LIFE, LETTERS, AND ADDRESSES

OF

AARON FRIEDENWALD

To Dr. D. S. Macht
with the compliments of
Harry Friedenwald

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AARON FRIEDENWALD, M.D.

BY HIS SON
HARRY FRIEDENWALD, M.D.

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TO HER
WHO FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS
HALVED HIS SORROWS
AND DOUBLED HIS JOYS

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE.—My father was very near-sighted; the cast in his eyes, seen in some of the photographs, was merely apparent, and was due to the glasses he wore.

"There are three crowns: the crown of Torah, the crown of priesthood, and the crown of kingdom; but the crown of a good name excels them all."

—Ethics of the Fathers.

INTRODUCTION.

My father's life was not a long one. It did not attain the number of years which, according to the Psalmist, constitute a complete life. Nevertheless it was full and well-rounded. Its relations with that of the general community were many and intimate. So numerous and broad were my father's interests, that a large number learned to know him as a physician, as a teacher, as a public-spirited citizen, as a loyal son of Israel, as a man. Uniting his attachments and allegiances, he fulfilled the many and varied obligations of a busy practitioner and teacher of medicine without neglecting his duties to his family, to the community, and to his people; and in rendering full justice to all the demands thus made upon him, he still found time to satisfy the calls of friendship, of social intercourse, of charity, and of religion. His life was full and complete because he used the abilities with which he was endowed to the fullest extent and to the highest and best purpose; undertaking much, and finishing what he had undertaken; living in conformity with the highest principles, and ever guided by the most noble and exalted ideals.

Added interest is given to a life like my father's by the fact that whatever he accomplished, his position in the community and in the profession, was due to none but himself. The influences which surrounded him in his youth were not such as to lead the young man to seek the higher pursuits of a professional life. He had many a struggle, but the difficulties surmounted were the crucible in which a strong character was formed, a character in which there were developed and refined the noblest qualities of mind and heart and soul.

Although his life was not filled with interesting events, much of it being spent in the quiet industry and labor which shun the public

gaze, it is interesting to study step by step the development of such a life from its beginnings to the unfolding of its full manhood, to trace the influence of environment and education, to learn the views of life which guided it, the fundamental principles which inspired it. The material which I possess is not as complete as I should wish it to be. My personal recollections cover only the latter half of my father's life. Some of his letters which have been preserved reach farther back, but for the remainder I must rely upon what he related of his early life, and especially upon the memories of her who for thirty-nine years was his faithful helpmate. I have all the letters which I received from my father, and by good fortune those which he wrote to friends and relatives when studying in Europe as a young man, as well as the diaries he kept during that period, have also been preserved. From the letters, numbering many hundreds, I have made selections which are of interest as bearing upon his vocation, his views, his character, or which possess such general interest as warrants their publication in this volume. From a large number of addresses of various kinds, I have chosen a number for publication. I have also included a few after-dinner speeches. All purely medical writings have been excluded as unsuited to the purpose of this volume. The selections have been made so as to embrace his varied interests, medical, communal, Jewish; to give an idea of his style, and to illustrate his wit and humor. In the work of selection I have been greatly aided by Mr. David S. Blondheim, to whom I desire to express my obligations.

As far as possible, I have used the letters that are in my possession to weave the story of my father's life, in the hope that he who reads them may feel as did the poet:

> "So word by word, and line by line
> The dead man touched me from the past,
> And all at once it seemed at last
> His living soul was flashed on mine."

The letters, together with the addresses, furnish the best material to picture the man as he really was, keen of intellect, sound in judgment, broad in his interests, filled with admiration for the beautiful in nature, in art, and in human life, fearless and independent, affectionate and tender, " fearing God and keeping his commandments."

H. F.

LIFE AND LETTERS

CHAPTER I.

Family Antecedents.

Hesse-Darmstadt is a fertile country of hills and valleys, interspersed with rich pasture lands. It possesses many hamlets and a few cities, Darmstadt being the largest town in the South and Giessen the largest in the North. Jews have been settled in this land for many centuries. The earliest mention of their presence is toward the end of the thirteenth century, when "individual Jewish families were to be found in many localities;" and from this time on there is frequent reference to them, chiefly in the form of repressive measures. Thus, in 1538, Prince Philip the Magnanimous, although he seems to have been at times somewhat kindly disposed toward the Jews, promulgated a decree that they should not resist efforts at their conversion, that they should build no new synagogues, and that their commerce should be restricted.

His successors continued this policy of persecution, and frequent threats of expulsion served only to vary the monotony of grinding taxation. Thus the Jews had to pay "protection-money; a tax for admission; horse, fair, silver, wax, and quill taxes," as well as *dons gratuits* at the accession of a new sovereign.

At the request of the Jews, a decree relating to dress was promulgated in 1773, with a view to restraining luxury; and in 1785 Jews were ordered to use the German language in book-keeping and commercial correspondence. With the period of enlightenment a more generous spirit swept over Hesse. Under Ludwig X. (1790-1830) the "*Leibzoll*" was abolished, the Jews were permitted to acquire real estate, and the way was paved for emancipation. When Hesse was elevated to the rank of a grand duchy, after the

wars of liberation, the constitution of December 17, 1820, which placed all the divisions of Hesse on an equal basis, granted the Jews civil liberty. "A special edict (1823) regulated Jewish education, and another edict (1830) organized the congregations." Many years elapsed before all restrictions were removed.[1]

The majority of the Jews in Hesse were small traders, though there were also farmers among them. Most of them were poor, many were very poor; for conditions such as have been described did not lead to affluence.

My father's ancestors had lived in this country for many generations. Near Giessen,[2] in the little town of Altenbuseck, lying in the valley of the Buseck, three and three-quarters miles from Giessen, Jonas Friedenwald was born on November 9, 1802. His father, "Chayim, the son of Isaac," assumed the name of Friedenwald, probably from the town of Friedewald.[3] Jonas Friedenwald's mother, whose given name was Biele, died in 1809, when he was a boy of seven. On April 16, 1794, Merle Bar was born in Bobenhausen, situated about four and one-half miles northwest of Altenbuseck. She married a relative of Jonas Friedenwald, named Moses Stern, and bore him a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. The widow married again, her second husband being Jonas Friedenwald, who was then some twenty years old, being seven years younger than his wife. The couple owned a little farm, part of which had been acquired by Jonas, and were hard-working and industrious, raising by their unaided efforts sufficient produce to support the family, including the aged father. They would go

[1] This account follows the "Jewish Encyclopedia," Vol. VI, Art. "Hesse," from which the quotations are derived.

[2] The memory of Giessen lingered long in family tradition. A windfall was always greeted by the words: "*Zu Giessen kann man's brauchen.*"

[3] A small place in Hesse-Nassau, some fifty-five miles to the northeast of Giessen, which gave its name to the treaty of Friedewald, signed in 1551 between France and the League of Smalkalden.

into the field at daybreak, finishing their farm-work before breakfast, after which the husband would carry on his business as a small trader. He was strong, energetic, able, and ambitious; his wife was prudent and endowed with excellent common-sense. Many years later, long after she had passed away, her husband spoke of her with admiration and love, saying that his marriage was the best thing that had ever happened to him, for his wife had always given him the best of aid and counsel. "Indeed," he added, "the only time I made a great mistake was when I declined to follow her advice."

An increasing family and an early recognition of the poor prospects which life in Altenbuseck offered led the couple to resolve to seek another home by emigrating to America. They were the first Jews from that neighborhood to take this venturesome step. All their effects were sold, and the sum realized was sufficiently large to cause Jonas Friedenwald to hesitate;—after all, might he not, perhaps, begin some more successful enterprise with this money? This was one of the times when the courage and judgment of his wife came to his aid. Now that matters had gone thus far, she insisted upon leaving, and her voice prevailed. They set out in September, 1831, upon a sailing vessel, the *Louise* of Bremen, with the aged father, Chayim Friedenwald,[4] Merle's son, Bernard Stern (1820-1873), and three other children, Betzy (1825-1894), Joseph (1827-), and Isaac Friedenwald (1831-1904), the last an infant some two months old, on the weary and hazardous voyage to Baltimore. The passage, which lasted four months, was attended with great hardships. *Kosher* meat had been smoked and packed for the long trip, but unfortunately the captain of the vessel demanded that it be placed in his charge; and, though it was explained by my grand-

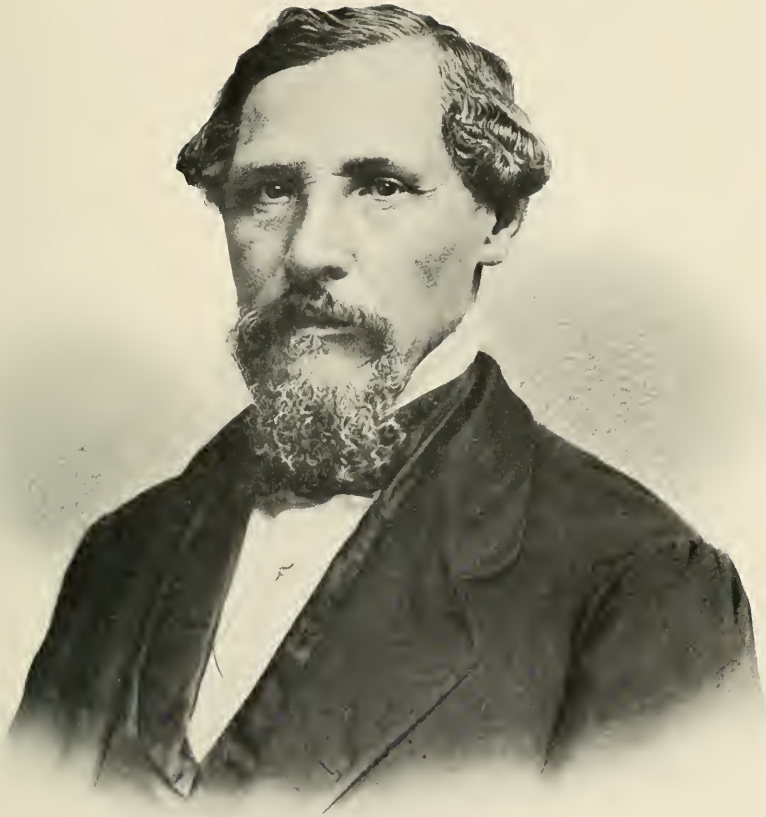
[4] Who survived the arrival in America sixteen years, during which period he occasionally acted as cantor at the services of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation. He died in 1848, at the age of eighty-six.

father that if this were done the Jewish law would forbid the use of the meat, the order was obeyed. The entire family did not taste a morsel of meat during all those months. Their sufferings were increased by the fact that the wife and mother became very sea-sick as soon as the ship started, and did not recover until the stormy trip was over. In addition they had to bear the taunts and jeers of their prejudiced fellow-passengers, who charged them with being responsible for the storms encountered. The captain, however, respecting the father's faithful observance of his religious duties under a shower of ridicule, allowed the family to use his own cabin for their devotions. The ship arrived on Thursday, January 15, 1832, at the mouth of the Patapsco, after meeting with great difficulty in making its way through the ice which obstructed the bay from Annapolis northward. As the river was frozen over, the *Louise* did not reach Baltimore until Friday evening, just before sunset. To avoid seeking lodgings on the Sabbath, Jonas Friedenwald left the ship on Thursday night. He walked over the ice to the city, in which he found shelter, renting from a coreligionist two small rooms in an upper story, and awaited the coming of his family. The immigrants had neither relatives nor friends to greet them;[5] they were penniless, for all their slender stock of money had been expended on the voyage over. On landing, the father found on the wharf a "fippenny bit" (a coin worth about six cents), and this, the only money he had, was the small beginning of what eventually became a modest fortune. His sturdy self-respect led him to decline aid which was proffered him, though he was so hard pressed that he had no money to buy bread. A kind-hearted baker gave him a loaf on credit, and as long as that baker remained in business he counted among his best customers the family of the man he had befriended. On the day after the immigrants arrived it was very cold in the bare

[5] There were at that time only three or four German Jewish families in Baltimore.

JONAS FRIEDENWALD

About 1865



Jonas Friedenwald

lodgings, and my great-grandfather and Bernard Stern went out into the woods near Patterson Park to get wood to make a fire. Joseph Friedenwald, a little boy, shivering with cold, said to his mother: "*Wären wir nur in unserem warmen Stübchen zu Hause geblieben!*" The poor woman, who had braved and suffered so much, broke down and cried bitterly.

But better times soon dawned. In a few days Jonas Friedenwald, who had decided mechanical ability, started out as an umbrella mender, an occupation which he had learned shortly before leaving Europe, with a view to supporting himself in America. This work from the first yielded him an income sufficient to maintain his family, to lay aside enough to begin a general junk-business, in which the entire household aided him, and, not long after, to open near-by a grocery store, of which his wife took charge. Success crowned their efforts, and a ledger of the years 1840 and 1841, which is in the hands of the writer, shows numerous accounts running into several hundreds of dollars. This progress was aided by the father's early acquisition of the English language, which he learned to use with ease, partly by practice, especially in the deliberations of Warren Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of which he soon became a member,[6] and partly by reading the Baltimore *Sun,* to which he remained a subscriber for sixty years. He later entered the hardware business, in company with his son-in-law, and by the year 1854 was in a position to retire upon a competence sufficient to maintain his family in comfort, and to enable him to give freely to all the needy who applied to him, as well as to various societies and institutions. He was one of the founders of the Hebrew Assistance Society, later called the Hebrew Benevolent Society. He was chosen its second treasurer, and continued to act as such for many years. When the demands upon the Benevolent Society on

[6] He was for some years before his death the oldest Mason in Baltimore.

behalf of the sick and the aged exceeded its resources, it was at his instance that the meeting which resulted in the organization of the Hebrew Hospital and Asylum Association was held. When the need for an orphan asylum for Jewish children became apparent, he suggested the calling of a meeting at which the Hebrew Orphan Asylum was founded. He reestablished the Hebrew Free Burial Society, and was elected its president, and various members of his family united in donating the ground in which the society makes interments. For many years he distributed to the poor *Mazzoth* for Passover, and by a liberal bequest which he made this charity is still continued.[7] He devoted himself almost entirely to communal and religious affairs, for he had a deep love for his faith and for his people. His wise counsel aided many a Jewish newcomer to establish himself. His benevolence, however, knew no bounds of race or creed; his will, for example, contained, among other bequests, liberal legacies to the Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, to the German Orphan Asylum, and to the German Aged People's Home. His kindness to the unfortunate, charity to the poor, and hospitality to the stranger became proverbial.

In religion his attitude was uncompromisingly conservative. In protest against innovations which he considered improper and even impious he withdrew in 1871 from the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, and formed, together with a few associates, the Chizuk Emoonah Congregation, which built a synagogue in Lloyd street. In connection with this synagogue he aided in establishing and maintaining a *Beth ha-Midrash,* together with a Rabbinical library.

His devotion to his religion appears in the following extract

[7] This bequest was transferred, after the death of Aaron Friedenwald, to the Hebrew Benevolent Society of Baltimore, the directors of which agreed to apply the proceeds in perpetuity in accordance with the wishes of the testator.

MERLE FRIEDENWALD

About 1865

MERLE FRIEDENWALD

from a letter which my father wrote to me under date of January 1, 1888.

"I saw grandfather this morning and he inquired after you. He had a cold, he told me, and regretted very much that he could not go to synagogue early in the morning, particularly as for the first time they failed to get *minyan*.[8] Just think of it, at his age, on a sleety winter morning, upbraiding himself for having neglected what he considered to be a duty! It is refreshing to see a man clinging to duty throughout a long life, and praying for strength to continue to do so."

His ninetieth birthday was celebrated in the synagogue by an imposing service, at which a number of prominent rabbis delivered addresses fitly commemorating his services to his people and to his faith. He died on September 2, 1893, having nearly reached his ninety-first birthday.

His wife had died long years before, on July 9, 1871. Her death was a great blow to her husband, then a man of seventy, who made a two years' voyage to Europe to recover from its depressing effects. On the voyage out the vessel on which he sailed was wrecked, and he was the last passenger to leave the ship, and the only one injured. Before my grandmother died, she suffered many years of painful illness, which nevertheless did not change the uniform kindliness of her disposition. She was noted for her skilful use of the pithy aphorisms in which Jewish wit is so prolific. I can truly say, in the words of Solomon, that she was a "virtuous woman, whose price was far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusted in her, and she did him good and not evil all the days of her life. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue."

[8] The quorum necessary for public worship.

CHAPTER II.

Early Life (1830-1860).

After Jonas Friedenwald's arrival in America two sons were born to him. The first of these, Moses, was born in 1834; the second, born on December 20, 1836, almost five years after the landing of the immigrants, was Aaron Friedenwald, the subject of the present biography. His schooling began early, and he was able to write when he was eight years old. He remarks in a letter dated December 31, 1887: "I remember well when I first began to write. It was in 1844, and it does not seem so very long ago." He attended the school maintained by the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation. Among his first teachers was an Irishman named Ross, a dominie of the old school, stern and severe, but a thorough and efficient instructor, for whom he always cherished profound respect. In later years he would repeat a jingling list of the counties of Maryland, such as old-fashioned pedagogues delighted in, with the remark that he had learnt it from Ross. His early religious training was received at the congregational school. His instructors were Mr. Weil, Mr. Dannenberg, Mr. Sachs, and, later on, Reverend Dr. Henry Hochheimer, who, soon after his arrival in this country, prepared my father for the *Bar-Mizwah* ceremony, and introduced him to the study of Rashi's Biblical commentary. He early acquired for the study of Hebrew a love which he retained throughout his life. He was an apt scholar, and in later years looked back to his school days as pleasant memories. His mother described him as very studious. Although he was always willing to help in any way he could, she said, whenever he had a moment's leisure in the winter-time he

would find a snug corner near the stove and read some interesting book. He received scant encouragement at home, however, and was looked upon as a mere dreamer. His brother Moses was the only member of the family who could understand him and sympathize with him.

An important influence upon the formation of his character was that exerted by the late Reverend Abraham Rice, the first Rabbi of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation and an intimate friend of the family. Rice was a very pious man, whose congenial nature and religious fervor attracted the thoughtful boy, and it is to his influence rather than to any other that I should ascribe the consistent religious views which marked the whole course of my father's life. His loving veneration for Rice appeared in his frequent references to him and in his unvarying custom of having the prayer for the dead recited in his memory on the Day of Atonement. He mentioned on several occasions his intention of publishing a biography of the rabbi, together with a selection from his sermons, some of which my father transcribed; this intention, however, was never carried out.

His school days were soon over, and the earnest work of life began for him when he was about fifteen years old. His brothers, who were engaged in the clothing business, employed him as a book-keeper. He continued at this work till his twenty-first birthday, finding the position decidedly uncongenial. Many years elapsed before he completely outlived the bitterness of this period. In a letter written in his later life (December 22, 1887) to his favorite brother Moses he says, "We are afforded . . . the consolation that now we can look up higher than to those who ruled over us then, and that many heartaches, disappointments, and humiliations to which we were subjected then have also been interred."

But this period was not entirely spent in the drudgery of office

work. The ambitious clerk was preparing himself for some broader sphere of activity. His evenings were devoted in great part to study and general reading. He took lessons from Mr. Jonas Goldsmith in French, making considerable progress in that language; and he learned to know English literature well, being particularly interested in fiction and in history. The sciences, especially physics, chemistry, and mathematics, were also diligently studied, and he gained so thorough a knowledge of them that in later years his children never brought him a question in science or a problem in algebra or geometry which he could not help them to unravel.

At this time he benefited by attending the debates of a literary society which met at the northeast corner of Calvert and Centre streets. Later, about 1855, he was one of the founders of a similar society, called the Hebrew Young Men's Literary Association, becoming one of the most active members of this body. In February, 1856, he was elected recording secretary, and several years later was chosen president. The debates held by this society, which was composed of a number of young men from eighteen to twenty years of age, were a source of entertainment and instruction. A number of speeches which my father wrote to deliver in these debates are still in existence, and show that he had at that time a good command of forceful English. For example, he opens an essay on "Patriotism," written about 1857, in the following words:

"Of all the virtues which are calculated to elevate a person in the estimation of his countrymen, which procure for him the respect of the world and hand down his name to be revered by posterity, there is none to be compared to Patriotism. . . .

"Would the justice of an Aristides, the piety of a Washington, the wisdom of a Franklin or a Jefferson, the valor of a Jackson have occupied such a great [place] in the minds of their countrymen or on the pages of history had not their patriotic deeds caused uni-

versal admiration and enthusiasm? . . . He who is imbued with that noble feeling is fearless of danger, regardless of sacrifice, when his services are required either to check the baneful influence of party spirit and to quell the dangerous agitations that ambitious demagogues may occasion at home, to defend the sanctity of his country from the invasion of a foreign foe, or to break the fetters of an enslaved people."

His views upon public speaking are expressed in one of these essays as follows: "When has there been such an extraordinary striving for the acquisition of eloquence as there is in the present time? Almost every school boy, dazzled by the brilliance of the position occupied by eloquent men, is led to the erroneous belief that the culture . . . of his perhaps overvalued abilities will make him a second Cicero, or flatters himself destined to fill the position left vacant by Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. . . . I grant that study, perseverance, and application may contribute to the gracefulness of position, to the development of the voice, to the beauty of language, to the impressiveness of speech, and to the persuasiveness of argument. . . . Was it art that enabled the fathers of the Revolution to kindle enthusiasm within the hearts of the people, that brought about such glorious results? Was it . . . studied rhetoric that fired the people to action, that caused them to forget the dangers of war and fly to arms to do the bidding of their country? . . . It was their patriotism, which was displayed in every word they uttered. It was their love for the cause of humanity, which flashed from their countenances. It was their devotedness to their country, which characterized their . . . illustrious careers. It was their sincerity, which was as palpable then as it was afterwards in their struggles upon the fields of battle. . . .

"While the heart bled, while humanity groaned under the iron heel of oppression, when it was seen that even in exile there was

no refuge from the cruelties of the tyrant, then every appeal in behalf of freedom became eloquent, for it was the effusion of the soul. . . .

"Let a man be as perfect in oratory as art can make him, if there is the least blemish upon his character, if there is anything that can cause it to be suspected that he is more a preacher than a practicer of morality, all the resources that he can bring to bear will be fruitless and unavailing. . . ."

It was the custom of this society to have a written report of each meeting submitted by a member selected to act as critic. A volume of such reports, extending from November 12, 1856, to February 21, 1858, is in my possession. My father's name occurs frequently as a participant in the discussions, and the book contains a number of reports written and signed by him in a characteristic hand, almost identical with that of his latest years. From this book the following excerpts are taken. As critic of the meeting of December 21, 1856, at which the subject, "Do Circumstances ever Justify Crime?" was discussed, he takes exception to

"... One argument, however, which appears to me to be very erroneous. [The debater] said that the crime of perjury would be justifiable should its commission be the means of saving an innocent person from an ignominious death. If we examine upon what principle the taking of oath was instituted, the fallacy of the argument will at once appear. In the taking of evidence in cases of law, why will not the plain statement suffice? What importance is added to it by an oath? It is justly supposed that, when a man is conscious of certain punishment, it will act as a great means to prevent him from committing crime. And, as the commandment says: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain,' who then can expect to be held guiltless if he calls the name of the Lord to witness the utterance of a falsehood?"

At the meeting held on November 29, 1857, he recited a poem. The critic of the meeting remarks: "His solemn tone of voice was well suited to the character of the piece he had chosen, and only at the end of some sentences degenerated into a singing tone."

As critic of the meeting of December 27, 1857, he mentions the late Dr. A. B. Arnold, then a physician of ten years' practice, whom he describes elsewhere as the "guardian of our society." He speaks thus of Arnold, who had taken part in the debate: "The doctor's remarks were delivered in his usual agreeable and impressive style. The manner in which he constantly scans the arguments of his opponents without losing sight of those he intends to establish is one peculiarly his own."

His humor sometimes appeared in these criticisms. He thus flays Mr. N., who was to have given a historical reading: "He caused the audience a double disappointment. First, the piece of poetry which he read was entirely devoid of historical interest; and, secondly, his reading was as bad as his selection."

He derived great advantage from several years of activity in this society. In after years, when he was noted as an orator from whose lips an address, a lecture, or an after-dinner speech flowed with equal grace, and as a speaker who was never at a loss for the fitting word, he assured the writer that as a young man public speaking had been most painful and embarrassing to him, and that only long practice had overcome this difficulty. Usually, though not always, he wrote out what he intended to say, and after one or two readings of his manuscript he would be prepared to deliver an address combining the order and finish of a set speech with the freedom and spontaneity of impromptu discourse.

On April 22, 1858, he was received into Masonry, and on June 24 of the same year he became a Master Mason in Amicable Lodge, No. 25, A. F. and A. M. Though not active as a Mason, he remained a member of this lodge until his death, forty-five years later.

When my father reached his majority, he informed his parents that he was resolved to give up business and to study medicine, and accordingly he entered on March 6, 1858 the office of Professor Nathan R. Smith, known among the medical profession as the "Emperor," and one of the most prominent surgeons of his day. He also took out cards for the courses at the University of Maryland. This step marked the turning point of his life. He had long looked forward to intellectual work, and was obliged to overcome great difficulties in the shape of prejudices and other obstacles which blocked his path. His studies meant a new life to him, a life which released him from an occupation thoroughly distasteful, and opened the way to activities which he had long looked forward to and never ceased to love.

One day, soon after he entered Professor Smith's office as a pupil, he walked into the university infirmary and found a note, unsigned, making an insulting reference to his religion. He immediately wrote underneath the scrawl: "The man who wrote the above lines is as great a coward as he is a scoundrel, or he would have signed his name"; and then added his own, "A. Friedenwald." In a short time he was confronted by a number of students, one of whom demanded menacingly to know if he had written those words. He emphatically affirmed that he had, and stood so plainly ready to answer for what he had done that his opponents left the room one by one, not daring to molest him. His election to the "Rush Club," a secret university organization, named after the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, membership in which was an indication of scholarship and character, soon followed. Dr. N. G. Keirle, who was at that time an advanced student, and remembers the incident well, recently told me of an epilogue to this story. Many years later he met my father looking for Dr. O., the author of the unsigned note, in order to assure him that he bore him no ill-will. Dr. Keirle, who told my father that Dr. O., who had for many years

AARON FRIEDENWALD

April, 1860

been a clerk in a drug-store, had recently died, was deeply touched at the sorrow which this information caused him.

As the affair of the anonymous note would show, my father was a man of courage and sturdiness. He was fully able to take care of himself. One day, when a very small boy, he came home crying that another boy had given him a whipping; whereupon his father gave him another, with the admonition to defend himself better in the future. He profited by the lesson. Swimming, driving, and fishing were the favorite sports of his younger days, though he and his brothers were also fond of wrestling. He became expert in all of these forms of exercise, and developed an active and muscular physique. As a little boy he was in the habit of swimming in the harbor, close to his home at the foot of Bond street; and once narrowly escaped death, having been caught under the rafters of the wharf. On another occasion he and his brother Moses, at the risk of their lives, saved a boy from drowning.

His courage was seen on more than one occasion. In his younger days there was a body of "Know-nothing" rowdies who were in the habit of disturbing balls, picnics, and other gatherings, and often broke them up. My father and his friends twice gave these worthies an unpleasant reception. On one of these occasions the roughs attempted to disturb a ball given at the "New Assembly Rooms." They entered, and were about to resort to their usual tactics when the gentlemen present, who were prepared for them, locked the doors, and soon laid every one of the unbidden guests flat on the floor. Then the doors were opened, and each one of the invaders was carried from the hall by two bearers, one at his head and one at his heels, and unceremoniously tumbled out into the street. This was the last time my father and his friends were ever molested by these gentry. During the time that he was a student of medicine he stopped one evening at the clothing store kept by his brothers. A fellow suddenly rushed in, snatched an armful of clothes, and

dashed away at full speed. My father immediately started after him; presently the thief dropped the goods, but the pursuer never slackened his pace. The rowdy ran over to the opposite side of the street, drew a revolver, and shouted: "If anybody comes near me, I'll shoot." Without a second's hesitation, my father rushed at him, seized him by the throat, threw him down, snatched the revolver out of his grasp, and, holding it at his head, kept him prisoner until a policeman arrived to conduct the thief to the station-house. On another occasion my father was seated in the rear of the second of three carriages in which a picnic party was riding. The inexperienced driver of the first carriage carelessly allowed his horse to get too near the edge of a steep embankment. The vehicle was on the point of toppling over, when my father, seeing the danger, cleared the front seat, leaped over the dash-board, ran up, and, at the risk of his life, stopped the horse. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye.

The incident just mentioned occurred during my father's student days at the University of Maryland. This period combined hard study with the pleasures of friendly intercourse with congenial fellow-students and teachers, and he often alluded to it in later life. His most intimate friend among the students was Alexander Bear, of Virginia, who, after graduation, enlisted in the Confederate Army, and later settled in Nebraska. Both were frequent visitors at the home of Dr. A. B. Arnold. It was Mr. Bear who introduced my father, at a picnic in 1859, to Miss Bertha Bamberger. This acquaintance finally led to their betrothal and marriage.

Among my father's teachers at the University of Maryland there were several who should be specially mentioned. Foremost among these was Professor Smith. For two years my father remained in his office, and the relations between them became very close. Smith won his unbounded admiration and esteem, both as a surgeon and as a man, and that this esteem was returned is shown by

University of Maryland
April 22d 1860

It gives me great pleasure to bear unsolicited testimony to the superior merits and qualifications of my young friend and recent pupil Dr. Aaron Friedenwald

Dr Friedenwald is a recent graduate of the University of Maryland, and has been a private pupil of my office during two years. He has seen much of my

practice and [illegible] surgical operations. He has applied himself with distinguished industry and intelligence and in all respects he has commanded my highest respect and confidence.

I therefore commend him, without reserve, to the kind offices of all with whom my name may have influence

Nathan R. Smith M.D.,
Prof. of Surgery
Univ. of Md.,

the following certificate, given my father on the eve of his departure for Europe.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, April 22, 1860.

It gives me great pleasure to bear unsolicited testimony to the superior merits and qualifications of my young friend and recent pupil, Dr. Aaron Friedenwald.

Dr. Friedenwald is a recent graduate of the University of Maryland, and has been a private pupil of my office during two years. He has seen much of my practice and has aided me in many surgical operations. He has applied himself with *distinguished* industry and *intelligence* and in all respects he has commanded my highest respect and confidence.

I there[fore] commend him, without reserve, to the kind offices of all with whom my name may have influence.

NATHAN R. SMITH, M. D.,
Prof. of Surgery, University of Md.

There sprang up between master and pupil a firm friendship, which ended only with the death of the former in 1877.

Professor Charles Frick, the able, original, and enthusiastic instructor in materia medica and therapeutics, was another favorite teacher. His death in March, 1860, shortly after the commencement, was a great shock to my father, who cherished among his most valued papers the introductory address delivered by Frick at the beginning of the session of 1858-1859. Professor Joseph Roby, one of the best anatomists this country ever had, also made a deep impression upon him. In later life my father often spoke of him as a most remarkable man. The genial Professor G. W. Miltenberger, who outlived his pupil, occupied the chair of obstetrics. He always remained a fast friend of my father's. The other instructors were Samuel Chew, professor of the principles and practice of medicine, William E. A. Aikin, professor of chemistry and pharmacy, and Berwick B. Smith, demonstrator of anatomy.

Diligent study marked the future physician's work at the University of Maryland, and a successful conclusion crowned the activity of two well-spent years on February 28, 1860, under which date Dr. Miltenberger, as Dean of the Medical Faculty, informed him that he had passed the final examinations. The commencement exercises took place at the New Assembly Rooms, at the corner of Lombard and Hanover streets, on March 3, 1860.

AARON FRIEDENWALD AND BERTHA BAMBERGER

AARON FRIEDENWALD AND BERTHA BAMBERGER

CHAPTER III.

Student Days in Berlin (1860-1861).

My father resolved to continue his medical studies in Europe before entering upon the practice of medicine. Such a journey was rarely undertaken in those days, and consequently the preparations, both on the part of the traveler and on that of his friends, were much more elaborate then than they are now. His friends of the Hebrew Young Men's Literary Association presented him with a gold-headed cane and a set of resolutions expressing their "sincere sorrow at parting with one who has been eminent in the faithful discharge of his duties and who, being one of the founders of the Association, has labored zealously for its welfare."

A few evenings before his departure he became engaged to Miss Bertha Bamberger. The engagement was not announced until his return to America, about two years later. In the diary of his European trip, in referring to a game of chess with a friend, he writes (under date of May 31, 1860): "This game puts me in mind of the last game I played in Baltimore. It was with ——— [his betrothed]; some time ago I first sought her company for the purpose of having an opportunity of playing chess with a lady. I soon found that her conversational powers were far more attractive than her chess-playing. . . . This was the game in which occurred that lasting *check-mate.*"

On April 26 he left for New York to embark on May 1 upon the steamship *Hammonia,* of the Hamburg-American line. In New York he received a letter from his eldest brother, Bernard Stern, giving him good advice and proffering assistance, if needed, adding: "I hope you will be the bright star of our family, which will

give pleasure to us all and to yourself. I would acquire knowledge not only in the branch of medicine, but in all branches, so that you may become a professor in time. This is my wish and that of us all." The advice was heeded, and the wish fulfilled.

His letters and a diary kept at that time may now take up the thread of the story. After seeing the sights of Hamburg, he proceeded on the twentieth of May directly to Berlin, and matriculated at the University. "Matriculating in our country takes about five minutes, here very nearly the whole day. On going in and stating my desire to matriculate, was asked for my credentials; handed in my diploma. Was then asked for my passport; told him that it was in the hands of the police department; was told to go for it; and, finding the clerk in a good humor, obtained it, contrary to the rules; it was necessary to go about a mile in my police district and get the sanction of the head of the police there, to ask for my passport. Was driven in a *Droschke* to the university, and, after signing six or seven documents, was fully matriculated. It was then necessary to go to the Dean of the Medical Faculty and get another document, then to return to the *Quästur* at the university, to pay for my tickets, then to the various professors' residences to get my *Anmeldebogen* signed." [Diary.] He enrolled himself for the following courses: *Augenkrankheiten und Augenheilkunde,* von Græfe; *Medizinische Klinik,* Frerichs; *Chirurg-augenärztliche Klinik,* Langenbeck; *Klinik für Augenkranke,* von Græfe; and, somewhat later, *Pathologie,* Virchow; and a practical course in ophthalmoscopy under Liebreich.

The first letter he received from his father expressed the hope that his religious attitude would not be altered by his stay abroad. He replied:

BERLIN, May 28, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

I hope you will not be too much concerned about my religious deportment; for, though I will not promise to equal your piety, I

shall always look upon it as an example with feelings of pride, and will endeavor to approach it to such a degree, at least, that when I shall meet you again, I shall not give you cause to regret my present absence from home. . . .

BERLIN, May 28, 1860.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I have no doubt you are very anxious to know how I stand my absence from home. Well, not having expected to find things quite as comfortable as I had them at home, I have not been greatly disappointed. My situation is, however, comfortable enough to prevent any serious degree of homesickness; and, though I often think of home and the dear ones I have left behind, as I know that many a devout prayer for my success arises there, it is more with feelings of pleasure than of pain. Every thought of home acts as a fresh stimulus to my energies, and makes me anxious that my return should be more satisfactory than speedy. . . .

I paid my respects to our minister, the Hon. Joseph N. Wright, a few days ago, and was cordially received by him. I felt perfectly easy in his company; before I left, I felt as though I had known him for years. He invited me to repeat my visit. His deportment presents a strange contrast to the haughtiness of the Prussian officials with whom I came in contact. It has made me fall in love afresh with everything American.

A few evenings since, being in a beer garden, I heard some one in the crowd whistling "Yankee Doodle;" I was affected as by an electric shock, was almost involuntarily drawn to the spot, and found that the melody emanated from a respectable-looking, well-dressed young gentleman. I accosted him with, "What right have you to whistle my songs?" No further altercation took place, he having established his right by stating that he was an American, and a Baltimorean at that, who was here to serve an apprenticeship

in a very large mercantile establishment. After this, of course, we had a fine time together. . . .

This morning brought me a letter from David and Rebecca and one from Moses. You cannot imagine with what joy I read them. It used to amuse me to see our good aunt Röschen read the letters she received from Germany, but now I can appreciate her feelings. . . . I could hardly read the letters on account of the continued stream of tears which they caused to gush forth. . . .

BERLIN, June 17, 1860.

DEAR PARENTS,

I will not attempt to describe my joy on receiving your letter dated May 31. I heard on the morning of the fifteenth of the arrival of the steamer, and I felt sure that I should receive a letter from home. Every time the bell rang, I was on my feet and listening anxiously to hear some one inquire for me. At last my *Wirth,* of whom I had inquired so often about letters, and who, in consequence, knew my anxiety, came into my room with the most pleasant countenance I ever saw, and two letters in his hand. In a moment every muscle in my body was quivering; how often I read them over I am now unable to say, but it seemed to me that I should never get tired of reading them. I went to the lectures, but, despite all my efforts, my thoughts were across the ocean. . . .

I am very much pleased with Berlin; it is a most beautiful city, and offers me professional advantages far superior to all I had ever anticipated. In one branch of medicine, *die Augenheilkunde,* Berlin surpasses every other city in the world. To this branch I am at present devoting the most of my time, though I also visit the clinics of internal diseases and those of surgery; but in these branches they are not much ahead of us. . . .

BERLIN, June 17th, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

Say what you will of Europe, it cannot be denied that one can enjoy himself here. In whatever direction you start out from the city you encounter places of public amusement, which I know no better way of describing than to ask you to picture to yourself Paradise as described in the Bible with the addition of lager-beer. . . .

BERLIN, June 17, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER MOSE,

Every Sunday afternoon I spend in the company of ————'s family, and I enjoy myself very much with them. His married sister is a remarkably intellectual lady; she is quite a poetess, and has a most amiable disposition. During the week, I attend lectures from ten A. M. to twelve o'clock, then from 2 P. M. to five o'clock, and twice a week from 5 to 6, when I receive private tuition in Latin. The rest of the day I spend in my room studying. Occasionally during the evenings I take a walk with a young friend of mine; sometimes I go to some beer garden, sometimes I stay at home; and, as I find that my correspondence is rather large, I think I shall be forced to do this often. . . .

[Diary, June 24, 1860.]

[He called upon some friends.] They proposed to visit two females older than most of the old maids in our country. If I were in their company, at a loss for a subject for conversation, and especially if I wished to choose one upon which . . . they could inform me, their appearance would suggest "ancient history." One was about forty, the other thirty-five . . . and oh! how homely!

BERLIN, July 16, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . I feel very much at home here already, and I like the

place so well that I shall probably spend the next session here; it commences October 1.

We had a grand celebration of the Fourth of July at the American minister's; all the Americans in Berlin were invited, there being in all about fifty guests. It came off in the evening. You will probably read an account of it in your papers. There was a splendid table set; the ladies were waited upon, while the gentlemen, in true democratic spirit, helped themselves. . . .

After about an hour's entertainment in the dining hall, we were conducted to the spacious parlor, and then the speeches commenced. The various states were called upon, and those who were present to represent them responded. When old Maryland was announced, all my patriotism was aroused, and I made a regular Fourth of July speech, which I had prepared for the occasion.

BERLIN, July 16, 1860.

Liebe Mutter,

Ich hoffe dass Du Dich wieder von Deiner Unpässlichkeit erholt hast; Du wirst gewiss oft denken, wie es Deinem Aaronchen geht, und wie es ihm in der Fremde gefällt. . . . Wegen mir sollst Du ganz unbesorgt sein, denn, obschon ich Dein Aaronchen bin, bin ich doch alt genug, mich in der Welt herumzuschlagen.

BERLIN, July 16, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

I was very happy to receive your kind letter, but I am not able to write you a great deal of news, as for the last two weeks, with the exception of Sundays, I have been exclusively occupied with my studies. You know my wants are not very numerous, and therefore I feel very comfortable here. As regards my studies, the facilities which Berlin offers far exceed anything that I could have expected, and, if for nothing else, I could not fail to become attached to the place.

Without having lost any of my patriotism, or changed my notions of republican government, I must confess that I cannot find as much fault with the government here as is generally done. The manner in which I think we ought to judge whether a government is good or not is by what the people who live under it say. The talk of outsiders can lead only to prejudiced opinions. The people here enjoy themselves and seem contented; and, as I never hear them complain of the government, I must conclude that it is a good one. The present Prince Regent is an excellent monarch, and he is spoken of by all with the highest respect. The military here, I think, cannot be surpassed in the whole world, and I can well understand now why the Prussians speak of their soldiers with so much pride. I see a good deal of those who guard the palaces, and of what is regarded by those living here as necessary to royal pomp, for which I know no better designation than "monkey shines." Berlin is a beautiful city, abounding in . . . institutions for the promotion of the arts and sciences. In one thing I was greatly disappointed; I expected to find the professors grey-headed men. Græfe, the greatest oculist in the world, is only thirty-five years old. Though I have not confined myself exclusively to any particular branch of medicine, I have paid most attention to the diseases of the eye, surgery, and microscopy. To the latter branch, which is a very important one, there is no one in Baltimore who has given much attention.

BERLIN, July 22, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

I have till now devoted the most of my time to the study, under the renowned Professor Græfe, of *Augenheilkunde,* in which branch America is behindhand more than in any other. I attend the medical and surgical hospitals every day, so that I may be posted on all branches of the profession. . . . I continue to prosecute my studies with a good deal of zeal, and have no doubt that, if I con-

tinue to enjoy good health, my sojourn in Europe will be very profitable to me. . . .

I intend to go to Paris at the close of the session, in March; and, as lectures do not commence there before May, I shall have two months to practise French, which will be very advantageous to me. So, with the lessons in conversation which I shall take here next winter, I think I shall be pretty well prepared to enter upon my studies in France. I have not taken any lessons in French here yet, but I read a good deal. My time has been too much taken up with my other studies. . . .

BERLIN, July 23, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER MOSES,

Your letter, dated July 3rd, 1860, was handed to me a few hours ago; I think it unnecessary to say how glad I was to hear from you, for, judging by your own feelings, you can imagine it far better. You must excuse me for not writing as often as you would wish, for the family is so large that to write to each of its members separately consumes more time than you perhaps imagine. It is now eleven o'clock P. M., and, to get through with all the writing I have to do, I shall be compelled to encroach a good deal upon the night; and I have a lecture to attend at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. . . .

BERLIN, July 23, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER,

. . . Pretty women are about as scarce here as sensible ones are in Baltimore. . . .

You ask me to give you a description of Berlin and its people. Dear Mose, I can now appreciate how difficult it must be to describe a place, especially one of the character of Berlin. Oh, how I should wish to have the descriptive faculty of Walter Scott! But, not having it, and not having time to give full scope to it if I did have it, I must content myself with an outline description, leaving it to

MOSES FRIEDENWALD

1860

your lively imagination to fill it out. It is a large city of over five hundred thousand inhabitants, with fine streets; the business places and private dwellings are not so handsome as in New York. The public institutions are numerous and magnificent; the collections of science and art would alone repay one for a trip across the Atlantic. Every other person you meet wears a uniform. The military are as fine as Prussian Americans claim they are; there is a great deal of intelligence among the people; the men I think a little conceited; the women, homely. The city abounds in places of amusement of various kinds, which are well encouraged. Every one here is bound to enjoy himself. You would like to know in what a European city differs from an American one. A city here has many fine parks, ornamented by the most beautiful statuary; besides, it is surrounded by such fine scenery and so many places of public amusement that upon Sundays and holidays the city is nearly empty. What I have seen until now forces me to conclude that Germany is the repository of science and art.

Some weeks ago I visited a Masonic lodge and was present at an initiation. I shall have a good deal to say to you about this when I return, but till then "mum is the word."

. . . I read your remarks upon politics with a great deal of interest; I deeply deplore the split in the Democratic party, for I think it makes Lincoln's election as good as certain.

DARMSTADT, August 9, 1860.

DEAR PARENTS AND RELATIONS,

I have been absent from Berlin since the first of August; have visited Dresden, Leipsic, Nürnberg, Fürth, Munich, Ulm, Stuttgart, and Heidelberg; and, after scrambling over the hills of the latter, some of which are eighteen hundred feet high, I feel too tired to describe my highly interesting journey in the way that I should wish to. I have been in a continual ecstasy for the last nine days,

and feel that I could never forgive myself had I not seen some of the wonders of Germany, and made myself acquainted to some extent with the noble character of its people. I have interchanged ideas with the intelligent Prussian, heard the melodious talk of the charming Saxon, drunk beer with the jolly Bavarian, grasped by the hand the honest, though much abused Schwab, and enjoyed a chat with the clever Badenser, and after ejaculating repeatedly "What a people and what a country!" I have come to the conclusion that there are more honest people in the world than my previous experience had taught me to think there were. . . .

I have been enjoying excellent health, and hope, very anxiously hope, to hear the same from you. The only thing that troubles me is mother's health; I feel very much concerned about her, as you seem not to write very explicitly concerning her condition. Please do not leave me in a painful ignorance or, what is worse, an awful conjecture.

I shall be with our folks on this side of the ocean in a day or two, and shall spend some time with them. I have loafed enough, and I am going to work again in good earnest. . . .

The traveler next passed through Giessen to Bobenhausen, his mother's birthplace, where he met a number of relatives; they were overjoyed at his visit, and he spent the remainder of his vacation with them.

BOBENHAUSEN, September 9, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER MOSE,

. . . You were quite right in supposing that, though there is in Europe much to please the eye which we cannot boast of, yet in the aggregate we are far better off, and you err greatly when you think that the sights in Germany will so dazzle me as to render me unable to appreciate the advantages which we Americans enjoy under our republican form of government. It is only by foreign

travel that we can properly estimate how much happier we are, under a government based upon the principles of equality, civil and religious liberty, etc., than those are who are forced to recognize in another their superior, because he is the offspring of a rotten . . . system called here the *nobility,* and those who live where it is decided whether one is eligible to certain positions or not, according to the number of gods he puts his trust in. Though I must bear testimony to the many improvements that the governments of Europe have been forced to introduce, yet there is much left undone.

As regards the scattered tribe of Israel here, their burden has been somewhat lightened. There are many positions which their faith excludes them from, and this is a fruitful source of conversions. I have inquired as to what their complaints are in this hilly and stony region, and I find that their position is not an enviable one. There are in the immediate neighborhood of this place villages in which Israelites are not permitted to live. The Jews also have to contribute to the liquidation of the church debt. *Starker Tabak, nicht wahr?* In other respects they are exposed to fewer abuses than we might be led to suppose. I have travelled a good deal through Germany, but have not heard the word "Hep" used. I have made a good many inquiries, and am told that the "*Rishuth*" of which we have heard so much is fast becoming extinct. Even in Bayern our co-religionists delight to speak of the rapid emancipation which is going on there. In Austria I have not been, and there their lot is still deplorable. I have been thus explicit in my description of affairs here in order to show you that, while I can admire the beautiful things of the old world, my antipathy against political oppression, and particularly that which is directed against the members of our faith, has not in the least subsided.

BOBENHAUSEN, September 9, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER JOE,

Yours dated August 22 was received with great gratification.

You do not wish it to be considered an answer to mine; I shall therefore consider it sufficient to comply with your request to send you a copy of my Fourth of July speech at Berlin. You must take into consideration that it was composed at a time when I was so occupied with my studies that there was but little opportunity left me for that reflection which a good speech requires. All the time that I could afford to devote to its composition was two hours in the afternoon of the Fourth, and I committed it to memory while dressing. Had it not been that I knew that the folks at home desired it, I would not have spared that time.

Mr. Minister, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It was a son of Maryland who first sang so beautifully of the Star-spangled Banner, and she will be the last to erase from it the star which represents her devotion to the Union.

I am happy to meet you here this evening and to join in the celebration of an event to which not only is the happiness of the American people ascribable, but which has also exerted a mighty influence for the advancement of mankind in every quarter of the globe. Have we not just cause to be proud in pointing to the position that the United States has assumed among the nations of the earth, as proving the practicability of those sacred principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence? Not yet have all of those passed away who gazed with troubled emotions on that cloud of adversity which hung over the colonies, who felt the galling effect of that oppression to which they were then subjected, and who heard the dreadful clanking of the chains which were then being forged to fetter them still further; and a country which was forced to contend against innumerable influences that were calculated to stunt its growth and render gloomy its future, a country which was bereft of every hope, except that which it could place in the patriotism of its sons, has, by establishing those sacred principles, reached a position securing the happiness of its citizens, and expressing a national greatness

commanding the respect of the world. The scoffs and sneers which were directed against the struggles of the sage heads and brave hearts of '76 have long since ceased, . . . except where they reflect their own insignificance; and while anthems of gratitude are now ascending to heaven from every portion of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for the blessings accruing therefrom, a prayer of the true lovers of humanity everywhere for their continuance is mingled therewith. When we contemplate the greatness which the Union has attained, despite the many difficulties against which it was forced to contend in its organization and since then, must we not be convinced that the principles of truth and justice upon which it was reared have elicited the protection of Divine Providence, and that its stability is unquestionable? Let this be a consolation to those who, from an intensity of enthusiasm, imagine danger to the Union, and let it teach the world that the tendency of American statesmanship must still be onward, onward!

September 9, 1860.

DEAR NIECE LINA,

For the present I shall not preach to you, for I imagine you to be too good a girl to require it; but, if you should find that my sermons are of any assistance to you in repelling those foolish notions to which many of our young ladies fall a prey, you can have them at short notice. Though I am always pleased to receive your letters, and under all circumstances find them interesting, permit me to lay down several principles to guide you in their composition.

First, under all circumstances let them be grammatically correct; for, while a little slang in conversation is often pardoned, when perpetrated in the august presence of pen, ink, and paper, and by those from whom better can well be expected, it becomes a target for the most painful ridicule.

Secondly, in the construction of your sentences strive to bestow

upon them that polish which is expressive of education and refinement. In our age of civilization, language has ceased to be merely a series of articulations by which persons may understand each other, but has also become an index to one's intellectual resources.

Thirdly, do not tolerate the old-fashioned idea that letters must necessarily be news-mongers; regard them more as vehicles of thought. In times gone by, in order to prevent any company that was assembled from falling asleep, when there was no unusual occurrence to relate, hobgoblin stories were abundantly invented. Now, when people think more, it has not been found impossible to hold a conversation, even if one's neighbor has not broken a leg; and grandma can continue her knitting without being frightened as she formerly was by having her attention drawn to haunted spots. As letters are nothing but the means of holding a conversation at a distance, they have undergone a similar change. . . .

BOBENHAUSEN, September 9, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

Besides the ladies there is much else here which I do not think as beautiful as in America. I have acquainted myself a little with affairs in the interior of Germany, and find that they present a great contrast to what I have seen in the cities. While the cities are repositories of science and art and everything has a refined tone, in the country, and especially about here, ignorance and poverty abound to an enormous extent. There is little done for education outside of the cities. The government thinks that those subjects who know the least are the easiest to govern, and therefore it makes knowledge as difficult to acquire as possible. They talk a great deal about making children go to school seven and eight years; let me explain this to you. Children have but from one to two, and, when further advanced, three hours' school a day; and this under persons who are half teachers and half farmers. They are taught

to read and write and cipher a little, and that is all. Whether this is the case in all the provinces of Germany I do not know, but so it is in Hesse-Darmstadt.

People lead a wretched sort of life here; even those who can afford it seldom eat meat. The Jews, who live far better than the Christians, have meat but once a week. I have often heard it stated that, despite all this, people are healthier than with us; this is not so. Our country people look far better than people do about here. . . .

BOBENHAUSEN, September 10, 1860.

Liebe Mutter,

Ich hoffe, wenn dieses Dich antreffen wird, dass Du von den Klauen der schmerzhaften und langdauernden Krankheit welche Du dulden musstest, befreit sein wirst. In keinem Falle lasse den Muth sinken; sei guter Hoffnung. . . . Schon oft war eine dunkle Wolke über Dir ausgedehnt, und doch wurdest Du aus der Gefahr, die Dir drohte, gerettet. Nach dem Regen scheint die Sonne; mögen ihre Strahlen Dir bald Heil und Segen bringen, und zeigen dass לא ינום ולא יישן שומר ישראל, *"es schläft und schlummert nicht der Hüter Israels." . . .*

On September 29 my father left Bobenhausen for Frankfort. Here he spent the Feast of Tabernacles, visiting the synagogue of the distinguished rabbi, Samson Raphael Hirsch.

[Diary, October 1, 1860.]

"I was very anxious to hear Dr. Hirsch, about whom I had heard so much. I was not disappointed. The subject of his discussion was the Feast of Tabernacles, and so beautifully were the purposes of the various ceremonies explained that I felt very sorry for every time I had forgotten to "bless the *lulab.*"

On October 3 he left for Mayence and Cologne, returning to Berlin on the morning of the fifth of October.

The courses for which he was enrolled during the following semester were: *Demonstrations-Cursus der pathologischen Anatomie,* Virchow; *Ueber Krankhafte Geschwulste,* Virchow; *Ueber allgemeine Pathologie und Therapie,* Virchow; *Ueber Augenkrankheiten,* von Græfe; *Klinik für Augenkranke,* von Græfe; *Cursus der Augenoperationen,* von Græfe; *Ueber Kinderkrankheiten,* Martin; *Ueber Syphilidologie,* S. Bärensprung.

[Diary, October 15, 1860.]

"This being the fiftieth anniversary of the University, there are a great many preparations to celebrate the event. This morning the *Festzug* takes place. The professors in their gowns and red caps head the procession, followed by guests from abroad and then by the students, with the banners, dress, and colors of their *Verbindungen.*" . . .

"This evening there is a great torchlight procession in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the university. I participate, and take part in the *Commers.*"

BERLIN, October 19, 1860.

Liebe Mutter,

Nach langer und grosser Verlegenheit habe ich die freudige Nachricht erhalten, dass Du Dich jetzt viel besser befindest. Wie glücklich mich dieses gemacht hat! Gott sei dafür gedankt. Möge er Dich bald von dieser grausamen Krankheit ganz befreit haben. . . .

BERLIN, November 2, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . I am not able to write you much, as I have not paid attention to anything but my studies since the session commenced. I am at lectures and clinics from eight o'clock in the morning to five, six, and sometimes seven o'clock in the evening; and at night

I am in my room to digest what I have seen and heard during the day.[1] So all that I could write you about Berlin would be the dreadful tale of the sick, the dying, and the dead, a subject which I do not think can interest you. . . . Rest assured, dear father, that I fully appreciate the importance of the mission which induced me to leave my home, my country, and my friends, and that I shall spare no effort to make my absence profitable to myself and satisfactory to my friends. . . .

BERLIN, December 4, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

In a few days it will be *Chanukkah,* though I do not expect to see anything here to remind me of it, as the only holiday which those of our coreligionists with whom I am acquainted here celebrate in the family circle with any zeal is Christmas. This is the great progress which those who claim to be the most enlightened have made. They free themselves from the ceremonials of our religion, and embrace similar ceremonials of another. They ridicule orthodoxy for seeking to commemorate a great epoch in the history of the Jewish nation through the burning of *Chanukkah* lights, but imitate the Christians in having Christmas bushes, hung with lights, etc., thus insulting the memory of their forefathers by regarding as a festival a day which initiated for them centuries of oppression. I do not wish to affect piety, but when I see that the tendency of enlightened Judaism here, instead of ridding itself of what may really not be compatible with the age we live in, is rather a gradual sneaking into Christianity, the old forms of our religion have an especial charm. Dear Father, you entertained great fears on my departure that I would entirely forget our religion, but rest assured

[1] A large mass of neatly-written notes in my possession give evidence of the care with which he recorded at the end of each day what he had heard and seen.

that what I have seen of "enlightened Judaism" here has disclosed our old, assailed, insulted orthodoxy in a more beautiful form than I had yet beheld it. . . .

BERLIN, December 4, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER JOE,

. . . The people here are courteous to strangers, and know how to entertain them. In one thing the German differs greatly from the American; he knows how to enjoy himself. I attend the *soirées* of the American minister here, and was present at the recent Thanksgiving celebration, but I find American society so dry that I greatly prefer the society of my German friends. I hesitate not to say that the Germans have as many advantages over us socially as we have over them politically. . . .

[Diary, December 21, 1860.]

I purchased two books, Dr. Græfe's *Klinische Analyse* and Virchow's *Cellular-Pathologie,* which I propose to study through during the holidays.

The weather is very cold and the heating is inadequate to render me comfortable in my chamber. Though I have had my room heated as well as this can be done by my *Wirthin* and her porcelain stove, my fingers are stiff as I write this. I study in my rooms with two coats on.

BERLIN, December 31, 1860.

Liebe Mutter,

. . . Du wirst oft, ohne Zweifel, an Deinen Sohne, der so weit über den Ocean von Dir entfernt ist, denken, und wünschen, mit ihm einige Gedanken zu wechseln. Nicht minder, glaube es, sind seine Gedanken mit Dir beschäftigt. Denn sei der Reiz der Fremde noch so gross, . . . so findet man doch nirgends die zärtliche und liebevolle Mutter. Wie oft wunsche ich, ein kleines Stündchen in Deiner Gegenwart zu verweilen. Und wenn wir auch

den Schmerz der Trennung fühlen müssen, so bleibt uns doch die Freude der Hoffnung übrig, uns wieder glücklich anzutreffen. . . .

BERLIN, January 21, 1860.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . I have paid most attention lately to the diseases of the eye, as it is in this branch particularly that we are behind hand in America. A great many who, with us, are condemned by physicians to perpetual blindness are here . . . restored to sight. . . . I feel myself particularly fortunate in being able to enjoy the instruction of Professor von Græfe, who is now without doubt the greatest oculist in the world. I attend all of his lectures, clinics, and operations, and learn to perform all the operations on the eye under him. We practice a good deal in this way on the dead. Though I have taken a particular fancy to this part of the science, I visit the other hospitals as much as I can, and I devote myself particularly to those things which we have no good opportunity of studying at home, as, for instance, midwifery and the diseases of women and children. I shall remain here till the middle of March or the first of April, and then I shall repair to Paris. The session will probably commence there about the first of May. I shall probably like Paris very well, as I can now get along very well in the French language. I have studied it a good deal during my sojourn here, and have a good deal of opportunity to speak it and to hear it spoken. I meet physicians here from nearly every part of the world, who come to enjoy the great advantages which Berlin offers. I meet Americans, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Hollanders, Greeks, Englishmen, etc. I feel very contented here, as I am every day more and more convinced of the great professional advantages which my visit to Europe gives me. . . .

You may imagine how anxious we all feel here about the present distracted state of politics in America. Whenever there is an ar-

rival of a steamer announced, all the Americans here hurry to the minister for the news. Every fresh report, till now, has been the harbinger of greater evils. I have given up all hope of a peaceable settlement of the great trouble.

While you are in the midst of political commotion across the water, things are far from presenting a peaceable aspect here. You probably have heard that, on the first instant, the King of Prussia departed this life, and was succeeded by his brother, who is now King Wilhelm I. This event has caused but few tears to flow; and, had not all public places of amusement been closed for three weeks, the Prussians would have had nothing to complain of. The present king is very popular. He has announced his opposition to the policy of Denmark in Holstein, which will probably lead to war; and, as Napoleon has allied himself with Denmark, the situation will no doubt assume a serious character. Besides this it is expected that Italy will again, next spring, form the scene of human slaughter. Hungary is in a very rebellious condition at present, and, unless Austria relents in her tyranny, she may be forced to part with another piece of territory. If folks could appreciate the danger of so many governments adjoining each other, I have no hesitation in saying that there would be but few who would favor a severance of our Union. They would be inclined rather "to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

There is a great contrast presented between politics here and in America. While there is a tendency to form a United Germany, as folks here have long convinced themselves that only in union is there strength, Americans are willing to destroy the Union and with it the greatest guarantee of their future prosperity. I just feel like making a few stump speeches in the "States," not that I flatter myself that I could dissuade secessionists from their design, but that I might tell them what great fools they are. Though I have met Americans here from every portion of the Union, I have not met one who is in favor of secession. . . .

The attitude taken in this letter is the more significant, inasmuch as he "confesses," in a letter written at this same period, that his feelings were "strongly antagonistic to the North."

The following extract is taken from the "Maryland and Virginia Medical Journal," Volume XVI. (January-May, 1861), p. 348, under the heading of "Foreign Correspondence."

"We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made arrangements with a competent medical gentleman, a graduate of the University of Maryland, to furnish us with a series of letters from the principal medical centers of Europe. The first of the number, a letter from Berlin, we give below.—Editors."

BERLIN, January 24, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In conformity with your request, I shall now communicate to you some of my observations in the medical sphere of Berlin. I have been here during the greater part of two sessions of the University, and, having availed myself of the superior clinical facilities which this place affords, in the various branches of the profession, I am led to believe that I shall be able to furnish you with some interesting facts.

I have found that the medical luminaries here are zealously devoted to the cultivation of the science, on the basis which distinguishes medicine of the present day from that of former times. In regarding nothing as reliable which does not emanate from ample observation, scientific research, and rational deductions, they have been able to free [medicine] from many of the false notions which had gained a stronghold by tradition, and to contribute a great deal of valuable material to its reconstruction.

There are three hospitals connected with the University of Berlin—the *Charité* (to which add the famous Pathological Institute), the *Königliche Klinik der Universität,* and the Obstetric Hospital. I need only announce the names of Virchow, Græfe, Frerichs,

Traube, Langenbeck, Jüngken, Bærensprung, and Martin, in connection with the institutions I have named, to convey to you an idea of their character. The *Charité* is a large and magnificent edifice, in which the following clinical lectures take place daily:—two medical clinics, the one by Frerichs, the other by Traube; a surgical clinic by Jüngken; a clinic for venereal diseases and diseases of the skin by Bærensprung; a gynecological clinic by Martin; and a clinic for diseases of children by Ebert. Langenbeck conducts a surgical clinic at the *Königliche Klinik der Universität,* and Romberg has a clinic on the diseases of the nervous system in the same institution. Martin delivers clinical lectures at the Obstetric Hospital three times a week.

I think I will best meet the object of this correspondence by writing what I think may interest you in relation to the names I have mentioned. I shall begin with Dr. Albrecht von Græfe, Extraordinary Professor in the University. He has for many years diligently applied his genius to the study of ophthalmology, and has thereby contributed much to the progress which this branch of science has made. Among the many great merits which may be claimed by him, the one standing paramount is his satisfactory description of glaucoma, the explanation of its symptoms, and what is more than all, the treatment which he has proposed for it, and successfully practiced. He has proven beyond a doubt that the phenomena which this affection produces, depend on a preternatural intra-ocular pressure. He has called attention to the tense condition of the globe of the eye in support of this view, and has demonstrated with the ophthalmoscope the pulsation of the arteries of the retina, which never becomes sensible to sight under any other condition.

As Græfe's highly valuable contributions on this subject have, as I believe, not yet appeared in English literature, you will, perhaps, indulge a few sketches from my notes in connection therewith.

[Here follows a full description of the different forms of glaucoma, and of the nature and treatment of the disease, in the course of which my father says]:

Having noticed that excision of a piece of the iris, in pursuing other indications, greatly reduced intraocular pressure, he tested its efficiency in glaucoma and found it fraught with the happiest results.[2]

Græfe has under his charge a fine hospital, the *Augen-Klinik,* devoted to the diseases of the eye exclusively. Here he delivers clinical lectures three times a week, each lasting two hours; in addition to this, he also delivers theoretical lectures on the diseases of the eye. He also conducts a practical course of operative ocular surgery, in which, supplying his pupils with phantoms, eyes, rabbits, and subjects, he offers them every facility to qualify themselves in this branch. His assistants, Drs. Leibreich and Schweigger respectively, teach the application of the ophthalmoscope, and the normal and pathological anatomy of the eye.

Græfe is in the prime of life, and devotes himself entirely to the interests of the science. . . .

My father wrote for this journal two other letters, which were not published, owing to the suspension of its publication at the outbreak of the Civil War. In one of these letters, written from Berlin, he says:

"One of the principal objects which attract medical men here

[2] My father recognized the importance of Graefe's discovery, which proved to be one of the greatest advances in surgery made during the nineteenth century, although such medical lights as Wharton Jones and William Mackenzie found "little in it worthy of imitation" (1853). Graefe had announced his discovery in 1857, and an English translation of his memoirs was published by the New Sydenham Society in 1859. A few articles on iridectomy were published in Great Britain before 1861, but the first mention of Graefe's discovery which I can find in American medical literature is that made in my father's article. Active discussion of the subject in America began in 1863.

from abroad, is to pursue the study of Pathology. There is probably no other place where this branch is cultivated so successfully, and where its study is facilitated by so many advantages. This is attributable to the merits of Professor Rudolf Virchow. I am persuaded that a few words with reference to this great man will not be uninteresting to the readers of your valuable journal. I am not so bold as to attempt to pass an encomium on his genius; the effulgence in which this is reflected from his many contributions to science would render the praise of even the most accomplished pen superfluous. There is one trait of his character, however, to which I may be permitted to refer. I allude to his indefatigable industry. Even those who are perfectly familiar with his many works, and who fully appreciate the amount of observation and research which the subjects on which he has so ably written require, will have formed but a low estimate of the degree of his application unless they have observed him in his sphere of labor. During the session of the University he devoted three hours each day to imparting instruction, embracing a demonstrative course of Pathological Anatomy and Microscopy, for which the *Charité* furnished abundant material, a practical course of Pathological Histology in which his pupils are exercised in making microscopical preparations, and a theoretical course of lectures on General Pathology, including General Pathological Anatomy. It was mainly through his exertions that the Pathological Institute was established. Here he makes his scientific researches and imparts his oral instructions in that agreeable style so peculiar to him. His assistants, Drs. Hoppe and von Recklinghausen, contribute in no small degree to the utility of this institution; the former, who conducts a demonstrative course on Physiological and Pathological Chemistry, has recently been elected to a professorship in the University of Tübingen; the latter conducts a practical course in Anatomical Histology. When we take into consideration the immense amount of labor which Virchow has de-

voted to medicine as an academical teacher, as author of the *Cellular-Pathologie* and *Gesammelte Abhandlungen,* as editor of the *Archiv für Pathologische Anatomie,* of the *Handbuch der Speciellen Pathologie und Therapie,* as one of the editors of *Canstatts Jahresbericht der Gesammten Medicin,* through his activity in the medical societies of Wuerzburg and Berlin, and as one of the physicians to the *Charité,* it would hardly be supposed that he could have found the time to apply his talents in another direction. But this has nevertheless been the case. Virchow is as patriotic as he is scientific. In '48 he took a prominent stand, through his mighty pen and eloquent public speeches, as the champion for the people. Since then he has never permitted an opportunity to escape him when he could render any service to the cause of political reform. The course which he has pursued as a member of the *Stadt Abgeordneten Haus,* and of the *National Verein,* which has a united Germany for its aim, has won for him a high place in the esteem of the people. [Here follows an interesting description of Virchow's recent discovery of amyloid degeneration.]

The third letter is devoted to the surgical work of Professor Langenbeck of Berlin, and especially to his scientific operation in joint resection and to his contribution to the surgery of the veins.

BERLIN, February —, 1861.

DEAR MOSES,

. . . I feel proud of old Maryland for the conservative character she has exhibited, and would rather identify myself with her interests alone, than be linked either to the ruthless domineering of a debauched, black Republicanism under the influence of victory, or to the hot-headed, impulsive, fanatic, unreliable, irresponsible "cotton politicians" who have for years boasted of chivalry, and who have shown a craven spirit at their defeat, a defeat which they inflicted upon themselves. With South Carolina I have not the least

sympathy, for I consider that she has insulted the whole South by her precipitate action, seeming to be led by the ambitious design of being recognized as the leader in a movement in which they all had a common interest, to disdain to await their co-operation. . . .

In a letter dated February 26, 1861, he says: "My antipathy to the "Black Republican" party has probably led you to suppose that I join in the sentiments of the secessionists. This is, however, not the case. I regard the Union as a holy institution, against which no tongue can speak but in blasphemy, against which no hand can be directed but in sacrilege. I rely upon the good sense and patriotism of the American people for a speedy settlement of existing difficulties. The border states have proven that a healthy public opinion exists in them; and, as they are the bone and sinew of the Confederacy, I have no doubt that they will be able to reconcile the extremists of the two sections of the country with each other."

BERLIN, March 10, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . All the lectures I attended have ended, with the exception of one which will be closed in four or five days, and then I shall set out for Paris.

I have studied French pretty closely during my sojourn here, and I feel convinced that I shall not experience much difficulty when I shall be forced to hear and speak that language exclusively. Since my departure from America I have enjoyed the great blessing of uninterrupted good health and fine spirits. With Berlin I have every reason to be satisfied, having been able to acquire a good deal of valuable knowledge, and to enjoy, at the hands of the friends that I have made, genuine German hospitality.

CHAPTER IV.

Student Days in Paris, Prague, and Vienna (1861-1862).

On March 20 he left Berlin for Paris. "I thought my legs would freeze." But he met agreeable companions, and "we enjoy ourselves very well, at least as well as one can with the stiff limbs which twenty-four hours' continuous travel inflicts." [Diary].

Paris, April 15, 1861.

Dear Parents,

. . . First of all you are no doubt anxious to hear from me how I like Paris. Despite all the descriptions I had heard, it so far surpassed all the anticipations I had formed that, when I first arrived, I felt like an Eastern Shoreman who for the first time sees a city. I might write you a good deal about the city itself, but I cannot postpone saying a few words in relation to that which interests me more, viz., the facilities which it offers for the object of my visit.

Since my arrival here I have regularly attended the clinics at the hospitals and the lectures at the University,[1] and found that my studies in the French language enabled me to understand all that I heard. There are a few branches of the profession for the study of which Paris offers facilities probably far surpassing those in any other place in the world, which, I am convinced, will repay me for the time I shall spend here. In general, however, I find the

[1] He attended the ophthalmological clinics of Desmarres, Sichel, and Fano, the surgical clinics of Nelaton and Chassaignac, and also several courses in obstetrics, surgical anatomy, and other subjects.

instruction given here somewhat superficial, and I do not believe that I shall learn as much as I did in Germany. I shall be able to inform myself in those branches for which Paris is so justly famous, and, as I do not wish to lose any time, I expect to spend next winter in Vienna, if nothing transpires before that time to cause me to change my mind. It is impossible not to like Paris, and I feel very comfortable and contented here, though I was forced to accustom myself to a mode of living hitherto strange to me. . . .

PARIS, April 30, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER MOSES,

I have received yours of the eleventh inst. with accompanying papers, informing me of the deplorable state of politics in the once United States of America. Disagreeable as it must be to those who are eye witnesses of the dreadful drama, it is no less painful for one at a distance to observe into what nothingness our country is sinking in the eyes of the world. The commencement of war by the affair at Charleston was in itself laughable enough, yet points to all the calamities of a civil war. My feelings in regard to the subject which brought on this great political calamity are, as I should judge from the tenor of your letters, at variance with those you entertain.

The election of Lincoln has been assigned by the Southern states [as the cause] that would prevent a reconciliation of the differences existing between the various sections of the country on the slavery question. What was it that elected Lincoln? Did not the cotton states, by dismembering the opposition, bring it about? It was asserted that, after a Republican triumph, there would be no protection to the institutions of the South. This assertion came from a quarter which was least affected by the political change! South Carolina, which had not lost a "nigger" for fifty years, declared its independence, while Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, with every-

thing to risk, still remained loyal to the Union, and would have continued to do so, had they not been forced to protect their Southern brethren in case of collision. Besides, the basis upon which the Confederate States rest, the right of secession without the consent of the other states whenever a state pleases, does not appear to me to be one upon which a sound fabric could be raised. . . . I am as much opposed to the Republican party[2] as you are, but I do not feel disposed to unite myself with every one of its assailants. So much for politics. . . .

Paris is a great place for surgery; in fact, it is the only place where it is well taught, and to this branch I shall for the most part devote my attention while here. . . .

PARIS, June 2, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . Paris is such a delightful place that it would be impossible not to be satisfied here. On the whole, I think I shall profit considerably by my sojourn here. I am a much greater admirer of the German medical institutions than of the French. In Germany everything connected with medicine rests upon a sounder basis, and one can place more reliance upon what one hears there than he can upon what he hears in Paris. There are several branches of the profession which are cultivated with greater success here, and I have applied myself particularly to the study of these subjects. I agree with you that I am fortunate in being so far removed from the scene of those dreadful political agitations now raging in America. I am perfectly convinced that, if a few more had had an opportunity of comparing the political institutions of Europe with those of our hitherto happy country, there would be considerably less eagerness evinced for a dissolution of the Union.

[2] His political views changed in time. He later became a stanch Republican.

PARIS, June 2, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER MOSES,

Your letter of the sixth ult. lies before me. Though I have kept myself pretty well informed concerning the political proceedings at home, thanks to the London *Times,* your account was nevertheless interesting. The papers which you sent me I have not yet received; but, as they generally come a little later than my letters, I may receive them in a few days. I cannot share your secessionist views; this may be due to my being removed so far from the field of action, or, perhaps, to our different way of thinking; the latter seems to me to be more probable. The Union has always appeared to me as a sacred structure, against which no hand could be raised save in sacrilege. What is it that caused so many to abandon this sentiment, which they were hitherto prepared to defend by all the means at their disposal? Is it, perhaps, the triumph of the Republican party at the last election? In considering the question, let us lose sight of those who, during their entire existence, have been so impregnated with nullificationism, who have gained such a world-wide notoriety on account of their pecular disposition to tar-and-feathering, who hitherto worshipped with such zeal at the shrine of the Bowie knife, the revolver, and the "Brooksing system," that no excess in which they may indulge requires an explanation. Excluding these men, whose views do not deserve any consideration, I think the rest over the spirit of whose dreams there has appeared such a sudden change may be divided into three classes: first, those who, dreading an intolerable degree of emaciation on their expulsion from the trough at which they have so long indulged in the process of fattening themselves, explain the election of Lincoln as a subterfuge in order to resort to the next best means of "saving their bacon;" secondly, those who honestly believed that the change which took place in the administration on the fourth of March was incompatible with the safety of the South; and, thirdly,

those,—and these, I think, form the largest party,—who, under the pressure of an excited state of public opinion, were compelled to swell the ranks of the two parties first mentioned.

As regards the professional politicians, I am persuaded that, after the course which they pursued in the Charleston convention, there can be no doubt remaining as to their motive. It was evident then, and the result of the last election has proved it, that the Democratic party of the South, with the aid of the large conservative party in the North, had it not been dismembered by the proceedings of that convention, would have placed a national candidate in the Presidential chair. It is all "moonshine" to speak of the dissensions then existing as resting upon abstract questions. I cannot understand how there can be any who support the opinion that "squatter sovereignty"—a doctrine to explain which would require the talent of a Philadelphia lawyer—was the rock upon which the Democratic party foundered. Is there the least ground for entertaining this opinion, if we do not shut our eyes completely to the history of that party, teeming as it does with instances of compromises, concessions, and everything that offers the least prospect of carrying an election? I cannot for the life of me think otherwise than that the leaders, feeling that their demoralization had reached a degree which, if it did not threaten immediate defeat, would at least abbreviate their political existence, considered it expedient to take time by the forelock and grasp the doctrine of secession, in order to begin a new career. They were no doubt disappointed in this, as they did not expect at the time that it would cost even more blood to sever the Union than it did to cement it.

It is a matter of no little surprise that those who honestly believed that the institutions of the South were rendered insecure by a Republican victory were those who had the least to lose in that event. This fear would never have moved the people of Virginia, or Maryland, or Kentucky, or Missouri, or Tennessee to think of

severing their alliance with the North. South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, who would be compelled to search their archives for years to find a single case of the abduction of a negro by the "underground railroad," were the first to think of additional protection for their property. If there is no protection for the institutions of the South under the Union, with a Constitution recognizing them and a President sworn to obey the Constitution, what would the slaveholders have to expect, if the North were relieved of its present obligation? When we hear of the great enthusiasm and undivided sentiment in favor of secession existing in the South, are we really to believe that the Union sentiment which existed but a few months ago has been completely metamorphosed? I, for one, am not of this opinion; an excited public opinion can easily force people to abandon principles which they entertained before. "Those who are not with us are against us" is the powerful argument to which the secessionists have resorted, and which has forced so many under their banners. We Baltimoreans have had sufficient evidence of the force of excited public opinion. I recollect very well when it was nothing less than dangerous to say the least thing against "Know-nothingism," which is now, thank God, so completely defunct. As it was then held that everything anti-"Know-nothing" was un-American, so now everything Union is confounded with Abolitionism.

Now a few words with regard to Maryland. I might at first say something about the right of secession, but I may dispense with this at present, as I have referred to it in my previous letters, and as my letter is attaining an inordinate length. It appears to me that the Southerners have no more right to secede from the Union than they have to cut their throats. You may call it heroic on the part of South Carolina to hoist the palmetto flag, but as she thereby dragged Virginia and Maryland and Kentucky, etc., into this great difficulty against their will, I call it treacherous and faithless. If

all the Southern states felt the necessity of secession . . . things would have had a different aspect, but if one Southern border state had refused to secede, then all the rest should have renounced the idea of secession as a necessary concession of the majority to the minority. . . . You will excuse me for digressing from the consideration of the position of Maryland. What I have said about secession was not intended at all to present in full my views on the subject of secession itself; it was intended merely as the basis of the views I hold in relation to the course which Maryland ought to pursue. It would be superfluous on my part to say whether or not Maryland should at once join the secessionists and bid defiance to the government of the United States. You admit her position in that case would be highly perilous. I fully share your views on this point. What is she to do? Is she to remain a passive spectator and await the chance of war, and thus heap upon herself both the hatred of the North and the distrust of the South? I think when we take into consideration the result of this trouble her position is clear. I have no doubt that, even in case of the triumph of the North,—and everything is in favor of this,—a final separation will take place. Supposing this to be the case, what would be her position in a Southern Confederacy, with her history in this trouble? Why, it is clear she would be about the smallest end of nothing whittled to a point. At the same time, how much would she be exposed to Northern aggressions, not such as have hitherto been known, aggressions instigated by simple theories, and having their limits set by the law, but aggressions incited by both hatred of slavery and desire for revenge. In a Northern confederacy, whatever temporary inconveniences she might suffer, her future would be brightened. In a short time she would be able to rid herself of slavery, and enjoy all the advantages of the other free states. Should her sympathies for the South prevent her choosing the means necessary for her future prosperity, this would be sickly

sentimentality. The cotton states did not shrink from plunging her into all the calamities of a war centralized upon her soil, and why should she now ask South Carolina, or Georgia, or Virginia what should be the course she should pursue? It is evident that slavery cannot exist in Maryland for an indefinite time. Whatever be the result of the approaching civil war, the time for slavery in Maryland is limited. Statistics show that it has been gradually decreasing. In fact it will not pay in our state, when we take into consideration the fact that there is perhaps no other state from which so many slaves run away. Let Maryland prepare for this, and she will hold a firm position. Her soil is fertile and impregnated with mineral wealth, while as a manufacturing state she would receive a fresh impetus. Immigration would be encouraged, and her soil would thereby rise in value sufficiently to compensate her in a short time for all her losses. I think her interests are with the Union. She ought to be faithful to it. If the South partially succeeds, it will hold such an imbecile position as will be a warning to all future secessionists. You must not misunderstand me; I am as much opposed to black Republicanism as ever, but I think our duty is to the Union and our own state. You will of course perceive great incoherence in these lines. I have written just as I thought, in order to give you an idea of what a Marylander so far from home thinks. As for it being a galling sight for Baltimoreans to see Northern troops infesting their city, permit me to say that our townsmen can stand a great deal. Any body of men who could so long tolerate the anarchy of "Know-nothingism" can also have a little forbearance towards Northern troops. I do not pity them in the least. . . .

On June 22, 1861, he wrote: "The more I see of European customs the more I am convinced that we have much more to be proud of than the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution."

PARIS, June 24, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . I am very much engaged at present, and it will perhaps not be uninteresting to you to hear how I spend my time. I get up generally about seven o'clock A. M., which you will probably not consider very late when you hear at what time I go to bed. I take breakfast in a café in the neighborhood of my room, and am at the hospitals from eight to ten. The time from ten until twelve I employ in study at my room, which is quite near to the hospitals. At twelve, I take a second breakfast, and the time from that hour until two I spend at the famous clinic of M. Desmarres for the diseases of the eye. From two to three I attend a lecture at the University; from three to four I am again engaged in study in my room; between four and five I attend another lecture; and I employ the time from then until seven in private study. At seven, I go to dinner, after which I take an hour's walk in one of the beautiful parks which they have here in such abundance. I then generally spend an hour in the café to read the papers, enjoy the benefits of French conversation with my acquaintances, and then return home; and my books keep me up until a late hour. During the last three weeks I have not gotten to bed before one o'clock. So you see I am not spending my time in idleness. I am enjoying uninterrupted good health, and I derive such great pleasure from my studies that I feel I cannot lose a single moment, with the exception of those which I set aside for a little recreation.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

. . . Paris is divided into various quarters. I live in the *Quartier Latin,* for the most part inhabited by students and *grisettes.* You can easily imagine that it is a lively quarter. We will spend a day together here. Imagine it to be Sunday and that I am quite at your disposal. We get up at an early hour and seek a bar-

ber's shop. We first meet a young man with a portfolio under his arm, his eyes testifying that he did not spend the night in a most satisfied manner. This is a student, more likely returning than coming from home. We next hear a rustle of crinoline and silk, we look behind us, and find them partly enveloping the figure of a female. I say partly, for the low-necked dresses of the *Quartier Latin* would indicate that the necks of women extend much farther than is usually believed, while the exposition of ankles would far exceed anything you ever beheld at the crossings at Market Space, even when the Falls overflowed. This is one of the proudest and apparently one of the happiest beings in the quarter. She is a *grisette.* We have now reached a barber's shop, very similar to those we see at home. You take a seat and are surprised at the person occupying the next chair; under an innumerable quantity of ringlets you discover the features of a female having her hair dressed. This is another heroine of the quarter.

We shall now take a Parisian breakfast. You may wish to go to a *café,* quite a fine place. I prefer a *crémerie,* which, though not quite so elegant, is much cheaper. In the former place your coffee, bread, and butter will cost you about twenty cents; in the latter, where you will receive substantially the same things, your outlay will not exceed six cents. You must not inspect the hands of the waiter too closely, however, for if you have not a stomach quite as strong as the one with which I am blessed, you may perhaps not relish your coffee. You will be in very agreeable company; on one side of you there will be fine broad-cloth, on the other a blouse. This is not uncommon here, where equality reigns supreme. . . . You will be surprised at the capacity of the bowl containing your coffee, the dimensions of which will nearly equal those of an ordinary wash-basin. You will readily agree with me that the coffee in Paris surpasses any you have ever tasted. The quality will be quite as satisfactory as the quantity. We will now

take a little stroll. After wending our way through the narrow streets of the *Quartier,* whose sidewalks permit only two to walk abreast, you will be happy to find yourself on one of the boulevards. These are broad streets, with fine trees planted on either side. Here you would be able to spend a day quite pleasantly, observing the doings of the lively Parisians. Here you notice hundreds of men, women, and children vending little articles, such as pens, pencils, writing-paper, shoe-strings, fruit, maps of Paris, and the like, each endeavoring to out-yell the other in proclaiming the superiority of the articles in quality and inexpensiveness. In passing one of the public squares, you will see a large crowd collected to witness an acrobat performing his wonderful feats in the open air. He assumes a supplicating attitude, and asks for only one more *sou* before attempting his miraculous tricks. . . . In another portion of the square you see, mounted on the top of a carriage, a little girl, fantastically dressed, beating a drum. This collects a crowd. A man with a tremendous moustache stands up in the vehicle, and holding a box of salve in his hand, commences a tirade against charlatanism, which casts so much unjust suspicion on the intentions of the real benefactors of humanity. He assures you that, in thus coming before the public, he is animated only by a sincere desire to help suffering mankind. He claims to have discovered a sure remedy for sprains, coughs, neuralgia, headache, ulcers, and "the thousand natural ills which flesh is heir to." You will wonder how well the fellow understands his business. I cannot leave you here long, else you will begin to think that your system is out of order, and in consequence be mulcted in the sum of one or two francs. You will behold little squads of people collected in other portions of the square, attracted by men exposing the wonders of the electrical machine, raffling off ginger cake, and exhibiting objects under the microscope.

The fine buildings we shall pass, as well as the show windows,

arranged with Parisian taste, will not fail to elicit your admiration. The churches, palaces, and other public buildings, you will agree with me, surpass anything of the kind in our country, with the exception, perhaps, of our fine Capitol at Washington. The other buildings, however, cannot be compared to the magnificent ones on Broadway in New York, Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, or West Baltimore Street in Baltimore. After seeing our large warehouses at home, one must wonder where people do their large business here, for the places where business is done here deserve the designation rather of shops than of mercantile establishments.

People here live quite differently from what they do in our country. Every building is used here for both business and dwelling purposes. Parisians content themselves with a few rooms in one of the six or seven stories of their buildings, a story which they choose according to their stations and purses. We will examine one of these houses together. The first floor is devoted to mercantile purposes; the second may be likewise, or it may contain the apartments of some baron; in the third you will find a very respectable family occupying a few rooms, too economical to go further down, and too proud to go higher up; in the fourth, families who have to manage to make both ends meet; in the fifth you will be astonished to find how elevated a position honesty occupies in Paris; and in the sixth, you will have an example of what is poorer than poor.

Without ascending to the seventh, you will not object to a little fresh air. We will therefore take a stroll through the *Jardin des Tuileries,* and the *Champs Elysées.* We shall pass the Louvre, so famous for its paintings, statuary, and antiquities, and the Tuileries, which, you know, is the Imperial palace. We will not occupy ourselves with these buildings, though they are of great interest, as I wish to show you as much of life as is possible in one day. It will take us about an hour to walk through the garden of the Tuileries.

The garden is a magnificent one, with beautiful statuary, fine fountains, and large ponds. In consequence there are a great number of people attracted here. You will notice thousands of women with their caps and with babies on their arms,—these are nurses,—numbers of little girls jumping rope, and men and boys playing various games of ball. Coming from our Puritanical city, you must not be too much surprised to observe priests, even on Sunday, watching the game, and not failing at an opportune moment to put in their kicks. In another portion of the garden there will be a fine military band, performing for the amusement of the jolly Parisians. I have, however, heard better music in Germany. All the walks are lined with chairs, upon one of which you will take a seat, and a woman will come to you for two *sous.* The chairs are supplied by a private company. If you object to this, you can choose a bench, if you are able to find one, and you will have your seat free.

As we have no time to lose if we wish to study Parisian life in one day, we shall have to proceed further. Passing through the *Jardin des Tuileries,* we arrive at the *Champs Elysées.* Here we find the most beautiful avenue, ornamented on either side with fine trees. We shall meet here a perfect throng of pedestrians and fast horses. You will wish to have your horse and buggy to join in the spirited "Gee-long." You will feel tired enough when you reach the end of this endless chain of avenues. Here you see the "Arch of Triumph," built in commemoration of French victories. It is a beautiful structure, and bears on its vast columns the names of the various places where the French flag floated in triumph. . . .

Returning, we must not forget to notice the many gardens, where you can both get a fine cup of coffee and hear a fine concert. We shall now mount to the top of an omnibus to reach the *Closerie,* which is a fine garden to which students and *grisettes* and strangers

flock in the evening to join in the merry dance. . . . It will be ten o'clock before I can get you away from here.

We will now go to the *café* in the *Quartier*. On the first floor I shall meet a few friends and take a cup of coffee with them. If you go to the second floor, you will find students and *grisettes* puffing away at their cigars. You inquire what are the attractions of a *café*. Here you find all the leading English, French, Italian, Swiss, Russian, and Polish papers, and enjoy a game of chess, dominoes, or cards. Things are quite different here from what they are in Germany. If you go to a beer saloon in the North of Germany, you have the advantage of hearing good music; but, if you are a stranger, you will be prevented by the stiffness of the manners of the people from entering into conversation. In the South of Germany, people are very clever; but, if you desire to enter into conversation, you will have to confine your remarks to the subject of beer. In a *café* you meet people from every part of the globe, and you will have a little world under your observation. I still have much to say, but you see my letter has attained an inordinate length. If you have enjoyed the day in Paris, we may take another stroll at some future time. . . .

He remarks in a letter to his betrothed dated July 17, 1861, "I find that I have incurred no small amount of displeasure" [from his family] "for the free expression of my political sentiments."

Further on in the same letter he says: "I have no doubt that you are very much amused at the manner my mother speaks of me. . . I cannot wonder that she speaks of me as if I were only a little bit of a boy. Sometimes, when I think of my many engagements, extensive studies, and, above all, my grave responsibilities, and that, despite all, my spirits are about the same as when I played marbles on the street, I cannot decide whether I really have ceased to be a boy or not." [He was at that time twenty-five years old.]

PARIS, July 20, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,

. . . It is rather fortunate for me that I do not share your secessionist sentiments, for in that case I should not be able to budge from this place. A few days ago I went to the American consul (not minister), to have my passport stamped. On presenting it the following dialogue occurred.

"Where are you from?"

"From Baltimore."

"Are you a secessionist?"

"Sir, I am astonished at this question."

"Why?"

"I never knew that an American citizen, claiming the protection of his country, would have to submit to a catechism as to his political sentiments."

"Our orders are positively to require an oath of allegiance to the constitution and government of the United States previous to granting any claim on the service of this consulate."

"Do you follow this rule with the citizens of every state when they present their passports to you?"

"What makes you ask this question?"

"Simply because, if this rule applied exclusively to the citizens of the Southern states, I should scrupulously avoid any action which would be an acknowledgment that my state favored secession."

"All citizens are treated alike."

"Being loyal to the Union, I have not the least hesitation, under these circumstances, in swearing allegiance to the constitution of the United States."

The oath was administered, my passport handed to me, and we parted good friends. . . .

After long-continued hard work he writes in his diary, "In order to commence my studies with the same energy with which I have prosecuted them hitherto, I think it will be advisable to take a little recreation."

On August 6, therefore, he left Paris for Geneva, Lausanne, and Berne. From Berne he rode to Thun; "I enjoy the journey," he says in the diary, "very much indeed, . . . the country is very picturesque; . . . beautiful villages . . . most enchanting valleys, and towards the close of the journey we come in view of the snow-covered mountains of the Bernese Oberland." From Thun he "sailed almost the entire length of the lake [to Oberseen and Interlaken]. The water is a beautiful blue, and on each side we are greeted by the view of the incomparably beautiful Swiss cottages."

On August 12 he set out on foot for Grindelwald, stopping at Lauterbrunnen, and then ascended the Faulhorn, the summit of which he reached at ten P. M., completely exhausted, having walked thirteen hours and covered "thirty-six miles, through valleys and mountains." He rose at four the next morning to witness the sunrise. "The scene is sublime, the snow-covered peaks reflecting the light. From the Faulhorn we have a good view of the whole Bernese Oberland, its high mountains, green valleys, and fine lakes." Thence he proceeded to Scheideck and the Rosenlaui glacier. "The glacier is beautiful; the ice is as transparent as the purest crystal. . . . There are several natural and artificial caves in which the roaring torrents streaming from the mountains can . . . be seen. . . . The caves are magnificent; the light coming through from above assumes a blue hue; the arch of the caves resembles the blue vault of the heavens. . . Then we wend our way to the Reichenbach Fall, which is very pretty indeed, or, as a young French *demoiselle* remarked, '*C'est toute beauté!*'" He proceeded next to the Giessbach, at which he arrived in time for

the nightly illumination, "a magnificent spectacle." From Brienz, which is not far distant, he took the diligence for the Lake of the Four Cantons, and ascended the Rigi at night from Weggis, in order again to view the sunrise. "The view is beautiful, even finer than from the Faulhorn." Thence he proceeded by way of Lucerne, the Lake of Constance, Augsburg, Chemnitz, and Dresden to Prague, where he arrived on August 19. He describes his journey in a letter dated Prague, August 30, as follows:

"I cannot find words to express the pleasure I derived from this trip. . . In Switzerland I was again in a country where the sacred principle of freedom reigns supreme. When I gazed at the beautiful snow-covered mountains, the beautiful valleys, the enchanting lakes, the crystal . . . glaciers, I could not wonder that they were destined by Providence to be inhabited by a free and happy people. In the presence of these majestic . . . works of nature it is explainable that the character of the Swiss people should be so elevated. . . ."

He continues: "I heard of the dishonorable defeat of the Federal troops at Bull Run the day before I left Paris. I had intended to leave Paris on the same day, but when I read the news my nervous system received such a shock that I postponed my departure until the following day. With all my devotion to the Union I'd rather see it scattered to the winds than see it fought for in that cowardly manner. When I received the news I felt more like going home and enlisting than anything else."

In Prague he devoted himself to the diagnosis of diseases of the chest under Dr. Peters, and especially to obstetrics under Professor Seyfert.

"The obstetric hospital itself is supplied with abundant material, over three thousand births taking place here annually. . . .

Seyfert is a skilful practitioner, . . . but many of his precepts appear to me both ridiculous and dangerous. Some believe him to be quite a scholar; . . . there is, however, one very important qualification of the professor which I unhesitatingly say he lacks—I mean gentlemanliness. Not only does he treat his patients with the most shameful rudeness, but he does not spare his contemporaries from the most offensive abuse. . . ." [Diary, September 3].

"Dr. Peters is a very amiable gentleman, and I find that, while he avoids the *Gründlichkeit* of the German teachers, he surpasses most of them in practical teaching. Take a long walk with him after his lecture, and he tells me that I am quite proficient in auscultation; when I tell him that I brought all my knowledge in this particular branch across the waters, he is astonished to find instruction . . . so complete in America. . . ."

"In my leisure hours I read Zschokke's works. I have read nearly all of them." [Diary, September 9].

PRAGUE, September 30, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER MOSES,

On my arrival here on the twentieth ult. I expected to find a letter in the Post-office; in this, however, I have been disappointed. . . . From the accounts that I have been able to gather from the various German journals, I am led to fear that the difficulties at present existing are far from solution, and that the war will be more prolonged by far than either of the contending parties had any idea of at first. You will excuse me for disregarding the warning contained in your last letter, not to write anything with regard to politics, inasmuch as you will notice that it is my purpose rather to elicit information from you than to force upon you an expression of my views. I expect to remain here until the sixth or tenth of October, when I shall start for Vienna, where the winter session of the University commences on the fifteenth . . . My

short sojourn here has been both pleasantly and profitably spent. I have been engaged in the study of midwifery and of the diseases of the chest, for which the hospitals of Prague offer special advantages. . . .

PRAG, September 30, 1861.

Liebe Mutter,

. . . Wie oft lenken sich meine Gedanken zu Dir. Mit welchem Entzücken sehe ich dem Augenblick entgegen, wann ich dich wieder umarmen darf. Was für ein göttliches Vergnügen hast Du mir vor einigen Abenden bereitet. Du, liebe Mutter, kamst mir im Traume vor. Ich war an Deiner Seite, und von Deiner mütterlichen Zärtlichkeit umgeben. Die traurigen Zeiten waren vorüber, and Du warst wieder bei voller Gesundheit. Du gabst mir den besten Rath für die Zukunft, und indem ich versprach, ihm zu folgen, drückte ich einen Kuss auf Deine Lippen,— so erwachte ich. Gebe es Gott dass die Wirklichkeit diesen schönen Traum nicht nachstehen wird. Ich glaube nicht, dass ich mich in meiner Abwesenheit viel geändert habe, doch bezweifle ich nicht, dass Du Gelegenheit finden wirst, ein Wörtchen Tachlis [*nützlichen Rat*] *mit mir zu sprechen und freue mich schon jetzt, es zu hören.*"

On October 7 he left for Vienna. "Our *coupé* is crowded. Opposite me there is a gentleman from Carlsbad who wishes to speak English. He has great difficulty. As he seems to prefer foreign languages, I speak French with him." [Diary]. In Vienna he lost no time in seeking the University to arrange for courses. He took the following: Ophthalmology, Professor Arlt; Topographical Anatomy, Professor Hyrtl; Obstetrics, Professor Braun; Dermatology, Professor Oppolzer. Of these men Arlt left the deepest impression upon my father. The great Viennese ophthalmologist stood second only to Græfe in his admiration and regard. He considered Arlt the more skilful operator; Græfe, the greater genius.

VIENNA, October 23, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,

I left Prague on the 7th and arrived here after a twelve hours' ride. . . . Already on the day of my arrival here I engaged a room in the neighborhood of the hospital, and in a few days I was prepared to attend the lectures, which had then just commenced. I am quite comfortably fixed here. . . . Vienna is certainly a very fine place, and its animated appearance reminds me strongly of Paris. The people are much more sociable here than in the North of Germany, but I find them considerably less refined. They speak horrible German, very similar to the Bavarian dialect. To my great surprise, I noticed that several of the professors cling to this dialect. The professors here generally present a slovenly appearance, which contrasts strongly with the dignified exterior of the professors in Berlin, Paris, and in our own country. The medical school of Vienna justly bears the reputation of being the first in the world. Its advantages consist not only in the size of its hospital and in the material over which it has command, but in the practical manner in which it imparts its instruction; in the latter particular it has an advantage over the Berlin and Paris schools. . . .

VIENNA, October 22, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

. . . I am convinced that a reconciliation can never again take place now between the two sections of our country, and that sooner or later a separation will take place, after more or less bloodshed; and therefore I look upon the war with deep sorrow. The expediency of the continuance of the war cannot, in my opinion, be based upon the regaining of the lost states, but must rest in holding the doubtful ones, I mean Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Western Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Should these states remain in the Union, they will learn, among other things, the great advantage of being an integral part of a confederation which

is based upon the great doctrine of indivisibility. A government resting upon this foundation can work out its happiness and prosperity harmoniously. Very different is it with a confederation whose very organization renders its future integrity doubtful, to say the least. You must not suppose that I entertain any antipathy to the Southern states. I regard their policy as suicidal, and therefore I pity them from the bottom of my heart. . . .

VIENNA, October 22, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER JOSEPH,

. . . That the Americans are better than the people of other nations rests solely upon conceit. The prosperity with which they were blessed was not owing to their individual superiority, but to accidental circumstances. They ascribed their happiness to their own merits, however, and were thus strengthened in their conceit. The troubles with which they are now overwhelmed may serve as a valuable lesson in the future, and the war may in this manner be really beneficial. There was too much "rottenness in Denmark" to hope that things would go on harmoniously. Heretofore the affairs of government were left in the hands of those who recognized in it nothing. . . . but an institution offering an excellent and profitable means for the exercise of rascality. The so-called good people were satisfied to relish the milk and honey of the land in apathy, so that at last it was regarded as a wonderful phenomenon to see an honorable man in office. We in Baltimore had a miniature picture from which we could well study what was really meant by universal suffrage in the whole country. As things cannot be perfect in our corrupt world, we must be satisfied with having a few less evils than other countries. If you knew how things were conducted in Austria you would not find our government quite so bad. It is a mistaken notion which prevails in our country that a republic must necessarily be good and a monarchy bad. . . .

Under date of November 14, 1861, he writes as follows: "I have become a stronger Unionist than ever. . . . I have no fear for the ultimate success of the government, if it make proper use of the forces at its command. . . ."

VIENNA, November 17, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER JOSEPH,

. . . From a professional point of view I derive more pleasure from my sojourn in Vienna than from any other place that I have visited. The advantages which the schools of Vienna offer are immense. Its hospital is the largest that I have yet seen, constantly having over two thousand patients, who furnish science with the means of studying all the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to." While I am anxious to learn all that I can in every branch of science, and while I let no opportunity escape me whereby I can qualify myself for the active duties of my profession, I am devoting myself particularly to the study of the diseases of the eye, which I commenced under the renowned von Græfe in Berlin, and am now continuing under Professor Arlt of this city. Partly from the fact that this branch has been little cultivated in our country, and partly from its being my favorite study, I should like, if possible, to make it my specialty at some future day. In the meantime I shall not lose sight of the fact that I must commence as a general practitioner, and that it is my duty to render myself qualified for all my duties in that capacity.

Vienna is certainly a very interesting city. Its inhabitants present a singularly motley appearance. One finds people here from almost every part of Europe. The conversation which I sometimes hear in the lecture rooms puts me in mind of the building of the tower of Babel. Here one hears German in its various dialects, Hungarian, Bohemian, Slavonian, Polish, Russian, French, English, Italian, Greek, Swedish, Dutch and many other languages. . . .

The Viennese are a peculiar sort of people, good natured enough, to be sure, but stupid; and they do not come up by far to the German standard of refinement. A fact which has particularly struck me is that the distinct line of demarcation existing between the classes of North Germany, which will enable one to determine at a glance whether persons with whom you come in contact belong to the educated or to the benighted classes of society, is entirely wanting here. The scholar adheres to the Viennese dialect with the same tenacity that the besotted cab-driver does, and the shirt of the former is hardly cleaner than that of the latter. An American friend of mine here maintains that he can distinguish the various nationalities by the degree of cleanliness of their shirts. He contends that when a person appears in a clean shirt, he must be either an American or an Englishman, while the other nationalities of Europe satisfy themselves with a more limited indulgence in clean linen; as for the *Wiener,* he thinks it is the least pressing of all his wants. Though he exaggerates, there is nevertheless much truth in what he says. . . .

The civility which one observes here is strongly impregnated with servility. The lower classes express their gratitude by kissing the hand, or by simply saying, "*Küss die Hand.*" . . . It would be very uncivil if he said, "*Ich danke.*" They address one as "*Gnädiger Herr,*" "*Eure Gnaden,*" "*Bitte unterthänigst,*" and the like. [Diary].

VIENNA, December 5, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER MOSES,

. . . Though I cannot find the least justification for the Southern cause, I find it quite natural that the Southerners should display the intense enthusiasm which you describe in fighting the Federal forces. This is not the first time in the world's history that passion has proven stronger than good sense. . . . My opinions on the present troubles have not changed in the least, and I still

hope for the restoration of the Union. It would occupy too much space if I attempted to give you reasons for my views, and as they would perhaps not prove palatable to you, I can dispense with it the more readily.

VIENNA, December 5, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER STERN,

. . . The [Trent] affair has produced quite a commotion in the circle of my American friends, for you can readily understand that it will affect us individually. In case of war our harbors will probably be blockaded, and those who have not a snug sum on hand will have to starve here, inasmuch as they will not be able to receive remittances from home, or they will have to leave here precipitately if they wish to reach home at all, while others fear that they will be cut off too long . . . from communication with their friends. I do not believe that our government will provoke a war with England; in any event I am not frightened for myself, inasmuch as I have plenty of money on hand; besides, we shall all have time to decide when the American minister at London receives his passport. In case England chooses to satisfy her revenge merely by recognizing the Southern Confederacy, it will not affect us individually at all. I should not like to be forced to leave before the winter session, which lasts till some time in April, has ended; but after that time I can be ready at any moment. . . .

During his stay in the large cities in Europe he often mentions his visits to the opera, which afforded him great pleasure. He was a lover of music, and had a good ear. He was especially fond of Jewish melodies, and, like his father, could sing them well.

In the spring of 1862 he took lessons in Italian for about two months, in order to prepare himself for a short trip to Italy.[3] The

[3] Thirty-six years later, in a letter dated Milan, July 11, 1898, he writes: "I can read the accounts [of the war] in the Italian papers pretty well. It would probably amuse you to hear me translating the news to mamma."

winter semester in Vienna ended in the latter part of April, and he proceeded to Venice, where he spent several days, thence going on to Padua, Verona, Turin, and Milan. Then journeying to England by way of Paris, he arrived in London about May 16. Here he remained a month, spending almost all of his time in the hospitals, but finding time to visit the Exposition then in progress. On June 18 he sailed for home, landing at New York early in July. He returned to Baltimore, and immediately began the practice of the profession for which he had so thoroughly prepared himself.

CHAPTER V.

Practice and Personality.

At the time of my father's return to Baltimore, in July, 1862, there were in the city no physicians specially trained in the treatment of diseases of the eye. Dr. George Frick, a well-known ophthalmologist, had left the city about twenty years before, and had found no successors. No special instruction in ophthalmology was given at the University of Maryland at that period, and my father, who had enjoyed the greatest advantages then open to the medical profession to attain proficiency in that subject, naturally thought of becoming an eye specialist. Conditions at that time, and especially the breadth of his interest in medical science, however, prevented him from limiting his sphere of activity. He opened an office at the house of his parents, 111 (now 1111) East Baltimore Street, as a general practitioner, though during the whole of his career he made a specialty of ophthalmology. The continuance of his studies occupied the abundant leisure which he had at that time. He worked chiefly upon the eye, getting practice by operating upon the eyes of animals, especially of rabbits. The following letter gives an idea of his circumstances at this time:

Baltimore, September 5, 1862.

. . . Sometimes I get quite out of patience on account of not having more to do. I was thinking of trying to get a position in one of the military hospitals here; but, on maturer reflection, I have given up the idea, for I should be compelled to neglect the practice that I shall get: besides, the advantages of such a position could be only temporary. . . .

AARON FRIEDENWALD

1863

AARON FRIEDENWALD

As this extract indicates, the war was uppermost in the public mind at that day. An idea of the state of Baltimore during the eventful month of September, 1862, may be gathered from the following excerpts from letters.

BALTIMORE, September 5, 1862.

. . . There is a rumor in town to-day that the rebels have invaded Maryland, and there is great excitement here in consequence. . . .

BALTIMORE, September 8, 1862.

. . . It is really humiliating to listen to the exultation of the Southern sympathisers. There has been considerable excitement since the Rebels occupied Frederick. . . .

He had become more and more attached to the Republican party, the local members of which at that time constituted an unpopular minority, especially among my father's associates.

BALTIMORE, September 9, 1862.

. . . These are miserable times here now. The invader is upon us, and still we hear nothing *publicly* of his approach. The news offices are compelled to keep their bulletin-boards within doors to prevent excitement on the street. When the news came that the rebels had taken possession of Frederick, there was considerable of a fight before the "Clipper" office. You know that the rowdy faction of the Know-nothing party has attached itself to the Union party here, and, instead of arming and meeting the foe as they should, they threaten to wreak their vengeance on the secessionists here. They are, I believe, the most cowardly set on the face of the earth. The papers tell us nothing in regard to the movements made by the government to intercept Jackson's march, but I have learned from a gentleman from Washington that McClellan and Burnside started

from Washington on Sunday with over fifty thousand men. I am really getting discouraged at the manner in which the war has been managed, and I am beginning to think it would be more expedient to give up to the Southerners than to slaughter so many thousands uselessly. In spite of the good cause the North is fighting for and the many thousands rushing under arms to support that cause, and all the resources which the Union can command, the South must triumph if . . . a little brains is not sent to Washington and to the heads of the armies very soon. . . .

Somewhat later a temporary hospital for the wounded soldiers, both Union and Confederate, who passed through Baltimore, was opened on Central Avenue, and my father gave up to it much of his time, visiting the injured day and night.

On June 14, 1863, he was married to Miss Bamberger, his engagement to whom has been mentioned. There was a quiet home wedding at the house of the bride's parents, on North Eutaw Street, near Lexington. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Reverend Joseph Leucht, husband and wife went immediately to their modest home, then numbered 65 East Fayette Street, between Exeter and East Streets.

A few months after the wedding my father was placed under arrest on the charge of having run the blockade and aided the South. The arrest was either a mistake or a ruse, as one of his brothers was at that time serving in the Confederate army. My father spent one night in a cell in the "Slaves' Prison," a building at the corner of Eutaw and Camden Streets, used at one time for the confinement of negroes. The next morning he was brought before Colonel Fish, then in command, a soldier reputed to be an unscrupulous scoundrel, who tried to browbeat him into incriminating his brother.

My father faced him coolly and fearlessly, indignantly refusing to answer any questions concerning his brother's affairs with the

retort, "Do you want me to testify against my brother?" He obtained his discharge the same day through the influence of friends, who proved that he was innocent of the charges against him and was, moreover, a stanch Union man. The trouble and anxiety this incident occasioned the young wife can readily be imagined.

Shortly after this time my mother was further distressed by several robberies, which so disturbed her that she became quite ill. As a result, the house on East Fayette Street was given up, and the young couple went to live for a time with my mother's parents, while my father again opened his office at his father's house. He soon set about finding another house, and a few months later purchased a home at what was then 126 (now 1208) East Baltimore Street.

Not long after he writes:

BALTIMORE, September 23, 1864.

DEAR BROTHERS ISAAC AND MOSES,

I have the pleasure of informing you that Bertha was delivered of a fine boy on Wednesday morning (September 21). . . . The little fellow will be named after our grandfather (Harry), and I hope he will be spared us to do honor to the name.

Four other children, all sons, were born: Julius, on December 20, 1866; Bernard Daniel, on September 27, 1870 (died June 3, 1893); Norman, on November 11, 1873; and Edgar Bar, on November 20, 1879.

My father's practice rapidly increased, and he was kept busy day and night. On returning from a visit to a patient one night he came to a mound of earth, and, being very agile, instead of walking round it he leaped over it. Unfortunately, he fell into a deep trench hidden on the other side of the pile, injuring his side badly. He made light of the pain, which lasted some time, and not until several years later was it discovered that he had suffered a fracture of the ribs.

His practice continued steadily to improve, Dr. N. R. Smith, Dr. Christopher Johnston, and many other professional friends referring eye cases to him. Finally he determined to move up-town, selling his house and purchasing another at 88 (later 310) North Eutaw Street. He took possession of this house in July, 1868, and it continued to be his home for the remaining thirty-four years of his life.

About this time a serious outbreak of small-pox occurred in Baltimore, and a small temporary hospital for Jewish sufferers was fitted up on Dallas Street by a few charitable people. At this hospital my father was the only physician in attendance, gratuitously devoting his services for several months to this arduous and disagreeable work. His stern sense of duty alone kept him at his post. His whole professional life, indeed, was characterized by disregard of danger whenever the welfare of his patients was at stake. On one occasion his friend, Dr. Augustus F. Erich, came to his home specially to remonstrate with him for applying his head to the chest of a patient who was suffering with cholera. "Remember," said Erich, "that you have a family!" The warning was needful, for he had already suffered severely from blood-poisoning due to infection of his finger.

A busy man, he took no vacation whatever for many years. Summer and winter he was at his post, day and night, and never did I hear him complain of overwork or weariness. He would usually remain in his office until ten or half after ten; he would then drive out to see his patients and, later on, to spend some time at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was most conscientious in keeping appointments, and was never late at a consultation.

During the lifetime of his father and mother he never failed to stop daily at the old home, usually about noon, to inquire after their health. His relations with his wife's parents were equally close, and a day rarely passed without his seeing them. He was particularly attached to his mother-in-law. She was a dear, good

HOME, 310 NORTH EUTAW STREET

woman, and he loved her tenderly, while she thought no one was so nearly perfect as her son-in-law.

He would return home about two for the mid-day meal, after which, if possible, he would take a nap, which rarely lasted longer than a few minutes, and as soon as he was called he would be wide awake. He enjoyed his naps best when there were a number of persons in the room talking, and neither conversation nor the noisy play of the children would disturb him. He would then see patients in his office until about four or half after four, after which he would make another round of professional visits. My mother usually accompanied him on these afternoon drives. She would read while he was attending his patients, and while they were driving about she would tell him what she had read that was of interest.

On the long summer afternoons when his work was done he would often enjoy a drive with his wife and family in the country or in the park, and nothing could exceed the pleasure he took in these drives. He was extremely fond of wild flowers, enjoying their beauty with the pleasure of a true lover of nature. He never tired of attractive landscapes, no matter how often he had seen them. He would halt his horse on Prospect Hill in Druid Hill Park day after day and year after year, to point out some part of the scene which appealed to him. His delight in nature was a reflection of his deeply religious spirit, which beheld in the "honour and majesty" of this world only the clothing of Him who "stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain."

The following letter shows his love of nature, which has already appeared in his descriptions of scenes in Switzerland. This letter was addressed to his brother Moses, who had been seriously ill for some time, and was then traveling in Europe for his health. Moses Friedenwald was a great sufferer during the remainder of his life, and many references to his illness occur in later letters. He died on August 13, 1889.

BALTIMORE, January 15, 1877.

It was a great satisfaction for me to see by letters received from you, that you, dear Moses, are again able to use the pen, and are not altogether at the mercy of your amanuensis. This is not intended as any disrespect to you, dear Jane. . . . It is not an unusual phenomenon that a married man is not at all times permitted to speak for himself, but it is against all rules that he should not write for himself if he is able to do so. We have therefore two reasons to rejoice in receiving tidings from you, dear Moses, in your own handwriting, for in the first place you are in full enjoyment of your prerogative, and, more satisfactory still, you have the physical strength to make use of it. Keep on, dear fellow, to get stronger. . . . Your wonderful feats of pedestrianism have filled me with the pleasant anticipation of not being so dreadfully pitied for jaunts that I am forced to make afoot on Saturdays, and open the prospect of being supplied when you return with the very best company on these occasions. I promise you in advance to pick out the softest stone steps that I can find for you to sit on while I visit my patients. To afford our fondness for pleasant walks wider . . . scope, I have already planned that when we . . . meet again in Druid Hill Park as in pleasant days gone by, we shall tie our horses near Swan Lake, allow Jane and Bertha to amuse themselves under the beautiful trees on the hill and . . . stroll through those romantic recesses where only those can be admitted who can afford to walk, and when we have seen everything, and especially what no one else has seen, we will return to the hill and report to the mothers and their children our adventures, which, I hope, will prove so interesting that they will be communicated as pleasant traditions to our great-great-grandchildren. I have a great temptation to dwell upon pleasant recollections of the past connected with Druid Hill Park, and to peep at the beautiful prospects which appear to us in the future.

The cloud is beginning to fade away, and is gradually making way for the vivifying sunshine, and now as you are snugly seated around the fire at Hamburg, and lamenting that the winter . . . is especially severe, turn your thoughts to . . . the summers that you will again enjoy with us at our loved Druid Hill Park, and I am sure a warm glow will animate you, that even the winter of Hamburg will not be able to chill. I hope you will be pleased with your trip to Hamburg; the friends that you will meet there will prevent you from feeling that you are strangers. I know how to appreciate German hospitality. It is genuine and not only pleases for the moment that it is lavished upon one, but fills the distant future with fondest recollections.

The remainder of this letter touches upon a controversy concerning a minister against whom the charge of having apostatized before he arrived here had been made. The Jewish community of Baltimore was much wrought up over the matter, taking sides with great feeling.

. . . Now for a little news. There has been a grand reconciliation on the summit of Mt. Sinai. You know that twenty-two members went down as seceders, and the others came near going up entirely. It came to pass that a great deal of thunder was heard, and fire and smoke were spoken of, and men became afraid. The twenty-two felt the enthusiasm of those engaged in a rightful cause, and the thirty-six found that the thunder and lightning and the fire and smoke did not come from Mt. Sinai of old, but from themselves, and they opened their eyes, which had been stricken with blindness, and they beheld in their Rabbi, Dr. Jacob Meyer, a monster even more hideous than others had painted him, and they stretched forth their arms, saying "Brethren, return to our embrace; we knew not what we did." But the twenty-two heark-

ened not unto them, and the thirty-six, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, again approached those offended brothers, and they spake unto them, saying, "We will undo all we have done, and all amends that you will command us to make we will willingly make. Forgive us this one time, and again enter the bond of brotherhood." The hatchet was buried.

Last Saturday Dr. ———— delivered a sample sermon in German, and on Sunday he repeated the dose in English which was published in to-day's *American,* and which you can read yourself. If you can find out what he means, you understand complicated English better than I do. I think the candidate has a very good chance of becoming the spiritual purveyor of the material wants of the ——— Congregation. I write this as I know it will be a great relief to you to know the congregation is in safe hands.

Thank God, that I have not been infected with that dangerous spirit of the age, which questions His existence. He who in His goodness has shielded me from the pernicious influence of the small-pox and cholera and yellow fever and other pestilences, has shielded me from this greater plague. If one is threatened with being possessed by this dreadful form of skepticism, he will easily be cured of it if he takes into consideration that the ——— Congregation could satisfactorily dispose of the question adversely to the existence of a personal God in about twenty-four hours, when the combined intelligence of the most intelligent congregation in the city required nearly a year to discover whether Dr. Jacob Meyer was Jacob or Jacob's brother.

Heine, in his more sober moments, said that, when the learned spoke of atheism in language such that, while seated around the table, they were not understood by their attendants, it had some fascination, but when every shoemaker's and tailor's apprentice talked atheism, then atheism was tainted by the smell of Limburger cheese and shoemaker's wax, and therefore became dis-

AARON FRIEDENWALD

About 1877

gusting. Atheism, materialism, rationalism, and the like, thus became the fashion, and fashion is inexorable while it holds its sway. It will go out of fashion, and the same folks who have now laid religion aside will again trade in it largely. There was once upon a time a man in Boston, who went to a different church every Sunday for many years, until finally he became a constant attendant at one church. A friend who had observed his former migrations expressed his astonishment, and inquired the cause of this change. He replied, "The Reverend Mr. Smith has fascinated me very much, for I have now listened to him for years, and have not heard him mention religion or politics once." To avoid a similar reputation, having said as much about religion as is allowable in one letter, I will say a word on the political confusion in this community. . . .

References to his religious views have been made in the earlier letters, and others will appear in later letters and in his addresses. It will not be out of place, however, at this point to dwell a moment upon this subject. As we have seen, my father was brought up in accordance with the traditions of Orthodox Judaism, and he remained a consistent observer of the ceremonial as well as of the spiritual side of his religion. He was a regular attendant at the services of the synagogue, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the congregations with which he was connected. He was one of the founders and an officer of the Shearith Israel congregation, and later joined the Chizuk Emoonah congregation, which his father had been chiefly instrumental in organizing, and in 1892, at the earnest desire of his father, succeeded him as president. He filled this position until his death, and it was during his incumbency that the congregation removed from the synagogue on Lloyd Street to its present edifice at the corner of McCulloh and Mosher Streets. At a celebration held on October 20, 1901, in honor of

the twenty-fifth anniversary of the connection of Reverend Dr. Henry W. Schneeberger with the congregation as its Rabbi, my father delivered an address, in the course of which he said: "Faith has the inherent quality of reproduction. It sinks its roots deep into the human soul; it grows upward and upward; its branches spread; and, with its leaves, which remain ever green and drink in the heaven-born light, [it] forms a canopy which offers protection and safety, and finally [it] bears the fruit, 'וידעת את ה', 'And thou shalt know the Lord.'"

My father's interest in Judaism was profound and intelligent. He had a well-stocked library of books on Jewish subjects, of which he made good use. He was especially well-informed on all those Jewish topics which have a medical bearing, and wrote a vigorous defense of the Jewish method of slaughtering, taking an original point of view in emphasizing its humanitarian influence upon the Jews themselves. This article was published in the "Jewish Exponent" of September 20, 1901. He was requested to write for the "Jewish Encyclopedia" the article upon the medical aspect of circumcision, and delivered at Gratz College, in Philadelphia, on January 20, 1896, a lecture entitled "Jewish Physicians and the Contributions of the Jews to the Science of Medicine," which was printed in the first number of the Publications of the College. He was interested from his earliest years in the study of Hebrew, and attained sufficient command of the "Holy Tongue" to read a Hebrew paper or a chapter in the Bible with ease. A Hebrew book, usually a copy of the Psalms, always lay upon his desk, to be taken up whenever occasion offered. He could compose, and occasionally wrote a letter in Hebrew. On one occasion he received a copy of a Hebrew work, printed in Jerusalem, which was dedicated to him in terms of the most fulsome flattery. Though sincerely interested in the welfare of the Jews of Palestine, and a liberal contributor in their behalf, he deeply resented anything

like humbug, especially when it wore the cloak of religion, and he returned the book with a Hebrew reply, saying, "I should feel ashamed to aid those who resort to such degrading means as you have done. . . . I return the book with the warning to stop this business, otherwise I will find means to let the world know what you have sent out from Zion, and what is the value of the words you speak from Jerusalem."

In describing his visit to the school in Jaffa maintained by the Russian *Choveve Zion,* he wrote, in a letter dated May 10, 1898, "I was astonished . . . to find how well I could understand [the children], and a little sojourn here would soon enable me to speak Hebrew sufficiently to feel at home with those who speak so much Hebrew here."

He frequently attended banquets at which he ate nothing, because of his rigid adherence to the Jewish dietary laws. This circumstance did not lessen his enjoyment, however, for he was always in the best of humor on these occasions; but when he attended Jewish banquets at which the dietary laws were not properly observed it distressed him greatly, as the following letter shows.

BALTIMORE, November 21, 1899.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE HEBREW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,

Gentlemen,—A short time before the annual banquet of the Hebrew Benevolent Society in 1898 I called the attention of a prominent member of your board to the fact that due regard was not [paid] to the Jewish dietary laws in getting up the supper. It was claimed that all arrangements had already been made. To my great mortification I found that the same disregard characterized the banquet of the present year, and I therefore present the matter before your honorable body for your serious consideration. I have been an attendant at these festivals for over forty years, almost un-

interruptedly, and I hope I am not presuming too much in requesting you to see to it that the Jewish law and those who observe it will on these occasions in the future receive due respect. . . .

Nothing touched him more deeply than misunderstandings or aspersions of Judaism or the setting of Jewish institutions and particularly of the Jewish Scriptures in an unfavorable light. The following extract is taken from a letter he wrote to Professor H. H. Boyesen, who had delivered in Baltimore a lecture upon Scandinavian literature, in the course of which he made some remarks my father thought not quite fair to the Old Testament. This letter, though breathing his tolerance of other religions, maintains a vigorous Jewish attitude.

. . . Permit me to say that the Old Testament in comparison with the New does not fall short in the lessons which it teaches. . . . Much of the advancement of civilization claimed for Christianity has been due to other influences and there have been periods when what was called Christianity by its ardent expounders has retarded the world's progress. But Christianity has developed into something better than it was, and it will continue to improve, and so will other religions. The Ibsens will rise from reading either Testament and set men against each other; while the Bjornsons and the Boyesens, under the same influence, will unite the hearts of men for their mutual elevation. . . .

A sympathetic reply was received, in which Professor Boyesen disclaimed any intention of reflecting upon the Old Testament.

His bold and original way of thinking on Jewish subjects is further illustrated by the following account.

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1884.

I have just returned from a Shakespearian reading which was given at the Johns Hopkins University. The subject was "Shy-

lock;" and Professor Bell, the reader. He commenced by deprecating the spirit of hatred of the Jew that prevailed at the time of Shakespeare, and recognized that with all the hideousness with which Shylock was portrayed it could not be denied that great injustice was done him.

He read beautifully, and in his interpretation did not shear Shylock of the manly spirit that Shakespeare could not refrain from awarding him. And still I must confess it was not an unclouded enjoyment, for every Jew must feel instinctively that, notwithstanding the great literary merit the play unquestionably possesses, with its dramatic effects and its portrayal of human passions, the fact still remains that it has immeasurably injured our race, for Shylock at his worst has been regarded as representing the true Jew; and even in our enlightened age every Jew attending this play must feel that the smouldering embers of the ancient hatred of us are kindled to some degree at least, if that hatred does not rage so fiercely as it was wont to do.

If we as Jews could see the same play, with Shylock personating a Mohammedan, we should be better able to appreciate the keen criticism of Heine, who recognizes in him the only character in the play who exhibits any manliness at all. We should realize more fully that Shakespeare thoroughly knew how this manly spirit, spurned and humiliated at every turn in life, with the tradition of persecution in his mind, with the grief of a great domestic bereavement caused by his enemies rankling in his heart, would at last break loose from every restraint, and give full scope to an implacable, uncompromising hatred. But when we see Shylock as a Jew we feel that Shakespeare, when he described him, must have been somewhat in the same state of mind as when he travelled to Bohemia by sea. We feel that he did not know the Jew, and we have a right to think so, since we can point to the fact that history has never revealed such a Jew.

We may readily forgive him this injustice, as it evidently proceeded from ignorance of the Jewish character, and not from a desire to vilify it; for he did not attempt to conceal the persecutions Shylock had suffered. He shows them exactly as they were, just as they appear upon almost every page of history, just as we have seen them.

We could, perhaps, give our Christian friends a better idea of what we mean in this connection, if we had them imagine the play translated into Arabic, with Shylock as a Mohammedan, and played in Constantinople. I hardly think that their applause at Shylock's eventual discomfiture would then be quite as pronounced as it usually is. Not only would they be somewhat fearful of their safety, but they would not rest until they secured the intervention of the foreign powers to have the play interdicted, for they would allege that the villainous Venetians did not represent the Christian spirit. . . .

While maintaining such positive views upon religions as have been set forth, he was intensely interested in every advance of science, especially of the physical and biological sciences, and encouraged his sons to pursue these studies. He spoke with profound respect of the leaders of modern science, and in particular of Huxley, whose address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University he greatly enjoyed. He deprecated only what he considered the unfairness of modern thinkers in their opposition to religion.

He was a sincere lover of art, which he thought had reached its highest development in the sculpture and architecture of the Greeks; he was a devoted student of science, which he considered the greatest contribution to civilization made by the moderns; and he was a faithful adherent of religion, which he was firmly convinced had attained its noblest expression in the inspired words of the Hebrew prophets. For him there was no conflict between science and religion; he felt sure, as he often said, that, with the progress of

science and the increase of our knowledge of the laws of nature, the world would recognize nature and its laws as the work of that Deity whose unity, eternity, and omnipotence the prophets of Israel had taught humanity.

My father led the quiet and uneventful life of a busy physician and found his chief diversion in the pleasures of family life. The trusted friend and counselor of his numerous relatives, he found his closest intimates in the members of his household. The interest he took in the schooling of his children appeared in his daily inquiries as to their progress; and, as they grew up, disparity in age did not prevent him from making the relation of father and son one of comradeship on a footing of perfect equality. His tender and affectionate relations with his wife, his children, and his grandchildren were such, indeed, as have made the Jewish home a proverb. He was interested in all the little happenings of the home, and derived enjoyment from incidents which might have annoyed other men, as is seen in the following letter:

BALTIMORE, August 17, 1882.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . Edgar has been very well, but quite mischievous. Yesterday afternoon, while mamma was asleep, he got out of his cradle, took down the band-box containing mamma's new bonnet, and subjected it to quite a post-mortem examination. I was asleep at the time, and was aroused by a terrible shriek; . . . it seemed to me I was hearing Shakespeare recited, for I caught the phrase, "That thou com'st in such a questionable shape." I got up and found mamma looking for the pieces, and collecting the plucked grapes that had been strewn in all directions. "But there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will;" of this I became convinced, for, after spending considerable time in remodeling the débris, the thing finally assumed again the shape of a bonnet. . . .

In his younger days he was fond of fishing, but later he rarely indulged in that sport. He was for many years a heavy smoker, in spite of the fact that his wife had a great aversion to the smell of tobacco, so that he never smoked in her presence. When about thirty years old, he witnessed the severe trial undergone by an acquaintance of his who was compelled to give up the use of tobacco. The distressing picture impressed him so deeply that he determined to give up smoking, and he never touched a cigar again. This experience was in striking contrast to that of his father. As a result of his great age, Jonas Friedenwald, towards the close of his life, suffered with failure of vision, for which science affords no relief. My father went to New York to consult with Dr. Knapp, a friend of his, concerning the case, and had the well-known specialist examine my grandfather's eyes. Knapp, on learning that the patient was an inveterate smoker, advised him to stop using tobacco. He did so for two days, at the end of which time, finding that his sight did not improve, he returned to his old habits, and clung to them till his last day.

As has been mentioned, my father took no vacations, and the first out-of-town trips he took were not occasioned by the desire for rest or recreation, but by his sick brother's call for his medical care. Moses Friedenwald, because of his illness, was often compelled to leave the city. He spent several summers at Cape May, and my father frequently had to visit him there. These visits, which were the first interruptions of his regular round of professional work, lasted from a few days to a week. His enjoyment of the pleasures of shore and sea appears in the following extracts from letters written at Cape May.

CAPE MAY, August 6, '79.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . About twelve o'clock we took our first bath. It is a beautiful sight to behold thousands of men, women, and children

playing their pranks in the sand, everybody laughing at everybody else, and each one thinking that he enjoys himself best. The bath is exceedingly refreshing and one is provided with a most furious appetite, which, at Aunt Betzy's table, to which we were cordially invited for dinner, could very readily be appeased. Here one is always engaged. There is a great deal of life, music at the hotels, promenading on the beach, and a hundred other things to gain one's attention, not forgetting the mosquitoes, who paid us a visit after a land breeze. They made themselves at home immediately, and showed as much familiarity as if they had been old acquaintances. . . .

CAPE MAY, July 28, '82.

Since writing to you yesterday we have spent a very agreeable day. This place is delightful; it is just at the height of the season, and everything is in holiday attire. Music everywhere, people strolling about joyfully while members of the gallant Fifth Regiment can be seen everywhere, giving the place quite a martial appearance. . . .

We tried our luck at fishing. The morning was not very favorable for the sport; still we caught a respectable lot of very large fish, which, besides the pleasure they afforded us at the time, furnished us with a good supper.

The night would have been passed in an uninterrupted sleep, had not a serenading party, which filled the air with loud, if not the sweetest song, entertained our neighbors to the right. Negro songs, among which "Way down upon the Suwanee river" played a conspicuous role, composed the program, and I could hardly refrain from chiming in, "Oh, how my soul is growing faint and weary." And, as they finally did grow faint and weary, we again passed into the sweet oblivion of sleep.

CAPE MAY, July 15, '85.

Yesterday morning . . . we caught some very fine fish, but I must confess I do not like the sport as much as Uncle Mose does; to be sitting in the boat for so long a time and waiting for a bite is quite a tiresome piece of business.

CAPE MAY, July 24, '85.

What a delightful morning, cool and refreshing! The flag over the *Stockton* indicates a sea breeze, and it will not be long before the mosquitoes will beat a hurried retreat. Now, that is something worth talking about, and no one will be happier than dear mamma, except myself on her account. And still, although we have been much annoyed during the last few days by these merciless little pests, we have enjoyed ourselves very much. . . .

My father's work as a physician was characterized by careful observation and well-balanced judgment, qualities which made his diagnoses and prognoses sound and accurate. His excellent memory for the details of the cases he had once treated was of great help to him in reaching his conclusions. The neatness and exactness which marked his work as a physician appeared especially in his surgical operations upon the eye, in which he was remarkably successful. His skill as a surgeon was shown notably in the operation for cataract. One of the most interesting of these cases which I remember was that of his own father-in-law, for whom he removed a cataract when the patient was eighty-nine years old. My grandfather had always spent much of his time in reading,[4] and as his hearing was affected by his advanced age, the dimness of sight due

[4] In 1889, when I visited Schopfloch, the German village which was his wife's birthplace and his own home for some years, the only information concerning my grandfather I could gather from the older inhabitants was a tradition that he was so studious that, after he had finished a hard day's work, the light by which he was reading could be seen in his room at all hours of the night.

to a cataract was a great trial. So successful was the operation my father performed that the patient was able to spend almost all of his time during the remaining six years of his life in reading ill-printed Hebrew books in the smallest of type. A still more interesting operation occurred in the earlier part of my father's professional career. He operated for the removal of a cataract upon a patient under chloroform anæsthesia. He had finished making the incision when the patient ceased to breathe and became pulseless. My father immediately endeavored to resuscitate him by producing artificial respiration, through rhythmic compression of the chest, but finally gave up in despair. He then finished the operation by extracting the cataract, began again the attempt to produce respiration, and finally succeeded. The next day the sick man, who recovered his life and his sight, in spite of the fact that he had been reported dead, said, "I never knew the cataract operation was so severe. My chest is sore in every part."

As the preceding anecdote shows, my father remained cool and self-possessed in the most trying emergencies. Progressive and ever ready to adopt new views and new methods, he was quick to see the truth and the importance of the modern ideas concerning antisepsis, which he followed in theory and in practice, as is illustrated in the following letter.

BALTIMORE, December 11, 1887.

I got . . . [a prominent gynecologist] to operate at the Hebrew Hospital this morning for lacerated perineum. I had a little talk with him about antisepsis, and he thought when such surgeons as Keith succeeded so well without antisepsis it went to prove that too much importance had been attached to it. I replied that probably he proceeded so aseptically that he could dispense with the complicated antiseptic methods that others had employed. Dr. ———, however, used carbolized water for his sponges,

and thought that he did all in the way of antisepsis that the case required. He was very much pleased with his operation, . . . and asked me to make a digital examination. "Well," said I, "I told you that Baltimore surgeons would have more respect for antiseptic surgery if they knew what it was, and I can now include you among the number who do not know, for being willing to permit me to examine without previously disinfecting my fingers."

His fresh and original mind was also manifested in the invention of several ingenious instruments. In the earlier days of his practice he invented the eye speculum which bears his name. This instrument, which is very similar to that invented quite independently by his good friend, Dr. Russell Murdoch, has several advantages over any other appliance of the kind. My father also devised a simple and inexpensive instrument for curing club-foot without a surgical operation. He used this apparatus successfully in a number of cases, but never published any account of it.

He kept abreast of the best current medical literature, especially that dealing with ophthalmology, and gathered a good medical library, which he put to frequent and profitable use. He was devoted heart and soul to his profession, and nowhere does this devotion appear more clearly than in the letters he wrote to me while I was studying in Europe. There was scarcely a letter of the two I received every week which did not contain extensive comments upon my medical experiences and observations, questions concerning the methods of the physicians of the Old World, and notes and queries and criticisms suggested by his own practice. In the selections from the letters which are given in a later chapter these portions have naturally been omitted, but it is certainly necessary to mention the evidence which they furnish of his intense interest in the high vocation to which his life was devoted.

Though my father was so thoroughly a physician, he never allowed his character as a doctor to obscure the fact that he was first

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of all a man. In his intercourse with his patients he never forgot that his relation to them was no mere matter of business, but something higher and holier. He received the rich and the poor with the same cordiality, and was as considerate for the penniless as for the wealthy. He was less willing to overlook the meanness and conceit of some of those on whom fortune had smiled, than to excuse the errors and weaknesses of those who knew poverty and misfortune. Throughout his long career he had many patients among the very poor, whom, in his busiest days, he would never turn aside. One instance of his attitude may serve for a thousand. On one occasion a poor woman came to him to make a partial payment of a bill, and told him that her child was unwell, but that she had been unwilling to send for the doctor until she had paid her old debt in full. My father remonstrated with her, and the next day she received a letter[5] written in German, of which the following is a translation:

MY DEAR MRS. ———,

I beg to send you the enclosed receipted bill, in the hope that you will get along better in the future. If you should have need of my services, send for me, and I will always be ready to come whether you are able to pay or not.

The friendly and confidential relations in which he stood to his patients often caused the latter to seek his advice on various subjects. On one occasion he dissuaded a poor woman from availing herself of the services of a certain lawyer of unsavory reputation, known as Judge ———. A short time later Judge ——— met him on the street and demanded in a menacing tone, "Doctor, did you tell Mrs. ——— not to consult me, but to go to some one else?" No whit daunted by the blustering shyster, my father replied, "Judge, let me tell you a story. A Pennsylvania Dutchman once

[5] Recently shown me by the lady in question, who preserves it as a valued keepsake.

heard that a friend of his had done something at which the Dutchman became very indignant. He went to his friend and insisted upon an explanation. The friend replied, 'You bring me up to court, and I'll tell you all about it.' Good-bye, Judge."

The apt and ready repartee which this incident exemplifies was a marked characteristic of my father's. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote which, like Lincoln, he never used except to put his position more concretely or to cap a good story told by someone else. As a young man he had been very serious, but in later life, after he had emerged from the trying environment of his youth, his jovial nature asserted itself, so that my mother remarked that he was the "oldest young man and the youngest old man" she had ever known. His power of seeing the humorous side of things sometimes led him to indulge in punning, while his ability to appreciate other people's jokes found expression in a hearty and infectious laugh which was characteristic.

A patient of his once objected to the size of a bill, though he had been carried safely through a long and critical illness. My father replied, "Why, that amount would not have paid for a decent funeral—and yet you are not satisfied!" Once my father woke up laughing, and afterwards related the following dream he had had. He was attending a reception, as it appeared, and was introduced to a great many strangers, among whom was a minister. The latter's name sounded strange, and my father asked that it be repeated. "The Reverend Mr. Small-pox." "Why," said my father, "why didn't you have your name vaccinated?"

On one occasion he was approached by several ladies, with whom he was unacquainted, for a contribution to aid in enlarging the ——— Baptist Church. He replied, with a smile, "Indeed, ladies, the ——— Baptist Church has always been large enough for me."

One further instance of my father's power of repartee may be

given. His brother Joseph was called upon to speak at a certain dinner, but declined, saying that, like Moses, he had a brother Aaron, who was the orator of the family. My father rose and replied, "It is true that Aaron was always ready to speak for Moses," and then added, quoting the refrain of a song then popular, "but

'Not for Joseph,
Not if he knows it,
Not for Joseph!'"

He often recalled good stories of things he had heard or seen in his early years; his memory, indeed, was really remarkable. Once, when he was well on in his teens, his mother showed him an old dress of hers which had been soiled and put away long before. He immediately recalled the entire incident of the ruining of the dress, though it had occurred while he was still in arms. Together with his exceptional memory he often showed an amusing absentmindedness, due, of course, to his intense mental concentration upon whatever he was engaged in. One summer morning he started out alone in his carriage at an early hour, in order to avoid the heat of the day. On returning to the house several hours later he immediately called for the driver to take charge of the horse. The driver returned with the news that the horse and carriage were not at the door. The only inference was that they had been stolen, and the police were at once notified of the loss. Late in the afternoon a friend inquired whether he might send the horse home, as the poor animal had been standing all day in front of his house, several blocks away from my father's office. My father had absent-mindedly walked home.

CHAPTER VI.

Work in Medical and Communal Organizations.

During the early years of my father's practice no medical society existed in Baltimore. The first organization with which he became connected was the Baltimore Medical Association, which he joined in February, 1867, shortly after its organization in 1866. With regard to the organization of this society he remarks, in an address in memory of his friend, the late Dr. Andrew Hartman, who died December 15, 1884, that it "was called into being at a time when all fraternization in the profession appeared . . . to be a thing of the past. The enthusiasm of the young men at that time held out the hope that the organization of a good medical society was not an impossibility, and this enthusiasm was greatly encouraged by a few of the older members of the profession, the foremost of whom was Dr. Hartman."

On March 16, 1871, he became a member of the recently organized East Baltimore Medical Association, which later became the Baltimore Medical and Surgical Association. He also attended the meetings of the Pathological Society, which was founded in 1867. A number of papers, for the most part unpublished, which are now in my possession, were read by him before these societies. (See List of Writings, p. 353). He joined the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty in 1869, helping to resuscitate that ancient and honorable organization. He took a prominent part in its proceedings, his readiness of speech and broad and thorough knowledge of medicine making his remarks interesting. He contributed many papers, a number of the more important of which were published. (See List of Writings). There was scarcely a year among the thirty

years of his membership in the faculty in which his name did not appear on one or more committees, and he received in 1889 the honor of election to the Presidency. While holding this office he opened the semi-annual meeting at Hagerstown on November 12-13, 1889, the first of the semi-annual gatherings since regularly held in different parts of the state. In his address, among other things, he said, that the meeting had for its purpose the "inauguration of a new era" in the history of the faculty, looking to "the consummation of more intimate relations and a closer bond of fellowship between the medical practitioners residing in the various districts of the State."

At the annual meeting of the faculty, held in Baltimore on April 22, 1890, he delivered an address upon the "Modern Hospital," the subject being suggested by the completion of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and of the City Hospital during the preceding year. The address embraced a historical sketch of the development of hospitals, and was printed in the transactions of the association. In 1898 he helped to organize the Maryland Ophthalmological and Otological Society, and was elected the first president. This body later became a section of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty. He was especially interested in the library of the faculty, and was active in bringing about its removal to a suitable building on North Eutaw Street, in which his portrait is now to be seen.

He thus became a member of every medical society in Baltimore but one, the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, which he could never be induced to join. This society, which was founded in 1877, and is now defunct, limited its membership to physicians who had been in practice for ten years. When pressed by one of its members to explain his refusal to join, he jestingly replied, "Any jackass can become old, if he only lives long enough."

He was for many years a member of the American Medical Association, and during the nineties he frequently attended its annual

meetings, which were held in various parts of the country, concurrently with those of the Association of American Medical Colleges. Parties were generally formed by a number of Baltimore physicians, and, although my father was one of the older men in these groups, he was always one of the jolliest, and contributed much toward the enjoyment of the trip. He was also a member of the Ninth International Medical Congress, held in Washington in September, 1887.

In 1868, in connection with Drs. Augustus F. Erich, D. W. Cathell, John M. Stevenson, Henry A. Inloes, and Robert J. Baynes, he aided in establishing the "People's Special Dispensary," located at the northeast corner of Exeter and Granby Streets. He was the oculist of this institution, and continued to act as such for about three years, until the dispensary was closed.

In the fall of 1873, on the occasion of a reorganization, he became the first professor of diseases of the eye and ear in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, which had been established in 1872. He held the professorship for twenty-nine sessions. Besides filling the chair of ophthalmology, he took a leading part in administering the affairs of the college, being for more than ten years treasurer of the Maryland Maternité, which the faculty had established, and for eighteen years, from 1884 until his death, treasurer of the college itself. The books of the institution, kept for many years in his own handwriting, are models of neatness and accuracy. His capacity for business affairs appeared also in the labors he was called upon to perform as executor and trustee of the estates of several of his relatives and friends. In connection with the professorship he was ophthalmic and aural surgeon at the Baltimore City Hospital and the other hospitals connected with the college. He held a similar position at the Nursery and Child's Hospital and at the Hebrew Hospital. Further reference to his connection with the latter institution will be made later.

As a teacher his work was characterized by a broad and catholic

view of the field of medical study, with a total absence of the narrowness of many specialists. During his whole career, indeed, although he devoted most of his attention to ophthalmology, he never ceased to practice general medicine, keeping many of his earliest patients till the close of his life. He was specially proficient in certain branches, such as internal medicine and obstetrics, and many of his medical writings, including some of his most important papers, deal with the relation of diseases of the eye to diseases of other parts of the body.

It was his custom every year to introduce his course of lectures with an address in which he gave an outline of the subjects to be discussed, emphasized their importance, and pointed out their connection with the other branches of medical study. On several occasions he delivered in addition before the faculty and students the customary opening address, introducing the work of the school year, and one of these addresses, which was printed by the members of the class, will be found in a later part of this volume. Of his work as a teacher one of his former pupils, Dr. John Ruhräh, says: "He was always interesting . . . and enthusiastic. As he grew older his interest did not flag, and there was no change in the tone and vigor of his lectures. He was always ready for a joke or a good story to enliven his class, and there existed between teacher and student a very pleasant good fellowship." Many of the witty things he said have perished, but a few examples will give an idea of his humor. A student once created some confusion during a lecture by continually pushing a chair about. My father, handing him a book containing cuts of the eye, said, "When my little grandson comes to see me and makes too much noise, I show him a picture-book and he becomes quiet." The disturbance ceased. My father added, "The picture-book has the same effect in this case as well." One evening during a quiz, a student, prompted by his neighbor, answered a question incorrectly. My father inquired the name of

the obliging neighbor and gave the mark the answer merited to him.

On one occasion, after he had lectured before a rather disorderly class at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the noise made by the students at the medical college annoyed him considerably. Finally he said, "There was once a man of such bad repute that at his funeral it was for a long time impossible to find anyone to say a word in praise of him. Finally a man came forward and said, 'This much can be said for brother Jones: he had a brother who was much worse than he was.' All that I can say in your favor is that your dental brethren are even worse than you are."

At another time when his class became unruly, he remarked that their conduct reminded him of an incident that had happened to his friend and fellow-instructor, Dr. Gundry, superintendent of the Maryland Hospital for the Insane, at Catonsville. At one of the latter's lectures the students became disorderly. The genial instructor merely smiled, thus provoking them to still greater uproariousness. When the racket had subsided a little, he said, "Go on, boys; it reminds me so much of home."

In speaking of instruments for everting the eyelids, he remarked that he preferred the fingers, for they were always "on hand." On one occasion a physician, noted more for his skill than for his good looks, remarked that a brother medical man, who had recently died, had taken everything at face value. My father observed, "He must have had a mighty poor opinion of you."

Nowhere does his wit appear to better advantage than in his replies to toasts at the college banquets, at which he was sure to be called upon, whether his name appeared upon the list of speakers or not. Several of these speeches are given in the second part of this book.

A student once asked him during a clinic what the anterior chamber of the eye was. This matter had been repeatedly ex-

plained, and my father curtly told the inquirer that he ought by that time to know what the anterior chamber was. At the next meeting of the class my father remarked that his good humor was like the aqueous humor filling the anterior chamber; when it was lost, the supply of it was readily replenished. He then expressed his regret for his abrupt reply

Such incidents as the one just related made the students feel that they had in him a sincere friend, and many of them, as Dr. Ruhräh remarks, "sought his kindly advice and good counsel." He came into close touch with the students, not only as an instructor, but also for some years, during his early connection with the school, as a private lecturer on operative ophthalmic surgery, and especially during his long service as treasurer of the college; and it is noteworthy that he never had any unpleasantness with a single student. A real attachment bound him to his classes, and some of his best friends were men who had been under his instruction. He followed the advice recently given by a great physician, that, if a man wishes to keep young, he must have young friends. He gathered around him a number of young men, for the most part students at the college or at the Johns Hopkins University, who frequently visited his house and came into most intimate relations with him. Whenever any of his old pupils who lived out of town came to Baltimore, they would come to see him and enjoy a good talk together. "The silent influence" which he exerted they regarded as "his most precious gift as a teacher." He taught "more than mere science." "Daily contact with one whose thoughts and deeds" were "of the noblest kind" was "an example and a power for good." Such was the impression he left upon his students.

He was chairman of the executive committee of the college until the end of his life, and was most active in advancing the interests of the school and in improving its methods and its management. Although he was for many years one of the older members of the

faculty, he was most progressive in his attitude towards proposed innovations, and no one was more active than he in bringing about the erection of a new building and the acquisition by the Sisters of Mercy of the land necessary to build the present City Hospital, which is connected with the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Even more important than my father's work as a physician, as a teacher, and as an administrator was his activity in bringing about the formation of the Association of American Medical Colleges, which was his greatest service to the medical profession. At that time students were graduated by all the medical schools in Baltimore and by almost all the schools throughout the United States after a two years' ungraded course, there being no matriculation requirements and no orderly sequence in the presentation of the various subjects.

The need for a more extended and systematic course of study in the medical schools of this city caused, at the suggestion of Dr. Eugene F. Cordell, the issue of a call for a meeting of representatives of the local colleges. Upon this call, which was dated December 17, 1889, my father's name appears as President of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty. The circular stated that "with a view to joint action on the part of our five medical schools" it was "proposed to hold a meeting of representatives of the faculties to discuss the feasibility of introducing reform." The meeting was to be held on January 15, 1890, but the absence of many of the delegates caused it to be adjourned until January 23. At the meeting held on the latter date my father was the sole representative of the College of Physicians and Surgeons present. It was proposed that the local colleges should unite in adopting a graded course of three years, together with other reforms. My father opposed this action, as he feared students would be deterred from coming to Baltimore when they could get degrees in a shorter space of time elsewhere. "Professor Friedenwald said that he was commissioned by his

faculty to bring before the meeting a proposition for a national conference for the consideration of the reforms suggested in medical education, and he named Nashville, Tennessee, as the proper place and the next annual convention of the American Medical Association as the proper occasion for the conference. He added that his faculty did not regard it as feasible or expedient, but, on the contrary, suicidal, for the Baltimore schools or any one of them to take this action alone." [1]

This view he had vigorously advanced at the meeting of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; he had convinced his colleagues of the correctness of his position; and had been delegated by them to present this plan at the meeting of the local committee. Here, too, his view prevailed and the plan to advance which the meeting had primarily been called, that of introducing the proposed reforms in Baltimore alone, was frustrated.

As a result, circulars, signed by my father as chairman and by Dr. Cordell as secretary, were sent out by the Baltimore medical schools, and at the gathering of the American Medical Association "the meeting for reorganization was held in the senate chamber of the Capitol building at Nashville, as announced, May 21, 1890, Prof. Friedenwald presiding at the opening. A permanent organization was effected by the election of the venerable Dr. N. S. Davis as president, and several vice-presidents," [2] my father being chosen first vice-president.

The effect of the organization of the Association of American Medical Colleges was to raise the standard of instruction in medical schools throughout the United States. This result, for which American physicians had struggled fifty years in vain, was brought about at that particular time by the wise and vigorous action of my father.

[1] From "The American Medical College Association," by Eugene F. Cordell, M. D., *Maryland Medical Journal*, January 11, 1896.

[2] Cordell, *l. c.*

This summary of my father's professional activities would be incomplete without some reference to his attitude toward his fellow-practitioners. Viewing his profession as a noble calling, he condemned severely any infraction upon medical ethics on the part of others, and set for himself the highest standards of duty towards his brethren. Throughout his professional life he followed the injunction of Hillel, "That which is hateful to thee, do thou not unto thy fellow."

Even before my father's graduation he was interested in the affairs of the Jewish community, acting from 1856, the date of the organization of the Hebrew Ladies' Sewing Society (of which his sister-in-law, Mrs. B. Stern, was the first president), until his departure for Europe in 1860, as secretary of that body. He was deeply interested in the first efforts to establish the Hebrew Hospital in 1859, and in 1868, the year it was opened, he was appointed one of its visiting physicians, becoming oculist and aurist in May, 1890, when his increased practice no longer allowed him to act as general visiting physician. On this occasion the Hospital and Asylum Association adopted resolutions expressing their appreciation of his past services and their satisfaction that his connection with the institution would not be severed. He was well known to all the inmates of the institution, and especially to the aged who found shelter in the Asylum maintained in connection with it. Many of these old people he had known from his childhood, and they respected and loved him. On one occasion the superintendent of the institution asked him to use his influence to quiet one old lady who could not be induced to stop bemoaning her troubles so loudly that everyone in the building was disturbed. He went up to her room and asked her what she was crying about. She gave him a long account of her sorrows, which were mostly imaginary. When she had finished he told her she was quite right, that she was so sadly afflicted that she ought to keep on crying, and indeed to

scream more loudly than before. She did her best to follow this advice. The wailing went on increasing in intensity, and finally the poor old soul gasped out, "*Lieber, herziger Doktor, ich kann nit mehr!*" and ceased her clamor.

My father was always anxious to advance the interests of the Hospital; he suggested many improvements, and strove to induce the directors to take a broad and liberal attitude, and to lessen the difficulties of admission. His interest in the institution appears in two addresses, printed in this volume, which he delivered at the Hospital; the longer of these, which was printed at the desire of the association, was made at the dedication of an addition to the main building.

I cannot give a better idea of the spirit in which he worked for the cause of charity than by quoting the following letter.

BALTIMORE, March 25, 1888.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . [This evening] I had to attend a meeting at Mr. Friedmann's house on Lombard Street in the interest of a poor woman who is an inmate of Spring Grove Asylum. It is a most disagreeable, cold night. It is difficult to say whether it is hailing or raining, and the pavements are very sleety. It is a night of all nights which would keep one at home, and still about twelve or fifteen men left their cosy homes to look after the interests of a poor woman who had neither friends nor relatives. "Well, the world is not so bad after all," I thought after I went away, and I rejoiced that the woman would be taken into the Hebrew Hospital, and that there were enough men on the Board who would not be restricted by the narrow limits of printed laws, but who had good sense and good hearts to guide them in their decision. . . .

In 1872 my father helped to found the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, and he became a member of its Board of Directors, retaining this

position for thirty years. He was closely attached to the Asylum, making it his chief object as a director not only to make the life of the children as natural and homelike as possible,[3] but to make it a thoroughly Jewish life, such as the children's parents would have wished them to lead. A set of memorial resolutions sent by the directors of the institution to his family emphasizes his attachment to the children cared for by the Asylum. He was for many years chairman of the committee on education, and the last public function he performed was the distribution of prizes at the public examination of the children, shortly before his last departure for Europe.

He was for many years a member of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, and a regular attendant at its annual gatherings. Though never an officer of the society, he was ready at all times to place at its disposal his services, which were frequently called upon. In December, 1892, he delivered before this body an address, reprinted in this volume, which was regarded as one of the best ever made at the yearly banquets. His voice was raised on more than one occasion for more considerate treatment of those who applied for relief.

My father was brought into close touch with the Hebrew Benevolent Society through his connection with the Baron de Hirsch Fund for the relief of Russian Jewish immigrants. In 1881, at the beginning of the immigration from Russia, he was one of the leaders of those interested in providing for the reception and protection of the newcomers, and gave up much of his time to aid them. From

[3] On one occasion the case of a child who had stolen a piece of bread from the pantry was brought before the Board. Several of the Directors were inclined to accede to the suggestion of the authorities of the asylum that the child be severely punished. My father, however, demanded that an investigation be made into the amount of the bread the children received, and, as this amount was found to be entirely insufficient, he declared that, if punishment were to be meted out at all, it was the asylum authorities who deserved it; and the children were allowed from that time on to have as much bread at meals as they wished.

this time on his activities in behalf of the Russian immigrants never ceased, and it was in recognition of this fact that he was asked to direct the work in Baltimore of the fund established by Baron Maurice de Hirsch. He accepted, and invited Messrs. Moses R. Walter and Elias Rohr to join him in the committee. Mr. S. Baroway, who was appointed agent of the fund in this city, conferred every afternoon with my father, who passed upon all the work of the committee. All the voluminous reports sent to New York were written by him, as was all of his extensive correspondence in general. The work of the Baltimore committee began on July 1, 1890, and my father continued to act as chairman until April 1, 1901, when, at his request, the work was given over in charge of the Hebrew Benevolent Society. In 1890 the Hirsch committee aided the Isaac Baer Levinsohn Hebrew Literary Society to obtain suitable quarters for a night school for the immigrants opened by the latter body the year before; and a committee, of which my father was chairman, supported the school, which did good service in Americanizing the newcomers, for a number of years. My father was chosen a member of the executive committee of the "American Committee for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Russian Refugees," an organization formed in New York, on September 23, 1891, by a convention composed of representatives of Jewish organizations in various parts of this country, called by the Trustees of the Baron de Hirsch Fund to consider means of dealing with the problem presented by the great increase in the immigration of Russian Jews, consequent upon the increased severity of the persecutions in Russia in 1890. In 1892 my father organized a Baltimore branch of this committee, composed of two representatives of the Hirsch fund, two representatives of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, and two representatives of the "Jewish Alliance," a short-lived organization, formed in February, 1891, and composed mainly of Russian Jews, the object of which was also to aid the recent immigrants.

During his tenure of the chairmanship of the two committees my father disbursed over fifty-eight thousand dollars, 4391 cases, aggregating 10,534 persons, being relieved. An idea of the importance of this work may be gathered from the fact that the total number of Jewish immigrants landing at Baltimore during this period was 24,095.

The character of my father's work as chairman of the Hirsch committee may be seen in the following account, contributed by Mr. Baroway to the Jewish Comment of August 29, 1902, shortly after my father's death. At one time "two shiploads of Jewish immigrants arrived from Hamburg and were about to be deported. Individual bonds of one thousand dollars for each immigrant were demanded that they should not become public charges. Such amounts . . . were impossible to raise, and the offer to pledge the buildings of the Hebrew Hospital and Orphan Asylum was rejected by the Treasury Department. Dr. Friedenwald had a busy time then; he did not rest, he could not sleep. He knew the return of those people to Russia at that time meant starvation to many, baptism to some. He neglected his practice and duties to his family to save the unfortunate immigrants, and he succeeded. He found some influential man . . . who went to Washington to lay the case before the government, resulting in the release of the immigrants. I remember with what joy he greeted me when I brought him the message from the Canton pier, 'Come and get your people.' It was a great victory for him, and had he come that day into possession of a fortune he could not have been (happier). The immigrants did not know the particular person to whom they were indebted, and the person in question was too modest and unassuming to claim the credit. But when I informed him in later years that some of those people were doing well and were prosperous, he enjoyed the news as none but a noble man like him could enjoy it.

"During the winter of 1897, when a bill was presented to Con-

gress, requiring that immigrants who could not read the language of their native country should be excluded from landing in this country, which meant the shutting out of the majority of the Russian immigrants, who, while not illiterate, could not read or write the Russian language, it was again Dr. Friedenwald who championed the cause of the immigrants. He sent telegrams to all the Maryland representatives and senators in Congress, and made his friends in other states do the same, which resulted in the modification of the bill so that new arrivals (would) be required to be able to read any (one) language (including jargon). The bill, however, was subsequently vetoed by the President."

That my father appreciated the important bearing of the Russian Jewish immigration upon the future of the Jews of America is shown by the following letter, written June 16, 1889, eight years after the beginning of the great migration of Russian Jews into the United States.

". . . The Russians here have lately opened a large Hebrew school. They are now organizing a large charitable society to enable them to contribute their share to the general charities already organized. They are becoming an important factor in the community, and it looks as if some of these days they will bear the same relation to the German Jews which the latter bear to the Portuguese Jews. . . ."

My father was a member of the Hebrew Free Burial Society, and indeed he was interested in all the Jewish charitable organizations in the city, as well those maintained by the more recent arrivals as the societies of longer standing. Most of the non-sectarian charities, such as the Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor and the German Orphan Asylum, numbered him as a member as well. In June, 1883, he was one of a small group of gentlemen who, in order to give em-

ployment to vagrants, formed the "Provident Wood-yard Committee of the Baltimore Charity Organization Society." Of this Wood-yard Committee, which later became the Friendly Inn Association, Mr. Henry Janes was chairman and my father secretary.

He took a deep and intelligent interest in politics, being a consistent Republican from the time of his return from Europe. He never held political office, except as a member of the short-lived "Reform" School Board nominated by Mayor Hooper. The old School Board appealed to the courts, which set aside the mayor's action. Only once did my father take an active part in a political struggle; on November 3, 1897, he made a speech at one of the closing meetings of the campaign.

His activities were not limited to the concerns of the Baltimore community, but extended to most of the important Jewish organizations of national scope. In 1886 he was one of the founders of the Jewish Theological Seminary Association, and was for many years one of its vice-presidents. Together with Dr. Cyrus Adler, he established the Baltimore branch of the association, of which he was president until his death. He was most active in bringing about the incorporation of the Association in 1902 with the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, which resulted in putting the Seminary upon an assured financial and scholastic basis. He took great interest in the Seminary, regularly attending the meetings in New York. His attitude toward the institution appears in his letters. At his decease the Board of Directors of the Seminary adopted a resolution expressing their "sense of loss at the passing away of an upright citizen, a distinguished member of the medical profession, a devout and conscientious Israelite, a promoter of many worthy establishments for the amelioration of human suffering and for the advancement of sound learning, both general and Jewish, and an officer and zealous worker in behalf of this Seminary." In his memorable inaugural address, President Schechter recalled

his name, among the names of other departed friends of the Seminary, as that of "a scholar and a gentleman . . . whose interest in the institution only ceased with life itself." He left the Seminary a bequest, which was increased by my mother, and the Directors accepted the suggestion of the family that this bequest be used to establish the "Aaron Friedenwald Prize in Jewish Theology," annually given for the best essay upon a subject announced by the President of the Faculty of the Seminary. My father was also a vice-president of the Union of Orthodox Congregations of the United States and Canada.

In 1888 he helped to establish the Jewish Publication Society of America, being for many years one of its honorary vice-presidents; he was also instrumental in forming the Baltimore branch of the Society. A resolution passed by the Society at his death speaks of him as "an earnest advocate of its cause and a stanch adherent of its ideals," and expresses "appreciation of his services, of his lofty personal character, and of his . . . devotion to science and enlightenment." He was one of the founders of the American Jewish Historical Society, regularly attending its annual meetings and taking a great interest in its work. His thorough knowledge of the past of the Jews of Baltimore was on several occasions of service to students of the subject. On June 10, 1888, he was a prime mover in organizing in this city a branch of the *Alliance Israélite Universelle,* and he was in close touch with the philanthropic work of the *Alliance,* cooperating in all their important activities, such as the relief of the Jewish sufferers from the Bessarabian famine.

The catholic Jewish sympathies which appear in his connection with all the organizations mentioned are most clearly manifested, perhaps, in his connection with the Zionist movement. He was for years a member of the *Choveve Zion;* and his grasp of the significance of the "Love of Zion" appears in his address on the sub-

ject, selections from which are given in this volume. His visit to the Holy Land convinced him that Palestine could again become the home of a large part of the Jewish people. The lecture upon the Jewish colonies in Palestine, reprinted in part on page 318 of this book, exhibits his enthusiastic appreciation of the value of farm life in the land of Israel in making of the denizens of the Russian ghettos stalwart and self-respecting men. He was for several years a vice-president of the Federation of American Zionists, and he regarded the movement as a force tending to unite and strengthen, to inspire and elevate the Jewish people. He beheld in Zionism a noble ideal.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters (1887-1892).

In April, 1887, having completed the course of study at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and finished a year's work as resident physician at the City Hospital, I went to Europe for further medical study. During my absence I received every week two or three letters, selections from which, except as otherwise indicated, make up the present chapter.

Baltimore, May 11, '87.

Dear Harry,

By this time you have, no doubt, acquainted yourself with the more prominent features of Berlin. You feel somewhat at home *Unter den Linden,* still look reverently at the *Schloss,* wonder why they do not put some clothes on the statues on the *Brücke,* and, with all your patriotism, you will have to concede that the *Brandenburger Thor* is quite an improvement on our entrance to Druid Hill Park. I suppose you have gotten your geography regarding the *Charité,* University *Klinik,* your restaurant, and your lodgings, etc., all right. You have measured the various distances, studied the shortest cuts, and picked out the softest streets to walk on; and one not initiated might take you for a fellow who had been there some time. . . . It will puzzle you a little at first, when you take hold of the University Catalogue, to decide what, and how much to take up. It will all come right, and you will have a fine time; there is nothing like being young, after all. It may take fifty years of your life fully to realize this. . . .

I wonder how Virchow looks now. Then he was in the prime of

life, about forty-four years of age, I should judge, with a perfectly black beard and excellent physique. I wonder whether he still passes so much of his time in the Pathological Institute in the "Charité" grounds.[1]

BALTIMORE, Sunday evening, June 26, 1887.

. . . I was very much pleased with your description of the great synagogue in Berlin. It must be a very fine edifice. What interested me most, however, was that Berlin, so noted for its great Reformers, has not let the idea run riot, but has been exceedingly moderate in the changes made. Reform in America is pretty much what the wholesale clothing dealers wanted it to be. The Rabbis were too much concerned about their salaries to take any active interest in shaping it. . . .

BALTIMORE, July 3, 1887.

. . . I am sorry that Hildesheimer's preaching does not please you. It is the fault of the man and not of his peculiar position as an orthodox minister. I had the pleasure of hearing Sachs, the Berlin rabbi, in my time, and he was the most eloquent preacher I ever heard. I also heard Hirsch, of Frankfort, and he certainly is a preacher through and through. . . . There is a synagogue in *Heidereutergasse,* in which Sachs preached, which is still strictly orthodox. I would advise you to look in at that place of worship also. . . .

BALTIMORE, July 10, 1887.

. . . So you think that "Pappy L." has made himself ridiculous by his attack on Koch's teachings. I have no doubt that you have heard the old Jewish saying that when the good Lord wants a

[1] Virchow remained the same indefatigable teacher, investigator, and worker in many fields for more than forty years after my father had been his pupil.

very big fool, he picks out an old man and lets his wife die. I have always felt the force of this old saying, and therefore I was not so much surprised at his doings at the National Medical Convention. . . .

I am rather surprised to learn from you that Schweigger criticized rather severely some of the teachings of Græfe. I am not able to estimate his mental caliber, but for a creature to scoff at his creator shows that the man is incapable of veneration.

BALTIMORE, July 24, 1887.

. . . Since finishing my letter to you, I have just thought of a little affair of late [date] in which the Hon. James H. has again extensively advertised himself as an ass of no small dimensions. As you may perhaps have seen from the papers, they, that is, the great Democratic party, had a primary election of delegates to a convention to name the candidates for State offices. Now, there is, as you know, a general desire for reform. M. and others have washed their very dirty hands clean, and arrayed themselves against Gorman and Rasin, hoping thereby to win the confidence of the respectable portion of their party. They made great efforts to gain power in the primaries. Mr. Rasin, as usual, managed his campaign very adroitly. He had all the bummers and henchmen and professional repeaters in line, so that men who had any business to attend to became disgusted and to a great extent left the field to the unwashed. The Hon. "Jeems," anxious to avail himself of his prerogative as a citizen and a Democrat, went to the polls, and with great alacrity prepared himself to accept the offer of a certain Mr. S. to give him a place at the upper end of the line. An officer prevented this "swap" of places, acting according to instructions. "Jeems" became indignant that the citizens of Baltimore had been subjected to this humiliation and insult, became furious, frothed at the mouth, and actually asked for the dismissal of the faithful of-

ficer. The whole town is laughing at the Mayor, and the Mayor is wondering that the citizens don't feel insulted at the outrage upon the man who represents the citizens of Baltimore, and who has girded his loins for a trip to the gubernatorial seat at Annapolis. . . .

BALTIMORE, July 31, 1887.

. . . I am pleased to hear that you find Hirschberg a good teacher and that you are interested in his demonstrations. I was rather struck by your remark some time ago, that you did not want to hear so much talk, but wanted to do some work yourself. I recalled the talk that von Græfe delighted and edified his hearers with, and I see you also have found out that it makes a little difference who does the talking.

. . . So you don't find all German students saturated with wisdom. I made that discovery twenty-seven years ago. I remember a conversation with a newly-fledged Doctor of Medicine on the subject of duelling. When he exclaimed, "How can gentlemen settle their quarrels?" I replied that it seemed to me, from all I had heard of the causes of duels in general, that duels were not so much resorted to in order to settle quarrels, as quarrels were resorted to in order to have duels. . . .

BEDFORD, PA., August 2, 1887.

Here we are at Bedford, amid its mountains, its green hills, its lovely valleys, its peculiar Pennsylvanians with their sing-song talk, with many who are not Pennsylvanians, among whom we find not a few of our old acquaintances from Baltimore. We arrived here last night, having consumed the whole day in the journey. . . . It was a pleasant journey; . . . the scenery . . . never became wearisome. . . . The moment we left Baltimore we had the beautiful picture of a continuous rolling country before us. The

little hills, with the picturesque farms and cottages, were here and there cleft by lovely rushing streams, crossed by numberless fine hedges, gradually growing higher and higher as we approached Pennsylvania territory, till we should have talked very disrespectfully of them, did we not call them mountains. For the larger part of the way we were following the course of some stream; from Harrisburg on we seldom lost sight of the Susquehanna, and this stream, though a shallow one, in which we missed the gratifying sight of fleeting sail, gave a pronounced charm to the scenery. There were a great many canals and mill races met with on the way, and often aqueducts of no mean architecture, conduiting one stream over another. . . .

BEDFORD, August 7, 1887.

. . . We are having quite a holiday here, with nothing at all to do, plenty of time to do it in, and plenty of good people to help you in the doing it. This is a quaint little town, with very good people of very simple ways of life. . . . They all work hard here, and seem to work cheerfully; they are very kind-hearted, and are always extremely polite to everybody. . . .

BALTIMORE, September 13, 1887.

. . . Your letter, dated September 1, just arrived, and recalled to me a trip that I took to Potsdam myself, one . . . Sunday. The *Muschel Saal* and the Raphael Gallery are still vivid pictures in my mind, as also a certain windmill that Frederick the Great wanted to have removed, but the miller asserted his rights under the law, and the great King gave up the idea, and the windmill was left untouched as an evidence of the monarch's respect for the rights of others. I remember also the Charlottenhof, with that simple, blue-striped bed-room in which the great Humboldt slept, and the adjoining one, in which his "Cosmos" was written. The

kindness which Frederick William IV. showed to the great scientist was about the only good thing I heard about him. . . . He was still alive, but had lost his mind, and the present Kaiser was reigning in his stead as Prince Regent. I also remember a beautiful garden, but don't know where to place it. I remember the beautiful polished floors and the felt shoes one had to put on before he trod upon holy ground. Many things were told about Frederick the Great, one of which I remember. When Napoleon came to Berlin, he wanted to visit the grave of the Prussian King. His wish was carried out, and on reaching the grave he exclaimed, "If you were here, I should not be." . . .

BALTIMORE, September 21, 1887.

. . . I think you are right in the abstract in your criticism of the Hildesheimers' notion of orthodoxy. I agree with you that that sort of religion won't serve the purpose of cementing parties. I fear, indeed, that it often drives away from conservative Judaism people who have a great inclination that way. We must, however, allow a little for the intensity of feeling that has developed in these people from watching the destructive tendencies of what has been called Reform. Men like Hildesheimer, old Rabbi Bamberger of Würzburg, and, I believe, Hirsch, of Frankfort, have, no doubt, been made less yielding by noticing the effect that Reform has had. I believe that the time is approaching when more men like Morais will come to the front, men earnest, sincere, of strong religious feeling, who, although strict observers of the law, will not condemn so unmercifully others who may have deviated a little, but will recognize them as brothers, with whom they are willing to join in efforts for a common purpose.

Let me thank you, dear Harry, for that beautiful drawing of Mendelssohn's grave, and for the ivy leaves which you plucked on it. I have shown the drawing to a number of friends, who admired it

very much. Have you made any inquiries about the descendants of this great man who still remain within the fold? . . .

BALTIMORE, October 27, 1887.

. . . I regret to learn from you that the anti-Semitic spirit has taken such a hold upon the people of Berlin. I think that our people will find it very difficult to fight against. . . . There is no legislation that can combat a dislike which a majority has for a minority, and I fear that for a good while, at least, the sentiment will grow stronger. It is a great temptation to many people to consider themselves better than other people. In England and America that chivalric spirit which is averse to taking advantage of the weak prevails, and therefore I think we are pretty safe here. In Germany the people are not so used to fair play, and, when they can't find anyone else to vent their spleen upon, they hunt down the Jew.

The battle has been fought, the victory has been won as usual, in the *regular* way, and Ferdinand C. Latrobe will again be invested with the mayoralty robes, the same ones which were, all the *samee,* according to Cowen, stolen for him three times before. The triumphant are crowing only for the fair fame of Baltimore, which, they say, has been defamed by the Independent Democrats, and which the great regular Democratic majority, according to their interpretation, has again restored. The Independents and the Republicans made a good fight, evidently had plenty of money at their command, and everything looked favorable, but the regulars were not to be thwarted. Gorman and Higgins and Morris Thomas and Freeman Rasin want majorities; they have made it their life study how to secure them; their resources are inexhaustible, their devices mysterious, and they can get all the majorities they need with comparatively few Democratic votes. The Republicans have secured eight councilmen in the First Branch, and three in the Second Branch; but the regulars have a majority and they know how to use

a majority just as well as how to secure one. That after the gallant fight which has been made against them, after the terrible arraignment to which they have been subjected, they should come out victorious, almost makes me despair of the possibility of their ever being dislodged. . . .

BALTIMORE, November 9, 1887.

. . . From the tenor of your remarks on the political probabilities you will not be greatly disappointed when I again report an utter defeat of the opposition to the regular Democratic party. . . . The Democrats will not forget what they consider were grievances during and after the war. They don't want to see their ancient enemies in power. They need a strong hold on power to secure a continuation of a Democratic national government, and that is the sum total of their political philosophy. For all this, there is no use in looking gloomily at the future. Reason and justice will triumph in the end. In a popular form of government the conservative spirit, while it has drawbacks, has the advantage of protecting the government against sudden changes. There is one satisfaction after all, that, if the result of the election will be bad for the state, those who controlled it will suffer along with the rest of us; and, if the newly-elected legislators realize that some account will have to be taken of sentiment favorable to election reforms, we shall reap some benefit from the campaign. . . .

BALTIMORE, November 23, 1887.

. . . Last night we listened to the first of a series of lectures at the Peabody Institute by Mr. Serviss, of Brooklyn, on the evolution of the planets. It was the best popular scientific lecture that it has ever been my privilege to listen to. Generally lecturers of this kind suffer either from overdosing the audience with unintelligible facts, or from the fact that, in the attempt on the part of the lecturer to be exceedingly entertaining, the scientific value of the

lecture is entirely lost. This lecturer is extremely happy in teaching profound scientific theories, and in keeping his audience intensely interested. He explained the nebular theory . . . and finally told the doleful story of the moon, closing with death, and becoming the tomb of a once great creation. And all this beautiful earth, now in its infancy . . . has the same career before it, . . . and some of these days . . . another moon will be added to the constellation, and telescopes will probably be directed at it from the observatories of other planets, and our dismal fate will be commiserated by some great lecturer at some other Peabody Institute! And still we bother about investments and life insurance and the reform of the Democratic party! I am afraid the Democratic party will die before it can reform itself.

Poor Emma Lazarus had to die already! We received the news of her end on Monday, and yesterday the papers brought an account of her simple funeral at Cypress Hills. Dr. Mendes officiated. Her song has been sung, its tones have died away, but her name will live. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 18, 1887.

. . . I thank you cordially . . . for your congratulations upon my approaching birthday. I hope we will have a real old-fashioned good time when the real celebration arrives. We will think of you at that time and try to imagine that you are with us. Birthdays are very nice things, but the trouble about them is that when they come often a fellow gets old in the meantime.

I hope that the case of the Crown Prince [Frederick] will continue promising. It is a pity to see such a brave fellow and such a fine specimen of manhood threatened with death. How many hopes have been built upon his reign! I was sorry to learn of the young prince's intimacy with Stöcker, and of his probable sympathy with his hatred of our people. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 18, 1887.

I was a little angry at X., who was the orator of the evening. . . . His theme was "Charity." He treated the subject well; he spoke very little about it. . . . Taking his brass into consideration, he is a very polished gentleman.

BALTIMORE, December 21, 1887.

Your letter with an additional congratulation on my birthday, as well as that beautiful "Autobiography" of Arlt's, was placed in my hands quite apropos yesterday morning. Well, we had a very nice time of it on Monday night. I was marched up into the parlor where all the presents were spread out. . . . I prize none of them more highly than the one you sent me. The good, plain, sensible man whom I loved as a teacher and revered as an ophthalmologist was again brought vividly before me by his own simple, beautiful, and true story of himself. It is highly gratifying in this materialistic age, of which we are given to complaining so much, to find that, after all, when we contemplate the life of a man whom the world delights to honor, above all the genius that has been ascribed to him, above all the learning that he has adorned himself with, above all the experience which he had acquired to give him authority and to make him master, above all the written and unwritten wisdom with which he enriched the world, that above all these stands the man himself. So it is when we study the life and character of Arlt. If ever a statue should be erected to him, the sculptor could not fulfil his task better than by moulding the man himself, plain, unassuming, with his kind, benevolent smile, and, if he chooses to remember his work, let him represent it in figures on the pedestal, above which the man should be placed. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1887.

DEAR MOSES AND JANE,

It's all over! Of course, I mean my birthday. All the good wishes have been received and appreciated, all the presents have

been admired and acknowledged except yours, which I take occasion to return my thanks for now; all the egg-nog has been drunk, all the cakes and fruit and nuts have been digested, and the event has been nicely placed on the shelf with those that have gone before, in the hope that those that will follow will be equally pleasant. But I am only fifty-seven years of age, and I have to ask you to knock off the one year which you placed to my account in error. Some foolish young man who bestows a good deal of attention upon the cultivation of his first mustache might be willing to have himself considered a year older than . . . he is. . . . There are other individuals who, at certain periods of their lives and under special circumstances, prefer to have a little discount made, but men like you and me ask only that the days which they have invested in the repository of time be quoted at par.

This is a very varied life we lead, at any rate. Some of us live a great deal in a short time; some require a very long time to do a small share of living; some live too much and therefore cannot live long; some hardly live at all and reach a high old age. There is no man so poor that he is not envied for something by somebody, sometimes by a very rich somebody. How many try hard to make a living and kill themselves when they succeed! How many can never make a living, and outlive generations! If life could only be bought, what a big business somebody could do who had the article for sale, even if he established himself in some side street! The older his stock, the more desirable it would become; and he would never have anything to fear from the fashions and their changes. I believe some of our most prominent men and women who couldn't buy life in fee simple under this arrangement would be willing to pay very heavily for a "lease of ninety-nine years" and to make a compromise to knock off "renewals forever." Some are . . . happy in looking over their balance sheet, for the . . . days that they have lived for others have made their years plentiful;

then there are those who rob others of their years, and never enrich their own store. What a deal of "swapping" would be done if it only could be . . . ! I believe there are some good folks in Mount Vernon Place who would not shun a market like Slammer's alley to drive a bargain of this kind. I should not like to state the boot that some leaders of an uptown club whose joints begin to creak like a rusty hinge would offer for the elastic limbs of some young jig-dancer. Yes, all sorts of trading of this kind would be extensively carried on, buying, selling, leasing, swapping; I am afraid there would be more of this than of speculation in the great *future* beyond this life. I think I could point out a fellow or two who would sell an eternity of the future for a six months' promissory note without grace, which would bring a little animal enjoyment during the time it ran. But there are other folks, too, and many of them, thank God, who do not live for themselves alone, who can delight in others' joy, who can feel for those who weep, who place the highest value upon those acts in life which have helped others, and are most ashamed of those which have benefited themselves alone. It is this that makes men human, and this is the earthly echo of the Divine words, "Let us make man in our own image." Who will say, then, that life is not worth living, when there is so much good to be done, so many joys to be shared, so many hopes to which the humblest can aspire? There is a justice in events after all. In this cold, cheerless weather the rascals are forced to stay in Canada, and the good fellows ride in their soft-gliding launches on the beautiful rivers of Florida.[2]

And when we look back with some regret for much of our youthful vigor, ever-ready appetite, invulnerability of stomach, and physical endurance which now lie buried in the past, we are afforded as an indemnity the consolation that now we can look up higher than to those who ruled us then, and that many heartaches, disap-

[2] Whither his brother had gone because of his ill-health.

pointments, and humiliations to which we were subjected then, have also been interred. We can rejoice that our manhood has been preserved to us, that there rests no blemish upon our names; we have each a wife whom we love, and whom we have been able up to this time to take care of, and who has had the strength to take care of us also, we have children in whose future our hopes are centered, and, above all, we love God and acknowledge His authority. Your brother, AARON.

BALTIMORE, December 28, 1887.

MY DEAR HARRY,

. . . I learned today . . . that ———, who has been elected as the successor of old ——— at the temple in Philadelphia delivered an extraordinary lecture on Christmas Day, Sunday, which fell on the same day as "Asarah be-Tebeth" this year. It seems he made the coincidence the theme of his discourse, and the lecture was published in a Philadelphia daily. I have not seen the paper as yet, but should judge, from expressions which Dr. Szold used in reference thereto, that he must have said some outrageous things. These new-fashioned Rabbis are strange caterers; they give the Jews חזיר [swine] and the Christians taffy. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 31, 1887.

This puts the finishing touch to the year 1887. How quickly these years follow upon one another! . . . It will not be long before we enter upon a new century, and then we will not hear so much of the enlightened nineteenth century, which so many fools take such great delight in talking about. . . . There is nothing new here except the New Year. It is the season to exchange greetings, to send and receive bills. Some pay them, while many pay no attention to them, unless they must. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 1, 1888.

. . . Quite recently I attended a family . . . consisting of a husband and wife and seven children, who had been driven away from Bavaria because the husband was a Russian, although he had lived there for many years, had married a German girl, and was pursuing the business of a baker, which . . . afforded a living for him and his family. And still some of our enlightened coreligionists delight in talking about the age of persecution being past! They even erased everything from the prayer book that indicated the slightest displeasure with the general order of things. Why should we bewail our lot, when we are free, living in a free country, etc., etc.? That was, however, before the time when their race was taken into account when they made their applications for rooms in summer hotels. Let us hope for a better day to come, for that day when all peoples will feel more kindly towards each other, and for that day when we Jews will be as intensely Jewish in our prosperity as those were who preserved our religion and our race in dire adversity. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 10, 1888.

Your letter . . . was very welcome, and we all enjoyed its contents. Contemplating a Christian holiday in a Jewish family makes rather a sad impression on one who goes through such a scene for the first time.

. . . Yes, these *Aufgeklärte* claim to have made wonderful progress, simply because they don't do what their parents or kinsmen did. I think we are not so badly off in this country after all. There is more of a common bond between us. We feel more satisfied with each other, and, thanks to the generous American spirit that prevails, we are not forced either to give up or to conceal our religion to gain the respect of those with whom we have intercourse. It is this which has made the English Jew, and I firmly believe that

an American Jew will be developed here very similar to him. Of course, it will take a little time. The *Rishuth* of the German is inveterate, and, contrary to what we expected, has not abated one jot with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. If any change has been noticed, it is that this feeling has been intensified. The old Jew, who had to buffet with the world, expected hard knocks, and was prepared for them when they came. He had himself and his religion to preserve, and he toiled faithfully and suffered bravely to do it. While his body was bent humbly before his enemies, his spirit remained erect, and when he was again within the sanctuary of his family circle, his manhood rose up within him, and he looked with contempt upon his persecutors. Moses Mendelssohn thought that, as the Jews became cultured, the German Christian would relent. He made a great mistake in thinking so well of the Teuton. I am sure I have no grudge against him on that account. Who would not have erred in this regard, having met a Lessing? That reminds me of what I once heard. Heine, I think, said, (hardly anyone else could tell truths like this one), in answer to what is so often claimed so proudly for Germany, the invention of the printing press: "Well, if one German did invent it, there are many millions of Germans who did not." It seems as if Providence specially created one Lessing in order to show by the example of one decent German how very mean the rest are. I can't help looking at the history of the Mendelssohn family as a drama constantly being reproduced on the Berlin stage where it was originally enacted. A poor boy, without even a language, finds his way into the Athens of Germany. Physically dwarfed, intellectually and spiritually a giant, he makes way for himself in paths no Jewish foot had been permitted to tread before. At first spurned, like every other Jew, even by the lowest of men, he was finally sought and valued as a friend in the learned circles of that time. Commended for his wisdom and learning and nobility of character by all who knew him,

he valued most in himself the fact that he was a Jew. What a horrible spectacle in this drama, to see children renouncing the religion of such a father! Some even changed their names, so that in presenting the credential admitting them into refined society, it might not be discovered that he who first made way for them was a Jew, even though he bore the illustrious name of Mendelssohn. The play has been going on ever since. How many fathers have been forgotten, how many names have been changed since then! All for a mess of pottage! Thank God, all the people in the world are not Germans, and all the Jews do not live in Berlin. It is very difficult to do what Mendelssohn did, and up to this time not one Jew has done it, but very many common Jews have been able to do what his children did. . . .

BALTIMORE, March 25, 1888.

This surely has been an eventful time in Berlin. . . . The old king, who had such a long and eventful reign, to whom it was accorded to unite dismembered Germany, has been called away. . . . It is a beautiful piece of history, Queen Louise, mortified and insulted by Napoleon, conjuring her little son Wilhelm to avenge her honor and the wrongs of Prussia. How great that little Wilhelm became and how nobly did he fulfil his task! Verily the commandment was fulfilled, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It is a great pity that Frederick III, who took so prominent a part in all the events which made the present empire, and who, though so close to his father, was never far from the people, should have death staring him in the face when power is placed in his hands. . . .

BALTIMORE, April 8, 1888.

. . . We drove through Druid Hill Park this afternoon, and had a most delightful time. It was a little cool, but a very fine

afternoon nevertheless. The trees, at least some of them, are putting on their green coats, and the grass is springing up everywhere. We feel very proud of our park, firstly because it is beautiful, and secondly because it is ours. They are going to illuminate it with electric lights, and next summer, when the driving around the lake becomes most delightful, we shall not be driven home by the darkness. This is something very pleasant to think of, but when we connect it with the city taxes of $1.90 on the hundred, when they were but $1.60 last year, the prospect for next year is not very bright for the tax-payers, bright as the electric light may be. . . .

BALTIMORE, May 9, 1888.

. . . You are all wrong about *Schollen* and Heine. Heine wrote of *Schalet, schöne Götterspeise,* and meant what we call *Schalet.* . . . I remember the thick bean soup to which they give this peculiar name of *Schollen* in Berlin. By the by, I heard the derivation of *Schalet* when I was in Berlin. You are aware that in olden times they had all sorts of devices for keeping the dinner warm. One was to place the pots, after they had been taken from the stove on Fridays, between feather beds, and keep them there till the time arrived for serving the meal on Saturday. Many French words were used among German Jews in olden times, so that *Schalet* was derived from *chaud lit.*[3] . . .

BALTIMORE, May 20, 1888.

. . . The Belt, or at least a part of it, will be added to the city [of Baltimore]. We are determined to have a large city, even if we are forced to annex the whole of the Eastern Shore. . . .

[3] Other derivations are suggested in the *Jewish Encyclopedia,* Vol. IV., p. 255.

BALTIMORE, June 17, 1888.

. . . Your congratulatory letter to our Silver Wedding formed one of the principal episodes of the day. We kept the matter very secret, so that no one outside of the immediate family knew anything about it. The children surprised us early in the morning with a beautiful pitcher, which we admire and appreciate very much. Your letter touched us deeply, and of course we felt your absence on the occasion very keenly. We look back on these twenty-five years with great gratitude for the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us. We have lived for each other. We thank God for His mercy. . . .

Germany is a great country, but it is not the soil for political freedom, neither is it the land to develop character in the Jew. The prejudice of the Teuton against the Semite seems uncontrollable, and the backbone of the Jew in modern times has not shown sufficient strength to bear up against it. It seems when the German Jew gives up the cattle business and learns to speak German correctly, he longs to divest himself of his religion, his history, and his traditions, and willingly throws them into the bargain when he sells his old clothes.

We have been reading a good deal in an excellent book on Heine by Strodtmann where this is painfully proven. Heine complains bitterly of the *rishuth* which he had to witness in a small place called Limburg, where he lived a short time. He says, among other things, that he has a dog, and the Christian dogs maltreat him because he belongs to a Jew. . . .

And the good Kaiser [Frederick III], who spurned this fiend [of anti-Semitism] had to die! Every German Jew has a double reason to mourn. As a German, he must mourn that the best . . . of the Germans has been called away, and, as a Jew, he must mourn that the strong hand of protection which has been held over him has been thrust aside. . . .

BALTIMORE, July 11, 1888.

. . . I think specimens of [ungentlemanly professors such] as you describe . . . are not rare in enlightened Germany. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me to be a country very favorable to the production of such . . . men. I have particularly noticed the proclivity of German professional men to abuse one another. It is not so difficult to turn out a scholar from a university, but there is something else required to produce a gentleman. . . .

BALTIMORE, August 22, 1888.

When this reaches you a new season will be very near or, perhaps, ushered in. It is the time of all others that loving ones yearn to be together. That happiness is again denied us. We shall think of you more than usually on that occasion, and we feel assured that your thoughts will be directed to us. Yes, a whole year has told its tale! Thank God, we have been preserved to each other, and have much to be thankful for. Trusting in Him, we can look hopefully to the future. God bless you, dear boy, and grant you a "Happy New Year!" May you always have the courage and the strength to pursue the work that you have marked out for yourself, the courage and the strength to remain steadfast in principle and loyal to duty. May you always be able to work cheerfully and successfully. May you never lack encouragement in contemplating the future nor experience in reviewing the past. . . .

BALTIMORE, September 30, 1888.

This has been an eventful day. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new hospital took place at 3.30 P. M. A very large assembly marked the occasion. The Catholic hierarchy was present in full force and full uniform and conducted the exercises. All the Catholic Knights, Irish and German, Polish and Bohemian, with green, red, and white plumes and . . . shining helmets

marched valiantly in line with floating banners and stirring music. Calvert Street presented one compact mass of human beings. The roof of the hospital was crowded with those who were anxious to see the wonder, and . . . could not be accommodated . . . below. The little Sisters with their saintly garb and innocent faces stood at their windows and overlooked things generally. The Cardinal, in his vestments of white silk, richly embroidered, Monsignor McColgan, in his purple robes, and then the priests of the third degree and numerous Brothers, who did not look half so fascinating as their Sisters who were peeping from the windows above, gave the required dignity to the occasion. The Mayor was also there in full life size, except when he took his hat off. The Mayor made an address; it was good, and it was short, and was especially well received by those (and these were in the great majority), who did not know how much he had done in his official capacity to prevent the very thing for which he had so many praises to-day. . . . Then the clergy did some chanting, which sounded very well, and this was followed by a short but very appropriate address by the Cardinal. . . .

BALTIMORE, October 27, 1888.

. . . As the presidential election is approaching nearer and nearer the feeling awakened by it becomes more and more intense. All sorts of speeches are made; all sorts of lies are told; all sorts of jokes are cracked. Of the latter I will forward a specimen. An Irishman was accosted by his employer, who said to him, "Patrick, you must vote for Harrison this time, otherwise your wages will be lowered."

"Did you say my wages will be lowered if Cleveland be elected?"

"Yes, Patrick," was the reply.

"You'd vote for him yourself, you know ——— well you would, if his election would lower my wages!" . . .

Baltimore, Nov. 4, 1888.

. . . Everything is quiet here except politics, and that is at fever heat. . . . What is most enjoyable in the turmoil is that now and then we hear of a good rejoinder. . . . One such was published this morning. Blaine was making a speech, and some Democrat wanted to disconcert him, and tried to do so by saying, just as the speaker was warming up a little, "Oh, Jim Blaine, you go to ———!"

Blaine replied, "This is the first time in my life that I have ever been invited to Democratic headquarters!" . . .

BALTIMORE, Nov. 10, 1888.

. . . Since you have been away, a new election law has been enacted, despite the most strenuous efforts of the ring to prevent its passing the last legislature. We have glass ballot-boxes and a new registration every year. Thousands and thousands of dead men have thus been disfranchised. . . . Politics in Baltimore have assumed a new interest. The fight hereafter will be between the living; we shall not be haunted by the dead. The living that we shall have to fight may tax our best efforts, but it will be a consolation that the dead will be left at rest. . . .

BALTIMORE, Nov. 14, 1888.

. . . I have been accorded the honor of being elected a member of the Liberal Club, and last night I attended the first meeting. . . . The exercises consist of informal discussions of all sorts of subjects. Last night the principal topic was whether it would be well to adopt an educational test as a qualification for the franchise in the South. Mr. ————, a lawyer, a Democrat, and free-trader, fought against the proposition, and made it appear almost as if education were a great disadvantage. I listened to him very attentively, and weighed carefully what he said about people who

were entirely illiterate, often showing very good judgment, and about college graduates often making fools of themselves, or using their education to fool others. I told a story I once heard Gundry relate. In olden times a respectable English farmer was reproached by a kind neighbor for not sending his son to school.

"What, have my son taught to write and to read?" he indignantly replied. "I have learned a lesson in that regard since ———" (mentioning somebody's name) "committed a forgery. I will not have my son taught to practice forgery!" . . .

We adjourned—and went to a restaurant. One rule adopted by the Club, with which I was immediately made acquainted, was that everybody paid his own reckoning. I suppose that is the reason it is called the Liberal Club. . . .

BALTIMORE, November 24, 1888.

. . . Last Thursday night Julius and I, . . . attended the jollification at the "Young Men's Republican Club." . . . One old fellow about six feet two inches tall and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, who had just been elected sheriff of Howard county, the stronghold and home of Arthur P. Gorman, was one of the people who were present and rejoiced with us. He told us some very funny points he had made during the campaign. He said that, although he was not a college-bred man, he was not afraid to speak on the tariff issue. He said that the story was so plain that anybody who could tell the truth could tell it. Of course, college-bred men could talk free trade, but when they got through nobody could understand them. To illustrate his position, he told this story. A German was empaneled as a juror. He tried to beg off.

"Mr. Judge," said he," I cannot shpeak English."

"That is not necessary, for you have nothing to say. Can you understand?"

"Yes," said the German.

The trial proceeded; the German listened attentively all through the taking of evidence; but, when the attorney began to plead, after listening to him for a while, he suddenly cried out, "Shtop a little—Mr. Judge, I can't understand that man; you must let me off."

"Oh, no! I can't understand him either, and it don't make a bit of difference!" said the Judge. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 17, 1888.

. . . Everything must look very lively now in Berlin. If the Jews take as much interest (in Christmas) as the ———s do, what interest must the Christians take! This is something I cannot readily forgive the ———s for. The old people must have had a premonition of what these things led to when they condemned . . . every new custom with their almighty "חקת הגוים." What a lack of character is displayed in this wanton exchange of old and time-honored customs, handed down from generation to generation, for the customs of others, of others who have been our persecutors in the past, and are resuscitating their ancient enmity in the present. The word *Aufgeklärt* seems to justify all this. Such *Aufklärung* will apparently justify anything. Such reckless disregard of the loyalty that one owes his own people is worse than outright apostasy. What a want of backbone! Oh, what a wholesale barter of a birthright for a mess of pottage! '*Aufklärung!*' How your name has been prostituted! Does it not seem a just retribution that anti-Semitism was destined to be born in the very cradle of *Aufklärung* and to receive its baptism there also? The weapons of the anti-Semites were not directed so much against the steadfast Jew who clung to his religion, to his traditions, and to his national ties, as against the *Aufgeklärter*.

. . . You allude to the educational test for the franchise and ask my opinion. I think that a man who demands the right to vote ought to have enough intelligence to exercise it safely. One could

hardly claim that a man who could neither read nor write had sufficient intelligence to vote. On the other hand, it would be somewhat dangerous to pass a law in accordance with this idea. There are many who are intelligent who, if they had the power, would never give those who were without an education a chance for one. Education costs the state something, and that something those who can well afford to educate their children themselves would like to strike off the tax in so far as its benefits accrue to others. I can imagine a condition of society in which a privileged class would combine to prevent a large part of the community from being educated by the state. When the masses vote, whether they can read or not, they will see to it that an educational system is provided for them. In due time, almost everybody's children will be sent to school, and compulsory attendance will be established. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1888.

. . . A Russian was brought to the Hebrew Hospital, suffering from a gunshot wound. The ball could not be traced. No random probing was indulged in. A friend was very much concerned about the ball not being taken out. I explained the situation as well as I could. He still shook his head, and I finished by saying, "*Es schadet nichts; ein Jude kann eine Kugel*[4] *vertragen.*" . . .

BALTIMORE, January 27, 1889.

Poor Patrick Mc——— has gone on his last spree. He took pneumonia, and died last Friday. Peace to his ashes! He was a tempest-tossed individual. I shall miss him and his odd brogue. . . .

BALTIMORE, February 24, 1889.

Dr. ——— was in town to-day, and held forth at the Temple. This formed the topic of some conversation. A good deal was said

[4] A favorite Jewish dish.

as to what constituted a good preacher. A story was told of a young Catholic priest who, although noted for his learning, made a signal failure of preaching in the early part of his career. On one occasion, however, he did remarkably well, and, on being questioned as to how this came about, he said that he first preached his sermon in the fields to the cabbage heads, and it went well, and he then got in his pulpit and imagined his hearers to be cabbage heads, and it went well again.

I inferred if there were not so many cabbage heads in ———'s audience, he would not be so much admired.

BALTIMORE, March 3, 1889.

. . . The National League of Republican Clubs convened in Baltimore during the past week. . . . I did not have time to attend any of their meetings, but as regards the banquet I was more fortunate. I was one of the invited guests and a member of the entertainment committee. . . . Mayor Latrobe was present and made a speech of welcome. . . . Mr. Goodloe, of Kentucky, made a fine speech, and in winding up paid his respects to the Mayor. . . . He said that he was very much pleased to have met the Mayor of Baltimore. It was very creditable to him that his hospitable nature rose superior to his party predilections. . . . He said he could not express what he felt regarding the Mayor better than by telling a story.

"Two friends, the one a Republican, the other a Democrat, went into a saloon, where they found a man dead drunk, bespattered with mud, . . . lying in a corner of the room. Said the Democrat, 'I'll bet you five dollars that fellow is a Republican.'

"'It is a go,' replied the Republican.

"The fellow was aroused and they said, 'We have got a bet about you. Are you a Democrat, or a Republican?'

"'Well,' said the fellow, after rubbing his eyes, 'I have the repu-

tation of being the biggest liar in the country, I have even been accused of stealing, and you see I like whiskey. I have every symptom of being a Democrat, but I am a Republican.' Now, the Mayor has every symptom of being a Republican, but he is a Democrat." . . .

BALTIMORE, May 5, 1889.

. . . This afternoon . . . mamma, Julius, and I took a little drive in the park. . . . It was the first time we have seen the dogwood in bloom this year. We enjoyed the "out" very much. The park looks lovely, and, from the very large number of people we saw there, it is certain that a good many others think as we do. The only thing we had to object to was that the Eutaw Street road leading to and from the park was not sprinkled and the dust was in evidence in uncomfortable quantities. We have a stringent Sunday law here still: no beer in the city, and no water on the roads. . . .

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1889.

Dr. and Mrs ——— paid us a visit this evening, and they just left. The Doctor is very good company. He told me that A—— [his daughter] had remarked to [her sister] H—— that hitherto she could not altogether believe the account that the Bible gave of the Deluge, but since the Johnstown flood she could believe it. H—— told her father to talk to her on the subject. He did not reveal that H—— had said anything to him. At the table he referred to the Johnstown calamity, and said that when he first read the account of it in the papers he could not credit it, but he was reminded of the Flood in the Bible, and then he believed that the account was true. A—— looked very astonished, but said nothing. . . .

BALTIMORE, June 26, 1889.

In your last letter you speak of the Anti-Semitic convention that met at Bochum [Westphalia]. It is very painful to see these move-

ments going on, and I agree with you that it bodes ill for our co-religionists in Germany. In a country where the people have their rights and are anxious to maintain them this could not happen. When a man becomes a voter, I mean a voter in the sense that we use the term in this country, he becomes a factor in the state whose rights cannot be encroached upon. In the first place, parties learn too well the importance of not giving offense to any special class of citizens, and, in the second place, people who have studied a democratic government practically, realize that the precedent of any class being proscribed endangers the rights of others. The Germans have not studied freedom in this practical way, indeed they have not studied it at all. They have prated about it, but they have never approached the subject seriously. They feel uncomfortable under the present régime, and, as they can't right matters, they find some consolation in oppressing the Jews. They bear more complacently the kicks to which they are all constantly subjected because they are permitted to kick others. But this cannot last forever. I agree with you that it will be made very unpleasant for our people, but this will be only for a time. Popular government will eventually assert itself in all civilized countries, and where this prevails it will be impossible for any part of the people to have their rights curtailed. The trials through which our brethren will have to go will have a salutary influence also. It will open their eyes to their past unworthiness. It will make them realize that they have been too willing in the past to barter their birthright for a mess of pottage. Desertion and conversion have lost their ancient horrors when [the deserters are] bribed with a little reward. How willing were many of the cultured or the so-called cultured to despise their brethren, so that they might escape being recognized as akin to them. There has never been a German Rothschild who, although sent year after year to Parliament, refused to take his seat rather than prove a renegade. And finally his manliness had to be recognized, but that

happened in England, and there are Englishmen there, Englishmen who know the value of liberty and can understand those who are striving for liberty. The Germans have never secured anything for themselves, and they cannot be generous enough to yield to others anything that they can withhold from them. What can you expect from a nation that has coined such a word as *Schadenfreude?* . . .

BALTIMORE, August 14, 1889.

Yesterday the intelligence was flashed to us that Uncle Moses died at one o'clock. His sufferings were so great during the past week that we hoped that they would soon be at an end. And still it was a shock to me when the news came. Poor fellow, he had a hard lot of it these fifteen years, and yet he was so grateful for the little respite that occasionally was granted him. He was a good man in the true sense of the word. . . . He was a good brother to me from the beginning to the end. This I shall never forget. He understood me when no one else in the family did. I shall cherish his memory. . . .

BALTIMORE, November 20, 1889.

. . . You are mistaken when you say that Baltimore is the worst governed city in the Union. Something similar to what we complain of exists to a greater or less extent in every large city in the United States. People are beginning to realize the injury it is doing, and they are bestirring themselves to remedy the evil, and it will not be so very long before their endeavors will be rewarded. Election laws are beginning to be improved everywhere, and this will eventually prove the downfall of bossism. I have great hopes that there will be a great improvement in politics in this country. I see such a very decided improvement over the condition of affairs when I was a young man that I am not so very much discouraged by the continuance of the evils we complain of today. The world is going ahead. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1889.

First of all let me thank you for your beautiful letter congratulating me on my birthday, together with the photographs of the *Alt-Neu Schule* which you sent me as a birthday present. I appreciated them very much, for they pleasantly recall to me my memories of Prague. It is no little satisfaction, when the years are being piled on one's back, and especially at the time when one begins to feel their increasing weight, to be surrounded by those whose love he has, and who show their willingness and readiness to make the load a little less burdensome if they can. Your affectionate words made a deep impression upon me, and, although you were not with us when the presents were spread out and the congratulations of the family extended in turn, and the egg-nog drunk, and the cakes eaten, and the nuts cracked, it seemed that you were not so far off. This birthday had one thing in particular to add to its good cheer, and that was that it pointed to the time, . . . not very far off, . . . which will bring you back to us again, and we can all be together. . . .

BALTIMORE, December 25, 1889.

. . . Last Monday night the new City Hospital was inaugurated. His Eminence the Cardinal was the most prominent figure of the occasion. The exercises were . . . quite imposing. The first address was made by the Cardinal, who spoke well, and his speech was well received. Among other things . . . he emphasized the statement that hospitals were the outcome of Christianity. He stated that before the Christian era hospitals did not exist, that the Greeks and Romans knew nothing about them, and that the word could not be found anywhere until it was coined by the Christians who built them. . . . The last speaker was Dr. Gundry, who represented the faculty. By some strange coincidence, he and the Cardinal both regarded it as important that the origin

of hospitals should be touched upon. Gundry's touch, however, gave forth quite a different sound. He traced the origin of hospitals a little further back than did the Cardinal, and he found them spoken of among the Greeks and Romans and other ancient nations, centuries before the coming of Christ. Gundry's contradiction must have startled the Cardinal somewhat and his friends also, but no offense could be taken, for so it was written in his speech, and he could not have been aware at the time of writing what *cardinal* error he would have to correct. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 22, 1890.

So you are now in Paris, with all that is great and beautiful and interesting in that great city before you, and all the charming recollections of your Italian trip behind you. I shall never forget the impression that Paris made on me when I arrived there, one night in 1861. The city appeared to me to be ablaze. Paris was in its glory then. It was the metropolis of a great Empire, and seemed proud of its Emperor. Napoleon III, then supposed great, was the master of France, and France willingly submitted to his dominion, for through him France had become the mistress of Europe. I remember well a cartoon in a humorous paper which aptly represented the feelings of Europe toward the French Emperor at that time. Napoleon III was made to appear as a schoolboy, viewing a map that was spread before him, over which he had capsized the inkbottle, with the result of causing a good many boundary lines to disappear, and chuckling, with his hands in his pockets and his legs in . . . a strut, at the trick he had perpetrated. I did not admire the Emperor much, nor did the French people make a very favorable impression upon me. I hope they have improved with the changes that have since taken place. They seemed to me frivolous, unreliable, and manifesting a strange aversion to telling the truth. . . . "Glory" was the watchword of the army, and carried its

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infection through the whole nation. It was looked upon as something above everything else, no matter how it was attained or how short a time it could be held. A would-be *savant* would be satisfied to startle the world with a statement for the sake of the glory it would give him for twenty-four hours, even if he knew he would be branded as the biggest liar in existence afterwards. I believe that the very unexpected chastisement which they received from the Germans must have had a very salutary influence. It showed that what they had taken for granted, viz., that they were the greatest and the most powerful nation in the world, was a fallacy. . . . I believe that, besides ridding the nation of an unprincipal usurper and restoring the republic, their defeat has been a good thing for the French in many other respects. . . .

BALTIMORE, February 2, 1890.

. . . I have not the time to follow up politics as closely as I formerly did. I am ashamed to say that there are many things going on in politics that I am entirely ignorant about. I am, therefore, forced to resort to a simple method by which I can judge how things are going. When the Democrats are crestfallen, and howl about injustice being done them, and seem much concerned about the safety of the Constitution, I am inclined to think that the country is pretty safe.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Jane Friedenwald, widow of his brother Moses.

BALTIMORE, September 10, 1892.

DEAR JANE,

The Old Year is paying its farewell calls, and we are getting ready properly to receive our unknown guest, the New Year. This new guest will be with us in weal and woe for the next twelve months. What a preacher would say on this subject! What foolish things many preachers do say in this regard and still have to be

listened to! I am no preacher, and therefore I am not required to say anything. I am very glad of it. I am sure you are, too. There is one thing, however, which I am permitted to say, and I will say it with all my heart. I hope that you will find the new guest a pleasant and agreeable one, that he will annoy you at no time, that you will never wish that he had never come, nor that his stay were soon over; that, when he also will finally take his leave, you will be in the mood to say that you would be content to have all of those who may succeed him be just as he was. Now, if you know how to wish yourself anything better, just make out the account, and I will cheerfully sign it "Approved." God bless you all.

CHAPTER VIII.

Trip to Europe (1895).

In 1895 my father, accompanied by my mother, made a long-contemplated trip to Europe, spending three months in visiting England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and France. He had not gone abroad since 1860, and, on being asked if he went to Europe often, he replied, "Yes, every thirty-five years." The following letters are selected from the extensive correspondence with his children which he kept up while abroad.

London, June 11, 1895.

Dear Children,

Yesterday morning we "did" the Tower of London. When we approached the place of which we had heard so much we expected that it would speak for itself, and it did. The old grey walls and sturdy towers make a powerful impression upon one. . . . The "beef-eaters" in their uniform, the same as was worn in the time of King Henry viij (8th) (a fellow can't well rid himself of the habits of his trade) gave character to the scene. . . .

London has changed very much since last I saw it. Some of the streets have been widened, and fine buildings of rare architectural effect now occupy the place of ancient rookeries. Many new public buildings have been erected, and nowhere have I seen such fine architecture. . . . .

The hall of the court is magnificent. The Judges and barristers in their wigs and gowns looked queer, but extremely interesting, and it was a grand sight to see the common people coming before the Court of Appeals and laying their cases before it in person.

The Master of the Rolls, who, by the way, is the successor of the late Sir George Jessel, listened patiently and good-naturedly to all who came before him. A lady complained that she went to see Rothschild, but . . . could get no hearing from him, and that she wanted the will of Lord Beaconsfield probated anew, as he had made her his sole heir. The good lady evidently was laboring under some mental derangement. It was remarkable how patiently the Judge listened to the poor lady, how respectfully he asked her to tell her story, how amiably he put the questions, and how evidently pained he was when he said, "We can do nothing for you."

I will have to draw a long breath before I can say anything about Westminster Abbey. It exceeds anything I could have conceived. I will wait until the morning, until I write more.

LONDON, June 12, 1895.

Well, I have had a whole day to take that breath, and I am not prepared to give a description [of the impression] that the Abbey made upon me. It is a grand building, and the monuments of the distinguished persons who have been buried or commemorated here . . . must awaken an intense interest in even the dullest.

OSTEND, June 18, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

On the whole, London has made a very deep impression upon me, and the high opinion which I had hitherto held of England and the Englishman has been fully confirmed. I like the Englishman as a Jew, and I like him as an Englishman. There is such a sturdiness of character, a self-consciousness that distinguishes him that cannot fail to command respect. England is very old, but the nation does not show decay. Even without a big army and with big armies all around her, I feel that England has nothing to fear. . . .

MAYENCE, June 23, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Yesterday was appropriated to the Rhine. It was a glorious day, and, although we were going from 9.45 A. M., when we left Cologne, till 9.30 P. M., when we reached Mayence, the day was not too long. The beautiful scenery that met our eyes on all sides, the majestic mountains that seemed to stand as guards of the silvery stream, the many castles and ruins that told their stories of olden times, and the curious legends that were read to us from the guide books and the equally curious comments that were made upon them, furnished us with a program not only sufficiently full to provide for a day's enjoyment, but making an impression which will last a lifetime. It is not to be wondered at that the Rhine is so dear to the German heart, and that the German nation has been willing to give so much of its blood for its possession.

We took the train to Bonn, which is a short ride, because we were told that the scenery up to that city offered nothing of special interest. We had most excellent company, from whom we did not part during an entire day. Mr. B., general passenger agent of the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley and Sioux City and Pacific R. R. of Omaha, and his wife, and an Irish Catholic priest, about thirty years old, formed our party, and we had a very fine time together. The B.'s were typical Americans, intelligent, refined, and sociable. The priest was a "character," and he liked fun, knew how to take a joke, and told his stories in his rich brogue, which lent an especial charm to them. Later in the day a discussion on religious topics arose between Mrs. B——— and the priest, which was very interesting. They subjected the Father to a very rigid cross-examination, of course in a very courteous manner, and the priest from his standpoint answered without the slightest reserve, and no one who heard him speak in his simple manner and saw his good-natured face could doubt his sincerity. The priest is on his

three-weeks vacation, spending some of the forty pounds which, together with his maintenance, form his salary, and seemed as happy as a boy on his first picnic. . . .

MAYENCE, June 25, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . Yesterday . . . afternoon . . we saw the two synagogues, the one the Reformed, the other the Orthodox. They are well-built structures, but there is nothing striking about them. . . . The Reform movement has not gone to the lengths which characterize it in America. The Orthodox seem very intolerant, provoked to a great extent, probably, by the irreligious conduct of the Reformers, who, while they are comparatively moderate in the changes which they have introduced into the service, have fully come up to our American Reformers in their unobservant conduct, and are probably lacking in the generous interest in Jewish institutions which our Reformers have retained. . . .

WIESBADEN, June 27, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . [On our] trip to Worms we visited the synagogue and were deeply impressed. It must be nearly a thousand years old. It is built so that the women were provided for in an annex in the shape of the letter L. At the side of the synagogue is the "*Rashi Kapelle.*" There are some fine pillars in the synagogue, the ceiling is rather high, and the old, finely-shaped lamps hang as they have hung these many centuries. There are two lamps constantly burning . . . in memory of two men who, on the charge being made that the Jews poisoned the well, became martyrs, saying that they were the guilty ones. There are some who still fast on the day commemorating the event, and *Kaddish*[1] is said for the martyrs. On the *Almemar* [reading-desk] are

[1] The prayer recited in memory of the dead.

several prayer-books written on parchment many, many centuries ago, in one of which the prayers have been greatly curtailed because, it is said, the congregation feared an assault at any moment, and it was considered wise not to remain in the synagogue any longer than was absolutely necessary. One of these prayer-books is in Rashi's *Beth ha-Midrash;* it is very finely illuminated, similarly to those seen in the British Museum and so generally admired. But just think of an organ having been placed in the synagogue made famous by reason of age and of having been the sphere of activity of one of the greatest scholars, if not the greatest scholar, . . . ever yet arisen in Israel! What would the world say if the house in which Shakespeare was born should be desecrated in a similar way? . . .

GENEVA, *Ereb* [Eve of] 4th July, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Here we are in a most beautiful city, where everything looks bright, music and song fill the air, the beautiful lake lies proudly at our feet, the beautiful blue waters of the Rhône dash headlong on their course, and the graceful swans float proudly here and there and seem to say, "What would Geneva be without us?"

. . . The country between Basle and Neufchâtel is one continuous . . . magnificent landscape. Towering mountains meet the eye on either side, and a beautiful little river follows us almost all the way. Sometimes the river disappears for a short time, and then suddenly announces itself again, as if to play a game of hide and seek. Wild flowers of the most variegated colors abound, and one never . . . gets tired of the grand panorama which nature offers. We have been quite lucky in always meeting good company, who seem to enjoy the great pleasure which we old people, as they think we are, get out of this big excursion of ours.

. . . Some time before reaching Neufchâtel we were met by

the lake bearing that name. It was a beautiful surprise. It was an enchanting sight. Such a fine play of colors as this lake presents has a most brilliant effect. We, that is, mamma and I, differed a little about the exact color, mamma calling it blue, while I inclined to name it green. It won't do for co-voyageurs to quarrel, and so we compromised on either bluish green or greenish blue. . . .

The site upon which Neufchâtel is built has not been especially levelled. As we drove along the streets we had buildings looking down upon us as from the high hills, and away down in the valley the tiled roofs and high chimneys looked as if they modestly concealed what was below them. . . .

INTERLAKEN, July 5, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Wherever people speak French they require an extra amount of outdoors to live in. This we found to be the case in Brussels, again in Geneva, and I have the same recollection of Paris. There are many *cafés* here, all having ample provision for guests who prefer eating and drinking in the open air. I noticed that here not only is a part of the sidewalk occupied in this way, as in Brussels and Paris, but sometimes the whole of the sidewalk is occupied, so that those who wish to pass are perfectly satisfied to walk in the street. . . .

Berne is a queer old town, and seems very true to its traditions. I found in the same old *Bärengrube* the same old bears, that is to say, bears that looked much like those which were sought for by sightseers thirty-five years ago. Bears look very much alike anyway, and I did not go to the trouble to find out whether they were of the old or of a new generation. . . .

ZURICH, July 10, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . When we arose last Sunday morning [at Interlaken] we received a most friendly greeting from the Jungfrau, robed in the

purest white, and presenting a picture of grandeur and purity that will long be remembered by us. It was not without regret that we had to turn our backs upon this grand place. We took the boat on the lake of Brienz, and sailed smoothly over its beautiful blue waters, passing a number of small towns forming favored resorts. On either side we had the most sublime mountain views, and, looking back, the snow-capped mountains continued smiling upon us. These trips upon the Swiss lakes remind one very much of the pleasant traveling on the Rhine, the scenery here being even grander. . . . We reached our destination, at Giessbach, about ten o'clock. Here we saw the falls before leaving the boat. We walked up to the hotel, from whose veranda we got a full view of the Giessbach leaping from a great eminence, alighting lower, and then making another grand plunge, and so making three or four great leaps before reaching the bottom and finally diving into the lake of Brienz. . . .

BERLIN, August 6, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I visited Græfe's [his teacher's] monument and was deeply affected. The statue is lifelike; I imagined I could hear him talk. . . .

THE HAGUE, August 16, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . In [Amsterdam] . . . the Portuguese and German congregations, as in every place else, form separate organizations. The original Portuguese settlers were very rich, and for a long time remained the wealthy part of the Jews of Holland. The German Jews now not only outnumber them, but are also much wealthier. The Portuguese lost their fortunes, but not their pride, although they are now perfectly willing to intermarry with the Germans.

The condition . . . of Judaism in Holland is unique. Whatever private opinions may exist, there is a general acquiescence in the idea that the Judaism of Holland must not suffer from the inroads that have proved so destructive everywhere else. The Sabbath is universally kept, and the dietary laws are everywhere adhered to. . . . .

PARIS, August 20, 1895.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . In The Hague . . . on Friday evening I went to the German synagogue, a very fine . . . building, about fifty years old, where I found a very large congregation in attendance. . . . I again attended the synagogue on Saturday morning. I heard a very good *Chazzan.* There were two peculiarities which I noticed, namely the two hymns *Shir ha-Yichud* and *Shir ha-Kabod,* which are sung with us before *Yigdal,* were said just before the *Torah* was taken out, and another still more surprising peculiarity of the service is that the *Kohanim "duchan,"* which they do with us only on *Yom-tob.* The attendance was so large that it was difficult to get a seat. The Dutch Jews are very conservative, perhaps more so than any of our people anywhere else in Europe. There is much Hebrew studied, and one meets with many who are *Lamdanim* [learned].

. . . On Monday morning, . . . we took a carriage for the Eiffel Tower, and went up to the second landing and spent quite a time there inspecting the city through our opera glasses and a telescope that was in position on the platform. It was a grand sight. I recognized many points from my previous recollection of them. In driving out we passed through a very fine part of the town, and had the interesting buildings pointed out to us. Near the Eiffel Tower there floats over the Seine a balloon called the *ballon captif,* as it was captured during the Franco-Prussian war. Well, we saw more than its equivalent in Berlin. . . .

AARON FRIEDENWALD

1898

CHAPTER IX.

Oriental Trip (1898).

A visit to the Holy Land, which had been the dream of my father's life, as it is the ideal of every pious Jew, was made by my parents in the summer of 1898. They proceeded by way of Gibraltar and Naples to Egypt and thence to Palestine, where they spent a month. Their route homewards passed through Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, England, and Scotland. Extracts from the letters written from abroad by my father to his children follow; a picture completer and in greater detail of his impressions of the land of Israel, however, is given by the two addresses which he delivered after his return, selections from which are reprinted in a later portion of this book.

S. S. *Aller,* April 20, 1898.

Dear Children,

. . . The Reverend Dr. Collyer[1] invited me yesterday to sit beside him and we had a very interesting conversation on the subject of Zionism. He seemed much interested in what I had to say to him supplementary to my paper ["Lovers of Zion"], and asked me to send him anything I might publish as a result of my visit to Palestine. He is a Unitarian. . . .

S. S. *Aller,* Friday, April 22, 1898.

. . . The ship swarms with priests, Irish, American, Polish, and German. They are a jolly set. . . . Old men are conspicuous here with young wives. They seem to me to have a feeling that they have made fools of themselves, and to want to go where

[1] The Reverend Robert Collyer, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York.

they won't be so much observed. There are, strange to say, a few Americans here, sedate, dignified, American. Plenty of Germans who seem to enjoy themselves and trouble no one else. Italians in the cabin who seem to be affluent and return for a while to their native heath, while the steerage is composed entirely of Italians of the poorer class—among whom there are sixty-four who have been sent home by the immigration officers.

Yesterday they tried to make us see something of the Azores, but few could make themselves believe that they did see what was pointed out. Last night we were told that we should come very near the Azores this morning, and so I got up before five and was immediately followed by mamma, and we were fully repaid. Certainly it was a most picturesque scene. We had passed a number of the group during the night. The one which we beheld in all its glory was San Miguel. It rises abruptly out of the sea, presenting a bright green color, with undulating mountains. The city, which we saw, looked like a fairy spot. Every inch of ground seems to be in the highest state of cultivation. The panorama lasted fully two hours, which was a most enjoyable break in the general monotony of the voyage. . . .

GIBRALTAR, April 25, 1898.

We have done the town, and are now off for the ship. It was glorious. England is great, even out of England. . . .

S. S. *Aller,* April 26, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . Our neighbor, the Armenian, who, every now and then, after sauntering away for a while, comes back aglow to dispose of a new story that he has heard, has nearly exhausted his resources. Many of his stories were old. . . . One, however, was new to me, and is worthy of preservation for a reasonable time. Here it is.

A sign put up on a certain road was described by a German to an Englishman. It bore a notice that to the right was the road to a certain town, and, further, that those who could not read might inquire at the blacksmith's opposite. The man who told the story expected, naturally, to get a laugh out of the Englishman's stolid features. What a disappointment! The Englishman's face showed simply bewilderment. He could not see where the laugh came in. . . . Next morning the Englishman approached the story teller with glowing countenance, saying, "I see it now, it is a good joke. How the man would be fooled if the blacksmith were not at home!" . . .

On Sunday, April 24 . . . there were services conducted by the Reverend Dr. Collyer. He has the reputation of being a great preacher. I was, therefore, anxious to hear him, and I heard perhaps the best sermon I have ever listened to. He is a master of his art, and what gave special merit to his wonderful effort was that he had the delicacy to realize the situation, and in the selection and treatment of his subject he gave what was acceptable to all, and what would have been suitable in any pulpit. He read a portion from Job as one part of the service, and then selected his text from the great poem, "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid." He portrayed the conditions of life, which are so full of inexplicable problems. He told a most beautiful story of his own experience, when he was a boy nine years of age, sixty-five years before, when he worked alongside of a poor woman, frail in body and suffering from disease, working thirteen hours a day to support herself and child, and praising God constantly for his great beneficence to her. This woman, he said, had been an inspiration to him through his whole life. I saw him next morning and thanked him for his beautiful sermon. I told him that I had discovered why he had become such a great preacher.

"Tell me what you have to say," he replied.

"You worked in a mill when you were young."

"What has that to do with it?" he said.

'This," I said. "You spun your yarn before you became a preacher; others spin their yarns after they have become preachers." He enjoyed the joke. . . .

. . . This has been a gala day. We landed at Gibraltar, drove through the town, and were permitted to inspect the greater part of the fortifications. Gibraltar, even from a distance, has an inspiring effect. A mountain of stone projects from the sea. . . . After what nature has done, one wonders no less at what man has accomplished. The winding galleries through this massive rock are a wonderful piece of engineering. It was an odd scene that we beheld in the streets. Donkeys, carrying immense loads up hills that are too steep for loaded carts to be drawn up, carry large retorts of water, milk, and so on. We saw Moors in their native costumes strolling through the streets. There are many shops, showing gaudy articles for sale. Moorish honey is offered for sale on all sides as a specially attractive thing. We passed a market place which the driver told us was the "Jew Market." I learned, on inquiry, that there are seven thousand Jews in Gibraltar, with two synagogues. There is a public garden here, with a profusion of the most beautiful flowers and tropical plants. The drivers say in very bad English that they are Englishmen, and seem proud of the conditions that obtain here. Are they sincere?

Last Sunday the captain signaled as we were passing the coast of Portugal, and there came the answer, "No war." Gibraltar told us a different, though very meager story. . . . We know . . . that war has been declared. . . . There is considerable enthusiasm on board. Last evening, during dinner, the band struck up the "Star-spangled Banner." The Reverend Dr. Collyer rose, clapped his hands, and began to sing, and simultaneously there was a general uprising and a united chorus.

Three priests sit opposite me at the table. The first is an Austrian German, fat, full of fun, knows all about beef steaks, good wine, where the best restaurants are to be found in New York, never misses a meal, and never makes the mistake of entering into a serious conversation. His ignorance on general matters is appalling. . . . His next-door neighbor is an Italian Austrian, who has been in America since 1864. He is jolly, has an enormous appetite, does not hesitate to proclaim himself an authority as to what things are the best (that is, to eat), does not talk on serious matters, although this is not because he is stupid, as is his neighbor. He is like many other priests on board, who are dumb as oysters, except when they speak of oysters and the weather. The third looks . . . very knowing, . . . never says anything, seems not to hear anything, except when some one does say something sensible,—which rarely happens,—when he gives a very significant nod of approval. He has, like the rest of them, an immense capacity for storing away . . . meats of all kinds, vegetables cooked and raw, and wine as if it were water, no, I mean as if it were wine, good wine. . . .

I have enlarged my menu. I get, besides fruit, as on the last voyage, baked potatoes, baked apples, and a cup of coffee. It is a feast for a king; that is, when a king is at sea and is of the Davidian dynasty. . . .

NAPLES, April 28, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

We have just come to the hotel from the day's work, and we are both seated to continue the report of our doings up to this time. . . . It was a scene which I shall long remember, the scene which the early morning brought. . . . Such a noise as sounded in our ears from all sides I have never heard. . . . When I got on deck I found innumerable . . . boats surrounding the

steamer. There were a great many barges with coal which hundreds of men and boys were filling baskets with and dumping into the ship. They made an immense, and certainly a useless amount of noise in doing it. Boats came with families of mothers, sons, and daughters, playing various instruments and singing, and holding their hats to catch the money that was dropped for them from our ship. Sisters of Charity came in their boat, and seemed perfectly familiar with the saying, "The early bird catches the worm." Boats were there, to complete . . . this curious flotilla, bringing men and women who had things for sale. Then there were boats with solicitors for hotels. . . . Cook's men came among the earliest in their pretty little boat. When the tender took us off the ship to land us at Naples, a lot of satellites fastened themselves upon it, giving a sort of concert and then passing the hat around among us. But this confusion had a fairly speedy end, and . . . in due time we were confronted by the custom house. The officials gave us no trouble whatever. They took our word that we had no cigars, and marked our baggage as passed without opening any of it. The most trouble we had was from a great number of men who were anxious to be of use to us, but we finally extricated ourselves and got a cab. One fellow squatted on the floor of the cab, with his feet dangling outside. We had to be a trifle discourteous to limit and finally to get rid of this undesirable sociability. We soon started for Cook's office, where we met a number of our co-voyageurs. . . .

We took a trip under their guidance to Vesuvius. It was a glorious trip, but quite different from what we had imagined it would be. We had heard so much of Cook's Railroad to the summit of this great volcano that we thought after a very short drive we should be placed upon the train and we should be up in a jiffy. It was at least an hour's drive to the ascent, and it was a drive of fully two hours more up the mountain before we reached the station.

Here we were hauled in good shape with five or six others up a very steep incline. Among the company there was a very droll . . . Englishman with whom I had a good deal of fun. He was amusing the rest with an account of how a cable on a similar car had broken and how the car had shot down, and how easily it could happen to us. He seemed somewhat disappointed that no one was frightened. When we had gone as far as this hoisting machine could bring us, we had to go further on foot. Here we were again met by a band of men with willing hearts and helping hands, and they became very angry when we declined to avail ourselves of their services. . . . I did not find the ascent very difficult, and did not puff at all when I reached the crater. It was a glorious sight to behold when we arrived. . . The crater is six hundred meters in circumference. It is lined with a most beautiful and varied coloring from the deposits of sulphur in varied chemical states. There is a sound constantly given forth attesting the fact that here the pot is kept boiling all the time. The steam and smoke that issue from the bottom were wafted downwards by the wind, and the effect was not unlike that of a great cataract.

CAIRO, May 10, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . The voyage over the Mediterranean Sea from Naples to Port Said was a most delightful one. . . . When we arrived at Port Said about nine o'clock last Sunday, we had our first introduction to Oriental scenes. . . . We took a stroll through the town, which is a comparatively new thing, conjured into existence by the Suez Canal. . . . Most of the Arabs we saw here were quite dark, and at home, if they wore Western costume, we should have very little hesitation in calling them negroes. . . . Ismailia was reached in due time at six o'clock, and at seven o'clock [we took] the train for Cairo. The train kept close to the canal

from Port Said to Ismailia, and for a good way after we passed Ismailia, how much further I do not know, as darkness came on, and we had to content ourselves with looking at each other. As long as we could see, there was nothing but a vast desert that passed before us, sand, sand, and nothing but sand. Before we reached Cairo, however, we saw enough to show us that we were passing through cultivated and, as we have since learned, very fertile fields. We reached Cairo at 10.30 P. M., . . . and we were soon comfortably quartered at the Hotel Khedivial, a very fine hostelry.

On Monday morning we took a guide, who showed us the Citadel and the mosque of Mohammed Ali. We reached the Citadel, passed through the gate, and had the magnificent mosque before us. Up, up we went, turning and turning until we were a long way up. . . . The mosque is a most imposing edifice, and is constructed throughout of fine Egyptian alabaster. It is an immense building, and, although adorned with an immense dome, as well as several smaller ones, there is not a single pillar in the interior, showing that it is a fine piece of architectural engineering. There were a number of white-bearded Mussulmans squatting on the floor, reciting the Koran aloud and, as we were told, by heart, with a *Niggun* [melody] in which I could readily have joined, . . . almost identical with some of our chants on holidays. In close proximity to the Mosque there is Joseph's well; we were led down to it. . . . No water appears at the bottom. We were told, however, that there was a turn from which the well went down much deeper, where there was a great deal of water. I did not know why it was called Joseph's well. I suggested to the guide that it was the well in which Joseph was thrown by his brethren, and he gave his wise approval. But, on reflection, I remembered that Jacob dwelt at that time in Canaan, and Joseph's well must have been in that territory. I found later on that the well received its name from another Joseph. . . .

The fields are very rich. The wheat . . . is thrashed by a most primitive method. It is strewn over the field, and a horse attached to something very much in the shape of a heavy sled is driven over it. The method of drawing water is also a very ancient one. A very large wheel having a number of receptacles in the shape of large jugs dips down into the water and is made to revolve by horses going round and round, which are attached to it by a simple mechanical contrivance. As the wheel revolves, the jugs bring up the water and empty it where it is wanted.

This morning we took a trip to the Pyramids, starting at six o'clock. It was a fine trip. We crossed the Nile, seeing it for a considerable time as we drove along its banks. On the day before a party of Englishmen had been there and had been treated shockingly by the Arabs. Those who ascended had to make several bargains. They were not permitted to go further or to return until they . . . met the exactions of the Arabs, and they were thoroughly fleeced. Those who entered to see the tombs amid darkness, except for the light of a candle, were surrounded by the villains, and the money was fairly taken away from them. The policeman seemed to be unable to enforce fair play. We have learned that these Arabs allow themselves to be beaten by the policeman, and afterwards there is a division of spoils. . . . So we decided to take revenge. We drove up to the Pyramids, walked all around them, walked up to the Sphynx, saw her from all sides, also the temple of the Sphynx and a tomb in the vicinity, excavated by some Englishman, and did not spend a piaster. . . . It was very hot, certainly more than ninety degrees, and we were fairly at the mercy of the sun. . . .

S. S. *Orinoque,* May 12, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . After returning from the Pyramids, we were conducted by our guide to the Museum. This contains a very large . . .

collection of Egyptian antiquities, the most valuable in existence. I could not begin to enumerate all the remarkable things we saw there. But one thing we did see that is too important not to be mentioned. That proud king, who ruled over Israel with such an iron hand and defied Moses when he brought the divine message, has not escaped the archæological resurrectionist. I saw him face to face, all his glory gone, submitting without a murmur to the scrutiny of all, the high and the low,—of the latter of whom there are not a few here. . . .

JERUSALEM, May 23, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . There is . . . a very good school in this colony [Pethach Tikwah], modeled on the one in Jaffa, with one slight difference. In the Jaffa school, although it is under the control of the Russian *Choveve Zion,* the Sephardic pronunciation [of Hebrew] has been adopted. Here the Ashkenazic pronunciation has still been adhered to, but from the general tendency, as I have noticed it, I should judge that the Sephardic pronunciation will eventually prevail throughout Palestine. The purpose of this movement is to make the Jewish population in Palestine as unified as possible; besides, the adoption of the Sephardic pronunciation does away with the variations among those who are known as Ashkenazim, whose differences are illustrated by the wide diversity between the pronunciation characteristic of South Germany, for example, and that made use of by the Jews of Poland.

JERICHO, May 24, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . One thing of great importance to note is the evident contentment of the colonists [in Palestine]. They have to work hard, and as yet have not succeeded by far in accomplishing what

they set out to do, but they love Palestine, they love their work, they are full of pride at having surmounted . . . great difficulties, they are full of courage, and look hopefully forward to the future. . . . They are capable of the hardest physical work; of this their land gives incontrovertible evidence. They mount and ride the horse with agility equal to that of the native Arab. They are not wanting in physical courage, either. When the colonies were first started, the Arabs attempted to intimidate the newcomers, but they soon learned of their mistake. Many got a good thrashing, and they profited by the lesson. One [colonist] who was on horseback, was attacked by an Arab. He descended, thrashed him thoroughly, bound him hand and foot, and brought him on horseback to Haifa for trial. Now the colonists have no difficulties of this sort.

JAFFA, May 29, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I was pleased with our visit to Jerusalem, notwithstanding the predictions that we should be dreadfully disappointed. It is a city of the most varied interest. The past is presented to one at every turn, and the present is not less interesting. There are as fine Jews here as can be met with anywhere. There is as much disinterested effort to benefit the lowly as at any other place. Those that have been painted in the blackest colors are better than the circumstances surrounding them would warrant [one in expecting]. And such a medley as is met with here! Sephardic Jews are not all of one class; there are the Spanish-Portuguese, the Turkish, the Italian, the Moroccan, the Yemenite, the Kurdish, and the Bokhariot Jews. The German Jewish community is composed of real Germans, of Russians from all the Russias, Polish, Roumanian, American, and other unclassified Jews. There are those who live in comparative luxury; many starve quite a little; and not a few

live pretty well on nothing, their needs being so primitive and so few. . . . I have not seen anything in all my travels to interest me as much as my trip to Jerusalem. . . .

ZICHRON JACOB, May 31, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . I shall never forget the days that I spent [in Jerusalem]. . . . Our first trip was to the Wailing Wall. We passed through the Jaffa gate . . . up steep inclines, through narrow streets, crowded with Jews of all kinds, Arabs, Bedouins, Europeans, donkeys, camels, and so on. Finally, we reached the place. Here we found a big crowd, largely composed of women, crowded up to the walls, kissing the stones, and weeping as if the destruction of the temple had happened but yesterday. There were a number of old men there also. The space is, I should judge, about thirty feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long. All went well until I began to distribute the money I had brought with me for that purpose. The mob crowded around us, and it seemed that the same hands always managed to get to the foreground. . . . We had almost to use force to extricate ourselves from the crowd. The conduct of the crowd was annoying, but it was on the whole very interesting. The scene of some of them at prayer was very touching.

From the Wailing Wall we were conducted to the two great synagogues, the one of the Chasidim, the other of the Ashkenazim. Both are very imposing structures, and would produce a still better effect if they were not crowded upon by the very narrow streets. They both have very large domes and in this respect greatly resemble the mosques.

We next visited the Bikkur Cholim Hospital. . . . Here I saw Rabbi Salant, who had an operation for cataract performed upon him. He was sitting up; his bandage had been removed, and

he said that he could see. He received me very kindly. He is a Rabbi of the old type. He has a very kindly bearing, and everyone shows him great respect.

Our next stopping place was the Talmud Torah. . . . The rooms are all crowded with children, from the youngest up to those sixteen or seventeen years of age, besides the *Yeshibah,* composed of young married men. Such a Babel you cannot imagine. They have their books before them, and all shout away in tones indicating the especial intention of being impressive, with occasional interruptions by the teacher. It is rather an odd scene to behold before you, boys of nine and ten years with a big folio of the Talmud before them, giving their views on the subject-matter. The teachers, as well as the scholars, have a sort of starved look about them. While one must wonder how so much can be forced into the heads of these boys, one must regret the absolute absence of method. . . . The Sephardim have a school of pretty much the same sort, I was told, but I did not find time to visit it. . . .

In the afternoon we visited the tombs of the Kings, a most remarkable place. The tombs are composed of large caves leading one into the other, some very extensive, situated only a short distance outside of the walls of Jerusalem. Some of these caves are for one and some for two tombs. At the entrances of the various caves there are little niches in the walls for placing lamps, and above and below, at the side of each entrance, there are depressions in which the stone doors swung.

We next visited the Lämel school, which is in charge of Mr. Ephraim Cohen. Mr. Cohen is an able scholar, and a very fine fellow. A native of Jerusalem, after getting a thorough Hebrew training here, he spent some years . . . in London (Jews' College), and in Germany. He knows many languages well, and knows how to conduct a school. This school was founded by the daughters of Edler von Lämel, who lived in Vienna. There was not enough

money left, however, for the full and continued support of the institution, and therefore a committee was formed in Frankfort on the Main, which looks after it, and also supports an orphan asylum. . . . The school is in a very modern building on the outskirts of the city, and Hebrew, English, German, and French are taught by a corps of efficient teachers, after the most approved, modern methods. This school is under a *Cherem* [ban]. That is to say, it was put under the *Cherem* by the dominant Rabbis when it was begun, and the present ones say they are forced to respect that action. They don't object now, so they say, to children studying anything but Hebrew, but they do object to this school, which is under a ban. Very few Ashkenazic children are to be found in the school on this account; the children are predominantly Sephardim. The Sephardim, as it appears, are much more liberal than the Ashkenazim. The Ashkenazic Rabbis have immense power. When anyone rebels against their authority, his *Chalukkah* is withheld. The Sephardim occupy a different position. The *Chalukkah* is not so big an affair with them; that is to say, the sum of money sent to Jerusalem is comparatively insignificant beside the amount received by the Ashkenazim, and it is said that the rank and file are very little concerned about it, as the Rabbis get nearly all of it. There is, therefore, much more poverty among the Sephardim; . . . but their needs are not so great as those of the Ashkenazim, as they have adopted the very simple mode of life of the Arabs. They have lost their pride and are extremely humble.

On Friday, May 20, our first visit was to the *Keneseth,* the part of the suburbs upon which houses for the poor have been built by various bequests. We were shown two one-story stone houses having one large room and a kitchen adjacent as those erected with Grandfather's legacy. Tablets are placed in the rooms of each house, stating the name and date of death of the donor. The fami-

lies seem very happy because of the privilege granted them. I have copies of these tablets and also photographs of the homes.

We drove next to the base of the Mount of Olives, a most beautiful mountain, separated from Jerusalem by the valley of Jehoshaphat. A large part of the base of the mountain is the Jewish place of burial. The graves are of very early date, and the place is still used as a cemetery. We rode up on donkeys; it was our first experience on them. The ride was not difficult and the trip was very interesting; from the summit one obtains a very good view of the city of Jerusalem. The Russians have secured possession of the summit and have built a church there. Next to it is a very high tower which I ascended. There are many olive trees all the way up the mountain and all along the route leading to it.

DAMASCUS, June 4, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I left off in my last letter with our return from the Mount of Olives. From the summit of this mountain and especially from the top of the tower (which is reached by over two hundred steps), I had a very good view of Jerusalem and its surroundings. It is an imposing scene. There the city stands on Moriah and Zion, surrounded by its beautiful wall, encircled by beautiful valleys on all sides. No other city makes such an impression upon one. All nations turn to her as having an especial interest. What a history, that of which she has been the inspiration and the witness! How much blood has been spilt in her defence, how many tears have been shed and are now being shed at her ultimate humiliation! . . .

On inquiry, I found that the large synagogues in Jerusalem are not well attended on account of the many small synagogues and, besides, because the services offer no especial attraction. There are no good *Chazzanim* here. There is a small synagogue attached to

the hotel, and I found this very convenient, inasmuch as the services begin at 6.30 A. M. Mr. Kaminitz, the proprietor of the hotel, read the prayers very acceptably. . . .

There is one gentleman at the hotel whom I must not forget to mention, a Mr. Dunn, an Englishman, and a fine man through and through. He is a Christian, and is in the service of Mrs. Finn, an Englishwoman, the widow of a former consul at Jerusalem, who for fifty years has given a number of poor Jews employment by the expenditure of a very large fortune. At one time she nearly impoverished herself in this benevolent work. It has been alleged that she is inspired by missionary purposes, but no one can state anything definite as to that, and those connected with the work have always denied this. . . .

In the afternoon I went, in company with Mr. Cohen, to hear a Mr. Yellin deliver a lecture in Hebrew on Hebrew poetry. He had a very large and very appreciative audience. Mr. Yellin is a Jerusalemite, who received all his education here, and is a great scholar in Hebrew, Arabic, and other subjects, being so considered by Dr. Schechter. He is one of the teachers in Mr. Cohen's school.

There are here quite a respectable number of intellectual Jews in the modern sense of that term. The library is a fine building with fourteen thousand volumes, and is much needed here. . . .

Sunday, May 22, . . . was the day assigned for Hebron. We started early in the morning and reached this ancient city after a very dusty ride of five hours. There were many . . . trees in the country through which we passed and many vineyards, with the largest bunches of grapes I have ever seen. The city is very old and looks it. The streets are very narrow and these narrow streets lead one into the other through what are called streets here, though they are no more than three-foot alleys. Some of the streets are covered, with a small place left open here and there for illumination. Here the shops are to be found; they are very small rooms, not

larger than six by eight feet in size; . . . many are devoted to trades, being the workshop and the salesroom at the same time. It is a motley scene. . . . Through these small streets there is a constant stream of pedestrians, donkeys, and camels, some heavily laden, some free from burdens. It is rather curious how these people here have utilized the . . . camel to carry loads from place to place. No one would know how to go about it with us. They can put almost as much, if not as much furniture on a camel's back as we can put in an ordinary furniture wagon. You would be astonished to see such an animal conveying a large number of building-stones from place to place. They seem not to know the need of wagons; and, indeed, some of the roads through which these animals pass are impassable for wagons, and, as for the small streets here and in Jerusalem, a wagon could not enter them. The object for which Hebron is especially interesting to sight-seers is the graves of the Patriarchs. They are contained in the mosque which has been built over the site, but they are strictly guarded from the approach of either Jew or Christian. There is a large stone stair leading up to the mosque, but none but Mohammedans are permitted to ascend higher than the seventh step. . . . Here, in the side of the wall, is a square hole, about eight inches square, through which ordinary mortals are permitted to look and see nothing. On ascending an incline leading to another side of the mosque one can look down and see separate structures which are said to be the several burial places. They are small buildings with domes. . . .

This is a place presenting the intensest forms of both intellectual and material poverty. The offers of the *Alliance Israélite* have been persistently refused. The people here look upon all modern methods as dangerous innovations. The representative paid me a visit, and I gave no advice, for I found that nothing is taken but cash. Of course, I gave a donation. The Hospital, quite a good build-

ing, already finished six years ago, stands empty. It is much needed here, both for the people of the city and for the benefit of poor invalids who come here from Jerusalem and other places, for this is considered a most salubrious climate. There is much diplomacy in vogue here. You can get no definite information as to why the hospital has not been opened. The Doctor intimates plainly that there is something wrong, but, when he is asked about it, his tongue and larynx seem suddenly to become paralyzed, and this is accompanied by a reflex, convulsive movement which draws both shoulders up. When I found that they could not say why not, knowing that money had been collected during these six years, I suggested as an explanation that the money intended for the sick had been appropriated by the well. They pretended to be greatly shocked, but the recovery was too rapid for the shock to have been real. I told them that, when I came back, I should have to say that the hospital in Hebron for which agents have been collecting money is a simple pretence. We were shown a place which, it is stated, is the grave of the prophet Jonah. We could not stay long in Hebron, . . . and, after seeing all that was of interest, we started to return to Jerusalem.

Among other things on the road, we were shown the Grotto of Zechariah, to which the prophet is said often to have retired. When he returned to the people, he preached his inspiring sermons. If only some of the modern Rabbis would have such grottos to prepare their sermons in, and would remain in them, if they did no better than they generally do! I would volunteer as one of the ravens to bring them sustenance.

The next object of interest that we came up to was the pools of Solomon, three in number. They are large, square reservoirs of pure water. They formerly furnished a liberal water supply to Jerusalem, carried through earthen pipes which are still to be seen. In addition to these pipes there are the ruins of the ancient aque-

duct. All this could be restored for a relatively small sum of money, and yet Jerusalem is left suffering for water. . . .

Nearer to Jerusalem we came up to the tomb of Rachel. There is an appropriate building erected over the grave, and it is one of the few monuments in the possession of the Jews. We waited some time for the *shammash* [beadle], and in the meantime I said the *Minchah* [afternoon] prayer. . . .

We started out on the morning of May 23 to inspect the *Alliance* schools. They are entirely satisfactory, both as to the buildings occupied and as to the instruction given. Here again we notice the influence of the bans. The Ashkenazim furnish but a very meager contingent of scholars. We saw the male and female departments. . . . There is quite a medley of nationalities in these schools, Sephardim, a few Ashkenazim from Jerusalem, children from various towns in Palestine, from Aleppo, from Persia, from Bokhara, and a few Yemenites. In the girls' schools there are quite a number of Ashkenazic scholars. The Jerusalem community makes no provision for the education of girls, evidently on the ground that they need no education, and also because the influence of the modern methods of education would be less harmful to the girls than to the boys. . . .

We next visited the *Moshab Zekenim,* the "Old Men's Home." There is no "Old Women's Home."[1] There are plenty of old women, nevertheless, but women seem not to have the same claim upon either education or charity that men have. There are about fifty inmates, all old men, who seem contented and pass away their time bending over the Talmud and saying prayers. It is a good institution, and needs and ought to receive adequate support. . . .

In the afternoon Mr. Cohen took me to see the *Chacham Bashi,* the Chief Rabbi, a most venerable man, very dignified in his bearing, and at the same time kind and courteous. He had coffee served

[1] At present there is an "Old Women's Home."

by his liveried attendants. He asked me for nothing, and promised to call upon me at the hotel. I stayed till it was announced that it was time for *Minchah,* . . . and I accompanied the Rabbi to the synagogue in his house. . . .

We next went to the quarries of Solomon, which are entered through a comparatively small opening in the rock. On, on we went, each holding a lighted candle, from chamber to chamber, until we were tired out. One must be very careful not to lose his way, and for this reason from time to time a candle is placed somewhere on the rock. . . . From here the stone was procured for building Solomon's Temple.

Returning from the quarries we went to Jeremiah's Grotto, which is entered through an opening in the rock, nearly opposite to the quarries. It is in the hands of the Moslems. It is quite a large chamber which, at a push, in this climate, would provide a comfortable home for anybody.

Early in the morning of May 24, that is, at five o'clock, we were off for Jericho, a five hours' drive. It was very hot when we got on the road. We passed through a picturesque, though barren country, with mountains all the way. We were accompanied by an armed Bedouin on horseback, besides our guide. This is considered necessary for safety here. We arrived at about eleven A. M. at the Jordan Hotel in Jericho, . . . and had lunch served in the open air, for it was intensely hot. After resting several hours, we drove to the Dead Sea, a drive of about an hour and a half. It was hotter. It was a grand scene, however, and we were not inclined to leave it so soon. I took a bath in the sea. It was a curious sensation. I could not sink deep enough to swim comfortably. The saltness is so intense that my face smarted for a considerable time after I got out. We returned to Jericho and put up for the night, but such a night! It was too hot to cover up and there were mosquitoes by the millions. The "hot time in old town" would give a man a chill alongside of this experience. I bear the marks of the fight still.

We started for Jerusalem on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, and reached Jerusalem safe, under the circumstances. On the way to Jericho we were shown Elijah's Grotto, and also a number of caves, now inhabited by a company of hermits who never leave their haunts, but have their food brought to them. This is the land of fanatics, and every religion furnishes its quota. They have a peculiar way of measuring one's love for his religion, and that is by the degree of hatred with which the respective individual hates everybody who does not hate in partnership with him.

On Friday . . . we went to the Tomb of David, which is within the walls of the city, and in the hands of the Mohammedans. The structure erected is quite appropriate. I saw an old lady reciting a portion of the Psalms. What could be a more fitting tribute to that great man! . . .

On Saturday . . . there came a party of Egyptian Sephardim, who come every year, as we were told, to be "*Oleh la-Regel,*" that is, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in imitation of the three pilgrimages annually of olden times. By the by, this is a custom which is largely followed by the colonists, and from all indications it will . . . assume considerable proportions before many years. These Egyptians, like ourselves, are embraced in the category of Jews "*chuz la-arez,*" that is, those whose homes are outside of the Holy Land. Therefore their service was that of the second day of *Yom-tob.* They had their own *Chazzan* and their own *Sefer Torah,* which is incased in wood, and stands upright when it is being read.

After service I took a long walk . . . and visited the homes of a settlement of Yemenites in one part of the city. . . . These poor people came from Yemen, or Teman, as it is also called, to escape the terrible persecutions they were subjected to thirteen years ago . . . They were not permitted to land at Jaffa.

They were sent from place to place, suffering from hunger, and, what was worse, they had to meet the animosity of the Jerusalemites, who used all their influence to keep them out of the Holy Land. They finally reached Jerusalem, settled upon the vacant places, and begged when they could not get any work. They are still very poor, but they have houses to live in, and, as their mode of life is very simple, they need very little, and perhaps get on better than other poor people. Some have saved sufficient money out of their meager earnings to buy homes for themselves. . . . A very rich Yemenite who lives in Aden built them a building of great size, in which a large number of families find shelter. Another group gathered old boxes, tin, and other stuff and erected houses of a sort, and when they have enough to eat they are very contented. They have built up a kind of suburban city, and paved the streets themselves with cobblestones. They have no floors; the bare earth serves them very well. For five or six months in the year there is no rain at all, and so they can manage. I saw their Sabbath dinner; it was very meager indeed. But they are frugal, and their deeply religious nature makes them very grateful for what they have. They are good workers; there is no work too hard for them. I have seen them at work cutting stones, carrying on their back heavy stones of a weight that would make our hod-carriers at home stand aghast. Some of them find employment in the colonies, and their work is so satisfactory that there is some talk of establishing a new colony for them.

What is especially of interest concerning them is that, although separated as they have been for many centuries from the rest of the Jewish people they have fully preserved their Jewish character in every respect. They all speak Hebrew, have many Talmudic scholars, and are extremely devout in their religious practices. I saw one of their prayer-books, and it differs very little from our own. They have the characteristic Jewish features; they are, how-

ever, somewhat dark. It is very peculiar and ethnologically of great interest that they all wear "*peoth*" [ear-locks]. On *Yom-tob* they had their entire head shaved, but the "*peoth*" were not touched. The "*peoth,*" therefore, seem to be a very old institution, and they are now by no means to be regarded as introduced by the Polish Jews.

I visited a number of their houses. They have no furniture. (They are not the only people in the East who have no needs of this kind.) The floor gives them a resting place when they sit, and a simple pallet a good bed at night. I found them engaged in teaching Hebrew to a number of little children whose parents were Persian Jews, of whom there are quite a number here. The teacher sat upon the floor, and the little children sat on the floor likewise, in a semicircle. Much more efficient instruction was imparted here, I feel sure, than in many places where things look much more suitable for the purpose. In one house to which I went I found a very handsome man about sixty-five years of age who had just finished his Sabbath dinner, which was contained in a single dish, from which the whole family had partaken. He offered us some *Kümmel* and some watermelon seeds, which had been roasted and salted, after the fashion prevailing among us in preparing almonds. This settlement, from the way it was constructed, has been called the "Box Colony."

I have had a number of delegations visiting me. Chief Rabbi Salant, of the Ashkenazim, being a patient in the hospital, sent me by two *Shammashim,* a few days ago, a large decanter of wine and a very large cake, with his compliments, and later on he sent his whole committee, of which his son is a member. His son looks almost as old as he does. We had quite a talk about the *Chalukkah,* in which they listened very respectfully to my suggestions. . . .

A large party from the hotel went to see a model of the Temple made by one Dr. Schick. He came to Jerusalem many years ago as a carpenter, developed into an architect of note, and finally wrote

a book on the construction of the Temple, which won for him the degree of Doctor from a German university. To do the work he studied Hebrew, studied the Bible and Talmud carefully in association with scholars, and finally constructed the model, which represents both the first and second Temples. It is certainly a masterpiece. He has also a model of the Tabernacle. Dr. Schick has retired from active work, but his son-in-law thoroughly explained the model to us. It certainly was a treat, and the model will always remain vividly in my memory.

BEYROUT, June 9, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I left off in my last letter with bidding adieu to Jerusalem. I felt as if I had parted with a dear old friend whom I should never see again. There are so many memories clustering about her walls, there are so many conditions in the present that call for the deepest study, and which one who knows them would like to watch the development of from time to time. There is a certain new life which has awakened in the old city. The colonies . . . have already had an influence on thought and conditions, and the aspiration has awakened, at least among the younger generation, to enter practical life.

We left Jerusalem at about eight o'clock A. M. for Jaffa. . . . There was quite a gathering at the depot to see us off. Ephraim Cohen, Mr. Yellin, L. Grünhut and his daughters, and the two Bergmans, with their four "*peoth,*" were all there. We met a Mr. Varon, an official at Rishon le-Zion, who is an intense Zionist, and with whom I talked about the colonies, of the struggles through which they had gone, of what had been learned in regard to the cultivation of the land, and other . . . things, so that the journey was not a monotonous one. . . . I find that my impressions about the Herzl movement have been correct. . . . The colo-

nists, and all those outside of them here who wish for their prosperity, see no good in Herzlism. In the first place, they look upon it as a great parade without any practical results. Moreover, since the Herzl demonstration the Turkish government has redoubled its vigilance, and it is now impossible for a Russian Jew to enter Palestine. It is regarded as an idle dream to build up a Jewish state in the artificial manner which Herzlism has proposed in its program. What people here want, and hope to see in time, perhaps a very long time, is the development of a large Jewish community right here, of natural growth. No state could successfully be built up with a large number of Jews coming together helter-skelter. Moses' experience with his people in the wilderness is fraught with great practical suggestions for the future of the Jews in Palestine. The only thing that is really good about Herzl's Zionism is that it has brought him and others like him back to the fold, and has given a decided setback to those who were fond of dreaming of assimilation. . . .

The Arabs are good workmen. They shape stone into all forms, polish marble, and lay stone floors very beautifully. There is much use made here in the East of a very smooth red tile to lay floors with. It is very cool and clean, and looks well. The Arabs all make good servants, and they do all the work about the house. One never sees female servants in the hotels. The Arabs are a hard set to deal with, and one never deals with them without feeling that one has been cheated. They quarrel with each other all the time, or do something that has that appearance. On riding up the Mount of Olives our donkeys were in charge of two little boys, not over eight or nine years of age. . . . They cried out something which they often repeated, and, on inquiry as to what it meant, I was told that the boys were cursing the father of the donkeys, and learned that it was a common habit among the Arabs, when one was displeased with man or beast, to curse his father. . . .

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 16, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I heard a few dogs bark this morning, and wonder what has been up. All those we saw, on passing through the streets, were asleep. I have heard on board the ship that these dogs have their special districts which they jealously guard. Our very communicative German chambermaid confirms this statement. Whenever an indiscreet one oversteps his boundary, he will be met by an army of observation, which will be strong enough to enforce the boundary laws of dogdom. A still more curious principle which the canines of Constantinople enforce is that when a stranger, that is, a dog from some other city, is brought to the city, he is accorded the freedom of the town, and no other dog would be mean enough to be guilty of a breach of courtesy towards him. The dog here belongs to the district in which he is born, and in the Moslem portion of the city they are kindly cared for. Every dog has his day, it is said. The dog in Egypt has had his. There are no dogs in Cairo now, although formerly the race held as proud a position there as it can now justly boast of here. But the English Lion came, and wherever the English Lion wags his tail, the tail of the dog approximates humbly to other parts of his body, which betokens neither courage nor hopefulness. The dog of Contantinople has his day still, and he is to be envied for his evident consciousness of security from all harm. . . .

Our guide was promptly on hand at eight A. M. to-day, and we started on round and alighted at the Museum. The sarcophagi . . . are a most interesting collection, and some present a coloring that is unique. . . . One formed the last resting place of one Abnit, King of Babylon thirteen centuries B. C., and is remarkable, clearly exhibiting Egyptian art. The inscription furnishes the explanation for this. The King states that he bought this sarcophagus, conjures all to leave him at rest, and gives the sol-

emn assurance that there are no jewels within. He apparently told the truth, for no jewels were found when the sarcophagus was opened. Time makes a great deal of difference as to many things. What is here termed archæology, when consummated somewhat earlier is termed grave robbery. Another very fine sarcophagus is that of Elene (Helena), the mother of Constantine. It is a masterpiece of art, representing the lady in eighteen different attitudes, each symbolizing a different emotion. . . .

After leaving the Museum we were guided to the Mosque of St. Sophia, one of the greatest church edifices and one of the greatest trophies that the Turks have to show for the wars with the Christians. It is a most remarkable building, and makes an impression quite different from that produced by the Gothic churches on the continent of Europe. The latter have something somber about them, while the former makes a cheerful impression immediately as one enters. It is an immense building, and gives the most flattering testimony to the skill of the ancient architect. I shall not begin to describe this wonderful mosque, but will only say that a glimpse of it alone would be sufficient to attract one to Constantinople. We heard the same chants which sounded so pleasantly in my ears in the Mosque of Mohammed Ali in Cairo, and convinced me that some of the melodies of the Mohammedans and of the Jews have a common origin. . . .

Friday, June 18th, was a great day. It is always a great day in Constantinople, not because it is the Moslem Sabbath, but because it is the occasion of the Sultan's going to his mosque, which is attended by very imposing military ceremonies. We had to go to the American Legation, where we procured a letter granting us the privilege of entering a part of the Palace from which we could observe the whole show. We came in time and had a good seat before an advantageously placed window. Soon after we arrived, about eleven o'clock, the military came marching from all directions. The

bands of music followed one another in quick succession, and things looked very lively on the Palace grounds. . . . Finally the time for the passing of the Sultan came. Everything subsided into perfect stillness. Then there followed a procession of the dignitaries; this embraced some of the most venerable looking men I ever beheld. Everything was quiet. Then came carriage after carriage bearing the female members of His Majesty's household. The curtains shielded the occupants from the public gaze. Finally the Sultan's carriage came. He was attended by a single adjutant. He is rather a fine-looking man, but looks dejected and careworn. As the carriage approached the mosque, the priest on the minaret performed his part. He had a fine voice and he lent additional interest to the occasion. The carriages bearing the twenty-three wives stopped short of the mosque. The horses were detached, and the ladies remained in the carriages. After the Sultan entered, there was some fine singing to be heard in the interior of the mosque. The ceremony in the mosque lasted about three-quarters of an hour. There was a general marching off of the military, during which the Sultan returned to the Palace, driving the horses himself. It was a magnificent affair. While we were looking at the various parades, coffee was served, and was very agreeable to us. . . .

Constantinople has preserved so many of its old buildings that it presents a more ancient appearance than any other city we have seen, with the exception of Hebron. . . . We passed through the Jewish quarter, then through the Turkish quarter, and finally through the Greek quarter. I could not distinguish the Jew from the Turk. . . .

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 21, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . It is now 11.30 A. M., and we are to be called for by Cook and Sons for embarkation in the Austrian Lloyd that is to

carry us to Athens, and so I have a little time left to continue my story about our Constantinople experience. We had been so busy, and really worked so hard that שבת [the Sabbath] with its restfulness was welcomed with special delight. I went to a Sephardic *Schul* in the evening and in the morning and, as usual, was called up, and had the honor of opening the *Aron ha-Kodesh*. This honor is extended in a peculiar way, which I noticed also in Naples. . . . First I had to draw the curtain, then I unlocked the door, and then withdrew a second curtain; in closing the same order was followed, and finally I had to bring the key to the *Gabbai*, the chief official. The services were very decorous, but the *Chazzan* was not much. I have not heard a good *Chazzan* since I left home. . . .

One immediately recognizes a Turkish house here. The windows are latticed so that no one can see what is inside. The Turks apparently get along well with their many wives. The Jews and Turks get along very well with each other. The Turk, on the other hand, has no friendship for the Christian. The Turk is always prepared to protect the Jew against the Christian, and the Christian who injures a Jew has to answer strictly for it. . . . The Turk seems to be a good-natured creature, and, we are told, gives no offense unless provoked; every one here says that the Armenian massacre was brought on by the Armenians themselves. A stranger, however, cannot judge in these matters. . . .

ATHENS, June 23, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . We received the mail sent us from Jerusalem. . . . We were delighted with the letters, having heard nothing from home for such a long time The description of the march of the Massachusetts Sixth was truly touching. Mamma read it to me and had to stop. I took up the letter, but it was too much for me

also. Thank God that Baltimore has been given the opportunity to show that she recognizes her shame, in regard to the outrage perpetrated upon the poor fellows of that regiment in 1861!

ROME, June 28, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . Athens has a very modern appearance, and no one, looking at the fine, broad streets and cheerful houses would infer that it was an old city. What there is of Athens . . . is a new city. The old city has disappeared, and the ancient monuments and ruins are the only witnesses of the existence of the Athens of history. . . .

ROME, July 1, 1898.

MY DEAR LITTLE JULIA,

Here we are in Rome, a great city very far off. There are many things to be seen here, and there are many stories told us of things that have happened here many hundreds and even thousands of years ago. We are kept busy seeing these things and hearing these stories from morning till night, but not so busy as not to remember that your [fifth] birthday is approaching. I send you my heartfelt congratulations across the big ocean. . . . I hope that you will grow up to be a fine woman, whom everybody will love as I love you now. . . . God bless you.

YOUR GRANDFATHER.

FLORENCE, July 4, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . We are just now awaiting a report of the engagement at Santiago. The papers report that the Americans have suffered great losses. I hope that we shall soon hear that Santiago has been taken. I met a gentleman from Philadelphia at the hotel who

looked very gloomy, but I feel very hopeful. There is no sympathy for us on this side of the Atlantic except in England. We talk to none but Englishmen and Americans about the war. . . .

FLORENCE, July 5, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I do not know how to begin my story about Rome. It is a great city because it was such a great city, and because it has preserved so many monuments which bring us face to face with the past. It is only in studying what the past really was that we can become reconciled with the shortcomings of the present. The motives that govern men may not be better now than they were in the past, when men delighted in the practice of what can only be termed barbarism, but things have been so shaped in our civilization that the power of a single person or the power in the hands of a few cannot be so strong as to commit such wrongs and avoid responsibility. In other words, the world at large is not so defenceless as it was, and the progress of civilization seems to mean the development of methods and means by which every individual shall know what justice is and how he can best secure and maintain his rights. . . . Progress seems slow, when we contemplate individual evils of today, yet when we look at the monuments of the past and listen to their testimony, we have every reason to be hopeful for the future. . . .

What a monument is the Sistine Chapel to the genius of Michelangelo! Such frescoes! ! I enjoyed very much the scene in which he consigned to Inferno a cardinal who was objectionable to him, with his own picture, now indistinct, grinning at him. It is said that the Cardinal found things too hot for him, and appealed to the Pope to have the fresco altered; the Pope replied, "If Michelangelo has put you in Purgatory, I would cheerfully release you; but, as you are in Hell, *non possumus!*"

From here we wended our way to the Vatican, and brought up in the rooms containing Raphael's great paintings. What a pity that his genius does not live now in some one who could exercise his skill on subjects that would be more suitable! One is dosed *ad nauseam* with the many holy pictures one has to look at here. Of course, it is well enough to say that these are great works of art, and one need only look at them in that light. Yes, they are great works of art, and they have been held up so long before the eyes of the flock that their effect has been incomparably greater than that of the staves which Jacob shaped and placed in the troughs. These pictures have had a more powerful influence in molding the beliefs of men than creeds and sermons and absolutions and what not. I am persuaded that their total destruction would be a blessing. I should not object to having them buried for a few centuries, and then discovered and exhibited as a relic of the art of the past, similarly to the artistic creations of the ancient Greeks. The evil, however, will in all probability have to disappear in a slower way, and the world will have to wait. It is well for all the world to have patience until the good time shall come when the truth will prevail, and this refined idolatry will have ceased, and religion will profess less and do more for the good of man. But for us, who have waited so long, to whom progress seems so terribly slow, whose expectations have been disappointed so often by misleading signs, for whom the greatest century in the world's history is to have so humiliating an ending, *wird die Sache doch ein bischen langweilig.* But a better day will come. It is certain to come. When, the Lord knows. . . .

VENICE, July 8, 1898.

DEAR JULIA,

. . . This is a great city built on the sea. The streets are mostly paved with water and when you want to take a long walk you must go in a boat. There are some little streets on land and many pretty old buildings. YOUR GRANDFATHER.

CADENABBIA, LAKE COMO, July 13, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . We also went to the great cemetery [in Milan], which is very fine, abounding in works of art, and possessing a crematory, which was explained to us in detail. It is made use of considerably, which means a good deal when we know that Italy is a Catholic country and that cremation is interdicted by the church. A curious fashion prevailing here is the placing of a photograph in porcelain of the deceased on most of the tombstones. . . .

In Rome we also visited the Jewish catacombs. They are very interesting, although they have been but partially explored. It is remarkable that they bear either Greek or Latin inscriptions. A few Hebrew inscriptions have been found, but they have been removed to some museum. I think that the probable explanation is that they had forgotten their language, as has been the case in a number of persecutions, and also [that] a condition of too great liberty led to religious indifference, a condition which unfortunately prevails to an alarming extent in Italy to-day. . . .

In the afternoon we "did" the Coliseum and the Forum. It was a great sight. It was no ordinary impression that we received in standing amid the scenes of such great historical events. The scene is overwhelming in its effect. How much history does it not remind us of! Volumes have been written about it, volumes will continue to be written about it, and to the end of time the newest things, the newest thoughts will in some manner be brought into relation with the things and thoughts and life which have made these relics famous. . . .

We next saw the Temple of Minerva, an ancient establishment where idolatry was carried on on a grand scale; it has been converted into the present St. Laurence's, where idolatry is carried on on a very great scale also. More frescoes, more Madonnas, more monuments to the dead. . . .

STRESA, LAKE MAGGIORE, July 14, 1898.

. . . Among all the artists [whose works we saw in Rome] Michelangelo, in my opinion, stands preeminent, and I cannot express myself better as to the impression his works made upon me than by repeating what I said after seeing his many masterpieces and his portrait, painted by one of his greatest pupils: "He looks as if he had made himself." . . .

LUCERNE, July 18, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . We have seen Thorwaldsen's lion again, and sat before it a good long time, and it appears the greater, the longer one looks at it. . . . Yesterday we took the trip to the Pilatus Kulm and looked down upon the great mountains and the lake below. We saw the most various and beautiful wild flowers, the stately pines and cedars all the way up, and from the summit we had a grand view of the Alps, their peaks and crags and chasms and smiling valleys. . . . The mountains show their snow-caps proudly, as if saying, "We all belong to one great family." . . .

When I saw the young folks with their alpenstocks yodeling as they ascended this great mountain afoot, I thought of the time that my feet tripped up joyfully in the same way, and I felt grateful for what I enjoyed thirty-seven years ago, and I feel equally grateful that we can enjoy together what a bounteous nature has so lavishly provided. I feel thankful for the vigor of my youth which I so love to remember, and for our advancing years, which others may notice, but which we feel so little.

It is remarkable how unfriendly all Europe, with the exception of England, is to America. It is amusing to hear that it is not right for any government to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country. I asked one gentleman what he had to say about the powers sending their navies to Crete, not so very long ago.

"That was an international question," he replied. I wanted to know why we could not do a little of the international business ourselves. . . .

BADEN-BADEN, July 28, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Baden-Baden seems to have been chosen by nature as its holiday place. Such grand forests! Such lovely mountains and hills and charming valleys, and smiling cottages and palatial villas. The Gardener has chosen to place his *chef d'œuvre* here. Wherever one goes one hears the sweet music of some rushing brook, and wherever one stops there is a friendly inn to bid him welcome.

. . . Our people have two congregations here, the one recognized by the government, which is reformed, and the *Religionsgesellschaft*, which is orthodox. . . . There is a good deal of bad feeling existing between the members of the two organizations. One would suppose, with the common hatred which assails them from without, that they would have learned by this time to become more peaceable among themselves. The opinion which I formed when I was in Germany last, that on the whole, bad as things are with us, they are immeasurably better than they are in Germany, has been strengthened. There are a few very stanch Jews in most places; the majority, however, are indifferent, and in great part anxious to divest themselves of anything that would make them known as Jews. Conversions to Christianity and intermarriages have largely increased. Anti-Semitism is much complained of. The German Jews have a bad time of it. When they live quietly they are accused of grasping all they can and keeping it; and, when they "put on style" and spend their money freely, they are pointed out as the parasites who have appropriated the wealth of the country: Will this ever get better, or is the German heart incapable of that elevation which will approve of fair play for all men? There

is not much generosity among the Germans, anyway. They don't like it a bit that America has succeeded so well in its war against Spain. They complain that America had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighboring country, and that America is rich enough and large enough and ought to be satisfied. I told some of them that we did not propose to learn how to be satisfied from Germany. . . .

COLOGNE, August 2, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . The news of Bismarck's death was announced [last Sunday]. . . . He was not a friend of our people; the Anti-Semitism which has disgraced Germany these many years was conjured up by him; and therefore there will be no mourning in Israel for him. From the standpoint of a German . . . he was certainly a great man. But there is a great difference in great men. What a contrast between him and Gladstone! The one wanted to attain a great object, and it mattered little as to the choice of means to reach it; the other never disobeyed the dictates of his conscience in the work he did. . . .

S. S. *Chevalier,* August 16, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . The journey took us over a beautiful part of Scotland, richly cultivated, and showing the golden color of the ripened wheat-fields to greater advantage than I had ever seen it. The very dark green fields which surrounded them formed frames that added much to the beautiful picture. . . . There are parts which are quite ruggedly picturesque, where the farmer does not ply his trade and the heather imparts a soft reddish purple to the landscape. We traveled with a very nice, plain Scotch lady, who was very patriotic and pointed out the interesting points on the way and became quite enthusiastic in her descriptions. . . .

LONDON, August 25, 1898.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . On Monday we . . . rode through hitherto unexplored regions [of London] on top of omnibuses. One can hardly tire of this in this great and highly interesting city. The city is much changed and the improvements are marvelous. The new streets that have been opened and the many fine buildings that have been erected upon them have been done altogether under the direction of the County Council. The individual has had to yield to the corporation, and the result has been advantageous. It looks a little strange to us Americans that men cannot build as they please and that individual liberty has had to yield somewhat to the general will in the construction of buildings. I find that it is just as necessary that the individual should be directed by some general authority in the construction of buildings as by the general law. When every man can have his own way, the individual becomes prominent to the disadvantage of the general public, and just such results appear as are so painfully illustrated by the Stafford Hotel [in Baltimore] defacing a whole neighborhood and injuring the value of neighboring property. Here all the new streets show the effect of some general design; our streets, especially in business districts, display the ill effect of unrestricted competition in building. . . .

This morning, . . . at the invitation of *Dayyan* Spiers, I [went] to the *Beth-Din*. The *Beth-Din* convenes every Monday and Thursday morning at eleven o'clock to settle difficulties between Jews who are willing to submit their disputes to the adjudication of the Jewish Law. I stayed from eleven to half-past twelve o'clock, and was extremely interested. The parties recognize the decisions as just and they have their differences settled promptly and without cost. . . . I have a note of the cases which were brought up, and may refer to them when I come back. . . . The *Shochetim* [slaughterers] are also to some extent under the control of the *Beth-*

Din. One candidate presented his knife, which was found to be in good condition. He was asked to step out and the *Dayyan* took out his penknife and made a small nick, which the candidate promptly found when it was returned [to him]. . . .

DR. AND MRS. AARON FRIEDENWALD

1899

CHAPTER X.

Letters (1899-1901).

In the spring of 1899, while in Germany, I received a number of letters, from which the following passages have been taken:

Baltimore, May 4, 1899.

Dear Harry,

. . . I forgot to mention that, at the first evening meeting of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty at McCoy Hall, President Gilman introduced me to Dr. George Adam Smith, who lectured a few years ago on the "Psalms" at the Hopkins, and who is the author of the "Historical Geography of Palestine." He talked with me about my trip. I sent him the *Exponent* with my lecture on the colonies, and he wrote me a letter saying how much it interested him, which I prize very highly. . . .

Baltimore, May 11, 1899.

Dear Harry,

. . . Last night mamma and I went to Ford's to see a play produced by a German company from New York. The piece, a drama, called "*Das Erbe,*" was fine, and the acting superb. It was acting so close to nature that one felt that he was witnessing an actual event. There was only a very small *Publicum* present. The German influence has decidedly diminished in Baltimore during the last thirty years. There are very few left of those who were in the prime of life twenty or thirty years ago; those who were younger have become thoroughly Americanized, and . . . very few have immigrated since. . . .

BALTIMORE, May 31, 1899.

DEAR HARRY,

The world is advancing. Bobenhausen, I learn from your letter, much to my surprise, is on the line of the railroad. And you have been in Altenbuseck! I remember my grateful feelings towards my father, when I visited the old home in 1860, for not letting me be born and brought up as one of its citizens. . . .

In July and August, 1900, my parents made a trip through the Western part of the United States. The following extracts are taken from letters written by my father while on this journey.

DENVER, July 13, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Anybody who does not think this is a big country had better measure it. There is no wonder . . . that some men are anxious to become . . . President of so great a country, but some go about it in a very foolish way We brought enough dust with us from Chicago to be molded into a country almost as big as some which have a standing army. Beyond Chicago the country is flat, but neither stale nor unprofitable. We learned some things about the hardships undergone by the early settlers which are quite interesting. It seems to me that, besides other things, McKinley votes are growing out here. It's a big subject, and I have but little paper. . . .

PIKE'S PEAK, July 17, 1900.

Here we are at the summit of Pike's Peak. We could not resist the temptation. Except for being a little light-headed, we are well and enjoy this grand prospect. Such scenes as we have passed are indescribable. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all." We thank Him for permitting us to behold this great sight.

COLORADO SPRINGS, July 17, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . We arrived at Colorado Springs at 11.55 this morning. The man who was to take us and our baggage to the hotel, learning that we wanted to take the train for Pike's Peak at 1.30 P. M., proposed to take us to Manitou and through the Garden of the Gods and leave us at the station in time for Pike's Peak. We let him . . . send our baggage to the hotel and jumped into his carriage, and off we were. Such a drive! It was magnificent. The town of Manitou is a garden spot, the houses apparently hanging on the side of the mountains and receiving the full benefit of the mountain streams in a beautiful water course that rushes over many rocks and sings a continuous sweet song. But . . . the Garden of the Gods! What a grand surprise! No plants that wither, no flowers that fade, no trees that are uprooted by the storms, as many of the latter as we have seen hereabouts, but a grand park of stone, planted, as it were, to commemorate the glory of its great Artificer! Here you see what at a little distance looks like a Gothic cathedral, statues of all sorts of beings, here a porcupine, there an ant-eater, further on many, many mushrooms that do not grow in a night and wither in a day, and, to vary the picture, many vases with . . . flowers and shrubbery of stone overhanging their sides. Not even the great gate at the entrance has been forgotten. No such scene, probably, is to be found anywhere else in the world. . . .

We got to the station in time for the Pike's Peak train, and up and up we went. And what a panorama passed before us on our journey! Such rocks, with such forms! . . . Masonry that is sublime and gigantic, and next to which the grand buildings of our great cities are but pygmies! Towers, citadels, fortresses, palaces, all greeted us in turn as up we went, and such beautiful wild-flowers and so many waterfalls and streams that bounded from rock to

rock, made up of many uniting and then parting again and slipping away in all directions between the rocks, apparently lost to each other, and again leaping over each other, like one grand game of hide and seek! And then the beautiful pines that grew luxuriantly under the protection of the mountain slopes! . . . Where this shelter was wanting, those that were stripped of foliage and limbs, and only showed short remains of what had been prolific boughs, looking like the great spinal column of some . . . huge being, with the remnant of its ribs! And, as we neared the summit more and more, we had below us all the other mountains, . . . bowing in submission . . . to the highest of all. We spent forty-five minutes on the summit, where the government has its signal station. Well, I suppose you think we were very light-headed to undertake such a venture. We felt a little light-headed when we were up there. Everybody has a little of this sensation. It has a very peculiar, stuffy effect upon the hearing, . . . but we were all right as soon as the train began its descent. . . .

SALT LAKE CITY, July 27, 1900.

DEAR HARRY,

Here we are in the "New Zion," with Tabernacle and Temple, the Dead Sea not far off, and prophets too. I shall have much to write later on. . . .

GRAYLING INN,
SOUTH FORK OF MADISON RIVER, MONT.
July 25, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . I must say a word about Salt Lake City. It is a revelation. On approaching the Mormon settlement we had an illustration of what was called a wilderness before they came. They have accomplished wonders. Through thrift and especially through a

wise system of irrigation they have established forests of poplars and other trees and made a most charming place of it. Salt Lake City is really beautiful, and the great Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, and Tithing Court gives it a characteristic interest. The streets are all one hundred and fifty feet wide, and trees are everywhere, shading the sidewalks. There are many things to be said about Salt Lake City and the Mormons; I shall only say this: in talking with a number of influential Gentiles I find that it is the general opinion of that class that the development of the state and of the city would have been much greater had the Mormons never settled there. The management of the city has for a number of years been under the control of the Gentiles, and much of its recent progress is attributed thereto. The Mormons are not progressive. The Gentiles have been attracted by the mining interests, which are very great, and if the Mormons had not been here there would have been a still greater settlement. It is a remarkable coincidence that both in South Africa and in Utah it was the discovery of the mines that brought to these countries the people who stayed the hands of those who wanted to make a country for themselves, no matter how much it would stand in the way of progress. . . .

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 26, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

It is now 7.30 P. M.; we have finished our supper, and I have been sitting a little while before the big fire in the lobby of the hotel. When I looked into the fire, I thought of Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," and all sorts of fancies rose before me. I forgot the dust and the stinging of the sun in the afternoon, but I could still hear the gurgling of the hundred cooking-pots below ground; the beautiful, dazzling colors of the pools are still delighting my eyes, and I see the steam rising here and there in tall columns as a sign of what is going on below, and then the eruptions of the geysers dis-

tract my attention from all other things, and I realize that we are where nature is exhibiting her greatest wonders. How can I give an account of all this?

This morning, at about 8.30 o'clock, we started for the Midway and the Upper Basin. What we had hitherto seen was in the Lower Basin. The weather was fine and cool, . . . a good rain settled the road for us, and we cheerfully began our ride. In the Midway there are a number of geysers which become active at irregular intervals; and, although we saw none in eruption here, we had a good opportunity to inspect the formation that characterized them. The pools, the "Emerald," "Prismatic," and "Turquoise," are such gems that the jeweler is put to shame. Here he could get inspiration for colors and forms, but he could never reproduce them. Such spectra, rich and sparkling, can certainly be seen nowhere else. The "Emerald" Pool, for instance, has a central pool on the surface of which all colors are seen, green in the center, surrounded by a band of yellow, trimmed with a broad border of Pompeian red with an edging of delicate grayish-white. The "Prismatic" pool has the most dazzling spectra; the water is clear and one sees deep into the cauldron, and from the sides of the walls beautiful colors are reflected. From all the pools there run in all directions little streams that have a bed of red always trimmed with a lighter, fringe-like border. But here I shall stop trying to do what cannot be done. . . .

There are two sorts of geysers; those that rise from the center of a pool and throw up hot water in great bulk but to no great height, and those that issue through a peculiar formation which does not allow such broad columns of fluid to escape, but the . . . jet is very high, rising from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. One of these, the "Bee-hive," is situated on an eminence, a white, hard, marble-like mass, on which there is something very much like a bee-hive. In this there is a smooth, cylindrical opening. We saw

a number of these of various forms, and then reached a lunching station of rather rustic, but very attractive character. We had some time before lunch and we strolled over to "Old Faithful," a geyser which has an eruption regularly about every hour. During the time we spent in coming and going we saw three eruptions. It was a grand spectacle. Hundreds of kodaks are turned on it every day. There are many pictures to be purchased, but the kodakist wants to take his own, and always hopes to have a better one than anybody else. We saw a number of other eruptions. I have read many elaborate descriptions of all these scenes, but they all fall so much short of the truth that I hesitate to give my own impression. Certain it is that this trip has been a wonderful experience, and enjoyment is not the word that can express what we have felt. One day . . . in the park is far more than an equivalent for the great journey, its hardship, and the pecuniary outlay. Here nature seems to revel in one great kaleidoscope. . . .

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 28, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Here we are at . . . at Yellowstone Lake, having arrived at 6.15 P. M. yesterday. . . . We moved about very little, for at an altitude of over seven thousand feet very few can undertake physical exercise without its causing shortness of breath. . . . What a wonderful place this park is! It is a great cabinet in which nature exhibits her most precious gems: mountains and rivers; lakes and gushing streams; geysers showing the remarkable formations through which they pour out columns of boiling water; . . . the basins with their openings, from which issue significant subterranean murmurs; endless forests, with their ancient trees reaching straight up one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and even two hundred feet; pools with grotesque shapes and glittering, . . . ever-changing colors which make one fancy that all the rainbows

of past times have been dissolved in them; little rivulets that have painted the tracts over which they course in effects that would serve as fine models for wall decorations; and such flowers, such beautiful wild-flowers in profusion, in the shade, in the brightest sunlight, in the woods, fringing the roads and streams, here, there, and everywhere! . . .

Yesterday morning . . . we passed through part of the Upper Basin, . . . and "Old Faithful" gave us one of its most beautiful performances. It had been perfectly at rest before we arrived, but it was expected soon to go to work. Mr. T——— and I walked right up to it and looked down its throat, when we heard a gurgling sound. We withdrew our heads quite promptly, and up came a puff and off we ran, for a jet of boiling water one hundred and fifty feet high was sent forth. It was a glorious sight, and our company enjoyed both the eruption and our run. . . .

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,
GRAND CANYON HOTEL, July 29, 1900.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . Well, I must give in. I contended that nothing could surpass what we had already seen, but . . . this is the grandest of all. The Grand Canyon is the grandest of all nature's pictures. It runs fully two and a half miles. Its walls incline upward and outward for fifteen hundred feet and more, at an angle of about sixty degrees, and in its apparently narrow bed the Yellowstone River flows. I say apparently . . . narrow, for, judging from the infinitesimal appearance of two men half-way down, a very big river would have plenty of elbow-room in it. The colors reflected from these walls are marvelous both in their individual tints and in their blendings, yellow, red, brown, green, delicate pale blue, and shades that I cannot enumerate. But more than this, what grand carvings these great walls present! The "Castle Ruins," for ex-

ample, are like an enormous castle partly defaced by time. From "Inspiration Point" we got a good look at this great exhibition of coloring and of rocks decorated by that great Hand whose work is inimitable. We stood awestruck. . . . And here and there stood separate pillar-shaped rocks of grotesque form, upon which eagles had made their nests, and upon which one proud possessor had already alighted. It seemed that here was the . . . throne of the great American eagle. . . .

In 1901 my parents visited the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, which my father regarded as "a great success. The architectural effect," he wrote, "is grand, and the electrical illumination is wonderful." From the exposition the journey extended to Toronto, Quebec, and Montreal, and thence by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to Tannersville, in the Catskills, at which a short stay was made. The following letter was written to his granddaughter, who was then in Europe.

MONTREAL, August 10, 1901.

DEAR JULIA,

I wonder where you are and what you are doing. If there were a telephone between you and me, I would ring you up, and I wonder how you would say "Hello!" in German. I suppose you have seen wonderful things, seen many kinds of people, and made some nice little German girl friends. Do they have the same games that little girls have here? Do you or they study more for school? Have they all grandfathers that love them as much as I do you? If you answer all these questions fully, you will have quite a letter to write to me. Good-bye. God bless you. Affectionately,

GRANDPA.

CHAPTER XI.

Last Days (1902).

My father generally enjoyed fairly good health, although he suffered at intervals, from the days of his early manhood, in spite of the greatest moderation in eating and drinking, from gastro-intestinal disturbances. In 1880 he had an attack so severe that he was confined to his bed for nearly two months. At one time during this illness his life was almost despaired of. In 1901 certain symptoms, at first very slight, made their appearance, indicating functional gastro-intestinal disturbances. These symptoms became annoying, and in the spring of 1902 he was persuaded to go to Europe in the hope of recovering his health. Although he suffered considerably before his departure, his illness did not interfere in any way with the varied activities in which he was engaged. He continued to see his patients till the day he left Baltimore. He finished his course of lectures at the college. On May 18, 1902, he took part in the exercises at the annual examination of the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. The next day, May 19, he left Baltimore, accompanied by my mother, and on May 20 they sailed from New York on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.* At the advice of a medical friend he went to Herrenalb in the Black Forest, remaining there until July 2. While at Herrenalb he felt decidedly better at intervals, and at Kissingen, which was his next stopping-place, his health seemed markedly to improve. The following letters are taken from his correspondence while on this trip.

Frankfort, June 3, 1902.

Dear Children,

. . . Frankfort is a most charming city, and the *Frankfurter Hof* has made us feel very much at home. I like almost every-

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thing here except the way they speak German. In pronouncing their words they are very economical with their consonants, leaving them out of the question as much as possible as, for example, "*Ich wed's besorje',*" and then they squeeze their vowels so that all the juice runs out. The women, as a rule, walk as gracefully as they talk, and nevertheless they have a sort of self-satisfied assurance that is enviable.

HERRENALB, June 9, 1902.

DEAR CHILDREN,

. . . Well, the Boer War is over. I am sorry for the loss and suffering of these brave fellows. I am glad, however, that the war is over, and that England will continue in power in South Africa, and that the whole territory between Egypt and Cape Colony will form a domain over which the English flag will prevail. I feel sure that this will redound to the advantage of civilization and will ultimately make Africa a country where many thousands of Europeans will establish themselves.

HERRENALB, June 17, 1902.

DEAR JULIA,

I was very much pleased with the beautiful letter you wrote us. Grandma and I have just returned from a long walk and brought home with us a fine bouquet of wild flowers, which we collected in going along the road. The fields all around form a magnificent carpet of wild flowers of all colors. Daisies, large and small, buttercups, bluebells, forget-me-nots, and many other flowers, whose names we have not yet learned, abound everywhere. I was never in a place where there were so many charming brooks, whose rushing, soothing voices never cease, and which plunge down the rocks and splash into the air, as if they always had a holiday.

Oh, how sleepy you would be later in the day, if you had to go

to school as early as the children here are compelled to do! But they are happy, and go along in long rows with knapsacks on their backs, both girls and boys, and seem proud of them. They greet everyone as they pass along in the most friendly manner. Neither the boys nor the girls wear hats, and therefore the wind can play them no tricks by trying to blow them off. The millinery stores here do not complain of this, for, so far as I know, there are none here. . . .

HERRENALB, June 18, 1902.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . To-day it has been raining all day long, and it is cold at the same time, so that we have passed our time pleasantly in a warmed room. Guests are now arriving, and things are beginning to look more lively. . . .

Mamma was just reading something in the *Badische Presse,* dated the nineteenth, a day ahead. I suppose they think their news is new enough for to-morrow. A funny country this, in some ways! . . .

WILDBAD, June 22, 1902.

DEAR JULIA AND JONAS,

We are here after a delightful drive through the Black Forest.

There is nothing *wild* here but the beasts in the menagerie, and so far as the *Bad* is concerned, we haven't discovered it. . . .

KISSINGEN, July 20, 1902.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . One has very little time here, except for doing nothing. We get up at six, and it is generally seven before our day's duty begins. We go to the *Brunnen,* get the water, warm it, drink it slowly, and then go to the doctor. Then we return to the *Brunnen,*

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drink some more water, take a little more time to do it, walk a little while doing it, listen to the music, and watch the passing throng of young and old, well-dressed, ill-dressed, shapely, grotesque, comely, and uncombed individuals, doing pretty much the same thing. We hear nearly all languages . . . and see a very interesting kaleidoscopic picture. . . .

Bad Kissingen, July 22, 1902.

Dear Harry,

. . . One cannot fail to notice the difference between the manners . . . here and what we are used to at home. The bowing and doffing of hats is promptly and conscientiously carried out in a sort of conventional spirit. Everything in the way of politeness is too much stereotyped. . . . Courtesies which flow from consideration for the comfort of others are not so spontaneous as they are at home. The difference seems to me to be this. Here people have but limited personal rights, or they suppose so, so that what they consider a right they hold on to with a grasp of grim death. A gathering on a pavement, instead of giving way, will make other persons go all the way around them to pass by. On the benches they claim all the room they possibly can, and look surly at those who try to find a place for themselves also. When they want to get through a crowd they simply push each other aside without a word of apology, and many other things of this sort may be seen. In America everybody feels that he has all the rights he needs, and this feeling makes him liberal, as he has sufficient and to spare, so that he delights in bestowing some upon others. I think this is the characteristic difference between German and American politeness. Politeness in the one case is in accordance with fixed rules; in the other it is governed by the spontaneous promptings of the occasion. Again, politeness here is measured out in greater or smaller quantities according to gradations in society, while with

us a gentleman is never apprehensive lest he be too polite to one who might be considered as occupying a lower station in life.

KISSINGEN, July 27, 1902.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . Last Friday I went to synagogue where, as usual, I found a large attendance. Professor Jules Oppert, of the Institute of France, was pointed out to me, and I had a little talk with him. He is a very old gentleman, apparently very nervous, and seems very devout while at service. . . .

KISSINGEN, July 30, 1902.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . It will please you to have me tell you that I am doing very well.

This morning we saw some friends from Frankfort off. . . . We became much attached to them. We seem to be fortunate in meeting people wherever we stop, to whom we become attached, and this is a great pleasure to us indeed. We are to go to Badenweiller when I am to get more "well." We shall stop at Würzburg and Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG, August 2, 1902.

DEAR HARRY,

. . . Prof. F. examined me very carefully and after he got through told me that I had a tumor of the pylorus and that he would recommend an operation. . . . I told him that I preferred to have it done at home. . . . We shall leave Hamburg on the *Fürst Bismarck* on Aug. 7. We have to face the matter and put our trust in God. . . .

I regret to have to make so serious a communication, but we must all bear up bravely.

The manner in which he received the announcement that he was suffering from a malignant disease (cancer of the stomach), after he had been led to believe that his complete recovery was a matter of a short time, was characterized by coolness and courage. A friend wrote "*Bewundernswerth is der Mut dieses Mannes, der der Gefahr ruhig entgegensieht, alles überlegt, und seinen Frieden mit der Erde macht.*"

He had a "most pleasant voyage," during which he felt "remarkably well." At the "captain's dinner," on the evening before the vessel landed, he was called upon to make a speech. This speech, I was afterwards told, was very bright and enjoyable.

He returned to Baltimore on Sunday, August 17, 1902, and on being informed of the recent death of his friend, the Reverend Dr. Benjamin Szold, wrote the following, his last important letter.

BALTIMORE, August 17, 1902.

MRS. S. SZOLD AND FAMILY,

Dear Friends.—I have just returned home. I was greatly shocked to learn that my good old friend, Rev. Dr. B. Szold, had passed away. I crave the privilege of mingling my grief and tears with yours. I revered him as the scholar and teacher in Israel; I thoroughly appreciated the influence of his kind, genial, generous nature; I loved him because I felt that my heart was bound to his. Accept my heartfelt condolence. May the example which he has been to us all be your consolation and strengthen you to bear your grief. Mrs. Friedenwald desires to join me in these sentiments.

Sincerely yours, A. FRIEDENWALD.

Preparations for an operation were made. At this time my father, although he saw only his near relatives and went out only for a few short walks, was always in good spirits, and never showed the slightest depression. He set all his worldly affairs in order, and

on Wednesday, August 20, he underwent the operation. The diagnosis that had been made was confirmed, but it was found that the disease had made much greater progress than had been anticipated, so that the removal of the growth was impossible. The operation was followed by intense suffering. My father bore it all uncomplainingly, appreciative of every attention on the part of his nurses, and bravely fighting the battle for life. "You know how cowardly most of us physicians are when we face the great crisis," I wrote shortly afterwards to a brother medical man. "He knew the nature of his disease but too well, but he did not murmur, he was cheerful to the last, and with profound faith in the great רופא נאמן ורחמן, the 'faithful and merciful Healer,' he left his case in His hands, ready and willing to abide by His decision." The end came on August 26, 1902 (Ab 23, 5662) at 1.35 A. M. His mind was perfectly clear until the last; he called for certain remedies only a few minutes before he died. His wife and all of his children were at his bedside at the end.

In accordance with my father's wishes, the services at his funeral were those of the simple Jewish ritual, no sermon or address being delivered. He was buried on Wednesday, August 27, in the cemetery of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, in which his grandfather, his parents, and many of his relatives lie interred. Memorial services were held at the synagogue of the Chizuk Emoonah Congregation, of which he was president, on Sunday, November 9, 1902. Addresses were delivered by Reverend Dr. H. P. Mendes, Rabbi of the Shearith Israel Congregation, of New York, Reverend Dr. H. W. Schneeberger, Rabbi of the Chizuk Emoonah Congregation, Dr. Cyrus Adler, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, of New York, and Professor Solomon da Silva Solis Cohen, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. At a memorial meeting of the faculty, alumni, and students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, held on December 2, 1902, addresses were delivered by Dr.

AARON FRIEDENWALD

1902

William Simon, Professor of Chemistry, and Dr. John Ruhräh, Clinical Professor of Pediatrics. At the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Liberal Club, December 31, 1902, a commemorative address was delivered by Mr. Louis Edward Levy, of Philadelphia. The addresses delivered on these several occasions I collected and had printed privately in the year 1903.

My father's grave is marked by a simple stone, on which is engraved the following inscription:

פה נקבר

אהרן בן יוחנן הלוי פריעדענוואלד

הרופא הנאמן שעסק בצרכי צבור באמונה

ויעזר ליסד בתים לחכמה תורה ותפלה

נולד יום ג יב טבת בשנת תקצו לפ"ק

נפטר יום ג כג מנחם אב תרסב לפ"ק

DR. AARON FRIEDENWALD

Born December 20, 1836

Died August 26, 1902

תנצבה

ADDRESSES

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CLASS OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF BALTIMORE CITY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:

You are confronted by a long course of medical lectures, which will exact of you the most earnest attention and long-continued labor. With all the enthusiasm, so characteristic of youth, which has accompanied you thus far, and which it is to be hoped will cheer you on to the full attainment of your object, you will probably experience some solicitude in taking a survey of the field of labor over which you will have to pass. In mustering your strength to see whether it is adequate for the task before you, you may be filled with misgivings; in testing once more the motives which have impelled you to a work which will impose from the start the most earnest labor and entail in the future the gravest responsibilities you will perhaps be subjected to anxious emotions. Many among you are here for the first time, and you stand upon strange ground.

We meet you at the threshold of the new sphere in which you are to move, and it is my pleasant privilege to extend to you, on the part of the Faculty, a most cordial welcome, and to assure you of the kind sympathy and warm encouragement of those who will be your guides.

If you have fortified yourselves with earnestness of purpose, the difficulties which you will encounter, and which at first may assume threatening forms, will all be successfully overcome. The progress which the proper diligence and application will soon enable you to make will render your further labor less and less irksome. It

will teach you to appreciate the relations which the different departments of the science into which you will be introduced bear to each other; and instead of regarding them as quite separate studies from which you will have to apprehend cumulative difficulties, as it may appear to you at the outset, you will soon discover that an acquaintance with one will greatly facilitate the comprehension of the others. Do not be discouraged if you do not advance at the beginning of your work as rapidly as you would wish. Your earlier obstacles surmounted, those that will follow will not be so formidable.

Your studies will embrace the laws of life, with its endless revelations. From the beginning of man's existence, through his development and growth to his senility and decay, his physical nature will be opened to your investigation. The wonderful parts of which he is composed will be made to tell their interesting stories of duties thoroughly fulfilled. They will show you how, though providing well for themselves, they are always mindful of the welfare of others: at one time listening for anxious messages from afar and promptly sending relief and sustenance; at another, watchful of approaching danger and sending forth the thrill of warning; here receiving requisitions from distant laboratories for fresh material; and there hurrying currents loaded with effete and noxious matter to willing colaborers that eject it from the system, so that the purity of the organism be not defiled; here revivifying the vital fluid after its return from its voyage through the entire body and receiving its account of waste provided for, of warmth imparted, of wonderful products elaborated, and wafting away in one breath, far into space, the débris of destruction which it has brought back in testimony of its useful pilgrimage; there becoming the receptacle of the purified stream, propelling it through its countless tributaries, and throbbing anxiously that all parts, near and far, large and infinitesimal, may receive their due share of

new life. Part after part will be made to reveal its interesting history of useful work performed; and, while all will modestly acknowledge their dependence upon others, there will be none so modest but that it will claim to have accomplished something that could have been accomplished only by itself. And as you will learn more and more of the individual character of each part, marvelling at the regularity and precision with which the more important ones perform their life-sustaining functions, and gleaning what you can from the more subordinate ones which seem more anxious to preserve their secrets, but which will furnish unmistakable evidence that they too cannot be spared, you will be forced to realize that, great as they are, wonderful as they are, they are but parts of one grand, harmonious whole.

But you will not be permitted to stop here. Having progressed thus far, you will be taught that your eyes can be aided to see what otherwise would remain among the unseen, and the existence of which could hardly be suspected. Countless small bodies will reveal their presence to you in every spot, claiming to be the integral elements of every part that they inhabit; and simple as they are, and minute as they are, they present such strong individual features that wherever found their nativity cannot be mistaken. They form pavements of the most curious and highly ornamental designs, they constitute the channels in their innumerable ramifications, and they build up the solid walls. They are the springs which unite their energy to form the motive power; they are the skilful workmen in the laboratories from which issue such inimitable products; and they are the vessels sailing along the streams, safely carrying their treasures to distant harbors. They form the intricate web which binds the parts together in their entirety and in their elementary structure. They weave those strong bands upon which the mighty levers expend their strength. They constitute the essential elements in those silvery cords which emanate from the great

central depot of intelligence, spreading their threads in all directions, stopping at many way-stations, proceeding on their journey to remote regions where their traces are lost, carrying to and fro with inconceivable rapidity the messages of life.

In studying these enchanting phenomena in their endless variations, pausing at times wonder-stricken at the revelations that you encounter, marvelling at the simple methods by which Nature accomplishes her great ends, you will become possessed with an irresistible desire to continue your explorations farther and farther, until you reach those regions that have not yet been thoroughly explored. And when you have learned that Nature does not impart all her secrets gratuitously, you will be imbued with a noble aspiration to become one of the favored class whose rare merits have entitled them to the honor of having contributed something new to science.

But, gentlemen, you will not be permitted to look only upon the bright side of the picture. From your studies of the human organism as it presents itself in health, you will pass to those investigations which are to make you familiar with the changes wrought by that fell spirit, disease. How changed the picture! How varied the scenes! Everywhere the enemy lurks; assuming a thousand different shapes, making its invasions by every avenue, penetrating every recess of the human organism; seizing the infant violently at its very entrance into the world, and throttling it in its first gasp for life; planting its seed often into the new being long before its birth, causing it to germinate there, and to develop into those moral, mental, and physical infirmities which are to be recognized as the lasting inheritance bequeathed by a previous victim. How cruel the monster, besieging infancy, crushing vigorous manhood, and inexorable to old age! How varied its warfare! How numerous its weapons! Sometimes it entails the most serious consequences by the slightest violence; and again it is driven to deal

its heaviest blows before the victim succumbs. Here, by just tapping a little stream, a slight inundation follows, and at once the features become distorted, language is rendered unintelligible, and the limbs dangle helpless on the trunk. How the suffering parts yearn to tell each other of their sorrow! but the line of communication is cut off, and there are no messages sent, none received. There it just touches a little valve bathed in the vital fluid, and the whole tide is changed. The motive power increases its energy, and there is the most anxious throbbing that no catastrophe should happen. But still the streams flow sluggishly, the parts fail to receive their adequate supply of nourishment, and the whole organism suffers.

We will look upon another scene. The demon blows a pestilential breath, and see, the body quivers and shrinks as if touched by an Arctic's chilling blast. Look at the ashy pallor. "Is it not the look of death?" you ask. No, it is but the wind that fans the fire. See, warmth returns, and all is soon aglow. The furnaces are forced to intensify their heat, and a general conflagration threatens to consume the body. How turbulent the streams become! With what velocity the currents run their course! The tumult and the whirl confuse the thoughts, and the mind wanders. The parts still send their signals, but they are no longer understood. One misleads the other, and many mishaps occur. The compact is broken, for each works for itself alone, or not at all; and anarchy reigns supreme. . . . The panorama moves on. Behold the next victim! There he lies, helpless and so changed as to be rendered an object of disgust. He has been tossed upon many a rough sea, and at last is shipwrecked, and deserted by all his friends, save one, his physician. How came he to his grief? It is a sad story, and painful to relate. The enemy crept upon him stealthily, in the full enjoyment of life. No fierce onslaught was made. The victim continued his revels, for he knew not that he had been in-

jured. No! I will not recount all the sorrows through which he passed. Behold him, and enough will strike your eye to enlist your warmest sympathy. His flesh has melted into large sores, as if touched by the red-hot iron. Through his face the ghastly bones protrude, his vision is lost, and there is just enough reason left for him to know his woe. We'll let the curtain fall.

Painful as the contemplation of disease may be to you, it is not without its compensating features. You will delight to learn that the vital forces do not surrender themselves without making a brave resistance. They enter upon the most desperate struggles to drive out the invader. They bear long sieges well, and though near exhaustion, having drawn their last rations, they often succeed in triumphing over the enemy. It is not an uncommon experience that desperate diseases which place the patient in the greatest possible jeopardy are cured by nature's efforts alone. This is a great blessing, for which doctors should be extremely grateful, because it is to this that they owe much of their reputation. Indeed, it may not only be said that very sick patients get well without remedies, but also that they get well in spite of them. It is a fortunate circumstance that the doctor can submit his prescriptions to so reliable a proof-reader, who inserts what he finds wanting, and renders innocuous what should not have been added.

In humbly acknowledging how much the cure of disease is due to nature's efforts, the doctor does himself no discredit; for, if he assumes the proper position, he claims only to lend a helping hand, and he feels himself sufficiently justified in the willingness with which the extended hand is grasped.

But it is not only in saving life that nature's efforts play so notable a part, but also in repairing damages done to organs, and compensating for those damages that cannot be fully repaired. In regard to the former, it may be said that it is the only patchwork which is as good as new; and the latter is full of suggestions from

which every civil engineer may draw useful lessons. In many cases of disease, this power of self-defence can be largely relied upon to bring the case to a favorable termination, and the physician has little else to do than to guard the patient against accidents and complications, and to combat them when they do occur; in other words, to see that nature's efforts have *fair play* in the combat with what is essentially the disease.

While it is well fully to value the valor and prowess of the vital forces in coping unaided with certain diseases, it would be an unfortunate policy for the profession to pursue, should we remain an army of observation in regard to others to which they offer but very little opposition, but which have a decided respect for certain ammunition at our command.

Diseases make themselves known to us in a language which we call symptoms. Every disease has a language of its own; but while some differ very much, there are others that are exceedingly similar. But this is not the only difficulty which confronts us in interpreting the languages of disease correctly. I have already hinted at complications; these too have their languages, so that we are often placed in the predicament of listening to two different languages spoken at the same time. You have no doubt experienced how difficult it is to give the proper attention to two or more persons speaking simultaneously, and you have no doubt discovered also that it is not always the one speaking the loudest who is entitled to the privilege of being heard exclusively. Sometimes a symptom will apparently present such urgency as entirely to conceal others that are of a much more important character. This may be a source of very serious mistakes. . . .

But there are still more difficulties of this nature to be considered. Languages are spoken in many dialects. It is so with the language of disease. A symptom of the same disease is often quite differently pronounced in different cases, a circumstance which

leads not seldom to serious disagreements in the consultation-room. It is probably to a great extent owing to this that the public has discovered that doctors differ.

Allow me to mention one more peculiarity in this regard. The voice of every individual has in it something that is characteristic. We often succeed in recognizing a person solely by the voice, when in other respects he has changed so much that he might pass for somebody else. Now, in the language of disease this peculiarity of voice will also be noticed, and it is owing to this that there are no two cases of the same disease exactly alike. This illustrates how important it will be for you to cultivate well your powers of observation.

After becoming acquainted with the human organism in its normal condition, and witnessing the changes which it undergoes during disease, and learning to discriminate accurately between the evidences of diseases, you will desire to know all about the means by which they can be controlled.

When you cast your eyes over the long list of remedies which are employed in the treatment of diseases, and read, in the descriptions of their curative properties, of all the good that can be accomplished by them, you will wonder how it is that there is still so much sickness uncontrolled, and that there are so many cases of premature death to be deplored.

The remedies to which you will be introduced will be highly recommended for one purpose or another, and sometimes for a number of purposes; and, while you will witness their good effects with great delight, in many, many cases you will be disappointed to find that they will not be responded to so promptly, or so completely, or what is worse, that they will be followed by conditions quite contrary to those desired. To expect a remedy to act invavariably in the same way would be quite unreasonable. It would be extremely ungrateful to quarrel with an old friend who has

assisted us materially hundreds of times, simply because his last efforts were not attended by the same degree of success. Avoid the counsel, therefore, of those who try to bring discredit upon the *materia medica* by simply referring to what is left undone, ignoring the great blessings they bestow upon millions of suffering mankind. Do not become ungrateful to your old friend; and when he asks you for a letter of recommendation to others, be not afraid of saying too much in his favor; for, if he serve others as well as he has served you, not a word will be erased, and he will be sent further on his journey with no less flattering credentials.

Gentlemen, you are to be congratulated upon beginning the study of the science of medicine in its healthiest period of development. The roads have been opened in every part of its domain, and there is a freedom of movement and a freedom of thought that has never before existed to the same degree.

There was a period, and it held sway long, in which a system established by some leading spirit in the profession governed the practice of medicine. This system controlled the thoughts of medical men, until another leading mind arose and supplanted it by a new system. At certain periods there were several systems, each with its trusty followers, contending bitterly for the supremacy. This may with propriety be designated as the aristocratic age of medicine. This age accorded either to a single individual or to a privileged class the prerogative to do the thinking for those whom they considered the plebeians of the profession. They reared their structures and gave them fine proportions, but they could not stand the test of time. They began to build in the wrong way. They first put up their theoretical framework, and then endeavored to close the walls by facts as their building material. But facts are stubborn things; they will not fit in every place in which they are put, neither will they permit themselves to be hewn into any required shape; so these builders were compelled to make use of a

very liberal application of the plaster of false reasoning to give their walls the appearance of solidity. These walls readily yielded, and required propping on all sides, and it was comparatively easy work for the founder of a new system to exhibit the weakness of previously existing structures. The profession, discovering from time to time that it had been held in bondage to false doctrines, threw off the yoke, but failed to establish its liberty, for in deposing one master it swore allegiance to another.

But the storm finally came; the monarchs were dethroned, and their edifices crumbled to the ground. Every hand was lifted against something, nothing was regarded as holy, and destruction became the order of the day. This was the nihilistic period. It raged fiercely, but was short-lived. Nothing could grow at such a time, for the eye delighted to look upon the waste, and ruins became the prominent objects in the landscape.

A brighter day has dawned, and its genial warmth has imparted new life. The rubbish has been cleared away, the solid building material has been reclaimed, and the fallacious theories have been placed as headstones upon the graves of their founders. Everywhere the call for fresh material is heard, and everywhere it is earnestly responded to. But more and more building material is required, and we are charged, and you will be charged, to be assiduous in the search for it. The work which has been accomplished thus far is great, and the rejoicing in its contemplation is great, for it is the work of the many, of the many who have delved unremittingly in every department, who have sought truth for truth's sake, and who have placed the foundation of the new edifice upon solid ground, and not upon the sand. This is the age of honest work, and the work is cheerfully done, for the laborer dreads not the ban, and owes allegiance but to truth. This is the age of freedom, the mind is disenthralled; and where the mind is free, the hands are active.

The development of the science in recent times is to be regarded as of an especially healthy character, for a steady growth is to be observed in every distinct part thereof; while in time past all the talent in the profession was often drawn to the cultivation of certain parts, and others were allowed to wither. A body that does not enjoy an equable growth will necessarily become deformed.

I say again, gentlemen, that you are to be congratulated upon entering the study of medicine at this time, when in your first steps you can place your feet upon solid ground, and when in your further journey you are encouraged by the bright picture reflected in the future. You need not fear the volcano nor dread the hurricanes, for what has been gained is imperishable. Errors are made now, and will be made in the future as they have been made in the past, but no new material will be accepted as a building-stone that has not been thoroughly tested. The structure which is now rearing is not like the Grecian temple, whose charms rest in its finished beauty, and which admits of neither change nor ornamentation, for either would destroy its character; but more like the Gothic structure, which is never so complete but that it will admit of additions and improvements, which neither mar its beauty nor encroach upon its usefulness.

In choosing the profession of medicine you not only enter the service of science, but you devote yourselves to the cause of humanity. It demands both the cultivation of the intellect and the highest refinement of the soul. There is no reward which you should value higher than the satisfaction of knowing that you have relieved human suffering, that you have averted death. Be bold when duty calls you to perform an heroic act, but not so cold that you can witness human misery without feeling pity. An unfeeling man is not only unworthy of becoming a physician, but he will never find a real satisfaction in the pursuit of the profession. Pecuniary reward will not compensate him for the sacrifice of per-

sonal comfort which the practice of medicine requires to so great an extent, and in assuming the virtues which its sacred ministrations demand he will constantly be reminded of his unworthiness.

The true physician loves his profession, for he sees in it the consummation of the highest aims of science. He is forced to witness many a sad scene, and suffer many a dreaded catastrophe, but he finds strength in the verdict of that high tribunal within him which tells him that he has done his duty well. And when the storms are over and the clouds have disappeared and the bright sunshine of gladness again animates the hearts that were heavy with despair, he can enter in and partake of the joys of others made happy, as is the privilege only of the sympathetic and the pure.

Gentlemen, you have entered upon a holy mission; God speed you in your undertaking.

ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CITY HOSPITAL, JANUARY 1, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:

You have been invited to join us this evening in commemorating an event which, while it marks a new era in the history of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, is, we imagine, not without interest to the general medical profession. Indeed, inasmuch as hospitals occupy a most prominent place among those institutions which contribute to make a city great, the acquisition of this new hospital, constructed as it is upon the most approved plans of modern sanitation, located as it is in the very heart of the city, where a hospital is most urgently needed, and adding as it does so conspicuously to the architectural achievements of Baltimore, must awaken a just pride in every one who feels an interest in the fame of our fair city.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, in assuming the medical charge of this institution, which will be devoted henceforth to the cure of disease and the alleviation of suffering where disease is beyond cure, feels that now, in responding to the appeals of suffering humanity, it will be in a better position than ever to meet the demands of the modern advancement of our science.

And, although we cannot overestimate the blessings of a well-equipped hospital to the sick, the suffering, and the maimed, when it is devoted to the purposes of medical instruction, as this institution will largely be, its benefits will not be limited to those who have been cared for within its walls, but will extend far beyond its confines, beyond the limits of the city, beyond the boundaries of the State. Such a hospital may properly be considered as a labora-

tory of clinical medicine and surgery where the manifestations of disease and the effects of remedies are to be subjected to the most approved methods of scientific investigation. Here the teacher gets his best experience, here the student receives his most useful lessons.

Rejoicing as we naturally must in contemplating the greatly improved clinical facilities which this Hospital confers upon the College, we are not at all ashamed to refer on this occasion to what the school has accomplished in this respect in the past.

Beginning its career in 1872 with no other capital but a faculty, a faculty which was determined to succeed and which soon showed that it was qualified for and deserving of success, the college was as early as 1874 enabled, through the liberality of the State of Maryland, to establish the Maternité Hospital. That hospital not only introduced a new benevolence into our city, but furnished the first opportunity for clinical instruction in midwifery in Baltimore. In the latter respect it may properly be claimed that it was a pioneer, if not the pioneer, in this country. The Maternité has been in active operation ever since, and, when we regard the purposes it was intended to fulfil, it is still the leading institution of its kind. The acquisition from the Washington University, in 1878, of the City Hospital, which henceforth will be spoken of as the old City Hospital, opened a new future for the college. From that time on it has rested upon a solid foundation. We had now a general hospital, offering abundance of material for clinical instruction; besides which we had secured the alliance of the good Sisters of Mercy for that part of the work which few could do so well, and none could do better.

The building was not a pretentious one. It had been built for a city school, was eventually regarded as unsuited for that purpose, and was finally abandoned. Truly we may exclaim with the Psalmist, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner!" Yea! it has been the cornerstone upon

which the college has safely rested these many years, and, although it is now supplanted by the grand hospital in which we meet to-night, we shall ever hold its past record in grateful remembrance. It has done good work in the past. Thousands have received a friendly welcome within its walls, and, although it was unsuited in many respects for the purposes of a hospital, it has furnished the opportunity of exemplifying how much good can be done even under unfavorable circumstances. In one respect at least, however, it has shown a preeminent suitableness. It has always been nearest to most of those unfortunate ones who need speedy help. Placed in the heart of the city, where the greatest commercial and industrial activity prevails and casualties are most common, it was enabled to extend aid without too much delay. Its claims in this respect have been generally acknowledged. Among the many advantages this new City Hospital will offer, is the advantage of the location it has inherited from its predecessor, and this inheritance will prove no mean one, for this alone will insure its maintenance for all future time. What the old building lacked in the comforts which are now demanded of a hospital was largely compensated for by the successful management and humane influence of the Sisters of Mercy, and by the assiduous and skillful attention of its medical staff. We never overlooked its deficiencies and we directed our best energies to correct them at an early date. There was a great deal to encourage us to resume our work in this direction, although we had repeatedly met with failure. The need of more room urgently demanded that the hospital should be enlarged in some way. Our faithful allies, the good sisters, cheered us and inspired us with new hopes when the prospects seemed unpromising, but what encouraged us most was an unswerving faith that the City Spring lot had been providentially reserved for the noble object it now fulfils. It had become perfectly useless for the purposes for which it was originally given to the city. That class of respectable citizens

who had sought the shade of its beautiful trees and refreshment from its limpid stream in days gone by had long disappeared. The vagrant and the tramp had established their dominion there. The water from the spring had become impure and was condemned. The fountain that remained, playing as it did from the city water supply, was a sham, and was in this respect in perfect harmony with the character which the entire place had assumed. The place had altogether lost its former cheerfulness. Even the old keeper, though willing to hold his position, seemed dissatisfied with his lot. Under these circumstances we hoped that the city would be willing to donate it to the use of a great charity. Several City Councils approved of the bills that were presented, but the project was repeatedly defeated before the mayor by an opposition which, unfortunately, came from a direction that justified the suspicion that it was not inspired by the best motives. But I shall say nothing further of this. This magnificent hospital now stands upon that long coveted lot, and "Charity," 'tis said, "covereth a multitude of sins."

By an agreement entered into between the Sisters of Mercy and the College of Physicians and Surgeons the Hospital secures in perpetuity the gratuitous services of the faculty as its medical staff, while the College is granted in perpetuity the privilege of clinical instruction which it enjoyed in the old hospital. The advantages which the College gains by the opening of this new Hospital are not limited to the Hospital itself. We shall henceforth find more room in the old building for the purposes of the College proper, and we design in the near future to remodel the old building so that we shall be amply supplied with physiological, chemical, and pathological laboratories under one roof, together with a proper museum and all other requisites demanded of a first-class medical college.

At the beginning of my remarks I ventured to say that the opening of this hospital was not without interest to the general

medical profession. The work done in hospitals contributes largely to the general advancement of our science, and no medical man with the proper spirit can remain indifferent to their influence. Practitioners of medicine who desire to visit our clinics will meet with a cordial welcome.

Much as may be said in favor of the advantages which flow from this hospital to the College, and great as may be the interest of the medical profession in its successful operation, the consideration which gives it its paramount importance is the good which it is destined to accomplish for those seeking relief from disease. By day and by night its portals will ever be open to those who may be in need of its benefits. A faithful physician will always be found at his post of duty ready to extend medical aid, and a kind Sister will never be absent when her tender care may be needed. The disease which brings the applicant to the hospital is the only recommendation which he will require for his admission. Neither religious distinctions nor race prejudice will ever find consideration here.

The city of Baltimore may justly congratulate itself upon the acquisition of a hospital of this character, and it owes a deep debt of gratitude to our good Sisters of Mercy. The erection of a building of such magnificent proportions as this hospital presents, without any means except those hoped for from the charitably disposed, seemed almost an impossibility. They dared to attempt what seemed impossible, and they have been successful.

It was faith that inspired our good sisters to choose a life of absolute duty and sacrifice, it was faith that enabled them, when necessary, to brave the dangers of the battlefield and the ravages of pestilence, and it was faith in a generosity of this community which encouraged them to undertake this stupendous work.

Although they have the legal title to this property, the Hospital is a free offering to Baltimore, a sacred trust of which they are

but the faithful custodians. They look for no reward for themselves, but it is eminently proper that this great work of theirs be fitly appreciated, and that tangible encouragement be freely extended to them in the future whenever needed.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF PROFESSOR VIRCHOW, HELD IN THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER 13, 1891.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Thirty years ago it was my good fortune to be a pupil of the great man whom we desire to honor on this occasion. He was then in the prime of life, and had a record which made him the most prominent figure among the eminent men of the medical faculty of the University of Berlin. Most of his associates of that period have long since passed away, and all have attained great distinction, but Virchow still remains the acknowledged master. Time has shown neither faltering in his work nor waning in his power. In contemplating the vast activity which he has displayed in the various fields upon which he has brought his giant intellect to bear, and in computing the aggregate of what he has accomplished, we arrive at a result of which the medical profession is justly proud and for which the whole world must be grateful. It is not his work alone, however, nor the discoveries that he has made that challenges our admiration, but it is that stamp of nobility which characterizes his remarkable career throughout, from its brilliant beginning in Berlin, during the time when his genius shone resplendently in Würzburg, and all through that long and all-important period since his triumphal return to the Prussian capital. Great as he stands as a scientist, towering far above all who have worked in the same territory, preeminence must be awarded him for his broad interests and brilliant achievements in other domains. Wherever we enter upon the study of his work, and wherever our thoughts may wander in estimating its full significance, we in-

evitably reach a point whence we must return to the man himself. He has not moulded with lifeless clay, for in his work there breathes a living soul. He has built well, for what he has built has stood the test of time, and he has built so that others could build thereon. Besides the merit of his own gigantic work, we cannot fail to take into account, in estimating the benefit he has been to science, the good work done by others through his inspiration. Pathology, through his touch, received a regeneration, and what it has become since he entered its field is largly due to his contributions and his influence. If he had done nothing else, this alone would entitle him to be placed side by side with the greatest men of any time. But his genius required a wider scope. In anthropology he has become an acknowledged authority, and he seems to be as fully at home in the one as in the other great branch of science. All the expenditure of energy which these labors demanded did not overtax our hero. He had sufficient force in reserve to enable him to acquire great distinction in quite a different field. The speeches which he made to the workingmen of Berlin in '48 were not the emanations of a wild young brain. They indicated the deep convictions that governed the man in his start in life, and which remained an inseparable part of him when he reached high position and his genius had been universally acknowledged. His keen eye, which saw disease in the human body as it seldom was seen before, did not fail to detect what was morbid in the body politic. The clearness with which he was able to demonstrate his classical autopsies, the brilliancy of his general lectures, the instructive lessons that followed those microscopes as they moved along the little railway before his class, have their analogy in the demonstrative, brilliant, and instructive character which marks his activity in legislative bodies. He has been no inconsiderable factor in that movement which has made Berlin the model municipality. In all the great questions which have occupied the German Parliament his

voice was heard and had to be listened to. True as he has always been to the interests of the medical profession, devoted as he has remained through life to science in general, he has ever been equally loyal to his convictions. A man like Virchow must at times necessarily be aggressive. To establish a fact often involves a combat with those who advocate an error, and in showing up wrong the wrong-doer cannot always be spared. He never failed in the moral courage demanded by his duty. In the earliest part of his career as a pathologist he protested against making pathology the "*Rumpelkammer*" of medicine, and there was no authority so great that he would leave it unchallenged in the statement of an error. This moral courage stood by him in '48, and characterized him when he had to meet in intellectual combat the "man of blood and iron."

The medical profession rejoices in claiming such a member; Germany can point with pride to such a son; the world must feel blessed in such a citizen.

MEMOIR OF DR. GEORGE H. ROHE, READ AT THE SPRING MEETING OF THE MARYLAND PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION, MAY 23, 1901.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Maryland Public Health Association, in devoting a part of its annual meeting to the presentation of a work of art to the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, as a tribute to the memory of Dr. George H. Rohé, furnishes a fitting opportunity for the review of the life of one who, in a remarkable way, rose to eminence in the medical profession; and for the analysis of those qualities of head and heart which endeared him to a host of friends and won for him the esteem of the community.

The value of a man cannot be fully estimated by what he has made himself unless one considers out of what he has made himself. It is not at all rare to find that those who have won distinction have risen from obscurity and that their success in life has followed a severe struggle against odds. The combination of native talents and energy, under the influence of an honorable ambition, is a mighty power which is sure to secure recognition. We often find, however, that those who have developed in this way powers by which they have secured prominence for themselves often reveal a lack of harmony in their intellectual and social qualities. In considering the character of Dr. Rohé, those who knew him well will at once concede that his was a symmetrical growth; that the moral, social, and intellectual elements in his organization were equally vigorous. . . .

Having known him as a lad and observed him preparing himself for and entering the medical profession, and having been intimately associated with him for many years as a colleague in the faculty

of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and having enjoyed his warm friendship uninterruptedly throughout this period till the time of his death, it is difficult for me to confine myself, in what I shall have to say of him, to the subject that has been assigned to me on this occasion—his "merits as a teacher." There are those among his many pupils upon whom this duty would more properly devolve. Testimony from such source would have the advantage of coming at first hand, and would give more effective expression to the thoroughness with which he did his work, the facility with which he made clear to others what he knew so well himself, and the congenial relation which existed between him and his pupils, and it would also elicit the acknowledgment of the gratitude due him from them, than which no worthier tribute could be offered on this occasion.

As it is, I shall consider myself their spokesman, and will try, as well as I can, to tell their story, as they often communicated it to me when speaking of him as their teacher. It was recognized as one of the most conspicuous features of his lectures that they bore the evidence of . . . careful and painstaking preparation. This showed that he was thoroughly in earnest, that he worked cheerfully himself and deemed his pupils worthy of his best efforts. The effect of such work in awakening interest is obvious. His earnestness never assumed that rigidity of character which is liable to reflect a sombre coloring. He could be everything but sombre. The kindness of the smile with which he stepped into the lecture hall, the unfailing *boutonnière* offering its salutation, his happy faculty of illustration, and his keen sense of humor combined to lend a cheerfulness to his lectures which made them both interesting and attractive. It cannot be claimed that he was a gifted speaker, but he was always at his ease when he spoke, was definite and clear in his statements, and put his hearers at their ease. His irrepressible fondness for fun enabled him to relish the pranks

for which the medical student is so notorious, and what in this respect would have been an annoyance to others did not disturb him in the least. In his intercourse with the students, his cordial nature drew them close to him, rendered him approachable and responsive; and . . . his bearing was ever characterized by a graceful and becoming dignity. He taught a number of branches at various times, . . . shifting rather rapidly from one chair to another, and he seemed equally at home in all of them.

In pursuing the study of his qualities as a teacher, I need not draw further from the testimony of his pupils, but can safely rely upon what I know of them myself. His adaptability to new situations was most remarkable. His transfer from Dermatology and Hygiene to Obstetrics, and, a little later, to Therapeutics and Mental Diseases, was seemingly effected without the slightest inconvenience to himself, and his skill in dealing with these varied subjects was generally regarded as equal in them all. While it must be conceded that he had an extraordinary facility in acquiring new knowledge rapidly, which was especially exemplified in what he accomplished in the treatment of the insane, there can be no doubt that his versatile achievements must be attributed in greater measure to the extensive fund of knowledge which he had carefully stored up and upon which he could freely draw at all times. We are warranted in assuming this by the character and variety of his contributions to medical science. His close professional friends had such a regard for the completeness of his knowledge of many subjects in medicine that they often indulged in the pleasantry of inquiring of him what was his most recent specialty. He enjoyed such pleasantries exceedingly. Soon after his appointment as Superintendent of Spring Grove Asylum, he was asked when he expected to publish his work on mental diseases. That work did not appear, but a work of a more lasting character stands to his credit at Springfield. This work of his will, no doubt, go through

many more editions than can be expected for any modern medical volume.

There is another side from which Rohé's achievements must be considered here. He was a man of broad culture, had a wide acquaintance with general science and the most varied literature, and he acquired a style in his contributions which at once suggested that he must have had the advantages of a thorough academic training.

Furthermore, there must be remembered on this occasion his refined tastes, his charm of manner, and the graceful freedom of his movements, which characterized him as a man of the world, and strongly suggested that he must have been reared in luxury and under the tenderest care. . . . Probably what conduced most powerfully to make him the successful teacher in medicine that he became was his very early experience as a teacher, in which he continued for many, many years. It was surely a labor of love, for through this long period he was the sole and devoted teacher of himself. As a lad of twelve years, I found him in the office of my friend, the late Dr. Augustus F. Erich, performing the functions of an office boy. He continued this work during the winter months, year after year, while during the summer he helped his widowed mother to work a small truck farm, located a few miles from this city. At the early age of twelve years he left school and received no instruction, save what he gave himself, until he entered the University of Maryland Medical School, in 1870. Dr. Erich early made prediction that the boy would make something creditable of himself, for he noticed his thirst for knowledge, and often found him late at night poring over his books. The doctor kindly allowed him the use of his library, and directed him, to some degree, in the selection of reading matter, which, no doubt, contributed greatly to his early progress. When we consider the rugged road over which he had to pass to reach his goal, and the little aid he received in the hard work he had undertaken, we

cannot but marvel at the success he attained. He was one of those who recognize early in life that they have certain endowments which must not be allowed to go to waste; and, although the circumstances did not seem propitious, he felt the moral obligation to work, to work incessantly, in order to prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. It was this consciousness which stood him in good stead in his rather varied career. He had so often found his capabilities to meet severe tests that he felt he could confidently rely upon them.

There are those who put too low an estimate on what they are capable of doing, and fail in life because they start out and pursue their way so timidly that their opportunities are snatched from them when within their very grasp. There are others whose conceit so magnifies their powers that they are moved by temerity to undertake anything. They stumble at every step, wander recklessly, lose themselves and come to grief in a thousand ways. But there are also those who have that vision which enables them to see themselves exactly as they are. They have tested themselves and found the degree of strain they can safely bear; they have measured their talents and know how far they will reach; they have gauged their capacity and know what they can take in. These usually reap the full advantage of their powers; go through life safely, steadily advancing, and ultimately reaching their destination.

Of the latter class Dr. Rohé was an eminent example. He knew the strength of every fibre within him. He felt that the ground upon which he stood was firm; and, when he placed all his energies in a new venture, he was sure that he had invested safely. Fears did not haunt, nor obstacles deter him. He assumed new positions as if they were but everyday affairs; and, the newer they were to him, the greater was the credit that he gained in filling them. Such was Rohé, the teacher; such was Rohé, the man: the teacher because he was such a man; the man because he was such a teacher.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "OUR CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION, MAY THEY ALL PASS A SUCCESSFUL EXAMINATION," AT A BANQUET GIVEN BY THE FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, JANUARY 1, 1880.

GENTLEMEN:

I feel that I can cheerfully respond to the sentiment just announced, for, judging from the pleasant countenances of the gentlemen who form the subject of the toast, we need feel no great solicitude with regard to the manner in which they will acquit themselves in the approaching struggle. During the past week business men all over the country have been engaged in preparing accurate accounts of assets and liabilities, so that in comparing them they might be able to judge of their prospects in the year 1880; and, as the one or the other has preponderated, work will be resumed either under the encouragement of anticipated success, or under the paralyzing influence of impending failure.

I presume that during the recent vacation you have been somewhat similarly engaged, for the year 1880 will be a very eventful one to you. You have no doubt carefully examined into the character of your assets, composed of the knowledge you have acquired, and of your liabilities, consisting of the knowledge you will be expected to give evidence of; and, though you may not be permitted to exult over any very great excess of your assets, you are no doubt able to obtain such a satisfactory report from your balance sheet that it will enable you to resume your labor with clear heads and light hearts. You may be somewhat horrified by the long list of

items for which you will have to answer in the various accounts, but the more ambitious among you have probably been convinced already, during the terrible ordeal of quizzing to which you have been subjected for the past three months, that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail; and to those among you who are somewhat less sanguine, I would whisper by way of encouragement that their creditors are not Shylocks, but clever fellows who will extend an honorable release for a little less than one hundred cents on the dollar.

There is *Anatomy* for example, usually pictured as a cold, austere, uncompromising individual; you will find him a warm-hearted, responsive creditor, who will gladly accept your returns of old bones, débris of viscera, the old trunks of some [blood] vessels, provided that you know the point from which they sail and the harbor which they reach, and that you deliver them in a presentable shape; and let me tell you confidentially that that can be accomplished by encasing them in a plaster of Paris jacket.[1]

Physiology will parade a long list of questions concerning respiration, circulation, digestion, assimilation, nutrition, reproduction, and so on; but he is so ashamed of the fact that there are so many questions in his department which he cannot answer that he will call it square if you will simply tell how to cure whooping cough, or in the event that you have not made this discovery, acquaint him with the prophylaxis of scarlatina; every old woman can tell you that.[2]

Surgery will disappoint you most. He will confront you with grim visage, with glittering steel, and will savor of blood, and though you have known him not to give five minutes grace when

[1] The Professor of Anatomy also held the chair of Orthopedic Surgery.

[2] Physiology and Diseases of Children were taught by the same professor.

an obligation was due him at nine o'clock in the morning,[8] he is not what he appears to be; he purposes to heal and not to wound, and when he sometimes premeditates cruelty it does not hurt anybody, for he collapses under the idea himself.

The venerable form that will appear to you in the department of nervous diseases and clinical medicine has so long been engaged in the discussion of historical, political, religious, and even scientific subjects, in which he occasionally takes one side and then the other, and often both, that he might forgive you if you answer his questions correctly, but he would decidedly prefer for you to prove to him that he was wrong. The style of argument that you are to employ to accomplish this end, will, as you know, be taught *gratis* every Sunday afternoon in the Society for Free Discussions.

Gynecology will lead you in dark and tortuous recesses where dreadful crimes are often perpetrated, by surgeons of course, in regard to which you will have to give evidence, and if you fail to describe accurately the dreadful scenes . . . it may be a satisfaction for you to know that the mistakes which you may make in this department will be just as difficult to detect as those made by very great gynecologists.

One thing of importance, gentlemen; it will not do to be too modest, and to show you a good example in this respect I will speak now of myself, before mentioning any more of my colleagues. I shall not expect you to know more than I taught you; in this regard I may be more liberal than some gentlemen whom I have not mentioned.

Thus far I have indicated to you how to secure a majority of votes, and this is all that is required. I should be extremely obliged to you after you have passed the ordeal, if you furnish me

[8] His lecture hour.

with some points in reference to the faculty which I have not mentioned, so that I can make some useful revelations to the class that is to succeed you.

In conclusion, permit me to wish you a happy New Year and to indulge the hope of soon grasping your hands to congratulate you on the most creditable results of your examinations.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE FACULTY," AT THE BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MARCH 1, 1882.

GENTLEMEN:

I deem it a great compliment, after talking so much to you during the past winter and often feeling that I had overtaxed your patience, that you signify willingness to have me speak again on this occasion. I must confess that I am not reluctant to speak to you now, for I am anxious to embrace this opportunity to congratulate you upon the attainment of the honor which bestows upon you fellowship in an honored profession, and to wish you uninterrupted success in the new career which you now begin.

The struggle has ended, and many an intense anxiety has subsided, many an annoying fear has been dispelled, and, amid the sweet strains of music and floral tributes from loving hands, and the hearty plaudits . . . of friends, you have been invested with the badge which admits you to membership in a noble fraternity. The faculty which has bestowed upon you this badge feels great pride that it has been enabled to reinforce the profession with such solid material, not because there has been any very apparent scarcity of physicians, but because you who now enter the old ranks as new men give so much promise of also becoming true men in your fidelity to our ancient creed, embracing devotion to service and duty to humanity.

It is one of the greatest enjoyments of this faculty to meet its graduates around the festive board at this season, to witness their joy, and to enter into the spirit of their fresh enthusiasm. But a few days ago and there were but few among you that would not

have readily answered as clinical objects to demonstrate pronounced anæmia; your emaciated forms appeared to invoke a fresh supply of nourishment, and told the mournful tale of inexpressible waste; and your unstrung nervous system and your bleared eyes bore unmistakable testimony to your close companionship with the midnight lamp. But the sudden transfusion which this faculty has practised upon you has returned the bloom to your cheeks, has filled up the hollow places, has extended buoyancy to your nerves, and made your eyes sparkle with delight. What a transformation! And as you carried off so proudly the significant roll of sheepskin, you carried with you the consciousness that you had done your duty well, and no doubt most of you feel that you are masters of the situation. This is a pleasant illusion, and I would not for the world be so cruel as to disturb it on this occasion. Your diploma is very much like the letter of credit with which the traveller provides himself before sailing on his journey; he first makes a deposit with some banking firm, for which he receives the certificate which insures the freedom of his future movements. You have also made a deposit before starting upon your journey; you have deposited the evidence that you have that mental fund which will entitle you to the proper recognition from the profession wherever you will go, and gain for you in the community in which you will live that respect to which the skulking itinerant quack can never aspire.

The letter of credit that we issue differs from that coming from a banking house in one very important particular, in that the former is simply signed by the collective name of the firm, while we sign our individual names. Well, this is not amiss, for in studying the individual signatures you may learn very important lessons. There is O.'s signature, very little, straight up and down; even his O's have an appearance of straightness that one could hardly suppose a round thing could be made to assume, which he

no doubt intends should remind you of the rectitude of character which is so indispensable to the true physician, and warn you of those crooked things to which there are so many temptations.

Next follows the name of Lynch; what an amount of positiveness appears in that signature! Obstinacy, I hear some one whisper, but that's a villainous mistake; I will refute the calumny; everyone can read in that signature that, no matter what G. and the whole world may say, it is as safe to give a teaspoonful of *Veratrum Viride* as it is to administer a restorative cordial, and further that he will allow no man and no book to dictate to him the dose of quinine which is requisite to constitute the abortive treatment of typhoid fever. I think I could improve the relation of the first letter of his name with the rest, but I shall not say anything about it, for a man that will not move an "inch" can hardly be expected to move an "ell."

L. signs next; what symmetry of letters, emblematical of the completeness of his character; and, though all know his fixedness of purpose, we find one letter leaning a little one way, and another inclining in another direction, which means that the true gentleman, of whom he is the type, will always bend a little whenever friendship makes the demand or courtesy whispers its delicate appeal.

The next name is a perfect photograph of E: it is as broad as it is long; it looks a little blunt, but you know he knows of no equivocation or circumlocution; what he says he wants to be understood, and what he writes he wants to be thoroughly legible. So it seems that he always signs his name with the sharp point of a sponge tent, though I don't want to be understood as saying that it is only with the sponge tent that he has made his mark.

B.'s signature would serve a good purpose on the first line of any copy-book; it is a perfect piece of penmanship. Whenever he signs his name he seems to be under the inspiration flowing from

the contemplation of some perfect piece of Grecian statuary; he worships at the shrine of beauty; he cannot bear the least asymmetry, and that is what makes him such a good orthopedic surgeon; he hints to you in that signature to allow no deformity to develop, . . . and to slap on the plaster jacket wherever you successfully can.

C. cleverly reminds you of all the anastomosis which it will be necessary for you to know in your future surgical practice. How deftly are those letters entwined! The initial of his middle name will remind you somewhat of a Bridge of Sighs, typifying his examination, a painful eternity, for it is without beginning, without end.

A. makes a dash here, a dash there, and so his signature is evolved; and, though he dashes fearlessly in every direction, he never misses his mark. He reminds you not to keep your minds in one direction; to live in medicine but not to bury yourselves in it; to cultivate your mind with useful knowledge from every source.

G.'s signature tells a whole history of experiences of strange hallucinations, of fearful storms on the sea of life, but there issues from it the triumphant exclamation, Richard is himself again!

S.'s signature represents the condition of incomplete crystallization; he can write a great deal better than he would have it appear, but he wishes to hint to you that, though you have all passed brilliant examinations in his branch, there is still a good deal of chemistry for you to learn. His signature must have been seen by the boy of whom it was told that he was caught doing something wrong, but was accorded the privilege of choosing his punishment; he wanted it to be like Italian penmanship, the up-strokes heavy, the down-strokes light. S.'s up-strokes have the lightness of hydrogen gas, his down-strokes the powerful effect of nitric acid.

Neither of myself nor of my signature shall I speak on this oc-

casion, not that I am so modest that I fear that nothing remarkable could be found in either, but because I am the only fellow with whom I have had an intimate acquaintance, whom I have not yet found out. Indifferent as I may be to know the opinion of some, I confess, gentlemen, that I shall always feel proud to have your good opinion, and to live in your kind remembrance.

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MARCH 3, 1884.

GENTLEMEN:

The Alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons receive to-day one hundred and twenty-seven new recruits. These are strangers to those of you who may be looked upon as . . . veterans. It is well that you should become better acquainted with one another, and it is perhaps not out of place that one of the faculty who knows both parties should tell the one who the other is. I will probably not be charged with violating the rules of propriety when I give age the precedence, and so I shall address myself to the older ones first. The one hundred and twenty-seven to whom we ask you to-day to extend the hand of fellowship have given every evidence in the examinations which they have just finished that they are made of the proper stuff. They have exhibited such earnestness of purpose and such unwavering diligence during the whole course of their work that we are warranted in the prediction that they will continue to reflect credit upon their *Alma Mater* in the future. That they are "honorable men," and that they have "well-equipped themselves for the duties of the profession" in which they shall soon enroll themselves as members, the diploma which will be bestowed upon them to-morrow will serve as an ample credential. But this is perhaps not all that you want to know about them, satisfactory as this information must be. You would like, no doubt, also to know what else they have learned, or rather what they have not forgotten, and let me say here that the traditions that you have bequeathed to them have been pre-

served with sacred care. The same scenes were exhibited between the acts as in days of yore. The same music resounded in the halls between the lectures as in those days when you were the choristers, sung, perhaps, with a little more fervor, and with a stray peanut, now and then, indicating a higher "pitch." If you could have stood with us in the circle and gazed upon the scene in the very first row, you would have been convinced that others could suffer a leg being out of place as well as you did in times gone by. The only accidents which were not so readily repaired and were a little more serious in their character, were quite a number of fractures of legs, of course I mean the legs of chairs. As with you, this violent spirit was indulged in only by nobody, and only in this way was it discovered that there were nobodies in the class. We have continued to notice about the same proportion who would apparently go to sleep regularly during the lectures, and, as before, we were forced by the examinations which they passed to the conclusion that they must have slept with one ear open. To maintain full affiliation with former classes they have apparently been highly delighted with many a bad joke, and as mercilessly turned a deaf ear to many a good one. About the same number have told me in confidence about a certain joke of a certain professor (the only one he has), that they heard it once before, probably to attract my attention to their memory. I hope I am not perpetrating a breach of confidence when I tell you that the various members of the faculty would willingly forgive every member of the class if he forgot the jokes which he heard in the previous session.

And now a word to those that are initiated as new members on this occasion. In telling the older alumni how much you have been like them I have simultaneously told you how much they were like you during their college career. I have to add what they have been since. They have illustrated by their success in the profes-

sion that when good seed is planted in proper soil wholesome fruit will plenteously follow. There are many among them of whom we are proud; there are none among them of whom we need be ashamed. They have all, no doubt, made mistakes, and profited by them. You will, no doubt, make some mistakes; and, if you could compare them with the mistakes that they have made, you would immediately detect the blood relationship by the great likeness which they bear to each other. There is one mistake I warn you all not to make, and that is to remain single. We have one bachelor in the faculty expressly for the purpose of serving as a warning example. . . .

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MARCH 12, 1885.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association:

It is very pleasant indeed, after the hard work which the session just ended has entailed upon us, and the earnest times which marked its termination, to meet together and to rejoice together in the continued prosperity of your *Alma Mater.* It is pleasant to behold the veterans and the new recruits joining hands in the interest of the institution to which they owe their professional lives. It is to be hoped that the old soldiers who have been in the fight have glad tidings to bring to the young companions to whom they are now extending for the first time the hand of fellowship, and that their example of affection and constancy and devotion to duty may be felt and be appreciated, and inspire those who are putting on the armor and preparing for the battle for the first time. This is not the time to give advice nor to preach sermons, for you are all, no doubt, brimful of good resolutions to remain good men, to become reputable physicians, and always to remember kindly your *Alma Mater.* I have no doubt that you have all provided yourselves with the picture of the faculty, to be doubly sure that your affections will not be estranged from them in your journey through life. It is a very good idea. It is a great pity that the picture is not nearly so good. I have the group hanging in my office; I must confess the only thing which I admire about it is the good company in which I find myself. Professor O., who is a great art critic, looked at it the other day when he honored me with a visit, and wanted to know whether it was a rogues' gallery. I pointed to the

tallest figure, which looked more like him than anybody that I know, and said, "This is the biggest one"; I alluded, of course, to the size. After all, photographs don't serve the purpose exactly. Even if you were provided with the very best and you came back after some years, you might not even recognize those whom they represented. I think we can learn something from the Chinese and Japanese. You are, no doubt, all aware that they have an entirely different notion of art from ours. We attempt to paint the thing as it is or was; they place upon the canvas something that suggests the thing, person, or idea which they wish to show. They have objects which, placed in the proper way, represent joy, or grief, or battle, or victory, and so forth; a crow, a cock perched upon a drum, and a dragon, are examples of these objects. I propose to prepare a picture of this kind for you, with your permission; and I find it no very great task, for the surgeon's armamentarium contains all that is needed.

Who could ever forget Professor O. with the aspirating needle before him? A long, thin thing, through which large accumulations can be evacuated with great facility, through comparatively small openings.

Professor L., the *écraseur,*—who will not immediately recognize the likeness? With the *écraseur* we can secure a firm hold on things, but when we keep on screwing, as Dr. L. keeps on increasing the dose of his remedies, the thing drops off.

Dr. L.[1] will be represented by the single blade of the obstetric forceps; there is a great deal of metal in it, and it is highly polished; how complete would it be with the other blade!

In the sponge tent we find a perfect fac-simile of Professor E.; you can compress it as you will, and, pushed in the smallest crevices, in the most obscure recesses, it will make room for itself and

[1] A bachelor.

FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF BALTIMORE,

About 1884

A. F. Erich T. S. Latimer R. Gundry A. Friedenwald T. Opie G. H. Rohé C. F. Bevan
O. J. Coskery W. Simon J. S. Lynch A. B. Arnold

come to life, and finally you will hardly find a place roomy enough for it.

Professor B. will be represented in the group which I draw for you by the mallet and chisel, instruments which, in the hands of the sculptor, preserve the type of symmetry in the human body, and which will always serve as a reference to Professor B.'s orthopædic skill; and, although he is neither a sculptor nor a mason, you have recently had evidence how well he can cut out a stone and cut for stone.

Professor C. gives me the least trouble; he is a sort of natural negative; all you have to do is to print the picture. I have done so, and what do you think I obtained? A saw. The saw is an instrument which goes backward and forward, backward and forward, upward and downward, upward and downward, and if you don't watch it closely you won't know where it is, but it gets through with its work well and in due time. I don't like to tell tales out of school, but if you promise not to tell anyone else I will confide a secret to you. In Faculty meetings it is often extremely important to have his counsel and his vote, and we often have to send out exploring expeditions after him, which sometimes find him in the wards of the Hospital, or in the Museum, at times in the dispensary, and again back in the kitchen, all this at the same meeting.

Professor A. is a double-edged catlin; it requires very little pushing to bring it forward, and on whatever side it is used it makes way for itself.

The well-soaked sponge will always remind you of Professor G.; press where you will, you will always find there is something in it.

I shall leave an empty space in which you will have to look for Professor S.; there is nothing there; as there is nothing in the armamentarium to stand in his stead, for there is nobody who can teach medical students as much chemistry as he can.

Professor R. I shall represent by the trephine, the brush, and the lever; in all his literary work he goes below the surface, but he doesn't do it by boring; he brushes away the débris, and with the lever brings hidden things to view, so that all can see them. I am sorry that I had to retain the brush, which is inseparable from the group, for it has much too much hair on it to look anything like R.

There is one in the faculty I have almost forgotten; I should be extremely sorry if you ever will. I think he can be best pictured by the surgical needle, a small insignificant thing, hardly to be noticed among the other more pretentious instruments . . . No doubt all of you still remember that when you were not very careful in approaching the eye you were very apt to be stuck.

Accept this picture with my kindest regards; take it with you, hang it in your offices, and look at it occasionally; and I feel sure when you come back to us in after years, if we are here at all, you will find us less altered than the photographs would indicate.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE FINAL EXAMINATION; EXAMINE ME ON THE PARTICULARS OF MY KNOWLEDGE," AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MARCH 15, 1887.[1]

GENTLEMEN:

The toast just announced proposes two very broad subjects for what must necessarily be one very short speech, "The final examination," and "Examine me on the particulars of my knowledge." I am sure, gentlemen, that you who have just passed the ordeal will agree with me that, even with most judicious economy of words, the final examination is a subject so suggestive as fully to occupy the time that this occasion would well allow, even if treated in a most general way. Therefore the task imposed upon me, to add anything that refers to particulars, particularly to the particulars of my knowledge, would require of me a skill in verbal financiering which I certainly cannot claim to possess.

The final examination is an epidemic which appears regularly once a year, about the same season, lasting about the same time, and assailing young men of a certain class. It is always anticipated with an anxiety out of all proportion to its comparatively low rate of mortality. The attack to which the unfortunate individual is subjected is preceded by a distinct premonitory stage, lasting usually a few weeks, marked by insomnia, emaciation, anæmia, and impairment of mental vigor. In this condition the sufferer usually appeals to his physician, the quiz-master, for relief. He advises him to partake liberally of mental food, and

[1] At that date oral examinations were still in vogue, the student meeting a different instructor each day.

prescribes for him a bounteous supply of well-prepared text-books, to which he adds an endless number of instructions to secure their thorough digestion. But, lo, the appetite will not respond. He next tempts him with little dainties of well-seasoned compends which may be relished for a short time, but generally soon become nauseating, and then superinduce ineffectual deglutition. The poor patient at this juncture is much dismayed, but his doctor has not exhausted his resources; he brings forth the stomach tube, thrusts it through his rebellious esophagus, and pours in his concentrated broth until he can pour in no more. Now the patient cries out imploringly, "Hold up, for I am sure to burst," but the doctor smiles complacently, and replies, "Fear not, for you are well crammed." Now the febrile attack is ushered in; it is of the quotidian type, repeats itself daily with great regularity, varying in its intensity somewhat on different days, having a cold, a hot, and a sweating stage. From this time on the doctor sinks into oblivion, and a professor steps into the foreground, each day another. They treat the patient as if he had swallowed something belonging to them which they wanted to get out of him again at all hazards. They press him hard on all sides, they pump him most unmercifully, and they call the process an examination. Except for the legal significance of the term, it might better be styled a cross-examination which, with its multiplicity of demurrers and rebuttals, is deserving of the title of an "Inquisition." These inquisitors get out of many of their victims all they seek; more is the wonder, when we consider how awkwardly they go about it. Out of many they obtain but a fair quantity, and here it must be said to their credit that they are always willing to accept a reasonable compromise. In isolated cases they find nothing, even after the most persistent search. This phenomenon has been variously explained, some claiming there was nothing to find, while others believe that the indiscriminate ham-

mering that was done has sometimes accidently closed up the bung hole. Woe to him who will some day have to answer for the many answers that have thus been suppressed!

I have not consulted the toast-master as to whom he means in the annex to the toast, "Examine me on the particulars of my knowledge;" certainly not the recent graduate, for he would indignantly reject the honor in the language of Falstaff, "No more examinations for me, I have my belly full of them." I take it for granted that he must mean the individual members of the faculty who have been kept so busy during the session dispensing their general knowledge that they could not find time to reveal their particular knowledge.

I will, therefore, take the liberty to ask Professor O. in behalf of the toast-master, for the benefit of the recent graduate, how to steer safely between conflicting influences of obstetrics and gynecology, the former teaching as it does to let the uterus have its own way and its own time to get rid of things, and the latter seemingly holding out at all times the temptation to get out of it all one can.

I would ask Professor L., who has discovered the real kinship of the white and red corpuscles, which, according to him, stand to each other as progenitor and offspring,[2] whether the recently discovered placque, which we all must acknowledge is a blood relation, is to be regarded as a grandparent or a grandchild.

I would ask Professor L. to forget for a moment his weakness for full and late suppers and to designate what would be a minimum of cheap nourishment that would answer the purpose of an abdominal support,—of course I don't mean an abdomen of the dimensions of his own. It might be useful to the young practitioner in his early experience, in enabling him to avoid the unpleasantness of too frequently recurring fast-days.

[2] A pet theory of his.

Of Professor B. I would ask, for the benefit of the poor student who is led into the dangerous currents of anatomy, in which he cannot find his way, in which he has either stranded, been totally shipwrecked, or formed a sort of embolus, whether there is no more pleasant way out of the difficulty than to be extricated readily and easily,[8] or easily and readily, after first being crushed into fragments, however, by a species of lithotrity.

Professor C. is noted for demanding very prompt answers in anything relating to emergencies. No student will fail when he asks "What would you do, if . . . ," to reply, before he has finished the sentence, "Stop the hemorrhage, sir." I now ask him if a man is blown up in the air, whether it is justifiable to wait till he comes down, or whether he would suggest something to do in the meantime.

Of Professor A. I would ask, for the benefit of some of my colleagues, the recipe for the soothing syrup which he administers to the students in his examinations, which enables them to maintain such perfect composure amid scenes made horrible by insensibility, hyperæsthesia, spasms, convulsions, incoordination, paralysis, collapse, and coma.

Of Professor G., to whom I am sure we are greatly indebted for the information regarding many remarkable things and concerning men of all times with which he so successfully illustrates his instructions, I would ask, if he has anything remarkable to relate about anybody this evening, to restrict himself,—I don't like to ask impossibilities, and therefore I won't say to some person present, but, in deference to our national pride, I would ask him not to carry us to some foreign clime, for we are beginning to think that this is a big country too, at least too large to be entirely ignored.

[8] A characteristic mannerism of the professor in question.

I do not want to slight Professor S., but I have an aversion to a chemical cauldron; it always savors of sulphuretted hydrogen, which, as it is, we have to succumb to frequently enough from other sources; but if he has any secrets to communicate I willingly extend to him *carte blanche.*

My last question is to Professor R. He has a good head on him; it is as replete within as it is barren without. I cannot look upon its summit without being reminded of the goal of the Arctic explorer, the open sea at the North pole. I would ask him why he don't get married. You may be surprised that I did not ask him a question of a more scientific character; my reason is that there is no question so simple but that he can give it scientific significance.

In conclusion, gentlemen of the graduating class, permit me to assure you of my good wishes, and to express the hope that in those self-examinations to which you will all have to subject yourselves, you will be able to answer unhesitatingly, "I have led a pure life and I have remained an honest man," and that a diploma bearing these words will secure the proper endorsement after the grand final examination which will take place in a better world.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE SPECIALIST" AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, MARCH 15, 1888.

The specialist, although he has settled among us for some time, is still looked upon as a newcomer; and the talk about him, as to what he is and what he pretends to be, still continues. He certainly has added a new army corps to our professional forces. How came he so rapidly from the rear to the van? Has he merited the advancement which he has attained? Has he fulfilled the promises with which he has been so lavish? These questions are all answered very satisfactorily if the answer is left to himself. I should not always like to answer for him. He considers himself a species of a higher development, destined to survive, and looks pityingly upon the general practitioner as a subject for the study of the paleontologist of the future. He is a creature of one specialty but many peculiarities, of which I would mention the peculiarity of his mental organization.

In the storehouse of his knowledge there is but one pigeon-hole occupied. In some instances this has always been so, the house simply being too large for the owner from the beginning; in other cases the empty apartments had at one time been occupied, but the tenants were evicted because they did not pay any rent. He has proved himself a very prolific being, however, and has brought up a remarkably large family. This is specially remarkable when we take into consideration the short time that he has been in the business, and when we allow for those of his offspring that were still-born, and for the miscarriages that happened in his family.

The ophthalmologist is his first-born and he is proud of his birthright, although he has exhibited a great fondness for his mess of pottage too. If there is anything bad to say about him I shall not do it, for he deserves much sympathy for the struggles that he had to go through in the beginning. He had at first to lead a romantic life, doing his work by the wayside as best he could, nowhere finding a sufficiently firm footing to place himself permanently. The disadvantage under which he labored was that he had no scope, but a better day at last dawned for him and an angel in the form of Helmholtz, the great German physiologist and physicist, appeared to him and placed one in his hand. Since then he has been enabled to reveal a whole new world, and now everybody is willing to do him homage.

The next one added to the family was the laryngologist. He was a lucky fellow from the start. He was, so to say, born holding a silver spoon in somebody else's mouth. He did not have to grope his way long in the dark; he received inspiration from his elder brother to discover that light which permitted him to explore regions which had never been beheld before. All honor is due him, for he has given speech to the dumb, and breath to expiring life.

The gynecologist was born all at once; there were no throes of labor to go through with, and, to show consistency, he did not even wait for the christening, but made a name for himself. He is entitled to our full respect, for, besides all the good that he has done for suffering woman, and all the good that he has done for himself—and that has not always been little—he has the credit for opening the way for the possibilities of the abdominal surgery of our day. It is to be regretted that there are some specimens of this species who disgrace the family name. They are to be likened to the bacteria which are known by the stains which they bear. Let us hope that they are not as numerous as is sometimes whispered.

The neurologist next deserves conspicuous honor. What a task he has undertaken! What an intricate instrument has he not attempted to master, a harp with a thousand strings! How learnedly he speaks, when we ask what the disease is, and where the disease is; and how silent he is, unfortunately, when we ask where the remedy is! He is entitled to lasting gratitude, however, for, besides the great discoveries which are the guides for himself, he has furnished a map for cerebral surgery, the acquisition of which domain ranks deservedly as one of the greatest achievements of our time. Let us hope that he may soon receive a new revelation for the improvement of his therapeutics, so that he will either be enabled to throw aside altogether those electrical playthings with which he has been so much employed or be permitted to make more practical use of them. In the meantime we owe him many thanks, for he has been a splendid summer and winter resort to send our hysterical women to when we had to rid ourselves of them for a while.

And now a word in regard to the genito-urinary surgeon. I do not know what to admire most in him, the skill with which he gets things out of the bladder, or the readiness with which he thrusts things into the bladder. After witnessing him passing a sound of the size of a crow-bar through the urethra, I am now prepared to see him extract a stone through the same channel by means of the obstetric forceps. He has had a hard lot assigned to him, that of a "hewer of stone" and a "drawer of water." Let us therefore forgive him for the innocent blood he has often shed in cutting strictures that never existed.

I shall not apologize to the rectal surgeon for having deferred my respects to him to this period of my remarks; for he is rather used to being brought in at the end of things. He is the youngest in the family and, under the circumstances, bright, cheerful, and happy. He has not been without his mishaps. He was born a mistake. He had made up his mind to be born a gynecolo-

gist, but the field was occupied; and in looking around for an opening he found one in the immediate neighborhood. And now let me take my leave of this happy family.

Before doing this, however, permit me to say to the young graduate here present who may desire to become a specialist, to be a physician first, and to remain a physician throughout his career in addition to being a specialist, in clinging to the mission which is the basis of our profession. Gather new knowledge wherever you can, but never abandon our ancient creed. Avoid the company of those specialists who avow a professional agnosticism, and preach an ethical culture of their own.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE CAP AND GOWN" AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:

It is a bad thing for a man to be too good natured. I don't claim to be the first one to have made this discovery, but I never realized so thoroughly the truth of this aphorism till I had given my assent to respond to the toast you have just heard. "The Cap and Gown!" "What in the world can a man say on such a subject that is sensible?" is the question that confronts me and fills me with horror; and I should be reasonably consoled could I assure myself that I might say something that was decently nonsensical. The only cheering thought that I can find is that, on an occasion like this, one is not expected to be in a frame of mind in which he can be held strictly accountable for what he says. To obtain a little inspiration I presented myself before a mirror after having crawled into the inside of the attire in question. My fears were instantly confirmed; there was not much in it.

I do not know who introduced the fashion originally; I am inclined to think that it was the product of a gradual evolution. Probably the Cap and the Gown had quite different origins. It is quite likely that, when bald heads were not quite as fashionable as now, some old college professor who decided to protect and perhaps conceal the inconvenient nakedness on the summit of his anatomy, originated the natural skull cap, and imposed the style upon a long line of successors; finally one arose who tried to do something remarkable by standing before the world in an attitude a little different from that in which college professors

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were wont to appear, and he thought he could make a great sensation by standing on his head, to facilitate which he resorted to the patent mortar-board attachment.

The next great discovery . . . was made, no doubt, when some other college professor found that the cap could be worn without standing on one's head. Things have been going on pretty well since that time, except on certain occasions when it became exceedingly difficult to decide whether a professor was standing on his head or on his feet. So much for the probable early history of the cap.

But whence came the gown? There is not the slightest difficulty in explaining that. It is fair to infer that in ancient times there were just as absent-minded professors as there are to-day, and it was a most natural accident that one of them should have seized upon a Mother Hubbard hung upon a professor's hook and put it on instead of an overcoat. The gracefulness of the combination of the Cap and the Gown was at once recognized. The Cap and Gown became from that time on in many places essential to the dignity of every professor and of every young doctor, and this ancient habiliment has finally been rehabilitated here. It is a new thing with us, but it won't take long for us to get used to it, and we shall soon ask ourselves how we got on so long without it. But we must guard against accident, and therefore I would warn our worthy Dean, Professor O., not to stand himself in some corner for a little rest; for, as it is quite natural that he should be very tired when he wears the uniform, he might fall asleep, and some fellow who had not seen such a thing before might come along, and, if it rained outside, might take him for an umbrella, and seize him by what he would regard as the handle and try to hoist him. I hope my friend O. will not take offense at being compared to an umbrella, for I really intend to pay him a well deserved compliment. The comparison is not suggested by the fact that he is of

tall and slender form and can be made to spread himself when it becomes necessary, but by the fact that he has thrown every other dean that I have ever known completely into the shade.

I was much pleased to see how becoming the Cap and Gown were to my esteemed friend, Professor L.;[1] it gave him (as I thought) quite a saintly appearance, and I would advise him to wear it before the class when next he will relate his annual story of the famous young lady who passed an iceberg, and I am sure the story will be regarded as a miracle and not as a joke. If he will take my advice I will promise him to be present on the occasion. The dress suits him admirably; it does not conceal a good point about him, not even his *embonpoint;* in fact it just suits his general get-up, for I know of no one who is so quick about getting out of some things.

The Cap and Gown are no less becoming to Professor B.; they give him a veritably high-priestly appearance; I do not want to underrate his merits as to surgical knowledge and surgical skill, but I really believe he has missed his calling; I am led to believe this by the deep impression which he makes upon the class by his annual sermon at the close of his lectures, and by the sacerdotal blessing which he extends on that occasion. I felt deeply affected myself when I met the weeping multitude coming down stairs, and had to console the poor fellows and tell them not to take the parting so hard.

The Cap and Gown were first proposed in our faculty by Professor R. Gentlemen, hand this down to posterity, it is a recognition which is eminently due him. He fought hard and against odds, but he finally triumphed. I do not know whether the idea was suggested to him by any of his sanitary studies; he never told us anything about that. He suggested any number of wherefores, but it was the wherewith which was the formidable objection he had

[1] Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

to overcome. R. looks well in almost anything. He is the last man in the world whom I would begrudge the gown, but I must confess it was not a little disappointment to me this morning when the top of his head was completely concealed from view. That head has been an inspiration to me on many an occasion. You gentlemen may not see anything on the top of that head, but I have always been so fortunate as to find something there to hold on to. It has served me to good purpose in affording a place for copious imaginary memoranda.

Having begun to divulge secrets, I might as well leave the whole cat out of the bag; I mean no disrespect, for I shall now have to say a word about Professor P. You all know that he was manufactured at the University of Pennsylvania; and you will agree with me that the job was well done. We all had a very high opinion of the University of Pennsylvania, even before the notable sample of its products just mentioned came among us, and we were quite willing to follow the example of the University of Pennsylvania in any way by which the methods of our college might be improved. We felt that Professor P. had some revelation to make; but, although we extended every possible encouragement to him to unbosom himself, he remained taciturn for quite a while. We inquired about the laboratories, about the lectures, about the building, about the three years' course, about preliminary requirements; and all these inquiries were met by a silent but negative shake of his ponderous head. But there came an occasion at last when he seemed prepared for a grand announcement; we assembled around him, he drew himself up in a most earnest attitude, and breathed the words: "Cap and Gown!"

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, APRIL 19, 1893.

Mr. Toastmaster:

So you want to have a snap-shot at me this time! Well, help yourself, but be prepared for the worst. On this occasion, where everything is so exceedingly pleasant and such good cheer prevails, where so many good fellows who were never expected to be equal to the task have made such very fine speeches, and where keen wit has spouted forth from what was looked upon as barren rock for such phenomena, the rock not being smitten by the staff, but wit issuing forth as a living stream at your command; when sparkling humor has spent its brightest pearls with a lavish hand, and deepest sentiment has floated gracefully on the current of thought, and new jokes have been born without disaster to either mother or child, and have been held up to us in newest editions, and stories have been told in such a charming style that, though much of them was old, there was more of them that was new, and when imagination has soared in such celestial flights from minds whose reasoning has been wont to dwell in frigid zones, and when poetry has seized the reins of speech and lyric strains have flowed from lips that but yesterday spoke of dry bones and bleeding piles, club feet and pylosalpinx, gangrene and gallstones, melancholia and castor oil,—on such an occasion, Mr. Toastmaster, I am willing to be resigned to my fate.

Mr. Toastmaster, we owe you a great debt of gratitude for the very rich feast you have prepared for us. What the Carrollton has offered has been as good as its well-deserved reputation

has justified us in expecting, but, in comparison with the intellectual menu that you have spread before us, it is as a barbecue to Delmonico's, and I feel greatly inclined to pour my blessings, in behalf of this good company, upon your reverend head, but when I gaze upon that slippery convexity, as I have a great dread for accidents, I am afraid to run the risk of pouring anything on it. I well remember the time when it looked like an ordinary head, and when first that noble forehead began swiftly to claim its just dimensions; but soon that Rubicon, the coronal suture, was passed, and the devastation has gradually marched onward in the sagittal line, now and then, making a malicious centrifugal sweep until nothing has been left to sweep away, and the occipital protuberance stands out in bold relief as the distant milestone that has been left behind. But after all there has been no great damage done; indeed, it would have been a pity to have such a head concealed by even the most beautiful growth. We can now see what a fitting superstructure it is to all that it surmounts. It reminds one of a magnificent dome of some grand cathedral.

But there is other architectural material here that we must not overlook. There is O., standing among us as the towering spire that is eagerly looked for in the distance, that has stood the test of time, and defies the storms that have beat against it; that stands now where it was placed in the beginning; that casts no shadows, but reflects sunshine on all sides and leans toward none. He is a jolly good fellow; he is a man equal to any task, but a hero in emergencies; in the perplexities which beset him at this season he often mislays his papers, but never loses his temper.

I like to please all parties, and there may be those who would like to see two domes upon the same structure. My friend L. would be available in such an emergency, but then he would have to be placed horizontally, belly upward, and I am too good a friend to suffer that he should be on his back. Besides he serves

a much more useful purpose; as long as he can stand safely and happily alone, he is the strong fortress which firmly props up all the rest.

The building would not be complete without our friend B. He is a man of deep emotions. How touching are his words when he bids you farewell, how deeply he sighs for the griefs that may threaten you! How anxious he is that all may go well with you! The rest of us may feel as deeply as he, but we cannot show it nearly so well. We could not afford to do without him on that account. He is our canaliculus [tear-duct], but I am not speaking anatomically, but architecturally; let us therefore place him as the rainspout through which we shall pour all our tears.

Next there is Professor S., whose perennial smile would lead me to doubt that there is any acid in nature, certainly in his nature. He shall be represented as the open door which speaks a friendly welcome to all, that does not creak upon its hinges, and, if it be a sliding door, it certainly must be one that never flies off the track.

And now we'll want a weather-cock; C. is at hand to fill the bill, not that he turns with the wind, but because he always looks in the right direction. He never looks behind when there's danger in front, nor does he look in front when the enemy is in the rear. I might have termed him the weather-vane, but I did not want to suggest the query whether he was vain or not, or whether there was anything in his looks that entitled him to be vain. He was not made for show, but for service; and, like many other home-made things, will be sure to wear well.

And there is Professor P.; he is made up of the straightest timber, and will do well for the balustrade. It is a good thing to hold on to; it leads the way to safety and tells when you go the wrong way. Not one of those balustrades that can be straddled,

or sat upon, or jumped over; I say this in friendly warning to those not fully initiated.

We have been on the roof; now let's go to the cellar and inspect the catacombs, the repository of the trophies of death. Here is the great art gallery in which disease has hung its paintings, and deformity has placed its statues. You will feel a little uncomfortable here; the air is damp and chilly. But look again; by some legerdemain the building has been reversed and you are suddenly in the top story, and the friendly countenance of my friend K. greets you. You know he don't mind having things upside down occasionally. No wonder that he is always so serious; he deals only with the dead. But perhaps he is not so serious after all; you know he is a trifle selfish, so he secures a silent audience that he may have all the fun to himself.

Last, but not least, we turn to the last addition of the structure, Professor N.;[1] he will do well for the belfry, from which the tale is "told" of many a strong pull.

And now, gentlemen of the graduating class, one word to you in conclusion. I want to present you each with a souvenir, of course in miniature, representing a dome, a spire, a fortress, a rainspout, a weather-cock, a balustrade, a catacomb, and a belfry; when you look upon them, remember kindly those whom I have made them represent on this occasion, as kindly as I am sure they will always remember you.

[1] Recently elected Professor of Obstetrics.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE COLLEGE" AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, APRIL 15, 1897.

GENTLEMEN:

I have a friend, whom I shall speak of on this occasion as "the judge," who is quite a scholar, and whose judgment is highly valued. He was requested to hear the inaugural sermon of a new preacher who had been selected by a congregation after a number of trial sermons by less fortunate aspirants. The judge came. The congregation was elated, but the judge's countenance maintained a stoical expression. After the services the dignitaries approached him for his verdict, when he said, "You have selected the wrong man." "Whom should we have chosen?" said they in their consternation. "Any other man," was his prompt reply. This would have been my answer to the committee, but the message reached me at the eleventh hour, and the committee was sly enough to be nowhere sufficiently near for my answer to reach them, and so I am here to-night to do the bidding of the committee, unwillingly, as best I can.

I am sure that you have looked forward to Dr. O. as that "any other man" to respond to the toast, and I must do the committee the justice, notwithstanding all the just grudge I bear them, to state that they knew who would be the man, the proper man, for the occasion. But Dr. O. has a head entirely his own, and he just will or will not as pleases him. He can slip through readily where others are caught, and so he has extricated himself from, and precipitated me into a difficulty. If every man were blessed as he, when in a tight place, you would never have been admonished

that it is as impossible for a man to pass through the eye of a needle as it is for a camel to enter the kingdom of heaven.

I know full well that it is quite unusual and equally unexpected on occasions of this kind to pay the slightest regard to the subject upon which one is called to speak. But I do want to say a word or two about the college, and therefore, I ask your pardon for what ordinarily would be accounted a digression. The college has long since reached vigorous adult life. Many years have passed since O. put on its last diaper. He was a faithful nurse, as many a sleepless night attested. He used to place it on the scale every day or two to see how it was getting along. But the scale had soon to be abandoned. The swaddling clothes were thrown aside long before the usual time. Every thing soon got too small for it, and at very short intervals it demanded more room for itself. It did not begin its movements by crawling, but took a bold step from the beginning. That first step was a remarkable one, for before it rose the Maternité, as if by enchantment; a new departure in which it had no guide, but in which it has been a leader to its elders. Its next great triumph was the acquisition at a single stroke of all that the Washington University had come into possession of in half a century. Before many more years had passed the City Spring lot, which had so long been conspicuous for its barrenness, was made fruitful, and the new City Hospital built upon it, and then the new well-equipped college building superseded what had been both college and hospital. This does not include all, but my story would prove too long. More significant than all these acquisitions, however, is the recognition of the influence it has wielded in bringing about the improved methods and advanced standards of modern medical education.

The college has now reached a stage in its development which will enable it to celebrate achievements in the future even more brilliant than in the past. It was no small satisfaction to

the older members of the faculty in years gone by when we were made more fully conscious of the meritorious career of the college by that notable silence which formed the sepulchre of the sneers and slander which had assailed it in its early youth. Let us hope that when the time comes when those who are young in the faculty now shall speak as I do to-night, to sons of fathers who have been my pupils, that they will be able to exult in being connected with a college which will be true to its past, an honor to themselves, and a pride to the profession.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "MUSIC" AT A BANQUET OF THE BALTIMORE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 1873 (?).

Mr. President:

We have all been taught that honest confession is good for the soul; and, not wishing to deprive that important element of my organism of the salutary influences described by this maxim, I confess here without the slightest hesitation that I do not know anything at all about music, notwithstanding which, however, I am not deterred from responding to the toast just announced, and I feel encouraged to hope that I may acquit myself not discreditably, for it is not of rare occurrence that physicians speak best on subjects which they do not understand.

Music has been extolled in poetry and prose from time immemorial for the benefits which it bestows upon mankind. Every one says that it refines our tastes, elevates our thoughts, inspires us with the beautiful and sublime, in a word, that it is the language of the soul. I have no special reason to find fault with this generally received opinion, and, if I had, I would not, for I have a superstition that it is not safe on the commencement of the new year to steer against the current of public opinion. But there are other considerations which should induce me to pay homage willingly at the shrine of music. Who is there so callous that has not felt its wondrous charms? On joyous occasions it gladdens the heart, and makes pleasure pure; in sorrow it breathes soothing consolation. From our earliest infancy we require its happy influences; and you, as medical men, can bear testimony that the maternal lullaby is more potent than the syrup of the

most venerated Mrs. Winslow. I remember but one occasion in my life when music proved a source of annoyance to me. It was on the occasion of a professional visit of an unimportant character, after which I intended to hurry to the relief of a suffering patient. The fond mother insisted that I should have an opportunity to admire the wonderful talent of her promising offspring. I protested a professional engagement, she insisted on the wonderful talent, and I was compelled to yield. I would not confess this much to any one else, but you, as physicians, realize how important it is for a physician to be polite under all circumstances. A piece was played on the piano, but the groans of my poor patient sounded in my ears and I could not hear the music. To conceal my agitation I fixed my eye intently upon the instrument and in my distraction it took the form of an animal. . . . I placed it in the family of quadrupeds. It had a large body, a very large mouth which it opened by raising its upper jaw and displayed two rows of teeth, the upper one showing the destructive effect of time, the lower one in a perfect state of preservation. It had four legs and a long trunk which, when tread upon, caused the animal to make a great deal of noise. I was not astonished at this.

Having alluded to a musical instrument, I take occasion to defend the wind instruments from the charge of producing inguinal hernia, brought against them by our profession. I have reason to know that physicians are singularly exempt from this infirmity, and I know a very large number of them blow their trumpets very persistently.

But I am to speak on music, not on musical instruments. Music speaks best for itself. . . .

REPLY TO THE TOAST OF "THE BABIES" AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE BALTIMORE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SOCIETY, JANUARY 28, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:

I don't like to find fault with the committee that selected me to respond to the toast of "The Babies," but it seems to me the cause would be served better if a much younger man would have had this duty assigned to him. I say this on the principle that governed that big boy who could not tell how old he was when he was asked, and, after he was put to shame by a very little fellow who replied promptly, "I am three years old," when the same question was propounded to him, extricated himself from the difficulty by saying, "Oh, it is no wonder that kid should remember his age; it hasn't been so long since he was born!" Now, there are a number in this company whose recollections of babyhood should still be very vivid, for it hasn't been so very long since they were babies. I will, however, not enter any further plea in regard to the comparative disadvantage at which I find myself, because after all everybody ought to know something about babies, for we were all babies once. Once, did I say? Well, I desire to qualify this statement slightly, for some of us have been babies occasionally since we were born, and not a few have remained babies ever since. I shall not permit my remarks, however, to take this wide range, but shall confine myself to babies in infancy. I feel assured of your good wishes that this "confinement" shall be safe and speedy and result in no harm to either the baby or myself. I assume the duty imposed upon me very cheerfully, the more so because I think it is high time that a kind word should be spoken for the babies by one who has always been their friend.

There can be no kind of doubt that babies have lost much of their ancient popularity. Mothers and fathers cannot be found now-a-days who would feel . . . happy in the idea of being the parents of a dozen children; I say in the idea, for the reality so seldom presents itself that it hardly deserves to be taken into account. It seems only through special favor, or perhaps through an unavoidable accident, that a baby is permitted to be born at all. "Why is this thus?" I exclaim, in the language of Artemus Ward. Well, it is replied, they are too much trouble anyhow; they keep us awake at night; they require too often the expensive luxury of an extra wet nurse; they bring too much measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria into the family; during the day they constantly keep us busy in keeping them out of mischief, and at night they interrupt the dreams of both parents and grandparents with frightful stories of colic and earache. In the winter they arouse us from our slumber with the shrill bugle notes of the croup; and go and ask the poor washerwoman what the summer complaint brings. But we must not listen to these charges any longer; enough is enough, and in this instance far too much. I will therefore plead on this occasion for the life of the baby. I am indebted for this forcible expression to a very distinguished townsman,[1] who, in the public entertainments which he gave during the past winter, proved himself a much greater humorist than the very great one whom I quoted a few moments since. Yes, I will plead for the life of the baby, and, although I lack the eloquence of the gentlemen from whom I borrow the language, I have this advantage, that I am pleading for the life of a respectable baby, who knows who its parents are, and is surrounded by decent relations. It may make no difference to that gentleman whether any babies are born or not for the next fifty years, yet the baby for

[1] Bernard Carter, author of a well-known "Plea for the Life of the Democratic Party."

whose life he plead so feelingly can always show up a very large family connection without any natural additions. But we, gentlemen, we recognize in our babies the men and women of the future, and we have not yet learned the art of perpetuating society without them. And I plead first for the life of the baby before it is born, for after it once manages to be born it is generally able to dictate terms and to become master of the situation. I protest against the many drawbacks by which it is hampered in gaining citizenship in this great country, and I denounce the assassination by which it is so often confronted. Only give the baby a chance, I would plead. Let it only be born, and then it will plead most successfully for itself.

What a blessing it is to the family! When it is once born, I mean. How gloomy is the home without it! What an Egyptian darkness would prevail, even with Edison's incandescent lamp, without its cheering light. What is there so brilliant as its bright little eyes, what is there so charming as its beautiful features, what is there so lovely as its cherub-like form; what a pity it is that its loveliness does not last a little longer! I have lived long enough to verify the experience of our grandmothers, that the most beautiful baby is often ashamed to sit for its picture when it has reached manhood or womanhood. I don't like to be personal, but in looking around me I notice a number in this company who from present appearances must have been very beautiful babies indeed. We should indeed be grateful for the great happiness which the baby bestows, and should willingly forgive all of its little naughtinesses, for it must be confessed that it is not always fairly treated; and we should not think hard of it when it tries once in a while to avenge itself. . . . Why should it be punished for a little disrespect to its parents, when it soon finds out that a great part of its business in this world is to give evidence of and bear responsibility for their iniquities, and finds out further that it is so big

a job that it is forced to delegate a part of the work to its successors in the third and fourth generation. Why should it not break a costly mantle-piece ornament once in a while, as a satisfaction for the injustice done by the mother whose extravagance has brought her husband into insolvency, and who answers his reproaches by accusing him of having too many children.

Talk as you will about them, I shall always be their friend. They are the only innocent constituent of society; I love them for their innocence, I admire them for their loveliness. Charge them with what you may, I shall ever be ready to plead their cause, and to prove that they are innocent; at least as innocent as I am of having said anything to-night that is going to do them any good.

Jollity, the King of Medicines

Frame your minds with mirth and
merriment which bars a thousand ills
and lengthens life Shakespeare

Gentlemen!

In calling on me to praise Jollity as the King of Medicine, I not only feel complimented myself, but accept it as a high tribute to the honorable profession of which I am an humble member, that you so fully recognize that medical men while loyal to their Pharmacopea are not its vassals, and that they neither send all their prescriptions to the apothecary or always expect to be paid for all the good advice which they give.

Yes! Jollity is the King of Medicine, and it may further be said in its favor that unlike a great many other good medicines, we need not wait

till we are all to partake of its benefits of this I feel sure that not one of you here present will dispute with me when I claim that it never should be taken in homeopathic doses. It should not only be exhibited in liberal quantities but frequently repeated, so that its exhilarating influence does not wear off during too long intervals between its administration.
It should never be given in cold water, for this chills the soul of it, but in sparkling wine it is apt to maintain happy companionship. It is a sure cure for many ills. It can be safely resorted to before and after and during meals.

It is a stimulant of the highest order, sweeping away the cobwebs from a torpid brain, and opening up all the avenues for the unobstructed procession of the better emotions.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "JOLLITY, THE KING OF MEDICINES," AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LIBERAL CLUB, JANUARY 1, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:

In your calling upon me to praise jollity, the king of medicines, I not only feel complimented myself, but accept it as a high tribute to the honorable profession of which I am an humble member, that you so fully recognize that medical men, while loyal to their pharmacopœia, are not its vassals, and that they neither send all their prescriptions to the apothecary nor expect always to be paid for all the good advice which they give. Yes, jollity is the king of medicines, and it is further to be said in its favor that, unlike a great many other good medicines, we need not wait till we are ill to partake of its benefits. Of one thing I feel sure, that not one of you here present will dispute with me when I say that it should never be taken in homeopathic doses. It should not only be exhibited in liberal quantities, but frequently repeated, so that its exhilarating influence does not wear off during long intervals between its administration. It should never be given in cold water, for this chills the soul of it; but with sparkling wine it is apt to maintain happy companionship. It is a sure cure for many ills; it can be resorted to before and after and during meals. It is a stimulant of the highest order, sweeping away the cobwebs from a torpid brain, and opening up all the avenues for unobstructed procession of the better emotions. It gives force to good humor, tone to merriment, and motion to happy thoughts. It restores the weary and resuscitates many whom hard work has exhausted. It is also a good purgative, for it effectually removes

from the system that heavy, indigestible, unassimilible matter that lies so heavy upon our emotions and so often gives rise to unpleasant eructations at inopportune times. It frees us from all this, and always without the least griping. It is a charming antacid, and it is a blessing to the stomach when one's humor has turned sour in it; there is no use for soda nor ammonia nor potassa where it holds sway.

It is not a hypnotic; it affords rest without sleep; it rouses the lethargic; it awakes the dreamer; it has never been accused of inducing snoring, and often achieves its greatest triumphs when it does not go to bed before morning. It is not a narcotic, for it never stupifies—be it said to its credit that stupidity has no such worthy origin. It acts occasionally as an emetic, but only in those with whom it does not agree, with the fellow who can't laugh without pain, nor smile without groaning. There are none such here, and in this regard it need not further be considered.

To sum up its praise in a few words, we must have recourse to the great master who says, "Frame your minds to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

But Shakespeare was a general practitioner and he lived before the days of specialties; and it may be allowed me to indicate its use in special cases.

I would prescribe it liberally to that liberal member of this Liberal Club, D. B., as a stimulant, for so arduous a worker in so many fields as he is will need a stimulant occasionally. Look at his work, championing the cause of Henry George, studying the Bible through and through to find what is not in it, unravelling the mysteries of spiritualism, drafting election laws, remodeling the electoral college, preaching Democracy, and going way off to collect ideas on the tariff question—I say going way off, for to me as a Republican they seem far-fetched. But this is not all. The city was too small for his active spirit. He went off to the country,

and what he did there is contained in the history of the Belt Annexation, and in the remarkable activity of the dairy business. Now, this is fatiguing work, and jollity is the stimulant he needs; let us enjoy it with him; may it bar from him a thousand harms and lengthen his days, although it may occasionally shorten his nights.

For Professor F. I should prescribe jollity for constant use, with an extra dose on election night as a purgative, to remove from his system those irritating, curdled political speculations which made him so gloomy on that occasion, and caused the figures that he saw to assume such fantastic shapes. Everything looked "very bad, very bad, very bad," but I was jolly, and everything looked very, very, very good. But he is jolly now and may he ever remain so, and may mirth and merriment bar from him a thousand harms and lengthen, and broaden, and deepen, and widen, and heighten his days, so that he shall not fall short in any of their dimensions.

To our friend L. L. I would give it as an alterative, for he sadly needs an alterative now. In the pharmacopœia mercury stands prominent as an alterative, but he has taken to it unadvisedly,[1] and what an unfortunate alteration has it not made! Oh, how he has wandered off from the camp, but not so far that he cannot come back; and in coming back he will leave the gloomy "soreheads," and return to the jolly multitude. May mirth and merriment bar the chagrin of a thousand ill-appreciated editorials and lengthen his life to his full satisfaction for adequate repentance.

To our friend C. I would dispense jollity at all times, but a double dose when his humor turns a little acid, as it is apt to do when testimony proves treacherous, witnesses become unreliable,

[1] Mr. L. had recently connected himself with a newspaper called the "Mercury."

judges too stupid to grant his demurrers or acknowledge his precedents; a little extra jollity in these cases would relieve the heartburn and afford greater relief than coming to the Liberal Club and venting his spleen on us by delivering a learned dissertation on the evils of education. May he ever be the jolliest of the jolly, and mirth and merriment shield him from a thousand ills and lengthen his days; may he never lose his temper, and always win his cases.

To our friend S. I would prescribe jollity, particularly in bad weather, when he has plenty of time to partake of it, as the simple absence of customers is no joke in itself; but I would not limit him to its use only then, but he should take it whenever he feels like it, and especially when he doesn't feel like it, so that he can laugh and grow fat. May mirth and merriment be as plentiful with him as pegs and shoe strings, and may they bar him from a thousand ills and lengthen his days in busy search and multiply his years so that he may reach an honored and ripe old age.

There are several members present whose most notable ill is the bald head. I'll have to prescribe jollity for them on general principles, for, although ready at any time to say a good deal in its favor, I cannot claim that it is a hair restorer. May mirth and merriment be their lot, and lots of it, and may its invigorating influence not only bar from them a thousand ills, but gain for them a year for every hair they have lost.

To S. D., our young friend, I would prescribe jollity to fulfil the purpose of absorbent cotton to dry up his tears while sighing for the "Crestfallen Rosebud" and the "Broken-hearted Violinist,"[2] but I would give another dose as an invigorating cordial to fill him with bolder thoughts, so that when his muse calls again he will be found prepared to sing a new song, a song to the Chief Musician, a song of the chivalric exploits of Cupid's heroes. May

[2] Titles of his literary productions.

he ever be plentifully supplied with mirth and merriment to bar him from a thousand ills and may his life be lengthened, so that he may witness his grandson becoming a grandfather, and, when finally he will have to "hang up his fiddle and his bow," he may go where all the good lawyers go. I hope he will meet our friend C. there.

Jollity is a great panacea; it will be found abundantly if only looked for in the right place. It is very cheap, but we all prefer not to enjoy it without "Preiss." May he never suffer a scarcity of mirth and merriment, which will bar him from a thousand harms and lengthen his life. May his life be as vigorous in old age as his beard has been in young life.

Now you have, gentlemen, a medical opinion describing the beneficient qualities of jollity; partake of it when you can, while you can, if you can. Always have it at home; take some of it with you on your way; look for it when abroad. Have plenty of it to give away, and never refuse to accept it from a friendly hand. It is one of the things I would have come in free of duty, and I would make it the duty of every one to contribute to its free circulation.

We shall not deny our friend D. a dose. He needs and deserves it too, as well as any other man. For him I shall prescribe it as a sedative, to subdue his hallucinations about workmen's revolts and the evils of "scabs." He is the very type of a printer; the harder he is pressed the better impression he makes. May he reach his centennial, and his mirth be perennial.

Jollity: It chirps its words in song, breathes life into the dance, gives voice to laughter.

It paints pictures in smiles, moulds its forms in grace, rings its chimes in the night.

It is the plaything of the child, the sunshine of life's noonday, and the halo to old age.

TOAST ON "MATRIMONY."

This occasion suggests matrimony as the most prominent subject for discussion, and a man of my experience could ill afford to acknowledge that he had not formulated some ideas in regard to it. And in whatever direction he might be lacking in knowledge derived from his own experience, he could readily supply his deficiency from the extensive bibliography on the subject, reaching from that remote age when it was written that it was not good for man to be alone, through the many centuries where it reigns supreme over the soul of all poetry, down to modern times, when our neighbor of Utah regards a wife as so great a blessing.

Matrimony may be defined as a state of the Union having peculiar naturalization laws. There is no definite time set at which papers may be taken out. Some succeed in the very bud of womanhood and in that early manhood when the first mustache begins to blossom in having conferred upon them the dignity of citizenship, while others are placed upon a long probation before being permitted to enter this blessed state. There are some who fare still worse. They are often deluded into hoping that it is not yet too late, and the verdict comes at last declaring them ineligible and consigning them to the endless misery of single blessedness.

In this state of matrimony there are other peculiar laws in force. In the partnership of married life, no matter how much capital the husband may bring into the concern, or whether the fortune be constituted solely by the wife's dowry, he is always expected to be the silent partner; or, in other words, when the husband is rich, he has nothing at all to say; when he is poor, still less. He is compensated for this to no slight extent, however, because in

whatever parts he may be assured of having defects, he can always boast of having a better half.

In this state of matrimony there is a remarkable form of jurisprudence; most quarrels are settled by compromise and concession, although secession is not altogether impossible. The right of expatriation from this state is not conceded, but it is occasionally resorted to as a *dernier ressort.* Among the prominent cases which present themselves for adjudication in this state are those of illegal attachments. The penal code is also characteristic; one of the most severe punishments, probably inflicted in order to follow out the law, "For the wicked there shall be no rest," is to force poor husbands with wearied limbs and sleepy eyes to keep themselves awake with the sweet lullaby; but there is no way to evade it by proving an alibi. . . .

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF A NEWLY-ACQUIRED PLOT OF GROUND, DELIVERED AT THE SIMCHATH TORAH FESTIVAL OF THE HEBREW HOSPITAL AND ASYLUM ASSOCIATION OF BALTIMORE CITY, OCTOBER 16, 1881.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This day of rejoicing has been fittingly selected for the celebration of an important event in the history of our cherished institution. You all remember the misgivings that hovered phantom-like around the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone, but you also had the satisfaction of witnessing the walls rise safely, though slowly, upon the solid foundation laid by the hands of earnest men. You also remember that there came a time when even the stout hearts that entered so heroically upon the noble work began to falter, for the building, far from . . . completed, stared them in the face; . . . the treasury had been drained of its last penny, and all means of replenishing it seemed to have been exhausted; the anxious inquiries of impatient creditors made themselves painfully audible; and a pessimistic imagination already pictured the red flag flaunting over the unfinished edifice. Still they were not permitted to despair. The struggle was renewed with fresh vigor, and all fears that the project would have to be abandoned were effectually dispelled, for a band of noble women became the standard-bearers in the contest, and success was assured.

You assembled here on the day of dedication, and you beheld with pride the completed structure in its fine proportions and with its satisfactory appointments. . . . I call to mind the language

of one of the speakers, who made the very stones express their humiliation at bearing their share of the general debt which hung as a . . . cloud over the building. That cloud has passed away as if it were but an evanescent shadow; and, though the stones have not become silent, they speak quite a different language. They bear the ineffaceable record of human misery relieved, of triumphant conquests of disease, of tender care bestowed upon the stranger, the friendless, and the unfortunate. . . .

And there the institution stands with its noble record, a pride to all who have contributed to its support, giving the most flattering testimony to the humane spirit which has existed in our midst, . . . and predicting for itself continued prosperity, relying confidently upon the affection of those who have proved themselves so faithful and so generous to its interests in the past. And there it has stood, a beacon-light to the unfortunate ones traveling through the dark night of despair with pain and poverty as their only companions, rekindling new hopes and showing where there were still warm hearts pulsating sympathetically for them, when the whole world seemed cold and dreary. How many an unfortunate has entered its portals, either racked by pain or emaciated by the pitiless siege of disease and hunger, or frenzied by the relentless heat of a burning fever, or crippled by severe accident, or rendered blind in the assaults to which old age falls a victim, or suffering from some other ill of the thousand that flesh is heir to! And you know how tenderly they have been received and how tenderly they have been cared for. The old and the young, the citizen and the stranger, the Jew, the Christian, and the unbeliever have all . . . found a safe refuge here, without being required to present any credential for admission other than that which misfortune . . . supplies. And you have seen them again when they were freed from pain, when their fevers were extinguished, when the use of their limbs was restored to them, when the dark

curtain was drawn from before their eyes, when they were helped in so many ways to regain their health, and when they reached that blessed state in which they were again able to help themselves. . . . You . . . witnessed their joy and you . . . heard the expressions of their gratitude, and you realized how insignificant after all were the large sums of money that were devoted to the organization and support of the institution, when compared to the incalculable amount of good which it has been enabled to accomplish. How scanty was the seed! How rich has been the harvest! But the seed was planted by willing hands, and germinated under the care of loving hearts, and the rain came in "his due season, the first rain and the latter rain," and Heaven smiled upon the growth.

Let us rejoice on this day of rejoicing, and let us be grateful that our feeble efforts have been favored by a kind Providence. Let us rejoice that we have not been unmindful of that voice within us which first urged us to the undertaking, . . . which has encouraged us amid vicissitudes and disappointments, and which to-day whispers to us its approving words. Let us rejoice that, besides providing bounteously for the sick, we have also been able to provide . . . a comfortable home for the infirm aged, for the aged who have lost the loved partners who shared with them long the trials of life, who have seen consigned to the grave the children upon whom they hoped to lean when bent by years, and who in their decrepitude would otherwise now be friendless, homeless wanderers, begging for alms. How we loved to look upon their venerable forms and to observe the dignity which their presence lent to the institution! I have met here those who are prominent in my recollections of childhood, whom I saw as actors in the busy scenes of life. I knew how cruelly fate had dealt with them, and it was no small joy to me in my maturity to see them

so well provided for when they were old and helpless. . . . You have all had similar experiences. . . .

And, while we rejoice in looking over the inventory of all which this institution has done for suffering humanity, let us not forget to take cognizance of the still greater amount of good which it has lavished upon us individually, and upon this community collectively. It has furnished an altar upon which we can offer our united sacrifices; it has fostered that noble spirit which constantly reminds us that we are members of a great brotherhood which extends the holiest privileges in the duties which it exacts. It has been one of the elements in exerting upon our sensibilities that refining influence which permits us to exult in another's weal and to feel the pangs of another's woe. . . . It has bound us together more strongly in all that is good, and has contributed its share to render more despicable all that is base and ignoble. It has brushed away many of the cobwebs of materialism which enshroud the mind, and has let in the light of elevated thought. It has dealt the heaviest blows against intolerance, the demon that would fain make distinctions in the rights of men, . . . that always questions the sincerity of others, and that would have all thoughts ground out in the mill of a single mind. It has taught the valuable lesson that we act our most important part as men when we extend . . . each other a helping hand. It has freed poverty from that shame which is so often unjustly attached to it, and it has shown that, while it is highly honorable to give, it should be no humiliation for the sufferer to accept. . . .

Let us renew our vows of fidelity to this institution; let us stand by each other in the support of all other good institutions; let us preserve the harmony which has hitherto prevailed among us; and Heaven will continue to shower its blessings upon our community.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SIMCHATH TORAH FESTIVAL OF THE HEBREW HOSPITAL AND ASYLUM ASSOCIATION, 1890.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We meet again at this festive season to join hands anew and to unite our hearts anew in the interests of an institution which has been a credit to, and a just pride of the Jewish community of this city these twenty-two years. We have come together again to rejoice with each other in the noble work it has done in the past, and to offer it good cheer and renewed encouragement for its future career. It is an inspiring consciousness to be co-laborers in the common cause which this institution represents, and to feel entitled to some share in the blessings it has bestowed. Gratifying as its past history must be to every one who may have contributed at any time to its welfare, it is especially so to those of us who have known it in its earliest infancy, have watched its growth during its youthful years, and now behold it, and continue to be identified with it, in its full and vigorous development. We knew the infant when the clothes with which it was supplied were much too large for it; we saw the time when they became too small, and its movements were hampered, and a seam had to be opened here, and a piece had to be added there. We remember its early struggles, and therefore we can fully appreciate the solid foundation upon which it now stands. This has been accomplished by the concentrated efforts of good men, by the unremitting labor of better women, by the tender care of willing hands, by the bounteous offerings of generous hearts, by the safe guidance of wise counsel, by the salutary influence of an undisturbed harmony, but, above

all, by the blessings of a kind Providence. We have reason to be proud, we have more reason to be grateful that we possess this hospital. It has become one of the prominent landmarks, marking the corners of our fields to which those in need may come and find sustenance. It bears the record of how the stranger has met friends, how the homeless have received shelter, how the desponding have found hope, how the weak have been given strength, how the suffering have been relieved. Yea, a landmark it has become, a landmark not forbidding trespass, but extending welcome, a landmark not indicating what should be kept separate, but marking the spot where dividing lines come together. When, in life's fierce struggles, through the spirit of selfishness, from which none of us, perhaps, is entirely free, we are led too far away from the paths we have marked out for ourselves, landmarks such as this are potent influences to lead us back again to a safe starting point, and are strong safeguards to prevent our becoming lost to the duties we owe to our fellow man. . . .

When we take a look backward and review the time from the organization of this hospital to the present hour, we find it a period of great difference, and, indeed, I may be permitted to add, a period of considerable indifference among us, difference and indifference which, if not counteracted, would have had the tendency of driving us farther and farther away from each other. But, thank God, the counteracting power has not been wanting. The humane institutions which have been reared in our midst, of which the one in whose cause we are assembled to-day is a prominent representative, have had a solidifying influence, and to them it is largely due that we have been rescued from a destructive disintegration. The hand that has been kindly opened to the needy has gradually acquired a tenderness which has enabled it to give a more friendly grasp, and differences have been forced to give up much of their previous bitterness. In the turmoil of the differ-

ences which have largely engaged our minds we fortunately did not fail to recognize in what we are alike, and in what our hearts remained bound together; and there grew out of it a common benevolence which has welcomed the stranger, protected the widow, and cared for the poor; which has given this institution to the aged infirm, and to the indigent sick; which has provided a friendly home for the unfortunate orphan, and has not forgotten its duties to the dead. And, as time rolls on, and we take into account the good work we have been enabled to accomplish by this union of hearts, we recognize more and more that we are much more alike than we were wont to believe; we begin to see that our differences are losing their sharp outlines, and we feel an irresistible yearning to come closer and closer to each other. And when we assemble around these landmarks, which a true benevolence has so firmly placed, we are reminded anew that we are the ancient standard-bearers of a pure religion which first proclaimed the duties of man towards man, and that we must continue to bear the message to all mankind: "Thou shall open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." "If a stranger sojourneth with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him; but the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark." What a summary of duty and toleration! Let us continually strive to prove ourselves worthy of this dignity by our words and by our works, by our admonition and by our example. Let us not lose faith that these principles will ultimately prevail, nor be utterly dismayed when confronted by the refined venom of German Anti-Semitism, or by Russia's barbarous tyranny. Nations have come and nations have passed away, but the laws of God remain and will eventually conquer the heart of man.

There is no better way of showing our gratitude for the blessings

we enjoy than by remembering those who are less favorably situated. There is no prayer that we can hope to be more worthy of securing for us further protection than the one that comes from the heart which is in true sympathy with the stricken brother. In liberally supporting an institution like this hospital we testify that we have not proved entirely faithless to the old law. Here we recognize the sufferer as our brother whether he was "born among you" or whether he reaches us by long travels through far distant lands; whether he speaks to us in our own language, or appeals to us in a foreign tongue. We understand his claims and are ready to do him justice, be he one of us or reared in another faith. Here we find the widest field to practice the truest humanity, that which recognizes the brother, the man, through the rags that misfortune has clothed him in, that which duly appreciates the patience, the courage, the heroism with which suffering is often borne, that which is forgiving towards the shortcomings and weaknesses of poor human nature, that which does not set itself up as a rigid judge to decide whether one suffering is fully deserving of help, but will willingly help whenever it can,—that humanity which, under all circumstances, is guided solely by the command, "Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, to thy needy."

There are those who exact a very high standard of human excellence of him who needs help. They carefully compute how much of his distress was brought on by himself. They would like to know how much evil he has done in the past, and are ready to predict how much he will sin in the future. They hesitate to extend a helping hand, lest by such help they may be encouraging unworthiness. They demand that the morals of others should be rated at least at par, and would not consider it anything remarkable if they were even above par, while they allow themselves quite a liberal discount. The sentiment which called this institution into being is of a higher order. It directs us to be sure that we do

our duty fully in alleviating human suffering. It enjoins upon us to help, and not to judge. It commands us to give liberally and to forgive willingly. It teaches the valuable lesson that we are members of the common human family, to which we are all indebted in a thousand ways for what we are and for what we enjoy and for what we possess, and that there is no plea upon which we can claim exemption from contributing something to the welfare of others, something to the common good. The brightest talents, no matter how much they may commonly be admired, are prostituted, if not directed in some measure to promote the happiness of others. High stations lose their greatest dignity if a large share of their concern is not bestowed upon the lowly and the unfortunate. Wealth becomes valueless, and power is never held by a good title, unless they shed comfort in the homes of the poor and upon the needy and distressed wherever they may be found.

We are nothing by ourselves, but, however humble, we can all become important links in the chain that should hold the human family together in a bond which excludes no one, but embraces all mankind in one brotherhood. We can hold to each other best by working together in doing good. It is this working together in doing good in everything which relates to the elevation of man that marks the highest form of civilization. It is this working together which finds no task too difficult, no field too great. It is not limited in space, nor restricted in time. The power required for the accomplishment of great results can be supplied by the aggregate contributions of many willing hands, and those furnished by the weakest are never insignificant. In its program is embraced everything that can extend human happiness, everything that can refine the human heart, everything that can enrich the human intellect. It builds hospitals, establishes asylums, promotes schools of learning, provides libraries, encourages art. The whole earth is its workshop, and the clang of its labor reverberates over the mountains

and across the sea; its echoes evoke a harmony which binds the continents together. It never ceases, for one generation impresses the next into its service, and it is the most precious legacy which the past has bequeathed to us. And this work will continue, and will be reenforced when it is wanting, until finally everywhere "thy brother, thy poor, and thy needy" will find thy hand wide open unto them, and the stranger will not be vexed.

The progress which marks our day has, by the abolition of time and space, brought peoples closer together in their intercourse with each other. Landmarks are no longer so far apart. Nations are more and more becoming neighbors. They will all find their way best when they are guided by their own landmarks. We live among all the nations and we still have to bear the message, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark." Nations are like individuals in this, that they may reach the same destination although they choose a very different starting point. By making an unfavorable start they may follow circuitous paths, and long delays may occur, but their landmarks must be respected, lest they go altogether astray. It should be our concern that we ever preserve *our* landmarks. How we place them, where we place them, and how we maintain them will indicate to the world whether we have proven ourselves worthy of the trust committed to our charge. Israel has been the stranger that has been vexed in many lands these many centuries. Let us hope that the time will soon dawn when he will everywhere be recognized as a brother; and, as he is the best witness to tell how the world stands in its relation to truth, justice, and toleration, so is he to testify for or against himself concerning his conduct as the custodian of God's holy law. Condemning the sin of others does not suffice to establish our own virtue. Something more tangible is required to entitle us to credit. We shall be asked, "Where are your landmarks?" The story of the poor and the needy will be heard, and will be believed. The stranger's

evidence cannot be ruled out. Let us hope that the judgment will be rendered in our favor. Let us further hope that those who have been our accusers will become our friends, and that, as time rolls on, there will be more and more who are brothers, and fewer who are strangers. Let us be grateful that our lot has been cast in a blessed land where the cultivation of these sentiments has found a fertile soil, a land in which one is rated according to what he is, and not according to who he is, a land in which one is held responsible only for what he does, not for what he believes.

May this blessed land, among all the nations of the earth, become the landmark by which human rights shall firmly be established forever.

ADDRESS AT THE PURIM BANQUET HELD BY THE HEBREW LADIES' ORPHANS' AID SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my distinguished privilege this evening to speak to you for the ladies of the Orphans' Aid Society in behalf of an object which is dear to their hearts and which is equally dear to you,—the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of Baltimore. Speaking for the ladies, as I do, I may have committed a great error in not consulting them first regarding the points upon which my remarks should touch, for they know well how to touch the deepest sympathies and how to evoke the most generous responses; and in neglecting to do this, it was not, I must confess, from any consideration that in pursuing that course I would touch your sympathies either too deeply or cause you to respond too generously. I was actuated rather by the conviction that you not only knew what the ladies wanted you to do here, besides spending a very pleasant evening among your friends and among the friends of a cherished institution, but that you were ready and willing to act as you have done on previous . . . occasions, in that liberal spirit which betokens at once your continued devotion to the institution in whose interest you have assembled, and your warm appreciation of the noble, indefatigable, and self-sacrificing spirit which the ladies have again exhibited in making this festivity a success.

If I should yield to the temptation of portraying to you the beneficent work which our Orphan Asylum has accomplished, how it first manifested its existence, how it overcame obstacles which seemed almost unsurmountable, even passing through the ordeal of

fire, and finally assumed proportions which no one had dreamed of, you would interrupt me and say, "Stop now, you are introducing to us an old and a very intimate acquaintance." Yes, our Orphan Asylum is the product of the general benevolent spirit which has always existed in our community, to the advancement of whose interests every generous hand has contributed a share, and in whose continued prosperity every benevolent heart has felt a deep interest. To which of you is it a stranger? You know who were present at its birth, who stood around its cradle anxiously watching and invoking the blessings of Heaven that no evil should befall it. You know who guarded its early steps and lovingly provided fresh air and sunshine and wholesome nourishment, and finally rejoiced, as only loving hearts can rejoice, when it attained that vigorous youth, denoting future health and strength and life. They were your fathers, your mothers, your brothers, your sisters, your friends, yourselves.

And although our Orphan Asylum has now reached such a growth that it no longer requires your solicitude, but has become the pride of the Israelites of Baltimore and a credit to the city, it still needs your love, it still needs your helping hand; and the ladies who know the needs of the institution have invited you around this festive board to acquaint you with this fact. They have chosen a very opportune time, not only in consideration of the depleted condition of the treasury at this season of the year, but in commemorating a great national event at this season we are reminded of a very early and exceedingly well-conducted Orphan Asylum, probably the first in the history of our people. It is true it was a very small affair, but not of mean significance, for Mordecai was its superintendent, and the successful manner in which it was conducted is fully established by the careful training which Esther, our heroine, received under its hospitable roof and by the many embellishments of character with which she entered the world. She

received the education of a simple Jewish maiden, but this qualified her to become the queen of a great empire. Her example has had an influence upon every true Jewish maiden ever since, and has bestowed upon them such charms that, if there were not so deplorable a scarcity of kings, they all would become queens.

The ladies of the Orphans' Aid Society have not only cultivated and developed those graces which in Esther shone so bright in the Persian court, but they have adopted her methods of accomplishing great results; for, when the Mordecais of the Orphan Asylum send them doleful reports of an empty treasury, they prepare a great feast and gladden your hearts, and deliverance is sure to follow.

You all know, no doubt, that at one time in Jewish history the Jews were forbidden to read the weekly portion of the law in the Sabbath service and, to prevent its influence from being lost, a chapter was selected from the prophets which presented some strong analogy. Though none of you are prevented from so doing, I fear there may be some who will not be present at the public reading of the book of Esther in the synagogues; to them, this festival will serve as the *Haftarah,* because, in giving your full sympathy to our orphans, the image of Esther will rise before you, for she came from this class, and, with her image before you, the great drama in which she assumed so prominent a rôle cannot be forgotten by you. And, when you will again visit the Orphan Asylum, you will see in each little girl a future beautiful Esther, chaste, loving, lovable, a true Jewish maiden, clinging to her faith and clinging to her people; and in every little boy a future Mordecai, pious, brave, unbending, and yet so tender that in reviewing the character of Mordecai the great, he will admire most in him the fact that he adopted the little Esther as his child.

"CHARITY," AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE HEBREW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, DECEMBER 1, 1892.

MR. PRESIDENT:

It is an inspiring scene which is presented by this large assembly, brought together in response to the annual call of this time-honored society. It is at all times gratifying to meet friends, to meet so many friends with happy faces beaming with good cheer, extending the friendly hand, and speaking the kindly word; it is especially gratifying to be among those who have renewed on this occasion their pledge of loyalty to a cause which, while primarily aiming at the amelioration of the condition of the poor and unfortunate, is no less to be recognized for the elevating influence it exerts upon its promoters as well; a cause which not only lends hope, encouragement, and support to the needy, but offers wealth the only means of investing itself with dignity, a cause which unites all mankind in one grand brotherhood.

We have met on this occasion in the interests of an institution which represents organized charity. Organized charity signifies charity supported by means contributed by the many and distributed by methods thought out and administered by the few. The object of such organization is obvious. It is to give charity its greatest efficiency, to offer it the widest scope, and to guard it against imposition. It means more. Every enlightened community recognizes its collective duty to provide for the alleviation of misery inflicted by the vicissitudes of life for which the individual sufferer cannot provide, unaided. It means that by such organizations the community as a body assumes the care of its suffering

members, regarding them as an integral part of itself, for, as the living organism cannot escape more or less injury from the suffering of its parts, neither can society remain insensible to the suffering of any of its members without deteriorating in its moral tone. In all organisms in nature, when an individual organ is stricken, the other unaffected organs combine to bring relief to the suffering one, by each contributing as much as it is able, illustrating fully what is meant by "*Ish Ke-Mattenath Yado,*" "each according to his ability." So long as the individual parts of an organism busy themselves with the work of repair of a suffering member, the disease may safely be regarded as one of local character; whereas, whenever a suffering member in such an organism seems to be abandoned to its fate, the disease may be designated as one more or less due to constitutional vitiation, and consequently the well-being of the whole organism may be regarded as imperiled. We observe the analogue of this in society. Whenever want overtakes an individual or dire poverty invades a family, or even many families, the misfortune may be looked upon as mitigated when hundreds of unseen hands are ready to bring relief, or better still, as the Hebrew Benevolent Society has illustrated these many years, when these unseen hands have already placed in reserve the means to meet the emergency. The fulness and the promptness and the tenderness with which this relief is administered supply the measure by which the moral development of society can accurately be gauged. On the other hand, if society could remain unconcerned about the poor and needy, such a society would soon be threatened with a degree of moral degradation which it would be forced, for the sake of its own safety, to provide against.

From this discussion of the duty which society owes to its poor and needy it becomes apparent that it is a duty which it owes to itself. Every one whose means exceed his needs is therefore in duty bound, in honor bound, to contribute his share to organized

charity. There is no one so situated that he does not owe much to society. There are few so fortunate that, even if so inclined, they could wholly liquidate that debt. There are still fewer whose achievements have been so great as to entitle them to a settlement in full for all that society has done for them, showing a balance in their favor. Ordinary mortals can hardly aspire to do more at their very best than offer a decent acknowledgment of favors received, and make a partial payment on account.

Organized charity does not preclude individual charity. There is plenty of room and there is sufficient demand for both. No man, however, can justify himself in withdrawing his support from the public work by the private charity he may choose to give. Upon such men bear the forcible words of the great teacher Hillel, "Separate not thyself from the congregation." Society could not afford to risk its welfare by relying upon the spontaneous but disconcerted efforts of its individual members in caring for the poor. This method, besides having the disadvantage of inefficiency, has against it the formidable objection that the poor man, instead of presenting himself as a beneficiary with just claims, is driven to the degradation of beggary and forced to rely upon the pity which the story of his suffering may excite. The poor man is "a man for a' that." He has a manhood to preserve which he has a right in all cases to hope will survive his poverty. He should not be left to grope his way, nor forced to expose his condition in the market place. He should readily meet those who will take his hand and help him to find the road which will lead him to a brighter day. The pain of poverty is in itself hard enough to bear; he should be spared its humiliation. The bread that is given him should not be poisoned by bitter words. His faults should not weigh too heavily against him, for he has already paid the penalty by his poverty. His accuser should remember in the testimony he gives that he himself is not perfect in the eyes of God, and that he

may have a large account for which he will some day have to plead for forgiveness. There is no code according to which it could be ruled that the poor man must be better than others, and, if his poverty has made him worse, he has a double claim upon our sympathy.

These are sentiments which form the basis upon which this society has been reared, and out of which its methods have been developed. The Hebrew Benevolent Society, indeed, may be looked upon as a great corporation. The poor own the preferred shares, and we hold the common stock, upon which we are willing to pay our annual assessment. We come together once a year to hear the report read, and to contribute the means by which the dividends on the preferred shares are to be declared. When the emergency has arisen, we have been known to meet more than once a year. This society differs from a corporation in general in that there can be no doubt that it does possess a soul; and, possessing a soul, and a very noble soul, it differs still more from corporations in general in that it has adopted the rule that, the harder the times, the bigger should be the dividend. The preferred shares are frequently transferred on the books of the society, and, a fact to astonish the ordinary financier, these books show that occasionally the preferred shares have been relinquished by their holders and the common stock accepted in their stead. Unfortunately, the books also show that at times transfers have taken a sadder turn, for some who long held the common stock were at last forced to exchange it for preferred shares. So intense has been the pride of many in the good name of this corporation that they made ample provision that, after their death, the assessment upon the amount representing their share of common stock should continue to be paid.

It is not uncommon that common stock is subjected to a process which is called watering. Ours has not escaped the general

fate. The water used, however, was not that which would cause a deluge, but it was the refreshing dew from Heaven and the blessed rain, so that there might be gathered "thy corn, thy wine, and thine oil."

Charity is indeed a noble virtue. It is Heaven-born, and sent into the world as the grand ambassador from the high court above to give succor to the poor, to be the protector of the widow and the orphan, and to be the ministering angel wherever misfortune has laid its heavy hand. There is no consciousness in which we may more truly rejoice than that of fully understanding its holy mission; there is nothing that can bestow upon us greater honor than meritorious service in its cause. Its ministry dates from the dawn of time, and civilization bears more and more the impress of its salutary influence. It never fails to raise its solemn protest wherever prejudice, intolerance, and persecution have sown their baneful seed; and, although it may not always secure for itself a successful hearing at the moment, it never speaks entirely in vain, for its echoes reverberate through time. Charity, however, announces its approach much more often in loving smiles, speaking its words in touching strains, and manifesting its presence in graceful form. It will forever hold up in flaming letters the genealogy of man, reaching to the one great Father; and it will never cease to demand that all the children of God regard each other as brothers.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BALTIMORE BRANCH OF THE *ALLIANCE ISRAÉLITE UNIVERSELLE*, MARCH 19, 1893.

. . . The *Alliance Israélite Universelle* was established at a time which may properly be regarded as a golden age by our European coreligionists. Full participation in all political rights had been accorded our brethren in France. In England disabilities had been relegated to the story of the past by the progress of enlightenment which distinguishes that country. In Germany the ghettoes had disappeared, and those who had so long been their unfortunate inhabitants could step out into and breathe more freely in the fresh air of freedom, and realize that an Israelite could have rights in the state as well as duties. In Austria a new era had dawned. In the great struggle for a fuller recognition of the rights of the many nationalities comprising that great empire, there came a solution on the side of right, in the benefits of which our brethren were accorded a liberal share. Even in the domain of the Czar the condition of our brethren had materially improved under the influence of Alexander II.; and, while they had still to suffer from oppressive laws, their lot had been made so much more tolerable that they were comparatively content. Harold Frederic gives a very graphic account of this period in his excellent book, "The New Exodus," describing under the name of the "Golden Age" a period which every one must acknowledge falls very far short of being worthy of modern civilization. But still, as Russian despotism had somewhat relented, the hope was entertained that the example of the more civilized nations would before long be more fully followed. It was a hopeful period, and the

organization of the *Alliance Israélite Universelle* was opportune. The objects formulated at that time, for which it has uninterruptedly labored since, are, first, to secure equality for Israelites everywhere and to promote their moral advancement; second, to lend material aid to those who suffer because of their being Israelites; third, to promote publications favoring these objects.

The establishment and maintenance of schools in the Orient to foster European culture and encourage industrial pursuits offered a wide field for the application of these principles, and up to recent years formed almost exclusively the work of the *Alliance.* The persecutions to which our brethren in Russia were subjected in 1882, however, and the renewal and intensification in 1890 of these persecutions, which continue unabated up to this time, added a very sad work to the activities which it had hitherto assumed. Every avenue by which the unfortunate ones could escape from this annihilating oppression was availed of, and it was mainly the representatives of the *Alliance* who directed this exodus and distributed the means that had been contributed for the relief of the misery by which it was attended. The work which the *Alliance* has done in bringing forward the men and in organizing the various committees to deal with the questions arising out of this persecution will ever be most creditably connected with what will be known in history as the memorable martyrdom of the Russian Jews towards the close of the great nineteenth century. When that prince of philanthropists, Baron Maurice de Hirsch, conceived in 1889 the project of his munificent foundation for aiding Russian immigrants in America in their early struggles, to save them from pauperism, and to make it possible for them to secure within a short time a livelihood in honorable pursuits, it was to the *Alliance* that he looked for the initiatory movement toward the consummation of his purpose. The first communication which reached America on this subject was from the central body of the *Alliance* in Paris and

was directed to Moses A. Dropsie, Esq., for many years President of the Philadelphia branch of the *Alliance,* and to Judge Myer A. Isaacs, similarly connected with the branch in New York, and a member of the Central Committee. This communication requested that these gentlemen should invite to a conference others whom they might select, to devise a plan for carrying out the Baron's object. I had the honor of being one of those invited to this conference, which took place in Philadelphia. The Central Committee of the Baron de Hirsch Fund was organized in 1890, and Judge Isaacs was made President thereof. The honor of attending the conference in Philadelphia, and my appointment as Chairman of the Baron de Hirsch Committee of Baltimore, I undoubtedly owe to my connection with this branch.

The *Alliance* has done a very important work in bringing into touch with each other men in very distant parts of the world who are willing to listen to appeals that come from afar and are ready to join hands in extending that refined benevolence which can feel for the wants of others, though they dwell in remote lands, and who can understand misery, though it be expressed in a strange tongue. . . .[1]

[1] The remainder of the address consists of a detailed account of the various activities of the *Alliance.*

"A TRIP TO PALESTINE," AN ADDRESS READ BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

Palestine has always held a high place in the affections of the Jews. The hope of eventually returning to their old home sustained them in their sad wanderings during eighteen centuries. Driven from place to place, they remained a homeless nation. Now and then a short rest was granted, and they dreamed that they had found a new home; but, alas! it was but a dream. What wonder, then, that in late years, when almost the whole world has simultaneously risen against them with a fierceness and a cruelty that has seldom been equalled in past ages, thousands upon thousands have sought homes in that land towards which they had turned in their prayers during the years of their persecution, to that land in which their ancestors had received the divine revelation, to that land which had been the forum of their prophets, to that land in which first was heard the holy song of their inspired poets. Some who had struggled and suffered, who were content still to suffer, but could struggle no longer, came to pass their last days in prayer and to die in their old home; and some came who had suffered and struggled, and who were willing to suffer and struggle still further, to become the pioneers in the great work of building a new home where their old home had stood, in which the nation should undergo such a regeneration as would insure it peace at home, secure respect for its children everywhere, and inaugurate the time when the world shall acknowledge that Israel has become a blessing to all the nations.

To see that Old Home, to gaze upon the places that have been

the scenes of events so memorable in history, to mingle my tears with those of our brethren who weep at the wailing place for the desolation which the despoiler has wrought, and to grasp the strong and friendly hands of those who have begun the building of the New Home, was the object of the journey whose story I am about to tell. . . .

Leaving New York on the 16th of April last, accompanied by Mrs. Friedenwald, a delightful voyage of eight days brought us to Gibraltar; in four days more we reached Naples. . . . Two days more, and we were carried to Port Said; from whence the Egyptian Railway conveyed us to Cairo in a few hours. . . .

The trip [from Alexandria to Jaffa] lasted two days. Jaffa lies directly on the coast, with no harbor to break the force of the sea, and therefore does not always offer a kind welcome to the traveler who seeks to disembark there. During fine weather there is no difficulty in landing at Jaffa, but when the sea is stormy it would be a hazardous attempt. Landing is effected, the steamer having anchored some considerable distance out, by means of small boats which convey the passengers and baggage ashore. The principal danger in disembarkation is due to quite formidable rocks which project from the sea very near to land with smaller or larger interspaces. It is very obvious how readily a wild sea would dash such boats to pieces against these rocks, and it therefore often occurs that steamers do not stop until they reach the next landing place. When the sea is calm, the skilful Arab boatswain does not find it difficult to pass between the rocks in safety.

The day on which we arrived was propitious. Mr. Kaminitz, the genial proprietor of the *Hotel Palestine,* who had been apprised of our coming, came on board the steamer, extended us a warm "*Shalom Alechem,*" that Jewish greeting which, 'mid the Oriental scenes so new to us, with the strange people, speaking their strange language, crowding in small boats about the vessel and scrambling

wildly aboard, made us feel safe and satisfied. Through his . . . thoughtfulness, he delighted us with news from home before we even landed, for he brought with him the letters that had been addressed to his care. We soon descended from the steamer into one of the boats, and in a very short time we stood upon the soil of the ancient home of Israel. How grateful I felt for this realization of a life-long dream! What sacred memories were awakened, what a fervent new hope the old hope had become!

We were made comfortable in the hotel, which, while Jewish, is liberally patronized by Christians and Mussulmans. A gentleman of the latter class, holding a distinguished position in Jerusalem, who was our neighbor at the table, spoke English fairly well, and gave us much interesting information in regard to the manners and customs of the country. We learned that the Mohammedans prefer the Jewish table on account of their dietary laws, which are somewhat similar to the Jewish dietary laws. They do not eat swine flesh, and have a sort of *Shechitah* [method of ritual slaughtering].

Jaffa, as we know from the Bible, is a very ancient city. It was probably never very large, and is still a small town of about six thousand inhabitants. It does not look as old as one would suppose. There has been much new life implanted in this old city during the past twenty years, due in part to the settlement of a thrifty colony of German Templars in the city, and the agricultural colony of the same community, Sarona, in its close proximity; but more largely to the increase of Jewish settlers in the city itself, and the influence of Jewish colonies which have grown up in the country north and south of it. Its commerce has increased threefold during the last few years. It has many substantial stone buildings, and its streets are always enlivened with Oriental scenes, with which we had already become familiar in our short sojourn in Egypt. The natives in their Oriental costumes present quite a picturesque appearance. Their complexions embrace all shades

of brunette, becoming darker and darker until finally both the rich pigment and the characteristic features of the transplanted African are reached. They are all dark, but for convenience are classified as white and black, and they live in great harmony and close social relations, which will cause less surprise when we consider that there are no elections in the Turkish domain. The large number of camels and donkeys carrying all sorts of burdens lend an especially animated character to the streets. Wagons have, up to quite recent years, been considered superfluous; the few that are now seen form an innovation introduced principally by the Jewish colonists. Soon after our arrival in Jaffa we were most cordially met by the Committee, "*Ha-Waad ha-Poel*," representing the interests of the *Choveve Zion* Association of Odessa in the colonies. . . . From these gentlemen we obtained a fund of knowledge regarding the colonies, and directions as to our further journeys. The *Beth ha-Sefer,* the school specially fostered by the *Choveve Zion* Association of Russia, is an institution of more than ordinary importance. Here Hebrew is taught as a living language. It has become the language of conversation among the pupils, and instruction in all the branches of knowledge is imparted in the sacred tongue. The children evidently love the ancient language, which has been made their own, and with the language there has been infused into them a love for their race and a love for their religion which is thoroughly pervaded with the national idea. This school is designed to be the model school for the colonies. The founders of this school have early recognized that, besides properly preparing and planting the land, it is equally important to rear the young generation so that men and women may come forth who shall prove themselves worthy to occupy the land, and who, among all its products, shall stand out prominently as its noblest yield.

We spent about three days very agreeably in Jaffa. During this time we visited Mikweh Israel, the agricultural school of

the *Alliance Israélite Universelle,* and Pethach Tikwah, one of the colonies, both reached after a short drive from Jaffa. Of these I shall speak presently. I desire to mention here that there is much intelligence and refinement . . . in Jaffa. This society is made up of the teachers of the various schools, physicians, the committee of the *Choveve Zion,* officers of the administration of the various colonies who visit Jaffa from time to time, and other settlers at this port . . . who have been well educated, and . . . have had the advantage of good social intercourse.

The *Alliance Israélite Universelle* can justifiably point with pride to Mikweh Israel, not only because it is the only agricultural school in the East, but also because there are few to be found in other parts of the world that can equal it in the thoroughness of their instruction and in the salutary influence which they have wielded. The waste land which surrounds it for miles upon miles testifies to the superior intelligence and untiring industry that has made it the garden spot of the region—a model which has served to direct the newer agricultural enterprises in Palestine; and it forms such a contrast to the country in which it lies that it is like an oasis in the desert.

About sixteen to eighteen young men are sent out from this school annually, and they find positions in the colonies and elsewhere as gardeners; some have even been sent to Argentine. We had a most delightful stroll through the groves, consisting of orange, lemon and *ethrog* trees. These are well cared for. They are protected from the cold winds by eucalyptus trees and hedges of acacia and pomegranate. The acacia has a most beautiful yellow, highly fragrant flower, from which, and from other flowers as well, perfumes, we are informed, are manufactured in the colony Yesud ha-Maalah. Much has been done here in the planting of trees, among which must be mentioned the palm, almond, apricot, olive, and mulberry; the latter is important for its bearing on the

silk culture. The institution derives its principal income from vine culture, the wine produced being of very fine quality. The various kinds of cereals and vegetables are also planted here, but not in large quantities. In this direction, the object in view is the instruction that is imparted, and not the yield. We saw wheat, oats, barley, and other plants from many countries, planted and grown under varying conditions, to show the pupils the practical results of non-fertilization, fertilization, and the special advantages of certain fertilizers, and to demonstrate what kinds are suited to the soil and climate.

Charles Netter must have been inspired with a spirit almost prophetic to have conceived the idea which called this great institution into being. The undertaking met with many obstacles in its early career, and the *Alliance* began to hesitate about giving the required pecuniary aid. Netter threw his soul into this important work, which he regarded as a great beginning by which his brethren should be led back again to their normal condition, an agricultural life. He left France, settled at Mikweh Israel, devoted a large private fortune to making it a success when other means failed, and remained there until he died. A very imposing monument marks his last resting place amid the scenes of the labors which made his name immortal. He held the best of titles to the distinguished location of his grave. He created his own *Gan Eden*.

After a full conference with our friends in Jaffa we concluded to visit the colonies near that city, and then to reach Sejet, a station on the railroad to Jerusalem, and, after devoting as much time as was needed to seeing Jerusalem, to proceed to the other colonies. In continuing my story, I shall not sandwich Jerusalem in between the colonies, on account of the limits of this occasion. . . . The colonies which we visited on our first trip were: Pethach Tikwah, Rishon le-Zion, Ekron, Rechoboth, Ghederah, and Kastinje; Wadi el-Chanin, which belongs to the group, we had to pass by.

Pethach Tikwah was included in the program of one of our excursions from Jaffa. . . . We reached our destination after about one and a half hours' drive over a very dusty road, through a country left to lie barren, for the most part, with but feeble attempts at cultivation here and there.

Somewhat further on in our way we passed a wagon filled with men and women who were pointed out to us as *Gerim*, "proselytes." They have quite an interesting history. They are Russians from the Caucasus who have adopted Judaism, have found their way here under very great difficulties, and consider it as their greatest happiness to be reckoned among the Jews. They are employed in Pethach Tikwah, and are very industrious and extremely pious. There are quite a number of these people who are Jews in the fullest sense of the term, and have been so for quite a long period. It is said that there are no less than five hundred families of this community in Russia. They are known as *Sabbatniker* [Sabbatarians]. They owe their origin to a movement which began in the sixteenth century.[1] At first the Jewish Sabbath was adopted; later they appealed to the Rabbis for instruction, and ultimately they became ardent followers of the Jewish faith. They have been subjected to very cruel persecution, and all yearn to come to the Holy Land to live in communion with their brethren in faith.

In approaching Pethach Tikwah, a pleasant impression is at once made by the beautiful background of green forest which the landscape presents. An avenue lined by fine shade trees leads to the village. At the end of this avenue, upon an elevated spot, the beautiful synagogue is most appropriately placed. The house of the administrator is quite a fine building; those of the colonists are of a modest character, and provide both cheerful and comfortable homes. This is one of the colonies of Baron Edmond de

[1] See *Jewish Encyclopedia*, Art. *Judaizing Heresy*.

Rothschild, without whose munificent aid the success of this new Jewish resettlement of Palestine would have been an impossibility. The vineyards in this, as well as in almost all of the other colonies, form the chief source from which the colonists derive their support, although grain is also raised successfully. Although the natives have received in the development of the colonies many valuable object-lessons as regards the advantages of modern means in agriculture, it is also true that in some respects the colonists had to learn and adopt the methods pursued from time immemorial in the East. This is illustrated in the manner in which the wells have been dug, and in the solid lining of masonry by which they have been fortified. . . .

Among other signs of desolation which one observes in traveling through Palestine, the absence of trees is especially conspicuous. It is only where Jews have again settled that the forests are beginning to be restored. In Pethach Tikwah alone, forty thousand eucalyptus trees of goodly growth testify to the munificence and far-sightedness of the Baron. Besides the several important respects in which these trees will prove their utility, very much can safely be expected of them in counteracting the malaria with which this colony is afflicted. With the growth of these trees, which is most remarkably rapid, the evil has already decidedly diminished, and it is hoped that it will gradually disappear. What wonder, then, that one hears nothing but praises and blessings for the Baron and prayers for his preservation?

The colony is provided with a good school, modeled after the one in Jaffa, except that the Ashkenazic pronunciation of Hebrew has been retained. Hebrew is the language in general use, but Arabic, Turkish, and French are also taught. . . . We were greatly pleased with our visit to Pethach Tikwah, for we found in it a highly developed Jewish colony. The trees and vines and fields reflected . . . creditably the intelligence and industry of the

new Jewish farmer, but our greatest satisfaction was derived from the assurance of our brethren that they were contented with their lot in their new life and in their new home.

Returning to Jaffa, we proceeded further on our journey. . . . We again availed ourselves of Cook's carriages, proceeding joyfully on our way, not minding the heat or dust. We found it rather remarkable that notwithstanding the high temperature we were not oppressed. This is due to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. In walking for hours through the colonies we did not perspire, and after a drive of six and eight hours we were surprised that the horses, which were not spared, did not sweat. The time required to reach Rishon le-Zion did not exceed one hour. This is the great colony of the region, being a central point for all the colonies of Judea. The Baron has erected here at great expense a vast plant for the manufacture and storage of wine, and also for the production of everything connected with this important industry, and it is to this point that all the grapes of the colonies of this region are brought and sold to the Baron. . . . We were first shown through quite a number of deep cellars, supplied with long rows of great casks which in the aggregate contain about 30,000 hectoliters of wine. The superstructure consists of a series of extensive and connected buildings, each serving a special purpose in the great work which is accomplished here. In these separate departments elaborate machinery is provided, all of which is driven from a common source, a Corliss engine. . . .

We were next taken through the machine shop. Here, as well as in every other part of the establishment, only Jews are at work. The superintendent of the shop is a Mr. Bapo, a perfect Goliath in form, with a kindly face, a native of Jerusalem, who was educated at the *Alliance* School. . . . It was refreshing to see our brethren swinging the sledge-hammers with ease and showing amid the sparks that were flying in all directions that they loved their

work and they were satisfied with their station in life. All the iron work needed in the construction of the rest of the buildings came out of this shop.

There are several grades of red and white wine produced here that have attained a well-merited reputation among connoisseurs. Cognac, which is rated as the equal of the best that can be found in any market, is also distilled here. I cannot refrain from adding my commendation of the quality of the wine. In enjoying its pleasant taste and exhilarating effect, I felt that it must have been this sort of which it is written ויין ישמח לבב־אנוש "and wine that maketh glad the heart of man." . . .

Mr. Boris Ossawetzsky, the manager of the wine department, a fine musician, has formed an orchestra that gives performances every Sunday evening, which contribute greatly to the entertainment of the people and have given opportunity for refined enjoyment. A fine, capacious building has been erected by the colonists themselves for library and meeting purposes, and it is here that the concerts are given. Synagogue and school have been amply provided for, and everything betokens a community of earnestness and intelligence. . . . Hospitality greets one at every step, and the colonists feel grateful for every indication that the Jews of other parts of the world take an interest in them and in the ideals for which they are striving. They have worked hard. They have proved that they can do the hardest work well. They feel proud of having surmounted the great difficulties of their early experiences. They are full of courage and full of hope. They love Palestine. They feel that they have at last found a home. Besides the intellectual improvement and moral elevation which has been a direct outcome of the new ideals in their new life, the more natural environment in which they have been placed has had a physically beneficial effect which is noticeable in their bearing and in their movements. It was very gratifying to us to see them

mount their horses with the agility of the Arab, and to find them fully masters of everything that horsemanship requires. In the early history of the colonies, the Arabs made the mistake of trying to intimidate them. It must have been a very good lesson which they received, for, from their very good and peaceful conduct since, they seem not to have forgotten it. . . .

Leaving Rishon le-Zion in the afternoon, we arrived at Rechoboth towards evening, but there was still time left to see much of the colony, which presents much the appearance of a German village. This colony made a good impression in every respect. It was founded by an association in Warsaw named *Menuchah we-Nachalah*, "Peace and Possession," and forms one of the independent colonies, although it must also be stated that both in Pethach Tikwah and in Rishon le-Zion there are quite a number of colonists who own their land.

The community of Rechoboth has adopted a novel and effectual method of protecting itself against theft. An agreement was made with a neighboring sheik to furnish a watchman at ninety francs per month, with the stipulation that he shall make adequate indemnification for anything that may disappear, and the plan has worked satisfactorily. This safeguard applies only to the danger of this kind to which the colony is exposed throughout the year. Against the periodic thieves who make their incursions with the ripening of the grapes, the only insurance . . . available is a number of armed colonists who patrol the vineyards all night during the season. This police system is established in all the other colonies. . . .

The three remaining colonies of Judea, on account of their proximity, were readily reached in one day's journey.

Ekron, after being a failure at first, came under the patronage of the Baron. The Baron, as an experiment, selected a number of Russians who had experience as agriculturists, with the view of de-

voting the colony to the raising of grain. The experiment was eminently successful. Subsequently, to make the colony more profitable still, he changed it to a wine and fruit-growing one, and he has not been disappointed. This aggregation of orange, lemon, *ethrog,* palm, apricot, almond, pomegranate, and acacia trees under favoring climatic influences and the most advanced horticulture presents a beauteous picture, which cannot be excelled in its kind.

Ghederah (Katra) had a unique beginning. It was settled by Russian students. They had a very rough experience, but they maintained their courage. They were materially aided by the *Choveve Zion* Association of Russia, and the colony has prospered. One-half of it is devoted to wine and fruit; the other half to grain. It is interesting to note that these young men, brought up in the Russian universities under the vitiating influence of Nihilism, have fully recovered therefrom, and have returned to a true Jewish life. The houses in this colony are built of limestone, are well constructed, and present an appearance which lends a special charm to the place. Several of these houses are architecturally quite pretentious. In one of these, owned and occupied by a Russian of means, we were kindly received. He came here because he wanted to live in Palestine. We were rather surprised to see, in the room in which we were entertained, some exquisite pieces of furniture brought all the way from Russia. The floor was made of white and black blocks of marble, arranged with a decidedly pleasing effect. The samovar, the large brass tea machine, a very ornamental piece which one often sees in Russian houses in the East, was soon set going. Our kind host, already advanced in years, chirped and skipped about, the very picture of happiness in his cordial attentions to us. In thinking now of him and of his brethren who are left in the land of the Czar, I am strongly reminded of our Russian Jewish poet Rosenfeld's pathetic song of the happy

canary bird singing its sweet chants in the green woods, and of the one in the cage whose song is a sigh.

We finished the day with the drive to Kastinje, the home of our friend Kaiserman. Our host, with the aid of a female Arab servant bearing the euphonious name of Sapcha, attended most generously to our wants. This colony is devoted exclusively to the raising of grain, and was established by the *Choveve Zion.* Mr. Kaiserman showed us the plan of storing grain which had been learned from the Arabs, and which is also in vogue in some of the other colonies. It consists of excavations in the ground of the shape of an elliptical vase, with a long neck, and of a capacity of holding as many as a hundred and fifty bags of grain. These excavations . . . are very skilfully made by the Arabs. They have the advantage of great economy, while the grain remains perfectly protected. In the threshing of the grain the method of the natives has been found advantageous. It consists of spreading it out upon the field and driving horses, drawing a sort of heavy sled, over it in continuous circles.

Our Arab servant's carriage was a typical example of the graceful bearing of the young Arab women, acquired, probably, from the erect posture enforced in the carrying of water jars and other burdens upon their heads. She promptly disappeared toward nightfall, as no Arab girl is known to be absent from her native village at night. She was about twenty-four years old, a rather advanced age for a girl in the East not to be married. We learned that she was promised to be given as wife to a little boy while she was quite a young child. The boy disappeared, and unless a divorce is obtained, or his death can be established, she can, according to the custom of the country, never marry anyone else.

In driving from colony to colony we passed a number of Arab villages which added much to the interest of our journeys. The physician at Ghederah had been called the day before we arrived to

attend a neighboring sheik who was very ill. It became known that a physician from abroad was travelling through the country, and I was requested to meet the medical attendant in consultation. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of seeing the inside of an Arab village. Such a village consists of a large circular wall built of mud, which at the same time forms the outer part of the houses, which are covered with a thick layer of straw. The village is entered through a wide arched gateway. On entering the court, a motley assembly of men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, donkeys, goats, and other cattle was observed.

All around there were at intervals single openings which served as door and window to the respective dwellings. The house we entered consisted of a room twelve by twelve with a pile of stones in the center about three feet high, four feet broad, and about six feet long, covered with blankets, which formed a bed upon which the sick sheik lay. There was absolutely no other furniture in the room. The open court serves the purpose of the general parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and stable. Libraries are not required, and only of recent years has a feeble attempt been made to have village schools. The sheik had been sick for nearly six weeks. He shared the common belief that Providence alone should be relied upon in sickness. When he, however, got so ill that he could not resist the demands of his four sympathizing wives any longer, a physician was finally sent for. On leaving the village, I asked the doctor who came with us from Ghederah how it was possible that a man like the sheik, who was reputed to be a man of considerable means, could live in such a wretched environment. He replied, "Such folk are quite happy as they are. They follow out a political economy of their own which resolves itself into the proposition that the less one has, the less can one be deprived of by the officials." They are not oppressed by the giving of a dowry to procure husbands for their daughters, a custom so wide-spread

among other peoples; on the contrary, the father is paid a sum averaging about two hundred and fifty dollars for each daughter he gives away in marriage. Sometimes a father desires to increase his household by an additional wife and wants at the same time to escape the pressure of a cash transaction; he then gives away a daughter and takes a wife in exchange. A more commendable phase of Arab life was observed in the many poor women whom we met returning from the fields and carrying upon their heads loads of grain, these being the gleanings to which they are entitled by a statute based upon the Jewish law. At Kastinje we parted with our good friend Kaiserman, and proceeded in charge of our Arab driver to Sejet, a point about half way on the railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem. . . .

After spending eleven days in the Holy City, during which time we visited Hebron, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan, we returned to Jaffa. Following the direction of our friends of the Jaffa Committee we drove to Chuderah under the guidance of one of the colonists of that place. He had been spending *Shabuoth* in Jaffa on a visit to his betrothed. He carried a rifle and wore a belt well stocked with cartridges. He had been in many a combat when the natives were not as peaceful as now. A conspicuous sinking of the bridge of his nose marked him as one of the heroes of these battles, and probably on this account he deemed it prudent to be fully armed while on the road. He was quite an intelligent man and entertained us with an account of the early struggles of the colonists and the success they had achieved, which went far to lessen the discomfort of our journey, lasting eight hours over very dusty roads, and through a country which offered very little in the way of scenery. . . .

We reached Chuderah late in the afternoon and were most hospitably received by Dr. Soskin, director of the colony. This colony was founded by a number of societies in Russia and occupies a ter-

ritory of nearly 7000 acres, which is about twice as large as the largest of the other colonies. Its western boundary is formed by the Mediterranean Sea, where it has a little harbor. Unfortunately malaria has raged here in its severest forms, owing to two swamps which generate this disease. Attempts at draining the land had to be abandoned on account of the large number of deaths occurring among those engaged in the work. The sufferings of this colony have been greatly mitigated through the benevolence of Baron de Rothschild, who, during the last few years, has annually expended 10,000 francs to enable the colonists and their families to spend two months of the season of danger in other colonies. A number of those thoroughly acclimated remain at home on guard. Besides this, the Baron has had two hundred thousand eucalyptus trees planted on the swampy land, and it is expected that the sanitary condition of the colony will soon be very much improved, and that ultimately malaria will entirely disappear. The land is richly productive. The vines yield a rich harvest; watermelons grow well and abundantly, and find a ready market in Egypt, being shipped direct from the colony. Sesame, which is also largely raised, is a small plant with many seeds from which oil is extracted, and . . . commands a fair return.

We left Chuderah in the morning and arrived at Zichron Jacob in about three hours. We now passed through a mountainous country. The hillsides were terraced in many places, but barren until we reached the Jewish settlement. When we were assured that the rich vine-clad slopes we beheld, as beautiful as those on the Rhine, occupied places that had been as barren as those we passed, we felt that a new miracle had been wrought. Moses struck the rock, and the water gushed forth; here the colonists had appealed to the rocks, and they have yielded wine abundantly. Zichron Jacob is a beautiful town of about 2000 inhabitants, with fine houses, the administration building being almost palatial in

character. A park with a splashing fountain is placed in the center of the town, surrounded by broad, clean streets, with shaded sidewalks. The synagogue is quite an imposing structure. Zichron Jacob, on account of its highly developed condition and gay appearance, is often called by the colonists the "new Paris." The bright little cottages, the luxuriant gardens, with the orchards of orange, lemon, pomegranate, and palm trees attached to them, the green slopes smiling upon the peaceful homes, and breathing a rich promise in the language of the vines, seemed to give an answer to the Psalmist's query: אשא עיני אל ההרים מאין יבא עזרי "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills; from whence shall my help come?"

Zichron Jacob was first settled by Roumanian Jews, as Samarin. They had to bear untold hardships. At one time, so we were told by an old settler, their last resource to procure bread was to pledge their *Sefer Torah,* "Scroll of the Law," for a loan. They redeemed their pledge, and it is now especially endeared to them. Baron Edmond de Rothschild has given this colony his munificent protection, and to this cause is mainly due its great prosperity. Its present name, *Zichron Jacob,* the "Memorial of Jacob," is a tribute to the father of the Baron. This colony bears the same relation to the Galilean colonies as does Rishon le-Zion to those of Judea. All the grapes are brought here to the extensive plant provided for the wine industry.

Shefeya and Umm al-Jimal are two small colonies, outgrowths from Zichron Jacob, constituted entirely of workmen who had previously been employed in the latter colony. They are planted between the hills, and give signs of growing prosperity. The houses are cheerful and neat; the colonists seem proud of their advancement. We arrived during the season of the silk culture. Before every house there was a vast collection of branches of the mulberry tree. Women and children were engaged in stripping the leaves from the branches, and thus providing food for the worms. In

the main room of every house,—and this was largely true of Zichron Jacob also,—the usual furniture had been removed, and shelves were provided for feeding the worms. It was a pleasant scene to behold mothers and children with happy faces and nimble hands engaged in this important domestic industry. . . .

Could we have prolonged our stay in Palestine, wo should have crossed the country from west to east to visit the colonies of which Rosh Pinnah forms the center, viz.: Mishmar ha-Yarden, Yesud ha-Maalah, and Metullah, but the season was too far advanced. . . . We regretted this the more, as it is in this direction that Palestine exhibits its greatest picturesqueness. The life of these colonists and the products of the land are very similar to those we have already described, as we were . . . informed. It is, however, worthy of mention that the silk industry is of special importance in Rosh Pinnah, where a factory for the spinning of silk is in successful operation. Yesud ha-Maalah is noted for the raising of roses, jessamine, acacias, tube-roses, and rose geraniums on a large scale, from which the fragrant oils are extracted in a quite extensive factory which has been erected for that purpose.

The preceding is a condensed account of the life of the colonists and the possibilities of the land upon which they have settled. It has been definitely ascertained that Palestine is fertile and capable, with proper cultivation, of yielding ample sustenance for several millions of additional inhabitants without taking into account the many more who could find support from the development of commerce and industries for which it offers a promising field. The desolation and poverty that prevails now is ascribable to some extent to the lethargy of its inhabitants, who have neglected agriculture; but more largely to the policy of the Turkish Government, which has exerted a withering influence upon the development of the country in every respect. But even under these unfavorable conditions the colonies have prospered, and the

fact has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the Jew can become a successful tiller of the soil. Under his hand, Palestine has begun her regeneration. Barren hills have been clothed with generous verdure. Deserted valleys have been reclaimed. Where ruthless waste has for centuries ruled supreme, happy Jewish villages have grown. The forests that had disappeared are returning from their long exile and spreading their protecting shade and breathing their health-giving influence. Vine and fruit tree are vying with each other in offering their reward to the noble band of pioneers who have come from afar in their renewed love for the Old Home, and bid welcome to generations yet unborn. The busy bee has been charmed back again by flowers that have donned their brightest colors and spread their sweetest fragrance, and honey has again begun to flow. Plants have been ennobled by grafts of the best of every land. But the greatest change here the Jew himself presents. His bent form has become erect; his enfeebled body has regained strength; his cringing spirit has left him, and courage marks his movements instead. The tongue that so oft was bid to be silent has regained its freedom, and is readapting itself to its ancient sacred language. The Jew lives for high ideals, and feels that the time has come to make a new effort to rise out of the humiliation into which he has been dragged by centuries of relentless persecution. In vain has he proffered his love and given his blood in defence of the various countries of his adoption. He has been denounced as an alien and a parasite almost everywhere, and at the end of the nineteenth century, which promised so much, 7,500,000 out of the 10,000,000 Jews in the world are placed under conditions which make life almost intolerable. His frailties have been magnified, his worth ignored, and his oppressors have sunk deeper and deeper into unconsciousness of the crime that they have perpetrated, and are continuing to perpetrate against him. He has striven honestly to live down prejudice, but the more he has tried

to adapt himself to circumstances, the more inexorable has become the condition that he must cease to be himself. In his Old Home, in Palestine, he hopes to become completely himself again. Here there shall be established a center for Jewish thought, and a life shaped by lofty Jewish ideals. From here there shall radiate an influence that shall reach Jews in every corner of the globe, and place them in a proper light, and eventually enforce amends for the wrongs from which they have so long suffered, so that finally the day may dawn when "out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

"GLIMPSES IN PALESTINE."

Palestine has always attracted the interest of the Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan world. The Jews regarded it as their inheritance, and have never relinquished their title to it. . . .

The Mohammedans have held possession of Palestine for many centuries, and have great reverence for the historic places. They look with pride on their achievements during the Crusades, and Saladin will never lose in comparison with Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard the Lion-hearted.

The Christians have two great incentives for intrenching themselves as strongly as they can; they hold that the possession of the burial place of the founder of their religion must be forever secure to them and that they must be sufficiently strong to assert themselves when the final dealing out takes place, and each . . . Christian sect hates the others too much to permit any one sect to obtain an advantage in this regard.

The principal city and the point of greatest interest in Palestine is Jerusalem; it is now readily reached by railroad from Jaffa; it is picturesquely placed upon Mt. Zion and Mt. Moriah at an elevation of 2700 feet above sea-level, enclosed by a beautiful wall with a number of gates. The population numbers between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants, two-thirds being Jews; of the remaining one-third about two-thirds are Mohammedans and the rest Christians, representing all their varied sects. Jews and Mohammedans live amicably together. The Mohammedans have not much love for Christians. The Christians, besides hating everybody else, are kept quite busy hating each other. Certain religious festivals held by Christians in the church of the Holy Sepulcher would be

rendered scenes of murder and bloodshed were it not for the Prince of Peace, who is represented in this instance by the Turkish Guard. Most of the people one meets upon the streets have nothing to do, and do not seem at all oppressed by their inactivity.

The place where the Temple stood occupies about one-fifth of the area of the city. It is enclosed by a wall, and remains an empty place except in its center, which is occupied by the Mosque of Omar. I looked down upon this great enclosure and the Mosque from the high tower on the Mount of Olives. I shall not attempt to describe it. How can it be described by one who could view it only through tears? . . . But only glimpses I am to offer. Jewish children speak more languages in Jerusalem, perhaps, than in any other part of the world. In the Kindergarten of the Alliance I listened to very small children singing English songs. All speak Hebrew, and besides this many speak Arabic, German, French, and English.

You wondered, no doubt, when I stated that English was taught in the modern schools, whence the teachers were procured to do this teaching. Jerusalem is a great gathering place for that *genus hominis* which in America is known by the generic term "cranks." They find their way from all parts of the world, and America has not been left without its representation. About sixteen years ago quite a number of our countrymen and countrywomen, probably twenty persons in all, felt convinced that the prophecies were nearing their fulfilment, and they wanted to be on the spot, to be on the ground floor, among those who were counting on their benefits; they went to Jerusalem and waited from day to day, till the days became years, and their means were expended, and want stared them in the face. The fulfilment for which they had waited and for which they are still waiting had taken too slow a train, they found, and they eventually came to the conclusion that they had to do something besides praying and getting up early every morning and

ascending the Mount of Olives to meet the messenger who was to bring the tidings, for the wolf was at the door; so they have taken up a number of pursuits, among them nursing the sick, taking and selling photographs of scenes in Palestine, producing various articles for household use, and especially teaching. For this a number of them were specially qualified, and they have proven themselves excellent teachers in the Jewish schools; and have otherwise contributed materially to the spread of the English language in Jerusalem. They have resigned themselves to a life of celibacy. When a married couple enters the family their relations change to that of brother and sister; children are the common property of the family. In consequence of their faith they live in perfect peace, so they say, though a great many doubt it; and they hold that by the general adoption of their system of belief the whole world would be at peace. We have here another example of the mistake so often made, that because a certain plan works satisfactorily on a small scale, it must necessarily work equally well upon the largest scale. I met a number of them and spent an evening in their society, and found them very intelligent indeed and equally refined. There seems to be some kind of a mystery connected with them, which no one has yet been able fully to unravel. . . .

In speaking of the American family we met an example of people in Jerusalem who do not marry at all; in the Mohammedans we find a class who sometimes marry quite frequently; and in the Jews we have examples of people often marrying at an age at which we should still consider them children. The case of a boy of fourteen marrying a girl of twelve . . . is nothing very uncommon, nor is it very rare for a man to be a grandfather before he is forty years old.

There are a great many Rabbis in Jerusalem; I cannot say exactly how many thousand. I have heard some bad things said

about them, which in no instance did I believe; for I have been greatly prejudiced in their favor, because, among other reasons, they never, or very seldom preach, and have no means of defending themselves against these charges. . . .

The sights one is shown in traveling through Palestine are principally the burial places of the patriarchs, kings, and prophets. In other words, we are brought to the great cemetery of our former national glory. It would be a dreary journey for him who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead, but for him who believes in this resurrection, and for him who has the insight to recognize the first signs of the quickening, there is a joy to be found here which no other place in the world affords. Here and there, in Judea, in Samaria, in Galilee, and also faintly, yet recognizably, in the Hauran, there is a new life sprouting up, a life that Palestine has not known since the Jews were taken away as captives. Twenty-four Jewish colonies now decorate a landscape which but recently was one continuous . . . waste. Happy homes have here been established from which Jewish songs resound in tones prophetic of the new era that is to come. The land has begun to divest itself of its badge of mourning; where nothing but weeds grew and famine barred out all animal life, forests have reappeared and vineyards have covered the nakedness of the mountains and orchards are offering their luscious fruit and fields are bearing rich yields of grain. Where ignorance reigned . . . for centuries, Jewish schools now shed their blessings, and the returned exile has regained his own, his ancient sacred language. After an absence of eighteen centuries and passing through endless vicissitudes, forced to do what he had not been accustomed to in his old home, and to do this so long, that he forgot what was his normal state, he has come back and resumed his old work, and shown the world that Palestine is fertile, and that the Jew can become a successful tiller of the soil.

"LOVERS OF ZION," AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MICKVÉ ISRAEL ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

Since affairs in Russia assumed a state which compelled thousands upon thousands of its Jewish inhabitants to seek homes in other parts of the world, the love of Zion which has accompanied Israel throughout the dispersion has acquired a fresh intensity; this has inaugurated a movement full of richest promise. This movement has the lofty aspiration of making the Hebrew language again the language of the Hebrews, and of establishing a home for Israelites in the land which was the home of their ancestors. It shall be the purpose of the lecture which I have the honor to deliver, by your kind invitation, to present the motives which have led to the organization of the *Chibbath Zion,* to outline its progress, and to consider the possibilities which it indicates.

The world has greatly marveled at the unexpected preservation of the Jews. When Rome finally triumphed over the Holy City and Israel was carried into captivity, everything pointed to the total annihilation of the Jews as a people. Little did the historian of that day dream that the historian of nearly twenty centuries later would speak of them as the only living relic of antiquity; as a people who, under the most adverse conditions, had made the long journey from ancient to modern times; as a people fully preserving their identity, and still adhering to that religion for which they had to suffer unceasingly from the time of the destruction of their nationality to the present day. But it is not the simple survival of the Jews of which history has to take account. It must accord them recognition not only for having preserved themselves,

in spite of having been subjected to persecutions such as have been the lot of no other people, but also for much that they have preserved for the world. They were largely the media through which the intellectual achievements of the East reached the West during the Middle Ages; and to them, furthermore, must be credited no mean share in the progress the world has made since that time. During that long period in which the whole of Europe was steeped in ignorance and the continuous clash of arms was the expression of a vile brutality, the Jews, proscribed at every step by those in power, subjected to the contumely of vulgar mobs, insecure in the possession of their tangible property, with no place that they could call a home, cultivated a spiritual life and an intellectual life; and in moments of peace within their four walls their crouching forms would assume the dignity of self-respect and they would look down upon the degradation of their persecutors with contempt, were they slaves or were they kings. Conscious of a sacred mission which they were destined to fulfil, feeling their responsibility as custodians of the Law, and animated by the hope of the restoration of their national life, they became the heroes of an unequaled martyrdom consecrated to the glory of God. Through many centuries they were the witnesses of the instability of material grandeur among the many nations. While they were kept alive by the inspiration of a holy faith, they saw one power succumb to another, each in turn becoming their persecutors. Over and over again they were robbed of all their earthly possessions, but they took good care not to be cheated of their faith. Pressed as they were on all sides, peace and honor were regarded as worthless currency when offered them in exchange for that gem inherited from their forefathers; although treated as aliens everywhere, they held this up as the sign that they should become a blessing to all mankind.

When at last the light of modern times began to illumine the world, and under its benign influence man was gradually led from

serfdom into citizenship, and despotism had to yield to representative government, the Jew could not be excluded altogether from the benefits which were brought about by the salutary changes. In those countries which led in the advance the Jew was granted equal rights. It seemed as if an era in the world's history had been reached in which there could be no step backward in the application of the principle of equal rights for all men. The general proposition that any law which denied the rights of any special class of men carried with it the condition that the rights of all men would be rendered insecure, was too clear to be disregarded. No class of men, therefore, in the great struggle for liberty, could demand rights for themselves which they would deny to others; and so the Jew came in for his share, although the inference is justified that it was not always ungrudgingly awarded.

It seemed further that the intimate intercourse among the nations which marked the age would bring them rapidly nearer to each other in their sympathies, and that the memorable political regeneration which had so greatly changed the complexion of Western Europe could not long be barred out of the Eastern empires.

Under these favorable auspices the Jew entered upon a new activity. The long discipline through which he had passed aided him greatly in the various fields in which he was now permitted to move, and it was not long before he attracted attention by the distinction which he attained. It was not remarkable that he succeeded so well in the various branches of commerce, for, even with the disadvantages under which he had previously labored, his aptitude in this direction had fully manifested itself. He now assumed a conspicuous part in the work to be done in other fields. He had suffered under the unjust accusation that he had no ambition except for gain, but he soon appeared as an earnest competitor in every avenue which led to honorable fame. In the arts and in

the sciences, in literature and in politics, he contributed names which will remain illustrious for all time.

Having always been loyal to the state, even when he had to suffer from unkind discriminations, his pride in full citizenship knew no bounds; and he was not loath to rid himself of characteristics, some of which were not to his discredit, in order thoroughly to provide against the continuance of social distinctions between him and other citizens. He plunged into the current of the times, and his course indicated that he sought his welfare in directions in which he drifted farther and farther from his Jewish interests. He lived his new life as though he had just been born, and as though his history had died at his birth. He felt sure that he was now standing upon firm ground, and that no occasion could arise that would render his rights insecure.

History has often repeated itself, however, in the testimony which it has recorded in regard to unexpected interruptions in the onward march of civilization; and so in our day the long-cherished hope that the benign influence which had developed in Western Europe would travel eastward and reach the Jews where they were most in need of it was doomed to meet a sad disappointment. It was a most bitter irony of fate that the storm came from whence the refreshing zephyr was expected. In the country foremost among those high in culture and in the development of general intelligence an intolerance asserted itself which, on account of its anomalous character, had to assume a new name, "Anti-Semitism"; this Anti-Semitism the lamented Frederick III. (then Crown Prince) denounced as "*Ein Schmach des Jahrhunderts.*" Moreover the contagion spread to its close neighbor, that mighty empire whose institutions were formed in the mould of the dark ages, and there it incited a cruel persecution, which, in the intensity of its barbarism, could be equaled only by events which disgraced mediæval

times. Anti-Semitism spread from Germany to Austria, and even secured . . . some foothold in Republican France. To provide a basis upon which it could stand, the Jew was confronted by a remarkable arraignment. "He pushed himself forward and secured positions which others should occupy." "He sent too many of his youth to higher institutions of learning." "He filled too many chairs in the universities." "He became too potent a factor in the press." These were some of the charges preferred against him. The intelligence, energy, and ambition which enabled him to elevate himself, and which would have been commended in any one else, subjected him to a relentless hatred. He was denounced as a parasite upon the nation, although he was an inhabitant of Germany before Christianity was brought there, and was here, as almost everywhere else, systematically robbed, whenever it was worth while doing so, for many centuries. He was charged with being governed by a low standard of honor in his dealings with all men, and this by the party which sent Ahlwardt to the Reichstag, even after he had been disgraced in a court of law. Every possible distortion of statistics was made use of to place him in a false light before the world, to justify the cruel ostracism to which he was at once subjected, and to offer a plea upon which the abrogation of his rights under the law could eventually be consummated. Humiliating as this condition of affairs was to the German Jew, against whom it was specially directed, it made a no less profound impression upon his unfortunate brother in Russia. In Russia the Jew was in the way on account of his religion, and inasmuch as he could not be made to desert his faith, he must be gotten rid of. In Germany no one objected to his religion, it was said, but his race, as a component part of the nation, would vitiate the ethical well-being of the "*Germanenthum;*" and he had to be degraded, so that he might be made harmless. The persecution in Russia, terrible as it was, could be more readily understood than

the Anti-Semitism born in Germany. The former was the outcome of the crime of one man, in a country whose people could not claim rights; the latter is the sin of a nation whose institutions are based on the theory that all men have rights, to assail which is a crime. Everywhere the relation of the Jew to the rest of the world has been and is being busily discussed, and there has arisen what has been called the "Jewish Question." Those who have been forced to contemplate expatriation with all the hardships necessarily attending it felt that they would be unwelcome guests wherever they came. It has become more and more evident that the Jew is more or less hated everywhere. The prejudice against him has lasted for so many generations, has been made legitimate by the example of so many high in the church and in the state, that it has finally established itself as a perverted social instinct, to eradicate which will require a very extended period of time and a higher moral development than the world has yet attained. One who has come into possession of wealth by inheritance would be rather loath to renounce it on the ground that it had originally been dishonestly acquired, especially on the allegation of one who was known not to have enjoyed the friendship of the testator; and so will one generation, inheriting a social prejudice from previous generations, be disinclined to give it up for the benefit of one who has been considered an outsider for an untold number of generations.

The efforts of the Jews themselves and of their friendly advocates to place their cause in a true light before the world have not met with much success. The hideous caricature under which the Jew has so long been maliciously represented, has finally made such a lasting impression upon the mental vision of his enemies that, no matter in what guise he appears, he assumes the repugnant form under which he has become familiar. So far there is no indication which can encourage us to hope that any speedy change will take place in this morbid condition. The restoration of healthy

function to a perverted sense which has suffered for generations from a hereditary infirmity, is an extremely slow process. In individual cases the Jew will succeed by life-long reputation for integrity, by special talents, or rare genius, in winning due recognition, but the friendship which it may bring him will not benefit any other Jew; on the other hand, when one Jew brings himself into discredit, the Jews as a class are embraced in the condemnation which follows. The antagonism which is directed against the Jew proceeds everywhere from the same cause, only its expression varies according to the state of civilization in the respective countries in which it exists. It is very unfortunate, therefore, that the geographical distribution of the Jews is such that only a comparatively small number live in the more highly developed states of Western Europe, while probably more than one-half of the entire number are to be found congregated in a rather small area in Eastern Europe, where the harshest conditions prevail.

It would be a sad mistake to continue to suffer and to wait for that period when the brotherhood of man will be fully established, and those enmities based upon differences in descent and belief will cease. But what shall we do? The *Choveve Zion* have given an answer to this question. It is based upon the conviction that the preservation of the dignity of the Jewish people all over the world depends upon *the revival of the national idea.* This will bind them closer to their Jewish interests; and this is gradually to secure for a portion of those imbued with the national sentiment, who are now suffering from the depressing influences prevailing within the overcrowded pale of settlement, a life such as their ancestors led, amid the scenes of their ancient history. Here the Jew is to find peace in a simpler and more natural life. Here, in freer movements, in fresher air, he is to regain his physical strength. Here, under the inspiration of a glorious past, Jewish thought is to develop in its richest spontaneity. Here, to the

land where milk and honey once flowed, the Jew shall come from his latest expatriation to redeem it from the waste, worn as the badge of mourning for the children carried off by the ancient exile.

This sentiment led to the organization of the *Choveve Zion* Association in Russia in 1882, shortly after the outbreak of the persecution which has become so memorable; but, from the nature of things in that empire, it continued to exist in secret until 1890, when it received the sanction of the government. While it still receives its largest support in Russia, similar associations have been established in Austria, Germany, England, France, and, I am glad to add, in this country. Twenty-four colonies have thus far been established, embracing a population of over four thousand souls. The progress of these colonies has made it clear that the project of repopulating Palestine by Jews in this way is perfectly feasible. It is true that these colonies are still far from having reached full prosperity, but the increasing reward which has attended the persistent labor of the earnest colonists warrants the assumption that it will not be long before they will be able to rely entirely upon themselves. The *Choveve Zion* will then be enabled to devote their means to the gradual organization of new colonies. . . .[1]

The idea has taken deep root that the Jews should acquire a home which should be their own, and which should be where their ancestors lived and received that inspiration which will remain imperishable.

Under the influence of this sentiment, a new and quite extensive Hebrew literature has been produced. Throughout the development of the *Choveve Zion,* the acquisition of a home in Palestine and the revival of the Hebrew language have been inseparably interwoven. . . .[2]

The creation of a literature . . . unmistakably signifies that

[1] A detailed description of the colonies follows.
[2] A sketch of the Renaissance of Hebrew literature follows.

the national idea has taken new and deep root and is not likely to prove an ephemeral growth, but that it will become stronger and stronger. The return in a few years of thousands of Jews to agricultural pursuits, out of which they had been driven by the unfriendly fate of twenty centuries, under conditions demanding such brave resolution, evidences an earnestness of purpose which points to great possibilities. Palestine was peopled by Israel and yielded sustenance to millions. It was wrested from Israel and remained despoiled. Fertility is again to be restored to it by Jewish hands. In the deserted places Jewish villages shall arise. The vine-clad hills shall again recount the story of happy Jewish homes. The peaceful valleys shall give testimony of renewed Jewish life. The cities shall be redeemed from degeneracy through Western culture, which the exile shall bring with him. He who was a medium through which civilization reached the West during the dark ages will appropriately become the bearer of enlightenment through which the Orient is destined to be regenerated. Institutions are to be reared which shall become the laboratories of Jewish thought. The Jew is again to rise to his full dignity and show the world how much light Judaism has shed and is yet capable of shedding upon all mankind. This is the grand ideal which thousands upon thousands hope for and are willing to work and to suffer for.

But the influence of this movement is not to be restricted to those who have, or who are willing to cast their lot in Palestine. It is to take a strong hold upon the Jew everywhere. To him who is still suffering from formidable persecution it is to be the great hope that shall sustain him through his trial. To him who has been elevated to full citizenship by the law, but made an alien by the social decree, as in Germany and elsewhere, it will afford that self-emancipation which is to shield him from the allurements of the hour and fit him for the purposes of a high destiny. Through-

out the great struggle, which is eventually to establish the brotherhood of man, in which we are all to lend our best efforts, the great fellowship which has hitherto embraced the Jews of every land is inviolably to be maintained. In dealing with the antipathy which assails him because he is a Jew, he is to think, to live, and to act in a renewed realization that there is nothing so sure to contribute to his happiness as that which is Jewish. He is to stop bartering away his old treasures for flimsy novelties. He is not to borrow from others, when he is in possession of an inheritance by which the whole world can be enriched. This is how the "Jewish Question" is to be answered for the Jew, not in a cringing spirit, but animated by the pride of being descended from a noble ancestry, to whom the whole world is indebted for having been the bearers of a message which was the first to publish the lessons of justice and humanity.

In the revival of the national idea it is not proposed that all Jews be settled in Palestine. If those who have been honored by citizenship in the more favored lands will but enter into the spirit which underlies the movement, they can promote the cause by reviving the study of the Hebrew language, by forming societies of *Choveve Zion,* as has been done in England and in Germany, and by living consistently the life of a Jew; and by promoting the cause in this way they will honor themselves, and fortify themselves to assume an attitude against which the shafts of Anti-Semitism will prove unavailing.

"The eminence, the nobleness of a people, depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and for striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul." These are the encouraging words which came from George Eliot.

The Jew is confronted by the alternative, either to make a brave

resistance against the modern influences which conspire to bring about his disintegration, and to come out of the fight with a new victory to add to his glorious record; or, misled by the false meaning of *assimilation,* to surrender to what he is made to believe is inevitable, and to suffer the ignominious doom of the forgotten. But Israel will not surrender! A Maccabean spirit will arise anew to fire the Jewish heart to cast out the idols from the sanctuary. It was not Israel that sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. It was his to struggle and to win.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.*

"Letter from Berlin" (dealing with Glaucoma and Iridectomy), *Maryland and Virginia Medical Journal*, 1861, Vol. XVI, p. 349.

"The Pulse," a paper read before one of the Baltimore medical societies, 186—.

"Diseases of the Lachrymal Apparatus," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, 1869.

"Sympathetic Ophthalmia," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, 1869.

"Exophthalmic Goitre," a paper read before the Pathological Society of Baltimore, 1870 (?).

"Purulent Ophthalmia," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, April, 1870.

"Traumatic Cataract," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, April 24, 1871.

"Various Conditions of the Nerves of the Eye Regulating the Contraction and Dilatation of the Pupil," a paper read before the Medical and Surgical Society of Baltimore, May 4, 1871.

"Iritis," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, September, 1871.

"Retinitis Complicated with Bright's Disease," *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, October, 1871.

"Eczema," a paper read before the Medical and Surgical Society of Baltimore, February 8, 1872.

"Glaucoma," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, November 11, 1872.

"Phlyctenular Ophthalmia," a paper read before the Medical and Surgical Society of Baltimore, May 1, 1873.

Introductory Lecture to the Course on Diseases of the Eye and Ear, delivered before the Class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, October, 1873.

"Report on Surgery: Indications for the Enucleation of the Eye-ball and the Correction of the Deformity by the Insertion of an Artificial Eye," read before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, April, 1876; *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1876, p. 82; also *Cincinnati Medical News*, November, 1877.

* The unpublished writings are preserved in manuscript.

"Ophthalmological Notes" (including "Anæsthetics in Ophthalmic Surgery" and "Spasm of the Accommodation"), a paper read before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, April, 1878; *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1878, p. 94.

"The Eye," a Lecture delivered before the Hebrew Young Men's Association of Baltimore, 1878.

"Optic Neuritis," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, April 11, 1881; *Maryland Medical Journal*, August 1 and 15, 1881; also reprinted separately.

"Introductory Address, delivered before the Class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore City, September 14, 1881, . . . Published by the Class."

"Address on the Occasion of the Dedication of the Newly Acquired Ground at the Simchath Thorah Festival of the Hebrew Hospital and Asylum Association of Baltimore City, October 16, 1881," published by the Association, Baltimore, 1881.

"Old Foes and New Friends," an Address upon Anti-Semitism, delivered before the Hebrew Young Men's Association of Baltimore (1882?).

"Enucleation and Optico-Ciliary Neurotomy," a Clinical Lecture before the Class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; *Medical Chronicle* (Baltimore), Vol. I, 1883, p. 150.

"Four Cases of Syphilitic Brain Disease Complicated with Eye Disease" (1883?).

"Relation of Eye and Spinal Diseases," a paper read before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland; *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1883, p. 187; also reprinted separately. (Abstracted in *Medical News* (Philadelphia), Vol. XLII, 1883, p. 505, and in the *Maryland Medical Journal*, Vol. X, 1883-4, p. 25.)

"Uræmic Amaurosis," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, June 9, 1883; *Medical News* (Philadelphia), April 9, 1884; abstracted in the *Medical Chronicle* (Baltimore), November, 1884.

"Recent Progress in Ophthalmology," a review of current literature, *Medical Chronicle* (Baltimore), August, 1883.

Address Commemorative of Dr. Andrew Hartman (†December 15, 1884).

Address delivered at the Purim Banquet of the Hebrew Ladies' Orphans' Aid Society, Baltimore, February 27, 1885.

"Foreign Bodies in the Eye," a paper read before the Clinical Society of Baltimore, March 20, 1885.

"Four Cases of Eye-Injuries," described at the meeting of the Baltimore Medical Association, November 10, 1885; *Medical Times* (Philadelphia), December 12, 1885.

"Osteosarcoma at Base of Skull," *Maryland Medical Journal*, 1886, p. 500.

"A Case of Optic Neuritis with Brain Symptoms: Recovery, with Remarks," a paper read before the Clinical Society of Baltimore, December, 1885; *New York Medical Journal*, February 5, 1887.

Address Commemorative of Professor John S. Lynch, M. D., delivered before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, October 7, 1888; published in abstract in *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1889, p. 42.

"Disturbed Equilibrium of the Muscles of the Eye as a Factor in the Causation of Nervous Diseases," a paper read before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland; *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1889, p. 199; also reprinted separately.

"Iodoform in Gonorrhœal Ophthalmia," a paper read before one of the Baltimore medical societies, 1889.

Address delivered at the Opening of the New City Hospital, Baltimore, January 1, 1889.

"Detachment of the Retina," a paper read before the Baltimore Medical Association, November 11, 1889; *Maryland Medical Journal*, Vol. XXII, 1889, p. 205.

Address at the Semi-Annual Session of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, Hagerstown, November 12, 1889; published in part in *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1890, p. 10.

Address delivered at the Simchath Torah Festival of the Hebrew Hospital and Asylum Association, 1890.

"The Modern Hospital," Presidential Address before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Baltimore, 1890; *Trans. Med. & Chir. Faculty*, 1890, p. 145; also *Maryland Medical Journal*, Vol. XXIII, 1890, p. 1.

"Jewish Immigration," an Address, published in the *American Hebrew* (New York), (1891?).

Address at the Celebration in Honor of the Seventieth Birthday of Professor Virchow, held in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, October 13, 1891; published in the *Johns Hopkins University Circular*.

"Charity," an Address delivered at the Annual Banquet of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, Baltimore, December 1, 1892.

Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Baltimore Branch of the *Alliance Israélite Universelle*, March 19, 1893.

"Paralysis of the Eye Muscles of Central and Peripheral Origin," a paper read before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, April, 1894; *Maryland Medical Journal*, May 26, 1894; also reprinted separately.

"Lovers of Zion," an address delivered before the Mickvé Israel Association of Philadelphia, December 23, 1894; published in the *Jewish Exponent* (Philadelphia) and reprinted by the Zion Association of Baltimore.

"Jewish Physicians and the Contributions of Jews to the Science of Medicine: a Lecture delivered before the Gratz College of Philadelphia, January 20, 1896"; *Publications of Gratz College*, No. 1; also reprinted separately, Philadelphia, 1897.

"A Trip to Palestine," an Address read before the Young Men s Hebrew Association of Philadelphia, February 25, 1899, and also before societies in Baltimore and New York; published in the *Jewish Exponent* (Philadelphia).

"Glimpses in Palestine," an Address delivered before a Jewish society in Baltimore (1899?).

"History of Medicine before Hippocrates," a paper published in the *Journal of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons*, April, 1900.

"Circumcision" (Medical Aspects), an Article in the Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. IV.

"Doctor George H. Rohé: A Memoir," read at the Memorial Meeting of the Maryland Health Association, May 23, 1901; published in pamphlet form.

"Removal of the Crystalline Lens for High Degrees of Myopia," *Journal of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons*, Baltimore, July, 1901.

Address at the Celebration held in Honor of the Completion of the Twenty-fifth Year of the Reverend Dr. Henry W. Schneeberger's Service as Rabbi of the Chizuk Emoonah Congregation, Baltimore, October 20, 1901.

"The National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives," an Article published posthumously in the *Jewish Comment* (Baltimore), November 14, 1902.