

made out of silver. The timber resources are enormous, and after America is denuded of its forests it is probable that the world will have to go to Siberia for its large timber.

#### A WORD ABOUT THE AMOOR.

I was much surprised at the extent of eastern Siberia. I had an idea that the Amoor river ran into the sea not far from Vladivostock. It always looked to me so on the map. I told Mr. Bryner that I thought I would take a little run up the Amoor, and he informed me that I was about four days' ride by steamer from its mouth. He told me that the river was one of the finest in the world. It is nine miles wide at its mouth, and vessels drawing twenty feet of water can sail up it six hundred miles, while vessels of light draft can go 2,000 miles into the interior on this stream. I met one young man, who was in business at the town of Nicholievsk, which is the chief city of the Amoor. It is a town of 3,500 people, and it does a big business with all northern Siberia. There are forty-seven ships which sail up and down the Amoor, and the Russian volunteer fleet, bringing immigrants, comes there many times every summer. This town, like Vladivostock, is to a large extent a military settlement, and the czar has his soldiers scattered all over Siberia. I was told that he had something like 75,000 men in the eastern half of the country, and he is systematically making it a Russian empire by colonizing it as he does. Every year or so the boundary is moved a little further south, and there is yet a possibility that Russia will take more from China than she has done in the past. The great Trans-Siberian road, which is now being pushed at three different points along the line, will form a line of communication by which Russia will be able to control the Asiatic trade, and there is no telling as to whether she will not control a great part of the territory of Asia as well. This road was begun at Vladivostock, and it is now being pushed to the west. In my next letter I will describe the queer experiences I had in traveling upon it.

Frank G. Carpenter

#### LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

In the brief time in which we are to visit the Romans this evening, it will be impossible for us to get a complete idea of this wonderful people through the long centuries of their existence. Roman life from the time of the fabled Romulus to that of Constantine presents too many changes, too many varying scenes to be discussed in one short lecture. The Roman of the mighty luxurious empire was a far different individual from the Roman of the kingdom and the republic. The former ceased to be the real Roman, the preserver and promoter of individual liberty, and became a degenerate conglomeration of the effeminate oriental and the cruel barbarian. The empire presents magnificence and luxury in the extreme, and in its first years especially, much that we still hold of true worth, in engineering, architecture, law and literature; but it is to the earlier days of the Republic we must turn if we would see the Roman at his best, see the

matrons, the citizens, the statesmen and the generals who have given Rome a name name worthy to stand through the ages. Let us then direct our thought to the activities, to the real life of the men and women of the so called Roman republic, and learn their strength and weakness, that we, building on the past, may make the present and the future more useful and more glorious.

"Rome rose, flourished for a time, and fell." Over and over again we hear this true saying; and it is usually closed with a sort of a happy sigh of relief that seems to add, "how thankful we are that she fell." But Rome has not fallen. Her political dominion, to be sure, has largely passed away; but she still lives. The real Rome thrives today in the life and institutions of the civilized nations of the world. Do you doubt it? Study, then, carefully the history of architecture, law and literature; and I am sure your question will be changed to the strongest affirmation.

If we let our mind's eye run back along the ages, we doubtless shall see a group of mere thatched huts clustered around the Palatine hill. Poor mean hovels they would seem to us today; and yet they were the houses of the ancestors of the proud Romans. Here was the soil that was to laugh under their magical touch. As they felt those volcanic formations tremble beneath their feet and listened with awe to the mighty voices of the gods, rumbling among the mountains or opening the earth in great fissures at their feet, so the whole world was destined to pale with fear at the martial tread of their legions and how their necks submissively to the seeming inevitable. Men reared under that clear blue sky, with their faces fanned by the invigorating breezes from the lofty hills about them, confronted by nature's sturdy difficulties, and with persistent enemies on every hand, could not sit down in complacent contentment. The gods beckoned them on at every turn. Inactivity meant death, annihilation. These early Romans appreciated the situation, possessed the vigorous spirit, implored the gods for aid, and buckled on their armor for the contest. As we review their career, we are reminded of the saying of the old Greek poet, Epicharmus: "The gods sell all good things to us for toil," and no nation has fought more sturdily, and more truly earned its liberty and dominion than has the Roman.

From the time when those proud adventurers began to spread over Rome's seven hills and the intervening valleys, the people were divided into two classes, the patricians and plebeians. To the former belonged all Romans of pure blood, all who were the descendants of the first settlers and proprietors; and among the latter were included all other freemen, from the wealthy merchant to the poorest farmer and artisan. Below these was still another class, by no means small in number, yet of whom the state practically took no account. These were the slaves, an ever increasing and strangely conglomerate multitude, the fruit of conquests to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south.

With three such distinct and widely separated classes, it could hardly be expected that harmony would exist. The patricians considered themselves the only rightful citizens. Their will was the state and all others should think

themselves fortunate that they have the privilege of living under such illustrious dominion. The plebeians of course were not satisfied at the prospect of always being the under dog; and naturally began to struggle to get to the top, where quarters were larger and breathing space more abundant. This contest waged fiercely during generation after generation. The patricians disputed every inch of ground with a success known only to the persistent who already have the offices and powers of the government in their grasp. But no less persistent were the plebeians. They watched every opportunity, and, found out and attacked every weak point fiercely. The patricians, however, were wise aristocrats; and when compelled by force of circumstances, gave way gracefully and admitted their plebeian brothers to citizenship, and equal rights. Bitter and long was that struggle. It not only served as a means of developing a great interest and power in statecraft; but also shows the wonderful vitality and expansive power of the people of the "Seven Hills."

The Romans were naturally calm and unpoetical. Their tendencies were stoical, and hence when that system of philosophy was introduced from Greece in the latter days of the republic, it gained more followers than any other of the philosophical systems of the time. The Roman respected power wherever he saw it. He beheld the flashing of the volcano as it spit fire, smoke and steam into the heavens; he felt the shock of the earthquake, as the soil shook beneath his feet, and said the gods are angry with men. He heard the thunder rumble among the mountains and called upon his fellowmen to appease the wrath of Jupiter. Thus he reasoned quickly from effect to cause. He also early learned that systematic, concerted, persistent action was necessary to defend his state from the inroads of the surrounding tribes and nations and enlarge its boundaries. Hence he soon learned to respect and love power and dominion and develop that fondness for system and order so characteristic of the Roman people. Such a nation could not long be satisfied with a few square miles of territory; but gradually, with a courage and conviction that was invincible, extended their borders until they not only included the cultured Etruscans on the north, the hardy mountaineers on the east, and the Greek colonies on the south, but leaped beyond these and encompassed the whole peninsula and Sicily, and steadily marched over southwestern and southern Europe; and then, not satisfied, set sail and planted their standards in Asia Minor and northern Africa, paving the way for the mighty empire that was to be.

But Rome ever remained the center, the seat of government. She was the ancient "Hub of the earth." From her radiated all those political and social influences that made the empire what it came to be.

Here were gathered the wealth, the culture, the manhood and womanhood of the nations whom the Roman Terminus, the gods of boundaries, had surrounded, the vast spoils of merciless conquest. At her dictation states lived and thrived, or yielded up their stores of treasure and beauty to fill the coffers of Rome and adorn her temples and palaces, and sent their inhabitants to grace the triumphs of ambitious citizens.