

world, but all of Europe. In 1789 he settled in Birmingham, where he was pastor of a dissenting congregation, yet he proceeded with his philosophical and theological researches.

While in Europe he was scoffed at as being a Christian, while at home he was branded as an atheist. To escape the latter imputation, he wrote his "Disquisition relating to matter and spirit." In 1782 Dr. Priestly published a history of the corruptions of Christianity, a work which led to the most exciting controversy in the latter half of last century, and in 1785, the work itself was burned by the hangmen in the city of Dort. However, not daunted, he followed up this work by a "History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ." He was soon involved in a literary warfare. Besides all this Priestly was as deeply concerned in ecclesiastical and civil questions. He believed firmly in religious liberty. He wrote twenty volumes upon this subject. Also in politics he was partial to the French revolution and as he was a man of strong speech and stinging pen he excited the hatred of those who opposed him. The Tories so excited the people against him that he was attacked in the street. Still he did not yield, though riots occurred and his life was threatened. Finally, in July, 1790, an angry mob entered his home and set fire to his library and costly manuscripts. He fled for his life to Hackney. But his sentiments were unchanged and he was none the less outspoken because of this abuse; at last thinking himself insecure from popular rage he embarked for America.

In the United States he was received with enthusiasm, as a martyr to republican principles. He was offered a professor's chair in Philadelphia, but he declined this, for he modestly felt the want of an early systematic training in the sciences. He retired to Northumberland and resumed his studies. But here, again, his Unitarian belief as well as his political opinions brought him into trouble, and his later writings were mostly in defense of his doctrines and discoveries. Until his death on February 6, 1804, he continued to devote his whole attention to his literary and scientific pursuits with as much ardor as he had shown at any period of his active life. On his deathbed he expressed the satisfaction he derived from the consciousness of having spent a useful life, and the confidence he felt in a future state—in a happy immortality. The French were the first after his death to honor his memory. At Paris, his *Eloge* was read by Cuvier before the national institute.

Priestly was a man of irreproachable moral character, remarkable for zeal, truth and patience. In the world he appears to have been fearless in proclaiming his convictions, however negative. Few men have written so much or with such facility. He leaves between seventy and eighty volumes—monuments of his life work. Yet, in spite of this enormous result, he seldom spent more than six or eight hours a day in any labor which required mental exertion. He had a habit of regularity which is worthy of imitation. He never read a book without determining in his own mind when he would finish it. At the beginning of every year he arranged the plan of his literary and scientific pursuits.

As a man of science Dr. Priestly has left his mark upon the age. But besides being a scientist he aimed at being a metaphysician, theologian, politician, classical scholar and historian.

Prof. Loissette's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Ave., New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 350 at Oberlin college, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Pennsylvania, etc. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Prof. Loissette upon the highest ground.

## LITERARY.

He made more use of his brains than of his bookshelves, thought for himself, and said that if he read as much as other men he should have been as ignorant as they.—*Life of Thomas Hobbes.*

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Through the favor of a friend we had the pleasure of reading a late number of the *Cape Times*, a South African weekly. In the hope of giving a small amount of information about this distant colony of our distant relatives, we give a few items culled from its twenty-four pages. We need not feel shame at our ignorance of the affairs of the colonists, for they are evidently in deeper darkness as to ours.

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The Cape is not a settlement of thick headed Boers and half civilized diamond and gold hunters,—a place where life insurance companies are afraid to issue policies. It is an intelligent and orderly community, with a purely British prodigality as to government officials. It has its university, which offers larger scholarships than any in England. It has its military college, well endowed and well attended, the students of which have just taken a ten days' outing. It has its magazine, the *South Africa*. From the *Times* we give the following, as proof that the English bigotry and sublime recklessness as to facts are not confined to the little island, but are characteristics of the colonists as well. It is clipped from a discussion of "Manners and History," which seems to have been going on for some time. "But when the southern states sought to exercise their rights the more powerful northerners resolved on ignoring them and maintaining the union as the source of the strength of their country. They jumped upon state rights and carried their view with the sword; and the great bulk of the Irish settled in America, especially in New York, raised whole regiments towards trampling out the independence of the southern states and maintaining the union."

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The *Blackwood* for December has just come to us. It is a good number,—much better than the average. One of the articles that bring up its standing is the one, the first of a series, on Caesar Borgia. This seems to us a very interesting subject, and so it has to many others, judging from the number of references to it that we find in literature. Caesar was a genius in his way, his methods of killing men were so unique. But we have not space at present to discuss him; we can but mutely admire. Then there is a very fair paper on "Literary Voluptuaries." The author of this evidently tries to be modest, for his name is not given, but he cannot leave that little habit of the British of making "we" play a prominent part. He talks on his subject for a time in a way that is really charming, but he finds himself obliged to tell us of the books the illustrious "we" liked in our youth, moreover, the exact way in which "we" liked them. Now all this would have been interesting enough if we had found it among the *Forum's* "Books That Have Helped Me" papers, but it became somewhat tiresome here, after we had been reading the interesting matter at the beginning of the paper. Distinguished persons with "an ill-regulated passion for reading" hold our attention as the private preferences of an incognito "we" cannot.

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It continues to be a mystery to us why *Harper's* has selected a writer like Laurence Hutton to supply it with literary notes while there is such talent at large as that of the literary editor of the HESPERIAN; yet we confess to a faint, sickly sort