

vinced us more than anything else that it was no use to fight longer. The enemy were pressing us, and we fell back. We didn't run!"

Complaint against the officers, like this by Tinkham, was common among the privates with whom I talked. Said another man to me:

"The fault was, we were not well disciplined or officered. I noticed in the reports that several Rebel generals and commissioned officers were killed and wounded. You'll notice, on the other hand, that but very few of ours were.* Companies, and in some instances regiments, were commanded by non-commissioned officers, on account of the absence of those of higher rank."

An old regular said to me regarding the stampede:

"That was the fault of the officers who allowed the baggage-wagons to come to the front, instead of being parked at Centreville. The stampede and confusion began among them first. Why, the men were so little frightened when they began to fall back in groups scattered through the fields that I saw them stop frequently to pick blackberries. Frightened men don't act in that way. At Cub Run, between the Stone Bridge and Centreville, the irresponsible teamsters, with the baggage-wagons, were all crowded together near the bridge, and were in a desperate hurry to cross. A Rebel battery began dropping shell in among them, and thus demolished some of the wagons and blocked the way. The confusion and hurry and excitement then

began. The drivers on the south side, finding they couldn't cross with their wagons, now began to cut their traces and mount their horses and hurry away. Those who drove baggage-wagons on the safe side of Cub Run then began to desert them and cut the traces and shout and gallop off. The infantry, seeing this confusion and not understanding the cause of it, quickened their pace. Soon the narrow road became filled with flying troops, horses, baggage-wagons, and carriages. Then the volunteers began to throw away their muskets and equipments, so as to stand an even chance in the race. Here and there, all along the route, abandoned wagons had been overturned and were blocking the way. One white-headed citizen, an old man, looking very sorrowful, stood directing the soldiers on their way to Washington, saying: 'You'd better hurry on, or the cavalry will cut off your retreat!' The houses all along the route were filled with wounded men, while the ambulances were filled with officers hastening to Washington. Soldiers here and there marched in groups, and sorrowfully discussed the situation and its causes. The expression heard on every side among them was: 'Why were not the reserves brought up from Centreville to help us?' 'Why didn't they bring up the troops from Fairfax Court House?'—questions, it seems to me, hard to answer, even if they did come from private soldiers running away from the field of Bull Run!

Warren Lee Goss.

*The official reports show the losses of officers to be—Federal: killed, 19; wounded, 64; missing, 40; total, 123. Confederate: killed, 25; wounded, 63; missing, 1; total, 89. In view of these figures, it would seem that the Federal officers were at least as exposed to danger as the Confederates. That they were relatively to the enemy no less brave than their own men, would appear from this table (from official records) of losses of enlisted men—Federal: killed, 462; wounded, 947; missing, 1176; total, 2585. Confederate: killed, 362; wounded, 1519; missing, 12; total, 1893. The proportion of officers lost to men lost is, on the Federal side, 1 to 21; on the Confederate side, 1 to 21.27; too slight a difference upon which to formulate theories of bravery.—ED.

A PHASE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

In a striking passage in his "History of England" (vol. I., p. 332, Am. ed.) Macaulay calls attention to the contrast between the social condition of England in the seventeenth century and the nineteenth. He says:

"There is scarcely a page in the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harder. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting

knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. . . . As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there,

whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. . . . The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the negro slave — which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winches at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer.”

It is nearly thirty years since these words were written. It is interesting to speculate how much more strongly and strikingly they might have been emphasized if they had been written to-day. What we call social science, or the study which concerns itself with the elevation of men in their homes and in their social and municipal relations, was then comparatively in its infancy. The wide-spread activity of individuals and associations busying themselves with the condition of the pauper and criminal classes; the devotion of women of wealth, leisure, and social refinement to the reform and improvement of our jails and hospitals and almshouses; the active interest and expenditure of capitalists in the improvement of the homes of the poor; the scientific study of questions of drainage and ventilation, of foods and food supply; the whole subject of the rights of women and their emancipation from restrictive and oppressive prejudices; the mutual obligations of employer and employed, with the closely related questions of strikes and trade-unions, coöperative building and manufacturing schemes, and the like; the societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and for the better provision for the education and recreation of the poor, the laboring classes, the crippled, the blind, and the deaf and dumb,— all these manifold forms of activity in the interest of the advancement and elevation of society are largely the product of the last quarter of a century.

What now is their relation to Christian ethics? or, to put the question, as I prefer to do, in a more concrete and homely way, What has the religion of the New Testament to say to our modern social science?

Two things, it seems to me, it has to say with equal emphasis and explicitness, one of them in the way of warning and the other of encouragement.

And, first, in the way of warning. The moment that men begin to grapple with the evils which afflict society, they are in danger

of forgetting or ignoring the everlasting principle of personal responsibility. In the face of poverty, disease, unemployed labor, intemperance, and kindred forms of human wretchedness, the first impulse of a humane spirit is to devise some means of relieving these various ills without adequately recognizing the causes which have produced them. Hence we have those public and private institutions of charity which are so preëminently the characteristic of our own generation. No sooner does the cry of want arise than some benevolent hand opens the door of a refuge or lodging-house, where men and women are fed and housed without money and without price. No sooner does a man fall behind in the strife of trade or the professions than he turns to the charitable to carry him over the hard times until some rising tide of prosperity shall fill the channels of his wonted calling. No sooner does an unscrupulous father abandon his family, or an extravagant mother prefer to appropriate her earnings to drink or dress instead of spending them in the decent maintenance of her children, than some institution steps forward to take the custody of the children and relieve the parents of their charge. “Don't you think we had better send such a one's children to the Home for the Friendless?” said a warm-hearted woman to a neighbor. “On what ground?” was asked. “Because their mother neglects them so habitually,” was the answer, as though it would be wiser to disband a family than to educate its head into a wiser and more Christian recognition of her duty to her own offspring. A man may make his home a hell and his children congenital drunkards and vagabonds, and the most efficient method of dealing with his vices which we seem thus far to have devised is to send his family to the poor-house and himself to the inebriate asylum. Over against every form of thriftlessness and prodigality we erect an institution to interpose between the individual and the righteous penalty of his own extravagance. It is the bitterest cause of the philanthropy of our generation that it has created a sentiment among the poor, the reckless, the intemperate, and the indolent, that, somehow or other, come what may, they will be provided for.

I arraign this policy on the ground that it traverses the plain teaching of that most helpful volume which has ever been given to men, and which we know as the New Testament. I open the pages of that volume and I read: “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.” I open them again and I read: “He that provideth not for his household is worse than an infidel.” And again: “If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.” And yet

again: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." I find the great Apostle to the Gentiles setting an example of self-respecting independence which is at once an inspiration and a rebuke to all subsequent time, by working at his trade as a tent-maker with his own hands. I read in his letter to the Church at Ephesus: "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good"; and in all these various passages I see so many side-lights throwing into stronger relief the great principle that that social compassion is neither wise nor Christian which lifts the burden of individual obligation or interposes to arrest the penalty of personal unfaithfulness.

Nay, more, I arraign our social policy on another and still higher ground. A Christian socialism must needs be based on the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and in its practical workings it will think more of the influence of what it does upon its brother man than upon its own feelings. But our ordinary dealing with the social problems of our own time is like that of a weak mother who will not chastise her child nor suffer him to be chastised because of the pain which it causes to her own feelings. It does not occur to her that such a course of conduct is inspired, not by maternal love, but by personal selfishness. If you loved your child you would deal with him, not as your mere feelings dictated, but as his highest interests demanded; and even so, if you love your brother man you will do for him, not what he wants you to do for him, but what he needs to have done for him. But we have cultivated a morbid sentimentalism in regard to individual suffering until there must be no form of misery which we cannot straightway hustle out of sight or effusively relieve. It is enough for us that a sturdy personage sits on the curb-stone begging. Where did he come from? How long has he been there? What is the truth or falsehood of his story? These are questions for which we have no time and less taste. "Here is a half-dollar, my man! A plague on those hard-hearted theorists who declaim against the giving of doles in the street! Do you say that you want more? Well, then, here is a ticket for a night's lodging or a free bed in the Home for the Homeless;" and, having buttoned up our pocket-books once more, we pass on with a comfortable sense of our superior benevolence. Here, again, it does not occur to us that we should have done better if we had merely given our brother a kick and passed on. Yes, a thousand times better! for a kick would have been, at most, merely a

physical indignity, whereas, as it is, we have subjected this fellow-creature of ours to the keenest moral indignity, for we have said to him, by an act far more eloquently expressive than any words, "Morally you are already on the way to that most abject degradation, a state of chronic pauperism. Well, then, lie there where you are in the gutter and rot. I have no time or inclination to help you to stand upon your own feet. It is easier and more congenial to leave you where you are, and by what I may do for you to encourage you to stay there." It is high time for men to ask the question whether this is or is not substantially the teaching of our social beneficence, as we actually see it about us.

And here, as I believe, enters the domain of Christian ethics. There is much of human suffering, ignorance, and poverty which is the fruit of misfortune, that it is our plain duty always and everywhere to relieve. There is much more which is the fruit of indolence and thriftlessness and vice. To interfere between this latter and its penalty is not and never was meant to be the promise of our social science; nor, if I read the New Testament aright, is this the teaching of its pages or of the Master himself. "Give us of your oil," cry the improvident and foolish virgins to their wise and more provident companions, and according to the teaching of our modern socialism and of much of our modern philanthropy the answer ought to have been, "Certainly, dear sisters, take the larger share, and so learn how generous we can be to others less forecasting than ourselves"; but in fact the answer is, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you, but go ye and buy for yourselves."

But again, the mission of Christian ethics to our modern social science is to speak not only a word of warning, but also a word of encouragement. That branch of science has concerned itself largely in our own generation with the relations of capital to labor, with the improvement of men's homes and streets, of prisons and almshouses and hospitals. One of the most encouraging features of the social progress of our time has been the hearty and often generous interest which landlords and capitalists, men of science and men of the various professions, have shown in bringing every latest scientific discovery to bear upon the practical elevation of the poor, and the physical and intellectual improvement of the less favored. The immense sums of money spent for placing educational advantages within the reach of the masses who spend their lives in daily toil, and the sums, scarcely less vast, which, in our mother country if not in our own, have been spent in building model cot-

tages and tenements, and even factories for the poor, is a demonstration of this. But in all this expenditure of money and wealth there is often involved an experience of discouragement which it is idle to ignore. The classes who are most benefited by these reforms do not care for social science. Model dwellings and rules of hygiene are equally distasteful and uninteresting to them. If you appeal to them to conform their lives to wiser rules of cleanliness, temperance, frugality, and forecast, too often you appeal to them in vain. Essays on light and drainage and ventilation, which laboriously you circulate among them, are left unread. Even the most elaborate and costly schemes for their advantage fail of any practical effect. It is tolerably well ascertained, for instance, that the Peabody lodging-houses have not reached, or, at any rate, have not greatly benefited, the class for whom they were designed. These have shunned homes involving rules of decency, cleanliness, and self-restraint, which would have been to them intolerable, as they would have shunned a prison; and the Peabody model tenements became the homes of the better class of skilled mechanics, and even of clergymen and other professional men, by whom they were in no sense needed. In other words, no argument of the science of sociology by itself was strong enough efficiently to reach the class to whom it was addressed.

But when social reforms have allied themselves to the spirit and motives of the New Testament, when a woman like Octavia Hill has gone into the homes of the poor to reform the evils of London tenements, not with the power of mere money or mere organization, or merely scientific theories, but with the power of personal sympathy, the situation has been wholly changed. The transforming power of his love who "having loved his own, loved them unto the end," has transfused the spirit of scientific reform with the spell of self-sacrificing and Christ-like enthusiasm. It has taught men that highest motive for coöperating in the upbuilding of a higher and purer social law and life, which is to be found in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. It has quickened

the brain and the hand of science with the magic spell of love. It has enlarged the vision of the reformer to see in human society, here and now, the type and prophecy of that diviner society yet to be. And so, when men's hearts have grown cold and their hands weary, with what has seemed so often a futile and fruitless grapple with the evils which afflict society, it has bidden them lift their eyes to One who gave *himself* for his brethren, and so has taught them a lesson of immortal hope and patience!

And this is the message of encouragement which Christian ethics brings to our social science of to-day. How shall we deal with these urgent social problems of the hour—whether they concern the reclaiming of our fallen brethren and sisters here at our very side, or our fellow-creature, the despised Chinaman, who has found his way to our far-off Pacific coast, save as we look at each and every one of them in the light that streams from the cross of One who gave himself *to lift men up*? In such a spirit is the mighty influence that is to reach and redeem society; and when our whole social philosophy is interpenetrated and saturated with that spirit, then and not till then shall our social problems find their final solution.

And therefore, when we find ourselves discouraged—as who of us does not?—with the slowness of that progress which any social reform makes among us,—when we face the obduracy, the prejudice, the dense and stolid ignorance, which almost any and every movement in the interests of a sounder social science is sure to encounter,—this becomes at once our loftiest motive and our most lasting encouragement. We are not working for an hour or a day; we are not striving for the advance of a race which was born yesterday and will perish to-morrow. Our faith in social progress is at once part and prophecy of a grander future. Over all that *we* do to make life cleaner and wiser and healthier, moves the plan of Him whose will it is to make His children immortal. And our social science will be a spell of power and blessing among men just in so far as it is transfused by His spirit and ennobled by His love.

Henry C. Potter.

