

The Literary Digest

A WEEKLY COMPENDIUM OF THE CONTEMPORANEOUS THOUGHT OF THE WORLD

Vol. X., No. 24. Whole No. 260. }

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1895.

{ Per Year, \$3.00. Per Copy, 10c.

Contents

Topics of the Day :

IS BUSINESS REVIVING?	691
SIGNIFICANCE OF LAST WEEK'S ELECTIONS	693
STOCK GAMBLING ILLEGAL	694
NEW YORK'S STRUGGLE FOR REFORM	695
ARE LIVING PICTURES ART?	695
TRUCK GARDENS FOR THE POOR, ON CITY LOTS	696
KENTUCKY'S EXPERIMENT WITH FIAT MONEY	697
GRABBING VALUABLE FRANCHISES	698
ENGLISH PROTEST AGAINST LOUISIANA LAWS	699
TOPICS IN BRIEF	699

Letters and Art :

THE DRAMATIC POWER OF "MACBETH"	700
MILDNESS OF MODERN CRITICISM	700
HALL CAINE'S "AGONY OF FIRST EFFORTS"	701
A TYPICAL EVENING AT BLACKIE'S GREEK CLUB	701
WANTED: GOOD WRITERS OF RELIGIOUS NOVELS	702
THE NEGLECTED ART OF TRANSLATION	703
WORTHLESS LITERARY REMAINS	703
NOTES	703

Science :

HOW SANDPAPER IS MADE	704
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AS A PROFESSION	704
WHEN IS A RUBY NOT A RUBY?	705
A WOODEN RAILROAD	705
ARE THERE GARDENS ON MARS?	705
IMAGINATION ESSENTIAL TO A SCIENTIST	706

ALUMINUM SUCCESSFULLY HARDENED	706
A LOCOMOTIVE THAT BURNS BOTH OIL AND COAL	707
DO PLANTS CONTAIN ARGON?	707
ASBESTOS CLOTHES FOR FIREMEN	707
NOTES	707

The Religious World :

CREDIBILITY OF THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS	708
BALFOUR'S DEFENSE OF CHRISTIAN FAITH	709
LENT PREACHING IN PARIS	711
STEVENSON'S LAST PRAYER	711
RELIGIOUS NOTES	711

From Foreign Lands :

REVELATIONS IN ARMENIA	712
THE CUBAN UPRISING AND ITS EFFECTS	712
HOW BISMARCK DRAFTED A CONSTITUTION	714
CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA	714
REFORM—OR REVOLUTION	715
FOREIGN NOTES	715

Miscellaneous :

A PHRENOLOGICAL STUDY OF THOMAS C. PLATT	716
THE MOST STUPENDOUS CALAMITY SINCE THE DELUGE	716
VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS DRUNK	717
A TYPICAL CHINESE PHYSICIAN	718
BUSINESS OUTLOOK	719
CHESS	719
LEGAL	719
CURRENT EVENTS	720



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/vicepresidentjoh00broo>

had already been active for three months. Van Gestel's narrative then proceeds as follows:

"It was Sunday morning [August 12, 1893]. I was sitting on the veranda of my house smoking a cigar and taking my morning cup of tea. The scene was a perfect one. Across the roofs of the native houses I could see the fishing-smacks lying in the bay at anchor, the fishermen themselves being on shore at rest, as they did not work that day. The birds were singing in the grove at my back, and a moment before I had heard one of the servants moving around in the cottage. As my gaze rested on the masts of the little boats, of which there were several score in sight, I became suddenly aware of the fact that they were all moving in one direction. In an instant, to my intense surprise, they all disappeared.

"I ran out of the house, back, up higher, to where I could command a better view, and looked out far into sea. Instantly a great glare of fire right in the midst of the water caught my eyes, and all the way across the bay and the strait, and in a straight line of flame to the very island of Krakatoa itself, the bottom of the sea seemed to have cracked open so that the subterranean fires were belching forth. On either side of this wall of flames, down into this subaqueous chasm, the waters of the strait were pouring with a tremendous hissing sound, which seemed at every moment as if the flames would be extinguished; but they were not. There were twin cataracts, and between the two cataracts rose a great crackling wall of fire hemmed in by clouds of steam of the same cottony appearance which I have spoken of before. It was in this abyss that the fishing-boats were disappearing even as I looked, whirling down the hissing precipice, the roar of which was already calling out excited crowds in the city of Anjer at my feet.

"The sight was such an extraordinary one that it took away the power of reason, and without attempting in any way to explain to myself what it was, I turned and beckoned to some one, any human being, to a servant we will say, to come and see it. Then in a moment, while my eyes were turned, came an immense deafening explosion which was greater than any we had heard as yet proceeding from Krakatoa. It stunned me, and it was a minute or two before I realized that, when once more I turned my eyes toward the bay, I could see nothing. Darkness had instantly shrouded the world. Through this darkness, which was punctuated by distant cries and groans, the falling of heavy bodies, and the creaking disruption of masses of brick and timber, most of all, the roaring and crashing of breakers on the ocean, were audible. The city of Anjer, with all its sixty thousand people in and about it, had been blotted out, and if any living being save myself remained, I did not find it out then. One of those deafening explosions followed another, as some new submerged area was suddenly heaved up by the volcanic fire below, and the sea admitted to the hollow depths where that fire had raged in vain for centuries.

"The awful surge of the maddened ocean as it rushed landward, terrified me. I feared I would be engulfed. Mechanically, I ran back up the mountain-side. My subsequent observations convinced me that at the first explosion the ocean had burst a new crater under Krakatoa. At the second explosion, the big island, Dwers-in-de-Weg, had been split in two, so that a great strait separated what were the two halves. The island of Legundi, northwest of Krakatoa, disappeared at the same time, and all the west coast of Java, for fifteen or twenty miles, was wrenched loose. Many new islands were formed in that throe, which afterwards disappeared. A map which I made not long afterward shows the change of the configuration of that part of the world.

"I waded on inland in a dazed condition, which seemed to last for hours. The high road from Anjer to the city of Serang was white, and smooth, and easy to follow, and I felt my way along it in the darkness. Soon after I began this singular journey, I met the native postman coming down the mountain toward Anjer with his two-wheeled mail-cart. This carrier's vehicle was an iron box on an axle, running on two wheels, pulled by four ponies. I told the man what had happened, and tried to get him to turn back, but he would not. I reached the city of Serang about four or five o'clock that afternoon, after having made one stop at a house on the way.

"This residence loomed up on the side of the road, offering me, apparently, a welcome refuge. I rushed in, thinking to find a

relief from the intense heat under the shelter of its roof, but through the tiles of the flooring little blue flames were flickering as I entered, and the house itself seemed like a furnace. The subterranean fires were at work even there, on the side of the mountain. Under the mass of flooring or masonry, I could not distinguish which, I saw the body of a woman in native garments. I rushed out horrified from this burning tomb. It was the residence, I learned afterward, of Controller Frankel, an officer of the Government ranking immediately after the Governor himself.

"I staggered blindly on my way. When I reached Serang, I was taken into the garrison and nursed for two days. I was supposed to be a lunatic. I started up in my sleep a half-dozen times in the first night, uttering cries of terror. I was soothed by drugs, and enabled on the third day to go to Batavia. Even then, the extent of the calamity was not known in Serang. At Batavia I took the steamer for Singapore."

On a subsequent return to Batavia Mr. Van Gestel learned further details concerning the force of the explosions and of the tidal wave. In Lombok the wave had thrown a Dutch man-of-war and two barks of two or three hundred tons each one hundred and fifty feet up the mountain-side among the trees. The city of Anjer had been submerged under one hundred feet of water. As for an accurate solution of the causes of the event, he thinks it would be folly to expect that human intelligence will ever reach it.

VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS DRUNK.

THE following setting to the scene of Vice-President Andrew Johnson's induction to office is painted by Noah Brooks, in his paper on "Lincoln's Reelection," which appears in the *April Century*:

"When the doors of the gallery were opened, and the crowd of women had finally been admitted, the sight was a beautiful one. Senator Foote, of Vermont, was in the chair, and was greatly discomfited to find that the fair ladies in the gallery had not the slightest idea that they were invading a session of the Senate. They chattered and clattered like a bevy of zephyrs among the reeds of a water-side. The presiding officer in vain tapped with his ivory mallet. The gay people in the galleries talked on just as though there was no Senate in session in the United States; but when the attention of the fair mob was diverted by the arrival of eminent personages, something like a calm prevailed, and there was silent gazing. There was Hooker, handsome, rosy, and gorgeous in full uniform; 'the dear old Admiral,' as the women used to call Farragut; Mrs. Lincoln in the diplomatic gallery, attended by gallant Senator Anthony; a gorgeous array of foreign ministers in full court costume; and a considerable group of military and naval officers, brilliant in gold lace and epaulets. There was a buzz when the Justices of the Supreme Court came in, attired in their robes of office, Chief Justice Chase looking very young and also very queer, carrying a 'stove-pipe' hat and wearing his long black silk gown. The foreign ministers occupied seats at the right of the chair behind the Supreme Court Justices; and behind these were the members of the House. The Cabinet Ministers had front seats at the left of the chair, Seward at the head, followed by Stanton, Welles, Speed, and Dennison. Usher was detained by illness, and Fessenden occupied his old seat in the Senate. Lincoln sat in the middle of the front row."

And now came the event which startled the country. The friends and partisans of Mr. Johnson immediately and strenuously denied the rumor that he was intoxicated when he took the oath of office, but there is little doubt now that he was at least "very ill." Mr. Brooks, who was present on the historic occasion, thus tells the story:

"All eyes were turned to the main entrance, where, precisely on the stroke of twelve, appeared Andrew Johnson, Vice-President elect, arm in arm with Hannibal Hamlin, whose term of office was now expiring. They took seats together on the dais of the presiding officer, and Hamlin made a brief and sensible speech, and Andrew Johnson, whose face was extraordinarily red, was presented to take the oath. It is needless to say here

that the unfortunate gentleman, who had been very ill, was not altogether sober at this most important moment of his life. In order to strengthen himself for the physical and mental ordeal through which he was about to pass, he had taken a stiff drink of whisky in the room of the Vice-President, and the warmth of the Senate-chamber, with possibly other physical conditions, had sent the fiery liquor to his brain. He was evidently intoxicated. As he went on with his speech, he turned upon the Cabinet officers and addressed them as 'Mr. Stanton,' 'Mr. Seward,' etc., without the official handles to their names. Forgetting Mr. Welles's name, he said, 'and you, too, Mr.'—then leaning over to Colonel Forney, he said, 'What is the name of the Secretary of the Navy?' and then continued as though nothing had happened. Once in a while, from the reporters' gallery, I could observe Hamlin nudging Johnson from behind, reminding him that the hour for the inauguration ceremony had passed. The speaker kept on, although President Lincoln sat before him, patiently waiting for his extraordinary harangue to be over.

"The study of the faces below was interesting. Seward was as bland and serene as a Summer day; Stanton appeared to be petrified; Welles's face was usually void of any expression; Speed sat with his eyes closed; Dennison was red and white by turns. Among the Union Senators Henry Wilson's face was flushed; Sumner wore a saturnine and sarcastic smile; and most of the others turned and twisted in their senatorial chairs as if in long-drawn agony. Of the Supreme Bench, Judge Nelson only was apparently moved, his lower jaw being dropped clean down in blank horror. Chase was marble, adamant, granite in immobility until Johnson turned his back upon the Senate to take the oath, when he exchanged glances with Nelson, who then closed up his mouth. When Johnson had repeated inaudibly the oath of office, his hand upon the Book, he turned and took the Bible in his hand, and, facing the audience, said, with a loud, theatrical voice and gesture, 'I kiss this Book in the face of my nation of the United States.'

"This painful incident being over, Colonel Forney, the secretary of the Senate, read the proclamation of the President convoking an extra session, and called the names of the members elect. Thereupon the newly chosen Senators were sworn in, and the procession for the inauguration platform, which had been built on the east front of the Capitol, was formed. There was a sea of heads in the great plaza in front of the Capitol, as far as the eye could reach, and breaking in waves along its outer edges among the budding foliage of the grounds beyond. When the President and the procession of notables appeared, a tremendous shout, prolonged and loud, arose from the surging ocean of humanity around the Capitol building. Then the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, the historic Brown, rose and bowed, with his shining black hat in hand, in dumb-show before the crowd, which thereupon became still, and Abraham Lincoln, rising tall and gaunt among the groups about him, stepped forward and read his inaugural address."

A TYPICAL CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

MEDICAL men conversant with the present situation in China say that there is danger of an epidemic there beside which her present troubles will sink into insignificance. A vast horde of men has been gathered around Peking, without adequate provision for sanitation. When the snow melts, this will doubtless result in one of those scourges that so often devastate China. What means has she to fight such an epidemic? About as effective means as she had to withstand the Japanese. Those who read the following account of a typical Chinese physician, which we translate from *L'Illustration Européenne*, Brussels, February 24, will be apt to conclude that the medical and military arts in China are about equally developed:

"We extract from a letter of the Rev. Father De Smet, missionary at Kan-Sou, the following interesting passage on the subject of physicians in China. . . .

"Chinese physicians regulate the dose and the price of the drugs—which they always deliver themselves—not by the condition of the patient, but by that of his purse.

"Here, for example, is a poor devil, not having wherewithal even to satisfy his hunger, who has contracted a kind of typhus

which in these parts is called *i-tchi*. One of his family comes to ask the doctor to go to see the patient. The Chinese Hippocrates has only to see the mien and dress of this relative of the sick man, to know that he is rich only in misery. Consequently he gives his answer without even rising from his chair. He is very tired; at least they might let him alone till he has smoked a pipe of opium. And then, too, these sick people are all alike; one must run at the first call, whether it is hot or cold weather. 'I am no stronger than the next man,' he adds; 'I know as well as any one what it costs to recover lost health. You had better call on one of my professional brethren!'

"But the poor Chinese has the tenacity common to all feeble creatures. He renews his demand, implores, supplicates, answers all objections, and displays so much eloquence that the doctor finally consents to visit the invalid. The consultation is not long; it requires merely a glance.

"And it is for that—for an ordinary *i-tchi*,' says the healer, 'that you disturb a man of my condition, when to cure you 30 sapecks' (3 cents) worth of *kiang-p'i* would suffice! Here is the dose which will make you sweat every drop in your body; and in three days you will be all right. Never come back to bother me!'

"And the good man, with his 30 sapecks, returns grumbling. He has scarcely attacked a second pipe of opium when a carriage stops before his gate; a valet clothed in silk comes to demand his attention for a rich merchant also afflicted with *i-tchi*. 'To every lord all honor!'—this proverb is known elsewhere than in Europe. In the twinkling of an eye, our Esculapius has thrown away his pipe and put on his velvet shoes and his long embroidered silk coat. He dons his hat of state, without forgetting to put in his pocket a package of *kiang-p'i*—the three-cent package—and to place on his large red nose a pair of gigantic blue goggles.

"In this solemn garb the great man goes at full gallop to the palace of his patient. There, assuming an air of charitable compunction, he taps the patient, he auscultates him by the back, the chest, the stomach. Then, with the goggles raised on his forehead, his finger on his right cheek, and his eye fixed on space, he reflects, he meditates, he sighs, during a full quarter of an hour.

"'I have it!' cries he in an oracular tone; 'I have never seen so many complications united in an effort to bring the most robust man to his coffin; but happily the science that our ancestors have bequeathed to us is able to take care of the most desperate cases, and here is an heroic medicine worth ten times its weight in gold, which will certainly put you on your feet in a few days.'

"The good man exhibits his three-cent package of *kiang-p'i*, for which he asks and receives seven or eight taels—about eight dollars.

"His first care, on the morrow, is to betake himself again to his precious patient. The latter is naturally much better; how could he be otherwise after the absorption of a sudorific that the chosen ones of Fortune are alone able to buy? That does not prevent the doctor from affirming that the left arm and, perhaps, the right foot have not perspired sufficiently. But it is very easy to apply to the case another medicament not less efficacious than the former. He presents consequently a second package of *kiang-p'i*, but, that it may not be confused with the preceding package, he only asks six dollars for it. On the third day, the patient is evidently out of danger, except that, by a peculiarity that would baffle a less experienced practitioner, there is still too high a temperature in the head: a third dose of *kiang-p'i*, at four dollars. At the fourth visit an abnormal chilliness of the abdomen is observed; this time the dose costs only three dollars. This goes on for four or five months, and the rich man pays out one hundred dollars or so to be cured of his trouble, when the poor man got off with three cents.

"For my part, I think the conduct of the Chinese doctor is quite judicious. 'Without faith, no health;' and the patient has perfect confidence in his physician. . . . Do not some great European doctors adopt the same method?"

It may be doubted whether a thorough dosing with *kiang-p'i*, excellent sudorific though it may be, would suffice to stay the course of such an epidemic as now threatens unhappy China.—*Translated for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

"You don't seem to hold a very high opinion of the latter-day woman." "I don't. She has ceased to be a lady and has not yet succeeded in becoming a gentleman."—*Life, New York.*