and all went well. The story of his capture had to be told again and again to his friends, and the children found great delight in the huge eagle feathers brought from that mysterious cave. Although search was repeatedly made for the hidden retreat it was never found, and it was supposed by all to be the abode of smugglers.

Noticeable Articles.

In the Nineteenth Century for October, that intelligent English Government School Inspector, Mr. J. G. Fitch, who has been traveling in this country, gives an account of a very peculiar American educational institution; an account which contains much, we fancy, that will be new to the majority of American readers. Very few of the many who have heard of Chautauqua are aware to what a size the organization called the Chautauqua Assembly, or Summer School, has grown. "In a green and sheltered valley," says Mr. Fitch, "about nine miles to the south of Lake Erie, and at an elevation of nearly eight hundred feet above its surface, lies the little lake of Chautauqua, a sheet of water larger than Windermere, but in the eyes of an American a mere pond in comparison with its mighty neighbor." On the shores of this lake, in a plot of ground of one hundred and fifty acres, he found last summer a community of eight to ten thousand people; and he tells us he was at a loss to know whether it was a camp-meeting, a literary institute, or a picnic, till he found it was all three in one. He goes on to describe the vast covered amphitheatre holding six thousand people, the "rough but excellent wooden model of the Parthenon, called the Hall of Philosophy," the "large relief-model in earth of the Holy Land," the "detached rooms set apart for particular studies, each supplied with its own apparatus and with the books of highest authority in its own department; e.g., for Latin and Greek; for French and German; history and political economy; its schools for China painting, wood-carving, and decorative design; its printing-press, kindergarten, gymnasium, and other departments, too numerous to mention." All this he describes in a very sympathetic way, and the pleasant crowd he met in attendance on the exercises. And all this has grown up since 1871, out of a Methodist camp-meeting. But what chiefly excites his interest is the "Literary and Scientific Reading-Circle," which has grown up in connection with it. We have no space here for details, but we learn that above one hundred thousand persons, nearly all of them adults, and scattered over the whole face of our vast country, are now members of this "circle." "They include workmen, farmers, servants, pioneers in the far West, apprentices, clerks, teachers, and mothers of families." A new department has recently been added, called the College of Liberal Arts, for the pursuit of higher studies, and the services enlisted of professors from Yale and Johns Hopkins University for the conduct of instruction by correspondence. "Between seven and eight hundred secluded students who fulfill its conditions are carrying on regular and somewhat severe courses of reading under its guidance throughout the year." The whole system is carried on with a careful avoidance of all interference with the operations of regularly established colleges, and no college students are admitted.

It is safe to say that in no country but America could such an institution have grown up, as it were, out of the ground; and whatever may be said of the necessary superficiality of much of its instruction, it must be an instrument of an untold amount of good in a young country like ours; indeed, such spontaneous growths never spring up except to fill a real want. Mr. Fitch quotes some eloquent words of Dr. Phillips Brooks in an address delivered at Chautauqua which has been printed, and points out how hints may be taken from it for the improvement of the "University Extension" system by which Oxford and Cambridge are endeavoring to enlarge the sphere of their influence at home.

The Forum, for November, contains some excellent sense on the subject of Browning, by that capital writer, Andrew Lang, in a paper entitled "Esoteric Browningism." "The poetry of Browning," he says, "has had singular fortunes. Rejected at first by the world, his poems became the possession of a few friends of romance; then a wider public was induced to read them; finally they fell into the hands of people, who have over-built the fairy plot of ground with 'societies,' and who squabble about texts and meanings like scholiasts or Biblical commentators. The last estate of the poems has been worse than the first. They have been annexed, as it were, by enthusiasts, who clearly value them chiefly as problems or puzzles to which they alone profess to hold the key." But poetry, he says, lacks merit just in proportion to