about it-we soon find ourselves seated in the long gallery among 400 or 500 other waiting and expectant persons of both sexes. They are not all fashionable or even wealthy people by any means, but they are largely representative, and they generally include visitors of distinction from abroad who may happen to be in New York at the time. Mr. Felix Moscheles, the English artist and godson of Mendelssohn, with his beautiful and charming wife have been frequent guests since professional en-gagements have kept them in New York City during the past two winters. Mr. Edgar Fawcett and of late Mr. and Mrs. Moncure Conway are also prominent figures—but hush here comes the President.



COURTLAND PALMER.

The inspiration of this modern and truly remarkable club, for inspiration it was, belongs entirely to the founder and President, since its Mr. Cortlandt Palmer. Apart from start, Mr. Cortlandt Palmer. Apart from this, however, and previous to its inception, he was principally known as a man of extremely radical tendencies, though the inheritor of a million and a good old name. Looking at him as he stands, introducing the subject and the speaker of the evening, in the earnest, easy, natural manner habitual with him, one sees a slight, blonde man, with brown hair parted in the middle, a reddish brown moustache and blue gray eyes, whose somewhat limited vision is aided by glasses. The description of ex-ternals, which might apply to thousands of other men in New York and elsewhere, gives no idea of the singular clearness, sincerity and refinement of Mr. Palmer's appearence, tem-perament and character. He is himself to such an extent as to be unique, but like the author of "Ecce Homo," he recognizes his kinship with everything else that is human. This is not the genius of the temperament of the ney-maker, and Mr. Palmer is therefore better known for what he gives than what he makes, and could not by any possibility be-come a hundred millionaire. In fact it seems almost a misfortune that he has never known the necessity for earning money, for his ability both as writer and speaker would have won him distinction in almost any field in which it might have been exerted. As it is, ha has been foster father to many beautiful but forlorn hopes and enterprises, born ahead of their time and therefore cut off before coming to maturity. Born in Fourteenth street, in what was then (1843) the extreme upper and most fashionable portion of New York City, of old English (an English ancestor, Walter Palmer, settled in Connecticut about 1650) and republican in the broad sense, from the crown Knickerbocker stock (Suydama) whence, on the maternal side, did he receive that fountain of moral courage, sympathy and universal charity which are the most striking characteristles of the man and individualize him in the gree business habits and faculties with grasp of World.

midst of an assemblage of other men distinguished for goodness and humanity.

In many ways the previous life and environment of Mr. Palmer seem to have curiously prepared him for this work, into which he has thrown himself with such zeal, of building an organization upon a broad basis and of the unique character of the Nineteenth Century Club. Probably no other man in this country held or could have maintained relations cointimate with classes so opposite or individuals timate with classes so opposite or individuals so widely divergent in opinions and ideas. No man could because no other man would. The fact tells the whole story. He was never os-tracized even by his own order on account of his opinions, because his own toleration was so large as to include every shade of honest con-viction, and no one could be uncharitable to-wards a man who exercised so large a charity towards others. When, therefore, he gathered a few of his friends together and announced as a platform for the future chip, "willingness to a platform for the future club "willingness to try all things and hold to those that proved

good" it was received with acclamation, and it may be said the Nineteenth Century itself—

so memorable in achievement—was crowned by that act with a glory that it had not before known—that of Unity, in difference and in degree, the nearest approach we can make to the divine life. Not many of those who crowded Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's parlors understood the signifi-cauce of the step that had been taken—of the structure they were building. Exteriorly, the assemblage presented a brilliant social specta-cle, for while it was religiously radical, or radically religious-free as air in its intellectual, theological and scientific flights—it was con-servative socially, and employed its lady mem-bers principally as a wall of defense against the intrusion of objectionable elements. This would probably not have been Mr. Palmer's policy. It is not in him to shut any one out of any heaven of his making, but it was sound and wise policy for all that, and has done much to increase the prestige of the Club. Every one could not be invited or admitted, and the difficulty increased the desire till it became a passion, especially on the part of women tired of the routine of fashionable life, or who wished to enjoy the mental exercise of these inteltournaments. For the social atmosphere, the freedom in expression, the quick renown which the meetings achieved, and the fact that they were, and are, the only thing of

speakers and writers to give to the Nineteenth Century for love what they would hardly have given to the outside world for money, and brought men into the arena to break a free lance who could not have been induced to do it under restrictions. It was the finest sight in the world to see such men as the Kev. Dr. Rylance, the Rabbi Gottheil, Professor Adler, T. B. Wakeman, other Reverends, and a Unitarian, to make the circle complete, all differing in brilliant and caustic antitheses, all agreeing in the great fundamental principal. all agreeing in the great fundamental principle of ultimate unity. A Persian story illustrative of this idea closed one of the speeches. It was of four mendicants of different nationalities, who meeting on a common road, agreed to pool their small stock of coins in order to obtain a sufficient dinner at the first inn at which they might arrive. But each one had a favorite dish of which he insisted it should be composed, and the name of which he gave in his own tongue; whereupon from words they came to blows and arrived at their destination broken and battered, but without having arrived at any agreement, and clamor-ing each for his own dish. And at last when the dishes were brought they were found to be exactly the same, only called by another name. This has been the drift of the theological discussions, but there have also been others that were scientific, still others that were purely literary, but the President is not quite happy, not strictly on his native heath, except when he has an Old School Presbyterian, a Hardshell Baptist, a Congregational Methodist, an Agnostic, a Materialist, a Theosophist, a Posi-tivist and a disciple of the Ethical school all engaged in discussing some knotty psycho-logic problem, and agreeing at last to disagree. It is not likely that converts are ever made to any form of faith at the Ninteenth Century Club, but what a school it is for the enlarge ment of ideas, the training of the faculties, and the development of the different sides or standpoints from which a question may be con-



sidered, while its work mirrors the brightest

A prominent figure at the Nineteeth Century Club and one of the gentlemen most intimately associated with Mr. Palmer in its inception and early work is Mr. Parke Godwin, the veteran editor so long connected with the Evening Post, and one of the last remaining of that famous band who participated in the dream of Fourier, and believing that heaven could be reached by a single bound endeavoring to realize their earthy Paradise at Brook Farm. Nor did they fail—simply the world was not ready for such self-abnegation and continued separation from it or modern monasticism was not to be expected on the part of men and women so rich in energy and mental gifts. Almost all the Brook Farm experimentalists became famous afterwards, and, with a few exceptions, they did not believe the dreams of their youth. although they had discovered their impractica-

Mr. Parke Godwin, hearing the same some what unusual name, and known for his early advocacy of socialistic ideas, is often confounded with the husband of Mary William T. Godwin, the English Author, was born in Cambridgeshire, England, and died in London in 1836. He never came to this country. Mr. Parke Godwin was born in Paterson, N. J., in 1816. He was educated at Princeton studied law, but perhaps owing to his marriage with the daughter of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, drifted into journalism and became first edi torial contributor, afterwards managing editor of the Evening Post. Mr. Godwin has always been alman of ideas, interested and laboring for social, political and religious enlargement He has written many books distinguished for thought and ability and has many of the qualities as a leader, but perhaps he is too far in advance. He cannot work with the instruments nor toward the object of the crowd, and so he has generally found himself with the fated minority who live and die working for

but misunderstood by their fellows. Mr. Godwin is now nearing seventy-his nassive head is covered with a mane of snow white hair, but he is seemingly as energetic in work, and as active in every cause that appeals to his sympathies as ever. Such labor movements as tend to the elevation of the workingman, the opening or building up of schools and colleges for women, laying a foundation of a National School of Music, and of American opera, work for the Bartholdi fund -all these and cognate enterprises find a willing and efficient helper in Mr. Godwin, who believes in man as part of the mind of God, and in the infinite possibilities of thoughts and reflection, by which he is distinguished. The picture given is not from a photograph, Mr. Godwin never having had one taken, but from an engraved copy of a portrait painted some years ago, and which, therefore, does not convey the serenity which the snow of years has imparted to the lines of an always strong and striking face.

One of the vice-presidents of the Nineteenth Century Club and one of the interesting and remarkable men of this century is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman by birth, the town of Dumferline having had the honor to be his place of nativity, but a large-hearted lover of republican in the broad sense, from the crown of his head to the sole of his boots. Mr. Car-



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

mind, a quick and keen intelligence, and extraordinary power of appreciation and sympathy. One can best estimate men and women by their relations or proportions to other human creatures. Of Mr. Carnegie it may be add there is only one of him and every day said there is only one of him, and every day experience shows that when there is only one of a kind they are not easily replaced. He was born of humble parentage—from a pecuniary point of view—but his father had received a good education and was a man of unusual intelligence, even among the canny Scots; while his mother, who still lives, and whom he reverences and treats with the tenderness of a lover, the worship offered to a saint and the homers due to a force of the saint and the homage due to a Queen, is a woman of rare mental endowments and strength of character. Certainly the highest and best that is in him must come from her, for mother and son are the same in the courage and honesty of their convictions, in insight, in depth and reach of thought, and in the sympathy with all created things, which fills the lives who garner it full

of unutterable music and sweetness Perhaps it will be thought that the mother of Mr. Carnegie should not be mentioned here, for her life is now secluded and she is seldom seen in any assemblage; almost the last time was when she acted as the queenly hostess on the occasion of a magnificent reception given at the Windsor Hotel (his New York home) by Mr. Carnegie to his intimate personal friend, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the deference shown the aged lady by the most distinguished personages and their recognitions of her adpersonages, and their recognitions of her admirable character and mental gifts must have gladdened the heart of the loyal son.

It was in 1845 that the family removed to this country, and his first earnings were as a telegraph messenger at a salary of \$2.50 per week. He now, in connection with his brother, controls four of the largest iron and steel works in this country, besides owning an interest in many similar enterprises. In order to influence public sentiment in Great Britain he has purchased several newspapers in England and Scotland, and now has a more or less con-trolling interest in eighteen popular and well known papers, seven of which are dailies— evening papers—and eleven weeklies, with an average circulation of over 2,000,000 of copies. With all this genius for taking on care and multiplying his business responsibilities Mr. Carnegie does not seem oppressed by them. He is most genial and courteous of manner, an effective speaker and fluent writer as may be seen by a glance at two books he has found time to write and publish-"Round the World" and a "Four-in-Hand"—the latter the record of a trip made some four years ago with a party whom he took out on the steamship Bothnia as his guests, supplementing the jour-ney with a six weeks' coaching trip through England and Scotland, and celebrating his mother's birthday by taking her and the whole party to his native town in order that he might ay the foundation stone of a free library which he presented to Dumferline at a cost of \$25,000; he had previously endowed it with free baths at a cost of the same sum. New ork has been benefitted by the Carnegie Laboratory at a cost of \$50,000, and Braddock, Pa., by the presentation of a free library, which is not yet completed. Pittsburg was offered one but the municipality declined to accept it because it would have to be maintained. Twenty-five thousand dollars Mr. Carnegie has expended in scholarships in the Royal College of Music in London, while his minor benefactions are as the sands of the sea. He knows too well the value of money, however, and has too just an appreciation of what it can do to throw it away on useless and worthless objects; in one way or another his money is always expended to aid in the intellectual and moral adrancement of the people. He credits to repubdican institutions all the results of his own tareer-the possibility of taking the boy earnmg \$2.50 per week and making him as a man the peer of those "born in the purple." But every boy does not become the peer of the scholar, the rich man, the philosopher, the relormer, the philanthropist and the true gen-ileman, and the boy who becomes all of these by the force of his own unaided faculties possesses the elements of greatness within himself and would have risen to distinction anywhere.

Since his return to his native land and set-tlement in Brooklyn natural attraction has drawn Mr. Moncure Conway to the Nineteenth Century Club and made him one of its familiar figures. Mr. Conway looks something like Matthew Arnold, and reminds one of him, but is face is less rugged—has not the deep lines of Matthew Arnold—though it is perhaps as expressive of the lines of thoughtful work upon which both lives have been spent. Mr. Conway is one of those men who make themselves felt wherever they are. A Virginian by birth, be graduated from Dickinson College, Pa., and took up the study of the law at a time when the growth of an opposite public opinion was stimulating Southern pro-slavery prejudice to its extremest height. A man nust be all that local sentiment demanded of him or nothing. Mr. Conway took up the cudgel for freedom and humanity; he threw up the law and with it the prospect of a brilliant future and began to study and preach the Gospel. He was born in 1852; in 1852 he went to Harvard and studied theology, accepting two years later the call to a Unitarian church in Washington. His anti-slavery sermons, however, led to his dismissal, and after anether trial in Cincinnati, where trouble arose from the same cause, he took up the work of professional writer and lecturer. He edited the Boston Commonwealth and became an acknowledged power. When he went to England in 1863 it was for the purpose of influence ing public opinion there through the press and of confronting Southern arguments with the testimony of an anti-slavery Southerner. But England has a fashion of its own of absorbing the really able men and women who make their quality known. Mr. Conway wrote and lectured and shortly received a call which he accepted, to the ministerial office in connection with the South Place Chapel and shortly became a recognized part of the intellectual life of the great metropolis. But he has never lost his interest in or his connection with the living issues "at home." His letters of many years to the Cincinnati Commercial were the most quoted and famous of any from the great metropolis, while his house was always open and must be most gratefully remembered by thousands of Americans who shared the kind and grateful hospitality which Mr. and Mrs. Conway were always ready to dispense. Mr. Conway is a man of convictions, and has the courage of them. He is still in the prime of life, though his mentality has got the best of his vital force somewhat, and caused him to bend forward so as to give him a look of greater age than really belongs to him. Already he is felt as a new force in the field of thought and mental and moral progress, and has more demand upon his time than is good for the imortant literary work in which he is engaged. Leaving out all reference to the lectures which, first and last, represent every phase of active intellectual life and thought, these are few of the figures which would be pointed out as notable at any meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, and these and the methods employed will serve to indicate some of the reasons why it is famous.

A rigid mother in Bath, Me., has succeeded in having her danghter's beau arrested and arraigned for staying too late in her house at night. The Bath papers cut the affair short by saying that he was released on his promise to leave town the next day. This will give the world an exalted idea of the Bath daughters, for had it been in any other state the girl