OLD TICONDEROGA.

Traditions of the Fort That Occupied a Conspicuous Place in the Revolutionary War.

One should establish himself at the pretty village of Ticonderoga, up the outlet of Lake George, where one finds good hotels and all the amenities. Lake George is three miles away on the south, and Lake Champlain two miles on the east, while at the door in the falls of the outlet is almost every variety of form that falling water can assume. This outlet as it leaves Lake George, is a considerable mill-stream of clear, cold water, sparkling and murmuring among meadows until, reaching the village, it falls 250 feet in as many yards, covering almost at a leap the difference in level between the two lakes. In its natural state the cataract must have been a romantic picture, but its waters are now so obstucted by dams and vexed by mill-wheels that much of their beauty has vanished.

The great feature of interest, however, is old Fort Ticonderoga. As one glides from the outlet into the lake he sees over a marsh on the left a gaunt, craggy promontory rising abruptly out of the water, and stretching back into the forest a well-defined wall or trap 100 feet above the level of the lake. The railway coming up from Whitehall pierces the barrier by a tunnel. On the right, in the curve of the bay, formed partly by this promontory, is the dock where the large steamers land their passengers for lake George. This promontory is Ticonderoga, one of the most historic spots in America. Clambering up its ledges to the summit, one finds a green, slightly-rolling plateau, with black rocks outcropping here and there among the grass, and in the center gaunt and ragged walls of masonry. In some of them embasures still gape, and beside them moat and sally-port, north and west bastions, parade and barracks, are still traceable. A little further east, where the cliff projects over the water, may be defined the outlines of a redoubt. Sheep are feeding now among the grim ruins, and one may linger all day without being disturbed by any chance passer. It is a strange, eventful history that of this rock. When the French engineers of Baron Dieskau first selected it, and raised here the walls of their Fort Carillon, they did it to command the great highway between the English colonies on the south and their own dominion of Canada, a highway which, making use of the Hudson and the two lakes—George and Champlain—gave almost uninterupted water communication between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic at New York. And so it came about that all the wars between these French and English colonies resolved themselves into a struggle for the possession of this commanding rock. In like manner it became the first point aimed at and won by the American colonies in their later struggle with England for their independence. Strange memories cluster about the gray old ruin, which a dreamy October day is apt to revivify. First, one thousand gay Frenchmen in blue coats, and half as many Iroquois in war-paint and feathers, march away up the outlet toward Lake George, bound on the congenial errand of a midnight assault on some unguarded fortress or sleeping settlement. But in a few days, come streaming back, broken, defeated'. They have met Johnson and the provincials at Fort William Henry, at the head of the lake. Next, Vaudreuil comes on the same errand, wading through the March snows, but is broken on the same sturdy barrier. But the Frenchmen will persist, and five months later Montcalm, with pennons waving over eight thousand men in arms, comes up the lake, bound to sweep the English from George. He does it, but the year is hardly out ere Ambercrombie, with fifteen thousand Englishmen, sits down before the fort and demands its surrender. There is a heavy fight, but the English retreat only to appear the next year under an abler general and overthrow the French power in America.

Under English rule the old fort saw peaceful days. The quiet lakes were no more the field of contending nations. Iroquois and Mohawks went no more on the war-path. A corporal's guard of forty men lounged about the crumbling ramparts, watched the lizard basking in the sally-port, drank King George's health, and shuffled cards on unused drum-heads. Then came the morning of the 10th of May, 1775, when in the gray dawn a motley band of frontiersmen in backwoods garb, headed by one Ethan Allen, of Bennington, swarmed over the parapets and drew up on the parade. We should like to have seen the expression of the old red-faced martinet who commanded when confronted by this of farmers and ordered to surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and the continental congress."

One more eventful action took place here, and then the old pile was relegated to its present state of desolation. Early in July, 1777, Burgoyne left Crown Point on his famous invasion of New York, and one of his first acts was to encircle Ticonderoga with his forces. Out yonder in the lake lie his frigate and gun-boats, cutting off communication by water. And here, toward Lake George, Gen. Phillips has seized Mount Hope, cutting off retreat in that direction. St. Clair in command has not force enough to man one-half the batteries. By the fifth day the fort is nearly invested. Phillips taken possession of Mount Defiance here on the southwest, so high and so near to the fort that he can count every man and gun in it, and is putting guns in position. St. Clair holds a council of war and decides to retreat. At 2 o'clock on the morning of July 6 the garrison is in motion, stealing away quietly up the lake shores toward Castleton, and away from the eager besiegers. The hot pursuit was without result.

This was the last incident of moment in the history of Fort Ticonderoga. On Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga the English abandoned the fort, and again reoccupied it in 1780. Then came the year 1783, and Ticonderoga became as useless as the child's toy to the full-grown man.—*New York Evening Post*

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Notes on Education.

In the public schools of Sweden four hours a week are devoted to instruction in the mechanical arts.

About a hundred of the public school teachers of Texas visited the chief objects of interest in the New-Orleans Exposition last week. Commissioner Eaton made an address before them, calling their attention to the value of the Exposition as an educator.

The Indianapolis Journal hits on one or two minor evils connected with the meetings of educational associations. Speaking of an approaching state teachers' meeting it says: "There will be the usual buncombe and pedentry, inseparable from such associations. Most of the male teachers will be known as 'professors.' There will be much windy discussion, and many theories and hobbies will receive their annual trotting out and airing. But the old reliables will be there, conservative and thoughtful, and many a young college or normal graduate will take his seat much more quietly and less inflated than he rose. The book agent will be there—the seductive book agent, who captures some superintendent or school principal with his sheer sociability, takes him to the hotel, feeds him, smokes him, theatres him, presents editions de luxe at a cost to his house of perhaps 95 cents a volume, and finally succeeds in displacing some good text-book for the new wares of the agent, and at a cost to the county of more than the teacher's or superintendent's salary."

"The Cumberland Farm School," says *The Nashville American*, "was founded several years ago by Miss E. T. Morgan, formerly of New York, who has been a successful teacher at Knoxville, Columbia and in this city. She saw that under our present inefficient system of public schools the more sparsely settled sections of the state could not enjoy even the meagre benefits derived from that system by the densely populated portions. Attracted by the healthful air and charming scenery of what are known as the Cumberland Table-lands, she resolved to devote herself to building up a school in the benefits of which the children and youth of that region might share—practical education, in its largest and widest sense, being the chief object in view. Miss Morgan's early struggles were of a most discouraging nature; help came slowly; more than once it seemed that her labor of love must be abandoned as hopeless. But for the outside aid already mentioned she could not have gained a foothold. This she has at last succeeded in doing—and barely this. Her merits should have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of every friend of education in Tennessee. The more influential citizens in her immediate vicinity are already beginning to appreciate her work. They propose to ask the Legislature to make some substantial recognition of the school, and a petition with this object in view has already been prepared. If they do not obtain the appropriation, it is hoped that they will at least be able to draw attention to the school in such a way as to enlist a more liberal popular support than it has hitherto received."

Says *The Macon* (Ga.) *Telegraph*, "The question of whether or no the chewing of gum in schools and colleges affects the pupil as to his studies has been a mooted one since gum chewing became so popular. It was left for a Macon school teacher to put the matter to a test and determine the question. On Friday afternoon, as a certain school was being dismissed, she gave out that the class in arithmetic, composed of twelve bright pupils of both sexes, would be divided on the following Monday. Six of the pupils were to provide themselves with a moderate allowance of first-class chewing gum; the other six were to be gumless. Accordingly on Monday morning there were six bright scholars armed to the teeth with chewing gum. Their jaws were working like so many steam triphammers, and they were eager for the fray. From the arithmetic the teacher selected twenty-nine problems and then the class buckled down to business. The other scholars stopped nudging each other and looked over their geographies and grammars at the dozen youngsters who were to decide a very important educational question. The teacher began to throw the mathematical problems into the class like so many javelins. The tolu-mashers warded off the blows and held their ground. Before half the problems were given out it was evident to the school that the tolu-troublers had more gum in them than they had been given credit for. Finally the twenty-nine problems were given, and on counting up the score it was found that the chewers of gum had correctly answered twenty-one, while the gumless six had only eight. This will probably work a revolution in schools, so far as chewing gum is concerned."

MEN OF LETTERS AS PREACHERS.

The Habitual Tendency of Certain Authors to Moralize.

Our own age differs from those that preceded it not least in the peculiar character of its moralists. In former times the minister of religion was usually the sole recognized moralist. Here and there scientific morrlists have had considerable influence upon the moral practice of small groups of educated men. Both these classes of moralists we still have with us, although at present under an eclipse. Neither the clergy nor those whom they address are quite clear as to the bias of theological doctrine presupposed in all moralizing from the pulpit. The scientific moralist can not directly address a public so enormous, so ill-educated, so scant of leisure, and so eager for excitement as the public of modern Europe. Nevertheless, mankind continue to have an appetite for that moral exhortation which they denounce by rote as dry and insipid, while consuming it in great quantities, and with little regard to quality. They have found new preachers among the people who write essays, novels, and poems, who have long been accustomed to make remarks upon life and conduct, but have been esteemed not very successful in the conduct of their own lives. By common consent these gentlemen have been inducted into the vacant cure of souls. The literary man has become the one universal and impressive moralist, so that it is well worth while to trace the effect of literary modes of thought upon ethics, as well as the effect of constant ethical purpose upon literature.

Our literary moralists have naturally imparted to modern morals a literary tinge. The most fashionable virtues are the virtues of the literary spirit. Thus tolerance is pre-eminently a literary virtue; and our age is very tolerant, tolerant not only in the domain of thought, but also, if in a less degree, in the domain of action. Another literary virtue is humor, a quick and scornful perception of what is ugly, exaggerated, and insincere. This virtue has passed from books into our conscience, has made us feel the vices that cling to our very virtues, and has made the best of us almost weakly shy of avowing their own goodness. The openness and flexibility of mind, the delicacy in discriminating, the patience in hearing all sides, the indulgent kindness in judging which, above all other good qualities, complete a finished literary character, can never indeed be of much account in popular morality; but they are of more account now than they ever were before. All this, of course, is due to many causes, such as the social changes of the last hundred years; but it is in part due to the literary influence upon conduct, the influence of such writers as Thackeray and Carlyle, Victor Hugo and George Sand.

On the other hand, some of the most notable weaknesses of our generation are literary weaknesses. Morality as taught by literary men has lost as much in definiteness as it has gained in expansion. Being practical, it should speak forcibly, unless it speaks clearly. It may speak clearly in one or two ways. It may lay down in dogmatic fashion a series of short, sharp rules, apparently without vital connection or ground in reason—rules which are not to be questioned simply because the questioner will be punished. Again, it may express the net result of serious and scientific thought about the universe and man's place in it—that is to say, it may be definite because it is philosophic. Now, the literary moralist is usually not definite either in the one way or in the other. His wisdom flashes out from time to time in brilliant intuitions, in the intervals too often emitting nothing but unsavory smoke. His teaching is a series of acute observations, searching parables, or moving pictures. Such teaching exactly suits the palate of an age too critical for dogma, too impatient for philosophy; but it wants unity, it wants consistency, it wants force—wants very ill-supplied by passion of feeling and glow of imagination. So that when we read the literary moralist for anything beyond literary pleasure we commonly end in downright bewilderment.

Thus every serious reader of Carlyle's writings must be a good deal perplexed by his presentation of virtue, now as purity and now as power. Is the great man always the good man? In what sense can it be honestly said that might is right? Carlyle nowhere clearly answers these embarrassing questions, or, at most, gives us in equally positive terms two answers which seem to contradict one another, and are really very dificult to harmonize. Turn and twist the matter as we may, the ideas of Calvin are not the ideas of Goethe, nor can the modern scholar look upon this world with the eyes of one of the apostles. Carlyle would no doubt have admitted this; and yet he would have gone on exhorting us to do the thing the most angrily and righteously denounced, to close our eyes to facts and masquerade in the old clothes of the Cromwellian republic.

Or, listen to Thackeray's perpetual denunciation of worldliness. On every other page he exhorts men and women to marry without much consideration of ways and means. On every other page he twits them with their base greed, with their anxiety to get on, to make money, and to rise in the world. He might as well exhort the wolf to have cubs and not prey for them. For the stupidest reader who reflects can see that all this tugging and lugging, all this shoving and scrambling to get a subsistence, comes from the difficulty of subsisting, and all the difficulty of subsisting from the multidude of those who compete with us and of those who depend upon us. How often do men and women bow the proud neck and silence every generous beating of the heart in order that those whom they love and who will despise them may be spared the long-suffering and humiliation that have filled their own lives? Ah, it is because so many lives are starved and shriveled up that here and there a few have space to bloom and spread themselves in the sun. It is the degradation of most that makes possble the self-respect of some. It is the score of niggards who make possible the one generous man.

The moralist who declines to face facts may denounce sentiment, but is sentimental still. His doctrine, being sentimental, can be reduced to no plain or inteligible principle; and as it does now consist with itself, it would fain make amends by being angry like an illogical man or tearful like an illogical woman. But no tears or curses tell so much as a lucid indication of facts. All of us feel the mystery of our situation, and all would like to have even the least light thrown upon it. Merely to show us an enormous specter of the Brocken which mimics all our struggles is not showing us the way over the hill. Anybody who is good for anything has quite enough fermenting in his inside. It is wisdom, not excitement, that he wants from a teacher.

Sentimental moralizing always tends to paradox, and the moralizing done by men of letters is no exception to the rule. Like other preachers, they must live; they must live by moving their hearers, and they can best move their hearers by means of the fresh and wonderful to which their own eager and mercurial temperament inclines. Thus the new priesthood is not less sorely tempted than was the old; and less than the old, if less be conceivable, is the new priesthood expected to practice what it preaches. How often of late have we seen men, themselves the artificial luxuries of a most luxurious and artificial society, advocate innovations which would make all Britain a less comfortable place than any Benedictine monastery! As these men do not lack imagination, they must needs lack seriousness. Nor is it a light matter that we should read their discourses merely as we would listen to a prima donna. Nothing more demoralizes than a sermon delivered by a man who is sure that it will not be acted upon to men who do not mean to act upon it, and know that, if they did, the person most confounded would be the preacher himself.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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What Felix Did.

Years before there was a society for checking cruelty to animals, an Irishman living in London, used to distinguish himself by defending horses from ill-treatment. Felix McCarthy, for that was his name, stood six feet five inches in his stocking feet. Though priding himself on his giant's strength and that the purest blood of the *Mac's* and *O's* flowed in his veins, yet he put both blood and brawn at the service of dumb, defenceless animals.

Meeting one day a carter, who was beating his horse because the poor beast could not draw the over-loaded cart up a steep hill, Felix ordered the man to desist. The carter replied by striking Felix over the head with his heavy whip.

In an instant a blow from the giant's fist laid the human brute in the street. The Irishman then seized the carter, lifted him up, tossed him into his cart, and drove to the police court, where the man was fined.

In defending his favorites, Felix knew neither high nor low. He once saw a noble lord beating the fine horse he was riding about the head with a stick. The indignant Irishman seized the bridle and raising his right arm in a threatening gesture, said:

"Desist from bating your horse, or I'll make you!"

The nobleman jumped off in high anger demanded to know "the name of the scoundrel who dared to dictate to him."

Here is my card," said Felix, thrusting one into the nobleman's hand, "and if you will step aside, I'll give you any explanation you may require; but you shall not *bate* this animal as long as I have an arm to defend him."

Felix was a parliamentary reporter on a London paper.—*Youth's Companion.*

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She Enjoyed Cold Weather.

The recent spell of weather calls attention to a recent article in *Littell's Living Age* called "A Lady's Life in Manitoba." The writer says she bought frozen milk by the pound all winter; mustard froze in the mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stovepipe and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day. The kitten's ears froze, and broke off; so did the ears of a neighbor's pony. A pail of water left in the kitchen all night would freeze solid before morning. When she had been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief the lower part would freeze on the table. The thermometer went to 58 degrees below zero. This is commented on at considerable length, and then comes this remark: "But I say deliberately that I would rather pass three winters on the prairie in Manitoba than one summer." Worse than all the freezing, the cold, the confinement, and the whole ca tegory of winter, is the mosquito, she says.—*Hartford Courant.*

SHY OF POISONING.

How People Instinctively Shrink from Drugs Containing Morphia and Opium—A Reporter's Researches.

From the Washington Daily Post

For many years physicians have been much exercised over the use of drugs and medicines containing opiates or poisons. Opium smoking by the Chinese and the introduction of the habit into America is an evil which has been sought to be remedied, and the police of Philadelphia have recently made successful raids on opium "joints" and arrested the proprietors. A more insidious form of poison than this, however, and one which largely affects not only the health but the lives of children, is that which comes in the form of popular medicines. Nine out of ten of these, it is known, contain narcotics or deadly metallic oxides. The difficulty, however, has been to find a substitute for such things which would be purely vegetable, and at the same time effect a prompt cure. That such a discovery had been made was announced recently, and Dr. O. Grothe, chemist to the Brooklyn Board of Health, and a graduate of the University of Kiel, Germany, publicly certified that he had analyzed the remedy and found it free from narcotics, opiates or injurious metallic oxides, and a harmless and happy combination, which will prove highly effective. Hearing that Dr. Samuel K. Cox, a graduate of Yale, and expert analytical chemist of this city had also analyzed the remedy in question and given public testimony as to its purity and efficacy, a reporter of The Post was told by him that he had given such a certificate, and that he believed the remedy marked a new stage in the treatment of throat and lung diseases. He knew also that many public men in Washington had given the remedy a trial, and felt confident if they were called upon that they would cheerfully indorse it. One of them was Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, Senator-elect from Kentucky. Mr. Blackburn, on being approached, said he had used the remedy with marked effect and found great benefit, especially during his occupancy of the Speaker's chair. It had removed all irritation from his throat and relieved a cough which had troubled him much.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, said that he firmly believed in the remedy, which he had personally tested. Congressman J. H. Bagley, Jr., of New York; Wm. Mutchler, of Pennsylvania; J. H. Brewer, of New Jersey; Hart B. Holton, of Maryland, and J. P. Leedom, Esq., of Ohio, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, were emphatic in their endorsement of the remedy. Messrs. Ed. A. Clark, Architect of Public Buildings; E. A. Carman, Acting Commissioner of the Agricultural Department; Thomas S. Miller, chief clerk in the Surgeon-General's Department; H. E. Weaver, ex-Congressman from Mississippi, and now chief of the collecting division in the General Postoffice; J. H. Gravenstine, head of the labor division in the same department, and F. B. Conger, City Postmaster, and son of Senator Conger of Michigan, all pronounced it a valuable discovery, and had found its effects not only soothing, but lasting. The remedy in question is Red Star Cough Cure. It is free from opiates or poisons and is purely vegetable.

A physician who stands in close relation to the Board of Health of the District of Columbia said that there are two things which seriously affect the health of the people,—impure water and impure drugs, and therefore the benefits of a discovery like Red Star Cough Cure cannot be over-estimated. Thousands of children die annually from the use of cough and soothing syrups containing opiates or poisons, and even adults are exposed to the danger of blood-poisoning from such a cause. In view of these facts members of Boards of Health in various cities; public men of Maryland, from the Governor down, and leading practicing physicians throughout that State have over their own signatures testified that Red Star Cough Cure cannot fail to be a boon to the suffering and afflicted. The reporter's investigations were thorough and unprejudiced, and the testimony obtained, judging from its charaeter, connot be gainsayed.

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Arabs Die But do Not Surrender.

London Telegraph: As at Teb and Tamai, the wounded Arabs refused to be made prisoners, and great caution had to be exercised in moving about the field, not only to avoid the covert stabs dealt by the bleeding Arabs, but the rushes and cuts of the fanatics who shammed death in order that they might the more surely get a chance of burying their weapons in one of us. Exploring along this way a party of our men came upon six dead and four wounded Arabs lying under a bushy dwarf mimosa tree. The soldiers had an interpreter with them, and the Arabs were called upon to surrender and come out. That they said they could not do; would the soldiers therefore come and take them? The four wounded men still held their spears in their hands. "Very good," said our soldiers, "put down your spears, and we will see you are well treated, and do all we can to cure your wounds." The answer of the four Arabs came fierce and concise: "Put down our spears, infidel dogs! By God and the prophet, never!" There was a crack of Martini-Henrys. You can guess the rest. It was again, as at Teb and Tamai, almost impossible to take prisoners, and we secured but two of their wounded alive. The third prisoner I assisted to bring in, but he was hardly a capture, for the man gave himself up. He had a Remington and over 100 rounds of amuntion. His story was that he had been one of the Berber Egyptian garrison, and since the fall of that place had been forced into the Mahdi's army. He was glad to escape from them, he declared, and I must say the fellow looked cheerful at being taken. A trooper of the Nineteenth conducted him to Gen. Stewart. He was our one unwounded prisoner!